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THE WARS OF THE 'NINETIES.

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ERRATA.

p. 3. Col. 2, line 5 from end. For "1892" read "1891."

p. 124. Col. 2, line 3. For "Mac Donald" read "Macdonald."

p. 322. Inscription to illustration. For "Castin" read "Castine."

p. 475. Col. 2, lines 5 and 6. For "Lieutenant Surgeon" read "Surgeon Captain."

p. 644. Col. 1, line 32. For "forward" read "form."

p. 659. Col. 2, line 20. For "marked" read "masked."

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The Wars of the 'Nineties

A History of the Warfare of the last Ten Years of the Nineteenth Century

BY

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

Author of "Towards Khartoum"

WITH OVER 500 ILLUSTRATIONS

ORIGINAL SKETCH-MAPS AND PLANS BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

It may be well to preface this record of the "Wars of the 'Nineties" with a few words of explanation as to its scope and arrangement.

As it was written for serial publication, those wars in which the general public was most interested were dealt with first. Thus the Reconquest of the Soudan and the war between Spain and the United States, though they belong to the latter part of the 'Nineties, appear in the earlier part of the book. Both of these wars are described in considerable detail; and a large space has also been given to the struggle between China and Japan, which marked the beginning of a new era in the Far East; to the North-West Frontier Campaign, the most serious conflict in which our Indian army has been engaged for many years; and to the war between Greece and Turkey, which has a particular interest as the only war waged between European Powers during the period covered by the book.

Other Wars of the 'Nineties have been more briefly recorded, but special attention has been given to the campaigns arising out of British and French colonial expansion in Africa, the chief scene in recent years of the rivalry between the two great Western Powers. British conquests in Rhodesia and the French invasion of Madagascar are also told of at some length. Two South American civil wars have been selected for treatment, chiefly on account of their naval interest. Of minor military operations in Asia, the forcing of the Menam by the French and the story of British heroism at Manipur and Thobal have been chosen as the most interesting episodes of the period.

It was necessary thus to make a selection amongst the minor wars of the 'Nineties. If the record were to be exhaustive it would have to include the endless warfare between the Dutch and the Achinese, the frequent provincial rebellions in China, various minor raids and punitive expeditions on the North-West Frontier of India and on the borders of our African possessions, the Arab risings in Yemen, the Druse revolts in the Hauran, the abortive rebellions in Macedonia, and the various "frontier incidents" between Servia and Bulgaria, tribal outbreaks in various parts of Africa, fights with

Moslem fanatics on the borders of Morocco and Algeria, attempts at revolution in Central and South America, and bombardments of native villages in the Pacific, like those in the Samoan dispute. But if the book was not to be a work of inordinate length and wearisome detail some selection had to be made.

The Chronological Index at the end of the volume will help to make clear the order of events.

Throughout, the best available sources of information, official and non-official, have been consulted. The author has to thank many friends, some of them actors in the events related, for kindly assistance.

The maps and plans, with the one exception of the sketch on p. 723 (The Shangani Patrol), are the work of the author.

A. H. A.

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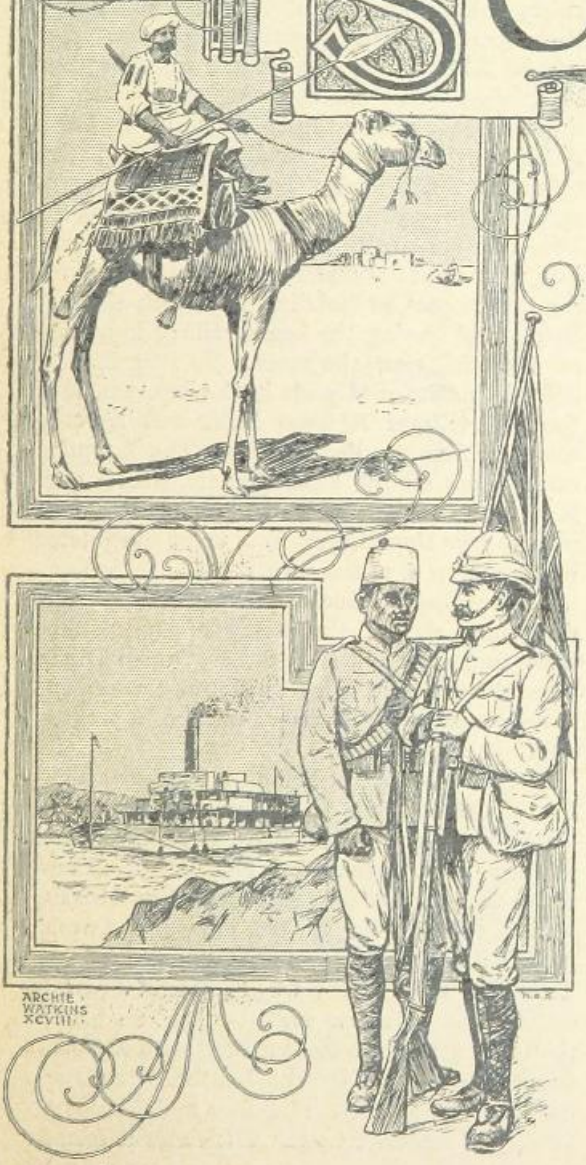
THE RE-CONQUEST OF THE SOUDAN.



CHAPTER I.

MAHDI AND KHALIFA.

"TOO late!"—what a sense of hopeless failure and personal loss there was in every heart when the news came that Khartoum had fallen, that the heroic Gordon was no more, that the desert march by Abu Klea and Gubat was all in vain—that rescue had come too late!

Then there arose the stern longing to avenge the death of Gordon by the recapture of Khartoum, to wipe out the record of defeat with a victory that should win back the Soudan from his slayers. It was rightly felt that the Mahdist triumph was a terrible blow to British prestige, and a heavy loss to the cause of progress in Africa. But though the first preparations were made for a renewed advance upon the Nile, the dangers and difficulties that threatened the Empire in other parts of the world forced us to abandon for a while the idea of attempting so great an enterprise, and thus a vast region in Northern Africa was given back to barbarism.

For the first time in recent history a semi-savage power was permitted to establish itself, by right of conquest, in lands that had for years been easily accessible to the trader, the explorer, and the missionary. All the Upper Nile valley, from the great lakes to the Bayuda desert, became

the undisputed dominion of the Mahdi and his followers, whose very existence implied a permanent state of war against the European and all who acknowledged his influence. Emin Pasha held for a while some isolated outposts in the far south. A British garrison, supported by a naval force, secured Suakin on the Red Sea coast. All the rest of the Egyptian Soudan was gradually evacuated.

Notwithstanding a protest from Lord Wolseley, who pointed out that the evacuation of Dongola would mean a far more costly expedition for its recovery at a later date, it was decided to fix the frontier of Egypt at Wady Halfa, just below the Second Cataract. This was a point which could be easily defended by a small garrison, and which was all the year round in communication by steamer with Cairo and Lower Egypt. South of Halfa the Batn-el-Hagar desert—a hundred miles of dark volcanic hills with narrow valleys between them—presented a barrier to the advance of an invader. Under its walls of dried mud a level sandy plain, a mile across, offered a field of fire that no savage spearmen could hope to cross in the face of modern rifles and machine guns. From Halfa a light railway ran across the desert to Akasha, and at first there was an idea that it would be well to hold Akasha for the sake of the railway, and advanced posts at Mograka and Kosheh, some miles farther to the southward, in order to command the approaches to Akasha. This part of the plan was afterwards given up, and the defence of the frontier was concentrated at Wady Halfa.

The British rearguard, under General Brackenbury, left the town of Dongola on July 5, 1885, crossing to the other bank of the Nile some miles lower down at El Hafir, a place to be heard of again in the story of our victorious return eleven years later. The vanguard of the enemy, the Mahdists or Dervishes, under the Emir Abd-el-Medjid el Khalik, was at Merowi, on the northern border of the Bayuda desert. As soon as he heard that the British were gone he began his advance down the river, and he entered Dongola on August 17, 1885—six weeks after its evacuation—at the head of 3,000 fighting men.

In the winter the Dervishes attacked our outposts at the head of the desert railway. The fort at Mograka, held by detachments of the Cameron Highlanders and of a regiment of the new Egyptian army, the 9th Soudanese, was closely besieged. The railway was torn up at Ambigol, and a little fort on the line, held by a handful of men under Lieutenants Annesley and Fitton, was attacked, but saved by the determined valour of its garrison. General Sir F. Stephenson, then in command in Egypt, marched to the relief of Mograka with a mixed British and Egyptian force, and defeated the Dervishes on December 30, 1885, in the hard-fought battle of Ginnis. But this success was followed by a further retirement. Early in 1886 Mograka, Akasha, and the other posts in the desert south of Halfa, were evacuated. By April the frontier of Egypt was the little sandy valley of Khor Moussa, five miles south of Halfa, where a couple of mud-walled forts served as outposts for the frontier fortress.

The Dervishes formed a large camp at Sarras, thirty miles from Halfa. Almost every day their scouts showed themselves on the other side of Khor Moussa, and there were frequent skirmishes. One night, owing to the help of a traitor, they nearly captured one of the forts. Another evening they actually raided the native suburb of Halfa itself. They tore up the railway line through the desert, carrying away the bolts and fish-plates, which they manufactured into spear-heads and other useful articles, burning the sleepers, or building huts with them at Sarras, and leaving the heavy railway iron lying on the sand near the track. So long as they held their advanced posts in the desert none of the Nile villages between Halfa and Korosko were safe from murderous raids. The Egyptian camel corps on the land, the stern-wheel gunboats on the river, had to be constantly on the alert to save the villagers from being slaughtered in their sleep or at their work.

In the Eastern Soudan, along the Red Sea, everything was at the mercy of the revolted tribes under the old slave-dealer, Osman Digna. More than once he tried to capture Suakin, and there was always a desultory warfare in progress under its walls.

The very essence of Mahdism was war against the infidel, and for the Dervishes the infidel meant not only the Christian but all who had dealings with Christians. The Mahdi claimed to be the prophet who is expected by Mohammedans to appear in the last days of the world, and to reduce it all to the obedience of Islam. Thus the "Holy War" was an essential part of his mission. He had united under his banner the tribes who were discontented with Egyptian misrule, and all those who had been made our enemies by the efforts of Baker and Gordon to stamp out the slave trade. His victories seemed

BRITISH MUSEUM

to his followers to be a proof of the genuineness of his claims. They believed themselves irresistible. When he died in 1885 his tomb at Omdurman became a sanctuary, the centre of a new city, which was to be the capital of the Mahdist empire.

His successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi, had been one of the best of his fighting Emirs. But when he became the ruler of Mahdism he completely altered the character of the movement. It was no longer a fanatical religious rising. His tyranny made many of the tribes regret even the rule of the Egyptian pashas. He sought to place the men of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggaras, a warlike race of the central Soudan, in all posts of power and profit. The chiefs of the other tribes were either sent on hopeless expeditions, where they met with defeat and death, or they were accused of treason and executed or imprisoned at Omdurman; hence in later years a gradual waning of the old fanatical spirit that had united all the tribes under the banner of the Mahdi. Races that had fought to the death against the British in the first years of the revolt were themselves ready to rise against the Khalifa when it became evident that his one object was to enrich his tribe, live a life of careless luxury at Omdurman, and pass on the kingship of the Soudan to one of his sons.

But this decline of Mahdism was the work of nearly ten years. At first there was little sign of it. In 1889 a Dervish army even attempted the invasion of Egypt. Thousands of desert warriors, under the Emir Abd-er-Rahman Wad-en-Nejumi, came marching down the western bank of the Nile. Halfa stands on the east bank, and they hoped by making a *détour* by the desert to avoid the frontier fortress, and raise the country towards Assouan in insurrection in the rear of the garrison, thus cutting it off from Egypt. Wad-en-Nejumi has been called the Bayard of Mahdism. He was the most daring soldier the movement had produced. He had been foremost in the terrible fight at Kashgil, which ended in the massacre of General Hicks's army, and he had led the assault on Khartoum. But his venturesome desert march for the invasion of Egypt was destined to end in hopeless disaster. As he moved northwards by the desert track parallel with the river, Colonel (afterwards General) Wodehouse, the governor of the frontier, kept abreast of him with a gunboat flotilla and a force of Egyptian regulars under British officers, towed on barges by the steamers. The Dervishes were soon short of water. They got a little at night from the Nile, but it did not suffice for the crowds of fighting men and camp followers, camels and horses. At Argin they fought desperately through a long summer day to get possession of the straggling riverside village, but the gunboats and the Egyptian infantry drove them back with heavy loss into the thirsty desert. A few days later General Grenfell headed them off at Toski with a strong Egyptian force, and in the battle which followed Nejumi was killed and his army cut to pieces and captured. Many of the prisoners gladly took service in the new Soudanese regiments which were being raised for the defence of the frontier.

Toski was the high water-mark of the Dervish movement. There were no more attempts to invade Egypt in force. The camp at Sarras was broken up after a sharp action. A fort was built there and kept in communication by railway with Halfa. Another advanced post was established at Murat on the old caravan route from Korosko to Abu Hammed. The possession of these two points made raids on the Nile villages more difficult, but did not completely put an end to them.

Thus, by the beginning of the 'Nineties, Mahdism had entered upon the period of its decline. The first wild impulse that had launched it upon its career of conquest was exhausted. Many of its best leaders were dead; dissension had begun in its ranks, and it had lost much of the prestige of its earlier victories in its later defeats. On the north it had met and been forced to retire before the once-despised Egyptians, who had now become formidable adversaries, thanks to the training given to them by British officers. But these were not its only enemies. The outposts of the Congo Free State were gradually pushed into the Nile valley from the south-westward. On the other flank the Italians from their new colony on the Red Sea, pushed their outposts towards Kassala and captured that important position in 1894. Events were ripening for the reconquest of the Soudan. It was impossible for any civilised power in Egypt to tolerate permanently the existence of an aggressive barbarism on the Upper Nile. The only question was—When would the movement begin?

Suakin had been made safe from attack by Colonel Kitchener's recapture of Tokar in 1892. On the Nile no serious forward movement was attempted till 1896. Up to that date there had only been occasional raids by the Dervishes, and occasional reconnaissances into the desert by the

Egyptian camel corps. One of these little expeditions ended disastrously in the surprise of a party by Dervish raiders near Ambigol, and the death of its gallant young commander, Lieutenant Pyne.

But this was not the only way in which the new Egyptian army was preparing for the coming struggle. The Intelligence Department, under Major (afterwards Colonel) Wingate, had through native agents established relations with the malcontents in the Dervish ranks. Owing to Wingate's carefully-arranged plans several of the European prisoners, who had fallen into the hands of the Dervishes in the revolt of Kordofan, were set free. The most notable of these were Father Ohrwalder, an Austrian Catholic missionary, who escaped in 1894, and Slatin Pasha, an Austrian officer, and one of Gordon's lieutenants in Darfur, who reached Assouan after a marvellous desert journey in March, 1895. Ohrwalder and Slatin brought detailed information as to the condition of affairs at Khartoum and Omdurman and the resources and plans of the Dervishes for the defence of their tottering power on the Upper Nile. They also gave Wingate the means of largely extending his relations with the tribes, for both of them had made many friends during their years of captivity. The account they gave of the brutal tyranny of the Khalifa, and the miserable condition to which he had reduced the once-prosperous region of the Upper Nile, added strongly to the feeling that the time was come to rescue the country from its barbarous oppressors.

The movement was precipitated by events in the Italian colony on the Red Sea, which culminated in a terrible disaster to the arms of Italy, and threatened for a moment to revive all the old fanaticism of the Dervishes. It was the defeat of Baratieri's army at Adowa in the Abyssinian highlands that started the Egyptian army on its march into Dongola, the first stage in the victorious advance on Khartoum, which was to avenge the failure of 1885 by the reconquest of the Soudan.

SLATIN PASHA.

MASSOWAH.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISASTER OF ADOWA.

WHEN the scramble for African territory began, the new Italian kingdom had marked Tunis as its probable share of the spoil. Forestalled in this direction by France, it had to look farther afield; and while British troops were fighting Osman Digna and his "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" round about Suakin, an Italian expedition came through the Suez Canal and occupied the old Turkish port of Massowah, farther south than Suakin on the same coast. It was the port for Northern Abyssinia and the Soudan country round Kassala, and it was used by Italy as a starting-point for progress and annexation in both these directions.

Fortified posts were established one by one along the old caravan track to Kassala. Keren and Agordat were the chief garrisons on this line, and in December, 1893, an attempt of the Dervishes to surprise Agordat led to a brilliant victory for the Europeans and their native allies under the command of General Arimondi. Baratieri, the governor of the Red Sea colony, followed up this success by advancing upon Kassala, which he occupied and strongly fortified in the summer of 1894. Slatin Pasha, in his narrative of his captivity, gives a striking account of the reception of the news at Omdurman.

"A few months," he says, "had elapsed since the catastrophe of Agordat, when one day just after morning prayers three men presented themselves at the door of the Khalifa's house and urgently demanded to be taken before him. I at once recognised them as Baggara Emirs, who had been stationed at Kassala, and from the expression of their faces I could see that the news they brought would not be welcome to the Khalifa. In a few minutes they were admitted, and soon afterwards a considerable disturbance took place round the Khalifa's door. Ali Wad Helu, Yakub, as well as all the Kadis, received a sudden summons to attend at a council. The Khalifa's suspicions had been verified, and Kassala, after a short fight, had surrendered to the Italians.

"It was impossible to withhold this news from the public. The trumpet was sounded, the great war-drums were beaten, the horses were saddled, and the Khalifa, accompanied by all his bodyguard and an immense number of horse and spearmen, solemnly rode down to the banks of the Nile. Arrived here, he forced his horse into the river till the water reached its knees, and, drawing out his sword and pointing towards the East, he shouted out in a loud voice, 'Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar!' ['God is most great.'] Each time the cry was taken up by the immense crowd; but the majority were inwardly rejoicing at the Khalifa's discomfiture. They longed for him to receive fresh humiliations, thinking thereby to lighten the terrible yoke they bore. After this display the Khalifa turned his horse about, came back to the river bank, dismounted, and sat down on his sheep-skin.

A great crowd now collected round him, and he informed them of the fall of Kassala, declaring that his followers had been taken unawares by enormous numbers of the enemy, just after morning prayers, and had been forced to retire. He stated, however, that all the war material, women and children, had been saved, that the losses had been insignificant, whilst the enemy had suffered so heavily that they now bitterly regretted having taken the town. Even his most devoted adherents well knew that these words were a mere pretext for covering a disgraceful defeat. Almost immediately after the three Emirs had arrived at Omdurman it was known far and wide that the garrison had been surprised, and that partly from fear, partly owing to the unpopularity of Mussaid (the Dervish governor), they had refused to fight, and almost without offering any resistance they had retired to Gos Regeb."

MENELEK, PRINCE OF SHOA AND EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA.

This scene showed how low Mahdism had fallen. Its ruler had ceased to be a soldier. A few years before Abdullahi would not have contented himself with this melodramatic display, but would have promptly gathered an army for the recapture of Kassala, the possession of which by the Italians was a direct threat to his capital. As it was, he contented himself with establishing a line of posts along the Atbara river, to watch Kassala. It was not till two years later, when a great disaster had crippled the power of Italy in Africa, that he made any effort to retake the place.

Now let us turn to the operations of the Italians in the other direction—namely, towards Abyssinia. This country is a lofty plateau, scored by deep ravines, and on the north accessible only by narrow paths that lead up from the coast, along the beds of what are in the rainy season raging torrents. On the land side the mountains fall away more gradually towards the Upper Nile valley, the Atbara and the Blue Nile flowing down from the Abyssinian highlands to join the main stream of the great river. The Abyssinians are a warlike people, possessed of a certain rude civilisation, and professing a form of Christianity which has adopted a number of strange practices unknown to the rest of the Christian world. The chiefs of the various districts, when not quarrelling among themselves, pay allegiance to the most powerful among them, who assumes the title of Negus Negusti, or King of Kings, the "Kings" referred to being his subordinate chiefs. The principal divisions of the country are Tigré in the north, Amhara, which occupies the centre and west, and Shoa, which includes the south and east.

King Theodore, whom the British forces defeated in 1867, was originally the ruler of Amhara, and his easy overthrow was largely the result of a coalition of the other chiefs against him. His successor, Prince Kassai of Tigré, who took the name of Johannes, used the rifles and guns that had been given him by the British, who had placed him on the throne, to defeat two attempts of the Egyptians to penetrate into his highland kingdom. When the Italians appeared at Massowah, he rightly regarded their presence as a threat to himself. Their attempts to penetrate into the Abyssinian highlands by Adigrat and the plateau of Asmara led to some desultory warfare, in which twice—first at Dogali and then at Saati—detachments of Italians were surprised and cut to pieces by Johannes's great fighting chief, Ras Alula. But he was unable to devote all his attention to the Italians. On his western frontier the Dervishes had been pressing him hard, and he was defeated and killed in action against them. This disaster put an end to the power of Tigré, smoothed the way for the Italian conquest of Northern Abyssinia, and brought to the front a remarkable man, Menelek, Prince of Shoa, who soon made himself the ruler of the whole country.

The princes of Shoa have repeatedly figured as Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia. They claim it as their right in virtue of a long pedigree that goes back to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba,

whom they identify with a far-off ruler of Shoa. Menelek had fought against Theodore, and had been a turbulent vassal of Johannes. He took advantage of his death to assert his claim to the overlordship of the other chiefs, and was politic enough to play into the hands of the Italians, who thought they had in him a secure ally against Alula and the chiefs of the north. They even gave Menelek a quantity of breech-loading rifles, Remingtons and Vetterlis, and supplies of ammunition, with which to equip the forces of Shoa and Amhara. Menelek is a tall strong man, with little education, but plenty of native shrewdness and cunning. He understands perfectly well the art of playing off one rival against another. His wife Taitu, a lady who has repeatedly appeared mounted and armed on the battlefield, is a fit mate for her lord, and according to some accounts is the inspirer of most of his ambitious plans.

QUEEN TAITU.

Count Antonelli, who represented Italy in Abyssinia, concluded a treaty with the new Negus, which according to Abyssinian accounts was a treaty of alliance, but which Crispi, the Italian Premier, represented as the acknowledgment of a protectorate over Abyssinia. As such he communicated it to the European Powers. The whole dispute that subsequently arose as to its meaning turned upon a single word. In the Italian version, contained in an official "Green Book," the principal clause read that Menelek in his dealings with other Powers was *bound* to use Italy as an intermediary. But it is said that in the version written in his own language, which was submitted to Menelek for signature, the word used meant simply that in dealing with other Powers Abyssinia *might* use the good offices of Italy. For a while, however, matters went on smoothly enough. But the Italians began to notice with some disquietude that Menelek had other foreigners at his court, and showed them even more favour than the countrymen of Crispi and Antonelli. Russian explorers, French and Swiss engineers who came up from Obok, without passing through the Italian colony, were welcomed, and some of them settled down permanently to supervise the armament and training of the Abyssinian army. After the Italian occupation of Kassala, Menelek's attitude became even more friendly to the non-Italian element. The fact was, he had intended himself to avenge the defeat of the Abyssinians by the Dervishes, he hoped to have Kassala for a frontier fortress, and he had dreams of a new Abyssinian or "Ethiopian" empire stretching to the Nile.

One day in 1893 a French visitor to his court at Addis Abeba showed him the Italian "Green Book," and explained to him the exact force of the treaty of Uccialli as there set forth. The king, as soon as he understood it, burst into a frenzy of passion, seized the book and tore it to pieces, scattering it round the room. A note to Rome followed, disclaiming the Italian interpretation of the treaty. Count Antonelli hurried back to Abyssinia to try to arrange matters with the angry Negus. But his mission was an utter failure. Then followed a circular to the Powers, by which Menelek declared his complete independence of Italy.

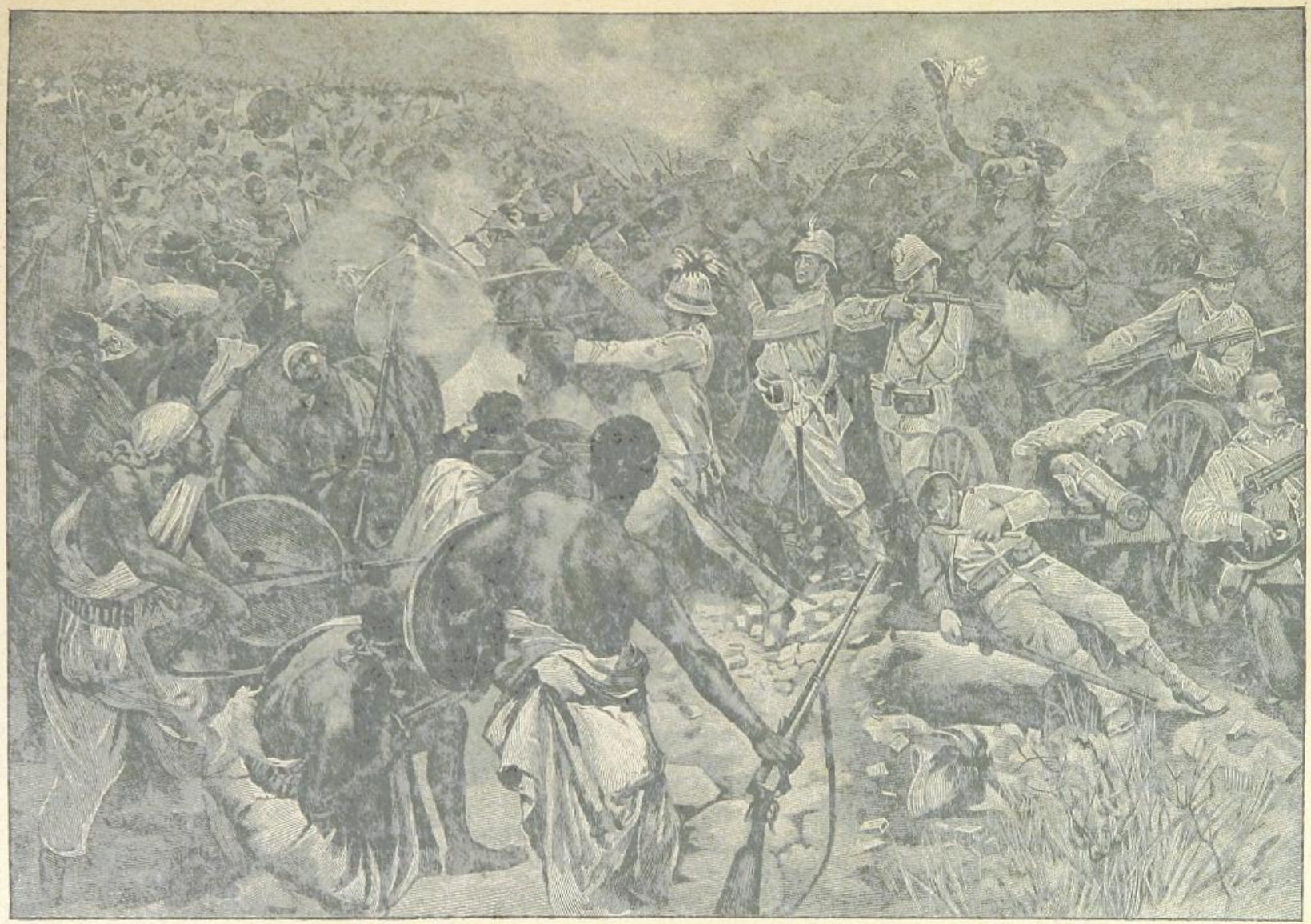
But he did not confine his protest to mere words. The Italians had a strong garrison in the north of his kingdom. He began hurried preparations for their expulsion. By great efforts he paid back a loan of four million francs he had received from the Italian treasury. The money was largely supplied from France in return for a railway concession. Then in the first days of 1895 he sent Ras Mangasha (a son of Johannes, now in his service) across the Mareb river with 10,000 men. Mangasha was badly beaten at Koatit by Baratieri on January 14. Then the Italians pushed their garrisons out southwards into Tigré, while Menelek prepared to renew the attack with a better-equipped and larger army. The French Government gave him very valuable help. Mules were wanted for the Madagascar expedition. A large number were supplied from Shoa and embarked at Obok, France repaying Menelek by giving him

30,000 Gras rifles, no longer in use in the French army, and some millions of cartridges. Other rifles were purchased abroad; they were all landed at Obok, and sent up into Abyssinia on pack animals. This was going on for months in 1895. Towards the end of the year Menelek was ready to move. The Italians seem to have been very badly informed, and to have committed the serious mistake of underrating their enemy. They made no adequate preparations for the storm that was about to burst upon them.

"THE KHALIFA FORCED HIS HORSE INTO THE RIVER, AND DRAWING OUT HIS SWORD AND POINTING TOWARDS THE EAST, HE SHOUTED OUT IN A LOUD VOICE, 'ALLAHU AKBAR! ALLAHU AKBAR!'" (*p.* 5).

General Arimondi, the victor of Agordat, and one of the best soldiers in the Italian army, was in command of the advanced posts that had been pushed into Tigré after the victory of Koatit. He had occupied and fortified the little town of Makalla, and sent forward from it a flying column of 2,500 men, native troops under Italian officers, with a mountain battery, the whole commanded by Major Toselli. On Sunday, December 8, the Major reached a place called Amba Alagi. He had no idea that there was any hostile force in the neighbourhood, and he bivouacked without sending out any scouts to search the hills in the neighbourhood. Only a few sentinels were posted close to the camp. In fact, Toselli arranged his bivouac just as if he were at home in Italy in peace time. He paid dearly for his carelessness. There were some 20,000 of Menelek's troops, riflemen and spearmen, moving on Amba Alagi, and on that same Sunday they fell upon Toselli's little force. The Italian officers and their native levies made a hard fight, but the battery was rushed and captured, three-fourths of the officers were shot or speared, two thousand two hundred of their men fell in the fight, and a mere handful, less than three hundred, escaped from the field of slaughter and reached the fort of Makalla.

Arimondi decided to leave Makalla to its own resources for awhile, concentrating an army to relieve it at Adigrat, where Baratieri, the Governor-General, was to join him with considerable forces, including new regiments from Italy. Makalla was held by a thousand men under Major Galliano, and was supposed to be perfectly safe for some weeks. But Menelek



THE BATTLE OF ADOWA: THE LAST RALLY OF GENERAL DE BORMIDA.

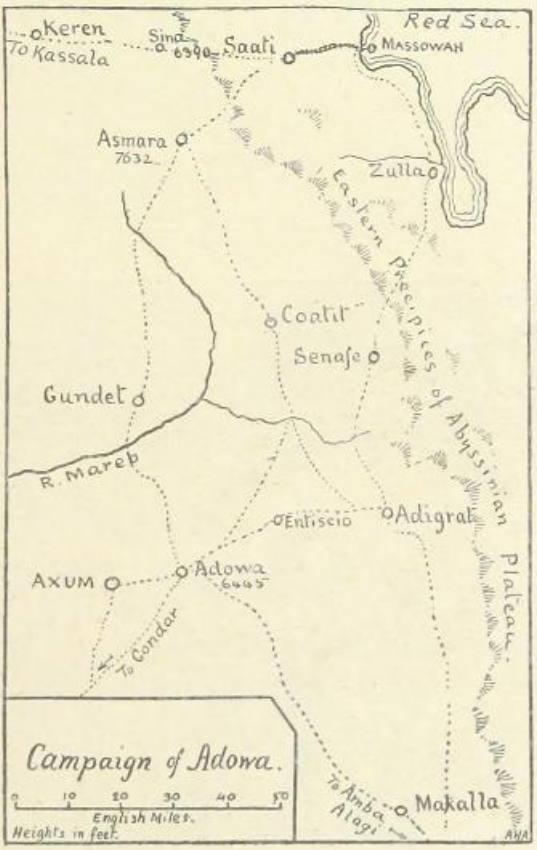
immediately besieged it with an army of which the 20,000 who had crushed Toselli proved to be only the advanced guard. Before Baratieri was ready to advance to its relief Makalla had fallen, though its garrison made a desperate defence and beat off repeated attacks of the Abyssinians. The two victories enormously increased the prestige of Menelek. But the Italian Government nevertheless still took an optimist view of the situation. It was pointed out that so far the Abyssinians had only encountered small detachments; that they would soon be attacked by a considerable force of regular troops; and that there was no need of hurrying on the advance of Baratieri's army, for every day's delay told in his favour. On the one hand he was receiving continual reinforcements, on the other it would be difficult for Menelek to keep together for a prolonged period the enormous force he had assembled in his camp at Adowa. A hundred thousand men want a lot of food, and the vast crowd of half-savage warriors would soon have to choose between starvation and at least a partial dispersal.

GENERAL BARATIERI

But the Italian staff, ill-informed throughout, did not learn till the campaign was over that Menelek, with the help of his foreign advisers, had provided a roughly organised commissariat department, and had formed large magazines of provisions near Adowa. Menelek was conducting his campaign on modern lines, and succeeded in keeping his army together long after the date when Baratieri hoped that he would either have to retreat for want of supplies, or risk all in an attack on the Italian lines. There was, nevertheless, after some weeks a serious dearth of supplies in the Abyssinian camp; but then a report reached Baratieri, towards the end of February, that Menelek and Queen Taitu had left Adowa, and were on their way to Axum, the holy city of Abyssinia, to be solemnly crowned. It was added that many of the chiefs with their followers had gone with the king. There was not a word of truth in the report; it misled the Italian general into the idea that the forces in front of him had been seriously diminished. He thought a favourable moment had come for action, and he marched to the attack of Adowa.

The Italian army was about 25,000 strong; 9,000 of these were European troops, the rest native levies under Italian leaders. There were 70 cannon, mostly small mountain-guns. Baratieri had divided his army into four brigades; that of General Albertone marched on the left, General Arimondi was in the centre, and General de Bormida on the right. General Ellena followed with the reserve. The ground was cut up with deep ravines and rocky ridges, which made it difficult for the columns to keep in touch or co-operate with each other. There were no maps of the ground available, and only a very few of the officers had ever been over it. To add to the dangers of the advance the scouting was very badly done. The brigades were widely separated when, on the morning of Sunday, March 1st, Albertone's column on the left was attacked by what proved to be the main body of Menelek's army. The Negus had concentrated about 140,000 warriors in front of or near Adowa, and while smaller bodies of these kept the other columns in play, tens of thousands closed in upon the 6,000 native troops commanded by Albertone. He was caught in a narrow space between two ridges, where he could not bring his artillery into action, or even deploy the whole of his brigade in line. The Abyssinians came on in dense masses, firing their rifles as they advanced, their round shields slung from their left shoulders. Their attack was supported by a small battery of Hotchkiss quick-firing guns, the first time such a weapon had been brought into action on a battlefield. The fire of the Italians undoubtedly inflicted serious loss on the attacking force, but over the bodies of the killed and wounded thousands more pressed on; the brigade was outflanked, all but surrounded, and tried to retire on the centre. Its retirement

gradually degenerated into rout, and then the great wave of the advancing enemy, now wild with excitement and flushed with victory, poured over the ridges and down upon Arimondi's brigade. De Bormida made an attempt to reinforce the centre; but Menelek could now spare some thousands of spears and rifles, to hold the Italian right in check until Arimondi was disposed of. Ellena sent up some reinforcements, but they came too late. The centre shared the fate of the left, and it was now De Bormida's turn to feel the full force of the torrent that had swept away the two other brigades.



Back towards Adigrat the wreck of the Italian army was driven by the victorious Abyssinians. Desperate knots of men stood back to back and sold their lives dearly, fighting hand-to-hand with bayonet, sword, and revolver. De Bormida and Arimondi were killed; Albertone was carried wounded from the field, protected by a little escort of devoted friends. Then Ellena was wounded. The only general untouched was the commander-in-chief. But there was no longer an army to command. The retreat had become a hopeless flight. For a while the Abyssinians gave no quarter. The Italians had fired away all, or nearly all, their cartridges. Further resistance was hopeless. It was a blazing hot afternoon, and the weary men fell from sheer exhaustion, and died under the spears of the pursuers. One officer who escaped told how for a while he encouraged his company by telling them that on the next hill they would find some of the reserve waiting to protect their retreat, but when the hill was reached at last it was found that the reserve had already retired; and while some of the men continued the retreat, many gave up the struggle and waited to sell their lives as dearly as they could. "I can stand no longer," said one officer; and seated on a rock, revolver in hand, he waited to have a last shot at the approaching rush of Shoan spearmen.

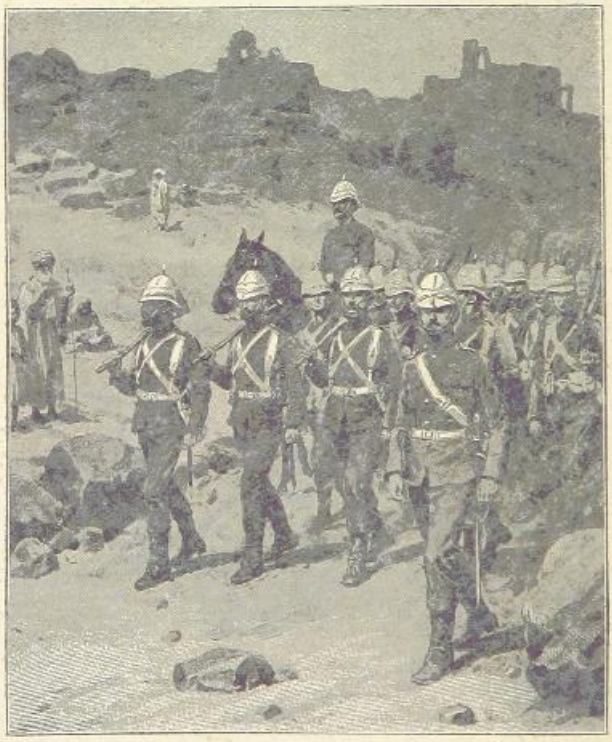
Some 25,000 men had marched out on the Saturday afternoon; less than 10,000 rallied on the road to Adigrat on the Sunday evening. All the artillery had been lost, and with it most of the transport and stores. Fully 10,000 had fallen on the field and in the pursuit. Of the generals one only had escaped; of the battalion commanders, out of seven colonels two were killed and one a prisoner, and of the twenty-four majors, fifteen were killed. The Italian regulars had suffered most severely. Of these, 9,000 had gone into action, 6,000 had been killed and wounded, and 400 were prisoners. It was the greatest disaster that had ever befallen a European army in Africa.

Baratieri did not stop his retreat at Adigrat. He left there a small garrison, which was promptly besieged by Menelek. The rest of his army he concentrated at Asmara, bringing up fresh troops from Massowah, and asking for reinforcements from Italy.

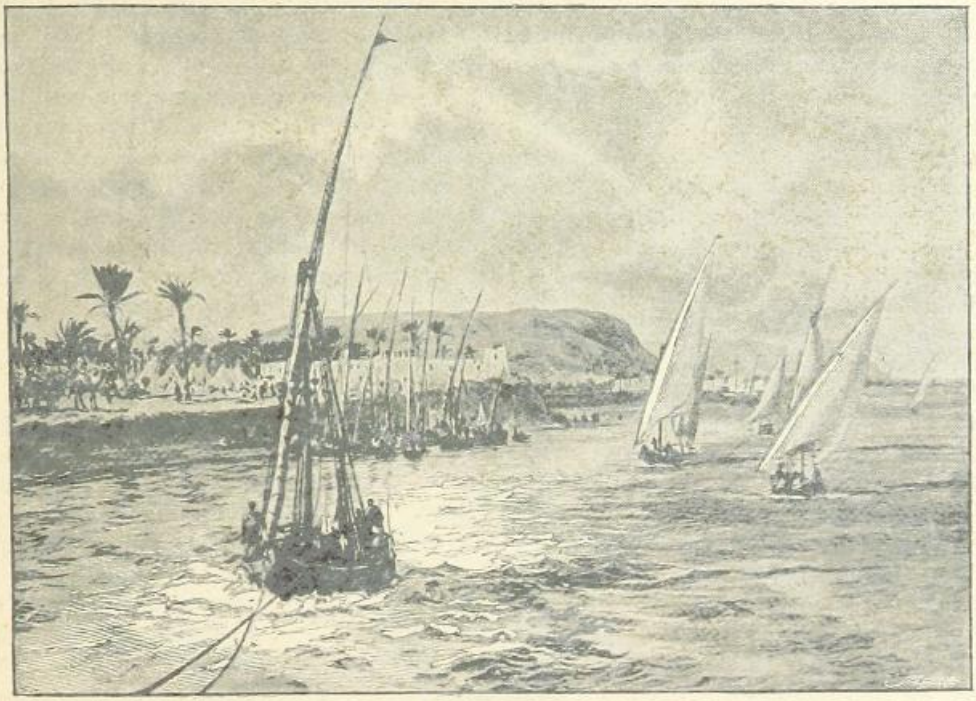
Bad news travels fast. In a few days it was known at Omdurman that Menelek had driven the Italian army from the field and slaughtered thousands of the white soldiers and their allies. No help could be sent to Kassala, and now that it seemed that fortune was declaring against the Europeans, the Khalifa hurriedly despatched an army to attempt the recapture of his lost fortress. At the same time friendly spies in the Dervish camp brought news that, encouraged by the tidings of Adowa, the Mahdists were preparing to renew on a large scale the raids on the

Egyptian frontier. Unless something were done, and done at once, to restore the prestige of the white soldiers in North-eastern Africa, there was danger that Great Britain might find herself face to face with a new revolt as dangerous as the first wild outburst of Mahdism. Above all, it was important that Kassala should not fall into the hands of the Dervishes; so in order to occupy them in another direction, the British Government decided that the time had come to send an expedition across the frontier of Egypt into the Dongola province. Thus it was that the advance towards Khartoum began.

At the moment it was intended only as a defensive measure to meet a dangerous emergency. But it required no prophetic insight to foresee that once the sword of Britain and the standards of Egypt pointed the way to the lost fortress where Gordon had fallen, the movement could not be stopped till the Dervish tyranny was a thing of the past. A force like destiny, stronger than the decrees of statesmen, and reaching further than any conscious plan they had formed, was opening the way for events that might well change the course of history in Northern and Eastern Africa.



THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE STARTING ACROSS THE DESERT FROM ASSOUAN.



EMBARKING HORSES AT BALLIANA FOR THE FRONT.

CHAPTER III.

THE START FOR DONGOLA.

THE orders from England for an advance into the Dongola province came as a complete surprise to all in Egypt.

It was the worst time that could be chosen for a Soudan campaign. The hottest season of the year was approaching, the Nile was at its lowest. No one expected that the long war for the reconquest of the Soudan was about to begin. It seems to have been a surprise even to the Italians, and the full story of how the decision was arrived at, which had such momentous consequences, is a chapter of contemporary history that cannot yet be told. The British Government at first would not admit that anything so important as an advance to Dongola was yet in view. In the House of Commons, when explanations were asked for, it was replied that Akasha was to be reoccupied, and the railway across the desert relaid. What further operations would be undertaken would depend on the amount of resistance met with. The immediate object was to make a diversion in favour of the Italians, and enable them to hold on to Kassala.

The orders for the advance reached General Kitchener—the Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief, of the Egyptian army—in a telegram from London late on the night of March 12, 1896. Early next day a staff-officer came into Cook's offices near Shepheard's Hotel, asked the manager to shut the doors and keep everyone out, and then discussed the arrangements for using Messrs. Cook's fleet of steamers and barges for the transport of men and stores to Assouan. This would be the first stage of the concentration on the frontier. Up to Assouan the Nile is navigable by fairly large steamers. Just above the town begin the seven miles of reefs and rocks, swirling eddies and roaring rapids, that form the First Cataract. At Assouan everything has to be carried round the cataract by a short railway to Shellal, at the head of the rapids. At Shellal begins another stretch of open water, some 220 miles long, to Wady Halfa. Above Wady Halfa navigation is blocked for many a mile by the Second Cataract and the long series of rapids where the Nile forces its way through the rocky ridges of the Batn-el-Hagar desert. Only at high Nile can these rapids be passed, and then with infinite labour and some risk.

The same day orders were issued for the calling out of the reserves to bring the army up to the full war strength, and for the despatch of all available men to the front. There were no British troops south of Cairo; but the North Staffordshire Regiment was now ordered to Wady Halfa to act as a reserve, and detachments of Army Service Corps men and engineers were sent up the river. These were soon followed by the machine-gun detachments of the Staffords and the Connaught Rangers. The formation of two new infantry battalions of Egyptian troops and one of Soudanese was also decreed, and steps were taken to enrol transport men and workmen for the laying of the railway These last formed a "Railway Battalion," 800 strong, under British Royal Engineer officers. Material for the railway was obtained by transferring to the Upper Nile an enormous quantity of the material collected for the line from Girgeh to Luxor on the lower river. Camels were bought at all the great caravan centres along the Nile, and conveyed up to Assouan on barges on which wooden awnings or stables had been erected. For ¾ weeks the river between Cairo and Assouan was busy with steamers crowded with khaki-clad soldiers, and towing barges which conveyed men and stores, horses and camels, to the front.

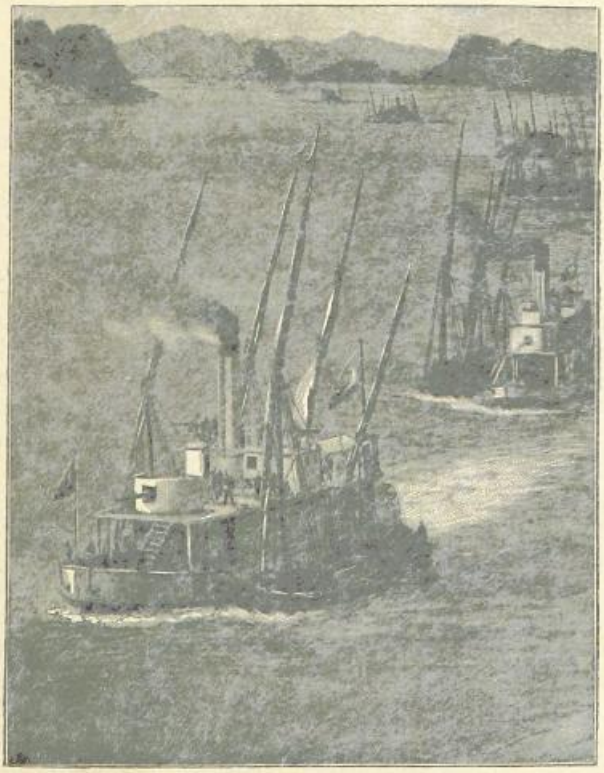
GENERAL ARCHIBALD HUNTER.
(*Photo: Bassano.*)

The Lower Nile railway was open to Girgeh for public traffic, but had been completed a little further to the station of Balliana, a large river-side village. Balliana was made an advanced base for the expedition. It was fed with stores by the railway from Cairo, and became the starting-point of the long strings of barges that were slowly towed up the river to Assouan. It was necessarily a long business, for the river was so low that the steamers were often aground in the daytime, and had always to tie up to the bank for the night.

Shellal, at the head of the First Cataract and opposite to the world-famous temples of Philæ, was the starting-point for the second stage of the river journey. A busy place was the Nile bank at Shellal all through the summer of 1896. Steamers and barges were loading, engines hauling up trains of trucks from Assouan, long strings of camels moving off southwards by the caravan track along the riverside. A large flotilla of Nile boats, a number of barges, four gunboats, and seven stern-wheel steamers, were available for the navigation of the reach of the river to Halfa. Each steamer or gunboat made the voyage towing a barge on each side and a number of sailing-boats astern. At Halfa stores for the front, and material for the railway, were landed and conveyed by train to Sarras. By the time a consignment from Cairo reached that point it had travelled rather more than 800 miles, and had been transhipped at least four times. This will give some idea of the labour involved in accumulating supplies for the expedition at the front. To the popular imagination war is all marching and fighting. But for one day of battle there are a hundred of the dull work of collecting and forwarding the necessary supplies, without which an army cannot live and march and fight.

The first active operations of the campaign were carried through by the force already in garrison on the frontier under Colonel (afterwards General) Archibald Hunter. The news of the coming advance had been received with enthusiasm by our officers at Halfa. To quote the words of one who was there at the time, "It seemed too good to be true. We all worked with a will to get things started and something done, for we were afraid the Government would change its mind at the last moment and cry halt." Hunter certainly lost no time. The nearest permanent Dervish garrison was at Suarda, more than a hundred miles away, but they frequently had a camp at Akasha, and it was considered advisable to push forward a column to turn them out if they were there, and, if they were not, to seize the place and fortify it against them before they heard of the coming Egyptian advance in force. On Sunday, March 15, Hunter issued orders for a flying column to push on to Akasha. It was to be composed of the 13th Soudanese infantry under Major Collinson, a mountain battery, a squadron of cavalry under Major Broadwood,

For the first few weeks the story of the expedition is prosaic enough. Camel convoys starting from Sarras added to the accumulation of stores at Akasha; the railway crept onwards, half a mile a day being at first considered very satisfactory progress; the mounted troops and the "friendlies" scouted along the desert flank of the advance. At first the telegraph wire from Korosko to the fort at Murat was occasionally cut by Dervish raiders, but this was stopped by employing the friendly Ababdeh Arabs to hold the desert wells along the route from Assouan towards Berber. On the whole, the enemy showed a curious lack of dash and enterprise. Had he made a few daring raids on the convoy route through the desert, the result would have been a very considerable delay in the accumulation of stores at the advanced posts; for in the presence of an active enemy smaller convoys would have had to be sent forward, with stronger escorts and more elaborate precautions. In the desert between Sarras and Akasha not a trace of a Dervish was to be found in those first weeks of the campaign. But towards Kassala and Suakin there was soon some hard fighting. The first news of victory came from these places, and helped to allay the anxiety caused by the disaster at Adowa. After such a crushing defeat it was something to see white soldiers again asserting their superiority over barbarous and half-civilised enemies.



THE SIRDAR'S FLOTILLA.

SUAKIN.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST VICTORIES OVER THE DERVISHES.

IN the middle of March, 1896, the Italian Government agreed to an armistice with Menelek, and accepted as the basis of further negotiations terms of peace which gave the ambitious Abyssinian king all he was fighting for. The claim to suzerainty was abandoned, and it was understood that the Italian Government would evacuate all Amhara and Tigré, with the exception of a small tract of country north of the river Mareb, including the fortified plateau of Asmara. This truce enabled the Italians to reinforce the garrison of Kassala. On April 2nd Colonel Stevani, the commandant, who had till then remained strictly on the defensive, attacked the Dervishes in front of the place. The enemy were about 5,000 strong, but they were driven from their position with the loss of 600 men, and retired on Tucruf, where they had formed an entrenched camp. Stevani, who had only about 2,500 men under his command, attacked their lines again next day, captured some of their works, but was unable to clear the whole position. The Dervishes had, however, suffered so severely in the two battles that they raised the siege of Kassala and retired to their villages on the Atbara river.

Osman Digna, the old slave-trader of Suakin, who had so often assembled the coast tribes for an attack on the town, and had fought so many battles with the British and the Egyptians, was with the besiegers of Kassala, when news reached him that the Sirdar's army was assembling for a march up the Nile. To his mind a movement on the river suggested a probable advance of another British force from Suakin. It had been so in previous campaigns, and he resolved to attempt once more to raise the Hadendowas and the other fighting tribes round Suakin against the British. More than a week before Stevani's victories, Osman left the Dervish camp near Kassala and, accompanied by a band of trusted adherents, made a forced march towards Suakin. Colonel Lloyd, the commandant of the town, had with him there two Egyptian battalions, a portion of the newly-formed battalion of reservists, a battalion of Soudanese, some mountain guns, and a small force of cavalry and camel-corps men. There were also some 1,500 "friendlies," tribesmen of the district, whose loyalty could not be trusted very implicitly in case of a reverse, but who might be counted upon as long as the garrison was able to show a bold front to Osman Digna's raiders.

On April 3rd the friendlies got touch of the enemy on the scrub-covered plain near Sinkat. The Dervishes were only a small scouting party. Shots were exchanged at long range, and the enemy retired, leaving four wounded camels on the ground. On the 7th the Dervish horsemen were seen near Tamanieb, and there was a skirmish between another party of friendlies and the enemy's scouts near

Erkowit. Spies reported that Osman Digna had formed a camp, defended by a zereba or thorn hedge, at or near Harasab in the Erkowit hills, and his emissaries were endeavouring to persuade the neighbouring tribes to join him. Lloyd summoned the local chiefs to meet him at Suakin, and in a conference pointed out to them that if they declared against the Government they had not the remotest chance of storming the fortified town, and they would certainly be punished by a strong force assembled at Suakin to operate against them. He reminded them that every attempt they had made on Suakin had ended disastrously for them, and they promised to hold aloof from Osman Digna, who so far had been joined by very few men of the district, and had with him chiefly those he had brought from the Atbara. But Lloyd felt that it would create a bad impression if he kept his garrison shut up behind the walls of Suakin and Tokar, and in the middle of April he formed a column to take the field against the invaders.

OSMAN DIGNA.

The force which marched out of Suakin on the evening of April 14th was about 1,200 strong. It was made up of a squadron of Egyptian cavalry, six companies of Egyptian infantry, one company of Soudanese, a company of the camel corps, and two guns. Every man was mounted, about a thousand extra camels being requisitioned for the purpose. Two hundred of the friendly Arabs accompanied the column, their duty being to help in the scouting and to take care of the camels when the infantry dismounted to fight. Lloyd's object was to challenge an attack from Osman Digna, in the hope of inflicting on him such a defeat as would discourage the wavering chiefs of the district from holding any relations with the Dervish leader. His first march was to be to the wells of Khor Taroi, in a valley nearly twenty miles to the southward, on the edge of the hill country. He was to be joined ten miles farther on at Khor Wintri by a smaller column, consisting of half a battalion of the 10th Soudanese, under Major Sidney, who was to march from Tokar to meet him. A large force of friendlies, under Sheik Tita, was to guard the heights above Khor Taroi and Khor Wintri, so as to give warning of any advance of the enemy from the direction of Harasab.

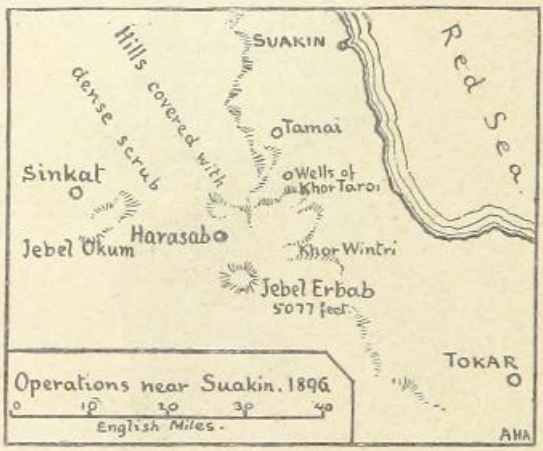
Lloyd's march to Taroi was slow and tedious, for the column moved over broken ground covered with dense high scrub, amongst which small parties of the enemy's horsemen were sighted from time to time. The advance had therefore to be made cautiously, with frequent halts, while the scouts explored the ground in front. On reaching the wells in the afternoon a zereba was formed, and the cavalry, about one hundred men in all, accompanied by Captain Fenwick of the staff, rode forward towards Khor Wintri with orders to get touch with Sidney's force and let him know the column was halted at Taroi Wells. It was soon clear that Tita's friendlies were doing their work very carelessly, for about halfway to Khor Wintri, without any warning, the cavalry came suddenly upon some two hundred Dervish horsemen supported by a force of infantry.

The Egyptian cavalry were ordered to retire at a trot, but in the rough ground and among the patches of scrub the Dervish horsemen gained upon them, and the trot became for most of the squadron a disorderly gallop. Horses fell, and their riders were speared by the pursuers. The affair was terribly near being a disaster. But the situation was saved by Fenwick's splendid courage. Rallying thirty-eight officers and men he occupied an isolated hillock, and during the evening and in the hours of darkness that followed he beat off four successive attacks of the enemy. He was a good rifle shot, and he himself fired no less than 140 shots during the brief siege of the hillock. A little before dawn the Dervishes retired.

About midnight Fenwick and his men had been encouraged by hearing the roar of Lloyd's mountain-guns away to the northward. Early

in the evening an Egyptian officer and thirty-two of the cavalry had ridden into the Taroi bivouac, with news that the squadron had been cut up, and that they had been pursued by a strong force of Dervishes. The enemy prowled round the zereba till about midnight, when they tried to rush it, but were beaten off by a heavy fire of rifles and guns.

Sidney was meanwhile halted at Khor Wintri. He had reached his bivouac there on the afternoon of the 15th, and was attacked the same afternoon by a Dervish force which he estimated at 500 foot and 90 horse. He had only 250 men with him. But they were Soudanese, the best fighting men of the Egyptian army; men who count two to one very small odds. Their steady rifle volleys forced the Dervishes to retreat with heavy loss, and the enemy's fire was as usual wild and high, so that the cost of the skirmish to the victors was only three men wounded.



Early next day Fenwick rejoined Lloyd at Taroi, and the column marched on to Khor Wintri, where it joined hands with Sidney's force. The scouts reported that the Dervishes had everywhere retired into the hills, carrying a large number of wounded men with them. Lloyd had not either provisions or transport with him for a prolonged expedition, so, having obtained his object by challenging a fight and teaching the Dervishes a severe lesson, he re-entered Suakin, where the little army was received with acclamations by the people.

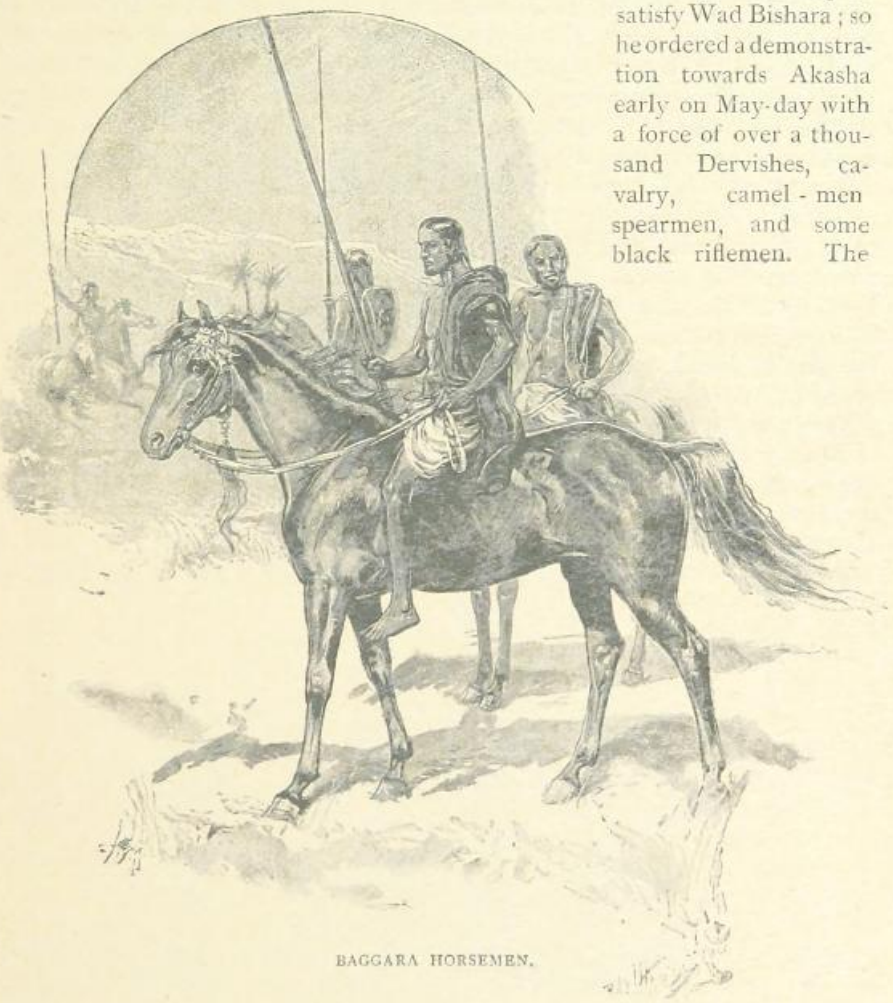
The next few days brought news that Osman Digna's camp at Harasab was full of sick and wounded men. Deserters began to come into Suakin. None of the local tribes would join him, and before the end of the month he recognised that his expedition was a failure, and returned to the Atbara country. This was the last attempt made by the Dervishes against Suakin. The skirmishes at Taroi and Wintri had an excellent effect on the whole Egyptian army. Lloyd's and Sidney's success, slight as it was, seemed to be an earnest of further victories at a later stage of the campaign.

The first fight on the Upper Nile was a small cavalry action, which took place near Akasha on May-day. In the middle of April the Dervishes had pushed forward a picked force of black regulars (known as Jehadia, or "soldiers of the Holy War"), Arab cavalry and camel-men, and spear and swordsmen on foot, to Ferkeh, a ruined village twenty miles south of Akasha. Ferkeh stands at the point where the last of the passes of the rocky Batn-el-Hagar desert opens on the river bank. Southwards to near the Third Cataract a plain, now wide, now narrow, opens between the Nile bank and the desert hills. It was therefore an important point—the gate, as it were, of the more open country stretching towards Dongola. The ruined village was made the nucleus of a large camp, in which the warlike Baggaras, the men of the Khalifa's own tribe, were largely represented. The Emir Hammuda Idris was in command, having for his right-hand man Osman Azrak, who had led a division of the Dervish army at Toski, and had since then been foremost in many raids on the Nile villages. From Ferkeh occasional scouting parties of Dervishes approached the camp of Akasha in the night, and once they ventured to fire into an advanced post. Hammuda sent to his chief, the Emir Wad Bishara, the governor of Dongola, mendacious accounts of great victories he had won over the infidels, and received in reply exhortations to advance and capture Akasha. But instead of venturing on such a dangerous enterprise he appears to have occupied his time in quarrelling with Osman Azrak and the Emirs in command of the Jehadia. These dissensions in the Dervish camp are the most probable explanation of the strange inactivity of the enemy during the first difficult weeks of the Dongola campaign.

The Sirdar, who had established his headquarters at Wady Halfa, was kept in touch with the doings of the Dervish leaders, thanks to the system of obtaining information organised by the chief of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, Major Wingate. It would be difficult to praise too highly the work he did, work to which

the complete and unbroken success of our advance on the Nile is largely due. The whole story of the Intelligence Department, if it is ever written, will be stranger than any romance. The network of Wingate's correspondents and agents extended far into Central Africa. During these first weeks of the Dongola expedition he was gathering in the results of a system organised carefully in advance. From Suarda, from Dongola, from Abu Hamed and Berber, through Murat, and from Omdurman and Khartoum itself, through the branch intelligence office at Suakin, there came the reports of the agents of the department. Daring Arab and Soudanese spies, who carried their lives in their hands for months at a time, returned with detailed information or what was going on behind the enemy's border line, and means were found to send up the river to the tribesmen or the Dongola Province assurances that the Egyptian army was coming only to break the power of the tyrannical Baggaras and their master, the Khalifa; that life would be spared when battle was done; that no account would be taken of old acts of rebellion against the Government; that property would be respected, and all goods paid for in hard cash. Thanks to this, the people of the district were ready to receive the Sirdar's troops as friends once the Dervishes were defeated, and meanwhile every order given in the Mahdist camp was soon known to the staff at Halfa. Thus towards the end of April the Intelligence Department got information that there would probably be some activity on the part of the Dervishes at Ferkeh on the next Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, which happened to be the 1st of May.

Hammuda knew better than to try to rush the strongly fortified camp of Akasha, now held by a whole brigade of Soudanese battalions under Macdonald. But he had to make a show of doing something to satisfy Wad Bishara; so he ordered a demonstration towards Akasha early on May-day with a force of over a thousand Dervishes, cavalry, camel-men spearmen, and some black riflemen. The native scouts brought tidings of their approach, and three squadrons of cavalry were sent out under Major Burn-Murdoch to look for them, half a battalion of Soudanese marching after the cavalry as a support. Burn-Murdoch met the enemy's advanced scouts, a small party of camel-men, about six miles from Akasha, at a place where the valley leading towards Ferkeh is almost impossible ground for ordinary cavalry tactics. Between the hills on each side there is a confused mass of small broken hillocks and rocks. Through these the Dervish scouts retired, and Burn-Murdoch, pushing on with four troopers

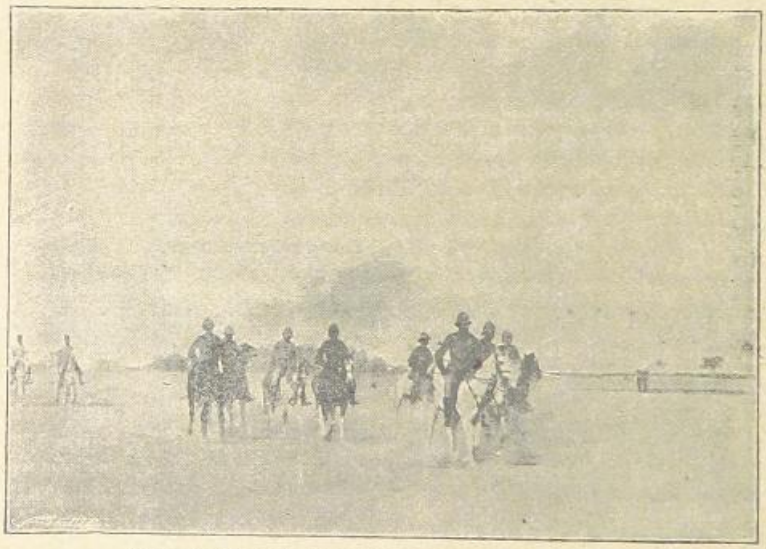


BAGGARA HORSEMEN.

to reconnoitre, saw from the top of a ridge the enemy, about a thousand strong, posted in a position where no cavalry in the world could charge them. He rejoined his force, and was retiring along the valley to pick up his infantry before taking further action, when the Dervish cavalry, misinterpreting his motives, came after him. He faced his squadrons about, and the enemy promptly retreated. As the two masses of horsemen, Egyptian and Dervish, wheeled round, their flanks came in contact in a dense cloud of sand and dust; only a few on each side, however, got close enough to use their weapons, and some Dervish desperadoes, who refused to retire, were ridden down. The enemy's cavalry took refuge behind their infantry, which now advanced, firing wildly. Burn-Murdoch stopped them by dismounting his men among the rocks, and pouring volleys into the enemy with the carbines of his troopers. The Dervishes then drew off, never stopping till they regained Ferkeh camp.

About a score of the enemy's horsemen fell in the charge, and during the firing they were seen to be carrying off dead and wounded men. The Egyptians had only one man killed and eight wounded. Of the casualties, three were sword or spear wounds received in the charge, and six were bullet wounds. Six horses were badly hit. When the Soudanese infantry came up they were terribly disappointed at finding that the fight was over. They had had a trying march through the blazing summer heat of the desert valleys, and one of them had died of sunstroke on the way. Deserters afterwards told how the Dervishes, when they arrived at Ferkeh, showed that they, too, had suffered from heat and exhaustion. Many of the horsemen dismounted, flung down their spears, and stretched themselves on the ground beside their horses, unable even to speak for a while.

The fight was a very small affair, but it had its importance as one more proof that the Dervishes were no longer the reckless warriors who had broken the squares at Abu Klea and Tamai. A thousand Mahdists of the old type would not have retired before a handful of Egyptian troops. On the other hand, it gave very satisfactory proof of the improvement that had taken place in the Egyptian army. He would have been a venturesome man who, in the first days of our early Nile campaigns, would have advanced with 250 Egyptians against four times their number of Mahdists.

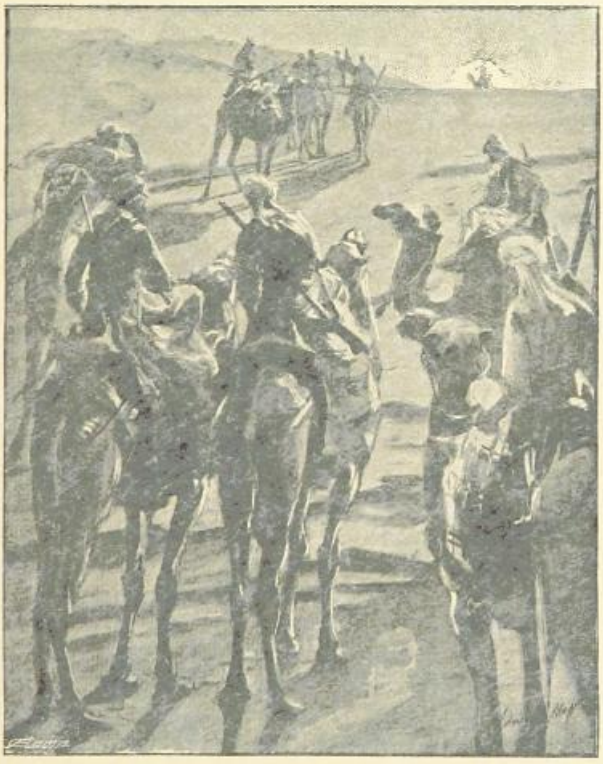


THE SIRDAR AND HIS STAFF CROSSING THE DESERT.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF FERKEH.

BY the third week in May the railway had reached Ambigol Wells, more than half-way across the desert. Three months' supplies for 10,000 men had been collected in the camp at Akasha. The Intelligence Department had information that the Dervish chiefs were preparing to raid the railway and the line of communications, and, as the simplest way to prevent these attacks and secure the undisturbed progress of work on the new line, the Sirdar resolved to attack and break up the enemy's camp at Ferkeh in the first week of June. His intention was not merely to drive Hammuda's force back into the Dongola province, but to destroy and disorganise it completely. For this purpose he decided to attack in overwhelming strength. An Indian brigade had been sent from Bombay to occupy Suakin in the middle of May, and he was thus enabled to transfer its garrison to the Upper Nile.



FRIENDLY ARAB SCOUTS.

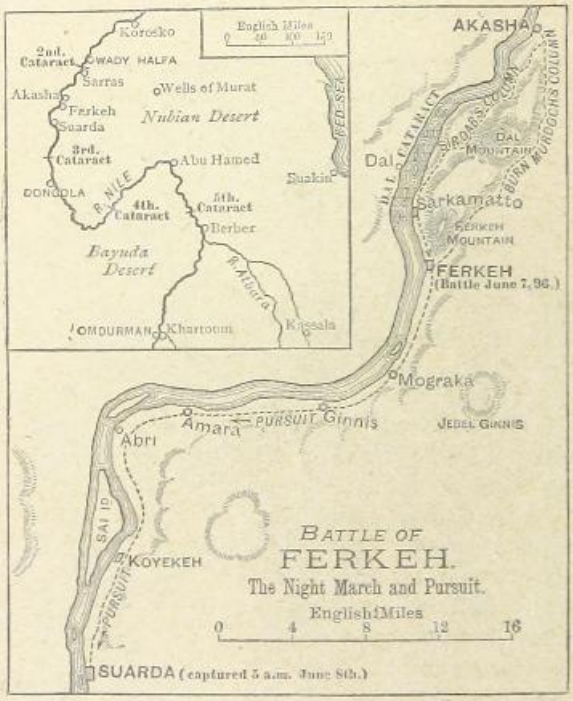
It was apparently the idea in the Dervish camp that nothing serious would be attempted by the Sirdar until he had his railway completed up to Akasha, and thus even the large concentration of troops in and near the advanced post in the first days of June did not warn Hammuda and Osman Azrak of the crushing blow that was about to fall upon them.

The Sirdar left Halfa on Monday, June 1st, with his staff, and transferred his headquarters to Akasha. Along the river bank from that place to Okmeh, three miles to the northward, there was a great camp formed by the end of the week, for every available man was being pushed up to the front. Even the work on the railway was stopped, so that the Railway Battalion might be available to garrison points on the line of communications, and thus set free better-trained troops for service at the front. The engineer officers were temporarily attached as gallopers to the staff. The secret of the precise date of the coming battle was well kept, and it was not till about noon on Saturday that it became generally known in camp that the army was to march out that evening, bivouac in the desert, and attack the Dervishes at Ferkeh at dawn next day, Sunday, June 7th.

Sir Herbert Kitchener had been well served by his Intelligence Department. To use a familiar phrase, what Wingate and Slatin did not know about Mahdism and the Mahdists was not worth knowing. Thanks to the careful questioning of spies and deserters they were able to draw up a plan of the Dervish camp at Ferkeh, with a list of the tribesmen and black troops assembled there, and of the Emirs who commanded them. They had also ascertained that the Dervish outposts were drawn in at night close to the camp, so that there was good prospect of getting within striking distance of the enemy without coming upon his sentinels and patrols. Captain (now Colonel) Broadwood, the cavalry commander at the front, had repeatedly reconnoitred Ferkeh; he had mapped the routes leading to it on a large scale, and he had ascertained that cavalry could get south of

the place over the low hills, between which and the Nile there was a broad strip of fairly level ground running southward for miles.

The enemy was known to be about 4,000 strong, picked men, a considerable part of the force being formed of the Jehadia or black riflemen, regularly drilled troops under Arab officers. The rest of the force was made up of Baggara, Jaalin, and Dongolese tribesmen, all armed with sword or spear, and many having besides Remington rifles. There were some hundreds of horsemen and camel-men. The riflemen had an abundant supply of ammunition, but as they never had any target practice they were apt to waste it by firing over the heads of their adversaries. The Emir Hammuda Idris appears to have been actually in command, though a letter from Wad Bishara at Dongola, transferring the command to Osman Azrak on account of Hammuda's long inactivity, had reached Ferkeh just before the fight.



There are two tracks leading from Akasha to Ferkeh, which we may distinguish by calling one the "desert route" and the other the "river route." Both start by the same sandy valley, the Ferkeh Khor, which runs nearly south out of the semicircle of rocky hills that surrounds Akasha. About a mile from the start another sandy valley, Khor Shargosheh, strikes off to the right towards the Nile, and at this point the river route begins. It runs across the rocky broken ground between Dal Mountain and the Nile, touching the river bank at three points. At the last of these, north of the ruined and deserted village of Sarkamatto, it runs for some distance along a narrow shelf of rock above the rushing waters of the Dal Cataract; then it reaches Ferkeh by a stretch of low ground between the river and the hills. The desert route winds through the sandy valleys to the east of Dal Mountain, the two routes uniting under the bold slopes and precipices of Ferkeh Mountain, close to the village of the same name.

The whole distance from Akasha to Ferkeh is about eighteen miles. The desert route was fairly easy ground for an army to traverse. The river route, thanks to the difficult pass near Sarkamatto, must have seemed to the Dervishes almost impossible. This was doubtless one reason why the Sirdar chose it for his main line of advance, for surprise was of the essence of his plan. Had the Dervishes received warning of his approach, and retired without fighting, he would have missed the chance he was seeking of striking a blow that should break up their army and clear the country of them right up to Suarda.

His plan was to attack in two columns. Major Burn-Murdoch, his cavalry commander, was to march by the desert route, with a force, chiefly mounted, composed as follows:—

The horse battery (6 Krupp 7½ centimetre guns, throwing a 9½-pound shell).

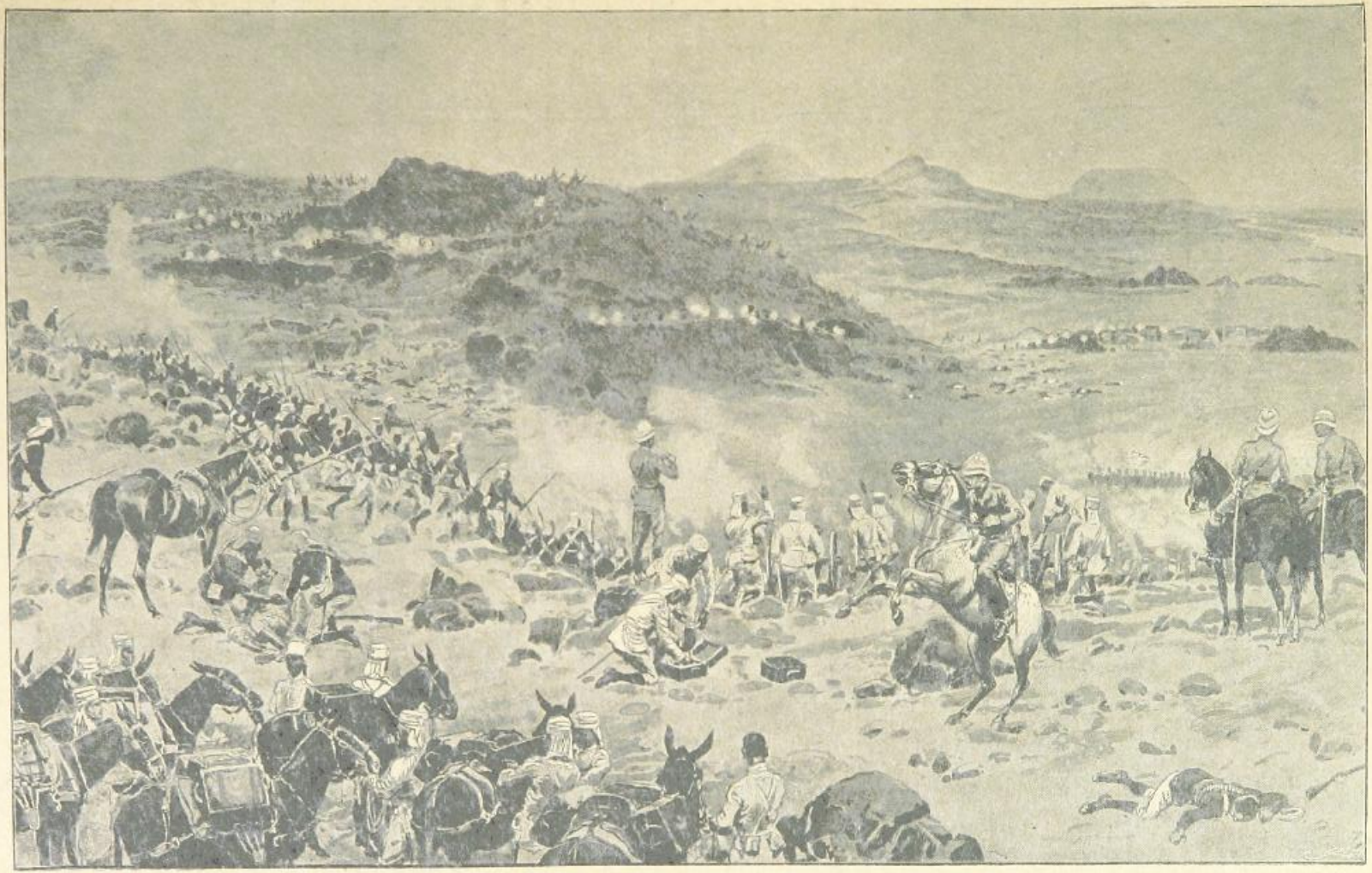
Machine-gun section of the North Staffordshire regiment (2 Maxims).

Seven squadrons of Egyptian cavalry (800 sabres).

Major Tudway's Camel Corps (670 rifles).

The 12th Soudanese infantry (under Major Townshend, the defender of Chitral), 717 officers and men, mounted on baggage camels till they reached the scene of action.

In all, there were about 2,500 men in the desert column. Captain Broadwood, who had done so much good service in scouting over the same ground, acted as its guide in the night march. Burn-Murdoch's orders were to be in position on the hills east of Ferkeh by half-past four on the Sunday morning, an hour at which it is still dark in the Soudan. He was to keep well back, so as to be out of the line of fire of the river column, which was to attack Ferkeh from the north. He was to open upon Ferkeh



THE BATTLE OF FERKEH: THE ATTACK ON THE RIGHT OF THE DERVISH POSITION.

camp with his artillery as soon as he heard the fire of the main attack, which was timed to begin at five a.m. He was to use his cannon and machine-guns to break up from the flank any attempt of the enemy to mass for a charge. When Ferkeh was taken he was to have the cavalry and camel corps ready to fall on the flank of the retiring Dervishes, and he was to pursue them to the southward, preventing any attempt to rally. He was to push boldly on and capture first Koyekeh and then Suarda, at both of which places the Intelligence Department reported that the enemy had only small garrisons.

The river column, under the personal command of Sir Herbert Kitchener, was about 7,000 strong. It was made up of two mule batteries (twelve light mountain-guns), two machine guns, manned by the Connaught Rangers, and Hunter Pasha's infantry division of nine battalions, organised in three brigades as follows :—

1st Brigade—Major Lewis, 3rd and 4th Egyptians, 10th Soudanese.

2nd Brigade—Major MacDonald, 9th, 11th, and 13th Soudanese.

3rd Brigade—Major Maxwell, 2nd, 7th, and 8th Egyptians.

The column was to march from Akasha late on Saturday afternoon, and, moving in the darkness across the difficult ground of the river route, they were to bivouac in silence and without fires near Sarkamatto, about three miles from the enemy's position. There was to be no noise of any kind, and no lights—not so much as a burning cigarette tip. If by chance any of the enemy's scouts were met with, they were to be disposed of with the bayonet. The troops were to move off from their bivouac before sunrise, and be ready to attack Ferkeh at 5 a.m. The sun rose that day at 5.14 a.m., and the twilight in the Soudan is very short, so that the actual attack was to begin in the half darkness before the dawn.

The enemy (as was subsequently ascertained from prisoners taken in the battle) had sent a patrol in close to Akasha during the Saturday afternoon. But it returned to Ferkeh with the report that all was quiet in the Egyptian camp, so that Hammuda and Osman Azrak had not the remotest expectation of the coming attack. The discipline of the troops during the night march was beyond all praise. There was absolute silence, and even the difficult defile above the Dal Cataract was passed without noise and confusion, though it necessarily caused a long delay. Even the infantry had to move across it warily in single file, and the mounted men had to dismount and lead their animals. Looking at the place afterwards in broad daylight, it was difficult to realise that nine battalions, two batteries, the staff with their horses, and some two hundred camels conveying the reserve ammunition and the field hospital, had been safely and silently got across such a place in almost complete darkness, for there was no moon, and the stars gave but a scanty light.

Arrived at Sarkamatto, the three brigades lay down for a short sleep on the sandy ground between the hills and the belt of palms along the river. A screen of outposts covered the bivouac, and the men had their arms beside them, but the short halt passed without any alarm. At this point a messenger, who had come across the hills from the desert column, reached the bivouac of the staff and informed the Sirdar that all was going well with Burn-Murdoch's force.

As morning approached there was no *reveillé* sounded. A whispered word of command roused the soldiers from their sleep and marshalled the column for battle. Lewis, with the first brigade, was to march along the river bank, making for the north end of the Ferkeh village. MacDonald, with his three Soudanese battalions, was to form the left attack nearer the hills. Many of MacDonald's men had fought against us in previous battles under the Mahdist banners, for the black troops of the Dervish army, mostly recruited as slaves for the Khalifa's service, were only too glad after a defeat to accept the better treatment offered them as regulars in the Soudanese regiments of the Egyptian army. They liked fighting for its own sake, and they liked it all the better when they were on the winning side. Maxwell, with the third brigade, composed entirely of Fellahin soldiers, was held in reserve at the outset, but was to take post between the two other brigades as opportunity offered. The long line was then to pivot on its right, wheeling round against the desert front of the village, its extreme left getting touch with Burn-Murdoch's desert column on the hills. Such was the plan of the battle.

Up to five o'clock all was silent in front, and to many there came the dispiriting thought that the enemy had got news of the advance, and had quietly slipped away from Ferkeh. But a few minutes after five there was the sharp crack of rifles, as the first shots were fired from a Dervish outpost, stationed in a small enclosure of low

mud walls on the steep hill slope north-east of Ferkeh. The leading Soudanese regiment, the 9th infantry, replied, and almost immediately Burn-Murdoch's heavy guns opened with a deep roar from the hills east of the village. The co-operation of the two columns was perfect.

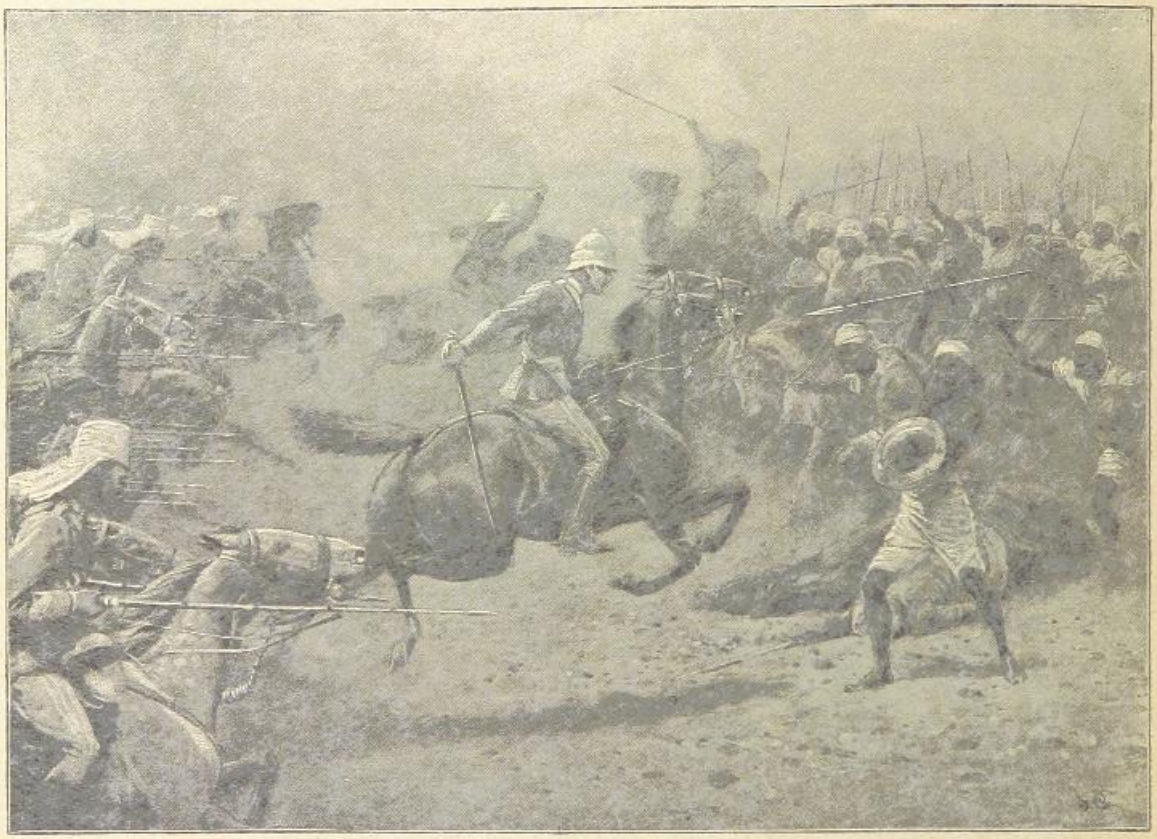
Surprised and outnumbered as they were, Hammuda's warriors were not dismayed. They swarmed out of their mud huts and straw shelters, rapidly taking up a position among the rocky ridges that form a kind of natural fortification for Ferkeh to the north and east. Some of them were Jaalin and Dongolawi tribesmen, whose loyalty to the Khalifa was doubtful. These were sent into the fight with Baggara spearmen behind them ready to kill them if they attempted to turn back. The mountain guns of the river column had now come into action, shelling the Dervish position, and whilst MacDonald's Soudanese, with the 9th in advance, moved against the rocky ridges, Lewis's mixed Egyptian and Soudanese brigade was fighting its way across the cultivated ground near the palm belt by the river. The Dervishes made a stubborn fight. They not only held the rocks but their black regulars tried to advance to a counter-attack, firing as they came. Happily their fire, though rapid, was wild and high, and did little damage. They were met and driven back with heavy loss by a storm of bursting shells, a hail of bullets from the Maxims, and steady volleys from the well-drilled infantry opposed to them. Some doubts had been thrown by military critics on the fighting value of the Fellahin, or purely Egyptian, element in the Sirdar's army, but at Ferkeh there was little to choose between the Soudanese and the Egyptian battalions. On the right a rush of horsemen and footmen mixed came to hand-to-hand conflict, brief though it was, with Lewis's brigade, north of the village. Farther to the left another party of desperate men had tried to rush Burn-Murdoch's guns, charging up the slope by one of the desert ravines. The rifles of the 12th Soudanese and the Maxims soon disposed of them. Farther still away, and out of sight of the main attack, Tudway's camel corps was in action against a strong force of Dervish riflemen, and Captain Broadwood and Captain Legge, each at the head of three Egyptian squadrons, charged and broke up a force of Dervish camel-men that was moving up from the south along the river bank to reinforce Ferkeh.

COLONEL BURN-MURDOCH.
(Photo: Heyman, Cairo.)

Having repelled the Dervish counter-attacks and stormed the outlying ridges, the infantry division—its first brigade on the right, its second on the left, and its third in the centre—wheeled towards the river so as to close upon the village. There was a brief bombardment, the shells from the heavy guns knocking to pieces the clay-built houses and setting fire to some of the straw shelters. Ferkeh was a large village of perhaps a thousand huts, running for nearly a mile along the river bank. It was stormed by the infantry, Lewis's brigade at the north end being the first to get in. Soudanese and Egyptians vied with each other in clearing the enemy out of the houses and the lanes and open spaces between them. There was some bayonet work, but the rifle was most used even inside the village. The Dervishes fought to the end, the Emirs for the most part refusing quarter and throwing their lives away in desperate attempts to close with the victors. Hammuda Idris himself was killed early in the action, and more than forty of the Emirs fell with him. By seven o'clock what was left of his army was streaming away to the southward, a few taking refuge on an island, from which they were promptly cleared out by the Soudanese; while those who got across to the west bank of the Nile were dealt with by the Arab "Friendlies," who had moved down along the other side of the river as the army advanced from Akasha.

Then it was that Burn-Murdoch, with the cavalry, camel corps, and horse battery, started on the pursuit which was to reap the full fruits of the victory, Townshend, with the 12th Soudanese, following to support the mounted troops. The pursuit lasted just twenty-two hours, from 7 a.m. on Sunday, when the battle ended, till dawn on Monday. The Dervishes never had a chance of rallying. The river bank and the border of the desert were strewn for

miles with their dead. Wherever they attempted a stand the lances of the cavalry, the rifles of the Camel Corps, and the guns that had spoken so effectively from the slopes below Ferkeh mountain, were soon upon them. Beyond Amara the villages were still partly inhabited, and the people afterwards told how, during that Sunday evening, small parties of the beaten Dervishes were passing through in hasty flight, mostly mounted on camels. "We are going away for awhile," they said, "but we shall come back and retake all this country." Some of them were wounded. Among these was the Emir Karamallah, known in Europe as the leader of the Dervish invaders who seized the Bahr-el-Ghazal and acted against Emin Pasha in the Equatorial Province. In one of the villages he stopped, saying he could go no farther, and he died of his wounds during the night. Osman Azrak was also recognised, riding at the head of a party of camel-men. He was unwounded, and had a revolver in his belt and a good Martini rifle hanging at his saddle. On the Sunday evening Burn-Murdoch occupied Koyekeh without any resistance, the Dervish post there having retreated on hearing the news of the morning's fight. Suarda was reached at dawn on Monday, just as the last of the garrison were landing on the west bank of the Nile, after hurriedly evacuating the place, and taking all the boats with them. Burn-Murdoch was able to send a few shells from his guns in among them before they got away. He then occupied Suarda, fifty-four miles from Akasha, and just halfway between Wady Halfa, the starting-point of the expedition, and Dongola, its subjective.



"WHEREVER THEY ATTEMPTED TO MAKE A STAND, THE LANCES OF THE CAVALRY . . . WERE SOON UPON THEM."

The full extent of the enemy's losses will probably never be precisely known. At least a thousand Dervishes fell in the fight and pursuit, and five hundred more were made prisoners. The Egyptian loss was twenty killed and eighty-one wounded. Only one British officer, Captain Legge, was wounded in the action. One of the

dramatic episodes of the day was the finding by Slatin Pasha of Hammuda's body among the slain. The fortune of war had brought the Austrian officer, who was so lately the Khalifa's slave, back to the Soudan as one of the victors in the Army of Reconquest, and he picked out among the dead Emirs men he had known at Khartoum in the days of his captivity.

Briefly, the results of Ferkeh were that (1) in the twenty-four hours—from 5 a.m. on Sunday, June 7th, to the same hour on Monday, June 8th—more than fifty miles of the Nile Valley had been cleared of the Dervishes, and had passed into secure possession of the Anglo-Egyptian army ; (2) all doubt as to the fighting value of the purely Egyptian battalions had been cleared away by their steady and brilliant conduct in the field, while the cavalry had proved their value both in the fight and the pursuit ; (3) the one fully organised army that the Dervishes possessed on the Nile frontier had been utterly destroyed ; (4) Suarda, for years the starting-point of cruel raids on the Nile villages, had become the advanced post of the Egyptian army, and all the country to the northward was safe ; (5) the Dongola expedition had traversed successfully the last of the difficult Batn-el-Hagar country, for Ferkeh is, as we have seen, the southern gate of the stony desert, and it had now before it the more open districts of the Dar Sukkot and Mahassa, where every advantage was on the side of regular troops and modern weapons.

Finally, on both sides the moral effect of this ideally complete victory for the one, this crushing defeat for the other, was enormous. It was the first time that the new Egyptian army had taken the initiative in any serious fighting in the Nile Valley. All previous Nile campaigns, since Khartoum fell, had begun with a Mahdist advance. Here the Egyptian army had both challenged the trial of strength and struck the first blow. The news of the destruction of Hammuda's army was a warning to every tribe in the Soudan that the Khalifa's power was tottering to its fall, and that to stand by the Dervishes any longer was to be on the losing side in the struggle.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR : SLATIN PASHA DISCOVERING THE BODY OF HIS OLD ENEMY, THE EMIR HAMMUDA.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF HAFIR.

SUARDA, fortified and garrisoned by MacDonald's Soudanese brigade, was during June, July, and the greater part of August, 1896, the advanced post of the expedition. For a short time after Ferkeh the Dervishes had a small garrison in the villages of Kedden and Kedurma, near the Kaibar cataract. There were stores of grain in the villages and a number of boats on the river, these depôts having been the points from which they used to forward supplies by water to their camp at Ferkeh. They were turned out of these places in the middle of June by a little force under Captain Mahon. He left Suarda on June 16th with two squadrons of Egyptian cavalry and a detachment of the Camel Corps, a number of friendly Arabs moving down the opposite bank of the Nile parallel with his advance. Mahon had to cover sixty miles to reach Kedurma. He did the distance in two marches, and on the 17th occupied the villages, which he found deserted. It had been hoped that the Dervish garrison under Osman Azrak would be surprised and cut up or captured, but they got news of Mahon's approach and retired hurriedly without any show of resistance. A quantity of grain was seized in the villages, and a number of boats with heavy cargoes of corn were captured by the Friendlies, the Dervishes giving up the attempt to haul them up the cataract. After this the villages of Kerma on the east bank and Hafir on the west bank above the Third (or Hannek) Cataract were the advanced Dervish positions for the defence of Dongola. Wad Bishara threw up earthworks at both places and concentrated a considerable force at Kerma.

During the weeks that followed the fight at Ferkeh there was a constant stream of fugitives from the Dongola province coming into the Egyptian outposts at Suarda. All were anxious to place themselves at once under the protection of the government. So numerous were they that at times the problem of providing them with food was a very serious one.

The desert railway reached Akasha at the end of the third week of June. The Railway Battalion were now so expert at the work that on several days they laid as much as a mile and a half of the track. After this its progress was slower, as it was a case of laying a new line, not relaying an old one, and all the railway iron had to be brought up to the railhead, instead of the working parties having merely to collect the iron on the spot and supply the sleepers. The earthworks and road-bed of the line were constructed in advance by the Egyptian infantry. The railway reached Ferkeh on July 25th and Kosheh on August 4th. Kosheh camp was now the Sirdar's headquarters and the starting-place for the final advance on Dongola.

At home in England there was some impatience at the long pause that followed the victory of Ferkeh. People asked what was the Sirdar waiting for. He was waiting and working for several things, all of them necessary to a successful advance. He had to accumulate supplies at Kosheh for his army. This was at first done by means of camel convoys from the head of the railway, but went on much quicker when the line was completed. He was also waiting for the annual rise of the Nile. Until the river was near its highest he could not bring his gunboat flotilla up the miles of dangerous rapids and roaring cataracts between Halfa and Kosheh. And the gunboats were necessary both for the attack on Dongola and for the operation of crossing the Nile, for which he would have to secure command of the river and both its banks at some point above Kosheh. Unfortunately, the Nile rose very late in 1896, and the flood did not reach its usual level. It was what is known in Egypt as "a bad Nile" that year. It had been hoped that the four gunboats that had for years patrolled the river between Shellal and Halfa and three of the stern-wheel steamers would be got over the cataracts in July. But it was not till August that they were able even to begin the ascent.

The difficult operation of bringing them up was carried out under the direction of Colonel Hunter, with the help of a number of naval and army officers. Thousands of soldiers and native labourers were employed in the work of hauling on the cables that steadied and dragged the steamers through the rapids. It was the biggest operation of the kind that had ever been attempted in Egypt. One by one the gunboats made their appearance at Kosheh. The two other cataracts between them and Dongola—those at Kaibar and Hannek—were not

formidable obstacles at high Nile, and the boats could pass them with their own steam-power.

Three other and larger gunboats of a better type, armed with quick-firing guns and Maxims and fitted with electric search-lights, had been built for the expedition at Wivenhoe, near Colchester. They were taken to pieces, sent out as cargo to Alexandria, conveyed by rail to Ballia-na on the Lower Nile, laden on barges and towed up to Assouan, transferred to trucks on the Shellal railway and reladen on other barges at the head of the First Cataract, then landed at Halfa and conveyed by the Soudan railway to Kosheh, where they were put together on the river bank and launched on the upper river. It was a strange journey for a flotilla to make. Unfortunately, only one was ready in time for the march to Dongola. Naval officers, with a party of Royal Marine Artillerymen, came out to work the batteries of the gunboats, both new and old.

The advance was further delayed by two unexpected causes. There was a severe outbreak of cholera, a disease which had never before penetrated to the Soudan, and, as if every obstacle was to be thrown in the way of the Sirdar's enterprise, those proverbially rainless deserts were suddenly swept by a series of tropical rainstorms that deluged the camps, turned every ravine and valley into a raging torrent, and in one night swept away miles of the new railway.

At length towards the end of August all was ready for the march upon Dongola. The gunboat flotilla had been assembled above the cataracts at Kosheh, under the orders of Commander Colville, R.N. The four old boats (the *Tamai*, *Abu Klea*, *El Teb*, and *Metemneh*), each armed with a heavy gun behind a shield in the bow and a couple of machine guns (Maxims or Nordenfeldts), were ready for action. One of the new gunboats, *El Zaffir* ("the Victorious"), was completed, but was delayed by an accident to her machinery. But it had been decided that she should be left to follow the flotilla when she was ready. The army had been strengthened by bringing up the North Staffordshire Regiment to the front and by forming a fourth infantry brigade under Major David, R.M.L.I., composed of the 1st, 5th, and 16th Egyptians, the last being one of the new regiments of reservists. A large supply of stores had been collected at Kosheh railhead, and depôts of water in tanks had been placed at convenient points along the desert route across the bend of the Nile between Kosheh and Sadin Fenti. That place was occupied by the Soudanese brigade on August 23rd. They are said to have lost twenty-nine men by sunstroke in their march across the desert. This will give some idea of the hardships of a Soudan summer campaign.

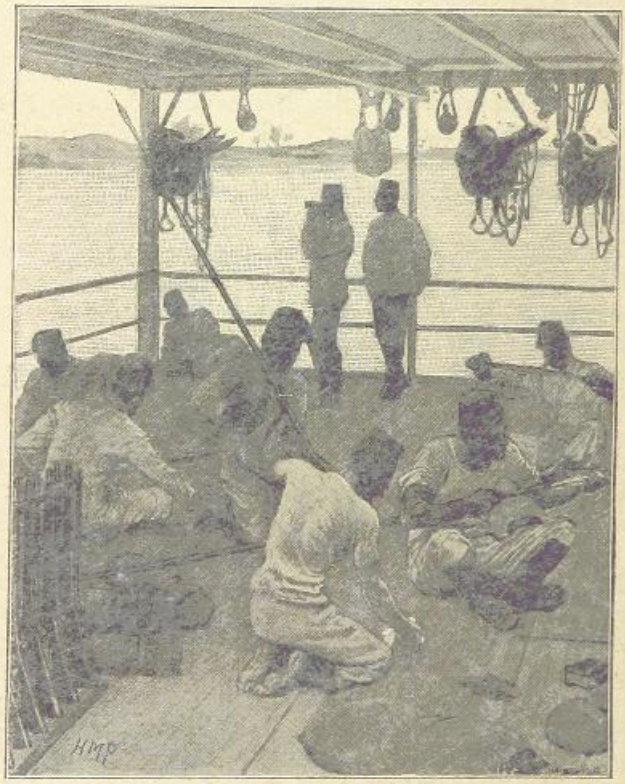
Even if the Dervishes had been disposed to make a serious stand in defence of Dongola, their chance of anything like a long resistance was negatived by the Sirdar's having with him a powerful gunboat flotilla. The fight at Ferkeh would not have lasted, at it did, for two hours if the river had been in high flood that Sunday morning, and four steamers had been sending a shower of shells and a hail of machine-gun bullets into the enemy's flank and rear, and threatening to sweep their line of retreat with this murderous fire. On the Upper Nile he who holds the river holds the country on both sides of it to an extent that is probably not the case on any other river. Until Berber is passed there is not a single tributary stream flowing into the Nile. Except at the desert wells, which have usually only a scanty supply, every drop of drinking water must come out of the river. Only small parties can trust to the wells away from its banks. Where there is a belt of cultivated land the water is supplied by irrigation channels fed by *sakkiyehs*, or water-lifting wheels, on the Nile bank. To stop these wheels is to force whoever wants water to come down to the edge of the river for it. A few men may do this, but an army cannot draw water for its thousands of men and beasts under the fire of a hostile fleet of gunboats, whose electric lights can watch the banks even during the hours of darkness. To retire along the riverside, with a gunboat flotilla on the flank or steaming ahead, would therefore be destruction; and it was a safe prediction that once the gunboats passed a Dervish position it would be promptly evacuated by the enemy.

On August 27th Lewis with the first brigade marched across the desert to Absarat. It was caught in the last of the storms that wrecked the railway, and the men suffered severely. The repairs on the line of communications led to a further delay. The advance was not resumed till the second week of September, and it was not till the 16th that the whole army was concentrated at Fereig, just below the Third Cataract, ready for the attack on Dongola. The Dervishes were reported to be in force in an entrenched position at Kerma, on the east bank of the Nile, a few miles above the cataract.

The little army, now about 13,000 strong,

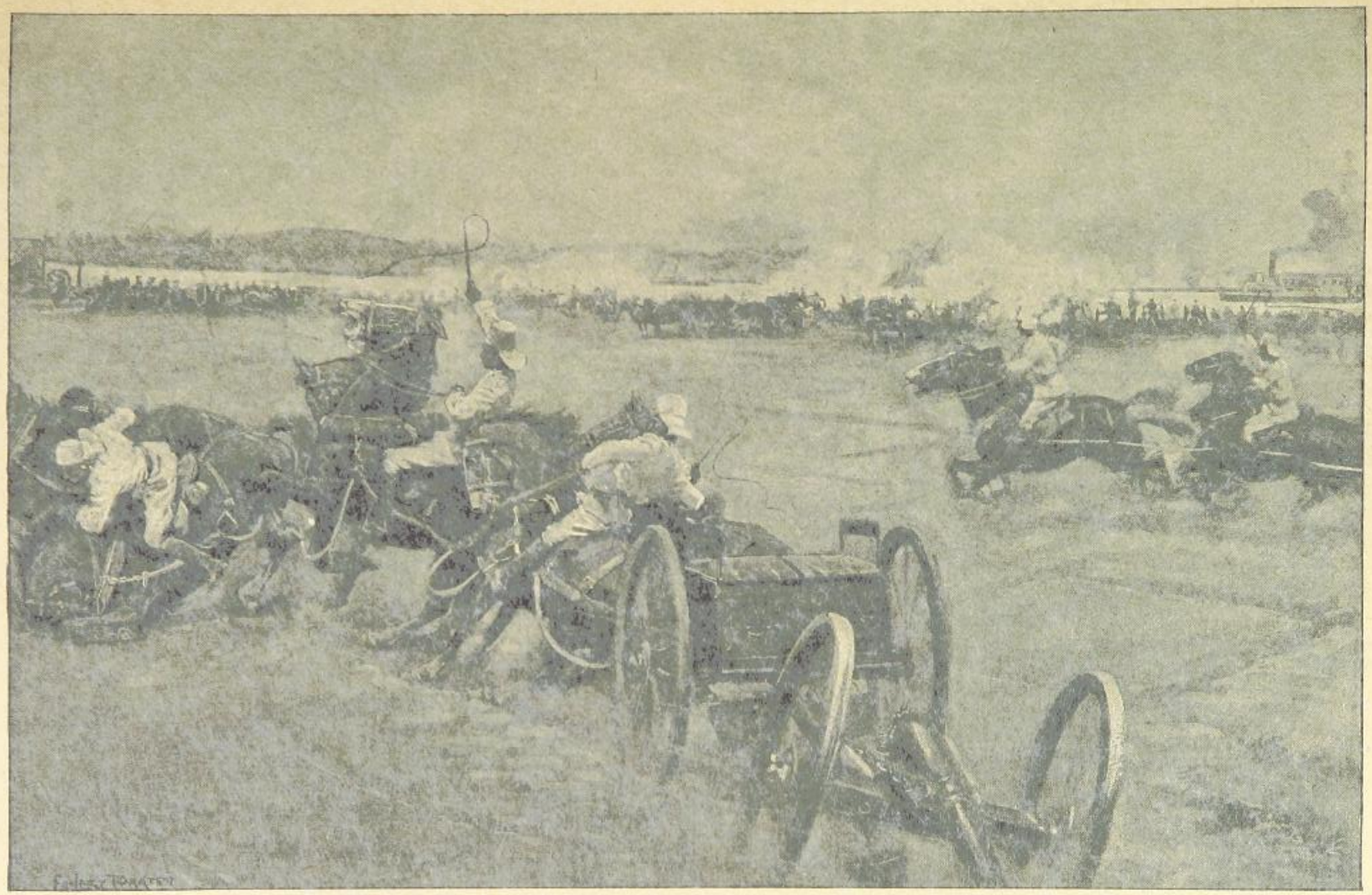
marched on to Barji, the gunboats guarding its flank on the river side, the Camel Corps and the cavalry protecting the left or desert flank and scouting in advance. The only sign of the enemy were a few patrols, with which the Egyptian cavalry had some successful skirmishes. At Barji the force left the Nile bank for a time to make a short cut across a bend of the river by the desert track to Abu Fatmeh. The flotilla, meanwhile, was passing the Hannek cataract, in which it was unfortunately reduced from four to three gunboats by the *El Teb* sticking fast on a rock.

The flotilla and the army were concentrated at Abu Fatmeh above the cataract on Friday evening, September 18th. From this point there is open water to Merowi on the northern edge of the Bayuda desert, and this long reach of the Nile is navigable all the year round. The Dervish position at Kerma was only about three miles distant. The Sirdar resolved to march upon it before dawn on the 19th and attack at daybreak, the object of the time being chosen not so much with a view to surprise, as in order to spare the men by marching and fighting in the cool of the early morning and to have a long day for the pursuit. The army advanced in battle array, but at dawn it was found that the Dervishes had abandoned the works and retreated across the river during the night.



EGYPTIAN CAVALRY CLEANING THEIR ARMS ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.

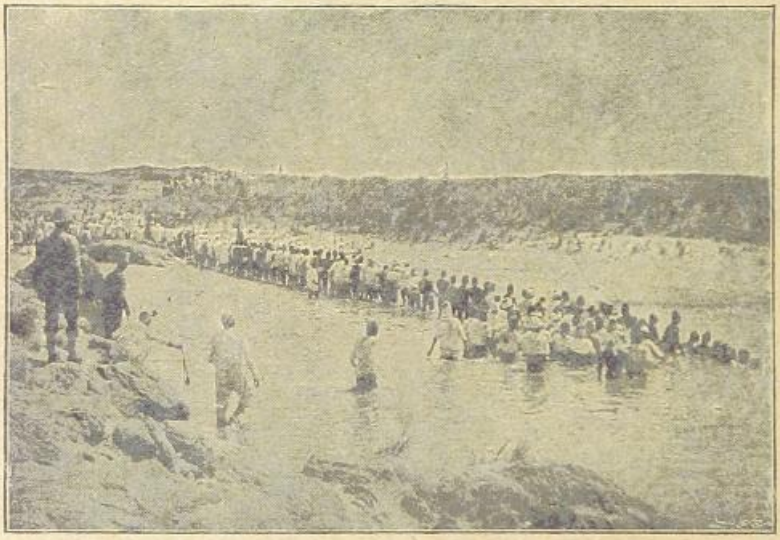
From the high ground near strong bodies of Dervishes could be seen on the opposite bank; towards Hafir there were entrenchments near the river, and at some distance out in the desert, and a small steamer manned by Mahdists (one of Gordon's old gunboats) and some feluccas with their long tapering yards suggested the chance of a naval engagement. Though the Dervish flotilla counted for nothing, the chief work of the coming fight fell to the naval element in the Sirdar's forces. Commander Colville was ordered to lead his three steamers past the Dervish works and to run up to Dongola. The artillery of the Egyptian army was at the same time to support the squadron by opening fire on the enemy's works across the broad river. Colville led the way in the *Tamai*, followed by the *Abu Klea* and the *Metemneh*. The two armies watched his advance from the river bank. At first all was grim silence, but suddenly as the *Tamai* approached a point where the heavy earthwork platform of a water-wheel rose from the Nile bank, a battery, cleverly entrenched in the mound, suddenly opened fire, and at the same time a perfect storm of rifle-bullets came from a line of pits near the water's edge. Colville was hit in the wrist, but pluckily stuck to his post on the upper deck of the gunboat. Her deck-houses were fairly riddled, and several of her crew were wounded. The engine was reversed, and the boat drifted a little down stream, while the Dervish works were carefully reconnoitred. Then the order was given, "full steam ahead," and the flotilla made a second and this time a successful attempt to pass the battery and rifle-pits, aided by the well-directed fire of the land batteries, which had now taken position at closer range on an island in the river. The little *Tamai* ran close up to the battery, drove the enemy's gunners out with a well-burst shell and a shower of bullets from her Maxim and Nordenfeldt guns, and then steamed on up the



THE BATTLE OF HAFIR: THE EGYPTIAN ARTILLERY COMING TO THE SUPPORT OF THE NILE STEAMERS

river, followed by her consorts, while the land batteries continued the bombardment of the Dervish position, from which a desultory fire was returned during the day. The Dervishes had some Krupp guns and an old Nordenfeldt in their works. The machine gun was out of order, and only fired slowly shot by shot. The shells from the Krupps seldom or never burst. It was said afterwards that the gunners who served them were artillerymen of the old Egyptian army, captured in the defeat of Hicks Pasha's army and at Khartoum, and that, being forced by the Mahdists under pain of death to serve the guns, they contrived to minimise the possible damage to their friends on the other side by taking care to put no fuses in the shells.

The Dervish steamer sank riddled with shots from the Egyptian guns, and towards evening only a feeble reply was made from the enemy's trenches. Next morning it was seen that the works on the west bank were all abandoned. Bishara had retreated in the darkness, leaving his Krupp guns in the entrenchments. He dared not hold his ground once the gunboats had passed his position and threatened his line of retreat. Such was the battle of Hafir, which secured for the Sirdar the passage of the Nile and opened the way to Dongola.



GETTING THE GUNBOATS UP: A LONG HAWSER UP A BACK-WATER.

"'STOP!' TOUCHED A ROCK."

CHAPTER VII.

THE OCCUPATION OF DONGOLA.

FROM Hafir to Dongola is a little over thirty-six miles. Bishara had left a small force to guard the place, but these fled on the approach of the gunboats. Colville's flotilla could not land any considerable number of men, so he had to content himself with securing a lot of boats, with which he returned to the reach of the river near Hafir.

These boats were a useful addition to the flotilla of feluccas, barges, rafts, and steamers that were ferrying the army over the Nile all through Sunday, September 20, and the greater part of the following day. By Monday afternoon the 13,000 men and 3,200 horses and camels of the army had been got across, and were ready to pursue the enemy, who was reported to have rallied at his camp north of Dongola. Rumour said also that Wad Bishara had been wounded by a bursting shell during the action at Hafir, but was still in command. Early on Monday Lieutenant Beatty, R.N., was ordered to go south with a gunboat, reconnoitre the enemy's position, and keep his attention occupied. Later in the day the march of the army was resumed, and the troops halted for the night at Binneh, seventeen miles from Dongola.

Beatty found that the enemy had reoccupied the town and had dug shelter-trenches near the river and along a low swell of the ground north of the place. He bombarded these works during the day, and, being reinforced by another gunboat early on Tuesday, continued the bombardment till nightfall. That day the army advanced to Sowarat, six miles from the Dervish position. Spies brought in tidings that the enemy was determined to fight. That evening the new gunboat, *El Zaffir*, the most formidable warship that had ever been seen on the Nile, steamed up from Hannek and joined the flotilla.

All was now ready for the attack on Dongola, and at dawn on Wednesday, September 23, the advance in battle array began. The four gunboats protected the river flank, and were in position to enfilade the Dervish defences. The Sirdar's army was formed with the infantry in four strong columns, the left of the line resting on the Nile, the right protected by the cavalry and Camel Corps. The Staffords were well to the front, and eighteen guns and four Maxims were ready to open fire as soon as touch was gained with the enemy. The ground was a level sandy plain, on which the Egyptian army marshalled for battle was able to display all its formidable strength against an enemy it outnumbered at least two to one. "They would have been madmen if they had attacked us," said one of the officers who were present,

describing the impression made by that magnificent advance on those who saw it.

The gunboats had already opened with shell fire on the Mahdist position. The cavalry scouts, well out in advance, had exchanged a few shots with the Dervish outposts, and reported that they appeared to be ready to make a stand. The battle was about to begin, when word was brought in that the Dervishes were everywhere retiring, and that many of them were already in flight to the south of the town.

abandoned works at Dongola. Large quantities of arms and ammunition and a great store of dates and grain were also the prize of the victors. Numbers of prisoners were taken in the pursuit, but hundreds of the unwilling allies of the Dervishes either waited in the town to surrender or came in during the day. Among these were a number of the powerful Jaalin tribe, once the most devoted champions of Mahdism. Their Emir, Hassan-en-Nejumi, surrendered with them. He was the cousin of the famous Mohammed

A NUBIAN DETACHMENT OF THE CAMEL CORPS.

The Camel Corps, the cavalry, and the horse battery at once hurried forward in pursuit. Here and there they were met by a few desperadoes, who preferred to die fighting rather than give way with the rest. Most of these detached skirmishes took place after the town had been passed. The infantry brigades marched cheering over the Dervish position and into Dongola without firing a shot. Before they got in, the gunboats had landed a party and hoisted the Egyptian flag on the ruins of the old Government House. They then steamed away southwards to help in the pursuit.

Three Krupp guns were found in the

Wad-en-Nejumi, who led the stormers at Khartoum and fell at Toski. Hassan had been slightly wounded by a shell from the horse battery on June 8th, the morning when Suarda was abandoned. Amongst those who surrendered there were also a number of the Jehadia or black riflemen. They were most eager to be enrolled at once in the Sirdar's Soudanese regiments.

The gunboats reached Debbeh on the bend of the Nile, eighty miles south of Dongola, at noon on September 24. They arrived just in time to rescue a number of the leading men of the Dongola province, who were being carried off as

THE DILLUKA, OR NATIVE DANCE, PERFORMED BY THE BLACK TROOPS IN HONOUR OF THE CAPTURE OF BERBER AND THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE OCCUPATION OF DONGOLA.

hostages by the retreating garrison of Debbeh fort. The post was occupied by a party from the flotilla, and one of the gunboats pushed on the Merowe, at the head of the open water, and just below the Fourth Cataract. Merowe, which was now to be for some time the advanced outpost on the Nile, was reached at dawn on Saturday, the 26th, and was found to be abandoned by the enemy. The Camel Corps, which had pursued southwards from Dongola along the west bank of the Nile, reported that what was left of the enemy had broken up into small parties, which were in flight towards Metemneh and Khartoum across the Bayuda desert. As an organised force the Dervish army of Dongola had ceased to exist. Despite unexpected difficulties and delays, the Dongola expedition had proved a complete success. The Sirdar's despatch, written after the fall of Dongola, thus sums up the gains of the six months' campaign :—

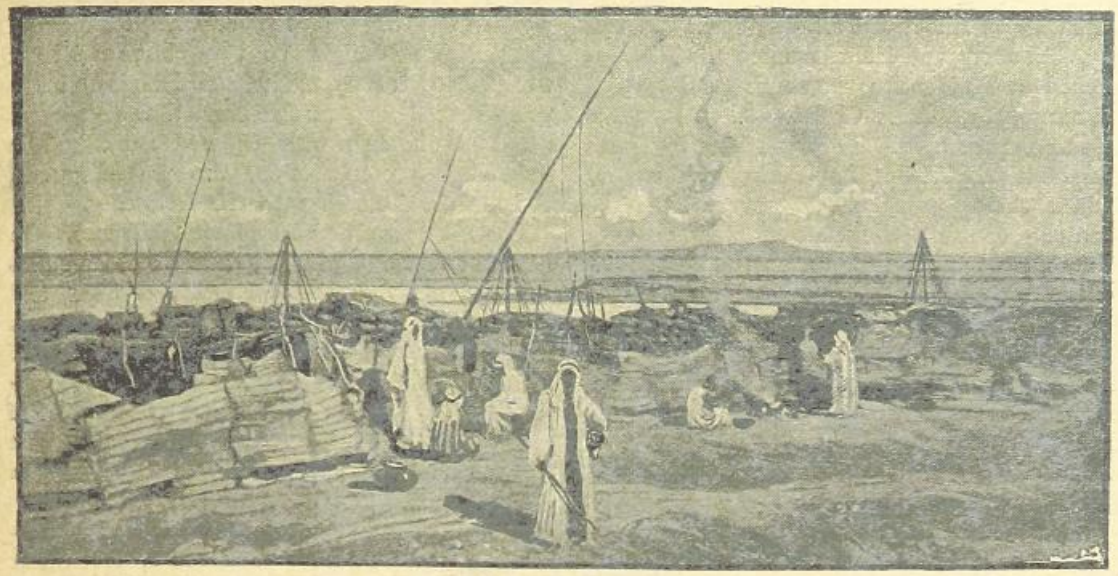
"The result of these operations has been to completely stop the constant Dervish raids on the villages between Assouan and Wady Halfa ; to add some 450 miles of the Nile Valley to Egyptian territory, 300 miles of which may be described as of great fertility ; and to relieve, to their intense delight, the large and suffering population of Dongola from the barbarous and tyrannical rule of the savage and fanatical Baggaras."

Sir Herbert Kitchener, when he achieved this splendid success, ranked in the British army as a brevet-colonel in the Royal Engineers. He was at once promoted to the rank of major-general, and the same promotion was given to Colonel Rundle, his chief of the staff, and Colonel Archibald Hunter, the commander of the infantry division. Major Wingate, of the Intelligence Department, was promoted to the rank of colonel.

At the outset of the expedition not a few of its critics in England had spoken of it as a somewhat rash enterprise. Its success was followed by a reaction of public opinion in the opposite direction. When it was reported that the Staffords had been sent back to Cairo on the morrow of the occupation of Dongola, and that the Sirdar was dividing the expeditionary force into a number of garrisons, there was a cry for an immediate prosecution of the advance on Khartoum, if need be with the assistance of British and Indian troops. But the time was not ripe for this greater undertaking. Much preparatory work had first to be accomplished. The Sirdar, and the Governments for which he acted, wisely held to the plan of reconquering the Soudan steadily and surely, step by step.

The Dongola province was reorganised under a mixed civil and military administration. Strong garrisons were placed at Debbeh and Merowe to watch the Dervish border ; the Camel Corps pushed more than one reconnaissance into the Bayuda desert, and parties of Arab Friendlies secured the wells on the northern part of its more important camel tracks, those leading to Berber, Metemneh, and Omdurman ; the gunboats, now reinforced by the three new steamers, patrolled the river ; and, most important of all, the railway crept steadily on from Kosheh to Abu Fatmeh at the head of the Third Cataract, so that by the early summer of 1897 supplies could be conveyed by steamer and railway all the way from Cairo to Dongola and Merowe, whatever might be the state of the Nile.

The Dervishes maintained garrisons at Abu Hamed, Berber, and Metemneh, the last having an advanced post at the wells of Abu Klea. Remembering the campaign of 1885, they expected a hostile advance by the same line. There were fears that during the winter the Khalifa would have attempted extensive raids upon the Dongola province, but the Dervishes stood strictly on the defensive on the Nile. Early in 1897 a considerable force of Mahdists from the Gedaref district threatened for a few days an attack on the Italian fort of Agordat between Kassala and Keren, but they retired without fighting. So the winter passed on the Nile in steady and undisturbed preparation for the next advance, which was to carry the Egyptian army forward to Abu Hamed and Berber.



THE NILE AT BERBER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KHALIFA'S FOUR ENEMIES.

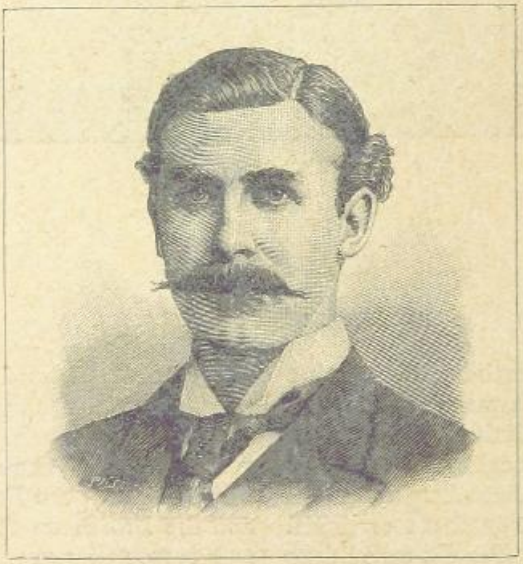
IT was not only on its northern borders that the empire of the Khalifa was now threatened. The evidence of its declining power afforded by the Dongola campaign brought new adversaries into the field, and territories that a few years before were either held by Mahdist garrisons or visited each year by slave-hunting Dervish expeditions now passed almost without a blow into the hands of other powers. The most important advance was, of course, that of the Anglo-Egyptian army on the north, but Mahdism had to reckon with enemies on the east, west, and south. Eastwards the Abyssinians were putting forward far-reaching claims to territory on the Upper Nile, and the campaign of Adowa had given proof that they could back such claims with force that was not to be despised. Westward the French were making their way from the valley of the Ubanghi into the country of the Bahr-el-Ghazal; and in the south the Belgians from the Congo Free State were endeavouring to establish themselves on the Upper Nile just north of Uganda and the great lakes.

In this direction Regaf, on the west bank of the Nile, more than 800 miles beyond Khartoum, had been for many years the southern outpost of Mahdism. According to Slatin Pasha the garrison in 1895–96 consisted of 1,800 Jehadia, armed with rifles, 3,500 sword- and spear-men, and three guns, all under the command of the Emir Wad Dafalla. The Khalifa used it as a centre for collecting ivory and slaves, and a point from which to watch the Belgians in the Free State and the British on the great lakes. Criminals and suspected persons were frequently exiled from Khartoum to this remote garrison, which the Dervishes had held since 1888, when the mutiny of Emin's troops enabled them to overrun the province.

The Belgians had long coveted the possession of Regaf, which would rid them of a dangerous neighbour and give them a footing on the Nile. The time seemed now come to attempt the capture of the place, and in January, 1897, the column destined for Regaf assembled at Surrur in the extreme north-east of the Congo Free State. Captain Chaltin was in command, and he had with him 800 Free State troops, divided into eight companies, each under a Belgian officer; 500 irregulars, mostly spear-men, under their native chiefs; 250 porters, and a mountain gun.

Instead of having to make their way across rocky deserts, like those who were attacking the Dervishes from the north, the Free State forces, all of them natives under European leaders, had to traverse forest and marshy swamp by narrow

beaten tracks among the tangled bush. In this way, after a long and difficult march, the Nile was reached at Bedden, to the south of Regaf, on February 14th. Here Chaltin halted for three days to rest his men. So far nothing had been seen of the Dervishes, but during this halt at Bedden they put in an appearance. On the afternoon of the 16th bands of Mahdists with numerous banners were seen on the hills to the north of the camp, but they retired on a couple of shells being fired at them from the mountain gun. Next day the advance on Regaf began. The Nile covered the right of the column, and the irregulars scouted on the left. At seven a.m. the advance guard reported that the enemy were in position on a range of low hills in front, their line extending from the river to a wide stream on which their right rested. The line was nearly two miles long, divided in the middle by a deep ravine. Rocks and bush supplied abundant cover for its defenders. Chaltin decided that it was much too strong for direct assault by his small force, and tried to tempt the Mahdists into coming out of it and attacking him, when all the advantage would be on the side of his regulars with their repeating rifles. He therefore deployed four companies, holding back the rest of his force, and firing some shell into the Dervish position with his single piece of artillery.



MR. RENNELL RODD.
(*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*)

For about half an hour the Dervishes replied with their rifles to the shells and bullets of the Belgians. As usual, the Mahdist fire was wild and high. "It is a fact worth noting," says the official report, "that in the first part of the action the reserves and the porters lost much more heavily than the fighting line by the enemy's fire." After about half an hour the Dervishes saw that while they were making no impression on the Belgians, the bursting shells were doing themselves a lot of harm, and they attempted at last to close with the weak line opposed to them. They came on with a rush against the exposed left of Chaltin's line of battle. He brought up two companies from the reserve to support it, the Mahdist charge was checked, and at the same time they were attacked on their own exposed flank by the Friendlies, 500 spear-men, who poured out of the bush and closed with the Dervishes.

Chaltin now ordered a general advance. On his left four companies and the mass of irregulars followed close on the defeated Dervishes, and reached the hills on the right of the enemy's line. Thus outflanked, and with their line of retreat threatened, the Mahdists gave way, abandoning the whole of their position. "At first," writes Captain Chaltin, "the Dervishes retired in perfect order, moving at a walk and stopping now and then to fire, but confusion soon began to spread through their ranks, and the retreat became a rout." The fight was over by half-past eight. Prisoners said that the enemy was 2,000 strong. They had lost heavily, and among the dead was found the Emir Adi Badi, who had commanded on the field. One of the Belgian officers, Lieutenant Sarolea, was killed in the action.

After a rest of two hours the advance was resumed, and at half-past one Regaf was in sight, and another Dervish force was found in position in front of it, their left on the Nile, their line running along a low swell of the ground, with their artillery in the centre (three guns, just as Slatin noted in his estimate of the Dervish forces). They met the Belgian advance with an ill-aimed and nearly harmless shell-fire. Then they tried a rush against the Belgian left, and after the failure of their charge they were easily driven from the ridge, and fell back into the town. Parties of them held out here and there in the houses till after nightfall, when they abandoned the place. They left in the hands of the victors their three cannon (two of them rifled Krupps, the third an old smoothbore), 700

breech-loading rifles, a quantity of other weapons, two large magazines full of ammunition, and a number of war-drums and banners. Eight of their Emirs were killed in the fight, among them being Omar Saleh, who had occupied Regaf for the Khalifa in 1888.

A few days after the battle Captain Chaltin made a reconnaissance to the northward. The remnant of the Dervish army had fled along the Nile and disappeared from the district. He pushed on as far as the site of Lado, the goal of Major "Roddy" Owen's brilliant attempt to secure the Upper Nile for England in the days of the first Uganda war. The town of Lado had been destroyed since then, and Chaltin describes its site as "a solitude in the midst of wide marshes."

The easy conquest of Regaf was one sign of the collapse of Mahdism. Further evidence of the same fact was afforded by the unopposed advance of French expeditions into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and of Abyssinian raiders into the country east of the Blue Nile.

This activity of the Abyssinians, the undoubted influence of Russia and France at Menelek's court, and the vague claims he put forward to territorial rights in the Upper Nile region, which had once belonged to Egypt, all led to some anxiety on the part of the British as to the attitude he would assume in reference to our advance to Khartoum. If he were actively hostile to us he could easily make our enterprise a much more serious piece of business than it actually was. On the other hand, it was not his interest to openly thwart us so long as we were engaged in breaking up the Dervish power, which had been so lately a serious danger to Abyssinia itself. He was only likely to be unfriendly if he was induced to make himself the tool of our European rivals, or if he thought he was to be left out of the reckoning when the final settlement of the conquered territories was to be arranged. It was therefore considered to be well worth while to make an effort to secure, if not his friendship, at least his benevolent neutrality during the struggle for Khartoum.

CAPTAIN COUNT GLEICHEN.
(Photo: Hill & Saunders, Eton)

Accordingly, in the spring of 1897, a diplomatic mission was dispatched by the British Government to his court at Addis Abeba, his new capital in the south-east of his kingdom. The chief of the mission was Mr. Rennell Rodd, C.M.G., the First Secretary of our Consulate-General at Cairo. His principal colleague was Lieut.-Colonel Wingate, the chief of the Egyptian Intelligence Department. Landing at Zeilla in Somaliland, the envoys, accompanied by an escort of Indian troopers and a large caravan of porters and baggage animals, marched through Harrar to Addis Abeba, where they arrived on April 28th. Next day they were received in state by Menelek, to whom they presented a letter from the Queen, and a number of valuable gifts sent by the British Government. Count Gleichen, in his record of the mission, tells how, on the day of the public reception, it was escorted to the palace by some thousands of Menelek's troops. After passing through an outer enclosure, where the royal drums were being beaten in their honour, the envoys "wended their way through lines of troops to the second enclosure, where a formidable array of nearly seventy mountain guns was drawn up just outside the great reception hall. About forty-nine of these had been captured at the battle of Adowa, and beside each gun was its detachment of artillerymen, in a distinctive dress of scarlet or green, and silk embroidery. Dismounting at the door of the oblong reception building, the mission was conducted across a large and almost dark hall, thronged with people, into the presence of the Emperor, who was seated at the farther end in Oriental fashion, on a daïs covered with silks and carpets, and under a canopy ornamented with silken hangings. He wore on his head the usual white muslin hand-

kerchief, fastened across the brow with ribbons of pale greenish-blue, with streamers hanging down the back; a purple velvet cloak, richly ornamented with large silver plaques on each side, was thrown across his shoulders, and he bore on his breast and around his neck the orders of Catherine of Russia and the Legion of Honour. He was seated on richly-embroidered cushions. He cordially shook hands with Mr. Rodd. His powerful, dark, and small-pox pitted face lit up with a pleasant smile as he greeted Her Majesty's Special Envoy, whilst he bowed to the several members of the mission, and begged us all to be seated."

After some negotiation a treaty between Great Britain and Abyssinia was signed on May 14th. It stipulated freedom of trade between the two countries, and a rectification of frontier which gave to Menelek a portion of the British sphere of influence in Somaliland. It further included a declaration of the Negus that the Dervishes were the enemies of his empire, and he undertook to do all he could to prevent the importation of arms and ammunition destined for them through his dominions. At the final audience on the 14th May, at the palace of Addis Abeba, Menelek was, to his evident delight, invested with the Order of St. Michael and St. George, an honour all the more acceptable because St. George is the national patron of Abyssinia. The treaty was then signed, and the envoys bade the Negus farewell, it being understood that a permanent representative of her Majesty would be sent to his court. Lieutenant Harrington, of the Indian Staff Corps, was chosen for the post. As the envoys rode away Menelek came out again to wish them good-bye, and sent his war-drums and a great body of his troops to accompany them on the first stage of their journey.

"There must have been something like twenty thousand men to form our escort," writes Count Gleichen. "As far almost as one could see there was a running crowd of riflemen, all in their best white clothes, and the chiefs in their most gorgeous garments. In this sea of brilliantly-clad men, broken on all sides by hundreds of gaily-coloured banners, our little party of nine, in travel-stained khaki, felt almost engulfed. It was a wonderful sensation being thus carried along, and brought home to us the fact that a strong Power was doing us honour to the best of its ability."

LADO, ON THE WHITE NILE.

LANDING RAILWAY PLANT AT WADY HALFA.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAKING OF THE RAILWAY.

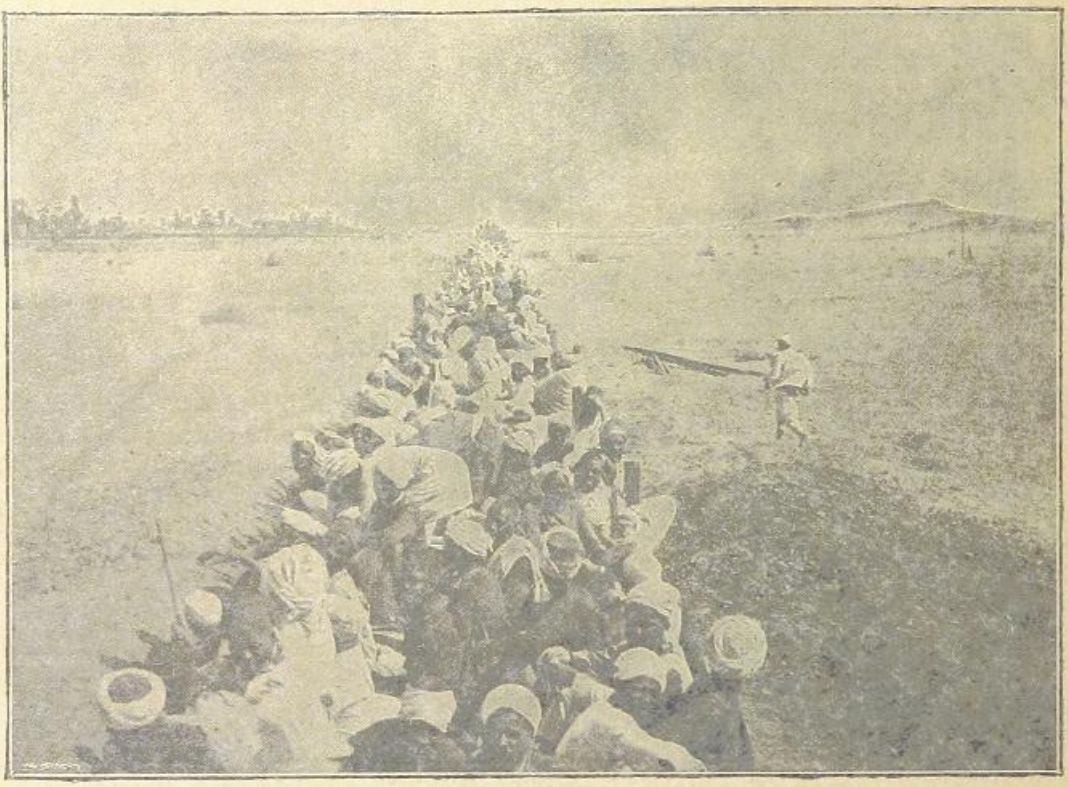
THE treaty of friendship with Abyssinia removed one possible obstacle to the advance on the Nile. The way for it was being further smoothed by the extensive preparations carried out in the Soudan itself during the opening months of 1897.

The temporary Indian garrison had been withdrawn from Suakin and replaced by Egyptian troops. It would be necessary later on to provide a garrison for Kassala, which Italy had undertaken to hand over to Egypt. Further, the garrisons of the Dongola province had to be maintained in sufficient strength to deal with any attempt of the Dervishes to raid the Upper Nile by the tracks of the Bayuda desert, and these garrisons would have to be kept up even while the new expedition was marching on Abu Hamed and Berber. To meet all these demands an increase of the army was necessary, and three new battalions of infantry, a battery of artillery, two squadrons of cavalry, and two companies of the Camel Corps were added to its effective strength.

Further arrangements were made to strengthen considerably the Nile gunboat flotilla. During the Dongola campaign it had been got up to the reach of open water between the Third and Fourth Cataracts. What we call the Fourth Cataract is really a series of cataracts extending in all for some sixty or seventy miles in the region between Merowe and Abu Hamed. Islands, rocks and reefs, with the water running like a millrace between them, and the river banks often rising abruptly from the water's edge, so that the torrent roars between perpendicular walls of rock: this may be taken as a general description of the almost impassable reach of the Nile known as the Fourth Cataract. In 1885 the boats of the river column had been worked up by the Canadian voyageurs, not without loss of life. It was thought by many that to get the steamers up it would be impossible, but the Sirdar meant to try at the high Nile of 1897, and as a necessary preliminary intended that Abu Hamed should be captured about the beginning of the river's rise, which comes in July. But he had further settled with the British Government that two powerful and partly-armoured river-gunboats building in England should be placed at his disposal for the advance on Khartoum. They were to be conveyed by rail to the bank of the upper reach of the river and there launched on the open water above the obstacles presented by the Fourth Cataract.

The railway from Wady Halfa reached Abu Fatmeh, at the head of the Third Cataract, early in May, 1897. As there was open navigation from that point to Dongola and Merowe all the year round this secured the communications and supplies of the garrisons in the Dongola province.

As soon as the line was complete the Railway Corps, now over two thousand strong, was transferred to the works of a second or branch Soudan railway, which had been begun shortly before this date, the necessary funds being supplied by England. The line was to form a junction with the original Soudan railway just outside Halfa; it was then to run in a generally south-eastern direction across the desert to the Nile bank near Abu Hamed. Later, it was to be continued to Berber and beyond. When the line was begun its destined terminus at Abu Hamed, 233 miles from Halfa, was in the hands of the enemy. The country to be traversed was an all but waterless desert, so utterly uninhabited that the stations on the line are only intended as points where the trains can pass each other, and engines can obtain fuel and water from the coal stores and water depôts formed for the purpose. The first Soudan railway touched the river at various points, and ran along it for a considerable part of its length. The Halfa-Abu Hamed line was a desert railway only approaching the river at its start and finish. It was completed in seven months from the date of laying the first sleeper. It would have been finished sooner only for the delays caused by insufficiency of transport for materials on the Lower Nile, and a temporary stoppage of the supply of sleepers caused by the Turkish war, the timber having been contracted for in the Sultan's dominions. On this account the work on the line had to be actually stopped for a fortnight. Nevertheless, the average rate of laying the railway was a mile and a tenth per day. The best day's work was the laying of nearly three and a half miles of rails (6,050 yards), besides the making of the bank on which they were placed.



WORKMEN ON THEIR WAY TO "RAILHEAD."

For the first seventy miles all the water required for the engines and for the 2,600 men engaged on the works had to be brought each day from Wady Halfa in tanks placed on trucks. But, happily, a boring made at the 77th mile brought up a supply of water for the engines. Water was again found by boring at the 126th mile. These discoveries greatly simplified the operation of getting a line across the desert, though even with these two points provided for, considerable quantities of water had still to be conveyed along the line and stored in tanks at stations and at the railhead. Evaporation goes on so rapidly

RAILWAY MAKING AT ABU HAMED.

in these deserts that both transport and storage mean continual loss, which has to be made up by new supplies.

Though it anticipates events yet to be related in our story of the campaign, it may be well to note here some points from Lord Cromer's account of this remarkable feat of engineering, given in his annual report on the condition of Egypt.

"The country traversed," he says, "is chiefly a sandy plain with rocks rising out of it in places. The line rises gradually to No. 6 station, which is 1,600 feet above Wady Halfa, and then falls gradually to Abu Hamed. The system employed in laying the line was briefly as follows:—In the first place, a reconnaissance was made by officers mounted on camels to obtain a general idea of the surrounding country, and settle roughly the direction the line should follow. The difficulty of this portion of the work was enhanced by the fact that between miles 40 and 126 the reconnoitring parties were not allowed to proceed more than ten miles in front of the railhead escort, owing to the presence of Dervishes at Abu Hamed, and the danger of being cut off by raiding parties. It was, therefore, not always easy to lay out the line to the best advantage.

"When the line was laid up to mile 126, Abu Hamed was captured, and a reconnaissance was at once made from the railhead to that place. This was followed by a more careful survey, and the direction which the line should follow was then definitely decided. About five miles behind the survey parties came the working parties, 1,200 strong, for making the embankments. Two miles behind these followed the platelaying parties, consisting of 550 men for laying the permanent way. These platelayers were, almost without exception, trained by their own officers. Half a mile behind the platelayers came a gang of 400 men, whose duties were to lift, straighten, and ballast the line. A mile behind these followed a second lifting party of 400 men, to put on the finishing touches. The material trains ran up to the head of the line, and then moved on slowly as the line was made, the material being unloaded a few yards at a time, spiked down, and then roughly straightened to allow the train to pass over it."

It must be added that the officers who planned and carried out the work, and taught their men how to do it, were young lieutenants of our Royal Engineers. The oldest of them was not thirty. Their chief was a Canadian officer, Lieutenant Girouard, who, after passing into the army from the Royal Military College at Kingston, in Canada, had spent a few years in England training as a railway specialist. His colleagues had none of them been engaged in any regular railway work till they were appointed to the construction corps of the new Soudan line.

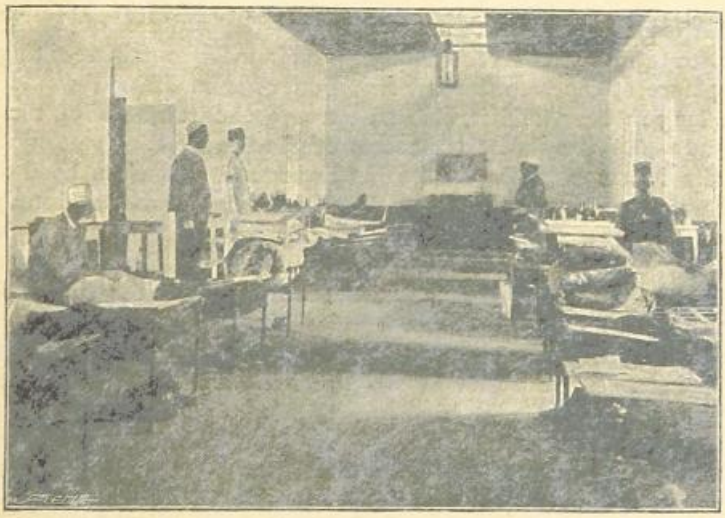
At midsummer, 1897, this was the situation on the Upper Nile. The advanced garrisons of the Dongola province, under the command of General Hunter (the Colonel Hunter of the 1896 campaign), were at Merowe and Debbeh. Posts of friendly Arabs had been established at some of the wells on the desert routes to the southward, and the cavalry and Camel Corps had made frequent reconnaissances along these lines. The only occasion on which the Dervishes were met with was in a reconnaissance made by Captain Peyton with a party of Egyptian cavalry, through the Shukuk Pass towards Abu Hamed. Not far from the scene of the battle of Kirbekan, fought by the river column in 1885, Peyton was attacked by a party of Dervishes, who had most likely come from Abu Hamed. He beat them off, but himself received a serious wound from a spear in the hand-to-hand skirmish. The Egyptians stood gallantly by their white officer, and killed several of the Dervishes, who after a few minutes fled up the pass.

The Jaalin tribe, whose country lay along the river from Berber to beyond Metemneh, but most of whom were near the latter place, had sent in messages assuring the Sirdar that when he advanced they would declare against the Mahdists and act with the Government troops. Unfortunately, they took action before the Egyptian army was near enough to give them any help or protection. In February the Khalifa had drawn into Khartoum several of the outlying garrisons of Kordofan. In June he sent a strong force under a chief of his own tribe, the Emir Mahmoud, to occupy Metemneh. There had been a Dervish post there for years. In 1885 the Jaalin had defended the place against the British, after the defeat of their spearmen at Abu Klea. Since the loss of Dongola it had been garrisoned by a small force, which, with an outpost at the wells of Abu Klea, watched the desert route by which the British had once come, and by which it was supposed they might come again.

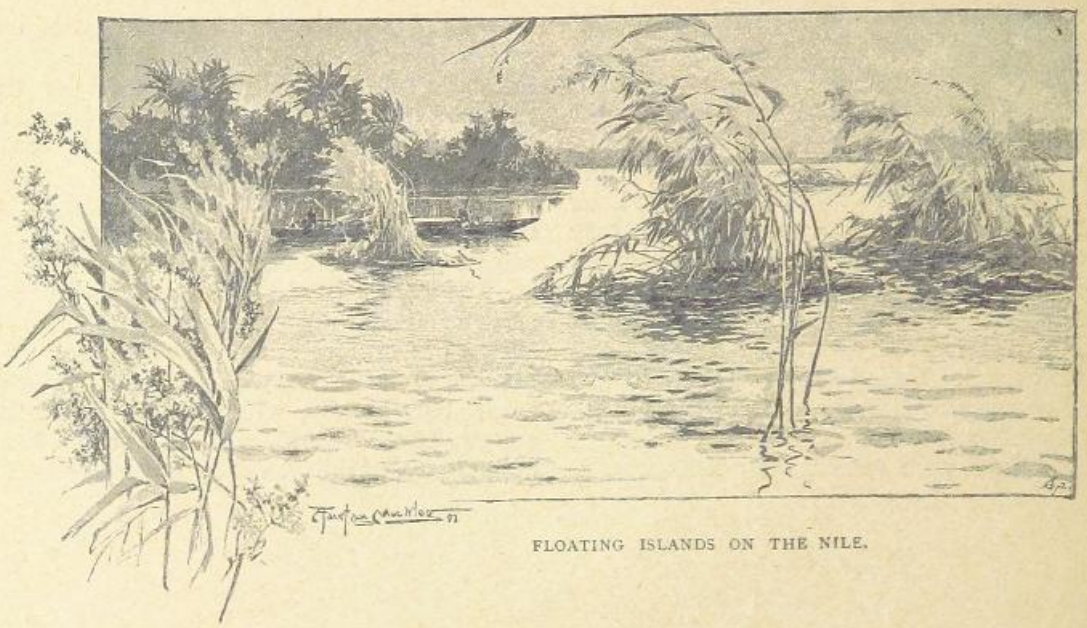
Mahmoud, the new Mahdist governor, was a young man of about thirty, tall, athletic, and with a great reputation as a soldier. He had

been "a man of war from his youth upwards," for as a boy of fifteen he had been in command of a Dervish force, his kinship with the Khalifa securing this early promotion. It was on the first of July that he approached Metemneh. The Jaalin Emirs, rashly trusting to their own tribal power, refused to admit the Baggara Emir and his forces into the place, telling him they would no longer fight for him and his master. There was a fierce battle, in which the unfortunate Jaalin were routed with fearful slaughter, over a thousand being killed on the field and in the pursuit. Their homes, their women, and their property became the prize of the victors. All along the river, above and below Metemneh, their villages were sacked, their fields wasted, their water-wheels burned. The fertile strip of country was converted into a wilderness by the conquering Baggaras. Numbers of the fugitive Jaalin took refuge within the Egyptian outposts, eager for revenge on their cruel enemies.

Mahmoud proceeded to strongly fortify Metemneh, constructing batteries near the river, and an entrenched camp at some distance from it. His success, the first obtained by a Dervish army for many a day, gave unexpected encouragement to the Khalifa and his adherents. The battle at Metemneh was indeed a most unlucky event, but, happily, within a few weeks the prestige of the Dervishes received a new blow from Hunter's brilliant victory at Abu Hamed.



IN HOSPITAL AT WADY HALFA.



FLOATING ISLANDS ON THE NILE.

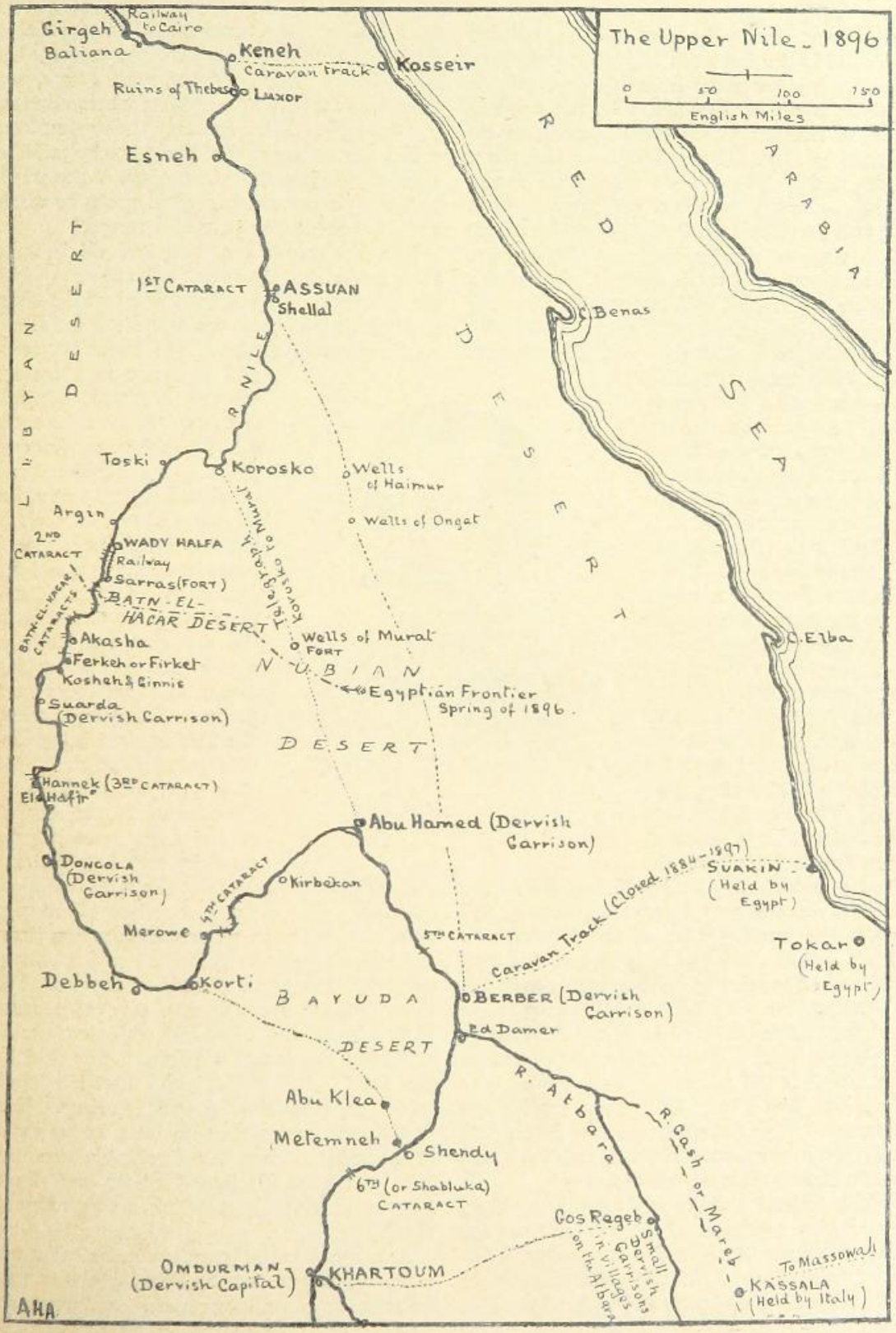
CHAPTER X.

THE TAKING OF ABU HAMED.

THE town of Abu Hamed is one of the most important strategic points on the Upper Nile. A glance at the map shows how the Dervishes, so long as they held it, blocked both the river route and the desert track to the northwards by Murat and Korosko. In 1885 its capture was the first object assigned by Lord Wolseley to General Earle and the river column. Earle, with a large quantity of boat transport, started from Merowe and toiled up the cataracts, his men during the first of the land marches being kept on the left or south bank of the Nile. At Kirbekan he defeated the Arabs under Wad Gamr, but was killed in the fight. General Brackenbury then took command, crossed the Nile above Kirbekan, and was almost in sight of Abu Hamed when he was told to retire to Merowe, as an immediate advance on Berber and Khartoum was out of the question. While the river column moved on Abu Hamed, a large convoy of camels in charge of Lieutenant Rundle (chief of the Sirdar's staff at Ferkeh and promoted major-general after Dongola) was waiting at Korosko ready to cross the desert as soon as Abu Hamed was taken.

Twelve years had passed since the retreat of Brackenbury and the river column, and now another march was to be made from Merowe to Abu Hamed, with the same ultimate object in view—the capture of Berber and Khartoum. The immediate gain resulting from the occupation of Abu Hamed would be that it would secure the terminus of the new railway and enable the work of getting up the gunboats to be begun. From the bend of the Nile at Abu Hamed there are no obstacles that cannot be easily passed at or near high Nile. There is a small cataract, the Fifth, between Abu Hamed and Berber, but the rise of the Nile obliterates it. The Sixth or Shabluka Cataract, between Metemneh and Khartoum, is a long stretch of broken water at a point where the hills close on the river and form a gorge about two miles long. But at high Nile steamers can ascend it with their own engines, without any help from the shore. Abu Hamed might thus be considered the base of operations for the final advance against the Khalifa's capital.

Major-General Hunter, the Governor of the Dongola province and the chief of its frontier garrisons, was entrusted by the Sirdar with the task of securing this important place. The secret of the coming expedition was so well kept that, although the Sirdar had established his headquarters at Merowe, a clear sign that the time was at hand for a further advance in the Soudan, the news of the victory of Abu Hamed came with a certain shock of pleased surprise to Egypt and England. Quietly, without any news


The Upper Nile - 1896
0 50 100 150
English Miles
Girgeh
Railway to Cairo
Baliana
Keneh
Caravan track
Kosseir
Ruins of Thebes
Luxor
Esneh
RED SEA
ARABIA
LIBYAN DESERT
1ST CATARACT
ASSUAN
Shellal
R. NILE
C. Benas
DESERT
Toski
Korosko
Wells of Haimur
Wells of Ongat
Argin
2ND CATARACT
WADY HALFA
Railway
Sarras (FORT)
BATN-EL-HACAR DESERT
BATN-EL-HACAR CATARACTS
Telegraph Korosko to Murat
Akasha
Wells of Murat
FORT
C. Elba
Ferkeh or Firket
Kosheh & Ginnis
NUBIAN
Egyptian Frontier Spring of 1896.
Suarda (Dervish Garrison)
DESERT
Hannek (3RD CATARACT)
El Hafir
Abu Hamed (Dervish Garrison)
DONGOLA (Dervish Garrison)
4TH CATARACT
Kirbekan
Caravan Track (Closed 1884-1897)
SUAKIN (Held by Egypt)
Merowe
5TH CATARACT
Tokar (Held by Egypt)
Debbeh
Korti
BAYUDA
BERBER (Dervish Garrison)
Ed Damer
DESERT
R. Atbara
R. Gash or Mareb
Abu Klea
Metemneh
Shendy
6TH (or Shabluka) CATARACT
Gos Regeb
Small Dervish Garrisons in villages on the Atbara
To Massowah
OMDURMAN (Dervish Capital)
KHARTOUM
KASSALA (Held by Italy)
AHA

of the event leaving the frontier, the expedition assembled in the last week of July at Kassingar, an outpost a few miles from Merowe, on the right or north bank of the Nile, the opposite bank to that by which Earle started on his advance in 1885. Hunter's column was about 3,000 strong. There were four battalions of infantry—the 3rd Egyptians and the 9th, 10th, and 11th Soudanese—a battery of field artillery and a troop of cavalry, and two Maxim guns. The transport consisted of 1,200 camels carrying eighteen days' food and forage. This convoy was in charge of Lieutenant Healey, to whose lot fell some of the hardest work of the expedition. No supplies, except perhaps a little grazing for the animals, could be obtained along the route, and depôts of forage and food had to be left at various points, so that the camels returning to Kassingar for further supplies might be fed on the way back. These questions of supply are even more important in the desert campaigns of the Soudan than in warfare in a civilised and cultivated country.

MAJOR-GENERAL RUNDLE.
(*Photo: Russell & Sons,*)

The start of the flying column from Kassingar was made at half-past five on the evening of Thursday, July 29th. There were less than two hours of daylight available, but it had been decided to march late and push forward in the darkness in order to spare men, horses, and camels the burning heat of the tropical sun. There were no correspondents with the column, and the best account of its movements available is contained in some notes published by Major Arthur Griffiths in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1897. Major Griffiths states that he gives the account of the expedition as it reached him "in a letter from the highest authority." The following narrative is based on this account, supplemented as regards the battle of Abu Hamed from other sources:—

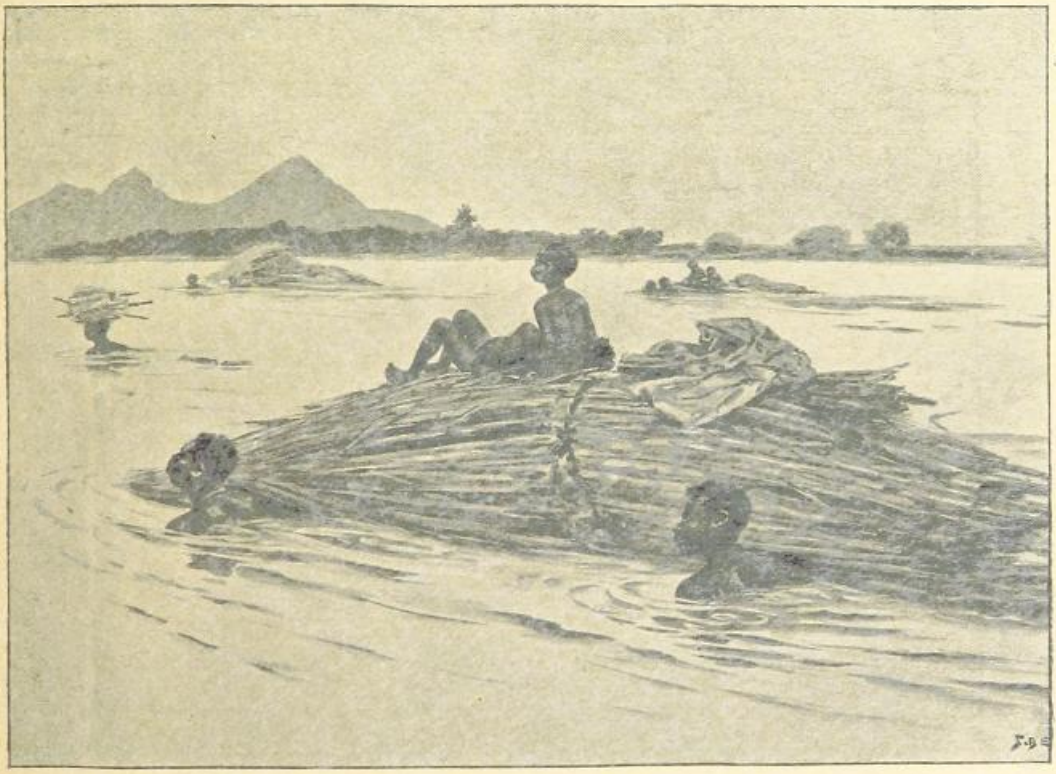
"The difficulties of the road," says the writer, "were soon apparent. It bore away from the river, the bank being nearly impassable, intersected with deep ravines, covered with rocks and masses of thorn bush; the 'going' was bad, heavy sand with boulders interspersed. None of the officers knew the country, except for a few miles out; the maps available were full of errors; the native guides with the columns had never before been employed with troops, and they were misleading on points where accuracy was essential. They had only the vaguest ideas of distance, of the kind of ground to be travelled over, of the time and place where water would be found, where animals could graze, or where there was shade for the halting troops."

The first march was continued till half-past three a.m., sixteen and a half miles being covered, the column striking across a bend of the river, and reaching its bank again at Meshra-el-Obeid on the Fourth Cataract. There was no moon, and no water on the route till the river was reached. Next day the start was made a little earlier, at half-past three in the afternoon, and continued till nine at night. In the darkness of the last two hours the troops several times lost their way, and the difficulties of the desert march may be judged from the fact that the result of nearly six hours' toiling among sand and rocks was a progress of only eight miles, the halting-place being Shebebat, on the Nile bank. On July 31st, the third day of the advance, it was resolved to try a march entirely by daylight, such had been the difficulties experienced in the previous night marches. The column marched off at 5.30 a.m., moving first by a desert track to Abu Haras and then along the Nile bank to its halting-place at Bana, which it reached at 10.30. The total distance covered was only nine miles in five hours, and even with this slow rate of marching the troops were much exhausted by the heat. "Now the chief hardship began to be experienced—the want of sleep. Rest was almost impossible with little or no shade or protection from the intolerable sun, the heat and glare all intensified by one of the plagues of old Egypt—myriads of maddening flies."

Another daylight march of nine miles was made on August 1st to Howsh-el-Gerun, nine miles in all, over a better track. And now came a difficulty. Officers sent on to reconnoitre the country immediately in front reported the track

near the river to be by no means easy for troops, and impossible for guns. There was a desert track farther from the river bank, striking the Nile again at Dakfila, or Dakshila, 25 miles in advance, by which the guns could be sent, but want of water would make it difficult for infantry. So it was decided to send the guns forward by the desert track, and keep the rest of the force nearer the Nile. Starting at midnight on August 2nd, the troops reached far fifty men of the column had fallen out, two from sunstroke, the rest from sore feet. On the fifth, fourteen miles were covered in three hours, starting at midnight, the best march accomplished so far.

Hunter had by this time received information from his friendly scouts and spies that Abu Hamed, now about thirty-six miles distant, was not strongly garrisoned, but that the Robatat sheikhs who held it for the Khalifa expected



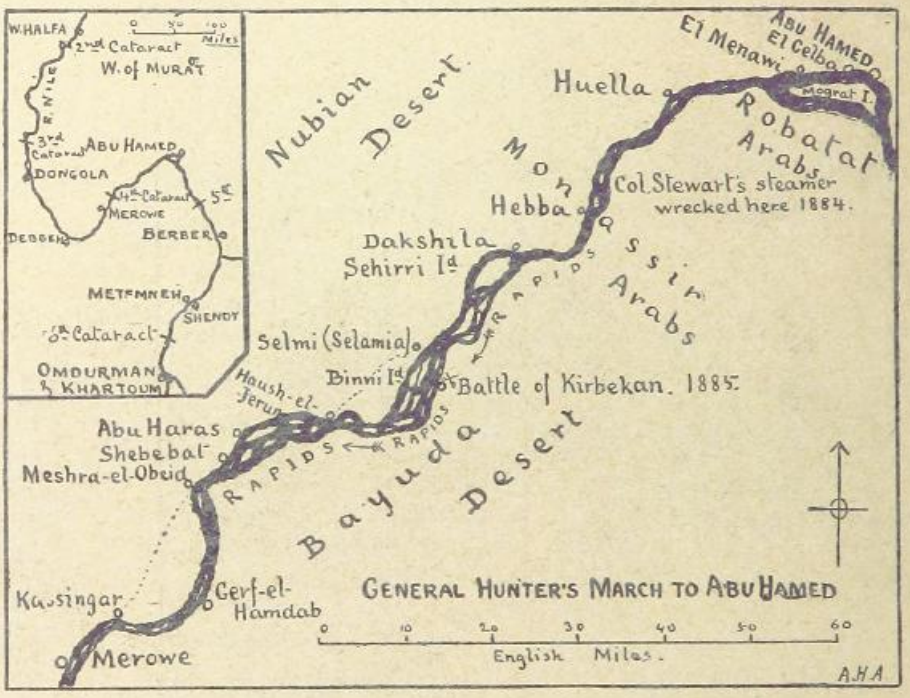
DERVISH FUGITIVES FLOATING DOWN THE NILE FROM ABU HAMED.

Selmi at seven a.m. by a track "so infamously bad that it was marvellous how men and animals got over it." The column was now abreast of the Shukuk Pass on the other side of the river, the scene of Earle's victory at Kirbekan twelve years before. A single battalion was pushed on in advance by another night march to Dakfila to serve as a guard for the guns. They arrived there just an hour before the battery. The rest of the column followed later, and the whole force was concentrated at Dakfila on August 3rd. The next stage was a long march of eighteen miles over deep sand to El Kab, at the head of the cataracts, and it took just eighteen hours, starting at midnight and marching till near sunset. So large reinforcements from Berber. He resolved to push rapidly forward and strike before his enemy could receive the expected succour.

Marching at midnight on August 6th, he covered another eighteen miles by eight o'clock next morning, and then halted for the day on the river bank at Ginfidab to rest his men and make the final arrangements for next morning's battle. Just eighteen miles separated him from his enemy, who he hoped and believed were unaware of his approach. At half-past five in the evening the march was resumed and continued till three a.m. on Saturday, August 7th, when a halt was made on a sandy ridge at Ginnifar, a little over two miles from the town. Here the men rested to

wait for daylight to reveal the enemy's strength and dispositions. The transport animals were unloaded and picketed in a large square, which was surrounded by an improvised breastwork of boxes, bags, and saddles. This laager was to be held during the fight by half an Egyptian battalion under the command of Lieutenant Wolseley, a cousin of the Commander-in-Chief.

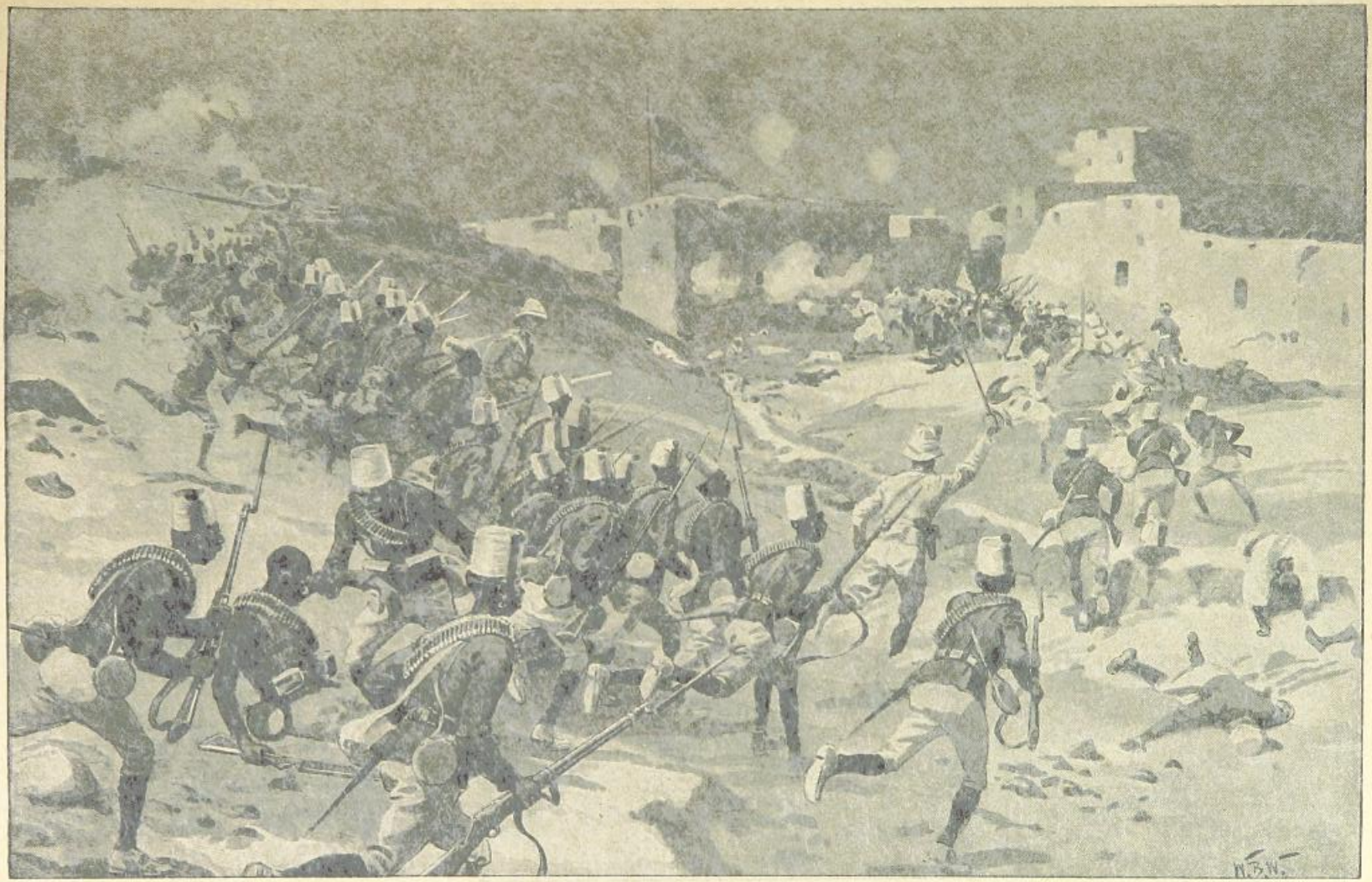
So far all had gone well. The men had borne their trying march without a murmur. Discipline had been perfect, and the hard work of the past ten days had made everyone thoroughly "fit." All were eager for the coming fight, and Soudanese battalions had four companies and the Egyptian battalion two companies. In the second line the Soudanese battalions had two companies each and the Egyptian one. This gave fourteen companies for the first rush and seven more to support them. The Krupp guns and the Maxims were pushed close up to the infantry, which advanced to within short rifle range of the place. An Egyptian cavalry officer then rode forward alone towards the trenches. Hunter had sent him to invite the enemy's Emirs to surrender, and everyone admired the calmness with which the horseman,



we may be sure that the keenest there was the young general, who, after gallant conduct on many a Soudanese battle field, now for the first time commanded an independent force in front of the enemy he had so often encountered and knew so well.

As day broke it was seen that the town or large village of Abu Hamed was strongly entrenched, and that the Dervish garrison was on the alert. The houses, heavy structures of sun-dried clay, with roofs of the same material, had been loopholed along the desert front of the village. Across the openings of the lanes between them, and under the palms, ran lines of shelter-trenches, and it was seen that these were full of riflemen. Hunter drew up his force in two lines. In the first line each of the three who knew that he might be shot down at any moment by a treacherous enemy, walked his horse up close to the trench and for a few minutes reasoned with the sheikhs, trying to persuade them that resistance was hopeless. They refused, however, to hear of surrender, and he turned and trotted his horse back to the point where the general was watching the conference. The order was then given to begin the attack, and just at half-past six the artillery opened fire, shelling the village, and the infantry poured their volleys into the outlying trenches.

This fire preparation did not last long before the firing line closed on the trench, and the order was given to storm the place with the bayonet. The struggle at the entrance to the village was very short, but in and among the houses the

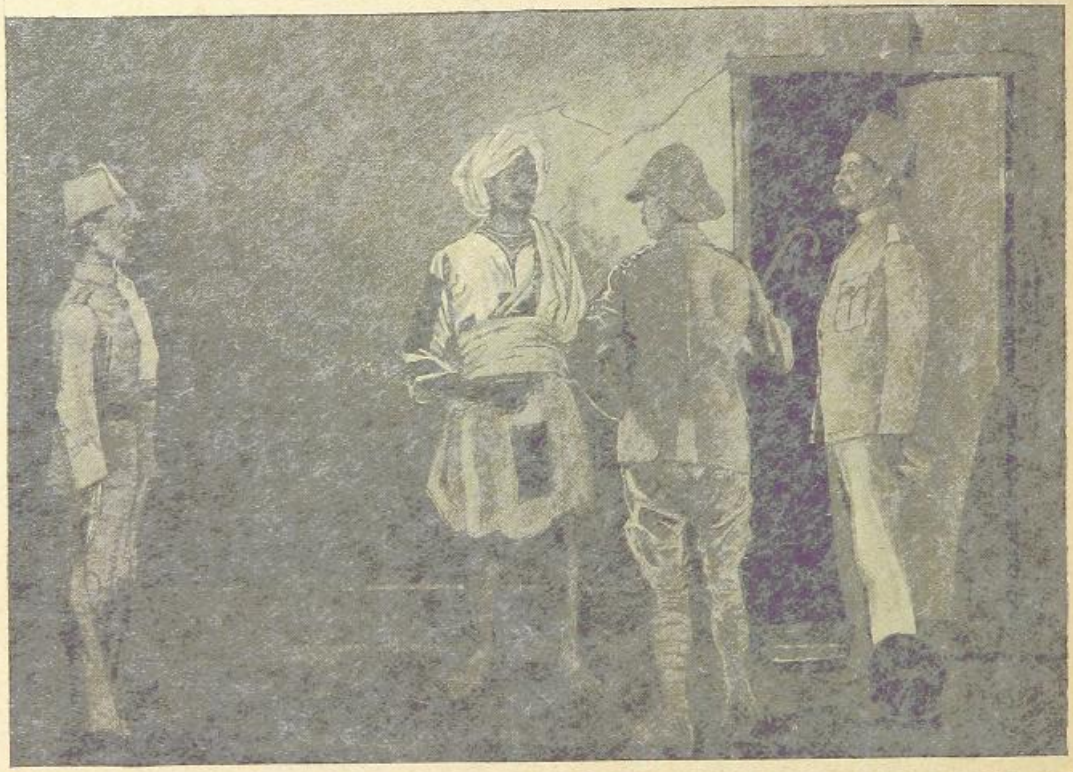


THE SOUDANESE CHARGING THE DERVISHES AT ABU HAMED.

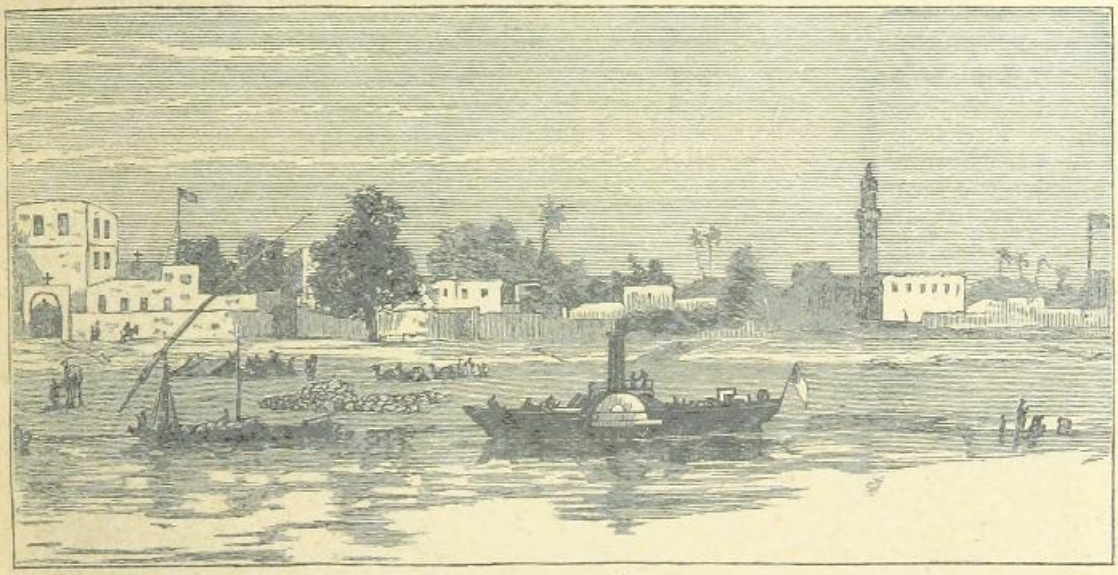
enemy fought desperately, and inflicted heavy loss on the victors. The 10th Soudanese were especially unfortunate, losing their gallant commander, Major Sidney, and his comrade and friend, Lieutenant Fitzclarence, both shot down while leading their men in the hard fight inside the village. An hour after the first shot was fired Abu Hamed was practically in possession of Hunter's force, but even then several of the large houses were making an obstinate defence, though success was hopeless. It was not till noon that the last of these strongholds was cleared. In one house they held out so stubbornly that at last the Krupp guns had to be brought up to blow their citadel into ruins.

It was found that the men who made this desperate defence, refused to hear of quarter or surrender, and died fighting to the last, were in all only about 700 strong. Some fifty, mostly mounted men, who dashed out of the village during the assault, and got away to the south-east, were the only ones who escaped—all the rest were killed or captured. They were chiefly men of the Robatat tribe, the inhabitants of the district—a proof that all the tribesmen were not yet alienated from Mahdism. But the first result of the victory, nevertheless, was that several chiefs of the same tribe, who had not been present at Abu Hamed during the action, came in, made their submission to Hunter, and promised their help to the Government.

The capture of Abu Hamed cost the Egyptian army some 200 killed and wounded. The desert march and the surprise and storming of the riverside town were a brilliant feat that, as we shall see, decided the fate of Berber, and added another long stretch of the Nile Valley to the territory controlled by Egypt. Although Hunter's force outnumbered the Mahdists three to one in the actual fight, it must be remembered that when he started from Kassingar for his difficult march he had no means of knowing how far Abu Hamed had been reinforced by Berber. It was a plucky venture. He relied on himself and his men to deal, if need be, with a superior force of the enemy, and the complete success of the flying column added not a little to the young general's already brilliant reputation.



COLONEL MAXWELL EXAMINING MAHOMMED EZZAM, THE DERVISH CHIEF TAKEN PRISONER AT ABU HAMED, IN THE GAOL AT WADY HALFA.



BERBER IN 1885.

CHAPTER XI.

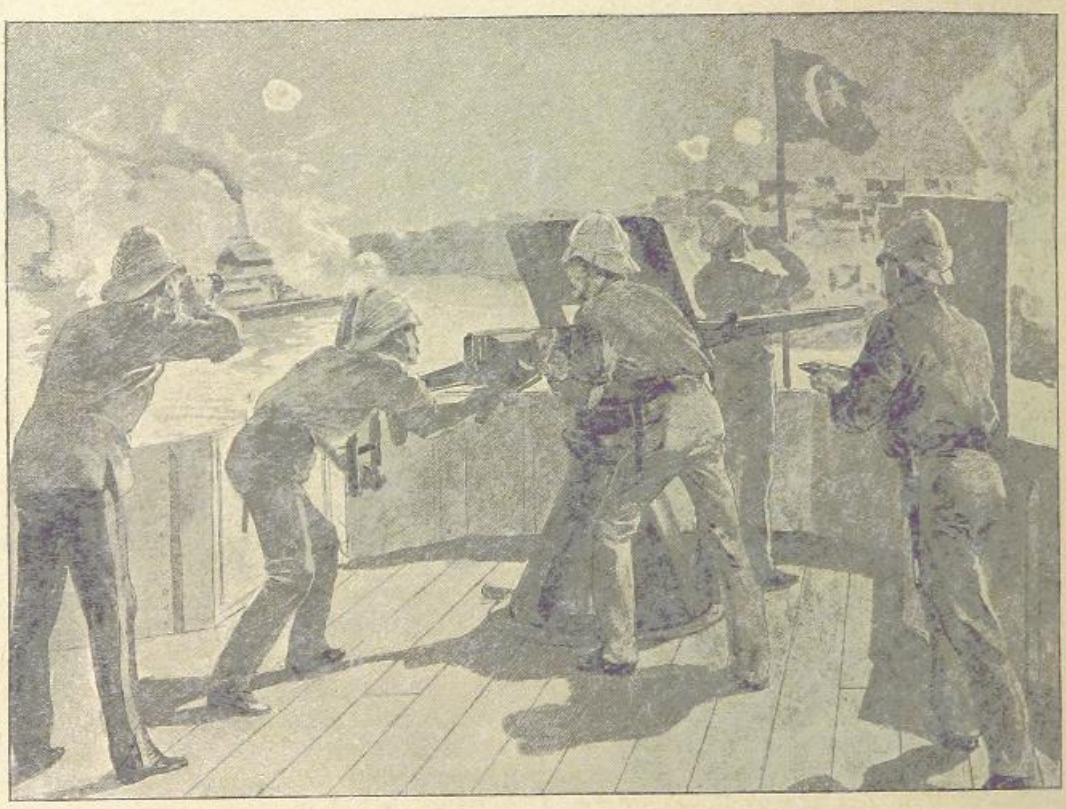
THE ADVANCE TO BERBER AND THE ATBARA.

HAVING captured Abu Hamed, General Hunter took steps to hold the place against a possible attack by the garrison of Berber, where the Emir Yunes was in command. He placed his guns and three of his battalions in an entrenched camp outside the village, sending the fourth to form an advanced post some miles up the river. The best houses in the village were converted into hospitals and storehouses. A convoy with supplies of food and ammunition came in almost immediately from Korosko by the desert route that runs by Murat—the first convoy or caravan that had passed that way for thirteen or fourteen years. This pioneer convoy was commanded by Lieutenant McKay of the Egyptian army, who had gone out to Egypt with the rank of sergeant instructor from the Grenadier Guards, and won his commission on the Nile frontier. Further supplies arrived from Kassingar, and steps were taken to improve the track in this direction. Hunter expected reinforcements at an early date, and the Sirdar's headquarters would soon be established at Abu Hamed, towards which the railway was now being pushed rapidly across the desert from Halfa.

The general opinion was that there would be a big battle for the possession of Berber, and the Sirdar prepared for its capture on precisely the same lines that had been adopted after Ferkeh in preparation for the advance on Dongola. Abu Hamed became in 1897 what Kosheh had been in 1896, an advanced base where troops were concentrated and supplies collected, the railway being brought up to it across the desert, and a dockyard being improvised on the riverside for fitting out the gunboats after they had been hauled up the cataracts of the Monassir and Shaiggiyeh country from Merowe. In this operation the experience obtained in the previous year in the cataracts between Halfa and Ferkeh proved most useful; and though many expected that it would be impossible to get the newer and heavier boats up the cataracts, they arrived at Abu Hamed one by one without a single hitch occurring in the work, or a single life being lost among the hundreds of men employed in the operation.

The advance on Berber was fixed for September. The town is a long series of straggling villages stretching for nearly five miles along the Nile, and a very difficult place to defend against a joint attack of an army and a gunboat flotilla. Yunes, the Dervish Emir who commanded there, seems to have woke up very soon to the danger of his position. The only way he could have secured the possession of Berber was by an attack on Abu Hamed, and he was not

strong enough for this, so he prudently decided to retire farther up the Nile. Just when the Sirdar was ready to advance, the friendly scouts of the Ababdeh tribe under their sheikh, Ahmed Bey, who had made a reconnaissance towards Berber, discovered that it had been evacuated. Word was sent back to Abu Hamed, and the gunboats steamed up, bringing with them a battalion to form a garrison for the town. Steaming past Berber to the mouth of the Atbara, they found a large body of the enemy near Ed Damer. A few shells were fired at the Dervishes, who retreated rapidly to the southwards, without making any attempt to reply. They abandoned fourteen large boats laden with grain, which were picked up by the gunboats and towed back to Berber.



KEPPEL'S GUNBOATS BOMBARDING METEMNEH.

The object assigned to the expedition of 1897 had thus been obtained, as a direct result of Hunter's victory at Abu Hamed. It only remained for the Sirdar to secure his position at Berber and reap, as he well knew how, the full fruits of success.

Abdul Azim's Friendlies were sent to reconnoitre the old route to Suakin, along which no Egyptian caravan had passed since a convoy of supplies came up that way in 1883 for Hicks Pasha's ill-fated expedition. They found that Osman Digna's fort at Kokreb, thirty miles beyond Ariab, where he had kept a small party for years to watch the caravan track, had been abandoned immediately after the fight at Abu Hamed. The Hadendowas and Amarars had been for some time our friends, and the Governor of Suakin arranged with them to keep the seaward half of the route open. It had once been the short cut to the Soudan, but the railway and steamers on the Upper Nile now afforded an easier way for supplying the army at Abu Hamed and Berber, and very little use has been made of the route as a line of supply since it was reopened.

In the second week of October a party of Dervish camel-men, from Osman Digna's camp at Adarama on the Atbara, rushed a village near Berber, killed eleven of the inhabitants, and carried off a number of the women. They were pursued by Captain King's company of the Camel Corps, and all the captives were rescued. To secure the district against raids of

PLAYING MAXIMS ON THE BAGGARA HORSE AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF METEMNEH.

this kind the Sirdar took steps to clear the Atbara country of the enemy. General Hunter was accordingly sent up the river with a flying column, which left Berber on October 23rd. It reached Adarama only to find that Osman had broken up his camp and fled, so after reconnoitring the country southwards without finding any trace of the enemy, the column returned to Berber, and on November 9th a permanent post of two companies, under Lieutenant Wolseley, was left in a mud fort at Dakhila, opposite Ed Damer, to guard the point where the Atbara reaches the Nile.

The places to which the Berber garrison had retired were Shendy and Metemneh, some seventy miles above Berber. Metemneh was reported to be strongly entrenched and held by a large force. The Dervish leaders had shown good judgment in choosing it for their rallying point after Berber was lost, for it is the point where the most practicable route across the Bayuda desert strikes the river. They were thus able to watch Berber on the one hand and the desert route from Merowe on the other; and, more than this, their presence there, while an obstacle to our advance along the river, forced us also to keep a considerable garrison in the Dongola province, which otherwise might have been raided by the desert route. Having cleared the country up to the Atbara, the Sirdar directed Captain Keppel, R.N., to reconnoitre Metemneh with his gunboats. Keppel took with him the three new steamers (*El Zaffir* and her two sister-ships). He had with him a hundred riflemen of the 9th Soudanese Regiment, and his quick-firing guns and Maxims were manned by gunners of the Royal Marine Artillery. He was accompanied by Major Stuart-Wortley, of the staff. The major was the only officer in the expedition who had ever been as far as Khartoum, and he only saw it from the deck of one of Sir Charles Wilson's gunboats on the terrible day when they arrived in sight of the town only to find it in possession of the Mahdi. It was he who brought down the news of the disaster to the British camp at Gabut after the wreck of the steamers. To do this he had to slip past a Dervish battery in the dark in an open boat, with the message from Wilson that brought Lord Charles Beresford to the rescue of his shipwrecked crews.

Major Stuart-Wortley had now the satisfaction of helping to reopen the way to Khartoum. He was going to assist Keppel in the reconnaissance of Metemneh, the town that had successfully resisted our attack in 1885, and had been the scene of the defeat of our Jaalin friends in July, 1897. There were no war correspondents with the reconnaissance, and the best description of it available is contained in a letter from Wortley himself.

"We left Berber," he says, "with three gunboats, and steaming southwards we passed the pyramids of Meroe, and found ourselves, at five a.m. on the morning of October 16th, within a few miles of the town and forts of Metemneh.

"The camp (of the Dervishes) lies some three miles back from the river, but nine forts in succession along the bank looked very menacing and businesslike as we approached. Between each fort was a shelter-trench, and through our glasses we could see men running into them and preparing for the attack. On a ridge to the west of the town there appeared a force of about 15,000 men, all apparently well armed.

"We steamed to within 2,000 yards, and then opened fire at the first fort. The enemy replied vigorously, but their shells for the most part fell short. Steaming slowly on, we shelled each fort in succession, and threw some shells at extreme range into the town. When abreast of the town the nearest fort was a thousand yards from us. We were then hotly engaged, and our boat being the leading one, we got all the hottest of the fire.

"Our fire was good, all our shells bursting one after another in their embrasures. Suddenly from the left bank a rifle-fire was opened on us, the enemy being concealed in thick scrub about four hundred yards away. We turned a Maxim gun in their direction, which soon silenced them.

"A Krupp shell then burst on board on the lower deck, cutting the feed-pipe in two and dangerously wounding one man. We went right past Metemneh to opposite where the British camp was in 1885. Then, turning round and engaging the enemy's forts again, we steamed past them to an island about five miles below, picking up six of their boats on the way.

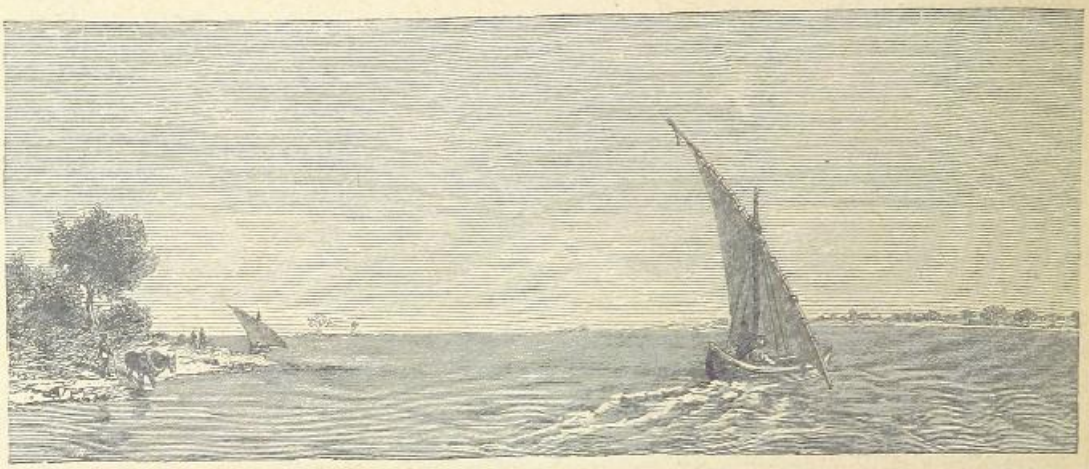
"On Sunday, the 17th, we steamed up and renewed our attack, but owing to the large expenditure of ammunition the day before we could not continue it long. The enemy's fire improved a good deal, and they had increased the number of their guns during the night. Our other two steamers were hit with shells, and we were pretty well peppered by rifle-bullets. We steamed once more past the forts, and then concentrated our fire on their grain-boats, which we sunk.

"We stayed a few hours at the island (below the town) while we collected all the Dervish animals we could lay hands on, and pushing them into the captured boats we started on our return journey. Before we had gone very far our machinery broke down. We were obliged to depend on the second engineer, whose attempt to patch up the works proved unsuccessful, and finally we had to be towed back."

This reconnaissance showed that the Dervishes could not prevent the gunboats running past Metemneh. On the other hand, it was clear that they had chosen such a position for their fortified camp that the attack upon it would have to be carried out chiefly by the army, the range being such that all the gunboats could attempt against it would be a distant bombardment. The forts along the river were small structures of sun-dried mud, mounting each only one or two Krupp guns. On both flanks of each fort there was a shelter trench for riflemen. But even the heavy fire of the first day's attack had not permanently damaged any of the works, and their destruction promised to be a serious piece of work for the flotilla. The presence of the grain-laden boats showed that the camp was being supplied chiefly by water from Omdurman, so to put an end to the river traffic the gunboats, while the high Nile lasted, paid several flying visits to the reach of the river above Metemneh, exchanging a few shots with the forts as they went by. On one of these occasions Keppel ran up a gunboat to the foot of the Shabluka cataract, some sixty miles above Metemneh, and at least a hundred and forty above Berber. At that date in the late autumn the river had fallen so far that the ascent of the rapids in the narrow gorge between the hills would have been difficult; so, at the foot of the cataract, the gunboats turned and ran down the river. One of the Soudanese soldiers on board was killed in passing Metemneh.

The march to Khartoum was to be the work of the Expedition of 1898. At the close of 1897 Dakhila, opposite Ed Damer, defended by a strong fort, was the frontier post. The railway had passed Abu Hamed and was approaching Berber. The Egyptian army was in garrison at Berber, Abu Hamed, and Halfa, Dongola, Debbeh, and Merowe. But the two branches of the Soudan railway, both starting from Halfa, enabled the Sirdar to concentrate rapidly a large force either on the Atbara or on the Dongola side of the Bayuda desert, in case the enemy at Metemneh assumed the offensive in either direction. Further, he could, if need be, rapidly bring up British regiments from Lower Egypt, for the Lower Nile railway had now been completed to the First Cataract. Troops could be thus hurried up from Cairo to beyond Abu Hamed in five days, a journey that a few years ago would have occupied weeks. The gunboat flotilla lay between Berber and Ed Damer; it had just been reinforced by two more gunboats—built by Yarrow—the *Sultan* and the *Sheikh*, armed with quick-firing and machine guns, armoured with steel shields for breastworks, propelled by screws (and therefore less likely to be disabled than the stern-wheelers), and drawing only eighteen inches of water.

Before he left Berber for Cairo at the end of the autumn campaign the Sirdar reviewed the troops concentrated at the front. Those who saw the march past and the subsequent manœuvres were greatly impressed by the splendid condition and perfect equipment of the little army which, in the past summer, with only one battle, but with many a day of hard work, had pushed forward the Nile frontier from Merowe to the Atbara.



ON THE WHITE NILE.

CHAPTER XII.

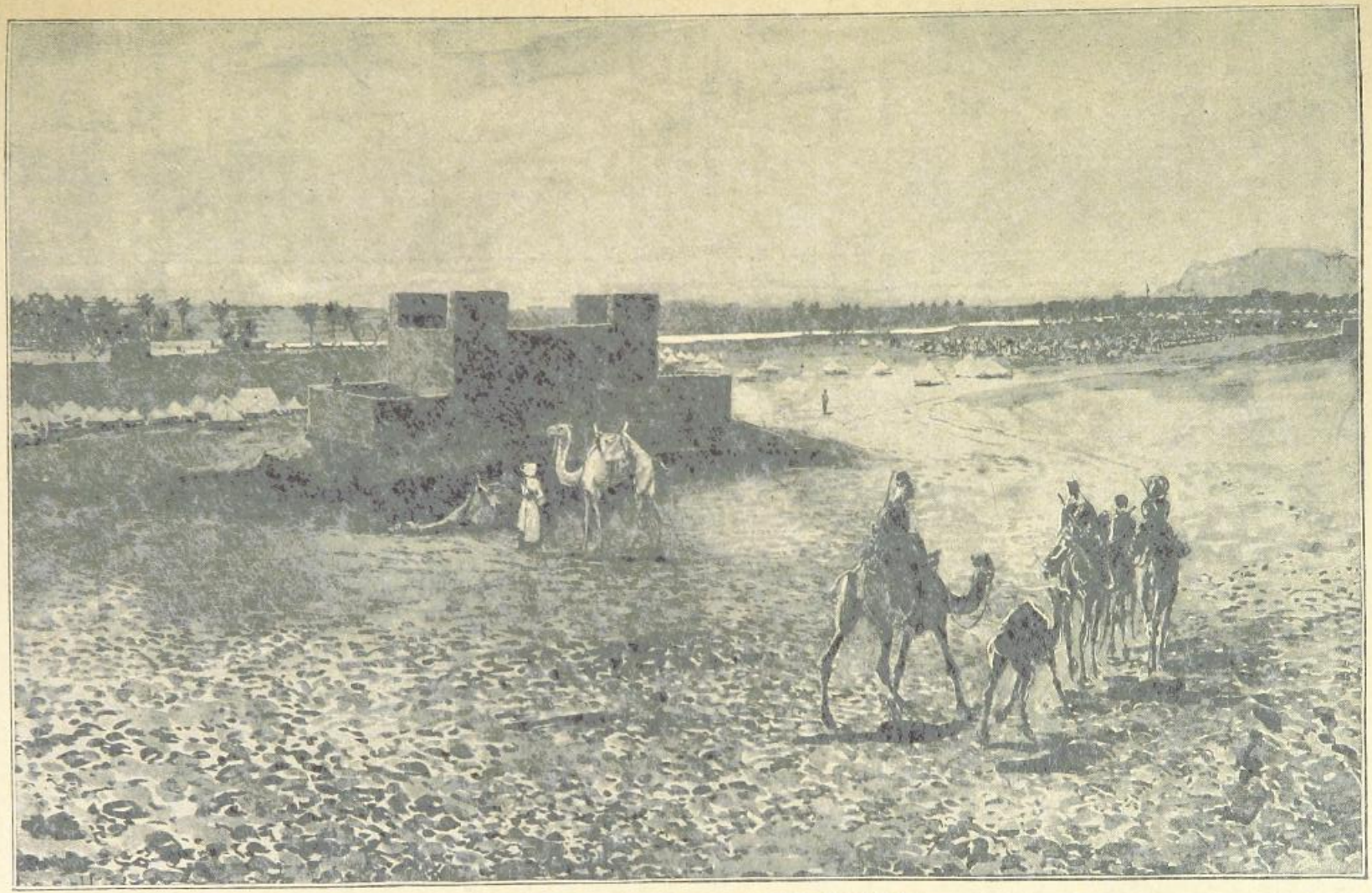
THE "RACE FOR THE NILE."

WHEN the Sirdar returned to Cairo at the end of November it was expected that active operations would be suspended till the rise of the river opened the way for the final advance on Khartoum in the late summer of 1898. Meanwhile the railway was to be continued to the Atbara; stores and supplies of all kinds were to be accumulated at Berber and beyond; and at the end of the year the Italians were to evacuate Kassala, and an Egyptian garrison was to take possession of the place, thus giving the Sirdar a new point from which to menace the centre of the Khalifa's power. On the enemy's side the Emir Mahmoud was keeping quiet at Metemneh, and rumour said that the Dervishes were fortifying the heights above the Shabluka pass. It was generally expected that nothing would happen on the Nile till the Sirdar marched to the capture of Metemneh as the first stage in the attack on Khartoum. But, as we shall see, the saying that in war it is the unexpected that happens was in this case, for once, to be justified by events.

Before relating the stirring story of the Atbara campaign in the spring of 1898, it will be well to note what was happening in other parts of the Upper Nile region. Besides the Egyptian advance on the north, other expeditions were pushing into this vast territory from the west, the east, and the south, though none of them obtained anything like the success which attended the Sirdar's movements, and some of them were hopeless failures.

One of the expeditions that ended thus in a collapse was a British enterprise. Major Macdonald, who was in command of the British forces on the Great Lakes, had been ordered to proceed northward with an expedition the precise object of which has never been explained. According to one account he was to secure a footing on the Upper Nile in the Fashoda district, in order to be in possession there before the arrival of French expeditions which were known to be on the way from the Bahr-el-Ghazal. According to another version of his plans he was to march from Uganda into the region of Lake Rudolf, east of the Upper Nile, to save that district from being overrun by the Abyssinians, who were believed to be contemplating annexation in that direction, Menelek having recently appointed Colonel Leontieff, a Russian officer, "Governor of the Equatorial Provinces of Ethiopia." In any case Macdonald's expedition was intended to secure for British East Africa a large portion of the debateable land towards the headwaters of the Nile.

From the very outset, however, misfortune dogged his enterprise. First, there was a long delay in getting together his supplies and porters at Kikuyu, which had been chosen for his starting-point; then he was taken seriously ill, and it was not till October that he began his march



THE SIRDAR'S HEADQUARTERS AT MEROWE.

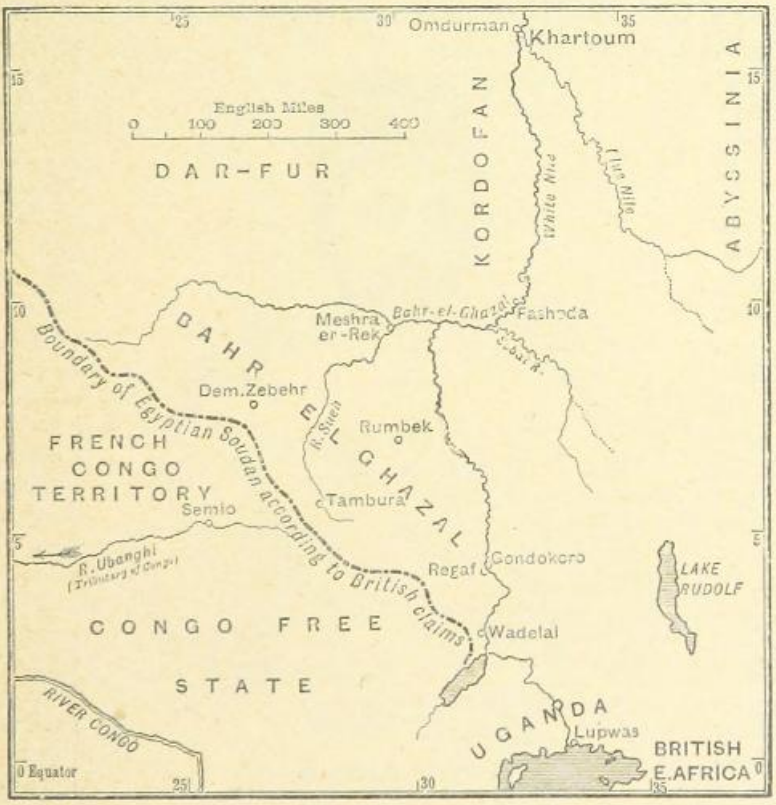
His escort consisted partly of Sikh police, recruited from India and thoroughly trustworthy, partly of natives of Uganda, under British officers, and partly of Soudanese troops. These so-called Soudanese were partly Egyptians, partly men of the Soudan, and the story of how they came to be serving under a British commissioner in Uganda is a curious episode in African history, of which only an outline can be given here. They originally formed the garrison of the Equatorial Province under Emin Pasha. When the Mahdist revolt cut Equatoria off from Egypt they for some time stood by Emin against the rebels who entered the district. They had several successful fights with the Dervishes, but they showed a disposition to disregard Emin's authority; and when Mr. Henry M. Stanley's expedition penetrated into the district, Emin Pasha was practically a prisoner in their hands, and Selim Bey, one of the officers of the Soudanese, had the real command of the black troops, though he still affected to treat the German professor as Governor. After Emin Pasha's departure with Stanley, Selim and his followers established themselves at Kavalli on the borders of Uganda. He had about a thousand fighting men with him, and some thousands of camp followers and slaves. When Colonel Lugard went up to take charge of Uganda for the British East Africa Company in 1891 he succeeded in persuading Selim and his soldiers to enter the Company's service, but they had been their own masters so long that they were always somewhat restive under British control. Major Macdonald, as Commissioner of Uganda, had had to deal with more than one disturbance caused by these turbulent Soudanese, and he had sent their chief, Selim, out of the country on the charge of having intrigued with the local Mohammedans against the British. His expedition had reached Unyoro, when the Soudanese mutinied, and in the fight that followed one officer, Major Thruston, was killed and two others wounded. The mutineers were beaten off by the Sikhs and Uganda men. Then, while a reinforcement of Indian troops was being hurried up from Mombasa, there were weeks of desultory fighting. The mutineers made themselves a stronghold in a fort at Lubwas, and not only defied attack but made some dangerous sorties against the faithful troops. Kampala, the capital of Uganda, was saved by disarming the Soudanese in the garrison before they got news of the mutiny. At last the rebels abandoned their fort and tried to reach Uganda by a forced march. They were attacked on the way, and though defeated, broke up into a number of bands that kept up a guerilla warfare for a long time after. Their revolt had not only cost many valuable lives but had also completely disorganised the plan for raising the British flag in the Nile region south of Khartoum. It was, however, the only piece of bad luck that had so far marred the policy of the British Government in North-Eastern Africa.

The French expeditions that were trying to reach the Upper Nile from east and west were, however, for the most part as unsuccessful. A number of French officers and travellers—the Marquis de Bonchamps, Prince Henry of Orleans, Captain Clochette, and the Russian, Colonel Leontieff—had made their way to Addis Abeba, Menelek's capital, early in 1897, and were reported to be organising two separate expeditions into the country between Abyssinia, the Upper Nile, and the Great Lakes. Leontieff, with an Abyssinian army to aid him, was to annex a wide extent of territory in this direction. Bonchamps and Clochette, with a few French followers and an Abyssinian escort, were to reach the Upper Nile at Fashoda, and there join hands with a French force coming from the Congo through the Bahr-el-Ghazal country. Up to the Nile the country was to be annexed to Menelek's dominions. On the west side of the river the French flag was to be hoisted. But Leontieff and Prince Henry appear to have found the Abyssinians more difficult people to deal with than they anticipated. Menelek's chiefs were busy raiding the Galla country towards Lake Rudolf, but did not care to work under foreign leaders in any organised scheme of conquest. So the Russian colonel and the French prince returned to Europe without having accomplished anything. Clochette was killed by the accidental discharge of a machine gun, and Bonchamps failed to reach the Nile through a breakdown of his transport and supply arrangements.

The French expeditions from the westward had a little more success, though up to the end of 1897 they had not accomplished their main object. A column of Senegalese sharpshooters with French officers, under Captain Liotard, had entered the Bahr-el-Ghazal in the spring of 1896. On June 1st they occupied Dem Zebehr, where years before Zebehr Pasha, the great slave-hunter of the Soudan, had held a kind of court before Gordon broke his power. For twelve years no Europeans had been in the country, and its general desolation showed how utterly the

Dervishes had destroyed its former prosperity. Dem Zebehr was in ruins, only a few people living in straw huts near the neighbouring marshes. Out of the bricks from the walls of the ruined Government House, once Zebehr's palace, and afterwards the home of Lupton Bey, Gordon's English lieutenant, M. Liotard built a small fort. He then marched on to Meshra-er-Rek, which he occupied on July 23rd. Meshra-er-Rek was the place to which, in the days before the Mahdist revolt, stern-wheel steamers used to ascend every year from Khartoum, bringing supplies and soldiers for the garrison of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. The French were thus at the head of a water-way, leading down to the main stream of the Nile, but it was only with the utmost difficulty that they could maintain themselves in this advanced position. There was no sign of the Dervishes or of any other enemy, but supplies had for the most part to be brought up by porters from the starting-point of the expedition on the northern borders of the French Congo. Captain Marchand, with two battalions of native troops and 3,000 porters, was busy with this work all through the summer. The Sirdar had the Nile and the Soudan Railway for his line of communications. The French had to drag everything by hundreds of miles of narrow paths through forest and jungle on the heads of their black carriers. No wonder they advanced so slowly.

Marchand's expedition in 1897 pushed a number of small columns into the country east of Dem Zebehr. Two gunboats, each sixty feet long, built in sections, and a number of shallow



SKETCH MAP ILLUSTRATING THE RACE FOR THE NILE.

draft barges of the same construction, were sent to the Congo to form a French flotilla on the Upper Nile. To get them up the Congo into its northern tributary, the Ubanghi, was a comparatively easy matter, but then they had to be conveyed as far as possible up a branch of the Ubanghi, dragged through rapids, and often carried round an impassable cataract, until at last the problem had to be faced of conveying them through forest and jungle over the water-shed between the basin of the Nile and that of the Congo. The Sueh or Juhr river, a stream which runs into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and so reaches the White Nile, was chosen as the water-way on which the boats were to be put together.

Though the French Government observed a discreet silence as to the progress of the expedition, letters from a French non-commissioned officer serving with it were published in the Paris papers, and gave a striking picture of its endless difficulties and its limited success.

He wrote on July 25th, 1897: "I am engaged in the construction of a post on the banks of the Sueh river, a sub-affluent of the White Nile. This is one stage farther into that little-known region which the Marchand expedition is to dispute with the British and the Belgian pioneers. If we succeed I shall readily forget all our dangers and fatigues. But what difficulties, what struggles with nature, and perhaps, with men, we have to go through! The Dervishes are not easy to deal with, and the boat that we have been dragging from Loango, now by water, now by land, through forests, and over swamps and rocks, does not move without hard work. We have no rest, for one day's delay might make all our efforts useless. All we have done would be in vain if the British or any others should be beforehand with us on our path. In spite of my hope, however, I have a secret fear that we shall arrive too late. My only wish at the present moment is to see the *Faidherbe* (the sectional gunboat) displaying our flag between Khartoum and Gondokoro."

CAPTAIN MARCHAND.

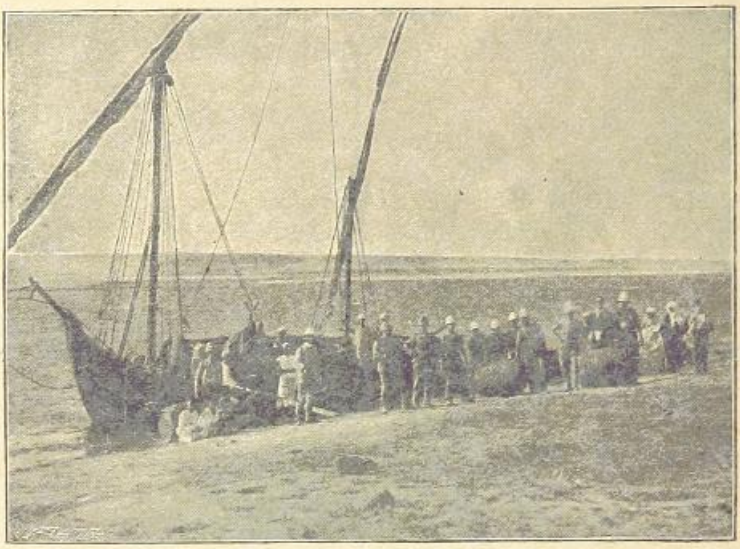
A month later he wrote, on August 27th: "We came into the Ubanghi district to occupy Upper Egypt, make our strength known to the Dervishes, launch a boat on the Nile, and unite, if possible, our Obok colony on the Red Sea with our Congo possessions on the Atlantic. For this purpose we have 23 whites and 500 black riflemen (Senegalese). The hardest part of the work has been done. I have just taken the last section of the boat to the banks of the river Sueh, where it is to be put together. I have not exactly been enjoying myself with the 200 porters whom we brought with us by force, and who try to escape if they have the least chance. It was no use even to shoot or hang those who were caught in the act—the others tried to get away all the same, and some succeeded. We had sometimes to go into the villages along our route with four or five riflemen, and forcibly enlist as porters any men or women we could find there. Sometimes the whole population would take to flight, and then I would set fire to one or two huts. This generally brought them all back to the village. Then we would seize the chief and compel him to provide slaves to carry the loads. Then we carried away all the food we could find in the villages and gave it to our porters, who were starving. We kept watch over them at night, but they would sometimes run away *en masse*, and we could not deal out wholesale slaughter. This business tired and disgusted me very much. You must not be too much surprised at what I have told you. It is the only way to get anything out of these brutes. It made me feel uncomfortable at first, but when I saw how disgusting, how savage they were, how they quarrelled over the bodies of their comrades whom we had shot, and then proceeded to devour them, I often felt I should like to fire a volley into the whole crowd."

This vivid picture of the advance of one of the columns of the Marchand expedition presents a curious contrast to the orderly progress of the Sirdar's army on the Nile. Considering how it acted towards the natives, it is not surprising that news reached Europe early in 1898 that one of Marchand's columns had been cut to pieces. But, nevertheless, it appears certain that the French had succeeded by the close of 1897 in obtaining a footing on the tributaries of the Upper Nile, that they had one

or more small craft launched on a river running into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and that there was just a chance that when the Sirdar reached Khartoum, and sent his gunboats up the main stream of the Nile, he would before long see the French flag flying on its banks. This introduced another element of anxiety into the situation in the Soudan, for the British Government had more than once declared that the whole valley of the Nile belonged to either the Egyptian or the British sphere of influence, and that any advance into the valley from the Congo would be considered as "an unfriendly act."

In the last days of the year Colonel Parsons, with an Egyptian battalion, took over Kassala from the Italians. The Egyptian flag was hoisted, and most of the irregular native troops of the old garrison transferred themselves to the Egyptian service. By this time there were signs of a hostile Dervish movement from Metemneh and Shendy, and Parsons made prompt use of the new base provided by the possession of Kassala to send an expedition of his irregulars to attack the Dervish posts on the Upper Atbara, and at the same time to make sure that he would have early information of any attempt of the enemy against the fortress they had so long coveted.

BY THE BANKS OF THE ATBARA: MEN OF THE WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT RESTING ON THE MARCH.



AT WADY HALFA: BEER FOR THE FIRST STAFFORDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARATIONS TO OPPOSE A DERVISH ADVANCE.

COLONEL WINGATE, thanks to his spies and correspondents, had for years been able to keep close watch on all the Dervishes were doing, even in their far-off capital round about the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman. Whether he was in some camp on the Upper Nile or in his office at Cairo, news from the enemy's headquarters was not many days in reaching him. So, early in December, 1897, when he had come down the river with the Sirdar to spend Christmas in Cairo, he still received day by day reports of the doings of the Khalifa and his Emirs, and in these reports there came the news that the Dervishes at Omdurman were busy making and buying water-skins—the roughly-tanned hide receptacles in which the camel-man stores the water for a long desert march. Here was the broad fact, but what was its meaning? A soldier who knows anything of desert warfare would answer at once that the Dervishes were making ready for an expedition that might take them in some force away from the banks of the Nile.

There were three points against which such an expedition might be directed from the Dervish camp at Metemneh. It might be directed across the Bayuda desert, northwards, against the garrisons in the Dongola province; or it might cross the river and strike away south-eastward for the Upper Atbara and Kassala; or Berber might be its object; and as it could not hope to pass the Nile opposite the city under the fire of the Sirdar's gunboats, in that case also the Dervish general must begin by crossing to Shendy. Then the water-skins would come in useful for a desert march, not on the river bank, where the gunboats would be troublesome, but some miles inland, crossing the Lower Atbara above Ed Damer, avoiding the fort at Dakhila, where the two rivers joined, and sweeping round to attack Berber on its desert front.

Now, the gunboats had made a run up the river to Metemneh on Wednesday, December 8th, and had brought back an important piece of information. They had on all previous occasions been fired upon only by batteries on the left bank near Metemneh. This time, as they approached the place, some Krupp guns opened on them from earthworks on the other shore just in front of Shendy. The guns were badly served and did no harm. It was seen, too, that behind these new batteries there was a camp of the enemy in Shendy, to which the Emir Mahmoud had transferred a portion of his force from the other side. The gunboats dropped a few shells into the new batteries, ran in near the bank and took in tow some boats laden with grain, and steamed back to Ed Damer camp with this useful booty, and

the still more useful news about the latest Dervish move, which clearly pointed to plans against either Kassala or Berber.

Soon further reports from the enemy's camp settled the question definitely. Berber was the object aimed at. But, meanwhile, the Sirdar had provided for all contingencies. He left Cairo with his staff on the 14th. He had to leave the Dongola garrisons intact, to provide a force to replace the Italian garrison at Kassala on New Year's Day, and to concentrate at Berber and Ed Damer an army that could meet Mahmoud face to face if he moved on Berber, and strike at his flank if he tried to march on Kassala. In order to keep the garrisons up to full strength, and have an army in the field strong enough for all contingencies, he might need a few more battalions than he actually had upon the Upper Nile. So he informed the Home Government that he would probably have to ask for a small British force to strengthen his hands in dealing with Mahmoud. In any case, some British regiments would be needed later in the new year for the advance on Khartoum. So it would be a good thing for some of them to have a little experience of campaigning in the Soudan even if Mahmoud's advance did not prove to be a very formidable affair.

The Sirdar established his headquarters at Wady Halfa, a point from which he could easily keep in communication with both the Soudan and Egypt, and rapidly reach the front beyond Berber by the Abu Hamed railway. Up to Christmas week all the reports from the south showed that the Dervishes were still occupied with preparations for an advance, but that so far no reinforcements for Mahmoud had actually left Khartoum. During this period the Egyptian staff had arranged for the taking over of Kassala. Colonel Parsons, who was to act as Governor under the new *régime*, went up to Kassala in the beginning of December to settle the details with the Italian officers. The garrison consisted chiefly of "Friendlies" acting under their own chiefs, and some companies of native troops under Italian officers. It was decided that the Friendlies should continue to act in the same capacity under the Egyptian Government, and the option was given to the native soldiers to transfer their services to the Egyptian army. On Christmas Day the Italian tricolour was saluted by an Egyptian battalion which had been marched up from Suakin, and by the batteries of the fort. Then the red flag of Egypt was hoisted in its stead, and Kassala was thus formally restored to the rule of Egypt.

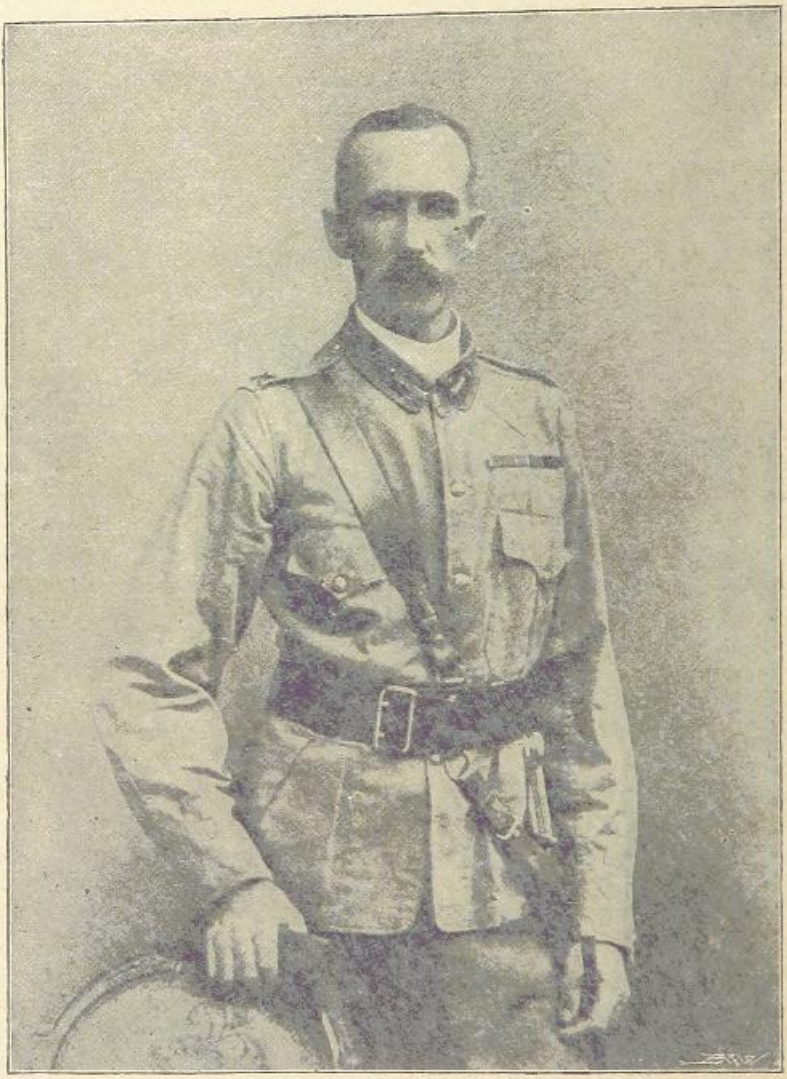
There is no doubt that the transaction was not at all pleasing to King Menelek of Abyssinia. When he made peace with Italy in 1896 it was stipulated that in the event of Italy giving up any of her African possessions, they were to be ceded to "Ethiopia," and to no other Power. There is no doubt that he believed he had in this way secured the reversion of Kassala for his empire; but Italy was already under engagements to restore the fortress to Egypt in the event of a re-occupation of the Soudan. So there was a prior claim, on which England and Egypt were now taking action. All the same, it is to be regretted that Italy did not clearly explain this reservation as to Kassala when the treaty of Addis Abeba was being signed. Its omission left the way open for serious trouble between England and Egypt on the one side, and Menelek on the other, and it would be a serious matter for any Power on the Upper Nile to have to reckon as an enemy the "King or Kings," with his huge army, in his mountain citadel.

Colonel Parsons, the new Governor of Kassala, soon gave the Friendlies an opportunity of showing their mettle. After Baratieri's capture of Kassala in 1894, the Dervishes had formed a line of military posts along the Atbara river. Those on the lower river had been abandoned in 1897, after the loss of Berber. On the upper river they had small garrisons at El Fasher and Asubri. A party of camel-men belonging to the Kassala garrison raided El Fasher on December 22nd and drove the Dervishes out. Asubri had a larger garrison, and when attacked by another body of Friendlies it stood a short siege. The attacking force was strengthened on December 27 by the arrival of the captors of El Fasher, and at midnight Asubri surrendered. The garrison had lost forty-four killed, including two emirs. These successes, small in themselves, added considerably to the security of the Kassala garrison, giving it two useful advanced posts from which to reconnoitre the country beyond the Atbara, and getting rid of the only Dervish garrisons in the neighbourhood.

So the year which had seen the capture of Abu Hamed and Berber closed with a new success. Now that the Egyptian flag flew at Kassala, it might be said that the twelvemonth just ended had carried the Khedive's flag nearly 400 miles further to the southward. The boundaries of the Dervish power had shrunk very rapidly since the

advance began in 1896, but the Khalifa was about to make a wild effort to break the circle of steel that was closing in upon his capital. The last week of the year brought news to the Sirdar's headquarters at Wady Halfa that Mahmoud's tourists in Cairo, where the season was at its height. The soldiers got a grand "send off" as they marched to the railway station.

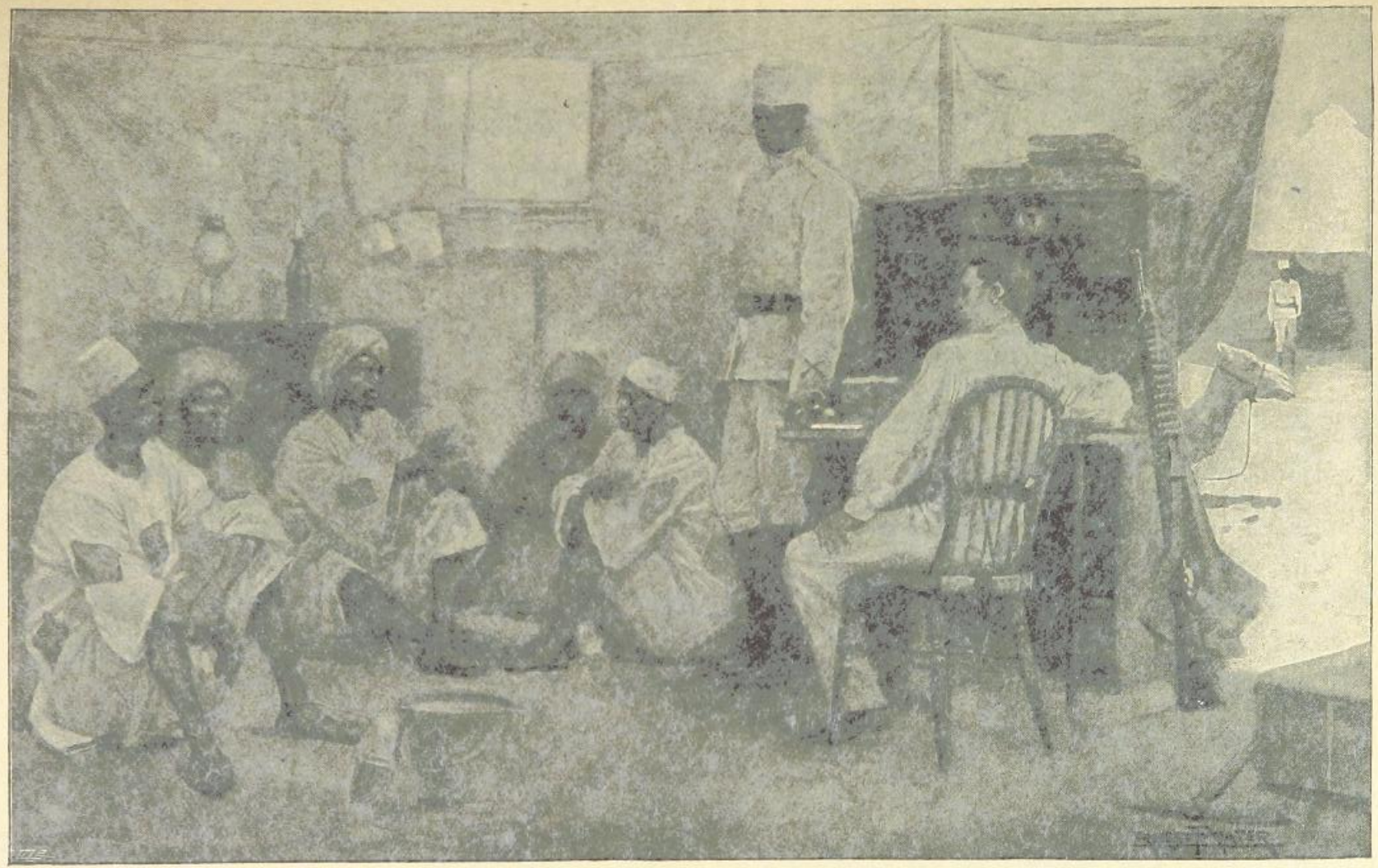
There were three British battalions in garrison at Cairo, the 1st Warwicks, the 1st Lincolns, and



GENERAL GATACRE.
(Photo: J. T. Cumming, Aldershot.)

camps at Metemneh and Shendy were being rapidly reinforced from Khartoum.

There was great excitement in Cairo on New Year's Day when it was known that British troops had been "suddenly" ordered to the front. There really was nothing sudden about the order, which had been decided upon a fortnight before. But it was a surprise to the public, and afforded some lively sensation to the crowds of the 1st Cameron Highlanders. The first to start were two companies of the Warwicks, who left for Wady Halfa on the 3rd of January. The Lincolns, the rest of the Warwicks, and the Camerons, were then sent off by half battalions. The first detachments had to proceed by river from a point between Luxor and Assouan, but on January 10 the Lower Nile railway was opened throughout from Cairo to Shellal, at the



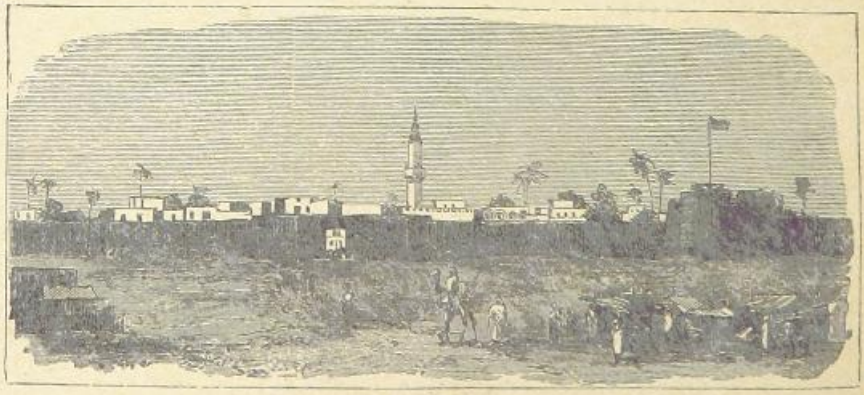
QUESTIONING A DERVISH DESERTER.

head of the First Cataract, so that, changing trains at Luxor (where there is a break of gauge in the line), the troops could be run through to the point just above Assouan, where they embarked on barges and stern-wheelers for Wady Halfa.

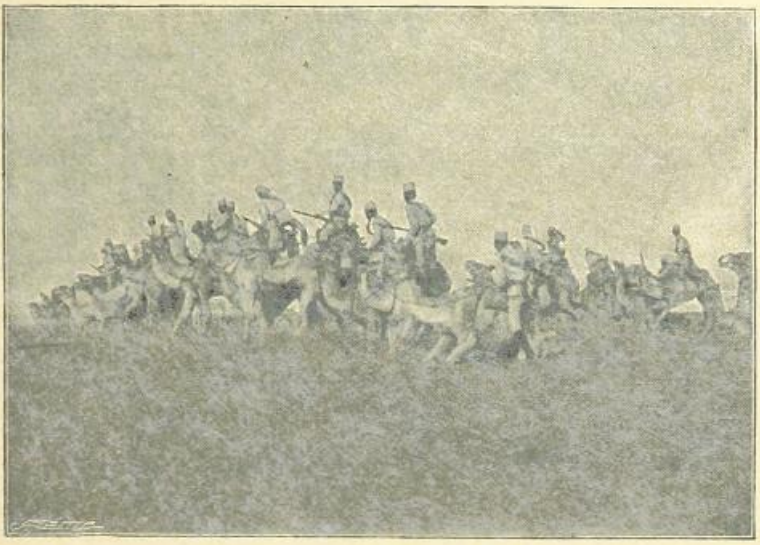
The regiments were replaced at Cairo by the Seaforth Highlanders from Malta, the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers from Burmah (already under orders for Egypt, and on the way), and a battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers from Gibraltar. A number of medical officers and a strong draft of the Medical Staff Corps went out from England. General Gatacre was chosen to command the British brigade concentrating at Wady Halfa. He was one of the few officers on the list of generals who were junior to the Sirdar, and thus his presence at the front would raise no awkward questions of seniority. But, apart from this, there were excellent reasons for his selection. He had already made his mark in command of one of the brigades in the campaign for the relief of Chitral in 1895, and when he was ordered to the Soudan he was in command of the 1st brigade at Aldershot. As soon as he reached Wady Halfa he set to work training his brigade for active service in the most practical fashion. Route marches in the desert, attack-drills, field-firing, went on day after day; so that when at last, after long waiting, the day of battle came, the regiments had learned to work well together, and the men were—to use the popular phrase—"hard as nails."

On the 1st of January the gunboats had made another run up to Metemneh. They were fired on from both banks, and reported that the camp on the Shendy side was no larger than it had been when first noticed. Mahmoud's main force was still round Metemneh, and the agents of the Intelligence Department said he had not yet received all the reinforcements he was expecting from Omdurman. MacDonald, with his brigade of Soudanese battalions, held the point of land at the junction of the Atbara and the Nile, where a strong fort had been built and the camp solidly entrenched. He had four of the gunboats to co-operate in the defence, so that if Mahmoud moved there would be plenty of time to bring up the British brigade and other reinforcements while he was "knocking his head against a stone wall" at Dakhila, opposite Ed Damer, or trying to get round it by a long desert march. As Suakin was now perfectly safe, the 4th Egyptian Regiment in garrison there was marched up to Berber by the old desert route so long closed by Osman Digna. Precautions were taken against small parties of Dervish raiders molesting travellers on this route, posts of Friendlies holding the few wells, so that if the raiders came they could not get any water for their camels or themselves. If the wells are few, nothing is easier than to hold a desert track in this way.

All through January the Dervishes made only one move in advance. On the 18th a small party of camel-men from Shendy reached the Atbara at the forts of Hudi, some miles above Ed Damer, crossed the river there and raided the village of Kenur, carrying off some women and driving away the cattle. But the news reached Dakhila camp very quickly, and the camel corps and cavalry were soon on the track of the Dervishes. They overtook them on their first day's march, killed a number, dispersed the rest rescued the captives, and brought back all the cattle. After this sharp lesson Mahmoud's camel-men gave up the idea that raiding on the Atbara could be a profitable business.



KASSALA.



CAMEL CORPS MOUNTING.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAHMOUD AND THE SIRDAR.

MAHMOUD remained quiet in his camp at Metemneh during the whole of January and part of February, so that even at the Egyptian headquarters the opinion began to prevail that he had given up his plan for a dash at Berber. It was supposed that the presence of a British brigade at Wady Halfa (now reinforced by a second Highland battalion) had induced him to regard prudence as the better part of valour. In the middle of February it looked as if, after all, nothing serious would happen on the Upper Nile till the Sirdar gave the word for the advance beyond the Atbara in the summer.

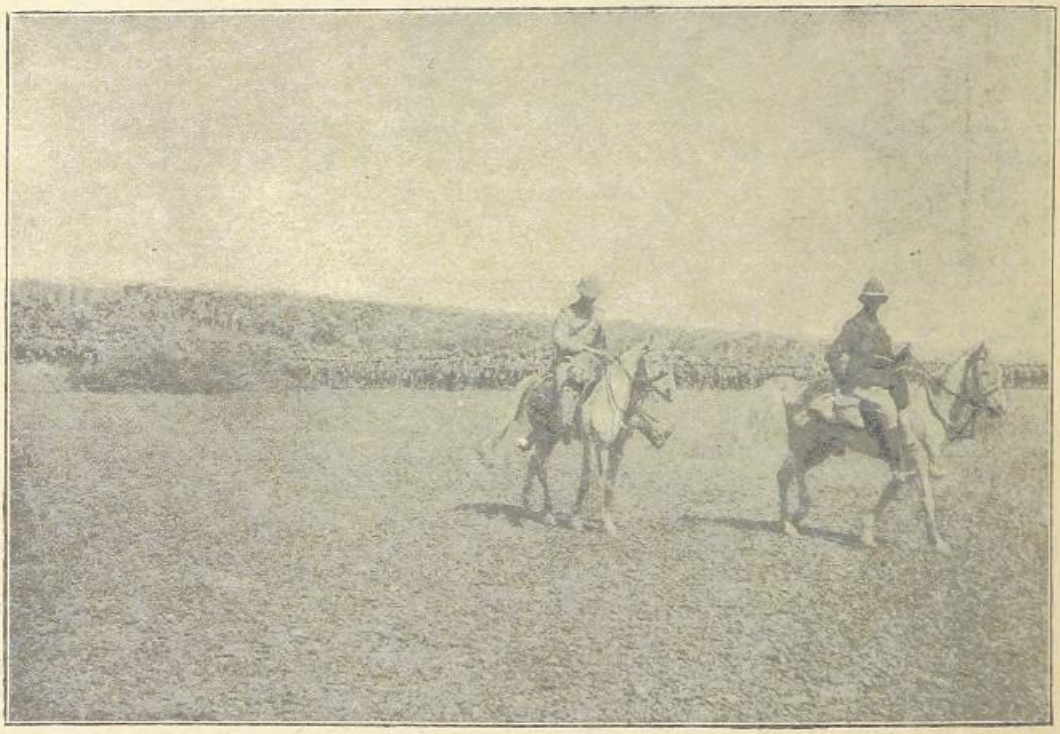
But on Friday, February 25, the Mahommedan Sabbath, and therefore a day often chosen by the Dervishes to begin a march or make an attack, Mahmoud began to move the bulk of his force across the Nile to Shendy. He had more than 18,000 fighting men with him, the largest army the Dervishes had put into the field since the fall of Khartoum. Amongst them were 4,000 cavalry and some thousands of riflemen, and he took with him all the Krupp guns that had been mounted in the riverside batteries at Metemneh. Amongst the emirs who held commands under him were Osman Digna and Wad Bishara, who had been the Dervish Governor of Dongola in 1896, and who was wounded during the bombardment of Hafir. In the course of a week or ten days Mahmoud had transferred to the right bank near Shendy all his men, guns, and stores. Of these last he formed two large depôts, one in Shendy itself, the other at the wells of Hosh-en-Naga, five miles to the south-west, where, no doubt, he thought it would be safer from the gunboats than in any place on the river bank.

Colonel Wingate's agents almost immediately brought news, not only of Mahmoud's movement to Shendy, but also of the orders he had received from Omdurman. The Khalifa had written to him that he was to advance on Berber, capture it, and then push on to the northwards and destroy the railway. The line had reached a point between Abu Hamed and the Fifth Cataract. Supplies were brought up by train to railhead, and there embarked on boats which landed them at the foot of the Cataract, for the Nile had fallen so far that it was no easy task to bring up boats through the short rapid. From the landing-place camel convoys conveyed the supplies to Berber, and the fort and camp at the mouth of the Atbara.

The British brigade under General Gatacre was at once ordered up to the front, Kenur village, south of Berber, being named as the place of concentration. Starting on February 25,

the four battalions, two English and two Scotch, reached Kenur in record time. They had been so well trained in route-marching since their arrival in the Soudan that during their advance from the railhead to Berber they made several long forced marches, notwithstanding the excessive heat and the difficult ground, and arrived at their halting-places none the worse for their exertions, though each man carried his full kit and more than a hundred rounds of ammunition. To add to the difficulties time—not so many years ago—when it was supposed that picked British soldiers could not move in the Soudan unless they were carried on camels.

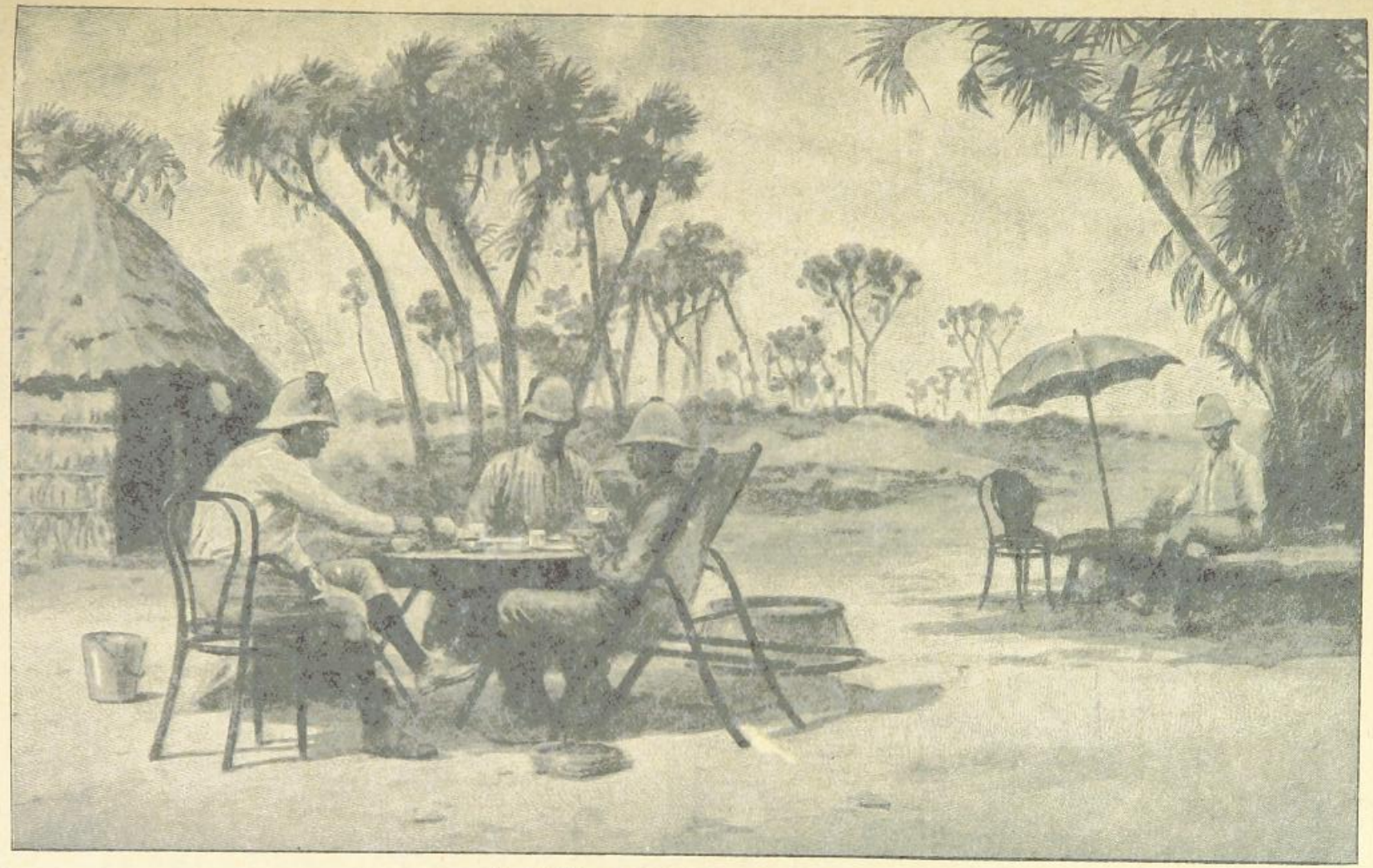
On March 5 the Sirdar established his headquarters at Berber. He had now, either with him or in easy reach, four British and thirteen Soudanese and Egyptian battalions, besides the camel corps, and a considerable force of Egyptian cavalry and artillery. He was, therefore, ready for Mahmoud, who was not yet within striking distance.



ENGLISH TROOPS ADVANCING: GENERAL GATACRE AND MAJOR BROOKE IN THE FOREGROUND.

of these marches, the boots that they had been supplied with proved to be very ill-adapted for service in the Soudan. In the hot sand and dry air stitching of all kinds has a way of suddenly going to pieces, and hundreds of men had to tramp along with heels and soles coming off their boots. It was a most unfair test of their marching powers, but even this test they passed successfully. It was thought that Mahmoud might make a dash across the Atbara, and the British brigade, in their anxiety to be up in time for the fighting, thought nothing of weary marches by day and night, scanty sleep, and endless discomfort. We have certainly made some progress in desert-campaigning since the

The bulk of the Dervish force did not, in fact, move from Shendy till the 12th. Only small scouting parties had shown themselves further north, and even the most venturous of these had not approached nearer than ten miles from the Atbara camp. Meanwhile, although the river was so low that the steamers could only move slowly and cautiously along the river, Captain Keppel, R.N., with two of his gunboats, had made a successful dash at the flotilla of Nile boats which was engaged in moving Mahmoud's stores across to the right bank. Keppel steamed up from the Atbara camp to the north end of Shendy, having on board his gunboats a detachment of the 15th Egyptians, one of the new battalions of



AT BERBER; A BRITISH OFFICERS' MESS.

reservists formed in 1896. Three large boats laden with grain were crossing the river, a fourth was tied to the bank in shallow water, and just beyond it was a shelter trench manned by two hundred Dervish riflemen to cover the crossing. Keppel ran close in with one gunboat and drove the Dervishes out of the trench with a hail of bullets from his Maxim guns. Meanwhile, the other gunboat had sunk one of the Dervish vessels and taken the two others in tow, their crews jumping into the river and swimming ashore. Then a party of the 15th infantry boldly landed on the right bank, fired on and drove off the Dervishes who came out from the camp, cut the anchored boat adrift, and brought her out of the shallows. Keppel then took the soldiers on board and steamed down the river with his three prizes.

When at last the Dervishes began to march northwards the gunboats came into action again. Every day one or two of them appeared on the river on the flank of Mahmoud's line of march, and harassed the long columns of men, horses and camels by sending from time to time a shell whistling through the belt of palms on the riverbank, and out into the desert. The Dervishes were thus forced to keep further and further away from the river, and must have had some difficulty in obtaining anything like an adequate supply of water. At Aliab, twenty-two miles from Ed Damer and the Atbara camp, they left the Nile bank, marching off to the westward through the desert. Prisoners subsequently taken said that, at Aliab, Mahmoud thought of pushing straight on and attacking the Atbara camp, but Osman Digna suggested the desert march, and his opinion was accepted by the Dervish general as the more practicable plan.

Although Mahmoud had some Krupp guns with him, it was noticed that during the march along the Nile to Aliab he never made even an attempt to use them against the gunboats which were so persistently harassing him. Sometimes the Dervishes would fire a few volleys at a boat that came close in. A sergeant of the Royal Marine Artillery was wounded in this way while serving a Maxim on board the gunboat *Fateh*, and one of the native crew was also hit. It was said that the reason why Mahmoud never fired a shell at the steamers was that he hoped to capture them uninjured and send them up to Khartoum as trophies after the fall of Berber. He felt quite certain that Berber would be taken, and he considered that after that the flotilla, unable to get away down the river on the low Nile, would be starved into surrender.

On March 16 the Sirdar had his army concentrated at Kenur, fifteen miles south of Berber, and nine miles from the Atbara. It will make the subsequent narrative clearer if we note here the composition and strength of the force at his disposal, its distribution, and his arrangements and plans for the coming campaign.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD.
(*Photo: Munro, Dingwall.*)

The British brigade under General Gatacre was made up of the Cameron and Seaforth Highlanders, and the Lincolns and Warwicks, with a battery of four Maxims—in all, some 3,500 men.

Besides these, there were assembled at Kenur two brigades of General Hunter's Egyptian infantry division. These were commanded by Colonel Hector MacDonald and Colonel Maxwell, and each was composed of three Soudanese and one Egyptian battalion. A third brigade under Colonel Lewis, formed entirely of Egyptian battalions, held the camp and fort at the junction of the Atbara and Nile. There were three Egyptian batteries at Kenur, under Colonel Long, R.A. One was armed with heavy Krupp guns, and two with newly-arrived Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firers, throwing twelve and a half pound shells. Another battery was at the Atbara fort. Colonel Tudway's camel corps was on the Atbara, and between the Atbara and Kenur was an Egyptian cavalry brigade of eight squadrons, under Colonel Broadwood. Altogether the Sirdar had some 10,000 Soudanese and Egyptian troops ready to move to meet Mahmoud.

Besides these, he had left an Egyptian battalion to hold Berber, where a large base hospital had been prepared to receive the wounded. Half a battalion held Geneitetti, just above the Fifth

Cataract, so as to protect the railhead and line of communications; another half battalion garrisoned Abu Hamed. The European traders of Berber (chiefly Greeks) had been sent back to Geneitetti, and many of the inhabitants removed to temporary huts on the bank of the Nile opposite the town. The gunboat flotilla was divided between Berber and the neighbourhood of the Atbara camp.

General Kitchener had thus prudently provided for the complete defence of the Berber district, so that his field army might move freely to meet the advancing Dervishes without any fear for its base and line of communication. He had only sufficient camel transport to supply his army so long as it kept within a moderate distance of Berber, and therefore determined that in no case would he be lured in pursuit of the Dervishes beyond the Lower Atbara. He had every reason to believe, however, that he would not have to march many miles. Mahmoud would before long place himself within striking distance of the Kenur and Atbara camps.

The advanced parties of the Dervishes had now reached the Atbara. The river had very little water in its bed even in its lower course, and was fordable at many points. In its upper course it was only a long rocky gully, with a string of pools between its scrub-covered banks. Forty-two miles up the river was the village of Adarama, for many years the home of Osman Digna, which he had abandoned after the evacuation of Berber in the previous summer. It was held by a party of Hadendowa Friendlies, men of the tribe whose curious way of dressing their hair makes Tommy Atkins talk of them as "Fuzzy-Wuzzies." For years they had been our most daring enemies in the Suakin country, but of late the whole tribe had sided with us against the Mahdists. It was anticipated that Osman Digna would be very likely to attempt a raid on his old headquarters, and a party of the camel corps was sent up from Suakin to reinforce the Hadendowas. On the 18th, the morning after their arrival, Adarama was attacked by a strong party of Dervishes. After three hours' sharp fighting the enemy retired with a loss of forty-two men killed. This was the first skirmish on the Atbara, and its success was a good augury for the campaign.

THE CAMERONS PREPARE THEIR EVENING MEAL.

On the next day, Saturday, the Dervish army was reported to be approaching the Lower Atbara, some miles above the fort and camp, and the Sirdar resolved to march out on the

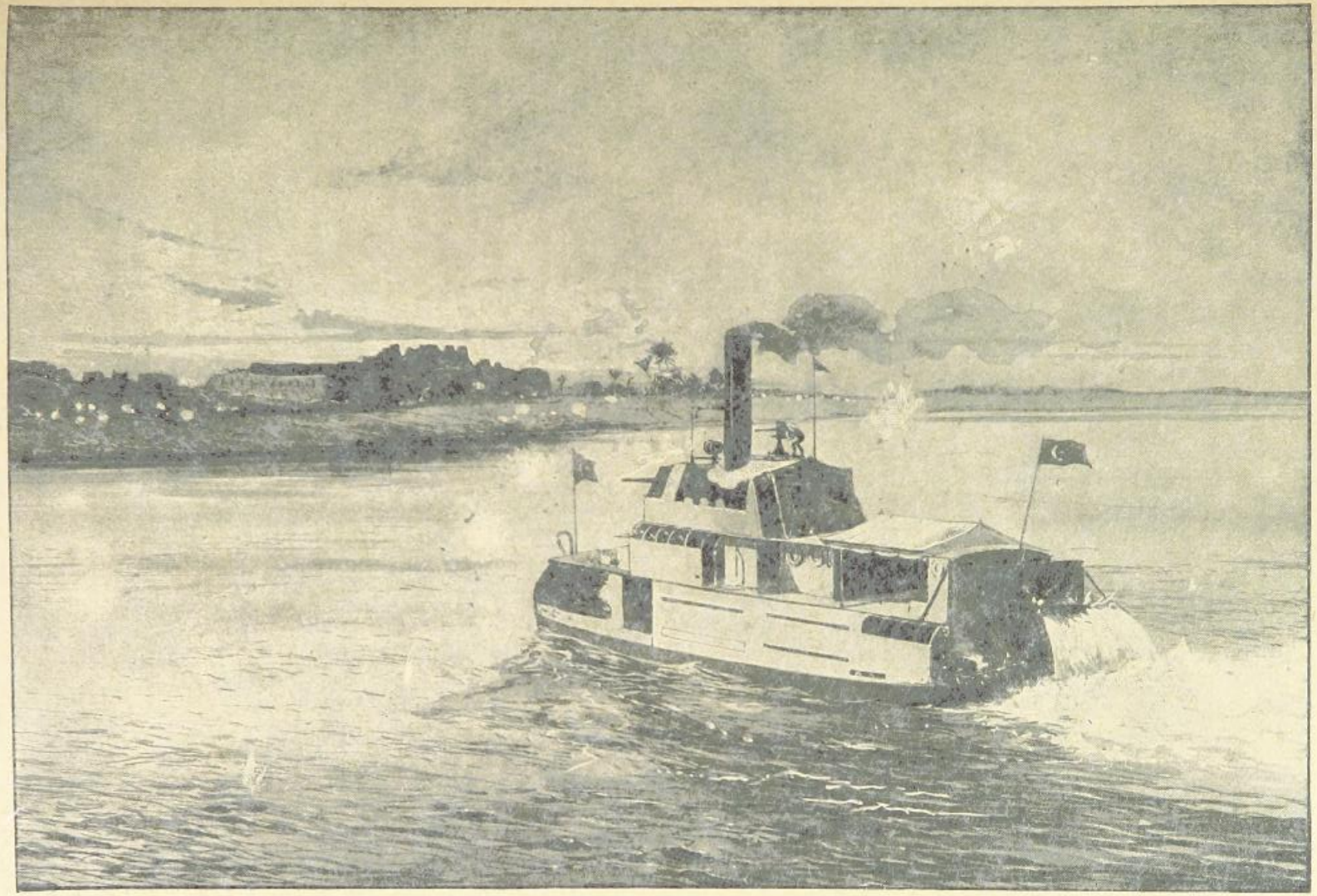
Sunday morning to the fords of Hudi, where he could block an easy passage of the river and be in a position to strike at the Dervishes if they crossed higher up and tried to sweep round his position towards Berber. A hot wind, driving clouds of sand and dust, had been blowing over the Kenur camp all through Saturday. It continued through the night and the following morning, so that the conditions of the march were very trying. Reveille sounded on the Sunday morning at dawn, and in the British brigade the first act of the day was a general church parade. Service was read by the Anglican and Presbyterian chaplains, and mass was said for the Catholics at an

EGYPTIAN TROOPS BIVOUACKING: MAXWELL'S BRIGADE.

improvised altar by the veteran Father Brindle, the only chaplain whose military experiences included the campaign of the Bayuda desert. At the close of the church parade all the soldiers of the brigade joined in singing "God Save the Queen," and then the preparations began for the advance. All the heavy baggage was loaded on board of boats and barges, to be conveyed by the Nile and the Atbara to Hudi. Thus the troops were able to move in light marching order, but every man carried his 120 rounds of ball-cartridge, for it was quite possible that there would be a fight within the next twenty-four hours.

The start was made between ten and eleven in the morning. Colonel Broadwood's squadrons, with a battery and a couple of Maxims, moved in advance, forming a screen of cavalry patrols well out in the desert in the front and on the flanks of the army. Gatacre's British brigade marched nearest the river, formed in a large square, with machine guns at the corners—a reversion to the tactics of the first Nile campaign. Next, in the centre, but thrown back in échelon, came Maxwell's brigade of Soudanese and Egyptians; and still further back, and to the left, MacDonald's brigade. The three brigades thus formed a diagonal line, like three black squares on a chess-board, and in case of an attack the flank of one square would be able to cross its fire with the front of another. In this formidable battle-array the army marched, not along the river bank, but direct for Hudi, across the bend formed by the Atbara and the Nile, Lewis's brigade and a battery of artillery marching out, independently from its camp at the junction of the rivers, to meet the Sirdar near the fords. The country traversed was broken by frequent dry watercourses, and there were numerous thickets of desert thorn and low undergrowth. Besides, the high wind was still blowing, and there were times when it was not easy for one square to see another through the driving clouds of fine sand. It would thus have been very easy to miss the way. A native guide rode with the staff, but as an additional precaution Captain Fitton, of the Intelligence Department, checked the direction with a compass and pocket sextant, and saw that the right course was kept.

After a five hours' march, carried out as if it had been a great review, the army reached the fords of Hudi at half-past three. A large



COMMANDER THE HON. C. KEPPEL, ON HIS GUNBOAT THE *ZAFIR*, RECONNOITRING OSMAN DIGNA'S POSITION AT SHENDY.

zereba was then formed by cutting down and collecting thorn bushes, so as to make a wide hedge of closely tangled and prickly branches all round the camp. For eight miles down to the fort, and for another eight miles up stream, the banks and fords of the Atbara were watched by the cavalry and the camel corps, and a screen of outposts guarded the desert front of the camp, which, however, was safe from anything but small parties of raiders, so long as Mahmoud's army was on the other side of the Atbara. Now that the Sirdar had established his whole army in a strong position at Hudi, the Dervish general had to choose between fighting his way across the river—a hopeless enterprise—or crossing much higher up, and thus considerably lengthening the desert march on Berber.

This latter course was that which Mahmoud and Osman Digna adopted. They crossed nearly thirty miles up the Atbara, and there is some reason to believe that until they had so far committed themselves to action they were not aware that the Sirdar had brought up his white battalions or concentrated so large a force on the lower course of the river. Meanwhile, from the camp at Ras-el-Hudi scouting parties were sent out in all directions to feel for the Dervishes. The first contact with the enemy took place at one o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Two squadrons of Egyptian cavalry under Captains Baring and Persse were reconnoitring in the dense clumps and thickets of bush that cover the bank of the Atbara, near the deserted village of Abadar, a few miles up-stream from the zereba. Baring's squadron, with a screen of outposts in front of it, was in advance. Persse was in support a little nearer the camp. Suddenly through the bush there came a rush of Dervish horsemen, Baggara warriors, mounted on their wiry little horses and armed with the broad-bladed spear. The outposts were driven in, but Persse with his squadron galloped up to the help of his comrade, and fighting hand to hand with spear, lance, sword and pistol, the Egyptian squadrons drove the Dervishes back through the bush.

The running fight lasted for nearly four miles, the enemy never once making a successful stand. Towards its close the horse battery came up from the camp and completed the rout of the retreating Dervish cavalry by bursting a few of its heavy shells among them. The Egyptian loss was seven killed and eight wounded. The wounded were brought into the camp in the evening. Two of them died next day. The rest were sent on to the hospital in the fort at the junction of the rivers.

There was another brush with the enemy's cavalry between seven and eight on the Tuesday morning. Four hundred Dervish horsemen were seen reconnoitring the outpost line, and a squadron of cavalry, supported by the 13th Soudanese infantry under Colonel Collinson, was sent out against them. The enemy retired so rapidly that the cavalry did not charge them, but some well-directed volleys from Collinson's Soudanese emptied a good many saddles. During the skirmish, as it was thought that this second appearance of the Baggara horsemen meant that Mahmoud's army was close behind them, the whole of the Sirdar's four brigades stood to their arms. They were formed up in a slightly different order from that adopted on the Sunday. MacDonald's Soudanese were on the right, in the bush near the Atbara, Gatacre's British battalions in the centre, Maxwell's brigade on the left, Lewis's Egyptian brigade behind it in reserve. Thus, the right rested on the river, and if an enemy had appeared on the desert flank he would have found two brigades there ready to face him.

In this formation the army began to advance at nine o'clock, and moved slowly forward, expecting every moment to hear that the cavalry was in touch with Mahmoud's main body. The pipes of the Highland regiments enlivened the march. With occasional halts this advance went on for nearly two hours, the men eagerly anticipating a battle before sundown. But at eleven the cavalry sent in word that the enemy's scouts had retired up the Atbara, and there was no sign of his main body being on the move. So the order was given to return to the Ras-el-Hudi camp, about four miles distant.

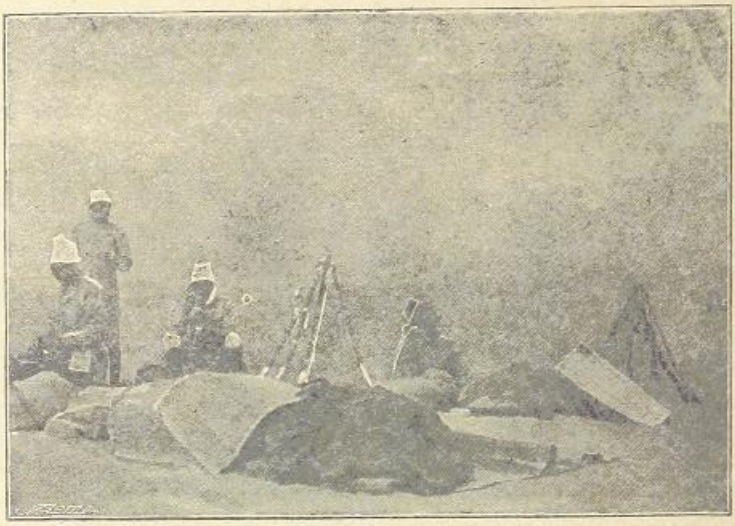
On the Tuesday night the outposts could see in their front a number of Dervish watch-fires burning here and there in the desert, and again the hope revived that Mahmoud was advancing. On the Wednesday morning the Sirdar tried a different plan. It was suggested that if the Dervish leader was anywhere in the neighbourhood, and hesitating to attack, he was as likely as not to be deterred from coming on by seeing the whole army moving out in battle array ready to meet him. So the Sirdar tried to draw him on by sending out only a portion of his force. Lewis's Egyptian battalions were selected to play the part of live-bait for the Dervishes. Early on Wednesday they marched along the Atbara, accompanied by some squadrons of

cavalry, a battery, and some Maxim guns. At the same time an Egyptian squadron of cavalry under Captain Haig was sent across the river by the Hudi fords, with orders to reconnoitre up the south bank.

Early in the day Lewis's brigade saw a number of mounted patrols retiring eastwards. In the bush at Abadar he came on the bodies of some Dervish horsemen killed in the cavalry fight three days before, and buried them. But though he advanced some miles he could find no trace of any large body of the enemy. Haig's squadron rode as far as Em Manani, twenty-three miles up the river, but found only the tracks of the enemy's patrols on the sand. There was so far no sign of a Dervish camp anywhere along the river. In the evening Lewis returned to Ras-el-Hudi, and a message arrived from Haig. The result of the day's reconnaissances was to show that there was no large Dervish force within twenty miles of the camp. What had been taken for the camp-fires of a large body were the watch-fires of scouting parties, showing here and there in the bush over a wide stretch of desert. This view of the situation was confirmed by the report brought by a deserter from the Dervish army who came in the same evening. He said that, finding the Sirdar in such strong force on the Atbara, Mahmoud had stopped his advance, and was busy making a large entrenched camp for his army in the bush near El Hilgi, thirty miles up the river.

The report was further verified by a reconnaissance made by four squadrons on the Thursday morning. They found the country clear of the enemy for twenty miles along the north bank. Patrols of friendly Arabs and of the camel corps on the desert road from El Hilgi to Berber showed that the enemy was not advancing in that direction.

The situation, therefore, was clear. Mahmoud was camped and entrenched at such a distance that if the Sirdar moved out to attack him he must make two marches, and considerably lengthen the line over which his hard-worked transport convoys of camels had to bring up supplies. Until he had accumulated a strong reserve of stores at Ras-el-Hudi this was out of the question, and the daily needs of the army made it difficult to accumulate such a reserve. But, at the same time, Mahmoud could not move on Berber without giving the Sirdar and his army the chance of taking up a position nearer the town, with a shorter line of supply, from which an attack could be made on the Dervishes, exhausted by the march, and themselves short of food and water. Mahmoud therefore stayed in his camp in the bush, hoping that the Sirdar would attack him. He had water from the river near at hand, grazing for his camels and horses in the coarse grass and thorn bushes of the river bank, while he could bring up dates and corn across the desert from his depôts at Shendy—not in any great quantity, but sufficient to keep his men moderately well fed, for the Dervish commissariat is simpler than that of a civilised army. At first sight it looked as if the campaign had come to a dead stop, the two armies encamped more than twenty miles apart, and each waiting for the other to come on. But the Sirdar had a possible move in the game which would turn all the chances against his adversary. And this move he now proceeded to make, demonstrating once more how the civilised army can nearly always force the hand of a barbarian adversary.



A MEAL ON THE MARCH.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RAID ON SHENDY, AND AFTER.

FOR the last few days the gunboats had been very quiet. Captain Keppel was "lying low." A good many people thought he was forced into this inactivity because there was no longer water even for his shallow draft steamers in the reach of the Nile between Ed Damer and Metemneh. Some of the London papers even reported that the gunboats were aground. It is very likely that the Dervish leaders counted on the fall of the river, thus putting the flotilla out of action. In 1885, when Sir Charles Wilson tried to reach Khartoum with Gordon's steamers, the low state of the Nile was a serious source of difficulty and delay, and, eventually, even of danger. But that was in the last days of January. It was now the end of March, and the river was near its lowest state. So Mahmoud might well expect that his depôts of supplies at and near Shendy would be tolerably safe.

The Sirdar, however, knew better, and his next move was to send Keppel up the river with a force of infantry on his gunboats to destroy Mahmoud's base of supplies. Once that was done, if the Dervish general remained inactive in his camp among the bush of the Atbara, he would soon be in a starving condition. Accordingly, the 3rd Egyptian battalion was sent to the fort at the mouth of the Atbara to set free the 15th battalion, under Major Hickman, for the Shendy expedition. The 15th was one of the reserve battalions formed in 1896, and had already had some experience of desultory skirmishing with the Dervishes during their advance along the river. Major Hickman, its commander, was a veteran who had served with Hunter during years of frontier warfare, and he and his battalion might be relied upon to give a good account of themselves. The naval part of the expedition consisted of the three large gunboats built at Wyvenhoe in 1896—none of them drawing more than 18 inches of water when fully loaded, and all armed with quick-firing guns and Maxims. Captain Keppel, who acted as commodore of the flotilla, commanded the *Zafir*, Captain Hood the *Nasir*, and Captain Bentley the *Fateh*. The 15th Egyptians, Captain Parke's battery, and 160 friendly Jaalin, were embarked on the steamers. The Jaalin belonged to the tribe which had been cut to pieces by the Dervishes at Metemneh in the fight of July 1, 1897. Many of their women were captives in the Mahdist camp, and the "Friendlies" were eager to meet the Dervishes again in battle.

The flotilla left the camp at the mouth of the Atbara on Wednesday, March 23, and began to steam slowly towards Shendy. The river was so low that they had to feel their

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way cautiously, and, even with every precaution, much delay was caused by one of the gunboats getting fast aground on a sandbank. The attack was to have been made at dawn on Saturday, but the accident to the gunboat delayed matters so much that if it were to be made on Saturday at all, it would have to be late in the afternoon, with no daylight left in which to reap the fruits of victory. So the boats slowed down, intending not to sight Shendy till early on Sunday.

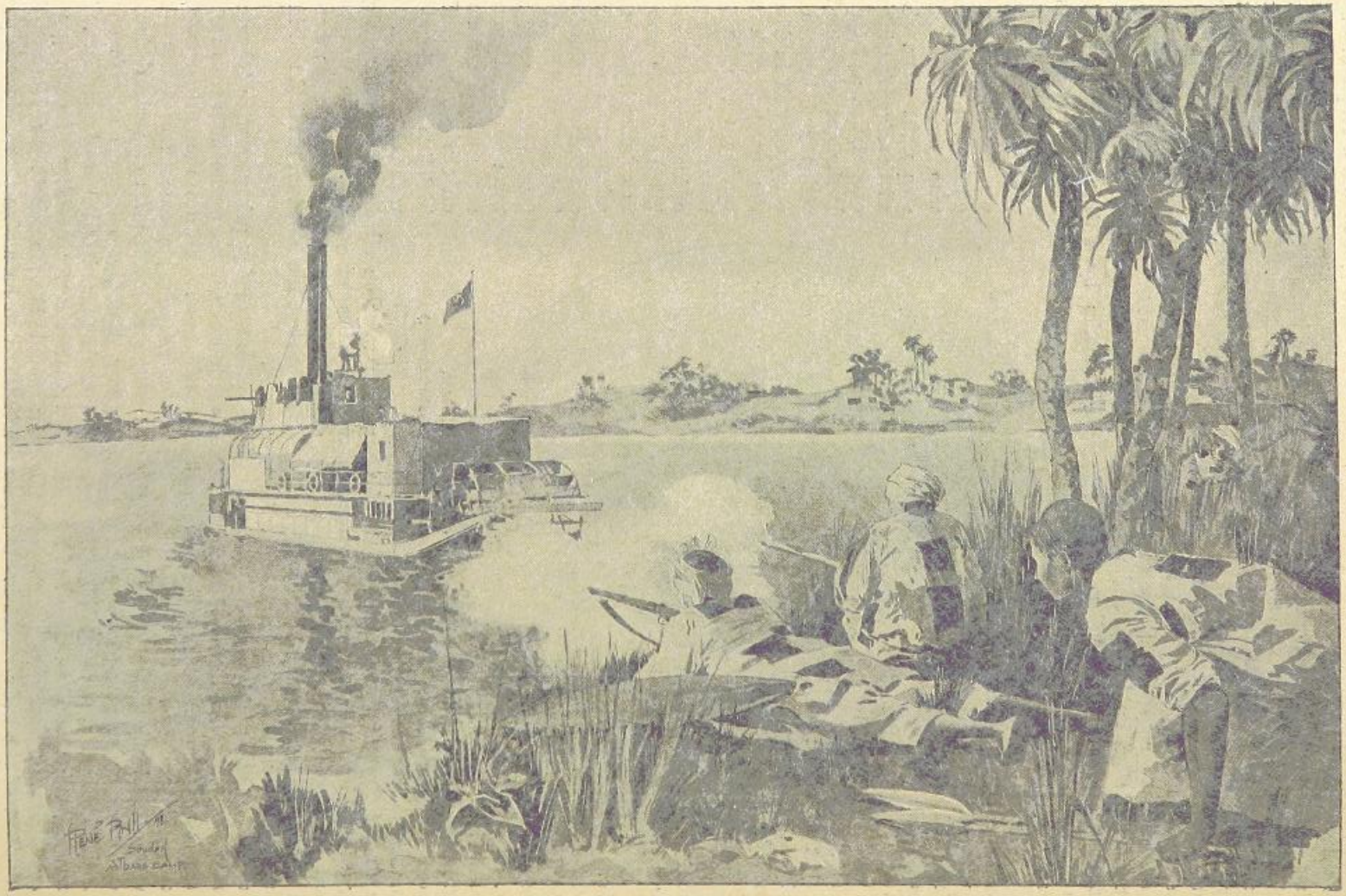
In the afternoon of Saturday a party was sent ashore on the right bank to cut wood in order to complete the stock of fuel for the gunboats. While they were thus engaged three Dervish scouts came on the scene; two of them were shot but the third galloped off to Shendy with the news that the Sirdar's gunboats were coming. The garrison had been reduced to about 700 men—Baggara tribesmen and black riflemen (Jehadia). When the scout arrived they were busy celebrating an alleged victory over the Egyptians, about which Mahmoud had sent them a boastful letter from his camp on the Atbara. The news that the gunboats were at hand put an end to the festivities. After a hurried council of war the families of Mahmoud and of several of his emirs who had been left at Shendy were sent off towards Omdurman under an escort of camel-men. The rest of the garrison prepared to fight, choosing for this purpose a position beyond Shendy, and between it and the depôts of stores collected in Hosh-en-Naga village.

COLONEL HICKMAN.
(Photo: Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.)

Mahmoud had taken the guns out of the Shendy forts when he moved up to the Atbara, so the three steamers, all crowded with black soldiers and Jaalin friendlies, were not fired on as they steamed up abreast of the town in the level sunlight of the early morning. On they went till they were off Hosh-en-Naga, then they turned in to the bank and sent their crowd of fighting men and a couple of Captain Peake's guns ashore. Hickman moved his force along the bank till he sighted the Dervishes, then he formed line of battle with the Jaalin in his rear. In column of fours he boldly marched his infantry across the enemy's front. The 15th was under a dropping fire from the enemy, but took no heed of it, moving steadily on. Against their bad marksmanship Hickman was boldly and successfully reviving the old-world tactics by which Frederick the Great won his battles. As he reached the proper point the leading companies wheeled right so as to outflank the Dervishes, who threw back their own right wing. Then all the Egyptian infantry opened fire, and Captain Peake got his guns into action and burst a few shrapnel well in front of the enemy, each shell tearing a gap in their ranks. By a great piece of luck one of the shells killed the emir who was in command, and in five minutes his men broke and fled across the desert. The Jaalin, only too eager for vengeance, went after them in wild pursuit, many of them mounted on the donkeys that the Mahdists had abandoned with their baggage. The pursuit went on all day and covered a good twenty miles of ground. There was not a single casualty on the Egyptian side; but the Dervishes lost 160 killed on the field and in the pursuit.

No less than 645 prisoners were taken, most of them Jaalin women, who were thus restored to their tribe. Besides the prisoners, there was a considerable amount of booty—large quantities of grain, arms of various kinds, 14 big war drums, 240 baggage animals (camels and donkeys), and 14 boxes of cartridges. The fact that a larger quantity of cartridges was not found in the depôt at Hosh-en-Naga was taken to be a sign that Mahmoud's army generally was short of ammunition.

Colonel Hickman burned the huts at Shendy



DERVISHES FIRING ON THE *FUTTEH*.

and destroyed the forts. The enemy's deserted camp and earthworks on the opposite side of the Nile at Metemneh had already been occupied by Jaalin friendlies, who had retired to the Egyptian post at Gakdul Wells, in the Bayuda desert, after the disaster in July. The Nile between Ed Damer and the Shabluka cataract had thus been cleared of the enemy. Hickman's brilliant feat had the further result that, Mahmoud's base of supplies being destroyed, the emir's large army must choose between attacking the Sirdar's camp at Ras-el-Hudi or slowly starving, whether it remained inactive on the Atbara or retired across the desert by Gos Regeb. The capture of Shendy, in fact, made General Kitchener master of the situation.

Amongst the prisoners taken at Shendy was one of Mahmoud's clerks or secretaries, who, on being questioned, supplied a lot of most useful information. Amongst other things, he stated that the muster-rolls of the force with which Mahmoud marched to the Atbara gave a total of 18,941 fighting men, and that he had ten guns with him, some of them Krupp's, some old brass cannon.

As Mahmoud made no sign of coming out of his entrenched camp, the Sirdar began a series of reconnaissances with a view to obtaining a clear knowledge of his position in case the Dervish general had to be attacked in his entrenchments, though there was still a hope that he would be enticed out of them, or forced to move by growing shortness of supplies.

On Tuesday, March 29th (three days after the capture of Shendy), a strong column of all three arms, commanded by General Hunter, moved out of the Ras-el-Hudi camp. There were eight squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, under Colonel Broadwood, the horse artillery under Major Young, a battery of new quick-firing guns under Captain Peake, Major Lawrie's battery of Maxims, and two battalions of Soudanese infantry—the 12th (Townshend) and 13th (Collinson). All the force belonged to the Egyptian army, for the Sirdar was keeping his British brigade in reserve for the decisive battle of the campaign. The column bivouacked for the night at Abadar, and next morning, while the rest of the troops were held in reserve, Hunter advanced towards Hilgi with Broadwood's squadrons, the horse battery, and the Maxims. He had not been long on the march when a mass of Dervish horsemen, about 500 strong, appeared in front. Broadwood and the Egyptian cavalry moved out to charge them, but they did not await the attack. They retired steadily through the bush, evidently unwilling to risk close combat. At last glimpses of the enemy's works were seen out in front. The broken ground and the masses of thick bush prevented an uninterrupted view of the whole. The horse artillery unlimbered and sent some twenty of its shells into the camp, but not a shot was fired in reply, though it could be seen that the nearest trenches were black with the enemy's riflemen. Mahmoud evidently had directed them to reserve their fire till the attack came to close quarters.

While this bombardment was in progress General Hunter, accompanied by Major Mahon of the cavalry, and Captain Watson, the Sirdar's aide-de-camp, succeeded in getting well to the front in the bush, till at one moment they were within 300 yards of the enemy's lines. They could only get an imperfect view of them, but they saw a huge camp, fortified with trench and rifle pits, surrounded by a high and wide zereba hedge of entangled thorns, and having inside it a kind of citadel or inner line of defence. The enemy's reluctance to fire even a few shots was taken to mean that he had not much ammunition to spare.

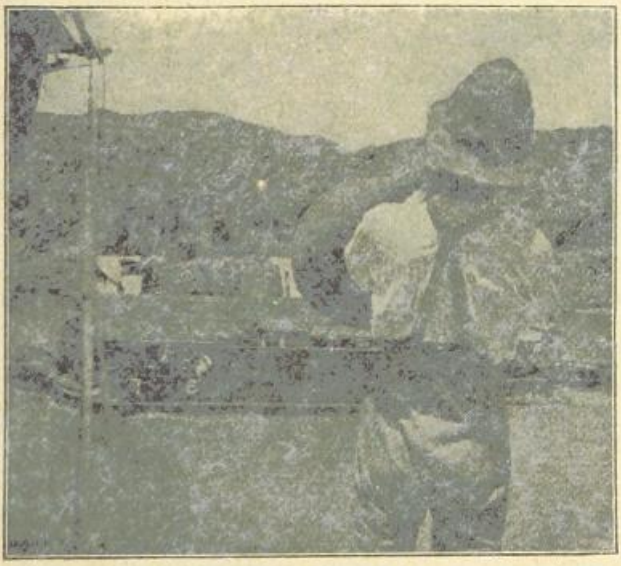
Having obtained as much information as he could, Hunter rejoined his men and gave the order to retire. But the return march had hardly begun when, with a flash of spears and a rush of galloping horses, the Dervish cavalry came out from behind the camp and swept round on the exposed flank of the column ready to charge. A shower of Maxim bullets and a couple of shells from the guns showed them that the Egyptians were on the alert, and they fell back, and contented themselves with following Hunter's retirement for awhile at a very respectful distance. When Abadar was reached they had disappeared. They had no desire to come within rifle shot of the Soudanese infantry.

For the next few days Broadwood's cavalry kept in touch with the Dervishes, watching for a possible movement from the camp, while patrols were sent up the opposite bank of the river to get a view of Mahmoud's position from that direction. Almost daily, deserters came in from the enemy. They would meet a cavalry patrol, surrender, and tramp in through the bush. Then they would be brought to Colonel Wingate's tent to be questioned. They were mostly in rags, and all showed the thin, drawn look of half-starved men, and the tale they told was that

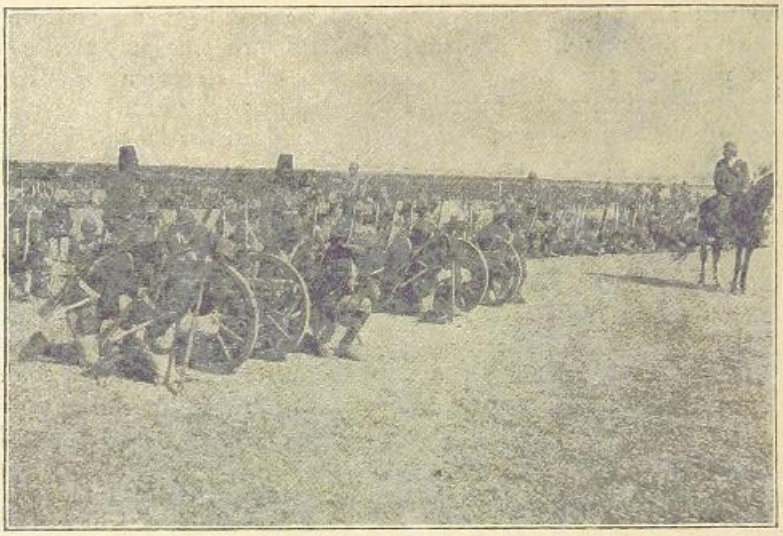
THE FLIGHT FROM SHENDY.

Mahmoud's camp was already famine-stricken, and that the news of Shendy had produced something like a panic at the Emir's head-quarters. But it was noticed that they belonged themselves almost without exception to the class of slaves and camp-followers, and were not fighting men, and it is well known in the Soudan that when supplies are short in a Dervish camp the slave is the first to starve, the soldier being fed while any food is there to be divided. So the obvious misery of these deserters did not quite prove that Mahmoud's warriors were yet reduced to extremities. The Sirdar therefore determined to move up closer to his enemy, where, if he could not tempt him to attack, he would be in a better position to commence active operations against the great Dervish zereba.

It was quite true that by staying where he was he could gradually starve Mahmoud out, but his own transport arrangements made the supply of his army a serious matter, and prolonged inactivity in a Soudan camp is a serious trial to even the best of European troops. As to the latter point, long experience proves that there is always a minimum of sickness while the men are on the move, but during a long halt there is danger of enteric fever developing among the younger men. As to the former difficulty, he had only about 600 camels working between the fortified store and depôt at the junction of the rivers and the advanced camp, and these could just bring up enough for each day as it came. So the word was given to advance to Abadar, and everyone in the Anglo-Egyptian camp hailed the order with delight. The long waiting was near its end, the wished-for day of battle and victory was at hand.



GIVING ORDERS THROUGH A MEGAPHONE.



ADVANCING IN SQUARE: A HALT.

CHAPTER XVI.

GETTING READY FOR BATTLE.

ON Monday, April 4th, the camp at Ras-el-Hudi was broken up, and in the cool of the early morning the whole army in battle array made a short march of five miles to a new camping ground at Abadar. A screen of cavalry and camel patrols covered the movement, and prevented the enemy's horsemen from even so much as coming in sight of the marching columns. Arrived at Abadar the men set to work to make a great zereba. The cutting down of the thorn bushes for its encircling hedge was so arranged as to leave a clear space all round it, across which the Dervishes would have to charge if they ventured on an attack. By nightfall the whole force was safe in its roughly fortified camp, and in the early morning a large convoy of camels brought up additional supplies from the depôt left at Ras-el-Hudi.

On this Tuesday morning the Sirdar sent out another strong reconnaissance to have another look at Mahmoud's camp. The force, which was again under the direction of General Hunter, consisted of Broadwood's eight squadrons of the horse artillery and the Maxims, and two Soudanese infantry battalions. The mounted troops pushed rapidly forward, the Soudanese moving more slowly, and forming a support on which they could retire. Several staff officers accompanied the cavalry. But they saw very little of the enemy's camp that day, for as they approached Mahmoud's position large bodies of Dervish horsemen rode out from right and left and bore down on the little Egyptian column. Broadwood charged and drove in the nearest body of the enemy, but found that behind them a large force of infantry was coming up from the Dervish camp. Meanwhile masses of the enemy's spearmen had ridden round on the Egyptian rear, and the little force, not 800 strong, was surrounded by some 4,000 of Mahmoud's cavalry. Hunter now ordered a retirement under the cover of artillery and Maxim fire, and when he said it was time to go there could be no doubt on the point, for "Archie," as the soldiers call him, is a man who loves a fight for its own sake, and has the reputation of being one of the bravest among the brave fellows who have made the Egyptian army what it is. And now the Maxim battery did splendid service. It broke up the Dervish ranks with its deadly fire, and, coming rapidly into action whenever they threatened to charge home, it undoubtedly did much to save the Egyptians from being overwhelmed by a foe that outnumbered them five to one, and as individual cavaliers and men at arms were fully equal to the Egyptian horsemen. But the shells of the artillery and the leaden hail from the Maxims turned the balance against the Baggara cavalry. Still, there were anxious moments

during the long, slow retirement. Nevertheless, the Egyptians behaved very steadily, and when Broadwood made another charge at the head of Major Le Gallais's and Captain Persse's squadrons the fellahin troopers came on splendidly, and dashed boldly into the foremost mass of Dervishes, driving them back with many a riderless horse to show how well the Egyptian peasant had learned to use the lance. Persse was wounded in the charge by a bullet striking him in the right arm, but luckily the bone was not broken.

After this charge the Dervishes kept at a more respectful distance, and contented themselves with following the retreat at long range. Hunter halted from time to time and sent a few shells amongst them as they showed through the bush. At last the supporting infantry joined the cavalry, and the Dervishes galloped off to their camp.

Mahmoud seems to have considered the day a victory for his army. After the battle of the Atbara he said he was not afraid of the cavalry, he knew he could beat them again as he had beaten them before. It is a necessary drawback of all reconnaissances in force that even when they are a perfect success they give this impression to the enemy against whom they are directed. He sees troops approach in battle array and open fire upon him; he goes out to meet them and they retire before him, standing from time to time to make a short fight, and then continuing their retreat. Even European generals, who understand the nature of the operation, have often claimed a victory on the strength of such an experience. No wonder if the Emir took the same view. But even at the cost of giving the Dervishes some little encouragement, their position had to be reconnoitred. Mahmoud seems to have been lulled into false security by the retirement of the Egyptian cavalry. Twice they had approached his camp in force, twice they had gone back without attacking him. He concluded that the Sirdar was adopting his own tactics of waiting in his entrenched camp for reinforcements and supplies. So the Emir sent off the half of his cavalry along the Atbara to the south-east, where there was better grazing ground for the horses. They had orders to rejoin him on the Saturday; but many things were to happen before that.

Early on Wednesday morning, April 6th, the Sirdar again broke up his camp and made another short march along the Atbara bank to the ruined village of Umdabiya, where a new zereba was formed. Covered by his screen of cavalry, and all unknown to his adversary, he was thus gradually approaching Mahmoud's position. He had crept up like a lion preparing for a spring, and he was now within striking distance.

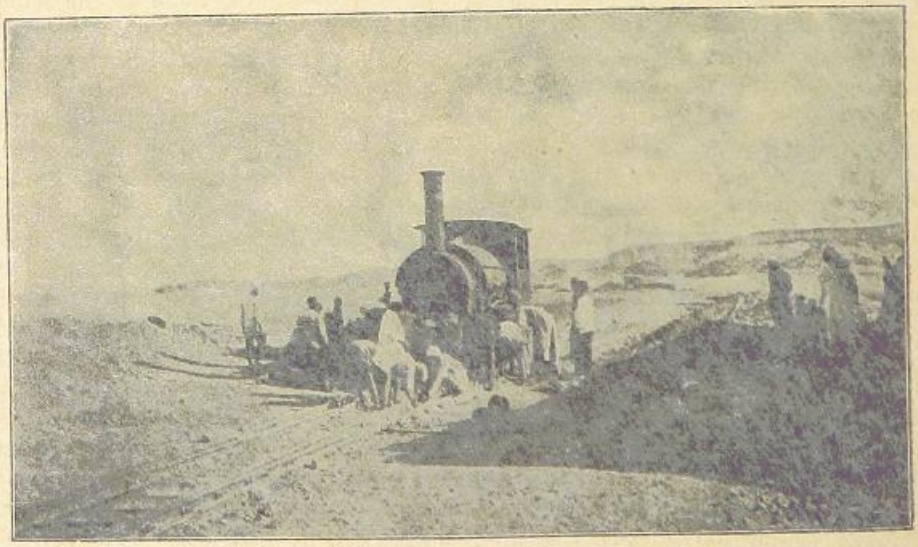
His plan was, except for the omission of the flanking column, the same that had worked so well at Firket. The Anglo-Egyptian army was to march on the evening of the 7th, bivouac at a previously-selected point near the enemy's lines, march off again in the early morning, and attack soon after dawn. A place called Mutrus, some nine miles out, and near a bend of the Atbara, where there were large pools of good water, was selected as the place for the halt during the night-march.

There had been much discussion as to how the storming columns were to get over or through the huge thorn hedge of Mahmoud's zereba. A thorn entanglement is in some respects a more formidable obstacle than a wall or a bank of earth. One cannot breach it or set it on fire with artillery, and climbing over it is not an easy matter. The native method of attacking a zereba is a curious piece of tactics. The stormers bring up with them a number of angareebs—bedsteads made of an oblong frame on four legs, with a network of leathern thongs woven across it. The attack is made in the dark. Fire is opened now on one side of the zereba, now on the other, and when the attention of the garrison has been thus distracted from the real point of attack, up rush the spearmen with the angareebs in front, put them on top of the thorns, and charge in over them. The bedstead thus becomes a scaling ladder or temporary bridge. But to supply bedsteads enough for the Sirdar's long line of attack would have seriously embarrassed the transport, so blankets were taken instead, packed in bales on mule-back, and intended to be laid on top of the thorn hedge of Mahmoud's zereba. There were also short scaling ladders, but more useful than either ladder or blanket were several hundred pairs of thick leather gloves, which were to be worn by men and officers in the front rank to enable them to grasp the thorn rampart and pull it down, a risky task when the other side of the hedge was thickly lined with Dervish rifles and spears.

Thursday was a busy day in the Sirdar's camp at Umdabiya. Though it was late before definite orders were issued, word had gone round that the morrow—Good Friday morning—would see the

great battle that was to decide the campaign. Both Egyptian and British soldiers were busy getting every speck of sand and dust out of their rifles. A small strong zereba was constructed near the river bank into which all superfluous stores and personal belongings were sent. Half of the 15th Egyptian infantry were appointed to act as its garrison, and sad was the disappointment of both officers and men on learning that they were to have no share in the coming victory—for who could doubt of the result? The only possible doubt was as to the fate of individuals. The army was to march lightly equipped, except as to the quantity of cartridges carried by the infantry. In the British regiments every man had 127 rounds for his Lee-Metford rifle. The Egyptian and Soudanese battalions carried a greater weight of the older fashioned and heavier Martini-Henry cartridge. None had less than 100 rounds, and some carried as many as 150. Besides their arms and ammunition the soldiers had each a full water-bottle, a haversack with food for one day, and a light blanket for the bivouac.

It was about eight miles along the river bank in a direct line to Mahmoud's zereba. But to have marched along the river would have been to increase the difficulties of the movement, for along the bank there was a thick belt of branching dom-palms, and for nearly a mile inland there extended a mass of dense scrub full of thorn bushes, and the ground was cut up with gullies and ravines formed during the rainy season. It was therefore decided that the line of march should be over the sandy and pebbly desert inside this wide belt of scrub. The river would be struck at Mutrus, where the men would rest and get water, then when the march was resumed they would regain the desert and take such a line that they would be north-east of the enemy's zereba at dawn. The movement was to be directed by compass-bearings taken by a staff-officer, and there would be some light, for on the eve of Good Friday the Easter moon is at the full. Sunset would be about half-past five, sunrise next day at a quarter-past six. Everything had been carefully thought out, every event provided for, when at five on Thursday evening the first troops began to march out of camp.



THE DESERT RAILWAY: AN ENGINE OFF THE LINE.

GENERAL GATACRE: A "SNAP-SHOT."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIRDAR'S MARCH TO MEET MAHMOUD.

THE army with which Sir Herbert Kitchener marched to the battle of the Atbara was the strongest and best equipped that had yet been seen following the Egyptian standard on the Upper Nile. If we note here its general organisation it will be easier to follow the story of the fight.

The infantry were divided into four brigades, composed as follows:—

BRITISH BRIGADE.—Brigadier-General Gatacre: 1st Cameron Highlanders; 1st Seaforth Highlanders; 1st Lincolnshire; 1st Royal Warwickshire, and six Maxims.

EGYPTIAN INFANTRY DIVISION.—General Archibald Hunter (three brigades).

1st Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. MacDonald: 2nd Egyptians; 9th, 10th, and 11th Soudanese.

2nd Brigade.—Brigadier-General Maxwell: 8th Egyptians; 12th, 13th, and 14th Soudanese.

3rd Brigade.—Brigadier-General Lewis: 3rd, 4th, and 7th Egyptians.

The cavalry consisted of eight Egyptian squadrons under Colonel Broadwood. They had with them a battery of Maxim guns on galloping carriages, with teams of mules.

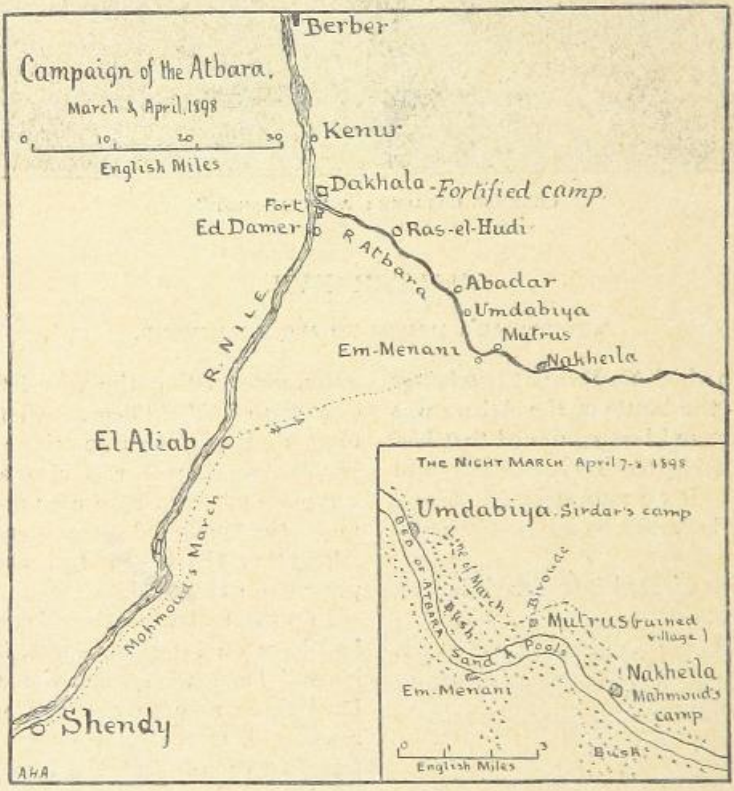
The artillery had four batteries, Captain Young's horse battery of six Krupp guns, and Colonel Long's division of three batteries, each of six 14-pounder Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firers, representing the very latest development of modern field artillery. All the gunners and most of the officers in these batteries were Egyptians. There was also a detachment of Egyptian gunners, with a 24-pound rocket-tube, under the command of Lieutenant Beatty, R.N. Altogether the Sirdar had about 12,000 men present on the field.

In previous battles the advantage of numbers had been on his side. Here, if Mahmoud had his full force with him, the Dervishes would have three men to every two of the Sirdar's army, and, moreover, they held a strongly entrenched camp. But the Sirdar had the overwhelming advantage given by superior armament and superior training and discipline. The strength of armies cannot be estimated by merely counting heads.

At five on the Thursday evening the infantry began to march out of camp, and, moving to the left of the zereba, formed up on the hard pebbly desert outside the wide belt of thorny scrub. Gatacre's brigade of British infantry and Hunter's division of Egyptian and Soudanese battalions were to march off first. The cavalry were to supply two squadrons to cover their advance. The rest of the mounted troops and the artillery were to follow some hours later, and catch up with the foot soldiers during the night.

As in all the previous marches, the army moved in battle array. The manœuvre had been

well practised in the advance from Kenur to Ras-el-Hudi, and the change of camp to Umdabiya, and officers and men were now accustomed to march in large squares, and deploy rapidly into a fighting line. Maxwell's brigade formed on the right; then in the centre came MacDonald's; Gatacre with the British brigade was on the left. This was regarded as the post of danger and honour, for it was expected that the formidable Dervish cavalry would attempt an attack on the desert flank. To further strengthen the left, Lewis's Egyptian brigade was kept in reserve just behind it, following about 500 yards after Gatacre's white soldiers. The little army could thus, at the briefest notice, present a front of two brigades (one of them British) to any attack coming from the desert. Two squadrons of cavalry and two companies of the camel corps scouted well out on front and flanks.



At sunset the march began. The twilight of the Soudan is very short, but the rising moon gave some light; nevertheless, though the squares were only some 500 yards apart, it was at times difficult to see one of them from the nearest of the others. Clouds of dust and fine sand rose and drifted over the mass of marching men, and in the cloud the dull grey and brown of the khaki-clad soldiers hardly showed against the dark background of the desert. The track was not quite level, the ground rose and fell slightly. To the left, as the squares topped a low ridge, the horizon seemed endless; to the right the palms that rose out of the riverside scrub stood up black against the sky. Orders were passed in a low voice, and the men tramped steadily onward over sand and stone. Away to the right rear the camp fires of Umdabiya blazed redly through the moonlight. The garrison of the zereba had been ordered to light the usual number, as if the whole army was still there, and to keep them up through the night, so as to mislead the Dervish scouts.

About nine the army halted on the desert opposite the ruined village of Mutrus, outside the scrub, and about a mile from the bank of the Atbara. The squares opened up a little, and seated on the sand the men took the supper they had brought in their haversacks. The water-bottles were refilled from tanks brought up on camels. The horses and the mules that carried

reserve ammunition and hospital stores were temporarily unloaded and taken down to the river under escort for a drink, the last they could get till the battle was over. Then, behind the protection of a watchful outpost line, officers and men lay down for a few hours' sleep. While the bivouac was being formed the Sirdar and his staff had paid a brief visit to each of the squares, and assured themselves that all was going well.

There was an alarm in the bivouac of Gatacre's British brigade. A soldier cried out in his sleep, and just at that moment a mule that had pulled his picketing-peg loose came wandering in among the sleeping men. Less causes have produced a panic. As it was, company after company sprang up and grasped their rifles, expecting a Dervish attack. Two battalions were on their feet in half a minute. But the word was passed that all was quiet in front, and the men lay down again.

Meanwhile Broadwood's squadrons, the remaining companies of the camel corps, and the four batteries had started from Umdabiya camp, and were coming up steadily across the desert. At one o'clock on Good Friday morning, without the brisk sound of drum and bugle that is the accustomed *reveillé* of the Egyptian army, the squares were roused from sleep. Word was passed from company to company to rise and fall in, and as the array was being completed the guns and the horsemen came up and took their assigned places, the cavalry on the left of the line, the guns in the intervals of the squares and behind them. Again the march began through the rising dust under the white moonlight. Captain Fitton, of the staff, one of the tallest men in the army, and an expert in desert tracking, showed the way to the directing square. A couple of native guides rode beside him, but he worked, as a sailor would say, by dead reckoning, taking the direction by a compass-bearing, and estimating the distance travelled by time and the known marching speed of the troops. Twice on the way the course had to be changed, so that the problem was not an easy one. But Fitton solved it neatly, and when at last the squares halted, the centre of the army was within two hundred yards of the point previously pricked off on the Sirdar's map.

The distance to be traversed was not great, but in the square formation the men had to move slowly, and the march seemed very long and wearisome. Almost the only incident that gave variety to these dull hours is thus noted by Mr. Burleigh, who rode with the British brigade: "It was three a.m. when two miles or so off, upon our right, there suddenly sprang up a huge column of bright flame. The beacon continued burning furiously for a few minutes, and then dwindled into a patch of red light. Whether it was a signal-fire, or a group of dom-palms carelessly ignited by some Dervish patrol, none could truly say. The general opinion was that the pillar of fire was a Dervish fire-warning to Mahmoud of our approach. But why a bonfire, when his scouts could, without letting us know, have ridden into his camp and privately warned him? It was felt that it did not, after all, much matter whether the enemy was warned or not." What this pillar of fire was remains still a mystery. According to Mahmoud's own account, he knew nothing of the Sirdar's approach till five in the morning, when one of his scouts rode in with the startling news that the Anglo-Egyptian army was in battle array within a mile of his fortified camp.

At a quarter to four, as the leading squares topped one of the low flat-backed ridges of the desert, there came in sight out in front a scattered line of red spots and blurs of light. These were the Dervish camp-fires burning low. They seemed very far away, but Captain Fitton's calculation, which proved correct, was that they were just a mile and a half distant. So the order was again passed to halt and lie down, and the army waited for the dawn, many sleeping quietly beside their arms, others too anxiously excited to close their eyes.

During this halt the Sirdar again visited every brigade and battery. It is his way to see for himself that all is as he wishes it should be, and he is one of those unwearying men who seem able to work without sleep. In its march the army had made a half-wheel to the right, and now faced eastward, with the enemy's camp between it and the river. About five the first grey touch of dawn began to show, and the men stood to their arms. Then the welcome order came, and the line began to advance slowly and steadily over the undulating ground that lay in its front. The sun would soon rise behind it, and, with the sunrise, would come battle and victory.

THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA: KRUPP GUNS IN ACTION.

CHAPTER XVIII.

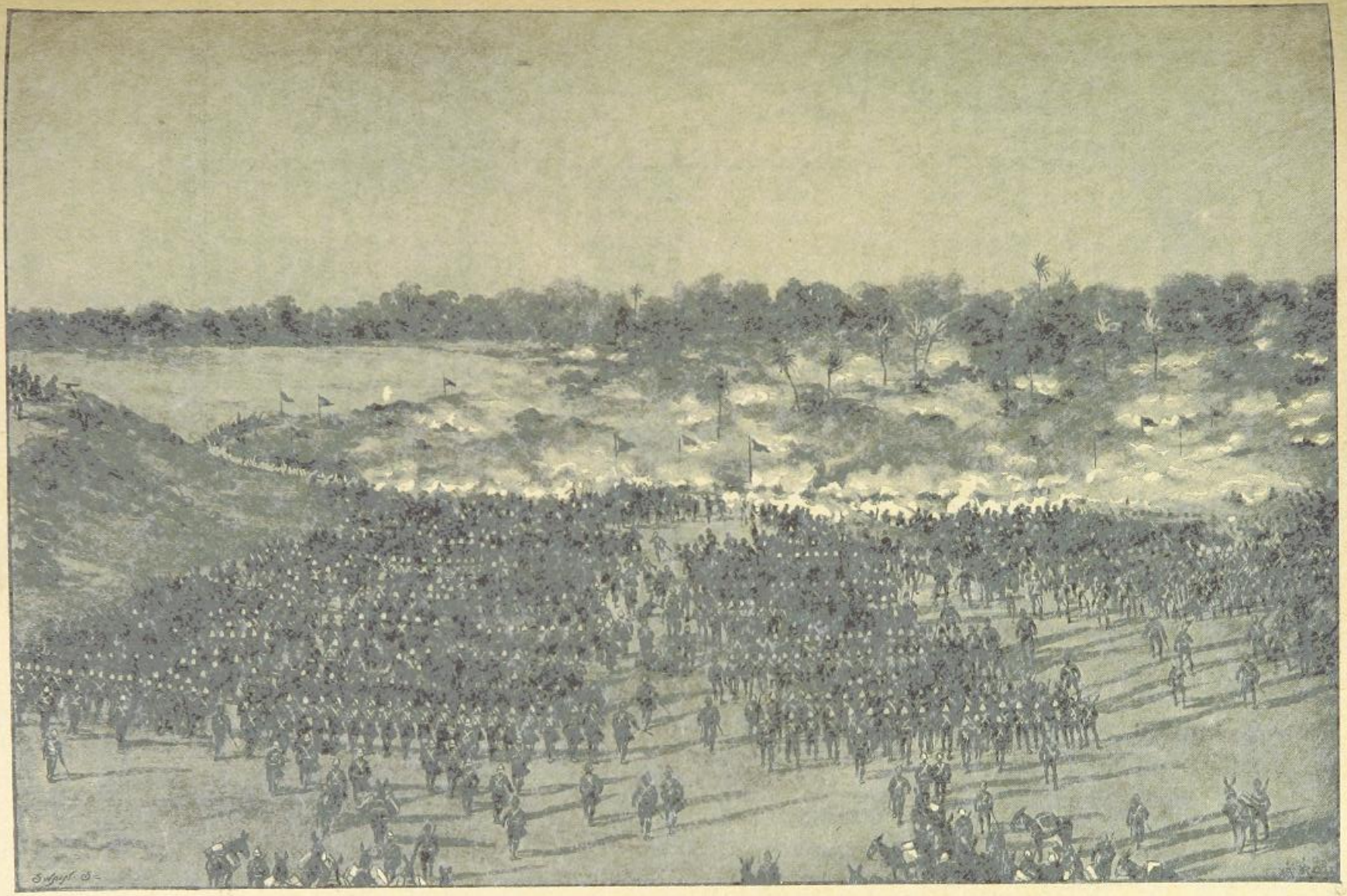
THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA.

MAHMOUD had chosen the position for his camp very skilfully. It was so placed that it was sheltered by rising ground from distant fire. Its rear rested on the river, and was surrounded by dense thickets of thorny sunt-bushes and dom-palms with a tangled undergrowth. On the desert side the bush was thinner. The camp itself was surrounded by a zereba of desert thorn, piled up and twisted together, so that in places it was ten feet high and twenty feet across. Inside this was a second line of stockades and shelter trenches. Ten guns were mounted in pits on this inner line. When it was passed there was a labyrinth of trenches, rifle-pits, bomb-proof shelters, mud-huts, and straw tukkuls. The camp, irregularly shaped, was about 1,200 yards across. It was crowded with men and animals, and in many of the pits camels, donkeys, mules, and horses were tethered. It must have been a very uncomfortable place to live in. The Dervish cavalry appear to have been camped outside of it, away to the right of the position.

When Mahmoud heard that the Sirdar's army was approaching he mounted his horse and rode round his lines to see that everyone was at the post assigned to him. This done, he dismounted and took shelter in an underground bomb-proof in the middle of the central citadel of the camp. He afterwards protested against the idea that he had shown any want of courage in choosing this position. He had made all the arrangements for the defence, he said, and there was nothing more for him to do.

Meanwhile the Anglo-Egyptian army had formed in line of battle, and advanced to the top of a gravelly ridge, barely six hundred yards from the zereba, and halted as it came clearly in sight at this close range. An undulating surface of sand and stones, with tufts of coarse, dry grass, extended to the Dervish position, and among the palms and along the edge of the camp could be seen crowds of the enemy with their banners flying, pennons of blue and white, yellow and brown, with Arabic inscriptions—words from the Koran that were supposed to be talismans of victory. The Mahdist cavalry had mounted, and were trotting out into the desert to the right, watched by Broadwood's squadrons. The great zereba hedge, of which so much had been heard, looked like a grey-green wall running through the scrub under the palms.

The Sirdar's battle-line was a little over three-quarters of a mile long from left to right. The squares had deployed into fighting formation, the two-deep line, shoulder to shoulder, that will never again be seen on a European battle-field, but which was the best to use against a half-savage enemy, whose fire was always wild and high, and could not inflict much loss, even on troops advancing in serried ranks. Gatacre's British regiments were in front on the left. The Camerons, Seaforths, and Lincolns stood in line,

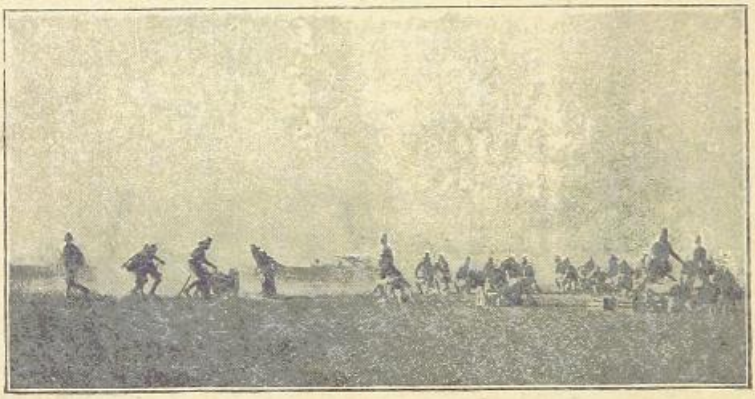


A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ADVANCE.

each with two companies held back in reserve. The two Highland regiments made a brave show, the dark tartans of their kilts being the one bit of colour in the long array of khaki-clad soldiery. Behind the Cameron left, ready to guard the exposed flank from a Dervish rush, the Warwickshire men stood drawn up in column of companies. To the right of Gatacre's brigade two batteries of artillery, twelve guns, unlimbered, and waited ready to open fire. Then came the centre formed by MacDonald's splendid Soudanese regiments, men who had for the most part once marched under the Dervish banner, but who were now trained to fight the battles of Egypt and England, and had given proof of their valour and loyalty on many a hard-fought field. There

army. A little to its front, and just clear of the line, two more batteries were in position.

In rear of the centre were two companies of the camel corps. Behind the right of Gatacre's brigade Lewis's brigade of three Egyptian battalions was held in reserve, formed in square, with the water-laden camels, reserve ammunition and hospital transport in its centre. Its special mission was to help the Warwicks in case of a flank attack from the left. With the same object in view Broadwood kept his cavalry well out on the same flank, about a thousand yards away on the open desert. He had his Maxim battery with him, and early in the day he detached a squadron to guard the other flank. But the chief danger was on the left, for there, away



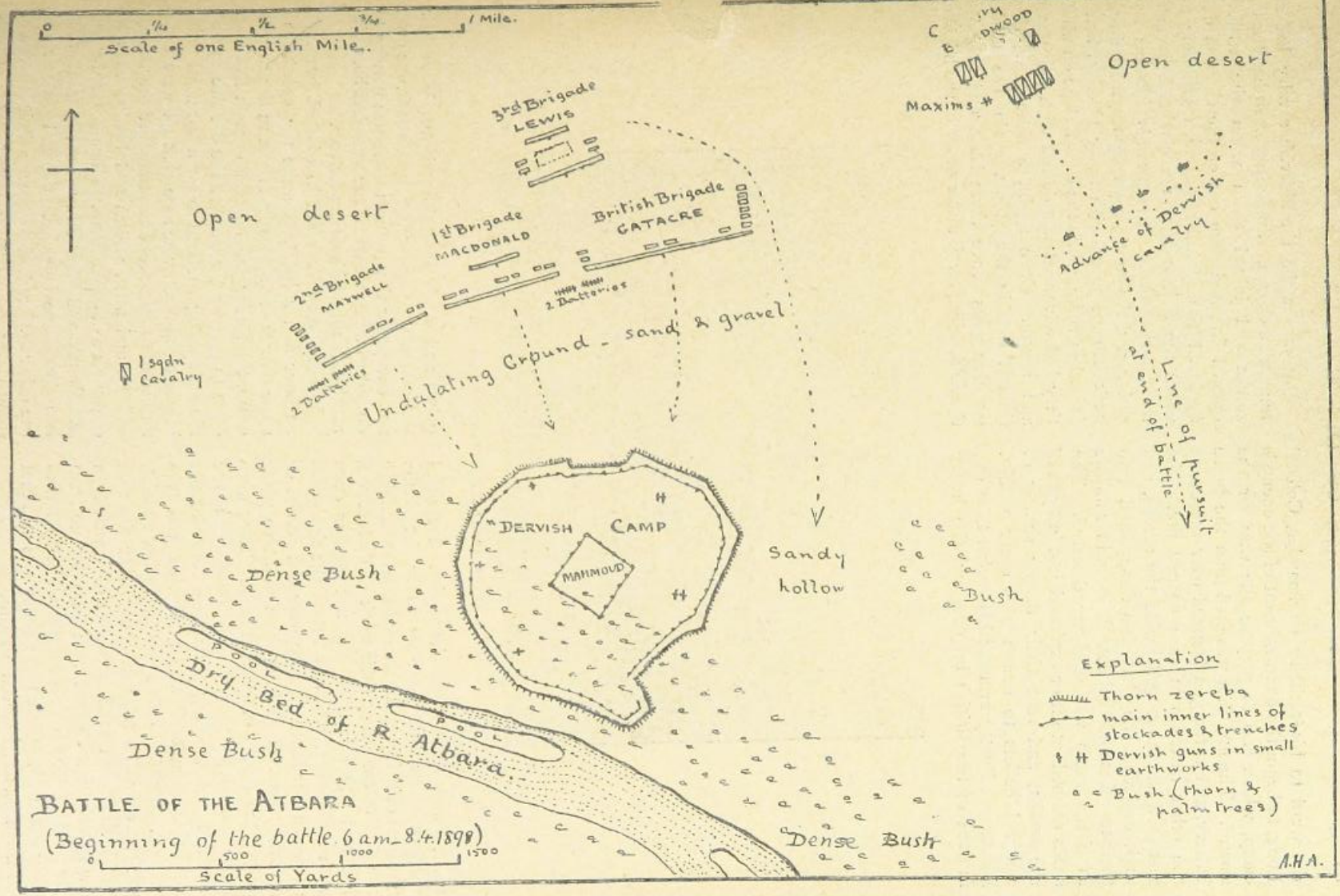
THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA: MAXIM-NORDENFELDTS SHELLING MAHMOUD'S ZEREBA.

were the 11th, 10th, and 9th Soudanese, the best of the black regiments, each with two companies in the front line, and four more in column behind them, ready to join when the moment came in the rush for the zereba. In reserve behind them the 2nd Egyptian infantry were drawn up in a long line. On the right of the whole stood Maxwell's brigade, its front formed by three more Soudanese battalions, newer in formation than MacDonald's, and with a shorter record, but all eager to show that they were as good fighting men as the older regiments. Maxwell had more ground at his disposal than his comrade in the centre, so he had drawn up each of his battalions with four companies in line in front, and two more in reserve behind. His right was guarded by an Egyptian battalion, formed in column of companies, like the Warwicks, on the other flank. This post of honour was given to the 8th Egyptians, one of the regiments that is entirely officered by natives. Its commander was one of the veteran Turkish officers of the Egyptian

towards the river, the mass of Dervish horsemen could be half seen through the dense clouds of sand and dust that rose around them as they moved up from the river. The Sirdar's red flag flew from a knoll behind the centre, where he stood with his staff grouped around him. Away to the left, in the centre of the British brigade, another flag was flying, the Union Jack, marking General Gatacre's position.

There were a few anxious silent minutes while the two armies gazed at each other, waiting for the sound of the first shot. The Dervishes were moving about like the black dots on a disturbed ant-hill, and some of the veterans who looked on from the Sirdar's line expected to see them rush out with their banners in front, in the old Dervish fashion, trusting to sword and spear. But any such move on their part would have been destruction, as was proved a few months later in the great fight before Omdurman.

Exactly at a quarter past six the Sirdar gave



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA.

the word to his artillery commander, Colonel Long, to begin the bombardment of the enemy's camp, which was to prepare the way for the assault. The first shot was fired from the horse battery, and as the gun boomed over the desert the other batteries in turn opened fire. The first shell had burst well inside the zereba, and as it exploded the Dervishes disappeared into their trenches and shelters. It looked for awhile as if the camp was suddenly deserted. The shells crashed into it or exploded just in front of the zereba, and sent their deadly shower of shrapnel bullets to search the cover within. Lieutenant Beatty brought his rocket-tube out in front of the British brigade, and the heavy rockets went roaring into the zereba. Here and there a straw hut went up in bright flame. Showers of flying *débris* showed how thoroughly the shells were doing their work of destruction, but still the Dervishes did not answer even with a rifle-shot. Now and then the field-glass showed a black face peering over the zereba or a daring Dervish walking from point to point among the shower of fire and steel. They were brave men who thus waited quietly in the crowded camp, biding their time to resist the inevitable assault of which all this was the prelude. The loss of life must have been awful, but the only sign they gave was, after the first half hour, when as if impatient of inactivity a few rifle-shots were fired from time to time from the zereba. The bullets mostly whistled harmlessly overhead. Only one gunner was hit, and fell wounded as he served his gun.

But meanwhile the Dervish cavalry had attempted a charge. Some horsemen had left the zereba and joined them when the artillery opened fire, and then out of the cloud of dust appeared the Mahdist spearmen galloping towards the British left in a confused, irregular mass. Broadwood brought his Maxims into action, and the enemy's cavalry turned and rode back into the palms with many riderless horses following them, while the desert slope on which they had advanced was dotted with fallen men and horses. Once again, a little later, they showed outside the palms, again the deadly machine guns drove them back, and they left the field, riding away under cover of the belt and palms and scrub along the Atbara. With their retirement the danger of a flank attack was over, and except for the gunners there was nothing to do but to wait and watch the merciless bombardment of Mahmoud's desert fortress.

AFTER THE BATTLE: INSIDE THE ZEREBA.

When the artillery fire had lasted for nearly an hour and a half and some 1,400 shells and some dozens of rockets had burst in the Dervish camp, the Sirdar judged that enough had been done to prepare the way for the decisive assault. He rode along the line to say a last word to his brigadiers and to make sure that all were ready for the great effort that was to secure the victory. Officers and men, whites and blacks, were all eagerness and enthusiasm. General Hunter and MacDonald and Maxwell rode out in front of the two Soudanese brigades. General Gatacre and the other leaders had sent away their horses and stood ready to charge on foot, Gatacre in front

AFTER THE BATTLE: THE SCENE INSIDE THE ZEREBA.

of the Camerons, who now formed in a long line to lead the British attack. The Sirdar and his staff took their station on a gravelly knoll about nine hundred yards from the enemy, where they would have a good view of the whole. Then the artillery ceased firing, and a sudden hush fell upon the field.

It was only for a moment, for now the bugles rang out sharp and clear, sounding the advance, and as the three brigades strode forward a great burst of sound heralded their march. From the left came the stirring bugle-notes of the English regiments and the wild battle-music of the Highland pipes. The bands of the Khedive's regiments joined in, and a cheer ran down the line, the yells of the Soudanese mingling with the British hurras. Steadily the line came on, as evenly dressed as if it was not a battle but some grand review. Bang, bang, went a couple of brass cannon from the front of the zereba, but the ill-aimed shells flew high and buried themselves harmlessly in the desert. These were the only cannon-shots the Dervishes fired throughout the day. But as if the cannon had given the signal, their rifles opened from trench and zereba hedge, at first a pattering, scattered fire, and then a rising roar of musketry. For the most part the bullets went high, sending up showers of dust from the bare desert far in rear of the advancing line. But a few found a billet. Some of Lewis's men were hit waiting in reserve. Some of the Soudanese dropped and were borne to the rear by the ready stretcher-parties. One of the Lincolns rolled over dead, the first of the British brigade to fall.

COLONEL MURRAY, C.B. (WOUNDED IN THE ATTACK).
(Photo: Marshall Wane, Edinburgh.)

And now the line halted and sent a shower of well-aimed bullets into the front line of the Dervish works. Then on again with the same steady march. So, halting a moment to fire, then moving forward, the three brigades closed rapidly on the enemy. When the space between the front of the attack and the zereba had diminished to something less than two hundred yards there was a last halt, and a perfect storm of fire was poured into the Dervishes. The Maxims and the guns, which had been left behind by the advance, galloped up and came into action at point-blank range. Through the tornado of fire the Mahdist riflemen answered back as best they could, and then the whistles of the officers sounded shrill, calling for the fire to cease, and pipe and bugle rang out the charge. In front of the kilted Camerons, with the Union Jack flying close beside him, Gatacre ran on, sword in hand, the hedge of bayonets and claymores coming on after him in an unbroken line. In the centre Hunter was cheering on the black battalions, riding recklessly into the Dervish fire, with his sword still sheathed, but waving his helmet in his right hand. MacDonald and Maxwell rode to right and left of him, all three escaping as if by a miracle the high-flying bullets from the trench in front. It was a race between black and white as to who should be first among the enemy, and to their honour, be it said, the black soldiers won the race, though by the shortest of lengths. The 11th Soudanese, led by Jackson, simply threw themselves into and over the bristling hedge of thorns, trampling it down and bounding with levelled bayonets on the spearmen behind.

But it was only a moment before the Camerons were in, further left. Gatacre had been first at the zereba. Heedless of the shots fired at him at closest range, he seized a huge branch and began to pull it away. Right and left of him other strong hands were busy with the same work, their comrades firing between and over them, to keep the Dervish defenders at bay. As the zereba came to pieces a spearman rifleman levelled his Remington close up to the General's head. Without letting go his hold of the bushes or ceasing in his work,

Gatacre called to the nearest of his comrades, Private Cross, to give the Dervish the bayonet, and before the shot could be fired the rifleman fell back, run through the chest by the stalwart Cameron's steel. And now Highlanders and Lincolns went pouring in through the gaps they had torn in the zereba. All the while from the hedge, from a stockade within, from trenches and pits, the Mahdist riflemen poured in the hottest fire that had ever been faced by British troops in the Soudan. The loss had been heavy, but everyone felt that once the barriers were passed and it was a matter of hand-to-hand fighting the balance would be turned, and the loss would be on the other side. But let us not forget that this fight inside the zereba at the Atbara river was a fair trial of arms between Mahmoud's fanatic warriors and the Sirdar's British, Soudanese, and Egyptian regulars. Quick-firing guns and repeating-rifles reduce a fight in the open with barbarians to something very like a battue. But it is otherwise when it comes to a struggle at close quarters with cold steel, spear against bayonet. If anything, the lightly-clad Dervish, armed with his broad-bladed spear and unencumbered by belts, accoutrements and a load of cartridges, is in slightly better condition for fighting than the regular soldier, whose spear is a bayonet fixed on the clumsy shaft provided by a heavy rifle. And in this trial of strength both British and Egyptian infantry proved themselves "first-rate fighting men."

CAPTAIN R. C. URQUHART (KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA).
(Photo: Milne, Turriff, N.B.)

Of the individual deeds of valour done by the black troops the correspondents have noted very little, but as to how the British brigade did its work, how our men fought and fell, we have abundant detail in the despatches from the journalists who watched the fight, and in letters home from officers and men. Mahmoud's camp was a strangely-complicated network of defences, and the passing of the zereba hedge was but the beginning of the close fight. Just inside, Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, who carried Gatacre's flag, was hit above the knee by a large bullet from an elephant rifle, and fell seriously wounded. Another sergeant took up the Union Jack and again displayed it. The flag certainly drew a heavy fire from the Dervishes—it was torn by three bullets, and many of the Camerons who fell were struck near it. Considering that there is an order in our army that regimental colours are not to be carried in battle on account of the way in which they attract fire, it seems doubtful policy to have put a conspicuous flag on this occasion in the very front of the attack. No doubt it was an inspiriting sight to those who followed it, but does anyone suppose that the Camerons would not have charged as bravely and as well even if there had been no banner flying beside their general?

In the rush over the inner stockade and trench two of their captains were killed. Captain Findlay, a giant in size and strength, had leaped the trench in front of his company, using his sword and revolver at once, when he was shot dead by a Dervish in a rifle-pit beyond. Close by, Captain Urquhart, at the head of the next company, had his helmet knocked off by a bullet, and the next moment fell, shot through the body by a rifleman who stood only a few feet from him. The Dervish was instantly bayoneted. Urquhart was still living, though mortally wounded. His men stopped to raise him up, but he told them to leave him lying where he was. "Never mind me, my lads," he said; "go on, Company F." These were his last words. General Gatacre, sword in hand, was fighting hard in the midst of the struggling crowd of Dervishes and Highlanders. One of the enemy tried to spear him, but the General parried the broad blade and ran the Mahdist through.

Beyond the stockade the battle became a

series of desperate fights with groups and bands of Dervishes, who fought to the death in the labyrinth of trenches, gun-pits, huts, tents, and straw shelters that filled the inner part of the camp. Bullets were used as well as bayonets, the men firing at close quarters into the Dervishes, and as all were converging on the centre of the camp the fire of Gatacre's and MacDonald's brigades crossed, and those who pressed furthest forward ran some risk of being shot by their comrades to left or right. There was a further danger of men stumbling and struggling over trenches and obstacles and

BRINGING BACK THE WOUNDED.

fighting as they went, stabbing each other by accident with their bayonets.

During the advance through the zereba it was important, as far as possible, to keep an even line, and here the eagerness of the Soudanese was the chief difficulty for their leaders. "The noise was deafening," wrote one of the officers; "one's whole time was taken up watching the men and catching hold of them and pulling them back. One has no time to see much of what goes on in front, and there is no question of having to lead the men on; they have to be beaten back."

Colonel Verner, of the Lincolns, had a narrow escape. As he led his men across the inner trench a bullet, striking sideways, tore his lip. Painful as the wound was, he pressed on, sword in hand. Another bullet cut away his helmet strap and grazed his cheek. Close beside him one of his officers, Lieutenant Boxer, was laid low with a bullet in the leg, and a sergeant (Malone) was killed on the spot with a shot through his head. Colonel Murray, of the Seaforths, received a ball from a smooth-bore gun in his left elbow, and Lieutenant Gore, of the same regiment, was killed. Two captains and two other lieutenants of the same gallant regiment fell in the *mêlée*—Captain Baillie mortally wounded by a bullet that shattered the bone of his left leg; Captain Maclachlan stabbed with a spear. Lieutenants Thomson and Vandeleur were less severely wounded. The sergeant-major of the regiment, Mackay, had a narrow escape; his kilt was torn with a spear as he leaped the stockade. He turned and shot his assailant with his revolver. But narrow escapes were occurring on all sides. One of the most curious was that of a soldier who saw lying on the ground inside the stockade a small brass box. He picked it up and pocketed it, thinking it would be useful as a match-box. The next moment he was nearly knocked down by a Dervish bullet, which had hit and flattened itself on the brass box.

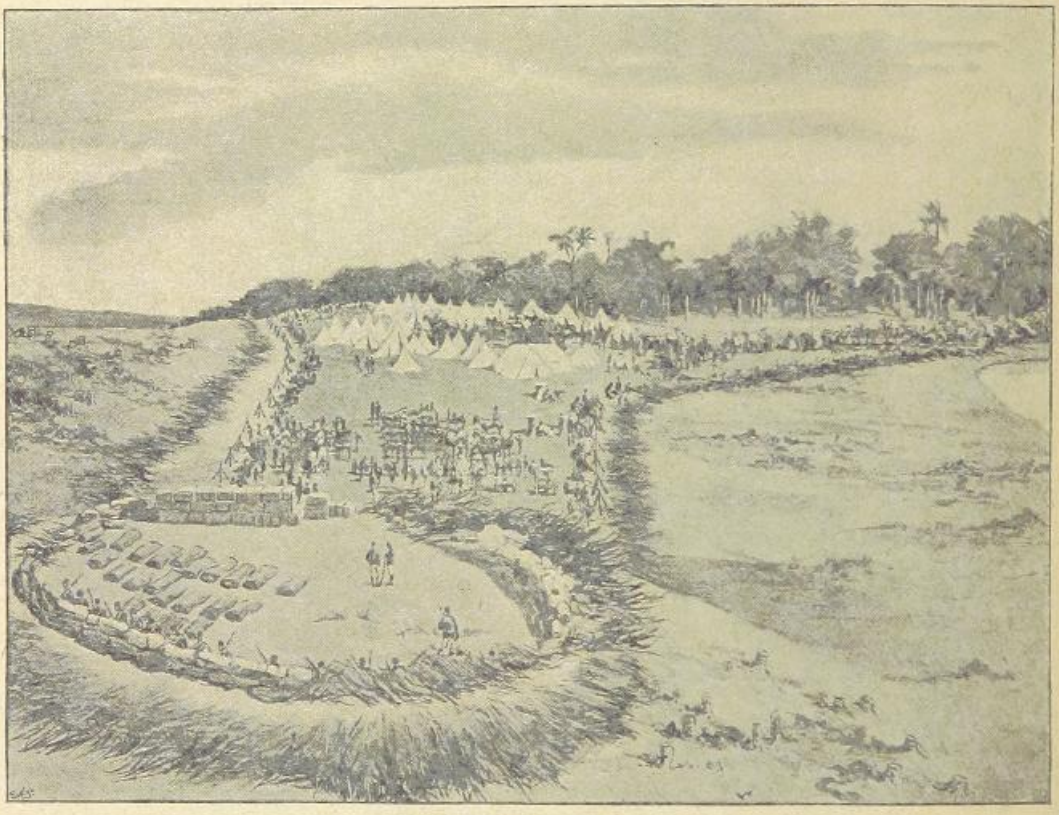
Some of the escapes seem to have been due to the hopelessly bad quality of the gunpowder in the Dervish cartridges. Thus Piper Mackenzie, of the Seaforths, was hit no less than six times. His uniform was torn, and he was bruised in several places, but had not a single wound. Less fortunate was Piper Stewart, of the Camerons, the piper of F Company which brave Urquhart had led so well. While the men were attacking one of the inner barricades, Stewart sprang upon

MAHMOUD UNDER GUARD.

NOTE.—The inscription reproduced in the illustration is from Mahmoud's autograph on the original photograph.

an isolated mound of earth, playing with all his might the "March of the Cameron Men." A Dervish volley was fired at him, and he fell dead, riddled with bullets.

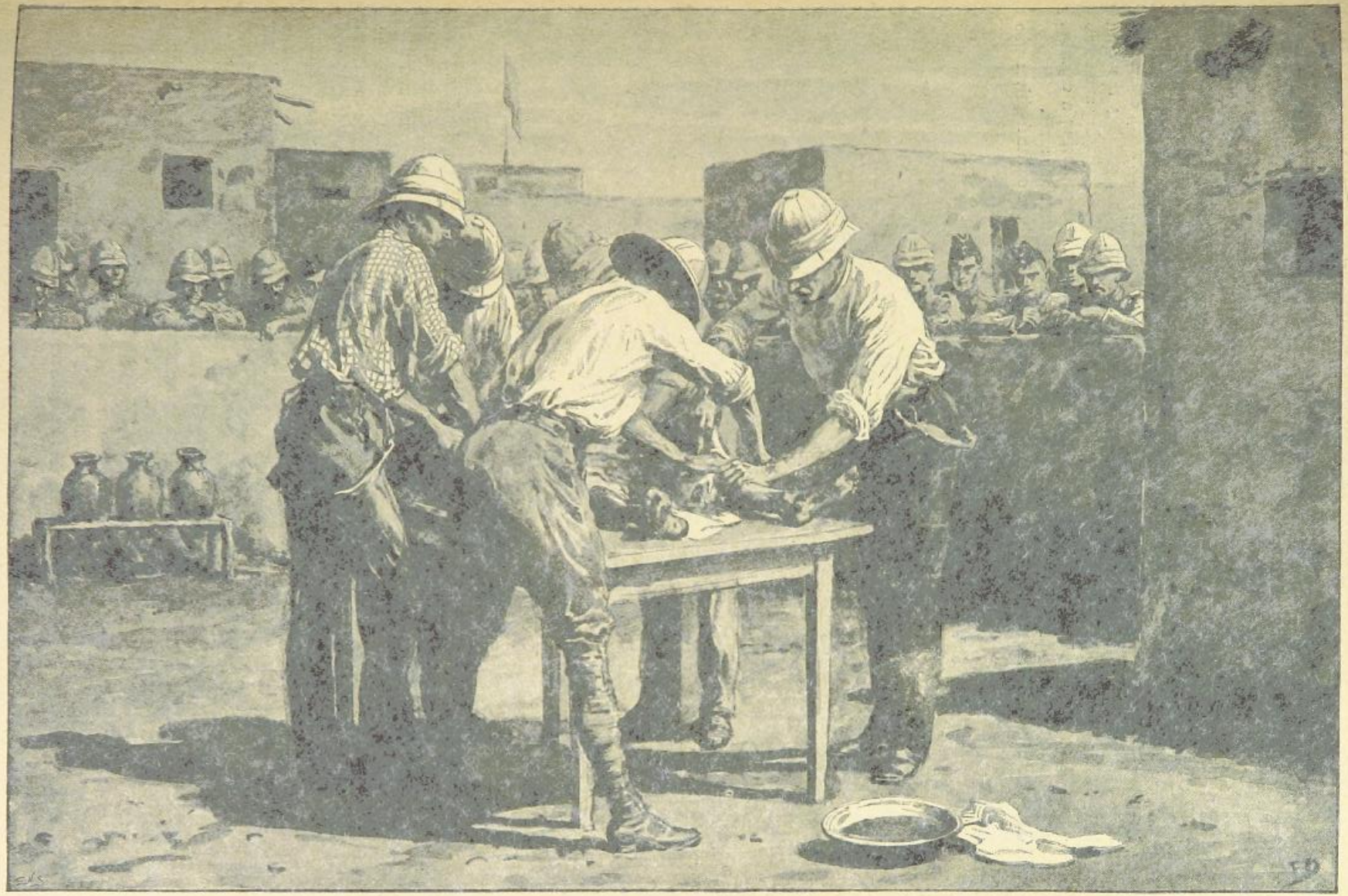
No less dash and pluck was shown by the Soudanese battalions and their leaders, black and white. Major Townshend, of the 12th Soudanese, the heroic defender of Chitral fort, had been on the sick list the day before, but he had their helmets pierced by bullets, and the third had his revolver holster torn. The purely Egyptian regiments had not been given such a prominent place in the attack as the Soudanese blacks, but they took their fair share in completing the victory. On the right the 8th battalion came to close quarters with the Dervishes on the west side of the camp. On the other flank Lewis dashed forward with two



THE BRITISH CAMP ON THE ATBARA.

insisted on leading his regiment into battle, and in the rush for the zereba was well out before them, his revolver in one hand and a heavy stick in the other. "Bravo, Townshend!" shouted Hunter, as he saw him going in through the hedge of thorns. Of the five white officers of the battalion three were hit. Major Jackson's battalion (the 11th) had the high honour of winning the race for the zereba and being first in. Their loss was the heaviest in the whole army—108 killed and wounded out of a fighting strength of less than 700. Major Walter, of the 9th battalion, and Major Shekelton, of the 14th, were wounded at the head of their men. In one regiment, of the three white officers two of his Egyptian battalions, swept round Gatacre's flank, and pushed through the bush down to the river, driving a mass of the Mahdists before him whom he caught trying to retire under cover of the dense scrub.

Here and there in the camp there was a small earthwork fort containing one or two brass cannon and forty or fifty Dervishes. Each of these had to be attacked and stormed separately with the bayonet. In the midst of all, on a rising knoll of gravelly ground, there was a kind of central citadel—a square enclosure defended with a trench and stockade of hard sunk wood logs. It was manned by some of the bravest of the Baggaras, and they met the first rush of



AN OPERATION IN CAMP.

British and Soudanese with a withering fire at close quarters. Even when they were driven out they retired slowly and doggedly. "Some of these Baggara were splendid," wrote a British officer. "They got out of the trenches, shook their rifles in your face, and then turned and walked slowly away, not trying to hurry." Here some of the heaviest loss of the day occurred. There was a check, but it was only for a moment. Heedless of danger and death, the Sirdar's men, black and white, mingled together, leaped and scrambled over the barrier, and then rifle and bayonet began their deadly work again.

was meanwhile trying to get across the river. But the volleys of Lewis's battalions swept them down. They fell in heaps in the sandy hollow and along the margins of the shining pools in the river bed. Some reached the shelter of the scrub on the west bank, and tried to gain the desert beyond. But now Broadwood's squadrons and the camel corps dashed forward, crossed the river above the camp, and, gaining the open desert, charged the fugitives, spearing and shooting those who fought and gathering a crowd of prisoners who threw down their arms.

Less fortunate were those of the fugitives who

MAJOR C. V. F. TOWNSHEND.
(Photo: Bourne & Shepherd, India.)

And now the battle was all but over. It was hardly twenty minutes since the charge had begun, and as the rush of bayonets swept through and round Mahmoud's central citadel, the dogged resistance of the Dervishes ceased. What was left of them was driven over the work at the back of the camp and into the bed of the Atbara. Still even so, desperate knots of men held out in isolated huts and underground shelters. Some refused quarter, because in their fanatic fury they preferred to die fighting. Others did not believe in the sincerity of the victors, and expected, if they laid down their arms, to be slaughtered in cold blood—treated, in fact, as they themselves would have dealt with the prisoners of a lost battle. So there was yet some wild work before the camp was cleared of the enemy. The mass of the defeated Dervishes were hunted down by the Jaalin friendlies. Out on flank and rear of the Sirdar's line a crowd of them had eagerly watched the fight, and now with a yell of triumph they joined in the pursuit. They had the massacre of Metemneh to avenge, and they made no prisoners. Cold steel and shot put an end to all the fugitive Dervishes they overtook.

In the central fort of the zereba some soldiers of the 10th Soudanese approached a hut, which was half excavated underground—one of the numerous Dervish bomb-proofs. As they came up an emir rushed out, and was shot down as he ran. He was afterwards recognised as the Emir Seniussi, Mahmoud's second in command. As the Soudanese closed in upon the entrance to the shelter, a boy appeared at the door, holding up his hand and begging for quarter for himself

AFTER THE BATTLE: THE BURIAL SERVICE OVER THE GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS.

and his master. An officer, pushing through the crush, assured him that life would be spared now the battle was won, and then out of the hut came a tall man in a handsomely-worked jibba, who threw down his weapons and was promptly seized by the soldiers. He was no less a personage than the Emir Mahmoud, the Khalifa's cousin and commander-in-chief of the enemy's army.

And now while the pursuit rolled across the Atbara and over the desert beyond, and while the last shots were fired here and there in the zereba, British and Soudanese gave vent to their excitement in loud cheers, the black and white soldiers shaking hands and holding up helmets and tarbushes on their bayonets. It was in the midst of this scene of mutual congratulations that the Sirdar at the head of his staff rode into the zereba. He was greeted with a new outburst of enthusiastic cheers. The battle had ended in a complete victory. The British and the Khedival regiments had met the Dervishes hand to hand on their own ground, and utterly routed and destroyed them. Mahmoud was a prisoner, and all that was left of his army was a panic-stricken crowd fleeing for their lives. The fight on the Atbara had done much more than put an end to the Dervish advance on the Upper Nile. It had opened the way to Omdurman and Khartoum.

EGYPTIAN CAVALRY HORSES IN CAMP.

BROTHERS IN ARMS: MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA.

BRITISH MUSEUM 290698

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CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE interior of the zereba presented a terrible spectacle. Densely crowded with men and animals, it had been exposed for more than an hour to a heavy bombardment, and after that, had been the scene of a desperate hand-to-hand fight in which some thousands were engaged. From side to side it was heaped and strewn with dead and wounded men and animals. There were dozens of camels and donkeys that had been killed by the bursting shells as they lay tied down in the trenches. Some twenty black soldiers were found lying dead, chained together in the foremost trench. They were probably men whose allegiance to the Khalifa was doubtful, and Mahmoud had thus set them in the front of the battle to die. Other men were secured in their places by forked sticks fastened to their necks. Still further proof of the grim methods by which the Emir Mahmoud ruled his followers was to be found in a row of six severed heads fixed on posts in the north part of the camp. Just in front of it an Egyptian soldier lay dead with his head, hands, and feet cut off. His accoutrements showed that he was a cavalryman who had been missing since the last reconnaissance before the battle.

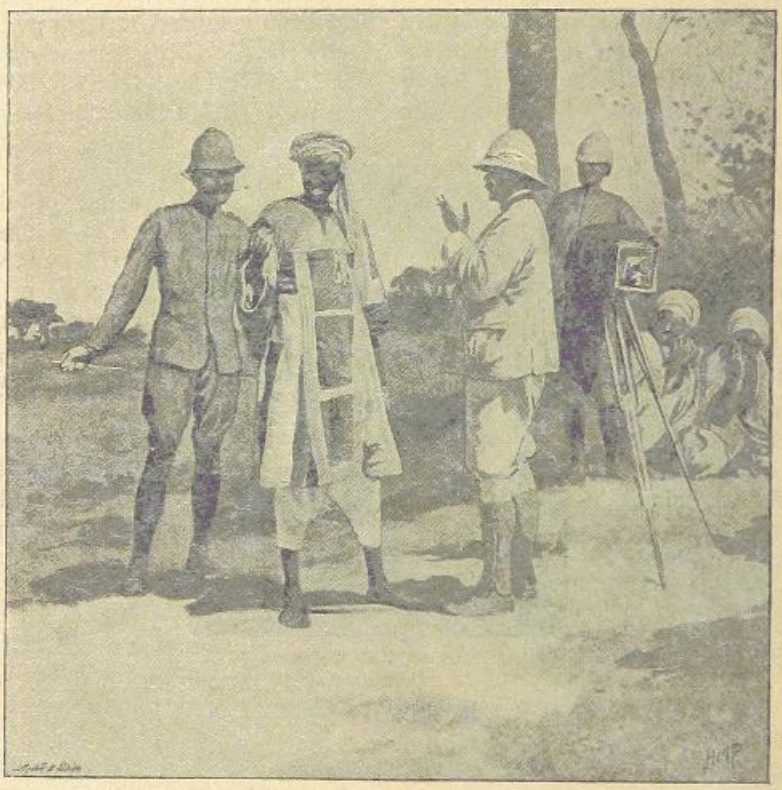
BRIGADIER-GENERAL COLONEL A. G. WAUCHOPE.
(Photo: T. Hooseburg, Edinburgh.)

Over three thousand Dervish dead were counted in and around the camp and on the ground opposite it on the other side of the Atbara. Mahmoud's clerk, who had been made prisoner at Shendy, went over the field with a staff-officer and identified many of the slain Dervish Emirs. Among them was Mohammed Wad Bishara, who had been the Mahdist commander-in-chief in the campaign of 1896, and had been wounded at Hafir; Mohammed Zaki, lately the Dervish governor of Berber; Bishara Redi, who had been ruler of the western Soudan; and Wad Ussul, the chief of the great Shaiggiyeh tribe. The Emir Osman Digna had been in command of the part of the camp nearest the Atbara, and he added one more to a long list of escapes by getting away safe and sound and crossing the desert to Khartoum with a band of fugitives.

A great quantity of spears, swords, and rifles, with many banners and war-drums and ten brass cannon, were found in the camp. The firearms were mostly Remingtons, but there was a miscellaneous collection of sporting weapons, from fowling-pieces up to heavy elephant-rifles, some of them firing explosive bullets. There was a large supply of cartridges for the rifles and shells for the guns, and it was curious that Mahmoud made so feeble an attempt to use his artillery. Several earthen pots full of gunpowder and stones and fitted with chimney fuses were buried in the ground just outside his central citadel. One or two of these mines had gone off, without, however, doing any serious damage. The plan of using these miniature mines had doubtless been suggested by someone who remembered Gordon's very effective use of them in his long defence of Khartoum.

The number of prisoners was increasing every minute as the cavalry and Lewis's brigade sent in those they had gathered on the other side of the Atbara. Mahmoud, the chief prize of the day, was brought before the Sirdar. He

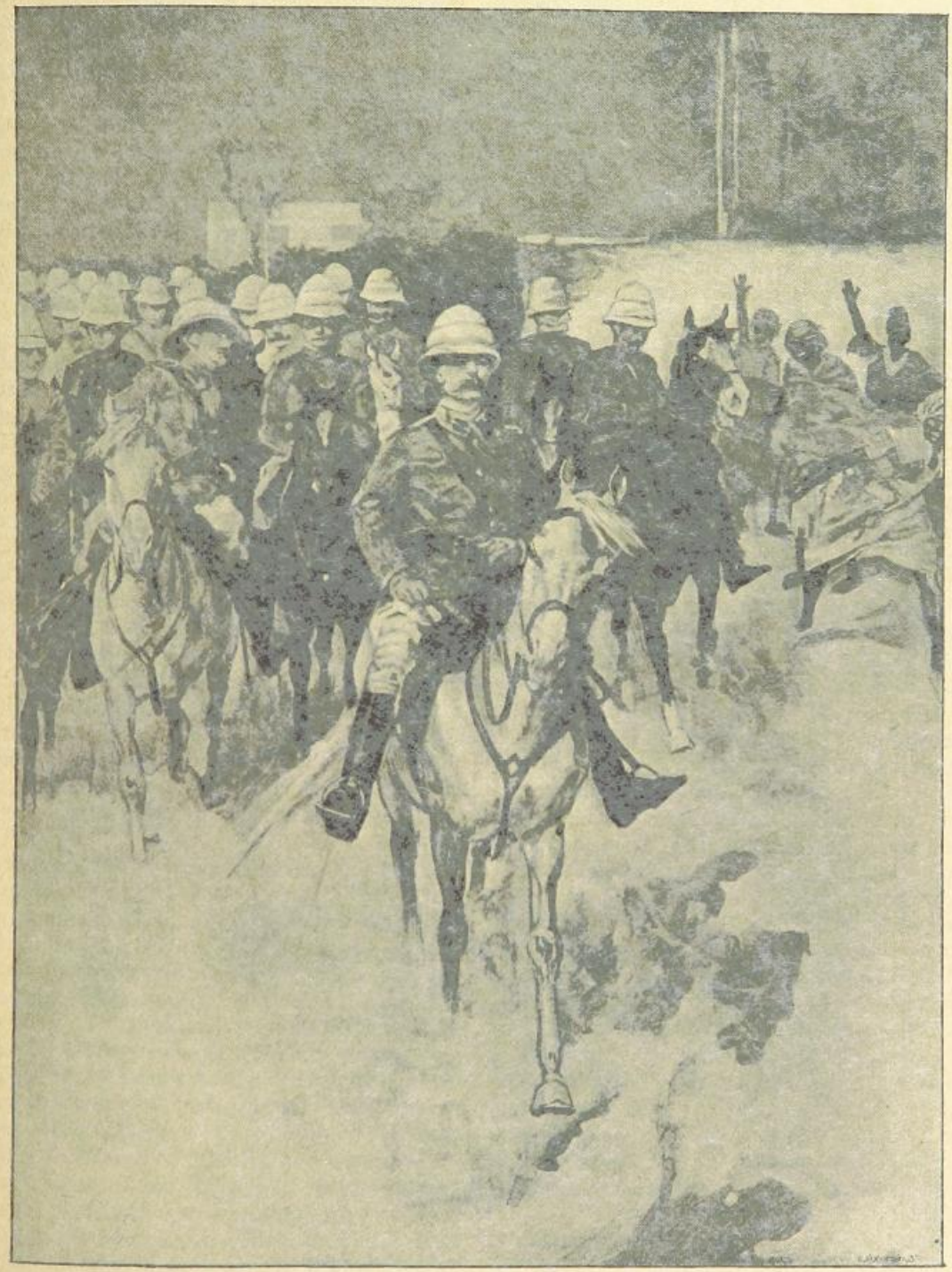
maintained a sullen, defiant attitude, and at first seemed to expect to be put to death by the victors. "Why have you come into my territory to burn and to kill?" asked the Sirdar. "I am a soldier, and I have to obey the Khalifa's orders without question, just as you have to obey the Khedive's." Asked where his colleague, Osman Digna, was, he replied that he did not know, but he thought he had gone off with the cavalry early in the day. He seemed to bear not much good-will towards his comrade, and afterwards, in conversation, attributed the failure of his plan of campaign to his having listened to the bad advice of Osman Digna.



MAHMOUD EXAMINING HIS OWN PHOTO.

The work of searching and clearing the captured camp was assigned to a battalion and a squadron of the Egyptian army. The first effort was directed towards saving the wounded. The loss of the Anglo-Egyptian army had been heavy considering that it was nearly all the work of about a quarter of an hour's fighting. The Egyptian army lost fifty-one killed and 319 wounded, the latter figure including two battalion commanders—Major Walter of the 9th Soudanese, and Major Shekleton of the 14th. Many believe, too, that this heavy loss does not represent the full total of wounded. The return is made so carefully in the case of a British regiment that a large number of slightly wounded are counted into the regimental loss. But the Soudanese, unless he is badly hit or cut, has a liking for doctoring himself, and will not trouble the dressing station or the ambulance for what is rightly counted as a wound, though a slight one. The result is sometimes disastrous, for his rough-and-ready treatment makes a serious injury out of a mere graze or scratch. One very competent observer among the correspondents gave it as his opinion that the loss in wounded among the Khedive's regiments was nearer five hundred than four. The list of the 11th battalion, enumerating over a hundred killed and wounded, shows how hotly they had been engaged. The half-savage recklessness of the men did something to increase their losses, the British regiments using their rifle-fire with better effect to keep down the deadly fire of the Dervishes from the zereba and the inner stockades.

The Camerons, who led the British attack, fired on an average thirty-four cartridges per man.



THE SIRDAR AND HIS STAFF WELCOMED INTO BERBER.

Of course the leading companies must have fired many more. The total loss of the British brigade was twenty-one killed and ninety wounded. The Camerons contributed to this total no less than sixteen killed and thirty-five wounded. As has been already remarked, the loss would have been heavier if the Dervish ammunition had not been so bad. Many men had their clothes torn, or were bruised by bullets, which flattened on their dress or accoutrements, or glanced in striking them. One of the most curious cases was that of Corporal Laurie of the Seaforths, whose letter home, describing his numerous narrow escapes, went the round of the papers.

"Before I entered the zereba," he wrote, "I was not struck, but shortly after a bullet took off the toe of my left shoe without hitting my foot, the shoe being a size too big for easy marching and sleeping at night. Then my bayonet was struck and bent over at a right angle. Then a shot went through my sleeve, near my left wrist, tearing two holes, but not hurting myself. Then my rifle was struck while I was loading, the bullet splintering the butt, and being stopped by an iron bolt which it met. This bullet would certainly have gone right into my body but for my rifle being there. Then a nigger in a trench let drive at me with a spear, missed my ribs by an inch, and split up my haversack. A bullet then grazed the back of my hand just enough to make it bleed. When I reached the river bank, which was nearly perpendicular, a shot came from the bottom, about twenty feet below, and a little to the left, which caused the wound I am supposed to have got. [Corporal Laurie evidently means the wound which gave him a place on the list of casualties.] It was so curious that I was paraded before the General. It entered through the lid of my right ammunition pouch, which was open, went into my right coat pocket, smashing a penknife and two pencils, tore four holes in my shirt, made a surface wound two or three inches long on my left breast, and came out near my left shoulder through my coat and ammunition-pouch braces. In the afternoon I strolled over to the field hospital and got a piece of dressing on, and it has never troubled me since."

In the afternoon the British dead were buried in a wide trench dug in the palm belt to the north of the enemy's camp. The Sirdar and General Gatacre with their staff officers were present. Most of the dead were Presbyterians, so the greater part of the service was read by the Presbyterian chaplain, the Anglican and Roman Catholic chaplains also offering prayer. There was no firing party, but a guard of honour presented arms, and the pipers of the Camerons and Seaforths played a Highland lament.

The wounded were placed on stretchers, which were carried by parties of Egyptian soldiers to Umdabiya. Then lighters, covered in with wood and canvas roofs, were towed up the Atbara, and conveyed the wounded down to the Nile. The worst cases were treated in the large base hospital at Dakhala, the rest were sent on by boat and train to Wady Halfa and Cairo. There were a few deaths, but most of the injured made good and rapid recoveries.

On the very day of the battle the army began its march back to Berber. Difficulties of supply were so great that it was important to decrease as rapidly as might be the distance from railhead, and with the utter destruction of Mahmoud's force there was no need of keeping any large body concentrated on the Atbara. The guard of the fortified camp and fort at the junction of the rivers was confided to Lewis's brigade. The gunboats remained to patrol the river, and the friendlies took charge of Metemneh and Shendy. The campaign of the Atbara had in no way changed the Sirdar's original plan of waiting for the advance on Khartoum till the late summer, when the rise of the Nile would allow his formidable gunboat flotilla to be used with full effect, and would at the same time simplify all the work of transport and supply, by giving him a clear waterway from Berber up to Omdurman and beyond.

Of the fugitives from the battle-field one strong party struck the river at Aliab. There they found the gunboat *Futteh*, one of the large stern-wheelers, waiting for them. Summoned to surrender, they refused. The gunboat opened on them with her quick-firers and Maxims, and drove them from the river bank with a loss of some two hundred. About seventy of them surrendered to a party landed from the *Futteh*. Another body of fugitives which went up the Atbara was attacked by a detachment from Kassala, and many were taken prisoners. By this time the Sirdar had sent messengers out in all directions to assure the fugitives that if they would come in and surrender they would be well treated. Officers were also sent out to prevent the Jaalin and Ababdeh friendlies from massacring the dispersed Dervishes. The result of these measures was that every day fugitives came in to the camp at Dakhala, and to a small post of Egyptian

regulars established at Shendy. They said that large numbers of their comrades had died of hunger and thirst in the desert. At first they had found it difficult to believe that they would be well treated. They expected that even if their lives were spared by the victors they would be reduced to slavery. Numbers of them, when they found that their services would be accepted, gladly offered themselves as recruits for the Soudanese battalions.

On the Wednesday after the battle the Sirdar entered Berber at the head of MacDonald's brigade, Mahmoud being marched in before him surrounded by a Soudanese escort, and with a banner carried in front of him on which was written in Arabic, "This is the Emir Mahmoud, the man who came to take Berber." By that time the inhabitants of the place had returned, and they gave the victors of the Atbara an enthusiastic reception, the hero of the day being Sir Herbert Kitchener.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYTTELTON.
(*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*)

"The villagers *en route* turned out to meet him," writes Mr. Burleigh, "and deputations of natives in hundreds awaited his coming to thank him. His formal entry into Berber at the head of MacDonald's brigade was the fitting sequel to the victory. It was turned into a triumphal return march. Berber was *en fête*. The long main thoroughfare, lined with palm trees, was spanned with flags and bannerets. Where they came from the Arabs alone knew, but they are adepts at working up calico drapery, and even in those remote parts the whirr and rattle of the sewing machine is daily to be heard. Every dwelling-house and store was decorated—all of them prettily, and some with exceptionally good taste. Of appropriate mottoes, too, in English and Arabic, there was no lack. A triumphal stand had been erected near the central open space. Upon a wide banner spanning the roadway was written, 'God keep and bless the Sirdar, Hunter Pasha, and General Gatacre.' The head of the column arrived upon the outskirts of the town about 6 a.m. Natives had flocked from far and near, and were already, early as the hour was, lining the route through Berber along which the Sirdar, his staff, General Hunter and the troops were to pass. The half-battalion left behind, some friendlies, and part of Colonel Broadwood's cavalry kept an open way. A salute of twenty-one guns fired by the horse-battery announced the approach of the Sirdar. The cavalry of Colonel Broadwood received him and the staffs, and escorted him to the grand stand, where he was invited by the local notabilities to alight, and receive their congratulations and thanks, and partake of their hospitality. Sir Herbert and his staff having taken up a position upon the stand, the troops of MacDonald's brigade and the cavalry passed in review. Behind the cavalry marched Mahmoud, with his hands tied behind him, his Soudanese guard, and a long string of fellow captives. The Dervish leader was not in the least downcast, but walked with head erect, as a central personage in the parade. He was gibed and hooted in the Oriental way as he passed the crowds of those who had but recently cowered before him. MacDonald's men looked fit and well as when they set out, and their bands played not only the Khedival march but their more popular Scotch tunes, and among others the 'March of the Men of Harlech.'"

Thus ended the campaign of the Atbara. Its results were that a whole *corps d'armée* of the Dervish army, under one of their best generals, had been destroyed, the formidable positions prepared with so much labour near Metemneh had passed into Egyptian hands, all danger of raids on the outlying garrisons in the north of the Berber province or on the advanced posts on the Atbara had passed away, and, further, the success which the Sirdar had won in a fair fight with even numbers had inspired the Khedive's army with new confidence in itself and in its leaders. For Sir Herbert Kitchener himself there was a further gain of no slight importance. Ever since the onward movement began, there had been in some quarters, and these not the least influential, a kind of quiet agitation for his supersession when the final march on Khartoum would have to be undertaken. A British brigade had fought at the Atbara. There would be a whole British division

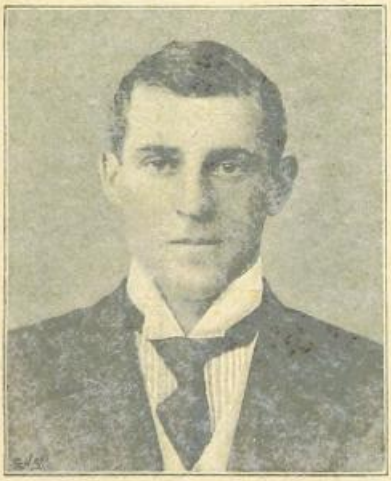
sent up for the attack on Omdurman, and it was urged that it would be well, while leaving to Sir Herbert the command of the Khedive's troops, to place over him as Commander-in-Chief of the united army some officer of higher standing and longer service. General Sir Francis Grenfell, who had succeeded Sir Evelyn Wood, and immediately preceded Sir Herbert Kitchener, as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, had been sent out to Egypt as Commander-in-Chief of the British army of occupation. While in command of the Khedive's army he had won the brilliant victory at Toski in 1889 which put an end to the Mahdist schemes for the invasion of Egypt, and there is very little doubt that, when he was sent to Cairo in 1897, it was with the intention that he should command in the march on Omdurman and Khartoum. But after the triumph of the Atbara, Grenfell himself gave the authorities to understand that he wished to remain in Cairo and leave to the young Sirdar the conduct of the final campaign. Sir Herbert had been his chief of the staff, and he had from the first a high idea of his military capacity. This act of Grenfell's deserves to be put on record. It was an act of noble self-abnegation only to be compared to Outram's chivalrous refusal to take the command out of the hands of his junior, Havelock, in the advance on Lucknow. Grenfell might have commanded on the Upper Nile in the summer of 1898 had he but said the word, and his name would have gone down to history as the conqueror of Khartoum. He preferred to leave the glory to Kitchener, as the fitting reward of the three campaigns which had opened the way for the crowning success of many years of waiting and working for the downfall of Mahdism.

GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL.
(*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*)

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUMMER IN THE SOUDAN.

FOUR battles—Ferkeh and Hafir in 1896, Abu Hamed in 1897, and the Atbara in the spring of 1898—had carried the Egyptian standards from Wady Halfa to Metemneh, along seven hundred miles of the Nile Valley, and to within one hundred and twenty miles of Khartoum. There had been only four days of battle, but there had been two years of unceasing toil, the main burden of which fell on the Egyptian regiments. Day by day the railway had been creeping on, now under the palms by the riverside, now across the waterless and lifeless desert, till more than five hundred miles of the iron track had been laid. For the Arab enemy it must have seemed far more terrible than the swiftest onset. Slow and sure as some everlasting fate the Sirdar's army was moving into the heart of the land, making fast its hold as it came on—shattering with its deadly fire all that barred its way, seeing and knowing everything by its wonderful intelligence system, and, as it came, shortening the way it traversed with the iron road that was travelled over by those strange monsters of fire and steam.



THE LATE HON. HUBERT HOWARD, CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" (KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN).

(Photo: Mayall, Piccadilly.)

Men at home in England heard of the battles, but only the few who had actually seen the work could have any real idea of the unceasing toil by which the gunboats were brought past the cataracts and set afloat on the upper river, by which the railway was laid over the rock and sand of the desert and kept in working order; and the supplies for a large army were collected fifteen hundred miles from the base at Cairo, far off on the narrow margin between the desert and the river. The work would have been tenfold more difficult, the long line of communications would have had to be guarded by a far stronger force, but for the fact that as the flag of Egypt was pushed further and further south along the Nile it was everywhere welcomed as the standard of an army of rescue and deliverance. Seldom has a soldier set forth on a nobler mission than that confided to the Sirdar. His task was to bring back peace and freedom to the Nile Valley by destroying a cruel and fanatical tyranny.

As a type of what was happening in the Soudan under Dervish rule, let us take the grim facts of the massacre of Metemneh, one of the last exploits of the Khalifa's Baggaras. The full story was known only after the Dervish army was routed at the Atbara. It is thus told by the Hon. Hubert Howard in a letter written to the *Times* only a week before his own death in battle. By that time our army had advanced through the Jaalin country and had heard from the people themselves the tale of their defeat in July, 1897, and of the vengeance of the victors. This is what Mr. Howard wrote:—

"The great interest of the march to Wad Hamed lay in seeing the natural richness of the country and its present desolation, and above all in Metemneh itself, the capital of the Jaalin tribe and the scene of their great slaughter by the Baggara. The story is now over a year old, yet it may be briefly told as typical of the Khalifa's rule. The Jaalin were disaffected—sick of the domination of the Baggara, who, strangers in the land, were plundering and

growing rich with the leave and licence of the Khalifa. The Jaalin were determined to 'strike' so soon as they could do so with any hope of success. The Khalifa knew it and determined to force their hand. Mahmoud's army, the western army which afterwards fought us at the Atbara, was marching along the river from Omdurman. The Jaalin were ordered to hand over all their cattle and sheep that their flocks might feed the army of the Faithful. There was further a certain matter about women, and the Jaalin are the most moral of the Arabs of the Soudan. Abdullah Wad Sud, the head of the Jaalin tribe, determined to resist. To submit was ruin, and even if they had to fight, there were the English at Korti.

"They fortified their town, and with only a few rifles amongst them they kept off the whole of Mahmoud's army for three days. At the end of that time their ammunition failed. The town was taken, and 2,000 of the Jaalin fell. As for the prisoners, they were drawn up in line —the first lost his head, the second his hand, and the third his feet, and so on in rotation; and when the work was finished the sheikh was led along the line of dead and mutilated, and asked what power his tribe had now. He himself was taken a prisoner to Omdurman, and walled in so that he might neither stand nor sit. He died slowly of thirst and hunger, his groans and ravings the while clearly audible in the great mosque—a warning to the disobedient!"

Reading this record, one appreciates at its true value the work done by the Sirdar and his gallant army, and one can think more calmly of the unavoidable carnage that marked the victories of the campaign.

After the battle of the Atbara there was a pause of five months in the actual operations in the field, but it was a time of busy preparation for the final advance. Immediately after the battle the Sirdar hurried down to Assouan to give his personal attention to the improvement of an important link in his line of communications with Cairo. The Lower Nile railway from Cairo to the First Cataract had been in progress for years. In 1896 Balliana, nearly two hundred miles from Assouan, had been the railhead. From that point everything had to be conveyed south by steamers, boats and barges, then sent round the cataract by a short line of railway, about seven miles long, known as the Shellal line. It had originally been intended that the Nile railway should reach Assouan by the end of 1896, but so much of the material was requisitioned for the construction of the Soudan line that the engineers had to devote their energies to getting the bridges, embankments, and road-bed ready, laying very little of the track. Early in 1897 the great bridge over the Nile at Nagh Hamadi was finished, and then the line was opened to Luxor. Up to this point a broad gauge had been used, but from Luxor south a narrower gauge—that of the existing Shellal line—was adopted, with the result that passengers have to change carriages, and all goods have to be transferred to another train at Luxor.

The line to Assouan was to have been opened for traffic by the end of 1897, but there was still much work to be done when the new year began. During the Atbara campaign stores for the front and reinforcements going up had to be put on board steamers at the railhead between Luxor and Assouan. It would be a great saving of time and labour if they could be run through by rail to Shellal at the head of the First Cataract. The slow methods of the Egyptian Railway Department made the Sirdar anxious. He wanted to begin at once the accumulation of stores on the Upper Nile for the summer campaign, so after the victory of the Atbara the first thing he did was to take under his own supervision the completion of the work near Assouan. Inspired by his restless energy, the officials and engineers pushed their operations rapidly forward, and by the end of April the trains were running through to Shellal.

Meanwhile Captain Girouard and the railway battalion were pressing forward with the completion of the new branch of the Soudan railway. In May they brought the line past Berber, and up to its terminus at the fortified camp of Dakhala, at the junction of the Atbara and the Nile. This was to be the temporary terminus of the railway, but plans were prepared for bridging the Atbara, and carrying the line on to Khartoum after the summer campaign. For the present the line of communications was complete to the Atbara. Dakhala camp could be reached in four or five days from Cairo. The first train took one to Luxor. Another train ran on to Shellal, seven miles south of Assouan. Then a stern-wheel steamer went on by the Nile to Wady Halfa, whence the trains on the Soudan railway ran to Abu Hamed, Berber, and Dakhala. New and powerful engines, specially built for the Soudan railway, and the general improvement of the line, had made a speed of twenty miles an hour possible, instead of the ten miles that was considered good running when the first line was

laid in 1896. A few years ago the five days' journey to the Atbara would have cost as many weeks.

Three new gunboats had been conveyed to the upper river and put in sections by rail, put together on the Nile bank, and successfully launched. They represented a more powerful type of warship than had yet been seen on the Nile. The flotilla for the summer campaign, with this reinforcement, consisted of fourteen steamers.

First, there were the three new gunboats, the *Sultan*, the *Sheikh*, and the *Melik* (*i.e.* the King), built on the Thames, and sent out in sections to Egypt. They were sister ships, each 145 feet long and 28½ wide, and with their full load drew only two feet of water. Their upper works were armoured with half-inch steel plates, impenetrable to any rifle-fire likely to be brought against them. Their armament was made up of two 12-pounder quick-firing guns and eight Maxims, and they were fitted with electric search-lights. The guns were carried high above the water on the upper deck, an important point on the Nile, where there is often a high bank to be fired over. There were steel shields for the guns and a steel-armoured conning tower for the steersman. All the other gunboats were stern-wheelers, but these had screw propellers fitted on a peculiar principle. The screw was not astern, but underneath the stern section of the boat. It was fixed in a hollow, which may be described by saying that it was the shape of a spoon with the concave side downwards. When the boat was at rest half the screw was in the water, half in this spoon-shaped recess, but once the boat started, the water rose round the screw, and it was completely immersed. The great advantage of this method of propulsion was that, in the event of having to engage or run past guns mounted on the river bank, the propeller would be out of sight and quite safe from hostile fire, whilst the stern-wheel is necessarily a large mark, unless when the gunboats are fighting bow on. It was also hoped that this method of propulsion would be found to act better than the stern-wheel on the weed-encumbered reaches of the river above Khartoum.

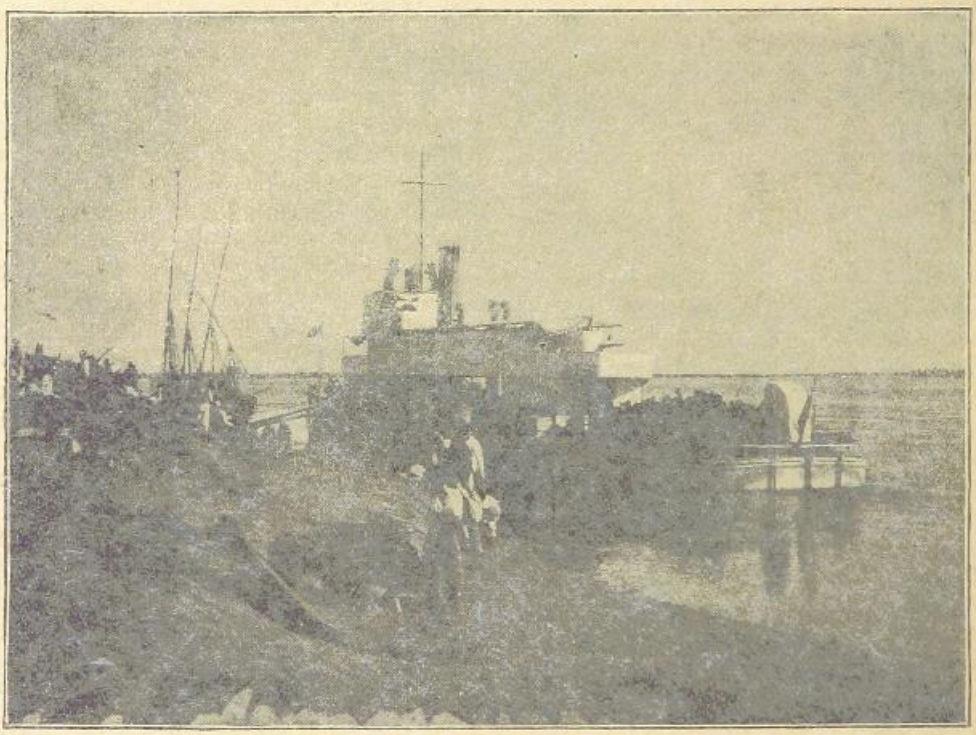
The next three gunboats were powerful stern-wheelers of a new type, built by Messrs. Forrest, of Wyvenhoe, in Essex, in 1896. These were *El Futteh* (the *Conqueror*), *El Zafir* (the *Victorious*), and *El Nasir* (the *Majestic*). They were slightly smaller than the *Sultan* class, and less completely protected with shields, but they carried a heavier armament. The displacement of the *Sultan* class is 140 tons, that of the Wyvenhoe stern-wheelers only 128. They are 140 feet long and 24 feet wide. The conning tower, fitted with an electric light, rose thirty feet above the water. Just below it was the main battery, armed with one 12-pounder quick-firer and two 6-pounder quick-firers, with further aft a howitzer. There was a secondary battery of six Maxims. The hatches along the sides of the hull were made to open outwards, and when raised formed a loop-holed steel bulwark, with room behind for a hundred riflemen.

There were four smaller stern-wheel gunboats built in 1884-85, and named after some of the battles of the Soudan campaigns. These were the *Abu Klea*, *Tamai*, *Metemneh*, and *Hafir*. They are eighty feet long, with a Krupp or Armstrong gun mounted on the top of the deckhouse behind a shield, and one or two Nordenfeldt machine guns mounted further astern. These gunboats were in action at Argin in 1889, and largely contributed to the victory. For seven years they were employed in patrolling the river between the First and Second Cataracts. They were hauled up to the Dongola reach in 1896, and over the Monassir Cataracts in 1897. The *Hafir* had been known till lately as the *El Teb*—her original name. On her way up to Dongola in 1896 she had stuck fast on a rock. In the ascent of the Monassir Cataracts in 1897 she had capsized and nearly drowned her commander. The idea had spread among the Egyptians that she was an unlucky boat, so to start her on a new and more fortunate career she was renamed the *Hafir*.

Besides these ten gunboats there were four steamers, small stern-wheelers, temporarily armed with Maxims. One of them was the Dervish steamer which had been sunk by the Egyptian artillery at Hafir in 1896, which was floated and repaired in the following year.

The gunboats were manned by Egyptians, with a number of Royal Marine artillerymen to direct the guns. Each was in charge of a naval officer, the whole flotilla being under the orders of Commander Keppel, R.N., the son of Admiral Sir Henry Keppel. Keppel had served in the Nile expedition of 1885, and was on board of Sir Charles Beresford's steamer at the fight with the Dervish battery at Wad Habeshi. He was wounded on this occasion. Beresford wrote of him in his official despatch, "I consider that

we owe our safety in the steamer, as well as the safety of Sir C. Wilson and his party—who undoubtedly would have been killed if the steamer had been destroyed—to the untiring energy of Sub-Lieutenant Keppel." Amongst the officers who commanded other boats in the flotilla was Lieutenant Beatty, R.N., who took charge of the gunboats in the Dongola campaign after Colville was disabled by his wound, and Lieutenant Cowan, R.N., who had seen active service in both East and West Africa.



ONE OF THE NEW SCREW GUNBOATS FOR KHARTOUM.

Other important preparations were made at Woolwich and at Cairo. The 37th field battery of the Royal Artillery were sent out to Egypt, equipped with heavy howitzers, and a detachment of the 16th company of Garrison Artillery with two siege guns throwing a 50-pound shell, loaded not with gunpowder, but with the powerful high explosive known as Lyddite. These shells were to be used for the destruction of the Khalifa's fortifications at Omdurman. The effect of a Lyddite shell is not to batter the target by the force of its impact, but to blow it to pieces with a shattering explosion so heavy that it is said nothing is safe within a radius of some hundred yards round the point where it bursts. The guns were drawn by a team of eight mules, led, not mounted, by their drivers. The shells were carried into action on a special pack-saddle, one mule carrying four of them. In order thoroughly to prepare the gunners for the work they were to do, Colonel Wingate collected from the refugees and spies from Omdurman details as to the fortifications, and a model to full scale of part of the stone wall of the Khalifa's citadel was built up on the edge of the desert at Abbasiyeh, outside Cairo. The guns were brought into action against it, and made a wide breach with a couple of shots. The 32nd field battery of the Royal Artillery, which was also to form part of the Sirdar's force, spent some time at the Abbasiyeh ranges. It was practised at field-firing under service conditions, against fixed and moving targets. Some of the latter were screens representing Dervish cavalry, and they were drawn rapidly across the range in various directions by teams of mules harnessed to them by a long rope. The gunners thus acquired a complete confidence in their power of destroying any obstacle, and hitting also the most difficult moving targets. All this was part of the general plan of leaving nothing to chance, and preparing carefully for every possible event.

It was decided that the British brigade which

MAKING THE DESERT RAILWAY.

had fought at the Atbara should spend the summer in the Soudan. A second brigade would be sent out just before the campaign began, so that the Sirdar would have the co-operation of a complete British division, besides some British artillery and cavalry. He was to have four Egyptian divisions with him, each four battalions strong, besides the Egyptian cavalry, artillery and camel corps. A large force of friendly Arabs was to be raised to act with him during the advance. Altogether including these friendlies, he would have some 25,000 troops under his immediate command.

In order that the army, while it advanced, should be in constant communication with the stations along the line of supply, and with Cairo and England, it was necessary on carry the telegraph line across the river. For this purpose an insulated cable was sent up to Dakhala, at the mouth of the Atbara, and successfully laid in the river bed by one of the gunboats, under the direction of Captain Manifold, R.E., who had been the director of telegraphs from the beginning of the advance in 1896, and had put up hundreds of miles of telegraph along the Nile banks and through the desert.

The Intelligence Department prepared elaborate plans of Omdurman, chiefly from Slatin's information, and a map of the Nile from Shendy to beyond Khartoum. Colonel Wingate's reports placed the enemy's strength at about 60,000 men. The Dervishes had erected fortifications at the Shabluka Pass, but early in the summer they abandoned them, and rumour said that the Khalifa had formed a camp at Kerreri, a few miles north of Omdurman, and that he intended there to await the Sirdar's attack. The Mahdi had once predicted that some day a great battle would be fought at Kerreri against the infidels, and that they would be defeated with terrible slaughter. The desert near the Kerreri hills is strewn with white pebbles, and the Khalifa is said to have told his warriors that for every white stone in the valley they would see the skull of an English or an Egyptian soldier whitening in the sun.

A LONG DRINK.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROGRESS OF OTHER EXPEDITIONS IN THE SOUDAN.

BEFORE telling the story of the march on Khartoum it will be well to take some note of what was passing during the spring and summer in various parts of the Soudan, far away from the Egyptian outposts on the Upper Nile.

Early in 1897—as we have already seen—the Belgians, under Chaltin, had turned the Dervishes out of Regaf, in the far south of the Soudan. They thus entered into effective possession of some of that portion of the British sphere of influence on the Nile which had been leased to King Leopold by Lord Rosebery's Convention of 1894. A little further up the Nile the British outposts had established themselves to the north of the Albert Nyanza, and our flag had been actually hoisted at Dufile, the local chief accepting a British protectorate.

The Dervishes expelled from Regaf had retired to Bohr, a hundred and twenty miles further north, on the Nile. They had had some insignificant skirmishes with Belgian scouting parties, but on the whole they had remained quiet, evidently expecting to be attacked, and meaning to stand on the defensive. They were under the command of the Emir Arabi. In the last week of May a messenger from Omdurman reached Bohr in a canoe, bringing a letter from the Khalifa. He told Arabi that he was expecting to be attacked by the English at an early date, and directed him to attack, or at least to harass, their white allies at Regaf, to kill as many of them as possible, and carry off their arms and ammunition.

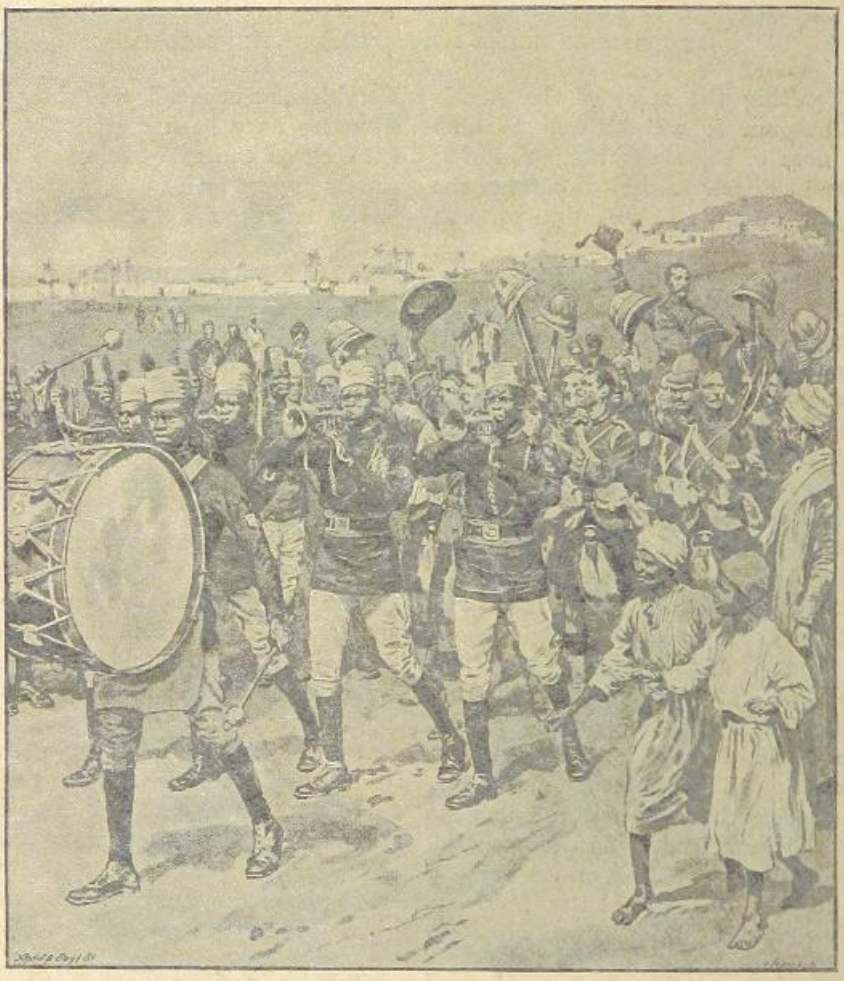
Arabi therefore decided upon a raid, and he made his preparations so rapidly, and advanced with such secrecy, that the Belgians had no idea he was on the move. He sent off an expedition under his colleague, the Emir Adam Bishara, who succeeded in evading and capturing the outlying scouts of the garrison, and about one in the morning of Saturday, June 4th, rushed the outposts of Regaf on the north side.

Night attacks are very unusual with the Dervishes, and the officer in charge of the picket seems to have been completely surprised. He fell back on the camp, firing as he retired, but closely pressed by a mass of Dervish spearmen. In the dark the fire of the Belgians did very little harm. The camp was a large zereba, which enclosed the houses of the white officers, and a large storehouse or magazine containing arms, ammunition and supplies. The soldiers rushed to their posts, but at the same time the Dervishes penetrated into the zereba by its north-west gate, coming in on the heels of the retiring picket. Other parties of them attacked the zereba at various points, and some of them got over its hedge of thorns.

The situation was critical in the extreme. The Free State troops, mostly natives, were fighting in detached groups under their white officers, in almost complete darkness, against enemies whom they could barely see, and of whose numbers they could form no idea. The white officers rallied their men among the houses and at the magazine. The Dervishes evidently knew the plan of the place well, and their chief efforts were directed against the magazine. Captains Desnœux and Bartholi were killed leading a gallant charge, which temporarily relieved the pressure on the garrison. Captain Hanolet and several other officers were wounded. All the wounds were spear-thrusts. The first rush had been made just after one o'clock. The fight went on till near three, when, finding the surprise had failed, and that in face of the Belgian rifle fire they could not penetrate into the buildings, the Arabs retired, carrying off most of their dead and wounded with them. Forty-two Mahdists were found lying dead in the zereba, among them the Emir El Gali. It was a narrow escape for the Regaf garrison.

After this the Free State sent reinforcements from Stanley Pool to all its advanced posts between the Congo and the Upper Nile. This was a precaution against a possible danger arising from the Anglo-Egyptian advance on Omdurman.

It was feared that the result of the fall of Omdurman might be a Dervish invasion of the outlying districts of the Free State, for some expected that the Khalifa would retreat from Omdurman without fighting, and try to establish himself in some other part of Central Africa. Others, while predicting that he would make a



THE CAMERONS MARCHING TO THE FRONT AND WELCOMED BY THE 9TH SOUDANESE.

fight, and a hard one, thought it very likely that he might escape with a considerable band of followers, rally other adherents of his tribe on the way, and finally fall upon one or other of the "stations" or detached garrisons that the Free State had established towards the Nile.

This danger was, however, in any case minimised by the presence of French troops in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the region through which the Khalifa must retire if he tried to reach the east of the Congo territory. In a previous chapter something has been said of the infinite labour and difficulty with which Captain Marchand got his boats across the watershed between the Congo and the Nile, and down the Sueh river to Meshra-er-Rek on the Bahr-el-Ghazal. He had, as we have seen, reached this point in the summer of 1897. Meshra-er-Rek is a small group of huts on an island in the river, its importance being due to the fact that it was, in the days before the Mahdist revolt, the port of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. Steamers reached it from Khartoum at high Nile, and it was the centre to which native craft brought their goods to be transhipped and sent down the river. If one looks only at the map it seems at first sight strange that Marchand, once he had occupied Meshra-er-Rek and got his steam-launch on the river there, could not go on to Fashoda in a few days. But the navigation of all the branches of the Nile for some hundreds of miles above

GRAVES OF OFFICERS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA.

Fashoda is singularly difficult. It is the region of what the Arabs call the *sudd*—great vegetable barriers that render the river at times absolutely impassable. These are formed by a mass of weeds and long grass growing in the sluggish, shallow water at low Nile, which are tangled and interwoven into huge floating islands of vegetable matter, living and dead, which come down on the flood, and ground as the river falls. So much interest attaches to Marchand's journey that it may be well to describe this difficult region of the Nile more fully. The following passages from Lieutenant Vandeleur's recently published work, "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger," give a good idea of the difficulties with which voyagers on the branches of the great river just above Fashoda have to contend :—

"In 1870 Sir Samuel Baker found the White Nile entirely blocked by an immense number of floating islands, which had converted the river-bed into a solid marsh, so that he was obliged to try another route, *viâ* the second channel, called the Bahr Giraffe. Here, however, his crews found themselves entrapped in a sea of apparently boundless marsh and water-grass, from which, in spite of all their labour, they did not emerge for forty-six days. Making another attempt on January 12th, 1871, he succeeded in cutting a way through, and arrived in open water again on March 19th."

Lieutenant Vandeleur gives some further details, gleaned from the writings of Sir Samuel Baker and Doctor Junker. "Baker tells us," he says, "that the Bahr-el-Ghazal, though navigable for two hundred miles, and the receiver of a multitude of rivers some three to four hundred miles long, is in the dry season nearly empty of water, being at that period only a line of stagnant pools and marshes. It seems probable, however, that by cutting through the obstructions with great labour, navigation is feasible even in some dry seasons, as Junker one year ascended to Meshra-er-Rek in February, or about the middle of the dry season. A lake called the Magren-el-Bahur, or Meeting of the Waters, is formed during the rainy season by the junction of the Bahr-el-Jebel (White Nile) and Bahr-el-Ghazal, but at low water it is divided into two sections, which communicate through a channel a little over half a mile long. On leaving the lake and ascending the Bahr-el-Ghazal the channel narrows to about fifty yards, and Junker describes how 'on both sides extensive tracts of country are permanently flooded, and only an occasional fishing hamlet is visible on a dry patch of ground in this submerged region.'

"Junker took eight days to ascend the river to Meshra-er-Rek in a steamer, and on the afternoon of the first day met with the first real grass barrier, which was surmounted in twenty minutes. Later followed other loose accumulations which, though easily removed, still caused much delay, one obstacle taking an hour to cut away. On the second day a few scattered trees denoted the presence of dry ground, but the same difficulties were met with, although once or twice the river opened out into a good broad waterway. On the third day, after getting through some smaller masses, the steamer was blocked for several hours by a huge barrier of felt-like consistency, and nearly a third of a mile in extent; whilst the whole of the fourth day was spent in forcing a way through *sudd* one and a quarter miles in length."

On the fifth day the junction of the Bahr-el-Arab and the Bahr-el-Ghazal was passed. "After this," says Dr. Junker, "there was another expanse of stagnant water, beyond which the open channel contracts at first to fifty, then to a little over twenty yards. Here the woods become thinner, and at last again give place to boundless flooded grass plains, with patches here and there of tall vegetation. Beyond the mouth of the Jur, coming from the south-west, there was little to suggest a river, there being apparently a boundless sea of grass and sedge, with an open expanse winding away to the head of the steam navigation at Meshra-er-Rek."

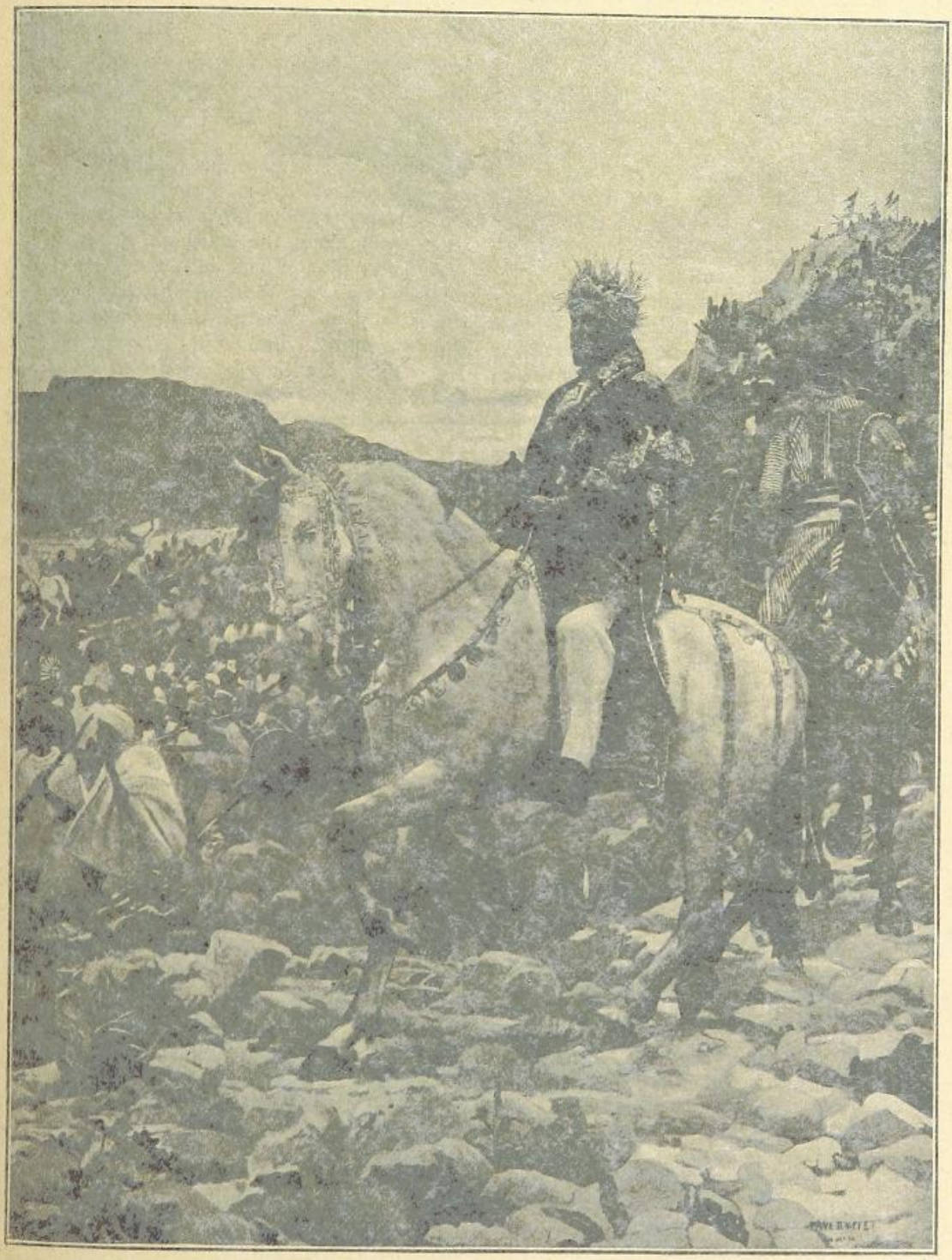
This description makes it easier to realise how it was that Marchand, having reached Meshra-er-Rek after the river had fallen, could not make any further progress for months, and had to content himself with bringing up reinforcements and supplies, and preparing to attempt the passage downwards to the main stream of the Nile when the river rose again. It was a most unhealthy and trying place in which to pass the hot season. Even when he started with his little steamer and barges, many a weary day must have been spent cutting through the grass barriers and floating islands. From private letters from a member of his expedition it appears that early in April, about the time when the Sirdar was winning the battle of the Atbara, Marchand's flotilla had got as far as the marshy lake where the Bahr-el-Arab joins the main stream, and was working his way forward along the grass-encumbered reach towards the mouth of the Bahr-el-Zeraf or Giraffe.

A CHARGE OF DERVISH CAVALRY.

Having seen what was being done in the extreme south and south-west of the Soudan during the summer, let us now glance at the events in the Eastern Soudan on the Abyssinian side. Menelek was certainly anything but pleased with the Anglo-Egyptian occupation of Kassala. He expected that the fortress, if evacuated by the Italians, would come into his possession, and quite overlooked the long-standing agreement between Italy and England, by which it was eventually to revert to its former possessor, Egypt. He had set up a vague claim to an Abyssinian sphere of influence extending to the east bank of the White Nile. Its northern boundary was to be the fifteenth parallel of north latitude, which crosses the White Nile about fifty miles south of Khartoum. Its southern boundary was to be the second parallel, which would give him all the east bank of this great river up to the point where it flows out of Lake Albert. Though there was little doubt that England and Egypt would be prepared to deal generously with him in the final settlement of the Soudan, these extravagant claims could not be admitted.

In the south Major MacDonald's expedition was reorganised and pushed into the Lake Rudolf region to secure effective occupation there before it was overrun by Menelek's Abyssinian and Galla raiders. The civil war in Uganda, which had crippled this advance the year before, had dragged on into the summer, but the rebels were repeatedly defeated by the troops of the protectorate, under Major Martyr, an officer who had served for some years with Kitchener in Egypt, and was on his staff in the Dongola campaign. The Abyssinian expeditions to the southward appear to have been little better than plundering raids. The force destined to reach the Nile at Fashoda and join hands with Marchand there had become disorganised, and the Abyssinian chiefs, though strongly urged on by the two French officers left with them by Bonchamps, showed very little energy in their advance, and made but slow progress. The fact seems to be that for the men

VIEW ON THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.



KING MENELEK AT THE BATTLE OF ADOWA.

(By Permission, from the Painting by Paul Buffet.)

of the Abyssinian highlands the plains and marshy watercourses of the Upper Nile region are especially deadly. No men are more subject than the Abyssinians to the enervating effects of a malarious country.

In the highlands bordering on the lower Blue Nile region a large force of Abyssinians had been got together under one of the fighting chiefs, Ras Makonnen. Rumour spoke of them as the possible vanguard of an army with which Menelek was prepared to assert his claims after the fall of Khartoum gave him freedom of action; till then he was bound by his treaty with England to a benevolent neutrality towards the Anglo-Egyptian forces. It is quite possible that Makonnen's real mission was to observe the Dervish force under the Emir Ahmed Fedil, about 3,000 strong, which garrisoned the district of Gedaref. This province borders on the Abyssinian highlands, and is watered by rivers that run into the Blue Nile. If Menelek had been anxious at once to help the Sirdar's operations and establish a good claim to an enlargement of his borders on this side, he might easily have overwhelmed the Dervish force in Gedaref. But he observed strict neutrality, keeping all the while a large army together near his capital.

His ambassadors were sent to Paris and St. Petersburg, and he gave the French a concession for a railway, which was to run from Jibutil, near Obok, to his capital, and to be continued (if all went well) along the southern slopes of the Abyssinian plateau and into the Nile Valley towards Fashoda. Work was actually begun on this railway, but although this pointed to active co-operation with France in the struggle for the Nile Valley, Menelek kept his own counsel as to his real plans, hoping, no doubt, to get large advantages from England as the price of his ultimate neutrality.

DERVISH COAT, SWORD, AND SHIELD.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EVE OF THE ADVANCE.

THE date for the attack on Omdurman was determined by the fact that the Nile between Berber and Khartoum would be at its highest about the end of August and the beginning of September. The Sirdar's plan was to complete the concentration of his army in the first half of August, and begin the advance about the middle of the month. He would thus be able to make the fullest use of the high Nile for transport by water of troops and supplies in the first stage of the advance, and for the operations of his gunboat flotilla in the actual fighting.

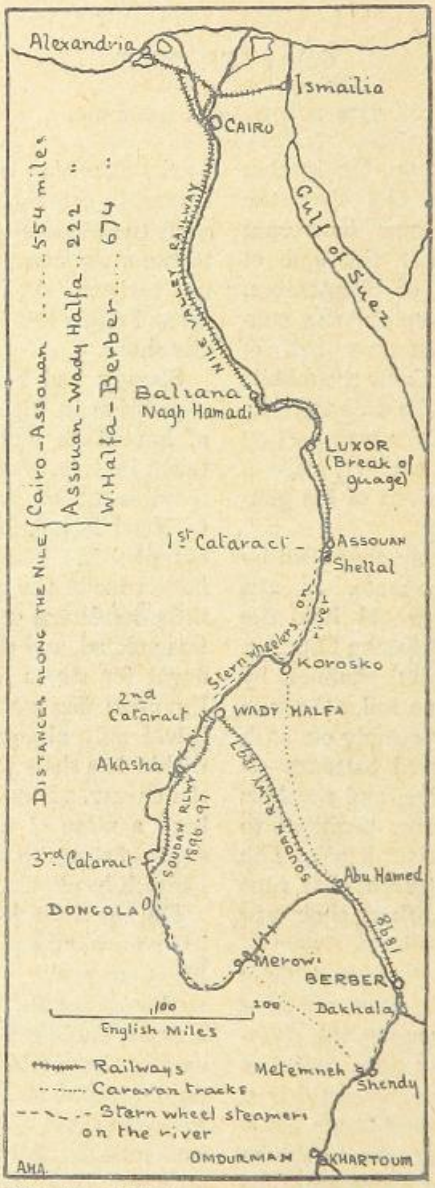
His task had been considerably simplified by the bad tactics of his opponents. It was generally expected that they would hold the hills on the river bank at the Shabluka Cataract. Here the Nile, broken into several channels by rocks and islands, flows for some miles through a narrow gorge, the hills rising steeply on each side. The Dervishes had erected batteries on both banks near the water's edge, and the hills above supplied splendid defensive positions to meet a force advancing by the river bank. The gunboats struggling with the torrent that runs down between the hills, and working their way between steep and often precipitous ridges of rock on either side, could have given very little co-operation to the land attack, and would have had some difficulty even in engaging the river-side batteries. The Dervish positions would of course have been turned and the garrison driven out, but it might have caused some tough fighting, and in any case a stand at the Shabluka would have forced the Sirdar to concentrate his army for battle below the Cataract, and would have thus delayed the advance. If Mahmoud had not ventured on his ill-directed march to the Atbara he could have fallen back on the Shabluka Hills and fought there. The destruction of his army left only a very small force available for holding the banks of the Cataract. The Khalifa did not wish to send any more troops forward from the force he had assembled at Omdurman, so the Dervishes were ordered to retreat, and the Sirdar, in passing the Cataract, had only to deal with the physical difficulties which it presented to the movements of his flotilla. And these were not serious. At high Nile steamers could pass up and down the Cataract without any help from the shore.

Shendy had been the advanced post of the expedition in the early summer. The first step of immediate preparation for the advance was taken in July, when the gunboats conveying a detachment of Soudanese troops steamed up to Nasri Island, forty miles above Shendy, and occupied it. The command of the river by the flotilla made the occupation of the island by its little Soudanese garrison perfectly secure. A fort was erected, and the island became the advanced depôt for stores for the expedition. Thus the Egyptian flag was flying over a garrison established only eighty miles from Omdurman, or within less than six days of easy marching from the enemy. But for the gunboats it would have been a piece of reckless imprudence to fix the depôt of stores so far to the front and so near the Dervish headquarters.

During these last weeks before the advance hard work, and plenty of it, was the lot of the Egyptian army. Two battalions were north of Berber at the Fifth Cataract away towards Abu Hamed, hauling up barges and river boats to be used in the coming expedition. Other battalions were camped at various points along the Nile, where the belt of scrub was widest and the trees well grown. All day they worked at cutting firewood, loading it on boats, and sending it up to Nasri Island, to be stored there in the great fuel depôt for the gunboats. Their furnaces are arranged to burn either coal or wood, and once they get away from the neighbourhood of the railway they have to rely on the inferior fuel. "Wooding" is a more frequent operation than coaling with a Nile gunboat.

One of the regiments engaged in this hard work on the river, the 18th Egyptians, was

preparing for its first campaign, and was indeed less than twelve months old. It was the youngest battalion in the native army. It was raised in December, 1897, at Cairo, by Captain H. K. Matchett, of the Egyptian army. The recruits were drawn from the provinces of Upper Egypt — in other words, from the Nile banks between Cairo and Assouan. They were tall men of fine physique. The Egyptian peasant has been obeying orders for several thousand years, and drill and discipline become a second nature to him very quickly. At the end of May the new regiment was ready for inspection by the Sirdar on the parade-ground of the Abbasiyeh Barracks outside Cairo. On June 21st it went up to the front, and after some weeks' hard work at the Fifth Cataract it was attached to Collinson's brigade, with which it shared the dangers of the Omdurman fight.



THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS — 1898.

A feat performed by another regiment, the 5th Egyptians, shows of what splendid material the fellahin battalions are composed. The regiment was in garrison at Suakin, and was ordered to reach the front by marching to Berber along the old desert caravan route. It is one of the regiments which has no white officers. With a company of the camel corps it marched out under command of its Colonel, Abdel Gonwad Bey, and did the 290 miles across the desert in fifteen days. No column of troops had ever done the distance so quickly. On one day half the battalion performed a record march. The detachment was crossing the nearly waterless stretch of rocky desert between Ariab and Berber. It had already done thirty miles from its last bivouac, but on reaching the halting-place it was found that the water-holes were dry. The next water was thirty miles in front, but without waiting Abdel Gonwad told his men to push on, and they started after a short rest, and reached the wells safely after doing sixty miles on foot in the twenty-four hours. No wonder the Sirdar is proud of his Egyptian regiments.

There were some small detachments of Dervish scouts encamped among the hills by the Shabluka Cataract until the middle of August, and they occasionally exchanged a few harmless shots at long range with Egyptian scouts coming up from Nasri Island. In the third week, just as our advance began, they retired southward.

For the first concentration camp before the passage of the Shabluka defile the Sirdar had selected a point on the left bank above Nasri Island, known as Wad Hamed. It was close to Wad Habeshi, where in 1885 the Dervishes had their battery which Lord Charles Beresford so pluckily engaged when he went to the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson's shipwrecked expedition. The Egyptian and Soudanese troops were pushed on to this point by river before the British brigades went up. A large convoy of camels, accompanied by most of the artillery horses, marched from the Atbara camp on August 16th, troops, stores and camels being ferried over the Nile, and marching up the left bank. They were escorted by the 21st Lancers, under the command of Colonel Martin.

By the time this column marched off the

British division had been completed by the arrival of all the regiments assigned to its second brigade. One of them was a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, which had been brought from Gibraltar to Alexandria, and sent up the Nile by a rapid steamer and railway journey, contrasting curiously with the long march by which the detachments of the Guards had reached the Upper Nile thirteen years before. The two British batteries had come up from Cairo, and two heavy siege guns had arrived in charge of a detachment of British garrison artillery. The guns were moved from the railway trucks to barges at Dakhala camp, and at once towed up to Nasri, their teams following in other barges, or being marched up the river bank under convoy. Several companies of the camel corps that had been guarding the southern frontier of the Dongola province were concentrated at Korti, and under the command of Major Tudway they marched across the Bayuda desert to Metemneh, following the route by which the desert column had made its way to the same point in 1885. Tudway had been a young lieutenant in those days, and had shared the dangers of that brave dash through the wilderness. Now he was able to ride securely as in a friendly country over the battle-fields of Abu Klea and Gubat, where the Jaalin, now our friends, had charged so recklessly upon the British square.

MAJOR STUART-WORTLEY.
(*Photo: Bassano.*)

Thus by the middle of August the Sirdar's army, about 22,000 strong, had gathered along the river from the Atbara to Nasri and Wad Hamed. Before telling the story of their victorious advance on Omdurman it will be well to note here the organisation of the whole force.

There were two infantry divisions, the British under General Gatacre, composed of two brigades, and the Egyptian under General Hunter, of four. Each brigade was made up of four battalions. The following list gives the names of the brigadiers and the regiments under their command :—

British Division.—General Gatacre.

1st Brigade.—Wauchope : 1st Cameron Highlanders ; 1st Seaforth Highlanders ; 1st Lincolnshire ; 1st Royal Warwickshire.

2nd Brigade.—Lyttelton : 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards ; 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade ; 1st Northumberland Fusiliers ; 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.

Egyptian Division.—General Archibald Hunter.

1st Brigade.—MacDonald : 2nd Egyptians ; 9th, 10th, and 11th Soudanese.

2nd Brigade.—Maxwell : 8th Egyptians ; 12th, 13th, and 14th Soudanese.

3rd Brigade.—Lewis : 3rd, 4th, 7th, and 15th Egyptians.

4th Brigade.—Collinson : 1st, 5th, 17th, and 18th Egyptians.

To the British division there were attached a battery of six Maxims, manned by men of the 16th company E. D., R.A. ; a battery of four Maxims, manned by 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers ; a detachment of No. 2 company R.E.

To the Egyptian division were attached six Maxims, manned by Egyptian gunners. The mounted troops were : The 21st Lancers, Colonel Martin ; ten squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, Colonel Broadwood ; eight companies of the camel corps (Egyptian mounted infantry), Major Tudway.

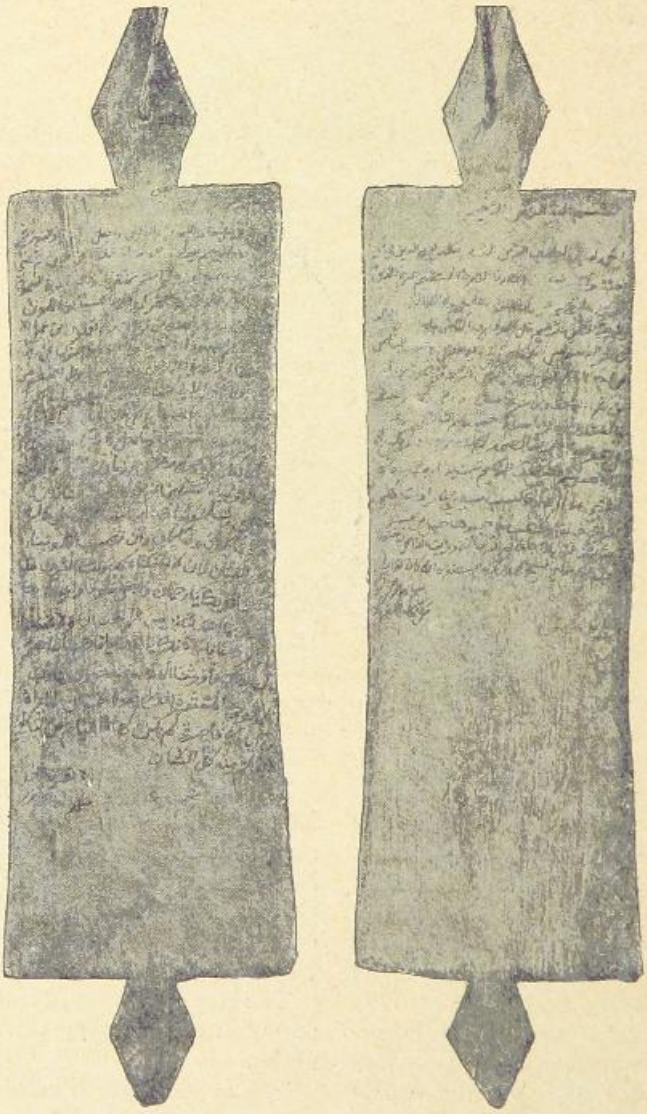
The Egyptian cavalry had with them Maxims mounted on galloping carriages, and drawn by mules.

The artillery consisted of seven batteries, and a detachment of the light siege train, forty-four guns in all, organised as follows :—

British artillery—32nd battery, R.A., six 15-pounders ; 37th battery, R.A., six 5-inch howitzers, throwing a 50-pound shell ; detachment 16th

company E. D., R.A., with two 40-pounder siege guns. Egyptian artillery: horse battery; six Krupp guns, throwing a 9½-pound shell; four field batteries of Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firing guns, six to each battery, and of the same calibre as the Krupps.

This army was to advance on Omdurman by the west bank of the Nile. At the same time Keppel's flotilla of fourteen gunboats was to steam up the river, and a force of some thousands of friendly Arabs, under Major Stuart-Wortley, was to march up the east bank. It will thus be seen that Sir Herbert Kitchener, when he began his advance in the middle of August, had at his disposal a far more formidable force than had ever before been under the command of a British general in the Soudan—a force that, considering the character of the resistance which it was likely to encounter, might well be described as invincible.



WOODEN TABLET, INSCRIBED WITH A VERSE FROM THE KORAN, FOUND ON THE BODY OF A DERVISH KILLED IN BATTLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONCENTRATION AT WAD HAMED.

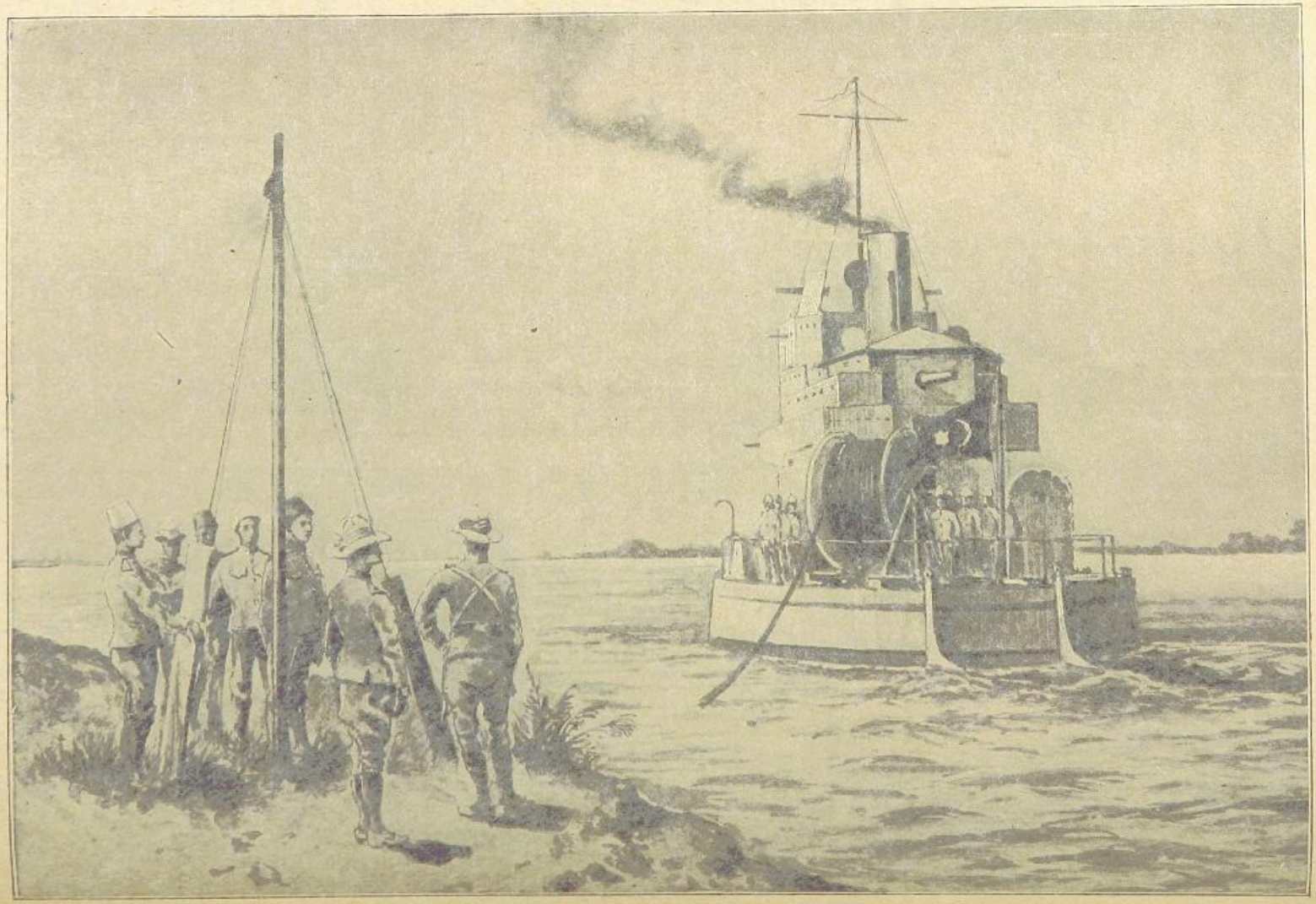
THE march of the strong column that left the Atbara camp on August 17th was considerably delayed by the height to which the Nile had risen. At many points the water had filled the hollow sandy valleys and rocky ravines—the *wadys* and *khors*, to use the local names—converting them for awhile into long creeks extending from the river bank far into the desert. To pass these, long *détours* had to be made, and this greatly increased the labour of the march under the tropical sun. Except for a few cases of sunstroke, the health of the men was excellent.

The march was along the west bank of the Nile, on the southern edge of the Bayuda desert. This tract of riverside was part of the country of the Jaalin tribe, and everywhere there were grim signs of the vengeance which the Khalifa's Baggaras had wreaked upon them. The villages were all in ruins, the waterwheels burned, the fields untilled. The few people who had come back to the river, and were living in grass shelters, gave the troops the heartiest of welcomes.

The line of march lay past Metemneh, and Mahmoud's huge camp on the edge of the desert, where the Emir lay so long waiting to bar the Sirdar's advance, and whence he started on the ill-fated march to the Atbara. Along the river bank were ten forts, in which the ten guns captured in the Atbara zereba had once been mounted. They were badly constructed so far as the use of the gun went, but looked as if they would give good shelter to the little garrison that worked it. Each was a round earthwork of sun-baked mud with three embrasures, one looking directly across the Nile, and the others up and down stream. The gun could be transferred to any of these positions, but the embrasures were so narrow that it could hardly be trained a single degree to right or left, so that the gunners would really have to wait and get off a shot just at the moment when a hostile gunboat was passing. The rifle trenches along the river edge were better planned. They were provided with traverses to prevent them being enfiladed, and to limit the damage done by a shell to the section in which it burst. All these works were now being sapped by the rising Nile. The flood of brown water had breached some of the forts and flowed into the trenches.

The ruined town of Metemneh, the Jaalin capital, stood about a mile from the river, and yet another mile further away in the desert, to be more out of range from the river, stood Mahmoud's camp, an enormous circle of shelter-trenches and rifle pits, with four mud huts in the interior of the ring, one of them formerly the Dervish general's headquarters. "Never was there such a scene of desolation," wrote Mr. Howard of the *Times*, giving his impression of a visit to Metemneh. "The whole area from camp to river is carpeted with the dried-up carcases and bones of a multitude of beasts killed by Mahmoud's army. The town itself, stretching for nearly two miles, is a city of the dead. Not a soul is to be seen, but everywhere in the narrow streets are carcases with lurid birds feeding and whirling overhead, and the heavy, fœtid smell of decomposing bodies. When first visited by Englishmen, after the massacre of the Jaalin, dead bodies lay about the town in heaps, but the tribe have now removed and buried them."

The infantry travelling up the river on barges and steamers had an easier time than the mounted troops. These reached Wad Hamed camp on August 24th, short of a number of men lost or disabled by sunstroke, and a still larger number of horses knocked up by the long march on the hot sand. The army was now concentrated at the foot of the Shabluka Cataract, the great camp of 22,000 men extending for some two miles along the river. The camping-ground was a stretch of coarse grass with scattered trees. In the middle of the long line of tents and grass shelters the Egyptian flag, flying from a knoll looking out on the river, marked the Sirdar's headquarters. At the south end of the camp were the tents of the British division. Although there was yet no



AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE ATBARA: LAYING THE CABLE ACROSS THE RIVER.

fear of a night attack, General Gatacre, in order to practise his division in what they would presently have to do, insisted on both officers and men sleeping fully equipped with their arms beside them. The Egyptian division, camped next to the British in long lines of grass and palm-leaf shelters, had an easier time and less stringent orders for the present. The north end of the camp was occupied by the artillery and transport lines. Along the river front by day and night boats were busily unloading stores brought up from the depôt at Nasri Island.

On the opposite bank of the river Major Stuart-Wortley was busy getting into shape his little army of friendly Arabs. The Jaalin, eager to avenge the massacre of Metemneh, were the most numerous tribe in camp, but several others were well represented, notably the Ababdeh, the tribe from the deserts east of Assouan and Halfa, and the borders of the Batn-el-Hagar, who had done us such good service in every campaign since our advance began. Another tribe who mustered strongly were the Shukhriyeh, from the upper Atbara region. Their chief was a remarkable man, the Sheikh Amara Wad Abu Sin. His father had been Mudir, or native governor of Khartoum under Gordon, and perished with him in the night when the place was stormed by the Mahdi. Wad Abu Sin was himself for several years a prisoner in Omdurman, and during this time was a companion in misery with Slatin, who was his friend. The Sheikh escaped from captivity in 1892, and eagerly acted upon Colonel Wingate's invitation to him to bring his tribesmen to join in the advance on Khartoum.

The friendlies—Arabs of the Soudan and the borders of Upper Egypt—besides their own tribal weapons, were armed with Remington rifles, supplied by the Egyptian Government. They were to operate on the east bank of the river, but a few of the Jaalin, who knew the country well, were to be employed as scouts with the Sirdar's army on the other bank.

On August 23rd, the day before the 21st Lancers marched in with the artillery and baggage convoy, the Sirdar held a great review of his army on the level desert behind the camp. It was a magnificent sight. The troops, British, Egyptian, and Soudanese, formed a long line nearly two miles from flank to flank, the men in splendid condition, and all complete in armament and equipment. Sir Herbert Kitchener rode down the line, accompanied by his staff. There rode with him the Italian and German military attachés, Captains Calderari and Von Tiedemann, the latter an African explorer of some note. Both expressed their admiration of the army that now stood ready to move on to Khartoum.

Keppel's gunboats lay anchored on the brown rapid-flowing river. Across the Nile could be seen the camp of Stuart-Wortley's friendlies. To the south rose the Shabluka Hills—already in the possession of our advanced cavalry. The first stage of the campaign—the concentration—had been accomplished without hitch or accident. The next move would be to a second concentration camp opposite the mountain of Jebel Royan, at the other end of the Cataract, the most southerly of the Shabluka Hills. Three days would suffice to complete this second stage of the advance, and then the army would be within forty miles of the enemy's stronghold, and a fight might be expected any day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN TOUCH WITH THE ENEMY.

THE advance from Wad Hamed camp began in the early morning of Wednesday, August 24th. The night before had been a miserable time for the troops. Soon after midnight a furious storm of thunder, wind, and rain broke over the river. The lightning flickered and flashed incessantly. Tents and straw shelters were blown down, and everyone was wet to the skin. The boats and steamers moored along the bank tugged at their moorings, and one of the large native craft, laden with baggage of an Egyptian battalion, got adrift and sank in the Nile. The storm swept the river bank for miles to the northward. Scores of telegraph poles were thrown down, and the wet made it useless to try to send a message on the wire.

The army was no longer operating in the rainless regions of Upper Egypt and Nubia; but though the rainy season proper was over, there was still for awhile the chance of a sudden storm such as this. And the experience was especially trying to the Egyptian troops, who never saw rain from year's end to year's end in their sunny villages by the Northern Nile.

Before daybreak, while the wind was still lashing the river and driving gusty showers of rain over the camp, General Hunter had formed up the first and third brigades of his division (MacDonald's and Lewis's), and they marched off by the light of the dawn. The weather was clearing rapidly by sunrise, and the rain had laid the dust, and made the march past the Shabluka Hills fairly easy going. The two other brigades of the Egyptian army (Maxwell's and Collinson's) marched in the afternoon. They were followed by the artillery, with the exception of the 40-pounders and the howitzers, which were to go up by water. The column made a *détour* to the right, to avoid the rocky ridges near the Cataract. A whole fleet of native boats, under their long brown lateen sails, were already sailing up the Shabluka Gorge, conveying the baggage of Hunter's division. Out in front beyond the hills Broadwood's cavalry were scouting, and they screened the movement so well that until the day of the battle the Khalifa had no clear idea of what was the precise strength the Sirdar was bringing against him. Broadwood's horsemen let no one pass to the southward beyond their outlying vedettes. But every day they let in a number of fugitives and deserters from Omdurman, and these brought useful information, which was duly sifted and classified by Colonel Wingate and Slatin Pasha.

Hunter's first march was only nine miles. His troops bivouacked in the desert, and next day made a twelve miles' march to the concentration camp opposite Jebel Royan Mountain, near the deserted village of El Hajir. A couple of the gunboats had come up the Cataract and seized an island just opposite Jebel Royan, which was to be the new store depôt. From the summit of the mountain Sir Charles Wilson, on his way up to Khartoum in 1885, had made an attempt to communicate by heliograph with Khartoum. The attempt was a failure, for that morning the place was already in possession of the Dervishes. The Sirdar had ordered the mountain to be occupied as a look-out station, and from its summit with a good telescope there could be seen far away on the southern horizon a white speck, which was identified as the dome of the Mahdi's tomb rising over the houses of Omdurman, and glittering in the sun. Curiously enough, the officer who first picked it out was no other than Gordon's nephew, Major Gordon, R.E., who had come up in charge of the gunboat *Melik*.

The British division moved off from Wad Hamed camp on the Thursday, the battalions marching side by side in parallel columns at wide intervals. They joined the camp at El Hajir early on the 27th. That day the force was complete again, and there was a stir of excitement in the camp when word came in from the cavalry in front that they had caught sight of Dervish scouts retiring on both banks of the river.

The Sirdar joined his army after a voyage up the Cataract in one of the steamers. The Shabluka is known to the Arabs as "the ninety-

nine islands." When the Nile is falling it is a dangerous place, as Sir Charles Wilson found by sad experience in 1885. But now the river was running so full that the only difficulty was to work the engines against the strong current. There was plenty of deep water everywhere between the islands. The central gorge, about a mile long, is described by those who traversed it as one of the most splendid sights on the Nile. The great rocks come sheer down to the river, forming a narrow V-shaped passage, through which the Nile rages like a mill-race. The abandoned Dervish batteries on either side were in places flooded by the river.

General Rundle, the chief of the staff, was on his way up to join the Sirdar at El Hajir. He had remained behind at the Atbara camp to see to the forwarding of troops and supplies, and to make sure that the line of communications from railhead was in good working order. He was travelling up on board of Commander Keppel's flagship, the gunboat *El Zafir*, when, on Friday, the 26th, just after passing Shendy, the boat suddenly sprang a leak. She was headed for the bank, but before she reached it she sank in the Nile, in water so deep that her upper deck was awash. Rundle and Keppel had a narrow escape of drowning, as the ship partly turned over as she went down. Luckily, a crowd of native craft hastened to the rescue, and no lives were lost. The sinking of this gunboat, one of the finest on the river, was the one piece of bad luck in the whole expedition. The officers on board lost all their personal belongings, except the uniforms they were actually wearing. Arrangements were made for securing the ship where she lay, in order to raise her at low Nile. Meanwhile her Maxim guns were removed from her upper works and transferred to other steamers in the flotilla.

On the Saturday, the same day that the Sirdar joined the camp, Major Stuart-Wortley, with his motley array of friendlies, about 1,700 strong, appeared on the opposite bank, below the slope of Jebel Royan. They had made a two days' march by the desert route, sweeping round to the eastward of the Shabluka Hills. Abdul Azim, with the Ababdeh camel men, had scouted well ahead, and had come on the tracks of the retiring Dervish patrols. On the preceding day, when camped near Shabluka village, Stuart-Wortley had been joined by eighty-six of the Batahin Arabs, under their Sheikh Hassan. They had deserted in a body from the Khalifa, and brought in thirty-six rifles with them. Readers of Slatin's book will recollect the terrible story which he tells of the wholesale execution of the Batahin at Omdurman some years before by the Khalifa's orders. It was no wonder Hassan and his men, remembering how their fellow-tribesmen had been tortured and slain on the execution ground by the Mahdi's tomb, took the first opportunity to throw in their lot with the army of deliverance.

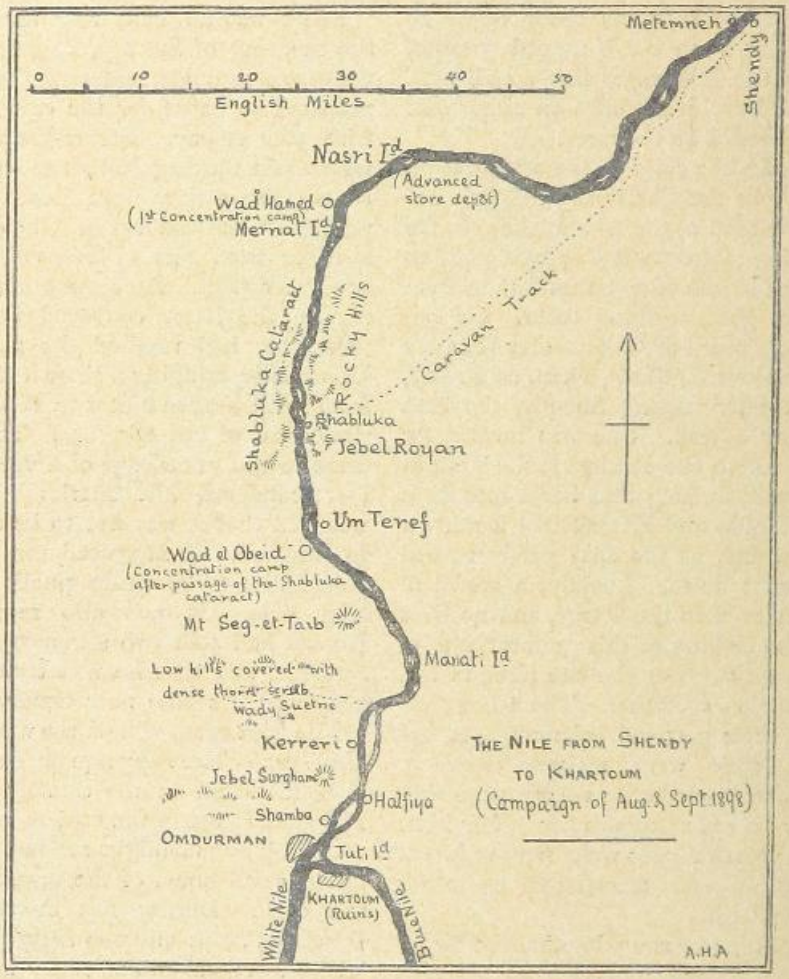
There was no long stay at El Hajir. On the morning of Sunday, August 28th, the advance was resumed, and now the army marched prepared for battle, for the cavalry was in touch with the enemy. Stuart-Wortley's friendlies were again moving down the east bank, and in the afternoon they were joined by some more refugees from Omdurman. One of them brought a letter from one of Wingate's spies in the enemy's capital. Amongst other items of information the letter conveyed the news that a messenger had reached the Khalifa from the Upper Nile, bringing a French flag and an offer from some French officer to take him under the protection of the tricolour. This item of news came to the knowledge of a veteran among the correspondents, Mr. Charles Williams, but he was told that it was not to be sent on by wire to England. It suggested too many awkward possibilities to be made public property till a later date. It was also reported that the Khalifa had sent two steamers up the river to Fashoda, and that he was trying to place torpedoes in the Nile near Omdurman.

The next camp was on the west bank, opposite Um Teref. The Egyptian division marched from Wad El Obeid on the Sunday morning. The British followed in the cool of the evening, and marching by moonlight reached Um Teref camp in the small hours of the morning on Monday, the 29th. During this moonlit night a few Dervishes crept into the Egyptian outpost line. There was an alarm, and they were fired on, but got away, although the foremost of them had ventured far enough to defiantly hurl a spear into the camp. The further advance was delayed on the Monday by a storm of wind driving dense clouds of dust and sand, and making the Nile so rough that it was impossible for the gunboats to tow the barges and native boats that contained the baggage.

The cavalry were out scouting, notwithstanding the storm. It made their work doubly difficult, not only by obscuring the view from time to time, but also by covering the tracks of the enemy's scouts with dust blown from the

belt of cultivated land along the Nile bank. Once they caught sight of a patrol of nine Dervish horsemen, but these galloped off to the southward as soon as they were sighted. Everything seemed to indicate that the enemy would not fight except under the walls of Khartoum. The Khalifa had only sent northwards a was sent forward from Um Teref to reconnoitre the enemy's positions.

On this Monday afternoon Major Stuart-Wortley sent over word from the east bank that his friendlies had had a brush with the enemy's scouts, and had made five prisoners and taken a boat-load of grain. Next day there



handful of mounted scouts to observe the Sirdar's advance.

Deserters and refugees were now arriving in large numbers. Some came across the desert, marching by night and hiding in the daytime. Others floated down the river on logs of wood or inflated water-skins, and were picked up by the gunboats. All told the same story. The Khalifa, they said, had gathered a vast army north of Omdurman, and would fight on the Kerreri Hills. In order to test this information the gunboat *Melik*, under the command of Major Gordon, was a skirmish on the west bank, in which the 21st Lancers had their first sight of an enemy. In the early morning the whole army marched from Um Teref in battle array, facing south, the camel corps and some of the cavalry guarding the desert flank, the rest well out in front. The march was to be a short one, not more than eight miles, and the troops were then to camp on the river bank, the line of bivouacs being a semi-circle, its convex curve towards the desert, its two flanks resting on the river, and protected by the gunboats.

A SICK CONVOY.

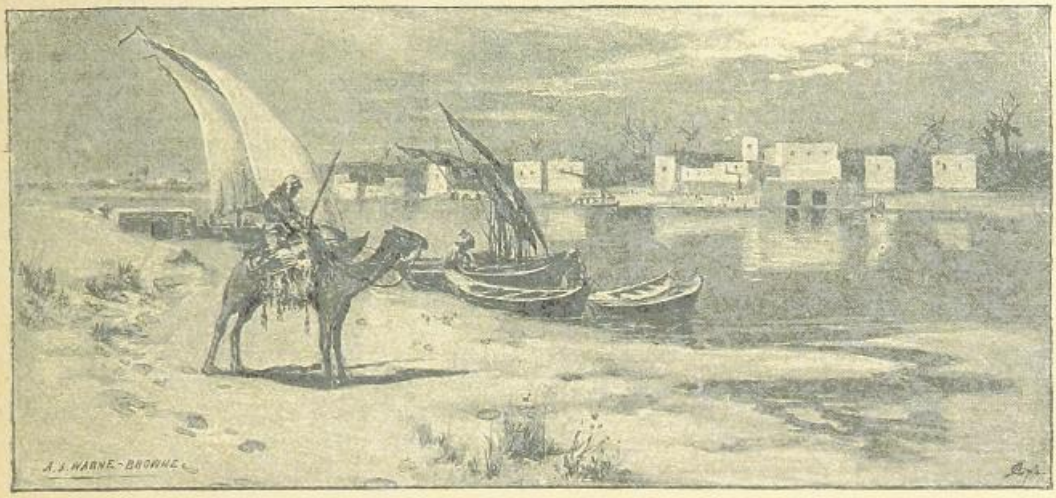
This day the 21st Lancers, who had hitherto been engaged in escort duties, for the first time formed part of the advanced cavalry screen. The march lay through a tract of river bank covered in places with great masses of primosa scrub, in which the enemy could easily be concealed. The vanguard of the Lancers, under Lieutenant de Montmorency, had gone about four miles south of an isolated rocky hill known as Seg-el-Teib, when they came upon a patrol of Dervish horsemen. As usual, the Dervishes galloped off, but this time they had support near at hand.

As the Lancers followed them a line of some thirty red and white banners was seen along a rising ground close in front, drums were heard beating, and a shot was fired from a heavy elephant rifle. The Lieutenant with two of his troopers had by this time ridden out in advance of his men, when he was charged by half-a-dozen mounted Dervishes. He killed the leader with a shot from his revolver, and the rest rode back towards the banners with the riderless horse.

The Lancers had now been reinforced, and sent a patrol through the bush towards the left of the Dervish position. This patrol saw a body of about two hundred of the enemy's cavalry retiring in that direction. As well as could be seen, there was infantry (probably dismounted camelmen), as well as cavalry, holding the low hill in front; and though the position was not an extensive one, it seemed to be strongly garrisoned. But it was merely an advanced post of the main Dervish army, and the Emir in command had no intention of making a prolonged defence, so when one of the gunboats came up and began to drop shells into the bush along the height, the thirty banners disappeared, the whole force retiring behind the Kerreri Hills, across the bushy hollow of Wady Suetne.

On the 30th, while the army made another short march in advance, four of the gunboats —the *Sultan*, flying Keppel's flag, the *Melik*, commanded by Gordon, the *Futteh*, and the *Nasir*—steamed on till they were abreast of Kerreri. While the hills were searched with telescope and field-glass, the quick-firing guns sent a number of shells into a hollow of the hills, where it was supposed the Dervishes had a camp. The positions of the Dervish forts on the riverside below Khartoum were verified, and now everything was ready for the final advance to the attack.

It was decided that the flotilla should attack and destroy the forts, and that meanwhile Stuart-Wortley and his friendlies should clear the ground near Halfiya, on the east bank, while the Sirdar with the main army marched on to Kerreri. The great battle was now, at furthest, only two or three days off. The persistent retreat of the Dervish outposts seemed to confirm the tale told by the refugees that the Khalifa would probably decline to risk a battle in the open, and only make a stand behind the fortifications of Omdurman.



THE NILE NEAR KHARTOUM.

CHAPTER XXV.

OMDURMAN, THE SACRED CITY OF MAHDISM.

BEFORE the Egyptian conquest of the Soudan, three-quarters of a century ago, Metemneh and Shendy, the great river-side towns of the Jaalin tribe, were the chief centres of population and trade in the country near the confluence of the White and Blue Nile. On the point of low-lying land at the junction of the rivers there was only an insignificant village. Mehemet Ali made it the site of a city, which he designed to be the new capital of the Egyptian Soudan. It was called Khartoum, the Arab name of the point between the rivers, so called from a fancied resemblance of its outline to an elephant's trunk, the literal meaning of the word.

Khartoum remained the capital till its fall in 1885. The Mahdi ordered the abandonment of the place after the long siege, and began the building of a new town on the west bank of the White Nile, near the outlying fort of Omdurman. There he built the great mosque, a huge square enclosure, close to his own house. There he was buried when he died in the following summer, and the possession of his tomb, a lofty, white-domed building, made the city more than ever sacred for his followers. His successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi, further extended the new capital, and while Khartoum fell to ruins, Omdurman spread for mile after mile along the river bank.

"The Khalifa," wrote Slatin Pasha in 1895, "has not moved out of Omdurman for upwards of ten years. Here he has centralised all power, stored up all ammunition, and gathered under his personal surveillance all those whom he suspects, obliging them to say the five prayers daily in his presence and listen to his sermons. He has declared Omdurman to be the sacred city of the Mahdi. It is strange to think that ten years ago this great town was merely a little village lying opposite to Khartoum, and inhabited by a few brigands. It was not for some time after the fall of Khartoum that the Mahdi decided to settle there. . . . During his lifetime he had declared that Omdurman was merely a temporary camp, as the Prophet had revealed to him that he should depart this life in Syria, after conquering Egypt and Arabia; but his early death shattered all his plans, and the hopes of his followers."

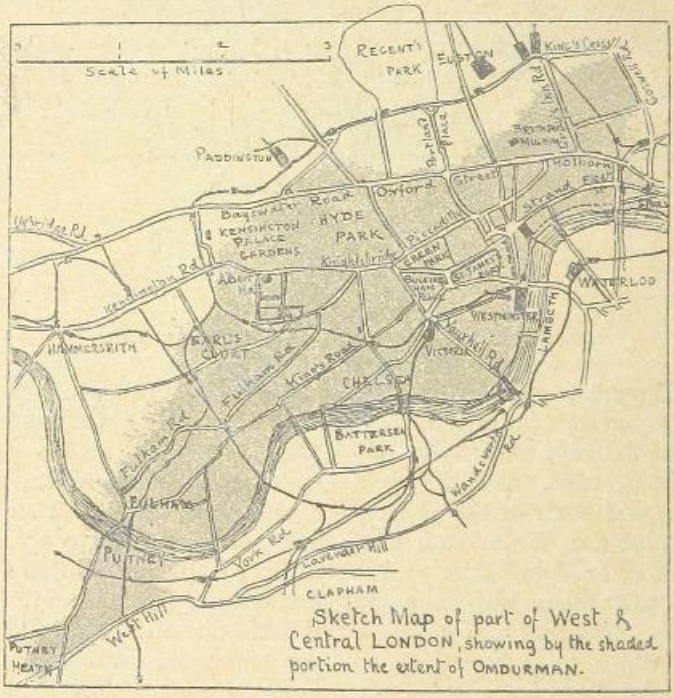
Slatin gives, in his story of his captivity in the Soudan, an elaborate account of the capital of Mahdism, the Court of the Khalifa, and the daily life of the people of Omdurman as it was before the reconquest. "From north to south," he says, "the new city covers a length of about six English miles. The southern extremity lies almost immediately opposite the south-west end of Khartoum. At first everyone wanted to live as near the river banks as possible, in order to facilitate the drawing of water; consequently the

breadth of the city is considerably less than its length, and it is in no place over three miles in width."

The map prepared by Slatin Pasha for the Intelligence Department, and issued in the summer of 1878, makes the city, including its suburbs, nearly seven miles long and just two and a half miles wide at its greatest breadth; but the northern and southern portions are not more than a mile wide. Anyone who knows London will realise the enormous extent of the

relatives, whilst the Emirs and most of the wealthy people followed his example."

The principal building of the city next to the Mahdi's tomb and the mosque was the Khalifa's palace, a vast enclosure, surrounded by a high and thick red brick wall, and divided into several inner courts. His private apartments, harem, stables, storehouses and quarters for his guard and attendants were large detached buildings in the courts, some with an upper storey, and surrounded by shady verandahs. There was a



Sketch Map of part of West & Central LONDON, showing by the shaded portion the extent of OMDURMAN.

Khalifa's city if he notes that from north to south it was as far as from King's Cross to Putney Heath, the widest part being about as broad as from Charing Cross to the west end of Kensington Palace Gardens. An extent like this represents a vast population. Omdurman, in the days of the Khalifa's power, must have been one of the largest and most populous cities in all Africa.

"At first," says Slatin, "it consisted of thousands and thousands of straw huts, and the mosque was originally an oblong enclosure, surrounded by a mud wall 460 yards long and 350 yards broad; but this has been replaced by one made of burnt brick and whitewashed over. After this the Khalifa began building brick houses for himself and his brother, then for his

garden for which hundreds of tons of earth had been brought from the Nile bank. Close by was the luxuriously furnished house of his son Osman, whom he hoped to make his heir, and a smaller house belonging to his brother Yakub. Near Yakub's house, but separated from it by a large open space, was the Beit-el-Amana, or arsenal, where arms and warlike material were stored. On its north side were two storehouses, one for the banners of the Emirs present in Omdurman, the other for the Khalifa's war-drums; east of these was a large building used as a cartridge factory and repairing shop for rifles. There was another arsenal installed in the old building of the Catholic Mission across the river at Khartoum, and a powder magazine on Tuti Island, at the junction of the rivers.

The Ruins of Khartoum. The Island of Tuti. Omdurman.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OMDURMAN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

"On the north side of the city and close to the river," continues Slatin, "is the Beit-el-Mal (treasury), which is an enormous walled-in enclosure, subdivided into a variety of courts in which are stored goods coming from all parts of the Soudan and from Egypt, as well as grain-stores and slave-courts. A little to the south of the Beit-el-Mal lies the public slave market. . . . The town of Omdurman is built, for the most part, on fairly level ground, but here and there are a few small hills. The soil consists mostly of hard red clay, and is very stony. For his own convenience the Khalifa has driven large straight roads through various parts of the town, and to make way for these numbers of houses were levelled, but no compensation was given to the owners. . . . Outside the large unfinished wall built along the road leading to the Beit-el-Mal are a number of shops belonging to various trades, all of which are kept quite distinct—such as carpenters, barbers, tailors, butchers, etc. The *mehekemet es suk* (market police) are charged with maintaining order in the town; and the gallows erected in various parts of the city are a very evident indication of the system of government of the country.

"With the exception of the few broad roads which the Khalifa has made, the only communications between the various quarters consist of narrow winding lanes, and in these all the filth of the city is collected. Their wretched condition and the smells which emanate from these pestilential by-paths are beyond description. Dead horses, camels, donkeys, and goats block the way, and the foulest refuse lies scattered about. Before certain feast-days the Khalifa issues orders that the city is to be cleaned, but beyond sweeping all these carcases and refuse into corners, nothing further is done, and when the rainy season begins, the fœtid air exhaling from these decaying rubbish heaps gradually produces some fatal epidemic which sweeps off the inhabitants by hundreds."

Such was the Khalifa's capital when Slatin escaped from it in 1895. The conquest of the Dongola province by the Egyptian army in the following year alarmed Abdullahi as to the safety of his city, and he began to fortify it. He made no attempt to enclose the whole inhabited area, realising that to have to garrison so many miles of wall would be to weaken rather than to strengthen the defence. Instead of this he enclosed the central portion of the city by a strongly-built stone wall. Inside this rampart were the mosque and the Mahdi's tomb, his own palace and the barracks of his bodyguard, a picked force some thousands strong. This walled enclosure was to be the citadel of the defence. It was about a mile broad from east to west, and rather more than a mile and a half long from north to south. On the south-west side the wall was not completed, but this gap was flanked by the walls of the mosque and partly closed by some large buildings.

As an additional protection another space, a mile wide and about half a mile across from north to south, abutting on the stone-walled enclosure, was surrounded with a lower rampart of sun-dried bricks. This space was crowded with houses, and the approach to it was through the northern streets of the city. Thus the storming of Omdurman would have meant a street fight among strongly-built mud-walled houses and the forcing of two walled enclosures and several large buildings.

On the riverside, batteries had been erected and armed with cannon. The mass of these formed an almost continuous line between the east wall of Omdurman and the edge of the river. There were other batteries to north and south of this main line, and others again on Tuti Island and in front of the ruins of Khartoum. The Khalifa had attempted to strengthen the river defences by means of torpedoes, but this effort at modern methods of warfare was a failure. It is said, however, that during his experiments he succeeded in blowing up one of his steamers. The only two others that were serviceable had been sent up the White Nile towards Fashoda.

The army that was to defend Omdurman was concentrated on the north side of the city. Only small parties of mounted troops had been pushed out in advance to watch the approach of the Anglo-Egyptian army. A detached force had been sent to the east bank to operate against Stuart-Wortley's "friendlies."

Such was the situation in the Dervish capital in the last days of August, and on the eve of the decisive struggle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

FROM Um Teref camp the army advanced by three very short marches to the battle-ground near Omdurman. The whole distance covered from Tuesday, August 30th, to Thursday, September 1st, was twenty-three miles, but this slow advance was deliberately chosen in order to give time for the cavalry to reconnoitre the enemy's positions, and for the flotilla to attack and destroy his riverside batteries. During this advance the Sirdar sent a letter into the Dervish lines, addressed to the Khalifa, warning him that if he tried to defend Omdurman the place would be bombarded, and suggesting that to avoid unnecessary loss of life, the women and children should be removed from the town. The Khalifa appears to have treated this humane warning with careless contempt.

On the Wednesday Colonel Broadwood rode out with the Egyptian cavalry and camel corps, the horse battery and three Maxims, and sweeping away to the right approached Omdurman on its western side. Meanwhile the 21st Lancers advanced direct on the city, between Broadwood's line of march and the Nile, passing through Kerreri, which was found to have been evacuated by the Dervishes. Broadwood occupied the hill of Jebel Fereid, just five miles west of the centre of the city. From that commanding eminence Omdurman could be seen spread out like a panorama. Though it was known from Slatin's description to be a city of great extent, all those who looked out on it from the rocky hill-top were almost startled by the sight of its enormous size. There was the great wilderness of houses, crowded together for mile after mile along the river bank. High over them rose the white dome of the Mahdi's tomb, with the gilded balls of brass upon its apex glittering in the sun. Over the city roofs a clump of green palms on the other side of the Nile marked the position of Khartoum.

Presently the war-drums began to beat in Omdurman, and out from every street and alley on its seven miles of western front the Khalifa's warriors came pouring, with hundreds of fluttering standards to serve as rallying points. As they gained the open plain they formed in five great masses, and then began to advance, with drums beating and flags flying, evidently eager for battle. Broadwood gave the order to his mounted troops to retire. The Lancers had come up on the Dervish right, and as the enemy advanced they exchanged a few shots with them. In this skirmish Corporal Barry was shot in the knee, the first of the British troops wounded in action during the campaign. This was the only casualty. As the cavalry fell back on the camp, the infantry and artillery formed up in battle array. But the Dervishes did not come on. Having watched for awhile the retirement of the mounted troops, they went back into Khartoum, and doubtless the Khalifa told them that the infidels were afraid to face them.

Whilst this reconnaissance was in progress Keppel had steamed up to the end of Tuti Island with his four best gunboats, the *Melik*, *Sheikh*, *Sultan*, and *Nasir*, and had carefully observed the riverside defences. On the way up he had shelled and set on fire a Dervish camp on the hills between Kerreri and Omdurman. The camp was of no great extent, and the Dervishes who fled from it towards the city appeared to be only a strong detachment placed on the hills as an outpost to observe the Egyptian advance. A little further on Keppel surprised a party of the enemy's cavalry who were watering their horses at the Nile bank. He ran close in and scattered them with shell and Maxim fire. Five of them surrendered and were brought back prisoners on board the *Sultan*, when the flotilla returned from its successful reconnaissance.

The programme for next day, Thursday, was that the gunboats co-operating with the friendlies were to clear Halfiya village, the east bank of the Nile opposite Omdurman, and Tuti Island of the Dervishes, and then get the howitzers into position opposite the city, and with these and the guns of the ships attack and destroy the Dervish riverside batteries and shell the city itself. The Sirdar had his army in bivouac at a small ruined village, known as Agaiga or Figaia, about a mile and a half south of Kerreri. The

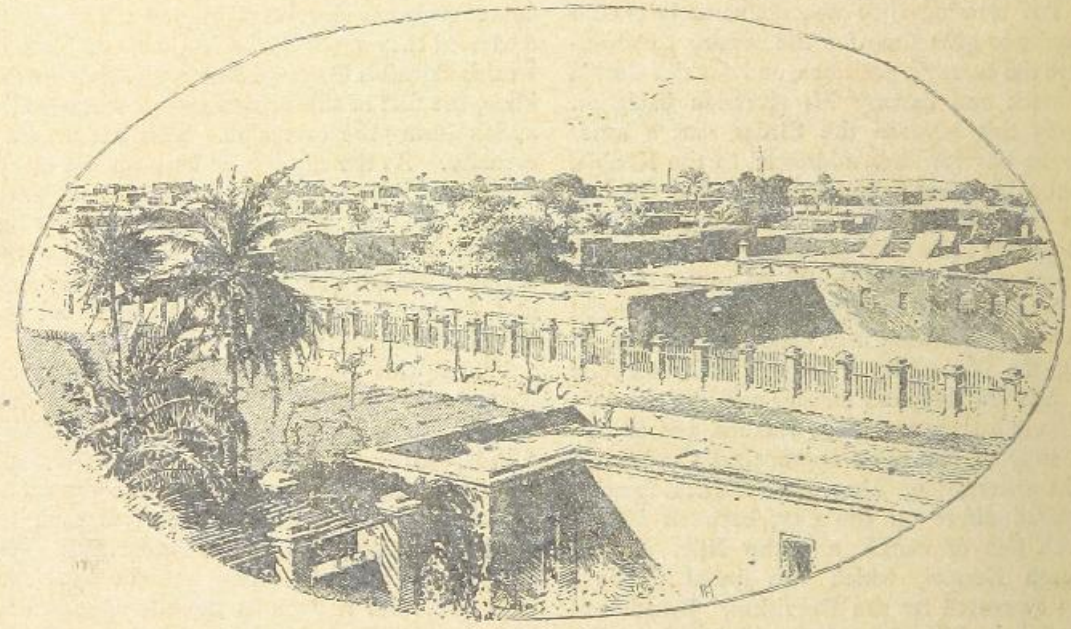
camp was shaped like a capital D, the straight side of it being along the Nile bank, and the curve facing the desert. This curved line was fortified partly with a zereba hedge, partly with shelter trenches. Guns and Maxims were placed at intervals, and a number of mud houses that interrupted their field of fire were levelled to the ground. Inside the camp a few houses afforded shelter for the field hospital, and behind them the transport animals were picketed.

The ground immediately in front of the camp was a slightly undulating plain, about a mile wide, across which any attacking force must advance with very little cover from fire. Beyond the plain were some low hills, and to the left rose a bold rocky mass, marked on the map as Jebel Surgham. This was occupied by a party of the 21st Lancers, who established a heliograph signalling station on the summit. With them were some staff officers watching Omdurman and the movements of the flotilla.

Early in the morning Keppel had taken his gunboats across the river to a point just below Halfiya. He had six of them with him, the *Sultan*, *Sheikh*, *Melik*, *Futteh*, *Nasir*, and *Tamai*. Towing behind the *Tamai* were some barges, on which were embarked the 37th R.A. howitzer battery, and a detachment of 175 British soldiers from various regiments, who were to act as its escort when it was landed.

Presently Major Stuart-Wortley's army of friendlies appeared marching along the river bank, a motley crowd of many tribes, colloquially known to Tommy Atkins during the campaign as the "Skallywags." The big guns of the 37th battery were landed with a couple of range-finders, and the advance was resumed, the Jaalin tribesmen leading. There had already been some wild firing at long ranges between Stuart-Wortley's vanguard and a number of mounted Dervish scouts, who had retired towards Halfiya. Close to the village there were a couple of forts on the river bank. These were bombarded by the gunboats, and in a few minutes what was left of the garrison took to flight. Several of the Dervish wounded were brought on board of the flotilla and attended to by the surgeons. Meanwhile the scouts, who had pushed on in front, rode in with the news that the enemy were holding a group of four small villages near the river bank opposite Omdurman.

Full steam ahead went the gunboats, and soon they were sending a shower of shells into the villages. Then Stuart-Wortley moved up to storm them. At first the friendlies seemed anything but eager for close fight; there was a lot of shouting and firing at long range, and with very little regard to sighting; but at last the Jaalin, the best of the lot, started off, followed by the others, and got into the Dervish position.



GENERAL VIEW OF KHARTOUM IN 1884.
(*Photo: R. Buchta.*)

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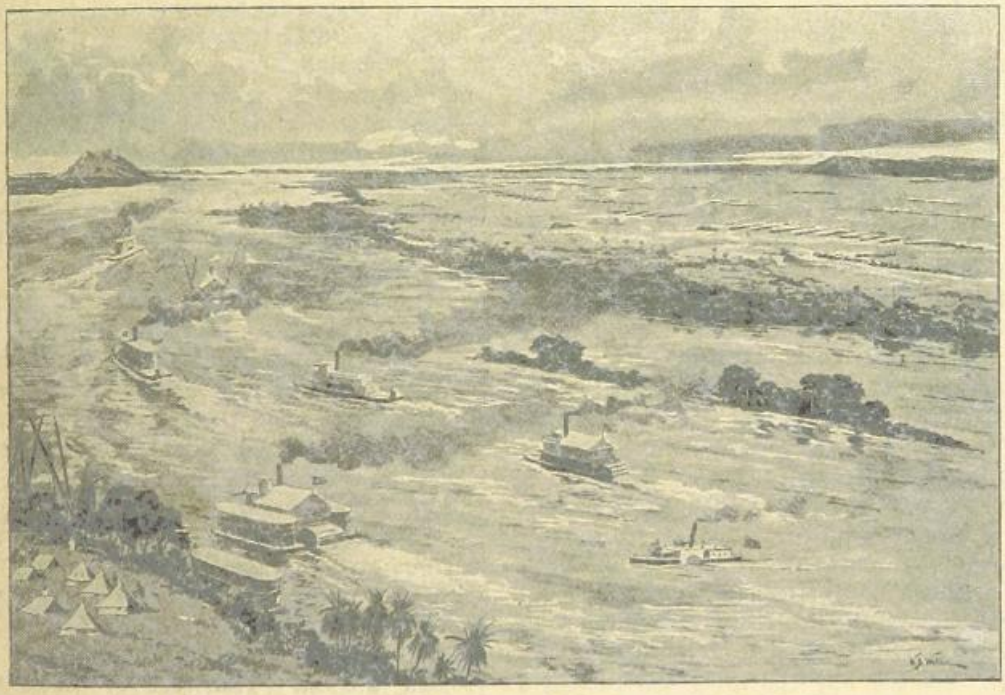
There was a short sharp fight with spear and sword, and the enemy were driven out, losing some three hundred men, including several of the Emirs. Among them was a cousin of the Khalifa, the Emir Isa Zecharia.

The enemy having been thus disposed of, the howitzer battery and its escort were landed. Stuart-Wortley and the range-finders set to work to find a good position for the guns on the Nile bank, for the next item on the day's programme was the bombardment of Omdurman. While this reconnoitring was in progress Stuart-Wortley had a narrow escape. He had an escort of fifty of the friendlies with him, but they were apparently keeping a very careless look-out, for without a word of warning the party was suddenly charged by thirty Baggara horsemen who had rallied from the Dervish rout and returned to the scene of the fight. So fierce and sudden was their onset that the friendlies were driven back in confusion, and the officers, Stuart-Wortley, his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Wood, a son of Sir Evelyn Wood, Lieutenant Buckle, R.A., who was doing the range-finding, and an Egyptian interpreter, found themselves almost alone among the enemy. They drew their revolvers and shot several of the Baggara, the interpreter taking a plucky part in the fight. Then the friendlies rallied to the rescue, and the remnant of the Dervish desperadoes galloped off at full speed, only too glad to escape.

A good position having been found on the east bank just north of the point of Tuti Island, the howitzers were placed in battery by Major Elmslie and opened fire on Omdurman, taking for their guiding mark the great white dome of the Mahdi's tomb. Keppel and the flotilla meanwhile engaged and rapidly destroyed a large fort on Tuti Island, and then crossed the Nile and steamed slowly along the river front of Omdurman, engaging the riverside forts in succession one by one, silencing and wrecking each with a shower of shells and Maxim bullets before going on to the next. While they were tackling the first forts the ships of the flotilla were exposed to a heavy fire from all the line at very short range. Bullets and shells whizzed round them and sent up geysers of spray as they struck the river. But their fire was so ill-aimed that very little damage was done. One shell crashed through the side of the *Fatteh* and got at her engine room, happily without exploding or doing any damage to the machinery. The officer who commanded her was slightly



THE ADVANCE OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN FORCE UPON OMDURMAN.

wounded by a bullet. But this was the only casualty.

The howitzers meanwhile were sending their shells curving high in air over the gunboats and dropping into the city beyond. As each exploded there was a deafening crash, a great flash seen even in the bright sunlight, and a dense cloud of black smoke. One of them smashed in the side of the white dome on the Mahdi's tomb, another wrecked the central building of his palace. Gaps wide enough to drive a carriage through were torn in the riverside wall, the masonry being fairly blasted away by the explosions. Some of these terrible shells were dropped on the forts away to the left of the gunboat attack.

"These shells," wrote Mr. Frederic Villiers, "and the projectiles from our twelve-pounders were responsible for overwhelming slaughter of Dervishes who stuck to their guns within the forts. Yet some held on to their batteries with remarkable pluck, for when, apparently, a fort had long since been silenced, a puff of smoke and whizz of a shell, coming as it were from a heap of ruins, would astonish us all; for it was, seemingly, so hopeless that any being could have existed under the terrible fire brought to bear on the works. On entering some of the forts after the fight, so mangled were the remains of the brave defenders that it was difficult for the moment to recognise that the scattered remnants were of human flesh."

Having silenced the Omdurman batteries, the flotilla steamed on to attack a fort on the point of land between the two Niles close to the ruins of Khartoum—the Mukran Fort of Gordon's diaries. On the way the ships had to pass a point where it was known the Khalifa had placed a mine in the river. The *Sultan* tried to grapple the cable, but failed. There was some anxiety as to a possible explosion. "As each ship passed over the interesting spot," says Mr. Villiers, "there was a disquieting uncertainty in the men's breasts as to whether they would require their rations when tea-time came round." Luckily the apparatus of the Dervish mine was not in good working order, and nothing happened. After a short fight the garrison of Mukran Fort were driven out and fled inland, and then Keppel led his flotilla back to the point where the army had just formed its riverside camp. On the way a steamer, one of Sir Charles Wilson's old ships, was seen lying up a creek near Omdurman, and a few shells were sent into her, but it was then seen that the Dervishes had abandoned her. Luckily she was so little damaged by the shots fired into her that she proved very useful as a ferry boat on the Nile after the capture of Omdurman. These old steamers, dating from Gordon's days, seem to have been of singularly solid construction. They have survived twenty years of service on the Nile, in which they had their fair share of the perils of battle and shipwreck.

We must now turn to the events that were occurring on the west bank during the bombardment. The collapse of the riverside defences and the widespread destruction in the city itself gave the Dervishes a new idea of the kind of attack they would have to face if they held on to their fortifications. The Khalifa Abdullahi and his Emirs had never been under such a fire before, and it soon dawned on them that to sit fast in Omdurman was to run the risk of being killed in detail without having the chance of even striking a blow before the end came. The Khalifa determined, therefore, to come out and risk the chance of war in the open.

The mounted troops with the horse battery, all under Colonel Broadwood's command, had pushed forward to the hollow of Khor Shamba to watch the northern suburbs of Omdurman. A little before noon the heliograph station on Jebel Surgham signalled to the camp that the enemy were advancing in force, and that the cavalry were retiring. From the hill-top the Dervish army could be seen marching forward in three great lines, each about two and a half miles long. Each had a number of flags flying, every flag denoting the presence of an Emir. In the midst flew the black banner of the Khalifa himself. Hundreds of drums were beating, and round the black banner, the ombeyas, the great ivory war-horns were sounding. The cavalry moved in by the river bank; the Lancers and the heliograph station were withdrawn from Jebel Surgham; only a few scouts remained on the hill to watch the expected Dervish advance to battle.

The cavalry sent in word that the Dervish army was 30,000 strong. The Sirdar, who had ridden forward to Jebel Surgham at noon to have a look at his enemy, estimated them at 35,000, but he says in his report: "from subsequent information this figure was probably under-estimated, their actual strength being between forty and fifty thousand."

The number was probably nearer the higher figure than the lower. There is no doubt that in quality as well as in mere numbers it was the

most powerful and well equipped force that had ever been gathered on one field in the whole course of the Mahdist movement. With a wiser policy the Khalifa might have possessed a still more formidable force for the defence of his capital. If he had not wasted in the useless raids on the Atbara Mahmoud's 20,000 fighting men; if he had not by his tyranny alienated the warlike Jaalin, he might well have mustered a hundred thousand warriors before Omdurman.

Even as it was, he had gathered under his black banner a force that was not to be despised. There were the Mulazemin, drilled black troops under Arab leaders, men of the same stamp as filled the ranks of the Sirdar's Soudanese regiments. These and the Jehadia, or Dervish regulars, enrolled for the Jehad, or sacred war, were all armed with Remington rifles—a very fair type of breechloader, of simple construction and easy to keep in order, which had been the weapon of the old Egyptian army. There were about 30,000 of these riflemen, but, happily for us, the quality of the cartridge and the training of the man who holds the rifle, and of the officer who directs his fire, are more important factors in the result than the structure of the weapon itself. The cartridges manufactured in the Khalifa's workshops were very defective and loaded with bad powder; the riflemen never had any target practice, and mostly regarded the sights of their Remingtons as useless appendages; and their leaders had never heard of such a thing as infantry fire tactics. The result was that the fire of the Jehadia was only dangerous at close quarters.

The riflemen were supplemented by some 20,000 spear and swordsmen, some thousands of whom were horsemen of the Baggara tribe, who are among the most daring warriors and the best cavaliers in all savage Africa. There was practically no artillery. The Khalifa had mounted most of his Krupp guns in the river-side batteries. He had left many of them lying like useless lumber in his arsenal. The only cannon he brought out with him were three small Krupps, and even for these he had such poor ammunition that their shells fell short. He had also a Nordenfeldt machine-gun, but such little use was made of it that it was only when the battle was over that anyone in the Anglo-Egyptian army suspected that it had been in action. If the Khalifa had had with him a few trained officers, his army would have been a far more dangerous fighting force.

It was ascertained from prisoners later on that the Khalifa had intended to meet the Sirdar's army at Kerreri, but he had had to give up that plan as he was surprised by the rapid advance of the main body. Its movements had been so well screened by Broadwood's cavalry that the enemy never suspected it had come so near. When the Mahdist army moved out of Omdurman, the men in the Sirdar's camp had stood to their arms, and they waited for some time, eagerly expecting to see the Dervish banners showing over the low ridges in front. But the Khalifa had halted, and was apparently in no hurry to attack. The gunboats came back and reported that without losing a man they had wrecked the Khalifa's forts and shelled his palace, and that the friendlies had cleared the east bank. At three the cavalry scouts reported that he was bivouacking between Omdurman and Jebel Surgham, about three and a half miles away, and that the Dervishes had lit fires and were busy cooking. Later on deserters or spies from Omdurman declared that the Khalifa was waiting for the night to come in order to attack the camp in the darkness.

THE SIRDAR DIRECTING THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

THE Sirdar had timed his advance so as to arrive before Omdurman when the moon was near the full. To have bright nights was a double advantage to him. It enabled some of the marching to be done in the cool moonlight, and it minimised the danger of attacks by the enemy.

The night before the great battle was clear and bright, and, to give additional security to the riverside camp, the gunboats, moored close to the Nile bank, swept its flanks and front with the broad white beams from their electric searchlights. To some of the wild tribesmen in the Dervish bivouac on the hills it must have seemed some strange magic, this lighting up of the desert with the giant rays of dazzling brightness. And it is even said that some of them refused to remain with the Khalifa's standard, declaring that if the invaders could thus control the sunlight, Allah must surely be with them.

Along the front of the Sirdar's camp watchful sentinels were on the alert, and the friendlies had scouts out towards the Dervish bivouacs, and a post on the slope of Jebel Surgham. These friendly scouts had been warned to move in couples when they approached our sentry line, and the sentinels were told to let men running back two and two pass in without a challenge. They were to fire on any large body and challenge men approaching singly. During the night deserters from the enemy caused some alarms. Once the whole of the British second brigade was on its feet for a few minutes. One of the deserters who arrived was an Emir with a few of his followers.

Shortly before midnight some of Colonel Wingate's spies got back from the Mahdist lines and brought the news that the Khalifa would attack before dawn, if not earlier in the night. It is certain, however, that, whatever may have been his intentions, he sent nothing more than a few scouts towards the Anglo-Egyptian camp during the hours of darkness. One reason for his inactivity was the false impression conveyed to him of the Sirdar's plans by some friendlies from the neighbourhood of Agaiga, whom Wingate had sent out in the evening with orders to prowl round the Dervish camp and spread the report that the Sirdar was going to repeat the tactics of Ferkeh and the Atbara, marching in the darkness and attacking in the grey of the morning. Thus the Khalifa was induced to wait during the night for the expected attack. It was only when he found that the invaders were

in their camp. Even if he had waited till they were on the move, he might have met them in the broken ground between Kerreri and Omdurman on less hopelessly disadvantageous terms.

At a quarter past six it was seen that the cavalry were retiring. A last message had come in from Jebel Surgham. "An enormous force of the enemy is advancing to the attack," it said, "drumming and shouting as they come." How steadily the mounted troops retired, trotting back towards the camp with evenly dressed lines as if they were riding in from an early morning drill in the desert! Over the ridges behind them there came a long white line. It was the front of the first great column of Dervish infantry. The men wore the white jibba, ornamented with divers coloured patches—the Dervish uniform. Over their heads fluttered the brightly-coloured pennons of their emirs. Even before they came in sight many in the camp had heard, like the noise of the sea, the confused roar made by hundreds of war-drums and the mingled shouts of thousands of fanatic warriors, marching, as they fondly dreamed, to victory, under the eye of the Khalifa himself, for soon his black banner showed in the midst of the advancing tide of armed men.

Here and there the foremost Dervishes fired a few shots at the retiring cavalry. The Lancers rode into the left of the camp and formed up between the British division and the river; the Egyptian squadrons, moving rapidly across the front of the camp, rejoined the main body of Broadwood's cavalry away to the north of the battle line. The Lancers had been out on Jebel Surgham, and in the earlier part of the Dervish advance Colonel Martin had dismounted some of his men and exchanged fire with the enemy. He had inflicted some loss on them without a single casualty on his side.

The gunboats had steamed up the river and had joined Major Elmslie's battery in the renewed bombardment of Omdurman. Now that the enemy's army was in sight, they were recalled to assist in repelling his attack. The cavalry reports showed that the Khalifa's first line was formed of five great masses of rifle and spearmen. From left to right it was between two and three miles long. In the rear of it there was a second line, of much less strength, escorting a mass of camels and donkeys laden with supplies. Cavalry were riding on the flanks and here and there in the intervals of the great moving mass of infantry, but the Dervishes had only brought out with them three Krupp guns and one of the old Nordenfeldts. These were in their right centre.

Topping the ridges in front, the great moving multitude of Dervish warriors poured out upon the sandy plain in front of the Sirdar's line. Some of the leading Mahdists were firing as they marched, but the range—nearly two miles—was far beyond the furthest limit of what the Remington rifle could do, even with better ammunition than the cartridges made in Omdurman arsenal. Shouting and drumming, the main mass moved on without firing a shot. Their right climbed over the Jebel Surgham height, and from that point to the Kerreri Hills the whole plain was filling with horse and foot, rifles and spears, and waving banners, while the drum and war-horn raised a deafening din. A staff officer spurred away from the Sirdar's side to the British left, where Major Williams's gunners of the Royal Artillery were waiting ready beside their long 15-pounders. He brought the order to open fire. Precisely at 6.40 the first gun aimed at the Dervish right and loaded with shrapnel boomed out, and the shell burst fairly in the air, just in front of the enemy's line, rolling over a good score of the foremost in the attack. Then the other guns and the Egyptian batteries joined in, and all along the Dervish front the bursting shells tore gaps in their ranks, gaps that were filled as soon as they were made. Through the field-glass those who watched the bursting shell saw that many even of the wounded Dervishes sprang up and regained their place in the front. A few minutes more, and another galloper carried the order to the Grenadier Guards to open fire with volleys from their long-ranging Lee-Metfords at 2,700 yards, the extreme distance for which the rifle is sighted. The Guardsmen standing close to the zereba hedge opened fire with volleys by sections, and the other regiments of Gatacre's division carried on the firing away to the left. In the huge moving mass in front of them they had a target against which even at such a distance the volleys could hardly fail to be effective. In the centre and on the right the Soudanese and Egyptian battalions were still silently watching the enemy's advance, lying down in their shelter trenches, for the range was far too great for their Martinis.

Under the rain of bursting shells and Maxim and Lee-Metford bullets the Dervishes were still coming steadily on. The quick-firing guns of the

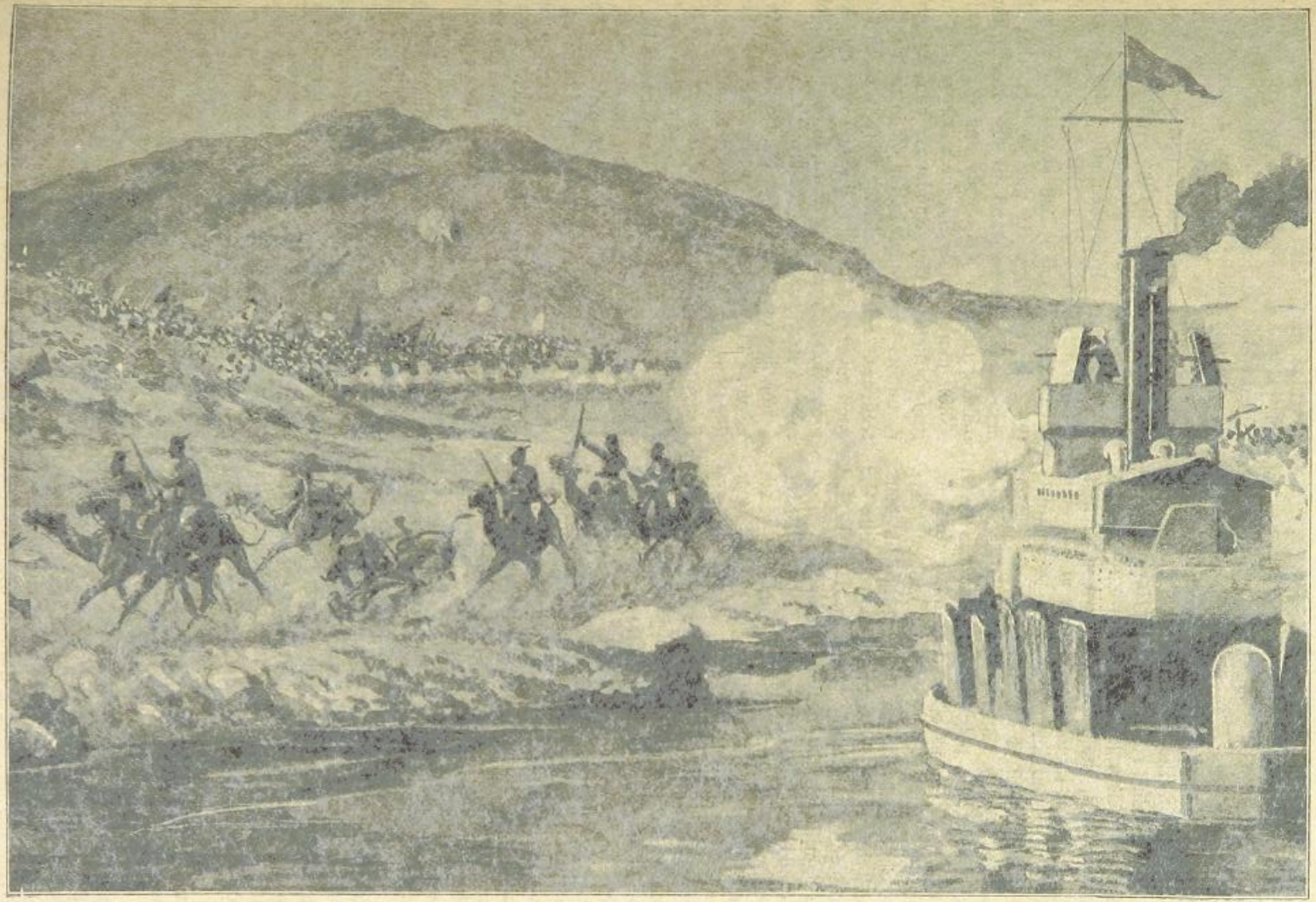
flotilla had now been brought to bear on them, but there was no check in their advance; and now Maxwell's, Lewis's, and MacDonald's brigades added some thousands of rifles to the storm of fire that was pouring from all the curving front of the camp. The Dervishes were replying, and the front of their advance was white with drifting smoke. They had got their Krupp guns into action on the shoulder of Jebel Surgham, but the shells burst some hundreds of yards

OPENING FIRE UPON THE DERVISHES.

short, well out in front of the British division, giving at first the impression that some of the gunboats on the river were making bad practice. At this stage of the attack the losses of the Dervishes must have been enormous. They were falling literally by hundreds; but still they came on, their front line torn by bullet and shell, being within 800 yards of the camp. "I am sorry for those brave men!" exclaimed Count Calderari, the Italian attaché, as sitting on his horse beside the Sirdar he watched the Khalifa's spearmen thus recklessly rushing to destruction.

The left attack, directed by the Khalifa's son Osman, known as the Sheikh-ed-Din, or "Chief of the Faith," poured over the slopes of the Kerreri Hills, its objective being the right of the Sirdar's line. But it came in contact with the mass of the mounted troops, which, to avoid being crushed by the mere weight of superior numbers, were retiring northward along the Nile bank. At first Broadwood moved his squadrons slowly, bringing Major Young's horse battery into action against the Dervishes and harassing them with the carbine fire of his dismounted troopers. His object was thus to cover the retirement of Tudway's camel corps. But his small force was so hard pressed by the thousands of Dervishes who pressed forward, firing heavily as they came, that he had at last to leave the camel corps, who sought the protection of the gunboats on the river-bank.

Screened by the spur of the hills that runs towards the river near Kerreri from any fire from the camp, the Dervish column had pushed in between the mounted troops and the Sirdar's army. They poured such a heavy rifle fire into the battery that numbers of the horses were killed or maimed, and it was impossible to fully horse more than four of the guns. The other



AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE: THE *MELIK* SAVING THE CAMEL CORPS FROM UTTER DESTRUCTION.

two were temporarily abandoned, the gunners carrying off with them the breech blocks and other gear, so that the pieces were useless to the enemy. Caught between the river and the overwhelming mass of Dervishes, separated from the camp on the one hand and the cavalry on the other, the camel corps were for the moment in dire straits. About sixty of them had already fallen, killed or badly wounded, when rescue arrived, the *Melik* and two other gunboats steaming up to close quarters and sending a shower of bursting shells from their quick-firers and a hail of bullets from their Maxims into the Mahdist ranks. Osman withdrew his force from the neighbourhood of the river, leaving great heaps of dead to mark the spot where he had been caught by the gunboats. The camel corps, marching along the Nile bank under the protection of the flotilla, rode into the north end of the camp and formed up behind the right flank of MacDonald's brigade.

While this was happening, Colonel Broadwood, with the cavalry and the four guns of the horse battery, had got safely away to the northward, fighting all the while with a mass of Dervishes, part of Osman's force. The guns were more than once brought into action; the cavalry acted sometimes with carbine fire dismounted, sometimes charged the overdaring Dervish horse that ventured to press them too closely. Soon the pressure on his force diminished as the main body of the pursuers fell back. Then he turned, and, marching along the Nile, worked his way back towards the main battlefield. His troopers had behaved splendidly. They had followed their officers as readily as if they had been engaged in a field day, instead of in a fight on difficult ground, with an overwhelming force of desperately daring enemies. There were many individual deeds of heroism performed by the Egyptian troopers in helping officers and men who had been wounded, or whose horses had been killed. Broadwood's fight had a useful result on the general fortunes of the day, for at a critical moment it had diverted at least ten thousand of the Khalifa's best troops from the attack on the camp.

Let us now turn to what was being done on the main battlefield. When the Dervish right and centre attacks had advanced to about 800 yards, their fire began to take effect here and there in the ranks of the Sirdar's army, the mass of riflemen on Jebel Surgham, who fired over the heads of the advancing spearmen and cavalry, doing the most damage. The first man hit was Corporal Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, wounded in the leg by a ricochetting bullet. He had the wound dressed, and promptly returned to his place in the firing line. The next casualty was in the Lincolns, a soldier being shot dead as he fired his rifle. The zereba hedge in front of the British part of the line was never of any real use during the battle, for the Dervishes never got near enough for it to serve as an obstacle. It is essentially a defence for a bivouac at night, and on this occasion it would have been better if it had been pulled away in the early morning. It was so high that the men had often to stand to fire over it, thus making the aim less steady and exposing the soldier more completely, for a zereba does not stop bullets. The Soudanese and Egyptian regiments were much better off in their shelter trenches. Shallow as they were, they afforded good cover to a kneeling line and very complete protection to men lying down, and both positions mean a steadier aim for the firing line.

For five or ten minutes the Dervish fire was heavy. There are said to have been at least ten thousand riflemen engaged in this first onslaught upon the camp, and the marvel is that they did so little damage. For the Dervish cavalry and spearmen there was no hope but in getting to close quarters with the defenders of the camp, and they pressed on recklessly, wave upon wave, mostly to fall as they came up to the deadly 500 yards' range, or to limp back disabled by Metford or Martini bullet. But the riflemen found some little shelter here and there behind the undulations of the desert ground, and lying down they kept up a sharp fire in comparative security. Some of them established themselves within 400 yards of the British zereba hedge, and at that range their Remingtons were effective enough. There were some fifty or sixty casualties in the British portion of the line alone. Captain Caldecott, of the Warwicks, was shot through the head, and died in the hospital an hour later. Captain Bagot, of the Grenadiers, and Captain de Rougemont, of the Artillery, were wounded. Colonel Rhodes, the *Times* correspondent, fell badly wounded with a bullet in the shoulder. The veteran Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, had a narrow escape, a Dervish bullet cutting his face just below the temple, his third experience of being hit in action. The officers and men of the Army Medical Corps suffered severely. Lieutenant-Colonel Sloggett, one of the English surgeons, was badly wounded by a bullet. One

of the ambulance men fell, shot through the body as he handed a drink to a patient in the field hospital. Two others of these gallant fellows, Private Davidson and Corporal Taylor, of the Army Medical Corps, were carrying a wounded man on a stretcher from the fighting line, when Taylor was wounded by a bullet in the head, and at the same moment Davidson was badly wounded by a Dervish ball in his arm.

But at the time these incidents were hardly noticed, for the attention of all in the camp was riveted on the terrible spectacle of the Dervishes marching bravely on through the storm of fire that blazed and roared from the long front of the camp. The guns on the left and the Maxims had been run out till they formed almost a right angle with the south side of the zereba, so as to get them to bear better on the enemy's attack. For half an hour through the hail of bullet and shell the Dervishes came on. Led by their mounted Emirs, they moved forward till they fell, and then others appeared, coming on to take their places in the front. It was noticed that many even of their riflemen were so intent on pressing forward that they never stopped to fire, but bounded onwards among the spearmen, brandishing their Remingtons over their heads. Few got as far as 400 yards from our front. The man who fell nearest the line of the British division was a splendidly-built young Arab, who rushed forward with his broad-bladed spear at the charge till a bullet brought him down just 200 yards from the zereba. In front of Maxwell's brigade an old white-bearded man, bearing a flag and accompanied by five spearmen, dashed out from the rest of the Dervishes. One by one his comrades fell, but he seemed to have a charmed life, till about two hundred and fifty yards from the 14th Soudanese he dropped, still grasping his banner. The Khalifa's black standard, a flag about six feet square, flying from a long bamboo lance ornamented with silver, was in the front of the array that bore down upon Maxwell's brigade. Naturally the black standard attracted a heavy fire, and through the field-glasses man after man was seen to fall while carrying it. But it was hardly down when it was flying again in the hands of another warrior. The Dervishes seemed to consider it an honour thus to court death under their chieftain's standard. At one time it was in the hands of a gigantic negro. He stood like a statue, holding and partly leaning against the long bamboo shaft which he had fixed in the sand. Five minutes passed, and still he stood unwounded; after nearly five minutes more he fell, and another hand at once grasped the fatal banner and held it up as proudly as before.

So heavy was the fire from the British front that the rifles rapidly became too hot to hold. They were carried by the leather slings back to the companies waiting in reserve behind the firing line, who handed their still cool weapons to their comrades standing at the hedge. Occasionally the reserve men were themselves called up to fire, while the men who had already been in action rested and refilled their cartridge pouches. By half-past seven the fury of the Dervish onset began to visibly diminish. Thousands of their bravest had fallen. They were beginning to realise that it was impossible to get beyond the limit of between five and six hundred yards from the Anglo-Egyptian front. There for full a mile along the desert lay the dead and dying, piled up in heaps or stretched in ghastly rows, like the line of wreckage and *débris* that marks the limit of the tides on a beach after a storm. Few had passed that deadly boundary, and all of even these few had fallen here and there on the level space beyond. A last effort was made in the centre against the Egyptian front, even after the Mahdists had given up the attack on the British and were falling back along the death-strewn slopes of Jebel Surgham. This attack, too, gradually flickered and went out in a patter of musketry from the Jehadia, who had found cover here and there along the front. Towards eight o'clock the rifle fire from the Sirdar's line had all but ceased. The guns were still booming as the batteries and the gunboats shelled the hills over which the Dervishes were withdrawing, or shot to dislodge the enemy's riflemen from the hollows, whence they still kept up a dropping fire. There was a sense of elation at the idea that the great battle was won and the way to Omdurman open. But there was still a lot of hard fighting before the Sirdar's army. The repulse of the Dervish onslaught proved to be only the first phase in the struggle, and many a brave life on both sides was yet to be sacrificed as part of the price of victory.

Lieut. Nesham. Capt. Cordeaux. Lieut. Pirie. Lieut. Taylor. Capt. Graham.
Lieut. Wormald Lieut. Lewis. Lieut. Champion. Capt. King. Lieut. Smyth. Surg.-Major Pinches. Lieut. Protheroe Smith.

Lieut. Conolly. Lieut. Vaughan. Lieut. Montmorency. Lieut. Brinton. Lieut. Tabor. Lieut. Dunlop Smith. Lieut. Clerk. Lieut. Brinton.
Major Fowle. Capt. Doyne. Capt. Eadon. Colonel Martin. Major Crole-Wyndham. Major Finn. Capt. Dannay. Capt. Kenna.

OFFICERS AND ATTACHED OFFICERS OF THE 21ST LANCERS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS.

BY half-past eight it looked as if the battle was over. The enemy had drawn back over the slopes of the Kerreri Hills on one side and of Jebel Surgham on the other. All that was to be seen of the Dervish army was the wreckage of the attack, the thousands of dead and wounded strewing the desert, their jibbas whitening the ground over a space two miles long and at least half a mile wide. The British and Egyptian wounded were transferred from the field hospital to the awning-covered barges on the river. Cartridge pouches and the limber boxes of the artillery were refilled from the reserve ammunition, and the order was given to prepare to march. The Sirdar had determined to push on at once for Omdurman, about five miles distant, so as to reach it before the defeated Dervishes could rally for its defence.

LIEUT. R. GRENFELL (KILLED IN THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS).
(Photo: Bassano.)

Each brigade formed in line of parallel columns at such an interval that they could at once deploy into fighting formation. The second British brigade (Lyttelton's) led the way with its left on the river bank, its front facing south. Next to it, a little to its rear and to its right, came Wauchope with the first brigade. The formation was what is known as échelon of brigades from the left. Next to Wauchope, and still further to the right, came Maxwell's brigade, and then Lewis's. Thus the left of the leading brigade was covered by the river and the gunboats, while the next brigade covered its right flank, and had its own landward flank covered by the next in succession. If attacked from the desert while on the move, the line could be rapidly formed facing landward, with the left on the river.

MacDonald's brigade marched well to the rear of Lewis's and was nearest the hills. Between it and the river and further back came the camel corps and the Egyptian cavalry. Collinson's brigade formed up close to the village to escort the transport train along the Nile bank, and serve as a reserve to the whole.

The 21st Lancers had been waiting during the fight in the rear of the British line holding the zereba. At one time three squadrons had been dismounted to reinforce the left with their carbine fire. As soon as the advance began, the Sirdar sent orders to Colonel Martin to take the Lancers out in front of the British division, ride over the long slope that ran down from Jebel Surgham to the river, find out if any portion of the Dervishes had rallied behind it on the line of advance, and if so, cut them off from Omdurman and drive them across the British front into the desert. It was supposed at the moment that if the Lancers did encounter an enemy it would be a crowd of disorganised and dispirited fugitives from the battlefield.

The 21st Lancers were formed after the Indian Mutiny out of various mounted corps that had been in the service of the old East India Company. They were thus the youngest regiment in the British cavalry, and though the corps out

of which they had been organised had their own records of hard fighting in India, the 21st as such had never yet ridden across a battlefield. Their standards bore no battle honours, and they were eager to signalise this their first fight with some splendid exploit. They had been for some time in garrison at Cairo, and their colonel had carefully trained them for the warfare of the desert. The 350 men who rode that day in Colonel Martin's four squadrons were as fine a body of horsemen as had ever laid lance in rest. There was something of disappointment for them so far in the share they had had in the long-expected battle. Their part till now had been only a skirmish with carbine fire against the advancing Dervishes. For the cavalry soldier the real fight is the dashing charge. To meet an enemy with the carbine is to descend to the more prosaic level of the infantry soldier. So as they trotted out from the Sirdar's advancing array and up the death-strewn slope of Jebel Surgham they were looking anxiously for some enemy against whom they could spur with levelled lances.

Passing round to the south-east of the hill, the Lancers saw a number of scattered Dervishes retiring landward. Some of these halted to take a parting shot at them, but no one was hit by this random firing. About half a mile south of the ridge, the scouts who were out in front galloped back and reported that some of the enemy, about two hundred, were hiding in a hollow that ran down to the river. Beyond the hollow could be seen some thirty Dervish horsemen. The impression conveyed by this report, and by what could be seen from the ground the regiment occupied, was that a small party of the enemy who had taken part in the attack on the camp and were demoralised by the failure were waiting for a chance to escape. Mr. Frederic Villiers, who saw the battle from the upper deck of the gunboat *Melik*, says that the Dervishes at this point had not as yet taken any share in the fight. "Since the beginning of the battle," he writes, "I had noticed about 1,500 Dervish rifle and swordsmen lying perdu in a depression of the ground, who had not as yet been in action." The Emir Mahmoud, when he heard the story of the Lancers' charge in his prison at Halfa, said it was an old stratagem of Soudanese warfare to thus hide away a body of men in a khor and lure an enemy to the attack by showing a few more on its edges or beyond it. In this instance, however, it is very likely that the Lancers would have charged even if they had known from the first the numbers and position of the Dervish detachment. They had ridden out looking for something to charge, and they took the first opportunity that offered.

Colonel Martin decided to get between the enemy and their line of retreat landwards, so the Lancers moved to the westward of the hollow and formed up in line for the charge. The first squadron, under the command of Major Finn, was on the right. Then came the second, under Major Fowle. The fourth, under Captain Eadon, was next, and on the extreme left was the third squadron, under Captain Doyne. Colonel Martin rode in front of the centre of the regiment. From the nature of the ground the charge was unseen by most of the Sirdar's army, and even those who saw it from a distance could distinguish little more than the great cloud of dust that rolled up as the Lancers galloped at the enemy.

The regiment presented a very different appearance from that which we in England associate with our splendidly equipped and brilliantly uniformed Lancer regiments. The men were clad in dull-coloured khaki jackets, with brown belts and dark helmets. They were mounted, not on the powerful weight-carrying troop-horses they ride in England, but on wiry little Arabs that a horseman here at home would perhaps class as big ponies. But though the charge had thus little of "the pomp and circumstance of war," it was an exploit which, so far as the hard fighting went, any cavalry in the world might be proud of. There is no need to discuss here the question whether there was any real reason for the exploit to be performed, looking at the matter from the standpoint of the military critic. Probably the enemy could have been turned out of their sheltering hollow at the cost of a few shells from the artillery or the gunboats and the one British cavalry regiment on the ground kept intact for the pursuit. But such reasonings after the event, even if they are well founded, imply no discredit to the soldier in the field who, with only a moment in which to decide, takes the bolder course. And the cavalry leader is, above all others, apt, when he sees his enemy before him, to reason like the poet's hero—

> "There may be rules. For me, I know but one,
> To dash upon my enemy and win."

So the trumpets sounded the welcome notes that sent the Lancers forward to their first charge. As they neared the hollow a sputter of rifle fire began from its edge. A few troopers dropped, one or two horses fell. Three hundred yards from the enemy the men could see that the scouts had made a mistake, and that there was no mere handful of beaten Dervishes in their front, but a dense crowd of rifle and spearmen, full of fight, packed together in the shelter of the rocky khor. But even if there was any thought of a counter-order it was now too late to stop the charge, and Colonel Martin, riding the foremost, with his sword in its sheath, ready to use the impetus and weight of his charger as his best weapon, rode straight for the centre of the enemy, where the broad Soudan spears bristled most thickly.

A minute more and the Lancers were into the mass of the Dervish infantry, dashing through a storm of bullets and leaping down a three-foot drop into the hollow. And though the enemy stood in places twenty deep, in one minute more these gallant horsemen were through them. Three hundred and twenty troopers had ridden over and through at least 1,500 foemen. But into those brief moments there were crowded hundreds of deeds of reckless daring and devoted heroism.

The two centre squadrons, striking the Dervish line where the crowd was thickest, suffered the most severely. Several of the horses struck by the bullets had held on till the check came as they struck the Dervish line. Then they fell, and it fared badly with their riders. Other horses were brought down by spear thrusts and hamstringing cuts with sword and knife; for the enemy showed no fear of the cavalry, and stood up pluckily to the charge. Lieutenant Molyneux, of the Blues, one of the officers attached to the Lancers, lost his mount just before reaching the hollow, the horse dropping dead, pierced by a bullet. The lieutenant ran on into the *mêlée* on foot, revolver in hand. Two Dervishes attacked him. He shot one, but as he did so the other brought down his long sword on the officer's right arm, gashing it badly and making him drop his pistol. He thus found himself unarmed in the midst of the enemy. He turned and ran, pursued by the swordsman, and luckily got up the further slope just as the Lancers rallied and faced the Dervishes again, after riding through them. A corporal came out from the ranks, gave Molyneux his stirrup leather, and brought him safely in. Surgeon-Major Pinches, whose horse had been shot under him, was saved by Sergeant-Major Brennan, who, after cutting down several of his assailants, got the Major behind him on his horse and rode out of the press. Lieutenant Robert Grenfell, who was leading one of the troops in the centre, was thrown by his wounded horse, but made a desperate fight on foot. He fired every shot in his revolver, and when last seen alive was facing several spearmen, sword in hand.

Several lances broke in the charge, and some of the swords failed at a critical moment. Lieutenant Wormald's sword bent as he struck at an emir with whom he was engaged in single fight; but he stunned him with a blow of the crooked blade. Captain Fair's sword snapped on the linked coat of mail of another of the enemy's leaders, and he dashed the hilt into the face of the Dervish. Altogether, in less than two minutes, twenty-two of the Lancers were killed and more than fifty severely wounded. Of the horses, 119 were killed, many of them just struggling out of the hollow and falling dead as the regiment rallied close to the enemy. It was during this rally that some of the bravest deeds were done, individual officers riding back to bring off wounded or dismounted comrades. Major Wyndham had lost his horse, and was trying to mount behind Lieutenant Smith, who had turned back to help him. He had failed in two attempts, when he was lifted up by Captain Kenna, who came riding back, accompanied by Lieutenant de Montmorency and Corporal Swarbrick, all bent on saving young Grenfell if he still lived, and, if not, carrying off his body. Grenfell was lying on the nearer slope of the hollow, and a number of Dervishes were hacking at him with their swords. Kenna and his comrades drove them off with their pistols, and while the corporal held two of the horses, the two officers tried to lift Grenfell's body on to the third. The lieutenant was quite dead, bleeding from more than a dozen wounds. As they placed the body across the saddle the horse shied and bolted, throwing it to the ground. The three would-be rescuers had then to retire, keeping off the pursuing Dervishes with their revolvers.

Hardly a man or horse in the four squadrons had escaped without some injury, uniforms and saddlery were cut and torn, and in every troop horses and men were bleeding from wounds, mostly slight, but in many cases serious, for the brave fellows were trying to keep their

places in the ranks, and afraid only of being ordered to fall out. Sergeant Veysey, with the blood running down his face, called to his troop to re-form for another charge. Another of the wounded Lancers, Trooper Byrne, who had received a sword cut and a bullet, on being told to fall out and go to the surgeon, replied, "Oh, sir, do let me stay and have another go at them!" Lieutenant Brinton, of the Life Guards, with his left shoulder cut open, took his place at the head of his troop as if he were unwounded.

THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS.

Officers and men were eager to charge back through the enemy, but Colonel Martin wisely decided that enough had been done. Another charge would have meant the destruction of the regiment. He dismounted a number of troopers and opened fire with carbines on the Dervishes, who, after firing a few shots in reply, tried to retreat towards the hills from the hollow which no longer protected them. As they did so they were forced to cross the front of the British division. The guns of the 32nd Battery unlimbered and poured shrapnel into them. The infantry gave them volley after volley, and only a small number of them reached the shelter of the hills.

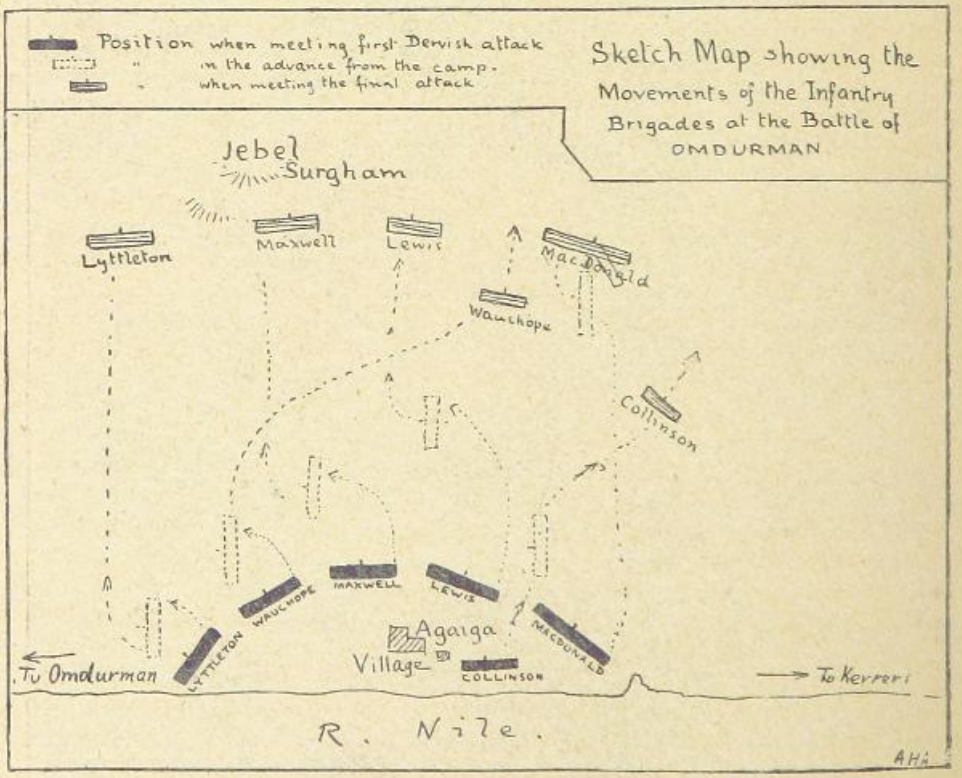
Sixty dead Dervishes were found in the hollow, so that, even supposing a number of wounded men got away from it when they retired, their loss in the charge was comparatively slight. Several hundred were killed as they crossed the plain. Lieutenant Grenfell's body was recovered as soon as the enemy began to retreat. It was gashed and stabbed in many places, and one spear thrust had smashed his watch, which had stopped at 9.40. His brother was acting as staff officer to General Lyttelton,

THE LANCERS' CHARGE—AN EXCITING MOMENT.

and heard of his death a few minutes after. When the battle ended he buried the body under a tree, not far from the deadly hollow. He dug the grave himself, assisted by four of his comrades.

And here, before going on to the closing episode of the battle, I may note an incident connected with the Lancers' charge as related by Mr. Villiers :—

"On steaming past the extreme left flank of the Kerreri position," he says, "we halted for a moment to take on board another wounded trooper, and here I saw rather a pathetic sight. Some troopers of the 21st Lancers, who had remained behind to bury their heroic comrades who had fallen in that famous dare-devil charge, had come down to the shore for water, leading two badly-wounded chargers. One was that of poor Lieutenant Grenfell, which had stumbled and thrown his rider. The poor brute was fearfully slashed about his withers and flanks, which were masses of raw flesh. The other charger was also badly hurt. They were both able, however, to take a long drink from the river, when they were taken up the bank and shot. The action of the trooper—who evidently owned the horse—was very pathetic. He stood with his revolver cocked for several moments, evidently reluctant to raise it to his charger's head, the poor beast the while sniffing at his hand and rubbing his nose against his sleeve. I could see that the man was trembling with emotion. Twice did he raise the revolver before he could summon up nerve to pull the fatal trigger. After it was over the poor fellow looked intently at the inanimate body for a moment to see that he had not swerved in his aim, and then hurried away."



MOVEMENTS OF THE INFANTRY BRIGADES AT OMDURMAN.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CRISIS OF THE BATTLE.

WHILE the Lancers were desperately charging the Dervishes on the other side of the Jebel Surgham ridge, the infantry brigades, British and Egyptian, were moving out from the ground they had held so well, to take up the échelon formation already described for the advance into Omdurman. The leading British brigade had marched at half-past nine, and was just topping the sandy ridge between Surgham and the river, its four battalions marching abreast in column. The Sirdar and his staff were riding close to it on the ridge, being anxious to see as soon as might be what was out in front. The other brigades were moving into the positions assigned to them for the advance. Several of the regiments were marching on ground that had been swept by our fire, and frequently wounded fanatics would spring up and fire on the men or try to close with them. They were bayoneted or shot; but, apart from this desultory shooting, all fire had ceased for some time. Most of the British and Egyptians felt fairly certain that the battle was over, and that if the Dervishes were encountered again it would be further south, on the march between the Surgham ridge and the suburbs of Omdurman.

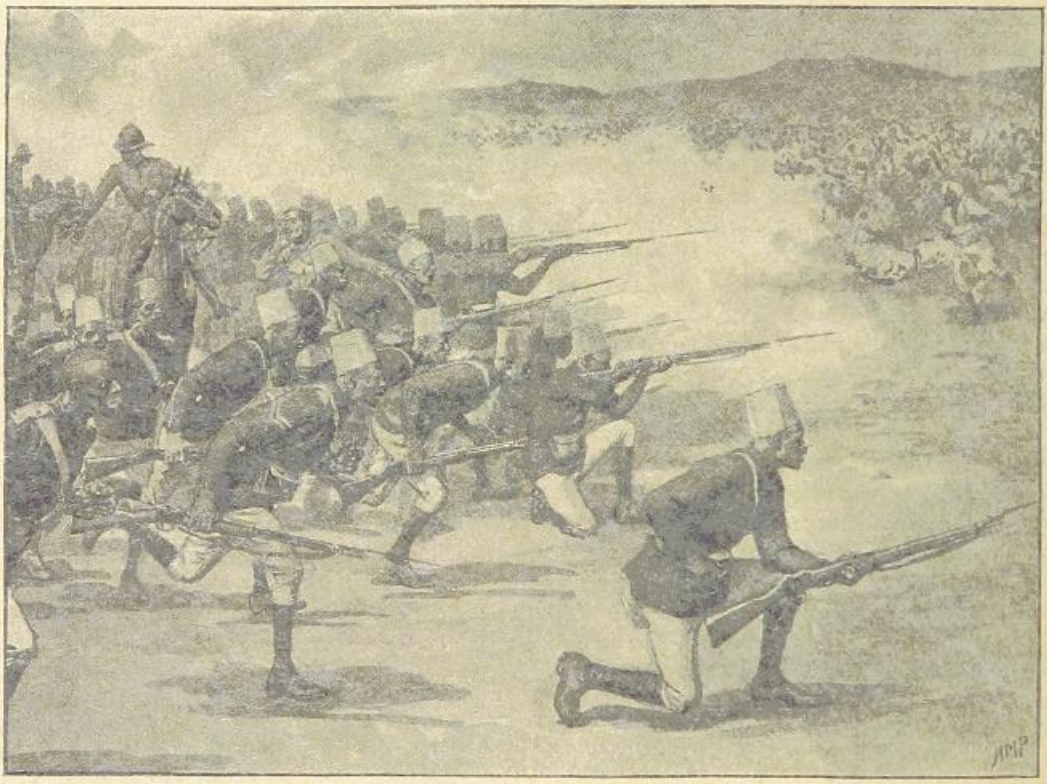
But, screened by the hills that looked down on the battlefield, the Khalifa was gathering his army for a last great effort. It was well planned, and against less thoroughly trained troops than those who met it this onset might have ended in a victory for Mahdism. The warriors engaged in this second attack had for the most part taken no share, or only a slight one, in the earlier advance. The Dervishes were massed in two huge columns, which were to make a converging attack on the Egyptian right and right rear. The left column, composed largely of those who had been in action against Colonel Broadwood and the mounted troops, was commanded by the Khalifa's son Osman, the Sheikh-ed-Din, and a more experienced warrior, the Emir Ali Wad Helu, who had been one of the earliest companions of the Mahdi, had shared in the victory over Hicks at Kashgil and the triumphs of El Obeid and Khartoum, and had at one time seemed a likely competitor against Abdullahi himself for the Khalifate. The other column on the right was commanded by Yakub, the Khalifa's brother, and the Khalifa himself accompanied it, bringing his black banner into the battle for the second time.

MacDonald's brigade was marching out to take up its position nearest the hills and furthest to the rear in the great échelon. He had with him the 2nd Egyptians, under Major Pink, and the three oldest of the Soudanese battalions—the 9th under Major Walter, the 10th under Major Nason, and the 11th under the command of Major Jackson—in all, about 3,000 first-rate infantry. Colonel Long, the artillery commander, had sent to this side of the field three of the Egyptian batteries of Maxim-Nordenfeldt quick-firers, commanded respectively by Majors Peake and Lawrie and Captain de Rougemont. MacDonald had also with him a couple of Maxim-gun detachments. It was fortunate that he was so strong in artillery, for on his isolated brigade the storm of the Dervish attack burst in its full fury.

He had the briefest warning from the cavalry of what was coming. Then, as he formed up his brigade in line facing westward, Yakub's column poured down upon him, wave upon wave, from the hills. MacDonald was deploying into line—the 11th Soudanese on his left, the 2nd Egyptians in his centre, the 10th Soudanese on the right, with the 9th behind them in support. The 9th rushed up to prolong the line, the Maxims were placed on the flanks of the brigade, and the batteries unlimbered and came into action in intervals left for the purpose between the battalions. Thus the Dervish onset was met by a hail of bullets and shells from eighteen guns and 3,000 rifles, the Soudanese firing independently, the Egyptians in steady volleys. The nearest infantry brigade, Lewis's, was nearly a mile away. For a brief anxious ten minutes MacDonald had all the battle to himself. Hunter, always keen to be at the post of danger, had galloped up to the threatened brigade as

soon as he saw the Dervish charge coming, but, like a good commander, he did not interfere with his trusted subordinate, leaving to MacDonald the immediate control of the fight, and contenting himself with sending off gallopers at the full speed of their horses to ask the Sirdar for support.

Yakub's warriors, horse and foot mingled together, came on as bravely as ever men charged to death on a battlefield. Again the great tide of jibba-clad Dervishes poured into the plain, firing, shouting, brandishing their spears, and beating their war-drums. There was a momentary check as the foremost ranks went down under the Egyptian fire, and then the second Dervish column appeared, charging from the Kerreri Hills on MacDonald's right, led by Osman and Wad Helu. There is nothing more difficult even for the best-trained troops than to change front while actually engaged and under a heavy fire. The soldier's attention has become riveted on the enemy in his original front; he feels the danger is there; and yet he finds himself suddenly told to cease fire, no longer to oppose a threatening advance, and to execute a necessarily complex parade movement, during the course of which he feels he is doing nothing to defend himself. Unless drill and discipline have become a second nature, and the men have absolute confidence in their officers and the officers in the men, the attempt begins in confusion and ends in disaster. But MacDonald knew he could trust his brigade even to the extent of this supreme test. He changed his order of battle, swinging back his right so that the 9th and 10th Soudanese and one of the batteries now faced northwards, and poured their fire into Osman and Wad Helu's attack. The brigade thus formed a flattened wedge or two sides of a square, 3,000 resolute men facing the headlong rush of 20,000 fanatics. It was a more terrible test than that which the British square faced at Abu Klea; for here, if the Dervishes once got round either flank of the line, it meant death for every man who stood in the ranks.



THE ATTACK ON MACDONALD'S BRIGADE.

On the right front Osman's charge had got up to 400 yards from the Soudanese, and a crowd of

CHAPTER XXX.

OMDURMAN AT LAST.

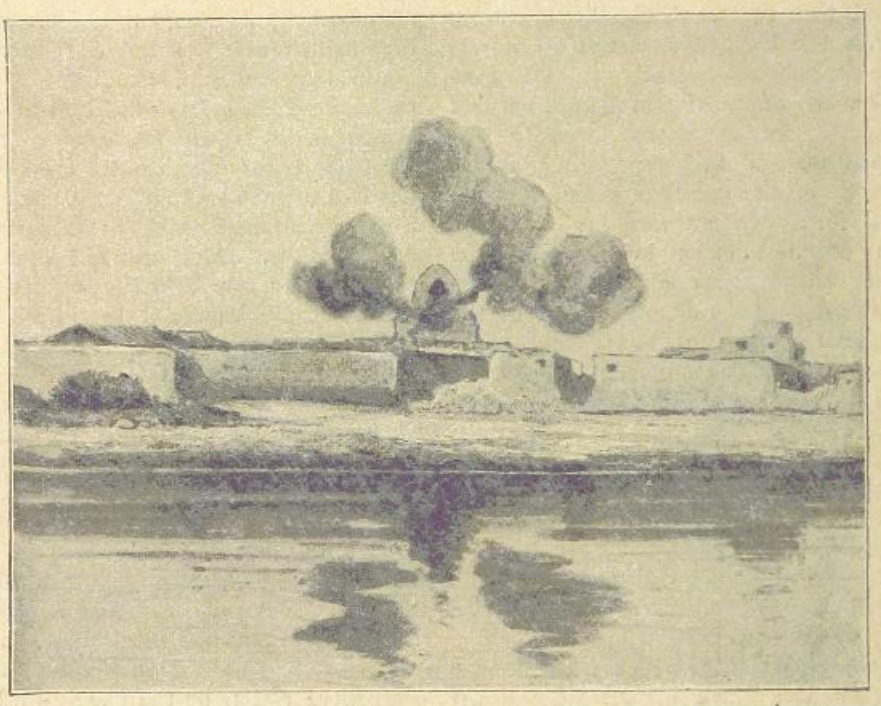
ONCE more the order was given to form up facing south for the march into Omdurman. Broadwood's cavalry covered the right of the advance and the gunboats the left, and, thus protected, the Sirdar's army moved across the battlefield, strewn as it was with some 20,000 dead and wounded Dervishes. The loss of the victors did not amount to 500 men. The enormous disparity between the losses in the contending armies was the result of the conditions under which they had fought. Modern weapons had been used with deadliest effect by trained men against the reckless rush of fanatics, whose advance in dense masses exposed them to the full destructive energy of bullet and shell. Modern military history has no similar record of loss of life on the battlefield. Nor is it likely that it will ever be repeated. Doubtless even larger armies will meet in action with the same deadly weapons in the wars of coming years, but it is not likely that we shall again see the same desperate tactics, the same heroic contempt of death, that launched the Khalifa's 50,000 warriors on their wild charges against the Sirdar's battle line.

Of those who rode beside Sir Herbert Kitchener when the Khalifa's black banner went down before the charge of Hickman's battalion, Slatin Pasha must have been the man of all others for whom it was a day of triumph. It was little more than three years since the anxious night of February 20th, 1895, when he had ridden in the darkness northward across that very ground, escaping from Omdurman. He had come back with a victorious army, and the Khalifa, whose slave he had been for so many miserable years, was fleeing for his life. Among the dead and dying on the hill side Slatin recognised the Dongolawi Emir, Osman Azrak, and dismounted to speak to him. Osman was one of the veterans of Mahdism. He had led a division at Toski in 1889. For years after he had been the organiser, and often the leader, of the murderous raids on the frontier villages along the Nile; he had been in command at Ferkeh when Hammuda was killed, but he had escaped from the rout to fight again at the battle of the Atbara. Here, at last, he had fallen, shot down in the last fight under the black banner, after coming unscathed out of the storm of fire that swept away the first Dervish attack. As Slatin approached, Osman, raising himself up, called on the Pasha to kill him at once. It is the custom of tribal warfare among the Arabs of the Soudan for the defeated chief to submit to death at the hands of the victor, and to do so with a real or affected air of contempt for even the chance of life. But Slatin had come to see if he could in any way help his former foe. Osman was so badly wounded that he did not live many minutes. Then Slatin turned to another wounded Dervish, and was actually giving him a drink out of his water-bottle, when a dying fanatic fired on the Pasha at close quarters, happily missing him. Of course, the aggressor was instantly dispatched by the soldiers standing by.

This was not the only case in which the Dervishes who strewed the battlefield attempted to take the life of British or Egyptian officers and soldiers, and the inevitable result was that as the troops crossed the ground any sign of aggressive action by the enemy's wounded was answered immediately with bullet or bayonet. The Soudanese soldiers are, unfortunately, more inclined to dispatch a wounded Dervish than to help him, and it is not always possible to prevent them from giving way to their old savage impulse to "make sure" of even a completely disabled enemy. Thus in the advance a number of the Dervish wounded were dispatched. But in most cases it was a grim necessity of war. There was at times quite a patter of fire from the enemy's wounded riflemen, and in self-defence they had to be fired on in return. But in the vast majority of cases wounded men and fugitives who showed no sign of hostility, or who asked for quarter, were perfectly safe. As the army marched on to Omdurman there was quite a crowd of Dervish stragglers, wounded and unwounded, streaming on before them, and in

no way molested by the victors; whilst between our troops and the river hundreds of Dervishes, who had thrown away their weapons, were making their way to the Nile bank to drink and wash their wounds. Among them were even some of the Baggara horsemen, who rode down to water their tired chargers. A further proof that there was no general massacre of the wounded may be found in the fact that more than 7,000 wounded Dervishes were under the care of our own surgeons and the native doctors after the battle. The less seriously wounded seen moving by the desert towards the city. They were no longer marching in any military array, but plodding along in little detached groups, with here and there a mounted man walking his tired horse. Clearly there would be no more show of opposition in the open, nor was any serious resistance anticipated in the streets and behind the walls of Omdurman.

The vanguard of the advance was now formed by two Soudanese battalions of Maxwell's brigade, close behind whom rode the Sirdar with his staff, accompanied by General Hunter. Slatin



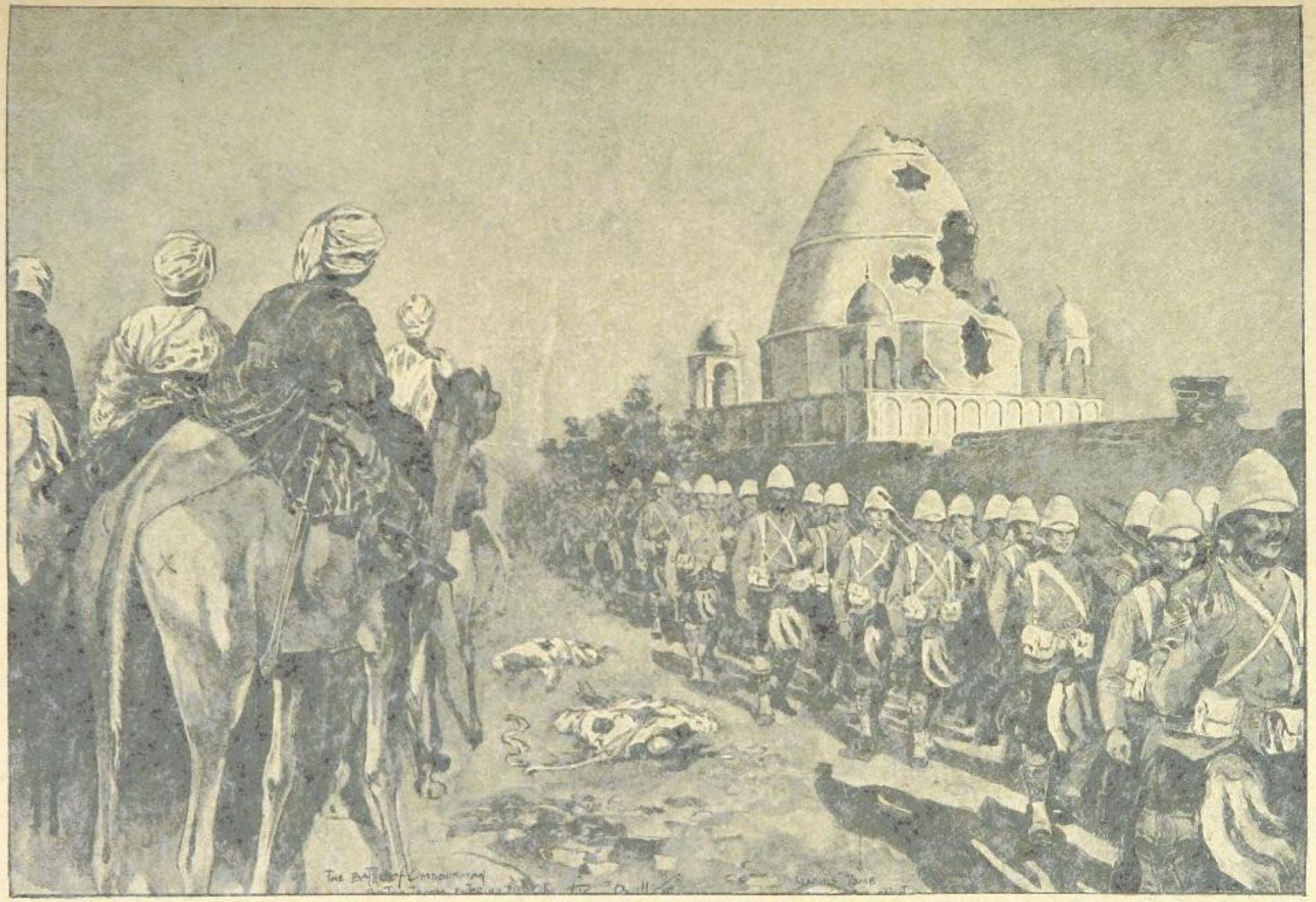
THE BOMBARDMENT OF OMDURMAN: EFFECT OF A LYDDITE SHELL FIRED AT THE MAHDI'S TOMB FROM MAJOR ELMSLIE'S HOWITZER BATTERY.

would not be counted in this long number, for an Arab or negro of the Soudan looks on it as something unmanly to go to the doctor unless he is very badly hit. The story circulated by certain sensation mongers that there was no quarter for the wounded was a slander on the Sirdar's gallant army. And though I am slightly anticipating the order of time in noting it here, I may add that the British National Society for Helping the Wounded in War forwarded to Omdurman after the battle £300 for the purchase of various little comforts for our wounded enemies.

As the Sirdar's army pressed on towards the northern suburbs of the Mahdist capital, some thousands of the defeated Dervishes could be

Pasha had received messages from his old friends to the effect that the townsfolk would welcome the victors, but that a party of the Jehadia (the Khalifa's riflemen) were still in occupation of the walled enclosure near the Mahdi's tomb. The gunboats steamed up and sent their shells in the direction of the now ruined dome, and the 32nd Field Battery was ordered to drop a salvo of shells at intervals in the same neighbourhood, so as to make it untenable for this last remnant of the defeated enemy.

As the gunboats came up close to the bank near the north end of the town a crowd of the townspeople, chiefly women, came down to the river's edge, holding up a white flag, and presenting peace-offerings of goats, chickens, cakes



THE MARCH THROUGH OMDURMAN—BRITISH TROOPS PASSING THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

and fruit. It was with some difficulty that they were persuaded that there was no need of bringing even such poor ransom to the conquerors of the city. On the landside, too, crowds came out with white flags to meet the advancing battalions, and while they welcomed the Sirdar, it was evident that there had been a lurking fear that the city would be sacked after the battle, in the old savage fashion of Arab warfare.

As the Soudanese battalions entered the suburbs there was an unpleasant change from this friendly reception. Desperate groups of Dervishes were holding out here and there among the houses, making a flat parapeted roof their post of vantage, or firing from windows and half-open doors. There were also ghastly signs of what the Baggara horsemen had done as they galloped away through the suburbs from the battlefield. Corpses lay in the deserted street, for the most part women and young girls, slaves of those barbarous masters whom they had speared or cut down as they caught them escaping from the houses. The Soudanese cleared the suburb with bullet and bayonet, the gunboats occasionally giving effective help by bringing their Maxims to bear on a housetop, sweeping it with a jet of hot lead as a fireman sweeps a roof with a stream of water. While this desultory fighting was still going on, and the bullets were flying in the mud-walled streets, the Sirdar rode in at the head of his staff.

The Soudanese had got round the north-east angle of the central walled enclosure of the city by wading through the water of the Nile, where it ran close to the foot of the fortifications. They entered by the breaches which the shells had made in the wall on the river front, and once inside, met with no organised resistance, though there was some desultory skirmishing. The Sirdar and his staff, with their escort, had ridden down the broad street that runs from the centre of Omdurman through the northern suburbs. Crowds of the townsfolk waited to welcome him, some sincerely glad of the downfall of the Khalifa, others eager to make their peace with the victor. As he approached the Mahdi's tomb and the central enclosure there were fewer of these more or less sincere congratulations, and then came the experience of being occasionally fired at from roofs and walls.

Guided by Slatin, the Sirdar entered the inner walled city by one of the large openings on the land side, and reached the neighbourhood of the Khalifa's half-ruined palace, while the Soudanese were still clearing it of the last desperate remnant of Abdullahi's bodyguard. The Khalifa himself had ridden away only a few minutes before, accompanied by a few of his chiefs, some of his wives, and a small escort. For some time it was supposed that he was still in the palace.

It was at this point that a most unfortunate incident occurred. The Hon. Hubert Howard, a son of the Earl of Carlisle, had accompanied the expedition as war correspondent of the *Times* and the *New York Herald*. He had already seen some service in South Africa, and had there displayed the same venturous disposition that led him, during the battle of Omdurman, to ride with the 21st Lancers in their desperate charge. Out of that danger he had come scatheless. But now, when the fighting was all but over, he was to meet his death by the fire of his own friends. He had ridden with the staff close up to the enclosure of the Khalifa's palace, near the Mahdi's tomb. It was just sunset, and the light was rapidly decreasing, but Howard, nevertheless, told a comrade who was with him that he would push on into the courtyard in the hope of taking some snapshot photographs with a hand camera which he carried. He went in, but he had hardly done so when a shell, fired by one of the British batteries, exploded in the enclosure and killed him on the spot. The battery commander had received orders to drop a shell from time to time into the neighbourhood of the Mahdi's tomb in order to break up any rally of the Dervishes there. But he had not been informed of the rapid progress of Maxwell's men and the Sirdar and his staff, who had reached the tomb much sooner than was anticipated. Young Howard's death was the result. The death roll of war correspondents in the Soudan is a longer one than for any other country, and on this day they lost, in proportion to their small numbers, more heavily than the combatant officers or the rank and file.

All resistance being now at an end, and it having been definitely ascertained that the Khalifa had escaped from the city, the Sirdar and his officers paid a brief visit to the Mahdi's tomb. The evening light coming in through the great rent in the dome showed how the interior had been wrecked by the bursting Lyddite shell. The tomb itself, and the gilded railings round it, were badly damaged; of the lamps that hung from the roof only one remained, and the doors, with their carved panels, had been blown open and shattered.

Orders had already been given for Broadwood's

cavalry, Tudway's camel corps, and some of the gunboats to pursue to the south and eastward in the hope of overtaking the fugitive Khalifa. Slatin Pasha, and some of the Jaalin friendlies, went with the pursuers.

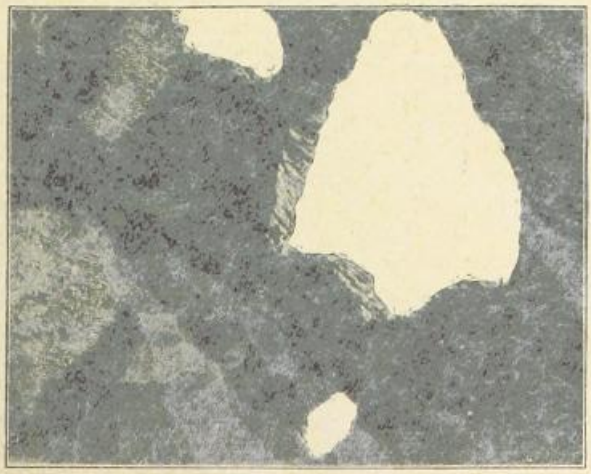
Leaving Maxwell's brigade to hold the town and keep order, the Sirdar directed the rest of the troops to withdraw from the suburbs and bivouac for the night in the open. Omdurman was a pestilential place. Slatin, in his description of it, had in no way exaggerated the filth and horror of its mud-walled streets.

From the mosque the Sirdar made his way to the prison. There he found, in chains, Charles Neufeld, the German trader who had ventured into the Soudan in 1887, and had been a captive ever since, wearing his heavy chains for eleven years; so that when they were struck off he at first found it hard to balance himself without the weight of them. There was also an Italian and some Greeks, and more than a hundred Abyssinians taken prisoners in the battle where King Johannes was defeated and killed by the Dervishes. Other prisoners were Egyptians and Soudanese who had incurred the suspicion of the Khalifa. Among these was Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi, who had been staff officer to General Gordon during the siege of Khartoum. He had been a prisoner since the fall of the city, and had been cruelly tortured by order of the Mahdi in order to force him to confess where he had hidden his money during the siege. By a curious coincidence he was brought on board the *Melik* to have his chains struck off by the ship's armourer, and he was thus restored to freedom in the presence of Gordon's nephew, who commanded the gunboat.

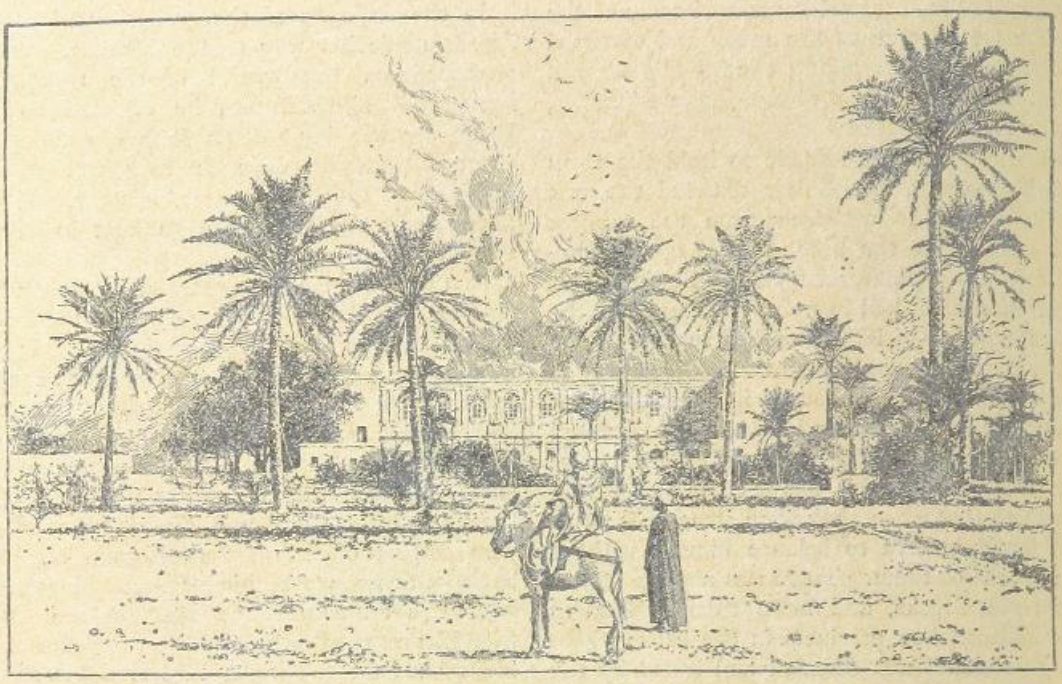
In the darkness of the gathering night the Sirdar made his way to the bivouac. There, stretched on the gravel of the river-bank, beside Colonel Wingate, he dictated to the latter, by the light of an inch of candle, the short telegraphic dispatch that was to tell England of the long-expected victory. It was taken down the Nile by a gunboat to be put upon the wire at Nasri.

In the great bivouac, guarded by only a few sentries, the victorious army slept in the moonlight the deep sleep of wearied men. It was far into the night before Omdurman was equally quiet. Now and then the rifle-shots rang out. There were scenes of riot as the townsfolk plundered the houses of fugitive emirs. A great granary, the wall of which had been breached by a shell, was looted by a crowd, who carried off the sacks of grain on their backs with no one to hinder them. Gradually Maxwell's Soudanese and some of the Jaalin friendlies restored order, and the wearied soldiers bivouacked for the night in the wider streets and the courtyards of mosque and palace.

There was no rest for the surgeons. They were busy all night long by shaded candle-lamps in the ambulances and the floating hospital barges. Far off in the moonlight Abdullahi was fleeing to the southward, gathering as he went a band of his more devoted adherents, who had survived the dangers of that last terrible day of militant Mahdism. Nor was there any rest for the Egyptian cavalry and camel corps, who were urging their tired horses and camels in pursuit, while on the river the gunboats, with their electric light ablaze, worked their way slowly against the swift, dark current of the Nile.



HOLES IN THE DOME OF THE MAHDI'S TOMB MADE BY BRITISH SHELLS.



GORDON'S PALACE, KHARTOUM, IN 1884.
(*Photo: R. Buchta.*)

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOSSES IN THE BATTLE—THE PURSUIT.

CONSIDERING the numbers of the enemy, the length of time the fight lasted, and the importance of the results obtained by the battle, the losses of the Anglo-Egyptian army in the fight for Omdurman were very small. The following table gives in detail the losses of the British division :—

Corps.	Killed.		Wounded.		Total.
	Officers.	Men.	Officers	Men.	
21st Lancers	1	20	4	46	71
1st Brigade—					
Warwicks	1	—	1	6	8
Lincolns	—	1	—	17	18
Seaforths	—	1	—	17	18
Camerons	—	2	2	25	29
2nd Brigade—					
Grenadier Guards	—	—	1	4	5
Northumberland Fusiliers	—	—	—	3	3
Lancashire Fusiliers	—	—	—	6	6
Rifle Brigade	—	1	—	8	9
Royal Army Medical Corps	—	—	1	3	4
Army Service Corps	—	—	—	1	1
	2	25	9	136	172

How large a proportion of this loss was the result of the Lancers' charge may be seen by taking the casualties after deducting the casualties of the cavalry. We then have the surprising result that the battle was won, so far as the British division was concerned, with the loss of one officer and five men killed, and five officers and ninety men wounded—101 in all—by the Dervish bullets. It will be noticed that the heavier loss of the two brigades fell on Wauchope's battalion, who were nearer the centre of the line. The British batteries had not a single casualty.

The British officers and sergeants serving with the Egyptian army were also very fortunate, and their slight losses are the more remarkable because the cavalry was more than once engaged hand-to-hand with the Dervishes. The camel corps was exposed to a severe fire at close quarters, and MacDonald's brigade was at one time so hard pressed that Dervish spears were hurled into its ranks. Three British officers and one sergeant were wounded by bullets and two by spears. Of the Egyptians and Soudanese there were twenty-one killed and 229 wounded, the heaviest loss falling on the camel corps, which had seventy casualties.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE WITHIN THE RUINS OF GORDON'S PALACE AT KHARTOUM.

The counting of the Dervish dead as they lay on the field gave the terrible total of 10,824. It was estimated that there were besides these about 15,000 wounded. This would mean that in about four hours' fighting every second man in the Dervish army of 50,000 men was killed or wounded. There were thousands of prisoners; for, when once the battle was lost, all but the fanatic few were only too ready to make their peace with the victors. Seven thousand wounded were turned over to the care of the surgeons. Thousands of prisoners were set at liberty as soon as they had laid down their arms. Only the emirs and some of the more truculent of the Baggara were detained under guard. Among the captives were some of the Khalifa's wives. They were set free after a short interrogation by the Intelligence officers. Another prisoner was one of Slatin's former servants, who, for conniving at his escape, had been kept in chains for the last three years. On the eve of the battle his chains were struck off, and he was given a sword and buckler and forced to march with many more equally unwilling combatants. He survived the dangers of the day, and was delighted at being restored to his former master.

Slatin had returned to the camp near Omdurman the day after the battle and reported that the pursuit of the Khalifa had been a failure. The Egyptian cavalry were in no condition for a long pursuit. On the day of the battle they had been in the saddle from early dawn, and had repeatedly been hotly engaged with the enemy. After the repulse of the final attack they had fallen upon the retiring Dervishes, then wheeling round they had swept past the north of Omdurman, breaking up a large body of Mahdist cavalry, and collecting and sending in nearly a thousand prisoners. A little after six o'clock, when they were preparing to bivouac near the south end of Omdurman, Slatin Pasha arrived with orders to Colonel Broadwood to start at once in chase of the Khalifa.

There was no time to serve out rations or fresh forage. The men mounted and rode off, tired and hungry as they were. They were told that one of the steamers would tow up a barge full of supplies, and meet them in the morning at some point on the river-bank. Broadwood had about 500 men and horses with him. So many of the other horses were injured, or utterly exhausted, that it was impossible to take them out. Only the wonderful endurance of the little Arab and Egyptian horses enabled even so many of them to take part in the pursuit. For about six miles they rode through the darkness, led by a Jaalin guide. Then it was found that they were in the midst of marshes, formed by the recent heavy rains and the overflow of the Nile; so there was a halt till the moon rose, the men resting, formed in a small square, for there were armed parties of the enemy prowling in the neighbourhood.

Not far off the camel corps were also in bivouac. So far, notwithstanding the exhausted state of men and animals, there was a hope of overtaking the fugitive Khalifa. During the night a number of slaves and women had come in, whom he had abandoned in his flight, or who had given him the slip. They reported that he had with him about a hundred men of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggaras. When the moon rose the pursuit was continued, and from time to time stragglers were overtaken who said they had been with the Khalifa. These, however, were now fewer and fewer, and it began to be clear that Abdullahi and his companions had got a good start and were making the most of it. Their horses and camels had not, like the mounts of Broadwood's and Tudway's men, had four days of continuous and exhausting work before this forced night march.

By sunrise thirty miles had been covered. The horses were nearly dead beat, and there was neither food for the men nor forage for their mounts. It was, under such conditions, hopeless to press on, so the tired men and horses turned towards the Nile. But the banks, covered by the flood, were for some time inaccessible. The men had to ride for some time along the edge of a wide belt of marshes and shallows, two miles wide, till at last, along a point of higher ground, they got down to the river and received some supplies from the flotilla. Then orders were reluctantly given to return to Khartoum.

Major Stuart-Wortley got his little army of friendlies across the river during the morning, and they took up the pursuit of the Khalifa, but he had got such a start of them that from the first their chance of overtaking him was not very great. One of the steamers proceeded for some distance up the White Nile in the hope of perhaps coming up with the fugitives somewhere on its banks. But the most trustworthy reports that could be obtained from the stragglers and the riverside folk indicated that he had not followed the usual track of caravans near the

Nile, but had struck off into the desert, where the rain had left large pools in the khors and hollows, so that a small party would find water in abundance for their camels and horses. But for the recent storms the fugitives would have been forced to follow the river bank, and would have had much more difficulty in getting away.

The escape of the Khalifa was the one point in which the success of the Sirdar was incomplete. Abdullahi had taken with him his son Osman, the Sheikh ed Din, who had passed through the dangers of the battle without a wound. Ali Wad Helu, though severely wounded, had also got away, and Osman Digna had added one more to a long record of marvellous escapes. In the first stage of his flight the Khalifa had been so closely pressed by the pursuit that he had to abandon on the road some of the women of his household ; but, if report speaks truly, he was joined later on by many fugitives from the battlefield, mostly warriors of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggara, who had their doubts about the possibility of making terms with the conquerors, or who disdained to ask for pardon and peace. With this band of adherents he made his way across the desert into the wooded country of Kordofan. It was at first supposed that he would make for El Obeid, the chief city of that region, and the scene of the centre of the earliest conquests of Mahdism, but he probably had too much reason to fear that the people of El Obeid might make their peace with the Egyptian Government by handing him over to one of the Sirdar's generals, so he kept to the open country, making for the home of his tribe, where the warlike Baggara had been a terror to all the neighbouring tribes long before the victories and defeats of Mahdism made their name famous throughout the world.

THE LATE CAPT. GUY CALDECOTT, FIRST ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.

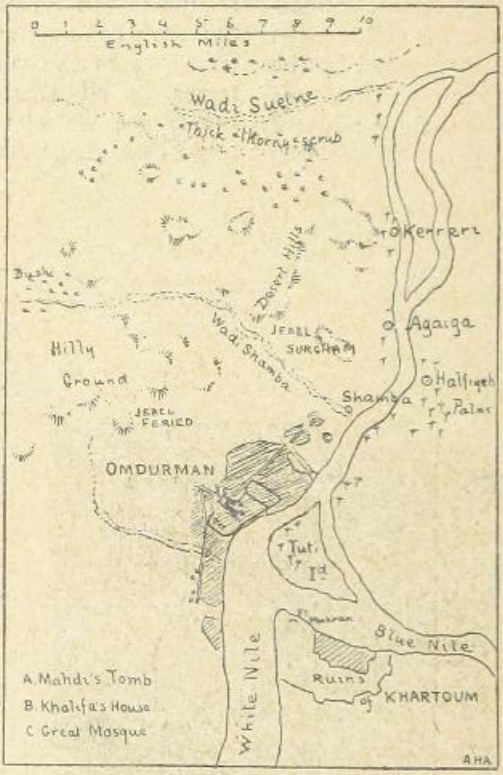
(Photo: Graham, Leamington Spa.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT KHARTOUM.

THE army had spent the night after the battle partly in Omdurman, partly at Khor Shambat, near the northern suburbs. It was a comfortless bivouac, for it was impossible in the darkness to bring up supplies to many of the battalions, and the men had to lie down supperless and spend the night as best they could on the ground. Next day a regular camp was formed on the Nile bank at Shambat. The morrow of the battle was a busy time. Arrangements had to be made for sending down the wounded by the river, for disposing of the prisoners, and getting affairs in Omdurman itself into some order. The arrangements for the wounded of the Anglo-Egyptian army were very complete. The Royal Army Medical Corps (which was engaged in the first campaign under its new title and with its new organisation) had provided a numerous staff of surgeons and trained hospital assistants. The equipment was most complete, several sets of the Röntgen apparatus being provided for tracing the position of bullets in the wounds, and floating hospitals had been organised on the barges of the flotilla, and a chain of hospitals along the line of communications, with a base hospital at the Atbara. Thence the less seriously wounded and the graver cases as they recovered could be sent north by a well-fitted hospital train.

Unfortunately the doctors had not to deal only with wounded men. A Nile campaign in the best of conditions entails a good deal of sickness, and the wet weather during part of the advance on Omdurman, together with the state of the city itself and its environs, led to more than the average of loss in this way. On the day after the battle there were more than 200 invalided for sickness from the British division alone. The deaths from fever were much more numerous than those resulting from wounds received in battle. The best remedy for this state of things was to get the white troops away as quickly as possible to the cooler north. On the Saturday and Sunday all the available transport was engaged in moving the wounded and sick. The river line was clear for the movement of troops on the Monday after the fight, and on that day the Sirdar sent off the first detachments of the British division.



NEIGHBOURHOOD OF OMDURMAN.

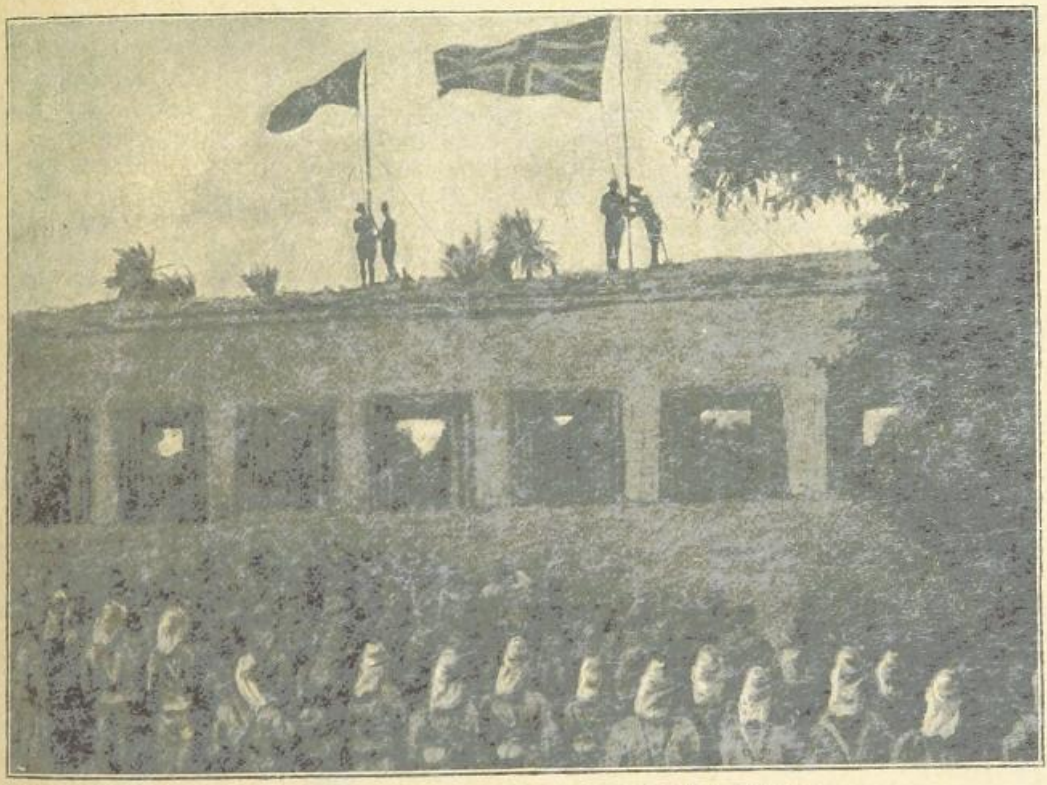
Besides caring for our own wounded and those of the Egyptian army, the medical staff did what they could for the wounded Dervishes. A number of buildings, including the Sheikh ed Din's house, were cleared out and turned into temporary hospitals for them. With the help of some native doctors, two of whom had served under Gordon in the siege, their wounds were dressed; a nursing staff of native women was provided; the commissariat found food for them; and thus cared for and sheltered, most of them rapidly recovered. There were at one time between six and seven thousand of them in hospital.

Thousands of prisoners had been collected on the field, thousands more came in on the morrow of the battle and during the following days. There were at least 10,000 prisoners unwounded, without counting the thousands more who, although they wore the jibba and carried arms, had not actually fought against the Sirdar's army, but had taken the first opportunity of deserting from the Khalifa's levies. The great mass of the prisoners were disarmed and set at liberty at once. Only the emirs and Baggaras were detained under guard. Altogether, between released prisoners and refugees, some forty thousand people were sent back to their homes in the first week after the victory.

The Abyssinian prisoners found in the great prison of Omdurman, a hundred and fifty in number, were taken special care of, and sent down the Nile to Cairo, with orders that they should be conveyed at the expense of the Egyptian Government to Massowah, in order to reach their native country. It was hoped that this friendly action towards his subjects would give England and Egypt an additional claim on Menelek's good will.

The Sirdar had crossed the Nile on Saturday, and paid a brief visit to Khartoum, accompanied by his officers. The former capital of the Soudan had shrunk to a riverside village, surrounded by ruins. Near the Nile bank, among the bushes, stood one of the movable pumping-engines which Gordon had tried to introduce as an improvement on the centuries-old water-wheel system. His palace, where he spent those last anxious months of his heroic career, was a huge ruin. The roof and more lightly-built upper storey were gone, but the solidly-built lower walls were standing, though the flooring, beams, and planks had been removed for the construction of newer buildings in Omdurman, so that all the rooms, even on the ground floor, were open to the sky. The staircase by which Gordon had come down to meet his murderers was also gone, but the natives were able to point out where it stood.

The only important building that was in good repair was the large house of the Catholic mission, to which Father Ohrwalder and his fellow prisoners had once belonged. The house and its courtyard had been turned into an arsenal and storehouse by the Khalifa, and a



HOISTING THE BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN FLAGS AT KHARTOUM.

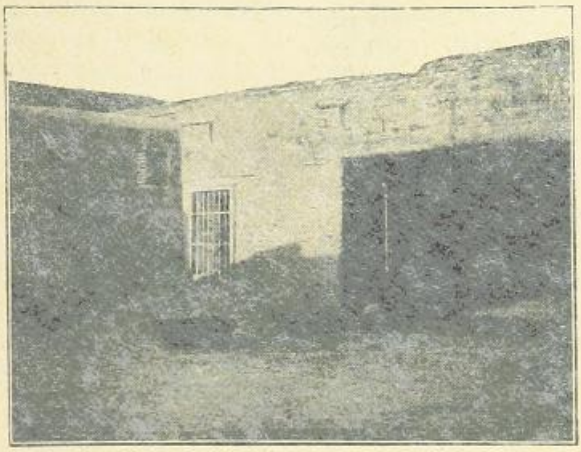
considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was found there, including seventeen guns of various calibres. But besides the military stores there was a miscellaneous collection of various articles of European manufacture, the loot of the various garrisons that had been captured in the Soudan and of Hicks Pasha's unfortunate army.

There was very little of any value, and there were naturally anxious inquiries as to what had become of the treasure which the Khalifa was reported to have been accumulating for years. Rumour supplied various answers. One report was that his flight was encumbered with treasure-laden camels; another that it had been transferred to some hiding-place in Kordofan months ago; a third that it was buried somewhere in Khartoum; and yet a fourth that it had been sent up the river shortly before in two armed steamers, which had as yet sent back no news. Whatever truth there may have been in any of the other reports, the last was baseless, for the steamers had gone on a much more serious mission.

On the Sunday morning there was a striking scene in Khartoum. The Sirdar and his staff, with the officers commanding brigades and divisions, and as many of the British officers as could be spared from duty, were ferried across the Nile from Shambat to the ruined city. With them went guards of honour of several of the British regiments, of Gordon's own corps, the Royal Engineers, of the Royal Artillery, and of the 11th Soudanese. The band of the Soudanese and the pipers of the Camerons and Seaforths were also present. The troops were formed in a hollow square, just in front of the ruined palace, close to the spot where Gordon was killed. Two flagstaffs had been erected on the palace wall, and by each stood a couple of officers. At a signal from the Sirdar they hoisted at one staff the Union Jack, at the other the Khedive's flag—red with a white crescent—while the two gunboats on the river fired a salute, the bands playing the British National Anthem and the Khedive's March. Then followed a brief religious service in memory of the hero of the spot—Charles Gordon. There were some few among the officers who had shared in the unsuccessful attempt to come to his rescue thirteen years before. Three of the newspaper correspondents, who looked on and recorded this solemn scene, had been with the little band that fought its way across the Bayuda Desert, only to arrive too late. One of the four chaplains, the veteran Father Brindle, had marched across the Bayuda with the Royal Irish in that terrible campaign. Here at last they were all at Khartoum, too late, indeed, to save Gordon, but not too late to begin again carrying on that work of bringing justice and security to the people of the Soudan to which Gordon devoted so much of his best energies

The chaplains in turn offered prayer, then the band played the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the pipers a wailing Highland coronach, while the steamers on the river fired nineteen minute guns. At the close of the service the Sirdar called for cheers for the Queen and the Khedive. Then the ranks were broken, and before returning across the river to Omdurman half an hour was given to all, officers and men, to have an opportunity of visiting the famous spots associated with Gordon's last days.

When the news of the battle of Omdurman and the recapture of Khartoum reached England there was a disposition to speak of the victory as the avenging of Gordon. Such an idea was certainly out of accord with Gordon's own way of thinking, and one of his sisters publicly protested against it. The truer idea was that we had not come for vengeance, but to destroy a hideous tyranny which had undone Gordon's life-work in the Soudan, and of which an end had to be made before Gordon's work could be resumed.



A CORNER IN THE WOMEN'S QUARTER OF THE MAHDI'S PALACE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OPERATIONS AFTER THE FALL OF OMDURMAN.

ON the Monday morning after the battle there was a grand parade of the British division. The Sirdar wished to show them the Dervish capital before they went away down the river, and at the same time to impress the people with some idea of the fighting strength of the white contingent in the conquering army. So from Shambat camp, with bands playing and pipes skirling, the British battalions tramped into Omdurman. They marched down the long wide street that leads from the north end to the Mahdi's tomb, a street five miles long, with mud-walled houses on both sides, and wretched lanes and alleys branching off from it on either hand. The wide thoroughfare was thronged with admiring crowds. After a halt near the shattered tomb, the troops marched back to camp, while the Sirdar, accompanied by his staff, proceeded to the arsenal, where he held a kind of durbar. About a hundred of the principal Arab sheikhs of the city and district had assembled there to make their submission and pledge their fealty to the Egyptian Government. There, too, were many former officials of the Soudan, including several Egyptian and Turkish officers who had served under Gordon. This was the formal taking possession of the central Soudan by the Sirdar. After these ceremonies the work went on of making that possession effective.

The only organised Dervish force which remained intact was that commanded by the Emir Ahmed Fadil, in the province of Gedaref, south-west of Kassala and on the Abyssinian border. Until the fall of Omdurman Colonel Parsons, the Governor of Kassala, had to be content to keep the small force at his disposal together for the defence of his district. But now that the main power of Mahdism was broken he was told that he might begin operations to clear Gedaref of the Dervishes. Nor was this the only expedition that followed the victory of Omdurman. The gunboat flotilla offered an easy means of rapidly reconnoitring the course of the White and Blue Niles above Khartoum, dispersing any bands of Dervishes still in arms on their banks and re-establishing Egyptian authority in the chief riverside towns. It was therefore decided that a gunboat with a small body of troops under the command of General Hunter should ascend the Blue Nile as far as the rapids of Rosaires, near the Abyssinian border, occupying the important town of Senaar on the way. Another expedition of the same kind was to be sent up the White Nile. All this was arranged quite independently of the news almost immediately received of the presence of a mysterious body of European troops on the White Nile at Fashoda. Let us first follow the fortunes of the Gedaref expedition. Colonel Parsons, after providing for a garrison to hold Kassala, could only muster

1,300 men for the attack on Ahmed Fadil's force, which was reported to be at least 3,000 strong and provided with artillery. Moreover, Parsons had no European troops with him. It was entirely a native army, with only a few white officers. First he had the 16th Egyptian infantry, one of the two reserve regiments raised in 1896. Then there were a couple of hundred of the camel corps and a battalion of native irregulars, 400 strong. The irregulars had some of them served under the Italians; others were men from the neighbourhood of Suakin who had come up to Kassala after we occupied it—"Fuzzy-Wuzzies" of the Hadendowa tribe, who had fought against us under Osman Digna in the old times of Tamai and El Teb. It was a bold stroke to set such a force in movement against nearly threefold their number of Mahdists holding a fortified town in a difficult country.

COLONEL PARSONS.
(*Photo: Mayall.*)

Gedaref is properly the name of the fertile district, in the midst of which stands the town of Suk-Abu-Sin, but the name is often applied to the capital of the country as well as to the district. It had been the scene of many successes won by the Dervishes over the Abyssinians, who had made several attempts to possess themselves of the Gedaref province. After the Egyptian occupation of Kassala Ahmed Fadil made more than one raid across the Upper Atbara, but never succeeded in carrying off anything of value or inflicting any serious loss on the watchful Egyptian outposts. He had so long enjoyed impunity that he doubtless considered himself safe at Gedaref, in his mud-walled fort, armed with four brass cannon.

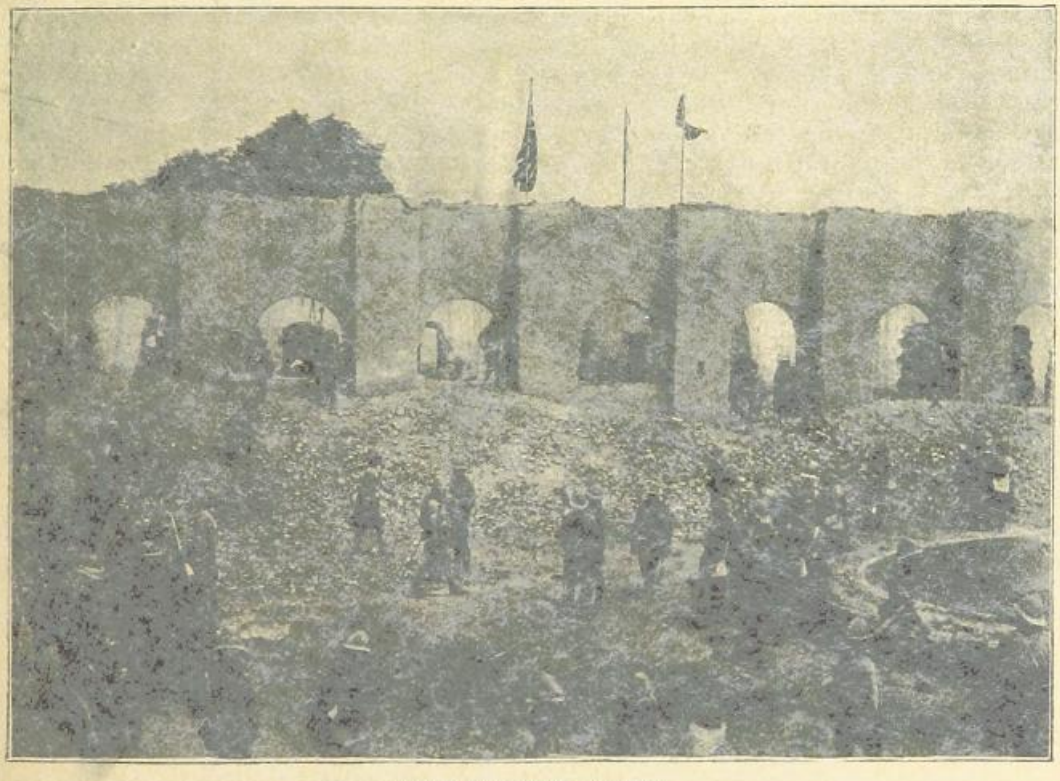
When Omdurman was threatened by the Sirdar's advance, Ahmed had detached part of his force, with orders to march to the help of the Khalifa. But on the banks of the Blue Nile the Dervishes were met by the gunboat *Sultan*, and their further progress stopped by a bombardment from her quick-firing guns. They marched back to Gedaref, and had hardly arrived when there was news that Parsons was advancing from Kassala. So confident was the Emir in the prowess of his fighting men that he determined to go out and offer battle in the open. With 2,500 riflemen and some 1,500 spearmen he marched to the northward and camped on the Egyptian line of advance, challenging attack. Colonel Parsons pluckily accepted the challenge, but on his approach the Dervishes, instead of waiting in their zereba, came out and attempted a charge on the little column opposed to them. Twice they were beaten off, and twice they renewed the attack. After the third failure the Egyptians, led by Parsons, advanced, turned the Dervish flank, got into their camp and on their line of retreat, and, pushing forward, entered Gedaref town without further fighting.

The Dervishes had lost about 500 men. Among the dead emirs on the field one was pointed out as the Mahdist governor, Ahmed Fadil, but this was afterwards found to be a mistake. He was alive and very active for some time after his first defeat in this battle, fought on Thursday, September 22nd, which gave the capital of his province to the Egyptians. The fight had cost Parsons a loss of nearly a hundred officers and men, a serious diminution of his already small force, and, relatively to the numbers engaged, a far heavier loss than that of the Anglo-Egyptian army at Omdurman. Of the 16th Egyptian infantry three officers were wounded, and twenty men were killed and thirty wounded. This was their first battle. The irregulars had fifteen killed and twenty wounded, and the camel corps an officer wounded, two men killed, three wounded, and two missing.

Ahmed Fadil rallied his army to the south of the town, and obtained reinforcements by gathering to his standard the Dervish partisans from the outlying districts of the province. Thus strengthened, he tried to recapture Gedaref six days later, on Wednesday, September 28th. But whatever chance he might have had in the battle in the open, he had none now when he was rashly attempting to storm the mud-walls of the town manned by well-trained riflemen. They were beaten off with the loss of several hundred killed and wounded. But Ahmed Fadil still kept together such a strong following that it was

considered advisable to send Collinson's brigade of four Egyptian battalions up from Omdurman to reinforce Parsons. It arrived just in time to assist in repelling a final attack—Ahmed Fadil's last effort.

The gunboat expeditions up to the two Niles were of greater importance from the international point of view than the occupation of Gedaref, though from the military standpoint they were much less daring enterprises. It was quite possible that Abyssinian troops would



INSIDE KHARTOUM AT LAST.

be found in occupation of some point on the Blue Nile, and French and Abyssinians, or both, on the main stream. The reconnaissance of the two rivers had been decided upon before the Khartoum expedition began its advance. The orders to this effect were transmitted to Lord Cromer by Lord Salisbury, in a despatch dated from the Foreign Office on August 2nd, 1898.

"Her Majesty's Government," wrote the British Foreign Secretary, "do not contemplate that after the occupation of Khartoum any further military operations on a large scale, or involving any considerable expense, will be undertaken for the occupation of the provinces to the south. But the Sirdar is authorised to send two flotillas, one up the White and the other up the Blue Nile. You are authorised to settle the composition of these two forces with the Sirdar. Sir Herbert Kitchener should in person command the White Nile flotilla as far as Fashoda, and may take with him a small body of British troops, should you concur with him in thinking such a course desirable. The officer in command of the Blue Nile flotilla is authorised to go as far as the foot of the Cataract, which is believed to commence about Rosaires. He is not to land troops with a view to marching beyond the point on the river navigable for steamers. Should he, before reaching Rosaires, encounter any Abyssinian outposts he is to halt, report the circumstance, and wait for further instructions. In dealing with any French or Abyssinian authorities who may be encountered, nothing should be said or done which would imply a recognition on behalf of her Majesty's Government of a title to possession on behalf of France or Abyssinia of any portion of the Nile valley."

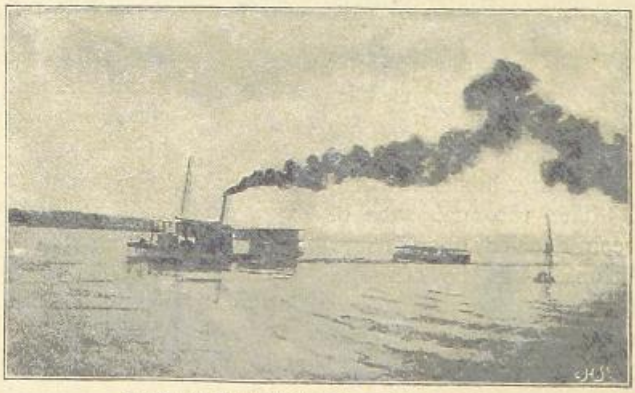
These instructions show how fully the British Government had provided for all possible con-

tingencies, and how absolutely determined it was to resist the attempt of the French or the Abyssinians to seize territory on the Upper Nile. In pursuance of this policy General Hunter was sent up the Blue Nile in command of a small expedition. The story of the voyage up to the Cataracts beyond Rosaires on the Abyssinian border may be best told by quoting the narrative of one of the British officers, published by the *Daily Graphic*.

"On September 19th," he writes, "seventeen days after the fall of Omdurman, the gunboat *Tamai*, flying both British and Egyptian flags, Lieutenant Talbot, R.N., in command, left Khartoum, having on board twenty non-commissioned officers and men of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, with two Maxim guns, Captain D. Churcher in command, and 220 men, including the regimental band, of the 10th Soudanese battalion, Bimbashi McBean in command. The whole of this little expedition was under the supreme command of Major-General Hunter, Egyptian Army, with Major Kincaid, R.E., as Assistant-Adjutant-General, and Bimbashi Smyth, Egyptian Army, as orderly officer. The only daily excitement, beyond the occasional sight of a hippopotamus or a crocodile, was when the gunboat halted at one of the numerous villages to get wood, which the inhabitants brought down to the bank with every expression of delight, the women being particularly demonstrative, especially when the band was landed and played some well-known Soudanese air.

"On arriving at Senaar the barge which thus far the gunboat had been able to tow was detached, and the *Tamai* proceeded with ten men of the Irish Fusiliers and ten of the Soudanese—in fact, all that there was room for on the gunboat—the remainder being left behind at Senaar in charge of Bimbashi McBean. Rosaires was weathered without incident on the 30th, and with a salute of twenty-one guns from the gunboat the standards were hoisted. The same ceremony was carried out at Senaar on the journey back, and on October 2nd the expedition returned to Omdurman, having done the whole distance—425 miles—from Rosaires to Omdurman in fifty hours, including stoppages."

The expedition was remarkable, because it had carried the British flag into a region where it had never yet been seen. It had the satisfactory result of proving that up to the frontier, which we were willing to concede to Menelek in this direction, the country was clear both of Dervish bands and of Abyssinian raiders. The White Nile expedition, conducted by the Sirdar in person, had more exciting experiences and more far-reaching results.



NILE STEAMER TOWING CAMEL BARGES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WHITE NILE EXPEDITION.

ON September 7th—the Wednesday after the great battle—the telegraph line, which had ended at Nasri Island during the campaign, was brought up to Omdurman. Some startling messages passed over it in the course of the same day.

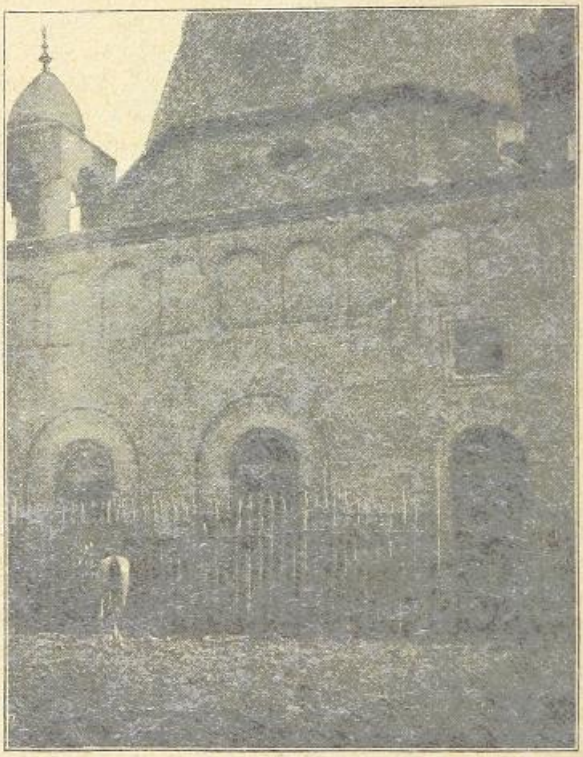
Early in the morning a steamer was seen coming down the White Nile towards Khartoum and Omdurman. She did not belong to the flotilla, and as she approached it could be seen that she had not the trim appearance of the gunboats and stern wheelers. She was sadly in want of repairs and paint, an old battered paddle-wheel steamer, of the general type of a Thames penny steamboat. She was, in fact, one of Gordon's "penny steamers," the *Tewfikieh*. The captain or reis, on the bridge, and his motley crew, wore the patched Dervish jibba as their uniform; but from a flagstaff at the bow a large white flag was displayed, for the Dervishes had heard of the fall of Omdurman, and were ready to surrender to the victors.

The Dervish captain had an interesting story to tell. He had gone up the river in company with another of the Khalifa's steamers, the *Safia*, in the middle of August. Even then there were rumours of the presence of white men in the Shilluk country. As the two steamers approached Fashoda they saw a fort on the bank over which flew a strange flag. They were fired upon from the low rampart of the fort, and while the firing was in progress they could see that the garrison consisted of black men under white officers. The steamers, not liking this warm reception, turned and ran down the river till they were out of range. They then landed some men to make inquiries, and were told by the people in a riverside village that a party of eight Europeans with a party of black soldiers, assisted by the Shilluks of the neighbourhood, had driven out the small Dervish garrison, killing about a hundred of them, and had then entrenched themselves at Fashoda. The *Tewfikieh* then ran back to Omdurman to report to the Khalifa, leaving the *Safia* to watch the river below Fashoda. The *Safia*, by the way, is famous in the history of the Soudan. She was one of the gunboats sent down by Gordon to meet the Nile expedition at Metemneh, and it was on board of her that Lord Charles Beresford went to the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson and his party, and made his splendid fight with the Dervish fort near Wad Habeshi.

There were several small-bore bullets stuck in the timbers of the *Tewfikieh*, and these were considered to be of the pattern used with the French Lebel rifle. The description that the Dervish reis gave of the flag left little doubt that it was the tricolour. Indeed, after the Dervishes had been questioned by Colonel Wingate and Slatin, he telegraphed in cipher to London, through Lord Cromer at Cairo, that the French had reached Fashoda. But the newspaper correspondents at Omdurman were not allowed to send either full details or definite views on the subject, and very strangely there was considerable doubt among the general public here in England as to who the mysterious strangers on the White Nile were. Some, who spoke authoritatively, said they could not be the French, and suggested that they were Belgians from the Free State; or British, belonging to Major MacDonald's expedition from Uganda; or even that the Dervish captain had made a mistake, and taken Abyssinians for white men and Europeans. Considering that it was perfectly well known that Marchand had reached Meshra-er-Rek in the summer of 1897, and that Fashoda was his objective, it is strange that there was ever the least doubt as to what flag was flying on the White Nile.

Under the instructions he had already received, the Sirdar prepared to set out for Fashoda with a gunboat flotilla, but before starting expressed a desire that the war correspondents should at once return to Cairo. From such a quarter expressed wishes amount to orders, so after in vain asking to be allowed to go on to Fashoda at their own risk and expense, or even to remain in Omdurman till the expedition returned, the correspondents reluctantly made their hurried preparations for the

journey down the river, a journey which it appears they had to perform under circumstances of extreme discomfort. Those who go with an army to record its exploits with pen and pencil are prepared to take their fair share of the hardships and dangers of war; but it would seem that during this last Nile expedition, by some mischance, the unfortunate correspondents had a little more than the usual share of hard times. One of them, Mr. Henry Cross, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was seeing his first campaign, was taken ill with enteric fever on the way down, and died in the hospital at the Atbara river, on September 20th — another name added to the long death roll of correspondents in the Soudan wars.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

The sending down of the pressmen suggested that events were about to happen which the Government was anxious to conceal from the public for some time to come. The same policy of secrecy was curiously adopted while the expedition was on its way, and after its return. For some time, in the absence of reliable information, the wildest rumours obtained currency. It is only right here to pay a tribute to the enterprise of Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*. He sent home from Assouan, where he was beyond the reach of the censorship, interesting items of information collected from the Dervishes who manned the *Tewfikieh*, and later obtained an outline of the story of the Sirdar's voyage to Fashoda from some of the British troops who were sent down to Cairo after escorting him thither. Looking back now on the whole story, as told in the despatches, it is difficult to see what was the object the Government had in view in keeping up an abortive attempt at secrecy for so long a time.

The White Nile expedition started soon after dawn on Saturday, September 10th, under the Sirdar's command. The flotilla was made up of five steamers, towing several double-decked barges and Nile boats. The steamers were the stern-wheeler *Dal*, formerly a postboat on the river between Shellal and Halfa, but now conveying the Sirdar and his staff; the *Sultan*, Commander Keppel's flagship; the *Futteh*, conveying on her decks and on barges alongside a company of the Cameron Highlanders and the whole battalion of the 13th Soudanese; the *Nasir*, conveying in the same way the 11th Soudanese; and the *Abu Klea*, towing two barges laden with a battery of Egyptian artillery and a quantity of reserve stores and provisions. All the steamers flew both the British and the Egyptian flags. Sir Herbert Kitchener was taking up the Nile a more formidable force than had ever yet been led so far into the heart of Africa.

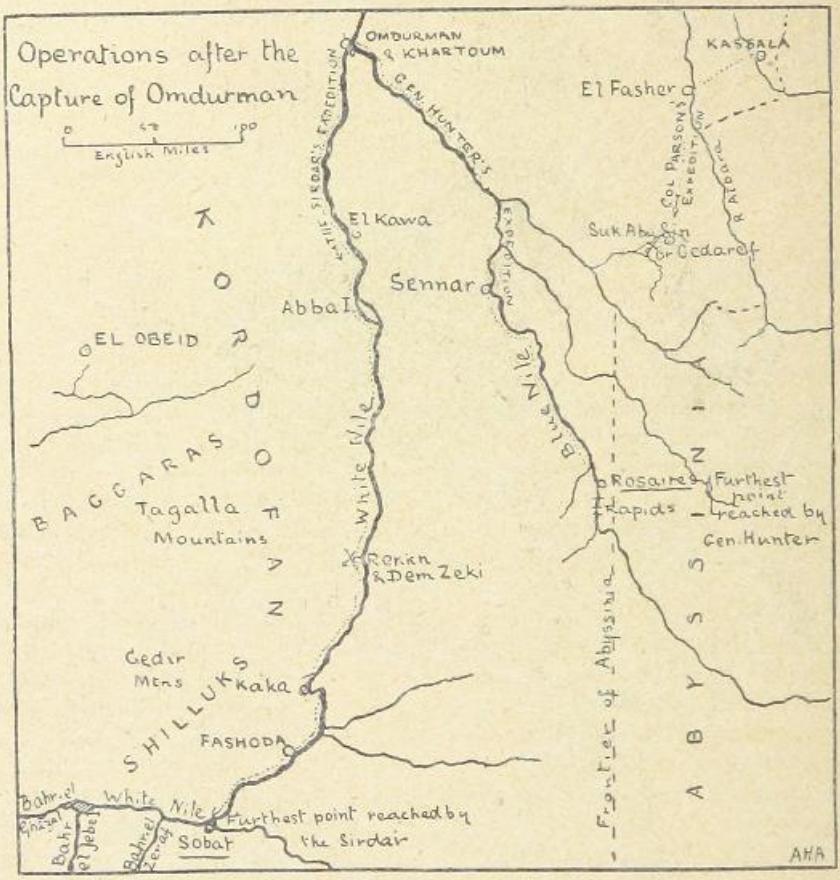
The first few days of the journey were monotonous in the extreme. The gunboats steamed steadily against the strong current, which, as they went higher up, was more and more encumbered with weed; here drifting in masses, there growing up in great tangled beds from the river bottom. Near Fashoda the navigable passage of the river was often not more than two hundred yards wide. The banks were low, and the water shoaled so rapidly that even the light draught steamers sometimes found it difficult to approach a landing place. The weed-encumbered river teemed with animal life. Crocodiles and hippopotami were seen in large numbers. One day no less than twelve of the latter were in sight at the same time. There had of late been so little traffic on this upper

WAR CORRESPONDENTS ON THE WAY TO KHARTOUM.

reach of the Nile that it had become a kind of preserve for these big animals, which dread nothing so much as the approach of a steamer.

It was very hot by day, and there was a deluge of tropical rain nearly every night, so that the White Nile Expedition was anything but a pleasant trip for those who took part in it, crowded as they were on the narrow space afforded by the decks of stern-wheelers and barges. On the Wednesday after leaving Khartoum there was some excitement on board the flotilla, for a number of Dervish deserters had come on board, and had been taken to the *Dal* to be interrogated by the Sirdar and Colonel Wingate. They reported that there was a large camp of Mahdists under the Emir Said Sogheir some distance ahead, and that he had the gunboat *Safia* with him.

Early next morning, near the village of Renkh, the *Safia* was sighted lying near the river-bank, with eleven large Nile boats tied up beside her. Keppel at once steamed on in advance with his gunboat, the *Sultan*, and engaged the *Safia*. He was answered both from her decks and by artillery and rifle-fire from the Dervish camp at Dem Zeki close by. The enemy had four small rifled cannon on the shore, and were beginning to make unpleasantly good practice with them, some of their shells flying low over the decks of the *Sultan*. But Keppel had disabled the *Safia* by putting a shell through her boiler, which exploded, sending up a great cloud of steam.



OPERATIONS AFTER OMDURMAN.

Then, with the rest of the gunboats helping him, he poured a heavy fire of shells and Maxim bullets into the Dervish position on shore. Their guns were soon silenced, and then the *Nasir* ran in close to the shore, and, led by Major Jackson, the 11th Soudanese waded through the reedy shallows, gained the bank, and, deploying into line, soon drove the last of the enemy's riflemen out of the bushes near the camp. It was a smart little fight, in which the army and the navy both had their share. It was a remarkable experience for Commander Keppel. Here he was, after thirteen years, in action against the *Safia*, the very steamer on board of which

he had won high distinction under Lord Charles Beresford in 1885. After the fight he went on board the old ship, and her Dervish captain (who was now quite friendly and none the worse for having been exposed to the bombardment that blew up his boiler) pointed out on the plates, which were still intact, the patch put on by Engineer Benbow, R.N., when he repaired the boiler under fire off the Mahdist fort at Wad Habeshi.

Said Sogheir was among the prisoners who surrendered to the landing party. He told the Sirdar that he had been sent by the Khalifa with 500 men and two steamers to collect grain in the Shilluk country, but on August 25th, on approaching Fashoda, he had had a fight with some Europeans entrenched near the old Government buildings at Fashoda. He had withdrawn to Dem Zeki and sent down to Omdurman for reinforcements; and if he had received them he meant to have attacked Fashoda again.

On the evening of September 18th (three days after the fight) the steamers tied up for the night at the village of Babiu, twelve miles north of Fashoda. "Here," writes the Sirdar, "we were met by a large number of Shilluks, including the uncle, brother, and son of the Mek (Chief). In answer to my inquiries regarding Europeans at Fashoda, they informed me that they believed them to be a small body of our Government troops that had come from the west, but, as they had no Shilluk interpreter and did not go outside the old Egyptian Government buildings, they knew very little about them. They were utterly astonished when told they were not Government officials, and reiterated their great desire that we should stay and administer the country. They expressed great delight at the destruction of the Khalifa's army."

No wonder these poor negroes were delighted, for the Shilluk country had for years been the scene of the Khalifa's slave raids. His flotilla used to come regularly from Omdurman to carry off grain for his storehouses, men for his slave battalions of Jehadia, and women for the slave market. All this was gone for ever now that the Sirdar had broken up the robber stronghold round the Mahdi's tomb.

From the Shilluk village a runner was sent on with a letter addressed to the chief of the Europeans at Fashoda, whoever he might be. In this letter the Sirdar informed him of the capture of Omdurman and the dispersion of the Dervish party at Renkh, and ending by saying that he would shortly reach Fashoda with five steamers conveying a force of European and Egyptian troops. The letter was written in French.

Next morning, while steaming towards Fashoda, the flotilla was met by a small steel boat, with a black crew dressed in red caps and jerseys and blue knickerbockers, who were propelling it with roughly-made wooden paddles. A French flag was flying from the stern, and the boat was in charge of a black sergeant of Senegalese *tirailleurs*. The sergeant came on board the *Dal* and handed over a letter from the commander of the party at Fashoda to the Sirdar, in reply to his message of the night before. It was written by Captain Marchand. He had been on the Upper Nile since the beginning of July.

The latter began with courteous congratulations to the Sirdar on his recent victory. "I have heard," wrote Captain Marchand, "with the greatest satisfaction of the occupation of Omdurman by the Anglo-Egyptian army, the destruction of the forces of the Khalifa, and final disappearance of Mahdism from the valley of the Nile. I shall no doubt be the first to offer the very sincere congratulations of a Frenchman to General Kitchener, whose name has for so many years embodied the struggle of civilisation, to-day victorious, against the savage fanaticism of the partisans of the Mahdi." The letter went on to inform the Sirdar that by orders of the French Government the writer had occupied the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Shilluk country, and the left or west bank of the Nile as far as Fashoda, which his expedition had entered on July 10th. The letter continued:—

"On August 25th I was attacked at Fashoda by a Dervish expedition, consisting of two steamers, having about 1,200 men on board, with artillery. The engagement began at 6.40 a.m. and ended at 5 p.m. by the flight of the steamers, which got away down stream with all the men on board of them. Most of the large barges which they were towing were sunk. As a sequel to this engagement, the first result of which was the liberation of the Shilluk country (from the Dervishes), I signed, on September 3rd, a treaty with the Sultan Kour Abd-el-Fadil, the principal chief, placing the Shilluk country on the left bank of the White Nile under the Protectorate of France, subject to ratification by my Government. I sent copies of the treaty to Europe, first by way of the Sobat and Abyssinia, and then by the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Meshra-er-Rek, where my steamer, the *Faidherbe*, is at present, with orders to bring me reinforcements. These I considered

necessary for the defence of Fashoda against a second attack, which I expected the Dervishes to make about September 25th. Your arrival has prevented it." The letter ended by saying that the writer would be happy to welcome the Sirdar at Fashoda "in the name of France."

Thus at last French and British rivalry in Africa had culminated in the two countries being brought face to face on the Upper Nile. The Sirdar's instructions had fully provided for this contingency. The chief point for the present was to assert the rights of Egypt without provoking a conflict on the spot. This was the reason why the Sirdar had brought with him such an overwhelming force.

Fashoda was in sight at ten o'clock. From the steamers the French flag was seen flying from a tall mast close to the Nile bank, and near the ruins of the old Government buildings. A Senegalese sentry walked up and down near the flag. Farther back from the river was the French camp, fortified partly with new works, partly by adapting to this purpose portions of the old Government buildings and ruined wall of Fashoda. It could be seen that a mud-walled redoubt nearest the river, and the trenches that ran back from it to two smaller flanking works, were lined with black riflemen. Their faces peered over the low rampart. The garrison, which at the first glance was estimated at about 300 men, was evidently on the alert.

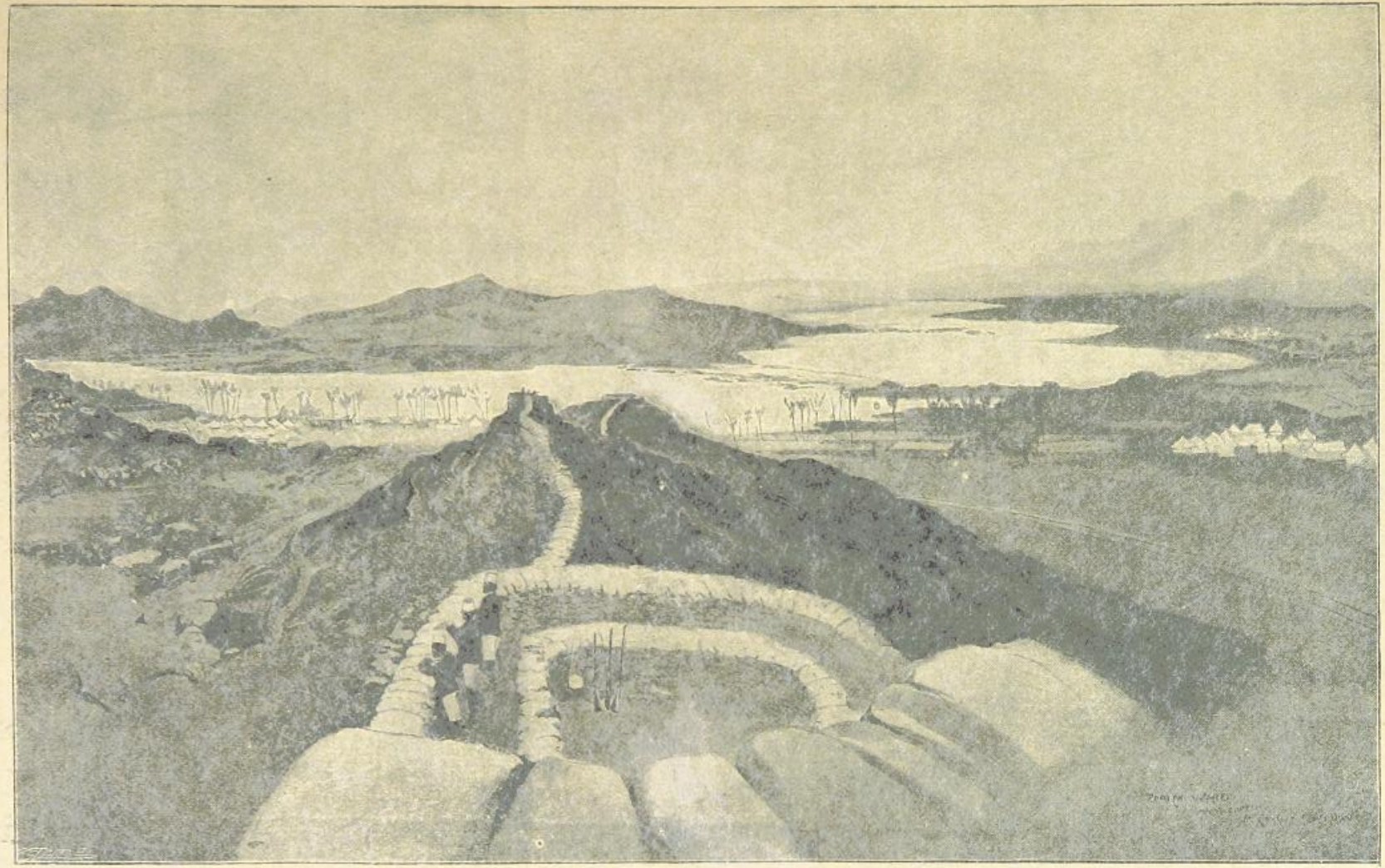
As the steamers came up abreast of the fort a boat, manned by Senegalese, put off from the shore. In the stern, under the tricolour, sat two officers in white uniform. One of them was Captain Marchand. Compared with the portrait of him, taken before his long march across Africa, he looked worn and somewhat aged, and he had grown a beard and long side whiskers. The other was his staff officer, Captain Germain.

The two Frenchmen were received by the Sirdar on board the *Dal*, with compliments on the success of their long and arduous journey. Then, seated at a table under the awning, the Sirdar and Colonel Wingate representing England and Egypt, and Captains Marchand and Germain representing France, proceeded to discuss the situation. The Sirdar told the Frenchmen he was authorised to state that the hoisting of their flag in the Nile valley was a direct infringement of the rights of Egypt and of Great Britain, against which he protested in the strongest terms. Marchand replied that he had only carried out the orders of his Government, and that until he received orders to the contrary from it, his plain duty was to remain at Fashoda. His orders had been to occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Fashoda province. Then came the critical stage of the conference, which had best be told in the Sirdar's own words:—

"I pointed out that I had the instructions of the Government to re-establish Egyptian authority in the Fashoda Mudirieh (province or district), and I asked M. Marchand whether he was prepared—on behalf of the French Government—to resist the execution of these orders; he must be fully aware, I said, that the Egyptian and British forces were very much more powerful than those at his disposal; but, at the same time, I was very averse to creating a situation which might lead to hostilities. I therefore begged M. Marchand to most carefully consider his final decision on this matter. I further informed him that I should be pleased to place one of my gunboats at his disposal to convey him and his expedition north.

"In answer to this M. Marchand did not hesitate to admit the preponderating forces at my disposal, and his inability to offer effective armed resistance; if, however, he said, I felt obliged to take any such action, he could only submit to the inevitable, which would mean that he and his companions would die at their posts. He begged, therefore, that I would consider his position, and would allow the question of his remaining at Fashoda to be referred to his Government, as without their orders he could not retire from his position or haul down his flag; at the same time, he said, he felt sure that, under the circumstances, the order for his retirement would not be delayed by his Government, and that then he hoped to avail himself of the offer I had made him. I then said to him, 'Do I understand that you are authorised by the French Government to resist Egypt in putting up its flag and reasserting its authority in its former possessions—such as the Mudirieh of Fashoda'? M. Marchand hesitated, and then said he could not resist the Egyptian flag being hoisted. I replied that my instructions were to hoist the flag, and that I intended to do so."

It was then arranged that Colonel Wingate and Captain Germain should land together and select a convenient spot for the hoisting of the Egyptian flag outside the ground actually occupied by the French camp. A bastion of the old fortifications was selected for this purpose,



HOW THE NILE IS GUARDED: THE FORT AT AKASHA.

and the troops landed, and were drawn up in line, to salute the flag. As it fluttered out from the flagstaff, the bands of the two Soudanese regiments played the Khedival March, the infantry presented arms, and the artillery fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Later in the day the British flag was hoisted beside the Egyptian. Major Jackson was installed as governor of Fashoda, and leaving with him his own regiment, four of the guns, and one of the gunboats, the Sirdar re-embarked the rest of his force, the men marching back to the river-bank to the tune of the "March of the Cameron Men." The spot selected for the Egyptian camp cut off the French camp from all access to the interior, for the ground that Captain Marchand had chosen was partly enclosed by marshes on the land side, and the way past them ran along the front of Major Jackson's position. The French were very short of both food and ammunition, and the Sirdar handed over to them a portion of his stores of preserved provisions, the French commandant sending him in return a case of wine and some fresh vegetables and flowers from a little garden he had improvised. The two commanders showed throughout that they felt a high esteem for each other, and the Sirdar notes in his official despatch that "during these somewhat delicate proceedings nothing could have exceeded the politeness and courtesy of the French officers."

Having re-embarked what was left of his force, the Sirdar again steamed southwards with the four remaining gunboats. He was going to further close his grasp upon the White Nile country and make Marchand's position still more untenable. There were vague rumours of an Abyssinian force in the valley of the Sobat, which runs into the Nile some eighty miles above Fashoda. To close this access to the White Nile and intercept any supplies or reinforcements coming down from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, it was determined to place another Egyptian garrison at Sobat, the site of a former Government station at the mouth of the river of the same name.

Sobat was reached on the 20th. There were neither Frenchmen nor Abyssinians anywhere in the neighbourhood. As for the former, Marchand had passed the place on his way down to Fashoda. As to the latter, their nearest post was said to be more than three hundred miles away up the Sobat. The Egyptian flag was hoisted and saluted with much the same ceremony as at Fashoda, and a garrison was left to protect it, consisting of half a battalion of the 13th Soudanese, with two guns and two Maxims. A steamer was also left with orders to patrol up the White Nile and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as far as Meshra-er-Rek, the head of the navigation in that direction. She was to stop any transit of ammunition or reinforcements for Fashoda that she might meet on the way. Considering that Marchand had left a post at Meshra-er-Rek and had a small gunboat on the river between that place and Fashoda, this opened further possibilities of conflict. Having done this, the Sirdar steamed back to Fashoda. During his absence the Soudanese had built a little village of huts and straw shelters round Jackson's headquarters, and a fort had been improvised for its defence. The Shilluk chief of the district, the same who was said to have made a treaty with Captain Marchand, had come in. He welcomed the British commandant to his country, and denied he had ever signed a treaty with the French commander. It is impossible to suppose that M. Marchand had no grounds for his definite assertion to the contrary, and the probability is that this negro kinglet, as often happens in Central Africa, put his mark on a paper offered to him without having the remotest idea that he was signing an important document.

Some of the Shilluks who had joined the French promptly deserted to their comrades and fellow tribesmen of the 11th battalion. The result was that Marchand was left with his handful of white officers and 120 Senegalese. With a resolution that every soldier must admire he stuck to his post nevertheless, waiting for orders from his Government, ready to die there if need be. Only the victory of Omdurman had saved him from a Dervish attack which, with his supplies and ammunition all but exhausted, he had no means of repelling. This is not the place to tell the story of the subsequent results of that momentous meeting of the representatives of France and England on the Upper Nile. But, whatever may be thought of the policy which, in defiance of England, organised this march from the Congo to the Nile of those who so gallantly obeyed the orders of the French Government, we may well say, in the words of the Sirdar's despatch, "it is impossible not to entertain the highest admiration for the courage, devotion, and indomitable spirit displayed by M. Marchand's expedition." These generous words are honourable to Captain Marchand and no less honourable to the brave and chivalrous soldier who wrote them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, with three gunboats, the Camerons, and half the 13th Soudanese, returned to Omdurman on September 25th. He found awaiting him there General Sir Francis Grenfell, who had come up to see Khartoum and confer with the Sirdar on the general situation. There was a great review of the troops remaining at Omdurman in honour of their old chief, who had led them to victory at Toski, and to whose years of active command the new Egyptian army owed so much.

LORD CROMER.
(*Photo: J. Heyman, Cairo.*)

The Fashoda incident was to give anxious days to the Cabinets of France and England in the next few weeks, but the Sirdar's work upon the Upper Nile was done. The reconquest of the Soudan was practically complete: in 1896, when the word was given to move on to Akasha, even the Government that gave the order hardly ventured to admit that the reconquest had begun. There had been few battles—Ferkeh and Hafir in the first year, Abu Hamed in the second, the Atbara and Omdurman in the third, had broken the Dervish power, with less loss of life on the side of the victors than had been paid as the cost of fruitless efforts in our first march up the Nile. In many respects it was an engineer's war, and fittingly it was directed by an engineer general. The railway and the steamship had made short the way into the heart of Africa. They had cut down weary marches of months to brief journeys of days. They had solved the problem of feeding thousands on the edge of the desert. But besides this, we had reaped in these eventful two and a half years the fruits of long preparation, the results of the long-continued training that had made the Egyptian and the Soudanese ready to follow their European leaders against any odds. And the land thus won could be held at small cost now that Mahdism was dead. Against even the most reckless of savage warriors a small fort by the river side, with a steamer to keep in touch with other forts along the Nile, is an impregnable citadel that can make a whole district secure. Thus the pacified Soudan can never require a very large garrison. Its abandonment in 1885 had been forced upon Egypt and England by a combination of circumstances which for the time being made this temporary retreat a necessity. Egypt, disorganised and all but bankrupt, had no resources for a prolonged struggle upon the Upper Nile. Lord Cromer, then Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Consul-General at Cairo, was mainly responsible for the policy adopted. It is difficult for us now to realise the situation or to judge it fairly. But it is well summed up by Sir Alfred Milner in his great work on Egypt, published in 1892. "Sir Evelyn Baring," he wrote, "is a man of a decided mind. His view may be right or it may be wrong, but it is always definite, and he is always determined to push it through. In this instance his view was that Egypt could by no possibility retain the Soudan, and that, this being so, her only wise course was to cut it adrift at once and altogether, and keep every man and every shilling that remained to her for the defence of her frontier. And the British Government unhesitatingly adopted the advice of its representative. Undoubtedly the decision was a wise one. In saying that, do not let me be supposed to argue that the possession of the Soudan, or at least a considerable portion of it, is not important, and may not even in the long run be necessary, to Egypt. A hardly-pressed garrison may find it necessary to abandon even the most important outposts in order to preserve its citadel. The fact that Egypt gave up the Soudan, when she simply had not the strength to hold it, is no reason why she should not

recover it, or part of it, when she once more has the strength. Nor can any blame attach to those who took upon themselves the odious but necessary duty of throwing overboard a valuable cargo, which, if retained, was bound to sink the ship. On the contrary, it is to them that the credit of having saved Egypt principally belongs."

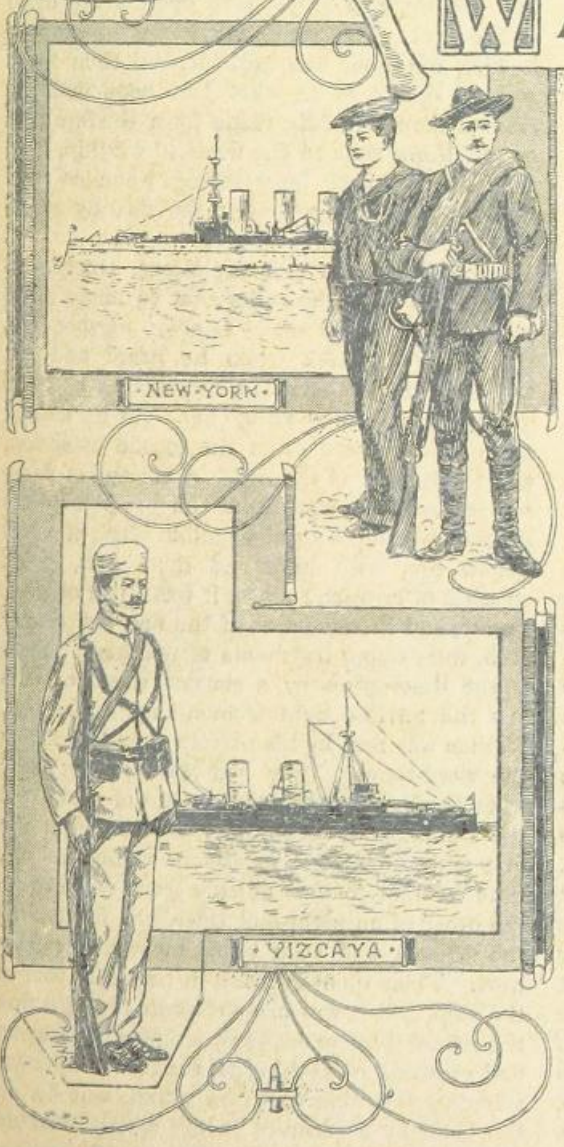
While the soldiers, Wood, Grenfell, and Kitchener, were organising and training the new Egyptian army, Lord Cromer was guiding the equally important reform in her civil government and finances, which refilled her treasury and made the reconquest of the Soudan a possible undertaking. Such achievements do not attract popular attention as readily as the record of marches and battles and victories. But, nevertheless, all through these years of preparation the British Consulate-General at Cairo was as important a factor in the coming reconquest as the headquarters of the army on the Nile frontier. At last came the day when, to use Sir Alfred Milner's words, Egypt, aided by England, at length "had the strength" to attempt the recovery of her lost provinces. And in the years of victory, as in the years of waiting, Lord Cromer again did his part in assuring our triumph. This was generously acknowledged by the Sirdar when he thanked the City of London for the sword of honour presented to him at the Guildhall on his return to England. "To this great enterprise," he said, "a master mind was necessary. Lord Cromer was our master mind. It was due to his able direction that the reconquest of the Soudan was accomplished."

Sanguine estimates have been made of the possible future value of the Soudan as a field for commerce. There is no need to go into such matters here. For most of us the chief value of the reconquest of the Soudan is not a matter of pounds or pence. We are proud of it rather because it wiped out the memory of a great failure, put an end to a system of blood-stained oppression, and swept away for ever the greatest slave-hunting and slave-holding power in north-eastern Africa. Kitchener's march to Omdurman was, in simple truth, the resumption of Gordon's crusade against the slavers of the Nile valley. Thus every lover of peace who loves freedom too has the best reason to rejoice in his victory.

THE END.

THE KHALIFA'S TIN MOSQUE.

The Story of the SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



CHAPTER I.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE."

THERE are days which are turning points in history, and the 15th of February, 1898, will long be remembered as one of them. It was a critical day for two great nations—an epoch in the history of the Western world. On that evening the United States armoured cruiser *Maine* was lying at her moorings in Havana Harbour. She had arrived there three weeks before at a time when the relations between Washington and Madrid had become a little more friendly on account of the concessions promised by Sagasta and the new Liberal Government of Spain. It had been suggested that an American ship should be sent to Havana, and the visit was to be returned by a Spanish cruiser at New York. The *Maine*, one of the finest vessels in the United States navy, had been selected for this mission, and the Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* was on her way to America. The friends of peace were confidently predicting that the Cuban question would be settled before the early summer, and that the island, while remaining under the Spanish flag, would enter on a new period of prosperity, thanks to the system of self-government and reform which had just been inaugurated.

On the whole, the visit of the *Maine* to Havana had so far been a success. Marshal Blanco, the Spanish Governor-General, had

given the American officers a cordial welcome, and they had been hospitably entertained by their comrades of the Spanish navy on board the cruiser *Alfonso XII.* It is true that there had been some hostile mutterings against them on the part of those obstinate adherents of the old *régime* who saw in the Spanish concessions to Cuba a surrender to America, and regarded the presence of the *Maine* at Havana as an encouragement to the rebels, and it is even said that Captain Sigsbee, the commander of the cruiser, had received some threatening letters. But the menaces of the Spanish malcontents were regarded as of no practical importance in the improved state of the relations between the two countries; and as for the letters, they were laughed at as the work of some half-witted "crank" who had neither the power nor the will for doing serious mischief. At the same time, the usual precautions were taken which are observed on board of every warship even in time of peace and in a friendly port—precautions not so much against hostile attack as unforeseen accident.

The evening of Tuesday, February 15th, was calm and warm. There was hardly a breath of wind to ripple the waters of the land-locked harbour, and with this stillness of the air there was a dull, oppressive sense of heat in the gathering tropical night. Work had ceased at sunset along the wharves of the city, and only a few boats were moving about the bay, with drooping sails and crews pulling at the oars. It was a dark moonless night, and only their lights showed the positions of the large ships that swung slowly at their moorings between the town and the northern forts. The *Maine* was attached to one of the harbour buoys north-east of the arsenal. Close to her on one side lay the *Alfonso XII.*, and on the other an American passenger liner, the *City of Washington.* At eight o'clock the officer of the watch on board the *Maine* had gone his rounds and found all in good order. The magazines were locked, and the keys were in his possession. There was no fire in the forward furnaces, but further astern there was steam up in some of the smaller boilers which kept the engines going that supplied the electric light. At nine most of the crew were in their hammocks. The watch on deck was under the command of Lieutenant Blandin. Most of the other officers were chatting together in the ward-room. Captain Sigsbee was in his cabin writing letters. Earlier in the evening some of the officers had been visiting friends on board the *City of Washington*, but by half-past nine they had all returned on board.

Ten minutes later a roar like thunder rolled across the bay, and the city trembled as with an earthquake shock. For a moment the sky was red with leaping flame, and then all was dark, for every lamp had been extinguished. Windows fell clattering in fragments on the pavement, doors were burst open, broken telegraph wires dropped into the streets, into which the startled people came rushing from their houses. There were the wildest rumours: "The arsenal has been blown up!" "The powder magazines at the end of the bay have exploded!" "The American and the Spanish ships have opened fire upon each other!" The people hurried to the wharves looking out upon the harbour, and then there was no doubt as to what had happened. A mass of flames rapidly rising from the fore part of the *Maine* showed the wrecked warship, with a crowd of boats busy saving wounded and drowning men from amidst the floating *débris* that surrounded her.

There had been two explosions, coming so swiftly one upon the other that to many there seemed to be only one. Captain Sigsbee was writing at his desk when he heard and felt the first. It was as if the ship's great barbette guns had been fired altogether. As he dashed out on deck there came the second explosion, and the heavier of the two. A volcano of flame was sweeping skyward from the fore part of the doomed warship—a great fanlike blaze of fierce yellow fire, with here and there dull, thick splashes of crimson; above it was a pall of black smoke, and in the heart of the fire, indistinctly seen, were flying fragments of wreckage. Such is the description by a startled spectator who saw the terrible sight from a ship in the bay. Sigsbee was met by his officers coming up from the ward-room. They had sprung from their seats at the first explosion. One of them told the Commission of Enquiry that between the first and the second explosions there was just time for him to pass quickly from one end to the other of an eight-foot table. So far none of the officers had been killed or even seriously hurt. Their quarters were in the after part of the ship, and it was away towards the bow that the fearful force so suddenly let loose was tearing and crushing everything to pieces. Lieutenant Blandin, the officer of the watch, was hit on the head by a piece of falling metal, but only slightly hurt. His comrade, Lieutenant Jenkins,

an officer of the United States Intelligence Department, rushed back to his cabin, probably to secure some valuable papers, and was never seen again. Another officer, Assistant-Engineer Merritt, was swept overboard and drowned.

But what of the crew, more than three hundred strong? A good half of them were either blown to fragments or killed by the shock, by the stunning blow, as they lay in their hammocks. The divers who subsequently examined the wreck found man after man lying with his hammock around or under him, and his hands raised above his head, roused (it would seem) from sleep by the first shock, and then killed as he lay instinctively stretching out his hands to grasp the hammock and turn out. Others, more fortunate, found themselves awake and afloat in the dark water. One man who was at work on one of the lower decks was hurled through the air into the bay and escaped uninjured, the iron deck above him having opened with the blast that drove him upward. Of the men on duty on deck, all who were in front of the funnels were gone. From the after stoke-hold and from the part of the men's quarters forward that had escaped total destruction some sixty men rushed on deck. And to the honour of the American navy be it said there was no panic or confusion. Though they hardly knew what was happening around them, and only felt that they were face to face with death, the half-dazed handful of survivors hurried towards their posts and promptly obeyed Sigsbee's call to lower away the only two boats that had escaped damage and save life; and they only left the burning wreck when they heard their officer's orders to enter the boats.

In three minutes the *Maine* had sunk under the feet of her crew; but as she had only five feet of water below her keel, most of the superstructure remained above water. As she went down she heeled over a little to one side, and then righted herself. The forward military mast had gone over the side with the explosion, but the other mast was standing. So were the two tall funnels (or "smoke-stacks," as the Americans call them). All in front of the funnels was a raging mass of flame, burning fiercely. There was, for a brief interval, danger of further explosions. In the fore part of the ship, it is true that whatever had not gone up in the blast of fire had been flooded by the water that poured in through the great rent in the ship's bottom. But there were other magazines in the after part, and the men whose duty it was went bravely down into the ship and let in the water, to remove this danger. In those three minutes help had come from Americans and Spaniards. Both the warship *Vizcaya* and the *City of Washington* had turned on their electric searchlights and lowered away their boats. The first two lowered from the liner were found to be so riddled with flying *débris* from the *Maine* that they were dangerously leaky. Other boats put off from the wharves. All of them were soon busy taking the men off the stern part of the *Maine*, or picking up survivors, many of them badly injured, out of the water. Most of the wounded were taken on board the *City of Washington*, where they were laid on mattresses placed on the deck as soon as the cabins were full. Others were conveyed to the Spanish warship and to the shore. The fire brigade had, on the first alarm, turned out with its engines, expecting to have to grapple with some disaster on land. The men had pushed on to the wharves, and, trained as they are to handle wounded men, these Havana firemen proved very useful in the transport of the injured sailors to the hospital. Marshal Blanco himself was on the wharf superintending their removal. The captain of the *Alfonso XII.* and his surgeons were also most helpful. If a Spanish hand dealt the blow, there were other Spaniards who did their duty well and bravely that night in succouring the victims.

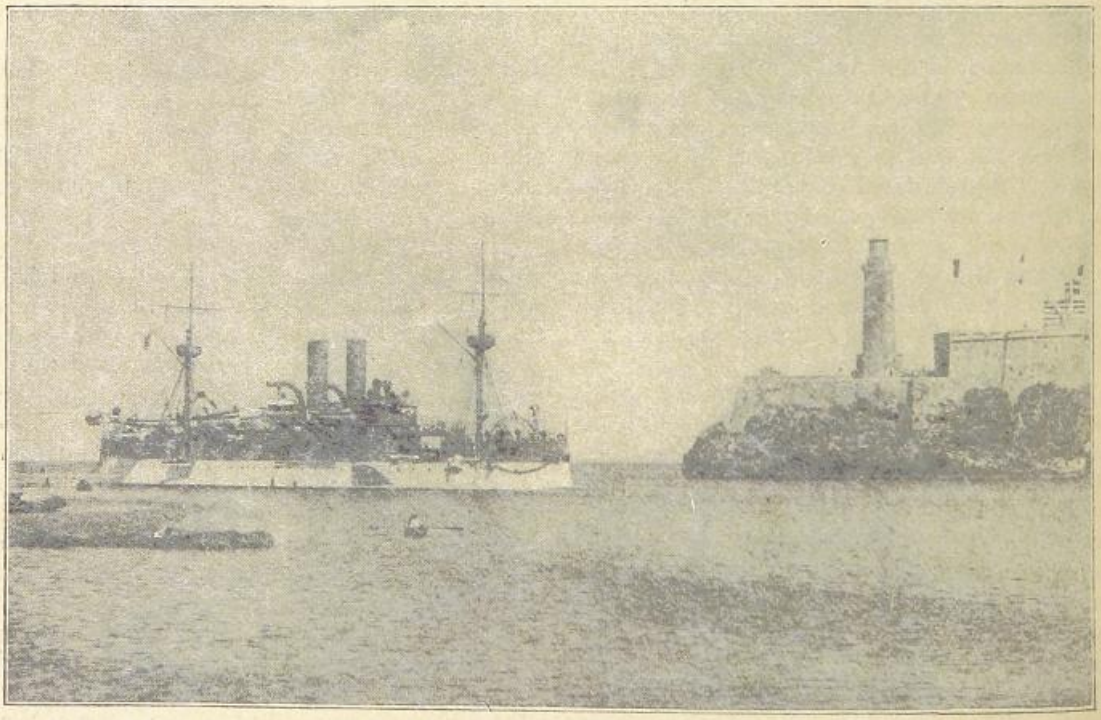
The last to leave the wrecked and burning cruiser was Captain Sigsbee. The second last was Father Chidwick, a Catholic priest, who was the chaplain of the *Maine*. They both made their way to the American steamer; and while the priest joined the surgeons in helping the wounded and dying, the Captain put himself in communication with Fitzhugh Lee, the American consul, and with the Spanish governor, and sent a short despatch by wire to Washington. It was a despatch that showed how calmly he could face the terrible situation that the disaster had created. General Blanco was so stricken with grief at the dread tragedy that no one could suppose he had any part in treachery, if treachery there was. But while for the moment all thought only of accident as the cause of the explosion, it was clear that it was capable of an interpretation that might well make it the cause of all but instant war. So brave Sigsbee in this first brief message spoke only of accident, and

begged that all would suspend their judgment as to how it had occurred. His telegram, which reached Washington at 3 a.m. on the 16th, ran as follows :—

"*Maine* blown up in Havana Harbour at twenty minutes of ten, and destroyed. Many wounded, and doubtless more killed and drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward line steamer. Send light-house tenders from Key West for crew and few pieces of equipment still above water. No one had other clothes than those upon him. *Public opinion should be suspended till further report.* All officers believed to be saved. Jenkins and Merritt not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representatives of General Blanco, now with me, and express sympathy.—SIGSBEE."

Few in Havana slept that night. Under the flaring gas-jets in the military hospital on shore, and in the white glare of the electric light on the decks of the American steamer and the Spanish cruiser, the doctors were busy trying to save life or soothe the agony of hopelessly injured men. There were several deaths among the wounded in the hospital and on the ships before morning. The boats were for hours searching the bay for survivors who might still be afloat, but the search was fruitless, and at last the hope of further rescues had to be abandoned. Till long past midnight the flames from the wreck gave them light enough. Along the wharves crowds looked on at the spectacle. At half-past eleven the great funnels crashed down on the deck, which was now awash with the water forward, but high out of it astern.

When the morning broke over Havana Harbour, though the fire had burned out, wreaths of smoke still rose from the wreck. Sigsbee came to the poop of the *City of Washington*, and, looking at what had at sunset been a gallant vessel, and was now "a heap of broken iron," and, thinking of the hundreds that had been killed or maimed in the deadly blast of fire, his feelings overcame him, and he broke down utterly, and stood silent, with the tears running down his cheeks.



THE "MAINE" ENTERING HAVANA HARBOUR.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EXPLOSION.

THE death-roll of the *Maine* is a long list. On that fatal Thursday evening there were 354 officers and men on board of her. Twenty-four officers and seventy-seven men were saved, many of them more or less injured by the explosion. Two officers and 251 men lost their lives, either killed on the spot or drowned, or dying of their wounds within a few hours of the disaster.

On the morrow Havana presented the appearance of a city in mourning. The Exchange was closed. The theatres announced that there would be no performance that evening. Many shops had their shutters up, and business as well as pleasure was at a standstill. Flags flew half-mast high from the Governor-General's palace, the principal buildings, and the ships in the harbour. Marshal Blanco, the government and municipal authorities, "the foreign consuls, organised bodies of all sorts, and the citizens generally," expressed their sorrow by messages to Consul-General Lee and Captain Sigsbee. Such is Lee's own testimony. The stories in some of the newspapers that the Havanese openly rejoiced at the disaster are thus contradicted by the best authority on the subject.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE.

The expression of grief for the loss of the *Maine* and her gallant crew was world-wide. At Washington every hour brought telegrams of sympathy to the Government, many of which had come across the Atlantic. One of the first was from Queen Victoria, another came from the Prince and Princess of Wales, others from foreign Governments and Admiralties, and Spain was represented by a message from the *chargé d'affaires* of her Embassy, and another from the Governor-General of Cuba. Throughout the United States opinion was from the first deeply agitated. Hundreds of homes were in mourning for relations who had lost their lives in Havana Harbour, and the first impulse was to accept the theory that their deaths were due to a murderous act of treachery. Some of the less responsible newspapers, eager for a new sensation, adopted this theory when the only evidence in support of it was the merest conjecture. One of them distinguished itself by offering thousands of dollars for proof of the alleged crime. But, to the credit of the American people and of the higher class of journals in their press, it must be said that a notable number of prominent men and some of the best and most enterprising of the newspapers re-echoed Sigsbee's and Lee's appeal for a suspension of judgment, and met the cry for immediate war with Spain by a protest against hasty action of any kind in so grave a crisis. Expert opinion at the outset was that the *Maine* had probably been destroyed by the accidental explosion of her own magazines. Many naval officers, and among them several of the officers of the *Maine* herself, stated that this was their view, though at the same time they said that it was a mystery to them how the magazines could have been ignited, considering the elaborate precautions taken to prevent anything of the kind occurring. But in such a crisis it was only to be expected that the calmer view should be the less popular, and from the first there was a growing outcry against "Spanish treachery," a rising demand for vengeance.

The funeral of the victims took place at Havana on the Thursday after the explosion. Including those who had died in the hospitals and the bodies so far recovered from the wreck, there were more than 150 coffins. In the long procession there were guards of honour of Spanish men-of-war's men, soldiers and volunteers, Marshal Blanco's staff, and the leading men of the Havana municipality. Dense crowds

lined the streets, and stood bareheaded as the funeral cars passed by.

On the same day the United States Navy Department appointed a board of officers to inquire into the loss of the *Maine*. The president was Captain Sampson, then in command of the battleship *Iowa*, who had been for some years a member of the American Board of Ordnance, and was a recognised expert on explosives. During the civil war Captain Sampson had had a narrow escape from being killed by a submarine mine. He was in command of a gunboat engaged in clearing torpedoes out of a creek when one of them exploded and wrecked his ship. He was picked up out of the water a hundred feet from the vessel, little the worse for his adventure. The officers of the board proceeded to Havana in the lighthouse tender *Mangrove*, and a staff of experienced divers was sent to examine the wreck.

On Friday, the 18th, the Spanish cruiser, *Vizcaya*, arrived off New York. She had come to return the visit paid by the *Maine* to Havana, and it was only when the pilot came on board off Sandyhook that her commander, Captain Eulate, and his officers heard of the awful disaster that had occurred three days before. They seemed thunderstruck at the news. What a change from everything that they had anticipated! They had expected that the Spanish flag flying from their smart warship in New York Harbour would be a sign of the coming period of renewed friendship between Spain and America. And now the first news they heard was of this terrible event, which might well mean that war was close at hand. The weather at Sandyhook was very bad, first fog, then driving rain and a rising gale, and the pilots thought it was safer for the *Vizcaya* to wait outside till it improved, rather than risk an accident in getting up through the Narrows to the inner bay. So it was not till Sunday that the Spanish ship passed up. She flew her own flag at half-mast, and as she ran by the forts at the Narrows, she hoisted the Stars and Stripes and saluted it with her quick-firing guns. The salute was returned from the fort at Castle Williams, and when she anchored, an American officer came on board with a message of welcome from the Admiral commanding the station. Captain Eulate informed him that he meant to keep the *Vizcaya's* flag half-mast high while he was in harbour, and that he and his officers would pay a formal visit to the authorities, but would decline all invitations to social gatherings, as they wished to show their sorrow for the loss of the *Maine* by observing a time of mourning. "I knew some of the brave men of the *Maine*," he said, "and I and all here are heart-broken that such a calamity should befall them." The whole bearing of the Spanish officers showed that these were no mere formal words of sympathy, but that they felt what had happened as a personal grief. Short as had been the time since the wrecking of the *Maine*, popular feeling had risen to fever heat, and it was feared by the authorities in New York that there might be some outrage attempted on the *Vizcaya* and her crew. At night police picket boats rowed round her as she lay at anchor, and Captain Eulate, acting, no doubt, on friendly advice, gave no leave to his crew to go ashore. In a few days the cruiser departed, bound for Havana. She passed down the Narrows, still in mourning, with the red and golden flag of Spain drooping at half-mast.

Meanwhile the Court of Enquiry had begun work at Havana. Captain Sampson acted as President, the other members being Captain F. E. Chadwick, Lieutenant-Commander Potter, and Lieutenant-Commander Marix, all distinguished officers of the United States Navy. In the British service the enquiry would have taken the shape of the formal trial of the Captain of the *Maine* by court-martial for the loss of his ship, and in the appointment of the Havana Court of Enquiry the American Government recognised the fact that Captain Sigsbee was practically on his trial, for they took care to name as President an officer who was his senior in the service. The Court had to superintend the collection of the evidence which was laid before it. This was made up of the statements of survivors, the reports of skilled divers who examined the wreck, and the opinions of experts on the many technical questions which arose in connection with these reports. The proceedings were ordered to be kept secret until the decision of the Court was published by the President of the United States.

At the outset an important point of procedure had to be settled. The Spanish authorities suggested that the examination of the wreck should be carried on jointly by American and Spanish divers and naval officers. This request was considered and rejected by the United States officers. A warship in a foreign port is regarded as a part of the territory of the nation to which she belongs; and, legally, the wrecked *Maine*, half sunk in the muddy water of Havana

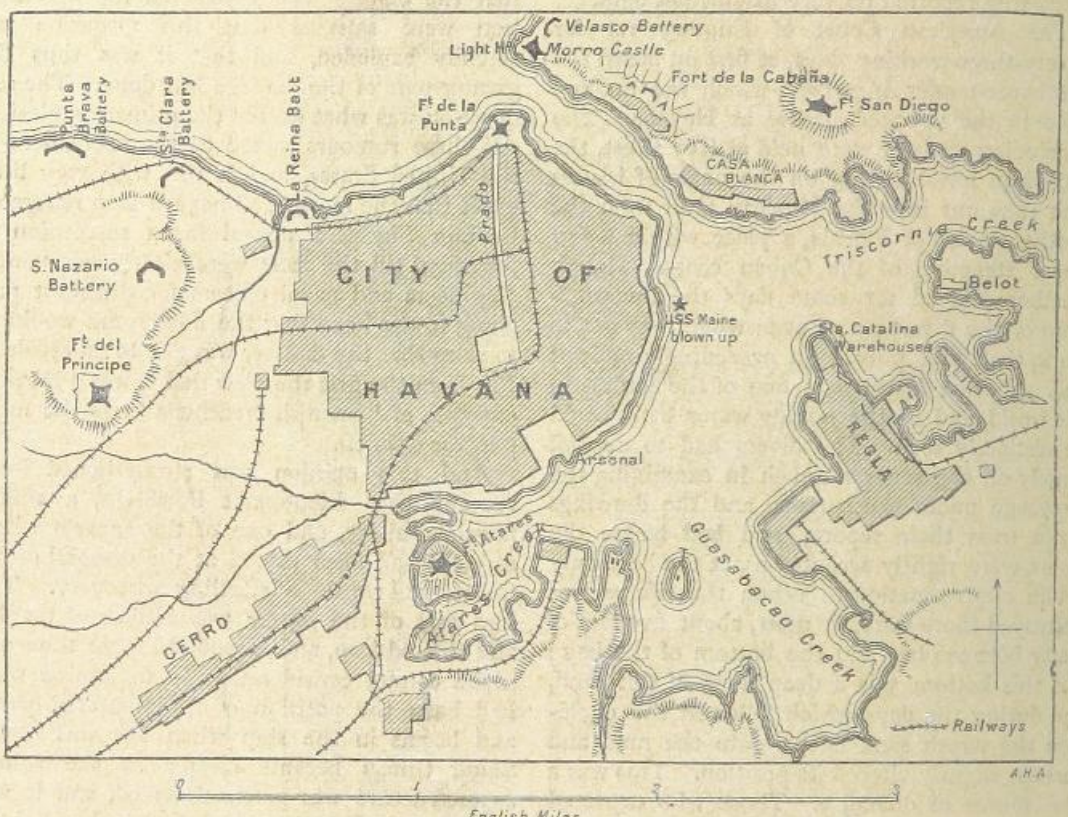
Harbour, was as much a portion of the United States as one of the forts at New York, or one of the rooms of the Capitol at Washington. The investigation was a purely American affair, affecting, in the first place, the position of a distinguished American naval officer. It was declared that it should be carried out from first to last by United States officials. So the Spanish Government had to be content with appointing a commission of its own, which necessarily reported on very insufficient data.

The American Court of Enquiry sat for twenty-three working days, at first on board the lighthouse-tender *Mangrove*, which was moored close to the wrecked *Maine* at Havana. The concluding sittings were held at Key West, the American naval station on the chain of islands that runs out into the Mexican Gulf from the southern point of Florida, a place within a few hours' steaming of the Cuban coast. Rough weather delayed for some days the investigations of the divers; and, even when they got to work, their task proved an exceedingly difficult one. Havana Harbour is one of the foulest in the world, and in the muddy water little could be distinctly seen. The divers had to depend largely on the sense of touch in examining the wreckage under the surface, and the drawings made from their reports, and laid before the Court, were rightly accepted as, at the best, only rough approximations. When the *Maine* was destroyed there were, at most, about five feet of water between her and the bottom of the bay; but this bottom was a deep mass of soft mud, and during the days which followed the explosion the wreck sank deeper into the mud and perhaps slightly altered its position. This was a new source of difficulty. Those who expected that the divers would find the remains of a torpedo beneath the ship forgot that in such circumstances it was impossible to get under her. The origin of the explosion had to be determined solely by its effects.

Notwithstanding the secrecy officially imposed upon the members of the Court, there were from the first sensational reports in circulation as to the discoveries which were being made by the divers. One newspaper told how a diver had found in the bottom of the *Maine* a round hole eight inches in diameter, blown through her plates by a torpedo. Naval officers in New York, who were asked to comment on this story, of course pointed out that a torpedo capable of destroying the *Maine* would not make a mere eight-inch hole, and suggested that if a diver had found anything of the kind, it was one of the numerous under-water holes that exist for various purposes in the outer plates of most men-of-war. Then came the story that a great hollow had been found in the mud below the ship, the result of a mine explosion, and that the forward magazine, which contained some 50,000 pounds of powder for the heavy guns, had been found to be intact. The Report of the Enquiry, when published, showed that the officers who conducted the investigation were satisfied that this magazine was actually exploded, and that it was thus the greater part of the damage was done. The real question was what caused the primary explosion. All these rumours added to the excitement in the United States, and it was with very little effect that the more level-headed men reiterated Captain Sigsbee's appeal for a suspension of judgment till the facts were clearly ascertained. Engineers and naval officers for the most part clung to the hope that the final result would be to show that the disaster was due to an accident. But from the first the view that it was a horrible example of "Spanish treachery" was the more popular opinion.

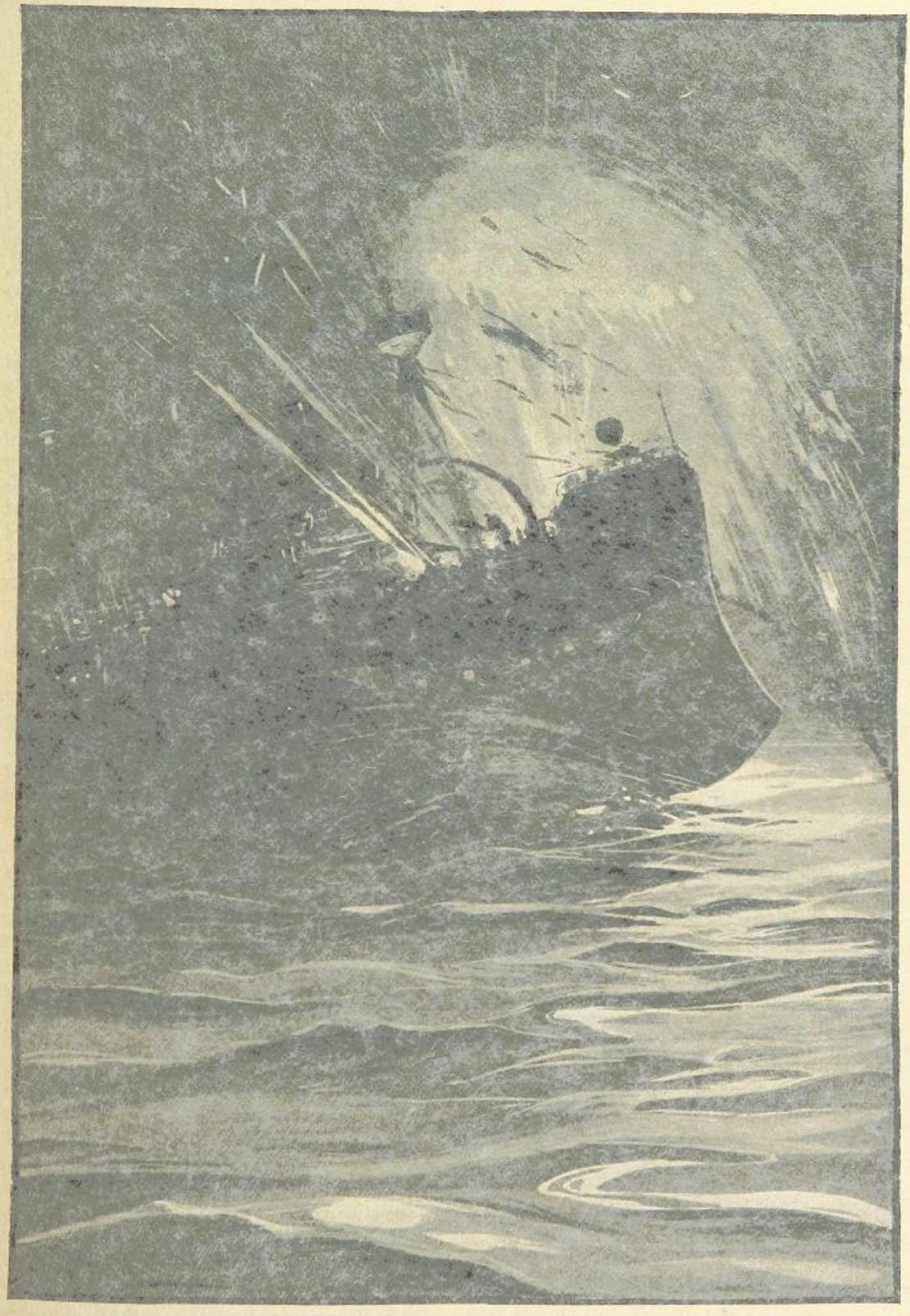
And this opinion was strengthened by a rumour that Lieutenant Powelson, a skilled naval architect, and one of the experts whose services had been placed at the disposal of the Court, had made a startling discovery. The fore part of the *Maine* was a mass of tangled and twisted iron, and it required some time and much careful consideration to determine what had been the position of the shattered plates and beams in the ship when she was intact. Some things became clearer as the ruined superstructure was partly removed, and it was alleged that Powelson had found that a bent mass of shattered iron which projected above the water, shaped like the top of a capital A, was, in fact, a portion of the vessel's keel. If this was so, the keel had been bent upwards to a height of about thirty-four feet above its original position, forming an arch through which a railway train could have been driven. Could an internal explosion have done this? Did it not point to the primary explosion having been that of a mine outside and below the fore part of the ship—a mine so powerful that it could thus break the back of the huge cruiser, and thrust her broken keel up through her rending decks and above the surface on which she was floating—the explosion of the forward magazine, with its 50,000 pounds of

cannon powder, only completing the destruction thus begun? The *New York Herald*, which obtained the information, declared that it came neither from Powelson nor from any officer or the Court—all were observing their pledge of secrecy. The news was probably obtained from one of the numerous workmen engaged in the wrecking operations. Unlike some previous reports, it was true, though at first it was officially discountenanced, the public being reminded that nothing could certainly be known till the report of the Court of Enquiry was laid before Congress by the President. So for some time the story remained as an unconfirmed rumour, but it was a rumour persistently circulated, and with so many confirmatory details, that soon it received general credence.



PLAN OF HAVANA HARBOUR.

But in the last days of February, though as yet nothing official was published, it became evident that serious developments were in progress at Havana. In American dockyards and gun factories men began to work day and night, pushing forward contracts and orders for the Government. Small detachments of artillerymen were moved to long-neglected coast fortifications, and began putting the guns in order and mounting new ones. Admiral Sicard's squadron at Key West was reinforced, and the War and Navy Departments were busy with estimates for fresh and unexpected expenditure. Seamen were enlisted for the navy, and the military authorities were busy organising two new regiments of garrison gunners for the coast defences. Officers who were abroad on leave were warned to return at once to the United States, and the Government printing department at Washington was busy multiplying large-scale maps of Cuba. As the press, and especially those papers that had from the first declared for war, noted these signs of preparation for possible hostilities, there were official explanations always ready—explanations meant to reassure the public and lead them to believe that only the usual work was being done to keep the army and navy up to its required standard of efficiency. But all the same it was clear that, even if the Government hoped to avoid a conflict, something had come to its knowledge that made it foresee the possibility of a warlike outcome of the situation.



"A VOLCANO OF FLAME WAS SWEEPING SKYWARD . . . A GREAT FAN-LIKE BLAZE OF FIERCE YELLOW FIRE" (*p.* 194).

CHAPTER III

"GUILTY" OR "NOT GUILTY"?

THOUGH the report on the loss of the *Maine* was not laid before Congress till the month of April, and, although it was not the only or even the avowed reason why the United States and Spain were finally involved in war, it will be convenient to state here what were the chief conclusions arrived at by the Court of Enquiry. We shall then have something to say of the progress of events in Cuba and the influence which they had in producing the war. The destruction of the *Maine* was the grim fact that made war at last inevitable. But for that disaster the liberation of Cuba would probably have been effected by peaceful negotiation, backed up by the readiness of the United States to take, if need be, stronger action.

The report was completed by the end of March, but it was not till the middle of April that it was in the possession of the public. The evidence taken by the Court forms a thick volume, illustrated with a large number of carefully-executed plans and photographs. The report based on this evidence decided that the destruction of the *Maine* was the result of, in the first instance, some kind of mine exploded outside of her. The essential facts placed on record in the report are thus summed up in President McKinley's message to Congress :—

"When the *Maine* arrived at Havana she was conducted by the regular Government pilot to buoy No. 4, to which she was moored in from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 fathoms of water.

"The state of discipline on board and the conditions of her magazines, boilers and coal bunkers, and storage compartments, are passed in review, with the conclusion that excellent order prevailed, and that no indication of any cause for an internal explosion existed in any quarter.

"At eight o'clock in the evening of February 15th everything had been reported secure, and all was quiet.

"At forty minutes past nine o'clock the vessel was suddenly destroyed.

"There were two distinct explosions with a brief interval between them.

"The first lifted the forward part of the ship very perceptibly ; the second, which was more open, prolonged, and of greater volume, is attributed by the Court to the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines.

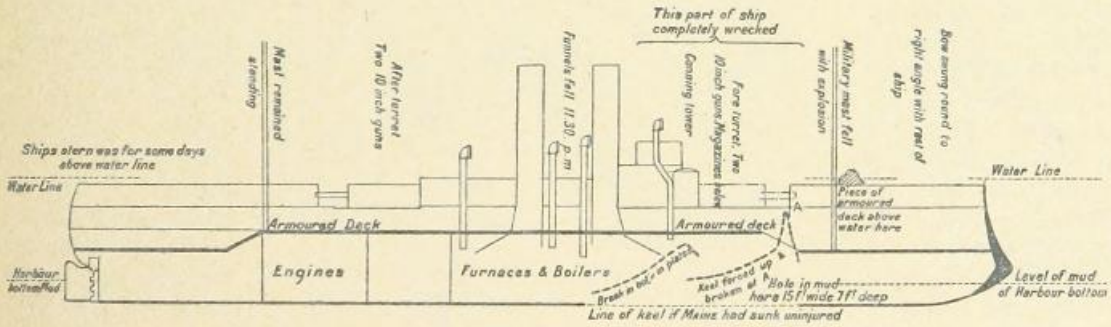
"The evidence of the divers establishes that the after part of the ship was practically intact, and sank in that condition a very few moments after the explosion. The forward part was completely demolished."

After examining the wreck of the forward part, the Court came to the conclusion "*that the ship was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine*, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines." But as to the all-important question of who was responsible, who had placed the mine in position and fired it, there was a very cautious finding. The Court reported that "no evidence has been obtained fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons."

There are some points of special interest to be noted about this verdict. First, as to the nature of the injuries to the wreck, which convinced the Court that there had been an external explosion. To discuss these in detail would lead us into unnecessary technicalities, and would require a long series of diagrams to make the matter clear. It is better to select the more important points in the argument. First of all, if there had been a mine, there would be a hollow in the mud near where it exploded. The divers found such a hollow below the general mud-level on one side of the *Maine*. From this hollow the bottom plates were bent upwards and inwards, and it is even said that the broken edges of the plates were turned towards the inside of the wreck. One part of the bottom plating was, as Lieutenant Powelson said, four feet above the surface of the water, and thirty-four feet above the point where it would have been had the ship sunk uninjured. The keel of a large man-of-war is formed of a vertical girder, with horizontal plates bolted underneath it. At the spot where the main force of the explosion had spent itself the keel was bent upwards, to a point only six feet below the surface of the water, and thirty feet above the place where it would be if it had not thus been violently displaced. The vertical plates were snapped

asunder, and the keel was only held together by the flat plates bent into a reversed V-shape. The bow of the ship and the structure for some feet behind it was little injured, but this enormous mass of metal had been twisted round so that the stem lay at right angles with the general line of the ship. All this was taken to represent the effect of an exploding mine under the port side well forward, lifting the whole ship, blowing up the keel and bottom plates through the lower decks, firing the great magazines forward, and thus completing the destruction of the ship in front of the funnels, the double explosion nearly cutting her in two and forcing bow and stern into the right-angled position in which the wreck lay with decks awash in Havana Harbour.

It was argued that an internal explosion would



SECTION OF THE "MAINE," SHOWING HOW THE KEEL WAS BROKEN.

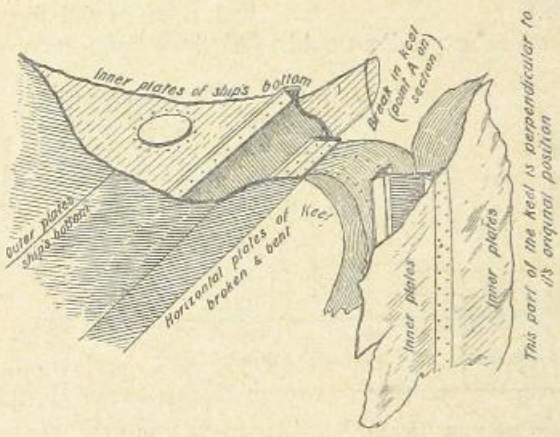
have forced the plates outward, and, if anything, driven the keel down into the mud. The force that bent it in the opposite direction must, therefore, have been outside of and below it. As to the mine, to produce such effects it must have carried a considerable charge of some high explosive, something of the dynamite class. Though the report fixed the blame on no one, the public argued that such a mine could not have been obtained or made by an individual fanatic, nor could he have placed it in position. The act must have been the work of experts, having access to some store of torpedo and mining materials. Even if Spanish officials were not in the plot, there must, it was urged, have been culpable negligence on their part to make its execution possible. Another theory suggested that the mine was originally laid down to defend the harbour, and that some hater of all things American had got access to the battery controlling it. This, again, would imply a double negligence on the part of the Spanish authorities, for it was they that had indicated the place where the *Maine* was to be moored, and their officers were in charge of the torpedoes in the harbour, if such existed. Thus, though the report named no one as guilty of the destruction of the *Maine*, it was generally taken to point to the Spaniards as directly or indirectly responsible. At the same time, it must be remembered to the credit of all concerned that, from Consul-General Lee downwards, every responsible American joined in declaring that they were quite sure that if there was a plot, Marshal Blanco and his colleagues in the government at Havana were ignorant of its existence.

The deed was popularly attributed to the partisans of the old *régime* of repression, which had been in full force in the days of General Weyler's rule—men who looked on any concession to the insurgents or to the United States as a treason to Spain, and who regarded the very presence of the United States warship as an insult to the Spanish arms. A few Americans, and among them a well-known inventor, suggested that if there had been a plot, it was possibly the work of fanatics—not on the Spanish, but on the Cuban, side—men who saw in the *rapprochement* between the governments of Madrid and Washington, the growing popularity of Blanco, and the introduction of a system of local government at Havana, the end of their hopes of an independent Cuban Republic. The Cubans had among them experts in dynamite work who had blown up railway bridges and trains, and who even claimed to have destroyed a Spanish steamer. Spain, it was argued, had no interest in wrecking the *Maine*, but these men gained by bad blood between the two nations most concerned. This theory has, however, few supporters; and those who insist so strongly on the unprofitableness of the deed to Spain forget that no one supposes

the Spanish Government was involved directly in it, and that the anger of isolated individuals at a great crisis recks little of the interest of the people to which they belong. Otherwise there would be no political crimes.

The Spanish Government also published an official report alleging that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to an internal explosion, and that it was impossible that there could have been a mine. Unfortunately for Spain, such a report could carry with it very little authority, for the Spanish commission had not before it the detailed evidence with which the United States Court of Enquiry had to deal, and the Spanish report was really little more than an elaborate plea of "Not guilty." Yet it must, at the same time, be admitted that the United States report is not so absolutely conclusive as it seems at first sight; and many experts on such questions hold that a good case might be made out for the Spanish plea, although some of the arguments brought against the theory of the submarine mine count for next to nothing. Thus it was said that if a mine had been exploded, the harbour next morning would have had hundreds of dead fish afloat on its surface. But the answer is that the water in Havana Harbour is so foul that the fish shun it. A more serious objection is that a mine would have thrown into the air a considerable volume of water. An ordinary torpedo explosion sends up a geyser that is sixty or seventy feet high. Now, though one newspaper reporter, in a highly-coloured account of the disaster, speaks of such a geyser, there is no mention of it in the evidence before the United States Court of Enquiry. On the contrary, evidence was given to show that an explosion could have taken place without a very great disturbance of the water. But the evidence went to show that this would happen with moderate charges only. It could have been no "moderate charge" that blew the keel of the *Maine* up into a crumpled wreck of bent plates some thirty feet above its proper position. And to enable it to rise thus, the decks and the sides of the ship must have gone with the first explosion. This makes the absence of a great fountain of water all the more puzzling. True, the night was dark; but for the moment it was lit up by the flame of the explosion, which ought to have shown the great jet of water.

It is also argued by some experts that an internal explosion, acting for the most part upwards, which was the line where it met with least resistance, would leave behind it a vacuum, so that the tendency would be for the shaken plates of bottom and side to collapse inward and upward as the framework that supported them within was swept away. Further, one of the leading technical reviews has argued that the bending upward of the keel might possibly be in great part the result of the way in which the ship sank.



SKETCH OF THE BROKEN KEEL.

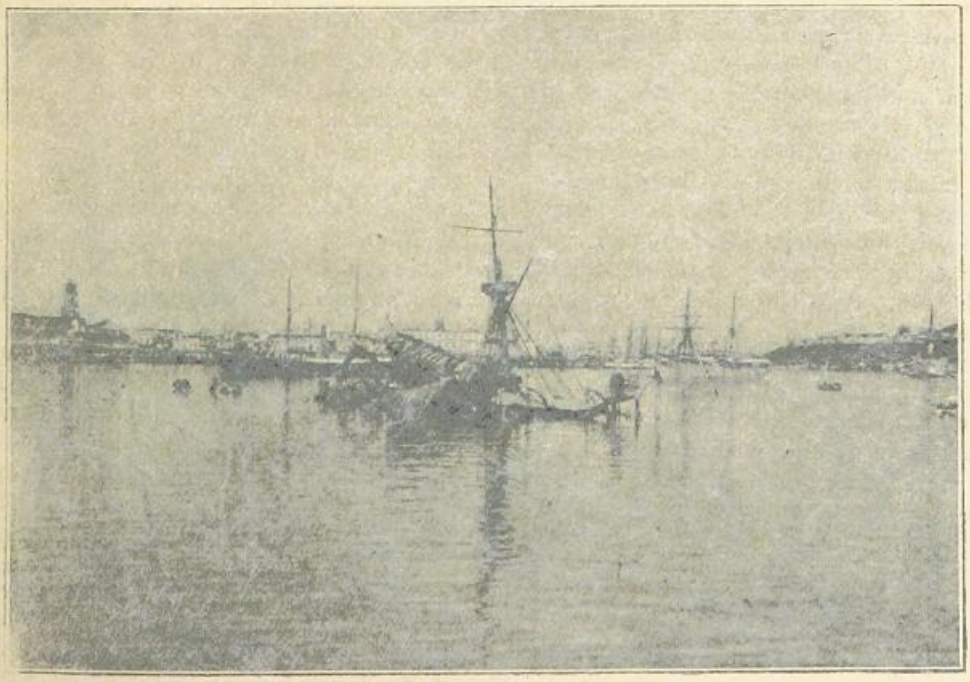
"The Court," it writes, "was of opinion that this forcing up of the bottom of the ship could only be caused by the explosion of a mine situated beneath the vessel, and at first sight it may appear difficult not to accept this view We think, however, a little consideration will show there is something to be said on the other side. The question to consider is: Would it be possible for the hull to be distorted in the way shown supposing both explosions took place inside the ship? Undoubtedly the second explosion, that due without dispute to the magazine or magazines, was sufficient to blow out the sides of the vessel and remove the decks. That would, to use the favourite simile of the naval architect, reduce the hull to the condition of a box girder with only its bottom flange left through a part of its length. The after part of the ship was comparatively uninjured, whilst the bow appears to be fairly whole, but the evidence shows that the fore part sank first. The question then arises: Would it be possible for the fore part in sinking while the after part was water-borne to bend the thin bottom into the shape shown? The illustrations (pp. 203, 204) certainly give more the idea of a bending of plating in such a way rather than the distortion that would be

caused by a vertically-acting force. The tenuity of the connecting strip between the two parts of the ship must be remembered, and also that the after part may have moved after the stem became imbedded in the mud. It may be objected that it is somewhat a bold flight to account for an upheaval of the keel 34 ft. in such a way, and we therefore only advance the hypotheses as possible rather than probable."—(*Engineering*, April 22, 1898.)

It will thus be seen that though one must accept the American report as the most probable explanation of the way in which the *Maine* was destroyed, it is not so absolutely conclusive as to explain everything and exclude all possible doubt.

This side of the case has been dwelt upon, not with the slightest wish to question either the competence or the impartiality of the distinguished officers who formed the American Court of Enquiry, but in order to show that the minority who still regard the case of the *Maine* as a mystery—perhaps an insoluble mystery—have something to say for their point of view. Unless we keep this in mind, we shall not be able to understand one of the chief causes that not only produced the war, but embittered it on both sides. For while the United States officers felt they were called on to punish a cowardly and murderous act of treachery, the Spaniards felt that they had been charged without reason with a hideous crime, and that those who made the charge had been both accusers and judges in their own cause.

But once the *Maine* report was published, nay, as soon as the action of the Government in preparing for possible war showed what its conclusions would probably be, public opinion in America naturally took account only of the view accepted by its own officers, that the explosion was caused by a mine, and it went beyond that report in fixing the responsibility on the Spanish Government. Legally the most that could have been demanded from Spain was reparation for the loss caused to America by the want of due diligence on the part of those who represented her at Havana. And for awhile there were prominent men in America who hoped that the action taken on the report of the enquiry would be in the form of a request for such amends. But popular feeling heeds not the rules laid down by experts in international law. Spaniards had destroyed the *Maine*, Spain must be made to suffer for their deed. A money compensation could not atone for it. The freedom of Cuba was the least price that should be demanded, and the freedom of Cuba should be exacted at the muzzles of the guns that bristled from the steel sides of Admiral Sicard's squadron.



THE WRECK OF THE "MAINE."

CHAPTER IV.

"THE EVER-FAITHFUL ISLAND OF CUBA."

THE *Maine* disaster alone would not have produced the war. It led to the outbreak of hostilities because it came at the end of a long period of extreme tension between Spain and America. It was the final shock which brought the strain up to breaking-point. To understand the situation we must take a rapid glance at what had been occurring in Cuba.

The island is the largest of the West Indies, and with the Isle of Pines and Puerto Rico it formed the last vestige of the great western empire that Spain ruled a hundred years ago. When Columbus first saw the shores of Cuba, in 1492, he wrote of it as "the most beautiful land that eyes ever beheld." The great tropical island is rich in mineral and vegetable products; it has been a source of great wealth to Spain in the past, and with a better colonial system would have been even more productive. The surface of Cuba is about half again as great as that of Ireland, but much of it is made up of mountain and morass, covered with a dense growth of jungle-like forest. The elongated shape of the island gives it a shore-line out of all proportion to its surface. There are nearly 2,000 miles of coast, with several excellent harbours, and many creeks and almost land-locked stretches of sheltered water behind the outlying fringes of rocks and lesser islands. No wonder that in olden days the Cuban shores were so often the haunt of the pirate and the buccaneer.

Roughly speaking, there are about a million and a half of inhabitants, of whom a quarter of a million are in or close around Havana, the island capital. More than half a million are negroes, for the island was long a headquarters of the slave trade; its tobacco and sugar were produced by black labour, and slavery after a previous partial abolition was finally declared illegal only in 1886. Of the remaining million inhabitants less than a half are of pure white descent. The mixed race of mulattoes and creoles is the most numerous, varying in every shade of black, brown, and "yellow." Even some of the old so-called Spanish-Cuban families, which date back to the early settlements of the sixteenth century, are by this time far more creole than Spanish. Spaniards fresh from the Peninsula were always a large element in the white population, but many of them were soldiers or officials who had come to make money during their term of office, and hoped to get back to Europe as soon as possible. Then there was a non-Spanish white element, Americans, who had invested in tobacco plantations, or had come to work the iron mines, and English, French, and German traders. Chinese coolies, introduced in the last thirty years, number, according to some authorities, about 40,000, according to others double the number. Of the aboriginal Indian or Carib inhabitants there is hardly a trace. Cuba was the scene of the first wild hunt for gold by the old "Conquistadores," the adventurers from Spain who came to make their fortunes sword in hand. It is the only Spanish land in the New World in which the Indians were thus exterminated. This part of Cuba's story is a dark chapter in the history of Spanish conquest.

Cuba is, therefore, a land of the coloured race, with a people very largely of African blood, a slave-state till recent years, with a white population of which the adventurer and the slave-holder were the chief factors. This must be always kept in mind, for it is the key to much of its history. When Mexico, the Californias, Peru, and Chili raised the standard of revolt, Cuba remained the stronghold of Spain in the western seas. Hence the name by which it was long spoken of in proclamations and state papers dating from Madrid or Havana: *La siempre fiel Isla de Cuba*, "The ever-faithful island of Cuba." The words read strangely in the light of the numerous insurrections of the last half-century. This period of intermittent and mostly abortive rebellions began with the attempt of Narciso Lopez in 1850. Then came the conspiracies of Ramon Pinto, Estrampes, and Santa Rosa, and at last in 1868 there was a seriously organised outbreak, supported by filibustering expeditions from the United States, Central America, and San Domingo. It lasted till 1878, and is known in Cuba as the "Ten Years' War." Its beginning in 1868 was the echo across the Atlantic of the revolution in Spain which so swiftly overthrew the throne of Isabella II. Its

long continuance was largely the result of the series of civil wars and revolutions in the mother country, which made it impossible for the Madrid Government to deal effectually with the disturbances on the other side of the Atlantic.

The insurrection received not a little support from sympathisers in the United States, and there was one terrible incident which might well have led to armed intervention by the Washington Government, and thus anticipated by twenty-five years the crisis of 1898. In the autumn of 1873 the Cuban insurrectionary committee at New York had purchased a small swift steamer of about 400 tons, called the *Virginius*, which had been built in England to be used as a blockade-runner during the American civil war. Captain Fry, a Southerner, who had distinguished himself in the defence of Mobile against Farragut, was put in command of her, and in October she left New York for Kingston in Jamaica, having on board a cargo of rifles and ammunition for Cuba. At Kingston the *Virginius* coaled and took on board some horses, and a party of Cubans and Cuban sympathisers, numbering 160 in all, and including Generals Pedro Cespedes, del Sol, Varona, Alfaro, and Washington Ryan —the last being an Irish-American who had taken service with the insurgents. In fact, Kingston was made the base of operations for an important filibustering expedition under the United States flag.

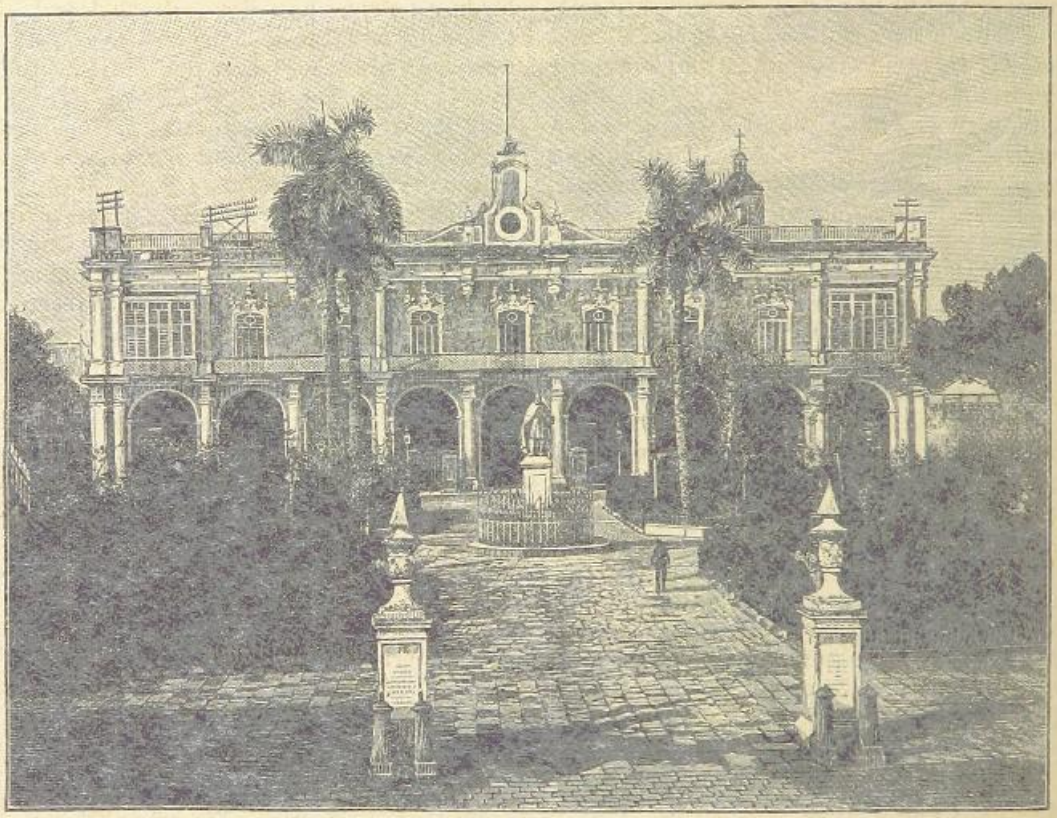
Although the British colonial authorities were completely hoodwinked as to what was in progress, the Spanish consul at Kingston received through a spy or traitor exact information as to what the Cuban refugees were doing, and he sent to General Burriel, who was in command of the Spanish forces in Eastern Cuba, a warning of what was coming. In the last week of October the *Virginius* left Kingston, and Burriel, who was at Santiago de Cuba, sent out the Spanish gunboat *Tornado* to intercept her. On the morning of October 31st the gunboat sighted the filibuster, and the *Virginius* at once headed back for Jamaica, with the *Tornado* in chase. It was soon evident that the *Tornado* was a quick boat, and to lighten his ship Captain Fry threw overboard cases of rifles and cartridges, till at last most of the cargo was gone. Hour after hour the two steamers ploughed their way through the blue waters, in a desperate race for life or death. Night came on, and still the chase continued. But soon after midnight the terrible discovery was made that the coal bunkers of the *Virginius* were almost empty. Bulwarks, cabin fittings, even the decks, were torn up with axe and crowbar and sawn into pieces to feed the furnaces, and engine grease and oil were poured into the sinking fires. At last the stores of provisions were hoisted on deck, casks were broached and cases broken, and hams and bacon were sent down into the stoke-hold to feed the fire. It was hoped that in the night they might give the gunboat the slip, but when the sun at last rose over the sea, there was the *Tornado* still holding on the chase like a sleuth-hound. To the south-west the blue mountains of Jamaica were showing up well over the horizon. Safety was in sight; but it was too late. The fires were low, the steam-pressure in the boilers was sinking every moment; the *Tornado* was closing steadily on her victim.

Then there was a hurried, anxious council held by the weary, despairing men who had toiled in vain through the long day and night. Varona proposed that, rather than be taken, the ship should be blown up. There was still enough powder on board to do it; or the safety valves might be locked, and the furnaces fed to explode the boilers. Anything was better than falling into the hands of the Spaniards. But Captain Fry overruled this desperate counsel. His papers were in order, he said. There were no longer any arms on board. If he had been taken in the act of landing the expedition, there would be legal proof of filibustering, but as matters stood they could make a good defence before a prize court; and as they flew the Stars and Stripes, they could count upon American intervention to defend them if things came to the worst. He proposed, therefore, that they should surrender and take their chance. This opinion was accepted by the rest, and the *Virginius* slowed down, while the *Tornado* ran up alongside of her. A Spanish prize-crew was put on board, and the gunboat towed the steamer slowly back to Cuba and brought her into the land-locked harbour of Santiago.

On the very day of their arrival a court-martial sat on board the *Tornado* for the trial of the five Cuban generals. All were promptly found guilty of filibustering and condemned to death. By ill-luck a breakdown of the telegraph cable prevented General Burriel and the local Spanish authorities from receiving a message from Castelar, then in power at Madrid, ordering a suspension of proceedings. Within a few hours of their sentence the generals were landed, to be shot by firing parties of Spanish marines.

Alfaro is said to have offered a large sum for his life, but the attempted bribe was rejected. The others died bravely. They were placed on their knees against a wall, bound hand and foot; but Varona and Ryan struggled to their feet, and stood facing the firing party. As soon as they were dead a mob of Spanish irregulars cut off their heads and paraded them on pikes through the streets of Santiago.

Next day fourteen other Cuban officers were sentenced and shot. Then Captain Fry and his officers and crew were brought to trial. In vain they protested that they were American citizens. Fry and thirty-six others were sentenced, and shared the fate of their passengers. The British and American consuls and a British naval officer in command of a gunboat in the harbour had from the first protested against these proceedings. All that they could obtain was a cessation of the butchery when the executions had gone thus far. Then the long-delayed message from Madrid arrived, and saved the hundred refugees who were still awaiting trial.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPANISH ARMY AT HAVANA.

In the United States there was a loud cry for vengeance when the news arrived of the massacre at Santiago. "Remember the *Virginius!*" would have been as popular a war-cry as "Remember the *Maine!*" became in the war of 1898. General Sherman, then in command of the United States army, declared that he was ready for a campaign in Cuba. But General Grant, the President, was anxious to avoid a rupture with Spain, and accepted the explanations offered from Madrid. Castelar agreed to make what reparation was possible. The remaining prisoners were set at liberty, the half-dismantled *Virginius* was handed over to an American warship, and a Spanish squadron saluted the Stars and Stripes. So, after some weeks of wild excitement, the affair ended. But the fate of the men who were slain by Burriel at Santiago has never been forgotten in the United States, and the "massacre of the *Virginius*" gained for the Spaniards a reputation for ruthless cruelty, and served in later years to win ready credence for even exaggerated or untrue reports of Spanish atrocities in Cuba.

American intervention in 1873 would have

secured the success of the insurrection. But the terrible fate of the unfortunate filibustering expedition made it more difficult for outside sympathisers to help the insurgents; and when the collapse of Carlism in 1876 left the hands of the Madrid Government free to deal effectually with the trouble in the West Indies, Marshal Martinez Campos was sent to Havana to effect the pacification of Cuba.

The hot rainy summer months, when European troops can hardly march through the "manigua," the bush and swamp of the interior of Cuba, and when fever takes its toll of the white men, is the season during which an insurrection in the island is always at its strongest. In the cooler and drier months of the winter campaigning is possible; and in the winter of 1877–78 Martinez Campos, at the head of picked battalions which had been hardened to war by fierce fighting in the north of Spain, drove the Cuban insurgents from position after position in the centre of the island. But if the insurrection could drag on till May there was no reason why it should not last yet another year, and with American filibusters on the coast every year of trouble in the island meant a further danger of complications with the United States. So Vincente Garcia, the "President of the Cuban Republic," who was in flight through the bush from a lost battle, received through one of his colleagues the not-unwelcome news that the Spanish General was willing to treat with him for the pacification of the island. Under a safe conduct Garcia met the marshal at the village of Zanjon, and five days later, on February 10th, the document was signed which is officially known as the "Capitulation of Zanjon," but which Cubans prefer to call the "Zanjon Convention." It put an end to the Ten Years' War.

MAXIMO GOMEZ.

Its first article declared that henceforth Cuba was to be governed under the same conditions as the neighbouring Spanish colony of Puerto Rico. In this smaller island the colonists had a large share in the direction of their own affairs, while the Cubans complained that every post of profit or power in their own island was given to men sent out from Spain, who knew little and cared less for what would benefit the colony. Other articles promised an amnesty to all who had taken part in the rebellion, a free passage to another country for those among them who wished to leave Cuba, and freedom for the negro slaves and "Asiatic colonists" (*i.e.* coolies) who had joined the insurgent bands. The Convention was made the subject of bitter attacks on Martinez Campos by those Spaniards who thought he had the rebels at his mercy and should not have negotiated with them, and on Garcia by those Cuban partisans who held that the fight for the Republic could have been prolonged. They even said that Garcia and his colleagues had been bought. This the Marshal denied. But it is not at all unlikely that, although there was no formal and open bribery of the insurgent leaders, some of them were given to understand that they would not be the losers by the transaction, and that after the Convention was signed money passed in the form of cash, supplied to enable them to go abroad or to settle down in Cuba itself. But, as one defender of Martinez Campos has said, even if he did pay for the capitulation, it cost less to Spain than a summer campaign in the Cuban bush.

Some of the irreconcilables held out in the mountains of the eastern provinces between Santiago de Cuba, Holguin, and Bayamo, but the desultory warfare which ended in the winter of 1878–79 (known as the *guerra chiquita*, "the little war") had only local support. The islanders were tired of the long struggle, and while his lieutenant, General Polavieja, was

dealing with the last of the rebel bands, Martinez Campos in the Governor's palace at Havana was busy reorganising the affairs of the colony, the harbour was again full of ships, and the sugar and tobacco plantations were busy. Slavery was being abolished by a gradual process. Some of the Cuban leaders had accepted posts under the Spanish Colonial Government. Others had gone abroad, and seemed for the most part to have abandoned the struggle. Optimists held that the Cuban question was closed for at least a hundred years to come. One day in 1880, when Polavieja told Martinez Campos that the fire of Cuban revolt was not extinguished but only smouldering, the Marshal replied that he was a dreamer of nightmares.

In the island there were two parties openly at work. First there was that of the "Constitutional Union," which was in plain English the Spanish party, its centre made up of those who would profit by a continuance of the old *régime* under which Cuba was regarded chiefly as a means of making money for Spain and officials sent out from Spain. Then there were the "Autonomistas," whose ideal was the concession by Spain to Cuba of such self-government as has made French Canada contented and prosperous under British rule. For some time after the Convention of Zanjon there was little outward sign of the existence of yet a third party, the partisans of independence and separation from Spain, whose watchword was *Cuba Libre*, "Free Cuba." The Spanish party, for the most part, made the bad mistake of confounding the Autonomists with the Rebels. Anyone who spoke of reform at Havana was for the friends of the old colonial system a disguised separatist. And, unfortunately for Spain, the military party threw their enormous influence into the same scale with that of the so-called "Constitutionalists," and thus even the honest efforts at reform of Sagasta's first Ministry were brought to nothing by the friends of the old *régime* at Havana.

Trade was reviving, even though foreign competition was checking the old prosperity of the sugar planters. The tobacco industry, the most profitable in Cuba, was flourishing. Mines were being opened, railways extended. A generation was growing up which had known nothing of the long war, and Cuba had recovered from the exhaustion which made all but a few men in the island welcome the peace of 1878. But with renewed prosperity came the renewed craving for more just laws and a fairer system of taxation than that which overburthened the island. And now the irreconcilables of 1878, mostly exiles in various parts of America, had their chance and seized it. Maximo Gomez, a native from Hayti, and one of the most dashing soldiers in the Ten Years' War, had returned to San Domingo, but was only waiting for the opportunity to take the field again in Cuba. José Antonio Maceo had gone from Zanjon to Costa Rica. There he had lived as a coffee planter, apparently thinking no more of politics or war; and José Marti, one of the younger men, had entered the service of the Argentine Republic, had acted as its consul in the United States, and had represented its Government at the Pan-American Congress organised by James G. Blaine in 1890. But these and other leaders were in correspondence, and Marti gave them a centre of communication and common action by forming the Cuban Junta or Committee in New York.

In 1893 General Calleja was appointed Governor-General at Havana. He had been one of Martinez Campos' lieutenants in the "pacification" of Cuba. He was a man of easy-going ways. It was said of him that if there had been an anti-Spanish meeting under the windows of his palace at Havana he would have closed his shutters to keep the noise out, smoked a cigar, and declared that there never was such absolute contentment in Cuba in the memory of man. He laughed at warnings that trouble was brewing among the exiles and the growing party of independence in Cuba. Personally he threw in his lot with the Constitutionalists, and regarded the Autonomists as a set of talkers who could be kept quiet with a few well-turned phrases. When, notwithstanding the warnings of some of his colleagues, the winter of 1894–95 was drawing to an end without disturbance, Calleja felt more sure than ever that all was peace in the island. But Gomez, Marti, and the other leaders had learned the lesson of the Ten Years' War—that summer was the time for fighting the Spaniards. They had decided to raise again the standard of Free Cuba the "lone star" with the broad stripes of white and blue, towards the close of the cool season, so as to have the insurrection well on foot by summer and draw the Spanish troops into the field, where they could be wearied out and destroyed during the rainy months that begin with May. So at the end of February the war began in the east of the island, among the wooded hills of the Santiago province.

At first despatches from Havana declared that

the disturbances were merely the acts of a handful of brigands and marauders, and had no importance. But it was soon evident that the Government had to deal with an organised insurrection, led by men who knew the secrets of guerilla warfare. General José Lachambre, the commandant of the Cabañas fortress at Havana, was named military governor of Eastern Cuba, and troops were hurried from the capital to Santiago and Holguin. Then came an outbreak near Santa Clara; then there was fighting in the Matanzas district, close to the capital. Telegraphs were cut, railway lines were torn up, isolated posts of police or gendarmes were attacked, and armed bands levied contributions in the name of the Cuban Republic. Then there were insurgent columns in the field in the Pinar del Rio district, in the extreme west. The plan of the exiles had been to land a group of leaders with arms and ammunition at point after point from east to west, thus gradually lighting up the flame of rebellion through the whole length of the island.

It was a strange warfare. There were no battles. At most there was now and then a skirmish dignified with the name. The Spanish troops could no more hunt down the rebels than they could pursue a swarm of flies. If hard pressed, a band would disperse and hide its arms in friendly quarters, only to reassemble when the tired soldiers retired to the town they garrisoned. And when the rains began these long marches against an enemy, who appeared now here, now there, always to disappear when the chase seemed hottest, meant fever and death for half the unfortunate soldiers that were sent into the field badly equipped, poorly fed, and unprovided with transport or hospital. It was in vain Calleja reported to Madrid that the insurrection was at an end. It gave too much evidence of its existence for even the most optimistic to believe the tale that it was mere isolated brigandage. So the Government decided to send to Cuba the man who had pacified it seventeen years before, and Marshal Martinez Campos was sent out to Havana as Governor-General.

CHAPTER V.

HOW MARTINEZ CAMPOS FAILED.

ON April 2, 1895, Marshal Martinez Campos sailed from Cadiz for Cuba. He was accompanied by General Valdez, the commandant of the Military School of Madrid, whom he had chosen for his chief of the staff. With him went 200 special service officers, and 7,000 picked troops were embarked as a first reinforcement, the vanguard of the 200,000 men whom Spain sent to the West Indies in the next three years. If Martinez Campos had been returning from a great victory he could not have been greeted with more enthusiasm than that which marked his journey from Madrid to Cadiz, and his arrival at Havana. He had been given very large powers by the Government, and he hoped by a judicious mixture of conciliation and repression to put an end to the rebellion in the course of his first year at Havana.

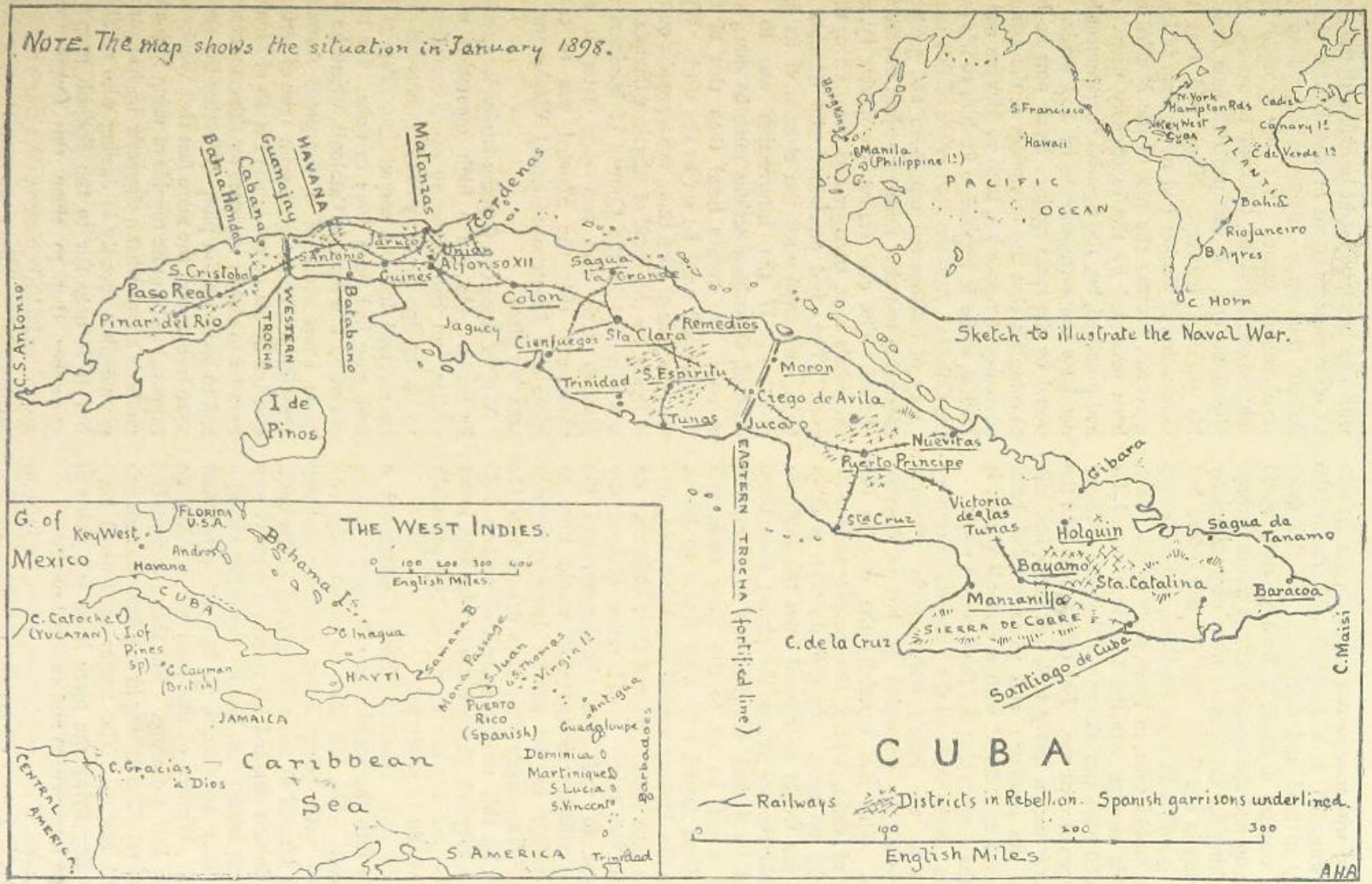
There were about 20,000 Spanish regulars and 14,000 volunteers in Cuba when the revolution broke out; 14,000 more were sent out from Spain in the first two months. Then every week saw new shiploads of conscripts embarking at Cadiz and Cartagena, so that by the end of the summer Spain had some 70,000 men in Cuba. At the same time the fleet in the West Indies was reinforced with several cruisers and gunboats in order to watch the coasts and prevent the arrival of fresh parties of filibusters and fresh supplies of arms. In April, stay-at-home people in Spain were talking of the rapid campaign in which Martinez Campos would sweep away the rebels. But as weeks and months went by without news of the coming victory, they began to ask each other when he was going to begin. Spaniards who had been to Cuba understood the meaning of the delay. The summer rains had begun, and campaigning was all but impossible. There are few well-made roads in Cuba, and even these are hardly fit for wheeled traffic in the rainy season. The beaten tracks, that take the place of roads in the greater part of the country, become stretches of soft mud where a horse sinks above his knees, and a man on foot leaves his shoes sticking in the gluey soil. Transport is out of the question. Not a round of ammunition, not a bit of food, can be carried except on the belts and shoulders of the men. Stretchers and ambulance waggons must be left behind, and the sick and wounded

must shift for themselves as best they may. When the time comes to halt, the men bivouac in a torrent of hot rain, or in the deadly mist that rises from field and forest under the hot sky when the rain ceases for awhile. In such conditions only the shortest of marches could be undertaken, a small column going out for a few hours from a fortified post, and possibly meeting and exchanging fire with a rebel band, with the result of few or no casualties, and a claim for victory from both sides.

Martinez Campos knew Cuba, and he spent the rainy summer in preparations for an autumn campaign. Everything was in confusion when he arrived. He had to begin the organisation of the local defences from the very beginning. The two trochas (literally, "ditches"), or fortified lines extending across the island, which he had made a feature in his operations at the close of the Ten Years' War, had been allowed to go to ruins. Martinez Campos began to reconstruct them, and gradually the line of forts and blockhouses, with a broad belt of wire entanglements and other obstacles between them, stretched from sea to sea across the island, the western trocha from the bay of Mariel on the north to the bay of Majana on the south coast, and the eastern along a line drawn through Jucaro and Moron. The object of the trochas was to divide the island into three districts for military operations, preventing the rebels in east, centre, or west from co-operating with each other, and sending by signal to the stronger Spanish posts news of any attempt to pass the lines, so that reinforcements could be hurried up by rail. The Marshal further constructed a large number of blockhouses to protect bridges and important junctions on the railways. But the drawback to all this passive defence was that an enormous number of men were shut up in isolated posts, and the attempt to guard hundreds of miles of barbed wire fences and of railway lines resulted inevitably in the defence being very weak on many points, so that the rebels continually got across the trochas, cut down the telegraphs, and tore up the railways. In order to force the field hands to join them, the insurgents in the earlier stages of the war frequently set fire to the sugar canes and the houses and stores on the plantations, so Martinez Campos began to post here and there little garrisons to protect the fields from these ravages. No wonder that by the end of the summer, when the time came to act, he had available for operations against the rebels only a very small proportion of the 70,000 men that nominally formed the army of Spain in Cuba.

CUBAN TYPES.

At last (in October) he took the field, making now one, now another, of the fortified coast towns the base of operations for a short expedition against the rebels. But it was rarely that there was anything but an inconclusive skirmish. The Spaniards, toiling by narrow paths through the bush, were fired on from cover by foes who disappeared when an attempt was made to close with them. The rebels, very wisely, only fought when numbers and position were on their side. After a few days the Spanish column would



SKETCH MAPS SHOWING CUBA AND THE POSITION OF THE COLONIAL ISLANDS TO THE REST OF THE WEST INDIES AND TO SPAIN.

have to withdraw to rest the men, get the sick and wounded into hospital, and renew the supply of food and cartridges. In the more open country a band, if hard pressed, would break up, and the Spanish officers would perhaps be asking for information from negroes quietly working in the fields, who the day before had been guerillas in arms for Cuba, and who next week would take to their rifles again. Nay, in this strange war the tool that served for peaceful work was also one of the most ordinary weapons of civil war. For cutting the cane the labourer uses a heavy tool, half knife, half bill-hook, the *machete;* and when a rebel band surprised and closed with a Spanish patrol, it was the *machete* that did the deadliest work.

The attacks made on the villages and country towns by the rebels were usually attempts not to obtain possession of, but to destroy, them. This was especially the case in the west of Cuba, where the people were slow to take up arms. In the darkness a dropping fire would be opened from the bush on the blockhouses round the place; then there would be a dash between two of them, the torch would be set to the straw roofs, and the flame would leap from house to house, while the inmates rushed out half-naked, trying to save themselves and their children. As a rule, the rebels would retire without any attempt to rush the blockhouses, and the ruined villagers or townsfolk would have to take refuge in the nearest large garrisoned town. Thousands were thus driven into the towns by this terrible system of warfare long before Weyler's concentration order was heard of, and but for the charity of the townsfolk they would have starved.

Once only Martinez Campos attempted a march into the interior of the rugged eastern province. He fell into an ambuscade, and retired with heavy losses, narrowly escaping death himself in the wild fighting in the bush. The Cubans counted his retreat a great victory for their cause; but, like all the other victories that they announced, it had no permanent result. Warfare of this kind might easily go on for half a century. But then the mere fact of the rebellion lasting in any form was enough for its leaders. The longer they could keep their flag flying the more hope was there of foreign intervention and eventual success.

Marshal Martinez Campos, when he inaugurated his policy of mainly defensive warfare, hoped that, while he held the rebels in check with one hand, he might be able with the other to offer some measure of conciliation, and so detach the more moderate men from the revolutionary cause. But his promise that submission would be followed by reform convinced no one. It was not that men doubted his personal honesty. They said that the Convention of Zanjon had never been faithfully executed, because the will of the Marshal had been overruled by the reactionary party. He had promised, but the Spanish Government had not kept the engagements he had made. It would be the same again. Even now he had to complain that the utterances of the extreme advocates of repression, both at Havana and at Madrid, made it impossible for him to win over the Cubans. And the final result of this mixed policy of half-hearted repression and grudging concession was that nothing serious was accomplished. The cool season was passing by, and the rebels were stronger and more active than ever. They had proclaimed the Republic of Cuba, and announced the election of its first president. If the insurrection was to be crushed, something serious must be done, and at once. A sterner hand than that of the "pacificator" must be set to the work. With the new year of 1896 there was a popular outcry in Spain for the recall of Martinez Campos. It was discussed in the Council of Ministers on January 16th, and two days later it was announced that the Marshal was to come home and Lieutenant-General Weyler was to take his place

Weyler came of a German family, long settled in Spain. He had a high reputation as a soldier, and had fought in every campaign in which the Spanish army had been engaged since he received his first commission. Part of his soldiering had been done in Cuba. His latest command had been in Catalonia, where he had made short work of a dangerous Anarchist conspiracy. There were grim tales of tortures inflicted by his orders in the fortress of Monjuic in order to obtain evidence for the court-martial and to break up the plot. Whether the stories were true or not, the mere fact that Weyler was supposed to be quite capable of using such cruel methods shows what a character he had earned for merciless severity in dealing with rebellion. But it is only fair to the Spanish people to remember that to them this Cuban revolt seemed to be little better than a negro rebellion, marked at its outset with murderous outrages against the partisans of Spain, and involving in

its progress the ruin of the colony of Cuba, wholesale destruction of property, and the blowing up of troop trains with dynamite. An English general who dealt in rose-water fashion with a black revolt in an English colony would not be very popular at home. In the same way Martinez Campos had ceased to be popular in Spain, and the party of resistance *à outrance*, which was now in the ascendant, called for a general who would teach the rebels a severe lesson. So Weyler was sent. Of course this Spanish view of the situation in Cuba, and of the best means to remedy it, was a mistaken one. But then, in practical politics extreme views seldom are anything else.

On the 28th of January, just ten days after his appointment, Weyler sailed from Cadiz, taking with him six generals whom he had selected to act as his lieutenants in the repression of the Cuban rebellion. A few days after his departure Martinez Campos landed at Corunna. The silence with which he was received presented a strange contrast to the plaudits that had greeted him when he set out for Cuba little more than a year before. All his past services, the ending of the Carlist civil war and of the old Ten Years' War of Cuba, seemed to be forgotten. He was hooted in the streets of Madrid, and a man who attempted a personal attack upon him having been struck down and killed by a gendarme, the mob tried to parade the dead body through the city in order to provoke a general outburst of violence, and it was with difficulty that a dangerous riot was prevented.

Meanwhile the recall of Martinez Campos, the abandonment of the policy of conciliation, and the appointment of Weyler had been the signal for an outburst of anti-Spanish agitation in the United States. The Senate introduced a resolution calling on the President to recognise the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. But President Cleveland, then in office, was opposed to the reopening of the Cuban question, and anxious at least to keep things quiet till the end of his term in the Presidential chair. He took no notice of the resolution, and the Cuban Junta at New York and its friends in the United States had for a while longer to trust to the efforts of individual Americans for help to carry on the struggle.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS.

CHAPTER VI.

WEYLER IN CUBA.

KING STORK had succeeded King Log at Havana. Lieutenant-General Weyler had arrived, and the Cuban rebels were warned that they were to have short shrift if they did not promptly save themselves by unconditional surrender.

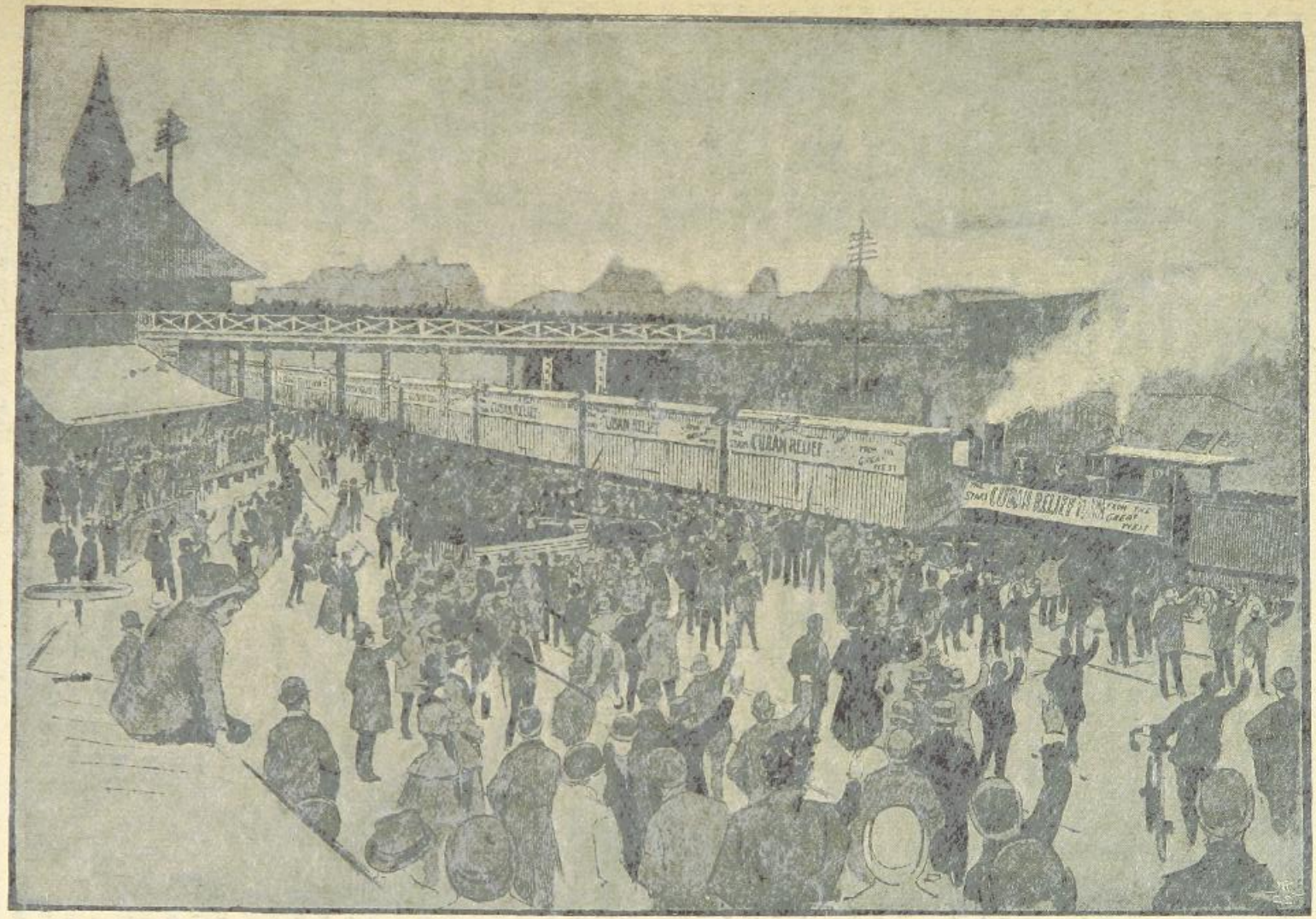
To strengthen the new Captain-General's hands reinforcements continued to arrive from Spain till, even after allowing for enormous losses by exposure and disease, he had over a hundred thousand men at his disposal. But he clung to the existing system of trying to hold Cuba by a network of fortified lines, forts, and blockhouses. He built a double line of little forts round the towns. He increased the number of the isolated posts along the railways and at every landing place where arms might be run ashore. But it was on the two trochas that he spent money and labour most freely. The actual expenditure is said to have amounted to two millions of dollars, much of it spent in America. As Mr. Richard Harding Davis notes in his interesting record of impressions gathered in Cuba as an American newspaper correspondent, "Every sheet of armour plate, every corrugated zinc roof, every roll of barbed wire, every plank, beam, rafter, and girder, even the nails that hold the planks together, the forts themselves, shipped in sections, which are numbered in readiness for setting up, the ties [sleepers] for the military railroad which clings to the trocha from one sea to the other—all of these have been supplied by manufacturers in the United States." Mr. Davis was able with the help of a Spanish passport to visit and give a full description of the Moron-Jucaro trocha, the larger and more formidable of these enormous works. Thick jungle stretches for miles on both sides of the line, and at the point where its ends reach the sea the shores are made difficult of access by outlying reefs and coral "keys." At Jucaro troops and supplies were landed by lighters, which had to go six miles out to sea to meet the steamers. Once landed, they could be moved to any part of the trocha by the military railway. Ciego de Avila, in the middle of the line, was the main garrison from which reinforcements were moved to any threatened point. During the summer of 1896 thirty soldiers (on an average) died every day of yellow fever at Ciego, the strength of a battalion thus disappearing every month. The trocha plays so large a part in the history of the Cuban campaign that it is worth while quoting part of Mr. Davis's description of it, as he saw the work before Weyler had quite completed it* :—

GENERAL WEYLER.

"The trocha is a cleared space, 150 to 200 yards wide, which stretches for fifty miles through what is apparently an impassable jungle. The trees which have been cut down in clearing this passage way have been piled up at each side of the cleared space and laid in parallel rows, forming a barrier of tree trunks and roots and branches as wide as Broadway and higher than a man's head. It would take a man some time to pick his way over these barriers, and a horse could no more do it than it could cross a jam of floating logs in a river.

"Between the fallen trees lies the single track of the military railroad, and on one side of that is the line of forts, and a few feet beyond them a maze of barbed wire. Beyond the barbed wire again is the other barrier of fallen trees and the jungle. In its unfinished state this is not an insurmountable barricade. Gomez crossed it by daylight with 600 men, and with but the loss of twenty-seven killed and as many wounded. To-day [*i.e.* the beginning of 1897] it would be more difficult, and in a few months, without the

* "Cuba in War Time," by Richard Harding Davis, pp. 91–93.



A CUBAN RELIEF TRAIN LEAVING KANSAS CITY.

aid of artillery, it will be impossible, except with the sacrifice of a great loss of life. The forts are of three kinds. They are best described as the forts, the blockhouses, and the little forts. A big fort consists of two storeys, with a cellar below and a watch-tower above. It is made of stone and adobe (dried clay), and is painted a glaring white. One of these is placed at intervals of every half-mile along the trocha, and on a clear day the sentry in the watch-tower of each can see three forts on both sides. Midway between the big forts, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from each, is a blockhouse of two storeys, with the upper storey of wood overhanging the lower foundation of mud. These are placed at right angles to the railway instead of facing it as do the forts. Between each blockhouse and each fort are three little forts of mud and planks surrounded by a ditch. They hold five men, and are within hailing distance of one another. Behind them are three rows of stout wooden stakes, with barbed wire stretching from one row to the other, interlacing and crossing and running in and out above and below, like an intricate cat's-cradle of wire. One can judge how closely knit it is by the fact that to every twelve yards of posts there are 450 yards of wire."

This barrier of felled trees, wire entanglements, and blockhouses, extending for fifty miles, absorbed an enormous garrison. Another huge force was penned up in the lesser trocha of Mariel, west of Havana. Thousands more held the fortifications of the towns and the blockhouses, along the railways, and at the protected plantations. Half the money and energy expended on forming a transport service of pack mules would have given better results, for it would have enabled the Captain-General to keep the field instead of repeating the tactics of Martinez Campos, and wasting time and the lives of his men in useless little expeditions of two or three days each. But he relied on other measures than operations in the field for success. First an attempt was made to cut off the rebels from all communication with the towns. No one could pass the barriers or travel along the railways without a military permit and escort. The police hunted down anyone who tried to correspond with the insurgents, or to whom any active efforts in their favour could be traced, and then there was a court-martial and an execution at sunrise. But so long as anyone dwelt outside the fortified lines it was difficult to cut the rebels off entirely from their sympathisers in the towns. Moreover, a man living in the country might be a rebel to-day and at work to-morrow. Weyler decided to simplify matters by ordering that until the rebellion was over the country people must come within the lines of the fortified towns and cities, or collect in camps established under military guard. Those who persisted in living in the open country did so at the risk of being treated as rebels. Those who hesitated to move were forced to make up their minds by having their houses burned. An order like this could not be immediately executed throughout the island, but its gradual enforcement, which was left in large part to the Spanish irregulars, the Cuban volunteers, led to endless misery throughout the island. One of its first results was to force large numbers, who till then had wavered in their allegiance, to throw in their lot with the rebels. The fighting men of a whole district would join the camps of Gomez or Maceo or Garcia, while the old men, the women and children, were driven into some fortified town. Probably the grim soldier who had planned the scheme did not mind much that such was one of its first results. He would say the open foe was better than the doubtful friend. Another result of the order was to give a new impetus to the desolation of the country. Both sides had already been destroying what they could not carry off, lest the supplies they left might profit the enemy. Now Weyler's troops laid waste the fields of those who had fled to the rebel camps, and the insurgent guerillas burnt sugar-canes and ravaged tobacco plantations to cut off the resources of the government. Weyler could for some time to come, even at the worst, get all the supplies he needed from over the sea, and he was determined to starve the rebels out if need be, to pen them up between his barbed wire fortresses and cut off all help from them by sea and land.

Unfortunately, this terrible system of repression weighed most heavily, not on the rebels in the field, but on the unfortunate people who had been driven into the towns to prevent them from aiding or feeding the insurgents. These poor folk, whose numbers ran up to perhaps 400,000, were known sometimes as the "*Pacificos*," because they had not been in arms against the government; sometimes as the "*Reconcentrados*," because Weyler's decree had concentrated them in towns and military camps. First of all they were deprived of their homes and their ordinary livelihood, and for the most part plunged in a demoralising idleness. Then,

although there was some attempt made to provide them with food, the arrangements were hopelessly inadequate, and the results of the scantiest. With the Spanish soldiers in the field unpaid and ill-fed, with corrupt officials robbing their own government, no wonder the Reconcentrados fared badly. But even when an army well fed and clothed is camped for a long time in one place in a tropical country, it is difficult to prevent outbreaks of sickness. The Cuban country folk had to face conditions that made an epidemic inevitable. Driven from their huts and villages, in which they had lived a fairly healthy, open-air life, they were huddled together in roughly-improvised barracks, in sheds, and in empty warehouses. Where a few hundreds might have lodged, thousands were crowded together. No sanitary precautions were taken, and the country folk were themselves too ignorant to make up for the negligence of the officials. The result may be imagined. The "Concentration Order" was issued in October, 1896. By October, 1897, half of the Reconcentrados had died of misery and pestilence.*

It would be easy to fill pages with the record of their miserable fate. The American consular reports on the subject are terrible reading. Even allowing for some possible partisan exaggeration, they form a crushing indictment of Weyler's system. It is pleasant to note here and there records of the good deeds of Spaniards who tried to lessen in some degree the suffering around them. In several cases the parish priests are honourably mentioned as having done all they could do to relieve the Reconcentrados. But mostly the official class and the soldiers seem to have been little affected by the sight of all this misery. Most of the Reconcentrados were dark-skinned folk, and it is the experience of other colonies than Cuba that grim measures against dark races are looked upon with different eyes from the same treatment of whites.

In order that we may realise how large a part in exciting the United States to action this business of the Reconcentrados had, it will be well to quote, though sparingly, from the official consular reports.

From Havana Consul-General Lee wrote towards the close of 1897:

"I have to report that I have received information that in the province of Havana reports show that there have been 101,000 Reconcentrados, and that out of these 52,000 have died. Of the said 101,000, 32,000 were children. This excludes the city of Havana and seven other towns, from which reports have not yet been made up. It is thought that the total number of Reconcentrados in Havana province will amount to 150,000 (nearly all women and children), and that the death-rate among their whole number from starvation alone will be over fifty per cent."

At the same time Consul Brice writes from Matanzas, the second city of Cuba, and a most prosperous place before the civil war began:—

"In a family of seventeen, living in an old lime-kiln, upper part of the city limits, all were found dead except three, and they barely alive.

"Two thousand rations were given out for a few days only to 8,000 persons. There are more than 12,000 starving people in this city to-day. One out of four, or six, received the following ration: Two ounces rice, 1½ ounce tassajo (jerked beef), and sometimes a small piece of bread per diem. Imagine starving people being relieved by such rations!

"Death-rate has diminished somewhat. Now about sixty-three daily. There are less people to die."

And here are typical reports from three towns in the south of the island:—

"Melena Del Sur: The people . . . died in great numbers from starvation, fever, and small-pox. In every town you visit the first thing you notice is the unhealthy condition of the men, and their total want of physical strength, which prevents them from making an effort to secure the means of support.

"Catalina De Guines: The condition of the Reconcentrados in this town is very sad and desperate. There are no 'zones for cultivation,' and they are, therefore, not allowed, even with a military pass, to leave the town in search of work or food, which latter is so scarce that one must walk four or five miles before finding a sweet potato.

"Guines Town: The women who leave the town in search of vegetables, even on their own farms, which are now completely abandoned, are sometimes deprived of them on their way back by the guerillas. In fifteen days 200 Reconcentrados have died in Guines from starvation and total lack of resources. . . . One of the few real protectors of the Reconcentrados—in

* It is only fair to the Spaniards to note that this terrible death-rate includes the loss of life among those who, even before the Concentration Order, had been huddled together in the towns as refugees from the villages and plantations burned by the insurgents.

fact, a heroic one—is a young man of the name of José Amohedo, whose father and mother have died attending to the suffering poor, and who himself has given up eight houses that belonged to him as dwelling-places for the Reconcentrados, all the contents of a grocery store that he possessed, and who is actually as destitute as they are, but always attending to those who suffer."

Finally, Consul Barker reports from the once prosperous district of Santa Clara, in the centre of the island :—

"The number of persons in actual want exceeds any estimate I have sent to the Department. The distress is simply heartrending. Whole families, without clothing to hide their nakedness, sleeping on the ground, without bedding of any kind, without food, save such as we have been able to reach with provisions sent by our noble people ; and the most distressing feature is that fully fifty per cent. are ill, without medical attention or medicine."

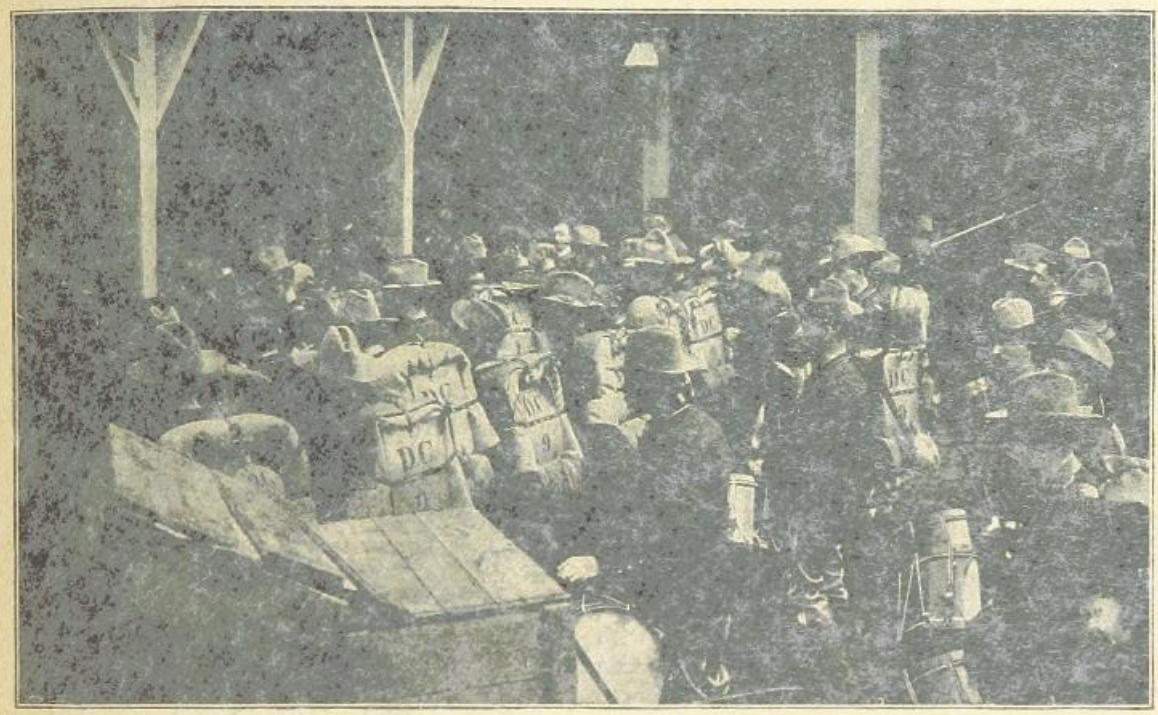
Granting that much of this poverty and suffering was the outcome of the state of war, and even that the rebels themselves by destroying the sugar plantations were responsible for some of the existing misery, it is clear that the most of it was directly due to the way in which the Concentration Order was executed, and the lack of due care for those who were forced to obey it.

It was, however, only gradually that men, either in America or in Europe, realised that this was the result of Weyler's system. At first he seemed to be obtaining a certain amount of success. Marti, the best organiser in the rebel ranks, was surprised and killed while on the way to the coast, where he intended to embark for New York as the envoy of the Cuban Republic. Maceo, the dashing guerilla leader, was killed in a skirmish at Punta Brava in the province of Havana. The insurrection had been reduced to a very low ebb in the neighbourhood of the capital, and Maceo, who was then in the Pinar del Rio district, resolved to pass the Mariel trocha and reorganise the rebellion round Havana. He took with him only a party of twelve officers and four servants. They got round the northern end of the trocha by embarking in a flat-bottomed boat on the Bay of Mariel on December 4th, 1896. He then joined one of the rebel bands, and was moving near Punta Brava three days later when he was attacked by a detachment of the Spanish regiment of San Quentin. Early in the fight a volley fired at close quarters killed Maceo and several of his comrades. A stampede followed, and some of the officers who stood their ground were cut down at close quarters. One was young Francisco Gomez, the son of the old rebel leader. When the Cubans returned to the abandoned field they found his body with the head split in two, only a shred of skin at the nose holding it together. Maceo lay where the bullets had struck him down. The Spaniards had not recognised him, and the body was buried side by side with that of young Gomez in a spot of which faithful friends kept the secret till the war was over. Maceo was the bravest and best soldier the Cuban insurrection had produced. An attempt was made to attribute his death to treachery. It was said he had been lured into an ambush by the Spaniards. But there was no truth in the story.

Help for the rebels from abroad was arriving less frequently, and in the winter of 1896-97 the concentration system had temporarily disorganised the resources of the insurrection in the island. President Cleveland still set his face against intervention in Cuba. His successor, who would assume office in the spring, was supposed to hold more sympathetic views towards Free Cuba, but so long as Cleveland was at the White House he held back the war party. On December 7th, 1896—the very day on which Maceo was killed—the Cuban cause received another check in the President's last message to Congress. Referring to the resolution of the Senate, he said that the proposal to recognise the insurgents as belligerents was "untimely and impracticable," but added that the Government had given a friendly intimation to Spain that if autonomy were granted to Cuba, the United States would use its good offices to secure the success of the measure. The President annexed to his message a report from Mr. Olney, his Secretary of State, which further explained the reasons against recognising the Cubans as belligerents :—

"So far as our information goes," he said, "not only is there no effective local government by the insurgents in the territory they overrun, but there is not even a tangible pretence to establish an administration anywhere. The machinery for exercising the legitimate rights and powers of sovereignty and the corresponding obligations which a *de facto* sovereignty entails are conspicuously lacking."

Thus, when 1896 closed, the prospects of *Cuba Libre* were anything but inviting. Yet the dawn of a new era was close at hand. The next year brought with it changes which made the freedom of the island inevitable.



THE 9TH REGIMENT LEAVING NEW YORK FOR THE FRONT.

CHAPTER VII.

AMERICA INTERVENES.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY assumed office on March 4th, 1897. His inaugural address contained a remarkable passage, which may be quoted here on account of the light it throws upon his subsequent action in the anxious days when the question of peace or war trembled in the balance: "It has been the policy of the United States," he said, "since the foundation of the government, to cultivate relations of peace and amity with all nations. This accords with my conception of duty. Now, we have cherished the policy of non-interference in the affairs of foreign countries wisely inaugurated by Washington, keeping free from entanglement either as allies or foes, and being content to leave undisturbed with them the settlement of their own domestic concerns. It will be my aim to pursue a firm and dignified foreign policy, which shall be just and impartial, ever watchful of the national honour, and always insisting upon the enforcement of the lawful rights of American citizens everywhere. Our diplomacy should seek nothing more, and accept nothing less, than what is due. The United States want no wars of conquest, and must avoid the temptation of territorial aggrandisement. *War should never be entered upon until every agency of peace fails. Peace is preferable to war in almost every contingency.*" The message went on to speak of arbitration as the means of settling diplomatic disputes. The strong pronouncement on Cuba which many of Mr. McKinley's supporters had looked for was conspicuous by its absence.

Nevertheless, the President took certain steps which indirectly helped the Cuban cause. General Fitzhugh Lee, a son of the great general of the Confederate armies, was sent to Havana as United States Consul-General. Lee was known to be a warm friend of Cuban freedom. General Woodford, a soldier-diplomatist, was sent to represent the United States at Madrid, and his instructions were to urge on the Spanish Government, in a friendly way, the

necessity of granting autonomy to Cuba. There is no doubt that Mr. McKinley believed that he could accomplish all that was needed by pacific intervention. A friend of peace, a believer in arbitration, he clung to this hope to the last.

During his first year of office the agitation in favour of American intervention in Cuba gathered fresh strength, as the facts about the Reconcentrados began to find a way into the Press. The insurrection still depended largely on help from outside; and its hope of final success was based chiefly on what would be done at Washington. It is difficult to blockade the coast of Cuba, and the Spanish cruisers failed to cut off the filibustering expeditions that landed arms and supplies, now here, now there, and kept up communication between the rebel leaders in the field and the Junta in New York. The existence of the Junta in an American city, and the frequent departure of expeditions for Cuba, was naturally a subject of complaint on the part of Spain. Sometimes a United States revenue cruiser would successfully intercept a steamer laden with arms for Cuba before she got out of American waters, and the cruisers generally had orders to exercise the utmost vigilance for this purpose. But there were too many sympathisers with Cuba in the American service for these orders to be very rigidly observed.

As for Cuba itself, the main fact was that the rebellion, though reduced to sore straits in some districts, was in others as strong as ever. In the east of the island, the most favourable region for guerilla tactics, Garcia had got together a solidly organised little army, provided even with light artillery which threw dynamite shells. It was with the help of these guns that he captured the fortified town of Victoria de las Tunas in September, 1897, the most striking success yet secured by any Cuban leader. It is true that he could not hold the place long, as large forces were concentrated for its recapture, but its temporary possession, and the use of artillery in the short siege, showed that *Cuba Libre* had at last for its defence something like an army, and not mere guerilla bands. The force under Garcia, probably not more than five thousand strong, was, however, the only army the rebels possessed. Elsewhere the guerilla bands held the field, several of them being often concentrated under the personal leadership of Gomez in the west. They were daring and active, and more than once there was firing at night in the very suburbs of Havana. Weyler claimed that he had broken up the insurrection everywhere but in the eastern province, and that he would soon be in a position to crush Garcia and Gomez. He undoubtedly exaggerated what limited success he had obtained. But there was as much exaggeration on the other side. The news sent out to the American papers from the Cuban camps told of tens of thousands in arms, and the Junta declared that if there was only a friendly fleet on the coast the rebels could take Havana and every other town in the island. They had not attempted to take them so far, because they had no fleet to protect them from a subsequent bombardment by the Spanish ships.

While the insurrection thus refused to be suppressed, Weyler's personal power was nearing an end. Strong representations had been made to the Spanish Government at Madrid as to the wholesale misery inflicted on the wretched Reconcentrados. The Queen Regent herself came to a knowledge of some of the facts and was deeply moved by them. While matters were in this position, Canovas, the Premier, was assassinated at the baths of Santa Aguada by an Italian fanatic, a young anarchist named Angiolillo. He declared that he had killed the unfortunate Minister in order to avenge the cruelties inflicted on the anarchists of Barcelona. Thus, indirectly, Weyler's policy in Europe precipitated his downfall in Cuba. For a few days General Azcarraga, at the request of the Queen Regent, took charge of the conduct of affairs at Madrid, then on the friends of Canovas declining to form a government with a new and milder policy for Cuba, Sagasta, who had long urged a policy of reforms and concessions for the island, was sent for as Prime Minister.

He formed his Cabinet on October 4th, 1897. Next day General Woodford, the United States envoy at Madrid, presented to Señor Gullon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, a note asking for a statement of what the Government proposals for Cuba would be, and suggesting that a definite date should be named for the pacification of the island, pointing out at the same time that, quite apart from other considerations, the civil war, which had now lasted more than two and a half years, was a cause of serious loss to American trade and to United States citizens, whose property in the island had been ruined. After consulting his chief, Señor Gullon replied that, although the Government could not fix a date for the pacification of the island, they expected that the civil war would soon be at an end, as they had decided to grant to Cuba the largest possible measure of self-government, reserving

only the sovereignty of Spain. A new man would be sent to Havana to announce the new policy. Weyler would be recalled, and Marshal Blanco, a soldier with a good military record, who had already served with distinction in Cuba, would take his place. There would be an amnesty which would allow of the return of many of the exiles to Cuba, and the United States Government was asked to co-operate with the new *régime* by energetically repressing the filibustering expeditions that had already done so much to make the rebels formidable.

Marshal Blanco was appointed Captain-General of Cuba on October 7th, and reached Havana on November 1st. There was some anxiety as to how he would be received, for Weyler had protested against his recall, declaring that he had the rebels at his mercy, that to interrupt his operations at that moment was to give a new lease of life to the insurrection, and that his recall was a surrender to American interference and a dishonour to Spain. Weyler's resentment against the United States was shown in a subsequent statement of his as to proposals he had previously made to Canovas. He had written to the Minister suggesting that Spain's reply to the despatches addressed to her from Washington on the subject of Cuba should be the landing of 50,000 Spanish troops in Florida.

At Havana the Spanish volunteers made turbulent demonstrations in his honour, and there were rumours that he would defy the home Government and remain in possession of the Governor's palace in the island capital; but at the last moment wiser counsels prevailed, and he withdrew from Cuba, while Blanco was still on his way across the Atlantic. Weyler's discontent with the new policy found expression in strong language after his arrival in Spain, and led to his being put for awhile under military arrest.

Marshal Blanco, on reaching Havana, announced that General Weyler's Concentration Order would be revoked, and the Reconcentrados gradually sent back to cultivate the land under the protection of the army; rebels who made their submission would be treated as peaceful citizens; and a system of autonomy and local provincial government would shortly be established. Operations in the field would be resumed with vigour against those insurgents who refused to accept terms. A large number of prisoners were at once liberated as an earnest of the new policy, and conferences were held between the Marshal and the leaders of the Autonomist party in Cuba with a view to arranging the details of the promised local government scheme.

Congress met in the first week of December at Washington, and President McKinley's message dealt mainly with the Cuban question. Its moderate tone was a bitter disappointment to the more violent advocates of intervention, and the President was denounced in unmeasured terms for his half-hearted policy by the very journals that a short time before had been loudest in his praise. The message was really an outspoken plea for Cuba, and withal a statesmanlike document, written by a man who felt the full responsibility of the situation. The President described the Cuban question as the most important problem with which the Government had to deal. Referring to the insurrection which had been in progress in the island for nearly three years, the President said:—

"It still exists, and continues to be the cause of destruction of property, in disregard of the civilised code of war on both sides. This condition gives rise to the gravest apprehensions. There is no desire on the part of the United States to profit by Spain's misfortunes. We only desire to see the Cubans enjoying a measure of self-control which is the inalienable right of man. General Weyler's Concentration policy has utterly failed as a war measure. It is not civilised warfare—it is extermination; and against this abuse of the rights of war the President has felt constrained to protest repeatedly, firmly, and earnestly."

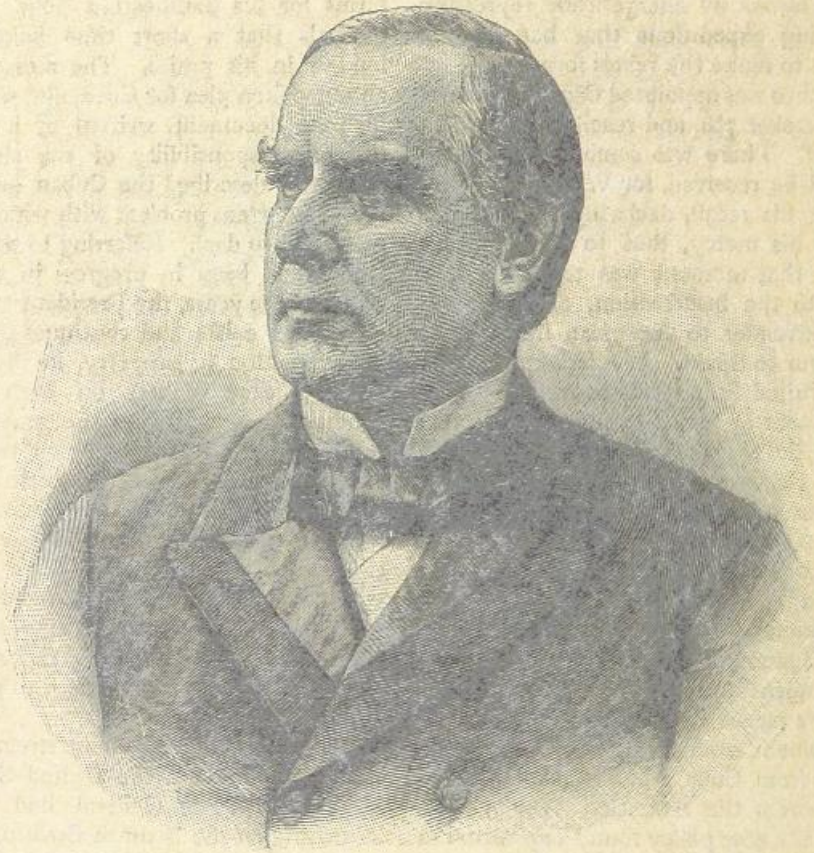
He then explained the instructions given to General Woodford, the United States Minister at Madrid. The General had been told to impress upon the Spanish Government that the desire of the United States was to co-operate in bringing the civil war to an end in a way that would be honourable and advantageous to both Spain and Cuba.

Then came this friendly reference to the new policy inaugurated by Señor Sagasta, and embodied in the sending of Marshal Blanco to supersede General Weyler at Havana:—

"Spain's reply is in the direction of a better understanding. It appreciates the friendly purposes of the United States, it admits that the United States is deeply affected by the war, and that its desires for peace are just. It further declares that the present Spanish Government is bound by every consideration to a change of policy that should satisfy the United States and pacify Cuba within a reasonable time. To this

end political reforms would be put into effect, and military operations would be conducted with humanity."

After a protest against the Spanish assertion that the insurrection was largely supported by expeditions from the United States (an assertion which it would, nevertheless, be very difficult to disprove), the President mentioned the proposal that his Government should end the civil war in Cuba by annexing the island, but mentioned it only to reject it as impossible in the face of the new policy of reform adopted by Spain. Forcible annexation, he held, was out of the question. "By our code of morality," he said, "it would be a criminal aggression." Then, turning to the suggestion that the United States should recognise the independence of the Cuban Republic, or accord belligerent rights to the insurgents, he declared that there was no good reason to warrant either proposal. The situation might so change that these steps would be advisable. At present he could recommend no such action. And he reminded those who had so strongly advocated the recognition of Cuban belligerent rights, that its only practical effect would be to give Spanish cruisers the right to stop and search ships for contraband of war on the high seas. Then, returning to the new state of affairs in Cuba, the promised establishment of local government, the mitigation of the horrors of war in the island, the pledges made by Sagasta's administration that everything would be done to give peace and freedom to Cuba, he argued that it was only fair to give the new Spanish Cabinet a chance of redeeming its promises.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

Such were the essential passages of President McKinley's first message. It was the signal for a renewed agitation in the United States with a view to forcing him into a less friendly attitude towards Spain. Although the Weyler *régime* was closed, and it could hardly be expected that Blanco could in a day repair its evils, the horrors of the Reconcentrado system were described in

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the Press and on the platform, and illustrated by pathetic photographs of the starving people, so that throughout the States there was a strong wave of indignation against what was represented as the traditional cruelty of Spain. As for her promises of reform, it was declared that they were mere words. Nothing, it was said, was being done to save the perishing people in the island. If the United States were not going to take the whole matter in hand by turning the Spaniards out of Cuba and introducing a better system at once, the least that could be done was to send relief to the Reconcentrados, and to send American agents to administer it, for the Spaniard could not be trusted. He would rob the wretched people instead of feeding them.

SEÑOR SAGASTA.

Marshal Blanco reported to his Government that the rebellion was on the wane. Numbers of the Cubans, he said, had declared themselves perfectly satisfied with the promised local government system, and he hoped to hold the elections for the Cuban Assembly early in the new year. The desultory warfare continued in the interior, but Blanco was not very active against the rebels. His hopes were in the direction of negotiation with the chiefs of a new convention like that which had ended the Ten Years' War. It was while things were in this state that the *Maine* arrived at Havana and the *Vizcaya* started for New York. This exchange of courtesies was taken to be a new pledge of peace.

The first cloud arose from a very small incident. A private letter from Señor Dupuy de Lôme, the Special Ambassador at Washington, in which he bitterly attacked the American Government, was intercepted by the Cuban Junta and published in the Press. Cuban sympathisers declared that it was a new proof of the insincerity and double-dealing of Spain. Sagasta promptly disavowed Dupuy de Lôme's sentiments, and recalled the ambassador, who had already sent in his resignation. Señor Luis Polo de Bernabe, the son of a previous ambassador, who had, as a young man, resided at Washington, and who was personally popular in America, was named

as his successor, and, in diplomatic language, "the incident was at an end."

But then like an earthquake shock that was to shatter all hopes of peace came the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana Harbour. Interpreted as a murderous act of Spanish treachery, it set in a lurid light all that had been already told of the horrors of Cuba. The promises of Sagasta, the beginning of their fulfilment made by Blanco, all counted for nothing. From ocean to ocean the feeling of the great majority of the people of the United States undoubtedly was that the time for diplomatic intervention and friendly co-operation with Spain had gone for ever, and the day for throwing the sword into the balance in Cuba had arrived.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE EVE OF WAR.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S declaration in favour of a peace policy in his inaugural address was the sincere expression of his own personal feelings. While the Cuban war cloud was gathering, a friend who came to see him at the White House remarked that in any case war would increase his popularity. Every president who had gone to war had made his reputation by it, and he would be no exception. Mr. McKinley answered, "God forbid that my popularity should rest on such a foundation." Speaking to friends on another occasion he said: "I do most earnestly hope that war may be avoided. I have witnessed one war; I do not wish to see another, unless there is grave necessity for such extreme action. Those who talk so lightly of war perhaps do not realise its horrors."

It was in this spirit that to the last the President strove to avoid hostilities with Spain. He was supported in this attitude by only a portion of the Press and people. The loud-voiced advocates of a vigorous warlike policy were naturally popular at a time when public feeling was excited, first by the story of the misery inflicted on the Reconcentrados by Weyler, and then by the destruction of the *Maine*. Added to this, there was in many minds in the United States the feeling that no European Power had any right to permanent dominion on the western side of the Atlantic. Spain's misdeeds in Cuba were represented as the natural outcome of monarchical rule on American soil. The hauling down of the Spanish flag at Havana would be one step more in that liberation of the New World which began with Lexington, Bunker's Hill, and the Declaration of Independence. Sentiment is a large factor in directing national policy, and this feeling has had not a little to do with the development of the Cuban question.

The President's policy was to obtain practical independence for the island, without necessarily putting an end to its connection with Spain. When the evidence given before the naval Court of Enquiry made it more and more likely that the accident theory about the *Maine* would become untenable, and that he would have to demand some reparation from the Spanish Government, he decided to use this fact as a lever for obtaining concessions in Cuba. The destruction of the American warship was to be made a text for a request to Spain to bring at once to an end a state of affairs that had made such a disaster possible. While not directed to war, this attitude of the United States Government might lead to war in the event of Spain rejecting American interference. Further, Congress might at any time force the President's hand. Wide as are his powers, he can be overruled by a two-thirds majority of both Houses, and he then becomes the mere agent of Congress in giving effect to its vote. It was therefore necessary to be prepared for any contingency, and while honestly working for the preservation of peace, President McKinley and his Cabinet began to prepare for possible war.

In the last days of February, despite official denials and explanations meant to allay public excitement, it was clear that these war preparations had begun. Men were busy on the coast defences. Admiral Sicard's North Atlantic squadron usually passed the winter in southern waters, but it was evidently bent on more than mere peace manœuvres, for it concentrated at Key West, and was reinforced by new ships. In every dockyard overtime was being worked, and coal and ammunition were being collected at the naval depôts. Old monitors that had been

in action in the Civil War were being refitted at Norfolk for harbour defence. New contracts for guns and projectiles were hurriedly placed with private factories, and abroad the United States naval *attachés* were inquiring as to what ships could be bought from European building yards. On March 8th, 1898, a Bill was introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington appropriating fifty millions of dollars (£10,000,000 sterling) for national defence. It passed the House the same day, and on the morrow was unanimously voted by the Senate and received the President's signature. Such a vote is a step towards war; but it is far from making war inevitable, as has been seen on more than one occasion when at a great crisis the Government of Great Britain has had to ask Parliament for a special vote of millions for defence purposes. The fifty million dollars had been to a great extent signed away before they were voted. Congress was finding the money for contracts already made by the United States Navy and War Departments. Part of the grant went for ships, guns, and stores purchased in England, and in the port of London the powerful new Brazilian cruiser was formally handed over to United States officers, and renamed the *New Orleans*. The Stars and Stripes flying over the newly-acquired warship received their first salute from the guns of Tilbury as she went down the river on her way to America.

But all the while, amid the excitement of war preparations, the President was working for peace. By his desire the reports of the United States consuls in Cuba on the sufferings of the Reconcentrados, which had been printed in order to be laid before Congress, were kept back for some weeks, in order that they might not add to the general agitation. On Saturday, March 12th, Señor Luis Polo de Bernabe, the newly-arrived Spanish Minister, formally presented his credentials to the President at the White House.

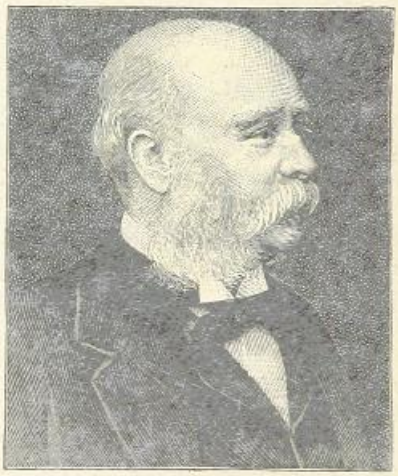
The ambassador had many friends in Washington. He had been chosen for the post because his father had been a most popular envoy to the United States, and Señor Polo had himself held the post of *attaché* to the Washington Embassy, and knew America well. His was, above all, a mission of peace, and though the record of the friendly speeches delivered at his reception, and the desires expressed on both sides for a close friendship between Spain and the United States, read strangely in the light of subsequent events, both the Spanish envoy and the American President were at the time using no mere empty phrases.

At the same time the representatives of Great Britain at Washington and Madrid were active in the cause of peace. At Washington Sir Julian Pauncefote conveyed to the President the satisfaction of the British Government with the moderate attitude he had assumed and his efforts for peace, and at Madrid Britain urged upon the Queen Regent's Cabinet the advisability of every possible concession being made to avoid a conflict with America.

Spain had naturally begun naval preparations in reply to those of the States. A number of ships, chiefly torpedo destroyers, had been purchased abroad, and a formidable sea-going torpedo flotilla was fitting out at Cadiz under the command of Captain Villamil, an officer of high reputation for energy, courage, and scientific attainments. At Madrid General Woodford was loyally seconding the President's efforts for a peaceful solution. He had not an easy task, now that the period of active preparations on both sides had begun, and the *Maine* report might any day become public property. Señor Gullon, Sagasta's Minister for Foreign Affairs, suggested to Woodford that a distinct step towards peace would be the recall of FitzHugh Lee from Havana, accusing Lee of being in constant relation with the insurgents. He also said that the President's idea of sending the relief collected in the States for the Reconcentrados to Cuba on board of warships was a direct encouragement to the rebels, and that the concentration of the fleet at Key West made it difficult for Blanco to pacify the island. Leaders, who otherwise would be ready to submit, would now keep the field, hoping for an early armed intervention in their favour. Woodford denied that Lee had gone beyond his duties as consul-general, and said that it would not be possible to recall him. As for the warships detailed to convey the stores, they were old Government vessels of no fighting power, and the concentration at Key West was a mere precaution against failure of the negotiations and was not meant as a menace. For Spain to have pressed any of these points would have been to precipitate a rupture. So the strained situation continued.

As a reply to the naval movement in America Spain sent the torpedo flotilla to the Canaries, her outpost in the North Atlantic. Its departure from Cadiz was made the occasion of a popular demonstration, enormous crowds cheering the six little vessels as they steamed out to sea.

They represented the newest type of the fighting ship, a class in which the American navy was notoriously deficient, and, small as they were, each of these long, low steel boats that rushed through the blue water at racing speed might with one well-directed blow sink or disable the most powerful battleship. On the morning of the departure there had been a striking scene in one of the historic churches of Cadiz. The crews of the torpedo squadron were assembled before the altar, and Captain Villamil addressed them briefly, telling them they were bound on what might be a perilous mission, and saying that he wanted none with him except those who were ready to sacrifice their lives without hesitation at the call of duty. If any man feared he might be found wanting, or had ties that made him cling to life, let him now withdraw, while he could do so with honour, and serve the country in some less perilous post. As might be expected, no one drew back from such an appeal, and then Villamil knelt and prayed that he and his men might be given strength to lay down their lives unflinchingly for Spain.



GENERAL WOODFORD.

The United States replied to the despatch of the torpedo flotilla by ordering the formation of a "flying squadron" of swift cruisers at Hampton Roads. Thus on both sides of the Atlantic two brave peoples were preparing for a deadly struggle; while in Spain Queen Christina, and in America President McKinley, were risking their own personal popularity in their efforts to hold in check the rising cry for war. The more active adherents of Cuba made an attempt to force the President's hand in the Senate, and Senator Thurston delivered an impassioned appeal for immediate action, denouncing the Spanish Government as the bloodstained destroyer of Cuba, and declaring that all its history in the Spanish colonies had been a story of oppression and bloodshed; but except in its influence on popular opinion the speech had no immediate effect, the majority in Congress being pledged to take no action till it had received the President's report on the *Maine* disaster.

Delayed till the last possible moment, the President's Message communicating the report of the Court of Enquiry on the *Maine* was laid before Congress on Monday, March 28th. It was expected that it would end with an outspoken demand for the liberation of Cuba as the only possible reparation, and that perhaps there would be a direct threat of immediate hostilities unless prompt amends were made. But the war party in Congress were doomed to disappointment, for after calmly reciting the facts of the case and the findings of the Court, the President brought his Message to a close by simply saying :—

"I have directed that the findings of the Court and the views of this Government thereon shall be communicated to the Government of her Majesty the Queen Regent, and I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate the course of action suggested by honour and by the friendly relations of the two Governments. It will be the duty of the Executive to advise Congress on the result. In the meantime deliberate consideration is invoked."

It was understood that as soon as Spain had replied the President would send a further message on the whole Cuban question. Meanwhile, it was announced that Señor Polo de Bernabe had asked the President not to take any action as to Cuba for a few days, assuring him that in the meantime the Spanish Government would make further concessions which would improve the condition of affairs in the island. The friends of peace were hopeful; the advocates of war began to denounce Mr. McKinley in unmeasured language. He was trafficking with the honour of the country, they said, and was moved neither by the cold-blooded murder of American citizens, nor by the war of extermination waged at the very doors of the United States by Spain.

This feeling found expression in the debates in Congress on the Message. Senator Foraker, o. Ohio, introduced a resolution calling for the recognition of Cuban Independence; and while the crowded galleries applauded, Senator Mason made a strong war speech. Would Government,

he asked, have negotiated for six weeks if the sons of rich men had been blown up in the *Maine?* Yet the lives of all citizens were alike before the law, and he called for war to avenge the *Maine*. There would be no peace so long as a European nation owned and butchered slaves in the western hemisphere. If a torpedo or a mine had destroyed the *Maine* it was Spanish, and Spain must answer for it. He was opposed to anything like a money indemnity. He was opposed to autonomy or anything that could assist Spain. The Spanish flag should be driven from the American side of the Atlantic.

To calm the excitement the Press was informed that General Woodford had been directed to urge on the Spanish Government the absolute necessity of a speedy end being put to the civil war and consequent suffering and loss of life in Cuba; otherwise, America would be forced to intervene. This did not prevent demonstrations for war and against the President in many of the great cities of the States. McKinley's name was hissed in the theatres; his effigy and the Spanish flag were burned together. But in the midst of the storm he held the course he had deliberately chosen, giving an example of moral courage that deserves all praise. It was a determined struggle for "peace with honour," and will be remembered long after the strife and stress have passed away.

THE U.S. LEGATION, MADRID.
(From a photograph by the Photo. Company, Madrid.)

Meanwhile, the advocates of war were trying to persuade themselves and the people that a fight with Spain would be a mere naval and military parade. General Merritt, in command of the army in the Atlantic States, expressed his readiness to conquer Cuba with only 30,000 men. General Shafter, in command of the south, "went one better," and said he could turn the Spaniards out with only 5,000. Senator Gallinger, just back from Cuba, and speaking with the authority of "the man who has been there," predicted that when it came the war would not last a fortnight. Mr. Pulitzer, the millionaire proprietor of the *New York World*, was, if possible, more sanguine. "The first duty of the President and of Congress," he said, "is to order our navy to proceed to Cuba and Puerto Rico without another day's delay. No declaration of war is necessary. Send the fleet to Havana, as Jackson would do, and demand the surrender of the miscreants who blew up the *Maine*. Shell the town within twelve hours if the demand shall be refused. Despatch the flying squadron to Puerto Rico to dispose of the Spanish ships there. With these islands captured the affair will be over and Cuba free. It would hardly be war, but it would be magnificent."

Thus the most dangerous of mistakes was being rashly recommended—that of despising the enemy and underrating his powers of resistance. The President and his advisers, who felt the full responsibility of the step towards which they were being so strongly urged, knew better than these light-hearted journalists and fire-eating senators how serious would be the struggle with Spain. And this was one more reason for striving for peace on the very brink of war.

CHAPTER IX.

A PERIOD OF SUSPENSE.

THE end of March saw both Spain and the United States hurriedly preparing for war. On the morning of the 31st, Commodore Schley at Hampton Roads received orders to keep his squadron of swift cruisers ready to sail at a moment's notice. Some days before, Commodore Sampson, who had taken over the command of the North Atlantic fleet at Key West on account of Admiral Sicard's ill-health, had been directed to have his powerful battleships and cruisers put into fighting trim. In peace times United States warships are painted a brilliant white above the water-line and a pale salmon-red below it. The first step taken was to paint the hulls a dull grey, and the sailors cheered loudly as they saw the start made with the work of getting rid of the finery of peace times and replacing it with the less showy battle colour. At the same time all wood-work was cleared away from the upper works of the ships and sent ashore, for modern experience points to the danger of fire on board in action being one of the most serious risks to be faced in naval war. On the Spanish side the torpedo flotilla, which had reached the Canaries, received orders to proceed to St. Vincent in the Cape de Verde Islands, a stage nearer Cuba and yet in cable communication with Cadiz and Madrid.

In New York the more bellicose newspapers were already producing "war editions," full of forecasts of the coming struggle, news of preparations, highly-coloured pictures of battles in the past, and imaginary fights that were yet to come. One enterprising paper brought out a wonderful picture of the coming landing of United States troops in Cuba and the capture of Havana. Rumours multiplied. One day war would be declared before nightfall. Then a later edition told that Spain had given way, and peace was certain to be preserved. Next day war was more inevitable than ever. There were stories of a coming massacre of Americans at Havana, and horrible pictures of the starving Reconcentrados, varied with caricatures of Spain as an impudent little boy defying Uncle Sam, or as a brigand, knife in hand, standing in front of a pile of corpses, or again hanging dead from the signal-yard of an American battleship. At some of the newspaper offices every evening the magic lantern was brought into use to show huge crowds pictures of Cuban horrors and of American ships and commanders, alternating with "war bulletins" displayed on the screen or on large boards. There could not have been more excitement if war had actually begun. One editor broke down under the strain, and was removed to a lunatic asylum, where he died in a few weeks. The wonder is, there were not more cases of the same kind. In the midst of the storm, though at a serious risk of losing popularity and circulation, some of the papers kept up the fight for peace, and did not stop their plea for it till the first shot was fired.

In Spain the popular excitement developed on other lines. The finances of the kingdom were notoriously in a very crippled condition, and the people were called upon to raise a fund for the fitting out of the fleet. The Bank of Spain headed the first list opened in Madrid with a cheque for 100,000 pesetas (about £4,000). On the last evening in March there was a gala performance at the Royal Theatre of Madrid in aid of the fund. The Queen Regent paid 50,000 pesetas for her box. The Marquis de Villamajor gave a quarter of a million pesetas for a single seat. Another nobleman paid a thousand for a single place in the gallery, and, on hearing that seats were still in demand, gave the ticket to the fund to be sold again. Nor was this enthusiasm confined to the upper classes. A working man brought to the committee, as the price of his ticket, 500 pesetas, the hard-earned savings of many years. The performance was made the occasion of a great patriotic demonstration. The Queen Regent, the Ministry, the senators and deputies, officers of the army and navy, all the leading men of Madrid crowded the theatre, and enthusiasm rose to its highest point when at the close the curtain rose upon a scene that showed in the centre of the stage a pedestal on which stood a well-known actress holding aloft the royal banner with its castles and lions, the emblem of Castile and Leon. Beside her a lion, with flashing eyes represented by electric lights, rested a huge paw on a shield blazoned with the royal arms. Below stood a group of soldiers and sailors with fixed bayonets, and the scene behind showed the caravels of Columbus sailing westward to

discover the New World. The audience was representative of all those who spoke for Spain, and their cheers told how hopeless it would be for any Government at Madrid to yield to the summons from Washington. Surrender would have been followed by revolution.

But a firm attitude meant, on the other hand, that for once all parties in Spain would be united in support of the reigning dynasty. A proclamation from Don Carlos called on his followers to stand by the existing Government so long as it upheld the honour of the country by refusing to submit to foreign dictation. And as for the Republicans, Castelar, their most popular orator, who had long withdrawn from active politics as a protest against the existing state of things, now announced that he would return to his place in Parliament and support the Ministry in its defence of the rights of Spain in the New World. Yet all the while the Queen Regent was as anxious as Mr. McKinley to find a way of avoiding the all but inevitable war, and her efforts were directed to arranging, if possible, that the concessions she intended to make in Cuba should at least seem to be the free act of Spain, and should be carried into effect without the direct interference of American officials. She was in a very difficult position. She was not a reigning sovereign. She was not a Spanish princess. An Austrian, she had to throw in her lot with the people of her adoption, and as Queen Regent she had to act, as it were, as the trustee for her son, the boy-king, and secure his throne. Absolute surrender on her part would not have averted the war. It would only have resulted in an insurrection, which would have sent her and little Alfonso as fugitives to Vienna and placed in power at Madrid a Government of extremists pledged to war.

The most important point in the interests of peace was to gain time. In reply to General Woodford's communication, the Spanish Government submitted counter-proposals for the solution of the difficulty. As to the *Maine*, the report of the Spanish Commission of Enquiry denied the accuracy of the verdict returned by the American report. It was suggested that any claim arising out of this disaster could be met by Spain paying an indemnity, to be fixed by arbitration. Meanwhile the Cuban difficulty could be settled by the insurgents applying for an armistice, which would be granted by the new autonomous Government just installed by Blanco at Havana. But it was stipulated that the negotiations should be carried on directly between the Havana Government and the Cuban chiefs without any direct American mediation. The Cuban Home Rule Parliament would meet on May 4th. Spain proposed that the settlement of the affairs of the island should be left to that body.

It was anticipated that the President would communicate the Spanish reply to Congress on Monday, April 4th. But at the last moment he delayed his message. A new effort for peace was being made from another quarter. Acting through the legate at Madrid, Pope Leo XIII. succeeded in inducing the Spanish Government on the Sunday to consent to an armistice in Cuba. Pending further negotiations, Marshal Blanco was to make no hostile movement against the rebels. Columns of troops that had already taken the field were to be recalled as quickly as possible to the garrisoned towns, and the Spanish troops were merely to repel any attack that might be made upon them by the rebels, whose chiefs were to be informed of the armistice. This was rightly held to be a great step in the direction of peace. And the concession having been made by the Spanish Government on an appeal made to them by the Pope speaking to a Catholic people, there was so far no fear of the cry being raised in Madrid that the Government was yielding to hostile foreign intervention. This concession was followed by others in the same direction, the legate and the diplomatic body at Madrid urging on the Government that everything should be done to give practical proof of the reality of Spain's desire to meet every legitimate demand for reform in Cuba. A decree was published formally abolishing the Concentration Order, and a grant of three millions of pesetas (£120,000) was made by Spain for the relief of the sufferers in Cuba. It was three times the amount that had so far been subscribed in the United States for the same object. The pity was that these measures came so late. In January they would probably have altered the whole course of events and averted the war. As it was, they considerably strengthened the hands of the peace party in America.

But the advocates of war were as active as ever. To every report of Spanish concessions they replied that the only possible guarantee for freedom in Cuba was the hauling down of the foreign flag at Havana. When news came that the two powerful Spanish cruisers that had been lying in Havana Harbour, the *Vizcaya* and

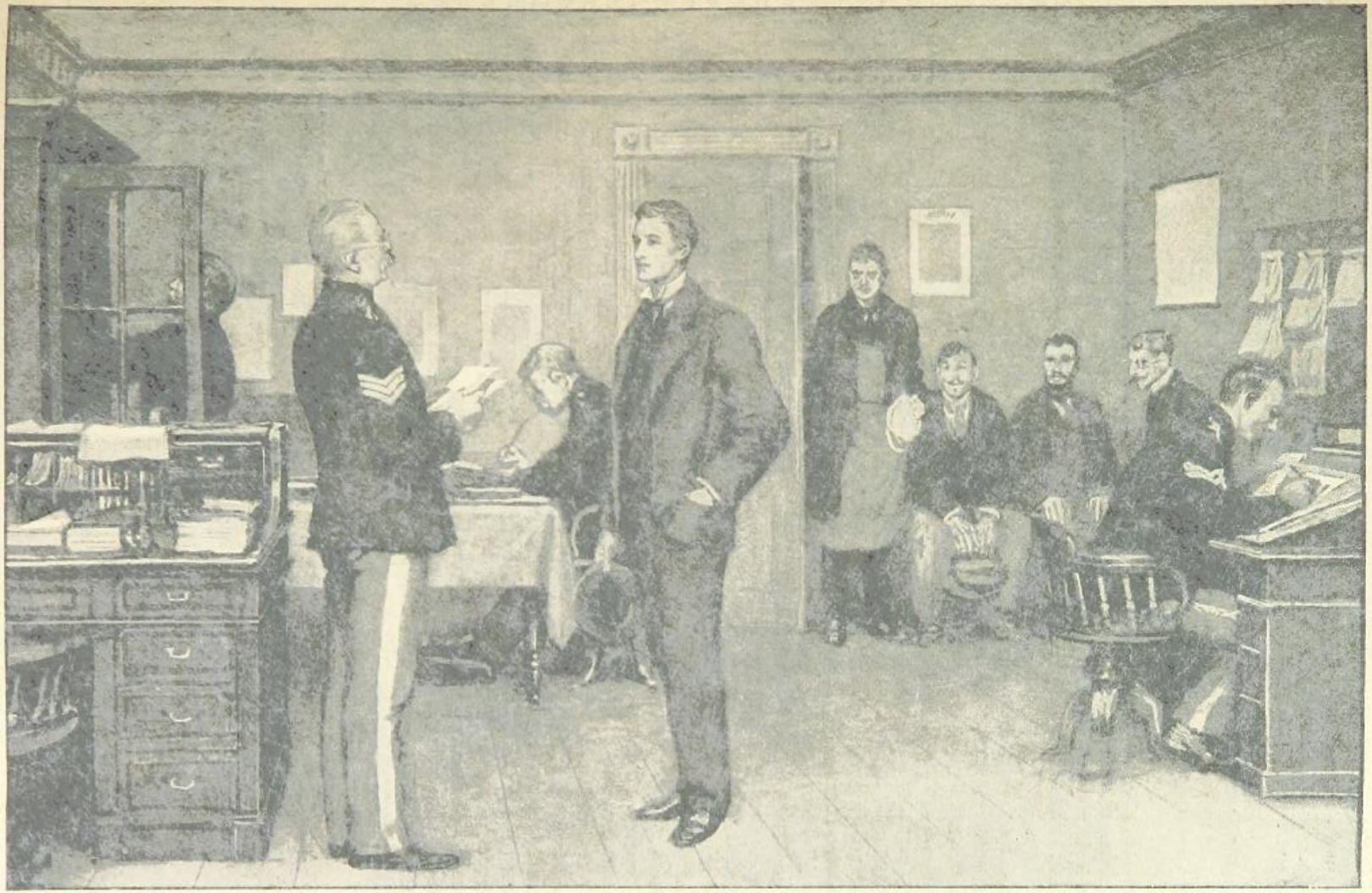
Almirante Oquendo, had sailed from Cuba for Porto Rico, and that the cruisers *Cristobal Colon* and *Maria Teresa* were on their way to join the squadron at the De Verde Islands, they protested that Spain was only trying to gain time while she concentrated a powerful fleet, and that the Government should have already proclaimed the blockade of Cuba, bottled up the cruisers in Havana with Sampson's fleet, and sent Schley and the flying squadron to destroy the torpedo flotilla at St. Vincent. At Madrid General Woodford was trying to induce the Spanish Government to admit in some form the "friendly intervention" of the United States for the settlement of Cuban affairs. This would have been an acknowledgment that Spain no longer ruled the island. The Spanish Ministers could not grant it without facing a revolution. On the other hand, to accept any concession short of this would, in the actual temper of public opinion in America, have almost as certainly led to the President's being overruled by a war vote of Congress. Woodford cabled asking for further delay, during which he hoped to get Sagasta's Government to reconsider his proposals. Señor Galves, the President of the Home Rule Government at Havana, appealed to Mr. McKinley to give the new system at least a trial by abstaining from intervention. At the same time General Lee, the United States consul in the Cuban capital, began to arrange for the departure of American residents. From day to day for a week, that seemed to those chiefly concerned the longest week of the year, Mr. McKinley held back his Message.

GENERAL LEE.

A despatch telling General Lee to leave Havana and return to Washington was the first open sign that the President was beginning to despair of peace. From the insurgent camp there came a message that Gomez and the other chiefs refused to hear of an armistice with Spain on any terms. In New York Señor Palma, the President of the Cuban Junta, and Mr. Rubens, an American lawyer, who claimed to be the Cuban Consul-General, scouted the idea of an armistice, or any compromise short of independence for Cuba. They went further, and said that the insurgents themselves would oppose any American force sent to Cuba unless intervention was preceded by a recognition of independence. This declaration had such a chilling effect on popular enthusiasm for Cuba that the Junta next day tried to explain it away. For the moment it helped, if anything, in the direction of peace.

On Monday, April 11th, the week of delay came to an end, and the President's Message was sent to Congress. From an early hour the steps and corridors of the Capitol at Washington were thronged with an excited crowd, waiting for admission to the public galleries of both Houses. As soon as the doors were opened every available spot was filled, and hundreds went away disappointed, or lingered about the building in the hope of hearing some startling news. The Message was read separately in both Houses, and it was noted that it was greeted with very little applause. Mr. McKinley's supporters cheered from time to time, but especially in the Senate the majority listened in moody silence; they were disappointed with the moderate tone of the document. The popular feeling for war was expressed in the tumultuous applause with which the galleries greeted every allusion to the possibility of a rupture with Spain.

The Message was a very lengthy document. It summed up the history of the Cuban insurrection and of the efforts made by the United States to induce the Spanish Government to bring to a peaceful end a war which had been conducted by means that inflicted terrible sufferings on the people of Cuba, and in various ways caused serious loss to citizens of the States. He argued that the United States Government had a direct interest in speedily putting an end to a state of disorder in Cuba, disorder the best evidence of which was that the Spanish Government had not been able to prevent the destruction of a friendly American cruiser lying in the harbour of Havana. It was an intolerable state of things, and he asked for power to take the necessary steps to end it, and to co-operate in



PREPARING FOR WAR: RECRUITS FOR THE U.S. ARMY.

securing for Cuba a stable and efficient government. What these steps were the Message did not state. Its concluding passages, which contained the President's request for action by Congress, ran as follows :—

"The only hope of relief and repose from a condition which can no longer be endured is in the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilisation, on behalf of endangered American interests, which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop.

"In view of these facts and these considerations, I ask Congress to authorise and empower the President to secure the full and final termination of hostilities between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba, and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, ensuring the peace, tranquillity, and security of its citizens, as well as our own, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes and the interest of humanity ; and, to aid in preserving the lives of the starving people of the island, I recommend that the distribution of food supplies be continued, and that an appropriation be made out of the public treasury to supplement the charity of our citizens.

"Yesterday, and since the preparation of the foregoing Message, official information was received by me that the latest Decree of the Queen Regent of Spain directs General Blanco, in order to prepare and facilitate peace, to proclaim a suspension of hostilities, the duration and details of which have not yet been communicated to me. This fact, with every other pertinent consideration, will, I am sure, have your just and careful attention in the solemn deliberations upon which you are about to enter. If this measure attains a successful result, then our aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people will be realised ; if it fails, it will be only another justification of our contemplated action."

The Message was accompanied by the reports of the United States consuls in Cuba on the sufferings of the Reconcentrados. The President thus put before Congress the actual condition of affairs, and left to them the responsibility of a decision. The weak part of the case he had stated was that Spain had already conceded so much that it might be argued that all that he had claimed was on the point of being realised without any necessity for warlike action. But granting this, it was obvious that without a vote of confidence from Congress he could not further protract the existing state of things in which both nations were armed for war, and neither fully trusted the other's professions of anxiety to preserve the peace, because in both there was a war party that might at any moment force the hand of the executive government. In such a position the most the President could hope for was that Congress would leave the further conduct of affairs in his hands, after having satisfied the advocates of violent measures by *empowering*, though not actually directing, him to proceed if need be to armed intervention. This was the meaning of his Message. It was a compromise, and had the weakness of all compromises. But it was probably the best course he could have taken under the circumstances. A peace message or a further delay in communicating with Congress would almost inevitably have resulted in that body taking the matter forcibly into its own hands and voting for immediate war.

CHAPTER X.

"MAY GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

TWO days before the President's Message was sent to Congress General Fitzhugh Lee had left Havana. On Saturday, April 9th, having placed American interests in Havana in charge of the British consulate, he embarked on board the United States despatch-boat *Fern*. Some of the reports current at the time said that the Spaniards shouted insulting words at him as he left the quay. But this does not appear to have been the case. The *New York Journal* was throughout most bitterly hostile to everything Spanish, but its correspondent at Havana telegraphed that when General Lee and the consular staff went on board the *Fern*, "the Machina Wharf, where they embarked, was crowded with curious persons, but no discourtesy was shown the officials." The moment he was afloat Lee seems to have thrown off all reserve and become an ardent advocate of war. "Look at those flags," he said to one of his comrades, pointing to the red-and-yellow ensign of Spain flying from the public buildings. "You will not see them flying there when you come again."

He landed at Tampa, in Florida, whence a special train conveyed him to Washington. His journey through the southern states was a prolonged triumph. The men of the South, on the eve of a war where North and South were to stand shoulder to shoulder, gathered to acclaim the son of their old leader. Flags waved, bands played, crowds cheered at every station. At Richmond, the old capital of the Confederacy, and the chief town of Virginia, Lee's own State, there was a public reception. The local militia were under arms, cannon thundered out a salute, and the chief men of the State presented an address of welcome. Wreaths of laurel and bouquets of flowers were handed to him; and, in a brief speech, he thanked the Virginians for their hearty welcome. He was still in official harness, he said, so he had little he could tell them. But, all the same, he expressed his mind in one brief sentence: "I was reared a soldier," he said, "and I believe it is the time for action, and not for words." He reached Washington on the 12th, and found an enormous crowd packed in all the streets round the station. He went at once to the White House. And it was soon known that although the Consul-General from Havana declined to be interviewed, he had in private conversations expressed his strong belief that the *Maine* had been destroyed by a Spanish mine, and that the sooner armed intervention began in Cuba the better.

In Congress committees of both Houses were engaged in drafting resolutions in reply to the President's Message. In the Senate the more eager partisans of Cuba tried to rush through a resolution calling for immediate recognition of the Republic and the despatch of an army to assist Gomez. In the House of Representatives a personal attack on the President led to a wild scene of disorder. But all this was in interlude. Till the committees reported, nothing could be done. And unless both Houses agreed, Congress could not take any action that would force the President's hand. Meanwhile there came news from Madrid that pointed to a speedy rupture. As soon as the President's Message was read in Washington, the chief passages were cabled to Spain, and the Cabinet met and considered them. The result was that a note was communicated to the Press stating that if Congress took any definite step in the direction of intervention as set forth in the President's Message, Spain would break off diplomatic relations with the United States.

On the 13th, after a stormy debate, the House of Representatives adopted by a majority of 322 votes to 19 a resolution which went beyond the request conveyed in the President's Message. After reciting the reasons for intervention, it "empowered and *directed*" the President to intervene in order to put a stop to the war in Cuba and establish there a free Government, and to use for this purpose the army and navy. The debate that preceded the vote was probably the most stormy that had ever taken place in the House. Excited men yelled at each other, gave the lie, almost went as far as personal violence, and order was once enforced by the Sergeant-at-Arms pushing some of the representatives back into their seats. The Upper House—the Senate—proceeded more decorously. Its committee had reported a resolution directing the President to recognise the

independence of Cuba, and the lengthy debate did not end in a vote till the 15th. It then carried by a majority of 67 to 21 a resolution recognising the Republic of Cuba, demanding the withdrawal of Spain from the island, and directing the President to use the United States army and navy to enforce the demand.

Spain had meanwhile summoned the Cortes to meet, and the queen had given from her private fortune a million pesetas to the navy fund. In America the United States regulars were already moving southward by rail. But nevertheless the two countries were still at peace. Polo de Bernabe was at Washington, Woodford at Madrid. It was even said by sanguine men that war might still be averted, just as by a death-bed men say that while there is life there is hope.

KING ALFONSO XIII.
(From a photograph by Valentine, Madrid.)

The two Houses had shown that a two-thirds majority could be obtained for a war resolution, a majority which would impose the will of Congress on the President and give him no choice but to act. But for this purpose the Senate and the Lower House must adopt the same resolution, and so far they were in disagreement. The Senate called for armed intervention to establish an independent Republic in Cuba. The House of Representatives called merely for immediate intervention to end the war, and had rejected an amendment recognising the Republic.

It was not till between one and two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, that a joint resolution was at last accepted by both Houses. In the morning Mr. McKinley laid it before his Cabinet and discussed with them the form to be given to the ultimatum to Spain. The text of the resolution as actually adopted by Congress was the following :—

"Whereas the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, and have been a disgrace to Christian civilisation, and culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit to the harbour of Havana, cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress on April 11th, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was requested: It is therefore resolved :—

"1. That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"2. That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain shall at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"3. That the President of the United States be, and hereby is, directed and empowered to

use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the States, to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"4. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over the said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

There seems to have been some difference of opinion in the Cabinet as to the form the ultimatum should take. It adjourned till Wednesday morning, to have the final draft of the document prepared. The meeting on Wednesday was almost a public ceremony. In the large reception-room of the White House a dense crowd of newspaper correspondents and reporters were waiting for the result. Outside, a larger crowd, eager for news, filled all the approaches to the building. The ultimatum set forth the resolution of Congress, called for the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish troops, and ended by giving Spain three days in which to comply with this demand, after which time of grace the army and navy of the United States would be used to enforce compliance. At 11.20 Mr. McKinley signed the resolution and the ultimatum, and the summons to surrender was at once cabled to General Woodford for presentation to the Queen Regent's Government. The time of grace would expire on Saturday, the 23rd.

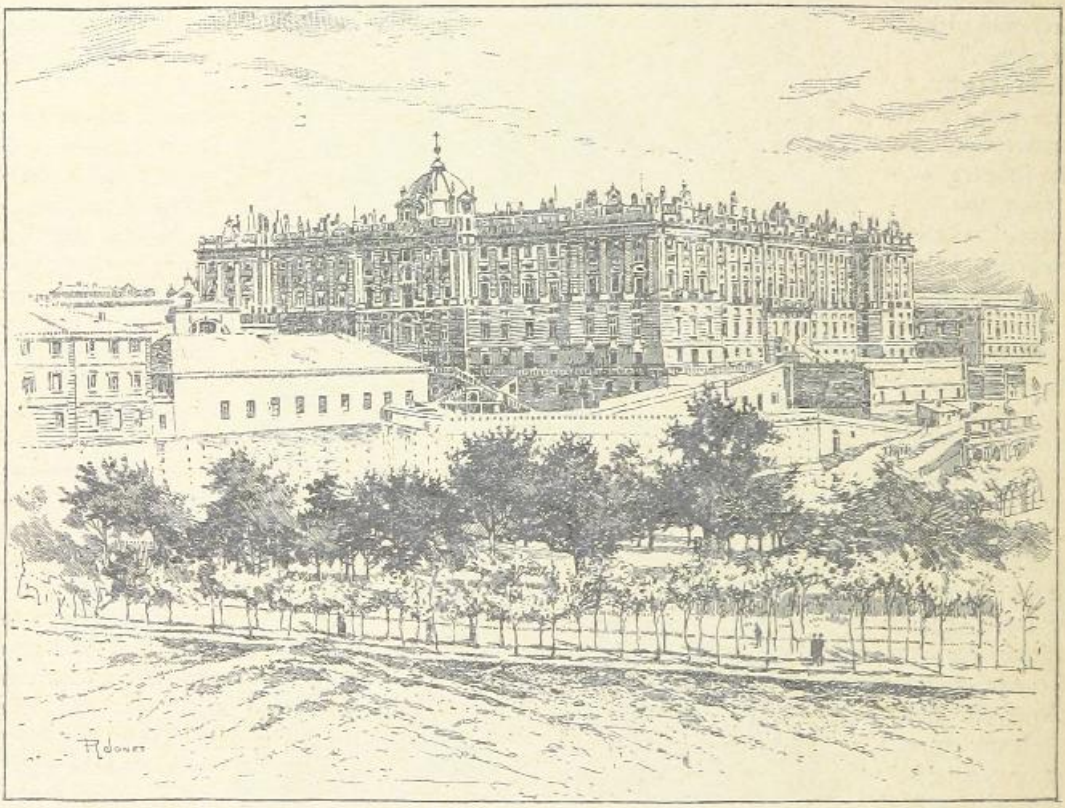
As soon as the reporters, rushing out to telegraph the news, told the crowd that the final plunge had been taken, there was a wild burst of cheering. It had been arranged that there should be a great demonstration on the declaration of war. It began somewhat prematurely on the despatch of the ultimatum, and in a hundred cities, as the tidings arrived from Washington, bells rang, steam whistles shrieked, and crowds cheered for Cuba.

On the same fateful morning there was another striking scene in progress in Madrid. The Spanish Parliament, the Cortes, had been summoned to consider the crisis, and the Queen Regent was to open it in person. The royal palace and the palace of the Senate at Madrid are within a few minutes' walk of each other, but, in order to mark the solemnity of the occasion, the queen was escorted by a long procession, which moved slowly through the two open *plazas* between the palaces. Along the route great crowds waited to see her pass. And such was their eagerness that it was with difficulty the soldiers who lined the streets could keep the way open. The procession was headed by a squadron of hussars. Then came officers of the Court in quaint liveries, and chamberlains, and ladies-in-waiting, and grandees of Spain in their state carriages. Lastly came the Queen Regent, with her son seated beside her. They were greeted with a roar of cheering. "*Viva la Reina! Viva el Re! Viva España!*" ("Long live the Queen! Long live the King! Hurrah for Spain!") was the cry. As they entered the Senate House the cheer was taken up by the crowds in the corridors and galleries, though the usual etiquette of such ceremonies is to receive the sovereign with respectful silence.

Two thrones had been placed under a canopy

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.
(From a photograph by F. Debas, Madrid.)

on a raised daïs. Queen Christina seated herself on the left, with the little king, dressed in the uniform of an infantry cadet, on her right. Beside the king stood the Ministers in court dress. Near the queen was a group of heralds, on whose embroidered tabards flashed in red-and-gold the lions and castles of Spain. The Senate were grouped near the daïs, the deputies in front of it. The galleries were bright with uniforms and the brilliant costumes



ROYAL PALACE, MADRID. *Frith & Co., Reigate.*

of ladies, whose fluttering fans and waving handkerchiefs gave token of their applause when cheer on cheer greeted the speech read by the queen.

The speech, drafted by the Sagasta Cabinet, but inspired by the queen, and probably at least in part expressed in her own words, was a grave document, written in the serious tone that befitted the occasion. The situation, said the queen, had become more difficult since the last meeting of the Cortes. Seeing that autonomy established in Cuba would put an end to the hopes of those who, with "the help of expeditions from the neighbouring coasts," were endeavouring to destroy the sovereignty of Spain in the island, "a part of the people of the United States" was endeavouring to prolong the conflict and prevent the success of the new order of things. The queen expressed the opinion that the majority of the Cuban people were in favour of this new *régime*—home rule under the Spanish flag—against which the agitation in America was directed. If the United States Government yielded to this current of opinion, "the threats and insults, which until now we have treated with indifference, would become an intolerable provocation, and would oblige the Government to break off diplomatic relations."

Fresh concessions granted at the request of the Pope and the Powers had not averted the danger. The Cortes had therefore been summoned to confirm the action of the Government, and to take steps to defend the rights of Spain. The queen called on the Spanish people to rally round the throne of the boy-king, and ended by saying :—

"Though the future lies before us dark and

obscure, the difficulties will not be above the energies of the country. With armies both on land and sea, whose glorious traditions inflame courage, with a nation compact in the face of foreign aggression, and with a trust in God, Who has always guided us through great crises, we shall traverse this one likewise, without disgrace to our honour, against which a provocatory attempt is made without either reason or justice."

It was no wonder that brave words like these, spoken by the queen, with her boy, the little king, seated beside her, roused all who heard them to a generous enthusiasm. The votes the Government asked for were carried with acclamation. Parties had ceased to exist. Conservative and Liberal, Carlist and Republican, vied with each other in protesting their readiness to make any sacrifice for the national defence. They had ceased to be partisans. They were all Spaniards, closing up shoulder to shoulder as the decisive moment drew near.

The same day that the Cortes met, the ultimatum was in the possession of the Ministry. Mr. McKinley had not used a cipher in cabling it to General Woodford. It was part of the speedy methods adopted by modern diplomacy. Till very lately such a message would have been sent by a special messenger, and peace would have lasted, at least in name, till he could personally deliver it to the ambassador at Madrid. Perhaps there is something to be said for the older and more easy-going way of transacting the business on which peace and war depend. The ultimatum gave Spain till noon on Saturday, April 23rd, to renounce her sovereign rights in Cuba and order the withdrawal of her forces.

It appears not to have reached Madrid till late in the day. Some say it arrived earlier and the Spanish Government kept it back while the Cabinet, with a copy of the cablegram before it, was deciding what course should be taken. In any case Woodford had not the satisfaction of presenting the ultimatum. The Message had not been long in his possession when in the early hours of Thursday, the 21st, an official from the Spanish Foreign Office brought him his passports, with a letter informing him that Señor Polo de Bernabe had left Washington, and that diplomatic relations between Spain and the United States were at an end.

General Woodford and the staff of the Embassy left Madrid on the Thursday afternoon. The Governor of Madrid was at the station to wish him good-bye, and there was with him a strong force of gendarmerie to preserve order, as it was feared that popular enthusiasm might lead to an angry demonstration against the departing ambassador. A great crowd watched the train move away. As it passed out of the station the Governor called for cheers for Spain and the army and navy. That night there were noisy demonstrations in the theatres, and the crowd tore down the American eagle from the offices of two or three insurance companies, and attempted to do the same at the empty United States Embassy. But they were kept back by the police, and they then amused themselves with parading the Spanish flag through the streets.

As General Woodford travelled northward in the Paris express, crowds gathered at the stations where it stopped to cheer for Spain. At Valladolid the mob threw stones at the carriages, and the police had to make a charge to prevent further outrages. One of the ambassador's secretaries was a Spanish subject, and the authorities made an ill-advised attempt to remove him from the train at Tolosa. But General Woodford placed himself at the door of the compartment occupied by the young man, and requested an Irish fellow-traveller, Mr. Victor Collins, to explain to the gendarmes in their own language, quietly and distinctly, that they were exceeding their powers, and that if they persisted they would meet with physical resistance. This Mr. Collins succeeded in conveying to them with good effect, and after a hurried consultation among themselves, they left the train; whereupon the Minister shook Mr. Collins warmly by the hand, remarking with a laugh, "I always like to have an Irishman near me in a tight corner."

Thus, on April 21st, the Spanish ambassador to the States had reached Canada, and the American envoy to Madrid was on his way to France. Friendly relations had ceased between the two countries, and, though nominally the time of grace as defined in the ultimatum had two days yet to run, peace was at an end, and, though no act of war had yet been done, the Spanish-American War may be said to date from that day.

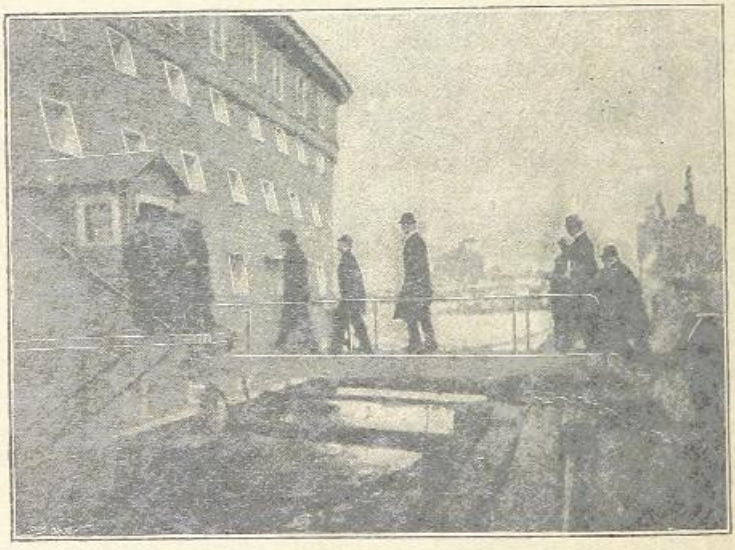
Spain had staked upon the chances of battle the last fragments of her once world-wide domain, and the Republic of the West had set forth upon a path as yet untrodden, that was to lead to conquest beyond the seas, and to the founding of a colonial empire.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OPPOSING FORCES.—THE NAVIES.

I.—*The United States Navy.*

INCLUDING every class of vessel from the battleship down to the smallest despatch-boat, there were at the outbreak of the war about 180 ships on the list of the Spanish navy and 120 on that of the United States. To attempt to enumerate and describe all of these would hardly be helpful to the reader. As a matter of fact, the greater number of them on both sides were of very little importance from the point of view of effective force available for serious operations. Many of them were obsolete, others adapted only for harbour service. I shall therefore content myself with giving a list of the chief ships on both sides, adding a few notes on their more important features and on the general character of the two navies.



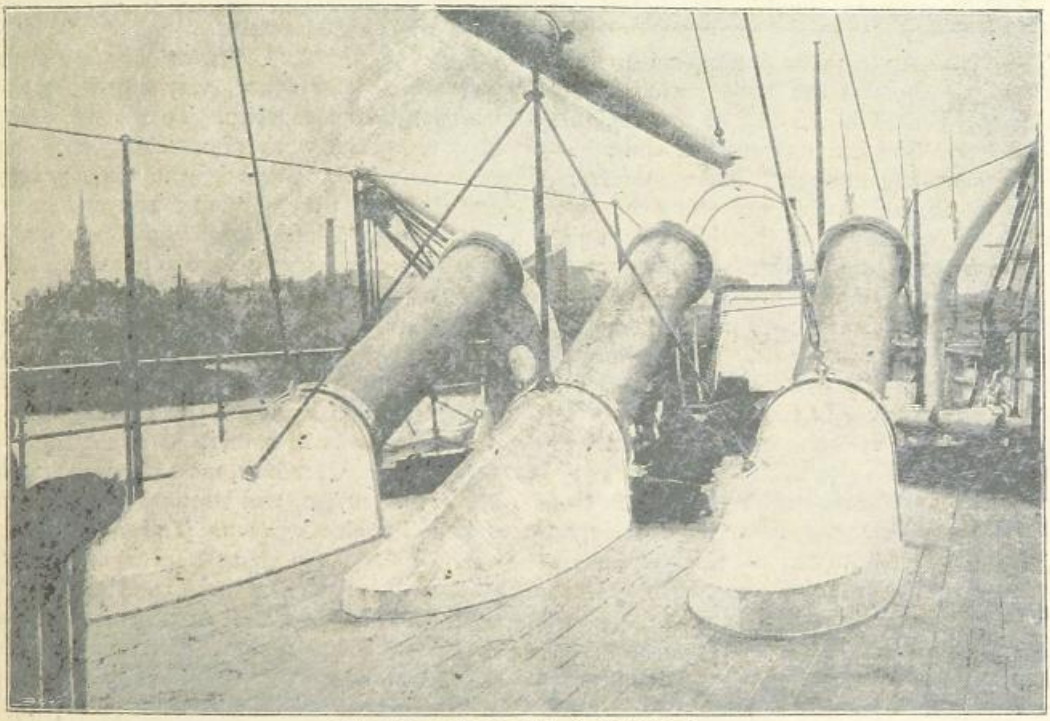
RECRUITS FOR U.S. NAVY GOING ON BOARD A RECEIVING SHIP.

The United States navy had taken a decisive part in the Civil War of the 'sixties. In Admiral Farragut it had a great commander, who not only did most effective work himself, but trained up a school of younger officers, whom he inspired with his own ideas. It was the navy that cut off the resources of the Confederacy by blockading the Atlantic coasts, capturing the ports on the Gulf of Mexico, and helping the army to seize and hold the line of the Mississippi. But, nevertheless, for more than twenty years after the war it was utterly neglected. Very few ships were built, none of them vessels of much fighting value. It was not till the 'eighties that the work of constructing a modern fleet was taken in hand. A beginning was made with the building of some fine cruisers of moderate size, full-rigged, and carrying their guns in broad-side batteries. Some coast defence ships were also constructed—monitors carrying a couple of heavy guns in armoured turrets. Then about eight years ago some larger and partly protected cruisers were begun, and the keels of the first large sea-going battleships were laid down. The special object kept in view in designing these was to give them the heaviest possible armament. They carried a far more formidable battery than any ships of their size in other navies, but their coal-carrying power was sacrificed to make up for this additional weight, the idea being that they would not be called upon to act at any great distance from the American coasts. A supply of auxiliary cruisers was secured

by arrangements made with the great passenger lines, but very little was done in the way of building sea-going torpedo boats and destroyers, which are not only formidable weapons of attack in a modern fleet, but are also most useful as its scouts, picket boats, and messengers during active operations.

The following is a list of the principal ships that flew the Stars and Stripes at the outbreak of the war. The date when each ship was launched is noted, as it may be taken that nowadays, when designers and builders have their eyes open to every improvement that can be made, the newer ships are the more

	Displacement (tons).	*Launched.*	*Speed.*
CRUISERS—			
Columbia	7,475	1892	23
Minneapolis		1893	
Olympia	5,800	1892	21½
Baltimore	4,600	1888	20
Philadelphia	4,324	1889	19½
San Francisco	4,083	1888	19½
Newark	4,083	1890	19
Charleston	4,040	1888	18
New Orleans †	3,450	1896	20
Albany		1897	
Raleigh	3,183	1892	19
Cincinnati			
Atalanta	3,187	1884	15½
Boston			
Chicago	4,500	1885	18
Detroit	2,000	1892	17
Marblehead			
Montgomery ‡			



THE AIR GUNS OF THE "VESUVIUS."

efficient, apart altogether from the fact that in their case there is less room for wear and tear and general depreciation :—

Name.	*Displacement (tons).*	*Launched.*	*Speed* (knots).*
BATTLESHIPS—			
Iowa	11,296	1896	16
Indiana	10,231	1893	15½
Massachusetts			16
Oregon			16½
Texas	6,315	1892	21
ARMOURED CRUISERS—			
Brooklyn	9,153	1895	17
New York	8,480	1891	21

* The speeds given are trial-trip speeds—seldom if ever obtained on actual service.

	Displacement (tons).	*Launched.*	*Speed.*
AUXILIARY CRUISERS—§			
Yale (late Paris)	11,000	1888	21
Harvard (late New York)		1889	
St. Louis	16,000	1894	21
St. Paul		1895	
COAST DEFENCE MONITORS—			
Miantonomoh	3,990	1883	10½
Monadnock			10
Amphitrite			12
Terror			12
Puritan	6,060	1883	12
Monterey	4,138	1891	14

† The *New Orleans* (originally known as the *Amazonas*) and the *Albany* (late *Admiral Abreu*) were bought from the Brazilian navy just before the war.

‡ There are a number of smaller ships, sometimes classed as cruisers, sometimes as gunboats.

§ The four named belong to the American line. There are also a number of smaller auxiliary cruisers belonging to U.S. coast lines.

	Displacement (tons).	Launched.	Speed.
OLD HARBOUR DEFENCE MONITORS—			
Twelve Ships	1,800 to 2,100	1863 to 1865	5 to 6
DYNAMITE CRUISERS—			
Vesuvius	930	1888	22½
Buffalo *	7,080	1893	19
RAM—			
Katahdin	2,183	1893	16
TORPEDO BOATS—			
Cushing	105	1890	22½
Ericsson	120	1892	23
Rodgers	142	1896	25
Foote			24½
Porter	185	1896	28½
Dupont			27½
Winslow	142	1897	24½

The *Iowa* may be taken as a typical American battleship. She was the most powerful vessel under the United States flag at the beginning of the war. She had unarmoured ends, but a steel armour-belt, fourteen inches thick and seven feet six inches wide, ran along the water-line on the central part of the ship. An under-water armoured deck covered the engines and vitals of the ship, and the armour was carried up her sides to the bases of two massive armoured turrets placed fore and aft. There were also armoured bulkheads below the main deck to prevent raking fire. In each of the large turrets there were two 12-inch guns, each weighing a little over forty-five tons, and throwing an 850-pound shell. Between the main turrets there were four smaller turrets, two on each side, and each carrying a pair of 8-inch guns. The smaller turrets were armoured, but there was no armour on the ship's side between their bases and the water-line belt, so that a well-placed shell would destroy the ammunition hoists and stop the fire of the turret. Mounted in ports on the broadside, and behind shields on the central superstructure, there were thirty-two quick-firing guns of various calibres, and the fighting tops of the military mast were armed with Gatlings. Some experts held that the ship was overweighted with this armament, which is far beyond anything that British constructors ventured to place upon a ship of the same size. The three other large battleships—the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*—were a little smaller and less powerful than the *Iowa*, and had the further defect that their low freeboards made it difficult to fight all their guns in heavy weather. The cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn* had a partial armoured belt on the water-line, and some armour protection for their heavier guns. The newer monitors were formidable ships so far as gun power was concerned, mounting pairs of 12-inch guns in their massive armoured turrets. They had an arrangement by which on going into action water could be admitted so as to lower the deck till it is awash, the turret, conning tower, and deckhouses showing above water. Their great drawback was that they were at all times slow, had little cruising power and coal capacity, and could not fight their guns in bad weather. They were, in fact, floating batteries, and were primarily intended for service in the lagoons, river mouths, and harbours of the American coast, their light draught fitting them for work in shallow water.

The *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* were cruisers built chiefly for speed, very heavily engined, with large coal capacity. They were intended for the special work of attacking an enemy's commerce. Together with the auxiliary fleet of armed liners they formed a splendid body of swift scouts. The *Katahdin* was a peculiar ship, of which there was only one specimen afloat. She was a long, narrow vessel with a pointed bow, with no armament except a few light quick-firing guns. When in fighting trim she was submerged by admitting water till only her central portion was visible, the object being to make her as small a mark as might be for an enemy's fire. Her bow, most of which was thus below the surface, was strongly built, and constituted her chief weapon. The ship, as it were, was the shaft of a colossal spear, of which the pointed bow was the head, and she was intended to ram and sink the enemy, a method of attack that has gone out of favour with naval men generally since torpedoes came into vogue, it being considered that a ship attempting to ram is likely to be torpedoed by her adversary before she can strike home with her own bow. The *Katahdin* was completed in 1894, and was actually rejected after trial by the United States Navy Department; but then came the dispute with Great Britain over the Venezuelan question and the short-lived war scare, during which the *Katahdin* was taken into the navy, notwithstanding the previous adverse report.

Other peculiar vessels were the dynamite gunboat *Vesuvius* and the cruiser *Buffalo*. Their chief weapons were huge air-guns, destined to launch through the air a dynamite shell, or "aërial torpedo," in the hope of blowing up an enemy, or exploding the mines he had laid down in the entrance of one of his ports, and

* Late *Nictheroy*, Brazilian navy (built in U.S.A.).

thus clearing the way for the fleet. Some of these dynamite guns have been mounted in England in the coast defences. They are said to be somewhat unreliable as to range and accuracy of aim.

The old monitors, detailed for service in harbour defence on the outbreak of war, were small ships built during the Civil War in the 'sixties, and carrying old-fashioned smooth-bore guns in lightly-armoured turrets. A number of armed tugs, yachts, and revenue cruisers formed with these the coast defence flotilla.

Two battleships, the *Kentucky* and the *Kearsarge*, larger and more powerful than the *Iowa*, were launched just before the war; a third, the *Alabama*, shortly after it began. But none of them could be ready for service before six or eight months' hard work had been done upon them, so that they only constituted a reserve in the event of the war being very much prolonged.

"FIGHTING BOB"—CAPT. ROBLEY EVANS.

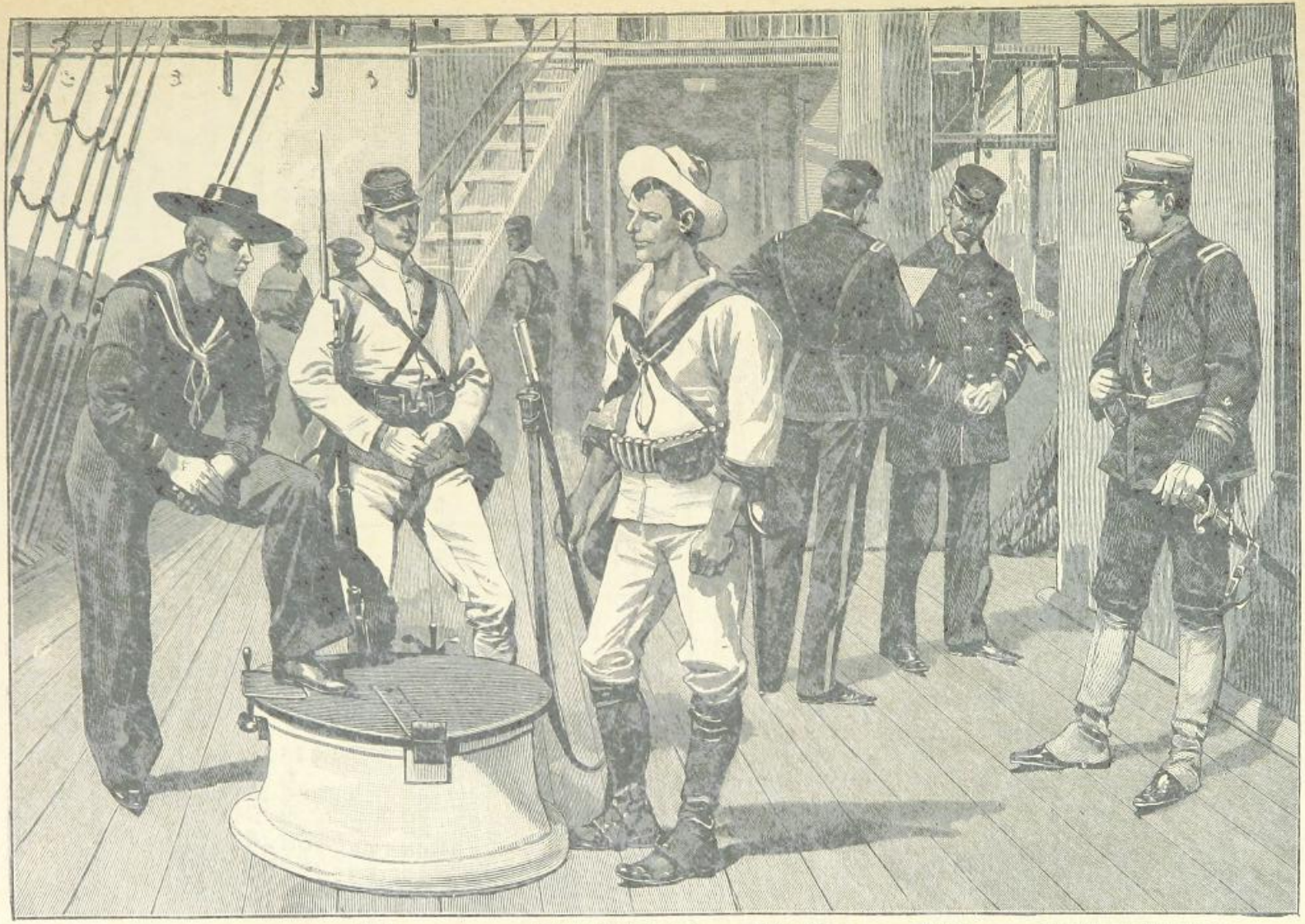
The United States had at the outset some 14,000 officers and men available for the fleet, besides between two and three thousand naval militia of varying efficiency for the coast defence flotilla. The men were about 60 per cent. Americans, and the rest were recruited from half the nations of Europe, many of them deserters from other navies, attracted by the higher pay and easier conditions of the United States service. The crews were mostly recruited by voluntary enlistment on a three years' engagement, which could be renewed. There were a few who had been educated for the navy as boys in training ships. A good many of the captains of guns had seen service in the British navy. Until the war became imminent, there were a certain number of Spaniards in the American fleet; they were released from their engagements at the last moment. Official American reports dating from before the war complain of want of strict discipline on some of the ships, and it must be granted that to train crews recruited from such diverse sources is no easy task.

The officers who do this work are a splendid body of men. All have received a careful professional education. The older among them had seen hard fighting in the Civil War. Dewey, who commanded the eastern squadron; Sampson, who commanded the Atlantic fleet; Robley Evans, his second in command; and Schley, of the flying squadron, had all served under Farragut. Sampson as a young naval lieutenant had seen hard fighting in the Civil War. He was with Farragut when the fleet steamed boldly in against the exploding mines in Mobile Bay, and at Charleston his own ship had been blown up by a torpedo, and he had escaped death almost by a miracle. A scientific officer of high attainments, he had borne a leading part in the development of the new navy of the United States, and for some years had been chief of the Ordnance Committee which designed and tested the formidable artillery with which it was armed. Dewey had forty years of service to his credit, and had had his first practical lessons in warfare when Farragut forced the entrance of the Mississippi, and compelled the surrender of New Orleans. Robley Evans, a younger man than either of these, was the ideal type of the American naval officer. He was familiarly known to his comrades as "Fighting Bob," but, unlike Sheridan's hero, he had won the *soubriquet* by reckless valour, not by boastful words. Evans had seen some service as an ensign—or, as we would say, a second lieutenant—in the Civil War, where his great opportunity of distinction came on the day that the navy was asked to supply the forlorn hope for the storming of Fort Fisher. Evans volunteered for the dangerous enterprise, and was given the command of the gallant band of bluejackets that led the column of assault. The fort was taken, and after the Stars and Stripes had been hoisted on the Confederate works, Evans was found, under a heap of dead, so grievously wounded that at first his case was supposed to be hopeless. When he recovered consciousness he was told that one of his legs must be amputated if he was to have any chance of recovery. His pistol was still in his belt, and he declared that he would shoot the first surgeon that touched him, unless they promised that there should be no amputation. His fear was that the loss of a leg would mean that he would never

again take his place as an officer on the deck of a warship. He was saved in spite of himself. When he sank into an exhausted sleep he was chloroformed, the revolver taken away, and the operation performed. Thanks to a vigorous constitution he recovered, though he was nearly a year on the sick list. Then, to his delight, he was told that in recognition of his valour he would be kept on the active list, and he has learned to make such good use of an artificial limb, that only those who know his record are aware that "Fighting Bob" is a one-legged man. The weak point of the United States naval organisation is that no provision had been made for any reserve of officers and men ; and it had been pointed out by some of the keenest officers of the American navy, that in their anxiety to produce a new navy rapidly the United States were building ships more quickly than they were providing officers and crews to man them.

The only naval reserve in the United States was, in fact, a force that could hardly be expected to add much to the strength of the fighting navy. In many of the States in the last few years a naval militia had been established, very much on the lines of the now disbanded British naval artillery volunteers. In New York and some of the other great cities on the coast, the naval militia included a number of yachtsmen and boatmen who had some experience of the sea, but there was also a naval militia in some of the inland States, composed of men who for the most part had never seen a warship. On the outbreak of the war this force was mobilised for coast defence. To have sent it to the sea-going fleets would have been a piece of rashness, but useful work was found for it in the manning of the harbour defence ships and the "mosquito fleet" of small armed steamers that scouted along the Atlantic seaboard. In these ships the volunteer gunners were able to complete their training, and at the same time set free a number of regular bluejackets for service with Sampson and Schley's squadrons.

COMMODORE SCHLEY.



Sailor. Marine. Sailor equipped for Shore. Artillery Officer. Captain. Naval Officer in Shore Uniform.

TYPES OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

2.—*The Spanish Navy.*

Compared with the United States navy at the outset of the war, that of Spain was weak in battleships, strong in armoured cruisers and torpedo craft, and well provided with men. Events showed, however, that although the war had been long foreseen, her naval preparations were completed much more slowly than those of her rival; and, in consequence, a number of her most valuable ships had to remain in port during the all-important opening period of the war.

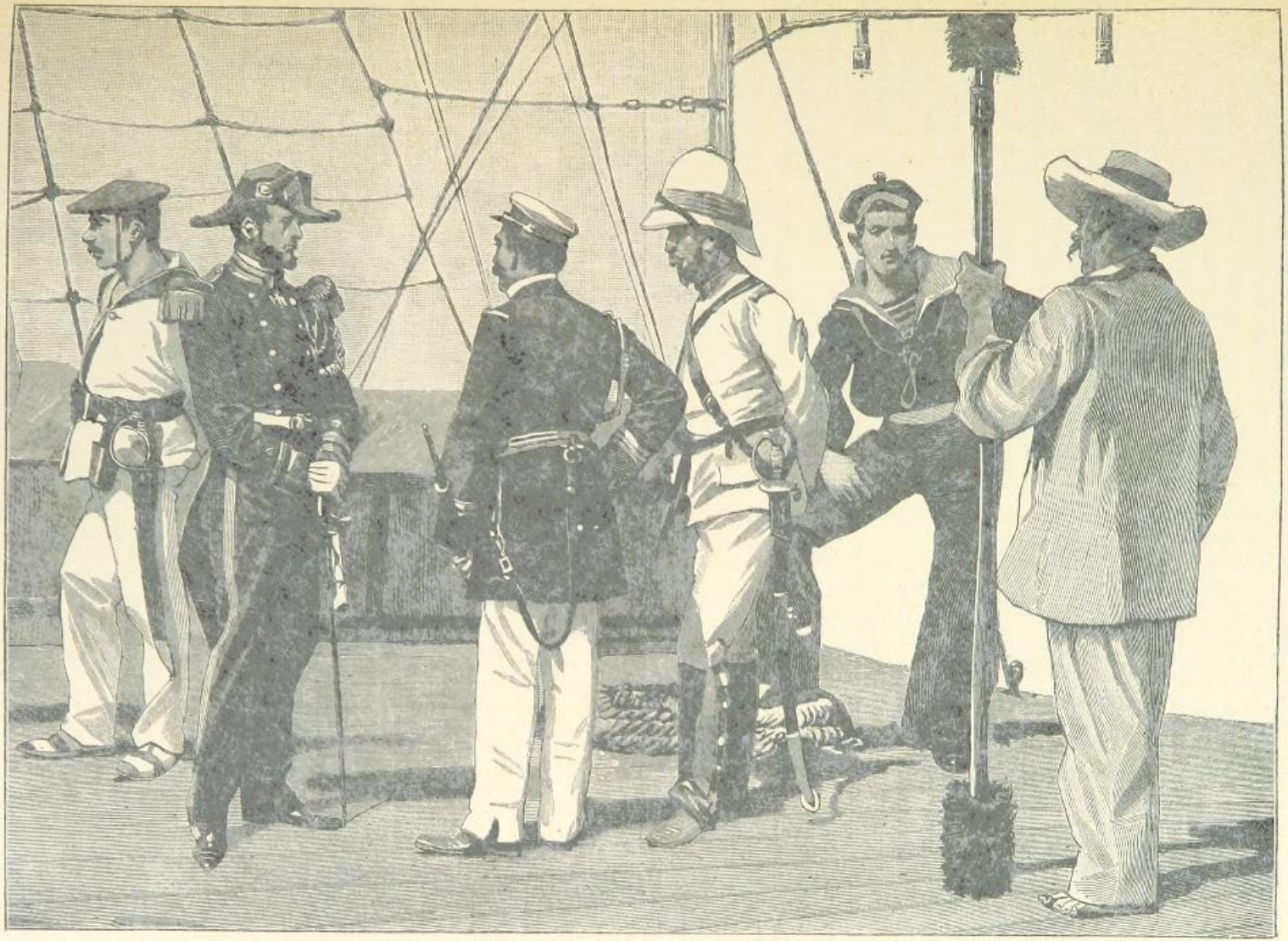
The following list gives the names of all the ships that were either ready or in an advanced stage of preparation for sea when war was declared. As in the case of our survey of the United States navy, some notes on the principal ships will be found after the tables:—

Name.	*Displacement (tons).*	*Launched.*	*Speed (knots).*
BATTLESHIPS—			
Pelayo	9,900	1887	16
Numancia	7,035	1863	13
Vitoria	7,000	1865	13½
ARMOURED CRUISERS—			
Emperador Carlos V.	9,235	1895	20
Cardenal Cisneros	7,000	1897	20
Princesa de Asturias		1896	
Almirante Oquendo	6,890	1891	20
Vizcaya		1891	
Infanta Maria Teresa		1890	
Cristobal Colon	6,480	1896	20
CRUISERS—			
Alfonso XIII.	5,000	1891	20
Lepanto		1892	
Alfonso XII.	3,090	1887	16
Reina Cristina			
Reina Mercedes*			
Castilla	3,342	1881	14
Conde de Venadito	1,152	1883-88	14
Don Antonio de Ulloa			
Don Juan de Austria			
Infanta Isabel			
Isabel II.			
Marques de la Ensenada	1,040	1886-87	15½
Isla de Cuba			
Isla de Luzon			
AUXILIARY CRUISERS—			
Fourteen Atlantic Liners	3,000 to 7,000	1888 to 1890	13½ to 17

* The engines and boilers of the *Reina Mercedes* were in such a bad condition that she was not available for sea service. She was employed as a floating battery for harbour defence at Santiago de Cuba.

	Displacement (tons).	*Launched.*	*Speed (knots).*
TORPEDO GUNBOATS—			
Maria de Molina	830	1896-97	19½
Marques de la Victoria			
Alvaro de Bazan			
Filipinas	747	1892	20
Galicia	570	1889-91	20½
Nueva de España			
Marques de Molins			
Martin Alonzo Pinzon			
Temerario			
Vincente Yañez Pinzon			
Destructor	386	1886	22½
TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYERS—			
Furor	400	1896-97	28
Terror			
Audaz			
Osado			
Pluton			
Proserpina			
TORPEDO BOATS—			
Twelve ready.			
Twenty-four building.			

Looking over this list one sees that it is weak in battleships, but strong in cruisers and torpedo craft. Two of the battleships, the *Numancia* and *Vitoria*, were very old. And though they had recently been partly reconstructed (fitted with new boilers, and armed with quick-firing guns), their thin iron armour and low speed made them a very poor match for a modern protected cruiser. Thus, strictly speaking, there was only one good battleship in the list. Even as to this battleship expert opinion, published at the outset of the war, was very divided. One well-known authority declared that she would be a match for the *Iowa*; another that she could not fight a cruiser like the *New York*. Built in France, the *Pelayo* is fitted with a steel armoured belt from bow to stern, nearly eighteen inches thick where it is heaviest. The armour is carried up the sides to the barbettes, which are four in number—one forward, one astern, and one on each side amidships. Each of them is covered with steel armour between eleven and twelve inches thick. The bow and stern barbettes carry each a 12½-inch Hontoria gun, throwing an armour-piercing projectile of 1,040 pounds. There are, besides, twenty-seven quick-firers of various calibres, and seven torpedo-tubes.



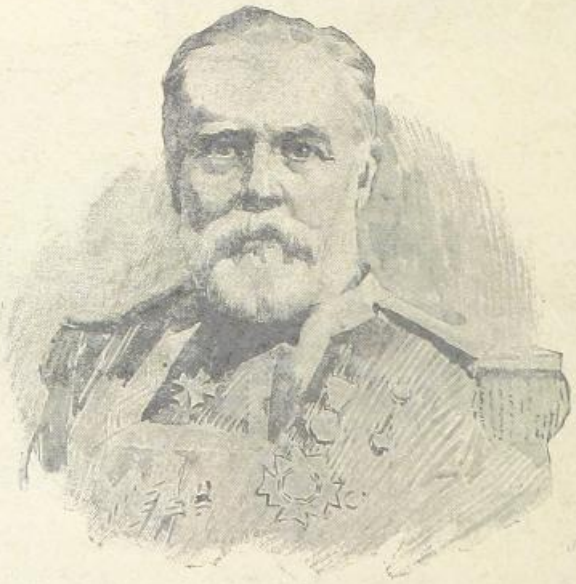
Sailor. Captain. First Lieutenant. Officer of Marines. Sailor. Artilleryman.

TYPES OF THE SPANISH NAVY.

Of the splendid squadron of armoured cruisers, the best was the *Cristobal Colon*, built for the Italian navy as the *Giuseppe Garibaldi*, but purchased and renamed by Spain before the war. She had a complete armour-belt—six-inch steel armour on her sides and conning tower, and five-inch on the two barbettes fore and aft; each was to be armed with a $9\frac{1}{2}$-inch gun. She had ten 6-inch quick-firers (100-pound shells) and twenty-six lighter quick-firers, all behind shields, with two Maxims in the fighting top of her military mast, and four torpedo-tubes. The six torpedo-boat destroyers were of the most recent and powerful type of the class, and were all built on the Clyde.

To man her fleet Spain had, thanks to the maritime conscription, about 23,000 officers and men in the service, with a trained reserve of upwards of 20,000, all of whom had served for from three to five years in the navy. Compared with the United States navy, that of Spain suffered under the disadvantage that few even of the superior officers had seen any actual fighting afloat. For the most part the engineers were not of good quality, and under their care the machinery was apt to deteriorate very quickly—a most serious matter in a modern warship.

Of the squadron commanders, the best known before the war were Admirals Cervera and Montojo, and Captain Villamil. Villamil had a considerable reputation as a scientific officer, and had made a speciality of torpedo work. He had commanded the *Destructor*, the first torpedo boat in the Spanish navy, and for some years had devoted himself to study and practical experiment in this branch of his profession. Cervera, who was in command of the Atlantic squadron, had served for more than forty years, entering the navy as a boy of thirteen. He had seen some active service in Cuba during the Ten Years' War, but he was best known in the navy for the determined courage with which he had saved the arsenal at Cadiz and the squadron from the Communist insurgents, who nearly obtained possession of it during the Red Republican revolt of 1873. He had the reputation of a brave man and a skilful seaman; he had many friends among American naval officers, for he had been for more than a year attached to the Embassy at Washington. Montojo, who commanded the squadron in the Philippines, was an old sailor, not much of a tactician, but with a good record for courage and determination, which, when the day of trial came, he fully justified.



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

3.—*Distribution of the Fleets.*

At the outbreak of the war many ships on both sides were still fitting out in the harbours and dockyards. The distribution of those actually ready for service was the following :—

UNITED STATES SHIPS.

North Atlantic Fleet (Commodore Sampson).—At or near Key West, Florida.
- Flagship : Armoured cruiser *New York*.
- Battleships : *Iowa* and *Indiana*.
- Cruisers : *Cincinnati*, *Montgomery*, *Detroit*, *Marblehead*.
- Monitors : *Puritan*, *Terror*.
- Smaller craft : all the torpedo-boats and some gunboats.

Flying Squadron (Commodore Schley).—Hampton Roads.
- Battleships : *Texas*, *Massachusetts*.
- Armoured cruiser : *Brooklyn*.
- Cruisers : *Columbia*, *Minneapolis*.

Pacific Squadron (Commodore Dewey).—Hong Kong.
- Cruisers : *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*.
- Gunboats : *Concord* and *Petrel*.

On the way round from the Pacific to the Atlantic.
- Battleship : *Oregon*.
- Gunboat : *Marietta*.
- To pick up on the way the dynamite-cruiser *Buffalo*.

SPANISH SHIPS.

The *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo* had left Puerto Rico for St. Vincent, in the Cape de Verde Islands, as soon as war was imminent. They arrived there on April 19th. Four days before Captain Villamil's torpedo flotilla at St. Vincent had been joined by the *Infanta Maria Teresa* (carrying the flag of Admiral Cervera) and the *Cristobal Colon*. St. Vincent is a Portuguese harbour, but the squadron thus concentrated was allowed by the authorities to use it as a base for completing their preparations for some time after the actual outbreak of war. On April 21st the position was :

Atlantic Squadron (Admiral Cervera).—Cape de Verde Islands.
- Armoured cruisers : *Infanta Maria Teresa* (flagship), *Cristobal Colon*, *Vizcaya*, *Almirante Oquendo*.
- Torpedo-boat destroyers : *Terror*, *Furor*, *Pluton*.
- Torpedo-boats : *Azor*, *Ariete*, and *Rayo*.
- Auxiliary cruiser : *Villa de Cadiz* (an armed liner).

In Cuban harbours—
- Cruisers : *Alfonso XII.* (Havana), *Reina Mercedes*, *Conde de Venadito*, *Infanta Isabel*, *Isabel II.*
- Besides gunboats, torpedo-boats, and armed liners.

On Brazilian coast—
- Torpedo-gunboat : *Temerario*.

Pacific Squadron (Admiral Montojo).—At or near Manila.
- Cruisers : *Castilla* (flagship), *Conde de Venadito*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Reina Cristina*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*.
- And a number of small gunboats.

The *Pelayo*, *Numancia*, *Vitoria*, and the armoured cruisers not named as belonging to the squadron at St. Vincent, were fitting out at Cadiz and Cartagena. Small cruisers and torpedo-boats were reported to be watching the English Channel and the Strait of Gibraltar.

The foregoing lists show that at the outbreak of hostilities the United States navy had a much larger proportion of fighting ships ready for service and near the centre of operations than the Spaniards. A certain amount of unreadiness has for centuries been characteristic of Spanish fleets and armies. In the East, especially, where a weak squadron of obsolete ships had to face an American fleet of well-equipped cruisers, armed with formidable artillery, the Spaniards had soon to pay the penalty of this unreadiness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OPPOSING FORCES.—THE ARMIES.

1.—*The United States Army.*

ALTHOUGH the war between Spain and the United States was, in the first instance, a conflict on the sea depending solely on naval power, the undertaking to expel the Spaniards from Cuba implied the landing of a considerable military force in the island. But the United States possesses in ordinary times the smallest regular army maintained by any great power. And the first efforts of the administration had to be devoted to the difficult task of creating an army at very brief notice to supplement the small force actually available.

The last official return of the regular army of the United States before the war, dated June 30th, 1897, showed that the army then consisted of 27,532 officers and men. The following are the chief details :—

	Officers.	*Men.*	*Total.*
10 cavalry regiments	447	6,010	6,457
5 artillery regiments	290	3,934	4,224
25 infantry regiments	910	12,871	13,781
Engineers, ordnance department, West Point Military Academy, hospital and signal service, Indian scouts, etc.	532	2,538	3,070
Total	2,179	25,353	27,532

The 9th and 10th cavalry and the 24th and 25th infantry were composed of negro soldiers with white officers.

During the negotiations that preceded the war, Congress passed an Act for the enrolment of two new regiments of regular artillery (the 6th and 7th), and these were being recruited and organised when the war began.

The officers of the regular army were all men who had received a thorough military education at West Point. The generals had all seen actual service in the Civil War and the Indian border campaigns. The men were recruited by voluntary enlistment. But with such a small army the Government was able to offer terms to the rank and file that gave them the pick of the best material in the country. A free kit on a liberal scale, free rations, and three pounds a month, with no deductions—this is what the private of the United States regular army receives, and his pay rises rapidly on promotion to corporal or sergeant. The cavalry engaged, as they mostly were, on police duties in the Indian districts and along the Mexican border had splendid exercise in scouting, and now and then a taste of actual warfare in the way of a sharp fight with Indians or outlaws. The infantry were dispersed in detachments, mostly in the west—on the Mexican frontier, and along the States on both sides of the Rockies—with a few regiments in the great cities. It was very seldom, however, that an American general saw even two regiments of his command together. And the assembly of a force of all three arms for manœuvres or field training was unheard of.

The regular army had no reserve. But by law every State was supposed to keep on foot an efficient militia force, in which all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-four were liable to be called to serve. After the war there had been a reaction from military ideas, and in most of the States the local military organisation was neglected, and had fallen into a condition of inefficiency for real war. The men were enlisted voluntarily, and in most regiments elected their own officers. In some of the great cities—in New York, Boston, and Chicago—there were well-equipped and well-trained battalions. But in many places there were so-called military organisations, which were really only clubs for recreation purposes, some of the militia regiments not possessing a dozen serviceable rifles for each company. There were also in some States troops of volunteer cavalry (mostly mounted rifles) and batteries of artillery, the most useful of these being the artillery corps trained for service in coast batteries. In some States the local troops were known as the National Guard, in others as the State Militia or Volunteers. Originally raised for home defence, it had been decided by the Supreme Court that they were liable for service beyond the frontiers of the Republic when called out for duty by the President. The statistics of the State Militia on January 1st, 1898, were :

Total authorised strength, 116,125.

Actually on the rolls :

General Staff Officers	1,391
Cavalry	5,290
Artillery	4,906
Infantry	101,873
Total	113,460

Signalman of the Field Artillery. Infantryman in marching kit. Artilleryman. General. Infantryman in undress uniform. Infantry officer in marching kit. Cavalry officer in riding kit. A Cleveland pioneer.

TYPES OF THE U.S. ARMY.

The most of these 113,000 men might be considered to be rather possible material for making soldiers than anything else. The reports of regular inspecting officers on some of the regiments reveal an almost incredible lack of discipline and training. Of one regiment the official report ran: "Guard duty was very poorly performed. Sentinels sitting down, smoking, eating, and leaning against trees while on post, was a common sight. Sentinels using their carbines as walking-sticks seemed to be the favourite mode of carrying them." And again of another regiment: "Several captains were absent at inspection, and no excuses were offered or called for. There was not a company commander who could give the necessary orders to prepare his company for inspection. One company had three commissioned officers and six enlisted men in camp. They had neither arms nor equipments. Another company did not turn out for inspection, as some of the men were sick, and others tired."

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE U.S. ARMY.

It would be easy to multiply such extracts. They are referred to here, not to suggest in the least degree that the people of the United States are deficient in military spirit, or wanting in the qualities that make a soldier. But it is important to understand that, except in the regular army and a few really good battalions of the Volunteers, the United States had no land forces available when the war began. The very regiments that behaved so badly in their training-camps probably failed chiefly because they did not take the business of volunteer soldiering seriously. They never expected to be called out for real service. Their inspection camp was a picnic. If they had looked forward to a real fight, they would have set themselves to prepare for it in a thoroughly practical spirit.

General Miles and his colleagues had thus to improvise an army out of materials of most unequal value. In the volunteer organisation of the States, in the higher commands, there were many good officers who had seen service in the Civil War. Their regiments were usually of good quality. In many regiments there was a leavening of soldiers who had served in the United States regular army or in European armies. Then the western States could supply a large number of men who could form a body of efficient irregular cavalry, scouts, hunters, cowboys and the like, good shots and first-rate horsemen. But to make an army out of all this material would be a long business, and those who talked of an invasion of Cuba within a week of the proclamation of war did not understand the first elements of the problem that had to be solved.

For peace purposes the United States were organised into districts known as the Department of the East (including all the Atlantic States and the Gulf States up to the border of Texas), the Department of Texas, the Departments of the Missouri, the Colorado, the Platte and the Columbia, and the Department of California. On the approach of the war the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, were detached from the Department of the East, and were included with Texas in a new military district, which was to be afterwards known as the Department of the South.

General Graham, who had till then been in command of the Department of Texas, was given the new command, and established his headquarters at Atlanta, a railway centre from which lines ran to the southern ports likely to be used for the embarkation of troops for Cuba, Tampa, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans. While Congress was still debating the war resolutions the movement of regular troops began, and the greater part of the United States army was soon concentrated in the Department of the South. Chickamauga on the border of Tennessee, about 120 miles from Atlanta, was chosen as the concentration camp for the State militia when they were called out for service.

2.—*The Spanish Army.*

Spain, like all the powers of the European Continent, recruits its army by conscription. At the age of nineteen every Spaniard becomes liable to military service. Exemption can, however, be purchased by the payment of about £60 sterling, and there are other conditions which lighten the burden of universal service. In peace time, after three years with the colours, most of the men pass into the reserve. Besides the home army, there were also local troops raised in Cuba and the Philippines. In the colonial armies the term of service was fixed at eight years.

The following estimate of the land forces of Spain is based on official documents dating from September, 1897 :—

GENERAL BLANCO.

Home Army, Infantry	64,314
,, ,, Cavalry	14,314
,, ,, Artillery	11,605
,, ,, Engineers and Train ...	5,102
Total, Home Army	95,335
Hospital corps, Custom House guards, Gendarmerie, etc.	28,790
West Indian Army	201,312*
Philippines	37,760
1st Reserves	160,000
	523,197

The figures for Cuba are probably an exaggeration ; they are apparently based on the numbers despatched from Spain, and due allowance has not been made for the heavy losses resulting from three years of warfare in an unhealthy climate. On the other hand, the estimate does not include the Spanish volunteers and guerillas in Cuba, who are believed to have numbered at least 50,000 at this date ; their military value, however, was very doubtful.

The Spanish infantry was armed with a Mauser repeating rifle, and the guns of the field artillery were from Krupp's factories. The transport and administrative services were badly organised, and the pay of the men is generally in arrear. In the West Indies the infantry wore a light white uniform, and carried very little except their rifle, cartridges, and a blanket rolled bandolier fashion across the left shoulder. Many of the officers seem to have had a very defective military training, but no one doubted their personal courage and the readiness of their men to follow them. The civil wars at home and in the colonies had given a rough kind of training and experience of the battlefield to most of the leaders, and many of the company officers and the rank and file. The strong point of the Spanish soldier is the dogged courage with which, even against desperate odds and with no hope of victory, he has again and again fought to the death, refusing to surrender. Most of the rank and file in Cuba were young men doing their first term of service, but those who saw them seem to have been very favourably impressed with their soldierly qualities. Before the war there was in the United States a tendency to speak lightly of the Spanish troops as possible adversaries. But Mr. Murat Halstead, one of the correspondents of the *New York Journal* in Cuba, wrote a timely protest against this dangerous undervaluation of the enemy.

"I wish," he said, "to speak with respect of

* Chiefly in Cuba—about 6,000 in Puerto Rico.

the Spanish boys; and I have seen the great armies of Germany, France, and America, and many of the troops of Italy and England. A favourite disposition of the army by its enemies is to speak of it as composed of boys, but that shows ignorance of war. It is never safe to despise boys in any capacity, least of all in armies. On the battlefield of Shiloh it was remarked of the dead when they were gathered for burial—it was true of the boys in blue and grey alike—that hardly one in three was a bearded man. The boys, in the true sense of the word, were in the great majority. The Spanish lads under arms in Cuba are sturdy, swarthy fellows, well fitted and equipped for the field, and many of them with kindly, friendly, humorous faces. The boys of whom I speak were fairly drilled, and though just landed, had evidently been set up and put through their steps. They had the swing for a long tramp. The Spanish army is not one to be despised, and however it may suffer from the ambuscades for which the tropical vegetation affords such eminent facilities, it will make itself respected when it meets foes it can see."

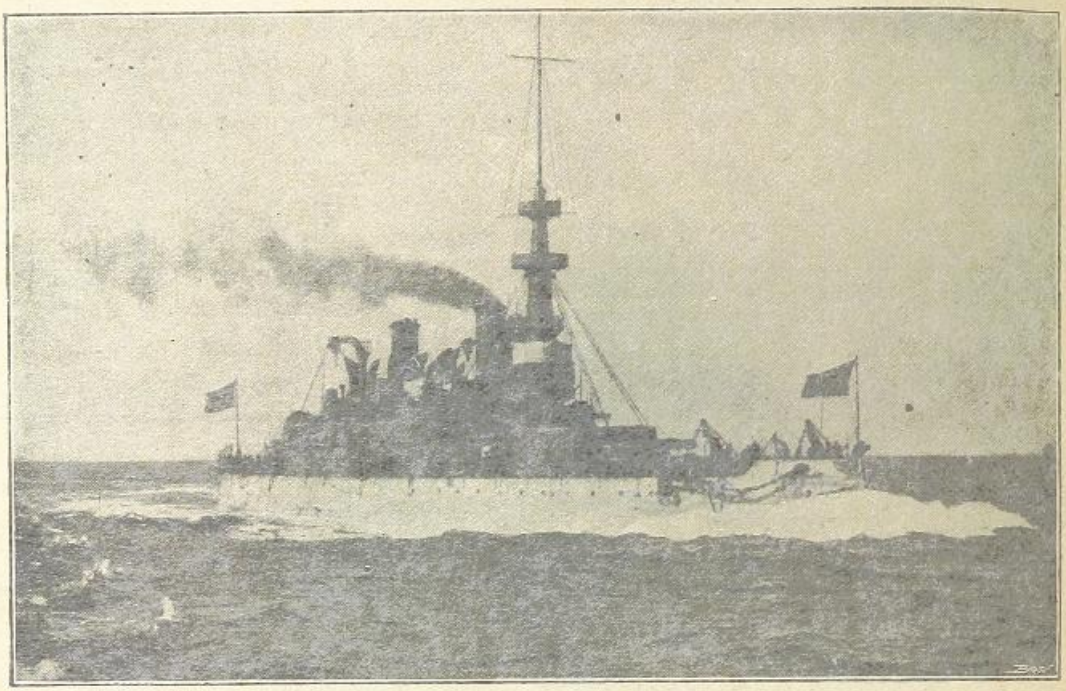
One soldierly quality the Spanish regulars possessed in an eminent degree. They had shown on many battlefields a reckless contempt of wounds and death. There was a notable example in the Carlist war, where a regular battalion, six hundred strong, hemmed in by superior forces in a wild pass in the mountains of Navarre, with all hope of retreat cut off and ammunition running short, refused summons after summons to surrender. The officers were shot down, but the sergeants kept the men together, answering shot with shot so long as a cartridge remained, and then rallying in desperate groups with fixed bayonets to meet the final rush that overpowered them with mere weight of numbers. Of the six hundred not fifty were left when the final struggle hand to hand put an end to their glorious resistance.

Behind walls and breastworks, and among the houses of towns and villages even, the Spanish irregulars might be counted dangerous foes. The national history is full of records of splendid deeds done even by hastily armed levies in such positions. Numantia and Saguntum in classic days, Saragossa and Gerona in modern times, are names that tell of devoted heroism against hopeless odds, and with such memories Marshal Blanco might well count upon making a hard fight for the "Pearl of the Antilles" when the invader at last landed on the soil of Cuba.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AUGUSTIN,
IN COMMAND OF THE SPANISH FORCES AT MANILA.

Infantryman on Cuban Service. Infantryman on European Service. Staff Officer. General. Lancer. Infantry Officer on Cuban Service. Field Artilleryman.

TYPES OF THE SPANISH ARMY.



THE U.S. BATTLESHIP, "INDIANA."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.

NEITHER exciting nor romantic was the first act of war with which the struggle between the United States and Spain began. At New Orleans the steamship *Catalina* was taking on board a consignment of a thousand American mules, purchased for Marshal Blanco's army in Cuba. On the afternoon of April 21st, news having arrived of the rupture of diplomatic relations, the port authorities laid an embargo on the steamer and seized the mules, despite the protests of the captain and the Spanish agents, who argued, without effect, that war had not yet begun.

At Key West that same afternoon all was excitement. Ship after ship of Sampson's fleet hauled out of the inner anchorage, and by four o'clock the greater part of the squadron was moored in line well out to seaward, waiting for the ships from the Dry Tortugas to join. The *New York*, the powerful armoured cruiser which was to act as flagship, had hoisted the flag of a rear-admiral, indicating the promotion of Commodore Sampson. He and his fleet had been waiting for weeks for the order to sail, and it was still withheld for a few hours. Next day the blockade of Cuba would be proclaimed by the President, and the fleet would proceed to make it effective.

Wars begin as a rule nowadays without the formal declaration that was once held to be the necessary legal warrant for hostile action. In this case the American ultimatum had fixed noon on Saturday, the 23rd, as the limit of time allowed for the Spanish reply; but the summary dismissal of General Woodford from Madrid was held to justify immediate hostilities, and on Friday, the 22nd, the President issued, not a declaration of war, but a proclamation of the blockade of Western Cuba.

The blockaded coast was to extend from the port of Cardenas, by Havana and Bahai Honda, to Cienfuegos on the south shore of Cuba. Neutral vessels lying in any of those ports were to be given thirty days to clear. Neutrals approaching them in ignorance of the existence of blockade were to be warned off, and the warning was to be endorsed on the ship's papers. If, after that, they attempted to pass the blockade they were to be liable to capture.

At dawn on the Friday morning the fleet was

under way, bound for Havana. The flagship *New York* led the line, followed by the battleships *Indiana* and *Iowa*. The gunboats and torpedo boats formed two other lines to east and west of the heavier fighting ships, and gradually increased their distance as they gained the open sea, till by noon the fleet covered many miles from right to left. It was a fine spring morning, with a light breeze and a long swell upon the otherwise smooth sea.

The monitors *Puritan* and *Terror*, the cruiser *Marblehead*, the gunboat *Helena*, and the despatch-boat *Dolphin* were for the present left behind at Key West.

REAR-ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

The fleet moved at a very leisurely rate of speed—about six knots—for Sampson did not mean to close in upon Havana till evening. Meanwhile a sharp look-out was kept for several Spanish merchant ships known to be on their way from the Gulf ports to the Atlantic, which if intercepted would be valuable prizes. At a quarter to seven, when the fleet was about nineteen miles from Key West, the smoke of a steamer was seen coming up on the western horizon. Soon after the steamer came in sight, to the south-west of the fleet, and on a course that would take her diagonally across the line upon which it was moving. From every bridge in the leading ships telescopes were directed at the stranger. She was a large "tramp" steamer, with a black hull, her deckhouses and upper works painted white, one funnel, two masts, and the Spanish flag flying at the peak. The gunboat *Nashville*, which was the nearest warship, immediately slipped out of her station and headed for the Spaniard, the black smoke pouring from her tall funnels, and the white foam flying from her bows as she rushed at full speed through the bright water.

The merchantman held her course, evidently knowing nothing of the approaching danger. A group of bluejackets, under the command of a lieutenant, stood about one of the quick-firers in the bows of the gunboat, and when the two ships were about half a mile apart the word was given, and a jet of smoke spurted from the *Nashville's* side, and the sharp report of the gun rang out across the sea. It was the first shot of the war.

A fountain of water well ahead of the Spaniard showed where the shot had struck; but without taking any notice of it, the merchant steamer held her course. Bang! went another gun from the cruiser, this time aimed so near the bows of the tramp that her forecastle was deluged with the water thrown up by the shot as it bounded along the sea. Such a warning could not be mistaken. The Spanish captain stopped his engines, and within three minutes the *Nashville* was close alongside, her crew at quarters and a bristling row of guns threatening to sink the merchantman if he tried to escape. A boat with an armed crew was lowered away, and in another minute Ensign Magruder stood on the deck of the Spaniard. The crew, crowded along the steamer's rail, had watched all these proceedings with blank astonishment. The ship was the *Buenaventura*, owned by Messrs. Larriago and Co., of Liverpool and Bilbao, and commanded by Captain Lucarraga, laden with timber and bound from Pascagoula, in the Gulf of Mexico, to Rotterdam.

Lucarraga told Magruder that he could do what he liked with the ship; at the same time he declared that he had not the remotest idea that his country was already at war with the United States. When he saw the fleet he thought it was engaged in peaceful manœuvres. War had been only talked of as a possibility when he left Pascagoula. The ship was now headed for Key West, with a prize crew on board, and the *Nashville* in company to act as an escort. The gunboat and her prize entered the anchorage at eleven o'clock, and the sight of the Stars and Stripes flying above the Spanish flag on the first prize of the war was hailed with loud cheers from the ships and the shore. All day long the wharves were black with crowds of people, who came down to see the captured Spaniard. In the afternoon the *Nashville* sailed to rejoin the fleet.

Meanwhile Admiral Sampson held his course towards the northern shores of Cuba. In the

afternoon the lighter ships extended in a long line east and west, the flagship and the two big ironclads in the centre heading direct for Havana, and the torpedo boats keeping up connection between them and the rest of the squadron. Before nightfall the United States warships were thus in position to watch the whole of the coast from Bahia Honda on the west to Cardeñas on the east. It was after dark when the ships under Sampson's immediate command came in sight of the entrance to Havana Harbour.

The shore on that part of the coast is high and rocky, and fringed in places with outlying reefs of coral, and rugged ledges indicated only by the surf that breaks over them. But the water a mile from the shore is a hundred fathoms deep, so that a blockading fleet has neither anchoring ground nor shelter. The land-locked harbour of Havana is approached by a narrow cleft in the rocky coast not more than a quarter of a mile wide. On the eastern point of the entrance stands the old weather-beaten fortress known as the Morro Castle, with a tall lighthouse tower behind its seaward bastion, and below a casemated battery of heavy modern guns. A smaller work, the Punta Fort, stands on the opposite point, with the town behind it running along the coast and the shore of the harbour. Right and left of the entrance other batteries look out to the sea. Powerful electric searchlights had been mounted on Morro and on some of the other forts, and soon after nightfall these revealed the *New York* and her two consorts, the battleships, standing in towards the shore under easy steam.

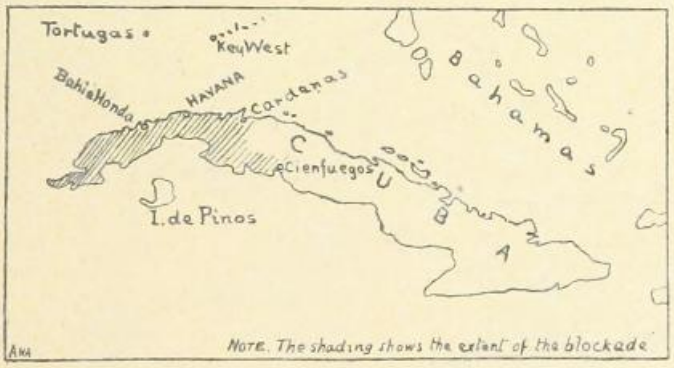
At once the lights in the lantern of the lighthouse were extinguished, and six guns roared out from Morro, six more from the Santa Clara battery away to the westward. On board the American ships the flashes from the batteries and the report of gun after gun booming over the sea suggested the idea that the Spaniards had opened fire on the fleet; but the ships were nearly five miles off the shore, and as no shells were heard whistling through the air, it was supposed that the enemy had misjudged the distance, and that his shot were falling short. Some of the eager young officers were anxious to open fire in reply, but Sampson forbade it, and the Spanish guns were soon silent. Only their powerful searchlights still played upon the fleet at intervals.

As a matter of fact, no shotted gun had been fired from the shore that night. The shots from Morro and Santa Clara were only signal guns loaded with blank cartridge, conveying to the garrison of Havana the tidings that "the Yankees" were at last in sight. All day from the seaward forts anxious eyes had watched for the arrival of Sampson's ships. It was even anticipated that they might open fire upon the harbour and city in the course of the afternoon. The sun went down, and still there was no sign of their approach. At last the searchlight of Morro, sweeping the sea, revealed their presence. The alarm rang out, and the guns were manned in the forts and batteries, the troops were under arms on their parades, strong patrols appeared in the streets. It might be that the approach of the enemy would be the signal for an attack by the rebels from the land side, or for an outbreak in the city. But there was no attempt at a hostile movement on shore. And the enemy's ships kept well off from the harbour mouth, drifting with silent guns, and looking, to the crowds that lined the shore, like a white ghostly fleet on the dark sea, as the glare of the searchlights revealed tall funnels, tapering masts with their fighting-tops and signal-yards, and below, the long rifled guns that projected from turrets and barbettes. It was a night of wild excitement on shore; but after midnight the American ships were seen to be moving out seaward, perhaps anxious about a possible torpedo attack. The first alarm was over, and soon Havana became used to the novel sensation of seeing from time to time the enemy's cruisers far out upon the sea, watching the harbour mouth.

In the first days of the blockade, Admiral Sampson's fleet made several captures. Some of them were small coasting craft picked up off the north coast of Cuba; others, steamers bound for Havana. On board of one of these were a number of Spanish officers on their way to join Marshal Blanco's army. The blockade of the southern coast as far as Cienfuegos was not attempted till the second week of the war, and thanks to this delay a very valuable prize escaped the United States squadron. The Spanish liner *Monserrat*, Captain Deschamps, had left Cadiz in the middle of April, and was more than half way across the Atlantic when her commander heard from a passing steamer that war had begun and the Americans were blockading Cuba. He was bound for Havana, and had on board a thousand soldiers, treasure for the army to the amount of over half a million sterling, and a cargo of quick-firing guns, rifles, and ammunition. He decided that to try to enter Havana Harbour would be

too dangerous a venture, and he ran for Cienfuegos, got in safely, reached Havana by land with the treasure, and put the troops, arms, and stores ashore at Cienfuegos. By this time the port was watched by United States gunboats, but Deschamps ran the blockade outwards, and got away safely to Spain, where he received a public ovation on landing. He was summoned to Madrid, decorated by the Queen Regent herself, and then was told to take his ship to sea again after she had been converted into an armed cruiser.

The blockade of Havana itself was not as successful as might have been expected. Even in the first week two coasting steamers ran in by creeping along in the darkness under the shadow of the cliffs at an imminent risk of shipwreck. The American squadron also allowed the strict rule of blockade to be broken on at least one occasion in broad daylight. One morning a large cruiser was seen steaming towards Havana. Promptly the flagship and one of her consorts gave chase. On board the *New York* some of the officers confidently identified the stranger as the Spanish armoured cruiser *Vizcaya*. Others held it was the *Almirante Oquendo*. The American ships were cleared for action. At last it looked as if there was going to be a fight. A gun from the flagship was fired as a warning to the stranger to show her colours, and up went the tricolour of Italy on one of the cruiser's masts, while the Stars and Stripes were hoisted at her signal yard, and her quick-firers roared out a salute. So impressed were many of the United States officers with the idea that they were closing with an enemy's ship, that the flags were hardly noticed, and the first gun of the salute was taken to be a hostile reply. The cruiser was the *Giovanni Bausan* of the Italian navy. Strictly speaking, Admiral Sampson might have insisted on her turning back without entering Havana. But apparently he had orders not to interfere unduly with neutral warships, and the cruiser soon disappeared in the narrow entrance below Morro Castle.



It was curious that she approached the American fleet without showing her colours, and wilfully misled the United States admiral into chasing her. Italian sympathy was on the whole on the side of Spain, and the cruiser steamed into the harbour with the red-and-golden ensign of Spain on her foremast, saluting the batteries of Cabañas as she passed in, while her band played the Spanish national anthem. Her commander paid a visit to Marshal Blanco, and was cheered through the streets of Havana. The *Giovanni Bausan* remained some days in the harbour. Rumour said that she landed ammunition for the Spaniards, but this was officially denied by the Italian Government.

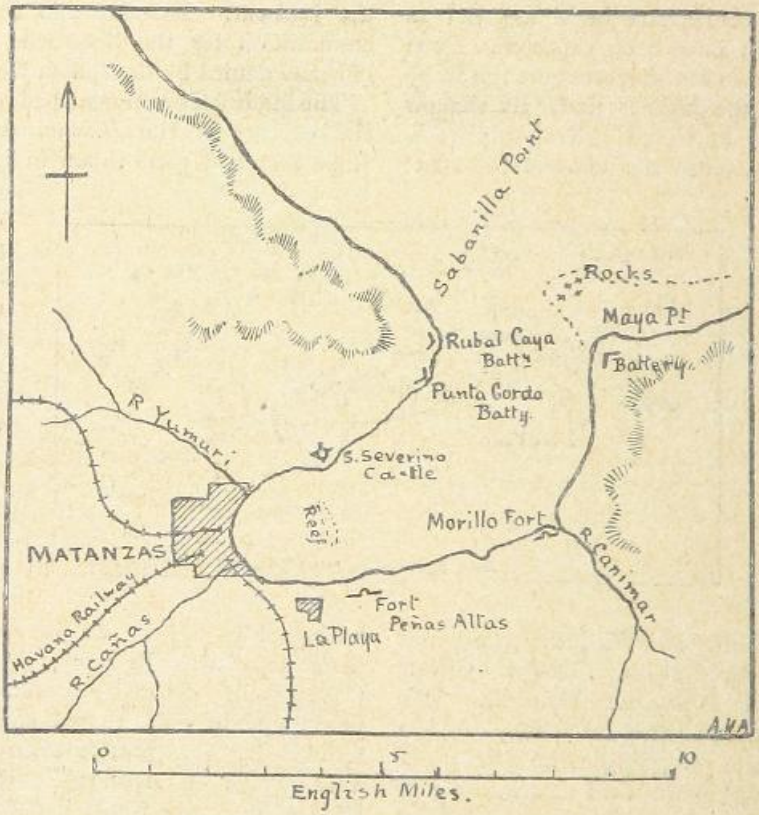
The Madrid Government had protested against the capture of the *Buenaventura* and other ships that had gone to sea in ignorance of the blockade. On the 24th they proclaimed that a state of war existed, and they gave American ships in Spanish waters a month in which to get away safely. At Matanzas the Spanish gunboats towed some American sailing ships out to sea in order to facilitate their departure. In reply, the United States Government decided to release the earlier prizes, and in order to put matters on a more regular basis, a proclamation was issued at Washington on April 25th declaring that a state of war with Spain had existed since the 21st. Spanish ships actually in American ports were given till May 21st to complete cargoes and repairs and depart.

On the same day the British proclamation of neutrality was issued in London. It gave notice that warships of both belligerents would be required to leave British ports within forty-eight hours. During the war belligerent war vessels in distress might be allowed to make temporary repairs in British ports, and might take on board enough coal to carry them to their nearest port; but they were only to be permitted to do this once in three months, so that they could not make a British port their base of operations. A United States torpedo

boat, the *Bailey*, recently purchased in England, was lying at Falmouth. She had not been able to obtain a crew before the proclamation was issued; and on an attempt being made to ship some English seamen to carry her to America, the port authorities seized her, and she was laid up in the harbour till the end of the war. It is curious that the rules adopted at the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute were thus put in force for the first time to stop the fitting out of a United States war vessel.

it may be noted here that on Saturday, April 23rd, the President called out, by proclamation, 100,000 volunteers; and the concentration of a large volunteer army at Chickamauga in Tennessee at once began. These movements, and the preparations for the invasion of Cuba, will be related in detail when the military operations are dealt with. At this stage of our story it makes the narrative clearer if we confine our attention to the naval aspect of the war.

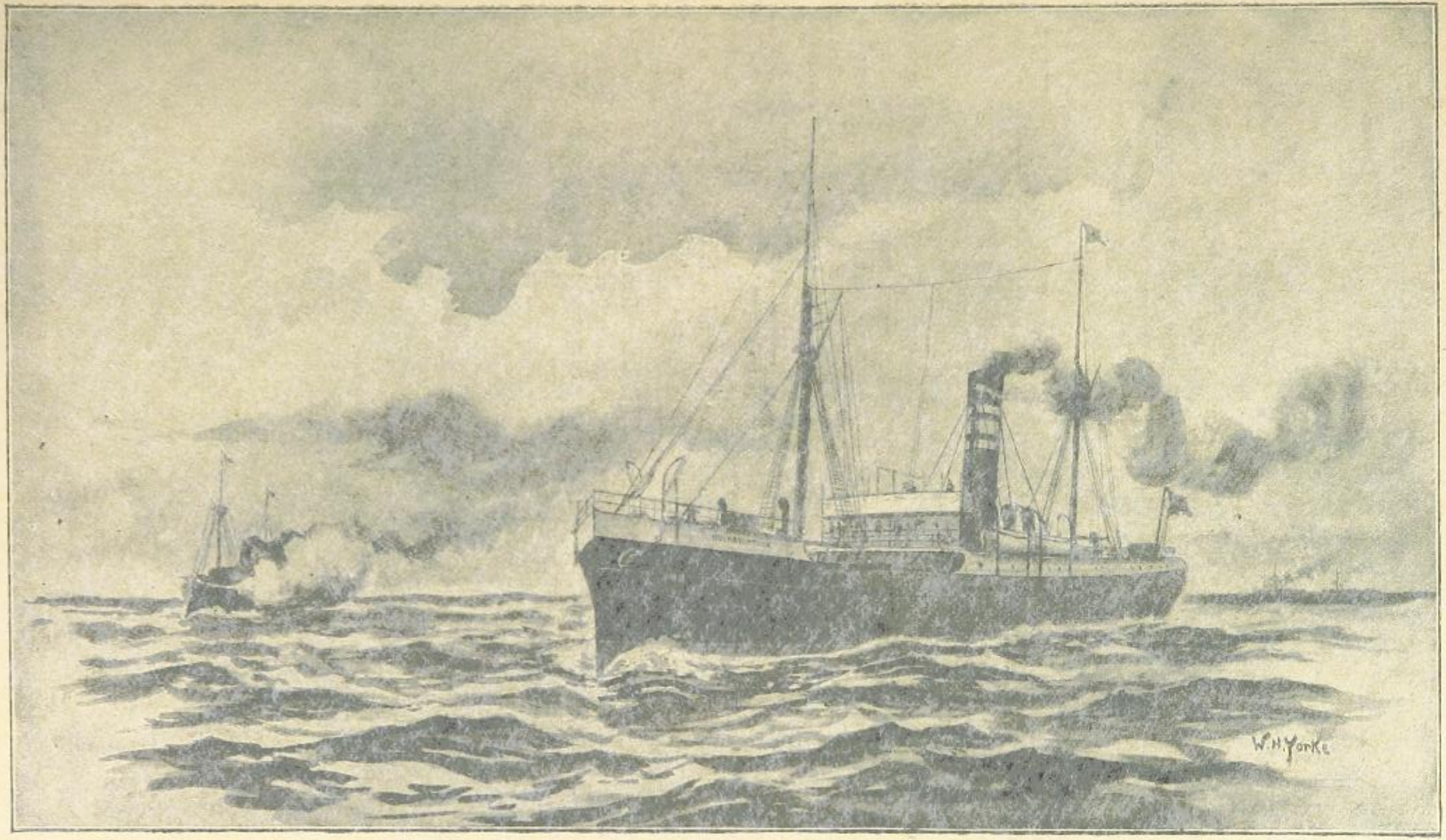
For the first week the Spanish Atlantic



THE FORTS AND HARBOUR OF MATANZAS.

On the day when the war began the American liner *Paris*, one of the auxiliary cruisers, was at Southampton, getting ready for her return voyage to New York, and as yet unarmed. She started next day with a number of passengers on board. Rumour said that there were Spanish torpedo boats waiting for her in the Channel, and for some days there were the wildest reports as to her fate. But she crept along the south coast of Ireland, ready, if challenged, to slip into neutral waters, and then took a northerly course across the Atlantic, and reached New York in safety, without having once seen an enemy.

In order to keep the sequence of events clear, squadron remained at St. Vincent in the De Verde Islands, and the United States Pacific squadron stayed in Mirs Bay on the Chinese coast, opposite to Hong Kong. From Cuba there came only news of insignificant captures of merchant ships by the blockading squadron. The newspapers had led the public in the United States to believe that the rupture of negotiations would be immediately followed by an attack on Havana. But Admiral Sampson knew better than to engage his fleet prematurely with the formidable batteries that guarded the narrow entrance, which was known to be further protected by a system of mines. Even



THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR: THE CAPTURE OF THE "BUENAVENTURA."

if he had forced the pass, he could not take possession of a city held by 50,000 regulars without the co-operation of a large land force; and though the newspapers talked gaily of an army being ready in a week or ten days, the men at the head of affairs knew that it would require a much longer time. It is true that the Admiral might have bombarded Havana; but to inflict any real injury on the place would have meant the expenditure of an enormous amount of valuable ammunition, which would take some time to replace, and, after all, would give no result that could seriously affect the course of the war. To burn a number of houses, shops, and warehouses would not make Marshal Blanco relinquish his hold upon Havana. In familiar phrase, Havana was not bombarded because "the game was not worth the candle."

The first exchange of fire between a Spanish and an American ship took place on Tuesday, April 26th, outside Cardeñas. What exactly happened is not easy to say with certainty in the face of contradictory accounts. In any case it was a very insignificant affair, only worth noting because in all wars a certain importance attaches to the first exchange of shots, just as in the story of the Franco-German war one turns with some interest to the little skirmish between cavalry patrols outside the village inn at Niederbronn.

Amongst the Spanish ships in the Cuban ports were half a dozen little steel gunboats, each seventy-five feet long, and carrying a small Nordenfeldt quick-firer and a Maxim gun. They had been built in 1895 at Wivenhoe, in Essex, for patrol duty on the Cuban coasts. One of these, the *Ligera*, was at Cardeñas. Outside the bay there is a perfect network of coral reefs, islands, and rocks, forming a natural breakwater extending for miles. Slipping in and out among the islands the *Ligera* came upon an American torpedo boat which was watching the port. The two ships exchanged six or seven shots. One of them went through the funnel of the *Ligera*, which received no other damage. The United States ship then went off under full steam, and the Spaniards claimed a first success. Which was the American torpedo boat has never been officially stated. It is only certain that the *Cushing*, one of the few torpedo craft attached to Sampson's fleet, ran into Key West with her engines so badly damaged that she had to go to Norfolk for repairs. The official account of her injuries was that the young officer in charge had overstrained her engines by putting her to too high a speed. The Spaniards claimed that she had been disabled by the fire of the *Ligera*. The American account is the more likely of the two to have been correct. The *Ligera* and her consorts at Cardeñas showed later on that they could shoot with deadly accuracy at even so small a target as a torpedo boat; but, on the other hand, if the *Cushing* had shown any shot marks when she came into Key West, all the censorship in the world would not have prevented the enterprising local reporters from giving a full description of her injuries. The presumption is that she showed no such traces of Spanish shell fire, and the experience of even the best-trained navies goes to show that nothing is easier than to disable by overwork the delicate machinery of a torpedo boat's engine room.

Such was the bloodless skirmish of Cardeñas. Next day there was a more serious piece of work; for the growing feeling that the fleet should do something more than capture coasting craft, and the unreasonable outcry against Sampson's inactivity before Havana, made the Admiral decide to try his guns upon the seaward batteries of Matanzas.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

MATANZAS is the second city of Cuba, coming next to Havana both in population and in wealth. It is a city of more than 50,000 inhabitants, with well-built streets, and in the suburbs the broad promenades are overhung with shade trees, which the colonial Spaniard loves. Several railways connect it with the capital and with the towns of what was till lately the richest district in Cuba, a land of rich soil with tobacco and sugar plantations, well watered by the numerous rivers, each with its course marked by long winding avenues of "royal palms," the noblest of West Indian trees.

The city stands at the end of a deep curving bay. A reef of rocks forms a breakwater in front of its wharves, and the passage into this inner harbour at each end of the reef is guarded by an old Spanish fort. In the days of short-range artillery these were the only defences of Matanzas. But modern batteries, armed with heavy rifled guns, had been erected, both on the slopes of the wooded promontories that guarded the mouth of the bay, and on the edge of the sea below. Morillo Battery, looking out between the headlands, crossed its fire with Maya on the right and Fort Rubal Caya on the left. Further in than Rubal Caya, a sandbag battery was being erected on the low ground of Punta Gorda. The great depth of water at the entrance—more than a hundred and fifty fathoms—made defence by submarine mines extremely difficult. If Matanzas Bay was to be held, it must be by the batteries, assisted by torpedo boats. There was a suspicion that the United States staff might select the bay as a convenient place for landing their army for the advance on Havana, so a considerable force of Spanish troops had been concentrated at Matanzas city to resist a possible attempt at invasion.

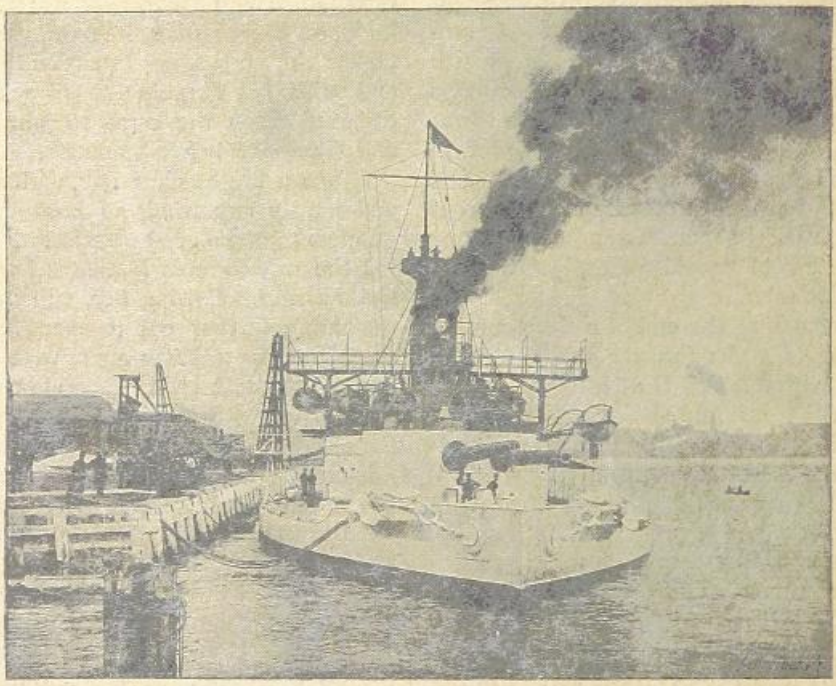
Since the second day of the war, the cruiser *Cincinnati* and the powerful turret-ship *Puritan* had been watching the place. From their position a few miles off the land they could see every day strong working parties on the headlands extending the earthworks and mounting new guns. A torpedo boat, which ran in to take a closer look at the shore, was fired on from Point Maya, and Admiral Sampson, on hearing the report of this occurrence, decided to reconnoitre with a more powerful force. Accordingly, on the morning of Wednesday, April 27th, he left the blockading squadron before Havana, and with his flagship the *New York* steamed eastward along the coast to join the *Puritan* and *Cincinnati* before Matanzas.

It was a bright clear day, with a smooth sea and hardly any wind, an ideal day for naval gunners to make good practice. The *New York* led the way towards Matanzas harbour mouth, the *Puritan* following her, and the *Cincinnati* remaining further out to seaward. The *New York* and the *Puritan* alone were a formidable force: the great armoured cruiser with her two masts fitted with several fighting-tops, her three funnels, her many quick-firers, and the six long 8-inch guns mounted in armoured barbettes; the monitor, a heavy low-lying craft, her deck almost level with the water, and her two pairs of 12-inch guns mounted in revolving turrets. As they headed for the bay, work ceased in the batteries. Spade and pick were laid aside, and the Spanish gunners stood by their pieces, waiting to open fire. A few minutes before one o'clock the first shot was fired. It came from the batteries on Point Maya. There was a bright flash, a cloud of blue smoke above the low breastwork on the shore, and a moment after a tall fountain of water spurting from the sea half a mile from the *New York* showed that the shell had fallen short. The Spaniards had judged the distance badly. The flagship was at the moment about 6,000 yards from the battery, and ought to have been a fairly easy target, even though she was under way. Still moving towards the bay, the Admiral signalled to the *Puritan*, which was nearer Maya, to reply, and the monitor answered with her quick-firers, the first few shots falling short. Presently she got the range, and then she brought her big turret guns into action. Two of the enormous shells, each a thousand pounds in weight, fell close to the breastwork of the battery and exploded in a cloud of flying sand and earth. But a naval

officer who stood on the bridge of the *New York* beside the Admiral, and watched, with a powerful telescope, the bursting shells, noted that none of them had done any serious damage to the battery, and the gunners at Maya kept up a steady fire all the time. None of their shells actually hit the *Puritan*, but all round her the flying jets of water showed that they were not far from their mark.

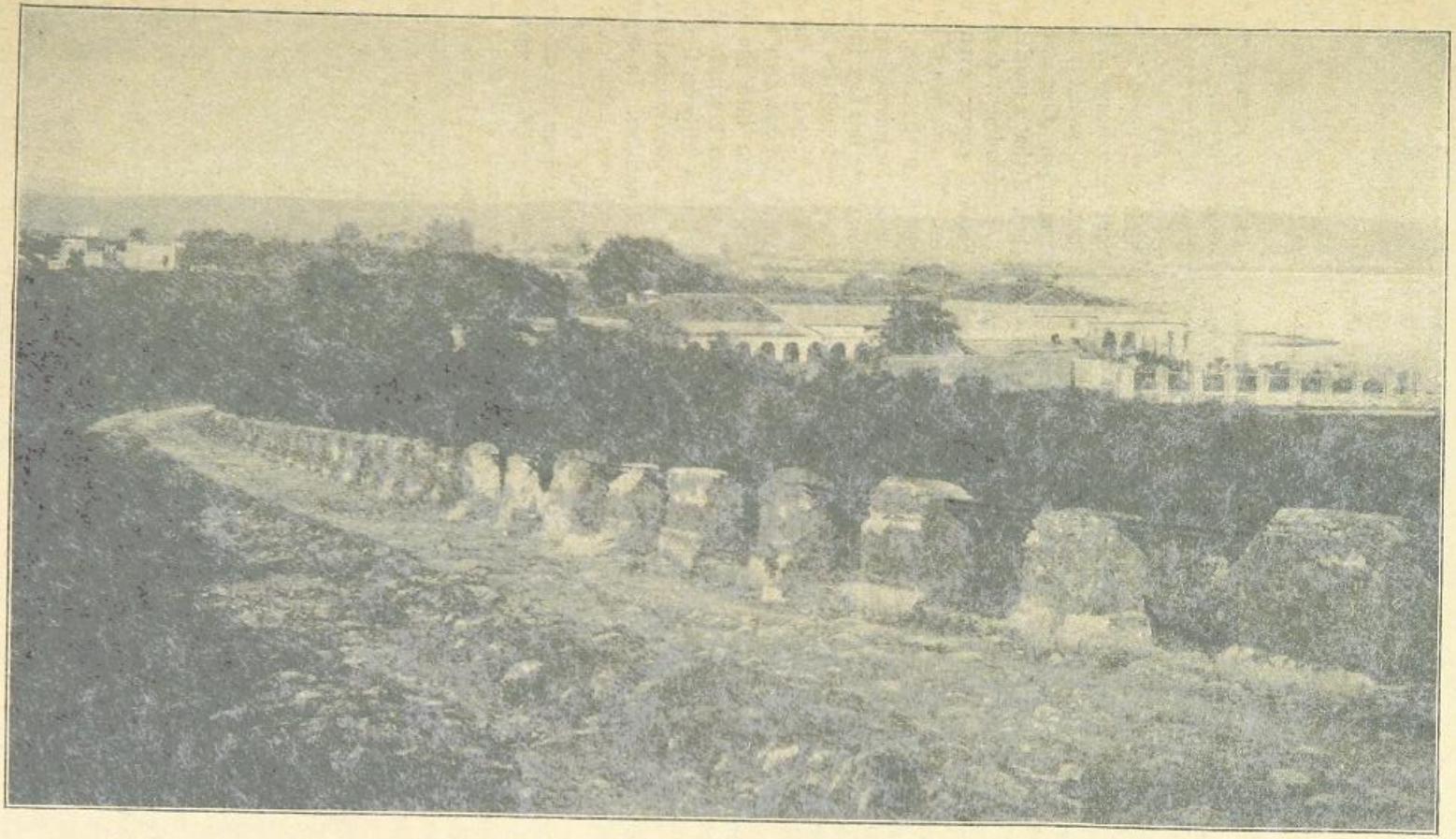
And now the batteries on the opposite point joined in the engagement. A shot from Rubal Caya struck the water just a hundred yards ahead of the *New York*, another from Punta Gorda flew high over her deck. Lying broadside on to the batteries, the *New York* replied with five of her 8-inch guns, two from each barbette and one from the starboard sponson amidships. All her smaller guns on that side joined in, and a signal to the *Cincinnati* called the cruiser up to lie to the westward of the flagship and assist her in hammering away at the batteries on Sabanilla Point, the *Puritan* devoting all her attention to those on Maya.

For a few minutes the fire from the three American ships was very heavy. Wrapped in clouds of smoke, they were steaming nearer and nearer the batteries till the range was reduced to about 3,000 yards, a short distance for such powerful guns as were now in action. The Spanish gunners were firing slowly and deliberately, but not one shot from the batteries actually hit the ships, though several fell close to them, or flew screaming high in air above the funnels and between their masts. The look-outs in the tops of the ships could see that on the other hand the American fire was well directed. Shell after shell burst in the earthworks, and the flying showers of *débris* showed that the explosions were rapidly destroying the Spanish defences. The first shot had been fired from Maya at three minutes to one, at a quarter past the hour the batteries on both points were silent, and Sampson signalled to cease fire and resume station off the port. As the ships turned slowly with silent, smoking guns, Rubal Caya fired a last shot, which fell between the *Puritan* and the *New York*. The monitor replied with a 12-inch shell from her stern turret. It struck the battery and sent up a shower of rubbish sixty feet into the air. To those who watched the shot from the bridge of the flagship, it seemed that a gun had been dismounted and all the gunners killed.



THE U.S. MONITOR "PURITAN."

The first report of the Matanzas bombardment from Spanish sources admitted that a good deal of damage had been done to the batteries, and that several men had been killed. It was also



MATANZAS HARBOUR

stated that some projectiles had fallen into the city ; these must have been shells intended for Punta Gorda, but aimed far too high. A subsequent report said that little or no injury had been done to the works ; and as for losses, the only casualty was the death of a mule, unfortunately hit by a shot in the rear of one of the batteries. This story of the "sad death of a mule at Matanzas" was probably not meant to be taken seriously. It was a playful satire on the wildly-exaggerated accounts of the bombardment circulated by the more sensational newspapers in the United States. Some of these were the work of pure imagination. It so happened that only one of the numerous "press boats" was with the squadron when Matanzas was attacked. All the rest were off Havana, for Admiral Sampson had given no hint of his intentions. But the boat belonging to the *New York Herald* followed the flagship ; its correspondents saw the fight. Then the little steamer ran back to Key West through some very rough weather, for in the evening there was a sudden gale. Soon after midnight the news was on the wires for New York. The *Herald* had next day the satisfaction of publishing the only complete and authentic narrative of the affair. Some of its rivals had, it is true, wonderful stories of the bombardment ; but they were highly coloured romances based on a small foundation of fact gleaned from telegraph operators, who could not help talking about the great news from Cuba.

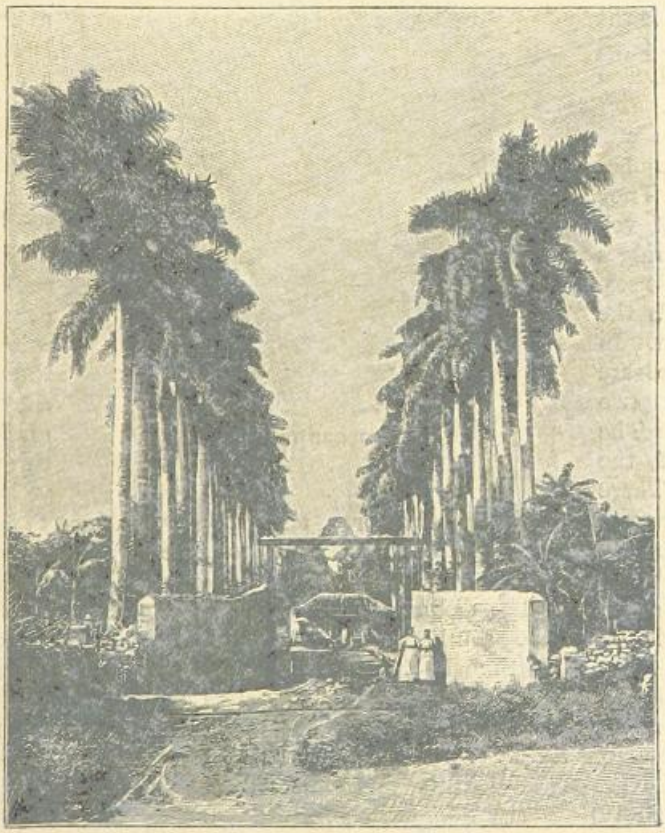
According to these stories the Spanish batteries had been laid in ruins, hundreds of the enemy's gunners had been blown to atoms ; the crews of the warships had displayed the wildest enthusiasm, the men cheering every shot, and the stokers down below running up to request permission to have a shot at the Spaniards. If these absurd newspaper touches had been true, it would not say much for the discipline of the American navy. In one paper an imaginative writer told how after each shot one could hear the rumbling fall of the earth displaced from the enemy's breastworks. Anyone who could hear this at a range of from two to four miles must have had good ears.

The plain facts were set forth in Admiral Sampson's brief official report next day. He had exchanged fire with the batteries at the entrance to Matanzas Bay, in order to ascertain the strength and position of the works, to get some idea of their armament, and to prevent the completion of the new battery at Punta Gorda. He had silenced the outlying batteries, and was well satisfied with the conduct of his crews.

The bombardment showed that the gun practice of the United States ships was excellent, that of the Spanish artillerymen hopelessly bad. But only a few days after, the Americans suffered severe loss through presuming that all Spanish gunners would shoot as wildly as those at Matanzas. As to the damage done, the inner forts were, of course, intact. They had not even been in action. The damage done to the earthwork batteries at the harbour mouth was probably of a kind that could be easily made good. Only about sixty heavy shells had been fired from the fleet, the Spaniards replying with about half that number. Our own experience at Alexandria showed that a much heavier and more prolonged bombardment does not suffice to demolish beyond repair even badly-constructed batteries. The results of the practice cannot be judged from the ships, unless large allowances are made for misleading impressions. Thus a shell bursting a few feet in front of the parapet of a battery will send up a tremendous cloud of dust and sand, and an onlooker from the ship will think he has seen a lot of the breastwork itself blown into the air, though actually it has not been touched. Again, even when the shell bursts fairly on the breastwork, the earth it displaces mostly falls back into very nearly its original position. In experiments at Lydd against earthwork batteries, it has been found that the only result of a prolonged bombardment is to reduce to a moderate extent the height of the crest of the parapet, and to bring down the general level of its outer slope. The fact that as the American ships were withdrawing a last shot was fired from Rubal Caya shows that the batteries were not demolished. Apparently the chief damage done was to the unfinished work at Punta Gorda, on which the *New York* directed a hot fire, the destruction of this battery being the object that Sampson had chiefly in view. Altogether, the attack on the Matanzas batteries, though not an important affair, was very encouraging to the United States. It was a welcome change from the captures of tramp steamers and coasting schooners that had so far been the only exploits of Sampson's fleet, and it helped to calm the impatience of American public opinion, which from the first day of the war had been eagerly anticipating a fight. A few days more brought news of a more serious naval engagement, not in Cuban waters this time, but in the far-off

Philippines. These islands had for a long time been the scene of insurrectionary movements against Spain, and the United States Pacific squadron, under Commodore Dewey, had been concentrated at Hong Kong before the war, with orders to proceed to Manila, destroy the Spanish Pacific fleet, and co-operate with the rebels as soon as war was declared.

It was a momentous resolution, which had more of a political than a military bearing on the results of the war. For the small force which Spain already had in the Philippines was helpless to influence the general results of the conflict, nor did the American attack on Manila lead to any Spanish force being diverted in that direction during the decisive period of the struggle. On the other hand, however opposed many of the leading men in the United States might be to making a war undertaken for the liberation of Cuba the occasion of a campaign of conquest in Eastern seas, there was little doubt that once the Stars and Stripes were hoisted in the Philippines they would not be hauled down again. Thus the order that told Commodore Dewey to set out for Manila did more than set a squadron in motion. It launched the United States on a new policy of imperial rule.



ENTRANCE TO A TOBACCO PLANTATION NEAR SANTIAGO.

CHAPTER XV.

THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE archipelago of the Philippines was the last vestige of the eastern empire of Spain. It had been the possession of the Spanish crown for three centuries; and though it is now the fashion to speak as if the viceroys at Manila had done nothing but misgovern the province, the record of Spain in these islands can compare very favourably with that of the neighbouring European colonies. To take the nearest parallel, it may safely be said that Java, under the rule of Holland, has fared no better than Luzon under that of Spain.

COMMODORE DEWEY.

The islands, large and small, are said to number nearly two thousand. They are the summits of volcanic cones and ridges rising from the tropic sea. Between the islands the depths are enormous. In the Sulu Sea there are soundings of over two thousand fathoms. The whole structure of the land is volcanic. There are several active craters, and earthquakes are so frequent that there is hardly a week in which the instruments of the Manila Observatory do not register some greater or less disturbance. The islands are, in fact, the southernmost portion of that long volcanic, earthquake-shaken chain which extends northward by Formosa and the island kingdom of Japan to Corea.

The narrow valleys and the steep mountain sides are clothed with a rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Where the jungle has been cleared and the land brought into cultivation, it produces tobacco, hemp, cotton, sugar, cocoa, and many more valuable articles of commerce. The islands would have been even more productive if it had not been for a long period the policy of Spain to restrict their trade by regulations imposed in the interest of her American and West Indian colonies. The loss of Peru and Mexico to the mother-country was thus an indirect gain to the Philippines.

The surface extent of the islands is rather more than that of Great Britain and Ireland. The population is about seven and a half millions. Of these, more than six millions are natives, mostly of the Malay race. The native Christians, some three millions in all, are known as "Indios"; the Mohammedan natives, about a quarter of a million in number, are called by the Spaniards "Moros." The white race are partly men of mixed descent, partly colonists from Spain, and traders representing other European countries. Latterly, in spite of prohibitive laws, there has been a considerable Chinese immigration, and official returns set down the yellow race at 40,000, and probably fall short of the real numbers.

Luzon, the largest of the Philippines, had a civil system of administration, but all the other islands were under the direct military rule of the captain-general at Manila. In each native village, however, there was a headman, a kind of native mayor, who was responsible to the authorities. And the tax collectors—who gathered in the head-tax, the hut-tax, and the fee for the brand on cattle—were also natives for the most part. This, however, was not an advantage, for they frequently abused their position, to the loss of the villagers, and their own gain. If they had been fairly collected the taxes were not by any means heavy. There was a church establishment in the islands, supported in part out of the taxes, but about

half of the clergy were natives. There was also a native militia, which at even the best of times had its work to do, for many of the tribes were in a state of semi-savagery, and a Malay dacoit is a troublesome enemy when he has a wild mountain jungle for his refuge after his raids on the villages.

Manila, the capital, situated on the shores of a deep bay in the island of Luzon, is one of the great commercial centres of the East. According to the census of 1880, it had then more than a quarter of a million inhabitants. The city consists of two portions, built one on each side of the river Pasig—a sluggish stream which connects the large shallow lagoon of Bai Lake with Manila Bay. On the south bank of the river stands old Manila, founded three centuries ago by Legazpi, on the site of a Malay stockade. It is surrounded by a grass-grown rampart of no great strength, with bastions armed with old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon. Within the rampart is a decayed city. Whole streets are in ruins, never having been rebuilt since the widespread destruction caused by the great earthquake of a few years ago. Light structures of bamboo, wood, and thatch have been erected on the old foundations and the fragments of shattered walls. Among the better buildings which survived the earthquake are the Governor's palace and the great cathedral, one of the finest edifices of the kind in the East, its interior rich in splendid wood-carvings. On the north shore of the Pasig stands new Manila, the chief part of it being the suburb of Binondo, where the European merchants and the wealthier classes generally have their houses. The two halves of the city are connected by a lofty suspension-bridge over the Pasig, and below the bridge quays and warehouses extend along the river. At its mouth there is a new harbour, with a breakwater and two docks in process of construction, but the water is not deep enough for large vessels, and the mail steamers usually anchor at Cavite, seven miles to the south-west, where there is the fortified arsenal and naval station.

ADMIRAL MONTOJO.

The Spanish Government had never maintained any large garrison in the Philippines. The frequent campaigns against the wilder native tribes (whose exploits were chiefly of the nature of plundering raids) were mostly carried on with the help of the native Tagal or Malay militia. The European force in the islands consisted of a few battalions of infantry, some gunners for the batteries of Cavite arsenal, and the crews of the Pacific squadron. This flotilla was itself made up of the leavings of the Spanish navy, a number of second-rate cruisers and gunboats, whose duty it was to put down piracy and smuggling, and occasionally co-operate in the attack of some Malay stockade on the island coasts.

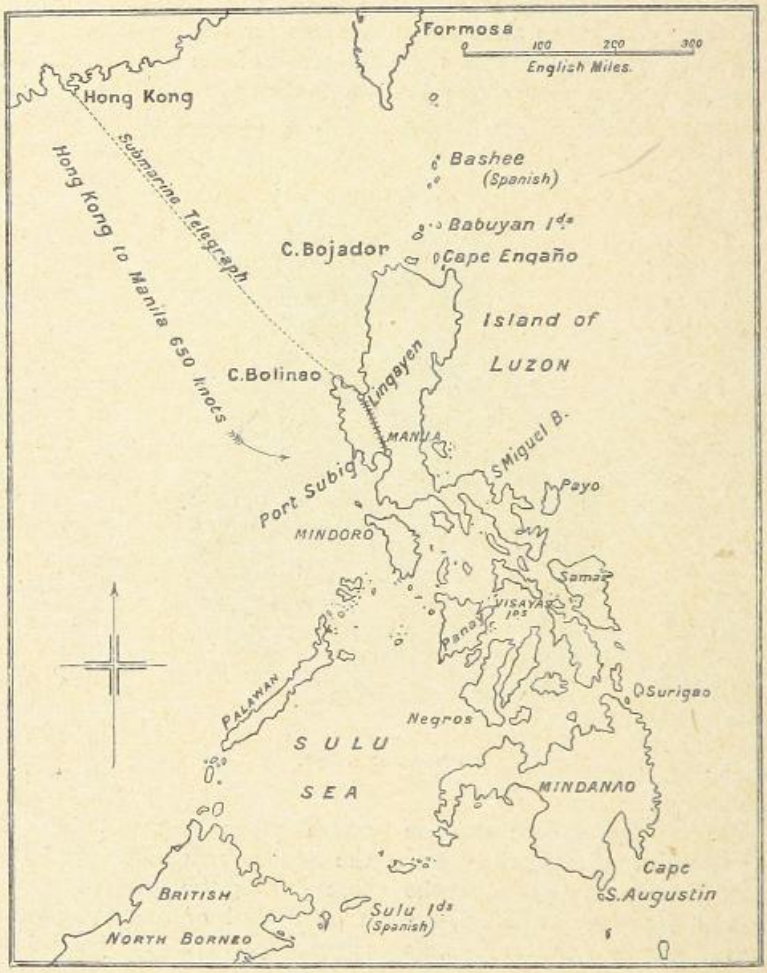
There had been an abortive rising in Luzon in 1868, a distant echo of the revolts in the home country and in Cuba. The troubles of the following years added to the population of the Philippines a considerable number of malcontents exiled from Spain, some of them Carlists, but many more belonging to the Federalist and Socialist party. From these were recruited an active group that was persistently hostile to the local government. And there is no doubt that during the last ten years there was also a good deal of secret conspiracy in progress among the natives. They had introduced a curious system of organisation for this purpose, the Society of the *Katipunam*, partly imitated from the European lodges in Manila, but having grafted upon it elements derived from their old pagan worship. The Malay rejoices in mystery, and in many of the villages even the headmen and the chiefs of the local militia were deep in the conspiracy. The news of the rising in Cuba and the difficulties of Spanish government—difficulties which led to a dangerous reduction of the Manila garrison—tempted the conspirators into trying their hands at an organised revolt.

The first outbreak took place in the summer of 1896.

There are not yet materials available for telling its true story. It seems most likely that there were at least two independent conspiracies —one of the natives, who thought only of a massacre of the white men, and a general looting of Manila; another among the malcontents

successfully raided the capital, but at the last moment a woman, who had been admitted to their secrets, gave a warning to the Spanish authorities.

Marshal Blanco was at the time the Captain-General of the Philippines. One afternoon, in the middle of August, 1896, he heard that Manila was to be attacked in the coming night.



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

of Spanish or mixed descent, who hoped to proclaim a republic of the Philippines. The latter plot was assisted by a group of exiles who made Hong Kong their headquarters; and, if current report is to be believed, some Japanese adventurers had a hand in one or both of the conspiracies. As usual, a premature outbreak destroyed the plans of the would-be revolutionists. The natives near Manila were impatient for action. Even so, they might have

Of Spanish troops he had only at hand in the island capital a battalion of garrison artillery and four companies of marines. He hastily summoned five hundred more marines from Cavite, called out a battalion of Spanish volunteers, and with this small force met and routed the rebels in the very suburbs of Manila. The insurgents were between two and three thousand strong, at least half of them being men of the native Tagal militia, who at the critical moment

had foresworn their allegiance to Spain. Had they surprised the city, there would have been a night of plunder and massacre.

Having won this first victory, the Government authorities arrested all suspected persons in the city and searched their houses. In several cases evidence was found of the Republican plot, and in the following days there were hurried court-martials and summary executions. But the movement was scotched, not killed. A native insurrection in the hills and jungles was more difficult to deal with than the desperate attack on the Manila suburbs. Scanty reinforcements were sent out from Spain—only a few battalions and two or three gunboats, for the continual drain of tens of thousands destined for Cuba left very little for the Philippines.

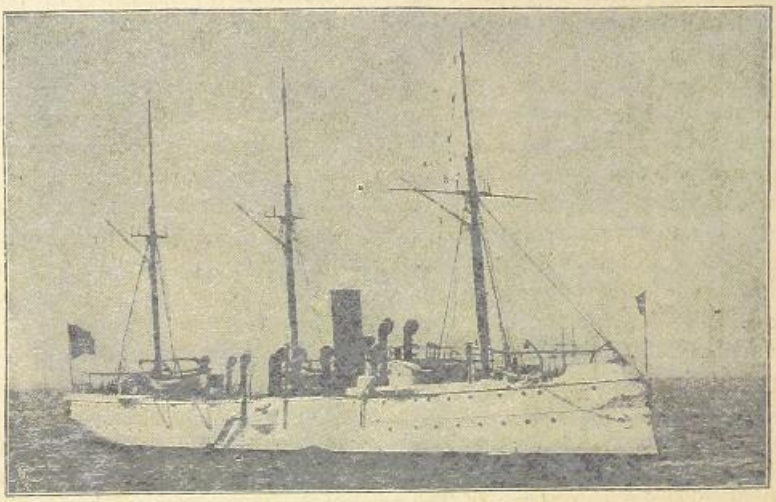
Then, on a smaller scale, the story of the revolt in the West Indies repeated itself in the East. Blanco reported that the insurrection was suppressed, but it would suddenly break out again in a new quarter. Tribes that had never paid anything but a nominal allegiance to Spain threw in their lot with the rebels. Victories won in the field seemed to have no result. It was like the fighting in New Zealand, where the natives would hold a stockade just long enough to cause heavy loss to the attacking force, and then retreat through the bush and build another. Polavieja, who had done such good service in the east of Cuba in the *Guerra chiquita*, was sent out to supersede Blanco. And when he informed the home government that without large reinforcements he could not make an end of the rebellion, he was superseded by Primo de Rivera, who tried a new policy.

This plan seemed for awhile to be successful. It consisted in buying off the more active and dangerous of the rebel leaders. By the end of 1897 De Rivera had made terms with several of them, amongst others with Aguinaldo, a Spaniard, and the best known of them all. He came into Manila and surrendered, and was given a free passage to Hong Kong, where, as we shall see, his residence was not of very long duration. Others of the chiefs were sent to Spain, to give practical proof that the Philippine insurrection was at an end at last. But in the New Year, when it became more and more probable that Spain would be involved in war with America, rebellion again broke out in Luzon; and when Primo de Rivera had to report that his troops were again in pursuit of hostile bands, "the last relics of the insurgent army," he in his turn was superseded and recalled to Madrid.

The new commander-in-chief at Manila, General Augustin, set flying columns in motion against the insurgents. The navy co-operated with the army wherever the insurrection showed itself in the coast districts of Luzon. The gunboats would shell a rebel village or stockade, and the troops would rush it when the shell fire had thoroughly demoralised the defence. Thus the Spaniards were able to report a number of successes, and to declare quite truly that the insurrection was making no progress. The unfortunate fact for Augustin and his colleagues was, that a guerilla warfare of this kind, waged in such a country as Luzon, is like a smouldering bush fire that is no sooner trampled out in one place than it flares up wildly in another. But this did not seriously disturb the Spanish commanders. For years they had had, like British officers on the north-west frontier of India, to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice to act against half-subdued tribes of semi-savages. Malay and Tagal had their continual lapses into piracy and dacoity, and it did not make the position much more serious to have a number of Spanish or half-breed malcontents adding to the trouble by their spasmodic outbreaks of insurrection. If this had been all, Augustin could have gone on contentedly winning victories over adversaries that could hardly hope ever to seriously threaten Manila.

It is curious that he never seems to have seriously anticipated any foreign intervention on the side of the smouldering insurrection. At the beginning of the outbreak there had been some idea that Japan might try to make some capital out of her neighbour's troubles in the Philippines. But as for the United States acting in that direction, it was left completely out of the Spanish calculations; for all the agitation in the States was on the subject of Cuba. It was only when war became inevitable that the Philippines were mentioned.

Meanwhile, as the Cuban war crisis became more and more ominous, Commodore Dewey, who commanded the United States squadron in the Pacific, was directed to assemble his ships at Hong Kong and prepare for eventualities. He put himself into close relation with the exiled rebel leaders, obtained from Manila very complete information as to the condition of the defences of the bay and the Spanish squadron; and when at last the cables brought him news that peace was at an end between Spain and the United States, he sailed for Manila to fight the first battle of the war.



THE U.S. GUNBOAT "CONCORD."

CHAPTER XVI.

COMMODORE DEWEY AND THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY, the hero of the Manila fight, comes of an old New England family. He was born in Vermont in 1837, graduated at the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1854, and saw his first war service, under Farragut, at the forcing of the Mississippi mouth, and in the numerous gunboat actions and attacks on forts along the great river. In one of these river battles he had an experience something like that which was to befall his Spanish opponents at Manila. He was trying to run past the Confederate works at Fort Hudson, on the Mississippi, when his ship, a large armed paddle-steamer, was riddled with shot and shell and ran aground. Dewey, with his officers and men, escaped after setting their ship on fire. After this he served in the hard fighting on the Atlantic coast. He was promoted to the rank of Commodore in 1884, and was appointed to the command of the United States Pacific squadron in January, 1898, at a time when it appeared that he might have to use it chiefly to protect American interests during a general scramble of the naval powers for ports and "spheres of influence" around the Yellow Sea. In March he began to concentrate his squadron at Hong Kong. It was lying in Mirs Bay ready for action when war was declared.

Dewey's fleet consisted of the following vessels :—

First-class protected cruisers.—*Olympia* (Flagship) ; Displacement, 5,800 tons ; armament, 12 6-inch guns, 10 quick-firers. *Baltimore :* Displacement, 4,600 tons ; armament, 4 8-inch guns and 4 6-inch guns, 12 quick-firers.

Second-class protected cruisers. — *Raleigh :* Displacement, 3,183 tons ; armament, 1 6-inch quick-firer, 22 lighter quick-firers. *Boston :* Displacement, 3,187 tons ; armament, 2 8-inch and 6 6-inch guns, 11 quick-firers.

Gunboats. — *Concord :* Displacement, 1,700 tons ; armament, 6 6-inch guns, 7 quick-firers. *Petrel :* Displacement, 800 tons ; armament, 4 6-inch guns, 5 quick-firers.

Despatch-boat.—*Hugh McCulloch.*

Storeships.—*Nanshan* and *Zafiro :* Merchantmen, laden with coals, provisions, and ammunition.

All the six United States fighting ships had a steel under-water deck to protect the engine space and vitals of the ship. Besides this armoured deck, the *Olympia* had four to five-inch armour on her barbettes and conning-towers, and four-inch steel shields to protect her secondary armament. The *Baltimore* had no barbettes, but had steel shields to her guns and an armoured conning-tower. The *Raleigh* and *Concord* had also armoured conning-towers.

On the other hand, in the Spanish fleet assembled at Manila, the only ships that had even the protection of a lightly armoured under-water deck were two small cruisers. In

protection, tonnage, speed, and gun-power the United States squadron hopelessly outnumbered their opponents.

The following is the list of the Spanish warships at Manila at the end of April :—

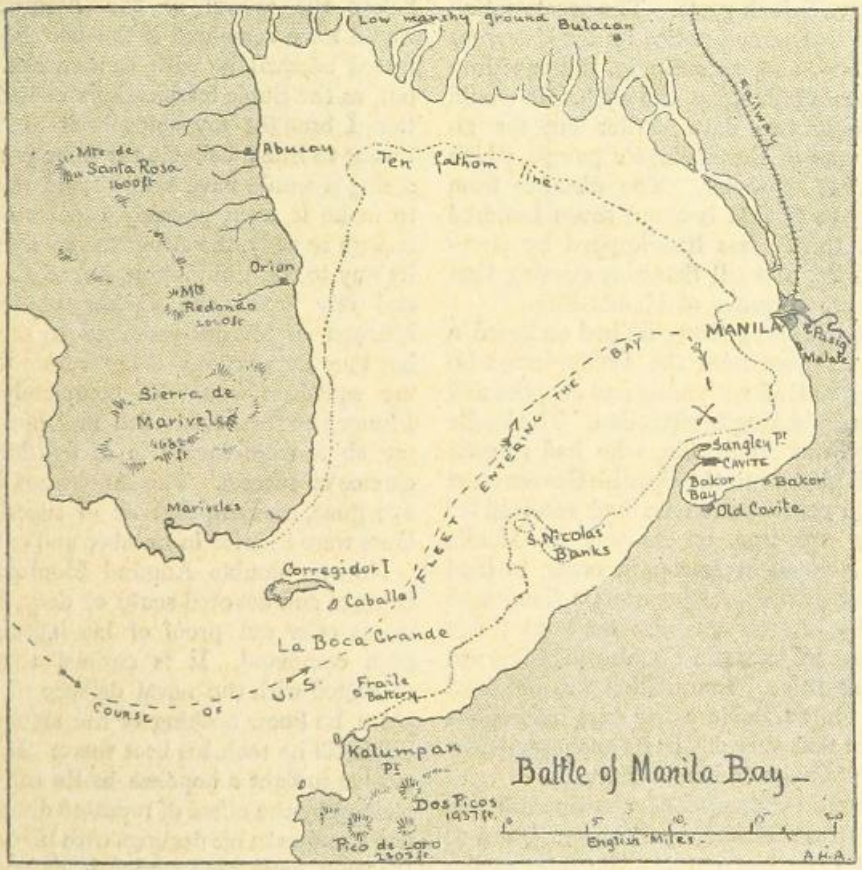
Small protected cruisers.—*Isla de Cuba* and *Isla de Luzon :* Displacement, 1,040 tons each ; armament, 6 4½-inch guns and 6 quick-firing guns each.

Second-class cruiser. — *Reina Cristina :* Displacement, 3,090 tons ; armament, 6 6-inch guns, 2 lighter guns, 10 quick-firing guns.

Third-class cruisers.—*Castilla :* Displacement, 3,342 tons ; armament, 4 6-inch guns and 6 lighter guns. *Don Antonio de Ulloa :* Displacement, 1,152 tons ; armament, 4 4½-inch guns and 4 quick-firing guns. *Velasco :* Displacement, 1,139 tons ; armament, 3 6-inch guns and 2 lighter guns.

Gunboats.—*El Cano :* Displacement, 525 tons ; armament, 3 4½-inch guns and 1 quick-firing gun. *Marques del Duero :* Displacement, 500 tons ; armament, 3 old muzzle-loaders. *Villalobos :* Displacement, 347 tons ; armament, 2 small quick-firers.

The *Castilla* was an old wooden ship. Taking the six-inch gun, throwing a hundred-pound shell, as the typical heavy naval gun in a cruiser squadron, we see that while the American fleet had thirty-nine guns of this or of higher calibres, the Spanish fleet had only thirteen. Dewey's fleet carried sixty-eight quick-firing guns ; his opponents had only twenty-three.



But even this does not represent the full superiority of the American squadron in gun-power. All their guns were modern weapons from the Washington gun foundry, of longer range, higher striking power, and (thanks to their flat trajectory) far more accurate than the Spanish guns. These were of various types ; there were Armstrongs, old muzzle-loading Pallisers, Krupps, and Hontoria guns ; so that to provide a proper variety of ammunition, and keep it sorted out in the arsenal, must have been a troublesome business.

Finally, while the American ships were all

of recent date and in good repair, several of the Spanish vessels were old, with worn-out engines and boilers and leaky hulls. All this the American commodore knew, and, before he left Hong Kong, he must have felt quite certain that if he could bring the Spanish fleet to action, he could destroy it with very little risk to his own powerful cruisers.

By the terms of the British proclamation of neutrality, issued on Monday, April 25th, United States war vessels were given forty-eight hours in which to leave British ports. The proclamation was brought to Dewey's notice by the Governor of Hong Kong, and, accordingly, the squadron put to sea on Wednesday, the 27th. It would have got away two days earlier but for an accident to one of the *Raleigh's* pumps, which took that time to repair. The distance from Hong Kong to Manila is about seven hundred miles. But Dewey was handicapped by store-ships, and it was not till Saturday evening that he was off the entrance of Manila Bay.

When he left Hong Kong he had on board a number of refugees from the Philippines, who had arranged to land with arms and supplies and revive the smouldering insurrection. The leader of the party was Aguinaldo, who had so soon forgotten his pledges to the Spanish Government and the solid consideration he had received for them. The squadron on its way to Manila touched at Bolinao in Luzon, in order to land one of the rebel chiefs, Alejandrino, a lieutenant of Aguinaldo. A call was also made at Subic Bay to make sure that the Spanish fleet was not lying in wait there. Information was obtained that it had visited Subic a few days before, but had returned that very day to its anchorage near the arsenal of Cavite in Manila Bay.

The admiral in command on the Spanish side was Don Patricio Montojo y Pasaron. Born at Ferrol in 1839 he had entered the navy at the age of sixteen, but, apparently from want of influence in high quarters, his promotion was very slow. Notwithstanding a good deal of active service, mostly against rebels and pirates in the Philippines, it was not till 1893 that he hoisted his flag as captain. The *Times* correspondent at Manila describes him as "a spare man of small stature, with the air of an old Spanish grandee." He speaks English with a slight foreign accent, and after the battle he told the correspondent of the difficulties that had been put in his way by the negligence of the Madrid Government, on which he threw all the responsibility for his failure.

"There were no proper vessels here," he said. "Ever since I assumed command I have been requisitioning the Government for ships and torpedoes, and nothing came. I had no torpedoes whatever. I constructed some for myself, but we did not have proper material, and the torpedoes were very bad. My original intention was to go to Subic Bay (Subic being a military port 65 miles north of Manila) and to offer battle there to the American fleet. We went there on April 25th and returned to Cavite on the 30th, the day before the arrival of the American fleet. I would have remained if the port had been protected adequately with cannon and torpedoes, but, as the Subic fortifications offered no protection, I brought my ships back to Manila Bay. I went to Subic believing it to be protected, but, seeing it would have taken more than a month to make it even passably capable of defence, I had no remedy, the American squadron being on its way to the Philippines, but to abandon Subic and rely upon the shelter of Cavite. The Minister of Marine promised to send supplies, but they never came. I knew from the first that my squadron would be completely destroyed. I knew the Americans had men-of-war, whereas my ships were incapable of fighting with any chance of success. The Americans had at least 150 guns, modern, and all of superior pattern. Ours were inferior in number and calibre."

No one doubts Admiral Montojo's personal courage and devoted sense of duty, but his very words offer sad proof of his incompetence for high command. It is curious that, although entrusted with the naval defence of the Philippines, he knew nothing of the state of affairs at Subic till he took his fleet there. His desperate resolve to fight a hopeless battle can only be explained by the effect of repeated disappointments and troubles in his dealings with his Government. It would have been better if he had taken his fleet out of the Bay and kept it, or a portion of it, at sea, eluding pursuit in the labyrinth of reefs and islands formed by the northern Philippines. He would thus have been in a position to seriously embarrass Dewey in his operations against Manila. Or if this course was impossible (as some say) on account of leaky boilers and worn-out engines, he should have done as Admiral Korniloff did at Sebastopol—landed his crews with their guns and ammunition and sunk the ships. In this way he would have considerably strengthened General Augustin's defence of the city.

Manila Bay is about thirty miles long and

twenty-five wide at its broadest part. The mouth of the bay is about twelve miles across, but it is divided by the high rocky island of Corregidor into two entrances—the northern, about two miles wide, and the southern or "great entrance" (the *Boca Grande*), nearly ten miles from shore to shore. The depth of water in both entrances makes defence by submarine mines very difficult even if the material had been available. Montojo had mounted a few guns in a battery on Corregidor Island, some of them being taken from one of his ships for the purpose. But although the material could have been obtained from the electric lighthouses of the harbour, the steamers in port, and the arsenal and observatory, no effort seems to have been made to equip the battery with searchlights. If these had existed they would probably have had the effect of keeping the garrison on the *qui vive* with the excitement of working them. As it was, a very poor look-out seems to have been kept at Corregidor.

Saturday evening was bright and clear with some light from the moon, which was just past its first quarter. At eight p.m. the fleet, cleared for action, stood in towards the Boca Grande, keeping nearer the mainland side of the channel towards Corregidor. The formation was "line ahead." The flagship *Olympia* led the way, then came in succession the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, with the despatch-boat and the two transports astern. The whole line was more than a mile and a half long. The engines were going slowly, all lights were screened, and the dark hulls glided in deep silence between the headlands. All eyes were fixed on Corregidor, which rose like a black mass in the dim moonlight. Everyone was expecting the flash of a hostile gun as the flagship came up abreast of the island. But there was no sign of life on the shore. Were the Dons asleep? or was the Commodore's information incorrect as to the modern guns that had been mounted to protect the Boca Grande? Now the *Baltimore* has passed unchallenged, now the *Raleigh* and the little *Petrel*. At last the *Boston* has the island abeam, when suddenly a long red flash leaps from the Fraile battery and the report of a heavy gun booms across the sea. The shot went whistling high in air over the *Raleigh*. Bang went another gun, and this time the shot fell short. The *Raleigh*, *Concord* and *Boston* promptly replied, sending a shower of shells into Corregidor and Fraile, which replied until the ships were out of range, but not a single shot from the islands touched them. Once past Corregidor, the engines of the squadron slowed down till there was barely steerage way on the ships, and as the fleet went up the bay the men lay down to sleep beside their guns.

The course taken was north-east, up the middle of the bay. In the grey of the Sunday morning the fleet was off Manila about five miles from the shore, heading directly for Sangley Point, which bore nearly due south. It was perfectly calm, without a breath of wind, and across the water came the musical chime of the church bells in the great city.

The first shots were fired a little before five a.m. They came from three batteries of heavy guns at the new harbour works. All the shells flew high over the decks of the squadron. The *Concord* replied with two shots, but was immediately ordered to cease firing, for it would have been impossible to seriously engage the batteries at Manila without risking the destruction of the city, and this Dewey was anxious to avoid. His objective was Montojo's fleet, which lay ahead of him under the guns of Cavite arsenal and of the battery on Sangley Point.

The Spanish admiral does not appear to have been aware of the approach of the hostile squadron till he saw it steaming towards Cavite on the Sunday morning. His ships cleared for action, but only about half of them had steam up and were able to get under weigh. The old wooden *Castilla* had her engines broken down, and was moored fore and aft near Sangley Point, to act as a floating battery. Her starboard guns had been dismounted and sent to Corregidor, but her port guns were trained on the approaching American squadron. The *Velasco* and the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* were anchored near the arsenal. They were in the hands of the dockyard staff, undergoing repair. Montojo's flagship steamed out towards the open water of the bay, accompanied by some of the smaller ships. They formed in line of battle across the opening of Cavite Bay, their left near Sangley Point.

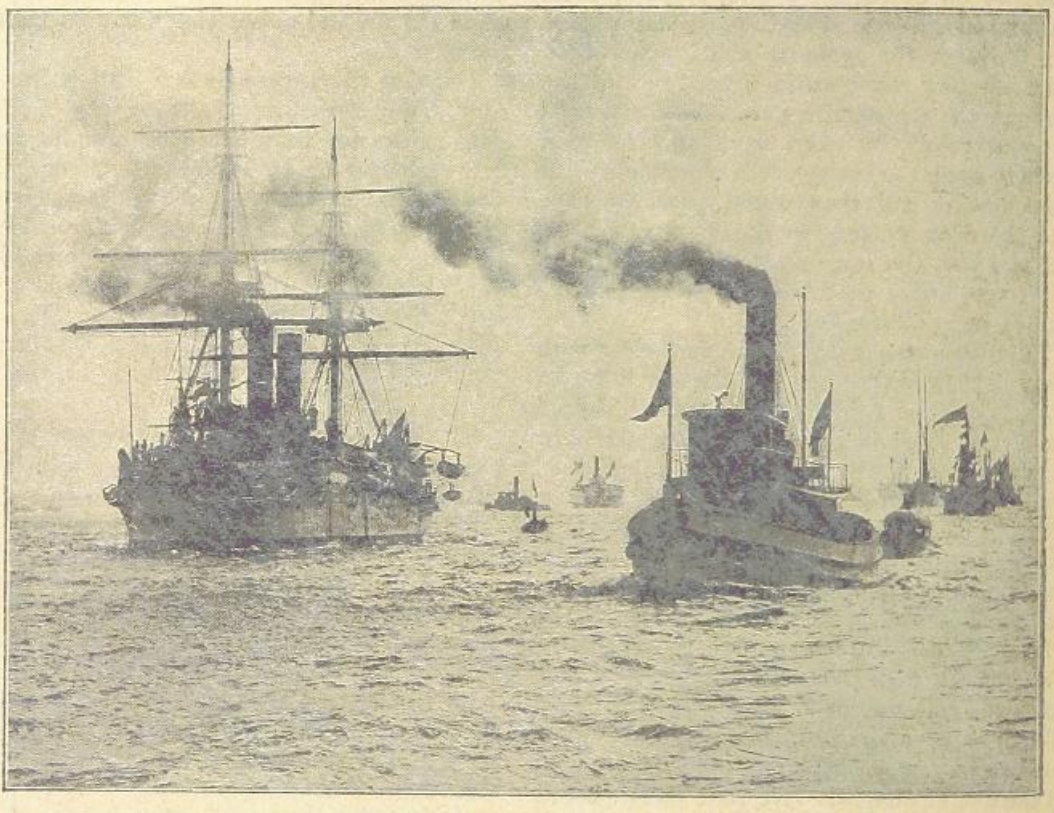
All was now grim silence for a few minutes, as Dewey's fleet—the Stars and Stripes flying from every mast, the *Olympia* leading—bore down in "line ahead" on the expectant Spaniards. Early as it was, the heat of the tropical summer day was already intense, and the men in turret and battery were stripped to the waist. The crews stood beside their guns. The Commodore was on the bridge of his flagship, with three of his officers; but Gridley, the captain

of the *Olympia*, was in the conning-tower, Dewey having assigned him this station, so that in case a shell burst on the bridge there would still be a senior officer ready to take command.

Eight knots an hour was now the speed of the leading ship. The range-finders in her fighting-tops were taking the range minute by minute, and telephoning the result to the conning-tower and bridge. A leadsman in the bow was watching the depth, for it would be a serious matter to touch ground. No sound was heard but the regular throb of the powerful engines.

A roar like thunder, and then another, and a vast fountain of water thrown skyward amid encircling clouds of smoke, right ahead of the *Olympia*—two submarine mines have been fired, the only ones in the bay; but the Spanish engineer officer who pressed down the firing-key in Sangley battery has badly misjudged the position of the enemy, and fired his heavy mines too soon. Dewey thinks, no doubt, of the day, years ago, when, as he steamed into Mobile Bay with Farragut, he saw the Confederate mines bursting like under-water volcanoes. Like Farragut, he moves steadily on.

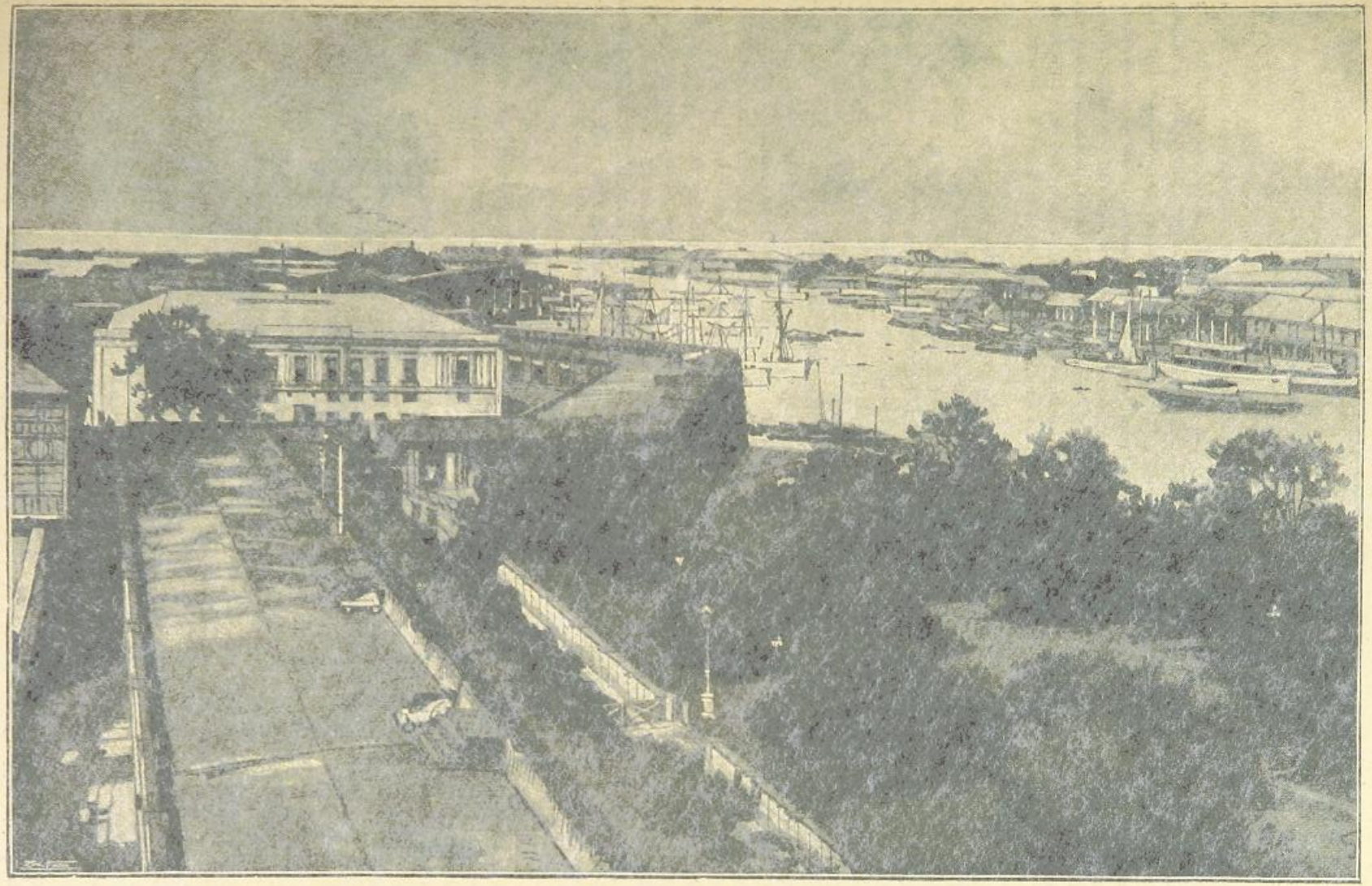
There goes the first gun from Sangley Point. Bad ranging again on the Spanish side; that jet of water ahead shows it has fallen short. Another and another, and now the guns of the Spanish fleet join in. They are getting the range, or the American fleet is drifting into their zone of fire, for now the shells are striking the water right and left of the flagship, some of them uncomfortably close. When is Dewey going to open with his guns in reply?



THE U.S. CRUISER "BOSTON."

Now a shell bursts directly over the *Olympia's* deck. No one is touched, but the men must have some relief from their pent-up excitement. The gunner in command at the heavy gun astern waves his cap and calls out, "Remember the *Maine!*" and the cry for vengeance is taken up by a hundred voices.

The range was now 5,500 yards, a little over three miles. It was just nineteen minutes to six. Dewey decided to begin his attack. Turning to the voice tube that led to the conning-tower, he said, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." The captain was only waiting for the



MANILA: VIEW TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER PASIG, FROM THE WALLS OF THE OLD CITY.

word. He passed the order to the forward barbette for the heavy eight-inch guns to engage the battery on Sangley Point.

The thunder of the *Olympia's* cannon was the signal to the other ships to begin. The *Baltimore* and the *Boston* brought their heavy guns into action, taking for their mark the *Castilla* and Montojo's flagship, the *Reina Cristina*. The heavier guns of the American navy still use the old-fashioned powder, and the fleet was now advancing through a dense cloud of white smoke.

The Spaniards redoubled their fire, and as the *Olympia* led the line, heading straight for the enemy's centre, she was the mark for most of it. The Spanish gunners shot fairly well, and there was a good deal of luck in the way the flagship escaped serious injury. "Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us," wrote the *New York Herald* correspondent, who was beside the Commodore. "The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time-fuse shells, the fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel, or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell, that was coming straight at the *Olympia's* forward bridge, fortunately fell within less than a hundred feet away, one fragment cutting the rigging exactly over the heads of Lieutenants Lamberton, Rees, and myself. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey, and gouged a hole in the deck."

The range was now reduced to 4,000 yards. The water was shoaling, and the flagship turned to starboard, and, followed by the fleet, ran along the Spanish front, Dewey giving the order to open fire with all the guns. The rattle of the quick-firers mingled with the heavier note of the big turret guns, and a storm of shells burst upon the Spanish ships and batteries.

Opposite Sangley Point the fleet turned and ran back again along the Spanish line, bringing the guns on the other side of the ships to bear. This manœuvre of running up and down the line was twice repeated. Those of the Spanish ships that were under steam also altered their positions, occasionally running in behind the anchored *Castilla*, off Sangley Point.

A shell burst against the side of the American flagship, close to one of the ports. Another cut the halyards, just above the hands of the signalling officer on her after bridge. Captain Gridley, stepping out of the turret, received an injury which, although it was thought at the time to be a very trifling matter, led soon after to his being invalided home. The *Baltimore* did not escape so easily. A shot passed right through her, happily touching no one. Then a shell ripped up her main deck, smashed the carriage of a six-inch gun, put it out of action, and exploding some of the ammunition that lay near it, seriously wounded eight men. Another small shell struck the *Boston's* foremast, just above the head of her captain, who stood on her forward bridge. Luckily for him it failed to burst. Fires were caused by shells bursting in her wardroom and hammock nettings, but these were quickly put out.

But meanwhile it was going badly with the Spanish fleet. The battery on the Point was running short of ammunition, and its fire had almost ceased. Close by, the old *Castilla* had burst into flames under the rain of shells. Her guns were silent, and her crew was abandoning her. The *Reina Cristina*, Montojo's flagship, had been hit some seventy times in the first three-quarters of an hour. Her steering gear was shattered by a shell, which made her unmanageable. Another burst in the engine-room and destroyed the main pipe of the condenser. On the gun deck men were lying between the guns, dead, or desperately wounded. Montojo himself had been hit by a fragment of a shell, but still stuck to his post, with a handkerchief tied round his wounded leg. The chaplain was killed as he tried to help a wounded sailor. The boatswain and chief gunner were dead. One of the doctors, the chief engineer, and three other officers were wounded. Some fifty men had lost their lives, and three times as many were more or less badly injured—this out of a crew of 370 officers and men. Shortly before half-past six a heavy shell burst in the after-part of the flagship, killing a number of men at their guns and setting the decks on fire. With the engines disabled, the fire-hose could not be got to work, and all astern was in a few minutes a mass of flame. The admiral signalled to the little cruiser, *Isla de Cuba*, that he would transfer his flag to her, and told Cadarso, the captain of the *Reina Cristina*, and one of the finest officers in the Spanish navy, to abandon the burning ship and to save the few that were left of his gallant crew. Some boats were got away, with a number of the wounded on board. Others of the men swam to the Point. The admiral, with his flag-lieutenant, was rowed to the *Isla de Cuba*, on

which he displayed his flag. Captain Cadarso was about to leave the burning ship, and his son, a lieutenant in the navy, was calling to him to come into his boat, when a shell burst just over the captain's head and killed him on the spot.

Montojo was also accompanied by his son, a naval lieutenant, and the young man, like his father, was wounded by a bursting shell. No sooner had the *Isla de Cuba* hoisted the admiral's flag than she, and the *Isla de Luzon* which lay near her, became the centre of the American fire. Dewey's fleet had closed in to a range of only 2,000 yards, and was running along the line for the fifth time. Three little torpedo boats dashed out from behind Cavite and tried to close with the enemy. Such an attack in broad daylight was a piece of heroic madness. They ought to have been lurking in the darkness under Corregidor Island the night before; then they might have done something. As it was, they were destroyed by the American quick-firers before they could come within striking distance. The little wooden gunboat, *Isla de Mindanao*, ran ashore on the east side of the bay. Shells from the *Concord* and *Petrel* soon set her on fire, and her crew abandoned her. It is curious to note that her chief engineer was a Scotchman named McKinley, the namesake of the American President.

The Spanish ships were now in a sad plight. Riddled by the American fire, with their decks strewed with dead and slippery with blood, further resistance was mere useless slaughter. Montojo ran the *Isla de Cuba* into Bakor Bay, behind Cavite, and signalled to the other ships to follow, and then reluctantly hoisted his last order to his shattered fleet: "Scuttle and abandon your ships." This was about half-past seven. The captains took away with them the breech-pieces of the guns so as to make them useless in case the victors recovered them, and then landed their crews, placing the wounded under guard in the villages and marching the rest of their men into Manila.

At twenty-five minutes to eight Dewey signalled to his fleet to draw off out of action and give the men breakfast. They had gone into the fight after having taken only a cup of coffee, and the crews were well-nigh exhausted with the heat, toil, and excitement of the cannonade, which had lasted for nearly two hours. One by one the ships steamed past the flagship and out into the open water of Manila Bay, and as each went by, her crew crowded rigging and bulwarks and cheered the Commodore. The burning and sinking Spanish ships were all that was left of the hostile fleet. The shore batteries were silent, and in front of Manila, crowds watched the strange scene.

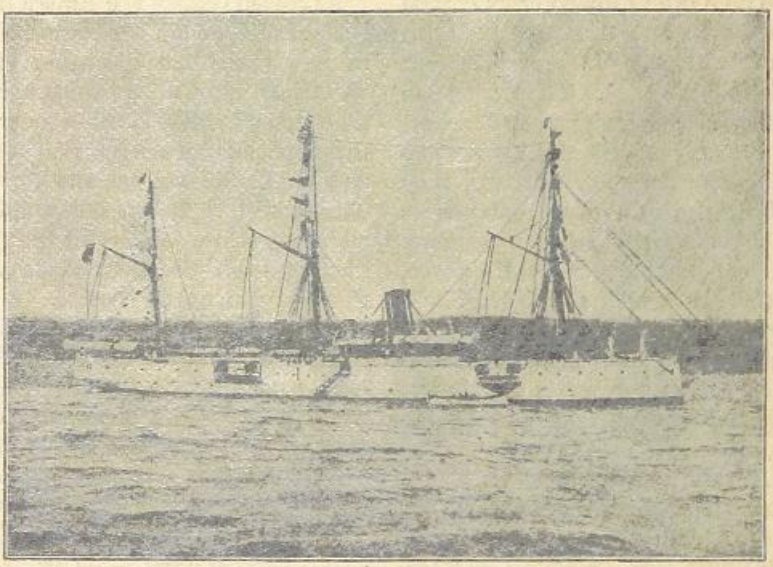
Montojo's impression was that the American fleet had suffered heavy loss from his fire, and that they were drawing off to get their wounded ashore, repair damages, and obtain a fresh supply of ammunition from the storeships, which had kept well out of range during the fight. Indeed, a first message from Manila to Madrid by the still undamaged cable claimed that a victory had been won for Spain.

At eleven o'clock the American squadron was again under weigh. It steamed towards Cavite in two lines, one consisting of the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, and *Concord*, the other of the *Raleigh*, *Boston*, and *Petrel*. At a quarter-past eleven they opened fire on the Sangley Point battery and on Cavite arsenal and fort at long range. The Spanish reply was slow and feeble, the shells all falling short. It was for the Americans more like target practice than a battle. Soon a white flag was run up on Cavite. Fire ceased for a few minutes while a launch went in from the fleet to parley with the commandant. He said he did not want to surrender, but only to have time to get the women and children out of Cavite. The American officer answered that he had no wish to cause useless bloodshed, but that he was determined to destroy the arsenal and what was left of the fleet. Then for awhile Cavite was left unmolested, while the larger ships engaged the Sangley Point battery, and the smaller ships, the *Petrel* and *Concord*, stood into Bakor Bay, and with their shells set fire to the ships that were scuttled and aground in the shallows. At half-past eleven a heavy shell burst in the battery, sending up a huge column of earth and *débris*. After this the guns at Sangley were silent. The ships in the bay were all ablaze. Cavite reopened fire for a few minutes, then about twelve the last shot was fired by the Spaniards, and a few minutes later Dewey signalled to cease firing. The victory was complete. The Spanish Pacific squadron had ceased to exist. And this great success had been cheaply bought. Eight officers and men wounded represented the American injury by the Spanish fire. The chief engineer of the despatch-boat *McCulloch* was dead. He had died of heat apoplexy during the fight.

The Spaniards had lost some eight hundred men. No praise could be too high for their

devoted valour. When Captain Boado, the chief of Montojo's staff, went on board the *Boston* with a message from the admiral after the action, Lamberton, her commander, said to the Spanish officer, "You have fought us with four very bad ships, not warships. There was never seen before braver fighting under such unequal conditions. It is a great pity that you exposed your lives in vessels not fit for fighting." And Dewey sent through the British consul a message to Montojo that he congratulated him on his gallant conduct, and would be glad to grasp his hand.

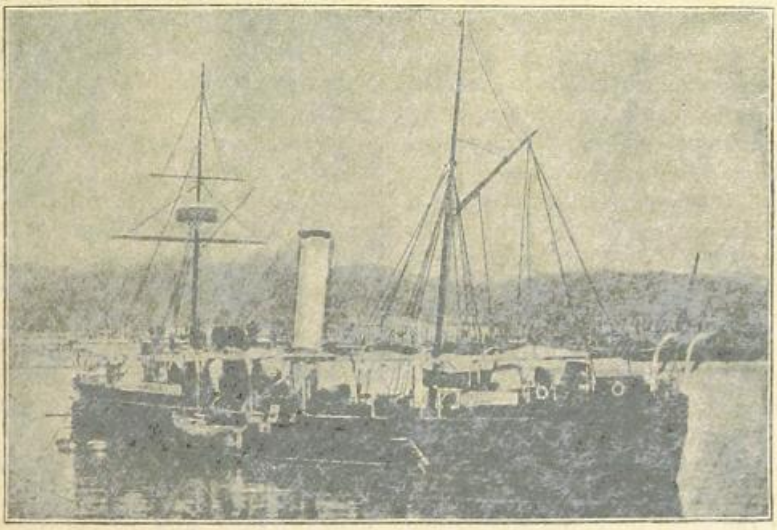
The American fleet anchored off Manila for the night, after sending word to General Augustin, the Spanish governor, that if the shore batteries at the harbour opened fire, the city would be laid in ashes. All night long the sky was red with the glare of the burning wrecks in Bakor Bay, and more than once there was a loud explosion as the magazines blew up. Next morning Cavite arsenal was evacuated by the Spanish garrison and occupied by American marines. A surgeon of the *Olympia* who accompanied the party gives the following account of his experiences :—"I landed at the hospital on the point near Cavite. I went through all its wards. The sight was terrible. It is a good hospital, with detached wards in little pavilions grouped about the central buildings. Everything was in good order and cleanly. I conversed with several of the doctors in French, as I do not speak Spanish, and they had no English at command. They were extremely courteous, but to my question, 'How many Spanish were killed and wounded?' they replied sadly that they did not know. In the wards I saw over eighty wounded. The horrors of war were seen at their worst. Some of the men were fearfully burned, some with limbs freshly amputated, others with their eyes shot out, their features torn away by steel or splinters—every kind of injury that surgery records. The shrieks and groans of the wounded were appalling. I could not stay to hear them, though my profession is calculated to harden one against such scenes. Had I been working I should have endured it, but as an onlooker it was unbearable. We had received urgent messages from these doctors saying for God's sake to send Americans to guard the hospital against the insurgents, who, they feared, would murder them and their patients. We had posted guards as soon as possible, but not before the insurgents had robbed them of all the clothing not on their backs, and all their food except enough for twelve hours."



THE SPANISH CRUISER "VELASCO."

The telegraph connecting Manila with Hong Kong had been cut during the action, but not until an incomplete message had been sent to Madrid announcing that, though several Spanish ships had been destroyed, the Americans had been forced to retire with loss. This referred, no doubt, to the temporary cessation of the action at seven o'clock. The news caused an outburst of rejoicing in Madrid; but when the

real truth became known there was a strong reaction against the Government, and order was only secured by a prompt declaration of the state of siege. The full details of the battle did not reach the United States for a week, not, indeed, until the despatch-boat *McCulloch* arrived at Hong Kong with a message from Dewey. Meanwhile there was some anxiety as to the Commodore's position at Manila. As a fact, it was not without its difficulties. He had destroyed the Spanish fleet, but he had only a couple of thousand men on board his ships,



THE SPANISH PROTECTED CRUISER, "ISLA DE LUZON."

and, after sending a small landing party to secure the fort of Cavite, he had no force available to attack a city defended by some thousands of Spanish regulars and volunteers.

The rebels, from whom much had been expected, showed at first little sign of activity in the neighbourhood of the capital. General Augustin, when summoned to surrender, sent back a defiant reply. He was threatened with bombardment; but he knew fairly well that it was an empty menace. The very weight of the shells fired from modern naval guns makes it impossible to carry a large number of them on board a ship. When he sailed into Manila Bay Dewey had two hundred projectiles for each of his big guns. At seven o'clock on the day of the battle he had fired away so many that there were only thirty-seven left for each gun. Many of these were expended in the second stage of the fight, and when it ended, the American fleet was almost disarmed. Until he received ammunition from America he was in no position even to bombard Manila, and unless an army was sent to his help he could not attempt the capture of the city. Steps were taken to assist him in both these points, and his success was recognised by his promotion to the rank of Admiral.

After making all due allowance for the weakness and want of preparation of the Spanish fleet, his victory was a brilliant exploit. Its first effect was to inspire the officers of the Atlantic squadron with an eager desire to do something more than capture peaceful traders. "When we get at Puerto Rico you won't talk so much about Dewey and Manila," said an officer of Sampson's fleet to one of the correspondents, when the rumour spread that the Admiral had orders to attack San Juan.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIGHTS OFF THE CUBAN COAST.

MOST of the American newspapers had predicted that the first great event of the Cuban war would be the bombardment of Havana. After the shelling of the seaward forts of Matanzas, it was confidently expected that, having tested his guns and gunners in this minor operation, Sampson would promptly proceed to open fire on the Morro Castle and the other sea-forts of the Cuban capital. But the Admiral had no such intentions. Until he had dealt with the Spanish fleet it would be extremely rash to venture upon an operation in which, by accident or by the enemy's fire, some of his best fighting ships might be rendered temporarily unserviceable. So, to the general disappointment of those who had prophesied a short war centring round the capture of Havana, Sampson quietly continued the blockade of the Cuban ports in the east of the island.

The United States army was mustering at Chickamauga and Tampa, but General Miles had declared himself against a summer campaign in Cuba. Vague rumours came across the Atlantic of the movements of the Spanish cruiser squadron, under Admiral Cervera. It had sailed from the Cape de Verde Islands one day. The next it was asserted as confidently that it was still in port. Then it was at sea, and there were wild reports that it had been seen in the North Atlantic, that its scouts had been sighted not far from the New England coast, that it was going to raid New York Harbour. Then came the equally confident report that it had returned to Cadiz. The coast garrisons of the United States were on the alert. The "mosquito fleet" of small steamers patrolled the neighbourhood of the seaboard, while some of the swift armed liners of Commodore Schley's fleet at Hampton Roads were sent far out into the Atlantic, scouting for the enemy. But they brought no tidings of him. Still, even this gave no certain security that he was not well on his way to the west coast of the United States; for, as British naval manœuvres have shown, it is not difficult for a squadron in the open ocean to evade the most active search of the swiftest cruisers. So, waiting from day to day for tidings of the Spanish fleet, Sampson lay off Cuba, capturing, from time to time, a steamer or some small coasting craft that tried to break the blockade.

It was tedious work, with little either of profit or of glory to compensate for its unceasing labour and growing tedium. The officers and men of the squadron were anxious to do something that might rival the great exploit of Dewey with the far weaker force under his orders. But they had no opportunity. Only some of the lighter craft that lay in shore, while the big ships cruised well out to sea, got some opportunities of trying their mettle against the Spaniards.

The early summer in the West Indian seas is rather a trying time in which to keep up a blockade. The sea near the shore was nearly always heavy, and there were brief tropical storms that brought down a deluge of rain, and were succeeded by hours of steamy heat. At nightfall the ships closed in to the shore, and during the darkness a sharp look-out had to be kept for the enemy's torpedo boats. For the Spaniards had several small craft in the ports and behind the coral reefs that fringe the coast. They sometimes came out in the daytime, exchanged a harmless fire at long range with the light ships of the American fleet, and then ran back to shelter. It was fully expected that they would attempt torpedo attacks under the cover of darkness, and this would have been sound policy, but they never made any attempt of the kind. It is a good working rule in war to expect that one's enemy will take a sensible course of action, so the Americans each night thought the attack, so long expected, would surely come at last. If, as they fully believed, the Spaniards had contrived to blow up an American warship in time of peace, was it not to be expected that they would do their best to repeat the exploit in time of war? Under the tension of this ceaseless watch for the most terrible danger that can threaten a warship, the blockading vessels sometimes mistook their own torpedo boats for approaching enemies, and opened fire on them—happily without result—a preconcerted signal displayed by the boat soon stopping the fire by revealing her friendly character.

The torpedo boats also fired at each other more than once, and on at least one occasion

the *Porter* was very near sending one of her torpedoes into the stern of a United States cruiser. Lieutenant Fremont, U.S.N., the commander of the torpedo boat, thus tells the story (*Harper's Magazine*, November) :—

"About two o'clock one morning a steamer was reported running towards Havana. It was an ideal night for torpedo attack, dark, with a strong wind blowing and occasional light rain-squalls. She was allowed to pass, but nothing definite could be made out, and as the *Porter* was well off to the eastward of Havana, the supposition was that it could not be one of the blockaders. Dropping into her wake, our speed was increased, all hands were called to their stations, and every preparation made for attack. The *Porter* was now closing rapidly in, and through the smoke we could make out that the vessel ahead was a man-of-war, and a large one. At this time the whereabouts of the Spanish armed cruisers was unknown, and from what we could then see of the vessel ahead she answered their description perfectly. More steam was put on, and the *Porter* rushed up close on the quarter of the chase, well within torpedo distance and still undiscovered. Being now so close that, even if discovered, we could not be stopped before the torpedo was discharged, and wishing to make no mistake, the night signal was made for an instant and then turned off. It brought no response.

"Excitement on the *Porter* was at fever heat, and the enforced silence and the nervous tension were hard to bear. That we had found the enemy, and that we had him all to ourselves, and had him where there was no possibility of his getting away, was such an unhoped-for opportunity that nothing short of firing and cheering would express what we felt, and the effort to repress these was most difficult. To make assurance doubly sure, the night signal was again made and the forward gun fired, immediately followed by a second. That we were now discovered was evident, and in a moment signal lights were shown and a gun fired at us. The signal lights shown were the *wrong* ones for that night, and only served to strengthen our conviction that the chase was an enemy. Full speed was rung on the *Porter*, and the final rush to torpedo was made, when, just in the nick of time, the identity of the ship was recognised; and, amidst shouting of orders to cease firing and hails through the megaphone demanding explanations, the vessels were brought to a standstill within a hundred yards of each other and mutual explanations made."

This incident is a very apt illustration of the difficulties of such service. The wonder is, not that such mistakes were made—they are made every year in peace manœuvres, where the danger of error is less—the marvel is that there were no disastrous consequences. On the sea the Spaniards were curiously inactive. But on the land Blanco's troops were continually on the move, and kept up a sharp watch everywhere to prevent the squadron from landing supplies or reinforcements for the insurgents. How close was this watch is shown by a striking incident. Mr. E. F. Knight, the war correspondent of the *Times*, had obtained a Spanish passport, and had gone to Florida in the hope of finding some ship to land him in Cuba, it being his intention to enter Havana in order to describe the expected siege from the Spanish side. After many efforts he arranged for one of the small craft that followed the blockading fleet in the interest of the newspapers to bring him close to the Cuban coast and start him for the shore in a small boat which he took with him for the purpose. He is one of the best amateur boatmen living, and he expected to thus easily reach the shore by his own exertions.

He was launched on his venturous voyage, and was making good progress through the rough water between the shore and the steamer, when, just as the latter, believing he was all right, stood out to sea, the boat was upset. His signals for help were unnoticed, and, having lost his oars, he found himself adrift, alone on the water, and swept by a current along the shore. More than once, to avoid the attacks of sharks, he had to clamber on to the capsized boat. The sun went down, and all night he drifted. Only his great power of endurance and dogged pluck saved him from death. The dawn brought new hope of life. He was drifting ashore on a desolate part of the coast. But even the drifting boat had been marked by a Spanish patrol. The moment his boat touched land he was a prisoner. He was taken to Havana, where he was soon set at liberty, and was able to send to his paper a series of letters showing that, despite the blockade, Marshal Blanco was able to keep the city fairly well supplied, and that life and property were safe; perfect order reigned in the city, and the population did not seem disposed to put any difficulty in the way of its defence. Indeed, during those first anxious days of the month of May, Havana

was quieter than Madrid, where the news of the disaster at Manila had led to serious rioting and necessitated the proclamation of martial law.

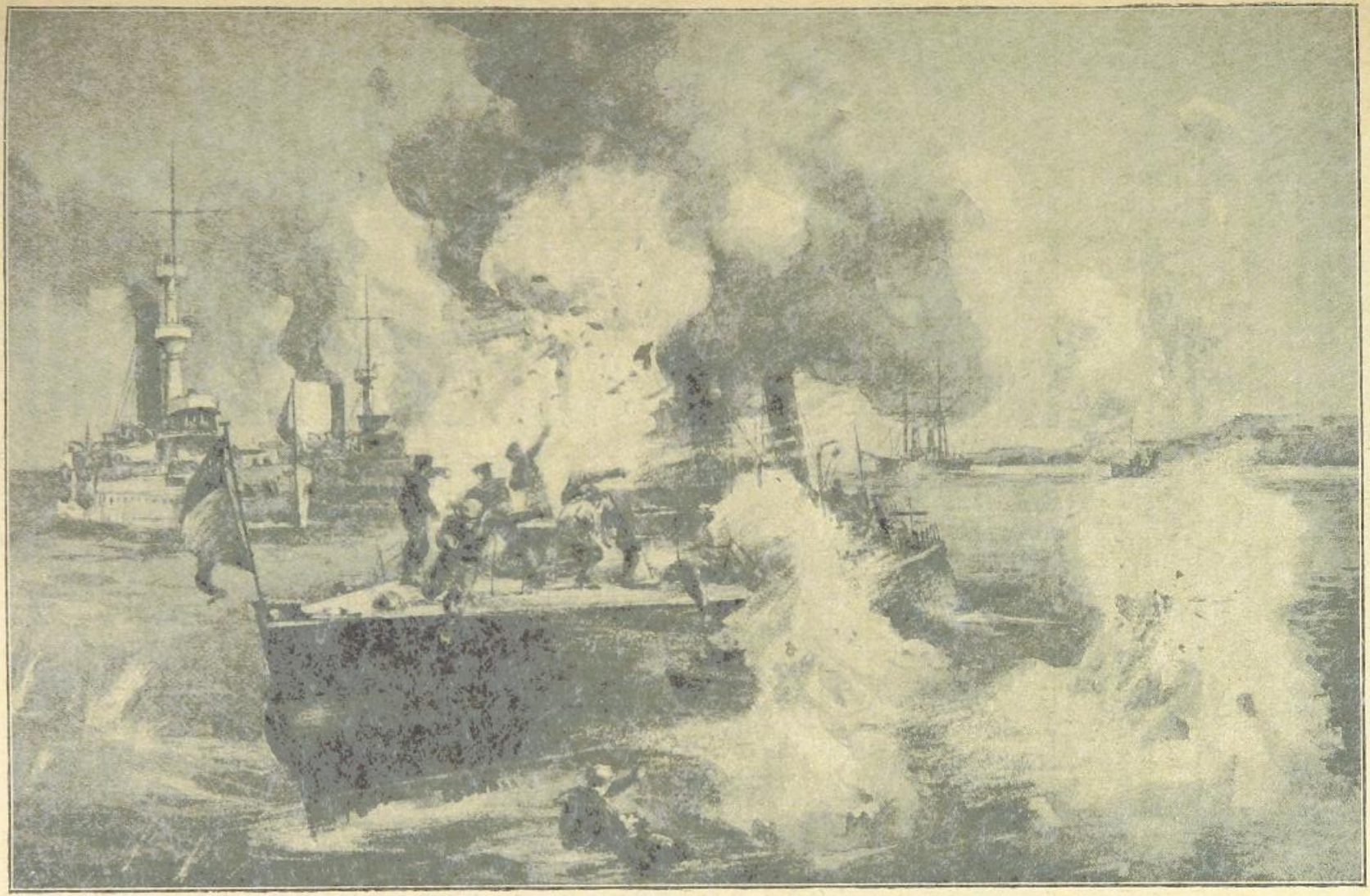
Notwithstanding the activity of the Spanish coast patrols, Admiral Sampson succeeded in landing messengers with despatches for the Cuban insurgent leaders. Lieutenant H. Whitney, of the 4th United States Cavalry, succeeded in this way in reaching the camp of Gomez in the Santa Clara province at the end of April, and arranged for regular communication between the fleet and the Cuban headquarters. Gomez was informed that though no large body of United States troops could be sent to his assistance till the end of the unhealthy rainy season, an effort would be made to reinforce him with a corps of Cuban refugees which was being equipped and drilled at Tampa. The reports that Lieutenant Whitney and the other American envoys sent as to the position and resources of the insurgents were very disappointing. Before the war the friends of the Cubans had said that if the United States fleet would only co-operate, Garcia, Gomez, and their comrades would rapidly reduce every town in the island. But it was now evident that without the help of a considerable regular force they could accomplish nothing of importance.

Meanwhile the fleet was very active at various points along the Cuban coast, and its operations led to some sharp fighting on a small scale, though, at the time, the public anxiety for news led to these little skirmishes being described as destructive bombardments and desperate engagements. On the same Sunday morning on which Dewey was winning the battle of Manila the United States gunboat, *Castine*, stood into the entrance of the bay of Cabañas, on the north coast, to the east of Havana, and sent her steam cutter in to within a thousand yards of the Spanish fort to take soundings and verify the chart of the bay. The fort did not even open fire. On the same day some shells were thrown at long range into Cienfuegos, and fire was opened on an earthwork fort between Mariel and Cabañas. The few shots fired in reply fell short. On the Monday the gunboat *Wilmington* fired upon and dispersed a body of Spanish cavalry belonging to the coast patrol, who were seen marching along the shore near Cojimar, apparently under the idea that the Yankee warship could not reach them with her guns. That evening the torpedo boat *Ericsson* reported to the *Wilmington* that the Spaniards were building a new earthwork fort a few miles from Cojimar, and on Tuesday the gunboat shelled the work at long range. Little skirmishes of this kind were of almost daily occurrence. The Spaniards generally reported that they had repulsed a serious "Yankee" attack. The more sensational journals in the United States described the action as a victory, inflicting serious loss on the enemy. The simple fact was they were useful reconnaissances that, by drawing the fire of the enemy's forts and look-out stations, enabled Admiral Sampson to complete his information as to the Spanish plans for the defence of the coast. At the same time he hoped that these small affairs might serve as feints to make the enemy uncertain as to when and where he would make a real effort to land supplies for the insurgents.

The ships of the blockading squadron had usually opened fire at such long range that, although their own excellent weapons and well-trained gunners could produce some effect, the Spanish return fire was absolutely harmless, generally fell short, and soon ceased. Coupled with what had happened at Matanzas, this led to a growing belief that "the Spaniards could not hit anything but the sea, and only hit that because it was so big." But a fight at Cardeñas in the second week of May revealed the fact that some Spanish gunners knew how to shoot. This fight had been preceded by another in the same waters, in which, as usual, the United States ship had come out of action absolutely unscathed. This first fight took place on Sunday, May 8th.

The harbour of Cardeñas, sheltered behind a labyrinth of coral reefs, traversed only by narrow winding channels, was a difficult place to blockade. At its wharves lay a crowd of fishing-boats and coasting craft and a couple of larger ships, guarded by a battery and three little gunboats, the *Ligera*, the *Antonio Lopez*, and the *Alerta*. No heavy warship could approach the town for want of water; so the blockade was kept up by the lighter craft of Sampson's fleet—gunboats and torpedo boats.

The Spanish ships used to come out occasionally, fire a few shots, and run back into safety. It was a kind of challenge, and on this second Sunday of May the torpedo boat *Foote* ran in after them and opened fire on the shipping with her light guns. But she found that with the heavy swell at the harbour mouth she was making very wild practice, while the Spanish guns on board their boats in the still water, and in the battery on shore, were beginning to get



THE FIGHT IN CARDEÑAS BAY.

the range. So she drew off and waited to try again with more even chances.

Early on the following Wednesday, May 11th, a small squadron of light-draft warships was concentrated for an attack on Cardeñas, which, it was hoped, would avenge this first repulse. There were the gunboats *Wilmington* and *Machias*, the armed revenue-cutter *Hudson*, and the torpedo boat *Winslow*. The *Machias*, which acted as flagship, led the way in through the outer reefs. There she parted company with her consorts, steaming to the eastward to attack a fortified Spanish barrack on Diana Key, an island on the north side of the main opening into Cardeñas Bay. The three other ships worked their way into the bay by one of the minor channels, for it was known that the usual entrance to the harbour was mined. A Cuban pilot showed the way in.

It was a calm, hot summer day, without a ripple on the water, and with a slight steamy haze in the air that made it difficult at times to define distant objects. Presently the guns of the *Machias* were heard in action, though it was only that evening that the other ships knew the precise result of her operations. She shelled the barracks on Diana Key so effectually that the small Spanish garrison had to take to flight, evacuating at the same time a blockhouse on the end of the Key. An armed boat's crew, commanded by Ensign Willard, was sent ashore and hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the abandoned blockhouse. It was the first hoisting of the American flag on Cuban soil.

Meanwhile the *Wilmington*, the *Hudson*, and the *Winslow* had steamed into the bay. At first they could see nothing of the Spanish gunboats—the *Ligera* and her two consorts—which were known to be somewhere in the bay. The fact was, they were moored in shelter behind a pier at one end of the town, in a position where, whilst they were almost completely hidden, they could bring their guns to bear by firing across the top of it. At first they gave no sign of life, and the *Winslow* ran in close to the wharves, alongside of which lay a crowd of coasting craft. It was hoped that in this way the Spanish gunboats would be tempted out from their hiding-place. The *Wilmington* lay in the middle of the bay, off the town, and the *Hudson* was heading for a couple of large square-rigged ships, anchored apart from the rest, which looked as if they would be valuable prizes. Suddenly the flash and roar of guns from behind the pier showed where the Spaniards were lurking. They were concentrating their fire on the little *Winslow*, and as she reversed her engines and drew off, replying with her two small one-pounder quick-firers, the enemy's shells were bursting and churning up the water close around her. The *Wilmington* brought her heavier guns into action and tried to silence the Spanish fire, while the *Hudson*, giving up all thought of the prizes, hurried back to the support of the *Winslow*. The Spaniards ceased firing for some minutes, and the *Wilmington* turned her guns upon the town. But suddenly the enemy's fire began again. The *Winslow* was hit in several places, dead and wounded men strewed her deck, and then a shell crashed on to and shattered her steering gear, and she lay crippled in the midst of the shower of shells, and was drifting slowly towards the town, her guns still defiantly in action, though their small projectiles could do little harm.

She was in such shallow water that the *Wilmington* would have run aground if she had tried to help her; so the light-draft revenue-cruiser, the *Hudson*, stood in to rescue the *Winslow*. The only way to do it was to get a line to the *Winslow* and tow her out of danger, and this had to be done under the close fire of the Spaniards, at little more than a mile's range. To quote the narrative of one of the *Hudson's* officers:—"The Spanish shells were hitting the water about us and flying overhead with nerve-destroying frequency. With the after-gun's crew ready to handle the lines, the *Hudson* was steered for the *Winslow*, close enough to throw a line to her. As we forged ahead across her bow, the line was thrown. It fell short. Reversing the engines and putting the helm to starboard, the captain of the *Hudson* tried to back his vessel down to the *Winslow*, but, working directly against her helm, the *Hudson* backed around until she was bows on to the *Winslow* and moving away from her. The water was so shallow that the *Hudson* was almost unmanageable; and now fate, in the garb of the regular afternoon sea-breeze, was setting the *Hudson* every moment nearer the shore and into a zone of more murderous fire. Backward and forward, swerving this way and that, the *Hudson* struggled for more than twenty minutes at a task that each moment grew more hopeless. At last a fortunate sheer, a quick shift of the helm, the line was thrown, caught, the hawser bent on, and the two little craft started to draw away from their perilous position."

But during these anxious minutes the *Winslow*

had suffered serious loss. Her commander, Lieutenant Bernadou, had already been wounded, but not so seriously as to actually disable him. Her second in command, Ensign Worth Bagley, a young officer who was engaged in his first battle, was working the forward quick-firer, assisted by a crew of four men. Suddenly a Spanish shell burst in the midst of the group and flung them bleeding on the deck. Bagley was killed on the spot. The four others were killed or wounded. One of them rolled down the steel curve at the edge of the narrow deck, and as he slipped overboard caught a rail, and cried out in a piteous voice to his comrades to save him. A couple of men dashed across to his assistance and pulled him on board, but he was dead as they laid him on the deck.

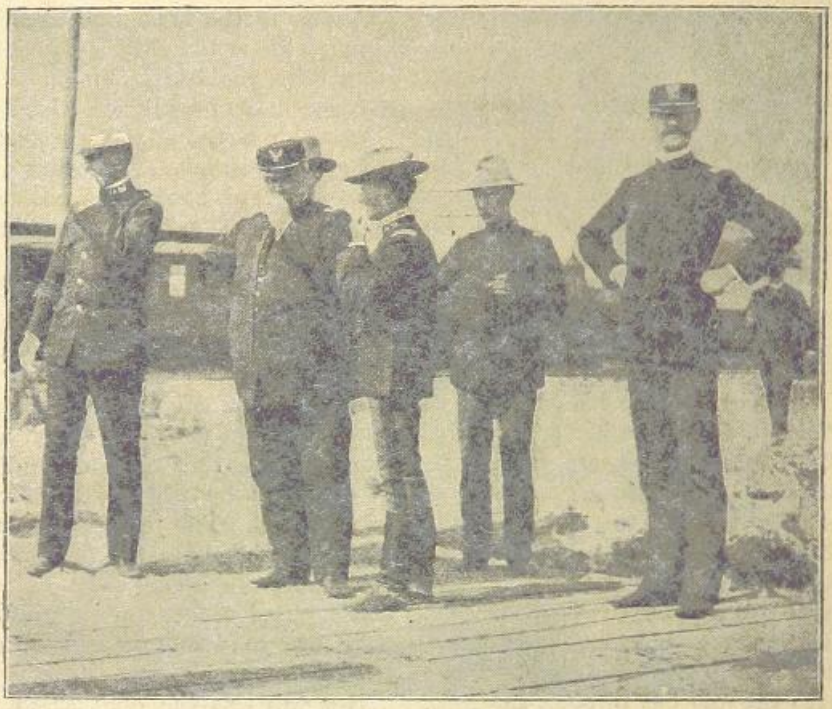
The *Wilmington* covered the retreat of the disabled *Winslow* and the *Hudson* by pouring a heavy fire on the pier and the front of the town. As she turned to steam out of the bay, fires had broken out in the warehouses on the sea front, and the Spanish guns were nearly silent. Then the gunboat led the way out through the reefs. The same night the *Hudson* started for Key West, conveying the dead and wounded back to Florida. The news of the action caused a deep impression throughout the United States. It was a first failure, though on a small scale. It showed the battle with Spain was not to be the mere military parade that so many had anticipated, and it was felt that these first deaths were only the smallest part of the heavy toll that would have to be paid for victory.

When the *Winslow* was examined at Key West, where she was taken for repairs, it was found that she had had a very narrow escape from complete destruction. Her forward torpedo was in its tube on deck, and a Spanish shell of small calibre had passed through the guncotton charge without bursting or exploding it. Her starboard cylinder had been hit and badly damaged, her boilers were penetrated in more than one place, her conning-tower was pitted with shot holes, and her plates scored and marked all over her deck. The marvel is that she kept afloat. General Blanco, in his official report, stated the losses of the Cardeñas garrison at five men wounded. He said that the gunboats were hit several times, and some of the buildings in the town were damaged by shells, amongst them the British Consulate. The fires caused by the bombardment were all extinguished by the fire brigade. He stated that the largest ship of the attacking squadron kept at a range of seven miles, the lighter vessels coming in closer. This confirmed a conjecture that the Spaniards had taken the *Wilmington* for a larger class of warship than she really represented, and thus overestimated the range. She was in action at between four and five miles, and all the Spanish shells passed harmlessly over her.

On the same day Cienfuegos was bombarded, and an attempt was made to cut the cable that runs from that port to Santiago, this being one of the lines by which Blanco communicated with Madrid. The Spaniards thought the boats engaged in looking for the shore end of the cable were attempting to land troops, and they concentrated such a heavy fire on them that they had to withdraw without accomplishing their purpose.

Nor was this the only action of that busy day. The cruisers *Vicksburg* and *Morrill*, which were lying off Havana, came in to a range of under five miles and engaged the Santa Clara batteries. But the gunners at Santa Clara had been having some long-range practice at the blockading squadron, and their shooting had become very good. A few days before they had nearly blown the gunboat *Tecumseh* out of the water by exploding a couple of heavy shells within twenty yards of her, at a range of five miles. In the short skirmish with the two cruisers they wrecked the *Morrill's* deckhouse with one shell, and brought down a lot of the *Vicksburg's* rigging with another. After this, Sampson gave orders that the blockading fleet was not to waste ammunition and improve Spanish gunnery by any more of these useless demonstrations. The shore batteries were only to be engaged when something serious was intended. Desultory firing was forbidden.

So far the results of these little engagements were to encourage the Spaniards, and to convince even the most sanguine of the Americans that Blanco would make a good fight for Havana, and that the conquest of Cuba was likely to prove a serious piece of work.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND HIS STAFF.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MUSTERING OF THE ARMIES.

BEFORE following any further the course of the naval operations in the West Indian seas, it will be well to turn for awhile to the military preparations which were in progress in the United States. We have seen that at the outbreak of the war the regular army at the disposal of the Washington Government consisted of only some 27,000 men, and these were scattered in peace stations in small detachments, some in the great cities of the North, others in the Western States and on the Mexican border. For purposes of military administration the United States had been divided into a number of large districts, known as "departments," and just before the war a new district, known as the "Department of the South," had been organised, to include the States along the Gulf of Mexico and the southern part of the Atlantic seaboard. It was placed under the direction of General Graham, who, till then, had been in command of the regular troops in Texas.

The army for the invasion of Cuba was to be assembled and organised in this new district. General Graham established his headquarters at Atlanta, one of the most important railway centres of the South, and two great camps were ordered to be at once prepared at Tampa in Florida and Chickamauga in Tennesse. Tampa was to be the camp where the regulars would be concentrated, and reinforced by the new regiments to be obtained for war service from the militia and volunteers. Chickamauga was to be the great training ground for the latter. They would be sent on to Tampa as soon as they were prepared for active service, and from Tampa the army of liberation would sail to invade Cuba. Other subsidiary training camps were formed in various parts of the States, the most important of these being at Hempstead, in Long Island, near New York.

The President had, as soon as war was declared, ordered a first levy of 100,000 men to reinforce the regular army. The men were to be obtained partly by new enlistments—for which purpose recruiting offices were opened in all the great cities—partly by calling out the militia or volunteers for active service. This last was to be the chief source of supply. But

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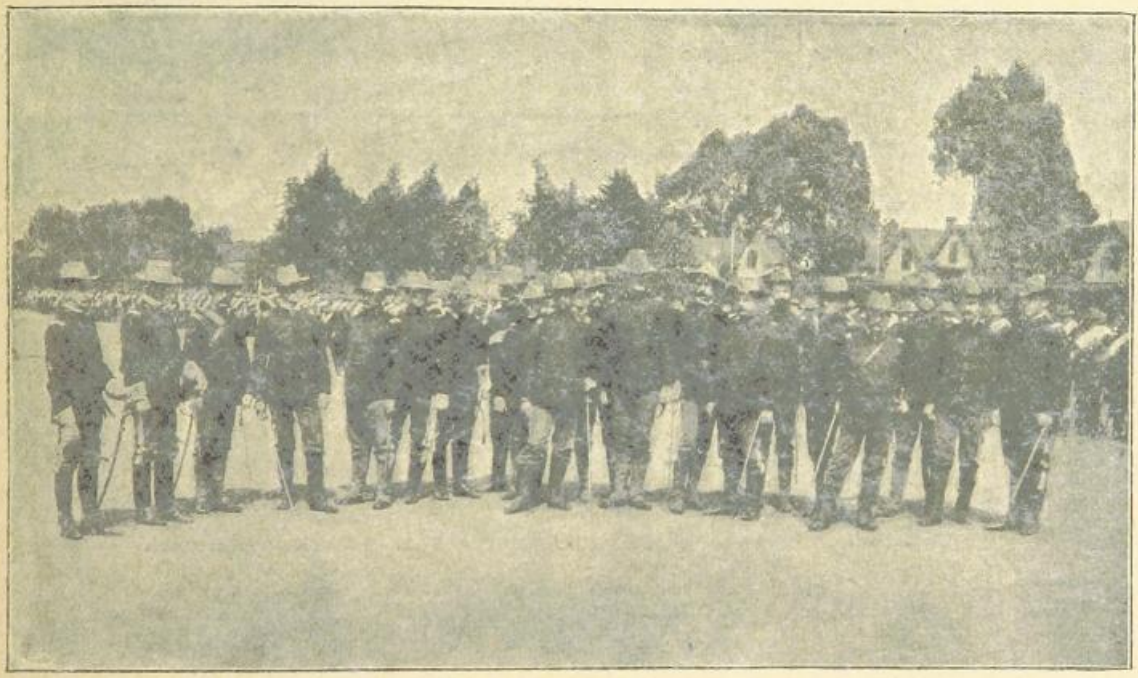
it was realised from the first that a very large proportion of the 116,000 men on the rolls of these State troops would not be available. Many were too old, others had not the proper physique for soldiering in a tropical climate. The process of selection was carried out by assembling the regiments, some at their headquarters, others in local camps, or in great training camps at Chickamauga, and there weeding out the unfit, and inviting those who were capable of it to enrol themselves in the active army.

The percentage of men rejected by the doctors amongst both the new recruits and the already enrolled volunteers was startlingly high. When the men who were left were asked to volunteer for active service the response was, in most regiments, all but unanimous. The few who hesitated or refused had a bad time of it. In several cases they were nearly lynched by their more enthusiastic comrades, the officers carefully looking the other way while the stay-at-home soldiers were hustled and kicked out of camp. Such incidents said more for the zeal than the discipline of the militia battalions; but after a few of these little riots had enlivened the monotony of camp life, doubtful men made up their minds that, on the whole, it was safer to volunteer at once for active service.

In some regiments, however, an unexpected difficulty arose. The plan adopted by the military authorities was not to call out the existing militia and volunteer regiments as such, but to regard them merely as recruiting agencies for the new army, created by the President's call for a levy of 125,000 men. Thus, if all or nearly all the members of a regiment volunteered for service, there was a strong probability that they would be sent to the front under their own officers and grouped in the existing companies, but there was no guarantee of this. It was quite possible that where, as was often the case, 50 per cent. of the men failed to come up to the high standard exacted by the recruiting officers, the regiment would not be allowed to fill its ranks with new members, but would be fused with the members of some other regiment to form an entirely new battalion. As soon as this was realised, there was a kind of revolt in some of the New York regiments. One of the best of them, composed chiefly of the sons of wealthy families, had by an almost unanimous vote offered its services for the campaign immediately on the declaration of war. But when the men were informed that their services could only be accepted as individuals, subject to a new enlistment, the offer was withdrawn, and only 30 per cent. voted for enlistment under the new conditions. The Governor of the State of

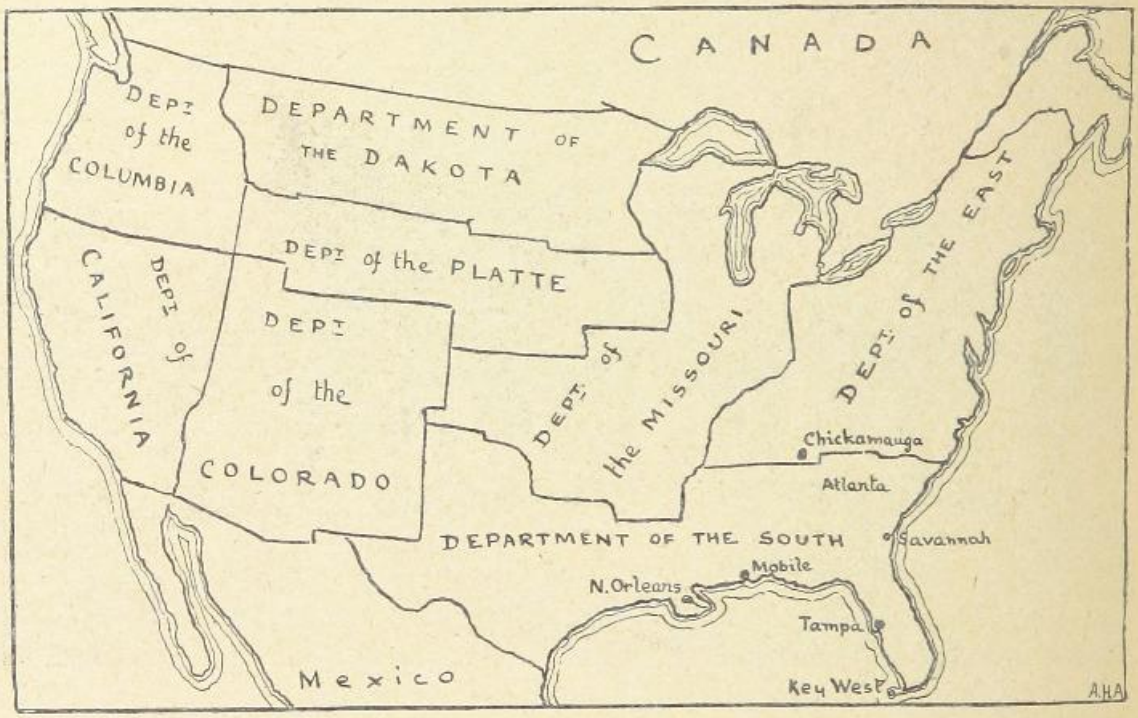


COLONEL MILES AND OFFICERS OF THE FIRST INFANTRY.

New York at once decreed the disbandment of the recalcitrant regiment, and took possession of the Government arms and equipments at its headquarters. In other battalions the opposition was less pronounced. The practical effect of the agitation was that, while not openly admitting that there had been any change of plans, the Government decided that, as far as possible, the volunteers should preserve their existing organisation on being mustered into the regular army.

The places of the men rejected by the doctors in the regiments called out for service were filled up by re-enlisting former members and bringing in new material from the recruiting depôts which were opened in every city. It was generally agreed at a later period that the doctors had been too exacting in their requirements, and many a battalion commander had reason to regret the loss of the partly-trained men who had been dismissed from the ranks for very minor defects and replaced by men who had not even elementary ideas of discipline, and who when active operations began showed themselves reckless about standing orders and sanitary regulations, and were the first to be stricken down by fever. In almost every regiment the mortality was greater among the newly-enrolled than among the old members, and this habitual disregard of orders was the chief explanation of the unpleasant result. This is a point worth noting by those who are so ready to explain that, though they do not belong to any branch of the national forces, "they would, of course, volunteer at once if there was a war." The man who has learned even a little of the soldier's business and acquired something of the soldier spirit is worth a dozen of these recruits gathered in a moment of emergency.

Even the first days of the war were enough to show that, however men's opinions might have been divided during the anxious weeks that preceded the rupture with Spain, there was but one feeling in the whole country, from California to the Atlantic, once the die was cast. The war must be carried on vigorously, and all must take their share in its burdens. Fitzhugh Lee, the Consul-General at Havana, the son of the great leader of the Southern Confederacy in the Civil War, and himself a veteran of that great conflict, voiced the enthusiasm of the men of the Southern States. They hailed with delight the opportunity now afforded them of fighting side by side as comrades of the men against whom, thirty years ago, they and their fathers had stood in deadly



THE MILITARY DIVISIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

battle. The Spanish war was to wipe out the memory of that fratricidal strife, and the "boys in blue" and the "boys in gray" were to fight under the common flag. On the same day on which President McKinley signed Fitzhugh Lee's commission as a general in the United States army, he sent another general's commission to Joseph Wheeler, another veteran of the old Confederate army. "Joe" Wheeler, as he was affectionately called by his men, was one of the youngest of the generals of the Confederacy. He had been a dashing cavalry leader in the closing years of the Civil War. The men of the South were delighted at the news that this hero of the old war was to lead the cavalry division in the coming invasion of Cuba.

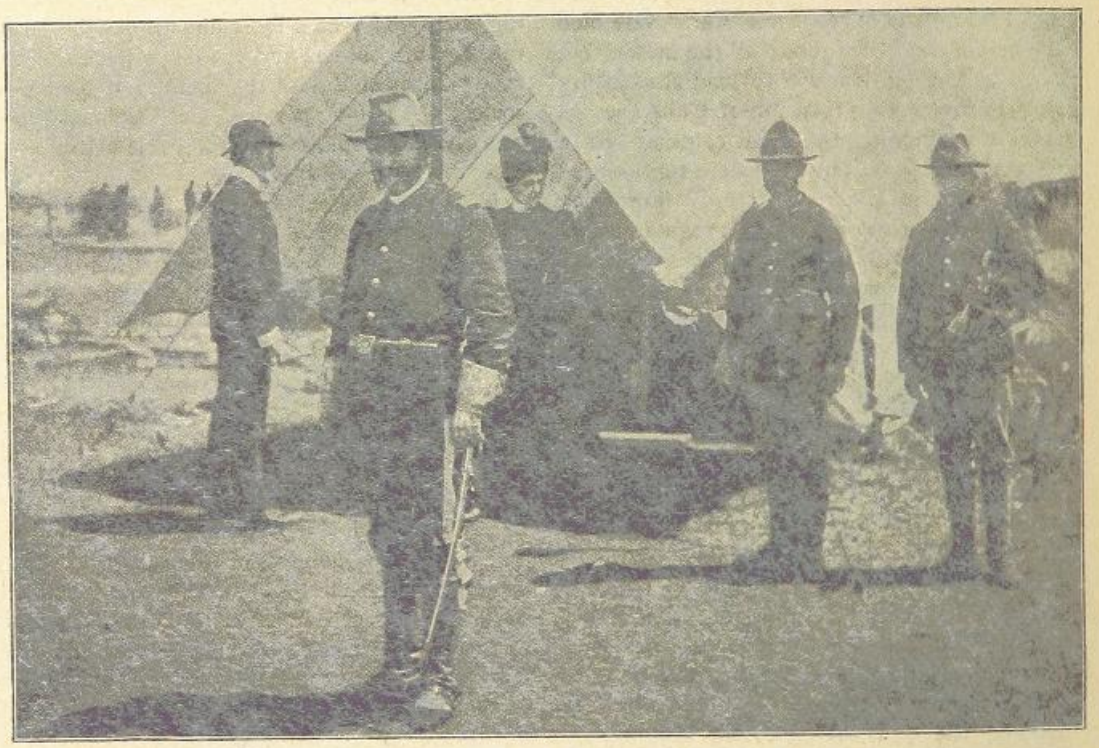
Grant and Sherman, the great commanders of the North, were gone, but they were represented by their sons in the new army. Frederick Grant, formerly a colonel in the regular army, and, later on, United States Minister at Vienna, was commissioned as colonel of the 14th New York Militia, one of the Brooklyn regiments. Sherman's son was a Catholic priest, but a place was found for him, and Father Thomas Sherman's name appeared in an early gazette as chaplain of the 4th Missouri Volunteers. The great millionaire families took their fair share in the national movement. On the very day war was declared, Miss Helen Gould, the daughter of Jay Gould, of Wall Street fame, wrote to the President, forwarding a cheque for 100,000 dollars in aid of the war fund, and adding that she would send another 100,000 as soon as it was wanted. John Jacob Astor, the head of the Astor family, expended 75,000 dollars in purchasing the guns, horses, and equipments for a battery of quick-firing artillery, with 150 gunners and drivers. When the men were enlisted, and all was ready, he was offered the command, but declined it on the ground that he did not possess the necessary military experience. He offered his personal services, however, and was commissioned as an officer on the staff, on which he served as a galloper. His cousin, William Astor Chanler, enlisted as a private in a volunteer regiment.

Another of the millionaires, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, raised and equipped a regiment of volunteer cavalry. Before the war he had been Under-Secretary for the Navy. He resigned that position in order to be free for active service at the front. "I have talked so much about war," he said, "that now it has come I must fight." He had spent some years ranching and hunting in the West, and he resolved to form a volunteer cavalry regiment of cow-boys, trappers, hunters, and Indian scouts, with the addition of a number of recruits from the athletic clubs, the college associations, and the wealthy young followers of open-air sport generally. There was a rush to join the "Rough Riders," as Roosevelt's regiment was soon popularly named, its official title being the 1st United States Volunteer Cavalry. For every recruit he accepted he could have had ten for the asking. Never was there a stranger gathering than Roosevelt's thousand troopers. In the ranks rough miners and cow-boys from the East rode side by side with the dandies of New York society. A regular cavalry officer, Colonel Wood, was given the command, Roosevelt acting as his second.

Nor were the women of the United States backward in doing their part. Everywhere they formed associations for providing help for the wounded and for looking after the families of the poorer soldiers in their absence. Numbers of ladies of the best families not only volunteered for service as army nurses, but showed their practical spirit by entering upon a course of training in the hospitals of the great cities. It must be added, too, that the great employers of labour with few exceptions threw themselves heartily into the movement for lightening the strain on the families of the working classes caused by the calling out of the volunteers. In many instances they undertook to pay wholly or in part the salaries of their regular employés, who had gone to the front, during their absence, so that the women and children at home might not be in want.

But even with all this enthusiasm and goodwill the organisation of the new army was not carried out without long delays and many disastrous failures. These were partly the result of inexperience and of the want of any previous organisation for war in the American army, and to some extent also of the interference of political interests with what should have been left entirely to the direction of trained soldiers. A number of prominent men who had interest at Washington were commissioned as colonels and commissary-generals, and entrusted with the difficult task of collecting and forwarding supplies to the points of concentration, moving the troops and assembling the transports. For army administration cannot be learned in a day, even by the best of business men. And these amateurs made a sad series of mistakes. The United

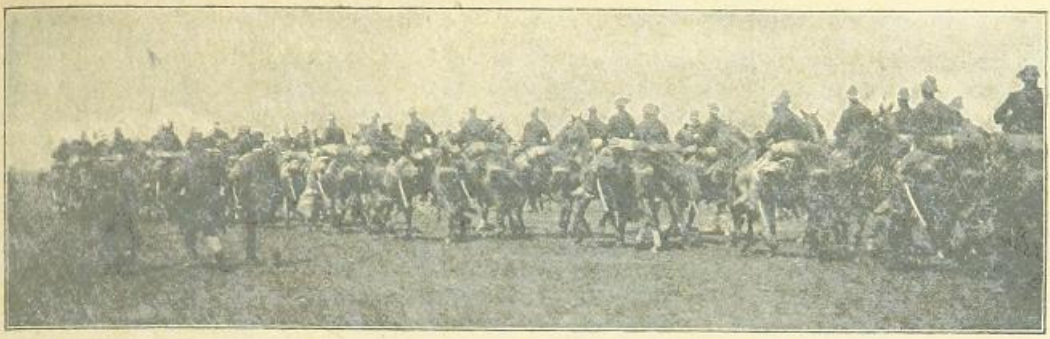
States learned by a costly experience that while it is easy to find men by tens of thousands, the complex machinery of an army cannot be improvised. And these rapid promotions of mere politicians led to well-founded discontent, which manifested itself in no little friction. The story went how there were two brothers in the army at Tampa. One had gone through West Point, the military academy of the United States, and, after fifteen years of service in the West and several Indian campaigns, held the rank of lieu-



COLONEL FRED. D. GRANT.

tenant. The other had gone in for politics and held a commission three weeks old as colonel on the staff. Such a state of things does not tend to military efficiency.

General Miles, the American Commander-in-Chief, was fully alive to the danger there was in this attempt to rapidly create an army and hurry it into the field. If he had had his way the summer would have been devoted to a purely naval war, while the army was deliberately and efficiently prepared for an autumn campaign. But he was overruled, and from the first day the military preparations were directed towards operations in Cuba at an early date. The first great mistake made was the concentration of a considerable force at Tampa, in the enervating climate of Southern Florida. Doubtless the troops were sent there under the impression that it would be possible to embark them at an early date. But even if the men were ready, it was weeks before the transports were collected and prepared to receive them. And until the Spanish fleet was disposed of, it would have been a piece of rashness to embark an army. So for weeks the men sweltered in the sun and sand of Tampa. Even in regular armies that have constant experience of war and war conditions it is recognised that, unless the most careful precautions are taken as to water supply and general cleanliness, a large camp occupied for any length of time becomes a hotbed of fever. The great standing camps at Tampa and Chickamauga were ill supplied with water, and the medical and sanitary service was short-handed from the first. The inevitable result followed. Even regiments that never moved to the front had a terrible death roll, and a still longer list of men sent back to their homes with shattered health and shortened lives. There never was a more costly economy than that which had cut down the American military budget during the thirty-three years between the Civil War and the fight with Spain.



THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

1. Troops A and C leaving for the South. 2. Visitors bidding them farewell. 3. Troop A moving in column of fours—bareback drill. 4. Troop C taking the oath of allegiance.

Though the newspapers had spoken of a move upon Havana in ten days, it was soon recognised that anything on a large scale could not be attempted for a long time to come. But it was hoped that some minor expeditions might be despatched to the help of the Cuban insurgents. The refugees from the island were assembled in the camp at Tampa, armed, equipped, and brigaded under Cuban officers. An effort was made to raise a force of volunteers from the Southern States, formed of men who had survived an attack of yellow fever, and were therefore proof against renewed infection. It was expected that the first move on Cuba would be made by a mixed force of Cubans, Southerners, negroes belonging to the regular army. This would doubtless have been done had not the course of events precipitated the attempt at invasion on a large scale. The minor expeditions that preceded it had very little result. Early in May a small expedition was embarked in the transport steamer *Gussie*, to convey arms and ammunition to the insurgents in the province of Pinar del Rio at the western end of Cuba. The chances of success were reduced to a minimum even before the *Gussie* sailed. There was a crowd of newspaper correspondents at Tampa, and practically no censorship. They described, in detail, the preparations of the *Gussie* expedition and discussed its plans, so that Marshal Blanco was provided with all the information he could wish for in order to frustrate it.

The *Gussie* was freighted with 7,000 rifles and a large quantity of cartridges and other warlike stores. These supplies were to be escorted to the insurgent camp in Pinar del Rio by a party of 100 United States regulars, under the command of Captain Dorst. He was accompanied by a small party of Cubans, whose local knowledge was expected to be of use to him. The *Gussie* sailed on May 11th from Tampa, and off the Cuban coast she was joined by a couple of gunboats. The little flotilla then cruised along the shore, endeavouring to communicate with the messengers of the insurgents, and to find a landing-place where the cargo could be run ashore without interruption. But the Spanish watch on the coasts was so effective that this proved to be impossible, and it was determined to try to force a landing at a point near Cabañas, where the Spaniards were reported not to be very strong or on the alert. But no sooner had the three ships approached the shore than a body of Spanish infantry and cavalry appeared in sight. The guns of the armed ships opened on them. The soldiers on the *Gussie* joined in with their long-ranging rifles, and the Spaniards retreated to the woods. Dorst then landed with his infantry, but soon found that it was useless to attempt to run the cargo ashore. The enemy held the edge of the woods and kept up a sharp, well-directed fire, in the face of which it was found to be impossible to advance from the beach. Attempts to shell them out of the woods proved unavailing. They could not fail to be soon reinforced, so that to move the convoy of arms inland would be to risk its capture. Dorst therefore re-embarked his men, not without loss, and after hovering along the coast for a few days more, looking for another chance, the *Gussie* returned to Tampa.

A better devised and more successful attempt would no doubt have followed, but by the middle of May the course of the naval war forced the military authorities into a complete change of plans. Santiago, and not Havana, became the centre of interest, and, at all hazards, a large army had to be embarked for Cuba.

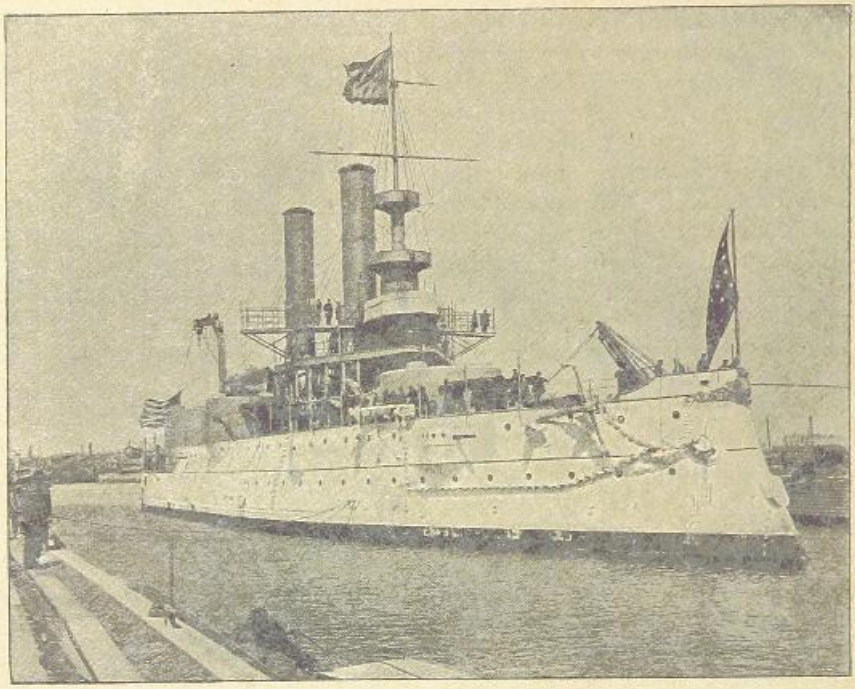
The troops actually available for operations had been already drawn upon in order to embark a land force for the Philippines. This became necessary as soon as it was realised that the fleet alone could not enforce the surrender of Manila, and that even if it could, there would have been grave danger in leaving the great city at the mercy of Aguinaldo and his bloodthirsty following of half-civilised rebels. The command of the expedition was entrusted to General Wesley Merritt, who stood next to General Miles in the list of general officers of the United States Army, and who had before the war been in command of the Department of the East, with his headquarters at New York. Merritt had had a regular military training, graduating at West Point, and seeing his first active service in the Civil War, when he was a young officer of twenty-five. He rose rapidly to the command, first of a brigade, then of a division, and proved himself a brilliant cavalry commander. He was sent to San Francisco to organise the army for the Philippine expedition.

It was at first intended that the army destined for the reduction of Manila should consist almost entirely of volunteer battalions and batteries from the Pacific states. From the very outset the gravity of the position in the Philippines was underrated at Washington. At the outset General Alger and the War Department proposed to give Merritt only three or four thousand

men. The Commander-in-Chief, General Miles, pointed out that such a force would be hopelessly insufficient. The number was raised to 14,000, but of these only one thousand were to be regular infantry; the rest of the force was to be made up of the Western volunteers, whose organisation and training was in most cases known to be inferior to that of their comrades in the great cities of the Eastern states. Merritt protested that he could not without risking disaster attack the Spaniards at Manila with such a force, and requested that at least four thousand regular infantry should be assigned to him as a solid and reliable nucleus for his army. After some delay the authorities gave way on this point, and four regular battalions, three of which were originally intended for Cuba, were ordered to San Francisco. The newly raised Astor battery was added to the artillery of the expedition. As transport was as scarce on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast, the army of the Philippines was despatched from San Francisco, not in a body, but in a series of small detachments, each three or four thousand strong. The result was that effective operations against Manila were not begun till the late summer, when the war was nearly at an end.

The necessity of thus providing for an expedition that no one had foreseen seriously embarrassed the War Department. It diminished to a notable extent the regular force immediately available on the Atlantic coast. It diverted to the West stores and supplies that were badly needed at Tampa. Finally, it deprived the army eventually operating in Cuba of one of the best generals in the United States service. Wesley Merritt, as next in rank to the Commander-in-Chief, might fairly claim the command of the first *corps d'armée* sent to the front in the West Indies. But it was his misfortune to be, like General Miles, a man for whom Alger, the head of the War Department, had no particular goodwill. So the Philippine expedition was used as a ready means of putting him out of the way of General Alger's friend, General Shafter, who stood next on the list, and who was eventually given the command of the army embarked for Cuba. General Miles had expressed his desire personally to command the expedition, but Alger told him that he would be wanted for a simultaneous invasion of Puerto Rico. Rumour spoke of Fitzhugh Lee as the destined second in command of this third expedition. But it had to wait till after the reduction of Santiago, for notwithstanding the large numbers enrolled in the new army, there were no trained troops available after providing for the forces under Merritt and Shafter.

COLONEL MILES, IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST INFANTRY.



U.S. BATTLESHIP "IOWA."

CHAPTER XIX.

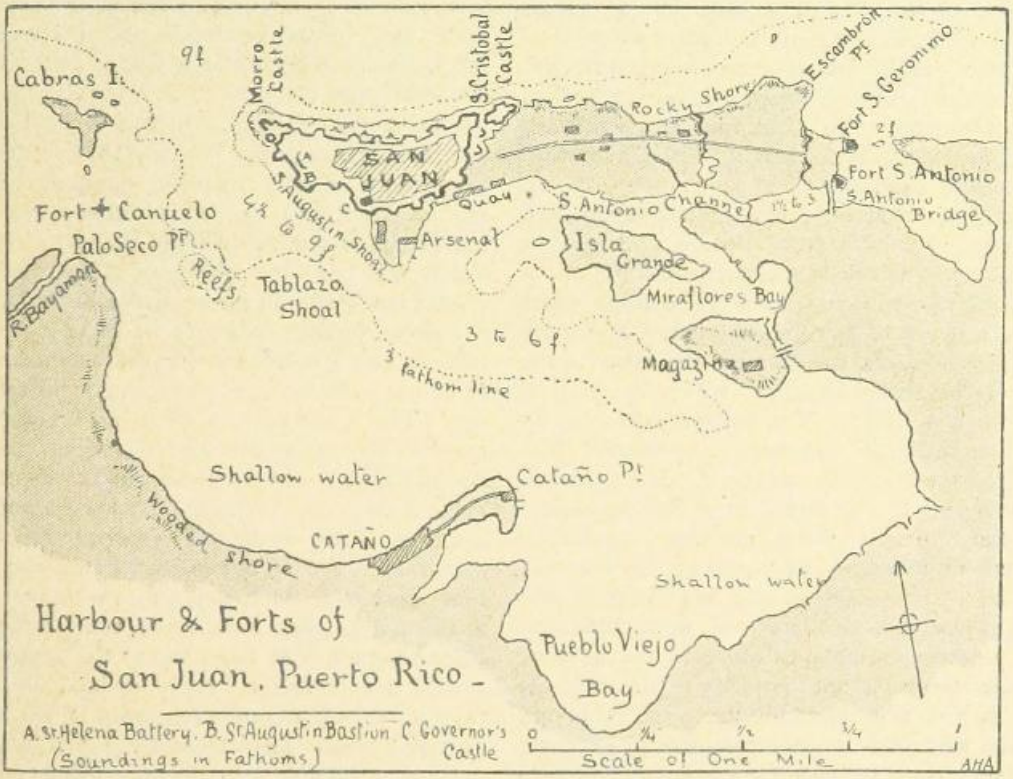
THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

AS we have seen, popular opinion in America looked on an attack upon Havana as the operation with which the naval war would begin. Expert opinion had selected another objective. The great island of Puerto Rico, with its fortified harbour of San Juan, was a point which the Spanish fleet might make its base of operations in the Western seas. The Spanish garrison, under General Machias, had been busy strengthening the batteries and preparing for a siege, and rumour spoke of the harbour as the point where Cervera's fleet would coal, and of other supplies awaiting it when it crossed the Atlantic. The garrison of the island was small compared to the large army under Marshal Blanco's command in Cuba. Its reduction would not be such a formidable and costly operation as the invasion of the larger island, and although there was no movement against Spanish rule in Puerto Rico, its conquest would be of the highest importance for the development of the naval power of the United States.

The strategical value of Puerto Rico has been so clearly set forth by Captain Mahan—the chief living exponent of naval strategy—that his statement may be quoted here in his own words. Writing on the naval lessons of the war, and dealing with the problem of the choice of an objective for the fleet at the outbreak of hostilities, he says :—

"It would have been open to urge that Puerto Rico, being between five and six hundred miles from the eastern end of Cuba, and nearly double that distance from the two ports of the island most important to Spain—Havana on the north and Cienfuegos on the south—would be invaluable to the mother country as an intermediate naval station, and as a basis of supplies and reinforcements for both her fleet and army ; that, if left in her undisturbed possession, it would enable her, practically, to enjoy the same advantage of nearness to the great scene of operations that the United States had in virtue of our geographical situation ; and that therefore the first objective of the war should be the eastern island, and its reduction the first object. The effect of this would have been to throw Spain back

upon her home territory for the support of any operations in Cuba, thus entailing upon her an extremely long line of communications, exposed everywhere throughout its course, but especially to the molestation of small cruisers issuing from the harbours of Puerto Rico, which flank the routes and which, upon the supposition, would have passed into our hands. This view of the matter was urged upon the writer, a few days before hostilities began, by a very old and



intelligent naval officer who had served in our own navy and in that of the Confederate States. To a European nation the argument must have been quite decisive ; for to it, as distant, or more distant than Spain from Cuba, such an intermediate station would have been an almost insurmountable obstacle while in an enemy's hands, and an equally valuable base if wrested from him. To the United States these considerations were applicable only in part ; for, while the inconvenience to Spain would be the same, the gain to us would be but little, as our lines of communication to Cuba neither required the support of Puerto Rico, nor were by it particularly endangered.

"This estimate of the military importance of Puerto Rico should never be lost sight of by us as long as we have any responsibility, direct or indirect, for the safety or independence of Cuba. Puerto Rico, considered militarily, is to Cuba, to the future Isthmian canal, and to our Pacific coast, what Malta is, or may be, to Egypt and the beyond ; and there is for us the like necessity to hold and strengthen the one, in its entirety and in its immediate surroundings, that there is for Great Britain to hold the other for the security of her position in Egypt, for her use of the Suez Canal, and for the control of the route to India. It would be extremely difficult for a European State to sustain operations in the eastern Mediterranean with a British fleet at Malta. Similarly, it would be very difficult for a Transatlantic State to maintain operations in the Western Caribbean with a United States fleet based upon Puerto Rico and the adjacent islands. The same reasons prompted Bonaparte to seize Malta in his expedition against Egypt and India in 1798. In his masterly eyes, as in those of Nelson, it was essential to the communications between France, Egypt, and India. His scheme failed, not because Malta was less than invaluable, but

for want of adequate naval strength, without which no maritime position possesses value."

Acting on such considerations as these Admiral Sampson determined to bombard the batteries of San Juan, Puerto Rico, as a prelude to an attack in which a small land force would co-operate. There were already sufficient troops available for such an operation. It was never expected that the first attack by the fleet would secure the surrender of the place. All that was hoped for was that the batteries would be so crippled as to clear the way for a serious attack, while, at the same time, the defences of the place could be thoroughly reconnoitred. Accordingly, Admiral Sampson, having refilled his coal-bunkers and magazines at Key West, sailed for Puerto Rico, leaving his lighter ships to maintain the blockade of Cuba.

San Juan is at once the military stronghold and the chief harbour of Puerto Rico. It is the only port which is sheltered from the heavy gales of the winter season. The deep water inside it is not of any great extent. There are two entrances, one to the west, the other to the east of the rocky island on which the city of San Juan is built. The eastern entrance, by the San Antonio Channel, is so shallow that only the smallest craft can use it. It is guarded, nevertheless, by the two forts of San Geronimo and San Antonio, which are also intended to prevent an attacking force seizing the east end of the island. Across the island, near the forts, there run two lines of entrenchments. The western or main entrance to the harbour is under the walls and batteries of the city. It is so narrow as to be easily protected by mines. On the west of it is the strong fort of Canuelo, built on a shoal between Cabras Island and Palo Seco Point. This fort crosses its fire with that of the guns of Morro Castle and the St. Helena and San Augustin batteries on the town side of the channel. The city is completely surrounded by a bastioned wall, and on the sea front the defences are formed by the castles of Morro and San Cristobal, with a strong wall and a number of minor batteries between. Many of the batteries and forts are wholly or partly cut out of the living rock. There are large magazines and bomb-proofs in the rock under the fortifications. Several modern guns of large calibre had been mounted on the seaward batteries during the weeks of busy preparation before the war. General Machias, the commandant, was a good soldier, who had made the most of resources for defence at his command.

The fleet which Admiral Sampson concentrated for the attack on San Juan consisted of the armoured cruiser *New York* (his flagship), the battleships *Iowa* and *Indiana*, the monitors *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, the cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery*, the tug *Wampatuck*, and the torpedo boat *Porter*.

At dawn on Thursday, May 12th, the fleet was off San Juan. The day was fine, and the air almost perfectly still; but there was a heavy swell on the sea, and as the morning advanced it was oppressively hot. The attacking fleet kept under easy steam, running in and delivering its fire, then, turning, standing out a little to sea, and coming in again so as to bring the guns on the other side to bear. In this way the range was being continually varied, to the obvious puzzlement of the Spanish gunners. At a quarter-past five the squadron opened fire, making its first advance upon the forts. Morro Castle was the chief object of attack, and the *Porter* ran boldly in between the big ships and the shore, having orders to lie in wait for and torpedo any Spanish warship that might happen to be in the harbour, in case she should venture out. There was an idea, quite unfounded, that one of the powerful armed cruisers of the Spanish navy was at San Juan, and that she might make a dash at the fleet. Hence the position assigned to the *Porter*. The torpedo boat kept to the eastward of Morro, and it was supposed that there were no heavy guns on the sea wall at this point. But here, again, the Intelligence Department was at fault, for, as the large ships turned out to sea, a battery opened fire from this very section of the wall. "The little *Porter*," wrote her commander, "occupied a position of undue prominence, and in consequence received the entire attention of this battery, directly under which she lay. It is hard to understand how such a storm of projectiles could all have missed her; but it was not a chance to be risked a second time, and before the battery could fire again the *Porter* was turning out at full speed, firing back with her one-pounders, and swallowed up in a cloud of black smoke from her own funnels. It was a narrow escape, and it is evident our report of 'no damage and no casualties' was received by the flagship with much relief."

When the fleet closed in for its next attack, the Admiral signalled to the lighter cruisers to keep well out from the forts, and the rest of the bombardment, which lasted just three hours, was left to the heavy-armoured vessels—the

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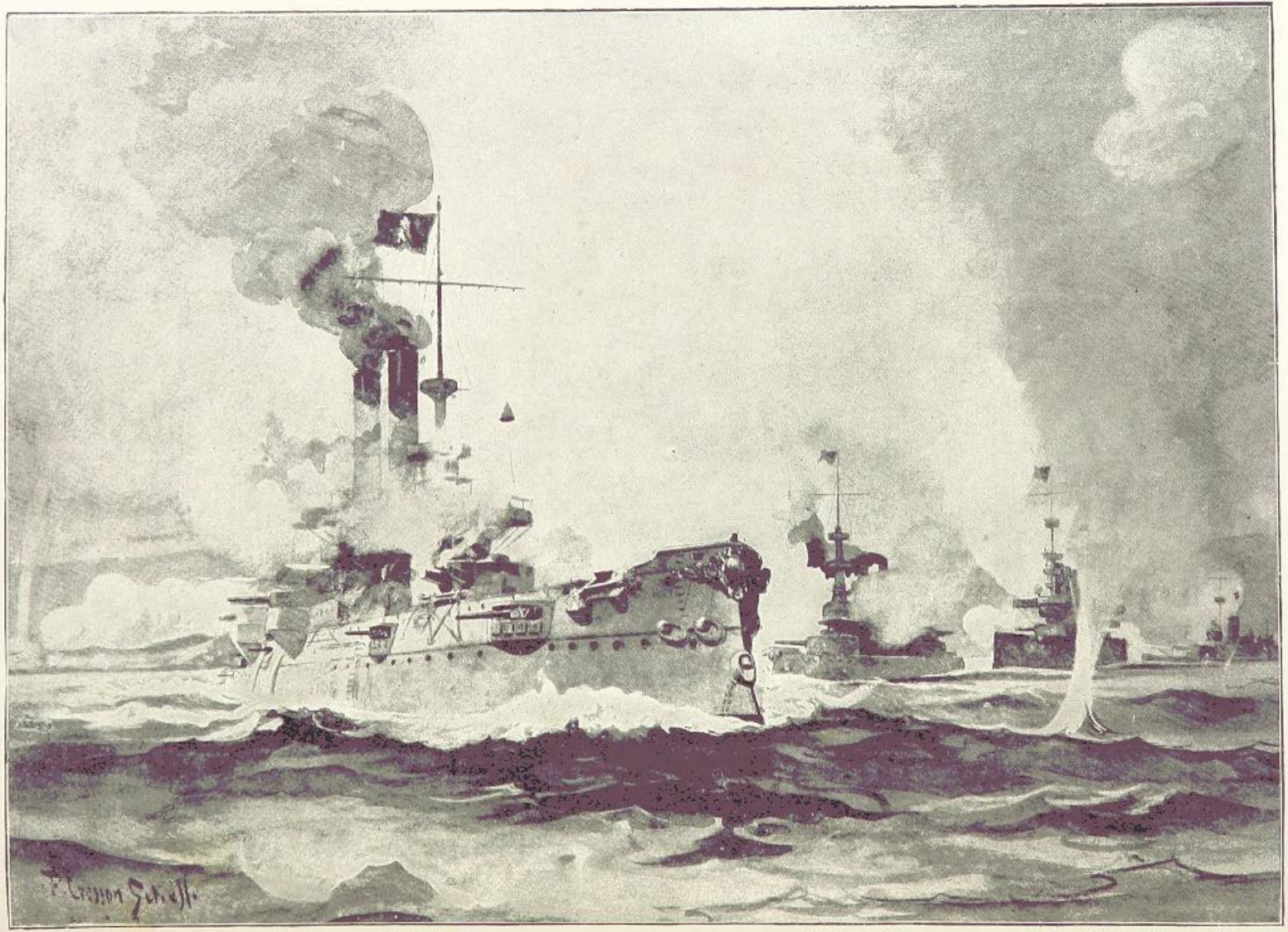


Battleship *Iowa* Battleship *Indiana.* Armoured Cruiser *New York*, Flagship.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON BOMBARDING THE BATTERIES AT SAN JUAN, MAY 12, 1898.

New York, the two battleships, and the two monitors. As the big ships ran up and down along the sea front, the smoke of their guns hung heavily around them, and this, with the steady rolling of the swell, made accurate practice by no means easy. The Spaniards were not shooting badly. Although the range was considerable, their shells were hurtling close overhead, or churning up the water round the armoured ships, and every now and then there was a crash and a loud explosion as a shell from the shore burst on the armoured side, or went smashing through the gear overhead. One seaman was killed and two badly wounded by a shell that burst on the deck of the flagship. Three men were wounded by another shell that burst and blew a boat to pieces near the forward bridge of the *Iowa*. Admiral Sampson had gone on board the battleship to confer with Captain Evans, and the two officers were talking together on the bridge when the shell burst. Several of the fragments whistled close around them, and one of these broke the rail of the bridge. Altogether the *Iowa* was hit eight times, but the only serious damage was a broken steam-pipe. Two killed and seven wounded was the total loss of the squadron during the three hours' fight, and of the dead, one, a gunner of the monitor *Amphitrite*, lost his life, not from the Spanish fire, but from heat stroke.

The American fire was not much more effective. Four killed and several wounded was the loss reported by Machias. The first reports in the United States newspapers declared that the three hours' bombardment had silenced the forts and ruined the city, and that the white flag was hoisted on Morro; so that Sampson might have taken possession of the place if he had had a landing force with him to garrison it. But the detailed matter-of-fact statements of correspondents who watched the fight showed that this story of victory was a mere fabrication. One of them, dating his despatch from on board the *Iowa*, wrote: "No traces of the bombardment were discernible on the forts except small fires, which were apparently extinguished before the fleet left"; and another, dating his despatch from the press-boat *Dauntless*, said: "At the close of the engagement the fortifications had a very dilapidated appearance, but the guns were as active as ever."

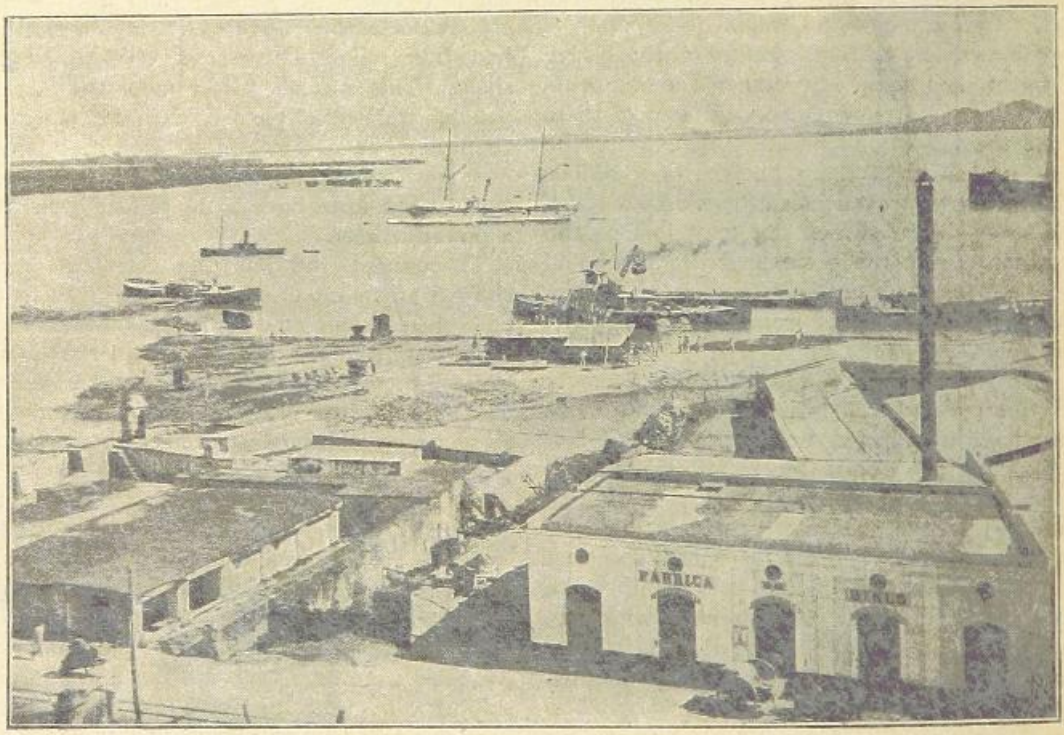
At a quarter to eight the Admiral signalled, first, "Cease fire," and then "Retire." An immense quantity of ammunition had been expended, but not a single Spanish gun had been silenced. The *Terror*, the last ship in the line, either misunderstood or disregarded the signal, and, as she slowly drew off, exchanged distant shots with Morro. The monitors were so slow that the other ships often towed them, and as the fleet retired one of them was helped along by a tow-line from a light cruiser. This was the origin of the Spanish report that one of the "Yankees" had been so disabled that she had to be towed out of action. But even after discounting this imaginary success, General Machias had good reason to be proud of the day's work. He had held his own for three hours against the American fleet. His works and batteries were practically intact. A few buildings in the town were damaged. An English merchant steamer and the French cruiser *Rigault de Genouilly*, lying in the bay, had been slightly damaged by long-ranging shells. This was all. No wonder the Spanish general claimed a victory, and the news was received with enthusiasm in Madrid. It was one more confirmation of the view that well-constructed forts have little to fear even from a powerful fleet.

Throughout the war the Spaniards never showed any want of courage, but in this fight at San Juan one of their signallers showed an example of cool daring that excited the admiration of the attacking fleet. He was posted on the highest tower of the Morro Castle, standing all alone by his signal staff in a most exposed position. Throughout the bombardment he never seemed to pay the least attention to the shells that hurtled past him or burst around the tower. He worked his signals, cool, self-possessed, and to the delight of even his opponents, all unharmed.

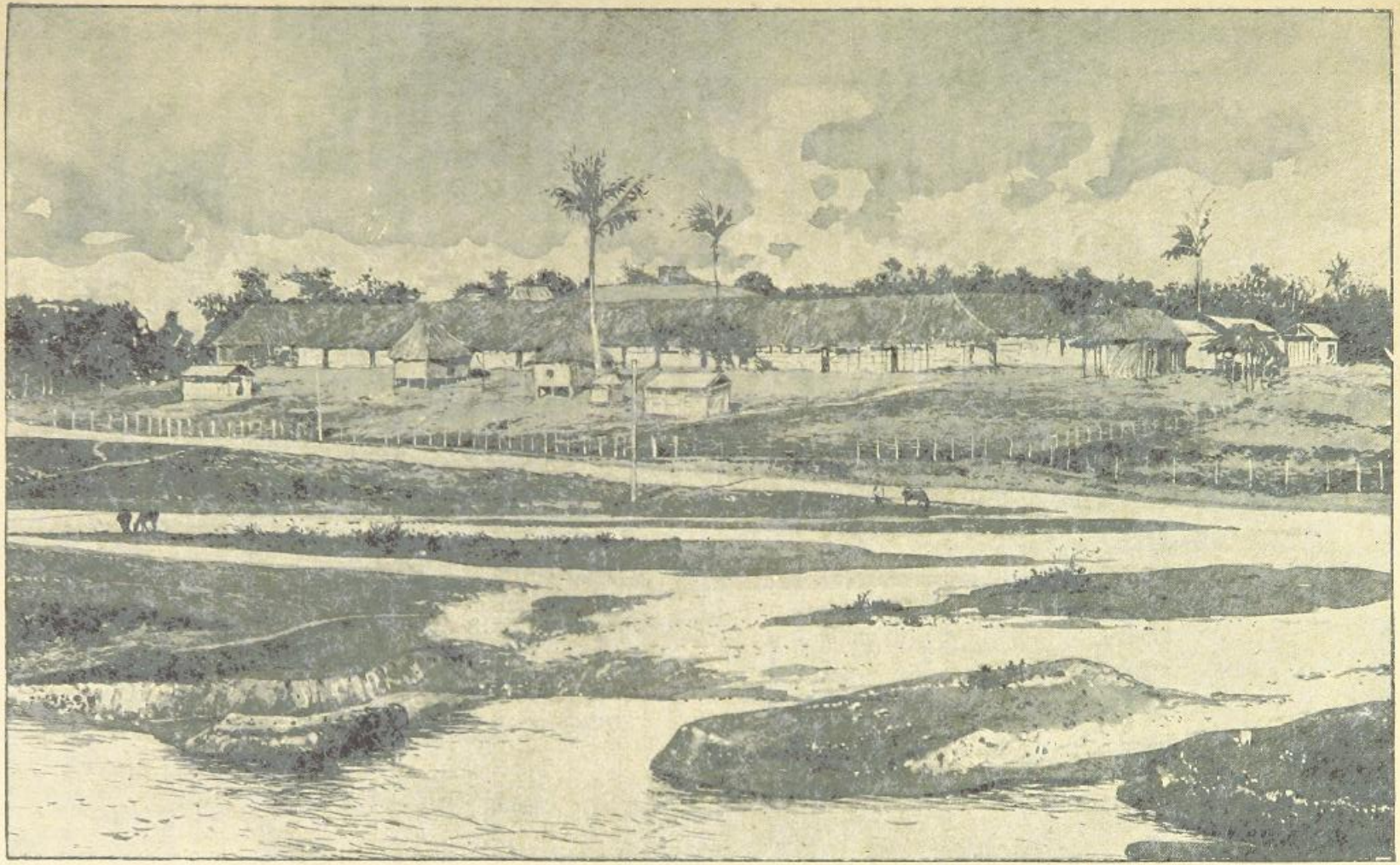
At the close of the fight the American wounded were sent on board the naval hospital ship for conveyance to Key West. This ship, a big liner, fitted up as a floating ambulance and hospital, and renamed the *Solace*, was a new feature in naval warfare. She was painted white in order to distinguish her from the fighting ships, and although the Geneva Convention does not directly apply to naval war, she flew the Red Cross flag. It was a new departure, which will doubtless be followed by other navies. It is curious to note that this arrangement for naval hospitals in war was first proposed a few years ago by a Spanish writer.

Swift upon the tidings from Puerto Rico came further news, that seemed at first to augur

well for Spain. Cervera's fleet, which had been reported to be lying idle at Cadiz, had suddenly appeared in the West Indian seas, only to disappear again to some unknown destination in the Caribbean Sea. Sampson would hardly have emptied his magazines in the bombardment of San Juan if he had known his enemy was so near. On the very day of the attack, he received orders to suspend any further operations on the coast of Puerto Rico and to co-operate with the blockading fleet in Cuban waters, under Commodore Watson, and the flying squadron under Schley, from Hampton Roads, in pursuing the Spanish fleet and bringing it to action. Before following any further the fortunes of the combined American squadrons, we must tell the story of Cervera's venturous voyage.



HARBOUR OF SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.



A SPANISH ENCAMPMENT NEAR GUANTANAMO.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOYAGE OF CERVERA'S SQUADRON.

THE Spanish fleet possessed only a single modern battleship, the *Pelayo*, and even she was not ready for active service when war was declared. But the Spanish navy list was strong in armoured cruisers and sea-going torpedo boats, and on these were centred the hopes of those who anticipated that Spain would make a good fight upon the seas. Even American naval experts were so impressed with the possibility that the swift armoured cruisers and their formidable auxiliaries, the British-built torpedo boats or "destroyers," under the Spanish flag, might prove themselves dangerous foes even to the powerful squadron of heavily-armoured and armed ships under Sampson and Schley, that in the first weeks of the war the chief anxiety of the Washington Navy Department was to further reinforce the fleet in the Atlantic.

For this purpose the battleship *Oregon*, which was stationed at San Francisco in April, was ordered to make her way with all speed to the West Indies. The actual distance she had to traverse was enormous. It was a voyage of fourteen thousand miles, southwards to Cape Horn and then northwards along the Atlantic coast of South America, calling on the way at various ports for coal, information, and orders. A Spanish torpedo boat, the *Temerario*, was known to be on the Brazilian coast, and there were fears that she might intercept and attack the *Oregon* by night. There was also some anxiety about the condition in which the *Oregon* would arrive. It was the longest voyage ever made by a ship of her class at high speed, and it might well be that when she reached the West Indies her boilers and engines would be in need of extensive repairs, and she would not be for some time ready for active service. But she did the distance at an average speed of fifteen knots an hour, and arrived with everything in good order.

Had all the Spanish ships been as ready for sea as the vessels of the American navy were, a really powerful squadron might have been assembled in the Atlantic. But, unfortunately for Spain, there was a general condition of backwardness and unreadiness in her naval arsenals, so that she was able to concentrate only a few of her ships for active work at the outset of the war. And even these were not all by any means fully equipped. One of the best ships of the cruiser squadron—the *Cristobal Colon*—went to sea without any heavy guns in her barbettes, and had to depend entirely on her secondary armament of quick-firers. She had been purchased from Italy, her barbettes being then armed with heavy Armstrongs. These were removed in order to substitute for them four Spanish Hontoria guns of the same calibre. But the gun-mountings were not ready when the war began; so the *Cristobal Colon* was sent to sea only half armed. This curious state of things was not discovered by outsiders till a much later date, and at first the story was rejected as absolutely incredible, but it was true.

The concentration of the Spanish cruiser squadron began (as we have seen) before the actual outbreak of hostilities. On April 1st a squadron of torpedo boats, consisting of the *Furor*, *Terror*, *Pluton*, *Rayo*, *Azor*, and *Ariete*, left Cadiz for the Cape Verde Islands. They were good boats, mostly built in British shipyards, and the three first represented the "destroyer" class in our own navy; the rest were first-class sea-going torpedo boats. They were escorted by the armed liner *Ciudad de Cadiz*, which served as a storeship. The whole squadron was under the command of Captain Villamil.

On the same day the armoured cruisers *Vizcaya* and *Almirante Oquendo* left Havana for Puerto Rico. They coaled at San Juan, and on the 9th sailed for the Cape Verde Islands. Next day the cruisers *Infanta Maria Teresa* (flying the flag of Admiral Cervera) and the *Cristobal Colon* left Cadiz for the same destination. On the 15th they reached the port of St. Vincent in the Cape Verde Islands, and four days later the two other cruisers arrived from the West Indies. Thus, on the declaration of war, Cervera had under his command at St. Vincent four armoured cruisers, one auxiliary cruiser, three torpedo-boat destroyers, and three sea-going torpedo boats. Compared to the American navy in Atlantic waters, it was inferior both in numbers and in

power, but there was the fact that a torpedo boat well handled might dispose of the most powerful armoured warship, and the heavy armoured cruisers of the Spanish squadron were by many supposed to be little inferior to battleships. Add to this that there were few ships under the Stars and Stripes which had anything like the speed of Cervera's squadron, and we can understand the alarm caused in the United States by the presence of this hostile fleet at the Cape Verde Islands. From this advanced point in the ocean the Spanish squadron might raid the ports of the Atlantic seaboard, or appear in the West Indies to raise the blockade of Havana, or sail for the South American coast, intercept the *Oregon*, and then make for the Pacific and restore the fortunes of Spain in the Philippines.

War was declared, and nevertheless for some days Cervera's squadron lay idly in harbour. The Cape Verde Islands are Portuguese territory, so that the fleet was anchored in neutral waters—a state of things that could not be allowed to continue long, unless the Lisbon Government was prepared to throw in its lot with that of Madrid. The fleet was reported to be short of coal and other supplies, but its deficiencies in this respect were certainly exaggerated. Some coal was taken on board at St. Vincent, and a quantity of ammunition was transferred from the *Ciudad de Cadiz* to the cruisers. All the ships were repainted a dead dull black while lying in the harbour, and quantities of boats, wooden fittings, and other impedimenta were transferred to the transport.

On Thursday, April 28th, it was clear that a move was near at hand. Smoke was pouring from the funnels of all the cruisers in the afternoon. They were getting up steam, and it looked as if their coal was not of the best quality. There was another sign of impending departure. It was noticed that the Spanish naval officers were paying their bills and bidding good-bye to friends. At sunrise next morning the anchors of the cruisers were coming up. It was a Friday, a day that the average sailor considers very unlucky for starting on a voyage. The fluttering flags on the *Maria Teresa* signalled the order to get under weigh, and the flagship proudly led the cruiser squadron out of the harbour, saluting the Portuguese battery with her quick-firers as she glided out into the ocean. Behind her came the great black hulls of her three consorts, and, abeam in another line, Villamil led his flotilla, the three destroyers, *Furor*, *Terror*, and *Pluton*, lying low in the water and driving white feathers of foam from their sharp bows as they tried their speed. It was a brave sight, and the Spanish captains and their crews went out confident that they would soon send back stirring news to Spain. But not since the Grand Armada sailed to its destruction in the northern seas did a Spanish fleet go forth to sea to meet so terrible a fate as that which waited for Cervera.

The armed transport and the three smaller torpedo craft remained at anchor in the bay, and later sailed northward. The course of the cruiser and destroyer squadron was westward. As they gained the sea, a small merchant steamer, flying the English flag, put out from St. Vincent. For some hours she followed the fleet, but without keeping so close as to suggest that she was deliberately watching its movements. As the day wore on the squadron increased its speed, and the steamer began to lose distance. At sundown the cruisers had got so far ahead that they were just beginning to get hull down on the western horizon, as seen from the steamer. They had made no appreciable change in their course, and were evidently heading for the West Indies. After dark the steamer ran back to St. Vincent. She was one of the press boats employed by the *New York Herald*, and the cable flashed the news to America that Cervera was at last on his way to Puerto Rico.

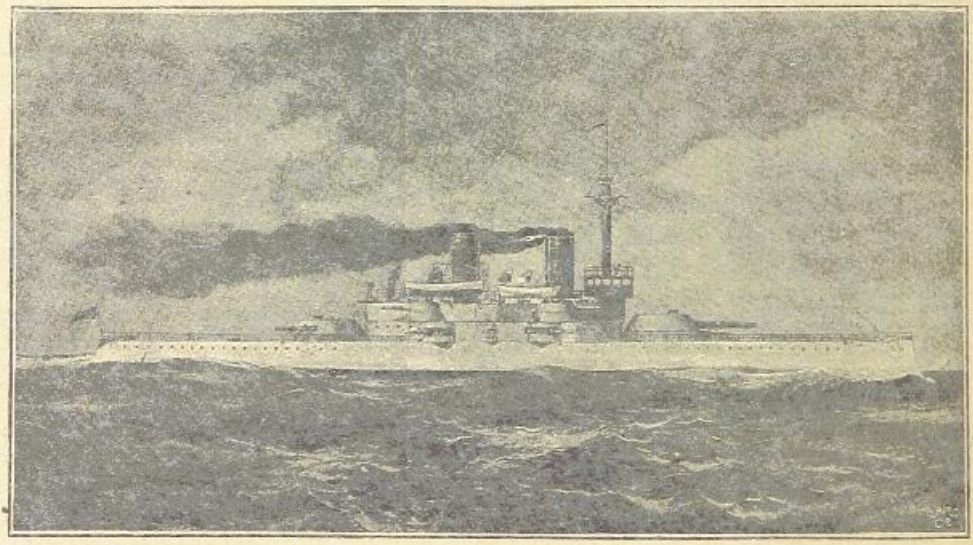
Experts calculated that he ought to be across the Atlantic in ten days. From St. Vincent in the Cape Verde Islands to San Juan in Puerto Rico is about 2,400 miles. In order to economise coal and spare engines and boilers, a fleet, as a rule, makes a long voyage at about ten knots an hour. This would give 240 knots a day, and would bring the Spanish fleet to San Juan about May 9th. The swift armed liners attached to Schley's "flying squadron" rushed out into the Atlantic to look for the enemy. With their high speed, it was expected that they would get in touch of it in mid ocean, and, avoiding an action, watch it back into West Indian waters, and give early and definite tidings of its approach. News was expected about May 7th. But the 7th came and there was no news. Ships arriving from Atlantic voyages gave vague reports of having seen the smoke of a great fleet, now here, now there. Anxious watchers at look-out stations on the New England coast thought they had seen Spanish cruisers in the offing. But none of these rumours stood the test of examination. Schley's swift scouts swept

the sea in vain. It seemed as if Cervera's fleet had vanished into space.

Then came news from Cadiz, definite, detailed, to all appearance reliable, that the four heavy cruisers and the three destroyers, under Cervera and Villamil, had steamed into harbour and anchored. Their start for Puerto Rico, it was said, had been a mere feint. Spain was playing a waiting game, and hoping to draw the American squadron across the Atlantic to fight them in European waters, far from their base of supplies. And on this news there arose a sharp controversy as to the soundness of Spain's naval policy. Some of the experts praised Cervera for his ruse. Others ridiculed the empty parade of going out to sea in fighting trim only to scuttle back to the nearest home port. The caricaturists of the New York press revelled in ridicule of the "runaway admiral." They represented him as a mischievous urchin, in Spanish costume, playing hide and seek with Uncle Sam, and smiling at his own cleverness in having got into a safe hiding-place.

Never did baseless rumour obtain such general credence as this story of Cervera's return to Cadiz. How it was started in the first instance is not quite clear. One version of the matter is that a very inexpert emissary of the "yellow" press, on reaching Cadiz, mistook some of the steamers and torpedo boats that were in the harbour for Cervera's squadron. One would have thought that such a mistake would have been immediately rectified; but even in European papers there appeared definite despatches declaring that the *Maria Teresa* and her consorts were lying safely under the protection of the Cadiz shore batteries. The Spanish censorship was very strict, and there is little doubt that the misleading despatches were sent on (perhaps, even in part manufactured) by the Cadiz authorities, while all corrections were suppressed.

Whilst it was still generally believed that Cervera's fleet was lying at Cadiz, there came news from the French island of Martinique which showed that it had eluded the American scouts, and had reached the West Indies without having once been seen by the armed liners and swift cruisers that were scouring the Atlantic in search of it.



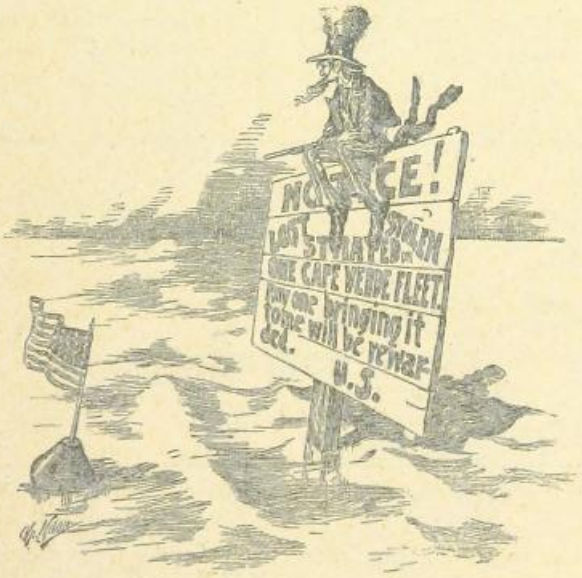
U.S. BATTLESHIP "OREGON."

After dark on the evening of Wednesday, May 11th (the eve of Sampson's bombardment of San Juan), the Spanish destroyer *Furor* ran into the harbour of St. Pierre, at Martinique. She had apparently called for orders, for she went out to sea before midnight, after her commander had handed the Spanish consul despatches from the Admiral. So quietly had she made her visit to the port that the American agents who were on the spot knew nothing of it till next day. The French authorities, whose sympathy was on the side of Spain, did something to facilitate these communications. By a curious coincidence the cable from Martinique to Santa Lucia, by which news would have been sent most directly to the United States, ceased to work at this critical moment, and rumour alleged that the Spaniards had cut it. There is,

however, no reason to suppose that they ventured on an act that might have involved them in trouble with England. Cables have an awkward way of getting out of order at critical junctures, just as in the anxious days of the Jameson Raid the British South African cable ceased to work.

At five in the afternoon of the next day (Thursday) another Spanish torpedo boat, the *Terror*, ran boldly into St. Pierre in the daylight. The appearance of these messengers of the fleet was proof sufficient that it could not be far off, and in the sunset light of the same evening those who looked out from the hills of Martinique saw four large warships heading northwards under easy steam. They were Cervera's cruisers. The *Harvard*, one of the armed liners of Schley's fleet, slipped into St. Pierre the same evening, and her commander tried to get a cable message away, but was told that it would probably be delayed. He was also informed that under the French neutrality proclamation he would not be allowed to leave St. Pierre for twenty-four hours after the departure of the *Terror*. But late in the evening the United States consul and the *New York Herald* correspondent were able to get despatches through by way of Hayti conveying the important news. It was not till the 15th that Sampson received the news. He steamed for Key West to coal, leaving his lighter ships to watch the Windward and Mona Passages, by which it was expected that Cervera might make a dash for Havana or for the North Atlantic.

Schley received orders at the same time to co-operate to the south of Cuba, and steamed full speed from Key West, making for the Yucatan Passage, at the west end of the great island, between it and the mainland. As soon as he had coaled his ships, Sampson steamed eastwards along the north of Cuba, with his scouts well in advance, ready to engage Cervera if he should make a dash either for Havana or San Juan. Schley's squadron was thus actually in the island-fringed basin of the Caribbean Sea, while his scouting cruisers searched its whole extent. Sampson watched its northern outlets to the Atlantic. The accepted theory at Washington was that the Spaniards would make for either Havana or Puerto Rico, most likely the latter. If they went direct for Havana they would have to meet Sampson, whose squadron was quite capable of making a successful fight, even though it was weaker than the Spaniards in torpedo craft. If they made for San Juan they would be soon blockaded in the bay.



"INFORMATION WANTED!"
(*Reproduced from a Cartoon in the "New York Herald."*)

There was just a chance that Cervera's object was to intercept the battleship *Oregon* and the cruiser and gunboat accompanying her, which had last been heard of at Bahia and were known

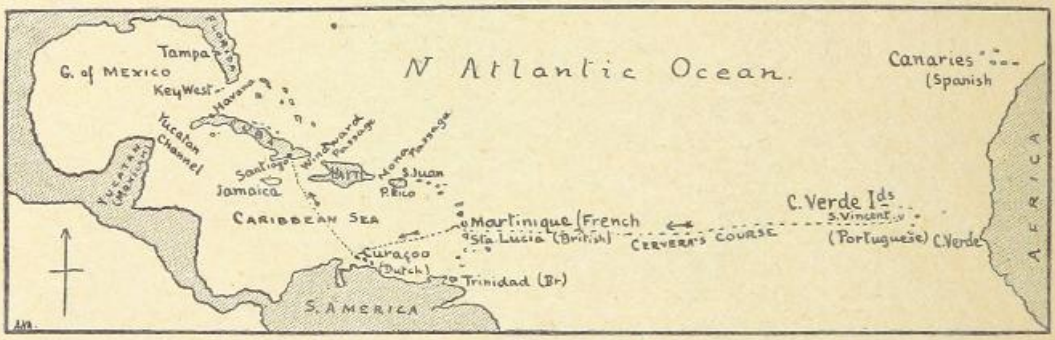
to be approaching Trinidad. This added to the anxiety of the situation, when once more touch was lost of the Spanish squadron. Nothing was seen of it by the cruisers holding the "passages" or straits between the large islands, and the cruisers did not find it in the Caribbean Sea. The fact was that Cervera had altered his course after dark on the Thursday, and leaving the *Terror* at Martinique, he began to steer west, making for the Dutch island of Curaçoa, near the mainland, on the south side of the Caribbean Sea. Two, perhaps four, transports laden with supplies were intended to join him in that neighbourhood. On the Saturday the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the *Vizcaya* entered the port. Two other cruisers and two of the destroyers remained outside. The Dutch authorities insisted on the neutrality proclamation being rigidly observed, and requested Cervera to leave the harbour in twenty-four hours. His colliers had not joined him, and their failure to keep the rendezvous, together with the unfriendliness of the Dutch Governor, seriously hampered his plans. On the Sunday evening he put to sea again, and once more was lost to sight. The failure of the United States cruisers to gain and keep touch with him was manifest, and very seriously embarrassed the authorities at Washington in their general direction of the campaign.

Meanwhile, Cervera's squadron, short of coal and husbanding its resources by steaming at a very easy rate, was making for the east end of Cuba. The Admiral had given up the idea of a dash for either San Juan or Havana. Steaming north-west from Curaçoa, he passed (out of sight of land) through the wide Jamaica channel between the island and the south-west cape of Hayti. His object was to reach and take shelter in the harbour of Santiago de Cuba, where he hoped to obtain coal and other supplies.

Santiago is noted in the recent history of Cuba as the scene of the *Virginius* massacre. There was a certain dramatic fitness in the fate that now made it the centre of the decisive struggle between the Spanish rulers of the island and the countrymen of those who manned the *Virginius*. In the days of the great naval war between France and England it was a frequent anchoring place for our West Indian squadrons. The first Spanish stronghold in the island, it was now to see the last fight for Spain in Cuba.

The harbour is an almost land-locked arm of the sea, surrounded by wooded hills. The old city at the head of the bay, once the capital of Cuba, is five miles from the open sea. It had no walls, and its only permanent fortification was an old battery. But its defences clustered miles off round the narrow entrance to the harbour, where another Morro Castle, named like those at Havana and San Juan, and dating from the earlier days of Spanish rule, had been strengthened by some modern batteries, the most powerful being armed from a dismantled cruiser, the *Reina Mercedes*. She was anchored near the entrance as a floating battery. Her starboard battery covered the inner end of the strait. She could not be employed at sea, for her engines were in disrepair and her boilers worn out. The guns of her port battery had been mounted in the new works.

This entrance to Santiago will be the scene of so much that follows that it may be well to describe it more in detail, and no better description can be found than that of an English sailor who saw much of it in the days of the old fights between French and British wooden walls. In one of the best of his sea stories, "Tom



Sketch Map showing the course of Cervera's Squadron.

Cringle's Log," Michael Scott speaks more than once of Santiago, and describes it as only he could describe a West Indian scene. Here is a word picture of the Cuban shore and the narrow gate of Santiago Bay as Scott saw them, and as they must have looked to the Spanish officers of Cervera's fleet as they headed for the port on the morning of May 19th.

"We were about two miles off the Morro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago de Cuba. I went aloft to look around me. The sea-breeze blew strong, until it reached within half a mile of the shore, where it stopped short, shooting in cat's-paws occasionally into the smooth belt of water beyond, where the long unbroken swell rolled like molten silver in the rising sun, without a ripple on its surface, until it dashed its gigantic undulations against the face of the precipitous cliffs on the shore and flew up in smoke. The entrance to the harbour is very narrow, and looked from my perch like a zig-zag chasm in the rock, inlaid at the bottom with polished blue steel; so clear and calm and pellucid was the still water, wherein the frowning rocks, and the magnificent trees on the banks, and the white Morro rising with its grinning tiers of cannon, battery above battery, were reflected as if it had been in a mirror. We stood in, the scene becoming more and more magnificent as we approached the land. The fresh green shores of the glorious island lay before us, fringed with white surf. The undulating hills in the vicinity were all either cleared and covered with the greenest verdure that imagination can picture, over which strayed large herds of cattle; or with forests of gigantic trees, from amongst which, every now and then, peeped out some palm-thatched mountain settlement with its small thread of blue smoke floating up into the calm, clear morning air; while the blue hills in the distance rose higher and higher, and more and more blue and dreamy and indistinct, until their rugged summits could not be distinguished from the clouds through the glimmering hot haze of the tropics."

And he thus goes on to describe the narrow strait as it appears to a ship making her way through the entrance:—

"'By the mark, seven!' sung out the leadsman in the starboard chains. 'Quarter less three!' responded he in the larboard, showing that the inequalities of the surface at the bottom of the sea, even in the breadth of the ship, were at least as abrupt as those presented above water by the sides of the natural canal into which we were now running. By this time, on our right hand, we were within pistol-shot of the Morro, where the channel is not above fifty yards across; indeed, there is a chain, made fast to a rock on the opposite side, that can be hove up by a capstan until it is level with the surface of the water, so as to constitute an insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to force an entrance in time of war. As we stood in, the golden flag of Spain rose slowly on the staff at the water battery and cast its large sleepy folds abroad in the breeze. . . . We stood on, the channel narrowing still more, the rocks rising to a height of at least 500 feet from the water's edge, as sharply and precipitously as if they had only yesterday been split asunder; the splintered projections and pinnacles on one side having each their corresponding fissures and indentations on the other, as if the hand of a giant could have closed them together again. Noble trees shot out in all directions, wherever they could find a little earth and a crevice to hold on by, almost meeting overhead in several places, and alive with all kinds of birds and beasts incidental to the climate. . . . And then the dark transparent crystal depth of the pure waters under foot, reflecting all nature so steadily and distinctly that in the hollows, where the overhanging foliage of the laurel-like bushes darkened the scene, you could not for your life tell where the elements met, so blended were earth and sea."

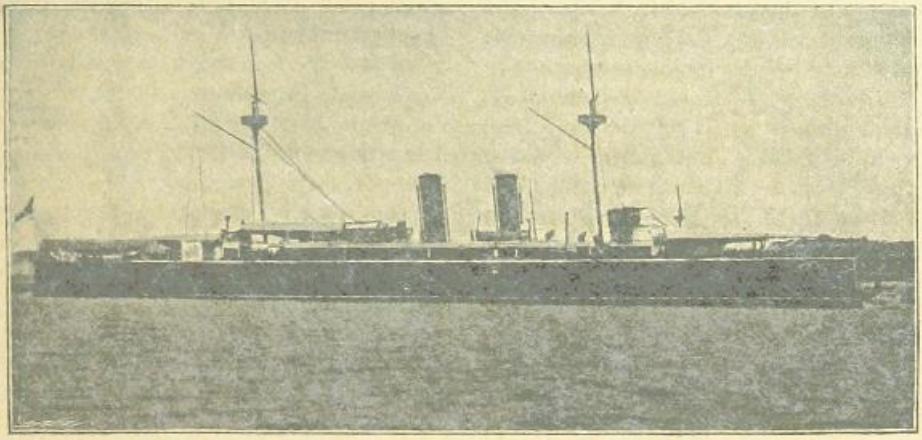
During the siege of 1898 iron chain was no longer used to bar the entrance channel, though a similar old-world device was employed to close one of the inner passages of the harbour. New batteries had been erected below the time-worn walls of Morro Castle, and on the opposite headland of Socapa there were two recently constructed batteries. Otherwise the scene was little changed by the lapse of nearly a century from the days when Scott saw the place.

As the channel widens to the bay it is divided by an island known as Smith Cay, in memory of some English captain. Then between the wooded hills, scored by many a deep inlet, there opens the outer harbour, more than a mile long and wide, from which a second channel, wider than the first, leads to the great inner harbour, at the head of which the city rises along the hillside. There are iron and copper mines in the hills around, and light mineral railways run down to the quays and jetties on both sides of the harbour, while a broad gauge line runs inland from the city

to Bayamo. Santiago is a busy port, and its natural features make it all but impregnable. It was for this stronghold that Cervera laid his course from Curaçoa. Santiago was to be, he hoped, his new base of operations for the naval campaign.

If he had used it merely as a base, a starting-point for a raid upon the scattered ships of the blockading squadron, or upon the North Atlantic ports of the United States, his dash into Santiago would have been a piece of sound policy. But as we shall see, he allowed himself to be imprisoned in the land-locked harbour. Fleets and armies alike are able to produce decisive results in war when they can move. To be locked up in a harbour is for a fleet what it is for an army to be blockaded in a fortress. And so it may be said that, though there is no doubt of Admiral Cervera's loyalty to his government and country, and his faults were errors of judgment and the lack of enterprise, Santiago became for his fleet and for Spain what Metz proved to be for France and the army of the Rhine in the war of 1870—a seeming place of refuge and safety, but really the entrance to the wide road that led to hopeless disaster.

ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



THE SPANISH ARMOURED CRUISER "INFANTA MARIA TERESA."

CHAPTER XXI.

FIRST ATTACKS ON SANTIAGO.

THE British consul at Santiago in May, 1898, was the late Mr. Frederick W. Ramsden, the same who years before had, by his plucky intervention, stopped the massacre of the *Virginius* expedition after the execution of the first victims. We are indebted to his diary, published after his lamented death, for an inner view of the siege of Santiago.

On Wednesday, the 18th of May, he noted in his journal that two American steamers and a large armed yacht were off the port. They seemed to be dragging for the telegraph cable, and they came so close that the Morro batteries fired some shots at them, to which they replied, without effect on either side. In the afternoon they went away. If they had held on for another twelve hours they would have had important news. For as the sun rose on the Thursday morning Cervera's fleet, the four big cruisers and the two destroyers, steamed in past the Morro and anchored in the inner bay. The American ships were some miles away to the eastward towards Guantanamo, and had amused themselves by exchanging some shots with a new shore battery at Playa del Este. Had they devoted themselves to watching Santiago they would have done better service, for it was not till many days later that the United States Government felt really certain that Admiral Cervera was in the port.

It is true that the Admiral had at once reported his arrival to Blanco at Havana, and the Marshal had as promptly cabled the news to Madrid. There it was communicated officially to the press and the public, and there was as much rejoicing as if the Admiral had won a great victory. Nor was this popular exultation unreasonable. The fact that Cervera had again and again eluded the more numerous American squadrons, indirectly forced them to relax their watch on Havana, thrown all their plans into confusion, and reached the West Indian Seas in spite of them, was taken as an earnest of further exploits to be performed by the swift and powerful squadron which had given new hope to Spain.

This official news did not, however, satisfy the Government at Washington as to Cervera's real position. They remembered the story of his return to Cadiz. This report that he was in Santiago might, after all, prove to be only another ruse to facilitate his entrance into another port or a new raid in some unexpected direction. Nor were they quite certain as to what force he had with him. There was known to be a second Spanish squadron fitting out at Cadiz and Cartagena under Admiral Camara, which was to include the battleship *Pelayo*, two or three armoured cruisers and a torpedo flotilla, and, after the uncertainties and anxieties of the past few days, no one felt quite sure that some of these might not be already slipping across the Atlantic. The story that Cervera was in Santiago might in such a case be intended to facilitate his junction elsewhere with these reinforcements. The American Naval Intelligence

system had quite broken down. And the strangest point of all was that, with insurgent bands under Garcia holding points of vantage in the hills of the Santiago district and hundreds of active sympathisers with the movement in the city itself, no reliable information was sent to the United States fleet for days to come, and yet all the time there lay the great warships in sight of the city, and the Governments of Havana and of Madrid had published the tidings of their arrival to the world. It was not till the 24th—five days after Cervera's arrival—that the Washington Government felt assured that he was really at Santiago. Till then they doubted that he had ever been there, or supposed that he had at most made a visit of a few hours. As late as the evening of the 23rd it was supposed he was somewhere off the south coast of Cuba, between Santiago and Cienfuegos.

These days of uncertainty were a precious opportunity for the Spanish admiral, but he showed himself strangely inactive from the moment that his cruisers ran into their land-locked harbour of refuge. To his intense disappointment, he found that supplies of all kinds at Santiago were scanty. The Spanish Admiralty and War Office had failed to realise the possible importance of the place, and while they had been hurrying men, guns, and stores to Havana in the weeks before the war, they had done nothing for the eastern capital of Cuba. There was a weak garrison, which had its pay in arrear and its magazines half empty. Food was dear, and there was no large reserve of coal in the port. A little energy would have remedied this last deficiency, for there was no blockade as yet, and steam colliers for the fleet were actually in West Indian waters. On the Saturday evening, the second day after the cruisers came in, the merchants of the city gave a banquet to the officers, and there was a scene of great enthusiasm and confident predictions of victory. So far the only sign of the Americans had been a cruiser which steamed past the harbour mouth well out to sea, in the early part of the day, and was apparently watching the port. On the Sunday the cruiser appeared with another consort, and lay in sight of Morro for hours; but there was no firing. If Cervera had had a little more dash he would have sent his torpedo boats to attack these isolated scouts of his enemy as soon as evening came on. On the Monday a third cruiser appeared, and a fourth came in sight at noon. They were the ships of Schley's squadron, which had been sent to keep a watch on Santiago and the Windward Passage.

All day the Spanish fleet was busy taking on board coal, provisions, and fresh water. The general impression in Santiago was that the Admiral meant to get away. Santiago, though strong against attack, was not a good place to be caught in by a superior fleet. For though it would be easy to keep an enemy from getting in through the narrow rift in the cliffs, it was also easy for the hostile fleet to watch and concentrate its guns upon that one narrow pass. All Tuesday the Spanish fleet had steam up, and the destroyers were just inside the harbour mouth. It was a day of heavy tropical rain, sometimes almost blinding in its intensity, and it would have been just the time to dash out, engage the American cruisers, and sweep away under cover of the driving rain-squalls. Next day occurred an incident which in itself was enough to make the friends of Spain in Santiago despair of the Admiral ever doing anything effective. It had best be told in the words of Consul Ramsden's diary, which gives the impression of the moment.

"At daybreak three steamers were signalled outside the port, and soon after they (*i.e.* the Spanish signallers) put out the signal, 'The enemy is giving chase to a vessel,' and later on, 'There is one of the enemy's ships outside.' There are probably more than one, but there is so much haze, owing to the rain, and it is so thick, that they cannot possibly see any distance. The vessel chased by the enemy is probably an English steamer bringing 3,000 tons of coal for the Spanish navy, and the *Cristobal Colon* got under weigh, and it was supposed that she would go out and prevent her capture by the Americans—probably an easy matter, since her (the *Colon's*) speed is over eighteen knots, and the American steamers are said to be simply mail steamers, fitted with guns. The *Colon*, however, simply went down the bay and anchored near the entrance. The two destroyers were also down near the entrance. The flagship, at midday, went down to Cajuma Bay, and has anchored there; and another ironclad, either the *Vizcaya* or the *Oquendo*, has taken her place at the Juragua wharf, and is taking in water. It is said that the Americans have taken their prize, whatever it is, and have carried her off. It seems incredible that this should have been allowed right in front of the port, and the squadron inside with steam up. It looks as if the fleet

did not intend to move from this port, as it is evidently taking up a position near the entrance, so as to command it in case of attack."

It was, indeed, incredible that the fleet should allow its collier to be thus taken under its very eyes, at a moment when coal was all-important, without even attempting to assist her to get in. Yet this was what happened, and equally incredible things were to happen later on. But for all that, Cervera and his captains were as brave men as ever stepped on to the deck of a warship. Bravery, however, is not the greatest of a commander's qualifications. Without a certain energetic initiative, and a watchful readiness for chances of successful action, it is more likely to lead to disaster than success.

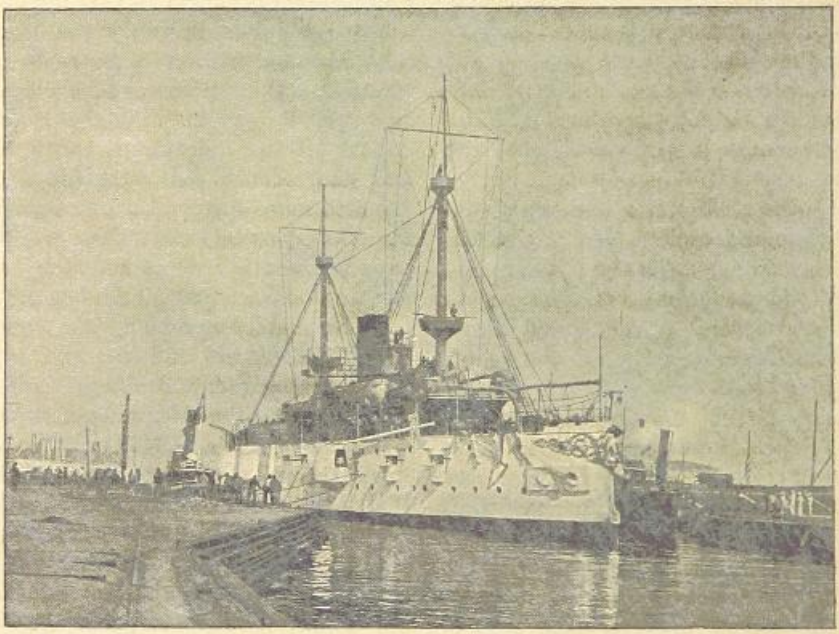
Let us now turn to what the Americans were doing. Commodore Schley's squadron had run down south as soon as it was known that the Spaniards had reached West Indian waters. Besides some smaller ships, he had with him the powerful armoured cruiser *Brooklyn*, which carried his flag; the battleships *Texas* and *Massachusetts*, the swift cruisers *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*, and several of the armed liners. He detached the *Columbia* to patrol the North Atlantic coast, for there were vague rumours of Spanish cruisers making for northern waters. The *Harvard*, the *Yale*, and the *St. Paul* were cruising in the Windward Passage and along the east end of Cuba. The heavier ships entered the Yucatan Channel. On the 18th Sampson came into Key West, and Schley steamed along the southern coast of Cuba, looking into Cienfuegos, where a fresh crop of rumours now placed Cervera's fleet. The *Iowa*, detached from Sampson's squadron to strengthen his colleague, joined Schley off that port. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 22nd, Cienfuegos was closely reconnoitred, and it was definitely ascertained that there was nothing bigger than a gunboat in the port. The fleet then steamed slowly eastward, picking up on its way the cruisers that had been blockading the south coast, and sweeping with its scouts the waters of the Caribbean Sea. No credence was as yet attached to the report that Cervera was at anchor at Santiago.

This reconnaissance of Cienfuegos came just a month after the day on which Sampson's fleet had first appeared before Havana. So far, the course of the war in the Atlantic had been distinctly disappointing for the United States, all the more disappointing because early and brilliant success had been so confidently predicted at the outset.

There had been only one real victory of the least importance, and that had been won, not by the powerful Atlantic fleets, but by Dewey's squadron in the far-off Philippines, and even there the full fruits of victory had not yet been reaped. Manila was still defiant, and the Pacific squadron was anxiously waiting for reinforcements before attempting to follow up its first good fortune. The record of the war in the West Indies had nothing to show but indecisive bombardments like the attacks on Matanzas and San Juan, and repeated failures to directly co-operate with the insurgents. These had effected nothing whatever since the war began. Blanco held Havana with a large army, and it was recognised that it would be a piece of rashness to assail him in his stronghold. Cervera had baffled all the precautions taken by the navy, and had reached the West Indies, and Schley was still searching for his exact position. Even the efforts made to cut the telegraphic communications of the Spaniards had failed. One day it was announced that the Cienfuegos cables were cut, and that Blanco could no longer communicate with Madrid and the rest of the world. The very next day the New York papers contained Spanish messages sent to Madrid over these very cables, *viâ* Cienfuegos. Then the War Department had as yet no army ready for the field beyond the regular regiments which were under arms when the war began. There was a deficiency of organisation and a woeful lack of transports at Tampa. All that had been done for the much-talked-of invasion of Cuba was the landing of a small body of refugees with a supply of arms near Banes, in the east end of the island. The filibusters had accomplished as much, and more, before the war was declared.

It is easy to understand the eagerness of the Atlantic fleet to put an end to this record of inaction and comparative failure. Schley hoped to meet and fight the enemy in the Caribbean Sea. The very eagerness of his hope made him at first reluctant to believe that the Spanish admiral had shut himself up in Santiago. It was one of Schley's gunboats, the *Scorpion*, that watched the entrance to the bay on the Sunday morning after Cervera ran in. It was one of his armed liners, the *St. Paul*, commanded by Captain Sigsbee, of the *Maine*, that chased and captured the collier in sight of Morro Castle on May 25th, when the Spaniards were so strangely inactive. The captured ship

was a British steamer, the *Restormel*, laden with coal, and though there was not any actual blockade of Santiago proclaimed, the fact that her cargo was contraband of war destined for the Spanish fleet made her a good prize. The *Restormel* had been chartered to deliver her cargo at San Juan. Then her destination was changed to Curaçoa, where she was to meet Cervera. When she arrived there the fleet had gone, and the Spanish Consul sent her on to Santiago. The fact that she was making for the port when captured was taken to be an indication that Cervera really was there. From himself in the battleship *Massachusetts*. Then came the new armoured cruiser, the *New Orleans*. Evans in the *Iowa* brought up the rear. Coming in to a range of four miles, the five ships steamed past the entrance, then turned and repassed it at closer range, firing all the while at the batteries and at the *Cristobal Colon*, of which they caught a brief view as they passed the narrow opening in the cliffs. The batteries of Morro and Socapa answered them. The *Colon* opened with her quick-firers, and a heavy battery at Punta Gorda sent its shells out to sea over the intervening hill. Consul Ramsden,



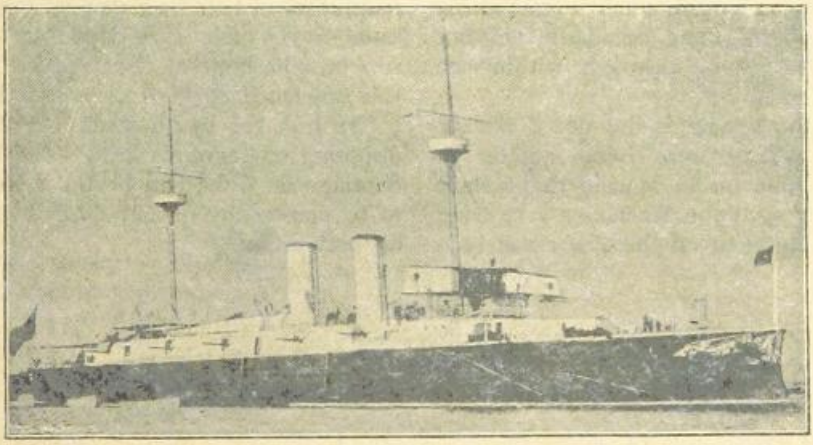
THE U.S. BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."

Jamaica came news that a British merchant steamer, the *Adula*, had seen the fleet entering the port, and Schley felt that all these indications confirmed the original report from Madrid. On Friday, May 27th, he concentrated his squadron off Santiago.

On the following day he was able to telegraph to Washington that, although he had no personal knowledge as yet of the fact, the information he had collected made him certain at last that Cervera was in the harbour. On the Tuesday, the last day of the month, he determined to make a reconnaissance in force, draw the fire of the batteries, and perhaps induce the enemy's cruisers to show themselves. A little after 2 p.m. he approached the entrance with five of his most powerful ships. He led the way who watched the fight from the look-out station, thus describes the brief engagement :—

"At 2.30 p.m. firing began, and we began to see shells falling around the *Maria Teresa*, *Oquendo*, and *Vizcaya*, moored in Cajuma Bay. None touched the ships, but on falling into the bay they raised a column of water about forty feet high, just like a water-spout. Firing lasted from half-past two until ten minutes past three, when it ceased. It seems that five of the American ships came up to the entrance of the harbour, with another transatlantic boat accompanying them, the other vessels remaining a mile or so further off. They fired through the entrance at the *Cristobal Colon*, which was lying in Gaspar Inlet and was visible, and also fired shells over the hills at the outer ships which they

could not see, but they did no damage to anyone or anything beyond knocking off a piece of staircase of the Morro. The *Colon* replied with several broadsides, and they tell me she fired 180 shots, and they claim to have hit the transatlantic boat. Punta Gorda fort and the Socapa one, and the Morro, also returned the fire, and that of the Socapa, which has two Hontoria guns taken from the *Reina Mercedes*, the only guns good for anything in all the forts, claims to have put two shells on the stern, perhaps astern, of the *Iowa*. I do not believe the *Iowa* is there, but that it is the *Amazon*. They say she reeled to one side, and the others sent off their boats to her. Anyhow, the ships hauled off after that shot, and fired no more. This little event broke



THE SPANISH ARMOURED CRUISER "VIZCAYA."

tne monotony of the blockading business, and aroused the people, who flocked down to see it. No one seemed to be the least alarmed, but took it rather as a joke."

This matter-of-fact record contrasts curiously with the contemporary newspaper reports of the enormous damage done by the bombardment. The Spaniards were equally mistaken in their idea that they had done any harm to the fleet. None of the ships were hit. Schley had, however, effected all he intended. He had drawn the fire of the shore batteries, and the fact that the *Cristobal Colon* had been actually seen in action was taken to be the final confirmation of the theory that Cervera was inside.

It was known that there were two torpedo boats of the destroyer class with the Spanish admiral. The third of Villamil's flotilla, the *Terror*, had remained at Martinique for repairs, and had succeeded in making her way thence to San Juan in Puerto Rico. But the two that were left, if boldly used under the cover of darkness, might prove dangerous foes to the blockading fleet. So each night the electric searchlights were turned on the harbour mouth, and men slept beside the quick-firers and machine guns on the cruisers and battleships. Such a state of things produces a certain nervous "jumpiness" even in peace manœuvres, and no wonder that on the night after the first bombardment there was wild excitement when the *Texas* suddenly opened fire and the word ran through every ship that the Spanish destroyers had come out. The narrative of the fight, as it was telegraphed to the American press, is worth reproducing *verbatim*. Thus it ran :—

"The first engagement between Commodore Schley and the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Cervera, took place last night. Two torpedo-boat destroyers about midnight slipped quietly out of the harbour, bent on mischief. They crept along in the shadow of old Castle Morro and the mountain for two miles to the westward before they were discovered by the look-out on the *Texas*, where the men were sleeping by the guns, so that the battleship could be quickly manned. An instant after the look-out gave the alarm the white stream of the *Texas's* searchlight flashed along the shadow under the mountain, revealing the desperate game of the imprisoned Spaniards. The torpedo-boat destroyers, when they saw that they had been discovered, dashed towards the *Texas*, which, with the cruiser *Brooklyn* close beside it, was lying inshore. The *Texas* promptly opened fire with her port-forward batteries and her crack six-

pounders, and the hiss of the armour-piercing shells thrown in the direction of the advancing torpedo-boat destroyers startled the entire fleet. The *Brooklyn* also came into action, firing several rounds at the Spanish craft, but the bulk of the shooting was done by the *Texas*. The entire fleet went to general quarters, and soon their searchlights were playing around the narrow entrance of the harbour in the expectation that Admiral Cervera's whole fleet would emerge from its haven and fight it out. The torpedo-boat destroyers made a plucky dash through the rain of shells from battleship and cruiser, but, foiled in their attempt to surprise the watchful Schley, turned and ran back into the harbour. No attempt was made to pursue them. It is thought that they were not struck, as they retreated quickly and made small targets in the uncertain moonlight. The Spaniards did not discharge any torpedoes, although within 500 yards of the *Texas*."

No wonder the Spaniards did not discharge any torpedoes. They were lying quietly at anchor all the time inside Morillo Point, their crews wondering what the Americans were firing at. What the look-out on the *Texas* had seen was a shadow made by the searchlights, perhaps the dark hollow of a curling wave. Once the alarm begins on such occasions even the best trained men see and fire at all manner of things. It was weeks before it was discovered that the fight at the end of May was only a false alarm.

On the first of June Admiral Sampson arrived with the *New York*, the battleship *Oregon* (which had safely reached Key West), the torpedo boat *Porter*, and some gunboats, and took over command of the united fleets. The rest of his squadron was to arrive later. So long as Schley was searching for Cervera in the Caribbean Sea Sampson had kept his fleet to the North of Cuba, so as to head the Spaniards off if they attempted a raid on Key West or Tampa, neither of which had any solid defence. As soon as he felt sure that the enemy had run into harbour at Santiago he had gone to the assistance of his colleague. He had now before him the by no means easy task of finally disposing of Cervera's fleet. The long siege of Santiago de Cuba had begun, a siege that was to be marked by gallant deeds by land and sea on both sides.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOBSON AND THE "MERRIMAC."

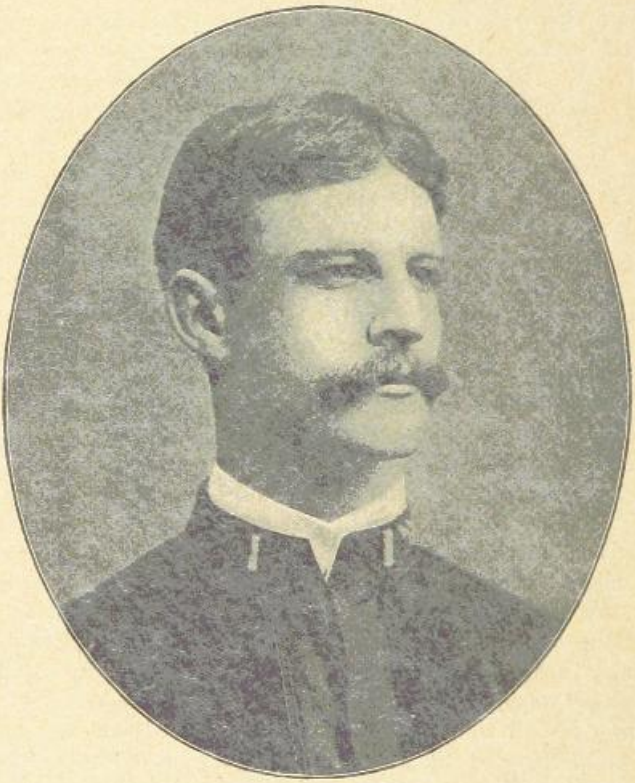
THE first impulse of sailors placed in the position of Sampson and Schley must have been to use the enormous force now concentrated before Santiago in order to force the entrance and destroy the enemy's fleet inside the harbour. But this apparently obvious course presented very serious difficulties. If there had been a broad deep channel such as that through which Dewey steered his fleet past Corregidor to Manila and victory, doubtless Sampson would not have hesitated a moment about following his splendid example. But here the path lay through a narrow rift in the rocks, where the leading ship, whichever she might be, would have to face, alone and unsupported, the plunging fire of high batteries on the cliffs, the horizontal converging fire of the Spanish cruisers moored just inside the dangerous pass, the attacks of the destroyers lurking under the rocks, and the explosion of the submarine mines which Cervera had fixed in the passage. He might face all this if there was a fair chance that the destruction of the leading battleship would clear the way for her consorts, but the difficulty of the problem was that not only would the first ship be very likely to be sunk, but if she sank or got aground she would hopelessly block the way for all that followed. Cervera's fleet would be bottled up by such a result, though not destroyed, and a young officer in the fleet, Lieutenant Hobson, a skilled naval constructor, suggested to the Admiral that it would be better to attempt the bottling-up process at a cheaper cost by sending in and sinking a large unarmed steamer in the entrance. He suggested a detailed plan of operations, and volunteered to carry it through himself, with the help of a few brave men.

His plan was accepted, and on this very first of June he began his preparations. But before telling the story of his gallant exploit it will be well to say something of the personal career and character of the man. Richmond Pearson Hobson came from Alabama, and was a son of one of the old planter families of the South. Born in 1870, he had graduated at the Southern University at the age of seventeen, and then passed into the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. As a boy, he had been remarkable for quiet, reserved and studious ways; but he was good at all games in which he took part, though he always seemed to care for books more than games. Making ship-models and sailing them was his chief recreation as a boy, and local tradition in his home at Greensboro' tells of one of his few juvenile battles, when "Master Rich" fairly thrashed a bigger boy who had interfered with and badly damaged one of his little fleet. This was Hobson's first naval engagement. With such antecedents no wonder, as a student at Annapolis, he showed a marked predilection for the subject of naval architecture, in which he later on became a specialist. His time at Annapolis was, in some respects, unhappy. He had a strong, almost a stern sense of duty, and when he was appointed monitor, at the beginning of his second year, he paid no attention to a kind of unwritten traditional law among the young men that various breaches of discipline were not to be mentioned in the monitor's report. Hobson sent in a complete record, and was promptly boycotted by his aggrieved comrades. But he managed to pass his lonely hours of recreation comfortably enough with his books and his favourite problems in ship construction, and at the end of the course passed out first of his year. He was sent to France to make a special study of naval architecture, and returned to be a popular professor at Annapolis. The directors of Cramps' Shipbuilding Company, who are among the chief builders of warships in America, offered him a post on their staff, with a salary of 10,000 dollars (£2,000) to start with; but he determined to stick to his naval career, and on the declaration of war he was posted to Sampson's fleet, where it was expected that his special professional skill would enable him to do good service in dealing with the accidents and injuries to the ships that could be repaired on the spot, without sending them back to the navy yards. Brave without ostentation, determined,

self-possessed, he was certain to do some splendid work if the chance offered. The spirit in which he embarked for the war is reflected in the words he wrote to his old home: "For my near and distant future, I leave myself, without anxiety, in the hands of Almighty God."

Such was the man who now offered to venture himself upon an enterprise that meant all but certain death to those engaged in it. His plan was to take the *Merrimac* (a large "tramp" steamer, attached to the fleet as a collier) into the harbour entrance, lay her across its narrowest part, and sink her there so as to close the pass with an iron gate. To use his own more familiar phrase, the harbour of Santiago was bottle-shaped, and he meant to put a cork in the neck of the bottle. To do this he had to face the fire of the enemy's fleet and batteries, and run the risk of the exploding mines, and he and his comrades had to chance being shot, blown up, or drowned during and after their exploit, for to get away would be no easy matter. He arranged that, in order to minimise the risks, very few men should go with him; that they should all be lightly dressed, ready for a swim; that a small boat should be towed behind the *Merrimac*, on which they might take refuge, and that a torpedo boat or steam launch should try to run in and bring them out.

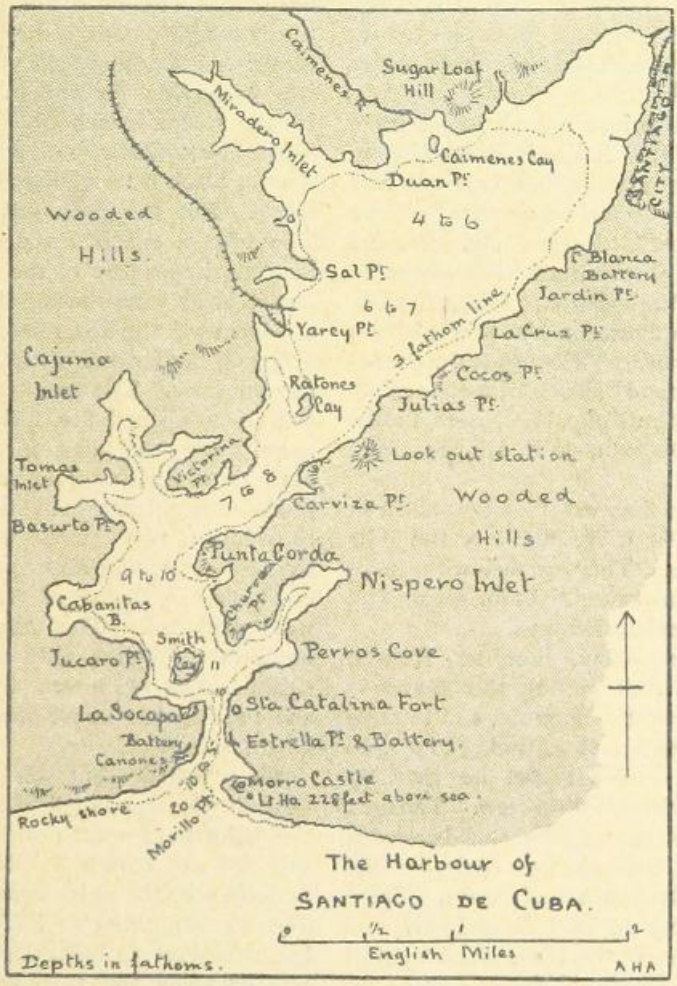
He fitted a row of ten small torpedoes, each charged with 82 pounds of gunpowder, along the port side of the steamer. These were wired and connected electrically with a battery on the deck. He was to have six assistants, four on deck and two below. He had chosen a point just beyond the Estrella battery as the place where the ship was to be sunk. The rest of the plan may best be told as Hobson explained before he started from the flagship.



LIEUTENANT HOBSON.

"I shall go right into the harbour until about four hundred yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The *Merrimac* has seven thousand tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots. When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes, and leave the *Merrimac* a wreck lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the *Merrimac* is long. On deck

there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew, and all of us will be in our underclothing, with revolvers and ammunition in the watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck, and around his waist will be a line, the other



end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I will stand.

"By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord, and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life-buoys and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will haul in the tow line and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard. Down below, the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble on deck, and get over the side as quickly as possible. The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the *Merrimac* whether the torpedoes work or not. By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy and the *Merrimac* will have swung athwart the channel to the full length of her three hundred yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button—I shall stand on the starboard

side of the bridge. The explosion will throw the *Merrimac* on her starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York City will be able to raise her after that."

Such was the daring programme. When volunteers were called for to execute it they presented themselves in hundreds. Hobson chose the six, but there was a seventh. Almost at the last moment one of the men of the *New York*, Seaman H. Clausen, though rejected in the first choice of volunteers, was taken on as an additional hand.

It is only right to put on record the names of all the little band. This list is interesting in many ways. For one thing it brings out very forcibly the international character of the *personnel* of the United States Navy. We are somewhat too apt to think of its successes as victories of the Anglo-Saxon. Irish, French, and German names figure on the brief glorious roll-call of the *Merrimac*. Thus runs the list :—

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson (in command), George Charette, John Kelly, H. Clausen, Daniel Montague, Oscar Deignan, J. E. Murphy, John P. Phillips.

The steam launch that was to follow them in was manned by Cadet J. W. Powell of the *New York* and four men. They carried with them bandages, splints and restoratives for giving first aid to wounded or exhausted men.

All through Wednesday, June 1st, Hobson had been hard at work getting the *Merrimac* ready. She lay near the flagship, and towards evening he paid a visit to the Admiral to discuss final details. Just before sunset he went on board the steamer with his little crew. The men of the other ships in the neighbourhood crowded decks and rigging, and cheered their devoted comrades frantically again and again. There was still a lot of work to be done on board, and for this purpose some of the artificers of the fleet remained on the steamer till the middle of the night. They left with stokers and the surplus engine-room hands as the *Merrimac* got under weigh and headed for Morro.

But there had been a miscalculation as to the time. The dawn was coming quicker than had been anticipated, and the steamer had not gone far when the Admiral hastily ordered the torpedo boat *Porter* to head her off and bring her back. In the growing light the attempt would have been desperate. The *Porter* overtook the slow tramp steamer, and Hobson stopped his engines, but he sent back word that if the Admiral would give him permission he thought he could even yet do all he wanted. The reply was a peremptory order to return and put off the venture till the next night. So Hobson steamed back to the fleet, and he and his comrades had to endure the strain of twenty-four hours of idle waiting for the desperate venture.

A second start was made at three o'clock on the Friday morning. This, it was calculated, would give Hobson a full hour of darkness for the accomplishment of his task. The sky was cloudy and the moonlight uncertain—everything was favourable for the enterprise. Followed by the steam launch, the *Merrimac* slipped in below Morro Castle, with all her lights screened, a great black mass gliding silently through the water. But the Spaniards were on the alert. The *Pluton*, one of the destroyers, was patrolling the upper part of the channel, and several picket boats were rowing about. The look-out at Morro was the first to see the American ship, and took her for one of the fleet trying to force the entrance. The guns of the battery below the Castle opened fire. The battery of quick-firers below the point near Socapa promptly came into action. The *Reina Mercedes* then brought her battery to bear, and fired two torpedoes ; two more were discharged by the *Pluton*, which also opened with her light quick-firers. Some of the submarine mines were exploded. The *Merrimac* had thus to move in through a wild storm of fire. The steam launch fell astern, unable to follow her, and took shelter under the steep shore on the Morro side.

Hit repeatedly, but still afloat, the *Merrimac* reached the appointed spot, and Hobson put the helm hard aport ; but, to his dismay, the ship did not answer it. Her rudder had been destroyed by the quick-firer shells of the *Pluton*. There was nothing for it but to sink her as she lay, and trust to luck. So he gave the signal and exploded the torpedoes. But several of them failed to act. A strong tide was running, the anchors would not hold, and after taking ground near Estrella Point, the *Merrimac*, slowly sinking, drifted into the deep water near Smith Cay. Here she was struck by one of the Whitehead torpedoes discharged from the *Reina Mercedes*, and went down rapidly by the head, her little crew being swept overboard in the rush of water. As she sank, the Spaniards on the forts and ships cheered enthusiastically. They thought they had sent one of Sampson's fighting ships to the bottom.

The boat towed astern had been shattered by

the Spaniards, but there was a raft, or float, secured by a long line to the deck, which remained on the surface of the water. It was by means of this raft that Hobson and his companions made their marvellous escape from death. How they did it had best be related in the lieutenant's own words, as he told the story after his release from a Spanish prison :—

"I swam away from the ship as soon as I struck the water, but I could feel the eddies drawing me back in spite of all I could do. That did not last very long, however, and as soon as I felt the tugging cease I turned and struck out for the float, which I could see dimly bobbing up and down over the sunken hull. The *Merrimac's* masts were plainly visible, and I could see the heads of my seven men as they followed my example and made for the float also. We had expected, of course, that the Spaniards would investigate the wreck, but we had no idea that they would be at it as quickly as they were. Before we could get to the float several row-boats and launches came around the bluff from inside the harbour. They had officers on board, and armed marines as well, and they searched that passage, rowing backwards and forwards, until next morning. It was only by good luck that we got to the float at all, for they were upon us so quickly that we had barely concealed ourselves when a boat, with quite a large party on board, was right beside us.

"Unfortunately, as we thought then—but it turned out afterwards that nothing more fortunate could have happened to us—the rope with which we had secured the float to the ship was too short to allow it to swing free, and when we reached it we found that one of the pontoons was entirely out of the water and the other one was submerged. Had the raft lain flat upon the water we could not have got under it, and would have had to climb upon it, to be an excellent target for the first party of marines that arrived. As it was, we could get under the raft, and by putting our hands through the crevices between the slats which formed its deck we could hold our heads out of water and still be unseen. That is what we did, and all night long we stayed there with our noses and mouths barely out of the water." So runs the narrative ; but it must be noted that, long as the time must have seemed to the eight men, there was at most an hour of the night left when the *Merrimac* went down.

"None of us," he continues, "expected to get out of the affair alive, but luckily the Spaniards did not think of the apparently damaged, half-sunken raft floating about beside the wreck. They came to within a cable's length of us at intervals of only a few minutes all night. We could hear their words distinctly, and even in the darkness could distinguish an occasional glint of light on the rifle-barrels of the marines and on the lace of the officers' uniforms. We were afraid to speak above a whisper, and for a good while, in fact, whenever they were near us, we breathed as easily as we could. I ordered my men not to speak unless to address me, and with one exception they obeyed. After we had been there an hour or two the water, which we found rather warm at first, began to get cold, and my fingers ached where the wood was pressing into them. The clouds, which were running before a pretty brisk breeze when we went in, blew over, and then by the starlight we could see the boats when they came out of the shadows of the cliffs on either side, and even when we could not see them we knew that they were still near, because we could hear very plainly the splash of the oars and the grinding of the oarlocks.

"We all knew that we would be shot if discovered by an ordinary seaman or marine, and I ordered my men not to stir, as the boats having officers on board kept well in the distance. One of my men disobeyed orders and started to swim ashore, and I had to call him back. He obeyed at once, but my voice seemed to create some commotion among the boats, and several of them appeared close beside us before the disturbance in the water made by the man swimming had disappeared. We thought it was all up with us then, but the boats went away into the shadows again.

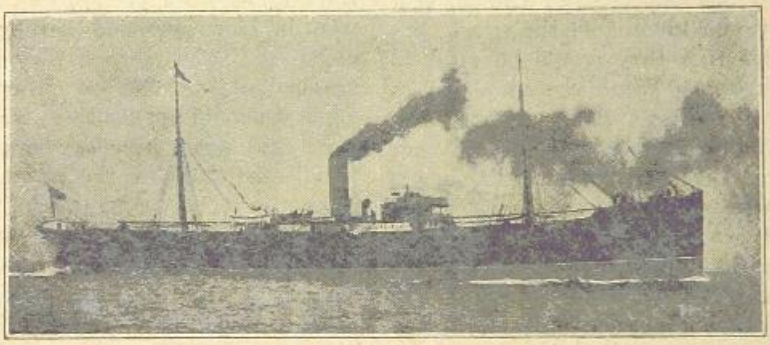
"When daylight came a steam launch full of officers and marines came out from behind the cliff that hid the fleet and harbour and advanced towards us. All the men on board were looking curiously in our direction. They did not see us. Knowing that someone of rank must be on board, I waited until the launch was quite close and hailed her. My voice produced the utmost consternation on board. Everyone sprang up. The marines crowded to the bow, and the launch's engines were reversed. She not only stopped, but she backed off until nearly a quarter of a mile away, where she stayed. The marines stood ready to fire at the word of command, when we clambered out from under the float. There were ten of the marines, and they would

have fired in a minute if they had not been restrained. I swam towards the launch, and then she started towards me. I called out in Spanish, 'Is there an officer on board?' An officer answered in the affirmative, and then I shouted in Spanish again, 'I have seven men to surrender.' I continued swimming, and was seized and pulled out of the water.

"As I looked up when they were dragging me into the launch I saw that it was Admiral Cervera himself who had hold of me. He looked at me rather dubiously at first, because I had been down in the engine-room of the *Merrimac*, where I got covered with oil, and that with the soot and coal dust made my appearance most disreputable. I had put on my officer's belt before sinking the *Merrimac*, as a means of identification, no matter what happened to me, and when I pointed to it in the launch the admiral understood and seemed satisfied. The first words he said to me when he learned who I was were, '*Bienvenido sea usted*,' which means, 'You are welcome.'"

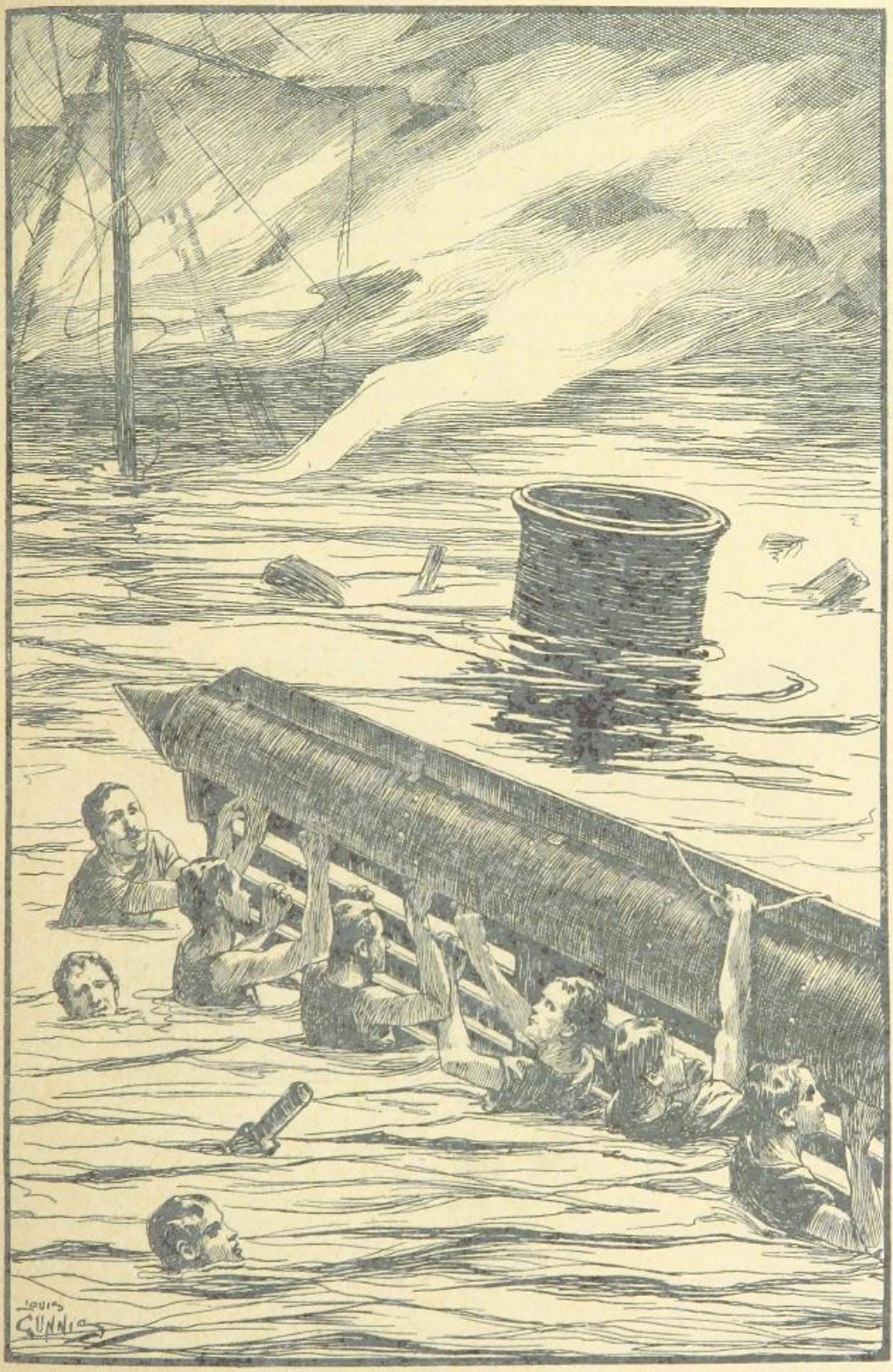
Hobson and his men were taken on board of the *Reina Mercedes*, and the Spaniards in their chivalrous admiration for their bravery treated them more like comrades than prisoners. Consul Ramsden noted in his diary for the day: "The prisoners are treated well, and I know that the officer was bathing himself and getting into clothes of the first lieutenant of the *Mercedes* when a friend of mine went on board. The sailors of the *Mercedes* were feasting the other men with coffee and biscuits, while they got into clothes of the former on the deck of the *Mercedes*. In fact, although they had been doing their best to kill them before, they did not know how to do enough for them."

On board the American fleet nothing was known for some hours as to the fate of Hobson and his crew. Young Powell kept his steam launch under the Morro shore till after daylight. All he could make out was that the *Merrimac* had sunk. He could see, as the dawn came, her masts sticking out of the water, and Spanish boats near them. As there was no hope of picking up any of the wrecked ship's crew he ran back to the flagship soon after five o'clock, the Morro sending some shots after the launch, but failing to stop her. In the afternoon a tug was seen steaming out of the harbour with a white flag of truce flying from her mast. She stopped near the *New York* and sent on board the flagship Captain Oviedo, Cervera's chief of the staff. He brought a courteous message from the admiral, saying that Lieutenant Hobson and his seven companions were prisoners in Morro Castle, and that they were all well, though two of the men were slightly wounded. Cervera wrote that he admired their courageous deed so much that he was anxious that their friends should know that they were well, and that they should have the best of treatment.



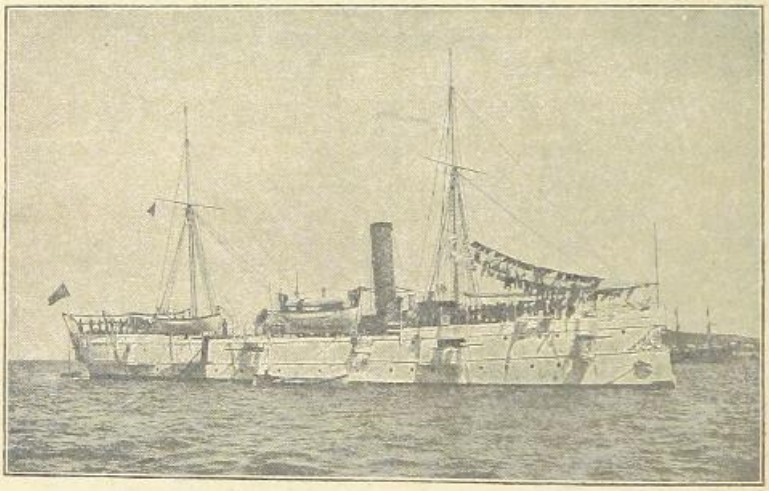
THE "MERRIMAC."

Admiral Sampson sent his thanks to his chivalrous opponent, giving Captain Oviedo some money for the prisoners, and expressing a hope that an early exchange would be arranged so as to set them at liberty. Everyone in the fleet was charmed with Cervera's courteous act, and delighted at the news that Hobson and his comrades were safe. The only unsatisfactory point in the situation was that the news had been brought by a fairly large steamer. It was therefore clear that the *Merrimac* had not completely blocked the channel where she sank. Still, it was hoped that even though there was room for a tug boat, there was not enough for a cruiser to get past the wreck, and the newspapers



THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC" AT THE ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO HARBOUR.

confidently announced that the Spanish fleet was successfully bottled up. As a plain matter of fact, the enterprise had failed. From Ramsden's diary we get a precise description of the position of the wreck. Under date of Sunday, June 12th, he writes:—"I have now ascertained that the *Merrimac* is sunk twelve fathoms, half-way between Smith Cay and Soldados Point, which latter is the one just opposite to Churruca Point, just across the entrance of Nispero Bay. Between the ship and the shoal on the Smith Cay side there are 45 metres of channel, and 35 between her and the shoal on the other side; therefore there is plenty of room for a vessel to pass on either side of her. Again, there are six fathoms of water over her bridge and round-house or chart-room roof, and therefore blowing away her chimney and masts the channel will be clear right over her." Comparing this statement with our plan of the harbour it will be seen that the *Merrimac* went down far beyond the spot that Hobson had chosen. Even if she had been actually sunk in the narrows it is very likely that the Spaniards would have been able to clear the obstruction away with dynamite. But though Hobson's plan thus failed, his splendid daring in its execution made the sinking of the *Merrimac* one of the most notable incidents of the whole war. Even the fame of Admiral Dewey was eclipsed by that of young Lieutenant Hobson in the popular mind throughout the United States.



U.S. GUNBOAT "CASTIN."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO.—THE FIRST LANDING IN EASTERN CUBA.

ON Saturday, June 4th, there is an interesting entry in Consul Ramsden's diary referring to the night after the *Merrimac* came in. "Last night," he writes, "just as I was going to bed, heavy firing began again, and lasted until twenty minutes past eleven, when an extra heavy report was heard, more like an explosion, and after that all was still. My wife had already gone to bed, and was sleepy, and would not get up, saying there would be plenty of time when they got nearer. This time the firing was not rapid like that before daybreak, but more regular, and there were no quick-firing guns. It extended from Daiquiri to the Morro, and the localities varied between those two, backwards and forwards, and at times it seemed as if there were guns on the hills between here and the Lagunas. There were the usual cannon reports, and sometimes those of very heavy guns, and also those sharp metallic reports made by steel guns, which we had not heard on previous occasions. The latter shots were nearer to the Morro. It was a splendid moonlight night, full moon, and we supposed the firing was to cover landing parties. This morning I could get no news as to the cause of the firing, and now, though I have seen the general in command, the Military Governor and the Port Captain, I know no more about it; nor do they. They assure me that along the coast, though the flashes could be plainly seen, no shells nor shot fell on the coast. It looks to me very much as if the destroyer *Terror*, which was at Porto Rico, had been trying to get in here, and that the American fleet was pummelling her, and perhaps finished her up, but this is only my conjecture. There are nineteen ships outside. No one knows the reason of last night's firing, but they are running the story that it was an attempt to bombard the town, which most certainly it was not."

What had really happened was that the American fleet was having another great battle with imaginary torpedo boats. The *New Orleans* gave the alarm. Then the *New York* and the rest of the fleet began to see torpedo boats, and blazed away at them. One ship claimed to have sunk a two-funnelled destroyer close under her bows. Another, the *Oregon*, claimed to have cut a destroyer in two with a 13-inch shell as she ran into Morro Castle.

A full account of the fight is to be read in at least one popular American history of the war. But the Spanish destroyers were certainly not out, and as Lieutenant Fremont, of the U.S. torpedo boat *Porter*, puts it, the fleet was firing at "caves in the shore-line, moving trains on shore, and the tops of big waves."

Next day there were some sceptics in the fleet who declared that they had all been the victims of a false alarm. They were temporarily silenced by the discovery of two bronze Whitehead torpedoes floating on the sea off the harbour mouth. The *Porter* found them and tried to pick them up. One sank; the other was safely got on board, after Ensign Gillis, serving on board the boat, had pluckily swum to the torpedo, grappled it in the rough water and, swimming beside it, unscrewed the "war-head" and made it less dangerous to handle. It was considered unsafe to leave the torpedoes afloat, even though it was risky to meddle with them, for left alone in the rough water they might have automatically exploded themselves on chance collision with one of the fleet. For a while this discovery was taken to be a proof that there had been a real night attack, but they were subsequently identified as Whitehead torpedoes discharged by the Spaniards against the *Merrimac* on the Friday morning.

Admiral Sampson had now a very powerful fleet before Santiago. He had concentrated under his flag nearly all the best fighting ships. He had with him the armoured cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, the battleships *Iowa*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*, the cruisers *New Orleans*, *Minneapolis*, *Detroit*, *Marblehead*, and *Nashville*, the armed liner *St. Louis*, and a number of smaller craft. The monitors and some of the gunboats were blockading Havana and Western Cuba. The *St. Paul*, *Harvard*, and *Yale* were engaged in scouting duties off Puerto

Rico and in the Atlantic. The *Columbia* was repairing after serious collision with a merchant steamer. Sampson might at any moment have to detach part of his force for other operations, for there were persistent rumours that the second Spanish fleet under Admiral Camara had either left or was on the point of leaving Cadiz. This squadron was to be made up of the battleship *Pelayo*, the armoured cruisers *Emperador Carlos Quinto*, *Cardinal Cisneros*, and *Principe de Asturias*, the second-class cruisers *Alfonso XIII.* and *Lepanto*, and a number of armed liners and torpedo craft. The fact, however, was that this second squadron was in a very backward state. This, however, was not fully realised in America, and the mere possibility of its appearance increased the anxiety to deal effectually and at once with Cervera.

On Sunday, June 5th, Admiral Sampson sent in a letter to the Governor of Santiago, General Linares, demanding the surrender of the city within twenty-four hours, under threat of bombardment. Linares answered proudly that he would not surrender within ten years. Accordingly Admiral Sampson prepared to bombard the forts and the harbour. He had received an intimation from Washington that a land force would be sent to enable him to capture the place, and he therefore began a series of reconnaissances with a view to selecting a point for disembarkation. If heavy siege guns could be placed on the neighbouring hills, the city and the Spanish fleet would be at their mercy, or if the forts at the entrance of the port could be silenced and demolished and the mine field destroyed, the fleet could force the passage into the harbour. The work of the fleet in the next few days was intended as a preliminary to these operations.

The weather was very bad on the Monday morning when the American fleet steamed in towards the sea forts of Santiago in two lines, cleared for action. It was oppressively hot, rain was falling, and at times the heat and wet formed a dense mist upon the sea. Of the two lines, that to the eastward, led by Admiral Sampson in person, was formed by the *New York*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *New Orleans*, and the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee*, this last largely manned by naval reserve volunteers. The western line, led by Commodore Schley, was made up of the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, and *Marblehead*. The two lines began to steam in towards the land at six a.m., forming in battle array some six miles from Morro Castle, and gradually diminishing the distance till the range was less than a mile and a half. The weather was so bad that to open at long range would have been useless. The first shots were fired from the big guns of the *Iowa* at half-past seven, and the other ships then joined in, the firing being kept up heavily till ten. After that, till near three, some of the ships fired an occasional shot, but the main bombardment may be said to have lasted less than three hours.

The western squadron fired on Socapa and Morro, avoiding as far as possible the old tower of the fortress where Hobson was believed to be in prison. It also sent shells over the hills into the harbour. The eastern squadron attacked an earthwork battery recently constructed near Aguadores, a small town to the east of Morro. It also bombarded the light railway that runs along the coast on this side, and sent a shower of shells here and there into the country between Santiago and the sea. The Admiral's report on the day's work claimed a complete success. This was his telegraphic despatch to Washington :—

"June 7, 1898.

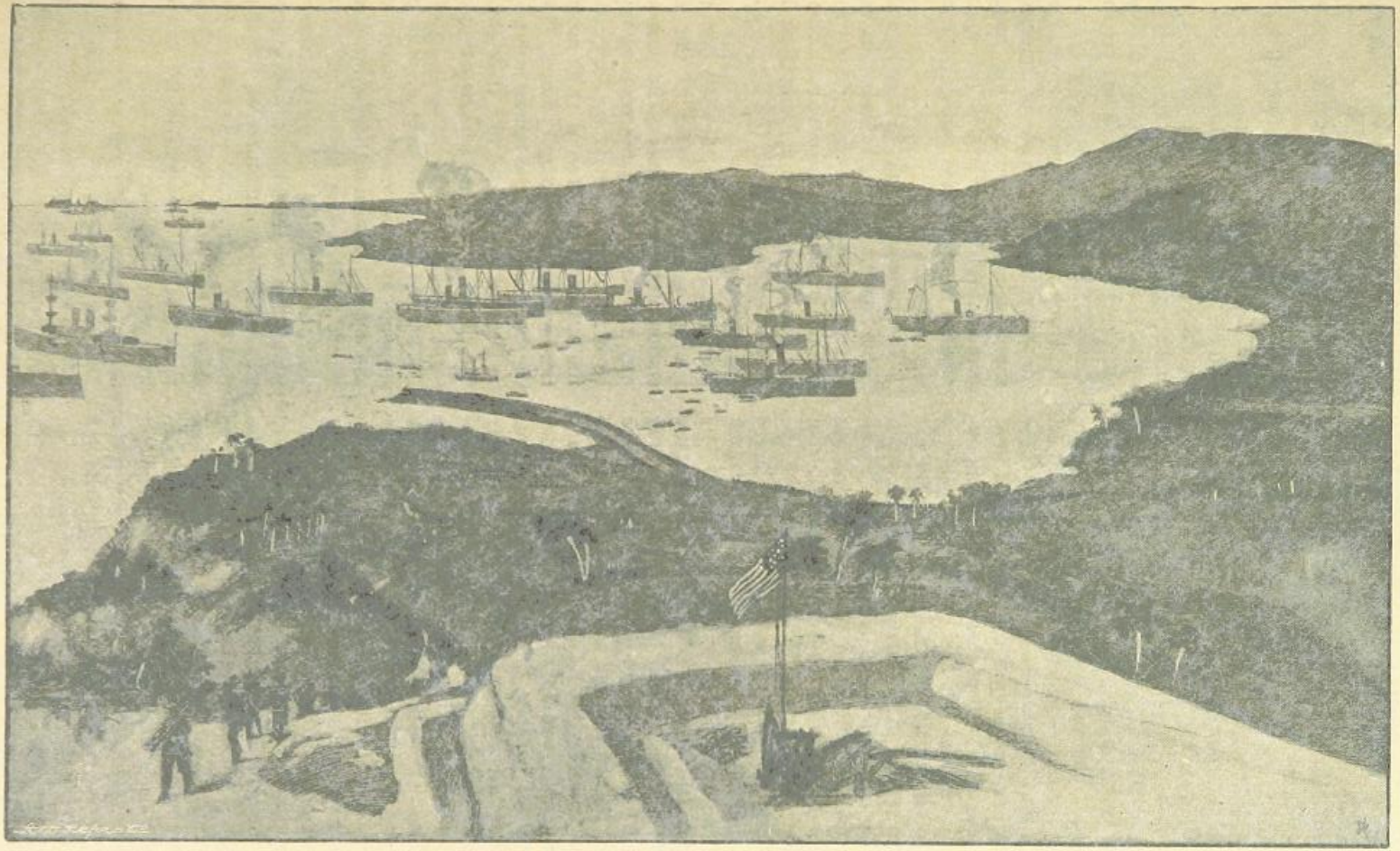
"Secretary of the Navy, Washington

"Bombarded forts at Santiago de Cuba half-past seven to ten a.m., June 6. Have silenced works quickly, without injury of any kind, though within 2,000 yards.

"SAMPSON."

The newspaper reports enlarged on this. According to them, "Santiago had been shelled into silence," and its sea forts were utterly wrecked.

Without having the least desire to depreciate the exploits of the United States, it is well to try to estimate these bombardments at their true value and see both sides of the case. For sooner or later some of our own coast towns may have to face the threat of bombardment, and it is well that undue panic should be obviated by definite knowledge of what is likely to happen in such a case. It may be safely asserted that this great bombardment of the Santiago forts was absolutely without results. The despatch of General Linares, in which he reported to Madrid that the damage done was unimportant, was ridiculed at the time, but it is completely confirmed by the independent testimony of Consul Ramsden. In the first place the Spanish batteries were not silenced for the simple reason that they never made any serious attempt to return the fire. Ramsden noted in his diary on the 9th :—"The news telegrams say that Sampson reports having silenced the forts here. As a



GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY LANDING AT DAIQUIRI.

matter of fact, he did not even dismount a gun, and the Socapa battery fired twenty-seven shots, and that of Punta Gorda three. They did not fire more because between the heavy rain and the smoke from the tremendous fire of the Americans they could not see ; and I myself happened to see the three shots fired from the Punta Gorda battery, two of which were towards the end, and the third was the last shot fired, as I remarked at the time."

No wonder there were no casualties in the American fleet. The only ship hit was the *Massachusetts*, which had one of her fighting-tops damaged. The two squadrons were in action against batteries which attempted no reply. Even if they had answered there were only three modern long-range guns on the whole sea front of Santiago. The fleet therefore had no opposition to overcome. It fired at least 1,500 heavy shells, perhaps twice that number. The fire was at times terrific in its intensity. Mr. Ramsden notes how his wife asked him "what the sound like a railway moving in the air was, and was considerably surprised to find it proceeded from the shells flying about." Hobson watched the bombardment from his window in the Morro tower, and tells how furious the fire was. "Each shell," he says, "sang a different tune. The smaller shells moaned and screeched as they passed, but the 13-inch shells (each weighing nearly half a ton) left a sound behind them like that of the sudden and continued smashing of a huge pane of glass. The crackling was sharp and metallic, something like sharp thunder without the roar, and the sound continued, but decreased after the shell had gone. In many instances the shells struck projecting points of rock, and ricochetting, spun end over end across the hills. The sound they made as they struck again and again was like the short sharp puffs of a locomotive starting with a heavy train." No wonder there was something like a panic among the civil population of the city ; but for all that, the troops and the volunteers turned out promptly when the rumour came that the Americans were trying to land to the eastward. And now as to the actual damage done by this heavy fire. Several shells fell in the bay, but the only ship hit was the *Reina Mercedes*. Six were killed and seventeen wounded on board of her. One of the fatally injured was Lieutenant Acosta, who had taken care of Hobson when he was brought on board a few days before. A shell took off his right leg, but he bravely continued to give orders as to the removal and care of the other wounded till he died. Hobson was much affected when told of his gallant and chivalrous adversary's death. Three times the shells set the *Mercedes* on fire, but the flames were promptly extinguished. Two officers were killed and four men wounded at the Morro barracks, the total loss of the troops being three killed and eighteen wounded. Some houses near Morro and Socapa and on Smith Cay were damaged, an iron bridge on the coast line was injured, and in places rails and sleepers were broken, and the road bed torn up by the shells. The ground beyond the line for a couple of miles inland was strewn in places with the fragments of shells, chiefly six- and eight-inch projectiles. Altogether it was a small result for such an expenditure of ammunition, and affords a striking proof of the uncertainty of bombardments even by skilled gunners with modern weapons, and without having to face any return fire.

The rumour current in Santiago during the bombardment that the Americans were trying to land was well founded, though the descent was made not near the city, but seventeen miles away to the eastward at Daiquiri or Baiquiri, a seaside village between the Sierra Maestra and the shore. At Daiquiri there was a small iron pier, used in shipping minerals from the neighbouring mines, and close to the pier was a station on the coast line. The possession of the pier, the only one on the coast for miles, would be of great value to an invading army, and if the Spaniards had known their business better they would have promptly destroyed it. During the bombardment the lighter cruisers ran down to Daiquiri and opened with their quick-firers on the village, which was held by a Spanish detachment of cavalry and infantry under Colonel Aldea. At the same time a small force of insurgents appeared on the wooded slopes above the place. Aldea withdrew his men, and his report asserted that he had no casualties, and that the only men hit by the American shells were some of the Cubans who approached the village before the gunners on the ships realised that it was evacuated. As soon as Daiquiri was clear of the enemy 500 American marines were landed at the pier and joined hands with the insurgents. Aldea fell back into the hills, skirmishing at long range. The Americans held Daiquiri till next day and then re-embarked. The reasons for this retreat are not quite clear. They seem to have been that the Cubans were not so strong in the neighbourhood as had been anticipated ; the marines were wanted for work

elsewhere, and the arrival of the invading army was not so near at hand as had been anticipated when the occupation of the village and pier was ordered, though the embarkation of the troops at Tampa had actually begun.

The American staff seems at this period not to have actually decided when the descent was to be made, for on the day that Daiquiri was evacuated Admiral Sampson took steps to occupy Port Guantanamo, nearly forty miles east of Santiago. At half-past five on Tuesday morning the cruiser *Marblehead*, the auxiliary cruisers *St. Louis* and *Yankee*, and two gunboats, steamed into the outer bay of Port Guantanamo, just as the sun rose over the sea. The Spaniards were evidently unprepared for the visit, and made a very small show of resistance. An old battery on the east point, at the entrance to the inner bay, and another near the town of Caimamera, fired a few shots at the large ships, failing, however, to hit them, but under the storm of shells discharged from the quick-firers in reply the gunners rapidly evacuated the batteries. On the point at the eastern side of the outer bay known as Playa del Este there was a telegraph station, into which ran the shore ends of cables connected with the Haytian submarine telegraph, and another cable ran across the bay to Caimamera, linking the cable station with the land lines to Santiago. The *Marblehead* knocked the cable hut to pieces with a couple of shells, and the gunboats grappled and cut three of the cables. This operation deprived the Spaniards at Santiago of the line by which they usually communicated with Europe. Henceforth they were only able to send messages by a round-about route through Havana, Cienfuegos, and the South American lines.

There was a small Spanish gunboat lying off Caimamera, but she took refuge in the inner bay, where report said there were a couple of colliers waiting for Cervera. No attempt was made to capture and bring them out, for it was believed that the entrance to Joa Bay was heavily mined. So far as it went the operation was a complete success, but this was only its first stage. Sampson meant to secure possession of the Playa del Este point in order to establish cable communication thence with the United States; he further wished to hold Guantanamo Bay as a shelter for his small craft in case of bad weather, and a place where he could form a coal depôt for the blockading fleet. It might also be used as a landing-place for the army, though the distance from Santiago was against this. It had been hoped that on the appearance of the squadron the Cuban insurgents would come down in force and secure the ground on the east of the port, but they failed to put in an appearance, so the actual occupation of Playa del Este had to be deferred till the arrival of troops from the States.

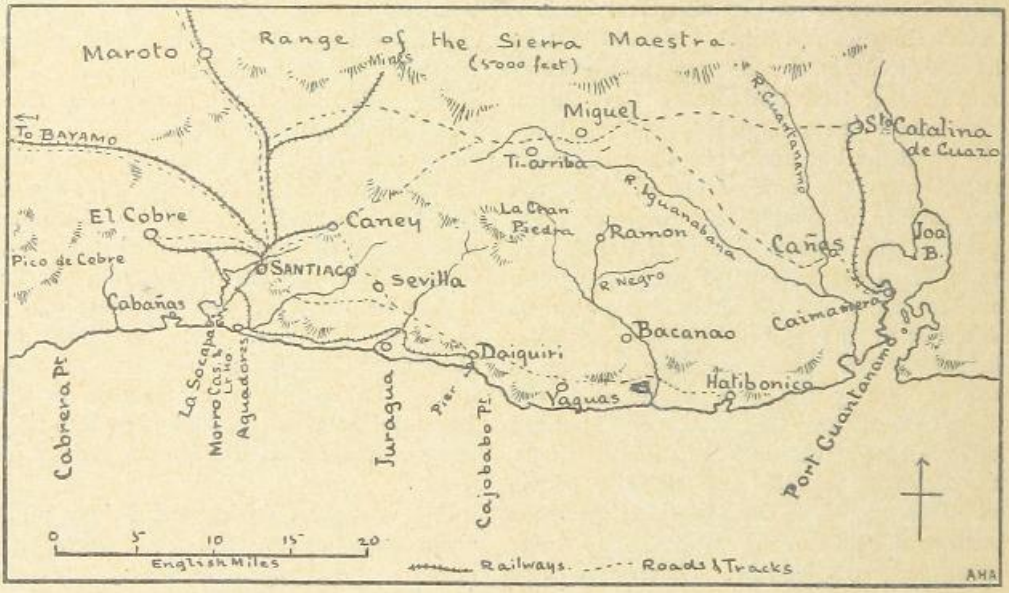
The first of these, a battalion of marines, 850 strong, under Colonel Huntington, arrived off Guantanamo on board the transport *Panther* from New York on the Friday morning. A formidable squadron had been detached from the blockading fleet to cover their landing. The *Marblehead*, the *Yankee*, and the two gunboats had been watching the port since the bombardment of Tuesday. On Thursday evening she was joined by the battleship *Oregon*, the torpedo boat *Porter*, and two colliers. Early on Friday afternoon the ships entered the outer bay, the *Oregon* leading the line. A Spanish camp and blockhouse on the shore were so hurriedly evacuated when the ships opened fire that the first landing parties found watches and other personal property in the tents, and the Spanish flag was still flying from the flagstaff. It was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes raised in its place. The Spaniards, as they abandoned Caimamera, set fire to the little town. The marines encamped on the hill near Playa del Este, and pushed out a line of pickets into the dense bush and broken ground in their front.

All was quiet during the Friday night, but about three on the following afternoon firing began in the bush. Spanish guerillas, well armed with Mauser rifles and evidently experts in bush fighting, were stalking and driving in the pickets. As they fell back towards the ridge the fire became heavier, always from invisible foes, and bullets began to whistle into the camp. A sergeant and two men were shot dead while the pickets were retiring, and their bodies lay for awhile on the ground held by the enemy. They were recovered a little later. The Spaniards had taken their hats, boots, and cartridge belts. The shots that killed them had been fired at close quarters. At long range the bullet of the Mauser repeating-rifle makes a small clean-cut wound, but at short ranges, or if the bullet has been deformed by a ricochet, the wound is large, jagged, and gaping. The sight of such wounds was something unfamiliar to the American officers and soldiers, and they formed the hasty conclusion that the marks on the bodies of their comrades indicated brutal

mutilation after death. Admiral Sampson, without further inquiry, gave official sanction to the report. "Outpost of four marines killed and their bodies barbarously mutilated," was his cable message to Washington. Immediately there was a loud outcry against Spanish savagery. Cervera's courtesy in the affair of the *Merrimac* had led to expressions of kindly feeling towards the Spaniards. The news from Guantanamo caused a violent reaction, and might easily have led to a cry for no quarter in the Cuban war. One leading newspaper declared that, after such a deed as this, the extermination of every Spaniard in the island would be a service to humanity. A few days later, however, expert reports from the surgeons proved that the bodies had not been injured except by the Mauser bullets.

To return to the story of the skirmish. The firing went on all through the night. Surgeon Gibbs, attached to the marine battalion, was killed in the camp, but the only other casualty was one man wounded. The Spaniards kept under cover, only showing themselves once when soon after midnight they tried to rush the ridge. No one could sleep with the continually crackling fire of rifles and the whistle and patter of falling bullets, and there were endless narrow escapes. The warships turned their searchlights on the bush. The marines, lying down on the crest, fired at the flickering flashes of the Mausers; a steam launch with a machine gun in her bows ran close in to the shore and tried to enfilade the enemy, but still the firing went on. Only that the guerillas were such bad marksmen, the marines on the hill would have lost heavily.

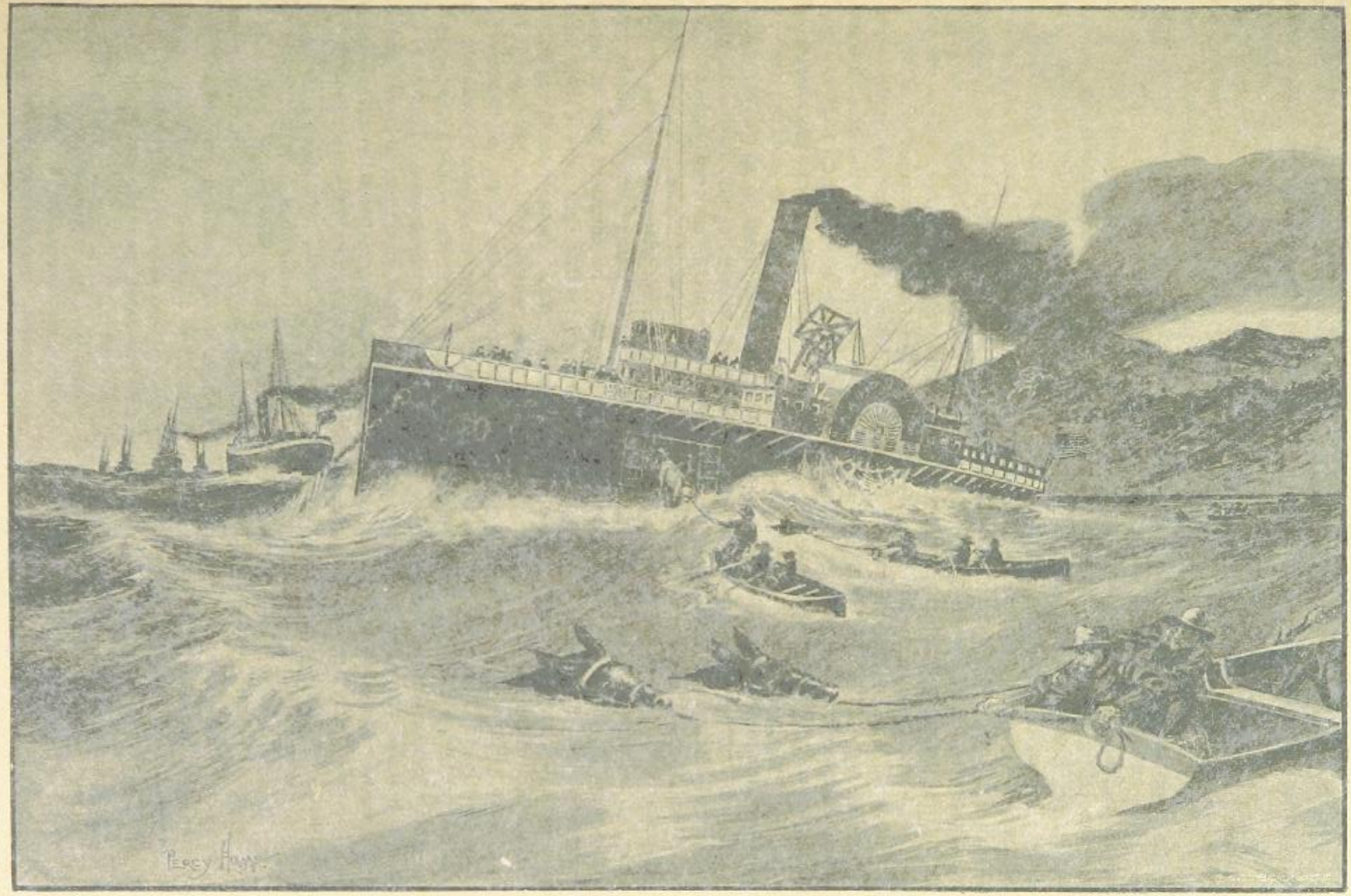
At sunrise on Sunday morning the *Marblehead* signalled from the bay that there was a mass of the enemy to the right of the camp, apparently regular infantry. She shelled their position and then retired. Half an hour later the battleship *Texas* arrived from before Santiago, and her captain gave timely help to the weary garrison of the camp by landing a party of his marines who had had ood night's rest. They brought



SKETCH MAP OF THE COUNTRY NEAR SANTIAGO.

With them two Colt machine guns. These were mounted in a trench on the ridge. Colonel Huntington had decided to withdraw his camp to the slope of the hill, keeping only a firing line on the crest, as the tents on the hill formed too conspicuous a mark for the Spanish sharpshooters. The enemy kept up a desultory fire all day. It was not even stopped by the intervention of the big guns of the *Texas* and the *Marblehead*, which shelled the woods during the morning. The enemy's riflemen even replied to the artillery with their Mausers, bullets came whistling over the decks of the two ships, and the Cuban pilot of the *Marblehead* was wounded.

It was very rarely that the enemy hidden in the trees could be seen even with the keen anxious eyes and powerful field glasses and telescopes that searched the bush from the ships and



GETTING THE MULES ASHORE AT DAIQUIRI.

the camp. When they were "spotted" it was seen that they had adopted the tactics of Malcolm's army when it came to Birnam wood on the march against Macbeth :—

> "Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
> And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow
> The numbers of our host."

The Spaniards had cut fronds of fern and large palm leaves, and fastened them in their caps, belts and bandoliers. Thus they were unseen as they worked through the bush, and could even stealthily and quietly cross openings in it unobserved. It was the Cuban guides who first called the attention of the Americans to this ruse of forest warfare, and it was curious that often a Cuban scout with his unaided sight was able to point out the enemy's skirmishers where the officers with their field glasses had failed to distinguish them. What were the enemy's losses no one could say. All the fire from the camp was at random into the bush, and the Spaniards seemed to be very little impressed by it.

Some field pieces and a fresh party of marines were landed in the evening. The crest of the hill had been entrenched during the day, a reinforcement of sixty Cubans had come in who, it was hoped, would be useful as bush fighters, and the camp was in a better position. As soon as night fell, the Spaniards again closed in upon the front, and the flicker and crackle of their rifles went on all night. The losses of the marines were their sergeant-major killed and five men wounded. Everyone was exhausted with want of sleep. Happily, however, for the little garrison, the Spanish fire almost ceased during the Monday ; further Cuban reinforcements to the number of about 300 were ferried across the bay by the boats of the warships, and the night that followed was perfectly quiet. All except the men on outpost duty slept the deep sleep of wearied men. The Cuban scouts had by this time found the position of the Spanish camp in the bush, and on Tuesday morning it was determined to attack it. It was about four miles away at a point where there were the only wells of good water to be found for miles in the bush. In the forenoon a little column nearly 600 strong marched out from the American camp. It consisted of half a battalion of marines under Captain Elliot and Lieutenants Neville and Mahoney, and a company of Cubans under Colonels Laborde and Tomas. Ranks have a tendency to run high in Cuban armies, however small the force. Nevertheless, though the two colonels were present the captain kept command of the united force. Shortly before midday the troops advancing through dense bush came to the top of a ridge from which the Spanish camp was sighted a little more than half a mile in front. For some time the officers had noticed frequent calls like those of a wood pigeon. They were really the signals of the Spanish scouts falling back quietly on a prepared position in front of the camp. There they suddenly opened a heavy fire from a line of trenches concealed in the deep bush. Not a man was to be seen, but the Mauser bullets came ripping through the tangle of fern, palm and cactus. The attacking force replied—the Cubans wildly, the marines with steady volleys. A signaller on the ridge opened communication with the gunboat *Dolphin*, which had been steaming along the shore inside the bay, and indicated to her the position of the Spanish camp, which she proceeded to shell very effectually. After standing the cross fire for some time the Spaniards began to give way. Their retreat was curiously enough covered—all unintentionally — by the guns of the *Dolphin*. Captain Elliot tried to signal to her that the Spaniards were going and he wanted to push on and cut them off, but it was some time before he succeeded in stopping her fire, and until he did so he could not advance on to the ground swept by her quick-firers. When at last he rushed up to the camp he surprised part of the Spanish rearguard, taking prisoners a lieutenant and eighteen men. From these it was learned that the force which had so persistently harassed the camp consisted of six companies of Spanish regulars and two companies of volunteer guerillas.

They had lost forty killed in the action ; these were found on the ground. They had carried off some wounded with them in their retreat. The loss of the victors was only six—namely, one of the marines seriously wounded, and two Cubans killed and three wounded. The camp was burned, the wells filled with stones and rubbish, and the column returned to camp. After this the attacks of the Spaniards ceased.

Such was the first fight on Cuban soil. It was a series of mere skirmishes, only important because it was the first actual experience of what the Spaniards could do on land. It increased the growing feeling that the struggle for Cuba would be long and costly, and made men pay little attention to Admiral Sampson's prediction that, within twenty-four hours of the landing of even 10,000 men, Santiago could be easily captured.

The Spaniards had been driven from their camp on the east side of the bay on the 14th of June. One of the cut cables was picked up and connected with the station behind the marine camp, and communication was established *viâ* Hayti with the United States. Further progress in the occupation of Port Guantanamo was made on the 16th, when the squadron in the bay utterly wrecked a battery beyond Caimamera which the Spaniards had occupied. In moving out from the attack the *Texas* fouled and dragged after her a self-acting torpedo, which ought to have been exploded by the contact with her side, but it was out of order, a heavy growth of barnacles having completely clogged the lever of the firing key.

During these days of anxious waiting for the arrival of the transports with the invading army Admiral Sampson's fleet before Santiago was not quite idle. The dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* had been for some time under his orders, but so far she had only been used as a despatch boat. Among naval men there was a certain amount of doubt as to how her guns would act in real warfare, notwithstanding the tests made in peace experiments, and the Admiral had till now hesitated to make use of her in his attacks on the forts. Her three guns were fixed diagonally in her deck, the muzzles projecting, the breeches and loading arrangements being under cover below. (A photograph showing the guns will be found on page 241.) Each threw a shell or "aerial torpedo" loaded with 250 pounds of guncotton. They were colossal air-guns, the range varying from 1,000 to 1,500 yards, according to the compression of the air pumped into them, and the direction or aim being given by altering the position of the ship. At such short range against good gunners there would be great risk of the dynamite gun being hit while the shell was moving through it, in which case gun and ship would be "hoist with their own petard." But the bad gunnery of the Spaniards seemed to minimise this risk, and for further safety the *Vesuvius* was first brought into action at night. On the evening of Monday, the 13th, towards midnight, he steamed in close to the harbour mouth and discharged three of her shells in the direction of the Socapa battery. The story of this first experiment with dynamite guns in war is worth telling in detail. Here is the impression of it given by one of the best of the correspondents of the fleet, the representative of the *New York Herald*—an impression apparently shared by his colleagues, some of whom used still more picturesque language on the subject :—

"Three shells, each containing two hundred pounds of guncotton, were fired last night from the dynamite guns of the *Vesuvius* at the hill at the western entrance to Santiago Harbour, on which there is a fort. It was the first test of a dynamite cruiser in actual warfare. The frightful execution done by those three shots will be historic. Guns in that fort had not been silenced when the fleet drew off after the attack that followed the discovery of the presence of the Spanish fleet in the harbour. In the intense darkness of last night the *Vesuvius* steamed in to close range and let go one of her mysterious missiles. She was about half a mile from the beach, west of the Morro. The *Oregon's* searchlight played on her mark ashore. Lieutenant Commander Pillsbury gave the word to fire. Lieutenant Quimby opened the air vent. There was no flash, no smoke. There was no noise at first. The pneumatic guns on the little cruiser did their work silently. It was only when they felt the shock that the men on the other warships knew the *Vesuvius* was in action. The first shot exploded on the hillside below the battery. The second struck close to the Spanish position. From what I know of the position of the Spanish torpedo boats in Santiago Harbour, it seemed to me, looking from the sea, that they may have been struck. The third load of guncotton was dropped on the very crest of the hill from which a battery was being fired the other day. After her last shot the *Vesuvius* went away at a sixteen-knot gait. Two shells fell just beyond her as she was departing. A few seconds after the gun was fired there was a frightful convulsion on the land. On the hill, where the Spanish guns had withstood the missiles of the ordinary ships of war, tons of rock and soil leaped high in air. The land was smitten as by an earthquake. Terrible echoes rolled around and around through the shaken hills and mountains. Sampson's ships, far out to sea, trembled with the awful shock. Dust rose to the clouds and hid the scene of destruction. Then came a long silence; next another frightful upheaval, and following it a third—so quickly that the results of the work of the two mingled in mid-air. Another stillness, and then two shots from a Spanish battery, that, after the noise of the dynamite, sounded like the crackle of fire crackers. The *Vesuvius* had tested herself. She was found perfect as a destroyer. She proved that no fortification can withstand her terrible missiles."

Of course it was difficult to know what had occurred on shore. The fact was that, two of the shells having failed to explode, the third made a big hole in a field on the top of the Socapa headland. The gunners got a glimpse of the *Vesuvius* and blazed away at her with the very guns she was expected to destroy. The deluded Spaniards did not know that anything particular had occurred. Consul Ramsden gives the impression current in the town: "The day passed quietly," he writes, "until half-past eleven at night, when, just as I was getting into bed, shots were heard. There were only eight fired, and we went to sleep. It seems that some ship came in near, and they fired at her, and she answered." So much for the terrible destruction caused by this first eruption of the *Vesuvius*.

Before going on to tell the story of the invasion it will be well to complete the record of these occasional bombardments of Santiago by the fleet. They all point the same moral, that bombardment causes, in most cases, more noise than harm, and against brave men who remember Rudyard Kipling's rule that "noise never frightens a soldier," they are a costly and inefficient means of attack. At dawn on the day after the exploit of the *Vesuvius* the *New Orleans* signalled that the Spaniards were mounting new guns, and was given permission to stop them by shelling the batteries. She kept at it for about ten minutes, firing some 150 shots. The Socapa replied without succeeding in hitting her. Two men were wounded in the battery, and one on board a ship. Several of the shots from the cruiser were too high, and fell far up the harbour near Ratones Cay. "Nobody seemed much the worse, and people did not bother their heads much about it," is Consul Ramsden's note on the brief bombardment.

On the Wednesday evening (June 15th) the *Vesuvius* was given another chance. This time the point aimed for was the upper end of the harbour mouth near Cay Smith, where it was believed the Spanish destroyers lay. As before, two shells failed to explode, but the third was more successful. To quote the same correspondent: "From where the fleet lay the entrance to the harbour looked in the black night like a door opening into the livid fire of a Titanic furnace. A crater big enough to hold a church was blown out of the side of Cay Smith." We happen to have an interesting account of what did occur from the other side in our consul's diary. Thus it runs:—

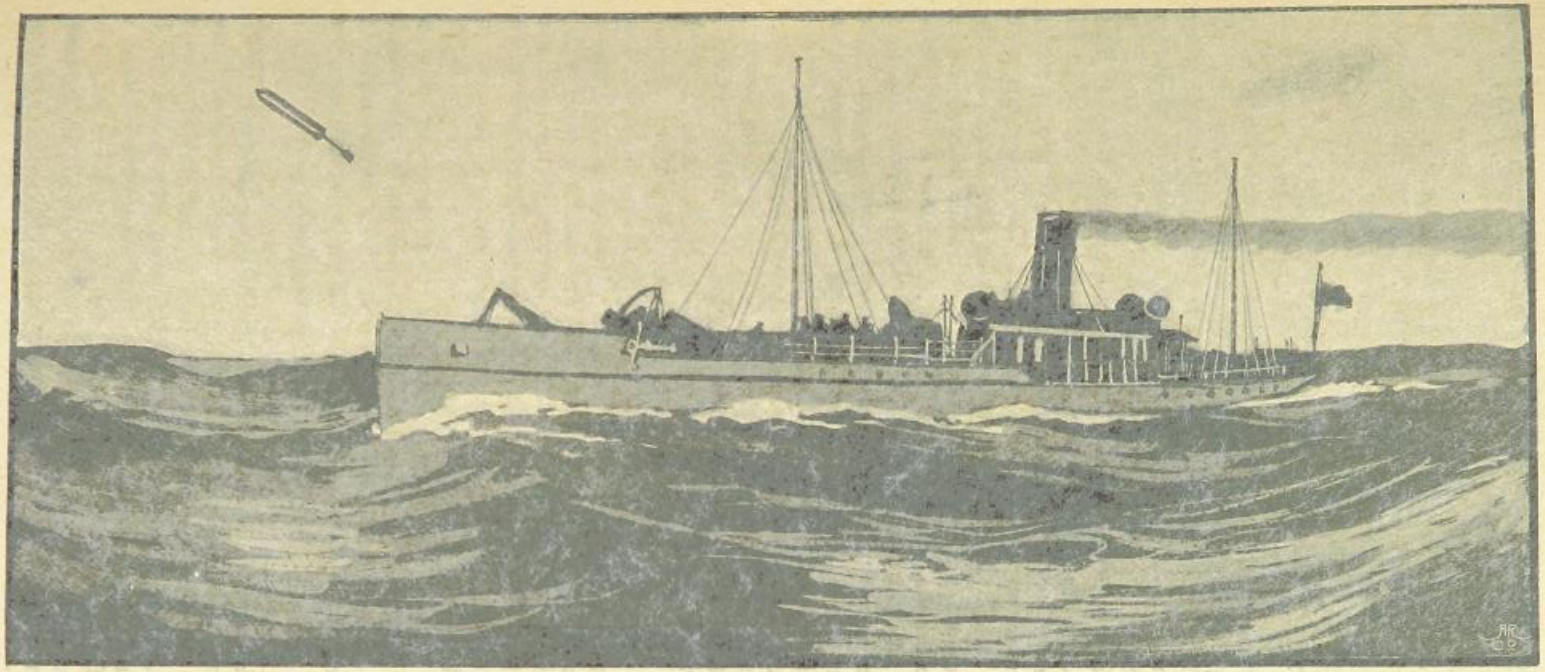
"At night on the 15th we heard a few shots, and one very loud one. An officer of the *Pluton* told me that a big shell, which looked like a comet as it came somewhat slowly through the air, fell near them, between Smith Cay, and then came travelling in the water by means of a screw, and burst just in front of the ship. He says that had theirs been a heavy ship it would have burst it up, but the little *Pluton*, which only draws $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, was just lifted out of the water, and everyone on board was thrown off his feet, but no one really hurt. The water round was strewn with dead fish, and the concussion was also felt by the *Mercedes*, which was behind the *Pluton*. He says it was a dynamite shell from the pneumatic gun of the *Vesuvius*."

The description of the screw-like attachment to the shell shows how carefully the Spanish officer observed it. The dynamite shells have an arrangement of the kind to steady them in their flight. It was one more experiment proving that dynamite ships are not such fearful engines of war. The American navy has accepted the adverse view and will have no more of them.

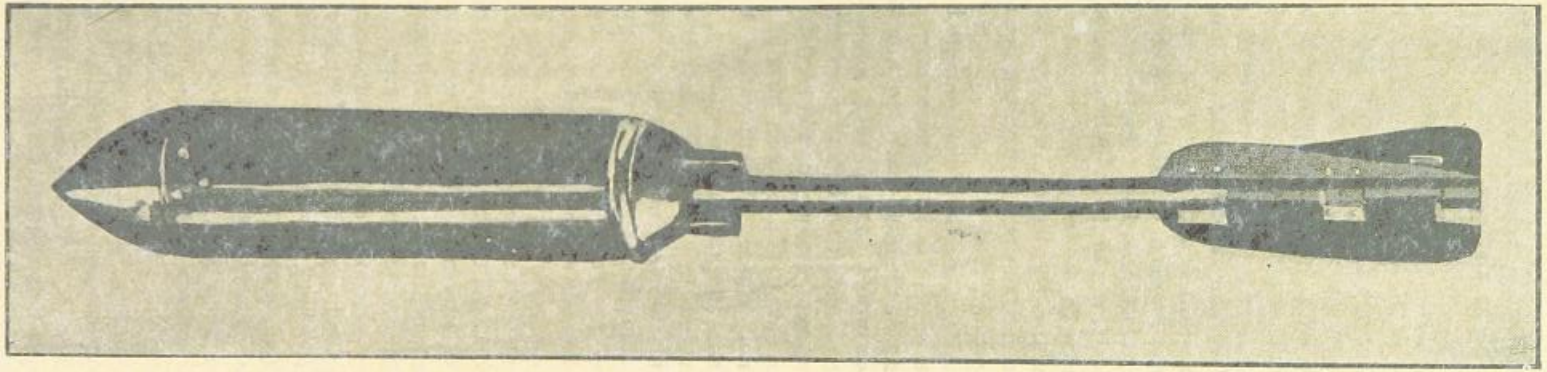
As before, the midnight eruption of the *Vesuvius* was the prelude to a bombardment at dawn. The first shots were fired just before half-past six, and the bombardment went on for a little over an hour. The ships engaged were the cruisers *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *New Orleans*, and the battleships *Iowa*, *Massachusetts*, *Oregon*, and *Texas*. According to press reports they fired 5,000 heavy shells, but other data point to this being an exaggeration, the real number being about 2,500.

No shots were fired at the tower of Morro Castle, because it was believed that Hobson and his comrades were still imprisoned there. They had, however, been removed some days before to one of the barracks in the city.

As usual, the Spanish fire was ill-directed and harmless, though the range was never over 3,000 yards, and all the ships engaged were large targets. The gunners could therefore fire from the American ships with little more risk than if they were engaged in shooting for prizes. The impression on board the fleet was that the batteries were seriously injured, and that some of them were utterly wrecked and disarmed. Towards the end of the hour very few shots came from the shore, but that the batteries were not actually silenced was shown by the Spaniards firing on the fleet as it withdrew, the shots falling harmlessly in its wake. There was, however, no serious damage done. The Spaniards lost



THE "VESUVIUS" DISCHARGING A SHELL



ONE OF THE "VESUVIUS" SHELLS, CONTAINING 250 LBS. OF GUNCOTTON.

very few men, and the injuries to the batteries could be repaired in an hour. Several shells flying too high passed over the headlands and fell into the bay. Two struck the water opposite the public wharf of the city. Many more fell lower down the harbour, in the water or on the shore. One struck close to Cervera's flagship, as she lay at her moorings near Ratones Cay, and sent up a fountain of water as high as her mast. At the Morro batteries one man was killed and six wounded; at the Socapa three were killed and four wounded. In all, there were fourteen casualties. Such is Ramsden's record of the day. One of the men killed at Socapa was hit fairly by the exploding shell, and only half his body could be found. One of the guns in the battery was completely buried by the mass of earth blown from the rampart by an exploding shell.

Altogether the bombardment had proved as ineffectual as its predecessors. These results seem to suggest that even a first-class modern fleet would have a very rough experience if pitted against well-constructed forts armed with numerous heavy guns and served by well-trained gunners. The Spanish forts at Santiago were partly edifices of antiquarian interest, partly hastily improvised earthworks. They were manned by ill-trained artillerists, who had evidently had very little peace practice. But it is only fair to add that these Spanish gunners had to work with, for the most part, old-fashioned weapons, of short range and of no great accuracy, even in the best of hands. Sampson had an idea that he had to deal with a formidable array of heavy guns of modern date. We know now, after the event, what the armament of the sea front of Santiago was. Most of the guns at the Morro batteries were old and inefficient pieces, only fit for an artillery museum or a saluting battery. There were among them a few small Krupps, with an effective range of under 2,000 yards, and useless against armour. The guns at Estrella and Santa Catalina were of the same type. At Punta Gorda, in a new earthwork, there were three mortars with a range of 800 yards, intended to prevent the forcing of the channel, and one long-range Hontoria gun of six-inch calibre, taken from the *Mercedes*. At the Socapa there were in the upper battery some old guns, and two more six-inch Hontorias. In another battery, lower down the slope, there were some light modern quick-firers. These were mounted chiefly to protect the submarine mines in the entrance. The only really formidable guns on the whole front were the three Hontorias. These were all that had even a chance of seriously injuring the opposing fleet. The other guns were only used to play a game of bluff, and to make the attacking force believe that they were facing strongly armed batteries.

Nor was the torpedo defence of Santiago much more formidable than that by artillery. There were two lines of submarine mines at the entrance. One of seven mines ran from Socapa to the Estrella battery. It was protected by the battery of light quick-firers at Socapa, but the cables ran into Estrella, and the firing keys were there. Two, perhaps three, of these mines were exploded the night the *Merrimac* ran in, so that there must have been a serious gap in this outer line. The inner line of six mines ran from Socapa to Cay Smith, and the *Reina Mercedes* was for awhile moored just behind it, with her torpedo tubes pointed across the channel, so as to have a shot with them at anything that came round Socapa Point. After the performances of the *Vesuvius* it was considered dangerous to keep such a heavy ship so near the harbour mouth, and she was taken further up the bay. There were no torpedoes in the channel between Cay Smith and Punta Gorda. It was blocked by a chain. It would not have been a difficult matter for the Americans to destroy this very imperfect mine field. When the *Merrimac* ran in, the Spaniards suspected that she was towing a cable with a string of counter-mines behind her, and were surprised that no explosions followed in the channel. It was hoped that the shells of the *Vesuvius* would destroy some of the mines, but it is not certain that any of them were damaged in this way. The channel was supposed to be full of them, but there were never more than thirteen mines in position, just as there were never more than three armour-piercing guns in the batteries.

It is curious that Admiral Sampson did not discover this state of things. It is still more curious that, having in his own estimation repeatedly silenced the batteries and found by actual experience that they always failed to damage his ships, he did not risk some of his vessels in the attempt to force the entrance. With his enormous superiority of force he could have afforded to take some risks. But he took none, although the experience of the *Merrimac* attempt had shown that a large ship could run the gauntlet of the batteries. His lack of

enterprise it was that necessitated a costly and dangerous land campaign. But for his call for the land forces to help him to destroy Cervera's fleet or force it out of its stronghold, the advice of General Miles would have been taken and the invasion of Cuba deferred until the proper season for land operations.

There was another defect, and a still more serious one, in the defensive resources of Santiago of which the American commanders were not aware. If they had known of it, the fact would have materially influenced their plans and perhaps spared them the land expedition in the sickly rainy season. Santiago had from the first possessed no large store of provisions. It was now rapidly approaching a state of famine. On the day of the third bombardment meat was at eighty cents a pound, and unless one went early to market there was none at any price. Flour had run short, and was being eked out with rice. Vegetables were scarcely to be had. The blockade alone would before very long starve the Spanish squadron into venturing to sea and force even the weak garrison of the city to evacuate the place. It was reported in the American newspapers that Santiago was provisioned for a year. If it had been, the result of the summer campaign might have been different.

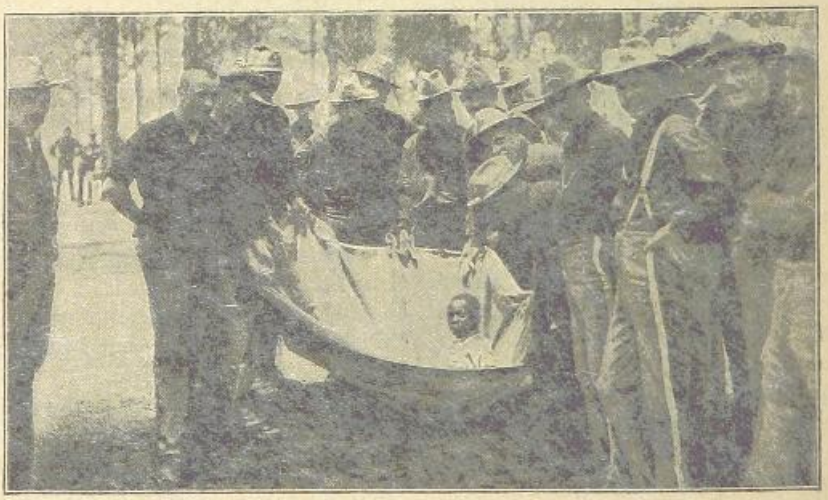
But it must also be said that Cervera's lack of initiative was something far worse than Sampson's. He ought to have made use of his stay at Santiago to clean up his ships and get their machinery into good order. It was not beyond the resources of his engineers to get the Hontoria guns, which were left on the *Mercedes*, fitted in the barbettes of the *Colon*. Considering the wild excitement that false alarms had caused more than once in the American fleet at night and the anxious strain caused by the presence of his torpedo destroyers in the port, he ought to have made some real use of them. Every night the blockading fleet kept its searchlights playing on the entrance to the bay, watching for a possible sortie of his cruisers. A sailor with a little more dash would have sent out his torpedo boats to throw the fleet into confusion, and while the searchlights were seeking for those wasps of the sea, he would have dashed out with his cruisers and swept through the hostile fleet, with all his guns ablaze. If he got through he might hope to shake off all but the swiftest of the enemy in a few hours' steaming, and then he might try the chance of battle with the foremost of his pursuers. Such a plan might have ended in disaster, but it could not be worse disaster than awaited him. But if he had been the man to play this bold game, he would never have shut himself up in the first instance behind the headlands of Santiago Bay.

IN THE U.S. CAMP: FIELD TELEPHONING.

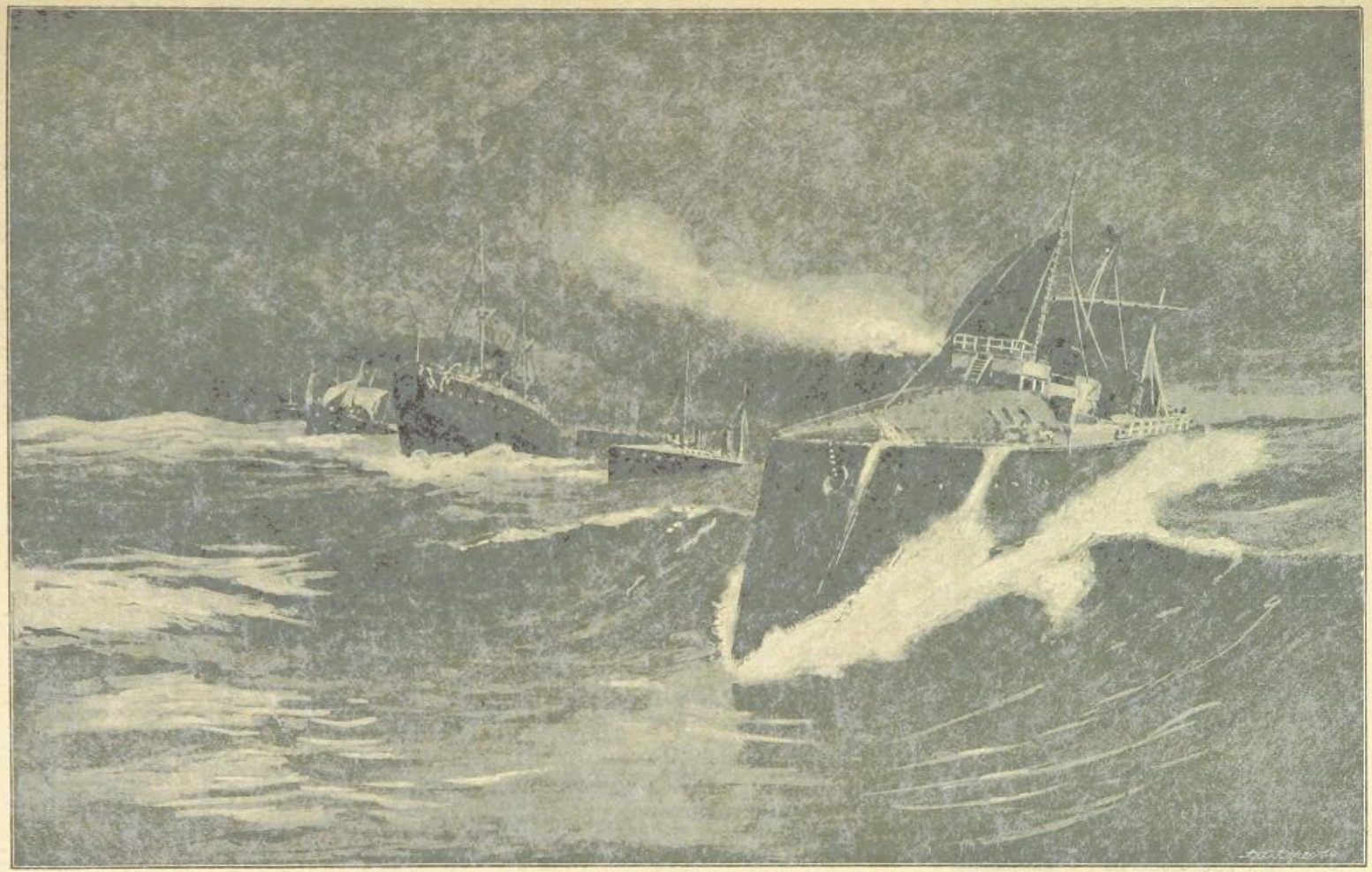
While General Linares and Admiral Cervera were preparing to hold Santiago against the American fleet and army, Marshal Blanco was making much more elaborate preparations for the defence of Havana, and he had more abundant resources at his disposal for this purpose. As soon as the war began he had withdrawn most of the outlying garrisons from the interior of the province, and was thus able to concentrate some 50,000 men in and around the capital. Many of these were employed with the help of civilian labour in surrounding the city on the land side with a strong girdle of earthworks, shelter trenches and wire entanglements.

Although there were persistent reports of disorders in the city, it is certain that Blanco found not the least difficulty in preserving order. The cafés and theatres were open, and the place did not present the aspect of a city blockaded by a hostile squadron and threatened with a siege at an early date. Although some supplies ran short, the city never felt anything like scarcity. The blockade was to a great extent relaxed as soon as Cervera's fleet appeared in the West Indies, the few ships that watched the harbour lying far out to sea, and being deprived of the help of the torpedo boats. On the few occasions when the blockading cruisers came in close the gunners on the sea front, especially those at the Reina battery, shot so well as to impress the enemy with the idea that it was an unnecessarily risky performance. The inefficiency of the blockade resulted in its being at least once broken by a large steamer with a valuable cargo of provisions. But the regular source of supplies for Havana came from another quarter. Blanco kept open communications across the island with the small harbour of Batabano on the south coast. The American fleet never effectually blockaded this part of Cuba. The deep bay behind the Isle of Pines, fringed as it is with outlying barriers of coral reefs, would have required a whole flotilla of gunboats to watch it, and the Spaniards ran in cargo after cargo of provisions, the steamers that brought them coming, some from Kingston, Jamaica, and some from the South American ports. Batabano was thus nearly to the end of the war the open back door of Havana.

But by thus concentrating his best troops and most of his supplies in the capital, Blanco had abandoned Eastern Cuba under General Pando to its own resources. Cervera had drawn the first brunt of the American attack upon Santiago. Under its batteries the fate of Cuba was decided, and the defences so carefully prepared at Havana and the large army assembled within its walls counted for nothing in the final trial of strength.



IN CAMP: TOSSING JERRY, THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.



THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA IN THE ATLANTIC.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF U.S. ARTILLERY ENCAMPMENT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION OF EASTERN CUBA.

FOR weeks, in hot, dusty Tampa, the vanguard of the army destined for the invasion of Cuba had been waiting in its far extended camps, many of the men getting their first taste of tropical life as they drilled on the sun-baked sand, or rested in their tents among the palmetto trees. There was a crowd of correspondents and staff officers at the big hotel. It was now out of the season, for Tampa is like our European Riviera, a winter resort for those who can afford to take refuge from the northern frost in the sunny south. The war had brought a new kind of visitor to Tampa, and given it an unexpected summer season. Down the bay the fleet of transports was slowly growing, and a small army of ships' carpenters were fitting them for the troops. By the railway sidings and near the long pier stores of all kinds were being piled up in miniature mountain ranges.

Rumour was busy with tales of speedy departure. From the very first, men talked of the expedition as certain to sail next week, but time went by, and the only expeditions that sailed were those that conveyed small parties from the camp of Cuban refugees. There were good reasons for the prolonged delay. In the first place neither the army nor the necessary transports were ready. In the second, General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, was from the first opposed to an early invasion of Cuba. He held that to send troops in any number to the island before the end of the rainy season would be to incur certain loss of life on a large scale, and to risk possible disaster. General Alger, the Secretary for War, was unfortunately a politician who in the old days of the Civil War had had reason to look on Miles in anything but a friendly light. Alger had really no large experience or knowledge of military matters, and for all that was very self-opinionated. He held that invasion at an early date was possible, and following the popular cry for speedy action he ordered at the very outset the concentration of troops at Tampa, despite the protests of General Miles.

Nor were these the only differences between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary for War. Alger planned the large training camps for the volunteers at Chickamauga and elsewhere. Miles proposed that instead they should be kept for two months' training in small regimental camps in their own native states. The other policy he held to be a dangerous mistake. To quote his own words in his official report on the war, we find him saying :—

"Congregating tens of thousands of men, many of whom were not uniformed, and scarcely any properly equipped, in great camps, away from their states, rendered it difficult for them to be properly supplied with food, cooking utensils, camp equipage, blankets, tentage, medical supplies, etc., and was to a great extent the cause, in my judgment, of the debilitating effect upon the health and strength of the men,

who were otherwise in good physical condition. The material necessary to clothe and equip large armies was not even manufactured at that time, and the consequent condition of the troops for weeks and months was injurious to the command in many ways."

The necessity of sending a land force to co-operate with Dewey in the reduction of Manila had led to some of the troops originally ordered to the Atlantic seaboard being diverted to the Philippines. The story of this expedition will be told in a later chapter. Suffice it to say here that this unexpected demand on the military forces of the United States, and the signs of a more determined resistance on the part of the Spaniards in Cuba than had been originally anticipated, led the President on May 23rd to supplement his original call for 125,000 volunteers by a second call for 75,000, making the total 200,000. The army, regular and volunteer, had been grouped in seven army corps and a cavalry division, though as yet this organisation to some extent existed only on paper. The corps, with their commanders and headquarters, were the following :—

Corps.	*General.*	*Headquarters.*
1st Corps	John R. Brooke	Atlanta, Georgia.
2nd ,,	William N. Graham	Camp Alger, Virginia.
3rd ,,	James F. Wade	Chickamauga, Georgia.
4th ,,	John J. Coppinger	Mobile, Alabama.
5th ,,	William R. Shafter	Tampa, Florida.
6th ,,	James H. Wilson	Chickamauga, Georgia.
7th ,,	Fitzhugh Lee	Tampa, Florida.
Cavalry Division	Joseph H. Wheeler	,, ,,

Brooke was a volunteer of the Civil War period, transferred to the regular army at its close, and was in command of the Department of the Missouri, with his headquarters at Chicago, when war was declared against Spain. Graham, who had been in command of Texas, had also begun his career as an officer of volunteers ; Wade, who held the command of the Department of the Dakota, had a similar record. Coppinger received his first commission in an Irish militia regiment ; he fought as an officer of the Papal army in the campaign of 1860, and then crossed the Atlantic and fought his way to the rank of general in the Federal army. He was in command of the Department of the Platte when the war with Spain began.

Shafter, who gave up the command of the Department of California to assume that of the 5th Corps, was also one of the volunteers of the Civil War. He had worked on a farm till the day when, at the age of twenty-five, he enlisted in one of the Michigan regiments. He received his first commission as lieutenant in 1861. He was promoted to the rank of colonel for his brilliant conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks. After the war he served with distinction as colonel of the 24th Infantry in the Indian campaigns of the Mexican border. In May, 1897, he was promoted brigadier-general, and given the Californian command. Wilson was a regular officer, a graduate of West Point. Lee and Wheeler's careers have already been referred to in a previous chapter.

Havana was to be attacked by over 100,000 men in the autumn, but no such force was ready when at the end of May it was decided that Admiral Sampson could not secure the surrender of Santiago and Cervera's squadron without the co-operation of a land army. It was decided to send one army corps and a cavalry division to Eastern Cuba. The 5th Corps was the only one really ready, and it was made up almost entirely of regular troops. When the order for embarkation arrived in the first week of June its organisation and numbers were as follows :—

First Division.—Brig.-Gen. J. F. Kent commanding.

1st Brigade.

6th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
16th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
71st Regiment, New York Volunteers	1,000

2nd Brigade.—Gen. J. C. Bates commanding.

2nd Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
10th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
21st Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

3rd Brigade.

9th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
13th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
24th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

Second Division.—Gen. H. W. Lawton commanding.

1st Brigade.—Gen. J. J. Van Horn.

8th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
22nd Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
2nd Massachusetts Volunteers	1,000

2nd Brigade.

1st Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
4th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
25th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

3rd Brigade.—Gen. A. R. Chaffee.

7th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
12th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
17th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

Third Division.

1st Brigade.—Gen. H. S. Hawkins commanding.

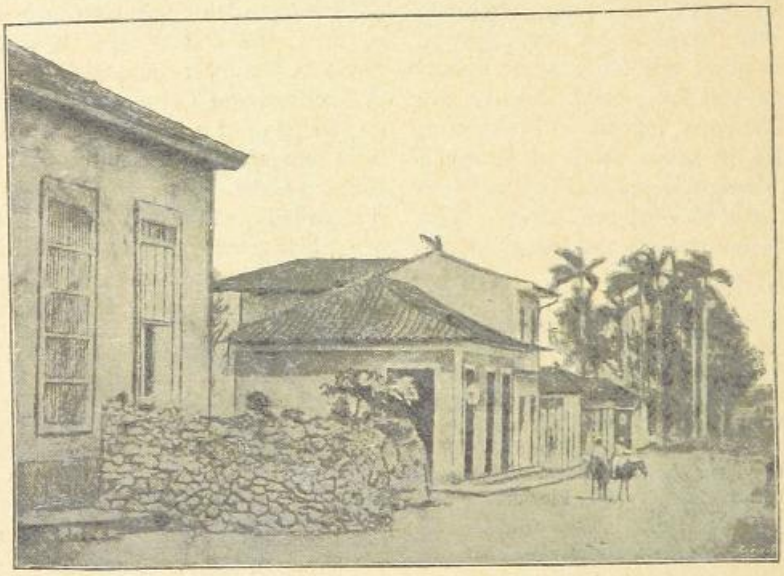
3rd Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000
20th Regiment, U.S.A.	1,000

Cavalry Division.—Major-Gen. Joseph Wheeler commanding, with Gen. S. B. M. Young attached. The force is dismounted.

1st U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	400
3rd U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	400
6th U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	400
9th U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	400
10th U.S. Cavalry, 8 troops	400
1st U.S. Volunteer Cavalry	400
Artillery.	
Batteries E and K 1st Light Artillery, U.S.A.	150
Batteries A and F 2nd Light Artillery, U.S.A.	150
Batteries G and H 4th Heavy Artillery, U.S.A.	150
Engineers.—Gen. William Ludlow commanding.	
Companies C and E of the battalion of Engineers, U.S.A.	200

The same difficulty led to the artillery going to Cuba very short of horses, and this deficiency had very serious consequences.

It is very hard to understand why this deficiency of transport ever existed. The invasion of Cuba had been from the first regarded as likely to be the chief operation of the war; the government had unlimited credit, and had purchased for use as auxiliary cruisers a number of steamers at home and abroad; there was nothing to prevent further purchases, and the equipment of the ships was a mere matter of issuing orders and accepting contracts. Yet by the end of May there were only thirty-five transports assembled



FORTIFIED HOUSE ON THE TROCHA, CUBA.

This gives a strength of 23,000 men, with thirty-six guns. There were subsequently added to the 5th Corps during the operations a brigade under General Duffield, made up of two regiments of Michigan Volunteers, the 33rd and 34th, with the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers, each of the three regiments being 1,000 strong. This made the total force assigned to General Shafter 26,000.

But there were not transports available to embark at one time more than 16,000 men, and even this could only be done by leaving most of the horses behind at Tampa; so that General Wheeler's cavalry division had to take the field as infantry, and even the 1st U.S. Volunteer Cavalry, Roosevelt's Rough Riders, most of whom were specially recruited for their cow-boy skill in horsemanship, had to tramp on foot. at Tampa, and some of the armed cruisers had to be detailed for the work.

In the first days of June the transports at Tampa were loaded up with stores, guns, waggons, mules, and other impedimenta of the invading army. This work was, however, carried out in very amateur fashion. Some of the newly-appointed commissaries who superintended it arranged the cargoes as if they were made up of mere merchandise that could be quietly sorted out and collected on the quays and in the warehouses of some peaceful port. The stores and equipment of an army have to be packed away so that what is first wanted goes in last and comes out first, and so that, when the moment for action arrives, something of everything needed may be at hand, not an enormous supply of one commodity and little or nothing of another that

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MUSEUM

THE MARINES AT GUANTANAMO.

is equally important. This simple principle had not been grasped by the amateur staff officers at Tampa quay, with the result that some of the batteries had their necessary equipment divided in odd lots between two or even three ships.

On Monday, June 6th, the troops began to go on board, and on the following day the first detachment put out to sea without waiting for the whole force to be embarked. Before evening there came by telegraph from Washington peremptory orders to recall the transports. Information had reached the government that steamers with fighting-tops and the general appearance of Spanish cruisers had been seen off the Atlantic coast. The information was vague and unverified, but it was felt that no risks were to be run of the transports being caught at sea by some daring Spanish raider. They were to get back to Tampa till the news could be investigated. So the cruiser *Castine* was despatched to bring them back. She overtook them all in the course of the evening and the following morning. They had not kept together, and one of them, the liner *City of Washington*, had made such good speed that she was already in sight of the north coast of Cuba when the *Castine* overtook and signalled her back.

During the following days the embarkation went quietly on. These were the anxious days during which Sampson was vainly expecting the transports, and the American marines were holding doggedly on to the ground they had occupied on the shores of Guantanamo Bay. By the 10th of June 16,000 men had been embarked, the transports were filled up, and it was understood that the rest of the expeditionary force would be taken on a second trip. Still, the orders to sail were withheld, for the phantom fleet of Spanish cruisers was reported as hovering somewhere in the North Atlantic. All the while the

SPANISH FORT AND WATCH-TOWER NEAR MARIANAS, CUBA.

only Spanish fleet that was free for such an enterprise was completing its equipment and engaging in occasional target practice at Cadiz. But it was remembered that when Cervera was reported to be at Cadiz he had suddenly appeared in the West Indies, and it was feared that his colleague Camara might play the same trick with the second squadron.

It was not till late on Sunday, June 12th, that the authorities at Washington felt that it was safe to give the order for the fleet of transports to sail. The horses and mules had been brought ashore, as they were getting out of condition on board the steamers, and Monday was taken up with re-embarking them. On Tuesday, the 14th, the transports steamed out to sea, quietly, and without any demonstration on shore. Some fifty correspondents of American and European newspapers were distributed throughout the fleet, and on board the transport *Segurança*, which conveyed the staff, there were a number of officers of foreign armies and navies deputed by their governments to follow and report upon the operations. Great Britain was represented by Captain Lee of the Canadian army.

The first destination of the transports was Key West, where they were to be joined by a powerful squadron of fighting ships destined to serve as their escort during the voyage to Eastern Cuba. The squadron had for its flagship the battleship *Indiana*, commanded by Captain Taylor, who acted as commodore of the expedition. He had with him five cruisers, six armed liners, and three torpedo boats. These with the transports formed a fleet of just fifty ships, most of them large steamers. But some of them were deficient in engine power, and as throughout the rule was kept of running no risks, the whole armada had to keep together, so that the speed of all had to conform to that of the slowest tramp steamers in this new armada.

On getting out to sea from Key West the transports were formed in three lines, a little more than half a mile apart, with three cables, or six hundred yards, between each transport. The *Indiana* led the way with the swiftest cruisers scouting out ahead, and on either quarter. The torpedo boats acted as messengers. At night the transports were ordered to cover all lights, only carrying a shaded light astern to enable the next ship to follow and keep her station. The warships kept their electric searchlights at work, special attention being paid to the sea in the direction of Cuba, lest some Spanish torpedo craft might raid the fleet under the cover of darkness.

The course lay along the north coast of Cuba through the channel between the island and the Great Bahama Banks, and then by the Windward Passage to Santiago. The weather was fine, with light breezes and a smooth sea, which was fortunate for the troops packed in the transports. The voyage, even with these favourable conditions, lasted a week. It was intensely hot, and after their long stay at Tampa the men were not in the best of condition for such an experience. Typhoid broke out on board of some of the ships, and measles on one transport. But there were not very many cases. The four-footed voyagers suffered more than the men. A large number of mules and horses died on the way. At first the voyage was a novel and welcome experience to the troops, but this feeling soon gave way to impatience for the moment of disembarkation, and all were delighted when at last on June 20th the transport fleet joined Sampson's squadron in the waters of Santiago.

The sailors on the warships cheered as the long procession of transports passed the flagship; and Admiral Sampson went on board the *Segurança* to make final arrangements for the landing with General Shafter.

The Spaniards in Santiago had marked the arrival of the new fleet, and rightly judged that the crisis of the war was approaching. "Yesterday," wrote Consul Ramsden in his diary on the 20th, "there were seventeen ships. This morning there were twenty-one at daybreak, and at eleven o'clock thirty-nine more appeared, making sixty vessels of all kinds. This looks like business, and now there is no doubt that they mean to land and take the place."

Santiago was in no condition to make a prolonged resistance. The situation as to supplies is thus described by Ramsden under date of June 18th, two days before the transports arrived :—

"People are now beginning to die in the streets of hunger, and the misery is frightful in spite of so many having gone to the woods. There is no bread, and, what is worse, there are no plantains or sweet potatoes, nor yams, and, of course, no foreign potatoes. There is plenty of rice, owing to the fortunate chance of the *Polaria* having been obliged to leave here her Havana cargo. Were it not for that, the troops must starve. This latter is what the civilians will have to do, because, of course, there will be no giving in as long as the troops have

something to eat. There are no onions, red beans, lard, pork, or anything that comes from abroad, except the *Polaria's* rice and barley (this latter intended for the beer manufactory in Havana). Orders have been issued not to give any maize to horses or pigs, but to keep it for the people. The military in command at San Luis Cristo and other country places will allow nothing to go into town, as they want to keep it all for themselves. The streets are full of beggars going round begging for what formerly was given to the pigs, but now there is nothing over for the pigs."

The land front of the town had been covered with an improvised line of defences consisting of shelter trenches and blockhouses with barbed wire entanglements in front. Small forts and blockhouses on some of the neighbouring hills formed outposts for the city, and as a second and inner line of resistance, barricades were begun in the streets of the suburbs. A number of the lighter guns from the fleet were mounted outside the town, and some of Cervera's seamen gunners were landed to work them. The force which General Linares had in or near the city to man the sea forts and the land defences, or to resist the American advance in the open, consisted of nominally 11,690 regular troops. The following list gives their organisation and numbers, on the assumption that all the battalions, batteries and squadrons were up to their full war strength :—

Santiago Division.—Gen. Linares commanding; headquarters, Santiago de Cuba.

1st Brigade—Gen. Vara del Rey.

Batn. Constitucion, No. 9	800
Batn. Escuadras, Santa Catalina	800
Batn. Toledo, No. 35	800
Batn. Asia, No. 55	800
Batn. Cuba, 2nd, No. 38	800

2nd Brigade—Gen. Toral.

1st Batn. Simancas, No. 4	800
2nd Batn. Simancas	800
Batn. Principe, No. 5	800
Batn. Talavera, Peninsula, No. 4	800
Batn. Leon, No. 38	800

Attached to Division.

Batn. Cordoba, No. 10	800
Batn. Puerto Rico, Provisional No. 3	800
Batn. San Fernando, No. 11	800
3 Squadrons, Regiment del Rey	225
6th Battery, 4th Mountain Artillery	100
1st Transport Company	100
8th Transport Company	100
1st Squadron Guardia Civil	75
Three Companies, Sappers and Miners	300
1st Section, 1st Company, Telegraph Batn.	50
5th Company, Telegraph Batn.	100

These numbers would give a total of 10,400 infantry, 300 cavalry and mounted gendarmes, and 550 artillery and engineers. The gunners had been reinforced from the fleet, and there were also some volunteers in the town. But none of the battalions were at anything like full strength, and it is certain that the total available force was nearer 7,000 regulars than the official figure. There were other bodies of troops at Holguin, Manzanillo and Bayamo, from which reinforcements might be drawn, but the practical difficulty in the way was that it was already hard enough to find food for the existing garrison, and every fresh battalion that marched in would aggravate the anxieties of the situation. It was therefore under the most unfavourable conditions that Linares awaited the attack of the invaders.

General Shafter had on board his transports 803 officers and 14,935 men. Some 10,000 more were available as reinforcements as soon as the transports could go back for them. The questions to be decided were the precise point of landing and the arrangements to be made for co-operation with the Cuban insurgent forces, under General Garcia, who were in the neighbourhood, but who as yet had shown little active sign of their presence.

A conference was arranged with the Cuban general on Tuesday, the 21st, at the little village of Aserraderos, on the coast, about twelve miles to the westward of Santiago. Admiral Sampson, accompanied by his chief of the staff, Lieutenant Staunton, went on board the *Segurança*, and the transport, escorted by the cruiser *Marblehead*, steamed for Aserraderos. The general and admiral, with a number of their officers, were taken ashore in a steam launch, and at the landing-place they were met by a ragged escort of Garcia's Cubans. The party went up by a footway to the top of the cliff, where a temporary bivouac had been formed by some hundreds of the insurgents under their veteran leader. Mr. Richard Harding Davis gives a vivid impression of the scene in the description which he noted while the conference was in progress between the admirals and the two generals :—"It is," he writes, "a historical moment in the history of Cuba and of America, for General Garcia, General Shafter and Admiral Sampson have met for the first time. They are

grouped together, under a sun so hot that it burns the eyes, on a high cliff overlooking a magnificent valley of royal palms, which meets motionless a blue sea broken only by lines of white breakers on the shore, and which further out is broken again by the slow-moving hulls of thirty transports and thirty ships of war.

"The three commanders are seated on boxes under the palm-leaf roof of an open hut. One of them has a blue print map on his knees, and before they roll it up again the attack on Santiago will be decided upon and her fate sealed. Outside this hut are five negro sentries, naked to the waist, and on the open space about the hut are hundreds of the Cuban army officers, well armed and well uniformed, privates of every shade of skin, with every make of weapon, and small laughing boys, armed with *machetes*, or not armed at all.

"The palm-leaf hut where the conference is taking place is open to the hot air at both ends, and on each side, and standing about it, or kneeling on the ground in order to obtain a better view, are the strangest gathering of persons that this war has thrown together. Colonel John Jacob Astor is crowded by a black giant, with only a guard belt to cover his naked shoulders. There are also General Ludlow, of the engineers, General Costello and Lieutenant Miley, and Admiral Sampson. Colonel Goetzen, the German attaché, in spotless white, and a Cuban officer in a linen blouse and with bare feet, are talking in signs, and with them is Captain Lee, the British attaché, booted and spurred, with field glasses, helmet, and immaculate kharki. Captain Stewart Brice, in the uniform of the volunteer army—a blue jacket with breeches rolled above the knee—and a group of ensigns from the warship, act as a background to the principal actors, and still further back of them are the Cuban soldiers, squatting on the ground, curious and interested, and showing their teeth in broad smiles of welcome, and touching their straw hats when any one of the American officers looks their way.

CUBAN GENERALS AND STAFF.

"Any land would seem fair after a week on the troopships, but there are few lands more fair than this one, and few places on it more beautiful than this camp of Garcia's, lying between the great mountains and the great sea, shaded by the royal palms, and coloured by the brilliant scarlet flowers."

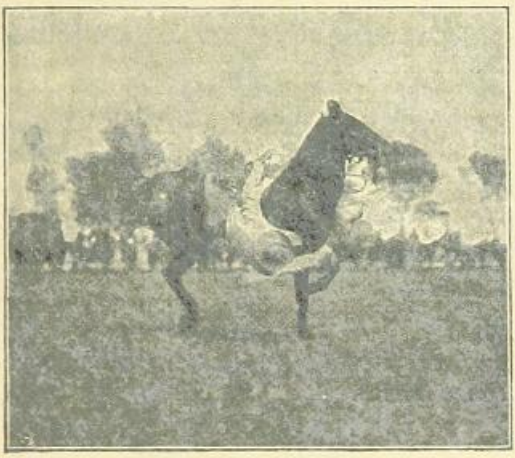
Garcia reported that he had about 3,000 troops in the immediate neighbourhood and large forces further inland. He undertook to watch the north-western approaches to Santiago and harass or stop the march of any reinforcements that might endeavour to reach the city.

THE MARINES HOLDING CAMP McCALLA, GUANTANAMO.

It was promised that some riflemen and guns should be landed from the fleet to help him to hold the pass in the Sierra above Aserraderos, and thus keep open his own communications with the fleet, and that the transports should transfer part of his force to the coast east of Santiago. The question of the landing-place was discussed, and the idea of using Port Guantanamo for the purpose was rejected. It was too far from Santiago, and the intervening country too difficult, now that the rainy season had begun. Daiquiri was finally selected. There were bands of Cuban insurgents in the neighbourhood who would co-operate, and as soon as the landing was effected, part of Garcia's force would be transferred by sea to the east of Santiago, to assist in the direct attack on the Spanish positions. Feints would be made at other points, both east and west of Santiago, to mislead the Spaniards.

The conference ended, the American officers returned to the shore, between two lines of Cubans, who presented arms as they passed. Sampson returned to his flagship to send out his orders for next day's work. Shafter, in the *Segurança*, his floating headquarters, rejoined the transports. The invasion of Cuba was to begin next day in earnest. It was just two months since the American fleet had first appeared before Havana. But the third month of the war, now beginning, was to witness decisive events.

U.S. SURGEON AND AIDE.



EXPERT RIDING BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LANDING AND THE FIRST FIGHT.

THE morning of June 22nd broke clear and fine, with very little surf along the shore. It was ideal weather for the landing. All along the coast for miles west and east of Santiago American battleships and cruisers were bombarding every likely landing-place, while on the land side here and there the Cuban bands came down and opened fire on the Spanish outposts. To the westward of Santiago the battleship *Texas*, the auxiliary cruisers *Scorpion* and *Vixen*, and a number of colliers (meant to represent transports), made a feint against Punta Cabrera and Cabañas Bay. The Cuban general, Rabi, was to have co-operated with 2,000 men, making an attack on the Spanish blockhouses with a view to inducing General Linares to divert a strong force to the west of Santiago, while the real attack was being made to the eastward. The *Texas* shelled the blockhouse at Mazamorra near Cabañas, but Rabi only put in an appearance with 200 men instead of 2,000, and Colonel Aldea, who held Punta Cabrera with a few companies of the Spanish "Regiment of Asia," was so little impressed that he did not signal to Santiago for help. The garrison of the city remained quietly within its lines all day.

Besides bombarding Cabañas the *Texas* was also engaged with the Socapa battery, and almost the last shot fired from the shore before she drew off hit the battleship, killing one man and wounding eight. It was a six-inch shell from one of the Hontoria guns. It came through the side twenty feet from the bow, and exploded well inside the ship.

To the eastward of Santiago Aguadores was bombarded by the *Gloucester* and *Eagle;* Juragua and the neighbouring village of Siboney, by the *Bancroft*, *Helena* and *Hornet;* and Daiquiri, by the *New Orleans*. The transports had gone away to the eastward in the night, and were steaming in towards Daiquiri during the early part of the bombardment. At nine o'clock the cruisers *Machias*, *Detroit* and *Suwanee*, and the gunboat *Wasp*, joined the *New Orleans*, and a rain of shells was sent pouring into the wooded slopes above Daiquiri and into the little village. Soon flames and smoke rose from some of the houses. The Spaniards had fired the village before abandoning it. There were only a handful of them in the place, not more than a company of infantry. They left the pier intact, no explosives were available for its destruction, and they also evacuated a blockhouse on the hill above the place. Here they were exchanging distant long-range rifle fire with the Cuban guerillas who were working up the other side of the hill, but naturally not anxious to come too close to the crest while the bombardment was still in progress.

Not a single shot had replied to the fire of the warships, and at half-past nine it was believed that the way was clear for the landing. The

troops had already been got into the boats of the transports, and the steam launches of the fleet took them in tow in strings of four or five, and began puffing in towards Daiquiri pier. There was no resistance. The only difficulty in landing was that caused by the surf. The troops first landed belonged to the 2nd Division, commanded by General Lawton, one of the volunteer officers of the Civil War. The first regiment actually landed was the 8th Regular Infantry, though the first man ashore was Lieutenant Godfrey of the 22nd.

Lawton pushed an outpost line into the hills, and set the engineers to strengthen the pier for the landing of artillery. He established his headquarters in what was left of the village. A handful of Cuban guerillas were already in possession. They had slipped in as soon as the Spaniards let go their hold of the place. More of them marched in during the day. Here is an impression of their appearance as sketched in words by one of the English correspondents, Mr. Hands of the *Daily Mail*:—

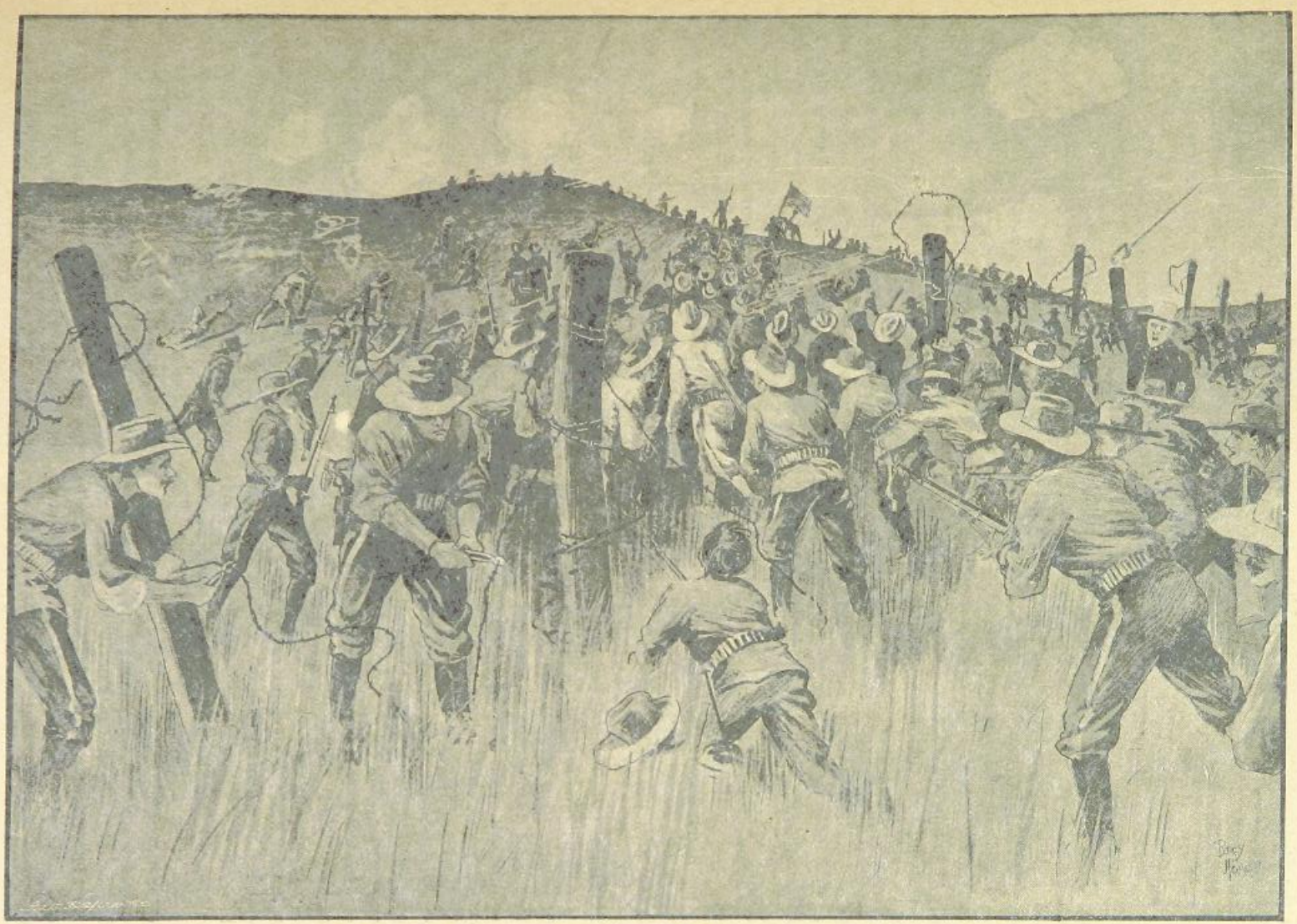
COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Down the rocky path came a Cuban army. They limped along in single file. Their trousers were strips of tattered canvas, through which thin brown legs showed. Their knapsacks were bundles of dirty canvas matting slung with knotted ends of rope. A few wore boots, which, when they were acquired, were somebody's cast-offs. Some wore sandals made of bits of canvas tied over their naked feet with string. Most were bare-footed, and their feet were sore and bleeding. They were much better armed than otherwise equipped, and evidently a proportion of the arms sent for their use from Tampa had reached them. There was something curiously Eastern in their white clothes and their small features and dark, wistful eyes, and when their leader came along perched on a donkey, and carrying a great broad-bladed *machete*, the Eastern suggestion was intensified. They shambled along in single file down the rocky path, along the track across the swamp behind, and wound among the palm trees in the valley, till they disappeared behind the shoulder of one of the hills in the second row. I am sure they were quite persuaded that they had achieved a great victory over the hated Spaniard, and were wondering why all these strange, blue-coated, white-skinned, big men were getting in the way."

They did not get on very well with their new allies, the American regulars. The Cubans did not understand any kind of fighting but their own irregular, indecisive skirmishing in the bush. They left the heavy work of tackling General Linares behind his blockhouses and trenches for the new-comers. In their own fashion they were ready enough to co-operate, and they did some useful work, but it was not the steady, systematic campaigning that the Americans expected of them, and the Cuban insurgent, whom the New York papers had represented as a conquering hero, made a very bad impression when it was realised that instead of charging with the *machete*, he preferred wasting ammunition at impossible ranges; that he gave no quarter, was ready to plunder, and never failed to put in his appearance when anything was to be had either for the asking or the taking. From the moment when the Spanish and United States armies met in battle near Santiago, there was among the Americans a growing disgust for their allies, a growing esteem for their brave enemies.

The blockhouse on the hill was occupied and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on its flagstaff. The landing went on steadily all the afternoon. The greater part of Lawton's division was landed, and part of General Bates' brigade, belonging to the 1st Division, besides a portion of Wheeler's dismounted cavalry. None of the artillery could yet be got ashore, the only guns landed being a machine-gun battery. Nor was much of the transport disembarked. Some horses and mules were dropped overboard and made to swim ashore. Altogether, by evening, General Lawton had some 6,000 men landed, and had besides with him about 1,000 Cubans under General Castillo.

The Spanish detachments that had watched the hills and the coast villages were retiring westward towards Santiago. Linares had decided that it was useless to fritter away his small force by trying to hold the numerous blockhouses to the eastward, nor did he mean to expose his men



RUSHING THE SPANISH BARBED-WIRE DEFENCES BEFORE SANTIAGO.

to the fire of the American warships. On the evening of the 22nd his outposts were at Sevilla and Firmeza, north of Juragua and the coast village of Siboney, both of them some miles west of Daiquiri. Before Siboney was evacuated the Spanish detachment there had lost heavily, and its commander, Major Bollini, had been killed by a bursting shell. The evacuation of the village and the hills behind it gave the Americans a new landing-place, for in the bay of Siboney there was a level beach, shelving regularly, so that boats could land men and stores, and animals could easily be swum ashore.

Lawton had begun his advance from Daiquiri on the afternoon of the 22nd, occupying the wooded hills to the north-west of the village. The advancing troops met with no resistance, the only alarms being caused by the movements of Cuban guerillas in the bush. On the 23rd he marched most of his force to Juragua, pushing his dismounted cavalry into Siboney, where the 1st Division under General Kent was landing. The disembarkation at Siboney went on day and night, the searchlights of the warships lighting up the beach between sundown and sunrise. By the evening of the 24th all the men and animals were ashore, the only accident having been the drowning of two men of the 10th Cavalry. Meanwhile fighting had begun.

General Shafter was still on board the *Segurança*. He was a heavy man, weighing more than twenty stone ; he was not in very good health, and moving about was difficult, so he stayed on the transport for the present. The senior officer ashore was General Wheeler, who had established his headquarters at Siboney. In a direct line he was only about seven miles from Santiago, but the greater part of the ground between was a mass of low wooded hills, covered with the dense tangle of a tropical forest, the narrow winding valleys being marshy in the lower part, and the flooded streams being without bridges. The nearest Spanish position was about three miles out near Sevilla, on the direct road, or rather track, to Santiago—for roads in the proper sense of the word there were none. The Spanish general, Rubin, held Sevilla, with three companies of the Regiment of San Fernando, three companies of the Puerto Rico regiment, and two mountain guns His orders were to cover retirement on Santiago of the various small detachments that had been holding the block-houses and posts in the coast range of the Sierra. The American staff had no idea of the smallness of the force in their immediate front. They had begun by accepting exaggerated estimates of the strength of the Santiago garrison, and they now believed the reports of the Cubans, who said that there was a strong body of the enemy at Sevilla, and that he was being continually reinforced from Santiago. All day on the 23rd there had been skirmishing in the hills. The Cubans were firing at retiring bodies of Spaniards who were making their way to Sevilla. Near Juragua the point of Lawton's advanced guard exchanged some rifle shots with a Spanish rearguard under Major Alcaniz, who was retiring with three companies of the Talavera regiment, and joined Rubin later in the day. From Siboney, Wheeler sent out a scouting party, which had a little skirmish on the Sevilla road, the retreating enemy leaving a dead Spanish infantryman lying on the track, the first enemy the Americans had yet seen at close quarters. Twelve deserted blockhouses were burned at various points on the coast range. American estimates placed the Spanish loss during the day at twenty-five killed and double that number wounded. This must have been a great exaggeration. Probably a dozen killed and wounded would be nearer the facts.

On Friday, the 24th, while the landing of the expedition was being completed, some of the empty transports conveyed 2,000 Cubans of Garcia's army from Aserraderos to Siboney to reinforce Castillo. On the same day occurred the first serious fighting, the scene of the action being Las Guasimas, a couple of miles out from Siboney on the Sevilla road.

The road or track from Siboney to Sevilla begins at the head of the creek near the little town, and curves round the hill behind it, running up a wooded valley, and rising rapidly towards the hills of Las Guasimas, the direction of the track being first north and then west. Shortly after it turns to the westward it is joined by a path which runs more directly to this point from Siboney, starting boldly up the wooded hill behind the village, and then going through the wood along the bush-covered spur that flanks the Siboney-Sevilla road on its west side. Cuban scouts had brought information to General Wheeler's headquarters that the Spaniards were entrenched near the junction of the two tracks. The only building in the neighbourhood is an old sugar mill, but though there is no village, the place has a local name, Las Guasimas.

Shafter's orders were that Lawton's division, which had first landed, should lead the advance

inland. But Wheeler was anxious to get his troops of the cavalry division into action as soon as might be, and he considered he was not traversing the orders of his chief in employing them on this first serious reconnaissance of the Spanish position. Such work is the ordinary duty of the cavalry division in a campaign. In this case, indeed, only one troop in the whole army had its horses with it. The rest had been left at Tampa, and the local wits of the headquarters had already dubbed the Rough Riders "Roosevelt's Weary Walkers," after their tramp from Daiquiri. The cavalry would have to do their work on foot, but at the outset this was not a great disadvantage, for in the dense bush between Siboney and Sevilla mounted men would not have been of very much use. General Wheeler accordingly directed his second in command, General S. B. M. Young, to move out to Las Guasimas early next morning, Friday, June 24th, with a force of about 1,000 cavalry, all dismounted, and acting as infantry. The force was made up of four troops (about 200 men) of the 1st U.S. Cavalry, four troops of the 10th U.S. Cavalry (a negro regiment), and 500 men of the 1st U.S. Volunteer Cavalry (Roosevelt's Rough Riders). Four Hotchkiss quick-firing mountain guns were with the regulars, who marched by the valley road, under the personal command of General Young. The Rough Riders were to take the more direct road over the hill, thus protecting the left of the other column. Both were to join hands at Las Guasimas.

Wheeler had on the Thursday personally reconnoitred the road followed by Young, and ascertained that for two miles it was clear of the enemy. But the Cubans reported that further on, near Las Guasimas, they had been fired on by a strong force of Spaniards. General Young's mission was to ascertain precisely what the Spaniards had at this point.

The fight at Las Guasimas would count as a big skirmish in a European war. But it has some importance as the opening action of the Santiago land campaign. The first accounts published of it were very misleading, but in an unusual way. The contemporary newspaper reports of the bombardments had exaggerated the success of the American arms; the first reports of Las Guasimas did the Americans, and especially Roosevelt's men, serious injustice. According to these narratives the Americans were advancing through thick bush without any ordinary military precautions—laughing, talking and whistling, with neither vanguard nor flankers to protect them—when they stumbled unexpectedly on the Spaniards, and were badly cut up as the result of their own carelessness and lack of discipline. But from what has been already said of Wheeler's orders and plans, it must be clear that if either Wood or Young marched into an ambuscade on the 24th, they must have done it with their eyes open. When they marched off before dawn they knew, roughly, where they might expect to meet the Spaniards; both columns had their advance covered by Cuban and American scouts, and it was well known that once they had covered the first two miles out from Siboney, they might expect at any moment to meet an enemy.

What really occurred we know down to the smallest detail, for there were some of the ablest correspondents of the New York Press with both the columns. Amongst others, Mr. Richard Harding Davis of the *Herald*, and Mr. Edward Marshall of the *Journal*, were with Colonel Wood, and Mr. Caspar Whitney was with General Young. They not only sent long despatches to their papers at the time, but several of them have since published lengthy narratives of the fight. On these data, compared with each other and with the Spanish official account of the day's work, the following story of the action of Las Guasimas is based. It will be seen that the day was an honourable one for all who took part in the little battle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIGHT AT LAS GUASIMAS.

JUST before dawn on Friday morning General Young marched out from Siboney with his 400 regulars, black and white, and his Hotchkiss guns. He had expected to be joined early in his advance by 300 of General Castillo's Cubans, but though he actually marched past their camps, none of them, except a few scouts, came to his help till all the fighting was over.

GENERAL BLACK: A SNAPSHOT.

It was a close, hot morning. The recent rains had made the ground on the track and in the woods soft and muddy. The so-called road proved in places to be almost impassable. The bush grew down upon it, and the tangle of cactus, thorn trees and palms formed such a dense mass away to the left that during the march not a glimpse was to be seen of the Rough Riders' column, which was following the path on the wooded spur on that side.

At first the regulars tramped along the muddy tracking, chatting and joking together, though even in this early stage of the march the advance was covered by a screen of vigilant scouts well in front. A mile and a half from Siboney, as it was felt that the point of danger was being approached, the order was given to "load magazines," and in an instant all were silent and on the alert. Then the advance was resumed. Mr. Whitney thus describes the anxious minutes before the first contact with the enemy. To understand what he says as to how the column was protected it must be noted that the word "picket," which in the British army means the body of men on an outpost line that sends out and immediately supports the sentries, in the United States means a sentry or a scout.

"We moved forward," he says, "now with one troop somewhat in advance of the others, and a strong line of pickets reconnoitring every step of the way, one hundred yards in the lead. Aside from the soft cooing of doves beyond, in the trees we could not see, no sound broke upon the still morning air save the squash of feet in the mud, and the occasional rattle of a canteen as it swung against the metal bayonet scabbard at the soldier's hip. There was no talking in the ranks now. Everyone was alert and silent. Soon there came another halt, and going forward beyond the outermost picket, across a creek and up a gentle rise of ground, Lieutenant Byram and I found General Young, Colonel Bell and Captain Watson crouched behind the bushes, diligently studying a prominent hill on our left front, about 1,500 yards away. As Byram and I drew near, General Young faced us, and nodding his head in the direction of the hill, said quietly, 'Spaniards!' and then equally as quietly to Byram, 'Order the Hotchkiss guns forward at once; ten minutes later bring up the troops; tell the men to go quietly.'"

The hill to the "left front" held by the Spaniards was just north of the point where the road curved away to the westward to meet the other track. This hill was a bold knoll, the end of a long spur lying east and west. The Spaniards, six companies of infantry and some guerillas under Colonel Alcaniz, had a machine gun near the summit. Among the grass and bushes on the slope they had dug shelter trenches, and made some rough breastworks of loose stone. Their left on an adjoining slope could sweep the front of the hill with a cross fire.

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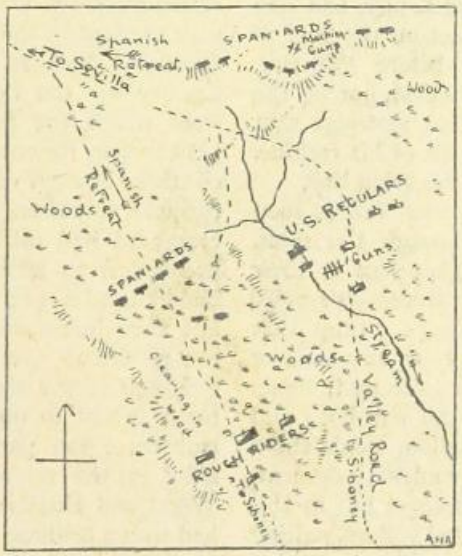
Their right was in the bush on the other side of the valley, holding the northern end of the spur by which the Rough Riders were advancing. All this was only gradually discovered by the Americans as the fight developed. The Spaniards had no intention of holding on doggedly to the very extended line taken up by their small force. Alcaniz was fighting a rearguard action to cover the general retirement of the outlying Spanish detachments by Sevilla or Santiago. He had held the Las Guasimas ridges for forty-eight hours, and would necessarily retire if attacked in force, only showing enough fight to delay the advance of the invaders from Siboney.

Two of the Hotchkiss guns were placed in position to the left of the road near the beginning of its curve to the west. They were carefully screened in the bush, for Young was anxious not to begin the action till he had given Wood's column a little more time to come up on his left. The guns were ready at 7 o'clock, but it was not till 7.20 that they began to shell the Spanish position on the hill. The enemy's rifles answered by a volley so accurately aimed that one of the gunners was killed beside his piece. Three troops of the 1st Cavalry were already working forward through the bush towards the hill in front, the fourth troop working up the hollow of a creek or stream to the left. They now opened fire, and were promptly answered by volleys of the fire of scattered sharpshooters in the bush and grass on the slopes in front, and above all rang out the rapid crackling fire of the machine gun near the hill-top. Several men and officers went down before this heavy fire, the leading troop of the 1st Cavalry losing in rapid succession its captain, lieutenant, and senior sergeant. Young had still in hand the four troops of the 10th Cavalry—negro soldiers with useful experience of Indian warfare in the Far West. He sent one troop up the creek to strengthen his left, and pushed out two more to the right, where the close and heavy fire of the Spaniards east of the hill made him think that they were trying to outflank him. The fourth troop he kept in reserve on the road.



The Action at Las Guasimas

Meanwhile the other column, composed of the Rough Riders, had also come in contact with the Spaniards, and was hotly engaged in a close fight in the dense bush that covered the long spur to the left of the road. The column had marched at five a.m., for the first part of the march was up a steep ascent, and then the track rose and fell along the ridge and was only a muddy, ill-marked footpath through dense cactus and thorn bush, tangled with tropical creepers in the thickest parts, but sometimes broken by a grassy clearing.

Captain Alwyn Capron, commanding the troop of the Rough Riders, was in advance with the scouts, some of them Cubans of the district, the rest men of his own troop. At six he sent back word to Colonel Wood that the enemy was in position in the bush in front. Wood and Roosevelt sent forward a reinforcement to support Capron, who had advanced to reconnoitre the enemy, and they then halted the column and deployed five troops, partly in the grass of a clearing to the left, partly in the bush to the right of the track. The three other troops were in reserve. But these arrangements had hardly been made when the Spaniards opened fire at close range in front. None of them were visible. The volleys from the unseen rifles rang out sharp and near, and the Mauser bullets came ripping through the bush, sweeping low along the ground.

The advanced troop had suffered heavily. The first man to fall shot dead beside his captain was Sergeant Hamilton Fish, a wealthy young New York man, a leader in fashionable life, who had enlisted in the ranks of the Rough Riders and had just received his sergeant's stripes. A few minutes later Capron fell mortally wounded. He was only twenty-eight years old, a lieutenant of the 7th Regular Cavalry, who had been transferred to Roosevelt's new regiment with a captain's commission. He came of a soldier

family. His father was actually in command of E Battery of the 1st Artillery in Shafter's army; his grandfather, Captain Allyn Capron, had been killed in action while commanding the same battery at Cherubusco in the Mexican campaign. Young Capron, who fell at Las Guasimas, had entered the regular cavalry as a private, and won his commission by good service. Roosevelt spoke of him as one of the best officers he had ever met.

Most of the dozen men that formed the point of the advance guard were struck down by the first two volleys of the Spaniards. The second sergeant of the second party, Marcus Russell, was killed just after his comrade Fish. Russell was another "ranker" of good family, and had held the commission of a colonel on the staff of the Governor of his State before the war. Another of the scouts was disabled, not by the Spanish fire, but by a defective cartridge that exploded as he closed the breech of his carbine. He staggered back blinded to the firing line.

The Rough Riders had opened fire as soon as the first volley rattled through the trees. Some of the cow-boy soldiers gave vent to their excitement in wild oaths, but Roosevelt's voice was heard sternly commanding: "Stop that swearing. I don't want to hear any cursing to-day." The men were soon perfectly in hand. It had been predicted that the cow-boys and hunters, once they were in action, would shoot according to their own independent judgment, and pay very little heed to orders; but in this Las Guasimas fight the men fired volleys, waiting patiently for the order to fire and not wasting ammunition wildly. They threw away all impedimenta, even their water bottles, keeping only their rifles and cartridge belts, and then began working forward through the bush, keeping a very good line. The Spaniards were retiring slowly from the first. Twice they stood for awhile and checked the American advance, and the tangle of the wood was so thick that any rapid movement was impossible. Roosevelt took personal command of the left of the line, Wood sending him one of the reserve companies. The other two were extended to the right towards the valley, in order to give touch with General Young's column of regulars, but the fight had been more than an hour in progress before this was effected. The firing had begun in the wood long before Young came into action in the valley, but the regulars do not seem for some time to have been aware of the firing on their left. The two columns were then deployed in one long line, partly hid in bush, partly in the open. The Spaniards were retiring from the ridge, on which the Rough Riders were advancing; their left had fallen back on the hill where their machine guns had been in action, and they were preparing for the final retirement on Sevilla.

The news of the fight was conveyed to Siboney while it was still in progress by an officer who galloped in with the message that the cavalry had attacked the Spaniards and were meeting with a dogged resistance. Soon after, wounded men began to come limping in from the front, and an infantry battalion was hurried off to reinforce the fighting line. When it arrived the action was over. Once the more open country near the foot of the two paths was reached, the Spaniards had retreated rapidly. The 10th Cavalry on the right had dashed up the hill from which the machine guns were retiring. On the left, Roosevelt, rifle in hand, at the head of three troops of his Rough Riders, had rushed a ruined sugar factory where the Spanish rearguard had made a brief stand. The fight had lasted an hour and a half. The Spaniards had inflicted a severe loss on the attacking force, but they had abandoned their position before the persistent advance of the Americans; and although it was true that Colonel Alcaniz had never meant to do more than make a show of resistance, the perfectly legitimate impression alike in the ranks of Young's regulars and Wood and Roosevelt's volunteers was that they had won a brilliant little victory. It was a most encouraging opening for the campaign.

The losses of the victors had been heavy. The total force engaged was 964 officers and men, and the loss had been 16 killed and 52 wounded. Among the wounded was Mr. Edward Marshall, a correspondent of the *New York Journal*. Shot through the back near the spine, and partly paralysed, he was carried to the field hospital, where he was told he had not long to live. Lying on the stretcher, he dictated the story of the battle to be telegraphed to his paper. It was written down by one of the volunteers who knew shorthand, and it was only when the long telegram was completed that Marshall discovered that his kindly helper had been writing with a wounded hand.

Mr. Marshall recovered against all hope, and has since told his impressions when the Spanish bullet struck him down. He seems to have felt very little pain, though this was not the impression of those who saw him. Mr. Harding

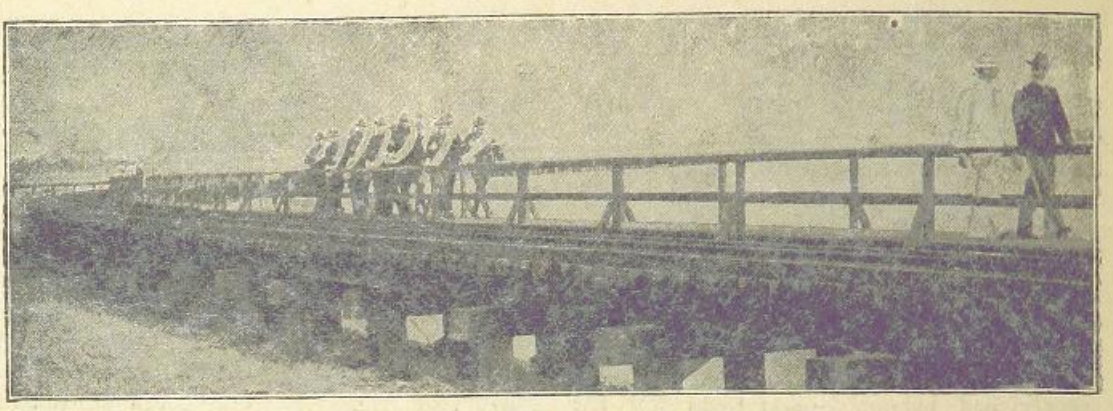
BRITISH MUSEUM

Davis says:—"When I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies and passing through a succession of convulsions." But it seems that these convulsive movements were not conscious for Mr. Marshall, according to his own account of what he felt when he was hit. "The bullet," he says, "came diagonally from the left. I was standing in the open. 'Chug' came the bullet, and I fell into the long grass, as much like a lump as had the other fellows whom I had seen go down. There was no pain, no surprise. The tremendous shock so dulled my sensibilities that it did not occur to me that anything extraordinary had happened—that there was the least reason to be worried. I merely lay perfectly satisfied and entirely comfortable in the long grass. It was a long time before anyone came near me. The fighting passed away from me rapidly. There were only left in the neighbourhood the dead, other wounded, and the first-aid-for-the-injured men, who were searching for us. I heard two of these men go by calling out to the wounded to make their whereabouts known, but it did not occur to me to answer them. The sun was very hot, and I had some vague thoughts of sunstroke, but they were not specially interesting thoughts, and I gave them up. It seemed a good notion to go to sleep, but I didn't do it. Finally three soldiers found me, and putting half a shelter-tent under me carried me to the shade."

The surgeon came along and examined his wound. "He told me," says Mr. Marshall, "I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly. 'Don't you want to send any messages home?' he asked. 'If you do, you'd better write 'em—be quick!'" He was carried on the improvised stretcher back to the hospital at Siboney. There he dictated his letter. He was sufficiently alert to do this, but although he seemed to be in pain he felt none. Possibly this is the case with the wounded on the battlefield oftener than we suspect. The very shock of the wound dulls all sensibility for a time.

The losses of the Spaniards are not so easy to ascertain as those of the Americans. We have no list of their killed and wounded. But fighting under cover, and as soon as the attack was closely pressed, retiring over ground where no pursuit was possible, it is not likely that they suffered heavily. In his report to Madrid Marshal Blanco stated that Alcaniz lost only seven killed and twenty-seven wounded. American accounts estimated the Spanish loss at two hundred; but this was mere guesswork, and certainly far above the reality.

After the fight the Spaniards retired through Sevilla and took up a line of outposts along the San Juan river, the stream that runs into the sea near Aguadores. On the American side General Chaffee's brigade, composed of the 7th, 12th, and 17th United States Infantry, marched up through Las Guasimas and formed a strong outpost line near the edge of the woods, fronting towards the open country about San Juan. His pickets were in sight of Santiago. The rest of General Lawton's division bivouacked in his rear. Then near Las Guasimas was the camp of the cavalry division with General Wheeler's headquarters. Of his 2,400 men only 200 were mounted. On the other side of the track and nearer Siboney was General Kent's division. The popular impression was that the way was open for the attack on Santiago, but some anxious days of hard work had still to pass before any further advance could be attempted, and Santiago could not be "rushed."



LEAVING TAMPA; GUARD MARCHING TO TRANSPORT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

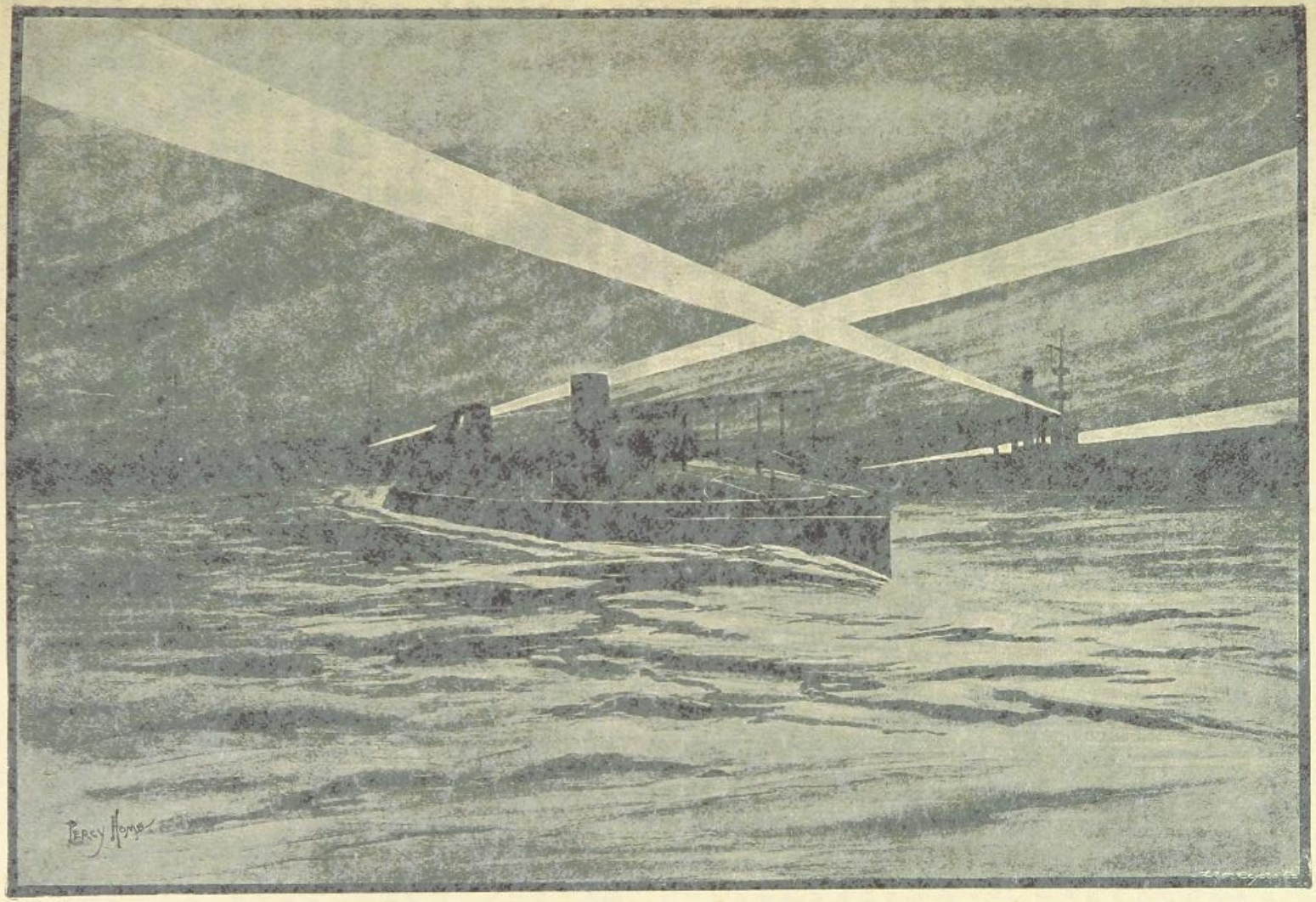
WAITING FOR THE ADVANCE.

LET us now, with the help of Consul Ramsden's diary, see what was the state of affairs in Santiago during the days that followed the landing of the American army. The fact that the enemy had landed at Daiquiri was generally known in Santiago on June 23rd, the day after the descent. General Linares had gone out to Sevilla. Consul Ramsden, who was in the best position for judging, estimated the whole Spanish force in the Santiago district at only 7,000 regulars. On the next day firing was heard towards Sevilla and Siboney, and late in the afternoon General Linares returned to the city. It was known that the Spaniards were retiring on Santiago. Report said they had lost seven killed and fourteen wounded in the skirmishes in the morning and on the previous day. It is certain there were no heavy losses, for in that case a lot of wounded would have come into Santiago.

On Saturday, the 25th, the American ships were bombarding Aguadores, the last point on the coast east of Santiago held by the Spaniards. The possession of Aguadores would have put the batteries near the Morro Castle at the mercy of a land attack, so the Spaniards held on doggedly to the place. In the evening they blew up with dynamite the railway bridge over the San Juan river near Aguadores. During the day the welcome news arrived that a column of 4,000 troops had started on the 22nd to reinforce Linares at Santiago. They were expected to arrive on the 28th. "I much doubt, however, if they can do it in that time," writes Ramsden, "and what they are going to eat when they get there I don't know. Hurried preparations for defence of town are being made, earthworks and cannon placed, etc. Linares says he can hold out for a long time behind his entrenchments. He is a man who probably will fight to the last."

In the night the *Vesuvius* is at work again. Two of her three shells explode, one blowing to pieces the house of the lighthouse keeper at the Morro, the other falling on the Morro, doing a lot of damage and wounding a soldier and three seamen. On the Sunday Linares publishes a proclamation to the troops. He explains that he has withdrawn them from the coast so as not to expose them to the fire of the American fleet, but that he means to defend the town and "do his duty." Before daybreak on the Monday the *Vesuvius* threw two shells into the Socapa battery; the result was three sailors wounded. These terrible shells produced neither destruction on a large scale nor the shadow of panic. There were still no signs of the expected land attack. "No one can understand what the American forces are waiting for," writes Ramsden, noting the impression of his fellow townsfolk in Santiago.

Tuesday, the 28th, was the day when the reinforcements should have arrived, but there was yet no news of them. Ramsden's diary under this date contains entries which reveal a serious state of things in the city. "Flour," he writes, "has been sold at 68 dollars gold per barrel, and anyone who has any now asks 100 dollars per barrel for it. Eggs are fifteen cents each, and a



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S SEARCHLIGHTS GUARDING AGAINST A NIGHT ATTACK OFF SANTIAGO.

big biscuit sells for 20 cents when it is to be had." The day was quiet, only occasional shots being fired at Aguadores. It was supposed that the Americans were waiting for reinforcements before advancing. The next day was absolutely without any event, but on the afternoon of Thursday, the last day of June, a balloon was seen rising over the hills in the direction of the American camp. It attracted a great deal of attention in Santiago, but there was no fighting. It was a week since the action at Las Guasimas, but the situation was exactly what it had been on the evening after the Spaniards abandoned Sevilla.

What were the Americans doing all this time? When the news arrived of the first fighting and the retreat of the Spaniards the newspapers in the United States had announced that the way was open to Santiago, and the place would be stormed in another twenty-four hours. This was a natural enough idea for writers at a distance who did not realise the conditions existing on the spot, who only knew that the Americans were camped in sight of the city, and who had not yet realised that Spaniards could fight.

But General Shafter could not advance till he had landed not only his men, but at least part of his artillery and a considerable amount of supplies. Men cannot march and fight without food and ammunition. And this work of landing stores from the transports was a more lengthy business than merely getting the men ashore. There was a hopeless deficiency of the proper arrangements. The American army never had had any peace manœuvres. Indeed for years no general had ever seen even two of his regiments together. There was no staff, in the proper sense of the word, and all the administrative services of the army had been improvised, and as often as not put into amateur and inexperienced hands. No attempt was made to repair and strengthen the shaky pier at Daiquiri; and at Siboney, a still more important point, no effort was made for days to construct a pier, and when it was begun it was done so badly that it was swept away by the sea before it was completed. The result was that on Siboney beach everything had to be landed piecemeal in small boats that were dragged through the surf. For a people with a reputation for practical, businesslike ways this was surprising enough. If the Spaniards had shown such want of system it would have been thought quite natural. No order was kept among the transports. They put out to sea whenever it struck their captains that it was better to keep out from the shore. When they were wanted to discharge their cargoes into the boats they had to be hunted up by the already overworked torpedo craft. Then when the stores were landed it was a problem how they were to get over the few miles to the front. Even if a number of waggons had been available, there was no road upon which to put them. The various camps lay along one muddy track, which in places was a kind of ditch sunk below the general level of the ground, and full of water after every shower of rain. Up this wretched hill path the supplies were carried by the mule train. The "packers" in charge of the work toiled with an energy that was beyond all praise. But there were neither men nor animals in sufficient quantities for the task set them, and though they did their best on most days, they could only bring up enough for the immediate needs of the moment. All that could be brought to the advanced camps, even for the sick, was a supply of salted pork and hard biscuits—bad food even for healthy men in a tropical climate. After the first two days the men had not even tobacco, and coffee was often counted a luxury. The idea of bringing up the heavy guns and their ammunition had to be abandoned for the present. All that could be accomplished was to drag up, sometimes by the sheer strength of the men, a few light field pieces and machine guns.

Other work that was equally important, and that should have been done during these days of waiting, was strangely neglected. The officers did not possess a single reliable map of the country in which they were about to lead their men to battle. With an efficient staff these maps would have been prepared in twenty-four hours. The outposts held a line of wooded heights looking down into the valley in which Santiago lies. Only one of the generals seems to have done anything to reconnoitre the ground beyond the woods, over which the advance would have to be made. He seems to have done it of his own initiative, without any reference to headquarters, and to have had no means of conveying to his colleagues of the other divisions the information he collected. With a properly organised staff it would have been reported to the Intelligence Officer at Shafter's headquarters and then issued as a memorandum with a sketch plan to all concerned. General Chaffee had fought his way from the ranks to a commission in the Civil War, and since then had taken part in many an Indian campaign in the West. He was in every way one of the best soldiers in the

American army that marched against Santiago. And he showed his soldierly qualities most of all in his careful study of the ground in his front towards El Caney, the point which he had to attack when the advance came. Captain Lee, the British attaché, in his notes on the campaign, after making a remark on the general carelessness about reconnoitring, goes on to say :—

"I feel it only just at this point to mention that, however novel the absence of reconnaissance in other directions, nothing could have been more enterprising or systematic than General Chaffee's exploration of his own theatre of operations. I had the pleasure of accompanying him on more than one occasion, and derived much profit from a study of his methods. Leaving his staff behind he would push far to the front, and, finally, dismounting, slip through the brush with the rapidity and noiselessness of an Indian. My efforts to follow him were like the progress of a band waggon in comparison ; but I gradually acquired a fairy-like tread and a stumbling facility in sign language, which enabled me to follow the general without too loudly advertising our presence to the Spaniards. On one occasion we approached so closely to the Spanish pickets that we could hear the men talking over their suppers, and until I began to speculate on the probable efficacy of the British passport that was my sole defensive weapon. In this silent Indian fashion General Chaffee explored the entire district, and was the only man in the army to whom the network of bridal paths round El Caney was in any sense familiar."

On the American left towards San Juan two tracks led from the woods into the open country towards the Spanish lines and the advanced fort on San Juan Hill. It was clear that if the army advanced into the open by these two lines, the outlets of which were well known to the enemy, the men packed together on a small front must be exposed to a destructive fire at marked ranges. Officers who knew their business pointed out that as a preparation for the advance a path or wide trail should have been cut through the bush parallel to the edge of the wood and a little inside it, with a number of branch tracks leading from it into the open, so that the army could deploy for the attack on a wide front. This was talked of, but nothing was done, and when the day of battle came, the result of this neglect was a heavy loss that could easily have been avoided. From the outposts of the American army, especially from the hill of El Pozo, the Spaniards could be plainly seen at work entrenching the hill of San Juan and preparing the town of El Caney for defence ; but though some field-pieces and machine guns had been brought up to the front, nothing was done to interrupt the operations of the enemy's working parties. On this side no reconnaissance was made, and the day before the attack the officers were furnished with a wretched plan of the ground, a rough sketch without scale, omitting some of the most essential points, and misrepresenting the relative position of the chief places.

On the 29th General Shafter rode up to the hill of El Pozo and reconnoitred the Spanish position. He was so exhausted by the short ride to the front and back to his headquarters at Sevilla that he was unable to leave his tent for some days. The plan of attack was decided upon early on the 30th, and orders for the advance were issued in the afternoon.

The first effort was to be directed against the two Spanish advanced positions, El Caney to the eastward of Santiago, on the Guantanamo road, and San Juan to the southward of the city, above the fords of the San Juan river. The army was to concentrate on the edge of the woods during the evening of June 30th, and at dawn on July 1st General Lawton's division was to attack and capture El Caney. He was then to turn to the westward and threaten the flank and rear of the San Juan position, while General Kent's division attacked it in front. On the extreme right General Duffield's brigade was to make a demonstration against Fort Aguadores, and the fleet was to co-operate by shelling the battery.

The brigade commands had been considerably modified since the first organisation of Shafter's corps at Tampa. The brigade commanders in the actual advance were :—In the 1st Division (General Kent's), 1st Brigade, General H. S. Hawkins; 2nd Brigade, Colonel Pierson; 3rd Brigade, Colonel Wickoff. In the 2nd Division (General Lawton's), 1st Brigade, General Ludlow; 2nd Brigade, Colonel Miles; 3rd Brigade, General Chaffee. In the 3rd Division, which was still incomplete, the 1st Brigade was commanded by General Bates, and the 2nd by General Duffield. In the Cavalry division both Generals Wheeler and Young were temporarily invalided, and General Sumner had taken command. Only two batteries and some machine guns had been got up to the front. Some sixty guns, many of them of large calibre, were lying idle at Siboney.

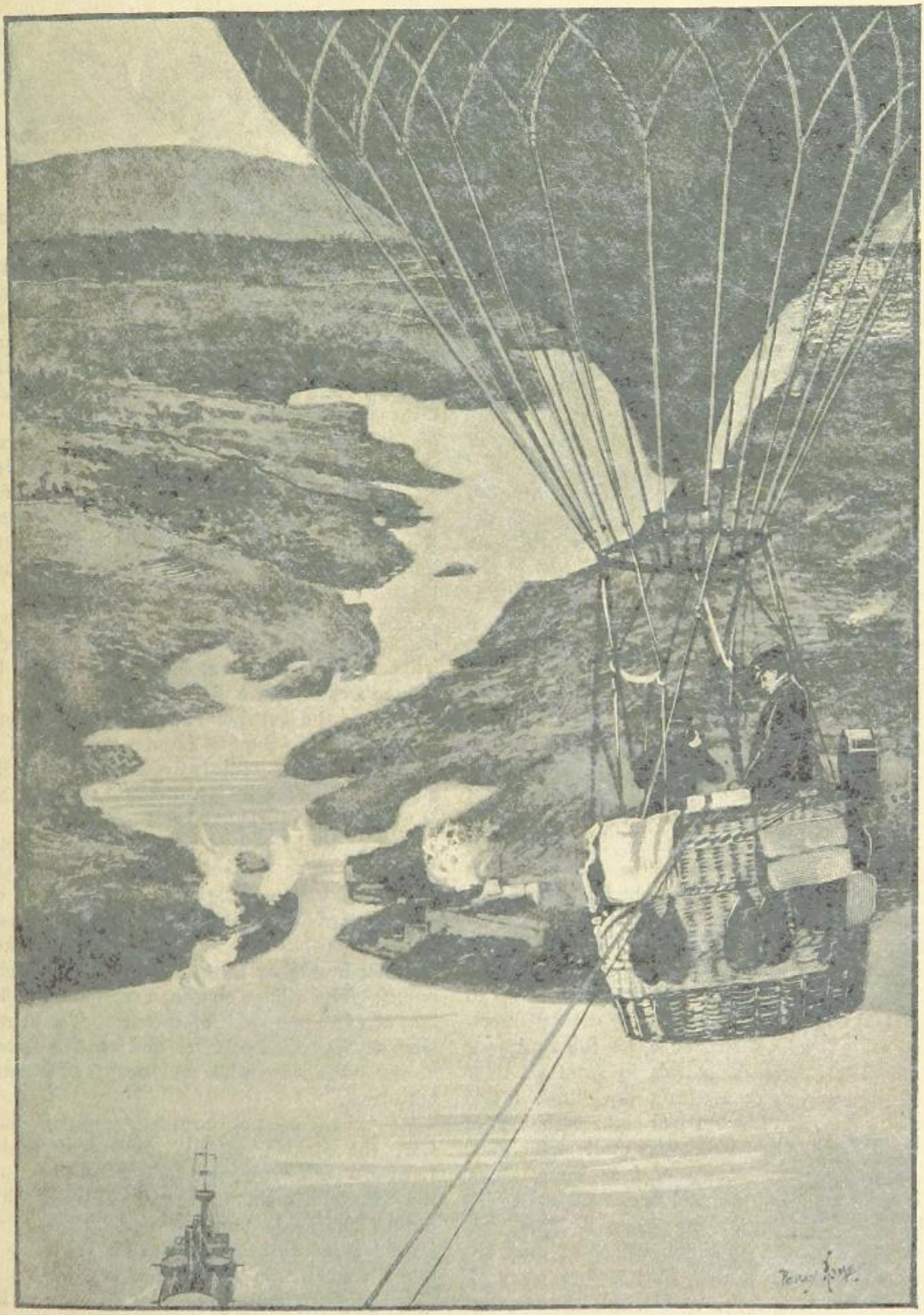
On the afternoon of June 30th the long-expected order to advance was brought to General

Lawton's headquarters by one of Shafter's staff officers. For the scene that followed we must turn to Mr. Harding Davis's graphic narrative of his experiences before Santiago. "You will break camp and move forward at four o'clock," ran the order.

"It was then three o'clock," writes Mr. Davis, "and apparently the order to move forward at four had been given to each regiment at nearly the same time, for they all struck their tents and stepped down into the trail together. It was as though fifteen regiments were encamped along the side walks of Fifth Avenue, and were all ordered at the same moment to move into it and march down town. If Fifth Avenue were ten feet wide one can imagine the confusion. General Chaffee was at General Lawton's headquarters, and they stood apart talking, whispering together about the march they were to take to El Caney. Just over their heads the balloon was ascending for the first time, and its great glistening bulk hung just above the tree-tops, and the men in the different regiments, picking their way along the trail, gazed up at it open-mouthed. The headquarters camp was crowded. After a week of inaction the army at a moment's notice was moving forward, and everyone had ridden in haste to learn why.

"There were attachés in strange uniforms, self-important Cuban generals, officers from the flag-ship *New York*, and an army of photographers. At the side of the camp double lines of soldiers passed slowly along the two paths of the muddy road, while, between them, aides dashed up and down, splashing them with dirty water, and shouting, 'You will come up at once, sir.' 'You will not attempt to enter the trail yet, sir.' 'General Sumner's compliments, and why are you not in your place?' Twelve thousand men, with their eyes fixed on a balloon, and treading on each others' heels in three inches of mud, move slowly, and after three hours it seemed as if every man in the United States was under arms, and stumbling and slipping down that trail. The lines passed until the moon rose. They seemed endless, interminable. There were cavalry, mounted and dismounted, artillery with cracking whips and cursing drivers, Rough Riders in brown, and regulars, both black and white, in blue. Midnight came, and they were still slipping forward. General Sumner's headquarters tent was pitched to the right of El Pozo Hill. Below us lay the valley a mile and a half in length and a mile and a half wide, from which a white mist was rising. Near us, drowned under the mist, seven thousand men were sleeping, and, farther to the right, General Chaffee's five thousand were lying under the bushes along the trails to El Caney, waiting to march on it and eat it up before breakfast. It was as yet an utterly undiscovered country. Three miles away, across the basin of mist, we could see the street lamps of Santiago shining over the San Juan hills. Above us, the tropical moon hung bright and clear in the dark purple sky, pierced with millions of white stars. Before the moon rose again every sixth man who had slept in the mist that night was either killed or wounded."

FIRST INFANTRY SETTING OUT FOR THE WAR.



RECONNOITRING FROM THE OBSERVATION BALLOON OFF SANTIAGO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIGHT FOR EL CANEY.

THE battle fought before Santiago on July 1st has been called sometimes the battle of El Caney, and sometimes the battle of San Juan. There were really two battles, one on the American right at El Caney, another on the left between El Pozo and the hill of San Juan, besides some skirmishing on the coast at Aguadores. It will make the events of the day clearer if we begin by describing the fight for El Caney, which held the first place in General Shafter's plan for the day's operations.

The three brigades of Lawton's division destined for the attack of El Caney passed the night on the edge of the woods fronting the Spanish position. No fires were allowed in the bivouacs, and the soldiers were told to make as little noise as possible, for it was feared that if the enemy became aware of the preparations in progress for the attack he might abandon the little town without fighting, and the plan of operations had for its object not the mere occupation of El Caney but the capture of its garrison. The Americans at this period very much underestimated the fighting capacity of the Spaniards, and everyone in the attacking force believed that even if the Spaniards did not give way before the mere menace of an attack, they would be driven out by the first rush.

At sunrise the men were roused from their sleep, and while the hot mist still hung in the valleys, the columns were marshalled for the fight. General Lawton's division worked up to the low ridges close to El Caney without meeting with the least resistance, for the Spaniards had no outposts or patrols in front of their position, and were awaiting the attack inside their defences. Lawton had eight battalions of regulars and one of volunteers under his orders. Only one light battery of four guns, under Captain Allyn Capron, had been assigned to his division. His right, the exposed flank, was protected by the only two troops of mounted cavalry with the army. Still further away to the right were some of Garcia's Cubans, but already the Americans had learned to set very little dependence on their fighting capacity.

Away to his left General Kent's division, also of three brigades (eight battalions of regulars and one of New York volunteers), was waiting to attack San Juan as soon as Caney had fallen. Kent had another four-gun battery, under Captain Grimes, which was in position on the hill near El Pozo farm. The dismounted cavalry and Rough Riders under General Sumner held the right of Kent's position, and there were more Cubans on both sides of the ground assigned to his division. Bates's brigade was held in reserve, and Duffield's brigade of volunteers was moving along the coast railway to attack Aguadores, supported by the fleet, which stood in towards the harbour mouth, bombarded the forts, and sent its shells flying over the hills into Santiago itself.

The sky was overcast, and the morning was hot and sultry. But at twenty minutes to seven, when the first shot was fired on the right by Capron's battery, the clouds overhead began to break, and the sun shone out brightly. "Boys," said a soldier, as the first cannon shot echoed in the wooded hills, "this is the first of July. It's a pity we can't keep Santiago for the Fourth." It was going to be kept a good deal longer.

The chief defence of El Caney was an old-fashioned stone fort on a conical hill to the south-east of the little town. The houses on each front of the place were loopholed, and there were some blockhouses on each side, linked together by shelter trenches and wire entanglements. The village church, a solid stone building, was also prepared for defence. The houses were single-storied cottages, and the few streets of the town were wide and open and planted with trees.

"From the crest of the ridge," writes Captain Lee, the British attaché, who accompanied Lawton's staff, "we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade-trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking-places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Beyond lay the fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and

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THE FIGHT FOR EL CANEY: THE LAST CHARGE OF CHAFFEE'S BRIGADE.

around us on three sides arose, tier upon tier the beautiful Maestra Mountains, wearing delicate pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the rich green jungle, with its rippling bamboo groves and clumps of royal palm. The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the great red-roofed Ducoureaud House, a deserted country-seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long, undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings, with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags, that marked the city of Santiago."

As the first shell of Capron's battery burst over the fort, a group of Spanish soldiers that had been lounging near its entrance disappeared into cover, and on the slope of the hill below some straw hats appeared here and there in line, showing where the infantry were lining the shelter trenches. But not a shot was fired in reply for a quarter of an hour, and so silent was the fort that one of Lawton's staff suggested that it had been evacuated, and that the straw hats were stuck up on sticks as dummies to delude the attacking force into the idea that the trenches were held. The shells were knocking stones out of the walls of the fort, and one of them had all but demolished a blockhouse, but still the Spaniards held their fire. Not a shot came from the trenches till Lawton's infantry began to deploy for the advance.

The plan of attack was that General Chaffee, with the 7th, 12th, and 17th Infantry, should work round to the north of El Caney ; Colonel Miles's brigade, the 1st, 4th, and 25th Infantry (these last negroes), was to advance against the west side of the town, and General Ludlow, with the 8th and 22nd Regulars and the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers, was to move against the place from the south. It was expected that in this way not merely would the town be quickly captured, but that its garrison would be made prisoners. It was expected that the business would be all over early in the day, and then Lawton's division could move against the flank of the Spaniards at San Juan and help Kent to turn them out.

Miles's and Ludlow's brigades were the first to come into action, opening up on El Caney with volleys at about a thousand yards, from grassy ridges to the west and south. Chaffee had further to march with his three regiments, and reached his ground somewhat later. At a quarter past seven all the infantry was moving forward, and the Spaniards had opened fire from the little stone fort, the trenches, the blockhouses on three sides of El Caney, shots also coming from sharpshooters on house-roofs and in tree-tops along the edge of the town. There had been till now a very general impression that Spaniards could not shoot straight, but the men who held El Caney shot coolly, deliberately, and well, and the Americans found that every step forward meant loss, and to rush the town till the Spanish fire was subdued by their own was impossible. Capron's battery, short of ammunition, and husbanding it by a slow rate of fire, was making little or no impression on the defence. The attack of a position like that of El Caney should have been prepared by a heavy fire of artillery from several batteries, pouring such a shower of shells into the place as to demoralise the garrison and make it impossible for them to stick to their trenches. But here there were only four light guns in action. On the other hand, there were no Spanish batteries at this point, and Capron's guns, firing at a range of 2,400 yards, could be worked as safely as if they were at target practice. They ought to have been able to give more effective support to the infantry. As it was, these latter had to try their best to do the work of artillery with their rifles, and prepare the way for their own attack by concentrating their volleys on the trenches and picking off the sharpshooters.

In the first three hours the American firing line had pressed forward gradually to a range of about 600 yards from the town, the men firing lying down in the grass as they halted. Beyond this point no advance was made for some hours more, during which the attack merely held their own. The 2nd Massachusetts had been withdrawn before this from the firing line. The volunteers had behaved well, advancing steadily and losing several men. But while the regulars were properly armed with modern rifles using smokeless powder, the volunteers, with the exception of Roosevelt's men, had only their old Springfield rifles and cartridges loaded with the old-fashioned black powder. The result was, that as the Massachusetts men advanced they were enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, which drew the fire of the enemy's trenches, and would doubtless soon have been a mark for the artillery of the works nearer Santiago. General Ludlow had therefore to reduce his brigade to the two regular regi-

ments, sending the Massachusetts men back some hundreds of yards to the rear, where he kept them in reserve.

Chaffee's brigade on the right had the heaviest share of the fighting. His three fine regiments worked forward to a long grassy ridge that lies about three hundred yards in front of the north-east side of El Caney. A sunken road behind the ridge affords some cover; but at the close quarters the crest where the firing line was placed was swept by a deadly rain of Mauser bullets. Colonel Haskell, of the 17th Infantry, had tried to lead his men forward through a gap in the middle of the ridge to line a hedge and bank nearer the town, but the attempt had to be abandoned. The colonel fell hit at once by three bullets—one in the breast, one in the knee, and one in the heel. The men lay down along a swell of the ground to open fire. The colonel had fallen some yards in front down the slope; five men went out to bring him in. They succeeded, but three of them were shot down. Lieutenant Dickinson, who had assisted in rescuing his wounded colonel, though already wounded himself, received three other wounds while being helped back to the rear. The wounded lay in a long line in the sunken road. There were few doctors with the army; there were none of them up at the front with Chaffee's brigade. There was no help for the seriously wounded for hours. The dressing station established further to the rear near the artillery position gave help to the more slightly wounded who were able to walk back so far; but there were no stretcher parties to bring in the seriously injured. It was a piece of scandalous mismanagement. It looked as if the Washington government seriously believed that its army, like its navy, could win battles with only half a dozen casualties. Here is the description of the scene in the road where these neglected wounded lay, as given by Captain Lee, who accompanied Chaffee's attack:—

"On reaching the spot, I found over a hundred killed and wounded laid out in as many yards of road, and so close were they that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan, but each lay quietly nursing his wound with closed eyes and set teeth, only flinching when the erratic sleet of bullets clipped the leaves off the hedge close above their heads. Many looked up quietly at my strange uniform as I passed, and asked quickly and quietly, 'Are you a doctor, sir?' I could but shake my head, and they would instantly relapse into their strained intense attitudes, whilst I felt sick at heart at the thought of my incompetence. Some of the slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit, and nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men. I was astonished, too, at their thoughtful consideration. 'Keep well down, sir,' several said as I stopped to speak to them; 'them Mausers is flying pretty low, and there's plenty of us here already.' The heat in the little road was intense, there was no shade nor a breath of air, and the wounded lay sweltering in the sun till the head reeled with the rank smell of sweat and saturated flannel. Right amongst the wounded lay curled up a Cuban, apparently asleep. Upon approaching him, however, it was only too apparent that he had been dead for several days, and on the tree overhead two sleek and gorged vultures looked down furtively at his ever-increasing companions. The stench was overpowering, and a sudden lull in the battle brought into sickening prominence the angry buzzing of the disturbed flies, and the creaking of the land crabs which waited in the bushes."

This is a glimpse of the less pleasant aspects of the battlefield, and the impression not of a newspaper correspondent on the look out for sensation, but of a trained professional soldier of our own army.

At one o'clock there were loud cheers all along the line of the attack. No success had been won, but a lucky shot from Capron's battery had cut in two the flagstaff of the fort, bringing down the red and gold flag of Spain. The Spaniards hoisted it again on the broken flagstaff. Away far to the right and a little north of El Caney was a small blockhouse. The Cubans had been directed to capture it, but they had contented themselves with firing at it from a range of nearly a mile, never attempting to get any closer. The blockhouse replied with an occasional rifle shot, but generally took no notice of the fusillade. This was kept up so briskly that at last the Cubans sent a message to General Chaffee that they were running short of cartridges. Could he send them any? The reply was a sharp rebuke for the useless waste of ammunition. The general said he only had about enough for his own men who were fighting; he had none for fireworks.

Chaffee had some narrow escapes. A bullet had ripped through one of his shoulder-straps, another had cut a button off his jacket. While sharply telling anyone else he saw standing up

to lie down, he himself stood erect or walked about just behind the firing line. To quote Captain Lee once more: "Wherever the fire was thickest the general strolled about unconcernedly, a half-smoked cigar between his teeth, and an expression of exceeding grimness on his face. The situation was a trying one for the nerves of the oldest soldier, and some of the sulphurous advice." But the general was not the only man who seemed to bear a charmed life that day. As the brigade closed in upon El Caney, two men of the 12th Infantry moved out in front of the regiment to cut with strong pliers the barbed wire fences that lay across the line of advance. Their appearance drew a storm of bullets from the enemy's Mausers, but they

GENERAL LAWTON.

younger hands fell back from the firing line and crept towards the road. In a moment the general pounced upon them, inquiring their destination in low, unhoneyed accents, and then, taking them persuasively by the elbow, led them back to the extreme front, and having deposited them in the firing line, stood over them while he distributed a few last words of pungent and finished their work completely and deliberately, and rejoined their comrades untouched.

At half-past one General Shafter became impatient at the delay before Caney. He was lying ill in his camp bed in a tent to the rear, at the junction of the San Juan and El Caney roads, and received frequent information of how things were going at the front. It was an

essential part of his plan for the capture of San Juan that both divisions should co-operate, and he now sent orders to General Lawton to abandon the attack on El Caney and move his brigades towards the left to join hands with General Kent's division in the direct advance on San Juan and Santiago. Lawton took it upon himself to disregard the distinct order of the Commander-in-Chief. To have retired from El Caney after having been held in check before it during six hours of hard fighting would be to acknowledge defeat. He sent back word that he meant to hold on and take the place.

An hour later, about half-past two, Lawton sent for General Bates's reserve brigade of two regular battalions, which was called up to fill the gap in the line south-east of El Caney, between the right of General Ludlow's brigade and the left of General Chaffee's. Lawton had by this time a battery and eight battalions in action, and three in reserve, and it was just eight hours since the first shot had been fired.

Against this formidable force the Spaniards had just 520 men in action. General Linares had to provide for the defence of the sea forts, the city, the ground towards Aguadores, the northern approaches to Santiago, and the advanced positions of El Caney and San Juan, out of a garrison of less than 7,000 men. He could, therefore, only spare a mere handful for El Caney. The detachment which held it was under the orders of one of the best of his officers, General Vara de Rey. He had with him in the little town three companies of the 29th line regiment, known as the *regimento de la Constitucion*, half a company of the regiment of Cuba, and two small companies of irregulars—520 rifles in all. There were forty men in the stone fort, a company outside in the trench on the hillside. Other companies held the trenches and blockhouses on the south, east, and west sides of the town. The irregulars were in the trees and loopholed houses. There was no reserve available. No men ever made a better fight than this handful of Spaniards; and after the fight the Americans at first found it difficult to believe that so small a garrison had held them in check for a long summer day. One of the American correspondents who accompanied Chaffee's brigade has given his impressions of the way in which the Spaniards fought as they held the north-eastern trench at Caney His words deserve to be quoted, not merely as a vivid description of the fight, but also as a generous tribute to those who made so brave a struggle against imminent defeat. "It is a kind of sorrow to me," he says, "that the finest, most desperate, most brilliant battle of the Santiago campaign should represent itself to me for ever now as a fight that the Spaniards made against us—as one of which they were in an especial way the heroes, in spite of noble, unfailing, distinguished bravery on the part of our soldiers. I shall never cease to see, when the word Caney is spoken, a line of some fifty or sixty light-blue-clad men standing in a trench, the line bent in the middle at right angles by the square turning of the ditch; at the bending of this line some blue-jacketed young officer standing, always exposed to the belt, and sometimes, as he stood up on the level ground, exposed to the feet; the men rising at the word of this officer's command for hours and hours, delivering volley after volley full in our faces; standing, as they did so, exposed to the waist, confronting 3,000 men, grimly and coolly facing death, drawing their dead up out of the trench as they fell to make standing room for living men, holding thus their trench immovably from morning until evening—this is what Caney will always mean to me first of all, by virtue of an impression as vivid as the light of day and as ineffaceable as the image of death. I say it is a sorrow, because I should like to have my picture of the first great fight I was ever in centre around some such deed of my own countrymen. But the trench-fighting of the Spaniards with their Mausers was in very fact the heart and centre of that day's work; and as for that, the heroism of our men appears none the less in the light of the heroism of their antagonists. These figures of Spaniards in the shallow ditch were really very uncouth. Their jackets of poor, thin blue cotton were merely loose tunics, too short and coarse to have any dignity, and the trousers were baggy and ill-fitting. On their heads, as long as they wore them, the men had great straw hats, almost black with use, with brims turned up behind and down before. Sometimes the hats came off; and with my glass I watched along the trench the shaggy black heads of Castilian youths, which looked better."

And again he writes:—

"The thing that fascinated me was the sight of the Spaniards in this trench. My glass revealed every movement they made—even the cool turning of the head that was in one big straw hat to make some observation to another. In the very midst of the ripping, crashing

detonations of our guns we could clearly see the Spaniards rising to deliver their volley fire; no smoke obscured our vision, nor did the pour of our bullets in upon their trench restrain them from coolly answering our fire. As often as the roar ceased with us we heard the cracking of their rifles. So all day long the fight went on, and still those Spaniards rose as if they were part of a machine and delivered their deadly fire." Even when the fort was taken they stuck to their work. "They and their commander, who now stood erect on the level ground above the trench, appeared to take no heed of the situation of their comrades. They seemed to assume that they had been placed there to defend that trench, and they had no other thought but to defend it."

No wonder that with men like these Vara de Rey was able to make such a magnificent stand. Of his little garrison, some 250, or half the entire force, were killed or severely wounded. His brother and his two sons were with him; all three were killed. He himself was carried into the town of El Caney mortally wounded about four o'clock, and died soon after. By that time the fort and the neighbouring works had fallen into the hands of the Americans. Lawton had given Chaffee permission to assault the works as soon as he judged that he could do so with success. Towards three o'clock the Spanish fire began to slacken—they were running short of cartridges. They had been supplied with 66,000 rounds of ammunition before the fight, or about 120 per man. They must have been well in hand to hold out for nearly nine hours and still have some shots left to fire. Their heavy losses were also diminishing their power of resistance, and at three General Chaffee launched the 12th Regulars against the fort and the trenches in front of it. They lost many men in this dash which broke from cover about 300 yards from the Spanish line. The little remnant of the Spanish garrison threw down their arms as soon as the stormers had got over the trench. The Americans were then pouring up the slope in hundreds. First in the rush for the fort was a correspondent of the *New York Journal*, Mr. Joseph Creelman. He it was who called out to the Spaniards in the fort to surrender, promising them that no harm would be done to them. There were only some thirty men inside the stone wall. The Spanish flag had been shot down and lay on the crest of the rampart. Creelman, climbing up to secure it, was shot through the shoulder by a bullet from the town, where the Spaniards still held out. A brave infantryman mounted the roof and fixed the Stars and Stripes to the shattered flagstaff. Then the victors took advantage of what shelter the fort and the hill-top afforded, and lay down to return the fire from the neighbouring block-houses and the trees and houses of the town; for, though their citadel was gone, the Spaniards held doggedly on to El Caney.

It was nearly an hour before they, or rather a small remnant of them, were driven out before the converging attack of Lawton's brigades. By four o'clock the only spot they held was a small blockhouse away to the northwards, the same the Cubans had so cautiously attacked. The garrison of El Caney, besides half their number killed and wounded, lost 158 prisoners, including two lieutenants. Eighty officers and men, mostly wounded, succeeded in reaching the lines of Santiago, from which, as evening fell, artillery and rifles sent a long-ranging fire into the lost outpost.

The Americans, many of them recruits of a few weeks' service, had fought splendidly. The Spanish historian of the siege, an officer on the staff of the place, speaks enthusiastically of their valour at El Caney. They exposed themselves to fire, he says, as if they had no life to lose, and when they advanced it was as if they were "moving statues," not men with nerves to be shaken by the sight of death and danger. It was this fierce struggle for El Caney that taught American and Spaniard to know and respect each other; henceforth no American soldier uttered or countenanced a word of insult or contempt for the gallant men who fought in this forlorn hope in defence of Spanish rule in Cuba.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIGHT FOR THE HILL OF SAN JUAN.

ACCORDING to General Shafter's plan, the Spanish outpost on his own left at San Juan hill was not to be attacked till Lawton, having got into El Caney, could co-operate. But events so worked that General Kent, whose division fronted San Juan, carried out his part of the day's work on lines not contemplated in the plan dictated by the head-quarters of the army.

On the previous evening his division, consisting, like Lawton's, of three brigades of three battalions each, had tramped up the muddy trail to the edge of the woods. Like his colleague, he had for all his artillery a single battery of four small guns. It was under the command of Captain Grimes, and its position was the low hill on which stands the farm of El Pozo.

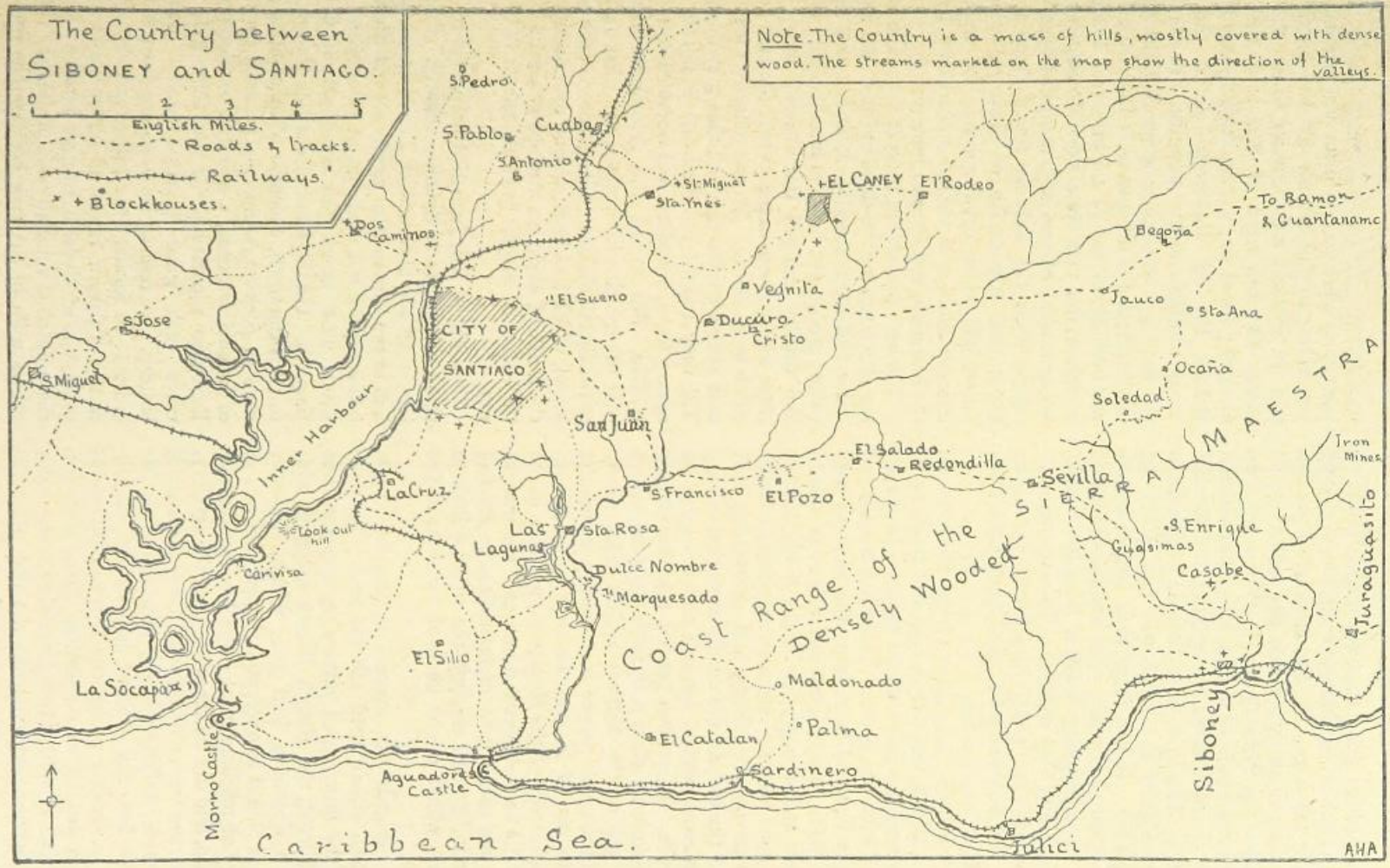
Shortly before eight a.m. Grimes's battery opened fire from the hill. Its target was the Spanish blockhouse on the top of the opposite hill of San Juan, 2,400 yards away. Between was a mass of jungle-like forest, traversed near its edge by the double stream of the San Juan river, and with open ground beyond. There were some Cubans in El Pozo farmhouse, and behind the battery and a little to its right were two dismounted regiments of regular cavalry. General Wheeler had been officially placed on the sick list, and General Sumner commanded the cavalry brigade, which, however, did not prevent "fighting Joe Wheeler" from hurrying up to the front as soon as he heard the firing. Sumner's cavalrymen were tramping up the track through the woods and forming to the right front of El Pozo on the margin of the bush. To the left, packed close together on the muddy trail, the infantry regiments of Kent's division were working to the front.

For fully a quarter of an hour the Spaniards made no answer to the fire of the American battery. A crowd of correspondents, artists, and foreign naval and military attachés stood close to the guns, chatting, smoking, sketching, watching the front through their glasses, and guessing as to what was happening away to the right, whence came the distant boom of Capron's battery in action against El Caney. The mass of smoke from its guns could be plainly seen hanging in the still air like a white sunny cloud. The trenches on San Juan hill could be easily made out, and beyond, the blockhouses on the edge of the city. But the Spaniards made no sign of fight for awhile, and the whole scene as viewed from El Pozo suggested peace manœuvres rather than war.

But this was not to last long. Though no one could see where was the battery from which it came (for the Spanish guns used smokeless powder), a screaming roar in the air told that a shrapnel was winging its way towards the battery. As it burst—luckily a little short—the group of distinguished spectators bolted pell-mell for cover on the reverse slope of the hill. "Is this kind of thing allowed?" asked an artist correspondent, engaged in his first battle, of the officer who lay down beside him. "Well," was the answer, "I don't suppose either you or I could exactly stop those shells." It was clear the Spaniards had the range; the second shell burst in the farm-house and turned out the Cubans, killing and wounding several of them. Another burst among the guns. Another, going a little to the right, laid low several of the regular cavalrymen, who had been so placed that any shell going wide of the battery burst among them. The Cubans carried away their wounded on improvised stretchers, and one of the spectators remarked that it took about ten Cubans to carry every wounded man.

The Spanish fire came from guns on the flank of San Juan, and further to the rear, near the margin of the city. They were so well masked that, thanks to the smokeless powder, it was a long time before their position could be made out from the American lines. The attempt to silence them proved a failure. All the morning the Spanish artillery had the best of the fight.

The Spanish infantry holding the San Juan hill and the trenches beyond it now perceived that the American troops were moving on the edges of the woods, and crowding up to the well-known openings from the bush, and on these points they concentrated a deadly fire. They must have also fired at random into the trees,


The Country between
SIBONEY and SANTIAGO.
0 1 2 3 4 5
English Miles.
Roads & tracks.
Railways.
Blockhouses.
Note. The Country is a mass of hills, mostly covered with dense wood. The streams marked on the map show the direction of the valleys.
S. Pedro
S. Pablo
Cuabas
S. Antonio
St. Miguel
Sta. Ynes
EL CANEY
El Rodeo
To Ramon & Cuantanamo
Begoña
Pos Caminos
El Sueno
Vegnilla
Ducuro
Cristo
Jauco
Sta Ana
Ocaña
Soledad
SIERRA MAESTRA
Iron Mines
S. Jose
CITY OF SANTIAGO
S. Miguel
Inner Harbour
San Juan
El Salado
Redondilla
Sevilla
La Cruz
S. Francisco
El Pozo
Look out hill
Las Lagunas
Sta Rosa
S. Enrique
Cuasimas
Casabe
Turaguasito
Dulce Nombre
Marquesado
Carnisa
Coast Range of the Densely Wooded
El Sillo
Maldonado
La Socapa
El Catalan
Palma
Sardinero
Morro Castle
Aguadores Castle
Siboney
Caribbean Sea.
Julici
AHA

for everywhere along the bush-tracks, for fully a mile to the rear, the Mauser bullets were ripping through the trees. At the crossing of the San Juan river so many fell that the soldiers called the place the "bloody ford." Where the trail left the wood in front of San Juan, the dead and wounded encumbered the ground and blocked the way. The men were ordered to lie down on the edge of the woods and not return the Spanish fire. It was more than human nature could endure to literally obey such an order, and there was a dropping fusillade from the bushes, but it was not very effective. This waiting attitude was the result of General Shafter's elaborate plan. Nothing was to be risked against San Juan until El Caney was taken.

The balloon had gone up to the west of Sevilla, and it was dragged up the track till it got to near the point where the San Juan road opened from the woods. There it was anchored about a hundred feet above the trees in easy range of the Spanish guns and rifles. A mile to the rear and at a greater height it might have done good service. Here it only drew a heavy fire from the Spaniards, and everything that missed the balloon did deadly execution among the infantry packed beneath and behind it on the track. There was general rejoicing among the Americans when a Spanish shrapnel tore a great gap in the balloon and it came slowly down, the upper part of it gathering in the net on the top of it and forming a parachute. Colonel Derby of the Engineers, who was in the car of the balloon, escaped unhurt. He brought down one useful item of information. He had seen another trail through the wood a little to the left, which might be used for some of the troops.

One brigade was massed on this new road. The two others used the old trail. To their right the dismounted cavalry regiments worked to the front, the Rough Riders dragging with them a dynamite field gun, which, however, jammed almost at once, and proved useless. A battery of machine guns came into action near El Pozo, and did better work than the artillery.

The men were now crowded along the edge of the woods, suffering heavy loss, returning the Spanish fire, and waiting impatiently for the order to advance across the five hundred yards of open ground that separated them from the trenches around the San Juan blockhouse. No orders came. According to the plan, they had to wait for Lawton's division, but at last the officers at the front took the matter into their own hands. To remain longer inactive under the enemy's fire was to incur loss uselessly. It was better to risk a rush for the blockhouse, and so without any superior orders the rush came. On the right of the road the 10th Cavalry pressed on, accompanied by the Rough Riders, led by Roosevelt, almost the only mounted officer in the advance. To the left of the road a white-haired general, Hawkins, led to the attack the 6th and 16th Infantry, all that was available of Kent's 1st brigade. The other regiment, the 71st New York Volunteers, after losing several officers and men, had been withdrawn from the fighting line because it was found that the smoke of their old-fashioned Springfield rifles drew a heavy fire from the Spanish lines, and caused unnecessary loss to the battalion, and all who were near it.

The men pressed on, firing at first, then breaking into a run for the slope in front. All regular order had been abandoned, and it was in detached groups and knots of men that the infantry and cavalry charged the enemy's lines. The slope was so steep in places that the men had to climb more slowly. To the onlookers it seemed that they were too few, and that they must fail. Till they topped the crest the Spaniards fired among them, and dead and wounded dotted the hillside. But at last the Americans went in over the trench with a cheer, and what were left of the Spaniards fled. The garrison of the blockhouse, which had been a good deal damaged by the artillery, made no attempt to defend it, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on its broken roof.

The hill of San Juan had been held by only three companies of Spanish infantry. One belonged to the regiment of Talavera, one and a half to the Puerto Rico regiment, and the other half company was made up of volunteers. The whole were under the command of Colonel Baquero. On the flank of the hill, thrown back towards the town, a couple of quick-firing guns were in position, under the personal command of Colonel Ordoñez, a scientific artilleryman of European reputation. It was these guns that made such good practice against Grimes's battery. In reserve between San Juan and the entrance to Santiago were three more companies of the Talavera regiment under the personal command of General Linares himself. One of these watched the right side of the hill; the two others were in the fork between the San Juan and El Caney roads. Thus the actual defence of San Juan was entrusted to 300 rifles and two

guns. There were 300 more rifles further back and firing at long range.

The men who actually held the hill lost heavily, probably about half their number being killed and wounded during the defence, which lasted between four and five hours. Baquero was killed, and about half-past eleven Linares was severely wounded by a bullet in the shoulder, and was carried back into the city. Colonel Ordoñez was also badly wounded while working his guns, being shot through both legs. The guns were withdrawn successfully, the Talavera companies advancing pluckily to cover their retreat and that of their comrades who had been driven from the hill. After this there was desultory fighting all the afternoon, the Americans holding the trenches and the blockhouse they had won, keeping up a sharp fire on the nearest defences of the town, and forcing the Spaniards to evacuate the outlying works between San Juan and the suburbs of Santiago. Old General Wheeler had come up to the top of the hill to take a close look at the Spaniards. Some of the officers spoke of the difficulty of holding a position so near the enemy's works, but the old General promptly replied that they must not give up what had cost so heavy a price, and told them to get picks and spades and set to work to entrench the ground, for stick to it they must.

The fight for San Juan had not been the only engagement on the American left. Further away, near the city General Duffield's brigade of northern volunteers had advanced against the Spanish positions at the mouth of the San Juan river. The Spaniards had blown up the railway bridge near the sea, and had abandoned the old castle of Aguadores on the east bank, but they had a battery looking out seaward on the right or west bank of the river, and had dug shelter trenches and rifle-pits to command every point of crossing.

The volunteers moved up along the coast railway from Siboney. Their only chance of forcing the passage of the river lay in the co-operation of the fleet, which was to bombard the Spanish positions. The volunteers, accompanied by some Cuban scouts, were brought by train to a point about a mile east of Aguadores. The 33rd Michigan were the first to arrive. They were accompanied by General Duffield, and his signallers put him in communication with the flagship *New York*. At a quarter-past ten Duffield signalled that he was ready, and the *New York*, the *Gloucester*, the *Suwanee*, and the *Newark* opened fire on the Spanish fort and the trenches on the river bank. The flagstaff of the fort was shot down, but the garrison seems to have been withdrawn before that happened. Along the river bank the Michigan men were firing at the trenches, which were raked by the guns of the fleet. Sampson after about an hour signalled that the Spaniards had abandoned the trenches, but Duffield, whose men were still falling under the Mauser bullets, replied that they had not been all driven from the river bank. The bombardment went on till nearly twelve. Then Duffield decided that he could not force the river, and retired along the railway towards Siboney.

Sampson then turned the guns of the *New York*, the *Oregon*, and some other of the heavier vessels, on Santiago, firing over the hills at a high elevation, which he calculated would drop the projectiles in the streets and harbour of the city, which was, of course, invisible to the gunners. How far this indirect fire at all helped the attack is not clear, but it caused considerable alarm and some damage in Santiago. Consul Ramsden thus describes the effect of the bombardment, which he notes began about eleven. All the morning there had been firing towards Caney and nearer in front of San Juan, but it was not till after eleven that the big shells began to burst in the city. "The first fell in the Barracones Street; the next went into the Carmen Church in St. Thomas Street. After breakfast (lunch) they began to get hotter, and it seemed to me that this house was just in the line of fire, especially when one fell and burst not 150 yards from this house. I thought then I would send the women and children down to the store as being safer, but Mason telephoned to me that shells were also falling in that neighbourhood . . . so there is not much choice of a situation. I sent for the other consuls, and we had a meeting as to protesting to Admiral Sampson against his throwing shells in this way on defenceless folk without a word of previous advice, and we signed a letter which will go out to him to-morrow morning, if the Governor allows a flag of truce to go out, which I doubt. Several more shells have fallen in different houses and streets of the town."

Ramsden estimated the force in the town and its neighbourhood, including the sea forts and outlying garrisons in the villages, at only 6,000 effective men—namely, 4,000 soldiers, 1,000 men from the fleet, and 1,000 volunteers. The sailors were in good condition, but the soldiers "half-starved, sick, and dispirited." This makes the

stubborn resistance of the Spaniards all the more creditable. By evening they had lost the advanced posts of San Juan and El Caney, which confined them to the limits of the city itself, except to the south-west, where they still held the bank of the San Juan river towards the sea, and thus were able to protect the rear of the Morro, Estrella, and Punta Gorda batteries. They had also troops on the west side of the harbour, and held the northern outlet of the town, the roads towards San Luis, by which reinforcements were anxiously expected. During the day the Spaniards had lost about 600 men, a very high figure considering the comparatively small force that was closely engaged. Of these 17 officers and 78 men were killed, 37 officers and 339 men wounded, without counting the slight wounds, which in Continental armies are classed as "contusions." This makes 471 *hors de combat*, besides over a hundred prisoners. General Linares was so badly hit that he had to hand over the command to General Toral. Vara de Rey, the best of the brigadiers, was dead. Colonel Caula, the chief of the engineers, and Colonel Ordoñez, the artillery commander, were among the wounded, so that the defence of the place had lost more than is expressed by mere numbers. The pick of those who directed it were gone. The fleet had lost Captain Bustamente, Cervera's chief of the staff, who was wounded while commanding the naval contingent in the trenches.

SKIRMISHING NEAR SANTIAGO.

SKIRMISHING NEAR SANTIAGO.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AMERICAN ADVANCE CHECKED.

THE result of the day had been on the whole disappointing for the Americans. It had been anticipated that Santiago would be taken before sundown, but the Spaniards had offered a wholly unexpected resistance, and as the result of a long summer's day of hard fighting only the two outworks of the city had fallen. This success had been won at the cost of heavy losses, which General Shafter only partly realised when in the evening he sent his first despatch to Washington, a message which came like a cold chill on the American public after the glowing accounts of decisive victory that were too hastily issued by the more sensational newspapers. The general's despatch ran thus :—

"Siboney, via Playa del Este,
"July 1, 1898.

"Had a very heavy engagement to-day, which lasted from 8 a.m. till sundown. We have carried their outer works, and are now in possession of them. There is now about three-quarters of a mile of open country between my lines and the city. By morning my lines will be entrenched, and considerable augmentation of force will be there. General Lawton's division and General Bates's brigade, which have been engaged all day in carrying El Caney, which was accomplished at 4 p.m., will be in line and in front of Santiago during the night. I regret to say that our casualties will be above 400; of these not many are killed.

"W. R. SHAFTER, Major-General."

The American loss was certainly nearer 1,000 than 400, and, though many may not have been killed on the spot, the condition of even the most slightly wounded was serious for the simple reason that no adequate provision had been made for dealing with any number of wounded men. Those who were not badly hurt dragged themselves painfully to Sevilla or Siboney. The more severely injured were carried down by comrades on improvised stretchers. But hundreds lay till next day or the day after, unsheltered, unaided, without drink or food, under driving rain showers or scorching tropical sun, worried by insects, sometimes gnawed by the hideous land crabs as they lay helpless in the bush. When they did reach the base, they lay in huts through the open roofs of which the rain drove down. There were few doctors, and these were short of proper drugs and antiseptic dressings. Food supplies were scanty. Fat bacon, coffee, and hard biscuits

were the food of sick and wounded men. For there were now sick in hundreds. Exposure, want of food and shelter, were telling on the men; and it was whispered that some of the fever was not merely malarial, that the dreaded yellow fever had laid its hold on the army. And no wonder, for in spite of strict orders that the men were not to enter Cuban houses, the soldiers had been allowed to sleep in native huts at Siboney that were at least suspected of being already infected. When at last the wounded and sick were embarked in order to clear the base hospitals, they were crowded on board of ill-fitted transports and sent to sea without proper attendants or supplies. This fatal mismanagement cost the United States a greater loss of life than the Spanish bullets.

Shafter's disappointing despatch at least held out the hope of a speedy capture of Santiago. The condition of affairs in the army was not realised in the United States, and men took a cheerful view of the situation for yet another twenty-four hours. But the news of the next day's events was anything but reassuring. Santiago ought to have been captured on the 2nd, but the despatches from the front pointed to a situation in which the Americans were making no further progress and were barely holding on to the ground they had so dearly won on July 1st.

In the night between the 1st and 2nd the Spaniards had abandoned Cobre and the outlying blockhouses on the hills behind it and to the north of Santiago and west of the bay, drawing in these small detachments to reinforce the garrison of the city and setting fire to the abandoned blockhouses. During the same night the Americans had not only begun to entrench themselves, but had pushed a small force to Cuavitas, so as to threaten the northern approaches of the town. The Spanish reinforcements from Manzanillo were believed to be near at hand, but Garcia had promised to intercept them with his Cubans. On the San Juan side two more batteries, each of four light guns, had been brought up to reinforce the artillery of the attack.

At dawn the Spaniards in the trenches and blockhouses that formed a complete line round the city opened fire with rifles and cannon on the rising American entrenchments. The Americans replied, and this exchange of fire went on till eight o'clock, when there was a lull for awhile. So far, neither party attempted an advance. Three of the American batteries were in action near the San Juan hill, their fire being directed against the south-west angle of the town. The fleet was bombarding the sea forts, and several shells fell in the harbour. Shells were also bursting in the streets of the city, but these appear to have been the lighter projectiles fired from the American lines.

It was expected that at any moment the besiegers might advance to the attack and storm the Spanish defences, and a kind of panic seized on the population when the rumour spread through the city that if the Americans occupied it, Admiral Cervera would proceed to lay it in ruins with the guns of his fleet. Cervera had written to that effect to the French consul, who immediately sent word to all French subjects to prepare to leave the city. At one o'clock, to the number of some hundreds, they went out to Cuavitas, where the Stars and Stripes were flying. The procession of refugees, some on foot, some in carts and carriages, was headed by the consul, and a flag of truce and a tricolour were carried in front. "The panic was something terrific," writes Consul Ramsden, "and I was besieged by people who wanted to know what to do, and they would not leave me a moment in which to send a telegram or anything. I saw the Civil Governor, and told him about the Admiral's reply. He went to see Toral, who was at the front, and also the Admiral. The latter said that if they took the town, and the inhabitants and the army abandoned it, he certainly should fire at the Americans, but this was very different from his despatch to the French consul. Rice and beans, the only things for breakfast, as it was difficult to cook, with the bullets and rush and panic, and we did not get much to eat either." About eight there was a lull in the firing at the trenches, but it began again at midday and went on in a desultory fashion till sundown. All the morning, at Shafter's request, with a view to making a diversion, the fleet was bombarding Morro and Socapa. It did very little damage. The batteries fired a shot in reply from time to time, but never succeeded in hitting Sampson's ships.

The fighting of July 2nd, such as it was, has been called the battle of Santiago. There really was only a desultory cannonade and fusillade. The Americans were too utterly exhausted to attempt an assault. They were busy entrenching themselves, collecting their wounded, burying the dead, and getting up supplies to the front. After nightfall, about ten o'clock, the Spaniards made a sortie. It was apparently

meant to see if the besiegers were on the alert. It was met with a heavy rifle fire, and the attack was not pressed home, the Spaniards promptly retiring to their trenches. There were few casualties, but among those hit was General Hawkins, who was wounded in the foot.

By evening General Shafter had realised how serious was the situation, and in the early hours of Sunday, July 3rd, he sent a second despatch to Washington, the publication of which added to the growing anxiety throughout the United States. He thus summed up the situation :—

"Camp near Sevilla, Cuba, July 3, 1898.

"Via Playa del Este.

"We have the town well invested on the north and east, but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it, we find it of such a character, and the defences so strong, it will be impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position on the high ground between San Juan and Siboney, with our left at Sardinero, so as to get our supplies to a large extent by means of the railroad, which we can use, having engines and cars at Siboney. Our losses up to date will aggregate a thousand, but list has not yet been made; but little sickness, outside of exhaustion from intense heat and exertion of the battle of the day before yesterday, and the almost constant fire which is kept up on the trenches. Waggon road to the rear is kept up with some difficulty on account of the rains, but I will be able to use it for the present. General Wheeler is seriously ill, and will probably have to go to the rear to-day. General Young also very ill, confined to his bed. General Hawkins slightly wounded in foot. During sortie enemy made last night, which was handsomely repulsed, the behaviour of the regular troops was magnificent. I am urging Admiral Sampson to attempt to force the entrance of the harbour, and will have a consultation with him this morning. He is coming to the front to see me. I have been unable to be out during the heat of the day for four days, but am retaining the command. General Garcia reported he holds the railway from Santiago San Luis, and has burned a bridge and removed some rails; also that General Pando has arrived at Palma, and that the French consul, with about four hundred French citizens, came into his (Garcia's) lines yesterday from Santiago. Have directed him to treat them with every courtesy possible.

"SHAFTER, Major-General."

This despatch was an open confession of failure. He could not take Santiago; he was asking for leave to retreat to the hills near the coast. His losses were mounting up, and he himself and some of his generals were disabled by sickness. He was holding on to his works before Santiago "with a very thin line," and, as there was an exaggerated idea at Washington of the Spanish forces in Santiago, it was felt that he might be driven from his trenches by an attack in force. He was asking Sampson to enter the harbour mouth, but then the army had been sent to Eastern Cuba precisely because Sampson did not feel justified in attempting anything of the kind. No wonder men spoke of a possible disaster to the American arms.

General Miles cabled to Shafter official congratulations on what had been so far accomplished, and on "the record made of magnificent fortitude, gallantry, and sacrifice displayed in the desperate fighting of the troops before Santiago." He announced that he was coming himself to Cuba with strong reinforcements, and would be in front of Santiago within a week.

On the same day orders were issued for several volunteer regiments to leave the camps of instruction and embark for Cuba. Retreat was not to be thought of under any circumstances. If necessary, 50,000 would be sent. At the same time a belated effort was made to provide proper help for the wounded and the sick. General Miles had no intention of superseding Shafter; but he hoped to induce him to accept a plan of operations that would give better results than a direct attack on Santiago.

Hitherto the operations of the American army had been directed on an unsound basis. Santiago was not the object of the expedition. It was directed to quite another purpose—the forcing of Cervera's fleet out of the harbour. Now, military history affords a famous parallel to the situation. When the French Republicans were besieging Toulon in 1793, an English fleet lay in the harbour, and on that fleet depended the defence of the place. The Republican generals were embarking on a regular siege of the city, when the young artillery officer who was afterwards Napoleon I. pointed out that they might neglect all the other works and concentrate their efforts on a single fort which commanded the harbour. If that were taken, the fleet must go, and the city would fall. His plan was adopted and proved completely successful. The situation at Santiago pointed to a similar solution. It was obvious that if the forts at the harbour mouth were taken, the torpedo defence could be destroyed and Sampson's fleet could enter the harbour. So clear was this, that if there was any sign of the forts being in danger, Cervera would have to run out or stay to fight like a rat in a trap. Now the forts could be attacked with the co-operation of the fleet, and Miles's plan was to land troops near Cabañas, and, protected by Sampson's guns, march to the attack of the

Socapa battery. This had no land defence of any strength. Its capture would paralyse part of the torpedo defence, enable guns to be brought to bear from the headland against Morro and Punta Gorda, and also make it easy to bring a plunging fire upon the decks of the Spanish ships if they tried to defend the entrance. The Socapa battery was, in fact, the key of Santiago. It should have been attacked in the first instance. To march on the city was to waste time and life.

Such, then, was the situation and the outlook on the morning of July 3rd. Before midday, however, events had happened that completely altered it, and decided the fate of Santiago and of Spanish rule in Cuba.

COMMODORE WATSON IN COMMAND OF THE U.S. SQUADRON WHICH WAS TO HAVE ATTACKED THE SPANISH COAST.

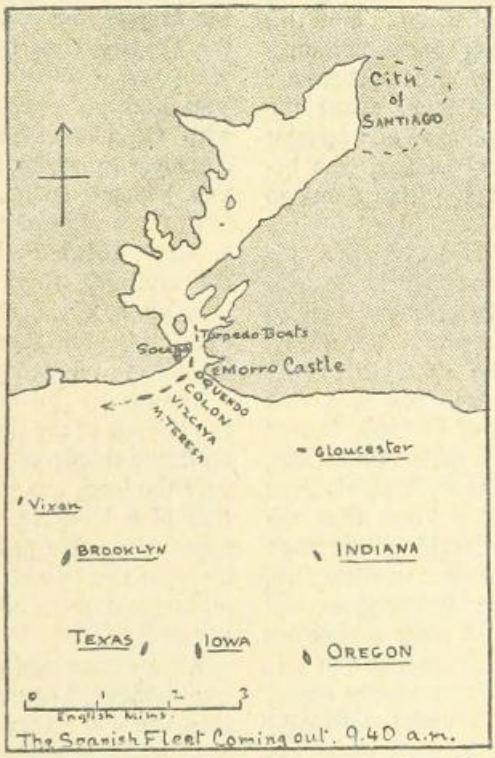
CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

GENERAL SHAFTER having failed to take Santiago, and having his army reduced to such straits that he was talking of retreat, Admiral Cervera, to the astonishment of friends and foes alike, suddenly acted in a way that practically made a present of Santiago to the Americans, and hopelessly wrecked and destroyed the one fleet that Spain possessed in the West Indies.

On the evening of July 2nd, Consul Ramsden had written in his diary: "They say to-night that the Manzanillo reinforcements, some 4,000 men, are at San Luis, and will be here to-morrow. It seems incredible that the Americans with their large force have not yet taken the place. The defence of the Spaniards has been really heroic, the more so when you consider they are half-starved and sick. It was affirmed to-day that the squadron would leave this evening, but they have not done so, though the pilots are on board. I will believe it when I see them get out, and I wish they would. If they do, they will fare badly outside." Preparations were actually in progress for the departure of the squadron. The men who had been landed to aid in the defence of the trenches were re-embarked, and an opening was made through the obstacles at the harbour mouth.

On Sunday morning the sky was clear and bright, the sea was smooth, and there was a light wind. On board the blockading fleet no one suspected that the Spaniards were getting ready to come out. The ships lying off the entrance to the harbour had all, with the exception of the *Oregon* and the *Gloucester*, let their furnace fires burn low, and there was very little pressure of steam in the boilers. The admiral had gone away to the eastward, making for Siboney, where a cavalry escort was waiting to conduct him to General Shafter's headquarters. The general had sent for him in order to urge upon him the necessity of extricating the army from its difficult position by forcing the harbour mouth. Several of the ships were absent from their usual stations. The battleship *Massachusetts*, the auxiliary cruiser *Suwanee*, and the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, had gone to coal at Guantanamo. The torpedo boat *Porter* was away on despatch duty. The other torpedo boat, the *Ericsson*, was accompanying the flagship.



THE NAVAL BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO-DE-CUBA. I.

Of the ships actually engaged in blockade duty, the *Iowa* lay due south of the harbour entrance, about five and a half miles from the land, under easy steam, with her bow towards the shore. To the east of her, and somewhat nearer the land, lay the battleships *Oregon* and *Indiana*. To the west of the *Iowa* was the battleship *Texas*, and beyond her the armoured cruiser *Brooklyn*, flying the flag of Commodore Schley. The *Brooklyn* was almost exactly south-west of Morro Castle. Closer still to the land lay two small armed vessels, the *Vixen* west of the entrance

and the *Gloucester* east of it, towards Aguadores Castle. The *New York* and the *Ericsson* were a good seven miles away steaming towards Siboney. At half-past nine orders had been given on board of the *Iowa* and the other blockading ships for the crews to fall in for general inspection. Unseen behind the hills of Morro and Socapa the Spanish squadron, led by Admiral Cervera on board the *Maria Teresa*, was just then steaming down the harbour, cleared for action.

Why it was that he came out is likely to be for a long time to come a disputed point. It is asserted that he left Santiago in obedience to imperative orders from Havana, that he remonstrated against them, and that they were repeated, leaving him no choice but to go to what was all but certain destruction. But this has been denied, and according to some accounts, he acted on his own initiative. Again, there are two different versions of the story about the orders from Havana. According to one account they originated with Marshal Blanco, who believed the squadron could escape from Santiago and reinforce the defences of the island capital. According to the other account, Blanco was merely the mouthpiece of the Madrid Government, and the orders for Cervera were cabled through Havana from the Spanish Admiralty. However this may be, the captains of the squadron had no illusions as to the fate that awaited them. The chance of war may indeed give victory under the most hopeless conditions, but practical men do not take such possibilities into their calculations. They knew that the ships could not steam at anything like their nominal speed ; that the armament was defective, the *Colon* being without her heavy guns, and some of the lighter guns and their mountings being unserviceable ; that the ammunition was of inferior quality, and the coal supply scanty and bad. The *Cristobal Colon* and the *Vizcaya* had their machinery in the best condition, and the most that was hoped for was that one or both of these ships might force the blockade.

But what has never been explained is why Admiral Cervera, having decided to come out, chose to make the attempt in broad daylight. All was ready on the night between the Saturday and Sunday, yet he waited for the morning. He would have done better still if he had waited till Sunday night, when he might have run out through driving showers of rain in absolute darkness. It has been suggested that the reason was because he doubted whether his ships could make their way through the narrow channel except by daylight. But he had good local pilots on board, and it would require little ingenuity to place temporary marks in the channel, which his picket boats patrolled every night. His ships would have had just a chance of escaping if their dash for the open sea had been preceded by an attack on the blockading squadron by the two destroyers, under the cover of darkness.

But it is idle to discuss what might have been. Let us tell what happened. At half-past nine the squadron was under weigh. Line of battle was formed as the ships steamed down the lower harbour. First came Cervera's flagship, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*. The Admiral was in the forward conning-tower, and with him was Miguel Lopez, a Santiago pilot. Next came the *Vizcaya*, then the *Cristobal Colon*, and the *Almirante Oquendo*. Then came the torpedo-boat destroyer *Pluton*, and, last of all, the *Furor*, with Captain Villamil, the commander of the destroyer squadron, on board of her. At Smith Cay Villamil stopped his two destroyers for a few minutes in order to get more steam on their boilers. This left a large gap between them and the cruisers, which bore steadily on for the opening of the harbour. As they entered the narrows Cervera flew his last signal to his men, "I wish you a speedy victory!"

Thanks to the bad coal they were burning, the funnels of the Spanish cruisers were sending up dense clouds of black smoke, and this, rising over the land, was what first attracted the attention of a look-out on the *Iowa*, a young naval apprentice. He gave the alarm, and the next moment the bow of the *Maria Teresa* was seen gliding out from between the headlands of the port.

At once an alarm gun was fired, the signal was hoisted "Enemy escaping," and on every ship the call "Clear for action" rang out. In two minutes every officer and man was at his post, and the ships were heading for the Spaniards.

As the *Maria Teresa* passed the rocky point below Morro Castle Cervera stood beside the pilot. He had told Miguel Lopez to let him know the moment when he could safely turn to the westward. At the signal from the pilot the Admiral gave the order "Starboard," and then, as the great cruiser swung round in answer to her helm, he called down the voice tubes that led to barbettes and batteries, "Fire!" Lopez remarked that, as they ran out to sea, Cervera did not show the least excitement or agitation,

and that he gave his orders calmly and deliberately. "You have done your work well, pilot," he said to Lopez; "I hope you will come out of this safe, and that you will be well rewarded. You have earned it."

The other cruisers, steering in the wake of the *Maria Teresa*, came on with an interval of about 600 yards between each ship. The speed had been ten knots through the narrows. As they gained the sea the engines were put to full speed, and as each ship cleared the headlands she opened fire. The guns of Socapa and Morro joined in the cannonade, but, unluckily for the Spaniards, their fire was as ineffective as it had been on previous occasions. Between the *Oquendo*—the last of the cruisers—and the torpedo boats there was a gap of about three-quarters of a mile, or between four and five minutes in time at the rate at which the squadron ran out. From the moment of the first alarm till the *Pluton*, the last of the squadron, shot out from behind the Morro Point, less than a quarter of an hour had passed.

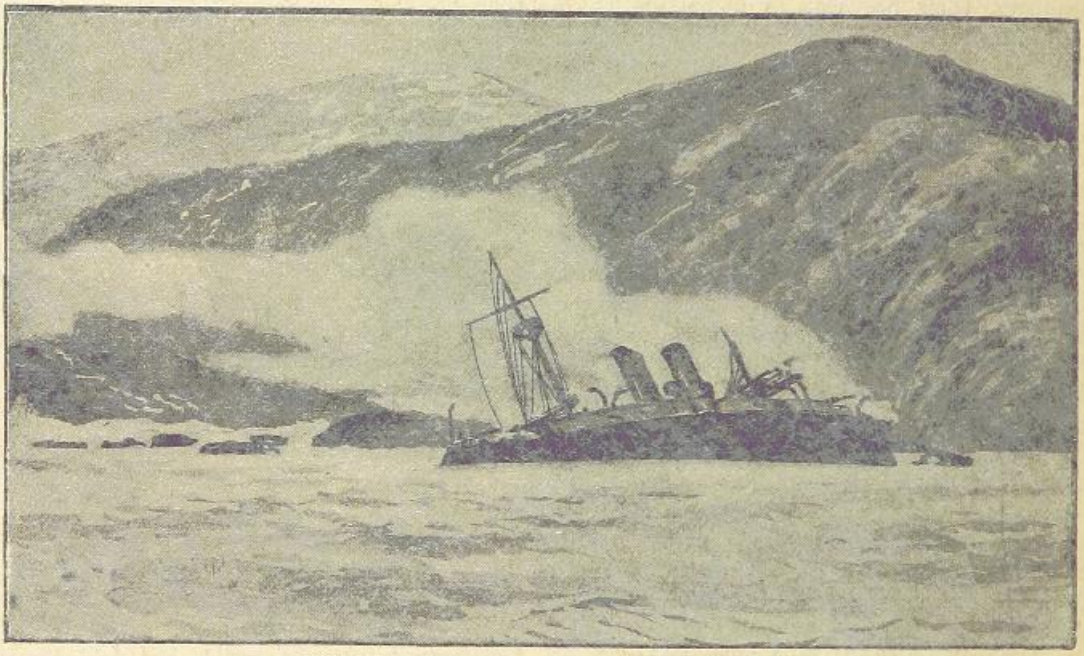
These were busy, anxious minutes for the American fleet. In the absence of Admiral Sampson and the *New York*, the *Brooklyn* was the flagship, and Schley was in command of the actual fighting force. The signal flags rose and fell fluttering on the *Brooklyn's* halyards, but the captains of the blockading fleet had so fully thought out what was to be done in such an emergency that they were ready to act, where need be, each on his own initiative. They showed ready resource and good seamanship. Without these there might well have been disastrous results, as the huge ships rushed with all the speed they could gather to hang as closely as might be on the flank of the escaping enemy. And most of them laboured under the serious disadvantage of having very little steam to work with. They first headed for the opening of the harbour, the stokers below working like madmen to get their furnaces well ablaze, and the gunners in the barbettes and forward batteries sending their shells screaming towards the Spanish squadron. Then as it was seen that the enemy's course was westward, the Americans turned on the same course, this change bringing some of the battleships into dangerous proximity to each other. The *Texas* and the *Iowa* had been running at first towards the land on a converging course. Wrapped in the smoke of their big guns, their bows were perilously near, and as they sheered off from each other, the *Oregon*, which had been following the *Iowa*, but had now gathered more way than her consorts, came rushing in between the two other battleships. The *Oregon* held her fire as she drove past them, but as her big bow guns cleared the line of the *Iowa's* upperworks, she fired her starboard guns, the shells passing just over the forward deck of her neighbour.

The *Brooklyn* had, like the rest, headed for Morro. She had very little steam up and moved slowly, and Schley saw that if he held on his course he ran a risk of being rammed by the *Maria Teresa* or the *Cristobal Colon*, both of which were rushing westward at a higher speed than he could yet command. He starboarded his helm, turning first eastward, then south, and finally westward again. While he swept round in this circle, the battleships came up between him and the land. But till they masked his fire he kept every gun going that could be brought to bear on the Spaniards, then he joined in the chase, firing his forward guns. The great speed of his fine armoured cruiser enabled him soon to range up abreast of the *Oregon*, which had at once got and kept the lead of the other battleships.

The *New York*, seven miles away to the eastward, heard the roar of guns and turned to join in the fight, in which it was the Admiral's misfortune to have a very small share. The *Ericsson* ran back beside her. But before they were even abreast of Morro Castle the fate of some of the enemy's ships had been decided. Close into the shore between Morro and Aguadores lay the gunboat *Gloucester*. She was a small steel steamer, built for speed. Before the war she had been a pleasure yacht, the *Corsair*, the property of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. She had been bought by the United States Government, renamed, and fitted as a despatch boat, armed with some small quick-firers—six- and three-pounder guns. Her captain was one of the smartest officers in the American navy, Commander W. Wainwright, who had been second in command of the *Maine* when she blew up in Havana Harbour. He showed that day that a yacht, well handled, may prove herself a formidable fighting ship. He had opened fire on the cruisers as they came out, but realising that his small guns could do them little harm, and rightly conjecturing that the torpedo boats would follow the larger craft, he kept his station, waiting for them to appear. He almost stopped his engines, holding on towards Morro, reckless of the risk he ran of being sunk by the shore batteries. The pressure on the boilers rose so rapidly that

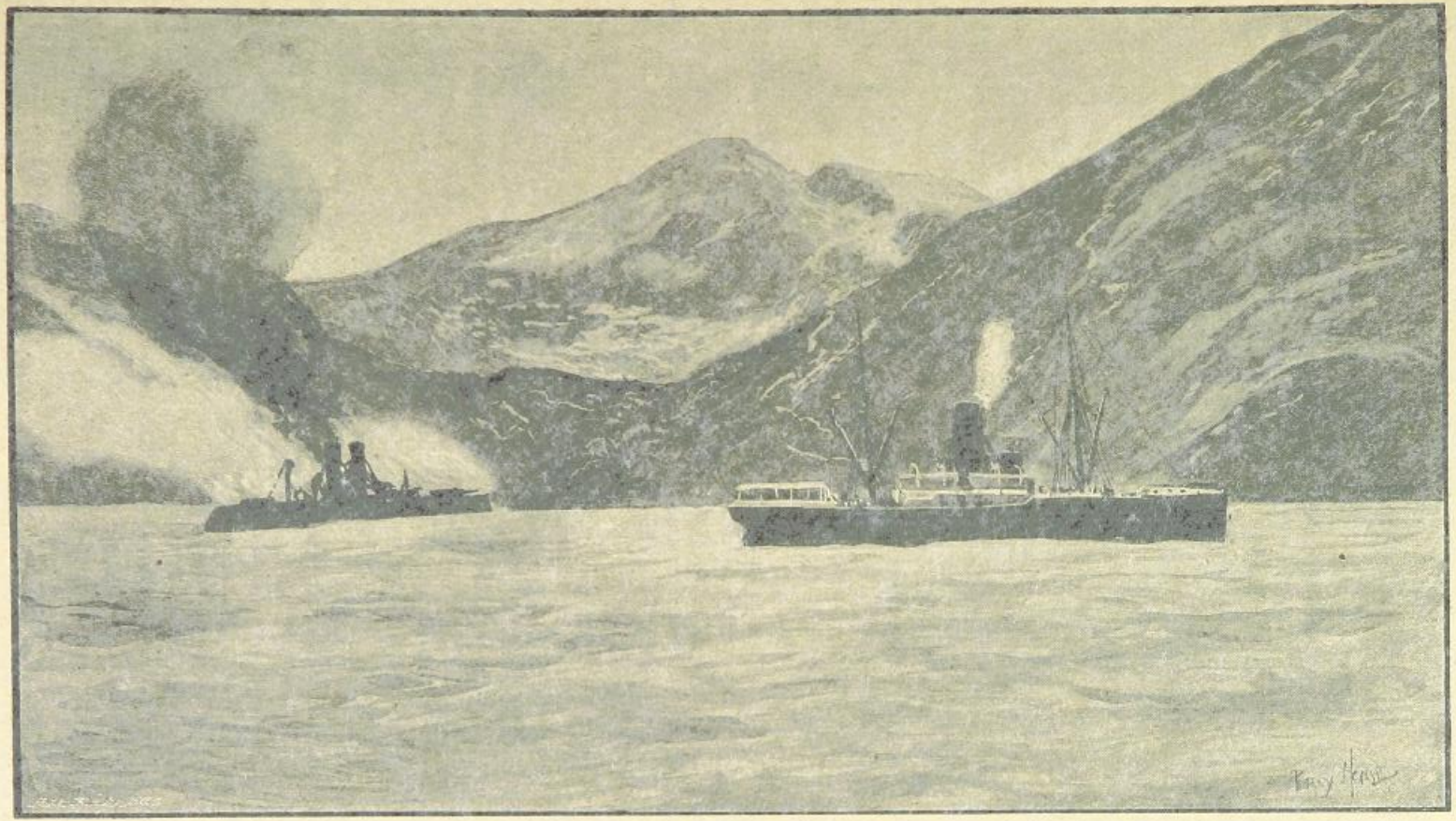
when the *Furor* and *Pluton* dashed out of the harbour the *Gloucester* was able to make for them with a speed of seventeen knots, sending a shower of well-aimed shells into them—shells that, light as they were, could do deadly damage to the torpedo boats. How much of the injury the two boats received was due to the *Gloucester*, how much to the guns of the *Indiana*, which were also turned upon them, and to the *New York*, which sent them some long-ranging shots as she came up, it is impossible to say. Certain it is that the yacht had a large share in their destruction, and, according to the narrative of the Spanish lieutenant who was second in command of the *Furor*, it was the *Gloucester* prevented her getting away, turning to the eastward outside Morro Point. If the *Furor* could have got within torpedo range of Wainwright's little steamer, a single torpedo might have blown the *Gloucester* out of the water. But the torpedo boat was quickly crippled by the *Gloucester's* shells. One of the first shells that hit her destroyed the main ventilator of the *Furor's* engine-room and disorganised the forced draught, bringing the pressure of steam down rapidly. Another cut the helmsman in two, a third shattered the steering gear. Yet another penetrated into the engine-room, breaking several steam pipes. The *Furor*, without propelling or steering power, enveloped in clouds of escaping steam, and with her narrow deck strewn with dead and wounded, drifted helplessly towards the shore. Her consort, the *Pluton*, did not survive her many minutes. The *Furor* sank under the rocky coast near Cabañas Bay, and the *Pluton* kept her engines going just long enough to run ashore beyond the west point of the little inlet.

Like the two smaller boats that were sunk by Dewey during the fight in Manila Bay, these fine torpedo craft had courted the destruction that thus overtook them by coming out in broad daylight to run the gauntlet of a fleet armed with quick-firing guns. There was only one way in which Cervera and Villamil might perhaps have used them with effect. They might have crept out close under the starboard side of two cruisers, reached the sea sheltered between them and the land, and then they could perhaps have been convoyed into the midst of the enemy by their protectors, only dashing out from under cover at the last moment. In this way they might have done something. Fighting as they did was an act of self-destruction.



THE BURNING WRECK OF THE "MARIA TERESA."

Within a few minutes of the loss of Villamil's little vessels, Cervera's flagship had shared their fate. Coming out first, she had received the fire of the *Brooklyn* and the four battleships, a converging rush of shells of all calibres. The *Indiana*, the *Texas*, and the *Oregon* then concentrated



THE "VIZCAYA" BURNING ON THE ROCKS.

their fire upon her. In the first dash the cruisers had gained a little on the American fleet, and at first the fire of the pursuers did little serious damage. Mr. Mason, an Englishman, and the consul of China at Santiago, watched them from the look-out hill north of Morro. He lost sight of the cruisers at ten o'clock as they went round the curve of the shore. This was twenty minutes after they cleared the headlands, and so far as he could judge none of them had yet been badly hit. Signal masts and chimneys were all standing, and none of the ships were on fire. He thought Cervera had made good his escape. This was the impression in Santiago, and on this was based the report sent through Havana, which was ridiculed in England and America as a Spanish fiction.

The *Maria Teresa*, although the first of the cruisers to succumb to the shower of shells poured into the squadron by the American fleet, got as far as about six miles to the westward of Santiago. During the war the gunnery of the American navy was spoken of as something very perfect, but in the running fight with the Spaniards outside Santiago, considering the enormous number of shots fired by the blockading squadron, the hits were remarkably few. The *Maria Teresa*, though exposed to a converging storm of fire, was only hit twenty-nine times. An 8-inch shell struck the shield of the second gun in the broadside, counting from the stern. It went through it and exploded between decks, doing a lot of damage, and inflicting heavy loss on the crews working the guns of the secondary battery. A 5-inch shell came through the side just astern of the funnels and exploded in the coal-bunkers, forcing up the deck above and setting the ship on fire. During the whole fight, the big barbette and turret guns of the American battleships (13-inch and 12-inch guns throwing projectiles of 1,100 and of 850 pounds) made only two hits. Both of these were on the unfortunate *Maria Teresa*. They look as if they came from a pair of guns mounted side by side in one of the blockading vessels, for they crashed through the Spanish cruiser's side close together, making nearly the same hole. They came in just aft of the stern turret and a little above the water line. They burst in the after torpedo-operating room, blowing a jagged hole through the other side of the ship, and utterly wrecking everything in the compartment in which the explosion took place, killing and wounding all who were at work there and setting the ship on fire. Another damaging hit was made by an 8-inch shell a few feet forward of the point where these two giant projectiles had struck. The official report thus describes its deadly work :—" An 8-inch shell struck the gun deck just under the after barbette, passed through the side of the ship, and exploded, ranging aft. The damage done by this shell was very great. All the men in the locality must have been killed or badly wounded. The beams were torn and ripped. The fragments of the shell passed across the deck and out through the starboard side. This shell also cut the fire main." The other hits were mostly from the smaller 6-pounder quick-firers. They made three holes in one of the funnels, and cut up the deckhouses.

Their explosions killed and wounded a good many of the crew, among them Admiral Cervera himself, who was slightly injured in the arm as he stood on the bridge outside the conning-tower, watching the progress of the fight, and as some thought courting death. But none of the damage done directly by the American shells was sufficient to put the Spanish flagship out of action. She had her water line intact, her engines uninjured, her barbettes with their heavy guns absolutely untouched, and only one of the quick-firers in her secondary battery was damaged. But indirectly the few heavy shells that had come in had settled her fate. She had been insufficiently stripped of wood and wooden fittings. Below decks especially there seems to have been a lot of dry woodwork. The shells set this on fire, and the ship, with her fire main severed, was burning fiercely in two different places. All attempts to keep the fire down proved useless. The men were rapidly driven from the guns and the engine-room, and the ship drifted towards the shore a helpless wreck, the black smoke pouring up from her lower decks. Some of the crew swam to the land, others were taken off by the Americans, the *Gloucester* especially doing good service. Her light draught enabled her to go close in, and while the battle went roaring away to the westward, Commander Wainwright was busy saving the remains of the Spanish flagship's crew from death by fire or water. Among those he took on to his ship were Admiral Cervera and his son, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy. The two had thrown themselves into the water together as the fire crept forward to their station near the conning-tower and bow barbette. The admiral was taken to the shore, where a party of the *Gloucester's* men had been landed, under

Lieutenant Morton, to collect the prisoners and keep back the Cuban guerillas, who were trooping down to the coast, firing on the Spaniards as they swam ashore, and knocking them on the head as they tried to land. This murderous work was stopped by a threat to turn the *Gloucester's* guns on the cowardly ruffians. Cervera, as he stepped ashore, told Morton that he surrendered to him, and asked to be taken on board the gunboat. He was rowed to the *Gloucester*. As he came on board the ship, Commander Wainwright grasped his hand and said warmly: "I congratulate you, sir, on having made as gallant a fight as ever was witnessed on the sea."

It was at a quarter-past ten that the burning flagship drove ashore at Nimanima, six and a half miles from Morro Castle. The *Vizcaya* and the *Cristobal Colon* were still in good condition, and seemed to be gaining on the Americans; but the other cruiser, the *Almirante Oquendo*, was in dire distress, and only survived the flagship a quarter of an hour, driving ashore near her consort, seven miles west of Santiago, at half-past ten. No ship in the whole squadron received such a terrible battering as she endured from the quick-firers of the *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Indiana*. The sides were riddled with shells and fragments of shells. One gun of the quick-firing battery was dismounted, another pierced by a shell. Ammunition hoists were cut through, ventilators and fire mains smashed. An 8-inch shell came through the roof of the bow barbette, killed everyone in the turret, and disabled the forward heavy gun. But, although her fighting power was thus seriously diminished, it must be noted that, like the *Maria Teresa*, she had her water-line belt and her engines intact, these being, in the case of every cruiser in the fleet, perfectly protected by the under-water armoured deck. What put her out of action was the setting on fire of woodwork. These fires broke out in several places, and it was impossible to keep them all under. One of their first effects was to interfere with the draught to the furnaces and slow the engines. The ship, hard pressed by the *Indiana*, was driven ashore to save life. According to one account, her captain, Don Juan Lazaga, the son of a Spanish admiral, blew his brains out when he saw that he could not save his ship. Stories of this kind must be received with caution. It is far more likely that he was brained by a bursting shell.

The complete destruction of the *Oquendo* was effected by her own magazines. She blew up on the beach, the explosion of the forward magazine nearly cutting her in two just ahead of the bow barbette. As soon as she went ashore, Sampson, who had come up in the *New York*, signalled to the *Indiana* to resume the blockade of the port. Two auxiliary cruisers, the *Harvard* (formerly the Atlantic liner *New York*) and the *Hist*, had also come up from the eastward. These assisted the *Gloucester* in rescuing the crew of the *Oquendo*. The flagship *New York*, accompanied by the *Ericsson*, joined in the pursuit of the remaining ships, but Sampson was yet too far astern to take any share in the fighting.

The *Cristobal Colon* had shot out well ahead of the *Vizcaya*. The latter was hard pressed by the *Iowa*, and was evidently in trouble, for her fire was slackening, and she was losing speed. Several shells had burst in her gun-deck, one raking it from the stern forward, and killing and wounding half the men on one side of the ship. She was headed off by the *Brooklyn*, and the Spanish captain, Don Antonio Eulate, recognising that this was the quickest ship in the enemy's fleet, and that if she were crippled it would be the means of saving his colleague, Captain Diaz Moreu, of the *Colon*, made a plucky attempt to close with Schley's flagship, in order to ram or torpedo her. The *Brooklyn* easily avoided this manœuvre, and the torpedo which Eulate had placed in his bow tube ready to be fired proved the destruction of his fine ship. It was exploded by the impact of a shell, and wrecked and set fire to the fore part of the vessel. The ship was already on fire in the gun-decks and coal-bunkers. Headed off by the *Brooklyn*, close pressed by the *Iowa* and the *Oregon*, Eulate ran his burning ship ashore at Asseradores, fifteen miles from Santiago, and hauled down his flag. As it fell a new explosion shook the unfortunate *Vizcaya*. The American crews cheered wildly, but on board the *Iowa* Captain Evans checked the hurrahs of his men. "Don't cheer, boys," he said; "those poor fellows are dying." It was about a quarter-past eleven. Evans, with the *Iowa*, stood by the wreck of the *Vizcaya*, by the Admiral's orders, to rescue the survivors of her crew. Meanwhile, the *Brooklyn* leading, then the *Oregon*, next the *Texas* and the cruiser *Vixen*, with the *New York* far astern, continued the chase of the *Cristobal Colon*, which had got a lead of six miles, and seemed likely to escape.

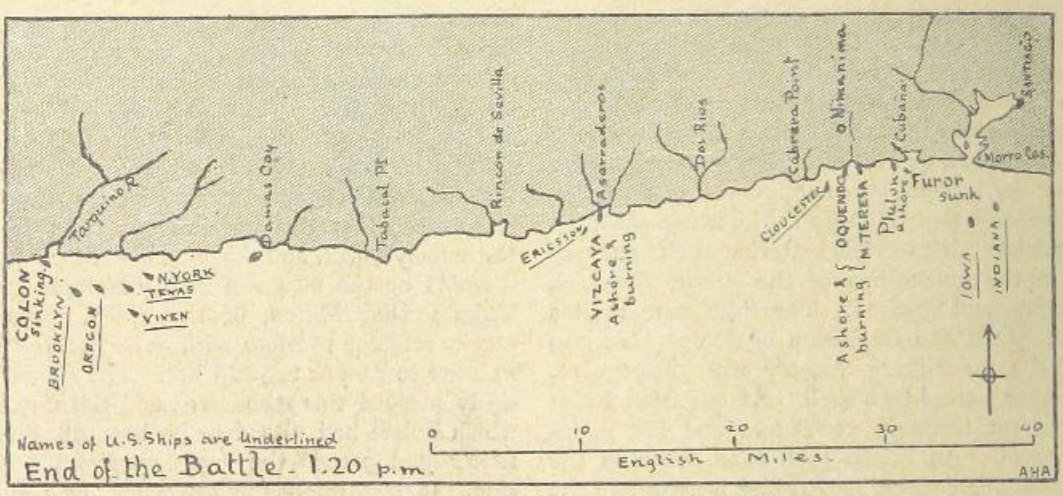
The rescue of the Spaniards from the burning

Vizcaya and her colleagues was a work of danger and difficulty. Loaded guns were going off with the heat. Ammunition on deck and below was exploding, wreckage was coming down from above, and round the wreck the surf of the shore was breaking heavily. There were ghastly sights to be seen by the rescuers, for men who had died in the attempt to escape hung here and there burning on the red-hot plates of the wrecked cruiser's decks and sides. The Cubans had to be kept at bay on the land side, where several men were landed. Some of those who escaped swam ashore, got safely into the woods, and pluckily made their way into Santiago and reported themselves ready for further duty.

under the red and golden flag under which they had fought, and as later on their bodies were committed to the waves, three volleys were fired as a last salute.

While the survivors of the wrecked cruisers were being saved, the *Cristobal Colon* was steaming westward, and the pursuers were gaining on her. On the measured mile the *Colon* had made a trial speed of twenty-three knots. If she had been able to do anything like that on the 3rd of July, she would have got safe to Havana, but she averaged, on her run out from Santiago, a speed of only between thirteen and fourteen knots.

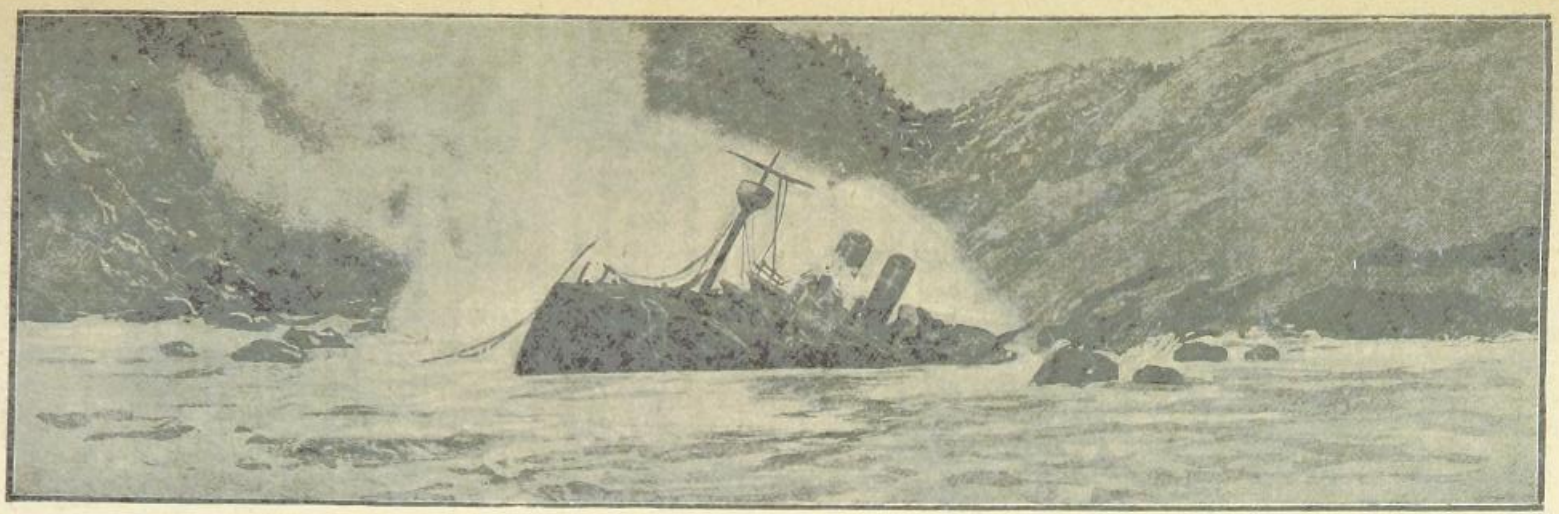
At ten minutes to one the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon* had got within range of the *Colon* and



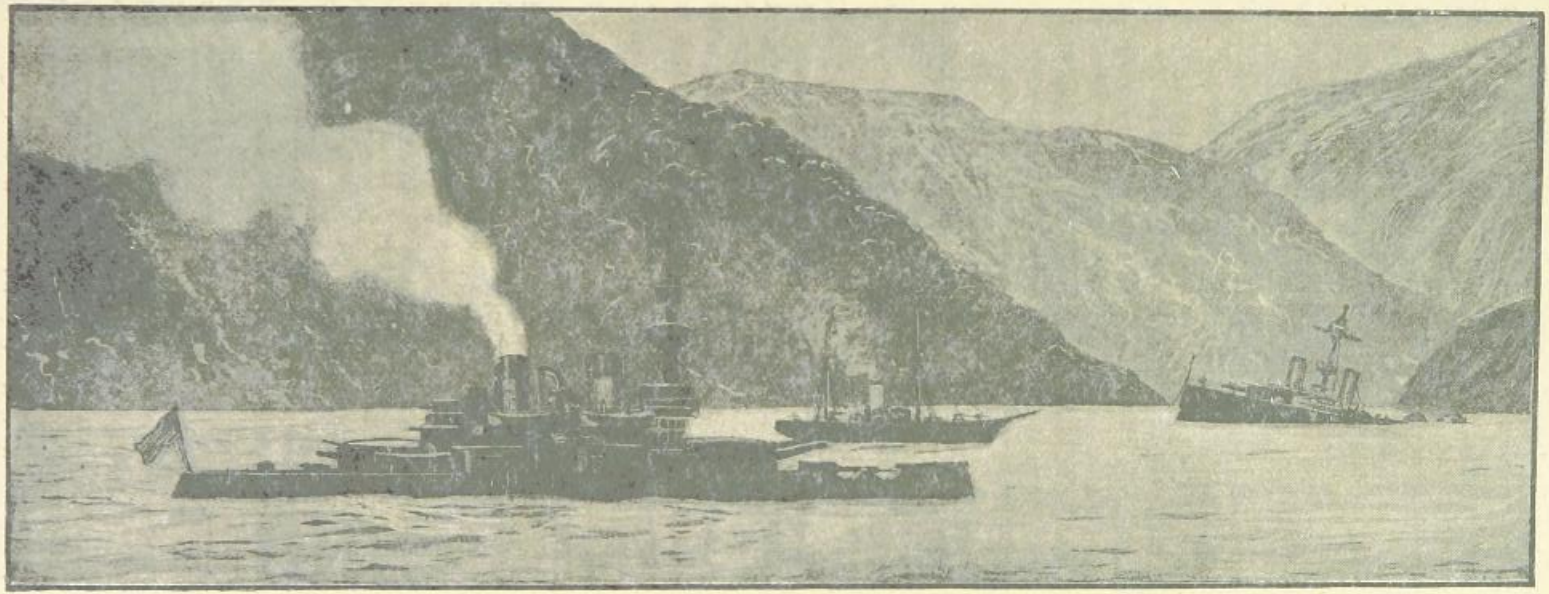
The Naval Battle off Santiago II.

Wainwright, of the *Gloucester*, and Evans, of the *Iowa*, did all that brave and chivalrous men could do to rescue the survivors, many of them wounded, and to honour the desperate bravery shown by the Spanish officers in this forlorn rush against superior numbers. Eulate was received by a guard of marines, who presented arms as he stepped on board the *Iowa*, and Evans, taking his hand, told him that he must not give up his sword. "You have surrendered," he said, "to four ships, each heavier than your own. You did not surrender to the *Iowa* only, so her captain cannot take your sword." Eulate was deeply touched, and when Cervera was brought on board he told him what Evans had said, adding that the incident would be one of the treasured memories of his life. Three of the Spaniards, who died soon after being taken on board the battleship, were laid

opened fire upon her with their heavy guns. She had no weapons that could even attempt an effective reply to them. In the earlier stage of the fight, when she was in action just outside, she had received practically no injury. Her armour kept out all but one large shell, an 8-inch projectile, which came through the side above the belt and wrecked her ward-room. Unlike her consorts built in Spanish dockyards, this Italian-built cruiser never was on fire. She was lost simply through lack of speed and through not having a proper armament which might have enabled her to make a real fight. As her pursuers closed in upon her she headed for the shore in the little bay into which the Tarquino river runs, forty-eight miles to the west of Santiago. As the giant shells of the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* roared through the air above her decks or sent geysers of water over her



THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" AS SHE APPEARED AFTER RUNNING AGROUND.



AFTER THE SURRENDER: THE "CRISTOBAL COLON" SINKING.

as they ricochetted alongside, it was clear that the American gunners had the range, and that the *Colon* would soon be a mere target for the heavy guns of four big ships, for the *Texas* and *New York* were now coming up to the help of Schley. Captain Moreu therefore struck his flag, and the boats of the *Oregon* pulled alongside to take possession.

When the American boarding officer came on deck the Spaniards were beginning to get their boats out, and a marked list to starboard showed that the *Colon* was sinking. Men were sent below to try to discover where the leak was, and to close some of the water-tight doors in the bulkheads, which were found open. But nothing could save the ship; she was going down rapidly. The wounded were got into the boats first, then the rest of the officers and crew were transferred to the American fleet. The *Colon* heeled over towards the land and sank sideways, leaving her port side out of water and awash, her decks nearly vertical, the long muzzles of her quick-firers on the port side pointing skywards. It is all but certain that her water-line belt was unpierced by the American fire, and that she was sunk by one of her own engineers, who was resolved that if he could help it the *Colon* should not float after her surrender and fly the Stars and Stripes. He therefore, without orders from his captain, opened the sea cocks and let the water into the ship.

Thus in less than four hours the Spanish fleet had been utterly destroyed. The *Colon* was sunk. The three other cruisers lay burning on the rocks nearer Santiago, columns of black smoke a thousand feet high curling up from their wrecks against the green hills and the blue sky. One torpedo boat was a wreck on the shore, the other had gone to the bottom in deep water. And this success had been won with practically no loss to the blockading fleet. The total number of casualties from the fire of the Spaniards was two, one killed and one wounded, both on board the *Brooklyn*. Besides these, nine men had been more or less seriously injured by having unwittingly placed themselves in the line of concussion of their own heavy guns. The only ships actually hit were the *Iowa* and the *Brooklyn;* the former was struck several times, but no one was injured. The hits on the *Brooklyn* numbered twenty, mostly on the armour, funnels, and ventilators, the projectiles being small shells that did very little damage. The seaman killed was a signalman named Ellis, a well-educated young man who had joined the navy as a volunteer just before the war. He came from Brooklyn, and by his own desire was posted to the ship named after his native city. He was engaged in range-finding duty during the action, and was standing beside Commodore Schley and Captain Cook, who commanded the ship when he was killed. The commodore thus described the incident:—"As I stood talking with Captain Cook while we finished the *Vizcaya*, it seemed that our shots were falling a little short. I turned to Ellis, who stood near, and asked him what the range was. He replied, 'Seventeen hundred yards.' I have pretty keen eyesight, and it seldom deceives me as to distances, and I told him I thought it was slightly more than that. 'I just took it, sir, but I'll try it again,' he said, and stepped off to one side, about eight feet, to get the range. He had just raised his instrument to his eye when a shell struck him full in the face and carried away all of his head above the mouth."

As the *Colon* surrendered, there was a striking scene on board the *Texas*. Captain Phillips, her commander, called his crew on deck, and speaking in a clear, ringing voice, told them he had not called them up to join in the cheers that hailed the surrender of the last of the Spaniards, but he asked every man to take off his hat and offer silent thanks to God for the great victory, and for their own personal safety during the fight. All hats were off for a brief interval, and then the men threw them in the air, cheering their captain.

All the ships were soon crowded with Spanish prisoners, most of them more or less seriously wounded. The total number of Spaniards who surrendered was 1,600. About 150 of those who swam ashore made their way to the city of Santiago. Many others were killed on land by the Cubans. The total loss of Cervera's fleet was about 350 killed and 160 wounded, out of a total complement of some 2,300 men.

During the action the American ships had fired in all 6,500 shells. A careful examination of the Spanish wrecks was afterwards made, and all the hits counted. There were probably some others not included in this enumeration, as on the three cruisers that were burned much of the upper works had disappeared, and a good deal of the *Colon's* side that had been exposed to fire was under water. For the number of guns in action and the damage done the total of hits was surprisingly small, amounting to only about 3 per cent. of the shots fired. The 13-inch guns, of which there were eight in

action, did not make a single hit ; the 12-inch guns, of which there were six, made only two. The real work was done by the medium-calibred guns and the heavier quick-firers. It must be remembered, however, that in the chase much of the firing was at long ranges, and all of it in the midst of dense smoke clouds ; for, though the Spaniards had the new smokeless powder, the Americans were still without it. The following interesting table gives the official analysis of the hits on the Spanish cruisers :—

Size of gun.	Number of hits on each vessel.				Total number of hits by each calibre of gun.	Number of guns of each calibre in action.	Number of hits per gun.
	Teresa.	*Oquendo.*	*Vizcaya.*	*C. Colon.*			
6-pounder	17	43	13	4	77	42	1·83
1-pounder	2	...	...	...	2	13	0·15
4-inch	1	7	4	...	12	3	4·00
5-inch	3	3	7	2	15	6	2·50
6-inch	1	1	...	1	3	7	9·43
8-inch	3	3	5	1	12	18	0·67
12-inch	2	...	...	...	2	6	0·33
13-inch	...	...	...	...	...	8	...
Totals ...	29	57	29	8	123	103	...

Of individual deeds of gallantry on the American side, many might be recorded, both during the running fight and in the subsequent rescue of the defeated Spaniards. On board the *Brooklyn*, when the fight was hottest, a shell jammed in one of the quick-firers. Three men in succession volunteered to try to get it clear with the rammer, though for this purpose it was necessary to climb out over the ship's side and hang on with one hand, using the heavy rammer with the other, exposed, not only to the Spanish fire, but to the blast from the fire of the heavy guns further aft. The third of these plucky fellows got the shell out. One of the *Iowa's* crew climbed thrice into the burning *Vizcaya*, at the risk of his own life, to help out the wounded Spaniards. It would be easy to multiply such examples.

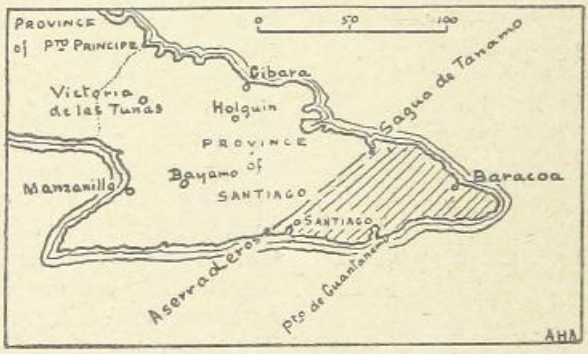
In the afternoon the fleet steamed back to Santiago and took up its blockading stations, after transferring the prisoners to the *Harvard* and others of the large auxiliary cruisers for conveyance to the United States. The morning's work had entirely changed the situation. It was felt now that the fall of Santiago could not be long delayed. The army had come there to help the fleet to destroy Cervera's squadron. The squadron had ceased to exist, but it was a point of honour to take the city, though, strictly speaking, this was no longer necessary. And, with the feeling that Santiago must soon fall, there came the growing hope that the war was near its end. And, for the Americans, there was a special satisfaction in remembering that it was the third of July, and that the great news of this second decisive naval victory, eclipsing even Dewey's exploit at Manila, would reach every city and town in the States on the national holiday, the Fourth of July.

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE PENETRATING POWER OF ONE OF THE "OREGON'S" SHELLS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FALL OF SANTIAGO.

EARLY in the morning of Sunday, July 3rd, General Shafter had telegraphed to Washington, describing the situation before Santiago as very serious, and suggesting a retirement to the hills near the coast. At half-past two the same afternoon he sent a message in to General Toral, summoning him to surrender Santiago without further delay, and threatening to bombard the city if it was not handed over to him immediately. The contrast between these two messages shows how everything had changed in a few hours. Toral showed the summons to Mr. Ramsden, and he assembled the other consuls; and, after a brief deliberation, they proceeded to the American headquarters behind San Juan hill. Generals Kent and Wheeler met the consuls, and, after telegraphing to Shafter, told them that the bombardment would be delayed for twenty-four hours. To put it familiarly, this talk of bombardment was a piece of bluff. The Americans had neither the guns nor the ammunition up at the front; and, with one muddy hill-road to bring them up by from Siboney, they could not expect them for some days to come. But the consuls could not know this. Considering that the army had been eleven days on Cuban soil, they supposed that it had brought up its artillery. And they knew that, in any case, the fleet could repeat its previous performances. So they took the threat seriously.



THE PROVINCE OF SANTIAGO.
(*The district surrendered is shaded.*)

"We explained to the generals," writes Ramsden, "what a frightful act they were about to commit, and that, while doing no harm whatever to the Spanish army, they would drive out to a barren country and starvation some 20,000 women and children, and destroy their homes. The villages of El Caney, and Cuavitas, and Dos Bocas were designated as places to which the people might go, the former being in the hands of the Americans, and the latter in those of the Cubans; but, of course, there was no food at either, and little shelter, and the country round was barren in consequence of the three years' war." Thus the mission of the consuls had little result except to prepare the way for a miserable exodus of the civil population of Santiago.

The fate of the fleet was not known in the city till the afternoon, when bands of weary fugitives, many of them wounded, came straggling in from the westward and told the terrible tale. Two small tug-boats, the *Colon* and the *Esmeralda*, had slipped out under Socapa after the destruction of the torpedo boats, and had picked up some of their crews floating on wreckage or waiting on the shore. By this time the American ships were all in chase of the cruisers, and the little steamers got safely back into harbour. For some hours it was thought that, though the torpedo boats had failed to get away, the cruisers had escaped; and for some days there was uncertainty as to the fate of the *Cristobal Colon*.

At times during the day there had been desultory firing at the trenches, chiefly on the north side of the city, where the Cubans faced the Spaniards. In the evening Colonel Escario marched into Santiago with the long-expected reinforcements from Manzanillo. He had started on June 22nd with 3,700 men, regulars and volunteers, a few mountain guns, and a

mule train laden with supplies for t e march. He had fought on the way numerous minor engagements with the Cubans, losing about a hundred men killed and wounded in action. But as he approached Santiago he met with practically no resistance. Garcia had promised

GENERAL SHAFTER.

Shafter that his men would deal with the Manzanillo column, which was supposed to be under the command of General Pando, and to be about seven or eight thousand strong. But Garcia's lieutenants, who held the lines to the north of the city, had no liking for a pitched battle, and let Escario pass through, contenting themselves with firing some long-range rifle-shots at the column.

The reinforcements enabled the weary men who had held the trenches for three days to be relieved. Otherwise Colonel Escario's arrival was of doubtful benefit to General Toral and the Spanish garrison of Santiago. The Manzanillo column brought with it hardly anything in the way of provisions. It could not have supplied its own wants for even a few days longer. And thus, whilst adding to the fighting force in the city, and making it safer against a *coup-de-main*, it diminished its power of resistance against a prolonged blockade.

On the Monday morning the exodus of the unfortunate civilian population of Santiago began. It was blowing a heavy gale, and some of the British subjects were with great difficulty transferred from the tug-boat *Esmeralda* to

H.M.S. *Pallas* and *Alert*, outside the harbour. Others went out with Consul Ramsden to El Caney, whither the people were making their way in thousands. The little town was soon overcrowded, and became the centre of a great camp or bivouac of the refugees. Days and nights of misery followed. The wretched people living in the overcrowded camp and town, without proper shelter or food, sick and well huddled together, were dying by the score. The mortality of the children was especially heavy. The Americans and the Red Cross Society furnished some supplies, but they were utterly insufficient to meet the wants of the people. It would be impossible adequately to describe the wretchedness of those days in Caney. Mr. Ramsden gives some idea of it in the detailed narrative of his diary. He was himself one of the victims, falling ill just before the people returned to Santiago after the surrender.

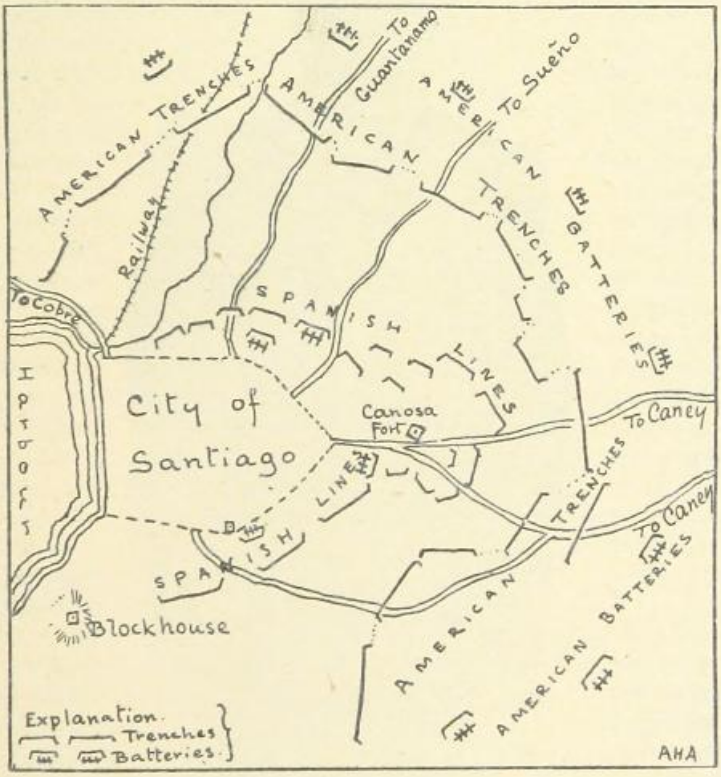
It is doubtful, too, whether anything was gained by the Americans through this threat of bombardment. The wholesale migration of the people to El Caney and the other villages made it, if anything, easier for Toral to hold out in the town. Though almost at the end of his resources, the Spanish general managed to maintain himself for nearly a fortnight after the destruction of the fleet.

On the evening of Monday, July 4th, the cruiser *Reina Mercedes*, the only Spanish warship, except a gunboat, left at Santiago, was sunk at the harbour mouth. Now that the fleet was gone, and some of the torpedoes had been removed to let the cruisers out, it was felt that it would be better to try to obstruct the entrance by sinking a large ship in the narrows. The *Mercedes* was the only vessel available for the purpose. Her guns and stores had been removed for the defence of the sea forts and the entrenchments of Santiago. Between eight and nine in the evening she weighed anchor and steamed down to the harbour mouth. Miguel Lopez, the pilot who had gone out with Cervera, was one of the men in charge of the ship on this her last voyage. At half-past eleven she was in the narrows. The blockading ships discovered her with their searchlights, and, not knowing that the state of her engines and boilers had long condemned her to inactivity, they thought that she was trying to run out, and opened a heavy fire on the narrow channel. The shore batteries replied. The *Mercedes* was hit several times by shells fired from the *Texas* and the *Massachusetts*, which this night lay just opposite the harbour mouth. But no one on board of her was hurt, and her crew sank her at the spot that had been chosen. They did not, however, succeed in obstructing the channel, for the cruiser swung round as she sank, lying lengthways in the narrows, with her upper decks awash, instead of sinking athwart the channel. Under the fire of the battleships, she had gone down quicker than was intended. During the firing the batteries on shore made one hit, sending an 8-inch shell into the officers' quarters of the *Indiana*, where it exploded, wrecking the place, but injuring no one, as all the officers were at their battle stations. Thus, although two ships, the *Merrimac* and the *Mercedes*, had been sunk with a view to blocking the entrance, the sea gate of Santiago still lay open. But Admiral Sampson did not realise this, and made no attempt to enter. The sunken cruiser had proved a very useful auxiliary in the defence. It was her guns, manned by her officers and men, that constituted the only serious element of strength in the batteries. Out of a reduced crew, the *Mercedes* had lost during the siege some thirty killed and wounded, including her commander, the gallant Acosta.

On this same evening of the Fourth the Americans cut the water mains that supplied the city, forcing the garrison to depend on a few wells and on the inferior water to be got from the streams near the suburbs. Notwithstanding the truce which had been granted to allow of the withdrawal of non-combatants, the preparations for attack and defence went on steadily on both sides. The Americans were laboriously dragging mortars and light guns up to the front from Siboney and mounting them on the ridges facing the city, so that they could fire over the heads of their own men holding the advanced trenches. The heavy siege train was still on the transports or on the beach. The Spaniards were mounting some of the quick-firers of the *Mercedes* and digging trenches and loopholing house and garden walls, and barricading the streets all along the margin of the city. Their hospitals were full of sick, the men in the working parties were half-starved, but up to the very last day of the siege they were busy with pick and spade, with their rifles ready beside them.

General Shafter realised that to storm the Spanish works would be a costly business. He knew that Toral was not to be frightened into

immediate surrender by the threat of bombardment, a threat that could not even be acted upon for some days, and he made a last effort to get Sampson to settle the question by forcing the harbour mouth. On Monday, the 4th, he had cabled to Washington: "I feel that I am master of the situation and can hold the enemy for any length of time." But holding the enemy and conquering him were two different things, and in a later telegram he made a final appeal for Sampson's help. This was his message :—



SKETCH MAP OF THE INVESTMENT OF SANTIAGO.

"Camp near San Juan river, July 4th, 1898.—If Sampson will force an entrance with all his fleet to the upper bay of Santiago, we can take the place within a few hours. Under these conditions I believe the town will surrender. If the army is to take the place I want 15,000 troops speedily, and it is not certain that they can be landed, as it is getting stormy. Sure and speedy way is through the bay. Am now in position to do my part.

"SHAFTER, Major-General."

But Admiral Sampson would not risk anything. In the United States his caution was made the subject of hostile comment. Such was the public feeling that most of the credit for the destruction of Cervera's squadron was given to Commodore Schley, who had led the chase in the *Brooklyn*.

The truce arranged by the consuls in the interest of the non-combatants had been prolonged till Saturday, the 9th, on which day it was declared that if the city did not surrender, the fleet and army would open fire upon it. The first reinforcements were arriving from the United States, and on the evening of the 6th there was a wild scene of enthusiasm in the American camps as Lieutenant Hobson and his companions arrived in the lines, released from their Santiago prison in exchange for some Spanish officers. New uniforms had been sent to them, and Hobson was mounted, his men walking beside him. As they passed through the lines bands played, men and officers cheered, flags were waved, and when they embarked at Siboney to get on board the *New York*, they were welcomed by cheers from every ship, steam whistles and sirens adding to the din.

On the 9th there was another unexpected extension of the truce. General Toral had sent out a party of officers with a white flag and a letter making the first offer of surrender. But it

must be a surrender on terms. He suggested that his army should be allowed to march out with colours flying and their arms in their hands and proceed to some other part of the island. On these conditions he would hand over Santiago at once. The truce was prolonged till four p.m. next day, Sunday, July 10th, to consider the matter. Some of the American officers were for giving Toral what he asked. It was worth while paying a good price for the immediate possession of the city, especially now that the American camps were full of sick and wounded, and the refugees at Caney had brought the yellow fever into the lines. Toral was allowed to communicate by telegraph with Havana during the truce. On the Sunday morning Shafter informed him that he could give no terms, but must demand unconditional surrender. Toral answered that this was impossible, and at four on that Sunday afternoon the truce came at last to an end, after having dragged on for a week.

GENERAL PANDO.

"At 4.20," writes Mr. Caspar Whitney, "we opened our bombardment of Santiago, as promised, but it never seemed a very determined affair, even though for two hours our artillery maintained a fairly heavy fire, to which the Spaniards replied vigorously, sending one shell at least into the trenches of the 2nd Infantry, which I was unfortunate enough to see explode and kill Captain Rowell. The musketry was sharp and continuous on both sides until dark, and then all settled to quiet."

During this brief bombardment the fleet had joined in, sending shells at intervals over the hills, the aim being taken by compass bearings and the sights fixed for a range of 8,500 yards. The result of each shot was telegraphed to the shore and signalled to the fleet. The shooting on this indirect aiming plan was very good, and the large shells wrecked several houses. But, of course, the city was a large target.

Next morning the fleet and the land batteries resumed a kind of desultory bombardment. Some of the shells from the ships went very wide. One burst among the wretched refugees in El Caney. This day the Spaniards made very little reply. It was supposed their power of resistance was nearly at an end, and towards noon General Shafter stopped the bombardment and sent in another flag of truce with a summons to Toral to surrender at discretion. For the last hour of the bombardment the guns had been firing through a blinding deluge of rain, and a tropical thunderstorm was flashing and roaring over the trenches, where the men crouched, soaked to the skin. In the two days' fighting the Americans had lost two killed and eleven wounded, the Spaniards forty-two killed or wounded.

General Toral sent no reply till eight o'clock next morning, when he answered that unconditional surrender was impossible, and would be refused at all costs and risks. Meanwhile, on the Monday afternoon, General Miles had landed at Siboney and proceeded at once to the front, riding through the storm on the forest track, where at times his horse sank to its knees in mud. He took care not to supersede General Shafter, acting rather as a kind of non-official adviser, while leaving the general the executive command. Even so there were somewhat strained relations between the two commanders. Miles ordered all the infected houses at Siboney to be burned and replaced by tents. General Randolph, of the artillery, who accompanied him, landed six fresh batteries of field artillery and took immediate steps for getting the heavy siege guns up to the front.

Several regiments of infantry volunteers had arrived, the first available being the 9th Massachusetts, 34th Michigan, 8th Ohio, 1st Illinois, and 1st District of Columbia, this last being a Washington regiment.

While thus strengthening Shafter's hands for the attack on Santiago, and at the same time making preliminary arrangements with Admiral Sampson for a land attack on the Socapa battery, which would open the way for him to enter the bay and compel the surrender of the city, General Miles recognised that it would not be good policy to drive the Spaniards to extremities. A prolongation of the siege might mean a disastrous loss of life by exposure and sickness, and the utter ruin of the few regular regiments which had done all the hard fighting, and which must be the vanguard of a force sent against Havana if the war continued. After a council of war and a reference to Washington, another message was sent in to General Toral offering that if he would surrender, his troops should be sent back to Spain. This afforded a basis for discussion, and a conference was arranged for the afternoon, when Generals Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, and Toral met under the shadow of a spreading tree on the neutral ground between the lines.

GENERAL LINARES.

At that meeting the capitulation was practically agreed upon. Certain details led to debates on the following days, and there was a difficulty in obtaining the assent of the Havana and Madrid governments. Toral told Consul Ramsden on the 15th—the eve of surrender—that if the permission did not come soon he would sign the capitulation without it and risk a court-martial. He had held a council of war, and it had been decided that further resistance was impossible. There was no food, and this was why no attempt was made to break out to the northwards and reach Holguin or Bayamo.

By the terms agreed upon, the garrison of Santiago was to march out and lay down its arms. But Toral surrendered not only the city but the district depending upon it, including all the country east of a line drawn from Aserraderos to Sagua de Tanamo, including the garrisons of Guantanamo and Baracoa and all other posts in the region thus defined. Why the surrender was thus extended is not clear. It looks as if the Spanish leaders were becoming tired of the war, and had given up the idea of a fight to the death.

The one favourable condition conceded to the Spaniards was that the troops were to be conveyed to Spain at the cost of the United States as soon as possible. This concession was not, however, such a piece of generosity as it seems at first sight. If the garrison had not thus been sent to Europe, either a large force must have been kept to guard them, and this under unhealthy conditions in Eastern Cuba, or they must have been transferred to the United States at the risk of spreading yellow fever in the country.

On Saturday, the 16th, the capitulation was signed. The news was received in the American trenches with cheer upon cheer and the singing of patriotic songs. It was just eight weeks and two days since Cervera's fleet had run in between the headlands, bringing the storm of war upon the old city and its land-locked bay. Consul Ramsden, who had closely watched events from the first, and was now dying of an illness contracted at El Caney, thus summed up his impression of the siege on the day of surrender :—

"Santiago de Cuba has made an heroic defence and the Americans have learned to admire the pluck of the Spaniards. On the first attack there were, including 1,000 men from the squadron, 3,500 men of all arms, with volunteers. Aldea had a column of 600 on the other side of the Bay, and there were about 200 more between Morro, etc., and Aguadores. From Manzanillo 3,500 men arrived after the attack and helped to replace the killed and wounded. At Caney there were 500 men. There are now here and along the railway, etc.; 10,500 men, at Guantanamo 5,000, and Baracoa and others scattered 2,000, making a total of 17,500. Santiago had no defences, but they ran up some earthworks, mounted some good-for-nothing, old-fashioned guns, and made trenches after the fleet began to blockade and the United States army to besiege them. The Spanish soldiers are half-starved, have very little ammunition left, and are sick. Linares would have surrendered the place a week ago had he been in command, but Toral has been delaying, etc., while Blanco and Madrid were against it."

On the Sunday the city was handed over to the victors. General Miles had re-embarked. He was on his way to Tampa to take command of an expedition to Puerto Rico. General Shafter was therefore the chief figure on the American side. He acted with chivalrous courtesy to General Toral and the Spanish officers, and the measures he took for securing order in the city were most excellent.

Early in the day, escorted by two mounted companies of regular cavalry, and followed by the 9th Infantry, who were to garrison the town, Shafter rode towards Santiago, accompanied by his staff and the generals commanding brigades and divisions. Outside the town he was met by General Toral and the Spanish staff. As they approached, Shafter saluted, and riding up to Toral, told him that before the surrender took place he wished to present him with the sword and spurs of his gallant comrade, General Vara de Rey, who had fallen so bravely in the heroic defence of El Caney. General Toral, evidently deeply moved, expressed his warm thanks for this act of courtesy. He then formally declared that he handed over Santiago, with the other towns and garrisons of the district, to General Shafter, and he was about to unbuckle his sword-belt, when Shafter told him that he must keep his sword. Neither he nor any of his officers would be asked to surrender their weapons. The American general then expressed the admiration of himself and his colleagues for the gallantry with which the city had been defended.

Then came the second part of the surrender. A battalion of Spanish regulars advanced, with colours flying and its band playing. The men looked worn and haggard, but they stepped out smartly to the stirring march, shouldering arms as they passed the generals, and receiving a salute from the American troops. They then passed the spot where the staffs were halted and piled arms, and countermarched, returning towards the city without their weapons. The arms of the other corps were taken over later in the day, without any formal ceremony.

The generals then marched into the city, Toral riding beside Shafter, conversing with him, and their staffs mingled together, looking more like friends and comrades than victors and vanquished. "One might have thought it was the meeting of old friends," wrote a correspondent who was present. The American officers looked with keen curiosity at the defences they would have had to storm if the siege had been prolonged. To quote the same correspondent: "We had no advanced guard, though the way into the city was lined with Spanish soldiers still armed. But confidence was placed in them, and that confidence was not broken. Between the lines, and especially as we neared the city, the condition was terrible. All along the road were carcasses of horses, most of which still had the saddle, bridle, and, in many cases, saddle-bags full of effects on the dead animals. This state of things showed the hasty retreat under a terrific fire the enemy experienced during the three days' battle. Shallow graves along the road had been scratched open by vultures, and the odour was horrible in the extreme. The first barricade we encountered was the cleverly conceived barbed-wire entanglement that did not close the road, but compelled anyone entering to zigzag back and forth, so that entrance under fire would be next to impossible. Then came barricades of sand-filled barrels covering trenches, side streets blocked with paving stones, leaving loopholes. The thick-walled houses were also loopholed, and would have made excellent fortifications. To have attempted to have taken the city by infantry assault would have meant the loss of thousands of our men."

As the cavalcade passed through the city to the Plaza, the streets were lined with thousands of Spanish soldiers, some standing in groups, others drawn up under arms. Many of the

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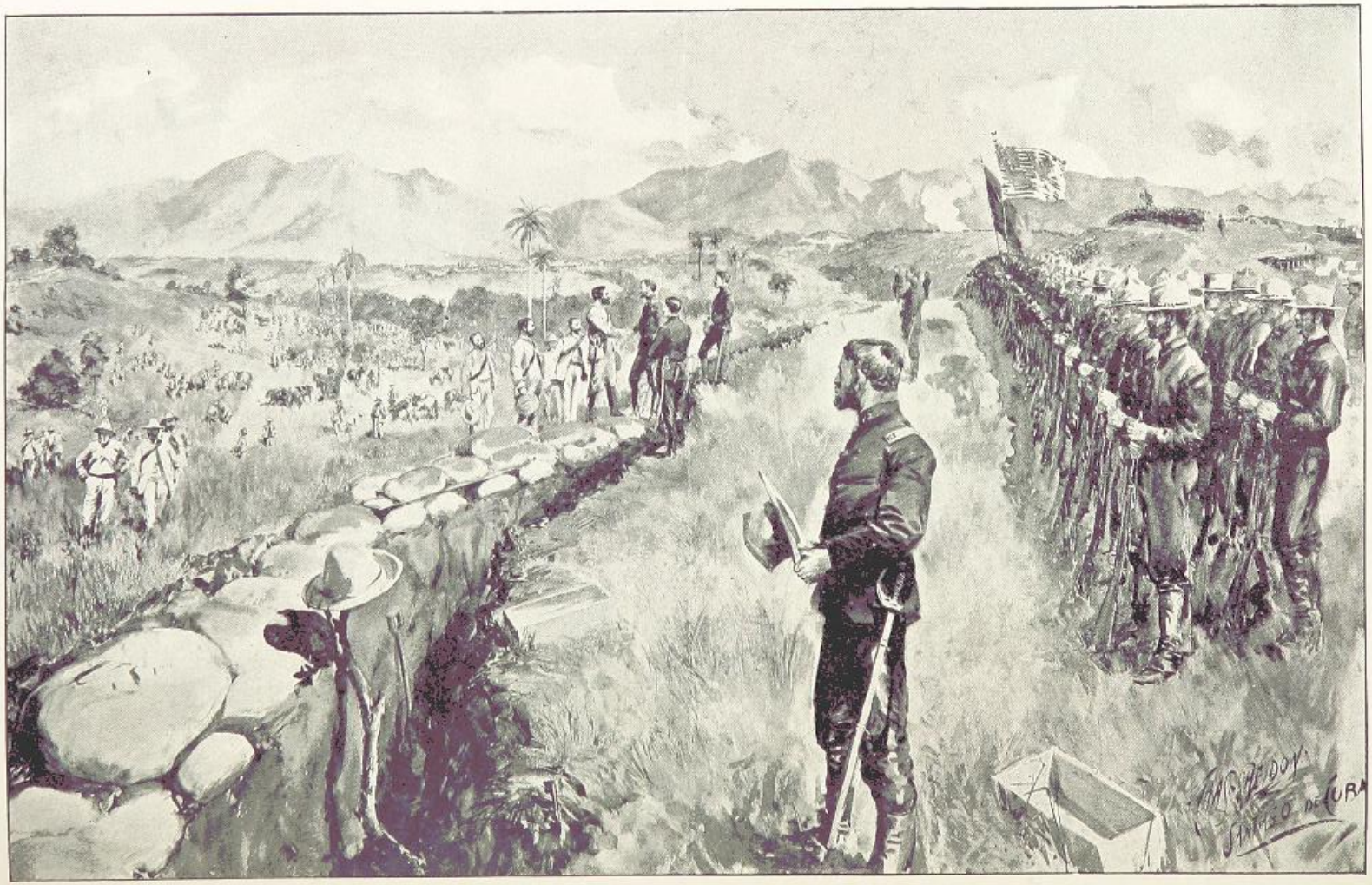


THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.

companies presented arms to the generals, and the officers exchanged friendly salutes. In front of the palace the officers dismounted and entered the building, where they were received by the governor of the city.

In the palace a kind of reception was held, General Toral introducing the notables of the place to the American commander. Among them was the archbishop, who expressed a hope that peace would be soon concluded between the two countries, on terms as honourable as those which had secured the surrender of the city. General Shafter announced that the local Spanish officials would for the present retain their functions, and that the regiment of the *guardia civile* would keep its arms, and assist in maintaining order in Santiago. The Cubans, who had expected a day of personal triumph over the Spaniards, were intensely disappointed, and still more exasperated at finding that their flag was not to be hoisted on the palace, but that the Stars and Stripes were to fly alone.

A few minutes before twelve the officers went out into the Plaza, where the American cavalry and infantry stood to "attention," a crowd of civilians and Spanish soldiers looking on, and every window being full of interested spectators. On the palace roof Captain McKittrick, of the staff, stood with the halyards in his hand ready to hoist the flag. As the clock struck, the Americans uncovered, the troops presented arms, the band struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the national flag ran up the flagstaff and flew out brightly in the sun. From the trenches came the boom of saluting cannon, and the regiments that watched for the flag from the old battle front cheered again and again, almost drowning the music of their bands.

"Not so in Santiago," writes Mr. Archibald, the correspondent who has been already quoted. "We did not cheer. We did not feel like it; for victory has almost the sadness that I might imagine defeat would have. And when the band followed with 'Stars and Stripes for Ever,' there was a feeling of sadness, for all about us were pinched, wan faces of the hungry citizens, and the sorrowful faces of the defeated officers, who covered heavy hearts with gracious manner to their foe. There could not be too much said in praise of the manner in which the enemy's officers treated us on the very day on which our flag replaced theirs. And no one would knowingly criticise the action of continuing the Spanish officials in power, or keeping the *guardia civile* on duty in the city. They were ready to do all in their power to make our day perfect; and yet I saw many a strong, brave Spaniard brush away a tear as their banner gave way to ours. The scene was intense in the extreme. Yet no one felt like exulting."

So ended the siege of Santiago. To what extremity the garrison had been reduced was proved by General Toral having to ask General Shafter if it was possible to send in some food for his men, who were almost starving. Of course, the request was at once granted, and something was also done to help the starving citizens, although even in the American lines supplies were running short. It was a strange ending to the fierce struggle, Spaniard and American clasping hands under the shadow of the conqueror's flag, while the Cuban rebels looked on in angry disappointment that the long-wished-for day of vengeance had been taken from them.

With the city the Spanish authorities handed over two or three merchant steamers and a small gunboat. This last hoisted the American flag, and was at once attached to the fleet as a despatch boat. Working parties under Lieutenant Hobson were engaged in clearing away the obstructions of the harbour mouth, but, contrary to general expectation, Admiral Sampson did not take his fleet in. Only some of the smaller vessels actually entered the harbour. The bigger ships went away to coal at Guantanamo. The Spanish garrison then laid down their arms without the least demur on learning that they had been included by General Toral in the capitulation of Santiago, and a couple of gunboats, or large armed launches that had taken refuge in the inner bay, were also handed over to the Americans.

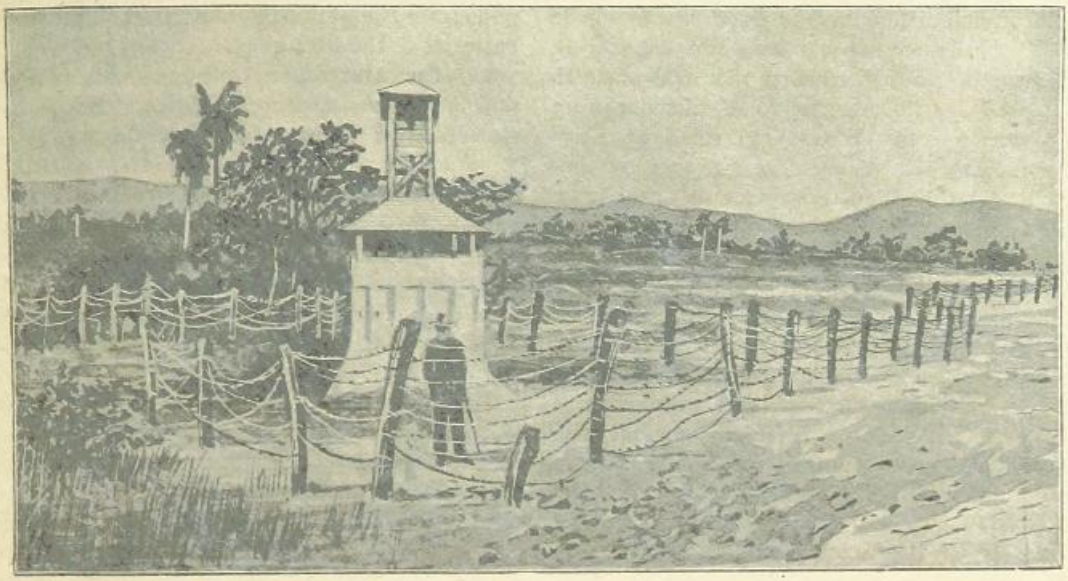
An examination of the batteries at Santiago revealed the fact that very little harm of any importance had been done by the long series of bombardments on the part of the fleet. The results of the fire of the *Vesuvius* were especially disappointing. In the city it was found that about a hundred houses were damaged by the long-ranging fire of the fleet.

The inhabitants had suffered terribly. Few had been injured by the earlier bombardments, and during the last attack most of the civilian population had fled to the adjoining villages. It was this exodus that led to the greatest loss of life. Enfeebled by want of food, and already attacked by sickness, the unfortunate townsfolk

were in no condition to resist the unhealthy and enfeebling influences to which they were now exposed. Unsheltered from the weather, or huddled together in the small houses, drinking foul water and eating scanty food, no wonder they died by hundreds.

The Spanish garrison, too, had suffered more loss by want and sickness than from the fire of the besiegers. When the Americans entered the city the hospitals were full, and every regiment had a heavy death roll. Most of the Spanish volunteers, after behaving steadily in the early days of the siege, had abandoned all share in the defence as soon as they saw that victory was hopeless. Some disappeared in the civil population; others deserted and joined Garcia's Cuban irregulars. As for the Spanish regulars who had survived the siege, they openly fraternised with the victors. Most of the American soldiers were forbidden to go into Santiago, but the Spaniards would come up to the line of the trenches, give them bottles of wine in exchange for biscuits or tobacco, and heartily shake hands with their late foes. Before they embarked to Spain many of them addressed letters to General Shafter, thanking him for the kind treatment they had received after the capitulation, and expressing their admiration for the way in which the American soldiers had acted, both as brave foes in fight and as generous friends when battle was done.

U.S. TROOPS THROWING UP A HASTY ENTRENCHMENT.



A BARBED WIRE STOCKADE AND BLOCKHOUSE BEFORE SANTIAGO.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE fall of Santiago brought the end of the great struggle clearly into sight. It was true that Havana and Marshal Blanco's army, and the defences of Havana, were still intact, and the Spanish flag still flew over Manila. But neither the people nor the Government of Spain had any longer heart for continuing the strife. It was felt that enough had been done for honour. Each day saw the desire for peace growing stronger. The war might have been prolonged. But all illusions had vanished as to any other power taking up Spain's quarrel with the United States, and a fight to the death would have meant the multiplication of useless sacrifices. But three or four weeks more went by before the actual stoppage of the conflict was accomplished by the good offices of French diplomacy.

Having told so fully the story of the fight for Santiago, we may pass more lightly over the contemporary occurrences in other parts of the theatre of war and the events of its last few weeks.

During the operations against Santiago there were a number of minor naval engagements at various points on the Cuban coast and a fight off Puerto Rico, in which the *Terror*, the third of Cervera's destroyer squadron, was permanently crippled and made useless for the rest of the war. The *Terror* had been left behind at Martinique, to effect some repairs to her engines, when the Cape de Verde fleet sailed for Curaçoa and Santiago. She succeeded in reaching the harbour of San Juan in Puerto Rico. On June 22nd the auxiliary cruiser *St. Paul*, commanded by Captain Sigsbee, of the *Maine*, was lying off San Juan, watching the port. If the *Terror* had slipped out under the cover of night, she might, perhaps, have succeeded in sending one of her torpedoes into the big liner. But, for some unaccountable reason, the Spanish commander attempted a torpedo attack in broad daylight. The *St. Paul* turned a whole broadside of quick-firers and machine guns on the unfortunate torpedo boat. A heavy shell burst among her boiler tubes. Several of her crew were killed and wounded; and then the *Terror* turned and struggled back into the harbour, in a sinking condition. The wonder is, not that she failed in her attack, but that she was not sent to the bottom of the Atlantic. This was the fifth Spanish torpedo boat uselessly sacrificed in daylight attacks—two at Manila, two outside Santiago, and the *Terror* at San Juan.

On the 29th of the same month two of the auxiliary cruisers engaged in the Cuban blockade shelled and drove back into the interior a squadron of Spanish cavalry that was seen to be patrolling the coast at some distance from Havana. On the 30th three small auxiliary cruisers attacked Manzanillo. It was not believed that the Spaniards had any naval force in the port, except, perhaps, one of the small gunboats or large steam launches that they had used for patrolling along the coast in the days of the filibustering expeditions before the war. But when the Americans steamed in, they had to face the fire of five gunboats, an old hulk fitted as a floating battery, and two batteries on the shore. After a brief engagement, the attack had to be abandoned, one of the cruisers being so badly hit that she had to be towed out of action.

On July 5th the Spanish armed liner *Alfonso XII.* was sighted by the blockading squadron off Havana, about eight miles from the entrance to the harbour. Three ships gave chase to her, and she headed to the westward, making for Port Mariel, where she hoped to find shelter under the protection of the harbour batteries. She very nearly escaped. But just outside the port she ran aground, and the pursuers closed in upon her and poured such a shower of shells into her that she was soon ablaze. A force of infantry and artillery came out from Mariel and succeeded in rescuing her crew and saving a small portion of her cargo of military stores.

A week later another Spanish liner, the *San Domingo*, was chased by an American cruiser to the south of the Isle of Pines. She was trying to reach Batabano, the little port on the south coast by which supplies were so often sent into Havana. The liner was driven ashore near the south-east point of the island and destroyed. In the same week two or three small craft, flying British colours, but laden with supplies for the Spaniards, were picked up by the blockading squadron on the south side of Cuba. An attempt to land a small Cuban force with ammunition for the insurgents in the Santa Clara province was repulsed by the Spaniards at Tayabacoa on July 12th.

On the 15th the American cruiser *Annapolis* shelled the batteries at Baracoa. On the 18th the American gunboats and auxiliary cruisers again attacked Manzanillo. Their shells set fire to four of the vessels in the harbour; and they then retired, without attempting to silence the land defences. The Spaniards succeeded in getting the fires extinguished, and landed the guns from the gunboats to strengthen the shore batteries of the little port.

On the 21st four American warships—the cruisers *Topeka*, *Annapolis*, *Leyden* and *Wasp*—steamed into the bay of Nipe, on the north coast of Cuba, near the eastern end of the island. The town was defended by three land batteries and the Spanish gunboat *Jorge Juan*. The *Jorge Juan* engaged the *Topeka*, but was riddled with shells and sunk in twenty minutes after the first shot. The three other ships silenced the batteries, and the Spanish garrison abandoned the town.

Meanwhile Guantanamo and Caimamera had surrendered, a garrison of 6,000 men, included in the Santiago capitulation, laying down their arms. The American Government had invited tenders for the transport of the Spanish garrisons across the Atlantic. Curiously enough, the tender accepted came from the agents of the Spanish Transatlantic Navigation Company, the same that owned the *Alfonso XII.*, the *Villa de Cadiz*, and several other liners that had been armed as auxiliary cruisers by the Spanish Government during the war. It was a strange situation. The United States Government was paying the company, composed of men who were officially and legally its enemies, for carrying back Spanish soldiers to Spain in Spanish ships, out of some of which the guns and other war material had to be taken to convert back again from war cruisers into peaceful liners.

A more serious question was that of the return to the States of the troops who had captured Santiago. General Shafter's army, largely composed of regular regiments, would, if the war continued, have to be employed in the invasion of the Havana province in the coming autumn. If it were left camped in the east of Cuba for the rest of the rainy season, the only possible result would be its complete destruction. Already it was in a pitiful condition. Yellow fever, happily in a mild form, was rife in the camps. And no proper provision had been made for dealing with the epidemic. The soundest policy would have been to move the troops at once into healthy isolated camps on the American seaboard, leaving the black battalions and the recently instituted corps of "immunes" (men who had had the fever in the south and were proof against a second attack) to garrison Santiago. But the Government hesitated and wasted time while the evil increased from day to day.

A report from Dr. Nicholas Senn, the chief

surgeon attached to the army, dated from Siboney on July 17th, shows how serious the situation was on the very morrow of Toral's surrender, and how difficult it would have been to prolong the siege. The report is a strong indictment of the mismanagement which produced such a state of things.

"In the present war with Spain," wrote Dr. Senn, "everyone knew that our army would be exposed to an unusual extent to disease and the debilitating effect of the tropical climate of Cuba. The invasion of the province of Santiago meant certain exposure to yellow fever infection. The commanding general must have been aware of this. It is said the seafaring men along the coast of Cuba dread Santiago more than any other port. Yellow fever reigns there more or less throughout the entire year. . . . I was more than astonished, when I arrived at Siboney on July 7th, to find that thousands of refugees from infected districts were permitted to enter the camps unmolested and to mingle freely with the soldiers. Houses and huts in which yellow fever had raged were visited freely, and the dangerous germs of the disease were inhaled as a matter of course. The results of such intimate association of our troops with the natives could be readily foreseen. It required only the usual time for the disease to make its appearance, and when it did so it was not in a single place, but all along the line from our entrenchments to Siboney.

"Our isolation hospital was established a mile and a half from Siboney, and in less than three days it contained more than a hundred yellow fever patients, among them General Duffield of Michigan. During my first visit to the front I found two hundred fever patients near the 1st Division hospital, most of them under shelter-tents, others lying on the moist ground with nothing but a wet blanket to protect them.

"The appearance of yellow fever cases in such a short time, in such large numbers, and originating in so many different localities simultaneously, proved a source of surprise and alarm to the medical officers. They realised the danger, and the necessity for the employment of the most energetic measures; but this could not be done without a hearty co-operation on the part of the general in command. Major Lagarde applied to General Shafter for a company of infantry to aid him in fighting the disease. His request was promptly denied, upon the pretext that all the troops available were needed more at the front than in the rear. This action left the Major powerless in checking the extension of the disease. Fortunately, General Miles arrived in the nick of time, and with him Colonel Greenleaf, chief surgeon of the army in the field. Colonel Greenleaf made the same request of General Shafter for troops to aid him, but it was ignored as peremptorily as that of Major Lagarde. He now turned to General Miles, who placed at his disposal a whole regiment of coloured troops. The work of sanitation was then taken earnestly in hand.

"At present there are about 800 cases of yellow fever here. Fortunately the disease is of a mild type, the number of deaths being few."

Sickness increased rapidly during the inaction that followed the fall of Santiago. Typhoid and dysentery added to the ravages of yellow fever. The hospital arrangements had hopelessly broken down, and the sick men lay in hundreds on the wet ground, their clothes and blankets soaked with rain, without a change of clothing, without shelter, without proper food. One of the doctors sent by the Red Cross Society wrote how as he passed through the fever-stricken camps, in the first days of August, he heard on all sides from the soldiers appeals like this: "Do you know the President or the Secretary for War? Won't you tell him for God's sake to take us away from here? We are worn out, broken down, and we never can get well till we get a breath of other air." These were the touching entreaties of the brave men who had so recklessly faced the enemy's fire at Caney and San Juan.

Colonel Roosevelt addressed a strong letter of remonstrance to the general, urging that if the Government only knew how serious matters were, they would not delay. The transports that ought to have been moving the troops to the Atlantic coast were waiting idly to take unnecessary reinforcements to the Puerto Rico expedition. Meanwhile the men were dying in the camps round Santiago. "This," wrote Roosevelt, "is not only terrible from the standpoint of the individual lives lost, but it means ruin from the standpoint of the military efficiency of the flower of the American army, for the great bulk of the regulars are here. The sick list, large though it is, exceeding 4,000, affords but a faint idea of the debilitation of the army. Not 10 per cent. are fit for active work." Then came a still stronger remonstrance, signed by six of the generals, including Kent and Chaffee. "This army must be moved at once or perish," were the words in which they summed up the terrible urgency of the situation. At last the

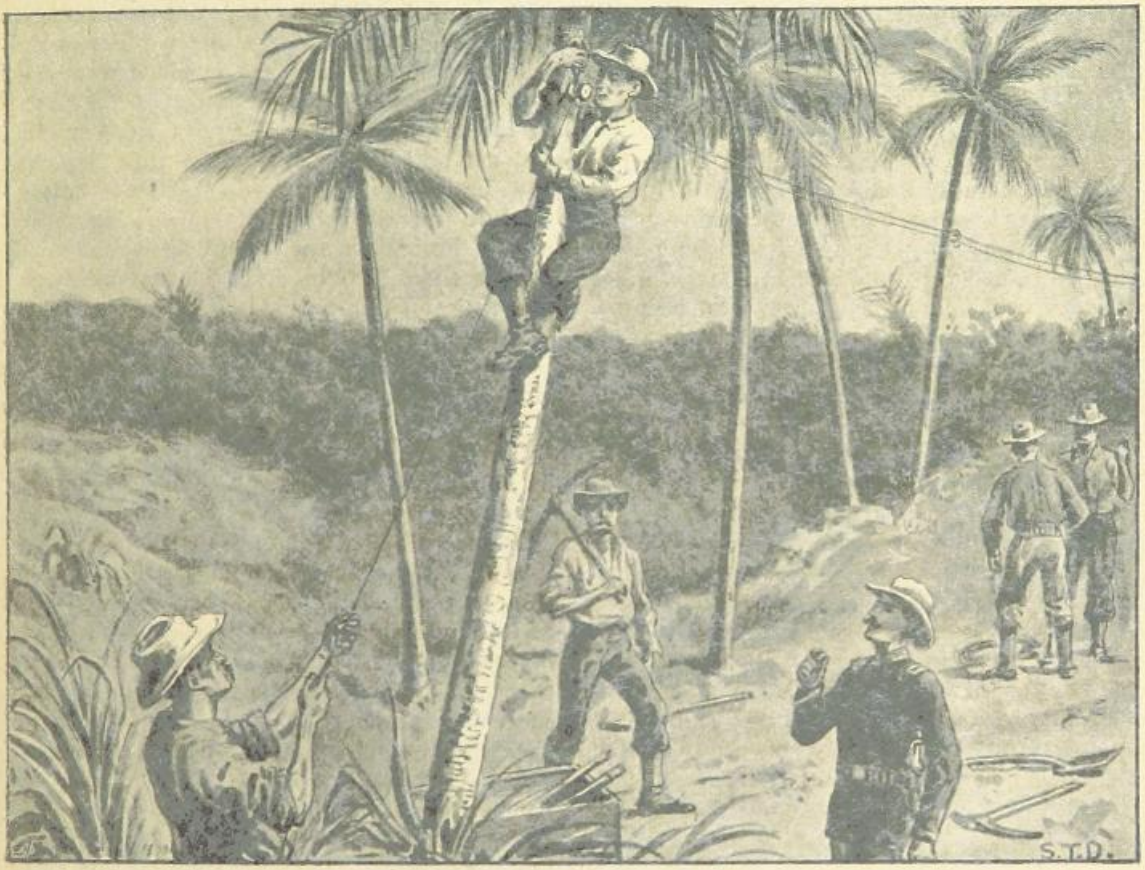
transports appeared. But even then there was blundering that cost many lives. The ships were badly fitted, ill provided for the conveyance of sick men. The victors of Santiago returned to the camps arranged for them at Montuak Point and elsewhere on the Atlantic seaboard after having lost more heavily by official mismanagement than by the enemy's fire. Even a worse scandal was the state of some of the camps of instruction. Typhoid fever had broken out in them, and regiments that had never been moved out of their own country had a long list of dead.

General Garcia, indignant at the exclusion of himself and his troops from the occupation of Santiago, had left the American headquarters immediately after the surrender, and had marched his army away into the interior of the Santiago province. He was carrying on a desultory warfare against General Pando and the Spanish troops in the neighbourhood of Holguin, and uttering vague threats of a general uprising against the American "liberators" of Cuba, in case the independence of the island was not granted as soon as the war was over.

GENERAL WHEELER.

The blockade of Western Cuba had become much more effective since the destruction of Cervera's squadron, and the fall of Santiago had released so many of the American ships from the work of blockading the ports of the eastern end of the island. The supplies that used to be landed at Batabano and brought in by railway

were nearly all cut off. Prices of food were rising rapidly in the island capital, and the people were beginning to feel the pinch of suffering. In Matanzas the misery was even greater; for in Havana itself the presence of Blanco's army had led the authorities to make special efforts to victual the city. The state of affairs in the Havana province may be judged from a letter published in the *Westminster*



STRINGING TELEGRAPH WIRES ON PALM TREES IN CUBA DURING THE WAR.

Gazette, and written from Matanzas just after the war, when relief was beginning to come in. It is a terrible picture of those horrors of war of which nothing is heard if the narrative of a campaign deals only with the scenes of the battlefield. And it must be noted that the writer belonged to the wealthier class of citizens. The poor must have suffered even more. Here is the letter:—

"We would have all died of starvation had the blockade lasted longer. It is calculated that more than half the population in this province have died or are missing. It is one thing to talk about our destitution, and quite another to have seen and experienced it. As the town was left completely bare of provisions, we have been feeding on herbs, horse, dog and cat, and that at a very high price. Tasajo, bacalao, rice, bacon, beans, or bread were not to be had at any price; and those who had any concealed it, so much were the houses searched by the military authorities. Even doors, fences, and planks from the wooden houses were torn down and taken by force to serve as fuel to cook for the troops. I have never heard anything like it before. Such immoralised people the Spaniards are when they are in any way in a fix. If it had not been for the bad fix they were in as regards obtaining food, they would have resisted longer. I would have fared very badly during the blockade, and would probably have been one of its victims, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. D'Acosta, the British Consul, who, seeing my misery, favoured me once and awhile with cash and provisions, which the

American Government had sent for the starving people. The provisions I got very little of, as the Spaniards confiscated them and took them to their barracks, saying that, as they were American property, they were contraband of war. Mr. D'Acosta was more free with cash, but I preferred food, as there was no proper food to buy. But I had to do what all had to do—buy beef, herbs, etc., etc.—whatever it was, and not question anything—horse, dog, or cat. C—— has stood the blockade well, as she goes to the hospital, and, without anyone inviting her, takes the tub and commences to wash and assist the sick just for a bite of food ; otherwise she also would have been a victim to starvation. In Havana they have one thing which we have not got here—viz. a cooking depôt (*cocina economico*) kept up by the municipality, where poor or rich can get a breakfast or dinner for five cents, and very good food at that, according to what people from Havana say. But Matanzas is too poor and too mean to have such a beneficial institution. Washerwomen and cooks were the only ones who could scrape a living during the blockade."

If the writer's estimate of the mortality be true, it would seem that the blockade resulted in the loss of at least as many Cuban lives as were ever set to the account of General Weyler's "reconcentration decree." And, notwithstanding the testimony of the correspondent just quoted, it is doubtful whether the miseries inflicted, not only on the Spanish garrison, but also on the friendly civil population of Cuba, did much to hasten the surrender of Spain. Even though there was scarcity in Havana itself, Marshal Blanco had done what every commander of a fortress in war must do, and had secured sufficient supplies to keep the troops under his orders tolerably well provided. It is clear that if Admiral Cervera's fleet had not shut itself up in Santiago, a city which was not a fortress and was not prepared to stand a siege, the war would have been prolonged till the autumn, and it would have been necessary to concentrate the American navy and land a large army for the reduction of the island capital. It was not the blockade but the destruction of Cervera's squadron that brought the war to an end. This being so, it is difficult to see why the Cabinet at Washington did not realise at a much earlier stage of the struggle that the true objective of their own navy was the Spanish fleet. Had this been recognised, Admiral Sampson would not have wasted weeks in patrolling the north coast of Cuba and expended valuable supplies of ammunition in useless and ineffective bombardments. He would have at once united his powerful array of battleships with Commodore Schley's squadron of swift cruisers. These cruisers might have rendezvoused in a neutral harbour in the Windward Islands on the eve of the declaration of war and made an immediate start for the Cape de Verde Islands as the vanguard of the fleet. Cervera, even if he had been ready to put to sea at once (and he was anything but ready), would not have been able to elude them. He would have been blockaded at St. Vincent or destroyed in a battle in the Atlantic. The seizure of the Canaries and a blockade of Cadiz would then have at once brought home to Spain itself that hostile pressure that would have enforced an early peace. Meanwhile friendly Cubans would not have been starved to death in the vain hope that their sufferings would in some way influence Marshal Blanco to surrender Havana.

Perhaps the reasons why this apparently obvious course was not adopted were that in the first place there was a false impression in the United States as to the actual condition of affairs in Cuba itself. Considering the means of obtaining information which the Government at Washington possessed, this false impression should not have existed, at least in official circles. But it did. The Cuban sympathisers, and their advocates in the "yellow press" and in the war party in Congress, had persuaded themselves and the public that the Cuban insurgents had almost conquered the island, that the Spanish garrison was reduced to extremities, and that little more than the appearance of Sampson's fleet on the Cuban coasts would end the conflict. We have seen how Senator Gallinger, fresh from a tour in Cuba, had predicted that if war came it would not last a fortnight ; how Mr. Pulitzer, of the *New York Journal*, the chief organ of the "yellow press," proved to his own satisfaction that a bombardment of Havana and San Juan in Puerto Rico would finish the conflict in a few days, so that "it would hardly be war, but it would be magnificent" ; how regular officers in high command joined their voices to these misleading prophecies of journalists and senators, General Merritt declaring that he was willing to undertake the immediate conquest of Cuba with 30,000 men, and General Shafter saying he could turn the Spaniards out with only 5,000, not foreseeing that before three months were out he would have failed at the

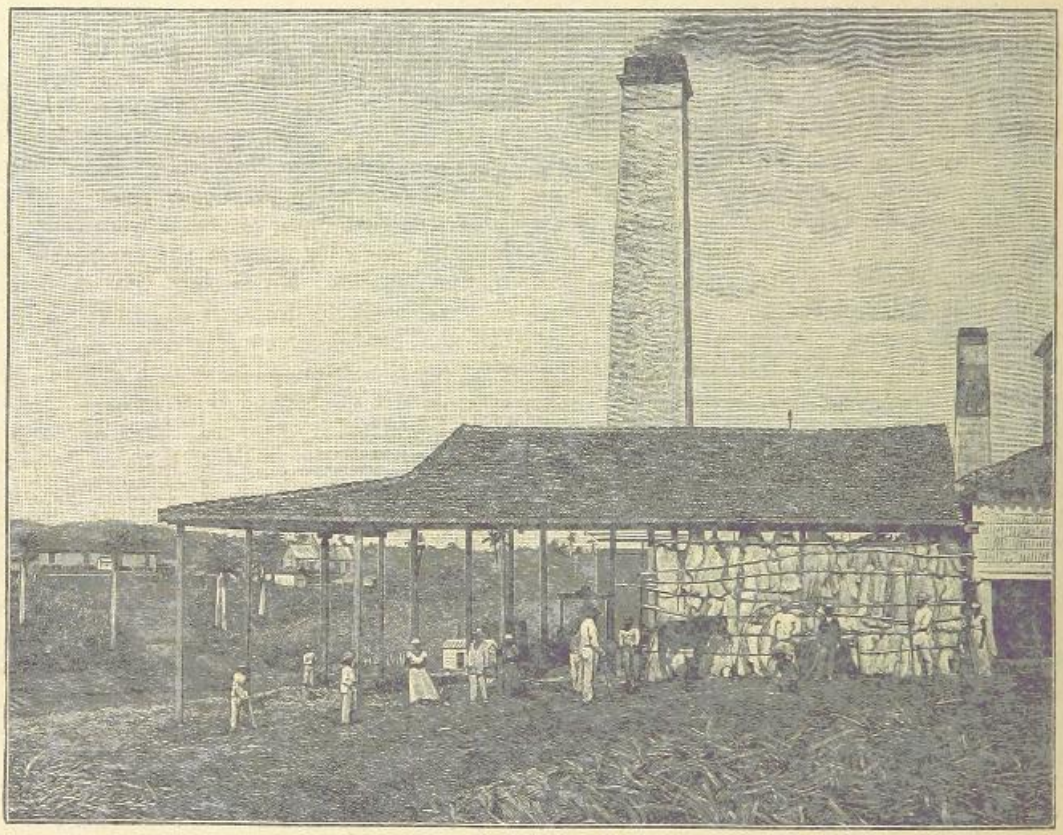
head of 15,000 to take one starving city, and would be cabling for reinforcements. This inexplicable ignorance of the helplessness of the insurgents and of the solid strength of Spain in Cuba led to the naval demonstrations in which the first precious weeks of the war were wasted.

And there was another reason for the misdirection of the naval campaign, which in another way was equally discreditable to the Intelligence Department at Washington. There was a strange ignorance in official quarters as to the actual condition of the Spanish navy. It was not even known till after the naval battle off Santiago that the *Cristobal Colon*, lying at St. Vincent, had not one of her heavy guns on board. Ships that were unfinished in Spanish dockyards were supposed to be ready to reinforce the Cape de Verde squadron at a day's notice. There was a kind of semi-panic in the many great cities of the States on or near the Atlantic seaboard, and the accepted theory was that Cervera might attempt a bombardment even of New York itself. It was not realised—as it should have been realised—that even if the Spanish admiral succeeded in silencing the batteries and passing the mine fields of some Atlantic city, he could only do serious damage by emptying his magazines, and that when the day was done he would find himself in hostile waters, short of ammunition and coal, and at the mercy of the American Atlantic fleet. The very reasons that made the American Government forbid Sampson to engage the batteries of Havana lest some of his ships should be so injured as to be unfit for some time to appear in the fighting line ought to have convinced them that Cervera could not run similar risks without incurring still greater dangers. Those who had clamoured most loudly for war were now afraid of its being brought to their own doors, and so Schley's cruisers were kept at Hampton Roads to act as a coastguard, and Sampson's battleships were held within call in West Indian waters. So the American navy waited for the Spanish squadron instead of going in search of it; and at a moment when what was needed to force the Spanish Government to sue for peace, or collapse under a revolution, was a menace to Spain itself, the people of the Spanish peninsula were left to feel only indirectly, and at a distance, the effects of the war.

In one sense the outbreak of hostilities with the United States had actually brought relief to the people of Spain. For three years, month after month, they had seen the transports leaving their shores, conveying across the Atlantic thousands of their sons to reinforce the army of Cuba. They knew that these young men, often mere boys, were being drafted away to fill the ranks of garrisons that were wasted not so much by war as by the pestilential climate of the far-off colony. From the War Ministry in Madrid, after each mail from Havana, there went a heavy post of official letters that sent to hundreds of homes the news of more deaths in Cuba. So heavy was this unceasing toll of young lives that elder men of the reserves were at last called out from farm and mine and shop, to bring up the home battalions to something like their nominal strength. Once war was declared, this fearful drain on the Spanish population practically came to an end. It is true that more reservists were called out, but they were for duty in the coast cities, and in the Canaries. No attempt was made after the first week to despatch any more troops to Cuba. The reinforcements destined at a later date for the Philippines were a mere handful, and did not go beyond Suez. No further war taxes were levied than had been collected for two years, for the limit of taxation had been reached, and the Bank of Spain found a sum of money, with the help of speculative French financiers, to reinforce the help given to the treasury by the national subscription. Thus the war, far from bringing fresh hardships on the home population, mitigated to some extent those from which it had suffered so long, that they were accepted as normal conditions of life. An American lawyer, who knew Madrid well, and visited it during the summer of 1898, writes in his record of his stay in the Spanish capital at the very time when Santiago de Cuba was besieged by sea and land: "I could not perceive any difference in the appearance of the people of Madrid or of the place, owing to the war, except, perhaps, in the increased interest in the newspapers." By the way, it may be noted that, though known to be an American, he was everywhere received with kindly courtesy.

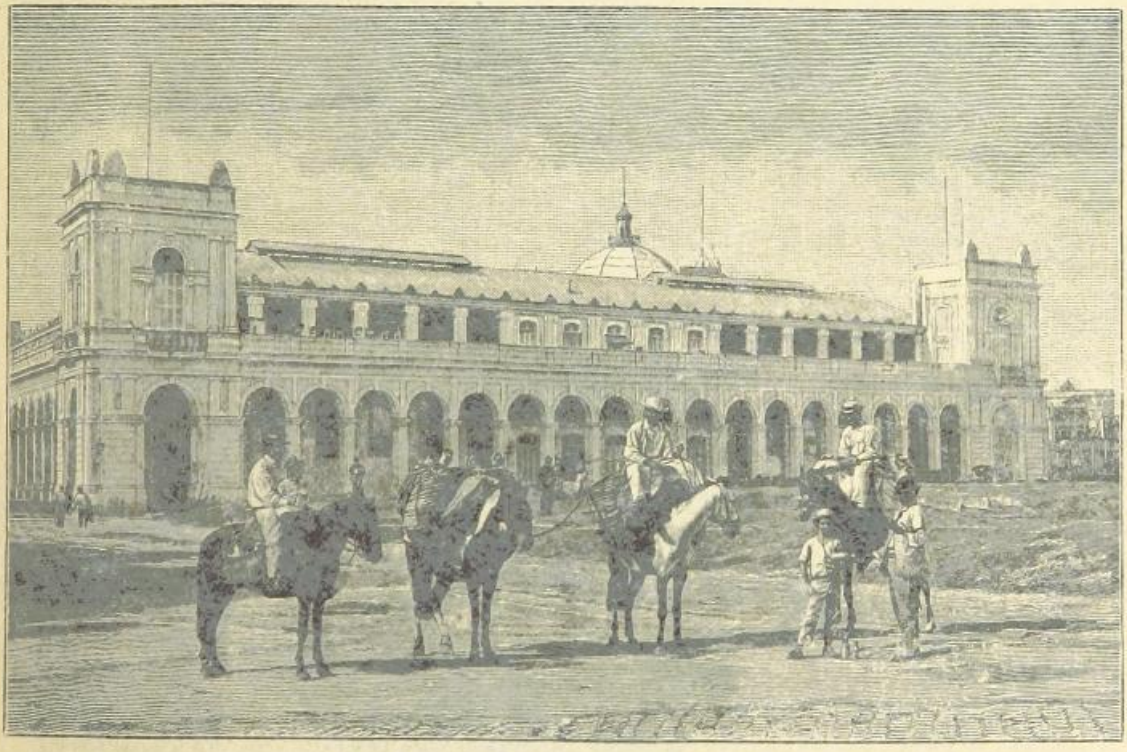
It was the threat to despatch Commodore Watson's squadron to European waters that first brought home to men in Spain the feeling that they might be directly affected by what till then was for them only a new phase of a tedious colonial war. The government found itself face to face with a possible revolution. The merchants and manufacturers of Barcelona declared

that rather than expose their city to bombardment they would proclaim Catalonia an independent republic under the protection of France. The possibility of such developments hastened the surrender of the Madrid Government. The blockade of Western Cuba had not affected its policy for a moment. What it had accomplished was to complete the temporary ruin of the island. Happily Cuba has a rich soil, and its hot, moist climate, deadly as it is to the newly-arrived white man, makes it with little labour a perfect garden of tropical products. Contrary to the general impression in this country, tobacco is not the chief article of Cuban production. For years the sugar crop has exceeded it in value, and the land devoted to sugar growing and the capital sunk in the industry far exceeded that of the tobacco growers. Both industries were temporarily destroyed by the insurrection, the reconcentration, and the blockade. The only sugar factories and estates that had been kept going during the rising were a few large establishments, which their proprietors literally fortified and garrisoned against the rebels. For, as has been already stated, the insurgents largely adopted the ruinous policy of wasting the fields and burning the factories and buildings in order to force the workers to abandon their peaceful occupations and swell the ranks of the insurrection. Their devastating path is still marked in the richest districts of the island with the ruins of farmsteads and villages. Trade, largely in the hands of neutral nations and seriously diminished in amount, continued with the Cuban ports during the rising, but the blockade put an end to it, the loss falling not on the Spaniards but on the Cubans and their customers in Europe and America. The cost to Cuba of the insurrection, the war, and the expulsion of the Spaniards, reckoned in lives and in dollars, will never be known. It was certainly enormous, and, sentimental reasons apart, it is difficult to see that the islanders themselves are the gainers. They have changed masters. They will find the new rulers of their land, doubtless, more progressive, but it is not at all certain that the Cuban will like them any the better for this quality. Certainly the negroes and half-breeds



A TOBACCO PLANTATION NEAR HAVANA.

of the island will not profit much by being governed on the methods that prevail in certain southern states of the American Union. Yet considering the conduct of the insurgent leaders, their methods of warfare, their incapacity to restrain their followers from acts of the most hideous cruelty, it would have been a misfortune to the world if the Government of the United States had listened to the clamour of those who endeavoured to pledge the country to the establishment of an independent Cuba. It would have become in a few years another San Domingo.



THE FRUIT MARKET, HAVANA.

The recent history of Cuba reveals very strongly the essential weakness of a country that has been developed under the slave system. Finally abolished only thirteen years ago, Cuban slavery had, while it existed, ruined not so much the negroes as the wealthy white or creole families of the island who were their owners. The result is that there is no native educated ruling class with sufficient public spirit and statesmanlike capacity to provide the rulers of the land. To quote the words of an American writer who by long residence knows Cuba well and has never taken any part in its politics on one side or the other, "the effects of slavery are discernible throughout the island, and cannot be eradicated until at least one generation after the abolition of the system has passed away. For many years Cuba, in common with other West India Islands, enjoyed the monopoly of supplying a large part of the world with sugar, and the profits accruing were enormous. By the sugar industry families of great wealth and influence were built up. For a time the civilisation of Cuba was in many respects far in advance of the United States. The dwellings, both in the cities and on the sugar estates, were in many instances palatial, the furnishings and fittings gorgeous in the extreme, and the use of silver for all domestic utensils was quite common. Thus there existed in the island what might be termed a barbaric civilisation, as compared with what is known as a more domestic civilisation in this country. The line between the rich and the poor was sharply drawn. The disaffected and restless citizens of the island to-day are, to a great extent, the descendants of those rich families who, by reason of their profligacy, indolence, and neglect, have become almost extinct as a power in the land. There are, how-

ever, a few notable exceptions. The palatial residences and large estates remain; but the families, if in possession at all, exist only in name. Their fortunes were dissipated in Havana, New York, Saratoga, Paris and Madrid. The present generation of those families are profligate, idle, and more or less vicious, and, in consequence, a disturbing element in the island."

The want of a native educated class, fit to act as the magistrates and administrators of the country, is one that is fatal to any idea of its independence. Cuba, in ceasing to be a colony of Spain, has placed itself in the position of a colony of the United States. When years hence it is admitted to full State rights, it will only be after immigrants from America have completely changed the character of its population, and when the old estates and the palatial country houses are the property of "go-a-head" American men of business. It is not a very poetical outcome of the "war of liberation." But then we live in practical, unpoetical days.

U.S. MILITARY SURGEON IN CAMP, TAKING NOTES OF CASES.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GENERAL MILES'S EXPEDITION TO PUERTO RICO.

WHEN the Cubans laid down their arms in 1878, at the end of the Ten Years' War, the Convention of Zanjon, which formed the treaty of peace between the islanders and the Spanish Government, contained a clause stipulating that henceforth Cuba was to be administered on the system then prevailing in Puerto Rico. The government of the smaller island was taken as a type of what the Cubans were ready to accept. This alone shows that the people of Puerto Rico cannot have had any intolerable grievances to complain of. While Cuba was the scene of frequent disturbances, Puerto Rico was at peace. Its "liberation" formed no part of the American programme that preceded the outbreak of the war with Spain. But at a very early stage of the war it was decided to attempt its conquest. The advantage of possessing the harbour of San Juan as an advanced naval base in the Atlantic was in itself sufficient inducement for adopting this policy.

After the bombardment of San Juan by Admiral Sampson's fleet on May 12th, Puerto Rico was watched rather than effectively blockaded by some of the American cruisers. Plans were drawn up for a summer invasion of the island; for in Puerto Rico the rainy season comes later than that of Cuba, and usually does not set in till August. The expedition, composed of volunteer troops, was to have sailed about the end of June, and either General Coppinger or General Fitzhugh Lee was to have commanded it. The necessity of sending an army to Eastern Cuba to reduce Santiago led to this minor operation being deferred till after Toral's surrender. The command was then given to General Miles. Apparently with a view to prevent any idea of his superseding General Shafter, Miles was told when he started for Santiago that he could not remain many days in Cuba, as he would be wanted almost immediately to proceed to Puerto Rico in command of another army.

A summary of information about the island, drawn up by the American War Department for the use of the expedition, and issued under the title of "Military News on Puerto Rico," gives some interesting notes on the character of the country and the strength and distribution of the small Spanish force that held it. According to this Intelligence Report, the population of Puerto Rico by the census of 1887 was 813,937, of which more than 300,000 were negroes. The climate is very moist, varying greatly according to the height above the sea level, and on the heights of the central Cordillera the temperature is healthy and agreeable. The air is so completely saturated with moisture that iron rusts very rapidly. Even bronze artillery has to be covered with a strong varnish to protect it from the damp winds.

The entire island is hilly and mountainous, the principal chain of mountains dividing it into two parts. The whole interior is well watered with numerous rivers and small streams, those on the north coast being stocked with excellent fish.

The capital, San Juan, with its strongly-fortified harbour, would be the chief objective of the expedition. But a direct attack on the city would entail a serious naval operation, and it was anticipated that the landing-place would be in one of the smaller unfortified harbours, of which there are several, especially on the south coast.

The military governor of the island was General Machias, who, with very slender resources at his command, had been actively engaged in preparing for its defence. A table showing the strength of the Spanish military forces in the island included 2 general officers, 4 officers of the general staff; infantry, 214 officers, 5,000 men; cavalry, 2 officers, 80 men; artillery, 32 officers, 700 men; engineers, 11 officers, 200 men; civil guards, 34 officers, 746 men; military police, 9 officers, 187 men; corps of administration, military justice, medical corps, veterinary corps, auxiliary corps and fortification guards, with assimilated rank as officers, 41; sanitary brigade, 1 officer, 21 men and 7 chaplains, making the total military force in the island 7,291. Late information was to the effect that this force had been increased to about 19,000 by the enlistment of 12,000 volunteers.

The headquarters were at San Juan. The garrison of the city and the forts consisted of two battalions of three companies each of infantry, the 12th battalion of fortress artillery, a telegraph company, a section of cavalry, the 3rd Sanitary Brigade, and one battalion of volunteers.

The island was divided into eight military departments, with these troops :—Bayamon, two battalions volunteers ; Arecibo, one company regulars, two battalions volunteers ; Aguadilla, two companies regulars, one battalion volunteers ; Mayaguez, one battalion regulars, two battalions volunteers ; Ponce, one battalion regulars, three battalions volunteers ; Guayama, one battalion regulars, two battalions volunteers ; Humacao, two companies regulars, one battalion volunteers ; and the island of Vieques, one company regulars, one company volunteers.

The force destined for the invasion of Puerto Rico far outnumbered the Spanish garrison, even counting the Puerto Rican volunteers as an effective force. In all, some 35,000 men were detailed for the expedition, and, profiting by the lessons of the advance on Santiago, the force was especially strong in artillery. About 3,400 men were brought from Eastern Cuba by Miles ; the regiments selected being some of those most lately sent to the island, and therefore as yet free from malarial infection and yellow fever; the rest were drafted from the great camps of instruction in the United States.

General Miles sailed from Guantanamo for Puerto Rico on July 21st. The transports which conveyed this first section of the expedition were convoyed by a powerful squadron. The battleship *Massachusetts* acted as flagship, and with her were three monitors, five cruisers, and five armed liners. Though officially described as on convoy duty, this fleet was not really meant to protect the transports from attack on the high seas, for Spain had no longer any ships in West Indian waters available for the purpose. The duty assigned to the warships was to co-operate with the army if there was any attempt to resist the landing, then to blockade Puerto Rico, and to bombard the sea forts of San Juan when the time came for the attack on the capital of the island.

SOME OF ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH-RIDERS WITH COLT RAPID-FIRE GUNS.

Four brigades were first despatched to Puerto Rico—one from Guantanamo, accompanied by General Miles, another from Charleston, a third from Tampa in Florida, and a fourth from Newport News in Virginia. Various detachments were subsequently drawn from Chickamauga Camp to reinforce the expedition. The following

is a list of the troops actually disembarked from first to last :—

General Wilson's Brigade : 2nd and 3rd Wisconsin Volunteers ; 16th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Left Charleston, July 20th. 3,600 men.

General Garretson's Brigade : 6th Illinois Volunteers ; 6th Massachusetts Volunteers ; five field batteries ; one field hospital. Left Guantanamo in six transports, July 21st. 3,415 men.

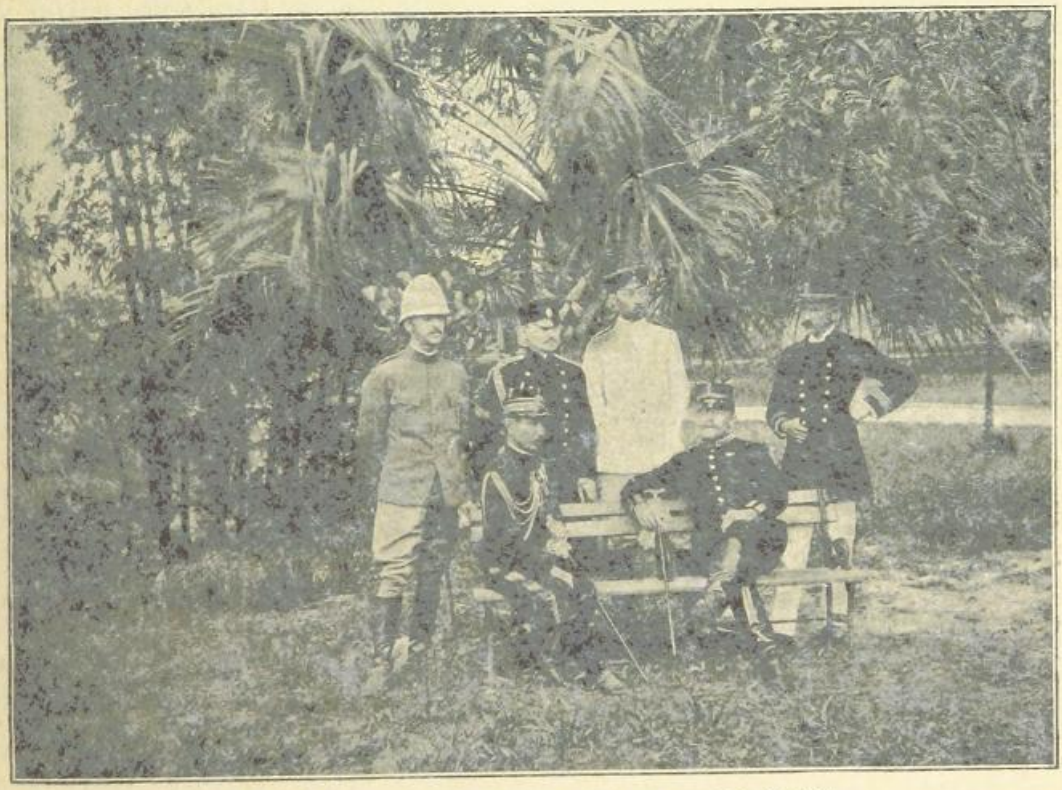
General Schwan's Brigade : 11th and 19th U.S. Regular Infantry ; two batteries ; one squadron 2nd Cavalry. Left Tampa, July 23rd and 24th. 4,000 men.

These three brigades (11,000 men and 28 guns) formed the force with which General Miles began the campaign. The following sailed later :—

General Hains' Brigade : 4th Ohio Volunteers ; 3rd Illinois Volunteers ; 4th Pennsylvania Volunteers ; four volunteer field batteries from Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Pennsylvania ; one squadron New York Volunteer Cavalry. Sent from Newport News (Hampton Roads). 5,000 men.

Various detachments : one squadron 5th Cavalry ; one troop 6th Cavalry ; one squadron Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry ; one squadron New York Volunteer Cavalry ; 1st Kentucky Volunteers. Sent from Chickamauga Camp.

A reserve of army corps of six brigades was formed under General Wade and destined for Puerto Rico, but never embarked. It was obviously unnecessary. If it had been sent it would have been only to give some more volunteer regiments a "military promenade" through the island. Miles protested against its despatch in a strong cable message to the War Department, and the idea was abandoned.



FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHÉS WITH THE U.S. TROOPS IN CUBA.

It will be noticed that while the force that operated against General Linares before Santiago was chiefly made up of regulars, that which was despatched to act against General Machias and capture San Juan was in the main a volunteer army.

Guanica, a fine harbour on the south coast of Puerto Rico, connected with San Juan by a good road, was chosen by General Miles as the place for his first landing. Fajardo, in the north-east of the island, and close to its capital, had been suggested as the place for the descent, but Miles preferred Guanica, because he considered

it more prudent to land his army at some distance from the point where Machias had concentrated his main force, so as to give the volunteer troops the experience of easy victories over the Spanish detachments in the south of the island before they had to encounter a comparatively large force defending fortified positions. It was considered also that a march of eighty miles across the island would be an excellent means of securing formal possession of the new territory.

No serious difficulty, no determined opposition was expected until San Juan itself was reached, and there a formidable fleet would lend its co-operation. There had been some agitation against the Spanish Government in Puerto Rico during the month of May. An officer of the American staff who had paid a visit to the island during that month in disguise had reported that there was a party which would welcome an invasion. It was believed that the 12,000 Spanish volunteers would not be very eager to fight. It was as likely that many of them would declare for the Americans. General Machias could only count securely on his 7,000 regulars.

On Sunday, July 24th, two of Miles's transports landed a small party to the east of Guanica, and they were joined by 500 insurgents under Matteo, a local leader who had got the band together in the neighbourhood of Yauco. Early next day the fleet was off Port Guanica. The place is a large village, the centre of a prosperous coffee and sugar planting district. It had absolutely no means of defence, and was occupied only by a handful of Spanish cavalry and about thirty infantry soldiers. The arrival of the American expedition in this part of the island was a complete surprise for the Spaniards. Miles had kept his plans to himself. At Guantanamo he had spoken of Fajardo as the destination of his troops, and Wilson's brigade had actually sailed from Charleston under orders for Fajardo. When he got out to sea, General Miles informed his colleagues of the real destination of the force and sent one of the cruisers off to intercept Wilson's transports and tell them to change their course for the south coast of Puerto Rico.

On the Sunday morning, while the fleet lay off Guanica, the little gunboat *Gloucester* ran into the port, verified the soundings, made sure that the big steamers could come in, and, before the Spaniards had recovered from their surprise, sent a landing party of thirty men with a Colt machine gun ashore, under Lieutenant Huse. The lieutenant hauled down the Spanish flag and ran up the Stars and Stripes on the flagstaff at the landing-place. The Spaniards who were quartered outside the village attacked the landing party, but were driven off by Huse's men, assisted by the quick-firers of the gunboat. The skirmish only lasted a few minutes. No one was hit on the American side, and the Spaniards had one officer and three men wounded.

During the day Garretson's brigade was landed, the transports lying in deep water a few hundred yards from the shore. It was decided to march upon Yauco, less than ten miles from Port Guanica, the terminus of a railway running to Ponce, the chief town in the south of the island. The fleet was to appear before Ponce, and General Wilson's brigade, covered by the guns of the warships, was to be landed there.

On Tuesday, the 26th, Garretson's brigade advanced on Yauco, the 6th Massachusetts Volunteers leading the way. The small Spanish garrison abandoned the place after a brief engagement with the Massachusetts men. They were so outnumbered that to hold on to Yauco would have meant being surrounded and captured. The Americans had two officers and two men wounded, the Spaniards three killed and thirteen wounded.

Next day (Wednesday, the 27th) Commodore Davis stood in to Port Ponce with the cruisers *Dixie*, *Annapolis*, *Wasp* and *Leyden*. The transports conveying General Wilson's brigade lay out in the offing. Port Ponce is the harbour of Ponce city, a large and prosperous place with a population of 50,000. It is the second city of the island, situated a few miles inland. There was a small Spanish garrison under the command of Colonel San Martin. Commodore Davis sent an officer ashore, under a flag of truce, summoning the Spanish commandant to surrender, and threatening to bombard the port if the summons was not instantly obeyed. The foreign consuls strongly urged Colonel San Martin to spare the place the horrors of a bombardment by offering no resistance, representing that, in the presence of such a force as the Americans had brought into the bay, a defence could only result in useless loss of life and property. They further pointed out that, according to news received from Europe, the first step towards peace negotiations had actually been taken by the Spanish Government, so that

no useful object could be obtained by a hopeless resistance.

Colonel San Martin took a middle course. He did not surrender, but he evacuated the port, withdrawing to the hills, after having destroyed the telegraph instruments belonging to the cable from Kingston, Jamaica, which comes ashore at Port Ponce, and setting fire to the rolling stock in the railway station. As soon as he was gone, the Americans landed and succeeded in saving most of the railway rolling stock from destruction, an important gain now that Garretson held the other end of the line at Yauco. General Miles arrived by sea from Guanica on the following morning, and, landing with General Wilson, proceeded to Ponce city, escorted by the American vanguard. The generals were received by the mayor, Señor Colon, accompanied by the foreign consuls. Flags were flying from the houses, and the American troops were heartily cheered by the people as they marched in. General Miles published a proclamation announcing that he had come to bring freedom to the island, and that he was making war only against the Spanish garrison.

The capture of Ponce gave the expedition a secure base, in the midst of a rich district abounding in supplies of all kinds, and at the starting-point of the excellent military road constructed by the Spaniards across the island to San Juan.

The railway to Yauco was got into working order, and on July 31st Wilson's vanguard pushed on to the town of Juan Diaz, eight miles from Ponce, where they were welcomed by the mayor and the townspeople. The Spaniards were reported to be concentrating at Aibonito, where the military road crosses a bold ridge of the mountains. The cable instruments had been replaced, and on this day General Miles was able to telegraph to Washington :—" Volunteers are surrendering themselves with arms and ammunition. Four-fifths of the people are overjoyed at the arrival of our army ; 2,000 from one place have volunteered to serve with it. They are bringing in transport, cattle, and other needed supplies. The custom house has already yielded 14,000 dollars. As soon as all the troops are disembarked, they will be in readiness to move."

On August 2nd another landing took place. Escorted by the cruisers *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati*, the transports conveying Hains' brigade of infantry and the artillery and cavalry that had been embarked at Hampton Roads, all under the command of General Brooke, appeared off Arroyo, a little more than forty miles to the eastward of Ponce. The troops were disembarked without meeting with the least resistance. General Miles's object in landing this force so far to the eastward was to have them in a position to act against the flank and threaten the line of communications of the Spanish troops at Aibonito, when he himself advanced against their front.

For the next few days there was no movement of importance. The Americans pushed their advanced posts a few miles inland, moving very cautiously and reconnoitring the country in their front. The outpost work and the reconnaissances were not very well done, and there were many complaints that the volunteers raised false alarms, reporting strong bodies of the enemy to be at hand, when all that had been seen were a few Spanish cavalry patrols. Doubt was thrown on the information available at headquarters, and many began to suspect that the strength of the Spanish force at Aibonito had been exaggerated, and that time was being lost through over-caution.

On the 5th General Brooke with Hains' brigade advanced to Guayama. Before entering the town he had a sharp skirmish with a small force of about 400 Spaniards. Three of the Ohio Volunteers were wounded. The Spaniards, outnumbered and without artillery, made a very brief stand and retired towards Cayey.

The position of the American forces on August 8th was this. Three columns and a reserve brigade had been organised. Garretson's brigade, now transferred to the command of Colonel Henry, was to move on the left, by Adjuntas, across the island to Arecibo, on the north coast, west of San Juan. Most of the way the road was a mere track over the hills, and it was decided that the greater part of his artillery and heavy baggage should be conveyed by sea to Arecibo. Thence a railway and a good road ran to San Juan. In the centre Wilson's brigade, accompanied by General Miles and the headquarters, was to advance by the great military road direct on Coamo and then on Aibonito. His vanguard held Juan Diaz. On the right General Brooke, with Hains' brigade, was to advance from Guayama on Cayey, where there was a Spanish garrison. At Cayey he would be on the line of the great military road to San Juan, and would be able to operate against the left flank and rear of the Aibonito position.

Schwan's brigade was in reserve at Yauco. It received orders to move on Mayaguez and to take possession of the south-west of the island.

On Tuesday, August 9th, the advance began, and there was an engagement at Coamo. A correspondent, Mr. Millar, had some days before ridden from Juan Diaz towards Coamo, escorted by some Puerto Ricans. They met a patrol of four Spanish troopers, and the Puerto Ricans fled at full speed, leaving Millar in the hands of the enemy. They told him he must go to Coamo, and he was brought to the quarters of the Spanish officers who commanded the 300 cavalrymen, so far as he could ascertain the whole garrison of the town. To his surprise, instead of treating him as a prisoner, they chatted with him in a friendly way, told him they thought the war was practically over, expressed a wish to avoid useless strife, and said they would surrender the town on certain terms. Millar was set free and rode back to headquarters, where he told General Miles that Coamo had surrendered to him. The general, who apparently wanted a fight of some kind, told him he could not recognise irregular negotiations of this kind, and that he would take no notice of them, but continue his advance on the day already decided. So, on the 9th, there was a little battle at Coamo. Captain Anderson's battery of the 4th Artillery shelled a blockhouse on the road south of the town. The weak fort was promptly abandoned by its small garrison. The New York Cavalry on the extreme right, the 3rd Wisconsin next to them, and the 2nd Wisconsin on the left, on both sides of the military road, then advanced upon the town in attack formation, the artillery throwing some shells into it. Meanwhile the 16th Pennsylvania, which had started in the dark to work round to the north of the town by hill paths, was moving towards the point where the military road leaves the rear of the place. Colonel Hulings, who commanded the Pennsylvanians, had been ordered to cut off the Spanish retreat. Millar's information proved to be incorrect. The town was held by three companies of the Patria regiment. They exchanged some shots with the American advance from the south, but then, becoming aware of the turning movement, evacuated the town. As they left it on the north side, they had a sharp skirmish with Hulings's column, but they, most of them, made good their retreat, leaving, however, nearly a hundred prisoners in the hands of the Americans. The Americans lost one man killed and six wounded, all in the Pennsylvania regiment. The regiments engaged in the long-range fight to the south of the town had no casualties. The Spanish loss was eleven killed and thirty-five wounded.

The New York Cavalry galloped into the town as soon as it was evacuated. Then came the Pennsylvania Volunteers from the north side and a little later the Wisconsin men. The townspeople gave them a hearty welcome. A party of Spaniards—doctors and ambulance men under the Red Cross—remained in Coamo and took charge not only of their own wounded, but of the wounded Americans. The prisoners were marched down to Ponce. The Spaniards, in their retreat from Coamo, blew up and more or less damaged several bridges on the military road to the north of the town. Miles pushed out an outpost line in this direction, set his engineers to work to repair the bridges, and gave his troops a rest while he reconnoitred Aibonito. The New York volunteer cavalry rode to within three miles of the Spanish position, and retreated only when the enemy's artillery opened on them.

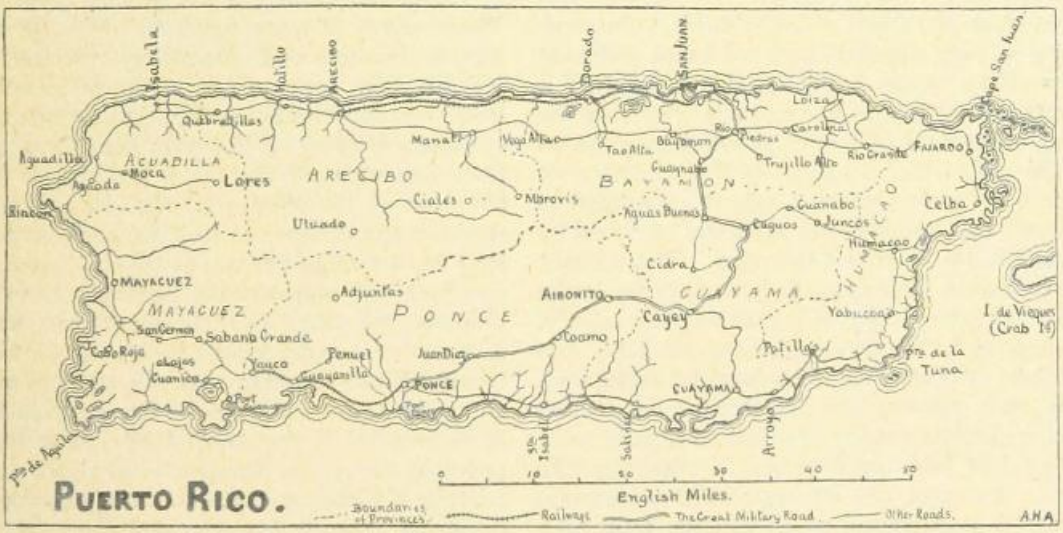
The left column occupied Adjuntas without meeting with any resistance, and pushed on to Utado, fifteen miles to the north of the place. Its advance was delayed by the necessity of repairing, or rather making, the road. Some hundreds of Puerto Ricans were employed in this work.

On the 10th the most serious action of the campaign was fought by General Schwan's brigade at Hormigueros, on the Rosario River, near Mayaguez. Colonel Soto, the commandant of Mayaguez, had taken up a position north of the river, with the Alfonso XIII. battalion and two guns. Schwan attacked them, the 11th U.S. Infantry leading the way, covered by the fire of two batteries. But the Spaniards did not make any determined stand; the strength of the Americans in both guns and men seemed to end very quickly any idea of resistance. They retreated towards Lares, losing no prisoners, carrying off their guns, and admitting a loss of only three killed and nine wounded. The American loss was two killed and fourteen wounded in the 11th Infantry, and Lieutenant Byron, Schwan's aide-de-camp, wounded in the foot. The result of the fight was the occupation of Mayaguez.

The navy had landed a party of forty men at Cape San Juan, the north-east point of the island. They held the lighthouse buildings, on which

they had hoisted the Stars and Stripes. On the night of the 9th they were attacked in the darkness by a Spanish column. It would have gone hard with them had not the *Cincinnati* and two other warships lying off the cape turned on their searchlights and driven back the Spaniards with a shower of shells from their quick-firers. Next day, so as to avoid useless risks, the little post was withdrawn to the ships.

By the 11th, Brooke from Guayama and Miles from Coamo were closing in upon the Aibonito position. Brooke's mission was to capture Cayey, held by a Spanish detachment, then shelled, and the Spaniards soon abandoned them, but when the Americans pushed on in pursuit it was found that they had only retired to occupy another position, from which their two guns reopened fire. The commander of the American battery then reported that he had very few shells left, and the situation was looking awkward. The infantry were forming for the attack and expecting the order to advance, when they saw a staff officer riding forward towards the Spaniards with a flag of truce. He took a message from General Wilson to the Spanish commander, informing him that peace negotiations were all but concluded, and



which was entrenched in a strong position, and then co-operate with Miles's front attack, which was to be entrusted to Wilson's brigade. On the 12th Wilson pushed forward to a point on the military road five miles north of Coamo. Further advance was barred by a Spanish force holding several lines of trenches on the hillside, and with two guns in an earthwork. Wilson brought his artillery into action against them, the 3rd Wisconsin being placed on the flank of the guns, lying down on the crest of a ridge to act as escort to the artillery. For some time there was a sharp exchange of shrapnel, the Spanish infantry also joining in with their Mausers. In two hours the Americans had lost one killed and half a dozen wounded, most of the casualties being the result of one shrapnel bursting over a company of the Wisconsin regiment. By that time the Spanish guns had ceased firing and retired. The trenches were urging that he should avoid useless loss by surrendering what was described as an untenable position. The Spanish colonel asked for a suspension of hostilities in order to communicate with General Machias at San Juan, saying he had no information, and could not act on news supplied by the enemy. In the evening General Miles's headquarters received a telegram from Washington announcing that the preliminaries of peace had actually been signed. The Spaniards count this inconclusive engagement on the Aibonito road a victory.

The next morning General Brooke, who had not yet received the news, advanced on the Spanish position before Cayey. His men were actually in line before the Spanish trenches. The Pennsylvania volunteer battery had unlimbered. The first gun was just loaded, and a gunner stood waiting for the order to fire. "Suddenly," wrote one of the correspondents

who was present, "there was a shout from the rear. Two men on horseback dashed into view, frantically waving their arms. The men at the guns waited. The horsemen were Signal-Lieutenant McLaughlin and an orderly. They had ridden hard from the end of the military wire. The order to commence firing had been given when the lieutenant and orderly reached the guns. 'Cease action!' shouted the lieutenant. Then to the wondering artillerymen he explained that the war was over. A message had been received from General Miles by General Brooke directing that all hostile military operations should be stopped. The Pennsylvanians, officers and men, howled with disgust, and when the lieutenant delivered General Brooke's order that they should return to the camp at Guayama they sullenly wheeled the guns about and went grumbling to the rear." If this description is literally true it says more for the zeal than for the soldierly discipline of the volunteer gunners.

So ended the campaign of Puerto Rico. It has been spoken of as a splendid example of careful organisation and scientific generalship. It is difficult to accept this view. There might have been a little more dash and energy in the advance without sacrificing any of the science. The army had landed on the 25th of July. On August 12th, after eighteen days of campaigning, the main column was not thirty miles inland. Some detachments of General Machias's small army had held the invaders in check by the mere report of the strength of the advanced position at Aibonito, which had not even been attacked. The Americans were only reconnoitring it when the end came. They were a good fifty miles from San Juan. The actions of the campaign were really small skirmishes. With the overwhelming force at his disposal, Miles ought to have been before San Juan in the second week of August. The volunteer battalions had been steady and eager in action, but some of them had shown a lack of discipline in camp and on the march. One regiment was reported upon very unfavourably. The men, it was said, straggled miles behind the column. Several of its officers were called upon to resign their commissions.

Before concluding the story of the war by telling how Manila was taken, it may be well to note here that in Cuba as in Puerto Rico the news of the signing of the peace preliminaries put an end in dramatic fashion to more than one engagement on the 12th and 13th of August. On the morning of the 12th the last shots were fired from the Morro batteries at Havana. The *San Francisco*, acting as the flagship of the blockading squadron, had drifted too close in. The batteries opened on her, and, as she turned to regain her station, a heavy shell from the Morro came through her stern, burst in the captain's cabin, and completely wrecked it. Happily there was no one in the cabin at the time. At Manzanillo the American cruisers and gunboats blockading the port bombarded the place and engaged the shore batteries on the afternoon of the same day. On the 13th they resumed the attack. It had not gone on very long when a white flag was hoisted on shore. It was naturally supposed the Spaniards had surrendered, but when an American officer went in to arrange terms, he was shown a telegram from General Shafter, stating that the war was over and all hostilities must cease. On the same day at Caibarien, on the coast of the Santa Clara province, the cruiser *Mangrove* was covering the landing of a Cuban expedition and engaging a couple of Spanish gunboats and a battery on shore. Suddenly the Spanish fire ceased, up went the white flag on the ships and on shore, and a boat pulled out to the cruiser with the news that the war had ended. The fall of Santiago had practically decided the fight for Cuba. Havana, with its miles of trenches, its strong sea-forts, and its large garrison, which, it had been expected, would be the scene of the final struggle, had hardly seen the flash of an enemy's gun.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF MANILA.

WHEN Commodore Dewey had destroyed the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo, in Manila Bay, silenced the batteries of Cavite, and taken possession of the arsenal on the morning of the 1st of May, he found that he could make no further progress without the help of a considerable military force. Through the British consul he sent to General Augustin, the Spanish commandant of Manila, a summons to surrender. Augustin, knowing perfectly well that Dewey had barely enough men at his disposal to hold Cavite, and probably had not enough ammunition left to bombard the city or engage its batteries, replied with a defiant refusal. In response to his message to Washington, Dewey was informed by his government that he had been promoted to the rank of Admiral in recognition of his victory, that supplies and reinforcements would be sent to him, and that an army would be despatched to assist in the reduction of Manila.

But these reinforcements could not arrive for some weeks, and meanwhile General Augustin had to concern himself chiefly with the defence of the city against the insurgents. The first result of the American victory was the rapid spread of the rising through the south of the island of Luzon, and up to the very suburbs of the capital. The despatch boat, *Hugh Mc Culloch*, which had conveyed the news of the May-day fight to the cable station at Hong Kong, brought back to Dewey's fleet the insurgent leader Aguinaldo, who was put ashore at Cavite on May 19th, and at once took command of the rebels in the neighbourhood of Manila. Their growing strength became a source of serious anxiety to the American admiral. He did not wish to see the wealthy city sacked by a half-savage rabble, and there was unfortunately only too much reason to believe that if the place were stormed, some hours of plunder, massacre and incendiarism would follow. He therefore plainly told Aguinaldo that he could not co-operate with him in an attack on the Spanish defences. The fleet would merely blockade Manila until the United States troops arrived. Then if the Spaniards were forced to capitulate, the Americans would be masters of the situation.

General Augustin had to hold more than the old walled city on the south bank of the Pasig. He had extended a line of defence round the landward suburbs of Manila, beginning at Malate on the south, this line being formed, like the improvised fortifications of Santiago, of block-houses 200 or 300 yards apart, connected by shelter-trenches, with barbed wire entanglements in front of them. There was an advanced post near the village of San Juan del Monte to protect the waterworks of the city. Some field-pieces and a number of old cannon were mounted here and there in the entrenchments.

A force of 8,000 regulars and sailors and 2,000 volunteers held this extended line. Away to the southward Bakor, Old Cavite, and the line of the little river Zapote were guarded by a detached force of two regular battalions and 2,000 volunteers. The only reinforcement that could be expected for some time to come was a column under General Mouet, which had been operating in the province of Bulacan, and which Augustin had recalled to Manila.

Towards the end of May the insurrection had spread through all the provinces south of Manila. Old Cavite, blockaded on the sea side by Dewey, on the land side by the insurgents, was forced to capitulate. Bakor was abandoned by the Spaniards, and on May 31st Aguinaldo advanced from Cavite against the line of the Zapote. The position on the right bank was held by the 6th and 11th Spanish Infantry, and the 68th and 74th native regiments. There was a sharp engagement. The regulars and the 68th made a good fight, but the 74th, which was commanded by a relative of Aguinaldo's, threw down its arms, and the insurgents turned the Spanish line and drove the defending force back towards Manila, capturing several guns and 1,600 prisoners. Four days of desultory fighting followed. By June 7th Augustin held only the city and its suburbs, and the ground that was swept by his cannon.

On the 8th he wrote to his government that he was invested in the city; that he hoped

Mouet would succeed in bringing him some reinforcements, but that his communications with the interior had been cut off, and he had no news of his movements. Five days later, on the 13th, he reported that there had been continual firing at the blockhouses and trenches in the suburbs ; his force had been diminished by the desertion of some of the native troops, and he might be compelled to withdraw into the walled city ; he feared he had not resources for a prolonged defence, but he hoped help would be sent from Spain before he was reduced to extremities.

But no reinforcements reached him. General Mouet was intercepted by the insurgents and defeated. His native troops went over *en masse* to the enemy, and he arrived in Manila a fugitive, accompanied only by a few of his officers. A half-hearted attempt was made to send relief from Spain itself to the beleaguered garrison. A "second squadron" had been organised at Cadiz under the command of Admiral Camara, and at first its destination was supposed to be the West Indies. It consisted of the battleship *Pelayo*, the armoured cruiser *Emperador Carlos Quinto*, the torpedo-boat destroyers *Audaz*, *Proserpina* and *Osado*, and the armed liners *Buenos Aires*, *Patriota* and *Rapido* (these two last being the two fine steamers, *Normannia* and *Columbia*, purchased from the North German Lloyd Company just before the war). Besides these, there were the transports *San Francisco*, *Colon*, and *Covadonga*. Five battalions were embarked on board the transports and armed liners, and the fleet put to sea on June 16th.

It headed towards the Straits of Gibraltar ; but at first this was supposed to be a mere feint, and it was conjectured that after dark it would change its course for the westward. But it entered the Straits, and on the 22nd it was sighted off Cape Bon, on the coast of Tunis, steaming steadily to the eastward. Its destination was the Philippines. On the 26th it reached Port Said.

Next day the American Government announced that an "eastern squadron" would be formed, under the command of Commodore Watson, composed of the battleships *Iowa* and *Oregon*, the auxiliary cruisers *Yosemite*, *Yankee*, and *Dixie*, and three transports. Its mission would be to compel the return of Camara by menacing Cadiz and the coasts of Spain ; or, if he held on his course, to follow him through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. If necessary, a second squadron, under Commodore Schley, composed of the *Brooklyn*, *Indiana*, *Columbia*, *Minneapolis*, *St. Paul* and *St. Louis*, all ships of high speed, would follow Watson into European waters. The first result of this menace was that Cadiz was put into a state of defence, and earthworks were thrown up near Gibraltar to prevent a landing in Algeciras Bay. The British Government protested against this last proceeding.

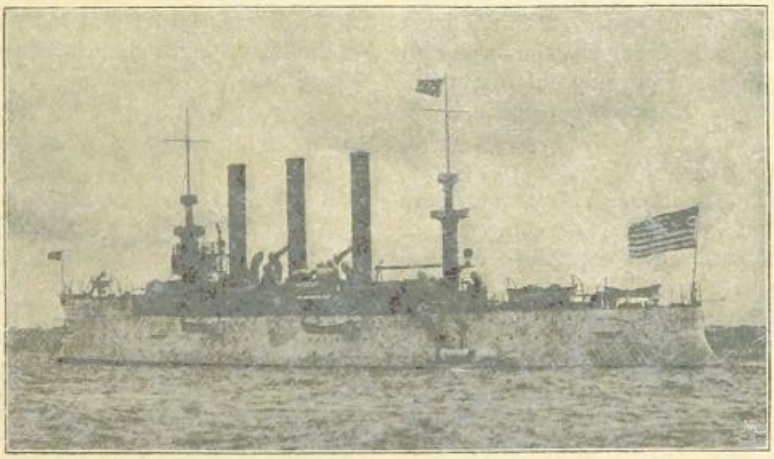
U.S. CRUISER "NEWARK."

But Admiral Camara's squadron never got beyond Port Said. The Anglo-Egyptian Government refused to give him coaling facilities in the port, and he tried to coal at sea off the canal mouth, but could only get a very small supply on board. A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, who visited the fleet, was

BRITISH

impressed with the idea that it never "meant business," and that its voyage was a mere political move intended to silence for awhile the outcry against the government in Spain itself. Describing his visit to the flagship, he wrote :—

"The *Pelayo* in some respects reminds one of H.M.S. *Alexandra*, with her great freeboard, sloping sides, and high bulwarks. I have been through the naval manœuvres at home, but this was my first visit to a battleship in war time, and I expected a stern and grim aspect on board. Nothing could have looked more peaceable, more unprepared for war, than the deck of the *Pelayo*. She was very dirty, and the brass work did not shine ; but, as she was supposed to be coaling, that was not extra-



U.S. ARMOURED CRUISER "BROOKLYN" (9,271 TONS).

ordinary. But what one did look for was strict discipline and an air of businesslike preparation. Both, however, were conspicuously absent. The day was fine, and the conditions were most favourable for coaling—that most important of all operations in a fleet. Being on board a battleship at war and not at peace manœuvres, I quite expected to see the coal coming 'in ship' like an avalanche, every winch rattling, and hundreds of men, black and grimy, working like fiends. I walked over to the starboard side, where the *Colon* was lying close by, with a broad gangway which bridged the space between the two ships. There was only one winch at work, and seven men on the collier's deck unhooked the baskets of coal as they came up from the hold and pushed them over the bridge in the most leisurely manner imaginable. There were not more than thirty-five men in all engaged, and they were putting in three and a half tons an hour.

"The decks of the battleship were swarming with seamen, who looked on at their comrades playing with the coal. Yet this was the fleet which had been sent off with a rush to Manila. I used the word seamen just now, in speaking of the crew, but for the most part they were mere boys, and looked as if they had just been drafted from a training ship. The guns were all encased in tarpaulin covers, and from the look of the lashings they had not been removed for a long time. The officers, of whom there were many, smoked cigarettes anywhere and everywhere. Some of them were dressed in white ducks, others in blue serge. There was no uniformity of pattern, and as far as clothing went it was quite impossible to distinguish a captain from a midshipman. On boarding the flagship I had sent my card down to Admiral Camara, and as it was nearly nine o'clock I asked the commander if it would be possible for me to see the admiral before leaving. An officer was sent below, and he returned to say that the admiral was asleep. The hire of the launch was £2 10s. an hour, so I decided not to wait for his awakening, and with a 'Bon voyage' to the officers I departed. Vincenza, the skipper of the launch, did yeoman service here when the *Victorious* went aground. As we left the fleet behind us, he turned his head towards it and said, 'They don't mean it, you know ; it's just political.'"

First, the torpedo boats were ordered to return home ; then, on the ground that it was impossible

to obtain coal for the voyage through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, the warships and transports returned to Cadiz. Manila had been abandoned to its fate.

Meanwhile reinforcements had been despatched to Dewey. Except small gunboats, the only ships available on the Pacific coast of the United States were the cruiser *Charleston* and the monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock*. These two last steamed so slowly that their voyage across the broad Pacific must necessarily take a long time. The cruiser was detailed to escort the first fleet of transports conveying the vanguard of the Philippine expedition. General Wesley Merritt was given the chief command, and established his headquarters at San Francisco, where the troops were to embark.

Notwithstanding all the efforts that were made to hurry away the reinforcements, the first convoy did not leave San Francisco till May 25th. On that day General Anderson's brigade, 2,500 strong, was embarked on the transports *Australia*, *City of Pekin*, and *City of Sydney*, and put to sea, escorted by the *Charleston*. The troops were the 1st Californian Volunteers, four companies of the 14th Regulars, and some companies of marines and of garrison artillery. The second brigade, under General Greene, was not sent off till June 15th. It was embarked on four large steamers. The troops were a battalion of the 18th, and half a battalion of the 23rd Regulars; the 1st Colorado and 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and some companies from Nebraska; two volunteer batteries from Utah, and a squadron of cavalry; in all, 3,500 men. On June 29th a third expedition sailed in five transports, conveying General MacArthur's brigade, composed of a second battalion of the 18th and a battalion of the 23rd Regulars, the 1st Idaho, 1st Wyoming, 1st Oregon, and 13th Minnesota Volunteers, and Astor's battery of quick-firers, manned by volunteer gunners. General Merritt accompanied this brigade, which was 4,800 strong.

Other reinforcements were subsequently despatched, but these three brigades were the American troops that took Manila. On its way across the Pacific the first expedition had called at Guam, the largest of the Ladrone Islands, on June 20th. The Spanish flag flew from two forts, and the *Charleston* stood in and fired a shot as a summons or challenge to the garrison. There was no reply, but a boat was seen pulling out from the town, with an officer sitting in the stern. He brought a strange message from the Spanish governor of the Ladrones. Unaware that war had even begun, he had taken the shot for a salute, and sent off to express his regret that being short of powder he could not exchange salutes, but offering at the same time to do all he could to welcome the American visitors. To his utter astonishment he was told that he must surrender the islands to the squadron. On the 30th the expedition anchored in Manila Bay, and the troops were landed at Cavite. The second expedition arrived on July 19th, and its troops were landed under the guns of the fleet between Cavite and Manila. General Merritt arrived on the 25th. He established his headquarters at Cavite arsenal. The troops of the third expedition reached Manila Bay on the 31st. The total force under Merritt's command was 470 officers and 10,464 men, chiefly infantry, for there were only three batteries of volunteer artillery and small detachments of cavalry and engineers.

While the American army was thus slowly assembling, the Philippine insurgents blockaded Manila on the land side, and Dewey's fleet cut it off from all communication by sea. On June 23rd General Augustin got a message through to Madrid, which represented the state of affairs as anything but encouraging. "The situation is still grave," he wrote. "I still hold my positions along the line of blockhouses, but the insurgents are increasing in numbers, and now hold the provinces. Tropical rains are flooding our entrenchments, making the work of defence most difficult. Sickness is on the increase among the troops, and the general distress is causing further desertions in the native corps. The strength of the rebels is estimated at 30,000 armed with rifles, and 100,000 armed with swords and various native weapons. Aguinaldo has again summoned me to surrender, but I have treated his message with contempt, resolved as I am to maintain to the last extremity the sovereignty of Spain and the honour of her flag."

For a while the Spaniards hoped that the interference of other Powers would either put a stop to the conflict or turn the scales in their favour. The presence of a strong German squadron in Manila Bay suggested a possibility of such interference, especially as there was not a little friction between Dewey and the German admiral. And the German naval officers showed their sympathy with the Spaniards without the least reserve, and were often seen with the Spanish troops in the trenches. Dewey was, however, like many naval officers, a

BRITISH MUSEUM

good diplomatist, and he took good care not to give any pretext for a conflict.

After dark on the evening of July 31st the first serious fighting took place on land between the Americans and the Manila garrison. During the last week of July the Americans had taken over from the Philippine insurgent forces the trenches facing the southern suburbs. On the 30th, while the American batteries were being placed in position in the line of trenches, there was some desultory firing between Spanish riflemen in the houses of Malate and American sharpshooters covering the working parties. Next evening after dark, in the midst of a tropical storm of wind and rain, the Spaniards made a sortie.

At half-past eleven a heavy fire broke out along the American front, which was held by the Pennsylvania and Utah volunteers. As the Americans answered back with a volley, they were fired upon from the right flank, where Aguinaldo's men should have been in position to prevent their being turned. But the insurgents had abandoned their trenches on the flank of the Americans as soon as the storm began, and the volunteers found themselves attacked at once in front and flank. They fought steadily, however, checked the Spanish rush, and fired through the rain and darkness at the flashes of the enemy's rifles. The Spaniards were within a hundred yards of the trenches, and their guns were firing over their infantry, sending the shells at random on to the ground behind the besiegers' lines, doubtless in the hope of doing damage to the supports and reserves as they came up from the camp.

The 3rd Regular artillery, who were acting as infantry (having no guns with them), and the California and Colorado volunteers came hurrying up to the rescue of their comrades. The line was prolonged to the right, the enemy were driven back on that side, and the cross fire from flank and front at once no longer swept the trenches. The Spaniards, after more than once attempting to come to close quarters, fell back upon Malate, under the fire of the American rifles and the guns of the Utah batteries. Till dawn desultory firing went on along the front. The fighting had been very sharp for about an hour, and when the supports came up the Pennsylvania men had only about four cartridges each left. It was extremely creditable to the volunteers to have so steadily repulsed this night attack. Even veteran troops are liable to something like panic when, attacked amid storm and darkness, they find that comrades or allies have left them open to be outflanked and enfiladed at close quarters. The Americans lost nine killed and forty-six wounded, the heaviest loss falling on the Pennsylvania regiment. The Spanish loss has never been accurately ascertained. It must have been heavy, as they persisted for a long time in the attempt to rush the trenches, and were exposed to a heavy fire at short range from the American works.

On the two following evenings the Spanish artillery and riflemen kept up a sharp fire from Malate on the American lines. A sortie was expected, and the troops in camp and in the lines were kept on the alert, but the Spaniards did not come out again. On August 7th General Merritt sent a summons to the Spanish commandant, calling upon him to surrender the city within forty-eight hours, otherwise orders would be given for a bombardment and assault. On the 9th a further delay was granted, the governor having asked for time to receive the instructions of the Madrid cabinet. Negotiations dragged on till the 12th. Dewey and Merritt were becoming impatient, for they knew that an armistice might be signed at any moment between the cabinets of Washington and Madrid, and it would be embarrassing for the United States Government if the Spanish flag were still flying over Manila when the final terms of peace were to be arranged. The admiral and general therefore gave joint notice that they would attack the city next day.

Rumour, rightly or wrongly, asserts that the Spanish officers had let the Americans know that they did not want to surrender without making some show of a fight. Their resources were nearly at an end, but they considered that Spanish honour demanded this show of resistance to the end. But it was hinted that the defence would not be unnecessarily obstinate. On the morning of the 13th the army formed for attack in front of the Malate suburb. Admiral Dewey, with his ships cleared for action, sent in word at 8.40 a.m. that, if within an hour the Spanish flag was not hauled down, he would open fire. The armistice had already been signed on the previous day, and hostilities were being brought to an end in Puerto Rico and Cuba, but in the far-off Philippines, with the cable cut and communication only possible through Hong Kong, it was not known that the war was over. So there was going to be a last battle before Manila.

At 9.40, as there was no sign of surrender, the *Olympia* fired, at a range of two miles, the first

shot of the engagement. It came from one of her bow barbette guns, and was aimed at the fort at the south end of Malate. It fell short, the range having been misjudged, in the driving tropical rain that made it hard even to distinguish the target. The cruiser *Raleigh*, the gunboats *Petrel* and *Callao*, and the armed steam launch *Barcelo*, joined in the bombardment of the Spanish works. The shooting soon became more accurate, and on the land side the two Utah batteries and the Astor quick-firers joined in the cannonade, to which the Spaniards replied for a while with a slow ill-aimed fire.

The American infantry had been under arms since half-past six. They had paraded with 200 rounds of ammunition, and two days' rations for each man. General Anderson, now acting as Merritt's second in command, formed them in two strong brigades in front of Malate. General McArthur was on the right, with eight battalions in the first line, and three in reserve. General Greene was on the left, with seven battalions in front, and three more in reserve. Towards half-past ten Anderson decided to attack. The original idea was that the troops should not advance till the bombardment had ceased, but for some reason this plan was changed at the last moment. Anderson tried to signal his intentions to the fleet, but the "flag-wagging" was not noticed in the rain, so, while the Spanish works were still being shelled, he set his brigades in motion against the land side of the Malate suburb.

Greene's brigade pushed forward along the beach and the low ground to the east of it, getting some cover in flooded depressions of the swampy ground and keeping up a heavy fire on the Spanish lines. The other brigade, under McArthur, swung round against the land front. The fleet ceased firing on seeing the infantry advance. The Spaniards made very little resistance, falling back after a while into the city. A barricade in one of the main streets was stormed, and the men of the Astor battery rushed a blockhouse, pistol in hand, but the chief part of the fighting was irregular firing in the streets and from the houses as the Spaniards withdrew. Some of the American regiments came in with their bands playing, marching not in fighting formation, but in column of fours.

At eleven the Malate fort and suburb were occupied. At twelve the white flag was flying from the walls of the old city. The Americans had lost only eight killed and forty wounded, and these figures are proof enough that there was no real defence of the works by the Spaniards, and no street fighting of any importance.

GENERAL MERRITT.

The insurgent forces had been forbidden by the Americans to take any part in the assault, or to enter the city with arms in their hands even after the surrender. It was feared that if they came in the result would be bloodshed and outrage; so, as in the case of Santiago, they were compelled to look on as idle spectators of the triumph of their allies, who, it was quite clear, meant also to be their masters. At half-past one the capitulation of the city and fortress was signed. The Spanish officers were to retain their swords, the men were to lay down their

arms, and the question was reserved as to whether these should be returned to them before they were conveyed back to Spain. The United States army and navy guaranteed the safety of life and property in the city. In order to carry out this last stipulation many of the Spanish battalions retained their arms for some days, and assisted the Americans in guarding the northern approaches to the city against Aguinaldo's men.

In all, 7,000 Spanish troops laid down their arms. Before the capitulation was signed the Spaniards burned the gunboat *Cebu* in the river Pasig. General Augustin had embarked for Hong Kong on board the German flagship. His second in command, General Jaudenes, negotiated the terms of surrender.

AGUINALDO.
(Photo: Mee Chung, Hong Kong.)

Aguinaldo, indignant at the way in which he had been first used as a tool, then thrust into the background, made vain endeavours to obtain from the Americans a pledge that they would inaugurate an independent republic of the Philippines. Failing in this, he proclaimed the Republic at Malolos on September 16th.

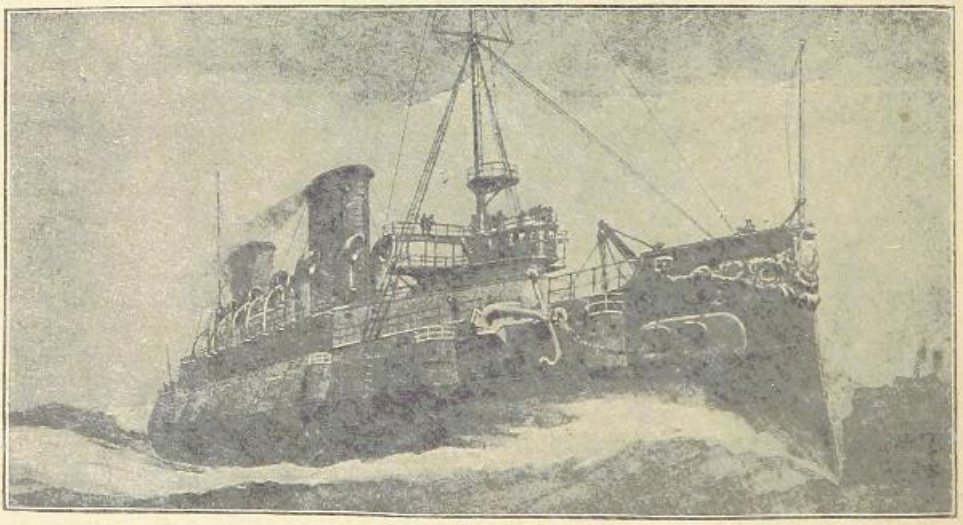
A subsidiary republic was proclaimed at Iloilo, the chief town of the South-Eastern Philippines, the group known as the Visayas. Arms were imported, and, if rumour speaks truly, some of them came from Japan, and with them came some adventurers who had served in the Japanese army.

The Americans were anxious, if possible, to avoid armed strife with the people they had come to deliver from Spanish domination. Nor were the Philippine insurgents over-anxious at first to push matters to the decision of combat. The treaty with Spain, or at least the preliminary draft, left the fate of the islands uncertain. Agoncillo, a lawyer and a colleague of Aguinaldo, was despatched from Manila to Washington to represent the Malolos Republic, and to try to obtain some promise of independence under an American protectorate. Hopes were built upon the fact that a large number of the senators in the American Congress were known to be anything but enthusiasts for colonial expansion. But American opinion was seriously prejudiced against the advocates of Philippine independence by the terrible news that came from the islands of the atrocities inflicted on the adherents of Spanish rule by the insurgents. It was naturally asked if the island empire of Spain in the Far East was to be transferred to the rule of men who had proved themselves to be more than half savages. There was an unpleasant feeling, too, that, on the night of the sortie from Manila in the last week before its capture, the retreat of Aguinaldo's men that left the American flank open to attack was due to treachery rather than carelessness. Yet even with these adverse influences the fate of the Philippines was still in the balance, when on the very eve of the vote in the Senate Aguinaldo's army, on the night of the 4th of February, 1899, attacked the American outposts before Manila, and were only repulsed after thirteen hours of hard fighting. The insurgents had hoped for a rising of the native population in the streets of the city, but there were only a few isolated attacks made on

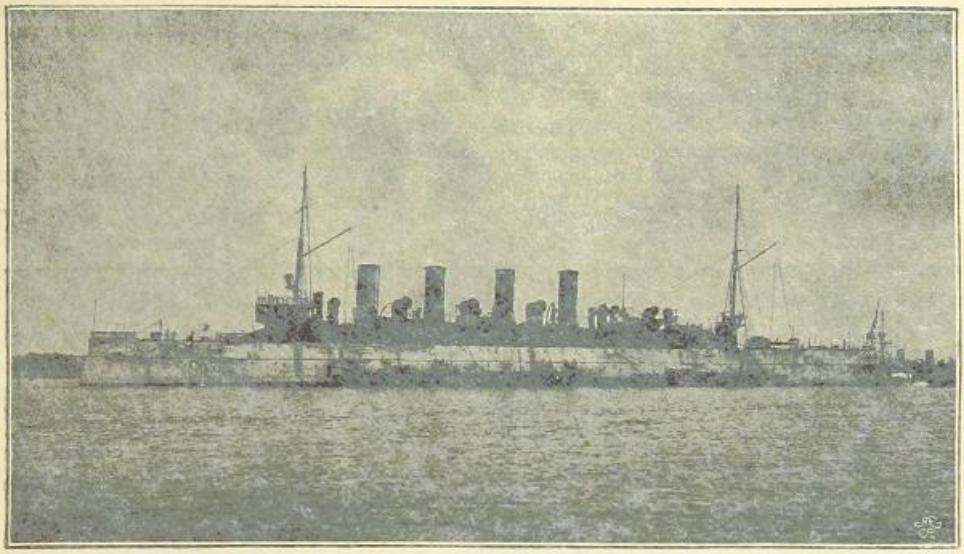
individual Americans in the streets. Outside it was a strange battle, at one part of the field a Tagal tribe, the Ygorrotes, attacking a battery of modern artillery with bows and arrows. More than two hundred Americans, and more than a thousand of the insurgents, fell in the battle.

Its immediate result was an overwhelming vote in the Senate for the annexation of the Philippines, and orders to General Otis, who commanded at Manila, to push his operations vigorously against the rebels. Iloilo, threatened by the American fleet, was burned and abandoned by its native garrison. The villages round Manila were cleared of the enemy, not without further hard fighting. Otis declared his intention of immediately marching on Malolos. The friends of the insurgents replied that the fall of Malolos would only mark the beginning of a long guerilla warfare. In three centuries the Spaniards had not succeeded in conquering the Philippines. They only held certain points on the coast and some districts in the interior of the larger islands. Did the Americans expect to clear the tropical jungles out in three months? And had they counted the cost of a war of conquest?

The fall of Manila was thus only the prelude to new conflicts, in which the Americans found themselves face to face with the same forces of disorder with which the Spaniards had had to contend before the war.



U.S. PROTECTED CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" (7,375 TONS).



U.S. PROTECTED CRUISER "COLUMBIA" (7,375 TONS).

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE RESULTS AND LESSONS OF THE WAR.

AFTER the destruction of Cervera's squadron and the fall of Santiago the war had been carried on by Spain in a very half-hearted fashion. Even the more sanguine of the Madrid politicians felt that there was no longer any prospect of ultimate triumph for the Spanish arms, or of any other Power forcibly intervening to stay the progress of the victors. The most that could be hoped for was some local success which might give satisfaction to national feeling in Spain and make it easier to accept the hard conditions that must be the price of peace. But even this lingering hope was doomed to disappointment.

As a result of failure abroad the Spanish Government was brought face to face with the danger of revolution and civil war in the home country. It was under these circumstances that in the last week of July the Queen-Regent took the first step to secure peace by appealing to the friendly good offices of France. M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador at Washington, was instructed to ask President McKinley what terms could be granted to Spain. The President replied that the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico would certainly be required and the cession of a coaling station in the Ladrone Islands. The fate of the Philippines was reserved for further consideration. No war indemnity would be demanded, but the United States would not accept any responsibility for the Cuban colonial debt.

M. Cambon was entrusted with powers to treat on behalf of Spain, but had nevertheless to refer every important question by cable message to the Madrid Cabinet, with the result that the negotiations dragged on for nearly a fortnight. The delay placed the Spanish Government in a worse position than it would have occupied if the first terms offered by the President had been at once made the basis of an armistice. In that case the preliminary treaty could have been signed before the garrison of Manila was reduced to extremities.

The draft of the peace preliminaries was not finally accepted by both parties until August 12th. The document embodying this preliminary treaty was signed at 4 p.m. on that day at Washington by M. Cambon on behalf of Spain, and by Mr. Day on behalf of America. The articles of the treaty were :—

I. Spain will renounce all claim to sovereignty over, and all her rights over, the island of Cuba.

II. Spain will cede to the United States the island of Puerto Rico and the other islands which are at present under the sovereignty of Spain in the Antilles, as well as an island in the Ladrone Archipelago to be chosen by the United States.

III. The United States will occupy and retain the city and bay of Manila, and the port of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace, which shall determine the control and form of government of the Philippines.

IV. Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the Antilles. To this effect, each of the two governments will appoint commissioners within ten days after the signing of this protocol, and these commissioners shall meet at Havana within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, with the object of coming to an agreement regarding the carrying out of the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and other adjacent Spanish islands. And each of the two governments shall likewise appoint within ten days after the signing of this protocol other commissioners, who shall meet at San Juan de Puerto Rico within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, to agree upon the details of the evacuation of Puerto Rico and the other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the Antilles.

V. Spain and the United States shall appoint, to treat for peace, five commissioners at the most for either country. The commissioners shall meet in Paris on October 1st, at latest, to proceed to negotiations, and to the conclusion of a treaty of peace. This treaty shall be ratified in conformity with the constitutional laws of each of the two countries.

VI. Once this protocol is concluded and signed hostilities shall be suspended, and to that effect in the two countries orders shall be given by either government to the commanders of its land and sea forces as speedily as possible.

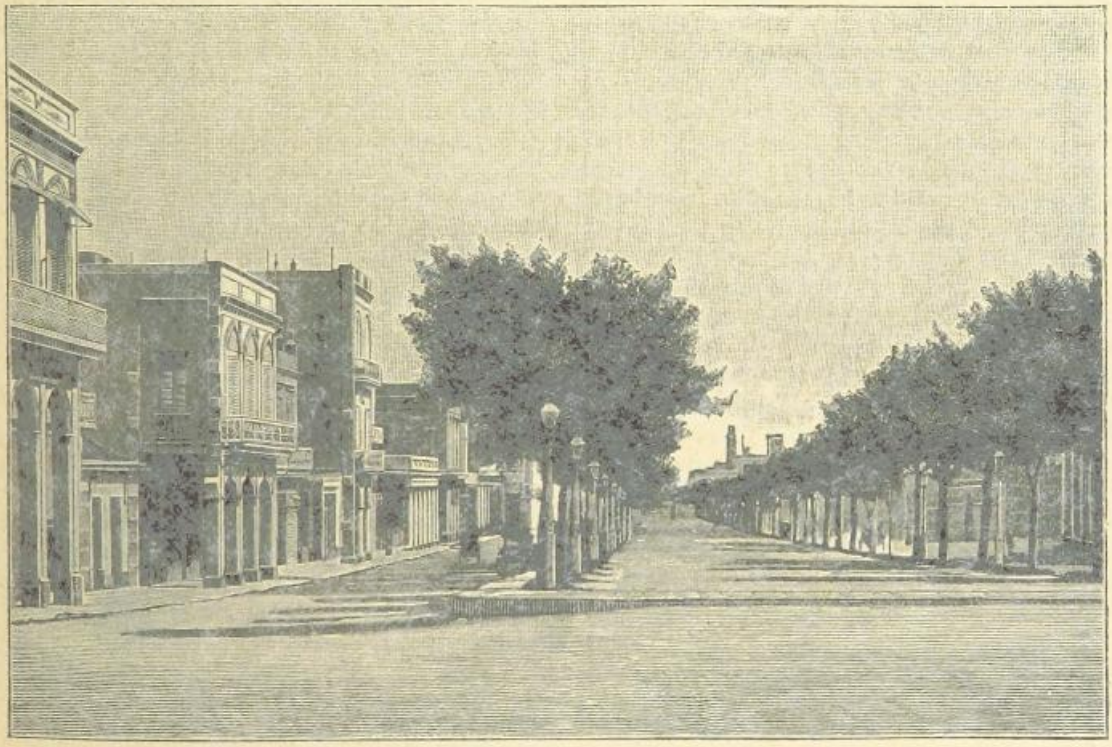
This instrument put an end to the war, though nominally its result was not peace, but a mere cessation of hostilities to afford time for negotiations on the basis here set forth. The definite treaty was drawn up and signed by the commissioners in Paris in October, not without a struggle on the part of Spain to obtain the transfer of the Cuban debt to the new government at Havana, and the possession of the Philippines, to which the United States laid claim, without yet definitely deciding whether they were to become an American possession or a free republic under a temporary American protectorate. At one period of the negotiations the hesitation of Spain was met by a threat to break off the armistice and send Commodore Watson's squadron to seize the Canaries or bombard Cadiz. Finally, Spain yielded on all points, the United States agreeing to pay a

THE CATHEDRAL, HAVANA.

moderate indemnity for the "unexhausted improvements" in the late Spanish possessions.

Thus, after nearly three centuries of empire, Spain was forced to resign the last of her possessions beyond the seas, except the Canaries, a few posts on the shores of Africa, and some small islands in the Pacific. But the United States had already discovered that with the conquered colonies of Spain they had taken over her colonial troubles. In both Cuba and the Philippines the party of independence added on its more obvious lessons. The United States had learned by bitter experience what a false economy there may be in being ill prepared for war. Even the navy, in the weeks that preceded the outbreak of hostilities, was so ill provided with ammunition that it was only by exceptional efforts that enough could be sent to Dewey to enable him to attack the Spaniards at Manila.

The ammunition for the fleet was collected at one of the eastern arsenals. It was loaded upon



THE PRADO, HAVANA.

threatened an appeal to arms, which might mean a prolonged civil war. The Philippine insurgents in their hour of triumph had been guilty of the most hideous cruelties and outrages on the upholders of Spanish rule, and to hand the islands over to these semi-savages was impossible. America had incurred a grave responsibility in rousing them to revolt during her quarrel with Spain. And it is difficult to see how the wrongs of Cuba justified this war of conquest in the Far East—a war which let loose the forces of barbarous savagery upon a white population.

There is no need to discuss further in this place the results of the war. A few words may be

a heavy goods train, the closed cars of which were sealed, the whole operation being conducted with such secrecy that only three members of the Cabinet and the officers and men actually engaged in the work knew what was in progress. The train was then despatched to San Francisco, whence its cargo was forwarded to Mirs Bay, near Hong Kong. Meanwhile the American Minister at Madrid had been instructed to use every endeavour to protract the negotiations, so that the declaration of war might be delayed till the precious cargo had reached the United States Pacific Squadron. Commodore Dewey only received these vitally necessary supplies two days before he sailed for Manila Bay. That such

exceptional measures should have been necessary shows how ill-prepared even the navy was for war.

Of the practical lessons derived from the experience of the naval campaign, those which have the greatest interest for British observers refer to the engineering department. These are set forth very clearly and briefly in the official report of Mr. Melville, the engineer-in-chief of the United States Navy. So many of them have a direct bearing on questions that concern the efficiency of British naval preparations, that no excuse need be made for putting on record his conclusions. He holds that for the naval engineer these are the most important lessons of the war :—

"The vital necessity of giving the machinery of vessels in reserve frequent tests under working conditions, so that any defects may be discovered and remedied before war makes the vessel's services absolutely necessary. In several cases defects were found after the ships had begun cruising, and the repairs laid them up in the midst of the war.

"The great importance of having all our naval stations in positions of strategic value properly fitted out for repairs and with adequate supplies of non-perishable stores. It had been evident for a long time that Key West was such a station, but money to put in a proper repair plant was refused year after year, and only granted after the war had begun. The movement of large bodies of troops and their equipment almost blocked the railroads, so that after the beginning of the war it was almost impossible to secure the forwarding of tools and supplies.

"That fresh water for the boilers is almost as important as coal, and that a distilling ship is an important adjunct of a fleet operating away from a base where fresh water can be readily obtained.

"That every fleet needs a repair ship to enable the efficiency to be maintained without leaving the station, and consequently that several ships should be equipped so as to be ready to proceed with the fleet.

"The great tactical advantages of water-tube boilers.

"That if more than two main engines are to be fitted, there should be three engines driving three screws, and not two main engines on each shaft. The *New York* and *Brooklyn* had their forward engines disconnected at the time of the Santiago fight, and could not stop to couple them. An accident to any part of either of the two engines on a shaft disables half the power ; in the three-screw ship this fraction would be only a third.

"That there should be frequent trials under forced draught to keep the blowers in good condition, and to make the men thoroughly familiar with working under maximum conditions. It appears that some of the ships had never been under forced draught since their contract trials until the day of the fight at Santiago.

"That the location of the forced-draught blowers is a matter of serious importance. In some of our ships, owing to the demands for all other space for other purposes, the blowers had to be located in corners or pockets in the fire rooms, where it was impossible for human beings to give them proper attention, owing to the intense heat due to lack of ventilation. In the *Cincinnati* temperatures as high as 205 deg. Fahrenheit were noted, and the commanding officer, when investigating the case personally, had his face scorched. The blowers must be placed where they can be properly cared for, or else they are useless, and might as well be left on shore.

"That the *personnel* of the service should be adequate to the *matériel*. It has been notorious for some time that this is not the case, and we are providing for a decided increase in the number of vessels with no increase whatever in the *personnel*. By sending nearly every officer on the active list to sea we were able to give the regular ships a fair complement of trained ones, but had the war been of long duration we should have been greatly embarrassed to supply the places of those disabled or invalided. Volunteers, however well trained in other ways, cannot entirely replace the regular officer.

"That we must make provision for training the enlisted men of the engineer department. Many of the colliers and auxiliary vessels had to start out with absolutely green crews, many of whom, so far from having the 'sea habit,' had never been on a vessel of any kind. This must be remedied if our enlarged fleet is to be efficient.

"That our fighting-ships must have the highest practicable speed. There is an almost general agreement on this point among naval men ; but if any had thought that this did not apply to battleships, the fight at Santiago must have shown that the highest practicable speed is just as important in these vessels."

But whatever were the minor defects of the navy it was in a state of splendid efficiency compared to the army. That had to be, as it were, improvised in the presence of the enemy. The want of a trained staff led to costly delays and blunders. The want of a medical service

organised for war resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives.

A properly organised modern army is one of the most complicated of machines. Its first elements, the individual soldiers, cannot be suddenly created by putting civilians into uniform and giving them rifles. Neither does the signing of a commission make an officer. This seems obvious enough. Yet one hears men speak of the possibility of armies being rapidly raised and equipped in a national emergency, as if personal enthusiasm and patriotic devotion could make up for the want of training, professional knowledge, and, above all, that spirit of unfailing discipline which can only be the result of slowly acquired habits, both in those who command and those who obey.

But even when men have been trained to act together in battalions and regiments, merely bringing these together on the same ground does not create an army. The trained staff that can weld them into one united force, make them work together on well-chosen lines, and arrange that they shall lack no necessary supplies, is the first condition of assured success. Without such an organised group of leaders victory may, indeed, be won, but it will be due to still greater deficiencies on the opposing side ; and even so, it will be bought at a heavy cost of death and suffering to the victors.

The operations, both at Santiago and at Manila, proved once more that a fleet needs the co-operation of an army to complete the work of conquest. The bombardments of San Juan and of the Santiago sea forts confirmed the view that land batteries can successfully contend even with a powerful modern fleet. The experience of the naval battles at Manila and off Santiago confirmed the experience of the Yalu battle in the Chinese war, that inflammable materials and fittings are the source of the greatest danger to a modern warship.

The American volunteers had shown no lack of courage on the battlefields of Cuba, Puerto Rico and Luzon. But in all three campaigns there had been on several occasions a want of discipline that might easily have led to disastrous results in the presence of a more vigorous enemy. It must be added, however, that the discipline even of the American regulars was not always of the highest order. The way in which many of the regiments strewed the line of march in Cuba with stores and equipment, rather than carry any weight in the hot sun, contrasts curiously with the way in which soldiers trained under a more rigid system have tramped across African deserts and Indian plains in an equally trying climate.

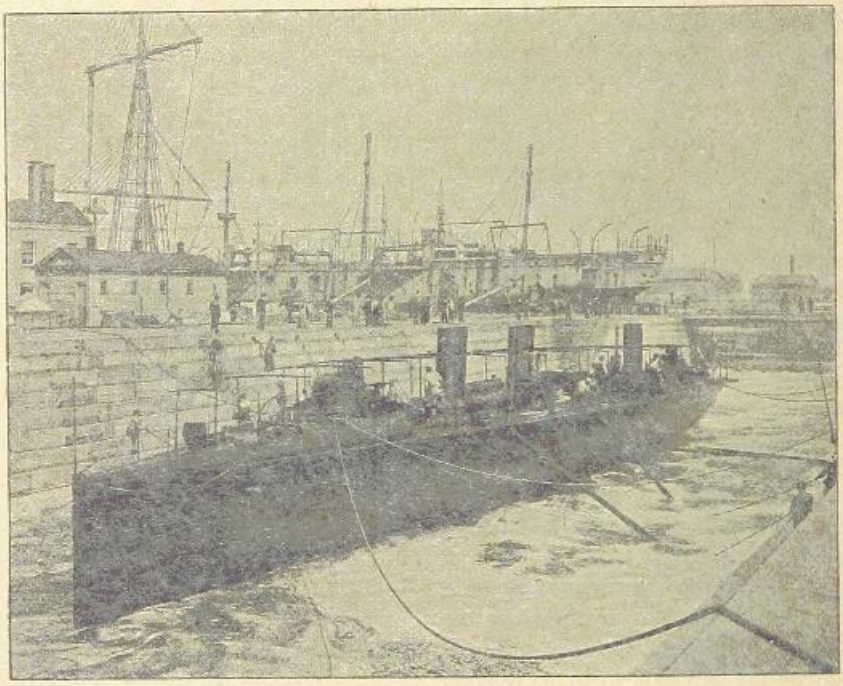
Spain, crippled by debt and with an empty treasury, was even less prepared for the struggle than her conqueror. When Admiral Cervera sailed for the West Indies he told an old friend that he knew he was going to another Trafalgar. "If," he said, "I could have burned some thousands of tons of coal in tactical evolutions, and fired some thousands of shells in target practice, we might do something ; but the Government could not afford the cost." Such economy is fatal to all success, and it was typical of the Spanish system, or want of system. Some of the crews had never fired a shot until they cleared for action and began their first and last battle. Both on sea and on shore the Spaniards showed no lack of courage, but courage without adequate organisation and training, and without intelligent leadership, is useless.

For the United States the best result of the war was the welding together of North and South, the burying of old memories of civil strife in the consciousness of victories won in a common cause. With this came the proud feeling that the new navy under the Stars and Stripes had won its recognised place among the great fleets of the world. It was a day of triumph when the victorious battleships and cruisers, gay with flags, steamed up past the quays of New York amid the acclamations of hundreds of thousands. A sadder aspect of the great struggle for empire was revealed when the first regiments returned from Cuba, with thinned ranks, even the survivors looking worn and wasted with tropical fever. One of the New York regiments had sailed for Cuba nearly 1,200 strong; less than 400 formed up in Broadway for the final parade on the day of their return, and even these were so enfeebled that it was thought best to shorten their march through the city. Sadder still for Spain was it to see her soldiers returning from the lost battle, many of them only to die in the country for whose flag they had fought in vain.

Not the least important result of the war was a widespread change in public feeling in the United States with regard to Great Britain. In the years that preceded it there had been more than one outbreak of hostility to England, the most notable being the warlike agitation that followed President Cleveland's diplomatic intervention on behalf of Venezuela when Congress met in the December of 1895. A disposition to

"twist the lion's tail" was, on the whole, a recommendation to popular favour for an American politician. Now all this was changed. In the first weeks of the war the opinion of Continental Europe was distinctly and unanimously on the side of Spain. It was even said that the Cabinets of several European countries were disposed to organise a new concert of the Powers with a view to such another joint intervention as had been put in force against both Turkey and Greece when Crete was disturbed by serious insurrection. Cuba, it was said, would be treated as another Crete in the Western seas, and an indirect way would thus be found for upholding the claims of Spain and stopping the aggressive projects of the United States. At a later period of the war more than one of the Powers declared that no such project was ever entertained. But it is, nevertheless, all but certain that it was at least proposed, and that the great obstacle to its taking formal shape was the refusal of England to give any countenance to the suggestion, and the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that if any group of the Continental Powers tried to use their navies in a joint demonstration on behalf of Spain, the immediate result would be the mobilisation of the British navy to prevent the coercion of the other great English-speaking Power beyond the Atlantic.

British neutrality was of a distinctly benevolent order where American interests were concerned. A notable instance of this was the refusal to allow Admiral Camara's squadron to obtain coal at Port Said for its proposed voyage to the East. This refusal was nominally the act of Egypt, but in all such matters the Khedive's Government necessarily spoke only as the mouthpiece of Great Britain. This friendly action on our part, following upon the refusal to join the other Powers in any act savouring of hostility to the United States, produced a complete change of feeling in America. Practical advantage was taken of this welcome state of things to arrange a conference for the friendly settlement of all outstanding causes of possible dispute. There was even some talk of a permanent Anglo-American alliance. But it had to be recognised that such a combination hardly came within the range of practical diplomacy. Great Britain, with world-wide interests in some of which the United States have no part, could not expect her American cousins to pledge themselves in advance to actively aid her in all the quarrels arising from the clash of ambitions and the current of events on all the far-spread



U.S. TORPEDO BOAT "DUPONT."

borders of a world-wide empire. Nor could she engage that her people and her colonies should imperil their peace for any and every dispute with other Powers in which the new empire-making policy of the American Government might involve the United States. What is wanted and what ought not to be difficult to maintain is a permanent state of friendly feeling between the two great English-speaking Powers of the world, a condition of things that would make it difficult for any dangerous crisis to trouble their mutual relations, and would ensure their joint action where their common interests were in any way threatened by hostile nations.

This joint action in defence of common interests is the most that can be reasonably hoped for. Sentimental considerations are not likely permanently to affect policy. And unfortunately there are many points on which the interests of the two countries are, thanks to their different fiscal policy, somewhat divergent, so that causes of difference, though not of hostility, remain, even after the undoubted drawing together of the two peoples during the war. Nor does there seem any near prospect of these differences being removed. Anything like permanent alliance seems therefore an impossibility. But happily permanent mutual goodwill may exist without any formal league between nations.

In one respect the war was very disappointing. On neither side—not even on that of the victors—did it bring to the front any commanding personality, any great naval or military genius. The great conflict of the American Civil War had been fruitful in famous men. Lincoln, Jackson, Lee, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Farragut—these are names that have a world-wide reputation. Beside such men the leaders of the Spanish-American war seem respectable, every-day figures.

A GROUP OF CUBAN LADIES.

Probably the commander who came best out of the war and won the largest measure of popularity and reputation among his fellow countrymen was Admiral Dewey. His destruction of Admiral Montojo's squadron in Manila Bay was singularly complete. It came in the first days of the war when the people of the United States were wildly eager for news of a great success. It contrasted most strikingly with the slow, methodical, and at first all but fruitless operations of the far more powerful fleet that had been despatched to West Indian waters. By one blow it seemed to have destroyed the power of Spain in the Eastern seas and given an

island empire in the Philippines to America. All this combined to make Dewey a national hero, and in the general outburst of enthusiasm that greeted his triumph men did not trouble to measure the exact extent of his performance. One popular American poet boasted that at Manila the battle had been won by the energy of the conquering race—

> "That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow;
> It is Dewey's glory to-day, as Nelson's
> A hundred years ago!"

But the comparison of Nelson standing into the narrow waters of Copenhagen to meet the ships and batteries of the Dane, or closing with the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, is completely out of the question. As for "laughing at odds," the odds, and these fearfully heavy, were against the unfortunate Spaniards. The enormous superiority of Admiral Dewey's fleet, while ensuring him a complete and a decisive victory, made it impossible for the exploit to be a very glorious incident in naval history. But for all that it has made the victorious admiral one of the national heroes of the United States.

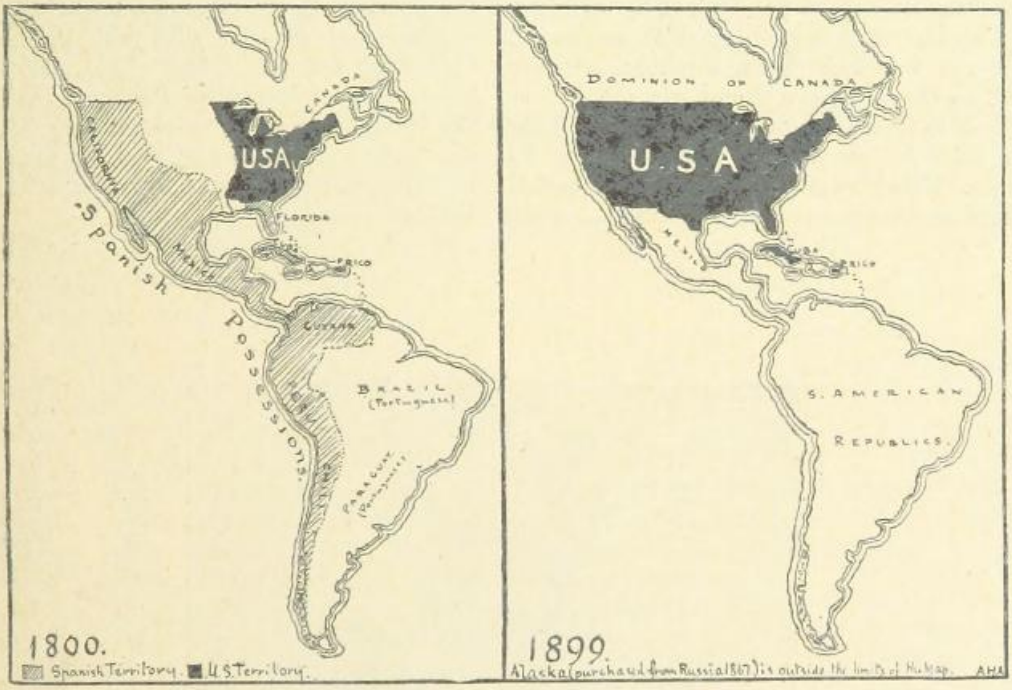
He has a better title to such fame in the high qualities he displayed, not merely as a sailor, but also as a diplomatist during the anxious weeks of the blockade of Manila. Without adequate supplies, having no chance of being reinforced for a month, he maintained the blockade, checked the over-eagerness of his dangerous native allies, and maintained an attitude of keenly watchful readiness to meet the possible intervention of unfriendly foreign Powers. The moment came when, without being able to consult the home government as to his course of conduct, he had to face the responsibility of a practical ultimatum to the Germans. And he faced it unhesitatingly. The American war correspondent, who accompanied him throughout, an ex-naval officer, tells how, when long-enduring patience had at last been exhausted, the Admiral sent Lieutenant Brumby, of his staff, to warn the German admiral that there was danger ahead. "I wish you," said Dewey, "to take the barge and go over to the German flagship. Give Admiral von Diederich my compliments, and say that I wish to call his attention to the fact that the vessels of his squadron have shown an extraordinary disregard of the courtesies of naval intercourse, and that finally one of them has committed a gross breach of neutrality in landing provisions in Manila, a port which I am blockading. And, Brumby," continued the commodore, his voice rising, and ringing with the intensity of feeling that he felt he had repressed about long enough, "tell Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight, he can have it right now!"

Whether the second part of the message was delivered or not, history does not clearly relate. But in any case Dewey's warning was followed by a marked change in the conduct of the Germans. The Admiral had shown a thorough self-confidence, a readiness to take responsibility, which are among the most salient attributes of great commanders, and the incident rightly added to his popularity.

Next in honour with the public of the United States comes another sailor, Schley, the commander of the flying squadron, the leader in the pursuit and destruction of Cervera's fleet outside Santiago. It was Admiral Sampson's ill fortune to be miles away to the westward on that eventful morning when the Spanish fleet made its desperate rush out to sea. His flagship came up as the battle ended, in time to take only the smallest share in it. Nevertheless, in his first despatch he very injudiciously omitted even the name of Schley from the story of the victory. It was no wonder that this silence on his part damaged his own reputation with the public at large, and led them to exalt by very contrast the fame of his subordinate. Sampson had suffered indirectly from the indiscretions of the American press. They had wildly exaggerated both his aims and his actual performances in the opening weeks of the war. There was a natural reaction of feeling when it was found how little had really been effected in this first stage of the naval campaign. Then came Cervera's appearance in the West Indian seas, and it was Schley that found and held him at Santiago. Sampson bombarded the forts, but would not venture a real attack, and when the battle came he was, by no fault of his own, almost in the position of a spectator. No wonder that he was depreciated by general opinion in comparison with Dewey and Schley. Like most hurried popular judgments, it was not quite just. If Schley found Cervera at Santiago, it was the result of Sampson's general plan for watching the Cuban seas. Nor was the Admiral to blame for the aimless character of his earlier operations. They were in great part dictated by concessions to public opinion and to the fears of the great city populations along the seaboard of the United States. The actual plans and often the very orders for the action of the Atlantic fleet in the first weeks

of the war came, in the first instance, from a Government committee at Washington.

Among the commanders of fleets and squadrons Schley and Dewey were the popular heroes, though to some extent Hobson's fame for the sinking of the *Merrimac* was greater for awhile than even theirs. The army did not produce a single commander that reached the same level of distinction as the two commodores. General Wesley Merritt in the Philippines met with no serious resistance, and simply reaped the fruit of Dewey's triumph aided by the guns of the



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE GROWTH OF UNITED STATES AND LOSS OF SPAIN IN AMERICA.

victorious fleet. Miles in Puerto Rico accomplished little before the peace put an end to his operations, and his campaign was largely of the nature of what the French call "a military promenade." Shafter, on whom fell the most serious work, lost rather than gained reputation by his conduct of affairs before Santiago. He has since explained that some at least of the deficiencies set to his charge were the result of defective War-office administration, which left him short of some of the necessaries of army equipment. He has suggested that he was unpopular with the correspondents, and that much of what was written about him during the campaign was inspired by their ill-will. But when all allowance is made, his generalship was not of a high order. He had despised and underrated his enemy with disastrous consequences. And his failings were aggravated by the hopelessly bad system of army administration and by the want of an experienced staff, both at the front and at the base of operations. The inquiry into the conduct of the war carried out at Washington since the close of the operations has revealed a scandalous state of things among the professional politicians and amateur soldiers who controlled the organisation and supply of the army. The wonder is, not that things were so bad under such a system, but that they were not ten times worse.

It is probable that if the war had lasted longer some of the subordinate leaders would have found an opportunity for making themselves a permanent military reputation as leaders of men. The individual officer in subordinate command who actually won the most widespread fame during the war was the volunteer colonel, Theodore Roosevelt. He proved himself both an excellent organiser and a skilful and daring leader, and the Santiago campaign prepared the way for his triumphant election to the governorship of New York State on his return home.

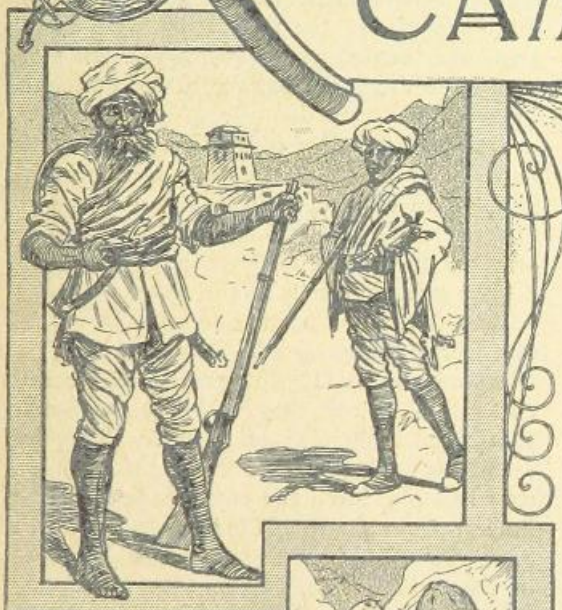
It is doubtful whether the conduct and results of the war added to the reputation and popularity

of President McKinley and his administration. His action before the war had been undecided. He had made a half-hearted struggle for peace, and he showed again during the course of the war a want of personal decision, an inclination to evade difficulties and look out for possible compromises. And, triumphant as the armies and navies of the United States had been, they left the country at the close of the war face to face with a vast unsolved problem, the difficulties of which diminished in the minds of all but the most thoughtless and irresponsible the feeling of satisfaction arising from a hard-won success.

The Constitution of the United States never contemplated a policy of colonial expansion. Until the war with Spain, any new territory added to the American Union was accepted as destined to be sooner or later a self-governing state ruled by the vote of the majority of its citizens. This is a system that cannot be applied without modification to new annexations beyond the seas in lands largely peopled by half-civilised races, and requiring to be ruled in great part by the soldier rather than the civilian administrator. The annexation of Hawaii, the conquest of the Philippines and the Spanish West Indies meant the sudden acquisition of a colonial empire, the possibility of a clash of interests with other imperial Powers in Europe and in Asia, and the necessity of keeping on foot a large army and a powerful navy, and creating new colonial administrations. Thus, though the war had lasted less than four months, it was one of those epoch-making conflicts that change the face of the world. In the eastern and western seas the flag of Spain, the flag of Columbus and of Cortes, had gone down before the new banner of the great republic of the West, and a new empire had been founded, the United States going forth upon a path of conquest. Who can say whither it will lead?

INFORMATION WANTED.

CHITRAL, AND THE N.W. FRONTIER CAMPAIGN.



CHAPTER I.

THE HUNZA-NAGAR VALLEY.

IN the story of the reconquest of the Soudan we have seen how British officers led Egyptian and Soudanese troops to victory in the deserts of Africa. We are now to follow the course of even more arduous campaigns carried on by the Indian army under the same leadership among the mountains of Asia.

The scene of these wars with the hill tribes of the North-Western Frontier is one of the wildest and most difficult regions in the world. India is cut off from Central Asia by a huge mountain barrier. Range beyond range of snow-capped giants rise to a height that would scarcely be equalled if the Pyrenees were piled upon the Alps. On the north-west the Indus, flowing down from a mountain valley between the Himalayan ridges, runs to the sea past the long spurs of another mountain wall that forms the eastern barrier of the Afghan highlands. All these ranges radiate from the table-land of the Pamirs, a region higher than Mont Blanc, whose desolate uplands are covered deep in snow and ice through the long winter. Its valleys in the brief summer give pasturage to the flocks of a few shepherds. In the winter its only inhabitants are the handful of Russian soldiers who hold an isolated frontier post almost on the edge of the everlasting snow.

On the south of the Pamirs and in the depressions of the great frontier ranges, watered by rivers and streams that finally reach the Indus, are valleys that have been for centuries the home of independent warrior tribes. Some of the valleys of this Asiatic Switzerland have only been trodden by white men for the first time in recent years. The passes between them are hill tracks that for the most part are only practicable for the mountaineer. Every valley is a natural fortress, and the hill country between the Indus and the upland plain of Cabul and the Pamirs is known by names that tell of its long-standing independence. "Yaghistan," the land of the unruly, is one of its traditional names, and it is amply justified by the history of the hill tribes.

One of the more easily travelled roads of the frontier has a name that brings sad memories to many an English home. The Khyber Pass, which opens through the barrier of the Afghan hills above Peshawur, witnessed, more than fifty years ago, the destruction of a British army. Down that pass every conqueror that has entered India from Central Asia has made his way. It was by the Khyber Alexander marched to the Indus more than two thousand years ago. And yet to our own day the Afridi tribes who live near the pass have preserved a semi-independence. They cut off the stragglers of conquering armies; they levied tolls on peaceful caravans century after century.

Northwards, another historic pass, the Malakand, leads to the Chitral Valley, and was for centuries one of the great roads to the highlands of Central Asia. Buddhist pilgrims trod its steep paths even in the far-off years before the Macedonian king marched over its crest on his way to his Bactrian conquests. The Khyber and the Malakand are two of the great gates of India; and when the frontier was pushed northward and westward from the levels of the Punjaub, the time came at last when those who had to decide upon the military policy of the Indian empire judged that the control of both these mountain highways was necessary to our security. The last war with Afghanistan led to our taking special measures for the defence of the Khyber; and the steady advance of the Russian outposts and the appearance of Russian explorers in the Hunza Valley led to active interference with the hill tribes north as well as west of Peshawur.

In the autumn of 1890 our hold on the southern extremity of the frontier had been strengthened by a force under General Sir George White, marching from Quetta into the Zhob Valley, exploring the Gomal Pass, one of the main highways into Afghanistan, south of the Khyber, and imposing our own terms on the hill tribes of the district. The expedition cost much laborious marching and road-making, but there were only a few insignificant skirmishes, the resistance of the tribes collapsing when they saw White's force making its way over what they had till then regarded as ground that no army from India would attempt to traverse. In the following year a column, under Colonel Durand, fought its way into the Hunza-Nagar Valley, at the other end of the frontier line. This was one of the most remarkable expeditions ever carried out in North-Western India, and three Victoria Crosses were won during the operations.

The narrow valley of the Hunza River, the scene of Durand's campaign, is a huge ravine running up into the Himalayas from the north-eastern borders of Kashmir. It was accessible only by mere goat paths winding along the rugged mountain walls of the valley, and sometimes carried on wooden galleries across the face of sheer precipices. The Hunza and Nagar tribes were splendid fighting men, and, secure in this natural fortress, they had for years defied our vassal, the Maharajah of Kashmir. They had raided his territory, or turning to the northward they had plundered the caravans in the passes leading through the Himalayas from Central Asia. They had in their villages a large number of slaves, Kashmiris, Persians, and Turkomans. Few white men had ever visited their valley. One of these few was the Russian military explorer, Captain Gromchevtsky, who had come over the Pamirs with a party of Cossacks. Shortly before his visit the tribes had accepted British suzerainty, agreeing to desist from slave raiding and plundering, and accepting a small annual subsidy from the Indian Government. The first result of the Russian explorer's visit was that they broke off this arrangement, and in the spring of 1891 they threatened a raid on the Gilgit district of Kashmir, where Durand had his headquarters as British resident in charge of this part of the frontier.

Gilgit was reinforced with a detachment of Goorkhas and a couple of mountain guns. The difficulties of frontier warfare may be judged from the fact that on the march up nearly a hundred men of the column died from cold and frostbite. During the summer supplies for the

coming expedition were collected in Gilgit, and in the winter Durand advanced against the passes leading into the Hunza Valley, with a force of about 100 men, Kashmir Imperial troops, stiffened with the Goorkhas, and the mountain guns.

At first sight it would seem that winter was the worst season for a Himalayan campaign. But in this instance it made the work of the column somewhat easier. In summer the melting snows swell the Hunza River till it forms a foaming torrent, filling the gorges from cliff to cliff, and forcing the traveller to make his way along the paths and galleries of the precipices on either side. In winter the shrunken stream leaves a rough boulder-strewn track, now on one side, now on the other of the gorge at the base of the cliffs. The tribes had never expected to be attacked in the season of ice and snow. All their defences were prepared in view of a summer campaign.

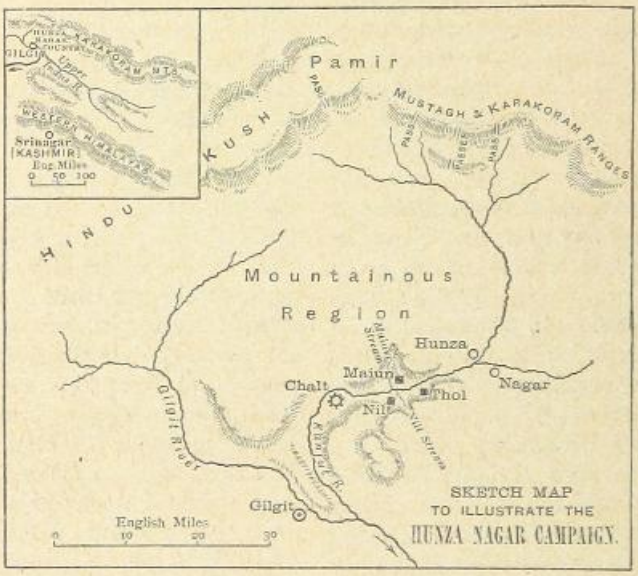
The invading force assembled on December 1st at the Kashmir frontier fort of Chalt. Next day Durand marched up the valley to the point where further progress is barred by the fortress of Nilt, built just where the Maiun and Nilt streams run down by wild ravines into the Hunza River. Beyond the ravines, higher up the valley, are the hill fortresses of Maiun and Thol. At Nilt 4,000 of the tribesmen, armed with modern rifles (many of them Russian Berdans), had gathered to oppose the advance. They had built sungars, or stone breastworks, along the crests of the ravines across the valley, right up to the region of perpetual snow and ice on either side, and on the tops of the cliffs they had prepared piles of stones that could be sent down like avalanches of rock on the paths below.

Nilt was attacked and carried by storm that afternoon. The guns opened on its outer wall and the mass of stone houses that form the mountain village. The riflemen fired at the loopholes from the level floor of the valley in front and from higher ground on the adjacent slope. The enemy's return fire was well directed, and Colonel Durand himself was wounded while laying one of the guns. As the attack closed in, the Goorkhas advanced, led by Captain Aylmer and Lieutenant Boisragon, Aylmer carrying with him powder bags to blow in the main gate. Going forward with a small party he placed the bags in position, lit the fuse, and slipped back into cover. But no explosion followed. Aylmer crept forward again, and under fire from the loopholes readjusted and relit the fuse, and as he retired the second time, wounded in more than one place, the gate was blown in. He dashed into the narrow passage beyond, followed only by the lieutenant and five Goorkhas, the rest having made a wrong turn as they entered the ditch and missed the gate. While Aylmer with these few men held the gateway against the enemy, Boisragon slipped out, and under fire from the wall found and brought up the rest of the storming party, and Nilt was taken after a hard fight in its narrow lanes. The attacking force lost thirty-three killed and wounded, the enemy more than a hundred. Aylmer and Boisragon received the Victoria Cross.

But Nilt was only an outwork of the line of defences that barred the valley, and it was eighteen days before the fortified cliffs of the ravines beyond were passed. After several attempts to find a way to turn the enemy's defences had failed, a Kashmir sepoy named Nagdu, a daring and skilful mountaineer, discovered one night a way by which the cliff on the east side of the Nilt ravine could be climbed. It was a difficult piece of rock climbing even in daylight, and with no enemy to bar the way. At various points the cliff face could be brought under fire from the sungars, or swept with avalanches of stones. And the party could only ascend in single file, often on hands and knees. It was decided to make the desperate attempt, and a picked storming party of 100 Kashmiris, under Lieutenant Manners-Smith, went out after dark on December 19th and spent the night at the base of the cliff, and began to climb it in the grey of the following morning. On the west side of the ravine covering parties of the best marksmen in the column were posted to fire upon anyone who approached the top of the opposite cliff and thus prevent the Hunza-Nagar men from discovering the attack till the upper part of the climb was reached. The riflemen were then to shoot down anyone who tried to send stones over the precipices and to keep down the fire from the sungars. The daring venture was crowned with complete success. Manners-Smith climbed slowly and steadily, followed by his men, but two-thirds of the way up came to a sheer precipice and had to turn back and begin again higher up the ravine. This time he succeeded. As he neared the top, the tribesmen discovered his approach, and the last part of the climb had to be done amid ringing shots and falling stones. But, covered by the rifles of the marksmen on the other side

of the gorge, the stormers reached the crest, not without loss, and charged the nearest sungar. Startled at seeing their enemies had broken through their defences at a point where they thought no living man could ascend, the hillmen abandoned their works and fled up the valley, pursued by the invaders. Hunza and Nagar surrendered without further resistance, and the tribes submitted. They have since fought gallantly on our side in later frontier campaigns.

Manners-Smith received the coveted Victoria Cross for his exploit. When next the Hunzas fought it was under the leadership of British



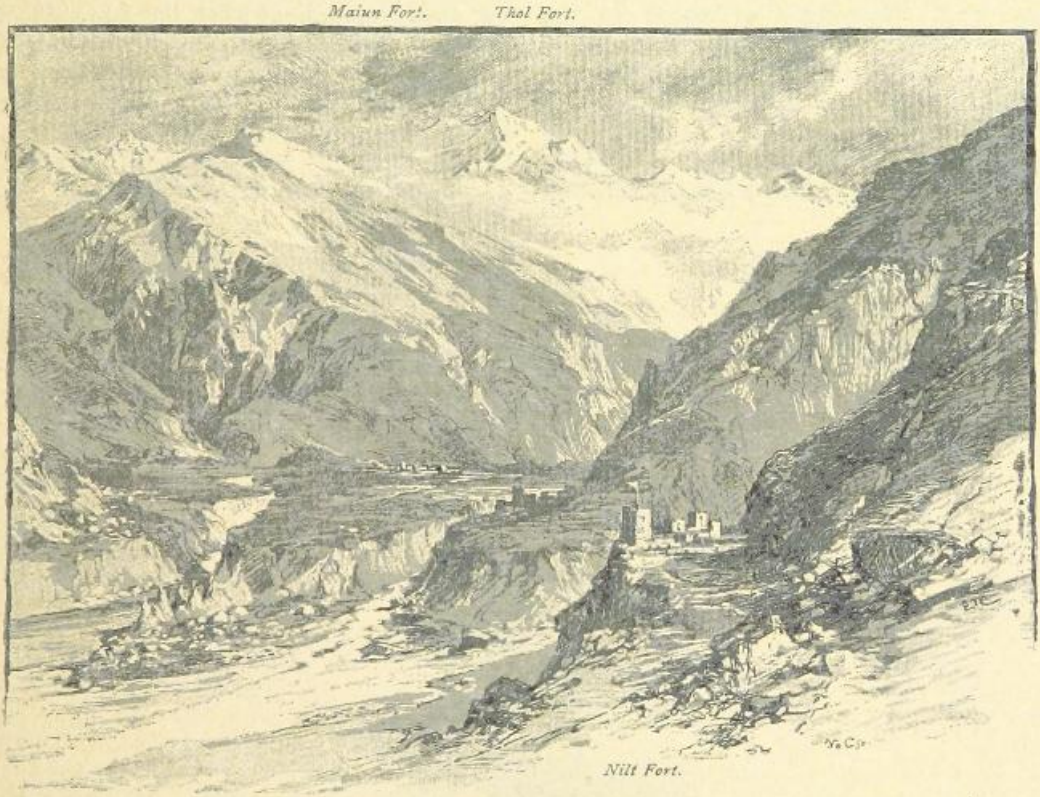
officers against a neighbouring tribe who had attempted a raid into Kashmir.

Thus, on the north-east and the south-west, the frontier was being brought more and more under British control. But there lay between the Punjaub and Afghanistan and the Pamirs a wide tract which was a dangerous region, owing allegiance to no higher power but the tribal chiefs, who, when they were not warring among themselves, indulged in raids, now into British, now into Afghan, territory. In 1893 the Indian Government induced the Amir of Afghanistan to agree to a new marking off of the British and the Afghan spheres of influence in this mountain region. The step had far-reaching consequences. The new delimitation was carried out by a Commission, at the head of which was Sir Mortimer Durand, one of the most experienced of our frontier officials.

There is no need to discuss here the thorny question of the North-Western Frontier policy. On this matter there are two schools of thought. One, the older of the two, is represented by those who have been sometimes called the party of "masterly inactivity." Their view is that our best plan is to hold the low country on both sides of the Indus, regard the great river as our main line of defence, and content ourselves with watching the lower gates of the mountains and making the tribes pay so dearly for a plundering raid that it will be to their interest to live at peace with us. The other, the "forward" school, which has been in the ascendant for a good many years, holds that we must control the passes and keep the tribes in order by establishing forts garrisoned by British or native troops at points commanding their territory, and running military roads through the valleys. It is not intended that in every case the tribes should actually become British subjects. All that is aimed at is that, while a certain independence is left to them under their own chiefs or kings, they should acknowledge British suzerainty, the network of forts and roads making it difficult for them to take any line of action hostile to our interests. Unfortunately the hillmen do not appreciate such distinctions, and regard the building of a fort and the making of a road as the first step towards reducing them to actual subjection, with a code of laws they do not understand and a system of taxation they detest.

Men like Sir George Robertson, of Chitral fame, and Colonel H. D. Hutchinson, who has

told so well the story of the Tirah campaign, though not opposed to the frontier policy, and recognising the force of the reasons that led the Indian Government to send Sir Mortimer Durand to Cabul in 1893 to arrange for a definite frontier in the debatable land, nevertheless are agreed in this: that the new treaty was indirectly the source of most of the North-Western Frontier troubles in the years that have elapsed since it was made. Sir George Robertson, an expert in frontier politics, puts the matter so clearly that



THE NILT FORTS FROM THE SOUTH.

his words on the subject may be quoted at length:—

"To the superficial observer," he says, "nothing could seem more statesmanlike than to lay down distinct boundaries demarcating respectively the spheres of influence of the Amir of Afghanistan and of the Government of India, and so to prevent all fear of collision between those two powers. A weak point, however, in the plan was the practical ignoring of all the intervening tribes, who, as they owed allegiance neither to the Afghan chief nor to the Government of India, not unnaturally objected to what they imagined was the parcelling out of their country without their consent. But a still greater danger was the opportunity it gave for a singularly acute Oriental diplomatist to play upon the bigoted sentiment of ignorant and easily prejudiced tribesmen, and to misrepresent the honest intentions of the Government of India. Such a man could easily persuade those freedom-loving mountaineers that the real object of the ever-advancing military empire of India was to annex, sooner or later, all the country up to the boundary lines fixed by the joint commissions. Insinuations and suggestions of this kind would not be considered unfair moves in the game of diplomacy in most countries, eastern or western. The effect all along the North-West Frontier of India has been that ever since 1893 the tribes have become restless and distrustful, nervously anxious about every movement on our part, and always ready to hearken to the ravings of any rabid priest of Islam."

The Amir himself was not particularly pleased with the new boundary. It took from him districts he had hoped to reduce under his rule. It removed the "buffer region" held by the tribes and brought our border line into touch

with his own. On his side of the new limit he took full advantage of all the rights it gave him, and his general, Gholam Hyder Khan, carried on a war of extermination against the Kafir tribes in the Hindu Kush. Having broken their resistance, he at a later date encouraged the tribes on our side of the line to give us not a little trouble as soon as the opportunity offered.

Our first struggle with the border men took place near the southern end of the line. On November 3rd, 1894, the officers charged with the work of surveying the frontier in the Waziri country above the Gomal were suddenly attacked by night in their camp, and, although they had an escort of 3,000 men and six guns to protect them, the night action at Wano was near being a terrible disaster. The Waziris were beaten off after inflicting heavy loss and suffering still heavier. It is interesting to note that what stopped their first wild rush was not our fire, but the explosion of a star shell thrown from one of the mountain guns to light up the ground. The shower of brilliant stars turning the night to day seemed to them some wonderful piece of magic and made even the boldest hesitate. A punitive expedition under Sir William Lockhart marched through their country, taught them that even in their mountain fastnesses they could not defy the soldiers of the Indian Empire, and forced them to accept our terms and acknowledge our rule. But the fate of the Waziris only added to the suspicions of the other tribes, and in the following year we drifted into a more serious conflict with the hillmen in the border state of Chitral, the ultimate result of which was to add seriously to the general unrest of the frontier.

SIR GEORGE ROBERTSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST OUTBREAK IN CHITRAL.

CHITRAL is one of a group of small native states lying among the lower spurs of the Himalayas, in the mountain region that descends from the Pamirs to the plain of the Punjaub. It is about the size of Wales. It is ruled by chiefs known as Mehtars ; sometimes there were two of them, but latterly the whole district had been united under one Mehtar, who held his court at the fort of Chitral. It was very rarely that a Mehtar died a natural death; the succession was generally secured by assassination, parricide and fratricide being familiar events in the annals of this mountain kingdom.

Chitral became a dependency of the Indian Empire for the first time in 1876, when its Mehtar, Aman-ul-Mulk, fearing that the Amir of Afghanistan had designs against him, asked and was permitted to become a tributary of the neighbouring state of Kashmir, thus entering into the Imperial system and securing its protection against Afghan aggression. Aman-ul-Mulk had been the most powerful ruler the valley had known in the century. He had held his own for thirty-five years when he died in 1892, generally detested by his subjects, and not without some suspicion of poison. His death was followed by a stormy period. He had left a numerous offspring. Three of his sons, Nizam, Afzul, and Amir-ul-Mulk, were possible claimants of the vacant throne. A formidable rival was Sher Afzul, half-brother of the dead Mehtar, and uncle of the other princes, who was an exile and a soldier of fortune at the court of the Afghan Amir. Nizam and Afzul-ul-Mulk both gathered a force of partisans, and appealed to the Indian Government for recognition ; but Afzul held Chitral fort, and Nizam, after a half-hearted attempt to advance against him, threw up the enterprise and fled to the British Agency at Gilgit, the nearest safe place of refuge.

Afzul-ul-Mulk did not hold Chitral very long. His uncle, Sher Afzul, with a band of Afghans and Chitralis, were admitted by treacherous guards into the fort, and the new Mehtar was surprised and murdered. His cruelty had made him as well hated as his father, and the assassin, Sher Afzul, was welcomed by the tribesmen as their new ruler.

But Nizam-ul-Mulk now plucked up courage to oppose the claim raised by his uncle, the murderer of his brother. He left Gilgit, and with a hasty levy of Chitrali adherents and Hunza men, advanced on Chitral fort. Sher Afzul was led by false rumours to believe that Nizam was backed by the Indian Government ; there was a panic in Chitral, and the people persuaded the soldier-adventurer to return to Cabul, and Nizam-ul-Mulk reigned in his stead.

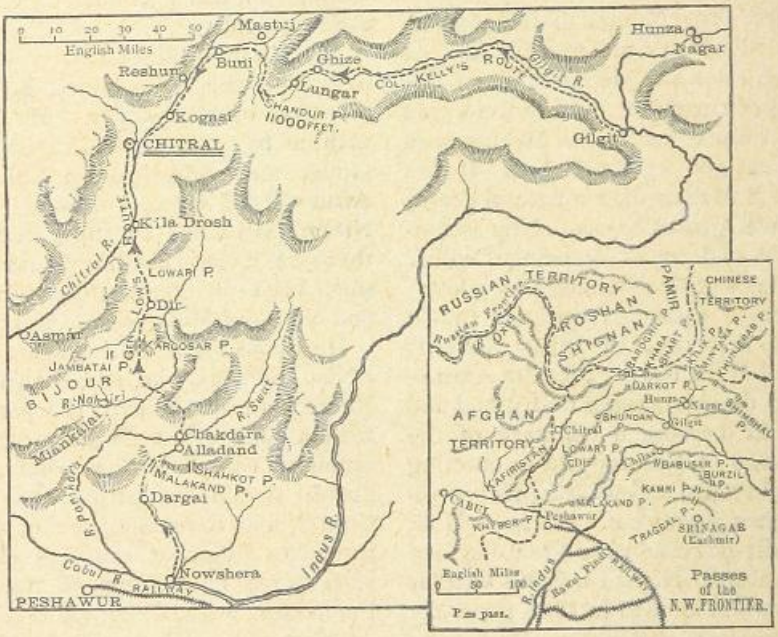
He asked for a British agent to be sent to advise and assist him, and Dr. (now Sir George) Robertson travelled over the passes from Gilgit with a Sikh escort in January, 1893. It was arranged that a British officer, with a small guard, should be permanently stationed at Chitral, and Robertson, having settled this, returned to Gilgit, at the end of the summer, with grave forebodings of troubles to come. For Nizam, weak, timid and cruel, sat insecurely on his throne. His neighbour, Umra Khan, the ruler of Jandol, was angry with the Indian Government for having slighted his claims to increased territory in the new frontier arrangement, and was likely to make his discontent felt if there was any disturbance on the border. But matters went on quietly enough for another twelve months. The chief trouble in 1894 arose from the obstructive tactics of the Amir's general, Gholam Hyder Khan. He threw every possible obstacle and delay in the way of the frontier being surveyed and marked off in the hill country north of the Khyber, and at last the British Commissioners had to give up for the present all hope of accomplishing their task.

On New Year's Day, 1895, there was another tragedy in Chitral. Nizam-ul-Mulk, the unpopular Mehtar, had a half-brother, Amir-ul-Mulk, hitherto left out of account in dynastic calculations because he was supposed to be half

witted. But the prince's folly was largely crafty pretence. He plotted the destruction of Nizam, and on January 1st, during a hunting party, Amir murdered his half-brother, rode into Chitral, and claimed to be its ruler.

"The fratricide who had so violently seized the Mehtarship," writes Sir G. Robertson, "was only wrong from a Western standpoint; in Chitral his deed was everywhere applauded. 'See,' observed several of the people to me subsequently, 'we thought Amir-ul-Mulk an idiot, and lo! he has killed Nizam.' Such remarks were made with smiles of self-depreciation that had written to Umra Khan of Jandol for help, and there were rumours that Sher Afzul was coming again from Afghanistan, and that Amir was only keeping the place ready for him.

The news of the outbreak at Chitral reached Gilgit on January 6th. Dr. Robertson started to make the difficult journey over the passes on the 15th. Meanwhile fifty Sikhs had been sent from Mastuj to reinforce Gurdon. Mastuj had been reinforced from Gilgit, and the garrison of this last place had been strengthened and put under the command of Colonel J. G. Kelly, an officer who was soon to play a distinguished part

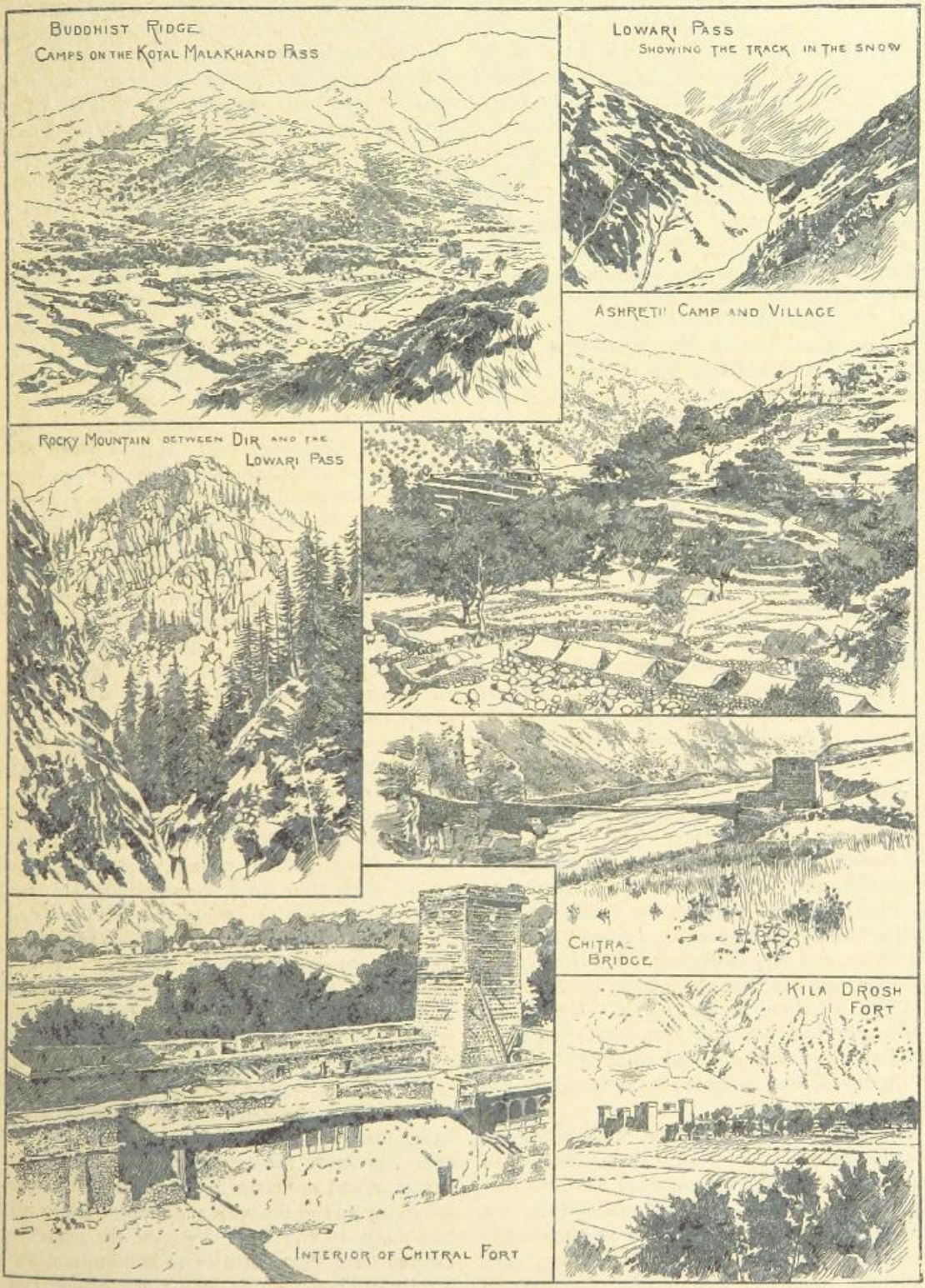


THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

the speaker had not formerly given the young murderer his proper meed of admiration."

Lieutenant B. E. M. Gurdon was then the British resident in Chitral. He had an escort of only eight Sikhs to protect him, and in this land of political murder his life was in constant danger. Amir-ul-Mulk demanded from him instant official recognition as Mehtar of Chitral, but the young officer refused in any way to commit the Indian Government till he had reported and received instructions. Meanwhile he sent off to Mastuj, the nearest British post, for a reinforcement of a few more Sikhs. Amir-ul-Mulk was using his new-won power to put to death his enemies and those of his most trusted partisans. Gurdon warned him that such conduct would prejudice the Government against him. Meanwhile Amir in the struggle on the frontier. On the way over the passes Robertson received news that Umra Khan, with some thousand fighting men, had crossed the snows of the Lowari Pass, from Jandol into the south of the Chitral Valley, and was threatening the fort of Kila Drosh. It was now a race who should reach Chitral first. Sending a formal protest against his aggression to Umra Khan, and ordering up some small detachments to secure his communications with Gilgit, Robertson pushed on as rapidly as possible, and reached Chitral by the end of the month.

Amir-ul-Mulk's men were holding a position between Chitral and Kila Drosh where it was easy to block the valley against an invader from the southward. Robertson provisionally



VIEWS IN THE CHITRAL COUNTRY.

recognised him as Mehtar, but had subsequently to cancel the act and put his boy brother, Shuja-ul-Mulk, in his place, for Amir was found to be hopelessly weak, unpopular, and not altogether trustworthy. The commandant at Kila Drosh handed the fort over to Umra Khan without a show of resistance. Then Sher Afzul arrived from Cabul, doubtless let go by the Afghan Government, which was just then causing endless trouble on the matter of frontier delimitation north of the Khyber. Afzul's arrival was followed by rapid desertions of the Chitralis to the invading army. Robertson had already occupied and provisioned the Chitral fort as a precaution. He now found himself obliged to give up all hope that Amir-ul-Mulk would make a stand against Sher Afzul and Umra Khan. An offer to Sher Afzul to put his claims before the Indian Government on the ground that he was the ablest and most popular prince of the Chitrali ruling family was met by a summons from Afzul to Robertson, calling on him to recognise the new pretender as Mehtar, evacuate the fort, and send all his troops back to India except sixteen men. If this were done, Sher Afzul would be the friend of the Indian Government.

When things had reached this stage there was nothing for it but to prepare to hold out in Chitral till help could come from India. Retreat through the snowy passes in the face of a treacherous enemy would have meant destruction. Sher Afzul's summons was rejected as an impertinent act of defiance. He and his ally Umra Khan were warned that their best course would be to withdraw from the country. But the two chiefs evidently despised the small force opposed to them, and counted on being able to hold their own even against the Indian Government; perhaps calculating on a general rising of the tribes, and very likely reckoning on delusive promises received from the Afghan Commander-in-Chief, Gholam Hyder Khan. Umra and Afzul advanced on Chitral fort in the first week of March, and thus war had come as the result of the murderous struggle for the throne of the little mountain State.

Dr. Robertson had an escort of 83 Sikhs and 310 Kashmiris, with 6 British officers. With him in the fort were a number of Chitralis who had thrown in their lot with Shuja-ul-Mulk, but who for the most part could not be thoroughly trusted. The fort was a small enclosure, with walls and towers of rough logs, strengthened with a kind of loose rubble lining. It stood on the bank of the Chitral River, and a tower commanded access to the water by a small cutting, which had been roofed over to make it safer for the water-carriers. Walls, houses, and trees afforded cover for an attack close up to the fort, and its roof was exposed to fire at long range from the hills across the river. About a mile down the stream there was a bridge fortified with towers, which was held by a small detachment. On March 3rd, the morning brought another summons from Sher Afzul, and a little later came news that the enemy was only three miles away. So Robertson directed Captain Campbell, the military commandant of his escort, to move out with part of the garrison and reconnoitre the advance of the invaders. It was important to keep Sher Afzul at a respectful distance if possible, as the fort was not yet prepared for defence. Accordingly, in the afternoon, Campbell, with Captains Baird and Townshend and Lieutenant Gurdon, moved out to the southwards with 200 of the Kashmir troops—about half the garrison. The enemy were met with on the right bank of the river below the bridge, and Baird, who led the advance, became closely engaged before he realised that his party were hopelessly outnumbered. The party retired to the fort, pursued through the gathering darkness by an enemy flushed with success, who outflanked them and cut off some of the smaller detachments from the main body. All that was left of the garrison, except 40 men, turned out to cover the retreat. Robertson, who had ridden with the reconnaissance, narrowly escaped death or capture. Baird was mortally wounded; Campbell severely wounded in the knee. Two Kashmir officers, a general and a major, were shot dead, one on the right, the other on the left of Townshend, who assumed the command when Campbell fell. Our total loss was 22 killed and 36 wounded. As the result of the fight, the bridge had to be abandoned and the garrison was closely besieged in the fort, which was now for fifty days cut off from all communication with the outer world.

A gallant deed done in the fight of March 3rd must be here recorded. Captain Baird had been badly wounded. Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch, who was with the party, placed him on a stretcher, and, protected by a handful of Goorkhas belonging to the Kashmir regiment, tried to get him back to the fort. Four of the stretcher bearers were shot down in succession, and the little party had by this time fallen behind and been cut off from the general line of retreat in the darkness. The stretcher or litter was now

abandoned, and Whitchurch partly dragged, partly carried the wounded officer along, laying him down at times to head a charge against the pursuers. He had in this way to clear the enemy out from behind three or four stone walls on the line of retreat, charging at the head of the Goorkhas revolver in hand. Losing men every minute, and finding that the main body of the enemy had got between him and the fort, he worked round them by making a detour to the river bank. As he neared the gate, only seven of his party were left, but close to the fort he rallied six of the fugitives. Not one of the party flinched for a moment from the fight to save the wounded officer. Unfortunately poor Baird was hit twice during the retreat, the second time just at the gate of the fort, as he rested his head on Whitchurch's shoulder. The brave doctor was only hit once, and then was only slightly bruised by a spent ball. Baird died next day in the fort, and in his last hours sent for Robertson and told him in a failing voice the story of Whitchurch's devoted heroism. He was anxious it should not go unrecognised. Whitchurch was given the Victoria Cross, and the brave native soldiers who had stood by him received the Indian military medal.

The news of Umra Khan's aggression and the perilous state of the Chitral garrison reached the Indian Government on March 7th. An ultimatum was at once addressed to Umra warning him to evacuate Chitral territory before the end of the month, and immediate steps were taken to mobilise a relieving force in the neighbourhood of Peshawur. It was not certain that help could reach the garrison from Gilgit, as between that place and Chitral lay the Shandur Pass, 13,000 feet above the sea and deep in snow at this season. But Colonel Kelly at Gilgit was given a free hand to do whatever might be possible. In view of the coming advance which must pass through the districts of Swat and Bajaur, where the tribes were jealous of their independence, the Government issued a proclamation addressed to those of the mountaineers who did not side with Umra Khan. After describing his aggression as a breach of faith and quoting the terms of the ultimatum addressed to him, the Government went on to make pledges, which have since then led to serious discussions as to the good faith of our frontier policy. These were the important passages of the proclamation :—

"The sole object of the Government is to put an end to the present, and prevent any future, unlawful aggression on the Chitral territory ; and as soon as this object has been attained the force will be withdrawn. The Government of India have no intention of permanently occupying any territory through which Umra Khan's misconduct may force them to pass, or of interfering with the independence of the tribes ; and they will scrupulously avoid any acts of hostility towards the tribesmen, so long as they on their part refrain from attacking or impeding in any way the march of the troops. Supplies and transport will be paid for, and all persons are at liberty to pursue their ordinary avocations in perfect security."

While the field force was being got ready, news reached the Government of further acts of hostility on the part of Umra Khan and Sher Afzul. Their adherents had attacked the troops on the way to Chitral from Mastuj with supplies of ammunition for the garrison, and there had been another disaster. On March 1st a native officer, who with forty men was escorting ammunition to Chitral, reported from the village of Buni to Lieutenant Moberly, the commandant of Mastuj, that the road was blocked, and he had halted expecting an attack. On the 4th Captain Ross and Lieutenant Jones reached Mastuj with a detachment of the 14th Sikhs, and Ross marched out to Buni with fifty men, accompanied by Lieutenants Edwardes and Fowler, R.E., who were going the same road with a convoy of engineering stores and tools for the Chitral garrison. In the evening he came back to Mastuj, reporting that all was quiet at Buni and that the two engineer officers were going on next day with the ammunition convoy. But next day came a note from Edwardes, dated from Koragh, a dangerous defile beyond Buni, saying that the country was up in arms, and he expected to be attacked at Reshun village. Ross marched to his help on the 7th, taking with him Lieutenant Jones, ninety-four of the Sikhs, and seventeen camp followers.

He reached Buni at eleven a.m., and, leaving there a post of a native officer and thirty-three men, he pushed on with the rest for Reshun. At one p.m. he halted at the entrance of the Koragh defile. Believing the pass to be clear, he pushed on, but in the defile, at a point where the path ran up the hillside, he was fired on heavily from sungars in front, stones were rolled down upon him, and the enemy appeared on the flank rear of the column. The carriers threw down their loads and bolted. An attempt to clear the way in front and to get back towards Buni were both defeated with heavy loss, and the remains of the party took refuge in some caves, where they were fired on for the

rest of the day. An attempt to break out in the dark had to be abandoned after further losses. Another anxious day was spent in the caves.

"That night," writes Sir G. Robertson, "the poor fellows tried to escape by scaling the hill-side, but were brought up short by a precipice, as they supposed, where a Sikh was lost. It was thought that the man had fallen over a cliff, and that the place was impassable. Chitralis, on the other hand, say that they were within a few feet of safety, there being in front of them only a small picquet, which fired and ran away; that the man was killed by a bullet before he fell, and that they (the Chitrali critics) never could understand how the Sikhs failed to perceive that they had actually escaped. Be that as it may, they returned to the caves once more, and passed another miserable day without food. Then Ross perceived he must cut his way out at all cost. Starting at two o'clock in the morning they rushed along, losing heavily. Ross behaved with astounding gallantry. It is related that he charged a sungar a little off the track by himself, and killed two or three of its inmates with his revolver at close quarters. Then a stone partially stunned him, and he was shot dead. Jones and seventeen sepoys got through to the plain on the east side of the defile, where two consecutive masses of charging swordsmen withered up and melted before them, teaching the Chitralis their bitter mistake in attacking Sikhs shoulder to shoulder on open ground. But three more men were killed, and the remaining fourteen, ten of whom, including Jones, were grievously wounded, crawled painfully into Buni at six o'clock in the morning, and found the party left there by Ross. These fourteen men and one other were the sole survivors of the sixty soldiers who entered the Koragh defile."

COLONEL KELLY.

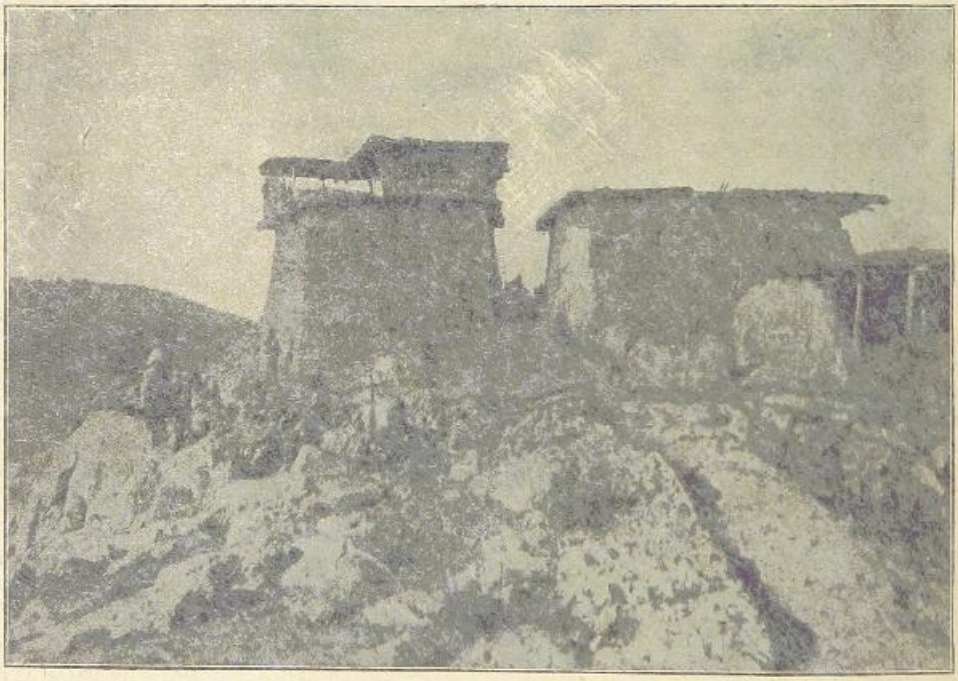
That "one other" had a still more terrible experience. When Ross dashed out of the caves some twenty of the Sikhs lost heart and retired again into their place of refuge. Without food or water, they held the cave mouth for eight days. Then they surrendered on a solemn promise that their lives should be safe. But when the starving men had laid down their arms all but one were hacked to pieces by the swords of their treacherous enemies. Jones held his own in Buni for a week, and then was relieved by a force, under Lieutenant Moberly, from Mastuj, to which he retired with his rescuers.

Meanwhile Edwardes and Fowler, with their escort of sixty-seven men, had been attacked at Reshun, and had shut themselves up in the village, which they had hurriedly put into a state of defence. The want of water was the chief difficulty, for the village stands a hundred yards from the edge of a high cliff, rising from the river. But water was obtained by daring sorties at night. The attacks of the Chitralis were gallantly repulsed, not without loss on the side of the defence. On the 13th, when food was running short, a flag of truce was displayed by the besiegers, and the garrison were informed that Mohammed Isa, one of Sher Afzul's officers, had arrived from Chitral to negotiate. He informed Edwardes that a truce had been arranged at Chitral, and proposed that the officers and their escort should retire under his safe conduct to join their friends at Mastuj. Edwardes replied that he could not leave his post without orders, but would be ready to send a letter with these proposals to Mastuj; meanwhile he would accept a truce provided that supplies were sent into the garrison. Water was running short, food was sadly needed, especially for the wounded, so Edwardes was glad thus to gain a respite. On Mohammed Isa's invitation the two officers, after the food had been provided and the truce arranged, came outside the village to watch a polo match. While thus engaged they were suddenly seized and bound. The Chitralis then rushed the village, killing all but twelve of the garrison. Thus the tribesmen got possession of two valuable hostages and a large supply of arms and ammunition. The campaign in Chitral had begun with a series of disasters. True, none of them were of any great extent materially. A skirmish or two had been lost, one hill fort besieged, a village surprised, a detachment cut up, some cartridges and rifles captured, two British officers were dead, two

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT LOW, G.C.B.
(Photo: Arcade Portrait Studio, Reading.)

more prisoners. But all things are relative, and among the Indian hills, where the very existence of our dominion over the frontier tribes depends on the prestige of an unbroken career of victory, even local failure is a serious event. The memory of even the smallest defeat must, therefore, be blotted out by prompt and overwhelming success. Happily, the turn of the tide was now at hand.

Up to the last moment it had been hoped that Robertson, whose knowledge of the tribes of the district was unrivalled and who possessed great influence over them, would be able to find a pacific solution for the tangled affairs of the Chitral Valley. When rumours arrived that he was besieged in the fort and reports from Gilgit told of the disasters on the mountain road between that place and Chitral, preparations quietly began for a frontier war on a large scale. The Indian military authorities had lately completed a mobilisation system by which transport and supplies for a division could be very rapidly assembled. These preliminaries were completed almost before the public were aware that anything exceptional was in progress. The preparations began in the first week of March. By the middle of the month all the necessary preliminary arrangements had been made, and the officers appointed to posts on the staff of the regiments detailed for service on the frontier were warned to be ready. It was not till March 18th that the press was informed that the Chitral Relief Force was assembling for active operations on the North-Western Frontier.



THE N.W. FRONTIER CAMPAIGN: CAPTURING A VILLAGE.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADVANCE OVER THE MALAKAND PASS.

THE plans adopted by the Indian Government for the relief of Chitral included two expeditions. A small force under Colonel Kelly was to endeavour to cross the snowy Shandur Pass from Gilgit and approach the beleaguered hill-fort from the northward. This was intended as a diversion to diminish the resistance to the more powerful force, some 15,000 strong, which was assembling near Peshawur and was to march through Swat and Bajaur into the south of the Chitral Valley. This army would have to cross four passes and three swollen mountain rivers on its way, and the country through which it had to move was mostly unsurveyed and known only through the reports of native travellers. It was generally believed that the besieged garrison could not have provisions that would last longer than the end of April. The enemy's forces might be 30,000 strong. The difficulties of the operation were therefore serious, and success by no means certain. It is true that no one doubted our power to conquer Chitral, but our object was not to do this, but to get to the capital before it fell into the hands of Umra Khan and his friend, Sher Afzul.

The command of the main relieving force was given to General Sir Robert Low, with General Bindon Blood, R.E., as his chief of the staff. The following was the composition of Low's army. The infantry was organised in three brigades, each composed of two British and two native battalions:—

1st Brigade: General A. A. Kinloch, C.B. King's Royal Rifles; Bedfordshire Regiment; 15th Sikhs; 37th Dogras.

2nd Brigade: General H. G. Waterfield. Gordon Highlanders; Scottish Borderers; Guides' Infantry; 4th Sikhs.

3rd Brigade: General W. F. Gatacre, D.S.O. Seaforth Highlanders; Buffs; 4th Goorkhas; 25th Punjabis.

Divisional Infantry: 13th Bengal Infantry and 23rd Pioneers.

Cavalry: 11th Bengal Lancers and Guides' Cavalry.

Artillery: 3rd and 8th Mountain Batteries R.A., and Derajat Mountain Battery.

Engineers, Bengal Sappers, and three companies R.E. Field Park (the Pioneers already mentioned were also trained and provided with tools for road making).

Besides these troops, the East Lancashire Regiment and the 29th and 30th Punjabis were detailed to hold the line of communications under the command of General A. G. Hammond, V.C.

Three passes, each traversed only by rough mule paths, lead over crests, about 3,500 feet high, from the plain of Peshawur through the first range of hills into the Swat Valley. Of these it was decided not to use the most westward, the Mora Pass, for fear of disturbing the tribes in that neighbourhood. The choice lay between the two others, the Malakand and the Shahkot. It was hoped at first that, reassured by the Government proclamation, the Swat tribes would give free passage to the expedition. But on April 1st, when Low was ready to advance, it was found that both passes were strongly held. The army had assembled at Nowshera, and on April 1st and 2nd moved up to Dargai (not the Dargai that became famous in a later campaign). Low's plan was to threaten the Shahkot and make his real attack by the Malakand.

In order thus to mislead the enemy into dividing his forces, Kinloch's brigade and the cavalry moved off in broad daylight on the 2nd to the foot of the ascent towards the Shahkot. The Brigadier had sealed orders to be opened after sunset. When he read them, he found that they bade him leave the cavalry to watch the Shahkot and return with his infantry to the ground in front of the Malakand. That pass was attacked in force on the following morning, April 3rd. The enemy had constructed numerous sungars or stone breastworks to sweep the path and its approaches, and had arranged heaps of stones along the crests of the slopes. It was afterwards ascertained that the force they had assembled was about 12,000 strong. Half had

rifles. The other half helped by carrying off the wounded and by rolling down stones. The tribesmen held the depression in the ridge over which the pass runs, and the flanking heights on either side, the hills rising, steep and rugged, to some 1,500 feet above the valley, mostly bare, but with clumps of trees clinging here and there to the rocky slopes.

The two mountain batteries of the Royal Artillery (twelve guns) and the native battery (four) came into action against the enemy's breastworks from a lower ridge opposite the pass. Three Maxims manned by infantrymen opened from the same position. The fire of the artillery was materially assisted by the tribesmen having fixed their banners on the sungars, thus marking them off like so many targets on a range. The Maxims were not so effective. Indeed, after the fight some of the prisoners said they had mistaken their rapid reports for the rattling tap of big drums, beaten to encourage the attack. After the bombardment had continued for some time and the field-glasses showed that it was beginning to tell on the defence, the infantry of the 2nd Brigade advanced against the heights. At first General Low thought that these four battalions would be enough for the work, but later on, seeing how doggedly the enemy held on to the heights, he despatched the 1st Brigade to the support of their comrades.

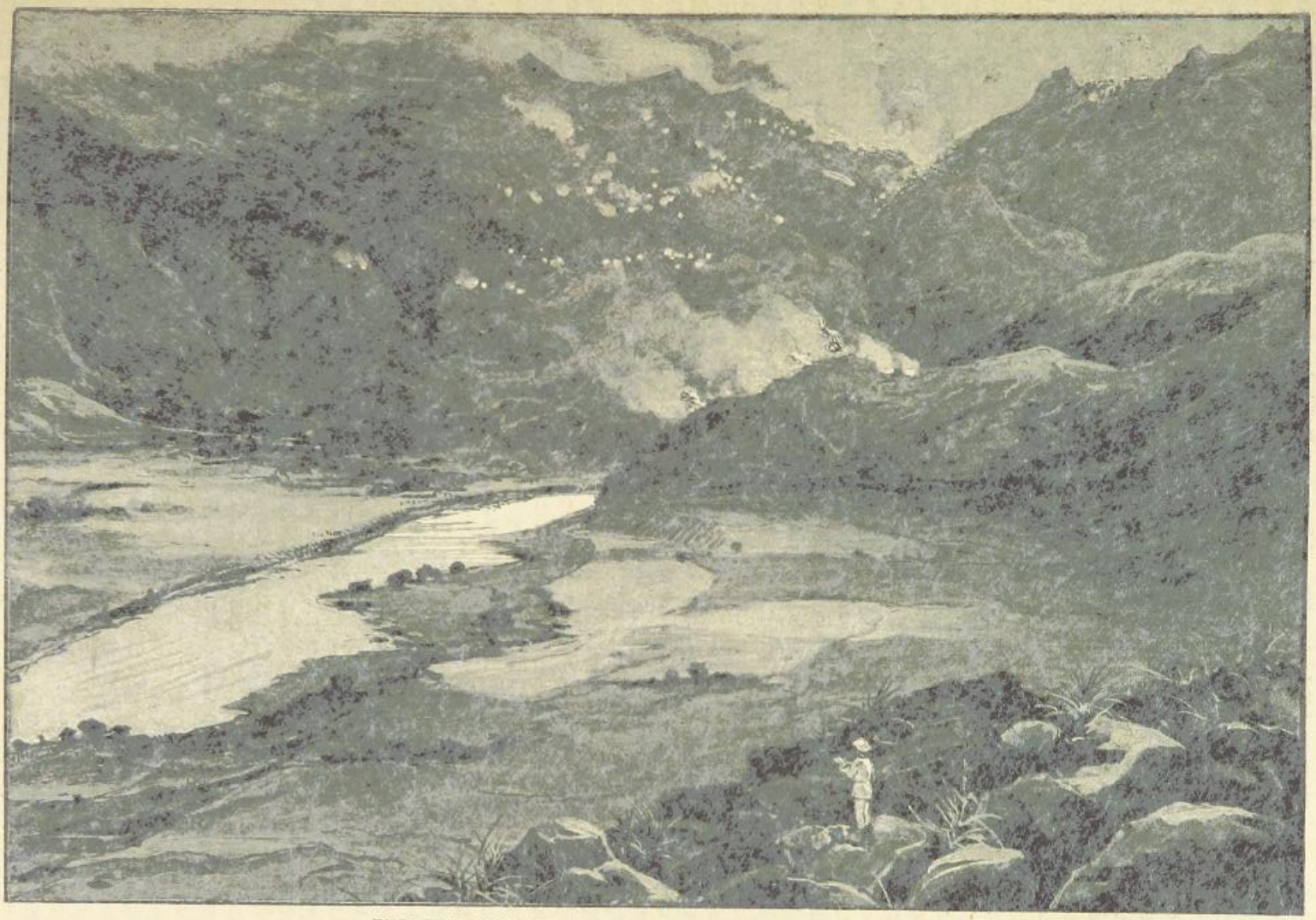
COLONEL BATTYE.
(Photo: J. Burke & Co., Kintuck Maree.)

The plan of attack was that the two native regiments of Waterfield's brigade, the Sikhs and the Guides, should ascend a steep spur on the enemy's right, gain the crest of the ridge, and turn against his flank. As the attack reached the crest and this turning movement developed, the two Scottish regiments, the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Gordons, were to go for the front of the pass. It was expected that the spur to the right would be climbed in three hours, but, though the attacking force were experienced mountaineers, it was five hours before the Sikhs and the Guides reached the crest. After the first three hours General Low gave up his plan of waiting to advance against the front till the flank was turned, and the Scotchmen were ordered to advance directly against the pass, on which the three batteries had been playing since the action began.

Gordons and Borderers vied with each other in breasting the steep mountain side, so steep that the advance was always slow till the ground became easier near the crest. On both the front and the flank attacks there descended showers of stones and bullets, but happily the very abruptness of the slope sheltered in a great degree those who were ascending it, and the losses were not heavy. There is no doubt Waterfield saved his brigade many casualties by sending them directly up the hillside, instead of along the mountain path. For the enemy's sungars had been arranged specially with a view to bring a heavy cross fire on to the track, up which they expected the British advance would come. Instead of this, they were startled at seeing the Highlanders, the Sikhs, and the Guides making their way up precipitous slopes on which they thought no soldier would venture.

General Low now called Kinloch's brigade to reinforce the attack. The Rifles, with the 15th Sikhs in support, were sent up the slope between the Guides' advance and the Scottish battalions. The Bedfordshire men and the Dogras were directed against the extreme left of the enemy's position. The Rifles were in luck. Starting so much later than the leading brigade, they yet reached the crest with it. For by a happy chance they struck upon an abandoned Buddhist pilgrim road that was still practicable, though disused for centuries; it seems to have been unknown to the tribesmen, for there were no breastworks on it. Pushing rapidly up this, the Rifles reached the crest at the same time as the Scottish Borderers.

As the ridge was approached the advancing regiments had rushed several sungars with the bayonet, and beaten off more than one desperate downhill charge of the tribesmen. The first to top the ridge was an officer of the Gordons; climbing the rocky face in advance of his men he found himself alone, and was rushed by a



THE ENTRANCE TO THE MALAKAND: THE FIRST ATTACK.

party of swordsmen. He shot two with his revolver, and the rest fell back. Then his men clambered up to his assistance, and the wave of bayonets burst over the ridge, Gordons, Borderers, and Rifles dashing at the sungars on the crest. At the same time the Guides and Sikhs won the bold summit on the right, and turned the strongest flank of the defence. The hillmen gave way, but not without a sharp struggle, rallying among the trees, and behind rocks and boulders. As they broke, the Bedfordshires and the Dogras poured over the east side of the pass and pursued them down the hillsides till they found shelter behind the Swat River.

The fight lasted about five hours. Our loss was eight officers and sixty-one men killed and wounded. The enemy admitted a loss of about 500 killed, and it was estimated that about 1,000 were wounded. Very few of these latter remained in our hands. They were mostly carried off by their friends, or walked away unaided, for it was found that the new Lee-Metford bullet often wounded without bringing down or disabling the man hit. One tribesman, who surrendered a few days after the battle, had had six bullets through him, and the only wound that troubled him was one that was uncomfortably near the knee-joint. It was after these Chitral experiences that the Dum-Dum "man-stopping" bullet was invented.

The storming of the Malakand was a splendid feat of arms, reflecting the greatest credit on the troops engaged. The hillmen, too, had faced shell-fire and magazine rifles with magnificent courage. "Of the enemy's bravery," writes Captain Younghusband, "it is difficult to speak too highly, and individual cases were conspicuous. One leader, carrying a large red and white banner, called on his men to charge the Scottish Borderers when they were half-way up the hill. The charge was made, but all his followers gradually fell, till the leader alone was left. Nothing daunted, he held steadily on, now and again falling, heavily hit, but up and on again without a moment's delay, till at last he was shot dead close to the line. More desperate courage than this it is difficult to imagine. Again, one of the enemy's drummers, not content with taking his fair share of risks, persisted in mounting on to the roof of a hut, where he showed up clear and conspicuous against the sky-line, and thence cheered on his comrades. Every now and again a bullet would find him out, and he would drop to dress his wounds, and then, again mounting, recommenced beating his drum. At last a bullet got him through the heart, and he fell headlong a hundred yards down the cliff, and there lay stark dead, but with his drum round his neck, and his arms ready raised to strike it." No wonder that with enemies capable of such heroic recklessness of death an Indian frontier campaign means plenty of hard fighting and heavy losses even on the side of the victors.

For the rest of that day and all through the following day the troops and their heavy baggage train were crossing the pass. The old Buddhist road was cleared by the Engineers, and found to afford a better passage than the more modern hill track. During these operations the men who had held the Shahkot came moving along behind the hills to attack the expedition. They were kept in check for awhile by the mountain guns and the 37th Dogras, but they began to work round the flank of this covering force, and were just massing for a rush at the head of the main column, when they were themselves charged by fifty of the Guides' Cavalry under Captain Adams, the only mounted troops that had yet been got over the pass. The effect was startling. The mountaineers had never before encountered cavalry, and did not believe that any had crossed the Malakand. Charged by this mere handful of horsemen the tribesmen, who would have stood up recklessly against artillery and rifle fire, broke and fled headlong. Even those who were safe on the hilltops abandoned their positions. Some 250 of the mountaineers were speared and sabred, the loss of the Guides being only five men wounded.

The next obstacle to be passed was the Swat River. The enemy had rallied on the further side, and had been reinforced by a body of riflemen sent down from Chitral by Umra Khan, so that they were some 4,000 strong. General Waterfield's brigade was sent forward to force the fords, and the cavalry was placed under his orders. Profiting by the lesson of the successful charge made by Adams on the 4th, he made a false attack with three battalions, keeping the attention of the tribesmen thus occupied, while the Guides' Cavalry and the Bengal Lancers, supported by another battalion, made a long detour up the valley to the eastward, crossed the Swat by an undefended ford, and riding down the right bank, charged the flank of the enemy. The tribesmen gave way at once, losing 400 men in the fight and the pursuit. They made no attempt to defend the passes through the hills on the north side of the valley, and rallied for their next stand behind the Panjkora River.

The five channels in which the Swat River ran were bridged near the village of Chakdara. On the 11th General Low, with the cavalry and the third brigade, reached the left bank of the Panjkora. The cavalry reconnoitred on the other side, and found that Umra Khan's people held some hill forts in the neighbourhood, and a large gathering of tribesmen was reported some miles to the westward. On the evening of the 12th the Guides' Infantry, under Colonel F. D. Battye, were ferried across the river, and entrenched themselves to cover the construction of a floating bridge by the Engineers. Battye had orders to move out next morning and clear and destroy some villages on the hillsides further down the river, from which the enemy had fired on our cavalry. The bridge was hardly finished when it was swept away by a sudden rise of the river, and in the morning the Guides found themselves cut off from communication with the rest of the army.

Nevertheless Battye, leaving two companies to hold the entrenchment, moved out with the rest of his battalion, drove the enemy's parties out of the villages, and set them on fire. So far all had gone well, but when the Guides began their retirement towards the river, masses of the enemy, who had been waiting for this moment, crowned the hills, and began to descend to the attack. They knew the bridge had been broken, and evidently thought that the small force opposed to them would prove an easy prey. But the Guides are the picked fighting men of the frontier; under the fire of the tribesmen, and threatened by their desperate charges, they fell back steadily towards the river, moving as if they were on parade, firing only by the word of command of their officers, some of the companies standing to hold the enemy in check with their well-aimed volleys, while the rest took up a new position. The two companies at the bridge head moved out to their support. The mountain guns, a Maxim, and, as they drew nearer, the rifles of the second brigade, opened from the other bank to cover their retreat. In this way they safely regained the entrenchment, the enemy desisting from the attack as they neared the river bank. The tribesmen had lost hundreds. Of the Guides only twenty men had fallen, but among them was their gallant colonel, shot dead half-way down the hill. He belonged to the "fighting Battyes," a soldier family, whose sons for fifty years have fallen on Indian battlefields, several of them in the wild warfare of the North-West Frontier.

During the day some reinforcements and a Maxim gun were got across on rafts to the bridge head. In the following night 2,000 swordsmen closed in on the entrenchment, and were just preparing to rush it, when luckily a star shell, thrown by the artillery, lit up the river banks. It had the same effect as the star shell that checked the rush of the Waziris at Wano. The tribesmen, suspecting some strange magic, turned and fled back to the hills.

During the next two days, while communication was kept up with the entrenchment by means of rafts, Colonel Aylmer, V.C., of the Engineers, threw a suspension bridge across the river at a point lower down the stream. The span was 100 feet. The cables were improvised by twisting telegraph wires together, and when finished it was strong enough for the passage of camels, horsemen, and mules laden with mountain guns. While the bridge was being built Aylmer gallantly saved a soldier's life by a remarkable display of quick decision, pluck and athletic effort. One of the rafts at the old crossing was swept down by the stream. There were two men of the Devonshire regiment on it. One tried to swim to the shore and was drowned, the other stuck to the raft. General Gatacre, who saw his desperate plight, galloped rapidly down to the unfinished suspension bridge, racing for the man's life, and was just in time to tell Aylmer the raft was coming. It was in the middle of the river. Aylmer, without a moment's hesitation, climbed along a slack wire, and bending down succeeded in seizing the man's coat as he passed and dragged him off the raft, which a few moments after was shattered on the rocks lower down. With great difficulty the Engineers pulled up the colonel and the man he had saved. Aylmer's hands were badly cut by the wire. It was as gallant an act as the earlier deed of daring on the battlefield which had won him the Victoria Cross. On the 13th the bridge was completed, and the cavalry under Sir Bindon Blood crossed the Panjkora and moved up the valley. Before following further the operations of General Low's army, let us see what Colonel Kelly's much smaller relief expedition was doing far away to the northward, among the Himalayan snows.

CHAPTER IV.

COLONEL KELLY'S MARCH THROUGH THE SNOW.

THE force which Colonel Kelly mustered on the frontier of Gilgit for his march over the snowy passes into Northern Chitral was only 500 strong. It was organised in two small detachments. The first was made up of 200 men of the 32nd Pioneers, under Captain Borrodaile. With him were Lieutenants Bethune and Cobbe, and Surgeon-Captain Browning-Smith. The second detachment was made up of 200 more Pioneers under Lieutenants Peterson and Cooke; two guns of the 1st Kashmir mountain battery under Lieutenant Stewart, R.A.; forty Kashmir Sappers, under Lieutenant Oldham, R.E.; and 100 native levies, commanded by the Rajah of Punial and Wazir Humayun of Hunza. Most of these irregulars came from the Hunza-Nagar Valley, and had fought bravely against us in the campaign of 1891. They were now our trusted allies. Colonel Kelly had for his staff officer Lieutenant Beynon, of the Indian Political Department, who has since written an excellent account of the adventurous march.

It was a race between Kelly and Low which should be first to Chitral, and Kelly, with more difficult ground to traverse, got a few days' start. On March 21st the Indian Government telegraphed orders to him to advance as soon as he was ready. The first detachment marched on the 23rd, the rest the next day. On April 1st the crossing of the Shandur Pass was begun. It is over 12,000 feet above the sea, and the summit level, miles long, was deep in snow. It was found impossible to get the mules across, but with infinite labour, and at the cost of much suffering, the men got the guns through. It was not till the 5th that the crossing was effected by the first detachment, in which there were thirty cases of snow-blindness and twenty-six of severe frostbite. The men had behaved splendidly. Once, when the party carrying one of the guns had fallen exhausted on the snow, a native non-commissioned officer, to encourage them to further efforts, actually grasped the gun in his arms, got it partly on his shoulder, and struggled forward some distance, carrying this two hundredweight of unwieldy metal. The passage of the Shandur is probably the finest bit of mountain marching in the records of the British army. The heaviest work was done by Borrodaile's detachment, which conveyed the guns.

"Nothing, I think, can be said too highly in praise of this splendid achievement," writes Lieutenant Beynon. "Here were some 250 men, Hindus and Mussulmans, who, working shoulder to shoulder, had brought two mountain guns, with their carriages and supply of ammunition, across some twenty miles of deep soft snow, across a pass some 12,320 feet high, at the beginning of April, the worst season of the year. It must also be remembered that these men were carrying also their own rifles, greatcoats, and eighty rounds of ammunition, and wearing heavy sheepskin coats; they had slept for two nights in the snow, and struggled from dawn till dark, sinking at every step up to their waists, and suffering acutely from a blinding glare and a bitter wind. So much for the rank and file; but in their officers they had had splendid examples to follow, especially in Stewart and Gough, if one may select when all did so nobly. Both these officers took their turns with the men, Stewart with his gunners and Gough with his Goorkhas, in carrying the guns, and both, with utter unselfishness, and with complete disregard for their own personal comfort, gave their snow-glasses to sepoys who, not having any, were suffering from the glare. The result was that both officers were temporarily blind. Thus was the Shandur Pass first crossed, and a position established from which the force could work down to Mastuj, and thence to Chitral. I may mention that so little did the Chitralis imagine that we could cross the pass that letters were found in Laspur stating that the British force was lying in Ghizr, the men unable to move from frostbite, and the officers from snow-blindness; also that since then fresh snow had fallen, and no forces would now be able to cross for several weeks. In fact, the Chitralis looked upon the game as entirely in their own hands; the

surprise of our arrival was therefore all the more complete."

Having collected porters to carry the baggage, and ponies for the mountain guns and a small supply of ammunition, the column advanced towards Mastuj, where it was known that Lieutenant Moberly was blockaded by the Chitralis. His relief would not only be a first success, but would bring a welcome reinforcement to the little expedition. But the enemy stood in the way at the defile of Chokalwat, and here Kelly fought and won his first battle. The position was carefully reconnoitred on the evening of the 8th, and in the early morning of the 9th the column advanced to the attack. It may be of interest to note that on this same day General Low's force, having cleared the Malakand and forced the passage of the Swat, was marching over the hills into the Panjkora Valley.

CAPTAIN BORRODAILE.
(Photo: Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.)

The Chokalwat position was singularly strong. The Mastuj River runs down a narrow ravine, from the upper edge of which the hill-slopes rise steeply, leaving a small space of stony ground, now on one bank, now on the other, between the bottom of the slope and the brink of the precipices that wall-in the river. At Chokalwat the path descends sharply to the stream, goes up the cliff on the opposite side after leading through a ford, then, running along the brink of the ravine, drops to the water's edge again, and regains the right bank by another ford. At the first ford the Chitralis had lined the crest of the ravine with a line of sungars manned by riflemen. Their right rested on a small glacier that came down to the river, and on the other side of the glacier, high among the rocks of the mountain side, riflemen were posted in a second group of sungars to guard the flank from being turned. It might have been possible to avoid forcing this fortified ford by keeping along the other bank, but here the path was under fire from the sungars above the ford, which stood on higher ground. The track itself was barred by a large sungar, and as it ran just along the edge of the ravine, and almost precipitous slopes rose above it on the other side, it could be swept by avalanches of stones set in motion by parties of Chitralis posted high on the hills for this purpose.

It was just such another position as had delayed the advance in the Hunza Valley, in 1891, for a whole fortnight. But the Chitral men were not such determined fighters as the mountaineers who held the Nilt forts, and the men posted high up on the hills seem to have been chiefly anxious about a safe retreat. In the early morning of the 9th, Kelly had sent Lieutenant Beynon and the Hunza levies to climb the rocks above the glacier and turn the enemy out of the high sungars on the left bank. At the same time the Rajah of Punial and his friendlies, all, like the Hunza levies, good mountaineers, were sent up the hills on the other bank, to get above the men in charge of the stone shoots and turn them out. At 10.30, having given sufficient time for these flank movements to develop, Kelly advanced against the ford with his two guns, two companies of the Pioneers and the Sappers. In all, he had about 280 men; the rest had not yet got clear of the Shandur Pass, and to wait for them would have given the enemy time to bring up reinforcements and further strengthen his position. Kelly concentrated the fire of his guns and volleys from his infantry on the right sungar of the enemy's line. Its garrison was driven out, and the concentrated fire was then turned on the next breastwork in the line. Meanwhile Beynon and his men had climbed above the sungars among the rocks on the mountain slope, and the enemy, who thought they were safe from attack, had bolted, after firing some harmless shots, to which the attack made what seems to have been an equally harmless reply. Meanwhile the Punial levies scared

the Chitralis from the hill-slopes on the other side of the stream. With both flanks turned, the enemy was ready to go. The flight had actually begun, when the infantry and guns advanced, forded the river, and climbed the steep path beyond. The enemy were believed to have been between four and five hundred strong, armed with Sniders and Martinis. They lost between fifty and sixty men. The victors had only four wounded—a Madras Pioneer and three of the Kashmir sappers.

The first result of this splendid little fight was the relief of Mastuj, which was reached the same afternoon. Lieutenant Moberly had 250 men with him in the fort, Kashmir Imperial troops, a few Sikhs, and fifty Punial levies. He had brought in from Buni, Lieutenant Jones and the survivors of Ross's party, before he was himself besieged. At Mastuj, Kelly was joined by his second detachment, so that nearly 800 fighting men were assembled in and around the fort. Reconnaissances sent out from the fort on the 11th and 12th showed that the enemy held a strong position between four and five miles further down the valley, barring the route to Chitral, at a place known as Nisa Gol. It is supposed to be the same place as "Nysa," where Alexander the Great turned back from his attempt to reach the Kashmir region by following the Mastuj Valley. At Nisa Gol the river runs under the cliffs and steep slopes on the south side of the valley. On its other bank there is a stony plain less than a mile wide, from which again the slopes rise precipitously. From this mountain wall a small stream runs to the river, cutting out for itself a deep ravine with almost perpendicular sides, that forms a barrier right across the plain. This ravine is over 200 feet deep, and looks like a trench dug out by giants to close the pass. The Chitralis had erected breastworks along its western side, and from these and sungars on the precipitous rocks to right and left they could sweep with rifle fire the plain, across which lay the only possible approach.

The defenders of the Nisa Gol were some 1,500 strong. Against them Colonel Kelly advanced with about 600 men—namely, 382 Pioneers under Borrodaile, Stewart's mountain guns, Oldham's 34 Kashmir sappers, 100 Kashmir rifles under Moberly, drawn from the Mastuj garrison, and 100 of the Hunza and Punial levies. Ladders and ropes had been provided for the passing of the Nisa Gol ravine. There were two regular crossings. The path from Mastuj to Chitral runs across it by steep zigzags, down one side and up the other, near its junction with the river; and at the other end of the line, on the enemy's left, where the stream issues from the hill, there is a mere goat track. Both crossings were barred by sungars, and the goat track was further protected by stone shoots on the slope above. Besides these two sungars there were sixteen others, each with a garrison of 80 or 100 riflemen. The attack hoped to find a way across at some point between the two paths.

While the levies were sent to the hills on the right to try to get across the head of the ravine, the guns and the infantry opened from the plain upon the sungars at short range. Beynon and Oldham, of the Engineers, slipped out in front of the firing and, creeping to the edge of the ravine, examined what seemed a likely place, and reported a possible crossing. For anyone but a practised mountaineer it would have been hopeless. One had to go down a sheer precipice for seventy feet by sliding down a rope; then, by a short ladder, a ledge was reached, from which it was possible to climb down to the stream at the bottom of the ravine. Up the other side ran in zigzags a goat track, only practicable for great part of its length by working along on hands and knees. While Oldham, with eleven of his Kashmir sappers, clambered down and began to improve the path, Beynon went back to give the word to Moberly and his Kashmirs to follow, and then, accompanied by his native orderly, joined Oldham in the gully. A heavy fire was directed by Kelly's men on its further side in order to prevent the enemy coming to the edge and firing down on the storming party. The two officers, the orderly and the sappers, climbed to the opposing brink of the gully in safety. Then Moberly joined them, but for a few anxious minutes his men did not appear. It was no fault of theirs; the path had been blocked by an accident. The little party that had got across gathered behind some rocks and opened fire on the Chitralis, assisted by the rifles of their friends on the other side. Almost at the same moment the native levies succeeded in crossing the ravine higher up, near the hills, and once more the enemy, on finding what they had thought an inaccessible barrier had been passed, abandoned all their defences and fled down the valley. The fight had lasted two hours, and what, if properly held, would have been an impregnable position had been stormed by an inferior force with a loss of six killed and sixteen wounded. The enemy's loss was sixty killed and 100 wounded.

The Chitralis rallied in the terrible Koragh

defile, where they had destroyed Captain Ross's party, and where they hoped to stop Colonel Kelly. The usual road to Chitral is through the defile; indeed it was supposed to be the only practicable way for an army, even of such small dimensions as that which was now on the move. But the men who had crossed the snows of the Shandur Pass did not mind some stiff climbing. Kelly till this point had followed the Mastuj River, but he now worked his way over the hills to the north-east of the defile, turning the enemy's position instead of attacking it. To quote Captain Younghusband's narrative :—

"In the midst of heavy rain he marched on the 15th of April to Khusht and on the 16th to Loon, and then on the 17th, being well behind the worst defiles, he descended to the river bed again and crossed the Chitral River to Barnas, though the river at this point is not generally considered fordable, for it is breast-high and runs with rapid current. It was, of course, with only great risk that men could be taken across, but by linking them together in bands of ten or twelve, and by stationing levies in the stream to help men who might be washed off their legs and to save kits which might be carried away, Colonel Kelly's force was able to effect the passage of this deep and rapid mountain river. A strategical move of the highest importance had thus been effected, and an almost impregnable position turned without the firing of a single shot."

The Gilgit column was now two marches distant from Chitral fort. Kelly had received no news from the garrison, nor could he know anything of the progress of General Low's army. This 17th of April was, however, as we shall see, the critical day of the campaign. On that day Low overcame the last obstacle to his advance; the besieged met and defeated the most dangerous attack of the besiegers, and Kelly, though he did not yet know the full measure of his success, had by the passage of the river won the race to Chitral.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF CHITRAL.

THE siege of Chitral may be said to have begun on March 3rd. On that day the garrison was, as we have seen, defeated with heavy loss in its attempt to check the advance of Umra Khan. Next morning the detached post at Chitral bridge was withdrawn to the fort, and all communication with the outer world was cut off for fifty days. In the fort, a space about eighty yards square, were crowded together 340 fighting men and about two hundred non-combatants and servants, including the boy ruler of Chitral and his suite. The roofs could be commanded by rifle fire from the neighbouring hills, and, to add to the difficulties of the defence, supplies were not over-abundant.

LIEUTENANT HARLEY.
(Photo: Chancellor, Dublin.)

"There was," says Sir G. Robertson, "sufficient ammunition, but none to spare—namely, 300 rounds a man for the Martini-Henry rifles of the Sikhs and 280 rounds for the Sniders of the Kashmir troops, with a little over. Food was scantier than we expected. The Bengali Commissariat agent had returned as in stock a certain quantity which he only expected to receive in return for advances paid to local dealers. However, the little Mehtar Shuja-ul-Mulk handed over to me all his private stores, and, finally, it was ordered that each man was to receive one pound of flour a day as the basis of his diet. This poor allowance would enable the garrison to hold out for three months. It was to be supplemented by rations of ghi (clarified butter), the Eastern soldier's delight, and condiments, as far as the limited supply of these articles would stretch. There was a little rice available for the officers' table, but the few sheep had to be reserved for the sick and wounded in hospital. To grind the corn properly was a difficulty which was never completely overcome. Harley had amongst his Sikhs an invaluable man who seemed able to do anything and everything which required skilful hands. But the only stones for him to shape into hand mills were of the wrong kind, and soft; consequently they were continually wearing away, and the flour was always mixed with gritty particles. As a result, the men got dysentery and other internal ailments."

Under these circumstances the long siege was a time of great suffering and privation for the defenders. Active attacks by the enemy were few and far between. They contented themselves for the most part with blockading the fort and keeping up a brisk fire from sungars and loopholed walls, at very close range in the later days of the siege. The non-combatants and such of the fighting men as could be spared in the fort were organised in working parties and kept busy demolishing buildings just outside that would have afforded cover to the enemy, improvising parapets to screen the tops of towers and walls from rifle fire, and strengthening the defences of the water tower and the short covered way to the river. At night bonfires were lighted just outside the fort, and later a means was found for hanging out improvised cressets of burning fir knots and splinters, to reveal the approach of the besiegers. Great care had to be taken that these did not set fire to the wooden walls of the fort.

Umra Khan tried frequently to induce the garrison to treat with him, promising them a

GENERAL GATACRE AND THE BUFFS MARCHING THROUGH THE JANBATAI PASS.

safe conduct back to India if they would evacuate the fort, which he declared was quite untenable. Sir G. Robertson rather encouraged these parleys, as the days and nights of truce for the negotiations gave the little garrison some much-needed rest. But throughout he was careful to guard against treachery. Umra Khan tried to use the fact that he had Edwardes and Fowler in his possession as a means of bringing pressure to bear on the garrison; and Robertson, anxious for their lives, tried to get them sent into the fort. Finally, Umra released them, sending them down to Low's camp. He had treated them very well, keeping them under the guard of some of his most trusty followers, and disguising them as Afghans in order to diminish the chance of some fanatic murdering them. Sher Afzul also tried negotiation, making all manner of promises of what he would do if he were recognised as Mehtar. At last, finding that these parleys left the garrison as steady as ever in their defence of the fort, the enemy began to press the siege more vigorously, very cleverly pushing their sungars close to the walls, even into the very garden of the fort, and trying to set it on fire.

March 28th was a remarkable day in the annals of the siege. "I had often lamented," writes Sir G. Robertson, "not having with me my British Agent's flag, which had been left behind at Gilgit. Possibly I was getting superstitious on the subject, and imagined that its absence brought us ill luck. It seemed almost improper, not to say illegal, to fight without the Union Jack floating over our heads. Also many people were getting downhearted, for our prospects were undeniably a little cloudy. So we went into committee on the subject, and decided we must have a flag. Harley, of course, at once produced a Sikh soldier who was a good needleman; he had men equal to every emergency. Shuja-ul-Mulk gave me some cheap red-dyed cloth, a blue turban being also contributed, and some white cotton material. Whitchurch's share was important. He possessed an empty tin of Navy-Cut tobacco with a picture of a Jack upon it, which we used as a pattern. The others gave advice. With scissors, needle and thread the Sikh went to work. The width of the stripes and their other proportions were earnestly debated; the pole and everything connected with it were also anxiously discussed. When the flag was finished, a day later, and brought for final inspection, we found it admirable in every way, except that its contriver had sought to improve upon our national ensign by sewing in the middle a crescent and crossed swords cut out of white stuff. He was a little upset by our want of appreciation, and went away slowly to remove his own particular creations. The flag was carefully erected on the top of the lofty tower to the south-west at night, for it was a long operation, and we did not want anyone hit, as that might look like a bad omen. At early dawn and every morning after, when one capped to the fluttering rag, a smile of confidence, one might almost say the smile of adoration to a fetish, accompanied the action. During a siege, as well as in all other occasions of a man's life, there is plenty of room for superstition. We, for instance, will always believe that this flag turned the scale of our fortunes from the moment it was run up. In truth it helped us greatly. It cheered our hearts and stiffened our backs. Critical eyes have since discovered that it was made incorrectly, that certain narrow white stripes were all of the same width, so that it could never have been flown upside down as a signal of distress. Happier are we that such a contingency was never provided for. Sentiment still hangs about this improvised Union Jack. It is still one of my dearest possessions."

On the night of April 6th the enemy succeeded in setting fire to one of the towers. With great difficulty, and not without loss from the enemy's rifles, the garrison succeeded in getting the blaze extinguished. Robertson himself was badly wounded in the shoulder during the fight with the fire. After this narrow escape there was for a few days a lull in the activity of the besiegers. Then they became more energetic than ever. Bullets from rifles, stones from slings, rattled and crashed on roof and wall. Often in the daytime, still more frequently at night, the enemy would begin shouting and beating drums, so that the garrison would rush to their posts expecting an attempt to storm the fort. Some of the friendly Chitralis in the place warned the officers that under cover of this noise the besiegers might be driving a mine from one of their advanced works. The men with the sharpest ears were set to listen in the lower part of the fort, but they could hear no sound of pick or spade, and the rumour of the mine was temporarily dismissed as one more baseless report.

But on the morning of April 17th Townshend sent word that he could certainly distinguish the noise of miners at work, close to one of the towers, and there was a hurried council of war as to what was to be done to meet this deadly

peril. Could a counter-mine be dug to meet it? No, there was no time. There must be a sortie. It was rightly conjectured that the mine began in a loopholed summer-house held by the enemy about eighty yards from the fort. The summer-house was to be rushed by forty Sikhs, supported by sixty of the Kashmir rifles. Lieutenant Harley, the very type of a dashing young Irish soldier, was given the command of the perilous enterprise. The attempt was to be made at 4 p.m., and preparations at once began.

Silently and carefully the stones were removed from a barricade that closed a gate opening from the fort into the garden. Harley got ready two bags, charged each with some fifty pounds of powder, and a length of canvas hose filled with powder to be used as a fuse. As the hour approached, the walls and loopholes on the garden side were stealthily manned, and Harley's men waited, with bayonets fixed, in the narrow passage inside the improvised sally-port. At last everything was ready. "All hearts stopped beating for an instant," says Robertson. "Everyone knew, and at that moment felt more than ever, the awful significance of that incessant pick, pick, picking, at the foot of the Gun tower, and approaching nearer and nearer; each stroke with suggestions of overwhelming catastrophe. It made one feel sick to reflect how everything depended upon the summer-house being merely occupied by riflemen, and not being invincible by reason of its defences."

Rushing out at the head of his men, Harley dashed at the summer-house. Surprised as they were, its garrison sprang to their rifles and fired one volley, which killed two and wounded a third of the leading group. One of those who fell was a Kashmir rifleman, a Goorkha who, in his eagerness for the fight, had made his way into the front rank, the place assigned to the Sikhs. Happily, the summer-house was not properly fortified. There was no regular barricade, only a pile of green faggots to stop bullets; these were pushed aside, and the party cleared the little building with the bayonet.

Harley had now to hold the house, find the mine, clear out the Chitralis at work in it, and blow it up with his powder bags. Fired on from all sides, his little party replied with a few steady volleys. Then volunteers were called for to enter the mine. As the first man, a Kashmir, dropped in, the Chitralis tried to make their way out. They could only come one at a time, and as each appeared he was stabbed and slashed, or shot. Such was the furious excitement of the men that Harley, with all his influence over them, could only secure two living prisoners.

Meanwhile all the enemy's sungars blazed with rifle fire. They thought they were facing a despairing sally of the garrison, and they especially turned their fire on the neighbourhood of the water tower, from which they expected another rush. Inside the fort everyone was busy answering back from loophole and parapet, especially on the side that commanded the garden. "Even the Sikhs in hospital," writes Sir G. Robertson, "came crawling out, seized rifles, and crept on the parapets. Several of them had lost half their feet from frostbite, and were obliged to hobble sideways, or even swarm up the notched poles, which did duty for ladders. All alike were full of battle-madness, and shouting with joy at the prospect of a fight in the broad day, and to support their 'brothers' outside. It was long before there was a semblance of order. . . . Wounded men soon began to stagger back from the garden, or were carried to hospital, where Whitchurch was busily plying his merciful work. One poor water-carrier came in with his jaw broken by a bullet. The wound was dressed and his face bound up. Regardless of the injury and its accompanying shock, he humped his great skin bag on to his loins, and was starting out again when I stopped him. He protested, and, finding me obdurate, sat down and wailed that his poor Sikhs were dying for water he might not carry them."

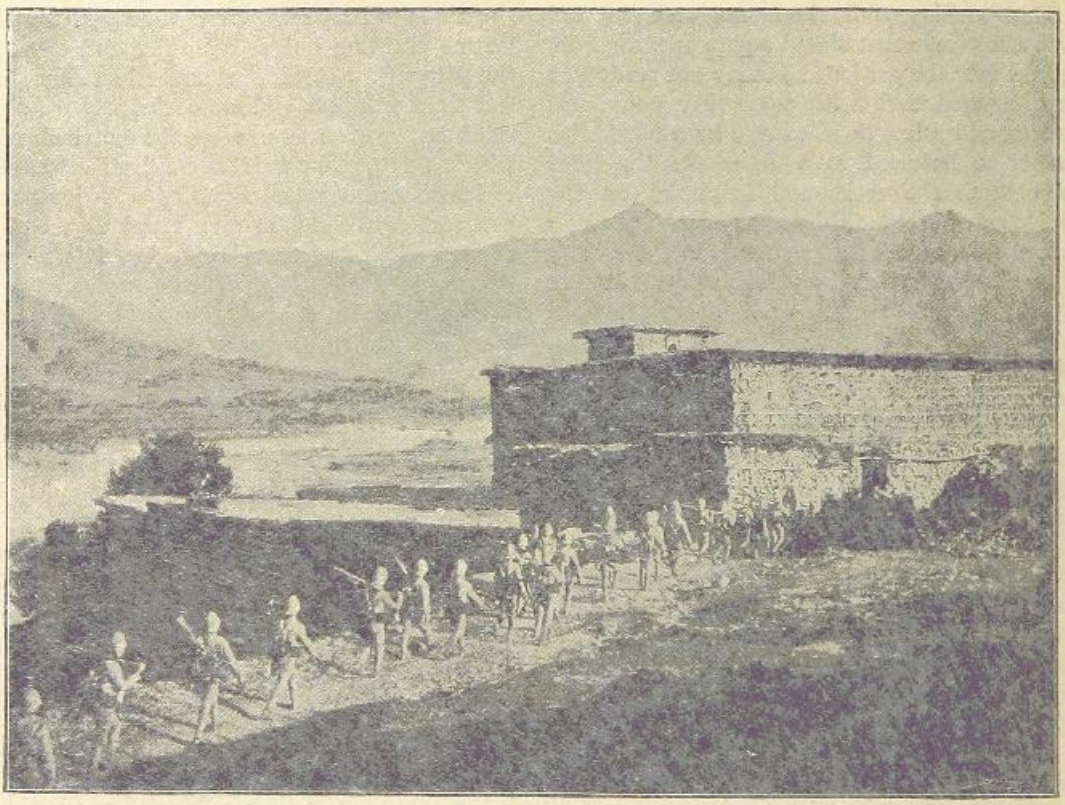
About twenty Chitralis had dashed out of the tunnel to meet their fate, when Harley, thinking all was clear, climbed down into it and arranged the powder bags and the long fuse. He had just done so when two more desperate men struggled out, breaking the powder hose, and destroying the tamping of the charge. Harley clambered out and found a length of tube he had kept in reserve, and was about to jump into the shaft again when there was a loud explosion; he was knocked down, and the broad flame that burst into the summer-house burned the clothes and turbans of the nearest Sikhs. It was a narrow escape. If the explosion had come a moment later Harley would have been killed. The party then retired into the fort. They had held the summer-house for more than an hour.

Harley was utterly depressed as he explained to Robertson that the powder bags had exploded prematurely, and only broken down about three feet of the passage near the mouth of the mine. The Chitralis would be into it again after dark,

and would yet get under the tower. A second sortie was impossible. The counter-mines were begun, the men digging frantically in the basement of the fort. Then Gurdon came down from the roof to report that somehow the enemy had run an open trench almost to the foot of the tower. This report led to a more careful examination, and to everyone's delight it was perceived that this new trench was nothing but the collapsed mine. Foot by foot its roof had crumbled in after the shock of the first explosion. The sortie had after all been a complete success. There was no need to go on with the counter-mines. Twenty-one of the brave men who seized the summer-house and wrecked the mine were killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was about fifty.

The next day passed quietly, and in the night a man came close up to the walls, declared he was a friend, and said the besiegers were retreating. The prisoners had given the garrison some idea of Kelly's advance, and the news now brought seemed likely to be true, but for fear of a trap no one moved out till dawn, when Gurdon went out of the fort with a company to reconnoitre. He found that all the enemy's works had been abandoned. The siege was over. Later in the day came letters brought by native carriers from north and south. One told of the progress of Low's army; another, from Colonel Kelly, announced that he would reach Chitral fort next day, April 20th.

We have already traced Kelly's advance to the neighbourhood of Chitral, but we have not followed the fortunes of General Low's force beyond its crossing of the Panjkora River. On the morning of April 17th—the day of Harley's sortie from Chitral fort and Kelly's successful fording of the river—Low began his advance from the Panjkora with Waterfield's and Gatacre's brigades, preceded by the Guides' Cavalry. The enemy were found by the horsemen near the village of Miankalai. Gatacre's brigade and the Derajat mountain battery were sent into action against them, but the enemy retired as the infantry advanced, showing little fight. The losses on both sides were slight; the Guides had four troopers wounded, Gatacre's brigade five men wounded. Next day the advance was continued to Mundia, a village and fort which



THE BUFFS AT BARWA.

were Umra Khan's usual residence. A fight had been expected here, but the place had been abandoned. A number of interesting papers were found in the fort, amongst them an offer from a British firm trading in India to supply Umra with modern arms at the most reasonable rates. Umra Khan had lost heart and fled across the Afghan border. This was the explanation of how all resistance had collapsed once the Panjkora was passed.

with a flying column of 500 men. At the same time our ally the Khan of Dir promised to make an attempt to reach Kila Drosh with his mountaineers.

Gatacre got his men over the Janbatai Pass with great difficulty. It was a terrible climb to the crest, and when the summit was passed there was a snow slope of nearly a thousand feet, down which the only possible way was to glissade to the bottom. Men, mules, pack-

Lieut. Fowler. *Lieut. Edwardes.*

UMRA KHAN'S PRISONERS.

Rumour said that the Chitral garrison was reduced to desperate straits for want of food. This report probably had its origin in a stratagem of Robertson's. He was anxious above all things that the besiegers should blockade the fort instead of trying to carry it by assault, or burning or mining the defences. With this end in view he did all he could to impress the Chitralis with the idea that his garrison was at starvation point. Hence the rumours that reached Low's headquarters and led him to order first that Gatacre should push on with two battalions, two Maxims, and half a mountain battery, and then that he should leave the guns and make a dash for Chitral

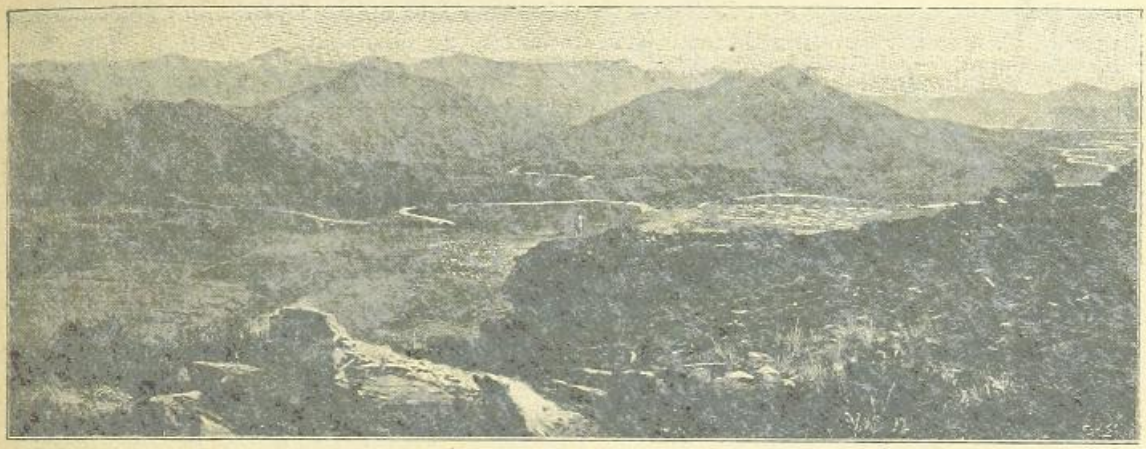
ages o stores were thus shot down the long slope. While the Janbatai was thus being traversed by the vanguard, news reached Low that Kelly had got into touch with the Chitral garrison ; that the Khan of Dir had seized Kila Drosh ; and that Sher Afzul, after raising the siege, had surrendered to our ally.

After this there was no further need for haste. A portion only of the relief force was pushed across the passes to Chitral. The defence and relief of the hill fort will be remembered for many a day among the most stirring episodes of Indian military history. In the fifty days' siege the little garrison had had forty-one killed

and sixty-two wounded out of a strength of less than four hundred. From the first they had been short of food. The hospital had always been full of sick and disabled men. Yet when the end came the garrison showed as bold a front as in the first week, and as ready if need be to hold on still longer.

The defence had been inspired and directed by Sir G. Robertson, who afterwards told the eventful story of the siege. He was fortunate in being seconded by a group of splendid young officers—men of the best type of those who lead the Indian armies. The garrison, too, though it had its weak points, contained a big proportion of the best fighting material in the whole of Hindostan—the Sikhs, to whom war is almost a religion, and the Goorkhas, to whom it is a sport.

SHER AFZUL KHAN.



PANORAMIC VIEW SHOWING THE CAMP AT MINGORA IN THE SWAT VALLEY.

CHAPTER VI

THE GENERAL RISING OF 1897.

DURING the advance to Chitral, and still more after the relief of the besieged garrison, there was a keen discussion both in England and at home as to what was to be the subsequent policy of the Government. Some argued that Chitral should be retained, and that to withdraw from it would be a perilous act of weakness. Others held that our soundest policy was to revert to the old order of things, place a British agent at Chitral with a small escort, and then retire from the country, erecting no forts in the passes, making no roads over the hills—in a word, observing literally the terms of the proclamation issued before General Low's advance. Men who had held high command and high office in India spoke and wrote on both sides of the controversy. As to the proclamation, those who urged that Chitral should be held argued that it no longer bound the Government, as the tribes of Swat and Bajaur, instead of giving free passage to the relief expedition, had fought against Low at the Malakand Pass, and on the banks of the Panjkora River.

The final decision of the Home Government was practically to retain Chitral. A battalion of native infantry, with two Maxims, was to hold Chitral fort and the pass of Gairat, between that place and Kila Drosh. Kila Drosh itself was to be held by a battalion of Goorkhas, with two mountain guns, all these troops being under the command of Colonel Hutchinson, of the 3rd Goorkhas. Brigadier-General Waterfield, with four native battalions and a battery, was to hold the Malakand Pass and the crossing of the Swat River at Chakdara, thus securing communication between Chitral and Peshawur. Forts at the Malakand and Chakdara, a military road through the valley and the passes, and a permanent suspension bridge over the Swat River, were to complete the British hold on Chitral. A native council of regency was to assist the boy Mehtar, little Shuja-ul-Mulk, to rule the Chitral state, and Dr., now Sir George, Robertson was to be the first British resident under the new *régime*.

This planting of garrisons and making of roads and bridges was one more step in the general "forward policy." Those who adopted it quite foresaw that, as in the past, it might well cause resentment among the tribes and lead to some of the usual incidents of frontier politics, a raid or an attack on a fort, and a consequent punitive expedition to exact submission and reparation from the tribes concerned. What was not foreseen was what happened—a widespread rising against the Indian Government of the tribes all along the frontier from the Waziri country at its southern end right up to the passes leading into Chitral.

The rising began in the summer of 1897, and the tribes were not subdued till the Indian Government had put into the field a more powerful army than had been engaged in any campaign since the Great Mutiny forty years before. The discontent of the tribes of Swat

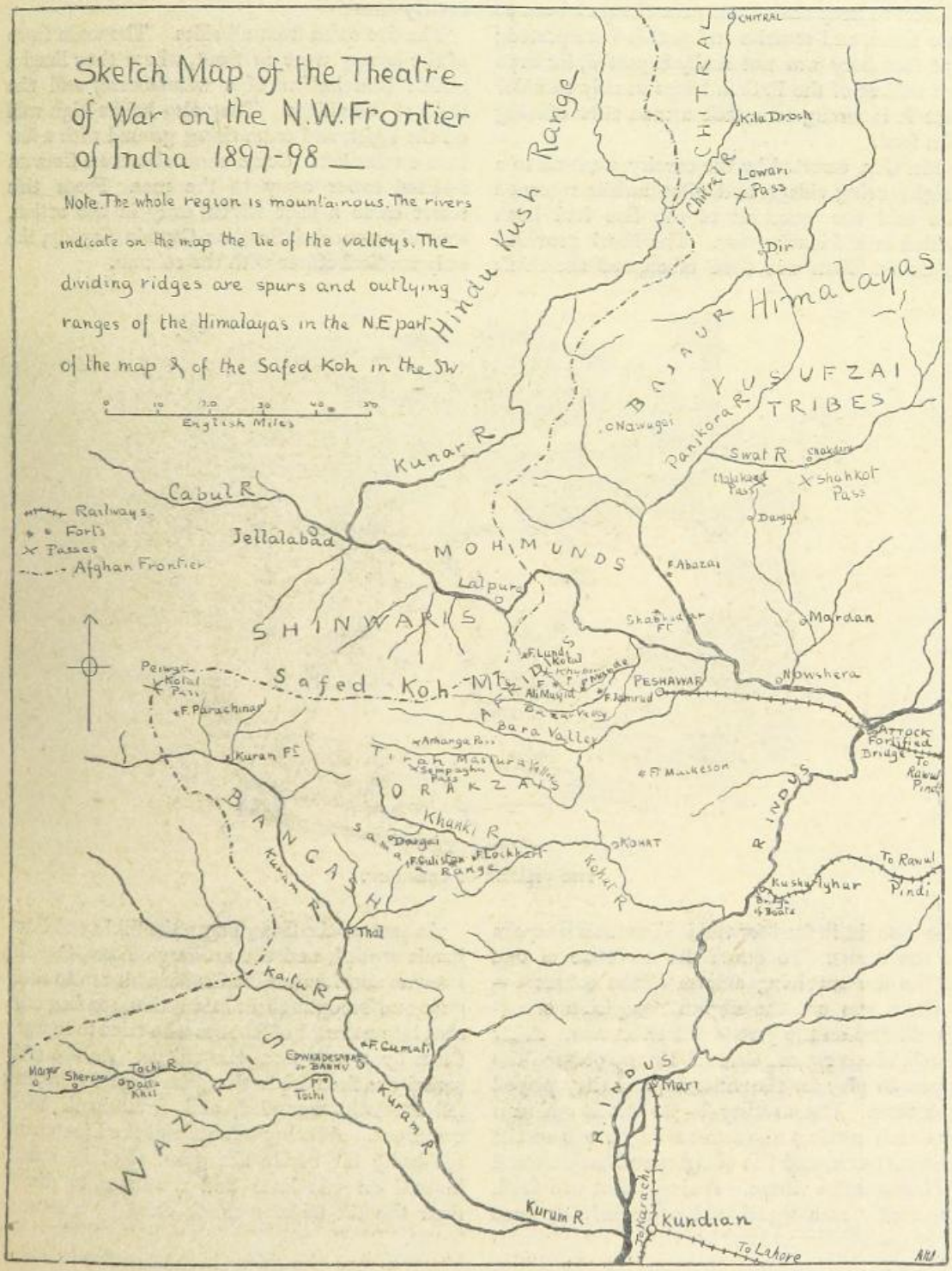
and Bajaur at a military road being driven through their country in order to keep Peshawur in touch with Chitral was only one of many factors in producing the general revolt. The inner history of the disaffection on the frontier is still in great part a mystery. Exaggerated reports of the Turkish victories over Greece in the spring of 1897 did something to cause the unrest of the tribes. Their mullahs told how the faithful had put the infidels to flight, and

A GROUP OF WAZIRI PRISONERS.

fanatic preachers promised the like success in a coming "Holy War" on the border. The agitation was voluntarily or involuntarily encouraged by the action of the Amir of Afghanistan, who, amongst other indiscretions, began to style himself the King of Islam, and published at Cabul a treatise on the advantages of the Jehad, or "Holy War" against the infidel. The growing ferment among the tribes was remarked by some of the frontier officials, but their warnings received little attention. Happily, there was no such organisation among the hillmen as would have made a simultaneous rising possible. What happened was a rapid succession of outbreaks at various points. The earliest took place among the Waziris in the Tochi Valley, and at first was supposed to have no particular significance and caused no alarm.

On June 10th Mr. Gee, the political officer in charge of the Tochi district, had marched from Dattakhel with an escort consisting of two mountain guns, twelve Punjaub cavalrymen, and 300 men of the 1st Sikhs and the 1st Punjaub Infantry. The troops were under the command of Colonel A. C. Bunny, of the 1st Sikhs. The object of the expedition was to choose a site for a new fortified outpost beyond Sheranni, nine miles from Dattakhel, and to collect a fine that had been imposed on some of the local headmen.

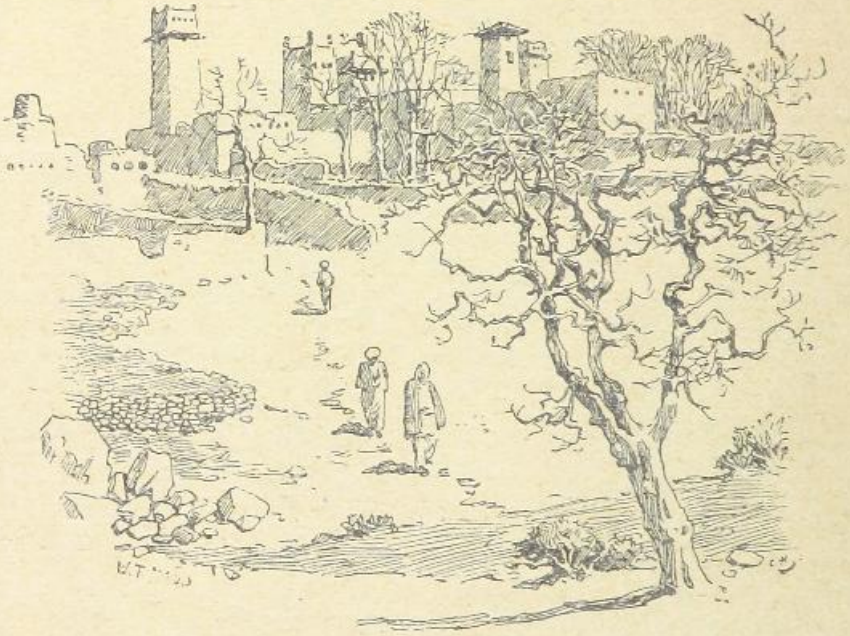
After passing Sheranni, and on reaching the village of Maizar, the column was met by a party of Maddakhel Waziris under Sadda Khan, the "malik" or chief of the Sheranni district. Other chiefs were with him. All seemed friendly. The troops halted in the village, and Sadda Khan invited the officers to take some refreshments he had provided for them. The tilled land at Maizar consists of a number of terraces, sloping to a small river, and at the suggestion of the chiefs the troops halted to rest under some trees on the highest terrace. The approach to it was by a lane running over a low ridge. The


Sketch Map of the Theatre of War on the N.W. Frontier of India 1897-98 —
Note. The whole region is mountainous. The rivers indicate on the map the lie of the valleys. The dividing ridges are spurs and outlying ranges of the Himalayas in the N.E part of the map & of the Safed Koh in the SW
English Miles
Railways
Forts
Passes
Afghan Frontier
Hindu Kush Range
CHITRAL
Kila Drosh
Lowari Pass
Dir
Himalayas
BAJAUR
YUSUFZAI TRIBES
Nawagai
Panjkora R
Swat R
Shahkot Pass
Dargai
Kunar R
Cabul R
Jellalabad
MOHMUNDS
Lalpura
F. Abazai
Mardan
SHINWARIS
Nowshera
Safed Koh Mts
PESHAWAR
Peiwar Kotal Pass
F. Parachinar
Bara Valley
Kuram Ft
Tiran Masura Valley
ORAKZAIS
Ft Mackeson
ATTOCK Fortified Bridge
To Rawul Pindi
BANGASH
Khanki R
Dargai
F. Lockhart
KOHAT
Kohat R
Kushalghar
To Rawul Pindi
Kuram R
Thal
Kaitu R
F. Cumati
Tochi R
Tochi
Kuram R
WAZIRIS
Mari
Kurum R
Kundian
To Lahore

guns were placed near a garden wall in an adjoining field. The men were warned by their officers to keep their arms near them and not to pile them, and sentries and guards were posted; but treachery was not really expected, for even the wildest of the Pathan tribes usually consider that it is wrong to attack a man after offering him food.

Mr. Gee, escorted by the cavalry, went off to a neighbouring village, and after awhile returned and said the question of the fine had been settled in a friendly way. The lunch provided by Sadda Khan was then taken, and the chiefs also brought in food for the Mohammedan sepoys of the escort. To quote the narrative of one of the few surviving officers of the column:—"There was not the slightest suspicion of unfriendliness on the part of the tribesmen. After lunch, about 2 p.m., Colonel Bunny ordered the pipers to play for the villagers, and they played one tune. Just as they began another a man was seen waving a drawn sword on one of the village towers, and the villagers suddenly cleared off towards the village. A single shot was fired, apparently as a signal, and a fusillade at once commenced, directed at the British officers, who were together under a tree, and at the Sikhs. This was taken up on all sides, the sepoys in the meantime falling in at once and taking up positions. Lieutenant Seton-Browne was hit in the leg at the second or third shot, and Colonel Bunny was mortally wounded almost immediately after."

The fire came from all sides. The main force of the enemy were in front, where they lined a nullah (the hollow of a watercourse) and the walls of the village. They also held a high wall on the right, and some rising ground with a few huts on the left. Some shots also came from an isolated tower away to the rear. From this tower came a shot which, early in the action, severely wounded Surgeon-Captain Cassidy, the only medical officer with the column.



THE VILLAGE OF SHERANNI.

As soon as the firing began the Sikhs and Punjaubis replied, and the artillery officers, Captain Browne and Lieutenant Cruikshank, ran to their guns and brought them into action, sending case shot into a crowd of fanatics who tried to capture them by a rush from the village. As the fifth round was fired from the guns Captain Browne fell mortally wounded, and Cruikshank took command. Another minute and the Lieutenant fell badly hit beside the guns. But he raised himself on one knee and continued to direct their fire till he was struck dead by a second bullet. Lieutenant Higginson, of the Sikhs, was hit soon after the firing began, so that in a few minutes the only white man left untouched was Mr. Gee, the political officer. Of the white combatant officers, three were killed and three

badly wounded. But the native officers behaved splendidly. Treacherously surprised, outnumbered, fired on from all sides, they kept their men together, and retired fighting doggedly step by step, and carrying off with them the two guns, and all the wounded, and the bodies of the dead officers. Bunny and Browne, though dying, were able to give some orders. The retirement began when the small supply of ammunition had been exhausted. While the mules were being loaded up the guns fired a few blank charges to give the enemy the idea that they were still in action. The men of the gun detachment showed magnificent courage. "In limbering up—*i.e.* with a mountain battery, loading guns, carriages, wheels, and ammunition boxes on the mules—a wheel-mule was shot, but Havildar Amardin ran back and picked up both wheels—seventy-two pounds each—and started to rejoin the battery. He was shot dead and the wheels were not recovered. Cruikshank's orderly picked up a gun weighing 200 pounds, single-handed, and carried it to the gun mule. The mule was shot dead, so he carried it to the spare mule. Then he went back and brought in Lieutenant Cruikshank's body."

On the infantry fell the main pressure of the stubborn rearguard fight from ridge to ridge along the road to Sheranni. How the native officers did their duty was well told by a correspondent of the *Pioneer*:—"Subadar* Narayan Singh, 1st Sikhs, must come first on the list, not merely for personal gallantry, but for the military qualities he displayed. No sooner had the attack begun than he recognised the immense importance of saving the reserve ammunition (ten boxes, each containing 600 rounds), as he knew the sepoys had only twenty-two rounds in their pouches. He told off seven men to fetch the boxes, and they succeeded in carrying six back to the firing line. Narayan Singh, as senior native officer, had the burden of carrying out the details of the retirement, under orders issued by Lieutenants Higginson and Seton-Browne, who were both suffering severely from their wounds. He did his work admirably. Subadar Sundar Singh, 1st Punjaub Infantry, must be bracketed with Narayan Singh. He with his brother Subadar and Jemadar† Sherzad, 1st Sikhs, formed up a party of sepoys to cover the retirement, and not a man budged until the order was given that they might fall back. The enemy closed with them, hand-to-hand fighting taking place, but the tribesmen could not force their way through this small body of determined men. It was here that the great majority of the casualties occurred. Sundar Singh was killed, sacrificing himself in order to give more time for the retirement to be effected. He was a young officer, having entered the service in 1883. Jemadar Sherzad surely earned the Victoria Cross, if such a decoration were given to the native army. He first of all carried Lieutenant Higginson away; then, possessing himself of a rifle, he covered by his fire a party of three men carrying Surgeon-Captain Cassidy to a place of comparative safety; and finally he shared in the desperate rearguard fight. Subadar Nawab Khan, 1st Sikhs, was among the last to leave the ground. He was twice shot in the leg, but his wounds did not interfere with his cool discharge of duty on the way to Dattakhel." As for the rank and file, it would be easy to give a long list of native soldiers who emulated the splendid example set them by their officers.

The retreat was not effected without heavy loss both of men and material. The native troops lost (out of a total force of a little over 300) twenty-two killed and thirty wounded. These, with the six white officers, made a total list of fifty-eight casualties. The guns were saved, but so many of the mules were shot or stampeded that most of the hospital and veterinary stores, a helio-signal apparatus, and about 4,000 rifle cartridges, fell into the enemy's hands.

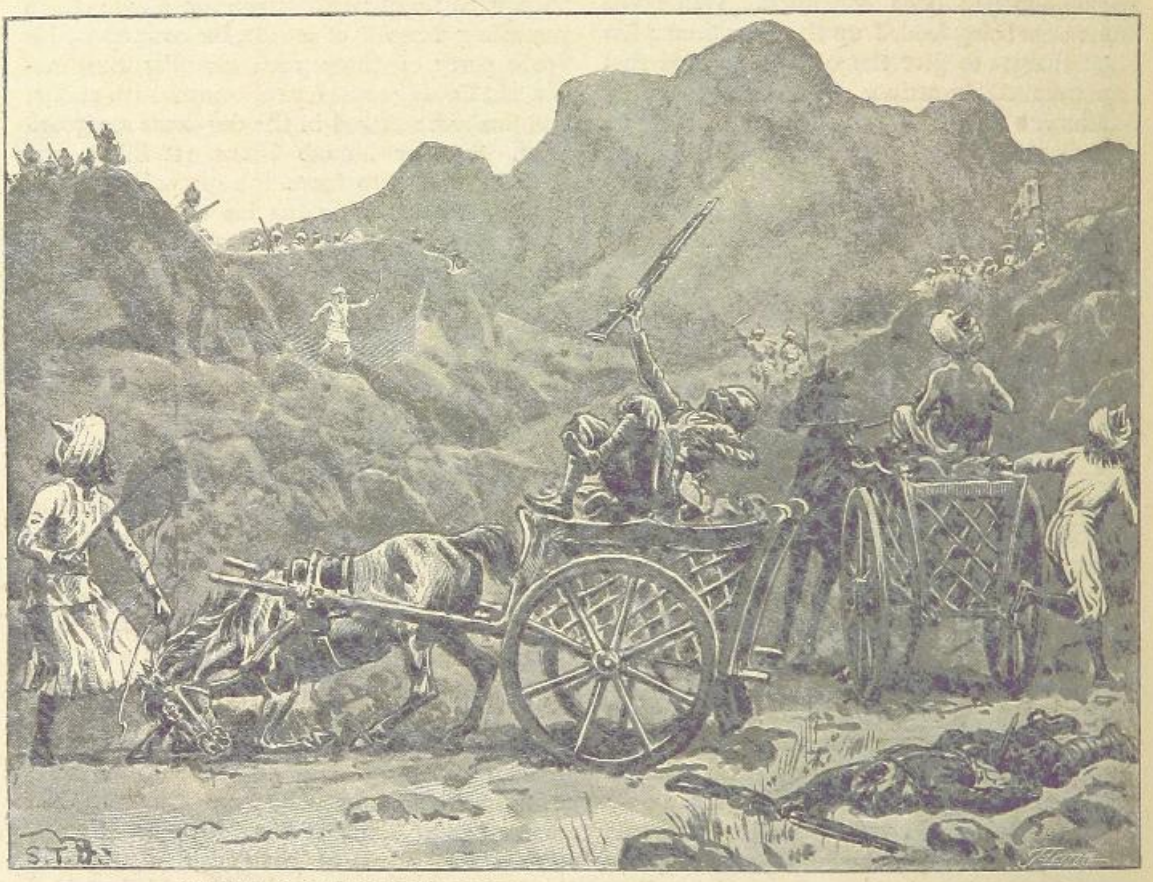
After Sheranni was passed matters began to look serious. The tribesmen hung on the rear of the little column, and were working round its flank to head it off. Encumbered with wounded men, the march was very slow. But now help was at hand. Early in the fight Mr. Gee had sent a trusty native messenger off with a hurriedly-written message to Dattakhel, and on receiving it some of the Sikh cavalry turned out, escorting Lieutenant De Brett, R.A., with a couple of mountain guns. To the eastward of Sheranni they came in sight of the retiring column, hard pressed by the exultant tribesmen. De Brett got his guns into position and opened fire on the pursuers. By an unfortunate mischance the rammer and sponge of one of the guns had been lost, but De Brett kept it in action, using a carbine as a rammer, loading the gun himself, and allowing no one else to stand in front of it or help him; so that if for want of the sponge the charge had exploded prematurely in the gun, he would have been the only victim of the accident. The covering fire of the guns

* Subadar = Native Captain.
† Jemadar = Native Lieutenant.

saved the column by stopping the pursuit, and De Brett received the Victoria Cross.

Of the three wounded officers who were brought into Dattakhel, only one survived—Lieutenant C. L. S. Seton-Browne, of the 1st Punjaub Infantry. The five others who had marched with him to Maizar were all dead. Seton-Browne was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. It was also granted to Lieutenant Higginson, but he did not live to receive it. The brave Narayan Singh was given the Order of British India and the title of Subadar, and the Order of Merit was given to the other native officers and many of the sepoys. Subadar Sundar Singh and several others of the dead native soldiers were also gazetted with this Order, so that their widows might have an increased pension. It was a long list of honours, but they were thoroughly well deserved; for as the Commander-in-Chief in India declared in an official despatch: "The action was a deed of arms second to none in the annals of the British army."

Such an act of treachery on the part of the tribes could not be allowed to go unpunished. Major-General G. Corrie Bird, then in command of the Punjaub Frontier Force, was ordered to march with two brigades into the Tochi Valley and exact full reparation for the outrage. The Tochi Field Force, which assembled at Bannu (otherwise known as Edwardesabad), was composed of the following troops:—



AN INCIDENT IN THE TOCHI VALLEY EXPEDITION: AN ATTACK ON THE MAIL CARTS.

1st Brigade.—Colonel Egerton (of the Guides). Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; 1st Sikhs; 1st Punjaub Infantry; 33rd Punjaub Infantry; Peshawur Mountain Battery (six guns).

2nd Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. P. Symons. 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade; 14th Sikhs; 25th Punjaub Infantry; No. 6 (Bombay) Mountain Battery (four guns).

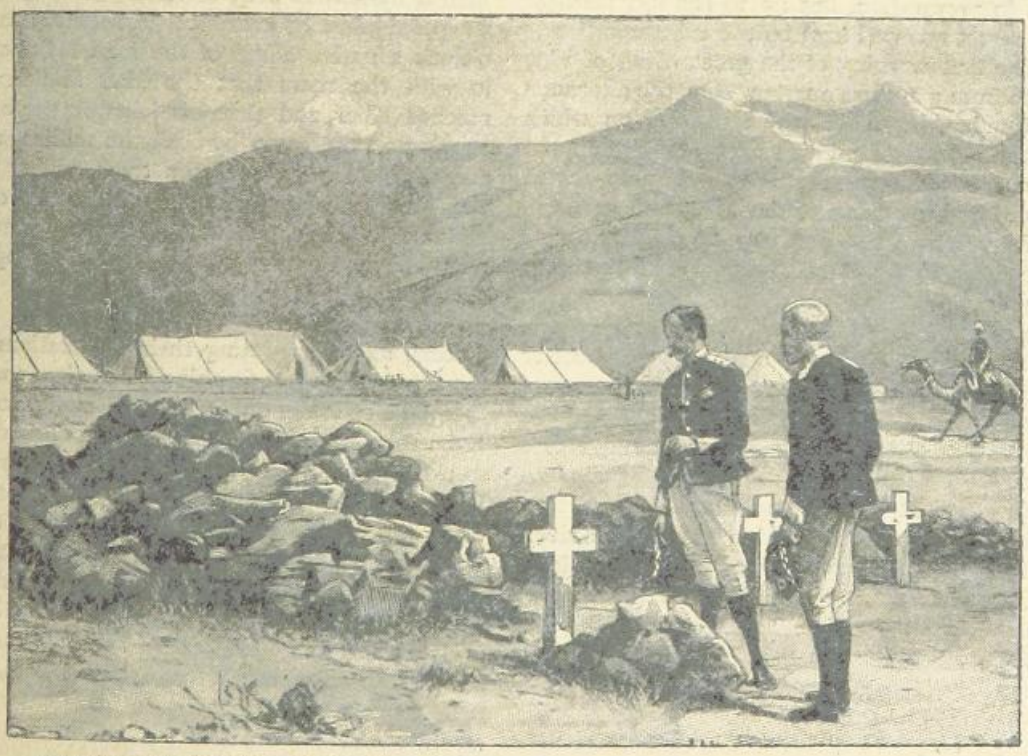
For cavalry General Corrie Bird had two squadrons of the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, already in the Tochi Valley; and for engineers a company of Bombay Sappers and Miners were ordered to join the expedition.

At first sight this looks a very large force for

a movement against a small section of a tribe holding only a few villages. But although the Maddakhel Waziris, who had made the attack at Maizar, could only muster 1,200 fighting men, it was feared that if a weak column were directed against them the result might be that other Waziri tribes would be encouraged to assist them. General Corrie Bird was given a whole division in order to overawe possible opposition, and prevent, if possible, what was supposed to be a mere local outbreak setting the whole border on fire.

During the march of the expedition from Bannu to the advanced post at Dattakhel there were occasional shots fired into the camp at night, and one of the sentries was killed in this way. A fight was expected near Sheranni, but on July 20th Egerton's brigade occupied that village without firing a shot. A body of Waziris, estimated at about 500, was seen retiring into the hills. The cavalry rode on to Maizar, and found that place also abandoned.

A few shots were fired into the camp by "snipers" during the night. But next day there was no sign of an enemy. Rumour said that the Maddakhel had taken refuge in Afghan territory. Reports came in that one of the Mullahs was preaching a sacred war to other Waziri tribes in the neighbourhood, but nothing came of his efforts, except some raids on the post carts travelling with the mails from Bannu. As the enemy would not make a fight, steps were taken to destroy his property. On July 25th and the three following days the towers of Maizar were blown up and the houses burned. The other houses and towers in the neighbourhood from which the enemy had fired on the column on June 10th were also demolished. Letters were then sent through friendly tribes to the chiefs of the Maddakhel, promising them a safe conduct if they would come in and discuss the terms the Government would impose in punishment for their treachery. But by this time the affairs of the Tochi were almost forgotten both in India and at home, for attention was riveted on a much more serious outbreak in another quarter.



THE GRAVES OF COLONEL BUNNY AND THE OFFICERS WHO DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT MAIZAR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RISING AT THE MALAKAND.

THE outbreak at Maizar seemed such a purely local disturbance that it caused little anxiety along the frontier. That it possessed no special importance and was no sign of coming trouble in other quarters seemed to be further indicated by the way in which the other tribes of turbulent Waziristan held aloof from the Maddakhels, and by the collapse of their expected resistance to Corrie Bird's advance. At the Malakand and about Chakdara fort in the first weeks of July there had been strange rumours of a miracle working Mullah—locally known as the Mad Mullah, or the Mad Fakir—who was talking to the Swat country tribes of a coming Holy War. But these stories were set down as empty bazaar gossip. A great rising against the "infidels" was in preparation, but up to the last moment the secret was well kept by the tribesmen.

The first warning of the great rising of 1897 came from a curious quarter. On the afternoon of Monday, July 26th—the same day on which General Corrie Bird was busy blowing up the towers of Maizar—there was a polo match played by the officers of the Malakand garrison, at Khar, where the northern slope of the pass goes down to the Swat River. When the game was over and the native grooms were getting the ponies ready for the return to camp, some of the villagers whispered to them that they had better get away home without delay, for there was going to be a fight. Little was thought of the warning at the time, although a message had come in earlier in the day telling of a small disturbance at Thana, opposite Chakdara fort, where the suspension bridge crosses the river. But early in the evening a number of the local levies employed on the military road arrived in the camp panic stricken, and reporting that the Mullah was gathering the Swat tribesmen between Chakdara and the Malakand, and meant to march on the Pass. Major Deane, the political officer of the district, and Brigadier-General Meiklejohn, commanding the Malakand Brigade, had a consultation, as the result of which a telegram was sent to Mardan requesting the Guides' Cavalry to come up to reinforce the camp, and it was decided that a small column should march at 3 a.m. from the Malakand and disperse the Mullah's gathering early next day. At 7 p.m. came news that the Mullah's force was actually on the move. It was then decided that the column should move out at midnight to hold a defile four miles to the northward, the Brigadier following at 3 a.m. with reinforcements. The troops to march at midnight were to be the 45th Sikhs, two companies of the 31st Punjaub Infantry, two mountain guns, and a squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers, the whole under the command of Colonel McCrae of the Sikhs.

As yet no one took a serious view of the disturbance. The general impression seems to have been that the troops would have to deal rather with a numerous body of rioters than with the vanguard of an insurrection. A little before ten o'clock a native officer of the local levies came in with the news that the Mad Mullah had reached Khar, and that his followers were advancing on the camp by both the military road and the old Buddhist pilgrim track, adding that the hillsides were swarming with armed men. No one had any idea that the enemy were so near. The coming attack was a complete surprise.

The bugles sounded the "Assembly." The officers, after completing their preparations for the march, were just finishing a late dinner when the bugle call rang out in the still mountain air. Even then they did not realise that danger was so close at hand. "Everyone sprang up," writes Lieutenant Spencer Churchill. "For a moment there was silence while the officers seized their swords and belts and hurriedly fastened them on. Several, thinking that it was merely the warning for the movable column to fall in, waited to light their cigarettes. Then from many quarters the loud explosion of musketry burst forth, a sound which, for six days and nights, was to know no intermission."

There are two camps at the Malakand, the southern or "Crater Camp," in a hollow near the point where the two roads cross the ridge, and

the "North Camp," about half a mile away to the northward. The headquarters of the brigade were in the Crater Camp, which contained the lines of the 45th Sikhs and the 24th Punjaub Infantry. The 11th Bengal Lancers, a mountain battery, the 31st Punjaub Infantry, and the transport were in the North Camp. It was connected by telegraph with the small fort on one of the knolls overlooking the Crater Camp, which was the citadel of the position. It was on this, the southern camp, that the main onset of the tribesmen was about to break.

The advance of the enemy on the Buddhist road was checked by the prompt action of Colonel McCrae. While the men in camp were turning out, the Colonel, with Major Taylor and just twenty of his Sikhs, ran off to a point where the road turns a sharp corner and enters a narrow rock cutting. He reached the defile just in time. Up through the darkness in front, half heard, half seen, surged a mass of over a thousand fanatical swordsmen. McCrae halted his handful of men and sent volley after volley into the crowd, effectually checking their advance.

The tribesmen halted, yelling their war-cries, and firing some random shots. Some of them worked their way up the hill on the flank of the party and began to roll down stones. McCrae retired slowly along the defile. Several of his men were killed, Taylor was mortally mounded, he himself had received a severe stab by accident with a bayonet. After twenty minutes' hard fighting the first reinforcement arrived, thirty men under Lieutenant Barff, who reported that the rest of the regiment was near at hand. McCrae then fell back to the next ridge, and held on there till the enemy gave up the attack four hours later. "There is no doubt," wrote General Meiklejohn in his official report, "that the gallant resistance made by this small body in the gorge against vastly superior numbers till the arrival of the rest of the regiment saved the camp from being rushed on that side, and I cannot speak too highly of the behaviour of Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae and Major Taylor on this occasion."

But other attacks of the enemy had meanwhile been less successfully met. The North Camp had been attacked, and a great body of tribesmen had broken into the Crater Camp by the military road. The piquets of the 24th Punjaubis on the road, near the watercourse to the left of it, were driven in by sheer weight of numbers. The first check the enemy received was at the camp bazaar. They had just rushed the place when Lieutenant Climo, at the head of a company of the Punjaubis, charged and drove them out at the bayonet's point. Climo held on there till near eleven o'clock, when he had to fall back on the Engineers' lines. These formed the centre of the camp, and here the greater part of the regiment had rallied, fired upon from the surrounding knolls and ridges, and so hard pressed by the swordsmen that the general himself and his staff took part in the defence with sword and revolver. The guard house, held by Lieutenant Watling and a company of Engineers, was stormed, the lieutenant being badly wounded. There was a reserve supply of ammunition in the place, and it was resolved to retain it. The general, Captain Holland, Lieutenants Climo and Manley, R.E., with less than twenty men, recaptured it after three attempts, in which half the party were killed and wounded. The tribesmen had, however, carried off the cartridge boxes. Holland was shot during the fight, and General Meiklejohn himself had a narrow escape, his neck being bruised by a blow from the flat of a sword, which happily was wielded by an unskilful hand.

Another of the few white men in the garrison had a more wonderful escape. Lieutenant L. Manley, of the Commissariat Department, was in a hut with Sergeant Harrington when the camp was rushed. They tried to keep the door closed against the tribesmen, but it was burst in. Manley drew his revolver and shot the first man who entered, but he was then cut down by a swordsman, and hacked to pieces by others as he lay on the ground. In the rush the lamp in the hut was broken, and Harrington, who was unarmed, found himself alone in the dark with the swordsmen. He knocked down two or three of them, and then getting free of them stood silent and motionless in a corner. They groped for him along the walls, their hands just missing him. More than once he thought they had found him. At last, supposing he had escaped in the confusion, they left the hut, where he remained hid till later in the night the commissariat lines were retaken by the garrison. A Victoria Cross was won by Lieutenant Costello, of the 24th Punjaubis, who about one a.m., hearing a wounded man crying for help on the open ground near the bazaar, went out and brought him in, though the place was swept by rifle fire, and the enemy's swordsmen were prowling about in the darkness.

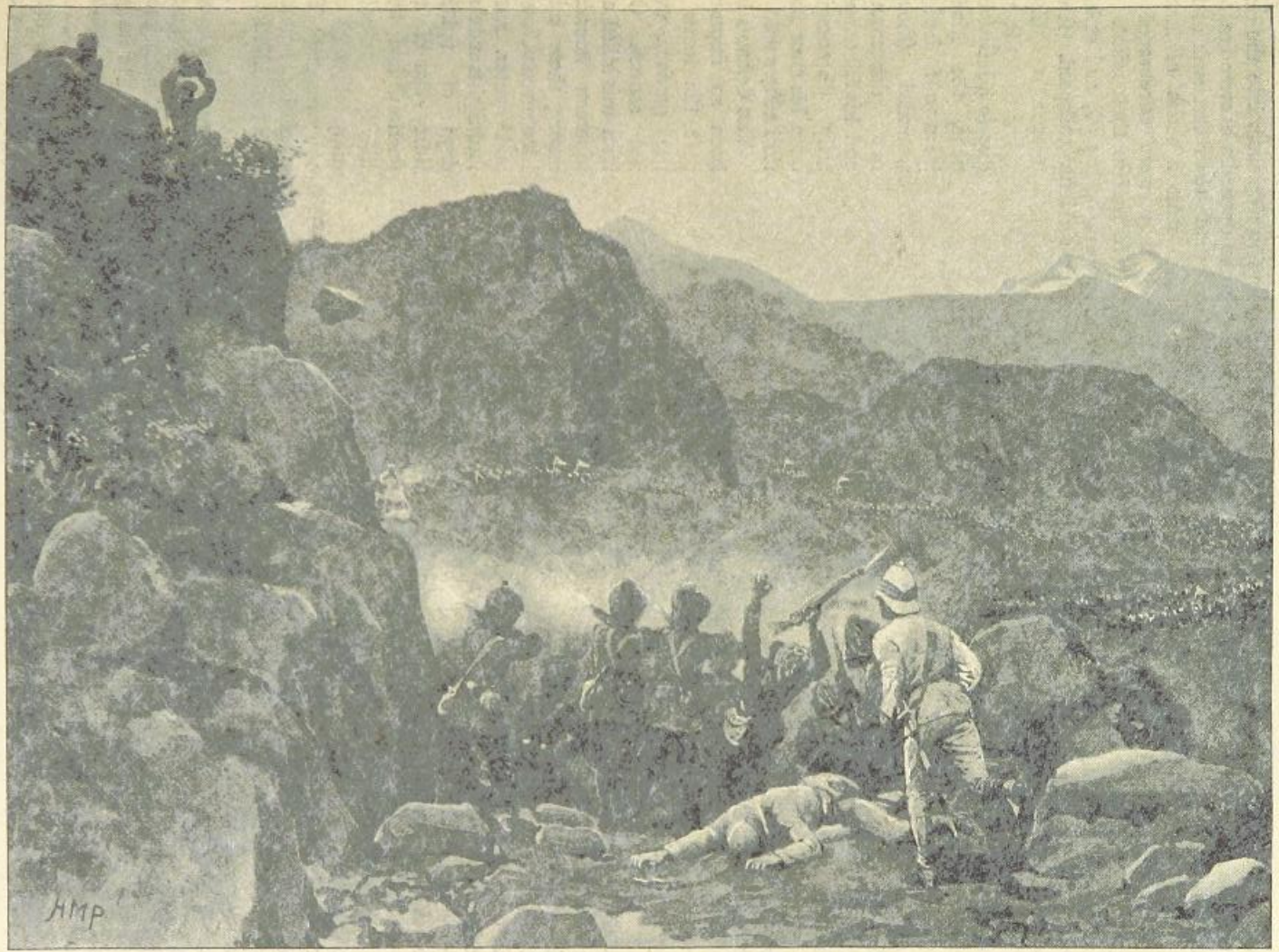
At 2.30 a.m. the garrison of the camp was so exhausted by continuous fighting, and had lost

so heavily, that the general resolved to call out a reinforcement of 100 fresh men from the fort. Lieutenant Rawlins, with an escort of three men, slipped through the enemy, and, after a skirmish on the way, reached the fort and brought the reinforcements back. Towards morning the enemy's fire gradually slackened, and before the sun rose they had retreated, carrying off all their wounded and most of their dead. But forty dead bodies were found in the lines, and many of these were recognised as men who used to come daily to the camp, selling firewood, milk, eggs, and other produce. The losses of the garrison were heavy. A British officer and a non-commissioned officer had been killed, and five British officers wounded (two of them mortally). Of the native troops twenty-one were killed and thirty-one wounded, so that the total of the casualties amounted to fifty-nine. The tribesmen captured and carried away about 10,000 rounds of ammunition, a very serious loss to the garrison and a substantial gain for the insurrection.

A reconnaissance sent out towards Chakdara in the morning of the 27th ascertained that there was an army of some thousands of the tribesmen in the Swat Valley, and that they were blockading the fort at Chakdara bridge. Held by a garrison of about 300 men and armed with Maxim guns, there was no fear that the fort could hold out for some time to come. General Meiklejohn for the present devoted his attention to holding the Malakand Pass, which he felt sure would be attacked again as soon as darkness fell. He evacuated the North Camp, concentrating his brigade, about 2,800 strong, at the Crater Camp and preparing the lines of the surrounding ridges for defence. A small detachment of cavalry was sent off to Chakdara, and by a plucky ride got through the enemy's lines. At the same time the General sent off urgent requests for reinforcements. The first of these, the Guides' Infantry, arrived early in the evening, after a forced march of thirty-two miles.

IN VIEW OF KOHAT.

About half-past eight in the evening the second battle began, but the tribesmen who had suffered severely in their first attempt did not press the attack so vigorously. Their solitary success during the night was the forcing back of an advanced post. They burned the abandoned huts of the North Camp after looting them. At dawn a vigorous counter-attack by the 24th Punjaubis under Lieutenant Climo drove the enemy down the slopes towards Khar. They left ninety dead on the hillside. Costello was

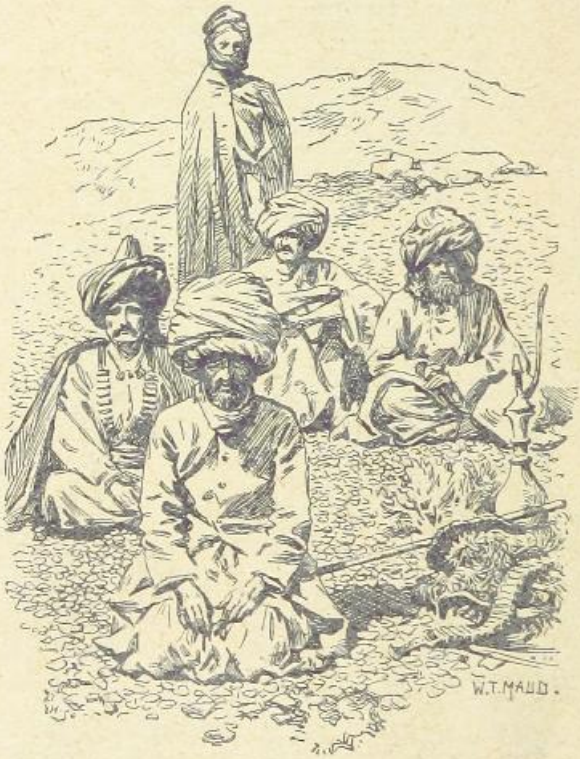


THE FIRST ATTACK ON MALAKAND CAMP: THE 45TH SIKHS HOLDING THE CUTTING ON THE BUDDHIST ROAD.

slightly wounded during the counter-attack. The other losses of the garrison were ten killed and forty-five wounded, bringing up the total list of casualties to 115.

Next day, Wednesday, July 28th, desultory firing went on round the camp till sunset. Then there was a lull, and at ten o'clock the third attempt to storm the camp began, and sharp fighting went on till three a.m., the tribesmen making desperate efforts to force a way through the defences and losing heavily. The garrison had two killed and nineteen wounded, including three British officers, bringing the list of casualties up to 136.

Men and officers alike were exhausted by three nights of hard fighting. The enemy, though they had lost hundreds of men, were in no way discouraged. The Mad Mullah told them that those who had fallen were only the doubters. If they had but sufficient faith, they would be invulnerable. He showed them a slight bruise on his body, and told them it was all the damage that had been done by a fair hit from a shell fired by one of the cannon belonging to the infidels.



A GROUP OF DAWARIS: NATIVES OF THE TOCHI COUNTRY.

On the morning of the 29th signal communication was established for a short time with Chakdara fort. The garrison reported that they had repulsed several attacks of the enemy, but they added the disquieting news that food and cartridges would soon be running short. During the day a squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers reinforced the garrison of the Malakand. They brought with them a small convoy of ammunition. Two native infantry regiments, the 35th Sikhs and the 38th Dogras, had got as far as Dargai at the foot of the pass. During the day's march the Sikhs had lost twenty-one men by sunstroke. They were eager to push on, but General Meiklejohn wired to them to rest at Dargai and join him next day.

As night fell the tribesmen, who had been dropping long-ranging rifle shots into the camp all day, closed in and opened a heavier fire. At half-past nine they made their first rush at the defences, and then came a series of furious attacks, in which they were encouraged by having the Mullah himself in their midst. At every point they were beaten off, and at half-past two the attack suddenly collapsed. It was afterwards discovered that this was due to a lucky accident, the Mullah himself being wounded (though not dangerously) and his fall temporarily discouraging even his most fanatical adherents.

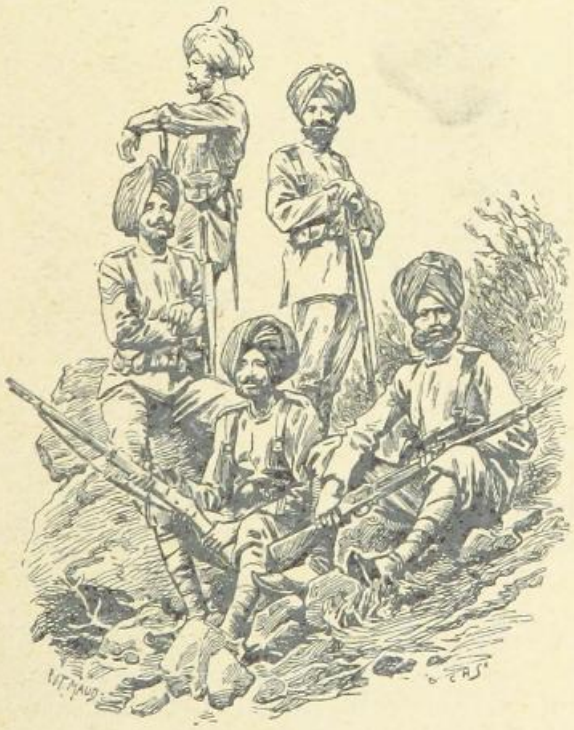
The defences had been so improved that the losses of the garrison were not serious. One man was killed and nineteen wounded, among these being Lieutenants Costello and Wynter. In the four nights and three days of fighting thirty-six of the garrison had been killed (including camp followers) and 106 wounded. The casualties among the British officers were so far two killed and nine wounded.

This was the last of the more serious attacks made upon the Malakand. During Friday, the 30th, although a large body of tribesmen joined the enemy, they confined themselves to firing a few shots into the camp. At half-past nine they came on, but only in half-hearted fashion. In the middle of the night there was a heavy thunderstorm, and in the midst of it they made another rush, which was beaten off by the Sikhs. The losses of the garrison were twenty wounded.

Saturday was a quiet day. After dark the enemy's snipers fired a few shots, but there were no more attempts to rush the lines. On the

Sunday morning (August 1st) the brigadier moved out with 1,000 infantry, the Guides' Cavalry and Lancers and two guns, to try to relieve Chakdara. But the enemy were so strong that he withdrew to the camp again after the cavalry had made one charge without much result, the enemy taking refuge in the broken ground. The day passed anxiously, for from Chakdara the heliostat flashed a brief despairing message, "*Help us!*" In reply the Malakand station flashed back, "*Expect us to-morrow morning. Is the bridge standing?*" But no answer came. Men began to fear for the worst, and it was resolved that on the Monday, at any cost and risk, Malakand would hold out a helping hand to Chakdara.

An heroic incident in the defence of the Malakand may be mentioned here. During one of the night attacks a British officer was wounded by a bullet which cut an artery, and he was rapidly bleeding to death, when Lieutenant-Surgeon V. Hugo came to the rescue. He struck a light and saw what the wound was. The light was put out by a volley, which happily hurt neither of the men. Then, no other means of saving life being possible, Hugo sat by his comrade in the dark, under a heavy fire, for three long hours, compressing the artery, "holding a man's life between finger and thumb." By this devoted heroism the life was saved. The brave surgeon's own arm was paralysed with cramp for hours after this long-continued strain was over.



N.C.O.'S OF THE FIRST SIKH INFANTRY.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW CHAKDARA WAS SAVED.

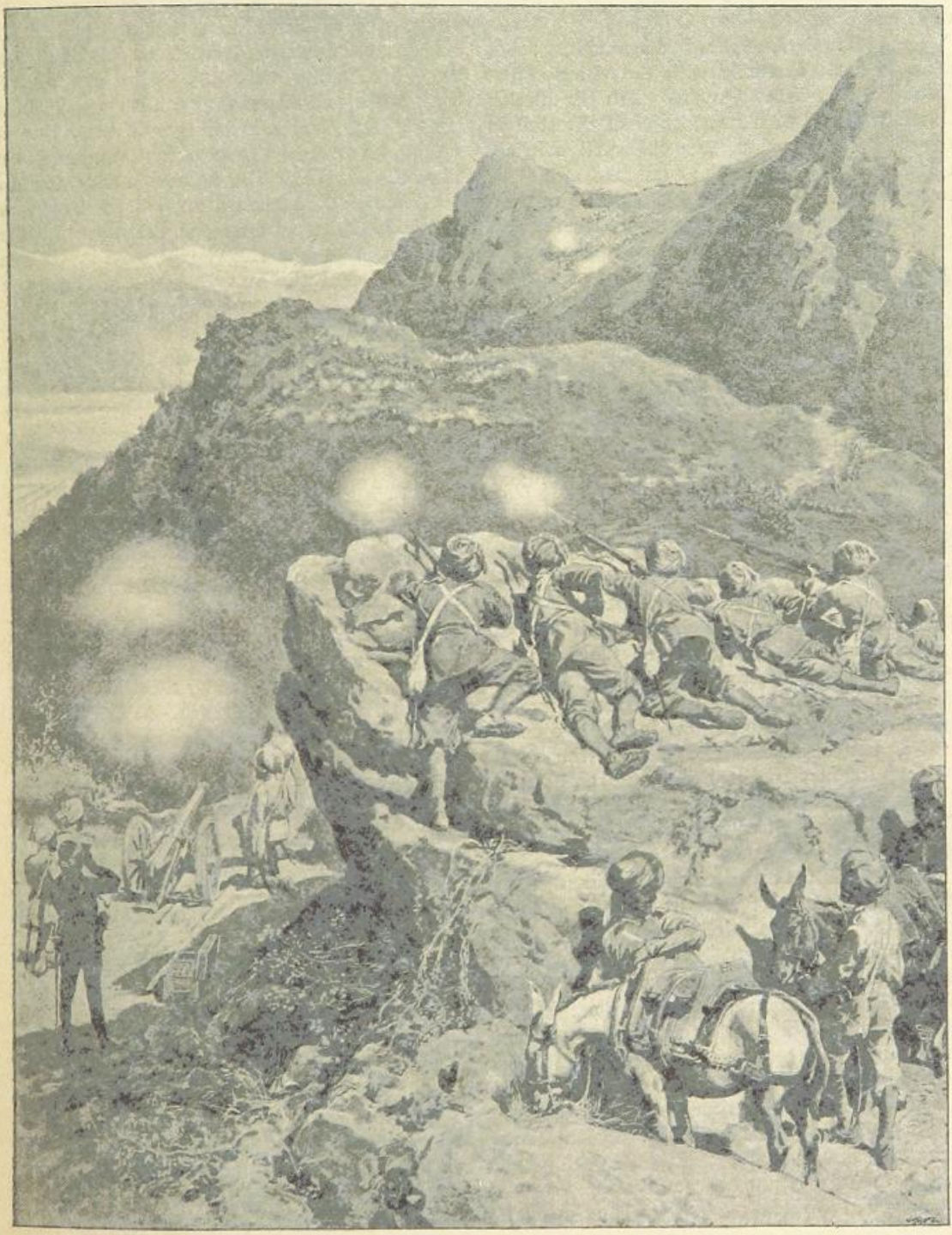
WHILE the tribesmen were attacking the Malakand camp, they not only closely blockaded the fort at Chakdara, held by a garrison of about 250 men, but they made several attempts to capture it by escalade. Strong as the place was against an enemy unprovided with artillery, its situation made the defence a very trying piece of work, and there was a serious danger that the garrison would be wearied out by continual attacks and at last overpowered when ammunition began to run short. The works to be held were, first, the fort, a strongly-walled building armed with a nine-pounder and a Maxim; secondly, the signal tower higher up the spur of the hill on which the fort stood, and separated from it by some open rocky ground; and, thirdly, a gateway fortified by two towers and armed with another Maxim at the further end of the long suspension bridge over the Swat River. From the high ground above the fort the besiegers could actually see into it and bring rifle fire to bear on the walls and towers and a considerable part of the interior enclosure. They could also fire down on the roof of the signal tower, so that to work the heliostat meant to risk the lives of the signallers. Lower down the hill on both sides of the fort there was good cover for the attack. Under these circumstances the wonder is that the defenders of the place did not lose more heavily during the week's siege.

AN AFRIDI N.C.O. (KHYBER RIFLES)

The only help that the Malakand garrison could send them arrived at the beginning of the blockade, when two officers and twenty men of the Bengal Lancers succeeded, by making a detour over all but impassable ground, in reaching the gateway of the bridge and joining the hard-pressed garrison. After the failure of the first attacks on the Malakand the tribesmen concentrated nearly all their force round Chakdara. It is believed that on August 1st and 2nd there were more than ten thousand armed men gathered round the fort. For two days the signal tower was isolated from the main work, and it was impossible even to send water to the handful of brave men who held it. The unfortunate men in the tower repeatedly signalled to the fort for water, but for forty-eight hours of blazing Indian weather not a drop could be sent to them. On August 1st Lieutenant Rattray, the commandant of the fort, noted in his official report:—

"Matters looked so serious that we decided to send an urgent appeal for help (to the Malakand), but owing to the difficulty and danger of signalling we could not send a long message, and made it as short as possible, merely sending the two words, '*Help us!*'"

This was one of the few messages that got



THE RELIEF OF CHAKDARA: COLONEL GOLDNEY WITH THE 38TH SIKHS TAKING A HILL COMMANDING THE DESCENT TO THE SWAT VALLEY.

through, and, as we have seen, the brigadier in command at the pass determined on its receipt to go to the help of the Chakdara garrison next day at all costs.

The Indian Government had meanwhile taken steps to deal effectually with the rising of the Swat Valley tribes. On July 28th Sir Bindon Blood, who had been Low's chief of the staff in the Chitral campaign, was informed officially that he would be given the command of a force to operate in the Swat district, and was ordered to proceed at once to the front. He reached Nowshera on the 31st, and there received a message informing him that Chakdara was hard pressed, so he hurried on to the Malakand camp without resting. On the 30th an order had been issued directing the assembly of the troops he was to command. The division, known as the Malakand Field Force, was to be constituted of the following troops :—

1st Brigade : Brigadier-General Meiklejohn. 1st Battalion West Kent Regiment, 24th and 31st Punjaub Infantry, 45th Sikhs.

2nd Brigade : Brigadier-General Jeffreys. 1st Battalion East Kent Regiment (The Buffs), Guides' Infantry, 35th Sikhs, 38th Dogras.

Other troops attached to the Division :—11th Bengal Lancers (four squadrons), 10th Bengal Lancers (one squadron), Guides' Cavalry (two squadrons), 10th Battery R.A., Nos. 1 and 7 British mountain batteries, the Bengal mountain battery (twenty-four guns in all), two companies, native sappers and miners, the 22nd Punjaub Infantry, and two companies of the 21st.

Most of these troops were at or near the front. The total force of the division was 6,800 infantry, 700 cavalry, and 24 guns.

Sir Bindon Blood reached the Malakand camp on the afternoon of August 1st and took command. He gave Meiklejohn the direction of the relieving column that was to move out to Chakdara next day. It was made up of 200 of the Guides' Infantry, 400 of the 24th Punjaubis, 400 of the 45th Sikhs, four squadrons of cavalry under Colonel Adams, and four mountain guns. During the night the enemy attacked the camp for the last time, and there was a good deal of heavy firing. Before dawn the attack ceased, and Meiklejohn's column fell in in the dark, ready to move at daybreak.

But it was important that the column should be able to advance without having its progress checked as it marched out between the mountain spurs that commanded the road. The most prominent of these above the point where McCrae had checked the enemy's rush on the first night was held by a body of the tribesmen, entrenched in sungars and armed with rifles. Sir Bindon Blood assigned to another and smaller force, under Colonel Goldney, the task of clearing this hill. With 250 of the 35th Sikhs, and fifty of the 38th Dogras, Goldney moved out silently in the grey dawn. Unperceived, he reached a point only a hundred yards from the sungars. The tribesmen then stood to their arms and opened a hurried, ill-aimed fire. Without losing a man the Sikhs rushed the sungars. Seven of the enemy were killed, one captured, and the rest fled wildly down the hillside.

As they fled under the fire of Goldney's men, Meiklejohn moved his column out through the defile, formed line of battle on the more open ground beyond, and, without waiting to exchange fire with the enemy in his front, went for them with the bayonet. Surprised and panic stricken, the enemy gave way on all sides, and Adams, with his four squadrons, Guides and Bengal Lancers, charged after them in hot pursuit. Only those who escaped across the rice fields by the Swat River saved themselves from the rush of horsemen.

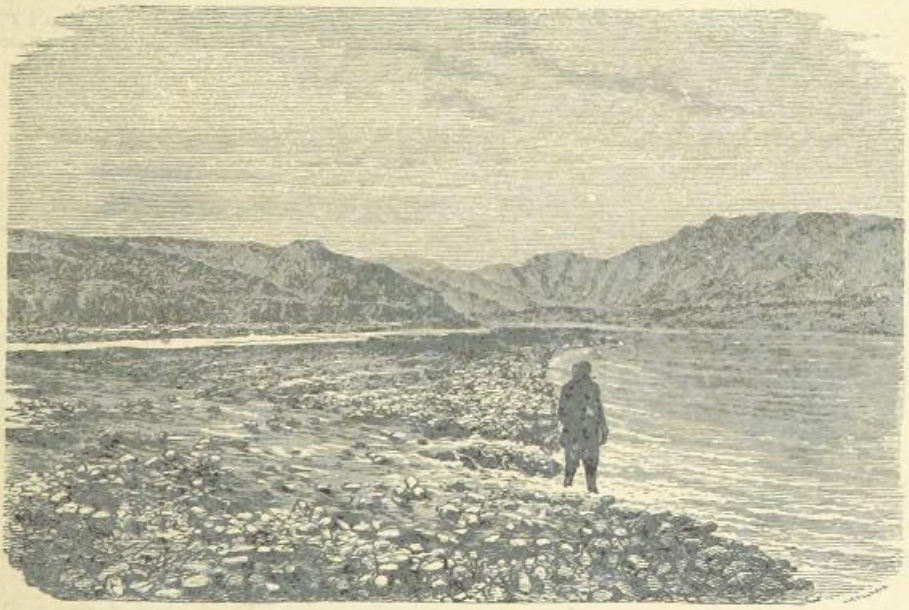
Meanwhile the infantry was pushing forward along the military road. A fortified village was stormed with the bayonet by the Sikhs, Colonel McCrae being the first man in. As the vanguard of the relieving force neared the bridge, Rattray, with the Chakdara garrison, sallied out upon the besiegers, who were now giving way in all directions. Chakdara had been saved, and the cost of the battle on the side of the victors had been less than forty killed and wounded. The enemy are believed to have lost 2,000 men during the siege. The garrison had a loss of only seven killed and thirteen wounded.

In the days that followed this victorious entry of the Malakand garrison into the Swat Valley, numerous deputations of the tribesmen came in to make their submission. But it was decided that the force concentrated at the Malakand should make a march through the Swat country to enforce a complete surrender of all who had been concerned in the outbreak. With a view to dealing with a possible spread of the disturbances, a new brigade was formed under General J. H. Wodehouse, an officer who had seen some years of service on the Nile, and had won the hard-fought battle of Argin against the Dervish Emir Wad-en-Nejumi in 1889. The following was the composition of the new brigade :—

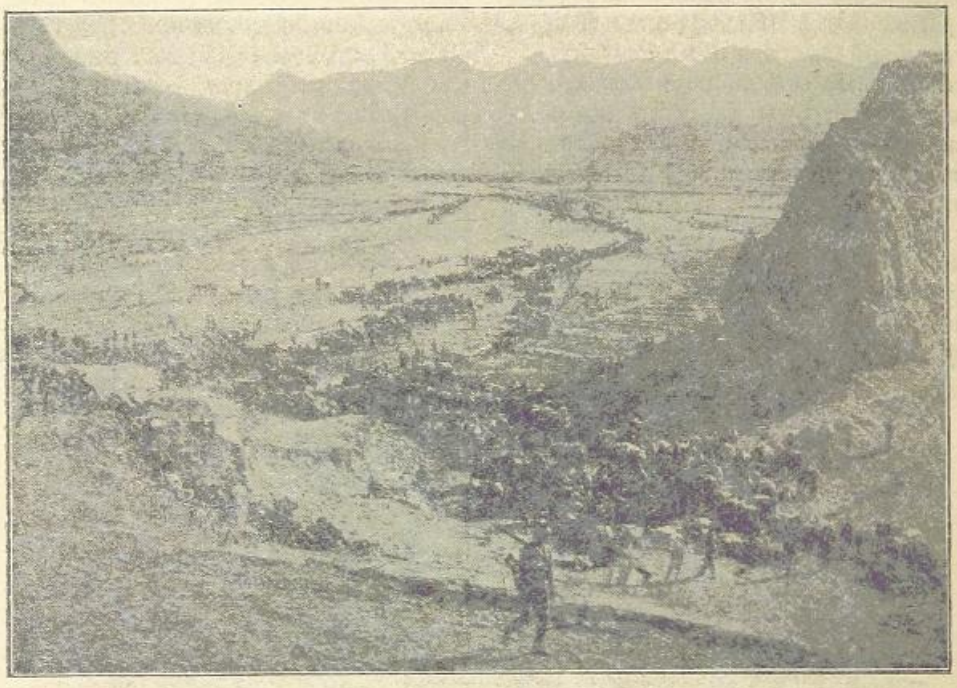
1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, 21st Punjaub Infantry, and 2nd Battalion of 1st Goorkhas.

As the tribesmen still held together in large bodies in the Upper Swat Valley it was resolved to commence active operations against them, and after preliminary reconnaissances Sir Bindon Blood began his advance from Thana, opposite Chakdara, on August 17th. He had with him Meiklejohn's brigade, a battery of the Royal Artillery, two mountain batteries, and six squadrons of cavalry.

During all this time there was naturally some anxiety about the condition of affairs in the lately disturbed district of Chitral. But though Swat, its threshold, was in a blaze, the valley of Chitral remained in absolute peace. This was the more satisfactory because the Amir of Afghanistan's general, Gholam Hyder Khan, as if to increase the elements of disturbance, concentrated a large army on the border. This Afghan gathering gave a direct encouragement to the hostile tribes, suggested that if the worst came they would find refuge in the Amir's dominions, and held out a tacit promise of support in case the anti-British movement became sufficiently pronounced for the ruler of Cabul to venture on interference.



VIEW ON THE RIVER SWAT.



THE ARMY ON THE MARCH.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARCH INTO SWAT.

A FEW miles above Chakdara the Swat Valley, at a place called Landaki, narrows to a remarkable pass, locally known as the "Gate of Swat." The road which follows the south or left bank of the mountain river is carried on a causeway built above the water's edge, and in this way works round a long flat-topped spur, which projects from the main chain of the mountains to the riverside, closing the valley like a great rampart. Behind the spur the valley widens again into an expanse of swampy rice fields.

When General Blood advanced he knew that the Landaki spur was held by a body of about 5,000 tribesmen, some armed with rifles, others being fanatic *ghazis*, armed with sword or spear. To rush the spur by a front attack would have meant heavy loss. Blood's plan depended on occupying the enemy's attention in front while the mass of Meiklejohn's brigade reached a point on the hills from which they could not only threaten the enemy's left flank, but also cut off his retreat if he held on to the spur, for the only way in which any large body of men could leave it was by the neck that connected it with the mountain chain. If the tribesmen fled by the swampy fields in the valley they could only move slowly, and would be liable to be cut up by the pursuing cavalry.

According to this plan the West Kent were pushed forward to threaten an attack in the front. They drove in an advanced post of the enemy, and then the three batteries came into action against the spur, the big shells of the field battery producing a marked effect on the enemy, who retired to their sungars or to the back of the ridge. Meanwhile Meiklejohn, with his three battalions of Sikhs and Punjaubis, was climbing the hills to the right of the attack, and it was not till his leading regiment had got well up to the level of the point where the spur joined the mountain that the tribesmen perceived the movement and grasped its meaning. Till then they had expected that the British would try to force their way through the narrow pass by the river. Surprised and outmanœuvred, they began to leave the spur, and fled along the hills or down its reverse

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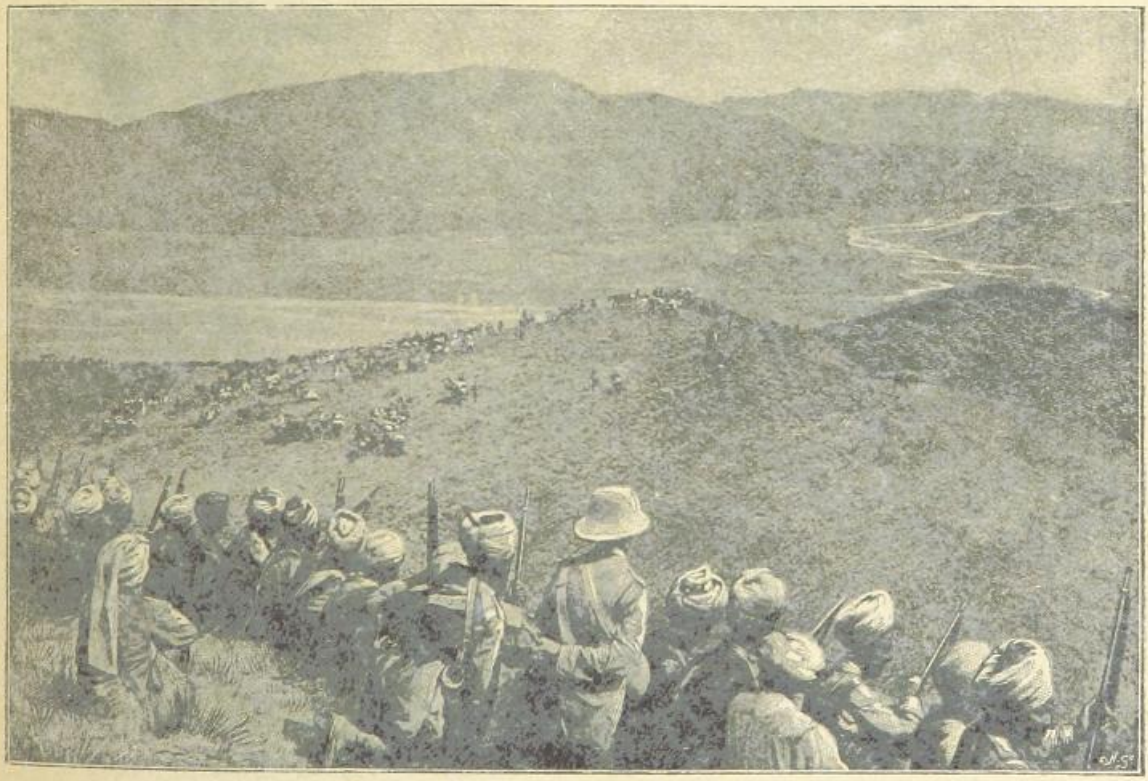
slope towards the fields. Only a handful bravely charged the head of Meiklejohn's column, most of these falling under the fire of the Punjaubis. General Blood now gave the West Kent the order to advance, and they dashed up the front of the spur and cleared the sungars of the few tribesmen who had stuck to them when the main body had abandoned the spur.

The cavalry (Guides and Bengal Lancers) had been ordered to push forward by the causeway and charge the retiring enemy in the plain beyond, but it was found that the roadway had been so effectually destroyed in two or three places by the enemy that it was some time before the Engineers could make it possible for the horsemen to get through the "Gate," even in single file.

The action at Landaki had been so entirely won by good manœuvring that the actual loss up to the moment the spur was captured was only seven wounded, none of them white men. But now occurred an unfortunate incident that led to the loss of some valuable lives. When after long delay the first squadron of the Guides got past the spur, the enemy had retired across the rice fields, and some of them were rallying again near the foot of the hills, at a cemetery marked by a group of trees and a ruined Buddhist tope. Colonel Adams rode for them with the only squadron he had with him. He was accompanied by two officers, who were neither of them attached as combatants to the expedition—Lieutenant Greaves, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, who was acting as correspondent of the *Times of India*, and Lieutenant Lord Fincastle, of the 16th Lancers, who was the correspondent of the London *Times*. His object was to seize the ruins and open fire with carbines on the enemy, who were about 500 strong. What exactly occurred is told in a slightly different way by different narratives written at the time, as can easily happen when the subject is a confused skirmish. It appears that the squadron became a good deal scattered in making its way through the rice fields. As they gained the ground beyond, Greaves and Captain Palmer of the Guides were riding together, Greaves's horse being very excited and inclined to bolt ahead. Further back, and divided from their comrades by a nullah, rode Colonel Adams and Lord



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ACTION AT LANDAKI.

Fincastle. Adams tried to let Palmer know that he was making for the tope, but seeing his colonel coming on with the squadron behind him, the captain thought they were going to charge, and, accompanied by Greaves, he rode at a group of tribesmen who were clustered round a couple of banners. They were received with a volley. Greaves fell wounded; Palmer's horse was killed, and struggling to his feet he stood sword in hand, waiting for the rush of the enemy, with whom, in another moment, he was fighting hand to hand. What then happened is told by an officer attached to the expedition:—"Colonel Adams called out 'Follow me!' and he and in the tope, whence they kept up a heavy fire on the enemy. He arrived just in time to check the enemy as they were preparing to rush these two officers. MacLean brought three *sowars* on with him, two of whom had their horses shot under them. Meanwhile Adams and Fincastle had been carrying Greaves nearer the tope. MacLean was shot through both thighs as he was helping Fincastle to lift Greaves's body on to his horse. Adams and Fincastle then got safely to the tope with the dismounted *sowars*, who supported the bodies of MacLean and Greaves on MacLean's horse. This tope was held for a quarter of an hour until the infantry arrived."

VISCOUNT FINCASTLE, V.C.
(*Photo: Dickinson & Foster, New Bond Street, W.*)

LIEUTENANT G. W. COSTELLO, V.C. (*p.* 471).
(*Photo: F. Fall, Bayswater.*)

Fincastle went straight for Greaves, who was now surrounded by ghazis. Fincastle's horse was killed a few yards off, and he ran up on foot, Colonel Adams having already got up. The latter dismounted, but Fincastle shouted to him to get up again, which he did, while Fincastle tried to get Greaves, who was still alive, on to Adams's horse. The ghazis poured in a heavy fire, and Adams's horse was wounded, while Greaves was shot dead in Fincastle's arms as he was being lifted, and the latter's scabbard was smashed by a bullet. Two *sowars* (troopers) had meanwhile ridden out to Palmer's assistance, who was severely wounded, and got him back to the tope. These two *sowars* then came on to help Adams and Fincastle—on whom the ghazis were closing—and one had his horse killed. Lieutenant MacLean came out a minute later, having dismounted the remainder of the squadron

There was no more fighting after this skirmish, the enemy being everywhere in full retreat in the hills. MacLean died almost immediately of loss of blood, the big arteries being severed by the bullet. It was officially announced that if he had survived he would have been awarded the Victoria Cross. This coveted decoration was given to Adams and Fincastle. General Blood had on the day after the action attached Fincastle to the Guides' Cavalry as an immediate recognition of his gallantry.

Next day the brigade continued its march up the Swat Valley, moving through country that had hitherto been almost unvisited by Europeans, and was left as a blank on the maps of India. But the tribes of the district had fought their fight and accepted their defeat. In the course of the week after Landaki they began to send in delegates to make their peace with the

BRITISH MUSEUM

Government, and to surrender their rifles. A survey of the valley was made while the negotiations were in progress. It proved to be a fertile country, producing heavy crops of wheat, barley, maize and rice. The vine grew freely on the hillsides, and the villages were made up of houses strongly built of stone. There were numerous ruins dating from the old Buddhist times, long centuries ago, and the chief means of communication along the valley was the Buddhist road, paved with flagstones, and once trodden by thousands of pilgrims from Central Asia. Several miles of it were in good repair.

But while Swat was being pacified the outbreak had extended to other parts of the frontier. It was the good fortune of the Government that these tribal risings came one after another, not in one vast simultaneous eruption. This latest rising was, however, the most formidable of all. While Swat was being pacified, in the middle of August, the standard of the Holy War against the Infidel had been raised through the Mohmund, the Afridi, and the Orakzai country, and the tribesmen had at last succeeded in capturing more than one of the frontier forts.

COLONEL R. B. ADAMS, V.C.
(Photo: Walery.)

CHAPTER X.

THE EXTENSION OF THE RISING.

WHILE the Mad Mullah was rousing the Swat tribesmen to insurrection, one of his brethren, Najib-ud-Din, generally known as the Hadda Mullah, whose headquarters were in the village of Jarobi, was preaching the Holy War to their neighbours the Mohmunds. Under his influence, on August 7th, some four thousand of the tribe made a sudden raid into British territory, the point of their attack being the old fort of Shabkadr, eighteen miles north of Peshawur.

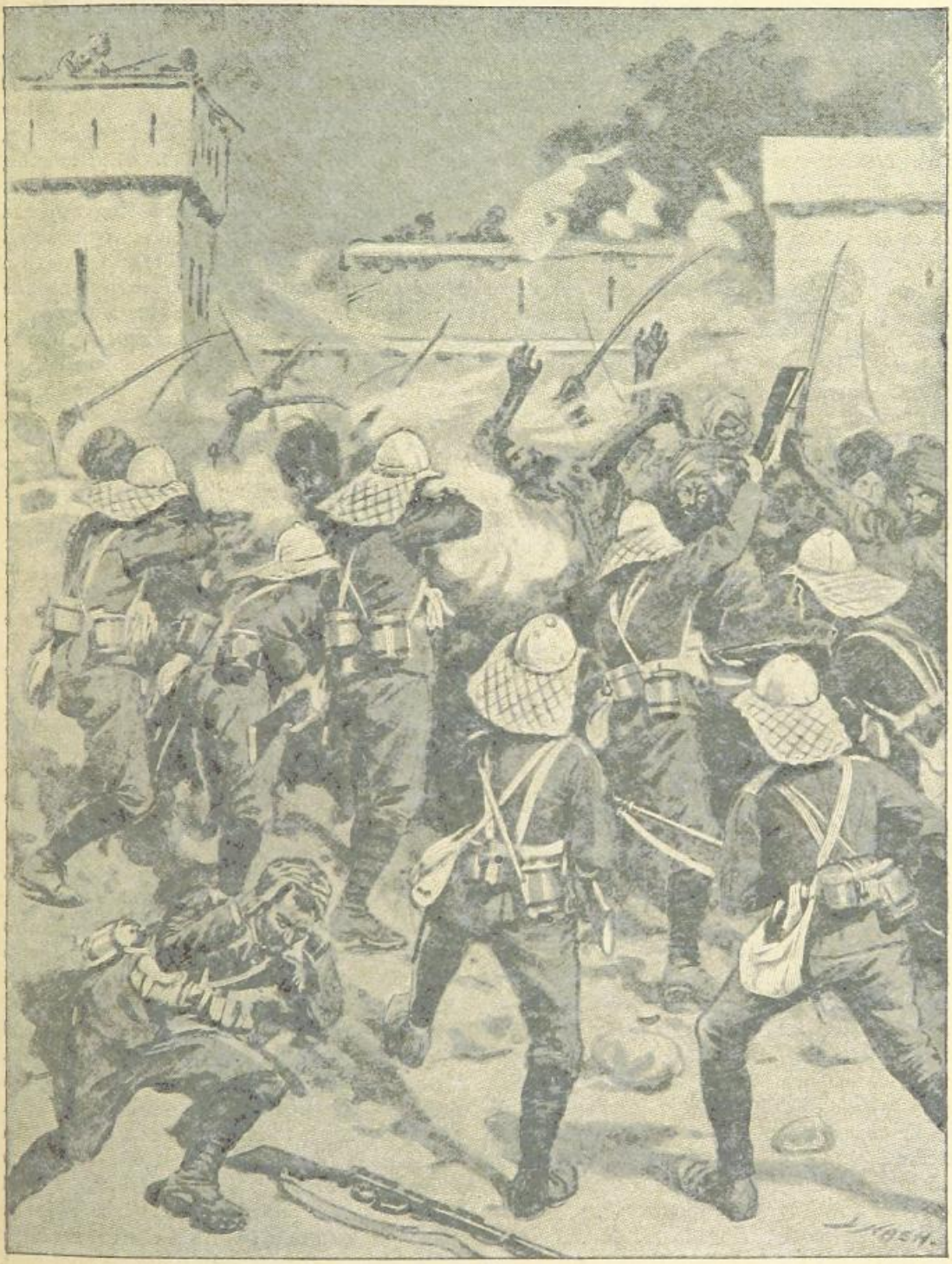
Shabkadr was held by a detachment of border police. The raiders rushed the neighbouring village of Shankargarh, plundering the place and killing two men. The rest of the villagers fled to the fort. The Mohmunds exchanged some rifle shots with the garrison, but Shabkadr, standing on an isolated knoll, and defended by thick walls fifty feet high, could not be captured by a force that had no artillery. General Elles hurried up from Peshawur with two squadrons of the 13th Bengal Lancers, four guns of the Royal Artillery, the 20th Punjaubis, and four companies of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, but by the time he reached the fort the raiders had retired across the border.

During the next day, Sunday, August 8th, the Mohmunds remained in bivouac on the hills about a mile from Shabkadr, and they were joined by fresh contingents. Elles had to return to Peshawur, and left Colonel Woon at the fort in command of the relieving force. At dawn on the Monday the colonel moved out to attack the enemy, but finding them stronger than he expected, and being threatened on both flanks, he was retiring on the fort when the general arrived on the scene, bringing with him two companies of the 30th Punjaubis. By this time the enemy, who thought they had won a victory, were swarming on the low ground before the fort. Elles ordered the Lancers to charge them, and the unexpected attack produced a panic, during which the infantry advanced, and the Mohmunds were driven back to the hills with heavy loss. Twelve killed and forty-eight wounded (including three officers) were the losses of the victors in the action. The ground on which the little battle was fought had been the scene of two previous victories over the Mohmunds in 1852 and in 1864.

The Peshawur garrison was promptly reinforced, and Elles strengthened the brigade at Shabkadr with the rest of the Somersets and the 37th Dogras, so that about 2,000 men were now on the spot. But the Mohmunds did not venture to renew the attack, and reconnoitring parties sent into the hills reported that the tribal gathering had dispersed.

Before telling how the raid was punished by the invasion of the Mohmund country, we must note the further progress of the frontier rising. About the time of the incursion of the tribesmen at Shabkadr, there were ominous reports that the mullahs were busy rousing to action the Afridi tribes about the Khyber and the Orakzais along the Samana Range. Either of these tribes could put 25,000 fighting men into the field. The outbreak began in the third week of August. On the 23rd, some thousands of armed Afridis appeared suddenly before the fort of Ali Musjid at the entrance of the Khyber Pass. The fort was held by a garrison of the local levies, known as the Khyber Rifles, themselves Afridis, in the Government service for police duty in the Pass. They did not make any serious resistance to their countrymen, and abandoning the fort they retreated to Fort Jamrud, near Peshawur. The Afridis looted and burned Ali Musjid, and then moved on to attack Fort Maude, held by fifty of the Khyber Rifles. These stood their ground, closed the gates, and kept the attacking party at bay with rifle fire.

News had by this time reached Fort Jamrud of the attack on Fort Maude, and a small relieving column was sent out, consisting of four companies of infantry, K Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and an escort of the 4th Dragoon Guards. The Afridis were found to be in such strong force that it was not considered advisable actually to enter the Pass, but the battery found a position from which it was able to open on a large body of the enemy at a range of nearly two



THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT CLEARING A MOHMUND VILLAGE.

miles. The result of this cannonade was that the besiegers temporarily suspended their attack. The garrison took advantage of this lull in the storm to escape, and returned to Jamrud with the column. In the night, Fort Maude was seen to be in flames. It had been occupied, plundered, and burned by the Afridis.

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of why it was that the Peshawur garrison, 10,000 strong, allowed the hillmen to secure these successes actually within sight of its outposts, and to close for weeks the trade route of the Khyber. On the morning of the 24th the mouth of the Pass was reconnoitred, and no trace of the enemy was to be seen. Even then, however, nothing was done to reoccupy the lost forts.

The Afridi gathering had not broken up, but had marched up the Pass to attack the fort of Lundi Kotal. It is a large, loop-holed inclosure near the summit of the Pass, and is the furthest Indian station towards the Afghan frontier in this direction. It was held by five native officers and 370 men of the Khyber Rifles. Of these, 250 were Afridis, the rest belonging to the Mohmunds, Shinwaris, Zakka Khel, and other neighbouring clans. For the first day a determined resistance was offered to the attack. But early on the morning of the 25th some of the Shinwaris deserted, leaping down from the wall and running over to the enemy. After this some Afridis on the wall opened a parley with their countrymen outside ; the gate was treacherously opened, and the besiegers poured in, no further attempt at defence being made. Some of the Afridi garrison made their way to Peshawur, protesting that to the very end they had been true to their salt, and that they would have held the post successfully but for the defection of their countrymen. One native officer actually kept his men together, fought his way through the victorious Afridis, and reached Fort Jamrud with his company by making a long detour through the hills. All the while the Peshawur garrison was doing nothing to save the Khyber and its loyal defenders. This inaction was all the more unfortunate, because shortly before a reserve supply of 10,000 rounds of ammunition had been sent to Lundi Kotal, most of which now fell into the hands of the enemy.

The tribesmen, having looted Lundi Kotal and set fire to the buildings, began to disperse to their homes, notwithstanding the protests of the mullahs. They were running short of supplies, and they wanted to get their wounded and their plunder into a safe place, so the most their leaders could obtain from them was a promise to reassemble in the middle of September.

On August 26th, the very day on which the Afridis dispersed after their easy conquest of the Khyber, the Orakzais broke out. They surprised a small police post on the Ublar Pass, six miles north-west of Kohat. Next morning General Yeatman-Biggs marched from Kohat to disperse them, taking with him the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, two companies of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 9th Field Battery, and a squadron of the 3rd Punjaub Cavalry. The enemy were driven from the Pass after a sharp action, but on the troops beginning to return to Kohat the Orakzais turned and followed them down the Pass, skirmishing among the rocks, and keeping up a galling fire on the rearguard. There was no water in the Pass, and several men dropped with sunstroke. Three killed and fourteen wounded, including two officers, were the casualties of the day, which could hardly be considered a complete success. It was noticed that many of the enemy wore old khaki jackets, and had the look of drilled soldiers, as no doubt they were, for many of the border tribesmen take service in the regiments of the Punjaub army.

On the same day Colonel Abbott, with the 16th Sikhs and two guns, broke up an Orakzai levy which was besieging the police post of Lakha on the Samana Range, and brought away the little garrison. Here also the enemy gathered again rapidly as soon as the troops began to return to their camp at Hangu, and harassed their retreat for miles.

The next few days brought news of villages burned, police posts fired into, and mail-carts robbed all along the Orakzai Border. The tribes of the Kurram Valley and the Samana Range were up in arms. On August 31st General Yeatman-Biggs reached Hangu from Kohat, and began to concentrate a brigade, with guns and cavalry, for operations against the mountaineers. Here he was joined a few days later by one of the native princes, the Maharajah of Kuch-Behar, who was anxious to see active service under the British flag. In the first days of September a flying column, under Colonels Richardson and Abbott, moved up the Kurram by Thal to Sadda, arriving just in time to save the fort at the latter place from a determined attack. Abbott, with the vanguard, did the last forty-nine miles of the march in forty hours. Three miles out from Sadda there was an isolated police post at a place

called Bahit Khel, a tower closing a mountain path. It was held by an Afridi native havildar, or sergeant, with twenty men. The besiegers called on the havildar by his name, urging him to make common cause with them, but he and his handful of men remained true to their salt, and held the tower till the arrival of the relieving force.

On September 10th General Yeatman-Biggs, after some sharp skirmishing, checked an attempt of the Orakzais and Afridis to advance to the eastward from the Samana Range. The tribesmen then turned their attention to the forts and police posts further west, on the range itself. There are two large forts, Fort Lockhart and Fort Cavagnari or Gulistan, and between them there was a small post known as Fort Saragheri, held by a detachment of Sikhs, and used as a signalling station to keep up communication between Forts Lockhart and Gulistan.

Saragheri was badly constructed and badly placed for defence. There was plenty of good cover for the attack within one hundred yards of its tower, and its entrance was a wooden door on the level of the ground. The garrison consisted of twenty-one men of the 36th Sikhs. They held the little fort from nine in the morning of September 12th till half-past four in the afternoon. "Two determined assaults were brilliantly repulsed," wrote a correspondent of the *Pioneer*, "but at the third rush the enemy succeeded in breaking down the door, and when the plucky Sikhs manning the wall rushed down from their posts to defend the doorway, the swarming tribesmen scaled the walls, and all was over. But not a sepoy even then thought of surrendering while life remained, and eventually the whole of the gallant defenders fell victims to their heroism. One stout-hearted soldier in the guard-room killed twenty of the enemy without hurt to himself, and lost his life by refusing to budge when the Afridis, unable to get at him, finally set the room on fire. The signaller, as brave as the rest, coolly kept up communication with Fort Lockhart up to the very last moment. The entire garrison, in fact, behaved with splendid courage, and there is perhaps no more touching instance of inflexible devotion to duty than this in the whole narrative of frontier fighting. The details of the fighting will never be known, for not a soldier came out of Saragheri alive, but if it could be told it would beyond doubt be one of the most thrilling that Sikh valour has ever furnished. The facts related here came mainly from the enemy, and may not be absolutely correct, but at all events no more reliable account of the fall of Saragheri will ever be obtainable."

During the fighting a small party had gone out from Fort Lockhart to try to help the beleaguered garrison, but they were forced to retire before overwhelming numbers of the enemy. On the same day Fort Gulistan was closely besieged by the Orakzais. As soon as Saragheri was taken, the tribesmen who had made the attack joined their forces to those who were investing Gulistan. The fort was held by a detachment of the 36th Sikhs, under Major Des Voeux, 165 rifles in all. In the night the enemy established themselves in sungars close up to one of the angles of the fort. It was feared that they might undermine or breach the wall from this point, and Colour-Sergeant Kala Singh of the Sikhs volunteered to make a sortie with only sixteen men, and turn them out. The tribesmen at this point were about 200 strong. Kala Singh and his men got within twenty yards of the sungars before they were discovered. They were rushing on with the bayonet, when they were received with a fire that killed or wounded half the party. Checked by this loss they yet would not retreat, but lay down among the rocks less than ten yards from the enemy, and answered back their fire. Then, on his own initiative, another Sikh, Colour-Sergeant Sunder Singh, came out with twelve men to help his comrades. Thus reinforced, Kala Singh rushed the sungars and drove the Orakzais out of them, the enemy being so vigorously attacked, that in the darkness they had no idea how few their assailants really were. The gallant band brought back three captured standards into the fort. Kala Singh, its heroic leader, was so seriously wounded that he died a few days later

For two more days and nights the garrison held out, closely blockaded and fired upon for the last thirty-six hours without a moment's respite. On September 15th rescue arrived. General Yeatman-Biggs, having marched from Hangu with a battery of artillery, a squadron of Bengal Lancers, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, two battalions of the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, and some companies of the 36th Sikhs, cleared the neighbourhood of Fort Lockhart of the enemy, shelled them out of Saragheri, and pushing steadily on drove some 8,000 of them from their posts before Fort Gulistan.

"By 2 p.m.," writes the special correspondent of the *Pioneer* with the relieving force, "we were within its walls. Blackened with gunpowder,

worn out with thirty-six hours of continuous toil and stress, many bandaged and blood-stained, the garrison still presented a brave front. Drawn up at the gate were the survivors of the sortie, with the three standards they had captured. Out of the original garrison of 165 rifles two had been killed, eight dangerously and some, I fear, mortally wounded ; eight severely and twenty-four slightly wounded. Of these latter, nine did not report themselves wounded till relief had come. Major Des Voeux, who had his anxieties doubly intensified by the presence of his family, had been the life and soul of the defence, guarding against every danger, and showing a fine example of cheerfulness and steadfastness to all. Lieutenant Pratt, an officer of only a year's standing, had ably seconded him, though suffering from dysentery ; Surgeon-Captain Pratt had untiringly tended the wounded under a heavy fire, helped by Miss Teresa McGrath, Mrs. Des Voeux's maid, who, amidst the flying bullets, could be seen here bathing a wounded sepoy's head, and there tying up another's arm till the doctor could come. Last, but not least, every sepoy did his duty, and at times almost more than his duty, in a way worthy of the proud name of Sikh."

Having reinforced the garrison, General Yeatman-Biggs returned to Hangu. The Orakzais had fallen back dispirited to the Khanki Valley, and the Afridis had left them and returned to Tirah. But the Government had determined that the Shabkadr raid by the Mohmunds and the attack on the Khyber forts by the Afridis, and on the forts of the Samana Range by the Afridis and Orakzais, should be punished by marching armies into the territory of all these tribes. There was no doubt they would make a stubborn resistance, and they would have the advantage of fighting on ground difficult for regular troops and their transport, and to a great extent as yet unmapped and unknown to the officers of the British army on the border.

The operations divided themselves naturally into two parts: the march into the Mohmund country north of Peshawur, carried out by General Sir Bindon Blood; and the operations on a still larger scale against the Afridis and the Orakzais, which were directed by Sir William Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief of the Punjaub army, who was just about to assume the higher post of Commander-in-Chief in India.

The object of both expeditions was the same—to prove to the tribesmen that their mountains were not an inaccessible fortress against the armies of the Indian Government. With this view it had been decided to march into the hill country of the border forces so strong that even the united power of all the fighting tribes would give the enemy no hope of victory. In strong columns the invaders would traverse every valley, blow up the fortress towers, burn the houses of the disaffected villages, and consume or destroy their stores of grain and forage, thus temporarily ruining the tribes that refused submission. Those that sued for peace would obtain fair terms ; the payment of a fine to compensate for damage done in the border raids, and the surrender of their modern rifles as a security against future hostilities, being the leading features of the terms usually granted.

The only weak point in this elaborate plan of campaign for the reduction of the hill tribes was that to march large armies into the mountains meant necessarily that they would have to be accompanied by an enormous supply train. To feed some thousands of fighting men in a valley where food and forage is scanty means the employment of some thousands of camp followers and beasts of burden on the line of communications, and when this line runs across difficult passes, winds along steep and rocky hillsides, and has its halting-places in narrow valleys overhung by bold mountain spurs within rifle range, the whole arrangement gives splendid opportunities to a hostile population to carry on a most harassing form of guerilla warfare—raiding the line of communications ; falling on the belated convoy as it plods wearily into camp in the dark with its rearward sections straggling a mile away ; skirmishing with every scouting or foraging party ; and firing into the valley camps at random in the dark. In such a warfare the daily losses mount up to heavy totals in a campaign, even of a few weeks, and the army is forced to move slowly, through having to halt after each stage of its advance in order to accumulate a reserve of supplies for the next onward move. It is an open question whether the hostile frontier tribes would not have been more quickly subdued, and at a less cost of life, by sending into the hills a much smaller force, organised in independent flying columns, unencumbered with heavy transport, and challenging attack in the open by the mountaineers, who after two or three battles with heavy loss would have been inclined to welcome an offer of terms.

Possibly, however, the enormous display of force made by the Government on the frontier

had other objects than the mere reduction of the tribes. It may have been meant also as a warning to the Amir of Afghanistan and his fighting general, Hyder Gholam Khan. An Afghan army lay camped on the border of the Mohmund country, and the mullahs boasted that Afghan regulars had fought under their leadership in the frontier raids.

In August the Indian Government had addressed a strong letter to the Amir, calling on him to take measures to prevent his subjects from aiding the hostile tribesmen. Abdurrahman's policy in these first weeks of the rising is anything but clear. Certain it is that it was not till near the end of September that he publicly disavowed the attempt of the mullahs to represent the rising against the British as the *Jehad* or *Holy War* with the Infidel, of which the Amir himself had written as one of the good and virtuous practices of the True Believers of Islam. Once, however, he had made up his mind, he acted vigorously. The Afridi envoys were sent away from Cabul after being soundly rated for their impertinence in seeking the Afghan alliance, and Hyder Gholam was instructed to close the frontier against refugees from British territory. It is quite possible that the Government, in putting an enormous army in motion on the border, was not sorry to have the opportunity of showing the Afghans the folly of challenging a quarrel with the rulers of India.

GENERAL SIR WM. LOCKHART (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND LORD METHUEN ON BOARD THE "CHINA" ON THEIR WAY TO INDIA.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOHMUND CAMPAIGN.

BY the end of August Sir Bindon Blood had completed the pacification of the Swat Valley on the left bank of the river. On the 27th the 2nd Brigade of the Malakand Field Force, under Jeffreys, was marched up to Thana, opposite Chakdara, to remain in observation in the valley, while the 1st Brigade, under Meiklejohn, which had done the heaviest work of the campaign, was brought back to Khar, below the Malakand Pass, for a short rest. Two days later Colonel Reid, with a column composed of the 10th Battery, R.A., the 11th Bengal Lancers, the 22nd Punjaubis, and the 38th Dogras, was sent across the river at Chakdara, and marched to Uch, a village six miles to the north of the fort, just below a pass leading over the hills into the Panjkora Valley. Here Reid halted, and began to receive the submission of the tribes north of the Swat River, whose headmen came in and surrendered a large number of rifles.

But the rising of the Mohmunds, and the events that followed the raid on Shabkadr, soon found further occupation for Sir Bindon Blood's force. When the Hadda Mullah withdrew across the border after General Elles's relief of Shabkadr, he marched northwards, calling the Mohmunds, and their neighbours the Utman Khel, and the people of Bajaur to arms, and at the head of a large levy of tribesmen he turned towards the Chitral country. The loyal Khan of Dir barred his way, and with his people held the passage of the Panjkora River. Sir Bindon Blood dispatched his 3rd Brigade, under Wodehouse, to Uch, to join Colonel Reid's force, and cross the hills to the Panjkora. Wodehouse took command of the united force, and reached the suspension bridge on the Panjkora River just in time to save it from falling into the hands of the Hadda Mullah's armed levy. A garrison was placed at the bridge to help the Khan of Dir to hold this gateway to Chitral.

Towards the end of the first week of September arrangements were made to strike a heavy blow at the insurgent Mohmunds. General Sir Bindon Blood, leaving his 1st Brigade to hold the Swat Valley, was to move westwards, while another force marched northwards from Peshawur under General Elles, the two columns joining hands in the Mohmund country. Blood marched on Nawagai, about thirty miles west of the Malakand, and fifty north of Peshawur. The force under General Elles consisted of a whole division, composed as follows :—

1st Brigade—General Westmacott.—Somerset Light Infantry, 2nd Battalion 1st Goorkhas, 20th Punjaubis.

2nd Brigade — General C. R. Macgregor.— Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 9th Goorkhas, 37th Dogras.

Other troops attached to the division :—Two mountain batteries, 13th Bengal Lancers, 28th Bombay Pioneers, and a regiment of Imperial Service Infantry.

These last were a contingent of the troops organised in the native states of India to act with the Imperial armies. Two native princes, the Maharajah of Puttiala and Sir Pertab Singh, of Jodhpore, served on General Elles's staff. There were numerous offers of service from other princes, and the Government was glad to accept the offer of the transport train organised by the Maharajah Scindiah, of Gwalior, and the Maharajah of Jeypore. This loyal support from the native states showed that the border war, serious as it might be, was only a local outbreak that could not disturb the general tranquillity of India, so long, at least, as the British armies on the frontier showed themselves strong enough to cope with the tribes. At this moment, too, a considerable weight of anxiety was removed from the minds of the Indian Government by a statement of the Amir of Afghanistan, disavowing all sympathy with the insurgents on the border.

On September 11th General Elles, leaving General Gaselee in command at Peshawur, marched out with his division to Shabkadr. On the 15th he crossed the border. The advance met with no opposition as it moved northward into the Mohmund country, but Sir Bindon Blood had some sharp fighting on the other line of advance.

Wodehouse's brigade had reached Nawagai on the 13th. His camp had been fired into the

night before by "snipers," and his cavalry were shot at as they reconnoitred to the front, but no organised bodies of the enemy were encountered. The other brigade, under General Jeffreys, camped near Inayat Kila, a few miles to the eastward, next day. In the darkness of the following night the Mohmunds tried to rush the camp. The valley in which the camp lay was cut up with nullahs or watercourses. Soon after eight o'clock three shots were fired as a signal by the enemy, and at once a heavy fusillade was opened from the nullahs on one side of the camp, which was pitched in a square shape ; the troops on the sides; the stores, etc., in the middle. The Guides, who held the face of the square which was attacked, replied steadily, lying in a sheltered trench which completely protected them. About ten o'clock a bugle in the enemy's lines sounded the English call "Retire," and the firing all but ceased, only a few dropping shots ringing out from time to time. It was bright moonlight. No sign of the enemy could be seen, and it was supposed the attack was over, but about half an hour later a storm of fire broke out on the opposite side of the camp. The enemy had got to within a hundred yards of it, creeping unseen among the rocks. The 38th Dogras, posted on that side, met and held them with steady volleys. The artillery fired star shells further to light up the ground, but the attack had good cover in the rocks, and for some time held their own close up to the trenches. The tents had been struck ; a rough shelter of boxes of stores had been made for the field hospital. Two officers of the Dogras were killed and a third mortally wounded. Of the men, five were killed and seven wounded. Nearly a hundred transport animals were hit, and killed or disabled, a serious loss for the brigade. A little after two the attack ceased, and the tribesmen retired. The Lancers pursued them at dawn and killed twenty-one of them, but the main body of the Mohmunds made such a determined rally that the idea of attacking them with the cavalry only had to be abandoned.

It was now decided that while Sir Bindon Blood should, with Wodehouse's brigade, carry out the original plan of co-operation with General Elles, General Jeffreys should turn aside from his prearranged line and advance to punish the tribes of Bajaur who had attacked his camp. At the same time the 1st Brigade, under General Meiklejohn, was ordered to leave the Swat Valley and enter that of the Panjkora, to act as a reserve. Thus, in the northern part of the theatre of war, two divisions, or five brigades in all, were employed against the enemy.

On the 16th General Jeffreys advanced up the Mamund Valley and fought a pitched battle with the tribesmen. It was a dearly-bought success, as there were nearly 150 killed and wounded on the side of the British, the heaviest loss that had occurred in a frontier fight for more than twenty years. Jeffreys had moved up into the hills, with his brigade formed in three columns, in order to burn the Mamund villages. The right column found the village on which it moved too strongly held and fortified to be attacked without a preliminary bombardment, for which it had no artillery available. The other two columns met with very little resistance, and accomplished their purpose. The villages were ablaze, some of their fortified towers had been blown up, and the order was given to return to camp. But no sooner had the retirement begun than the whole aspect of the scene changed. The tribesmen, acting on a plan which they adopted on many other occasions with equal success, were only waiting for this moment to begin their attack.

The rocky valley and the hill slopes became suddenly alive with thousands of armed men. They pressed on boldly in long skirmishing lines, taking skilful advantage of every bit of cover, and pouring a heavy rifle fire into the rearguard companies. Divided from each other by rocky gullies, several of them were outflanked and temporarily isolated. The whole retreat was slow and deliberate, and after the first losses the rearguard found themselves encumbered and delayed by having to carry off not only their wounded but also their dead ; for the bodies of their fallen comrades, if left on the ground, would have been savagely mutilated by the enemy, and no effort was spared to save them from such outrage. The groups formed by the bearers of the dead and wounded became in turn well-marked targets for the fire of the tribesmen, and the loss of the rearguard increased rapidly. Reinforced from the main body, they turned again and again, stood fiercely at bay, and drove back their assailants, but the moment the retreat was resumed the tribesmen came on again, waving their banners, shouting their war-cries, firing from every rock and coign of vantage, and often trying to charge home with sword and knife in hand. Towards sundown a tropical storm burst over the hills and continued long after dark, and the slow, dogged retreat went on under a deluge

of driving rain by the glare of the lightning flashes.

In the dense darkness and on the broken ground it was impossible to secure complete co-operation between the different columns, and General Jeffreys, who had been wounded in the head by a bullet, but still kept in the saddle, found himself cut off from the rest of his force, and with a mountain battery and a handful of men threw himself into a half-ruined village, which he held through the night against the tribesmen. The rest of the brigade regained the camp, sending out at daybreak a column which brought back the general and his party from the beleaguered village. The losses had been heavy. The adjutant of the 35th Sikhs, Lieutenant Hughes, had been killed. Three other British officers of the regiment had been wounded. Lieutenant A. T. Crawford, of the Artillery, was killed, and two other gunner officers wounded. Lieutenant Watson, of the Engineers, was badly wounded, and the general also was hit, but not badly hurt. The Buffs had two killed and nine wounded, the native troops thirty-four killed and ninety-five wounded. The night in the camp had been a time of utter misery. The tents were down, the rain had made the ground a morass, and the men were exhausted with a long day's fight, during which their only food had been the coffee and biscuit taken in the morning before the march out.

The stubborn resistance of the tribesmen had been quite unexpected. To leave them in possession of the village from which the right column had retired on the 16th would have been to acknowledge a defeat and play into the hands of the mullahs who were preaching the Holy War, and promising victory to the tribesmen. General Jeffreys therefore renewed the attack on the morning of the 18th. The whole brigade advanced upon the village, and this time the enemy made no attempt to hold it, withdrawing to the hill slopes beyond, from which they sent down a long-range rifle fire, while the Engineers were busy blowing up the fortified towers of the place. Driven back from the spurs on either side of the village by the Sikhs and Dogras, and shelled by the mountain guns, they were kept at a respectful distance till the destruction of the village was completed. Then, covered by the Buffs acting as a rearguard, the brigade retired to its camp without giving the enemy a chance to press home their pursuit. The day had been a complete success, with a loss of only two killed and six wounded on the side of the victors.

GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, K.C.B.
(*Photo: F. Fall, Bayswater.*)

Next day the enemy sent in to ask for terms, and before the week was out the Mamunds of the valley that opened on Inayat Kila had submitted, though before their complete surrender there were two or three further skirmishes in order to clear out some of the villages whose inhabitants showed themselves more persistently hostile than their neighbours.

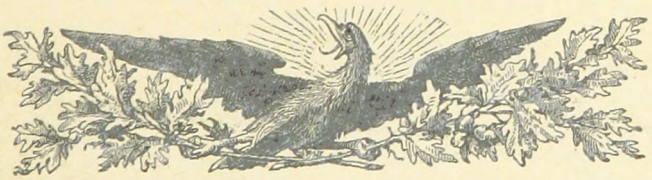
Meanwhile the eastern section of the tribesmen, the Mohmunds under the personal leadership of the Mullah of Hadda, had made two night attacks on Sir Bindon Blood's camp at

Nawagai, the first on the night between the 19th and 20th of September, and the second, a more serious affair, on the following night. In this attack the hillmen, covered by a heavy rifle fire, made repeated attempts to rush the camp, pushing close up to the shelter trenches on its margin, so that many of them fell within ten yards of the defences. Every rush was repulsed. The loss in the camp was only one killed and eighteen wounded. Among these latter was General Wodehouse, commanding the 3rd Brigade.

Next day, the enemy having dispersed after their failure, Sir Bindon Blood—whose signallers had got into communication with General Elles and the Peshawur force—moved over the Pass in his front and joined hands with the other division at Lokerai. Wodehouse had to leave the front, and handed his brigade over to General Graves. The 3rd Brigade was now added to Elles's division, and Sir Bindon Blood returned by Nawagai to assist General Jeffreys' brigade in its further operations.

The resistance of the Mohmund and Mamund tribes now collapsed. Elles, with trifling loss, stormed the Bedmanai Pass, and pushing on to Jarobi, the village of the Hadda Mullah, captured the place, and destroyed his mud-walled mosque. A few isolated skirmishes in the last days of September marked the final flickering out of the Mohmund rising. By the beginning of October the tribe had asked for terms, and had begun to surrender its arms.

Their neighbours, the Mamunds of Bajaur, held out for a few days longer. On October 1st General Jeffreys stormed the village of Agrah with a loss of fifty men, including two British officers killed and three wounded. The neighbouring village of Badilai was attacked and destroyed under the personal direction of Sir Bindon Blood on the 3rd, with only trifling loss. This was the last fight north of the Malakand, the last of the Mamund tribes sending in their headmen to arrange a surrender the very next day. Thus, what had at first threatened to be a very serious tribal rising in the hill country north of Peshawur had come to an end. But the reduction of the Afridis and Orakzais west of the frontier fortress, and the occupation of their stronghold in the Tirah Valley, proved a much more serious and costly piece of work.



CHAPTER XII.

THE TIRAH EXPEDITION.

THE expedition which was directed against the Afridis and Orakzais, under the command of Sir William Lockhart, had to penetrate into a difficult, and to a great extent unknown, mountain land. It had to meet as enemies well-armed and warlike tribes whose fighting-men were numbered by tens of thousands. The Afridis alone were believed to be able to put 30,000 men into the field, of whom at least a half were armed with modern rifles.

The intentions of the Indian Government were clearly set forth in a memorandum published on the eve of the advance. "The general object of this expedition," it said, "is to exact reparation for the unprovoked aggression of the Afridi and Orakzai tribes on the Peshawur and Kohat borders, for the attacks on our frontier posts, and for the damage to life and property which have been inflicted on British subjects, and on those in the British service. It is believed that this object can best be attained by the invasion of Tirah, the summer home of the Afridis and Orakzais, which has never before been entered by a British force."

The large army assembled for these operations was officially known as the "Tirah Expeditionary Force." It was divided into five large sections. First there was the main body, an army corps of two divisions, which was to do the chief work of fighting its way into Tirah, starting from the neighbourhood of Kohat. Then a smaller force was provided to hold the lines of communication behind the advancing army. A brigade, known as the Peshawur Column, was held in reserve at the frontier fortress, and another brigade, the Kurram Movable Column, was kept in the Kurram Valley to observe the east end of the Samana Range. Then, as the army advanced, one auxiliary force guarded its communications; two others prevented any chance of the tribes moving in the direction of Peshawur or the Kurram Valley. A third brigade was held in reserve at Rawul Pindi in case reinforcements should be needed at any point.

The following was the detailed organisation of Sir W. Lockhart's army, the largest force put into the field in India since the Mutiny:—

MAIN COLUMN.

(Under the personal command of Sir W. Lockhart.)

Chief of the Staff—Brigadier-General G. W. Nicholson.

1st Division—Major-General W. P. Symons.

1st Brigade:—Brigadier-General Ian Hamilton, V.C.—2nd Derbyshire and 1st Devonshire Regiment; 2nd Battalion 1st Goorkhas; 30th Punjaubis.

2nd Brigade:—Brigadier-General Gaselee—2nd Yorkshire and 1st West Surrey Regiments; 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas; 3rd Sikhs.

Attached to the Division:—Two squadrons 18th Bengal Lancers; three mountain batteries (one British and two native); 28th Bombay Pioneers; Nabha Imperial Service Infantry; and some companies of Bombay and Imperial Service Sappers.

2nd Division—Major-General Yeatman-Biggs.

3rd Brigade:—Brigadier-General Kempster—1st Gordon Highlanders; 1st Dorsetshire Regiment; 15th Sikhs; and 1st Battalion 2nd Goorkhas.

4th Brigade:—Brigadier-General Westmacott—2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers; 1st Northamptonshire Regiment; 36th Sikhs; and 1st Battalion 3rd Goorkhas.

Attached to the Division:—Two squadrons 18th Bengal Lancers; three mountain batteries (two British, one native); a machine gun, and detachment supplied by 16th Lancers; 21st Madras Pioneers; 3rd Imperial Service Infantry; and some companies of Madras and Imperial Service Sappers.

LINE OF COMMUNICATION TROOPS.

Commander—Lieutenant-General Sir A. Power Palmer.

2nd and 22nd Punjaubis; 2nd Battalion 2nd Goorkhas; 39th Garhwal Rifles; 3rd Bengal Cavalry; a Kashmir mountain battery; and a company of Bengal Sappers.

PESHAWUR COLUMN.

Commander—Brigadier-General A. G. Hammond.

2nd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; 2nd Oxfordshire Light Infantry; 9th Goorkhas; 45th Sikhs; 34th Pioneers; 57th Field Battery, and 3rd

Mountain Battery, R.A.; 9th Bengal Lancers; and a company of Bengal Sappers.

KURRAM COLUMN.

Commander—Colonel W. Hill.

12th Bengal Infantry; Kapwathala Imperial Service Infantry; 3rd Battery R.A.; 6th Bengal Cavalry; and a regiment of Central India Horse.

RESERVE BRIGADE—RAWUL PINDI.

Commander—Brigadier-General C. R. Macgregor.

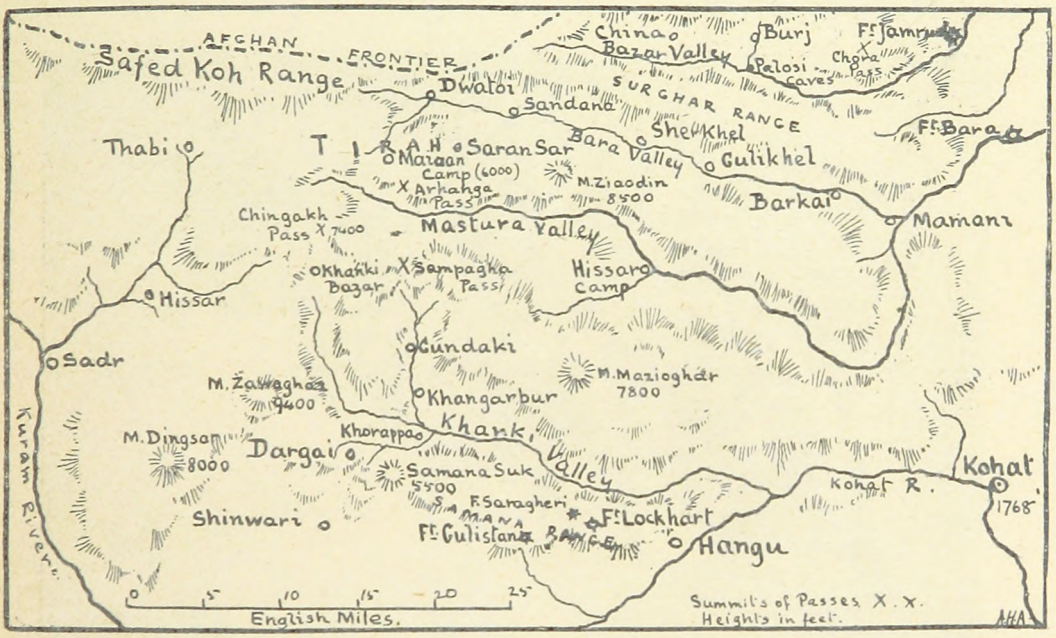
2nd King's Own Yorkshire and 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; 27th Bombay Light Infantry; 2nd Regiment Hyderabad Contingent; Jodhpur Imperial Service Lancers.

The total strength was over 34,000 men, including more than 11,000 British troops. But this was only the fighting portion of the expedition. There had to be a numerous baggage and supply train, so for Lockhart's advance there were assembled 13,000 pack mules, 2,200 camels, and more than 18,000 native followers.

There were about 2,400 Afridis and Orakzais serving in the frontier regiments. An order was issued that these men should not be asked to serve against their countrymen during the coming operations. Sir Richard Udny, who had an intimate knowledge and long experience of frontier affairs, was attached to Sir W. Lockhart's expedition as the political officer representing the Indian Government.

The expedition was not ready to start till the middle of October. It was unfortunate that it was delayed so long, as the men had thus to face the early winter storms in the passes and the high valleys. But there was no help for it. Many of the best regiments and most of the organised transport were already occupied on other parts of the border, dealing with insurgent tribes or overawing those who, if left unwatched, would have joined the revolt. During this preparatory stage of the expedition the 1st Brigade lost its commander, General Ian Hamilton, who was thrown from his horse and so badly hurt that he had to leave the front. His place was taken by Brigadier-General Hart, V.C.

At last, on October 20th, all was ready for the advance. The Pioneers and Sappers had been busy improving the mountain road along the south side of the Samana Range to Chagru Kotal. This gave the tribesmen a warning of the line by which the first attack might be expected, and they gathered in force to oppose Lockhart's vanguard at the Pass of Dargai.



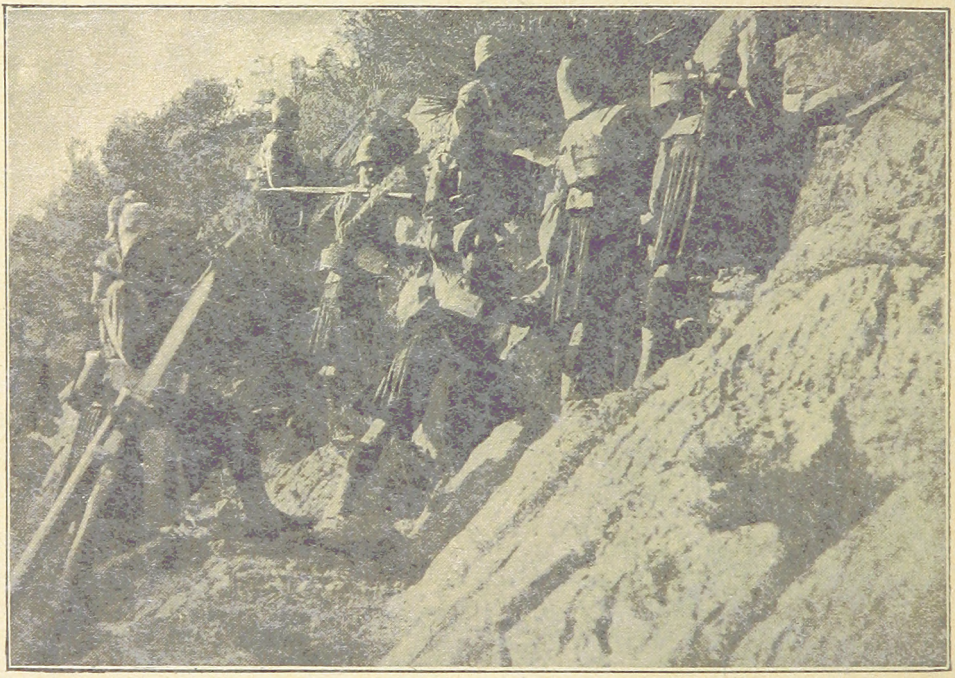
MAP OF THE TIRAH CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWO FIGHTS AT DARGAI.

THE Samana Range forms the northern wall of the Miranzai Valley, dividing it from the Khanki Valley, which is in the Orakzai country, the Samana, defended by Forts Lockhart and Gulistan, having been, till 1898, the British border line. A few miles to the west of Fort Gulistan rises the bold summit of the Samana Suk, the highest point of the range. Beyond, the ridge drops some 3,000 feet to a pass, the crest of which is known as the Chagru Kotal. From the Kotal a narrow hill-path zigzags down into the long defile which gives access to the Khanki Valley.

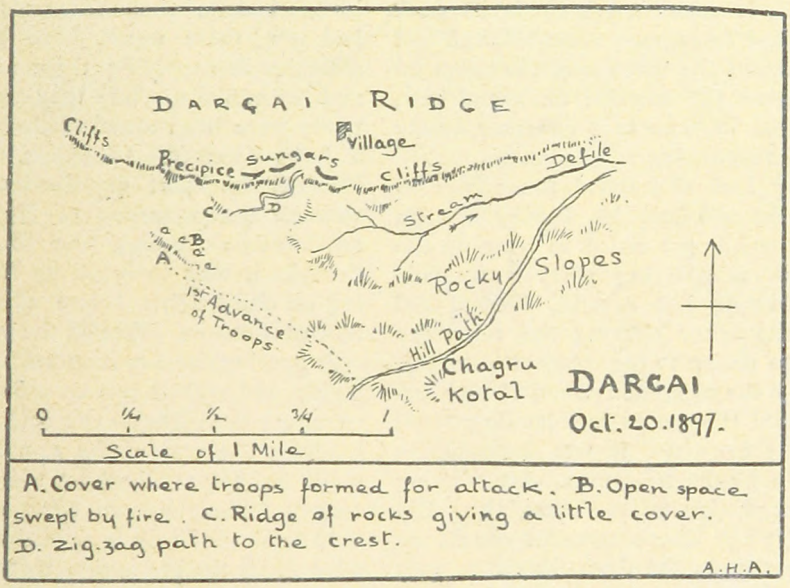
From the westward the hill track through the Chagru defile is commanded by a bold wall of cliffs, often sheer precipices, on the summit of which stood the fortified village of Dargai. The way from the Chagru Kotal ridge to the village was a steep and narrow path running up at a point where a difficult slope of broken rocks made it possible to climb the cliffs. At the foot of this slope was an open space in full view from the summit of the cliffs, and across this space any direct attack on Dargai must come under short-range rifle fire from the crest of the precipice, which the tribesmen had strengthened with sungars or stone breastworks, in order to improve the abundant natural cover supplied by the rocks.



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS CHARGING.

On October 18th Sir W. Lockhart directed that the Second Division should clear the Dargai ridge of the enemy and destroy the village, in order to insure the safety of the coming advance into the Orakzai country by the Chagru defile, which was the door of the Khanki Valley. General Yeatman-Biggs was suffering from severe illness, and the command of the division was temporarily given to General Sir Power Palmer, the officer commanding the line of communications.

There had already been some skirmishing at the Chagru Kotal, the enemy on the Dargai ridge firing from the cliffs on the sappers who were busy improving the hill track. On October 11th General Yeatman-Biggs had actually brought his mountain guns into action against them, with good effect. But until they were cleared out of the position, the Chagru Pass would be no place for an army marching with thousands of baggage animals over a narrow and exposed hill-path. It was not supposed that Dargai was strongly held, or would be very persistently defended, for all available information pointed to the tribesmen having arranged to make their real stand farther north, at the Sampagha Pass.



The plan of attack was that the Fourth Brigade (Westmacott) should advance against the front of the ridge from the Chagru Kotal, while the Third Brigade (Kempster) swept round to the south and west of Dargai, gained the crest of the ridge at a point nearly two miles west of the village, and, moving along the summit, took the enemy in flank. Sir Power Palmer accompanied the flanking brigade. Sir William Lockhart watched the front attack from the Samana Suk, where signallers with the heliostat kept the two brigades in communication with each other from first to last. Westmacott's guns opened from the Chagru Kotal, but appear to have inflicted little loss on the tribesmen sheltered among the rocks and behind the sungars on the opposite crest.

Kempster had marched at 4 a.m. from the camp at Shinwari, eight miles south of Dargai, but he had much more than eight miles to go, on account of the long detour to the west, and the ground was exceedingly difficult. An effort was made to get the guns along with the brigade, but at last the hillside became so steep that, after losing a lot of valuable time in the effort to bring the gun mules along, they had to be left behind. Westmacott opened with his guns from the Chagru Kotal about half-past nine, and his infantry formed up for the attack soon after, but contented themselves with mere long-range rifle fire for some time, for the plan that had been adopted was that the frontal attack was to be confined to a demonstration intended to fix the attention of the tribesmen and keep them occupied until there was news of Kempster's brigade being ready to drive home their attack along the crest.

At 11 a.m. the infantry had reached a low swell of ground dotted with fir-trees, which gave almost the last bit of cover before the open space at the foot of the precipice. The 3rd Goorkhas were leading. In the second line came the Scottish Borderers, and then the Northamptons. Beyond this point no further advance was attempted for a while. Noon came; and although Kempster was not so close up as had been expected, it was resolved to drive the frontal attack home. Covered by the fire of the Borderers from the low ridge topped by the fir-trees and by the mountain guns from

Chagru Kotal, the Goorkhas rushed forward, dashed across the open ground, not without loss, and began to climb the steep and narrow zigzag beyond. As they neared the top they were in single file, Lieutenant Beynon, pistol in hand, in front. The Borderers dashed on to support them. But once the ridge was topped there was very little fighting, for the tribesmen had now perceived the advance of Kempster's brigade along the summit of the cliffs, and were too anxious for their retreat to make a determined stand. The losses in the attack had been trifling, considering the strength of the position assailed. The Goorkhas had two killed and fourteen wounded, the Borderers one killed and five wounded. Kempster's brigade in its flank advance had had three men wounded, and had not only paralysed the defence of the ridge by its threat against the enemy's flank and rear, but had arrived in time to pour some deadly volleys into the retreating tribesmen.

The enemy had abandoned the village of Dargai, and the two brigades, having met on the crest of the hill, proceeded to blow up the village towers, a covering party meanwhile holding a bold spur just beyond. Orders had been given that after clearing the ridge the troops were to return to the camp at Shinwari. It was late in the afternoon when this retirement began, and the troops had hardly quitted the Dargai ridge when it was immediately occupied again by the tribesmen. Interpreting the retreat as a sign of weakness, they had recovered from the discouragement caused by their defeat earlier in the day. They not only opened fire from the cliffs, but they came pouring down to the lower ground, fired from behind every rock at the retiring troops, and as darkness began to come on, sometimes got within fifty yards of the rearguard, and seemed disposed to charge home at close quarters.

To General Kempster was assigned the task of covering the retirement, and he used for this purpose the Gordon Highlanders and the 15th Sikhs. Coolly and steadily, as if engaged in a field-day, these two fine regiments retired through each other's rank alternately, each holding its ground till the other had gained a favourable position further back, the rearward battalion answering the fire and checking the rushes of the hillmen with steady rifle volleys. As the Chagru Kotal was approached, the pursuit was effectually stopped by the mountain guns. Then the brigades tramped wearily down to Shinwari. Kempster's men had been marching and fighting for nineteen hours.

The losses in the retreat had been serious. The Gordons had Major Jennings-Bramly killed, and another officer and fourteen men wounded. The 15th Sikhs had three killed and eleven wounded. In other regiments there were one killed and five wounded. Thus the losses in the retirement were far heavier than those incurred in the attack of Dargai.

Both at home and in India this retreat from the heights of Dargai was severely criticised. It was explained that there had never been an intention of permanently occupying the heights, and that if the two brigades had bivouacked on the 18th on the ground they had won, there would have been the utmost difficulty in supplying them with food, water, and ammunition, while they would almost certainly have been attacked during the night by a large force of tribesmen. Moreover, Sir William Lockhart explained that he did not consider the possession of Dargai essential to an advance through the Chagru defile, but thought it wise to break up the tribal gathering on the heights before advancing, for the sake of the moral effect on the enemy.

Supposing these reasons are valid, it is hard to understand why it was considered necessary to recapture the ridge on the 20th, and why it was held for the rest of the campaign. If it was worth holding at all, why not have held it on the 18th? As for the moral effect on the tribes, the only result of the day's operations was that they were under the impression that they had scored a success, and during the following day they gathered in thousands on the ridge from all the country to the northward. The Gordons, who had covered the retreat down the hillside on the 18th, had to storm that very ground two days later. The retreat from Dargai and its recapture meant a wholly unnecessary day's fighting, and 250 casualties. Besides, it had the unfortunate effect of shaking the confidence of the army in the Staff that directed it.

General Yeatman-Biggs had resumed command of his division on the 20th. It appears that the actual order sent to him by Sir W. Lockhart was to advance by the Chagru defile to Khorappa in the Khanki Valley, but he decided that he could not take his division safely through the defile while the Dargai heights were held by thousands of hostile riflemen. It has been suggested by very competent critics that this was a bad mistake; that the movement through

the defile might have been covered by artillery fire from the Chagru Kotal ; that although there would doubtless have been some loss in the march down to Khorappa, it would have been less than what was incurred in the storming of the heights ; and that as soon as the tribesmen perceived that the division was steadily making its way to Khorappa regardless of their opposition, they would have abandoned the heights for fear of having their retreat cut off—a point about which these mountaineers are always very anxious.

During the night before the advance Yeatman-Biggs had been in communication by telegraph with Lockhart, who agreed to his clearing the heights of Dargai of the enemy, and offered to reinforce his division from the 1st Division for this purpose. The plan suggested by Lockhart was that the advance down the defile should be combined with a frontal attack on Dargai, the troops in the defile threatening the line of retreat of the enemy. Probably this double attack would have been as easily successful as that of the 18th, but General Yeatman-Biggs, still anxious about venturing into the defile till the heights were clear, decided on confining himself to an attack in front. The result was a very gallant action, which will long be remembered as one of the brave deeds of the British Army. But there is no doubt that risks were unnecessarily run, and gallant lives needlessly sacrificed, by adopting the plan of a mere front attack. It was magnificent, but it was not scientific warfare.

To General Kempster's brigade, made up of the Gordon Highlanders, the Dorset Regiment, the 2nd Goorkhas, and the 15th Sikhs, was assigned the place of honour and danger in the attack. In support were the Northamptons, belonging to Westmacott's brigade, and the Derbyshire Regiment and the 3rd Sikhs, lent by the 1st Division. Three mountain batteries were in position on the Chagru Kotal, and another high on the Samana Suk, so that twenty-four guns could concentrate their fire on the enemy's position in front of the ruins of Dargai.

Although General Yeatman-Biggs had resumed command of his division, he was still so ill that he spent the greater part of the day lying on a camp bed, on the ridge below the Chagru Kotal, from which he directed the attack. It began with a heavy bombardment of the Dargai heights, but the tribesmen were so well protected by the ground and their defences that the shell fire made little impression on them. Meanwhile the infantry, with the Goorkha scouts, led by Lieutenant Tillard, were advancing to the group of pines below the precipice. From this point, a little after eleven o'clock, they made a rush across the open space in front. As they broke from the cover in which they had massed for the attack, the Goorkhas were met by a storm of rifle fire from the crest of the precipice. Dead and wounded men dotted the open ground. The survivors huddled together under the shelter of some rocks just below the zigzag path. If a wounded man lying in the open made the least movement he at once became a mark for the rifles of the tribesmen, and many were killed in this way, trying to creep or stagger back to shelter. The rest of the regiment held on to the pine-crowned swell at the lower end of the open ground, firing at the sungars. They had lost many men, and Major Judge, their second in command, had been killed, while another officer was badly wounded. With them were the Dorset and the Derbyshire men.

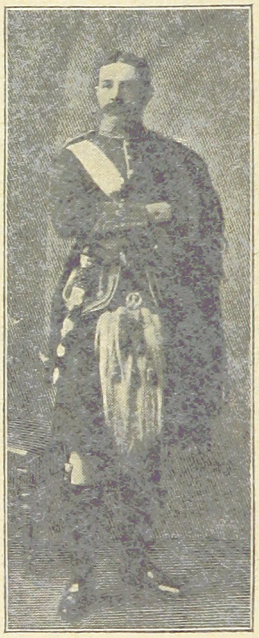
Repeated attempts were made to reinforce the Goorkhas. Captain Arnold, of the Dorsets, sprang forward sword in hand, calling to his men, "Come on, E Company!" but at his first stride he fell dead. Lieutenant Hewitt, of the same regiment, dashed out with half a company. Every man dropped as they crossed the fire-swept open, and he alone reached the cover on the further side. From time to time single men of the Dorsets or the Derbyshires raced across, others falling in the attempt. Meanwhile the guns fired from the hills to the eastward, but they seemed to be making no progress in crushing the dogged resistance of the enemy. Captain Smith, of the Derbyshire Regiment, tried to lead his company forward. He and several of his men were shot down, and the rest fell back. Lieutenant Pennell, his subaltern, went out alone to bring his captain back. Under a shower of bullets he thrice raised and tried to carry him in. He only desisted from his gallant efforts when he found that his captain was dead. The act won for him the Victoria Cross. Captain Robinson, of the Goorkhas, who had been wounded in the first advance, returned across the open, in the hope of being able to bring up supports. He fell mortally wounded just as he regained the cover of the pines. It is impossible to tell all the individual deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice that marked the efforts made to cross the narrow space swept at almost point-

blank range by the fire of a thousand rifles. Many a soldier gave his life in trying to save a wounded comrade.

At noon things were looking serious. The enemy's resistance was unbroken, and from the pines the heliostat sent up to the Chagru Kotal a message that against a front attack the position was all but impregnable. General Kempster was with the divisional commander. Yeatman-Biggs saw, and said, that at any cost the position must be stormed. At this stage of the campaign failure would be disastrous. He told Kempster to take the Gordon Highlanders and the 3rd Sikhs, who as yet had not been engaged, and make a final attempt.

So difficult was the ground that it was a full hour before the Sikhs and Gordons had climbed to the pines. There they formed for the final rush, the Gordons in front. Colonel Mathias, who commanded them, turned to his splendid battalion and addressed them in brief soldierly words. "Highlanders," he said, "the general says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it!"

The guns, firing as fast as the gunners could work them, were pouring a storm of shells into the enemy's sungars. The Highlanders cheered. The pipes screamed out their shrill battle music, and with their colonel at their head the Gordons dashed into the open. Major Macbean, the second in command, was close beside him. He dropped badly wounded almost as soon as the advance began. Nor was he the only man down. The men were dropping on all sides. But the Gordons went, closely followed by the Sikhs, and drawing on with them the Derbyshire and Dorset men and the little Goorkhas. It was a rush of five battalions, all eager to close with the tribesmen, the Gordons forming the centre of the charge, and leading it up the steep hill-path beyond the open. One of the Gordon pipers, George Findlater, dropped shot through both legs. But propped against a rock, regardless of his wounds, he continued to play his pipes. The advance up the face of the hill was slow, and the fire of the enemy told heavily on the crowded mass of men; but nothing could now stop them. Half-way up the path Mathias, somewhat out of breath, said to a colour-sergeant near him, "Stiff climb this, Mackie, and I am not so young as I was, you know." "Never mind, sir," answered the sergeant, giving his colonel an encouraging slap on the back, in the enthusiasm of the moment, "you're going verra strong for an auld man!"



COLONEL MATHIAS, C.B.
(*Photo: E. Debenham & Co., Weymouth.*)

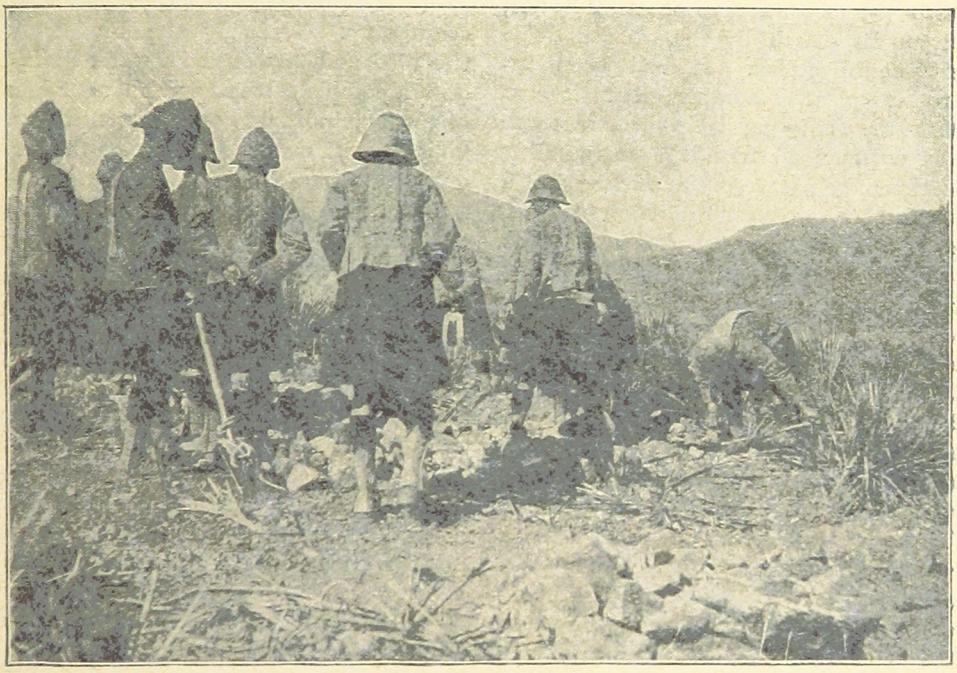
Finding that their fire did not check the assault, the hillmen abandoned the crest as the bayonets of the Gordons shone over the brink of the precipice. There was no hand-to-hand fight, such as some of the illustrated papers drew, on the strength of the first telegrams. Nor were the Gordons alone in their exploit. As a matter of fact it seems that Tillard, of the Goorkhas, was actually the first man to reach the top. But it was their advance that had carried everything else onward, and they were rightly given the chief honours of the day. As they cheered their colonel on the summit, officers of the other regiments gathered round him to grasp his hand. It was a proud moment for the regiment. Two days later they received on parade the personal congratulations of Sir William Lockhart. "Your records," said the commander-in-chief, "testify to many a gallant action performed by you, and you have now added to them another, which may worthily rank beside those gone before."

The victory had been dearly bought. The Gordons had had an officer, Lieutenant Lamont, killed; two officers, Major Macbean and Lieutenant Dingwall, badly wounded, and four others slightly wounded—namely, the Colonel, Captain Uniacke, and Lieutenants Crawford and Meiklejohn. Of the officers of the Goorkhas, Captain C. B. Judge was killed and Captain Robinson mortally wounded. Of the Derbyshires, Lieutenant Protheroe-Smith was killed. Of the Dorsets, Captain Arnold was badly wounded; and of the Sikhs, Lieutenant G. E. White and three other officers were wounded. Of the rank and file thirty-three were killed and 147 wounded. The heaviest loss fell on the Goorkhas, who had seventeen officers and men killed, and fifty wounded. Next came the Dorsets, with a list of

nine killed and forty wounded. The Gordons, who, though so prominent in the fight, had been a shorter time in action, come third on the list with three killed and forty-one wounded. Without in the least detracting from their gallantry it must be remembered that when they advanced the tribesmen had been for hours under a heavy artillery and rifle fire, and their power of resistance had thus been considerably weakened, and their ammunition was probably running short.

In these lists many slight wounds are not included. Moreover, numbers of the men had their uniforms and accoutrements cut up with rifle bullets, all evidence of the heavy fire to which they had been exposed. The wonder is that the casualties were not much more serious.

Highlanders and Goorkhas, both of them mountaineers, have always felt marked kinship in arms. After the fight the Gordons brought down from the death-strewn slope not only their own dead and wounded but also those of the Goorkhas, who, having been so long in action, were less able for the task. There was no longer any question of abandoning the hard-won heights. The enemy had retired, carrying off their own dead and wounded, but they made no attempt to regain the position or to molest its defenders. The second battle of Dargai had opened the pass through the Samana Range, and the first victory of the campaign had been secured.



GORDON HIGHLANDERS BURYING THEIR DEAD AFTER DARGAI.

Two Victoria Crosses were awarded to the Gordons. One was given to Piper Findlater, the other to Private E. Lawson, for saving under a heavy fire the lives of two comrades, Lieutenant Dingwall and Private McMillan, though he was himself wounded twice while carrying them to a place of safety.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE SAMPAGHA PASS.

At dawn on the morrow of Dargai the army, with the second division in advance, began its march by the Chagru defile into the Khanki Valley. It had been intended to camp at Khorappa, but it was found that the only available ground there was closely commanded from the surrounding hills, and the march was continued two and a half miles further on, to more open ground, near the village of Khangarbur, on a plateau on the north shore of the Khanki River. Khangarbur was held by the Afridis, and the vanguard had to drive them out of the village. They gave way at once on the advance of Westmacott's infantry, after a brief bombardment by one of the mountain batteries.

The march had been extremely difficult. Men and animals had moved slowly, mostly in single file, along a narrow and stone-strewn mountain track. There were frequent delays as a fallen mule or camel blocked the way, and after darkness fell, the rearguard was still stumbling along the hillsides. When night came on, the camp was disturbed by random shots from the surrounding hills, but this annoyance did not last long, and there were luckily no casualties. Next day the concentration continued, but even when both divisions were through the defile and encamped on the river it was impossible to move forward at once. Including camp followers, some 35,000 men had been crowded into the Khangarbur camp, and besides these there were more than 20,000 animals. Nothing could be obtained on the spot except water, wood, and a small supply of grass. Everything else had to be dragged through the Chagru defile from the other side of the Samana Range. Food and forage for a single day amount to many tons of dead weight, and the army had not merely to be fed from day to day, but a reserve had to be accumulated before it could venture to advance into the next valley, the gate of which—the Sampagha Pass—was reported to be held in force by the enemy. The difficulty of bringing up these supplies was serious. They had all to come by the rugged path through the defile, a way so narrow that at first there was a difficulty in finding room to send the unloaded beasts back past the convoys coming up. Gradually the Pioneers widened the road and improved its worst parts, but for days a complete block and an utter breakdown of the transport was only averted by unceasing vigilance and unsparing effort on the part of the officers.

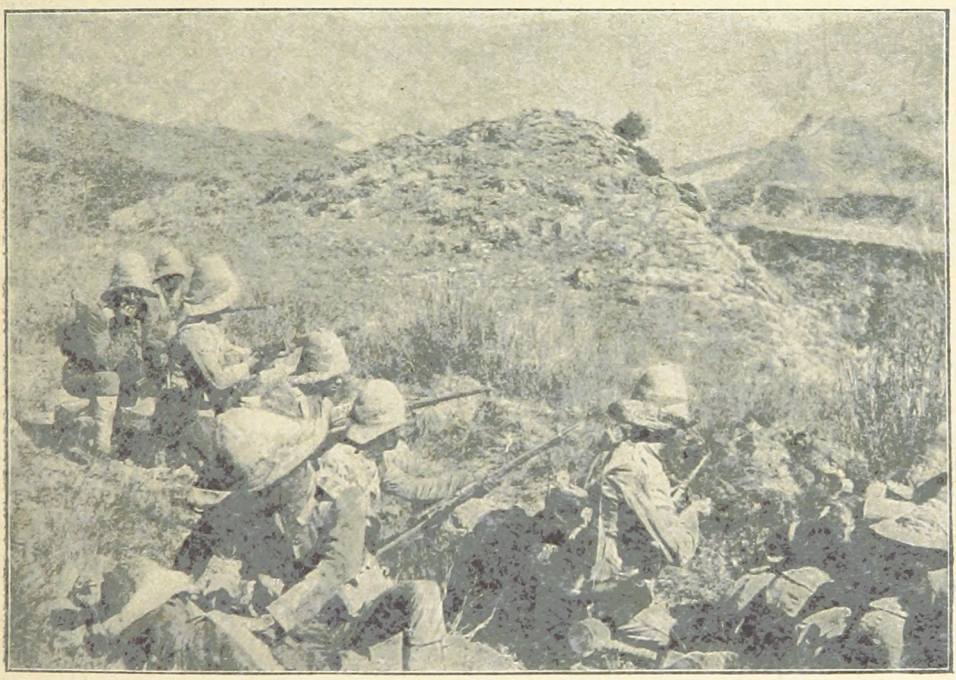
Stay-at-home people, who do not realise the enormous amount of work that has to be done on a line of communications, wonder why an army having once marched and fought does not go straight on to its goal. The Afridis put their own interpretation on Lockhart's prolonged halt on the Khanki River. To them it seemed that the British commander was hesitating to face the dangers of the Sampagha Pass, and they were encouraged to attack the camp by night and to try to ambuscade and cut up the foraging parties that left it by day. The nightly attacks generally took the form of "sniping," sharpshooters posted on the hills using their long-range rifles to drop bullets at random into the large space covered by the encampment, or directing a well-aimed fire at any light that showed in a tent or on a mess table. On the night of the 23rd, soon after dusk, they tried to rush the pickets, and there was a sharp fight, in which the mountain guns came into action. At dawn some of the more daring assailants were seen lying dead within fifty yards of the camp.

Next day the foraging parties were persistently attacked as they returned to camp, and at dusk the fusillade from the hills began again. No less than thirty-four officers and men were killed and wounded during the evening, some as they sat at dinner, others as they lay in their tents. The only way to sleep in safety was to build up some kind of a bulwark on the side of the tent towards the hills. Sir William Lockhart himself had a narrow escape. He was very reluctant to take any special precautions, but his staff made a wall of grain bags beside his tent. He had hardly lain down in the tent when a couple of Afridi bullets buried themselves in the improvised wall, near his head. Apart from the losses of men, and the disabling or killing of valuable transport,

animals by this nightly fusillade, there was the further disadvantage that it deprived the men of proper rest. Those who have experienced it say that even those who most coolly face an enemy's fire on the battlefield are worried, and made nervous and miserable, by the continual dropping and whistling through the darkness of bullets to which no reply can be made. Later, steps were taken for dealing with this trying method of attack, but at the outset of the campaign it was endured as best might be.

On the morning of the 26th the bodies of a British sergeant and six men were found lying dead and horribly cut up on the road near the camp. They were supposed to be part of the escort of a belated convoy that had wandered from the rest in the dusk and fallen into an Afridi ambuscade. No wonder, after such experiences by night and day, that the army was rejoiced to hear, on the evening of October 27th, that orders had been issued for a renewed advance, and that the Sampagha Pass was to be stormed next day.

The march began in the grey dawn of the 27th. Its first stage was about four miles due north up the valley to the village of Gundaki. The ground was open, with low hills on either side, which were known to be held by the enemy. Colonel Chaytor, with the Northampton Regiment and the 36th Sikhs, was sent to clear the hills on the right. He fairly surprised the enemy. They had not expected an advance, and apparently were enjoying a late sleep after amusing themselves by "sniping" the camp until the small hours of the morning. They sprang up, fired a few harmless shots and fled, without attempting any resistance. The hills on the left were at the same time occupied by a detachment from Gaselee's brigade, made up of the Yorkshire Regiment and some Sikhs and Goorkhas. With its flanks thus secured, the army moved up to Gundaki. Here there was a halt for the day, and the army encamped, while Sir William Lockhart and his staff, with a strong escort, pushed on to reconnoitre the Sampagha Pass and settle the details of the next day's attack. A few shots were fired at the party while they were thus engaged, but the only man hit was Colonel Sage, of the 1st Goorkhas, who was badly wounded.

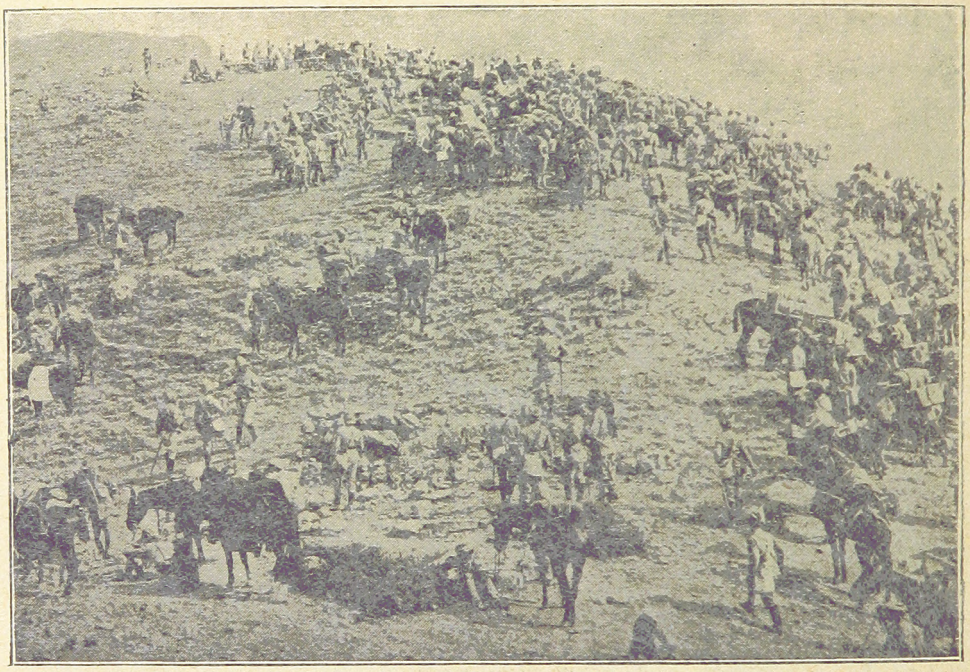


DORSETS ATTACKING THE SAMPAGHA PASS.

The action at the Sampagha Pass, fought next day, October 29th, proved to be a much less serious affair than had been generally anticipated. The enemy had a splendid position. The mountain road, or rather track, after winding through broken rocky ground, commanded by the rugged slopes to the east and west, runs sharply up the hillside, and passes over the dividing range

between the Khanki and Mastura Valleys, through a depression in the ridge. Right and left are bold spurs, difficult to climb, and rocky knolls rise from the ground in the gap just above the path. Lower down the hillside projects an advanced spur, and on this, on the knolls in the Pass, and on the slopes and spurs on either side, the tribesmen had erected strong breastworks. They were evidently anxious about a turning movement, and had taken a good deal of trouble of the advance, and supplying an escort for the artillery, which was all to be massed under the command of General Spragge, in order to prepare the way for Gaselee's attack by a heavy bombardment of the Pass and its approaches.

The advance began as the dawn whitened the eastern sky, and while the shadows still lay deep in the valleys. Up through the twilight, with the Goorkha scouts in front, came Gaselee's



THE PASS CAPTURED.

to fortify the spurs on both flanks near the summit of the ascent. Why it was they did not make a more dogged resistance is not at all clear. The most likely reason seems to have been that the Afridi clansmen had been quarrelling with their Orakzai allies. The Pass and the valleys on both sides of it are in the Orakzai country, and the Afridis, more anxious to defend their own valleys than this outlying borderland of Tirah, withdrew from the Sampagha before the fight, leaving the Orakzais to meet Lockhart's advance single handed.

The plan of attack was very simple. The Pass was to be stormed from the front by Gaselee's brigade (the second), supported by Westmacott's (the fourth). Kempster's (the third) was to form the reserve, and Hart's (the first) was to be broken up, its regiments protecting the flanks brigade. On the right the Devons, on the left the Goorkhas of Hart's brigade, were making their way along the flanking ridges. Another battalion of the same brigade, the Derbyshire Regiment, had seized a bold knoll facing the Pass, and up behind them the long train of mules were picking their way over the rocks, bringing up the thirty-six mountain guns and their ammunition. At first only space could be found to put half of them into position, but later the whole six batteries were in action. By seven o'clock the fight had opened all along the front. The mountains were echoing to the roar of the guns, the explosions of bursting shells, and the sharp crackle of infantry fire. Gaselee had deployed his brigade, the Sikhs on the right, the Queen's and the Yorkshire Regiment in the centre, and the Goorkhas on the left, and had

carried the nearest of the sungars with a rush. Westmacott's men were moving up in the second line. The advance was a steady climb from rock to rock up the hillside, the chief delay being caused by having to cross numerous gullies and ravines. The tribesmen were not showing either the marksmanship or the determined valour of those who held the Dargai heights. As the attack came on they were giving way slowly. At a quarter to ten the Queen's, led by Major Hanford Flood (who, though wounded in the arm, refused to leave his men), reached the summit of the Pass, the tribesmen retiring over the ridge. Some of them clung to a knoll on the right, but this was cleared rapidly by the Yorks and the Sikhs. General Spragge, as soon as he saw the summit was won, sent forward a mountain battery to assist in driving the enemy from the reverse slope of the Pass. Its commander, Captain de Butts, was killed by a bullet as he brought it into action. The guns and the long-ranging rifle volleys of the infantry drove the Orakzais in wild flight down into the valley beyond. The Sampagha had been won, with the loss of only twenty-four men. The enemy had carried off all their killed and wounded. The ease with which this formidable Pass had been cleared was a surprise to everyone, especially after the desperate resistance encountered at Dargai.

The tribesmen in their hurried retreat set fire to several of the villages below the Pass in order to destroy the stores of fodder and grain accumulated in the houses. All day the troops were marching down the winding hill-path into the Mastura Valley. They camped for the night at the foot of the descent. The valley was wide and fertile, with terraced fields, plenty of timber, and abundance of walnut and apricot trees. It seemed all the more beautiful after the stern desolation of the Khanki Valley and the bare slopes of the Samana.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TAKING OF THE ARHANGA PASS AND THE OCCUPATION OF TIRAH.

THERE was only one day of rest in the Mastura Valley, and then, on October 31st, the advance was resumed. Five miles from the camp to the northward rose the hill slopes of the Arhanga Pass, the gateway of the Tirah plateau, the stronghold of the Afridi tribes, as yet untrodden by an invader.

During the twenty-four hours' halt there was, however, no rest for the Pioneers, the transport, or the staff. The Engineers were busy improving the road over the Sampagha. The transport was crowding the hill track, toiling day and night to get baggage and supplies over the Pass, and General Lockhart and his staff, escorted by Kempster's brigade, was reconnoitring the Arhanga and planning the attack. Though native reports had described the Arhanga as a formidable position, its capture did not seem a very difficult piece of work. The slopes ascending to it were of easy gradient, and were not cut by ravines, like those below the Sampagha. There was an opening for a flank attack, and right in front of the Pass, and only three quarters of a mile from it, an isolated round topped hill afforded a splendid position for the artillery. Mr. Donald, one of the political officers who knew the district, and had intimate relations with the tribesmen, predicted that there would hardly be any fighting, for if his information was correct, only a handful of the Afridis, some 500 in all, would be found in the Pass. The event amply justified these forecasts. The tribesmen had abandoned the idea of offering a regular opposition to Lockhart's advance. But their spirit was not broken, and they had determined, while avoiding pitched battles, to harass the invaders of their hills with a formidable guerilla warfare.

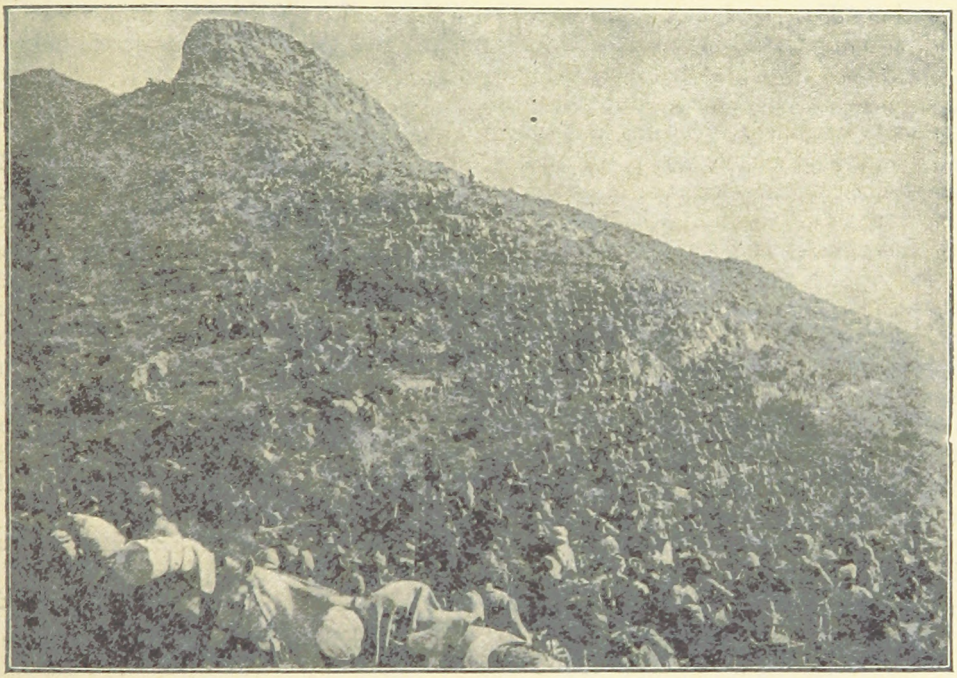
On the morning of October 31st the Arhanga Pass was stormed. The main attack was directed by General Yeatman-Biggs, who sent his fourth brigade (Westmacott) straight up the Pass, while the third (Kempster) threatened the enemy's left. At the same time General Symons, with Gaselee's brigade, was to turn the enemy's right. The remaining brigade (Hart's) was kept in reserve in the valley. The artillery marched with the central attack. Three brigades and six batteries made up an overwhelming force against the handful of Afridis who held the crest of the Pass.

The action was soon decided. The Scottish Borderers, acting as the advanced guard, seized the hill in front of the Pass, and the batteries opened fire. At the same time the flank attacks pushed forward. The Afridis gave way the moment they saw the Goorkha scouts and the Yorkshire Regiment racing together to the top of the crest on their right. They gave way so soon that they cannot have suffered much loss. As for the victors, four men and an officer wounded made up the whole list of casualties. The gate of Tirah had been forced almost without a fight.

Below the Pass opened out the Maidan of Tirah, a fertile, well-cultivated valley. That evening the invaders camped about three miles from the Pass, near a small hamlet in the middle of the well-tilled level ground. "There are no villages here, strictly so-called," wrote Colonel Hutchinson, the *Times* correspondent, from the Maidan Camp, "but there are innumerable houses, dotted all over the country. They occur every quarter of a mile or so, and are large, strong, substantial buildings, generally including a tower or keep, and capable of a strong defence, so long as artillery is not brought against them. Guns would of course knock them to pieces at once. In each of these houses lives a family, or a group of blood relations; in one, for example, several brothers, with their wives and children, and fathers and mothers, etc.; in another a petty chief, with his immediate following, his sisters, cousins, and aunts, and so on. But, needless to say, they are all empty now. With one accord the people have fled before our approach, and we have the valley to ourselves. But not the surrounding hills. They are full of houseless and prowling marauders, and no party can leave camp in any direction without a skirmish or an exchange of shots with them."

The Afridis began by attacking the transport coming into camp as night fell, for so heavy was the transport train that the long lines of laden

animals were straggling in after dark from the blocked Pass on the day of the fight and on the evening after. Such an opportunity ought not to have been given to the enemy. They took care not to miss their chance. On the evening of the 31st they killed and wounded nine transport men, and stampeded and captured mules carrying nearly 200 kits belonging to a Sikh regiment. Next evening (November 1st) the losses were still heavier. Three of the Queen's West Surrey Regiment were killed and four wounded in the rush on the baggage train, and in order to close the eastern exit from the Bara Valley, General Lockhart's plan being to move down the defiles of the Bara and drive the Afridis before him eastwards, thus catching them between hammer and anvil if they made a stand. At the same time the Kurram column moved up the Kurram Valley and swept the western borders of the Afridi country, and Sir Power Palmer, with troops, from the line of communications, pushed a reconnaissance down the Mastura Valley in the Orakzai country. But during the long halt at Maidan the main column was not idle.



CAPTURE OF THE ARHANGA PASS: TROOPS RESTING ON THE SUMMIT.

seventy-one mules, three rifles, about 10,000 rounds of Lee-Metford cartridges, and 350 of the men's kits were captured. It was a rich prize for the enemy. And now strict orders were issued that henceforth all baggage must be in camp by nightfall. It would have been well if these orders had been observed. But with the large force in the field, and the enormous length of its convoys, night attacks on the belated baggage mules and their tired escort continued to be a feature of the campaign.

There was a long halt at the Maidan Camp while supplies were brought over the passes and accumulated in the Tirah Valley, as a necessary prelude to a further advance. Meanwhile, the Peshawur column was moved up to Fort Bara, Besides protecting the convoys the troops were engaged in daily expeditions, foraging and collecting supplies, burning hostile villages, and protecting the parties engaged in the survey of the country. Thus there was a record of almost daily skirmishes, and at night the camp was frequently disturbed by Afridi "snipers." The list of casualties in this guerilla warfare was very heavy, and the ranks were further thinned by sickness, brought on by hard work and exposure in this mountain land, where the days were blazing hot and the nights, now that winter was coming, were bitterly cold.

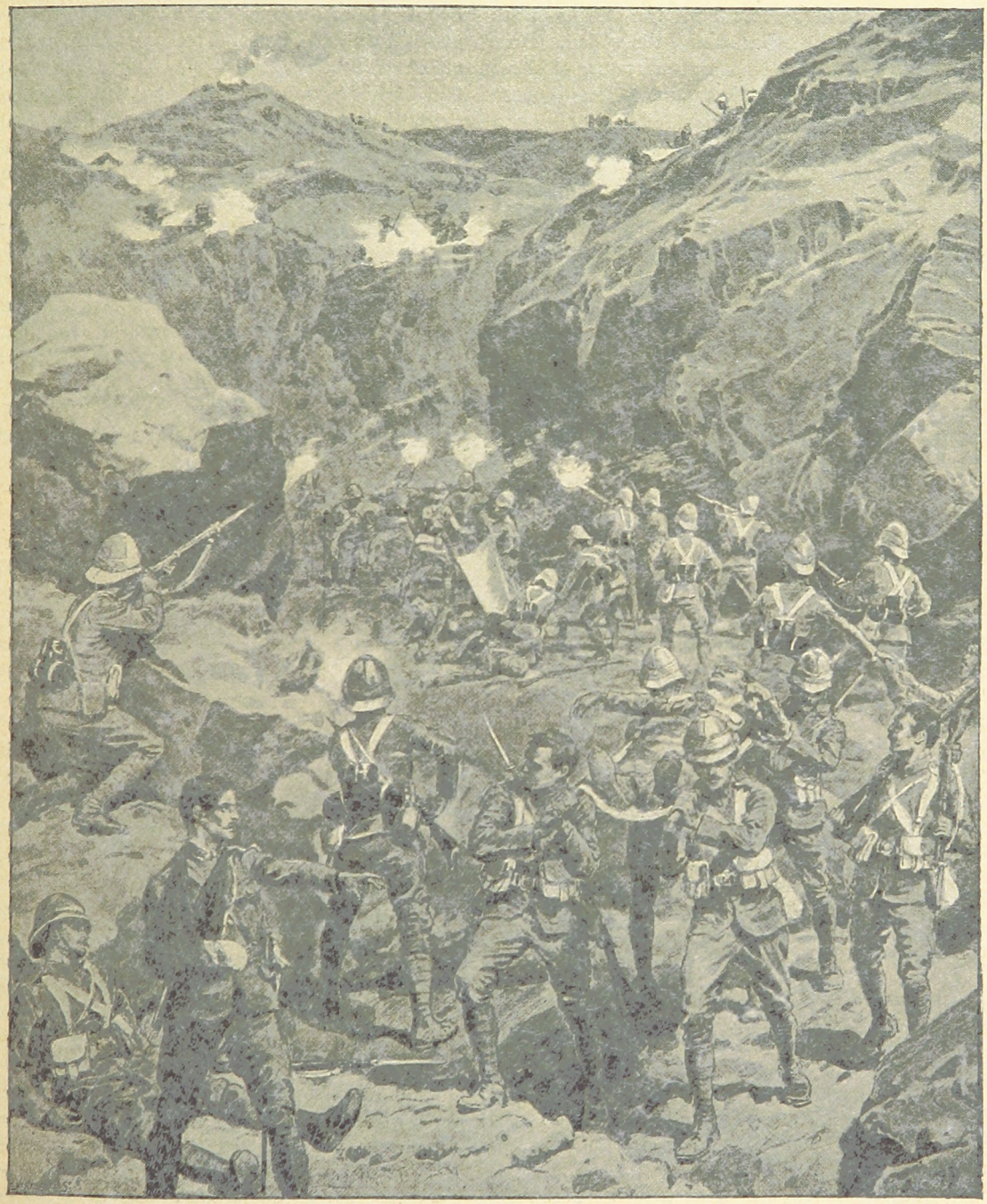
On November 1st—the day after the Arhanga fight—there was a good deal of skirmishing. A reconnaissance sent out towards the hamlet of

Bagh was fired on by the Afridis. They were driven off by the mountain guns, but in the fight the Scottish Borderers had Captain MacLaren wounded, and the 3rd Goorkhas had one man killed and three wounded. In the afternoon the second brigade turned out to disperse a gathering of the enemy to the east of the camp. Lieutenant Caffyn, of the Yorkshires, was badly wounded in this action. At dusk, as a picket of the 36th Sikhs moved out into the outpost line they were fired upon, and one of them was wounded. On the 6th the Afridis attacked a convoy south of the Arhanga Pass. On the same day they attacked a foraging party of the 15th Sikhs, killed a native officer and a sepoy, wounded five others, and stampeded and captured forty mules. After dark they fired heavily for some hours into the Maidan Camp. Several men were killed and wounded. "It was unusually bad about dinner time, seven p.m.," writes Colonel Hutchinson, "and amongst other casualties Lieutenant Giffard, of the Northampton Regiment, was killed, and Captain Sullivan, 36th Sikhs, severely wounded. Poor Giffard had been sitting at the head of the table, and as the fire became hot he shifted his seat to one which seemed a little more sheltered, saying laughingly, 'This isn't good enough ; I'm going to move.' He had hardly reached his new place when he was shot dead. It was very sad. His funeral the next day was attended by Sir William Lockhart, with the headquarters staff, and all the officers in camp not on duty. Captain Sullivan's luck in being hit was very bad. He was not long ago invalided to England from Suakim, but managed to pass the Board, and hurried out to India as soon as he knew his regiment was going to the front. He had succeeded in overtaking us this very day at about 11 a.m., and was shot, and of course placed *hors de combat* for the rest of the campaign, the same evening. Such is the fortune of war!"

On the next day, Sunday, the 7th, the second brigade was fired on during the morning church parade, a bullet whizzing unpleasantly near the chaplain. Next evening Captain E. Y. Watson, of the Commissariat Department, was shot while sitting at dinner, and killed on the spot. Before following further the daily record of events at the Maidan Camp, we must note an unfortunate affair that occurred in this same second week of November, further west, in the Kurram Valley. Colonel Hill, commanding the Kurram Column, had advanced to the neighbourhood of Sadr, at the mouth of a narrow lateral valley, running up north-eastwards to Hissar, and known as the Khurmana Defile. On November 6th he pushed a reconnaissance for six miles up the defile. The ground was very difficult, but during the advance no opposition was offered by the enemy. As soon, however, as the column began to retire to its camp, the tribesmen came crowding among the rocks on either side and firing on the mass of men retiring through the defile. To hold them in check a strong rearguard covered the retreat, throwing out pickets on to the hills on either side, which retired to new positions as soon as a second line of pickets had been formed to check the pursuit. This alternate retirement went on like clockwork, and the enemy was successfully held at bay. But close to the camp a disaster occurred. A picket of the Kapurthala Sikhs had been signalled to retire, and it was believed that it was safely on its way to the camp. But it seems to have lost its way among the rocks, and its further retreat was cut off by the enemy. Strange to say, its absence from the column was not noticed, and the battalion to which it belonged even reported all present when the camp was reached. It was only later on that Colonel Hill was informed that a native officer and thirty-five men of the Kapurthala Infantry were missing. By this time night had come on, and the whole of the little party had been massacred, the Sikhs refusing to surrender, and fighting to the last against overwhelming odds.

Three days later a similar disaster occurred to a British detachment near the Maidan Camp. On November 9th General Lockhart ordered a reconnaissance to be made to Saran Sar, to the eastward of the camp, where a pass leads over the hills into the Bara Valley. General Westmacott was given the command of the force detailed for this work, and General Lockhart went out with the expedition. The troops engaged in it were the Northamptons, the Dorsets, and the 15th and 36th Sikhs, with two mountain batteries and a company of engineers.

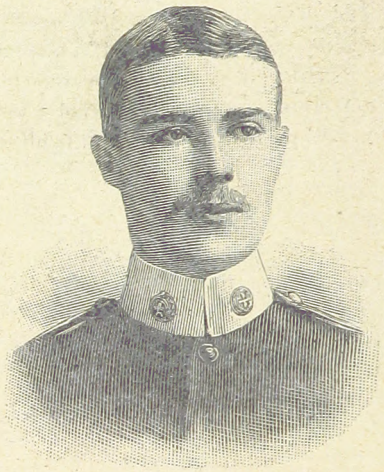
Two miles from the camp the enemy appeared gathering on the hills, but dispersed when the mountain guns opened fire, and the infantry formed for attack and began to advance. After this there was no opposition. By 11 a.m the Pass of Saran Sar had been occupied. For some three hours the troops remained halted on the crest of the hill, while the survey officers completed their work. At two p.m. orders were given for the retirement to Maidan Camp to begin. Though there were no Afridis in



THE NORTHAMPTONS RETIRING DOWN THE NULLAH AFTER THE ATTACK ON SARAN SAR.

sight every precaution was taken; a strong rear-guard, broken up into several pickets, with the reserve near the column, covered the movement.

The Dorsets retired along the spur that formed the west side of the valley running up to Saran Sar. The headquarters and the Sikhs were moving along the other side of the valley. Five companies of the Northamptons, many of these companies far below their original strength, were covering the retirement, falling back one by one to the lower ground. Four companies had gone down, and the fifth (G Company) was following them, when suddenly from a little pine wood at close range on their left a well-aimed fire was opened. The enemy had Lee-Metfords, and were using the recently-captured cartridges with the Dum-Dum bullet; and at first it was very difficult to say exactly where the fire was coming from. So many men were hit that more than half the company was put out of action, for on the steep mountain ground it took four or five men to carry each fallen comrade. While the wounded were being got safely on to improvised stretchers the men rallied bravely round their captain and fired into the pines, and the nearest company hurried back to their assistance. General Westmacott sent the 36th Sikhs back from the valley to cover the retreat of the Northamptons, who, carrying their dead and wounded, retired through the line formed by the Sikhs. By this time the enemy was showing in crowds along the hills, and a dropping fire was coming from several directions.



LIEUTENANT A. H. MACINTYRE.
(*Photo: Albert Smith, Jersey.*)

As soon as the Northamptons had got something of a start, Colonel Haughton, of the 36th Sikhs, withdrew his regiment to its original position on the flank. By this time the sun had set, and darkness was coming on, but it was supposed that all was going well, for the Northamptons, retiring along the valley, had the Sikhs to cover one flank and the Dorsets the other. Unfortunately, not being so used to mountain warfare as the frontier regiments, some of the companies of the Northamptons made a fatal mistake. Encumbered with wounded, and hard pressed by the enemy's riflemen, who, as the night fell, were closing in and firing from every point of vantage, they chose for their line of retreat a nullah, or rocky gully, at the bottom of the valley. This at first gave them shelter, but among its windings, and with lateral gullies opening now on one side, now on the other, it was not easy to keep the true direction, or to be always in touch with the flanking regiments on the higher ground. The tribesmen, who knew every inch of the valley, saw their chance and took it. They cut in between the companies, fired into them at close quarters from the crest of the ravine, and more than once nearly succeeded in cutting off their retreat. When at last in the darkness the camp was reached it was found that Lieutenant Macintyre, a sergeant, and eleven men of the regiment were missing. Nothing could be done for them that night, and it was hoped that they might hold out somewhere till daylight, when a search party could go to their help.

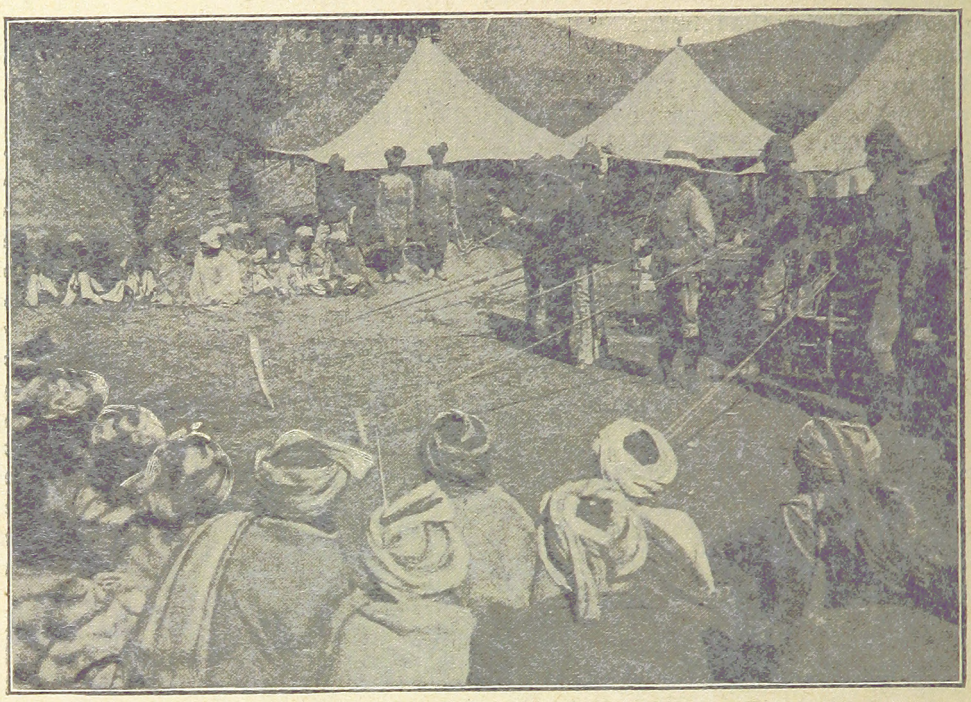
In the morning the brigade went out and found all the missing men lying dead together at the bottom of a ravine. They had all been killed by rifle fire, and after death the bodies had been slashed with sword cuts, but they were not otherwise mutilated. There is no doubt that many of them could have escaped over the rocks if they had chosen to abandon the wounded and shift for themselves, but they deliberately decided to die where they stood rather than desert their fallen comrades. Through all the long retreat from Saran Sar the men of the Northampton Regiment had shown the same spirit of devoted courage. Half the difficulty and danger of that terrible evening arose from the necessity of saving the wounded.

The losses were heavy. Two British officers were killed, Lieutenants Waddell and Macintyre of the Northamptons. Three British and one native officer were wounded. Of the rank and file, the Northamptons had seventeen killed and twenty-nine wounded; the Dorsets, two killed and six wounded; the 15th Sikhs, one killed and three wounded; and the 36th Sikhs, three wounded. The total loss was twenty-two killed

and forty-five wounded, all except five wounded being casualties during the retreat.

Two days later General Gaselee went out to Saran Sar to complete the survey, bring in forage, and destroy the fortified towers of the hamlets along the valley and on the Saran Sar Hill. The troops employed were nearly all mountaineers, the chief work of the day being entrusted to the 3rd and 4th Goorkhas, with three mountain batteries. The enemy never showed except in small parties. The survey work was finished, the towers of forty hamlets and homesteads were blown up, a considerable quantity of forage was collected, and the retirement began. The Afridis tried to rush the Goorkha rearguard, made up of picked scouts, but they were driven back by a sharp fire, and the rearguard held its ground till the column was well on its way, and then rejoined it with a rapidity that only these hillmen could accomplish. The day's losses were only one man killed and an officer and two men slightly wounded. It had been a complete success, and did something to remove the sad impression caused by the first march to Saran Sar. The Afridis no longer attempted to defend seriously even strong positions against the large force that had been brought into the field against them. They gave way before every advance, only to reappear and close in upon the troops as they fell back to camp. The campaign became a succession of rearguard actions fought under the most trying conditions, and the mountaineers had not only modern weapons, but many of them had learned to use them while serving in the British frontier regiments; and during some of the fights in the passes it was curious to hear the leaders of these wild tribesmen giving their men words of command from the firing exercise used in the Indian army.

But the guerilla warfare was only begun, and there were more evil days in store for the expedition.



NEGOTIATING WITH THE CHIEFS.

CHAPTER XVI.

GUERILLA WARFARE IN TIRAH.

WHILE the army was camped at Maidan the Orakzais sent in envoys asking for terms of peace, and Sir Richard Udny and the political officers negotiated with them the terms on which their submission would be received. A heavy fine, surrender of arms, and giving up of hostages were the leading features of the capitulation. Some of the Afridi clans were also anxious to submit, but two of the most powerful among them, the Aka Khel and the Zakka Khel, were persistently hostile, and Sir William Lockhart declared that he would not enter into separate arrangements with any of the clans till these had submitted. The Afridi nation must surrender as a whole, and it was for the friendly clans to do their best to persuade their brethren to submit if they wanted peace. At the same time it was declared that active measures of hostility would only be taken against those who were actually in arms against the Government.

Kempster's brigade was sent into the Waran Valley, a lateral branch of the Mastura Valley, on the 13th of November. The Waran is the summer home of the Aka Khel Afridis. Contrary to expectation, the column met with no opposition. On the 15th the troops were fired upon and a few men were hit. But it was found that the aggressors were a party of Zakka Khels, who had come into the valley in order to incite their kinsmen to resistance. The Aka Khel houses were therefore left uninjured, as it was supposed they were anxious to submit, and only held aloof through fear of the treatment they might receive if they came back to their villages.

On the 16th General Lockhart ordered Kempster to bring his brigade back to the Maidan Camp. Happily the pacific aspect of the valley did not induce the general to neglect any of the usual precautions for protecting his march. A strong rearguard, under the command of Colonel Travers, was formed of the 2nd Goorkhas, the 3rd Goorkha scouts, a company each of the Dorsets and the Gordons, and five guns of a British mountain battery. The march began at half-past nine in the morning. The tribesmen soon began to show in groups on the hills. It

ROAD-MAKING IN CHITRAL.

(Photo: By permission of General Sir Robert Low.)

was afterwards ascertained that they belonged to both the Zakka and the Aka Khel clans. After the first mile and a half the enemy began to close in, and seemed to be preparing for attack. Travers formed his rearguard across the valley in a strong position, and kept it there for the next three hours until one o'clock, in order to give the column and its baggage time to get well on its way to Maidan. At one he began to retire, and, pursued all the way by the hot fire of the Afridis, he reached at three the crest of the ridge between the Waran Valley and Maidan. The Goorkhas, who were furthest to the rear, had three men killed (including Lieutenant Wylie) and five men wounded. The 15th Sikhs had been left by General Kempster to hold the pass over the ridge. The rearguard and the Goorkhas passed through their line of pickets, and the Sikhs then checked the pursuit. The next stage of the fight was on ground very near, and later actually the same as that over which the retreat from Saran Sar had passed on the 9th. The Saran Sar heights rose close by to the northward of the pass held by the Sikhs, and from the Saran Sar pine woods crowds of Afridis hastened to join in the attack on Kempster's rearguard.

The 15th Sikhs were now outnumbered and hard pressed by enemies who, for the most part, were firing from cover, but who, more than once, attempted a charge in the open. The commander of the regiment, Colonel Abbott, had been badly wounded, and many of the rank and file had been hit. It was then that very opportunely Colonel Haughton, of the 36th Sikhs, arrived with half his battalion and a company of the Dorsets, sent back by General Kempster from the main column. The 36th was the regiment that had so gallantly held the Samana forts at the beginning of the outbreak, and the other half battalion of the regiment was following a little further back, under the command of Major Des Voeux, the defender of Fort Gulistan. All the companies were very much under strength, most of them numbering now only thirty or forty bayonets, so the force that Haughton and Des Voeux were bringing to the rescue was not more than 500 in all, but the men were of the sort that do not mind facing odds.

Darkness was coming on, and as Haughton went up to the ridge he was suddenly fired on at close quarters from some ruined houses. The enemy had worked round a flank of the 15th Sikhs and got into these ruins, which were directly in their line of retreat. Led by their colonel, the 36th and the Dorsets stormed the houses with the bayonet. A company was pushed up to help the 15th on the ridge, and protected their retreat to the captured ruins. Des Voeux, coming up at the same time with the rest of the 36th and half a company of the Dorsets, drove the enemy back from another group of ruined houses, divided by a nullah from Haughton's position.

The colonel decided that to retreat through the darkness would be exceedingly dangerous, and resolved that the troops should pass the night entrenched on the ground they held. Unfortunately, a detachment of the Dorsets who had been sent back to reinforce him, but had not actually joined him, made the attempt to reach the camp. Like the Northamptons on November 9th they became involved in the darkness in the network of gullies between Saran Sar and Maidan. Tracked down and fired upon from the rocks by the tribesmen, they broke into small groups in the darkness and lost heavily. They arrived in camp in twos and threes, many of them after hand-to-hand bayonet fights with the hillmen. One gallant fellow, Private Vickery, who had already distinguished himself in trying to save the life of a comrade at Dargai, although wounded in the foot by a bullet, met three swordsmen hand to hand. He shot the first, bayoneted the second, and as his bayonet remained in the man's body, he clubbed his rifle and brained the third. While he thus fought, a wounded comrade lay beside him. He succeeded in struggling on to the camp, carrying the wounded man with him. He was rewarded with the Victoria Cross.

During the night the enemy kept up a desultory fire on the ruined houses. Haughton and Des Voeux managed to communicate with each other by whistle signals, and joined forces just before sunrise. The night had been a very trying time. "Wherever it was possible," wrote one of the officers, "we made rude stone breastworks, but materials were sadly wanting, and many of the men were wholly unprotected on the eastern side, whence the enemy still kept up a desultory fire. Fortunately the darkness prevented their aim being good. About 11 p.m. they left us altogether, and we settled down to endure a long and bitter night as best we could. The cold was intense, and the men had no great-coats with them, and nothing to eat, for we had expected to reach camp that evening. The only way we could get any relief was by

taking it in turns to huddle together on the still warm rubble which had fallen from the burning houses. It was an anxious time for the officers, for it was anticipated that the enemy might find courage to make another attack when the rising moon should reveal the weakness of our position. But the coolness and confident bearing of Colonel Haughton kept us all in good heart, and made us feel pretty certain that we should come out right side uppermost. Still, it was with feelings of intense relief that we saw the pale grey dawn appear, and knew that we could soon be up and doing. Communication was at once opened with Des Voeux across the nullah, and all the ground near by was carefully searched to see if any of our men had been left behind, killed or wounded, in the hurry and confusion of the events of the night. Then we commenced our movement on camp, sending on the wounded first under a strong escort. The enemy opened fire on us from the surrounding hills at once, but in the uncertain light their aim was bad, and no one was hit. We sent the wounded along the main nullah running past the camp, and covered them on one side with the 15th Sikhs, and on the other with a company of the 36th Sikhs and the few Dorsets who were with us. These latter, a mere handful, showed great gallantry and steadiness all through the affair, and although they suffered much from the cold and exposure, responded cheerfully to every call made upon them. We had not gone far when we met a force coming out from camp to help us, and right glad we were to be able to march straight in without further trouble."

The loss had been heavy. Four British officers were killed and three wounded. Of the rank and file the Dorsets had ten killed and eight wounded; the 15th Sikhs, ten killed and thirteen wounded; the 36th Sikhs, six killed and seven wounded; the Goorkhas, three killed and four wounded; and the mountain battery, a gunner wounded. The total loss was thus thirty-three killed and thirty-six wounded.

On November 18th General Lockhart broke up the Maidan Camp, and moved to another camping ground three miles to the north-east, near the hamlet of Bagh. This move was made partly because all the forage in the neighbourhood of the old camp had been eaten up, partly because Bagh was a better position from which to begin a further advance. The hamlet was also one of the spots in the valley regarded as sacred by the mullahs, and to camp there in defiance of the tribesmen was to show that the army was strong enough to choose its own ground and go wherever it chose. It was said that in the grove surrounding its mosque the meeting had been held at which the raid on the Khyber was arranged, and the Afridis on the morning of November 18th gathered in their thousands to oppose the violation of their mountain sanctuary.

As the troops were marched up from Maidan a sharp fusillade poured from the hills on their flanks. When the new camping ground was reached the fire continued from the heights round Bagh, the enemy occupying more than a semicircle of difficult ground north, east, and west of the place. A round hill to the north-west was strongly held, and had to be stormed by the Queen's and the 3rd Sikhs. A mountain battery was then brought into action on the summit and shelled the enemy's positions, but while it was thus engaged a party of daring riflemen crept up within 500 yards of the guns and opened so sharp a fire that some of them had to be temporarily withdrawn. Captain Parker, the battery commander, had his clothes torn by a bullet; one of his lieutenants had his ear cut by another; a gunner was shot dead as he was laying a gun; another dropped at his captain's side, and the third officer with the battery had his scabbard smashed by a bullet. Several fortified houses near the camp were stormed by the Yorkshire Regiment, and at last the enemy drew off. The morning's fight had cost five men killed and twenty-two wounded. After dark the Afridis reoccupied their positions on the hills, and during the first hours of the night bullets were singing over the camp and dropping here and there within it; but the men had by this time learned something of mountain warfare, and had so carefully entrenched their camping ground that no lives were lost. Nor was the defence of the camp merely passive; the Goorkha scouts stole quietly out when the "sniping" began, stalked several of the Afridis, and either shot them at close quarters or cut them down with the favourite Goorkha weapon, the short, broad-bladed "kukri."

On the next two days the troops were busy completing the change of camps and bringing up an enormous stock of supplies from Maidan to Bagh. There was a good deal of firing into the new camp, and on the 20th the Afridis attempted to cut off the rear sections of a long convoy, near the Arhanga Pass. They were beaten off with heavy loss. On the same day parties sent out from Bagh Camp blew up a

number of houses and towers from which the troops had been fired on.

On the 21st the rearguard finally evacuated Maidan Camp. The enemy at once rushed down to the deserted camping ground, but were driven off by some shells from the mountain guns. On the same morning General Gaselee's brigade destroyed about seventy towers round Bagh.

On the same day peace was concluded with the Aka Khel Afridis and some of the other clans whose submission had been refused at an earlier date in the hope that they would be able to induce their kinsmen, the Zakka Khel, to join them in a general surrender. The four clans whose delegates surrendered at Bagh agreed to pay a joint fine of 50,000 rupees, and to hand over all stolen property, and 800 good rifles. It now remained to prosecute the campaign against the tribes who still held out, the chief of whom were the Zakka Khel, who had been fighting round Camp Bagh, but most of whose warriors were said to be retiring into the fastnesses of the Bara Valley.

The nearest way into the head of the Bara Valley was by the Dwatoi Defile, a great ravine running north-eastward from Bagh through the hills, to the hamlet of Dwatoi (literally, "Two rivers"), built at the junction of the defile with another stream, which runs down the Rajgul Valley, the united streams forming the Bara River. The walls of the Dwatoi Defile are precipices and steep rocky slopes several hundred feet high. There is no path through it, but there is a track that winds among the rocks in the narrow space between precipice and river, crosses and recrosses the stream, and sometimes actually follows its bed. The march into the defile was of the nature of a reconnaissance, for the ground was only known by native reports. Sir William Lockhart's plan was to march through the defile on November 22nd, spend the 23rd at Dwatoi, mapping and reconnoitring the country, and return to Bagh on the 24th. He himself accompanied the expedition, the immediate command of which was given to General Westmacott, the troops detailed for it being the Scottish Borderers, the Yorkshire Regiment, the first battalions of the 2nd and 3rd Goorkhas, the 28th Bombay Pioneers, two companies of Engineers, and two mountain batteries.

As a first step the heights on one side of the pass were crowned by the Yorkshires, and on the other by a Goorkha battalion. In clearing them there were some casualties, and the Yorkshires had two of their officers hit, one of them (Lieutenant Jones) being killed, and the other wounded. Then the march along the defile began. The track was even worse than had been anticipated. Often in single file, always in a long column, men and animals stumbled and struggled over the rocks, or splashed through the almost frozen mountain river, which was often waist deep. Again and again the enemy's rifles rang out from spurs of the hills in front, finding a broad mark in the crowded gully. The general himself had more than one narrow escape. At last Dwatoi was reached, but so heavy was the fire from the ridges and precipices around that strong parties had to be pushed up every hill to keep the enemy at bay. The night came on, and it began to freeze hard, the thermometer dropping to within twelve degrees of zero. But the baggage was still struggling through the defile, escorted by Colonel Haughton and the 36th Sikhs. They did not reach Dwatoi till near dawn.

Meanwhile the men had a terrible experience. Wet through as they were, they had neither great-coats nor blankets. Their only food was what was in their haversacks. If a fire was lighted to make tea or warm up some food, a shower of bullets from the Afridis soon scattered the wet and weary crowd that gathered round it. Sir William Lockhart and General Westmacott were as badly off as everyone else. Wet, fireless, and shelterless, officers and men suffered silently through the long night, surrounded and often fired upon by watchful foes. There were few losses by the enemy's bullets, but that awful night at Dwatoi sent many a man back to the base hospitals, and marked many a soldier, British and native, for the grave.

On the 23rd reconnaissances were pushed out in various directions, and the ground was carefully surveyed. On the next day, before daylight, the return march began. "The intensity of the cold," says Colonel Hutchinson, "may be imagined from the fact that the spray from the water splashed up by wading froze as it fell, while moustaches became mere blocks of ice, and the horses' tails, as they swished them about in the stream, were immediately covered with long spiky icicles. Several cases of frostbite occurred before camp was reached."

The Yorkshires and the Goorkhas held the heights on either flank during the retreat. Colonel Haughton, with the 36th Sikhs (his own regiment), the 3rd Goorkhas, and two companies of the Scottish Borderers, covered

the rear of the column in the defile itself. There was some sharp fighting with the Afridis, who, as usual, were emboldened to attack by the sight of the troops retreating. The rearguard lost altogether three killed and sixteen wounded during the day.

A curious incident of the expedition to Dwatoi is thus related by the correspondent of the *Pioneer:*

"As the Goorkhas were advancing on the 22nd the leading scouts shot an Afridi who was trying to drive off some cattle, and when the man's body was found, a little Afridi baby was discovered by his side. It devolved on the mess president of the regiment, who computed the baby's age to be eighteen months, to arrange for its nourishment and nursing. For the former essential he provided from the scanty mess-stores some Swiss milk, and for the latter a Kohati follower was found, who, being next door in blood to an Afridi, was promoted to the post of nurse. The question of the disposal of the baby on the 24th, when the return journey to Bagh was to be made, became rather embarrassing, and the mess president decided to restore the infant to its kinsfolk. Accordingly, as the house was being passed where this curious capture was made, the baby was deposited on the threshold in full view of the Afridis who, as usual, were pressing on the retirement."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARCH THROUGH THE BARA VALLEY.

THE final stage of the campaign was now approaching. To complete his plan Sir William Lockhart meant to send back across the passes to Shinwari the bulk of his transport—everything, in fact, that could not actually move with the troops. The main column, carrying its supplies with it, would then advance to Dwatoi and march eastward down the Bara Valley. Meanwhile the Peshawur column, which had already moved up to Fort Bara, at the mouth of the valley, would march westward up the river and join hands with Lockhart at the village of Barkai.

Sufficient troops had been left in the Mastura and Khanki Valleys to keep the passes open and enforce the terms of surrender accepted by the clans who had already made their submission. To the westward, in the Kurram Valley, Colonel Hill, in command of the Kurram column, had been operating successfully against the revolted tribes of that part of the border. In these operations he was assisted by troops detached by Sir William Lockhart from the Bagh Camp, and sent into the Kurram country over the Lozaka Pass. The clan most active against the Government were the Chamkannis, allies of the Afridis, who had rejected very favourable terms, and massed their fighting men about the Kharmana Defile. Hill, with the Kurram column, was to advance up the defile from his camp near Sadr, while the Bagh force marched to meet him by Hissar, at the upper end of the narrow valley.

The detachment sent over the Lozaka Pass for this purpose was commanded by General Gaselee. Sir William Lockhart followed it with a second body of troops. Gaselee had with him the Queen's West Surrey, the 3rd Sikhs, the 4th Goorkhas, the 28th Bombay Pioneers, two mountain batteries, and two companies of Engineers. These started from Bagh on November 26th. Lockhart followed next day with the Yorkshire Regiment, half of the Scots Fusiliers, the 2nd Goorkhas, and a mountain battery. On the 28th Gaselee crossed the Lozaka Pass, after a brief engagement, in which the Queen's stormed a sungar that barred the pass. The losses of the day were only one man killed and seven wounded. After blowing up the towers of the neighbouring villages, Gaselee, now reinforced by Lockhart, marched down to a camping ground near Hissar; here he was joined by Colonel Hill and the Kurram column.

The camp was freely fired into after dark, and on the night of the 29th Sir Pertab Singh, a Sikh prince serving on Sir William Lockhart's staff, was wounded in the hand. In his official report Lockhart notes that Sir Pertab "had his hand bound up by his servant, and said nothing about it," adding that "this plucky behaviour on his part is only what might be expected by a man of his race and soldierly instincts."

As the people remained defiant, Colonel Hill's force was ordered to march northwards to Thabi, near the Afghan border, where there was a gathering of the enemy on the slopes of the Safed Koh range. Hill divided the troops placed at his disposal into two columns. The first, under Colonel Money, was to make a frontal attack on Thabi from the south. The second, under Colonel Gordon, was to sweep round to the westward and make a combined flank attack. The enemy were driven off and a number of their villages burned, after some desultory fighting. As the columns withdrew after completing their work the enemy made persistent attacks upon them, and there were as usual more losses in the retirement than in the advance. The total casualties were seven killed and fifteen wounded. The former included one more of the "fighting Battyes," a promising young officer, Lieutenant Richmond Battye, of the 6th Bengal Cavalry.

Next day Hill made another raid on Thabi with a column of Sikhs and Goorkhas and a mountain battery. The enemy this time offered little opposition. Major Vansittart, of the Goorkhas, was wounded, two sepoys killed and two wounded. Next day the Chamkannis sent in to ask for terms. At the same time General Gaselee had marched a column into the country of their neighbours, the Masuzai, between Thabi

and the Lozaka Pass, and received the submission of the tribe. The result of these operations was the pacification of the Kurram country.

Leaving Colonel Hill to hold it, and collect the fines imposed on the tribesmen and the arms they had promised to surrender, Lockhart sent Gaselee's brigade back to Bagh. He himself returned by the Chingakh Pass, and rode into Bagh with his staff and escort on December 6th. All was now ready for the march into the Bara Valley.

The Second Division, under General Yeatman-Biggs, was detailed for this operation. The First Division, under General Symons, was to be divided, Gaselee's brigade marching into the Mastura Valley, Hart's brigade moving westward from Bagh by Maidan, down the Waran Valley, which runs into that of the Mastura at another place called (like the village in the Kurram country) Hissar. The Pioneers had been improving the track through the Dwatoi Defile, so that the march to Dwatoi had been rendered much easier ; and a further advantage was that the Malikdin Khel Afridis, who lived round the defile, had accepted the easy terms offered them in order to secure their submission or neutrality.

Under these improved conditions the advance began on December 7th. Westmacott, with the 4th Brigade, led the way through the narrow pass. No enemy was seen till Dwatoi itself was approached, when the head of the column was fired upon. The Afridis were driven off after a skirmish, in which there were four casualties. During the night the pickets were fired upon, and at dawn on the 8th a detachment of Sikhs and Goorkhas had to be sent out to clear a neighbouring hill of the enemy. They stormed it with a rush, losing one man killed and four wounded.

On the same morning the 3rd Brigade, under General Kempster, moved up from Bagh to Dwatoi. The evacuation of Bagh Camp was marked by an incident which showed to what extremity the hillmen were being reduced by the occupation of their villages and the destruction of their stores. " Hardly had the last troops begun to evacuate the camp," wrote the *Pioneer* correspondent, " when unarmed men of the Malikdin Khels, with women and children, showing every sign of being famine stricken, rushed into the camp with the hope of picking up food and grain—a rather forlorn expectation." This one fact shows in a startling way how much misery was being caused by this prolonged campaign.

By the evening of the 8th the whole division was assembled at Dwatoi Camp. Next day Sir William Lockhart, with a column of troops, chiefly from Westmacott's brigade, destroyed a number of villages in the Rajgul Valley. There was very little fighting, and only four men of the column were hit. On the 10th the march down the Bara began.

" The stages," wrote Colonel Hutchinson, the *Times* correspondent, " were Dwatoi to Sandana, eight miles ; to Sher-khel, ten miles ; to Narkandai, eight miles ; and to Swaikot-Mamanai, eight miles. From the above you will see there were only four comparatively short marches to make before joining up with General Hammond and the Peshawur column. It sounded so simple, but I think most of us understood that it meant four days of the sternest work and stiffest trial that the force had yet seen. For though *we* knew well enough that our march was not in the accepted sense a movement in retreat, yet it was quite certain that such was the construction *the enemy* would put upon it. We knew very well that we were sweeping down the Bara and Mastura Valleys merely by way of carrying out part of a thought-out programme, that the march Peshawurwards was only *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and that the measure was only preliminary to fresh raids up the Bazar and Khyber Valleys. But the Afridis, intelligent though they be, would not look at our ulterior aims. They would only consider the situation of the present and the opportunity of the moment. Their mullahs would tell them that we were flying from their country, and would urge them to follow close on our tracks, and to strike hard for vengeance' sake and for their faith. And, indeed, they did all this, and played their own game throughout the retirement with a determination and boldness which often compelled our admiration, although it cost us dear." Considering that the first effect of the move down the Bara was to encourage the enemy, one wonders even now if it would not have been possible to devise a plan of campaign that would not have left room for such illusions in the Afridi camps—for instance, an advance from Fort Bara to the upper valley to join hands with the force at Dwatoi.

The Bara is a muddy mountain torrent, waist deep, some forty feet wide. Now it runs in one channel, now it divides into several branches. On both sides of it the bottom of the valley is made up of terraced rice-fields. This terracing is carried in places well up the

hillsides, the ground being sown with grain. Here and there stand the groups of towered houses, and the steep mountain sides that wall the valley, never more than a mile apart, run up to snowy ridges and peaks.

On December 10th, when the march began, the winter had laid its grasp on the valley. The river, which had often to be forded, ran icy cold. On the higher ground lay the newly-fallen snow; lower down in the valley itself the bitter wind was driving along blinding showers of sleet and rain. Westmacott's brigade led the way. Then came the divisional and head-quarters staff, and then Kempster's brigade. Even before the troops moved off a man of the Scots Fusiliers was shot dead as he stood in the ranks on the regimental parade. All day the Afridis harassed the march with long-ranging rifle shots from the hills. Seven men fell to this fire in the leading brigade, and five in the rearward part of the column. On the picket line in the evening an officer was wounded. The camp that night at Sandana was a comfortless bivouac, and to add still further to the difficulties of next day's march the ceaseless half-frozen rain was rapidly converting the rice-fields and terraces of the valley into a boggy morass.

GENERAL WESTMACOTT.

Under the sleet and rain, and through miles of deep mud, the column plodded eastward down the valley on December 11th, the second day of its march. The enemy concentrated their attacks on the rearward brigade, the third, which had started later than the fourth, and was some distance from it. The brigade had camped for the night on the hillside, and some hours were spent in getting the hundreds of baggage animals down to the track near the river. When at last the start was made it was under a dropping fire from the hills, where the Afridis were hidden in the rocks, and further concealed in the mists and driving rain.

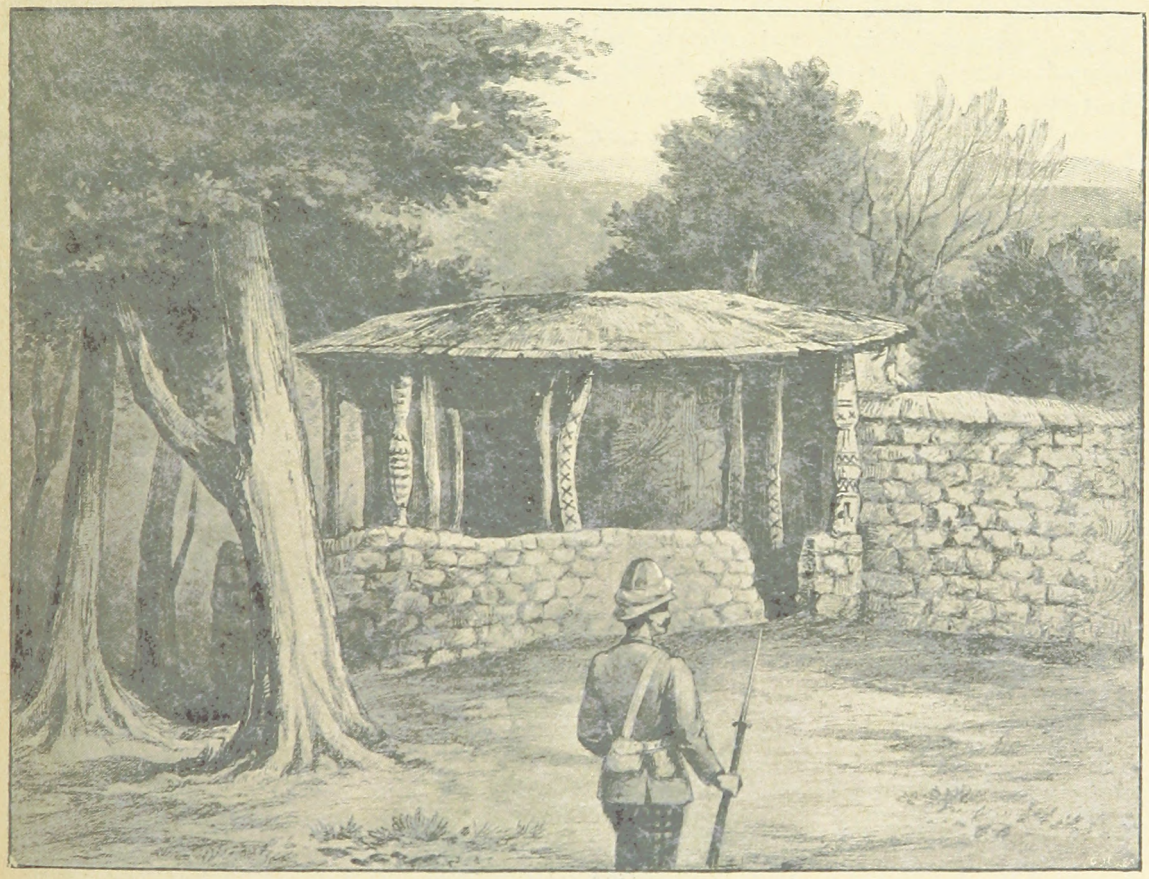
Again and again the flank guards of the long column had to climb the hills to drive back these persistent assailants. Meanwhile, the mass of baggage animals and their drivers were struggling in confusion along the valley. Despite every effort, it was impossible to keep order among them. The one idea of the drivers was to get on; and, notwithstanding the orders and warnings of the officers, they tried to make short cuts across the rice-fields, with the result that the mules were bogged in deep mud, or rolled into ditches. The baggage train gradually became a straggling crowd, increasing tenfold the difficulty of protecting it from the enemy's attacks.

Just before dusk the advanced guard and the main body of the brigade reached camp, but the baggage and the rearguard were still moving slowly through the darkness when night closed in, guided by the lights of the camp. Heavy firing broke out from time to time on flank and rear, the enemy sometimes creeping close up to the column. At one point the native bearers, in a panic, abandoned the wounded; but Surgeon-Major Beevor, who was in charge of them, brought them in with the help of a party of the Gordons, helping to carry one of the stretchers himself. Two miles from camp Major Downman, who commanded the extreme rearguard (made up of detachments of Gordons, Dorsets, Goorkhas, and Punjaubis), found a number of baggage animals halted, with their drivers lying down among them utterly exhausted. He decided to go no further; and, having occupied some houses, he beat off the attacks of the enemy, and passed the night on the spot. Captain Uniacke of the Gordons distinguished himself in the capture of the houses, leading the attack and clearing the first of them with a mere handful of his men.

The rain stopped before midnight, and the morning of the 12th broke clear and sunny, but with a cold wind. It was decided to go no further that day, but to rest at Sher Khel camp, get the men and baggage together, give everyone a rest, and dry clothes and blankets, which the rain and mud of the last two days had thoroughly soaked. Downman's detachment had been fiercely attacked at daybreak, and General Kempster had to go out with two battalions and a battery to bring them in.

During the march of the 11th and in the early morning fight of the 12th thirty or forty men had been killed or wounded, and more than a hundred animals, with their loads, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. All day the surgeons were busy attending to wounded and sick men. And in the afternoon the firing began again, and continued long after dark.

Early on the 13th the march down the valley began again. This day the 3rd Brigade was given the leading place, the 4th Brigade acting as a rearguard. The 3rd Brigade placed pickets on the hills to cover the march of the 4th Brigade, the men only moving forward when their places were taken by the flankers of Westmacott's brigade. The rearguard had hard fighting all day long. While they were loading up and falling in at dawn the Afridis began firing at them, and ten baggage animals were killed even before the start was made from camp. General Westmacott himself remained all day with the rearguard, personally directing the operations. About seventy men were killed and wounded; but, as the enemy frequently exposed themselves in trying to get to close quarters, their losses were much heavier. On the 14th, after another prolonged rearguard fight, Barkai was reached at last. During the march of the 13th the signallers had established communication with General Hammond's column, which was making its way up the valley from Fort Bara, unopposed by the tribesmen. At five in the afternoon of the 14th Sir William Lockhart and General Hammond met near Barkai.



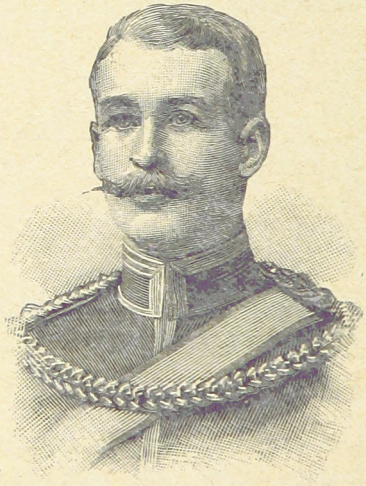
MOSQUE OF THE MULLAH SAID AKBAR, BLOWN UP BY GENERAL HART.

General Symons's division, forming the other half of the Tirah Field Force, had reached the same neighbourhood by way of the Mastura and Waran Valleys, its two brigades marching independently. General Hart had some fighting on the way with the Aka Khels in the Waran Valley, and had the satisfaction of taking and blowing up the house of the Mullah Said Akbar, one of the chief instigators of the rising. In his march over the Sapri Pass the baggage

was overtaken by darkness on the mountain road; but, though the tribesmen were firing from the hills, General Hart brought the long baggage train in without losing a single load, by using the happy expedient of lighting bonfires at intervals along the track. The two divisions of Sir William Lockhart's force and Hammond's column were then marched down to Fort Bara, where the whole army, concentrated on British territory, enjoyed a well-earned rest. The continual losses in action, the still heavier drain on the regiments by death and sickness, had reduced every battalion and unit in the force to a mere fragment of what it had been when the advance into the Orakzai and Afridi country began.

The Reserve Brigade at Rawul Pindi was broken up, and some of the battalions that had suffered most severely at the front were sent back and replaced by others drawn from the reserve. Thus the Dorsets were relieved by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and the Northamptons by the Highland Light Infantry. The Devons were also sent back from Fort Bara.

Among those who lost their lives by sickness was General Yeatman-Biggs. He had been in bad health almost from the outset; and we have seen how he directed the attack on Dargai from his camp-bed on the ridge behind the fighting line. Sir William Lockhart had more than once urged him to leave the front, but he had stayed on, anxious to retain the command of his division till the operations were completed. At Fort Bara he resigned the command and started for Calcutta; but he could only go as far as Peshawur, where he died on January 4th. In a General Order addressed to the Indian army, the Commander-in-Chief summed up his long record of service in China, in South Africa, in Egypt, and on the North-West Frontier, and expressed the regret of the army for "the premature death of this gallant and distinguished officer"



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND BATTYE.
(Photo: Stanley & Co., Gloucester Road, S.W.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE BAZAR VALLEY AND THE KHYBER.

ALTHOUGH Sir William Lockhart's force had marched through the hitherto unknown valleys of Tirah, destroying the towers of every village stronghold and burning or carrying off the stores of grain and forage found in the houses, the northern section of the Afridis, chiefly represented by the powerful Zakka Khel clan, refused to admit they were beaten and to make submission. It may even be that they considered themselves the victors in the last stage of the campaign—that terrible march down the Bara River Valley, during which the invaders had been day after day in retreat under the fire of their rifles.

The greater part of the Zakka Khel were believed to have taken refuge in their usual winter quarters, the Bara Valley. The Afridis round the Khyber had withdrawn to the higher hill fastnesses near the Pass, where they could find shelter in the numerous caves. Sir William Lockhart decided that his next operations should be the reoccupation of the deserted Khyber forts and a march into the Bazar Valley. The former task was assigned to General Hammond and the Peshawur column ; the latter to General Symons and the First Division of the Tirah Expeditionary Force, made up of Hart's and Gaselee's brigades. The troops were ordered to concentrate at Fort Jamrud. Hammond and Symons were to move together as far as Ali Musjid, where it was thought that the enemy might assemble and make a stand.

The concentration of the troops at Fort Jamrud was completed on December 17th. Next day General Hammond went out to Fort Maude with a strong escort to reconnoitre the Pass. Fort Maude was deserted, everything movable had been looted, and the floors and woodwork burned. From this point Ali Musjid was clearly in sight. It appeared to be also abandoned by the Afridis after being seriously damaged. Not a soul was in sight in the Pass. The poles of the telegraph were standing along the mountain road, but the wires had been taken away and probably cut and hammered into slugs.

The advance did not begin till the 23rd, when the Peshawur column marched from Jamrud to Ali Musjid. No military precautions were neglected, but all day not an Afridi was seen, not a shot was fired. The 9th Goorkhas occupied the deserted fort, and the column camped to the east of it on the lower slopes of the hills and the level ground near the river. "Considerable damage had been done to Fort Ali Musjid," wrote the *Pioneer* correspondent, "but the outer walls were not so seriously damaged as appeared at first sight, the breaches made in the front wall, as seen from below, being those made in the original wall (which had never been rebuilt) by our guns in 1878. Inside, however, everything was dismantled, all the woodwork burned, all the roofs fallen in, and nothing left standing but blackened crumbling walls. In one room the concrete floor had been picked up to uncover an old well-shaped excavation, which had, previous to our occupation of the Khyber, been used as a magazine. It had been covered in by us because a child had accidentally fallen in and been killed; but the wily Afridi, evidently thinking it was likely to contain something of value, had gone for it at once, only to find it empty. Besides the fort, there are circular blockhouses on the commanding points near at hand ; these are entered from the outside by a ladder, which leads to a platform raised some four feet from the ground, and the walls are loopholed at a convenient height above the platform. These blockhouses had also been dismantled and the doors and platforms burned, so that the pickets sent up to occupy them found the loopholes out of all reach and had to bivouac outside."

Next day (Christmas Eve) General Symons's two brigades moved out from Fort Maude and encamped near the deserted village of Lala Cheena, about half-way up to Fort Ali Musjid. While they marched up, a detachment from the Peshawur column held the heights commanding their line of march ; and, before they arrived, General Hammond's Engineers had visited Lala Cheena and blown up its loopholed towers. This day, again, no enemy was seen. The night of Christmas Eve was passed, in bitterly cold weather, in the mouth of the Khyber Pass ;

and, to add to the general discomfort, Afridi "snipers" fired into the camp. On the morning of Christmas Day General Symons marched his division westwards into the Bazar Valley.

The evening before Sir William Lockhart had come up to the front from Peshawur. With him came, as his guest, another distinguished Indian soldier bearing an historic name, the veteran Sir Henry Havelock-Allan. The son of the Havelock of Mutiny days, Sir Henry had served on his father's staff in the relief of Lucknow, and he had won the Victoria Cross at Cawnpore. He had come out to India to secure an inquiry into unfounded charges that had been made in the press against a distinguished regiment of which he was titular colonel, and he wished to see something of the fighting on the frontier.

The advance into the Bazar Valley was made in two columns. Sir William Lockhart accompanied the left column, made up of the 2nd Brigade (General Gaselee's) and a portion of the divisional troops. General Symons went with the right column, consisting of the 1st (General Hart's) Brigade. Danger was anticipated chiefly on the right; and, to protect that flank, General Hammond sent forward into the hills from Ali Musjid detachments of the Oxfordshire Regiment, the 9th Goorkhas, and the 45th Sikhs, with four mountain guns. The general was in personal command of this flank guard. There was a sharp skirmish on the extreme right, where a company of the Sikhs came in contact with a party of about thirty Afridis, and drove them off, losing one man killed and three wounded in the little fight. Hammond pushed his advanced guard on to the village of Alachi, in the Pass up which the right column was coming. His engineers blew up the village towers. Some shots were fired from the hills near the place, but no one was hit.

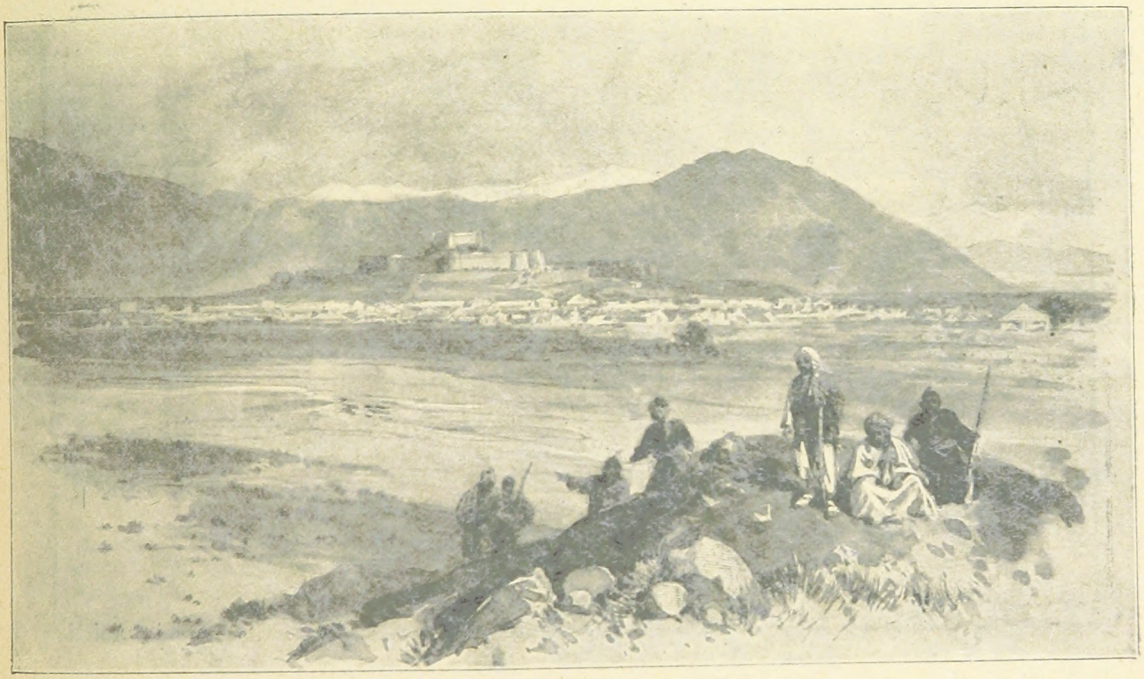
Notwithstanding this efficient help, General Symons's column made very little progress, and passed a very unpleasant Christmas Day. In the first stage of the march from Lala Cheena, which lay along the Khyber road, it became hopelessly blocked in a mass of camel transport going up the Pass. Then, when it turned westward into the Alachi Pass, the hill track proved to be much more difficult than had been reported. The troops, and the long transport train that accompanied them, zigzagged slowly up the steep slopes, and when night fell they were still far from their intended camping ground near Alachi, and had to bivouac where they halted, many of the men without their great-coats and blankets. They were glad to be able to huddle round the camp fires, the presence of Hammond's flankers on the hills keeping the Afridis from "sniping" the camp.

On the same day Sir William Lockhart, with the left column, had an easy march of eight miles over the Chora Pass to Chora village, during which no enemy came in sight. Next day he marched eleven miles more to the village of Cheena. The Afridis made no opposition to the advance, but harassed the rearguard with continually skirmishing, in which two men were killed and four wounded. The enemy were supposed to have lost more heavily; but, as they invariably carried off their dead and wounded, estimates of their loss were the merest guesswork. On the 27th the towers of Cheena were destroyed. During the day the Afridis fired on the outposts, but were easily driven off, one of their mullahs being killed while encouraging the tribesmen to attack the pickets.

Meanwhile General Symons, with the right column, had crossed the Alachi Pass, and reaching Karamna village, skirmishing all the way, had turned to the southwards, and on the 27th occupied Burg, a village five miles from Cheena, and about half-way between it and the Chora Pass. The two brigades were thus close together on the same line of advance. The 1st Brigade, after destroying the towers of Cheena, the last place of importance in the upper part of the valley, was retiring towards Burg and Chora. To cover this movement General Symons sent out the Royal Sussex Regiment to hold the heights on the left of the line of retreat with a line of pickets. While engaged in this duty, and while subsequently returning to camp, the Sussex men were persistently attacked by a party of Afridis, about two hundred strong. The firing went on in desultory fashion for nearly three hours, but only one officer was wounded, and three men killed and three wounded.

That evening General Symons was informed that the Afridis had reoccupied Karamna, under the impression that the troops would not return by that way. In the hope of surprising the enemy, and forcing them to fight, he sent off General Hart, with part of the brigade, before sunrise on the 28th. Marching in the darkness, in a driving rain storm, it was expected that the column would reach Karamna before the enemy even knew they were on the way, but the tribesmen had somehow got warning of the coming danger, and the village was found deserted.

Sir William Lockhart and Gaselee's brigade were by this time well on their way back to the Chora Pass. The other column was to return, as it had come, by the Alachi. Before withdrawing, General Symons blew up the towers of Burg and Karamna. While this was being done an unfortunate accident occurred. Lieutenant Tonge, R.E., had placed two charges under one of the towers. One of them exploded, and after waiting awhile, and deciding that the second fuse had failed, the lieutenant went up the tower, accompanied by a native sapper. Just as he reached it the other charge exploded, and he and his companion were buried in the ruins and both killed.

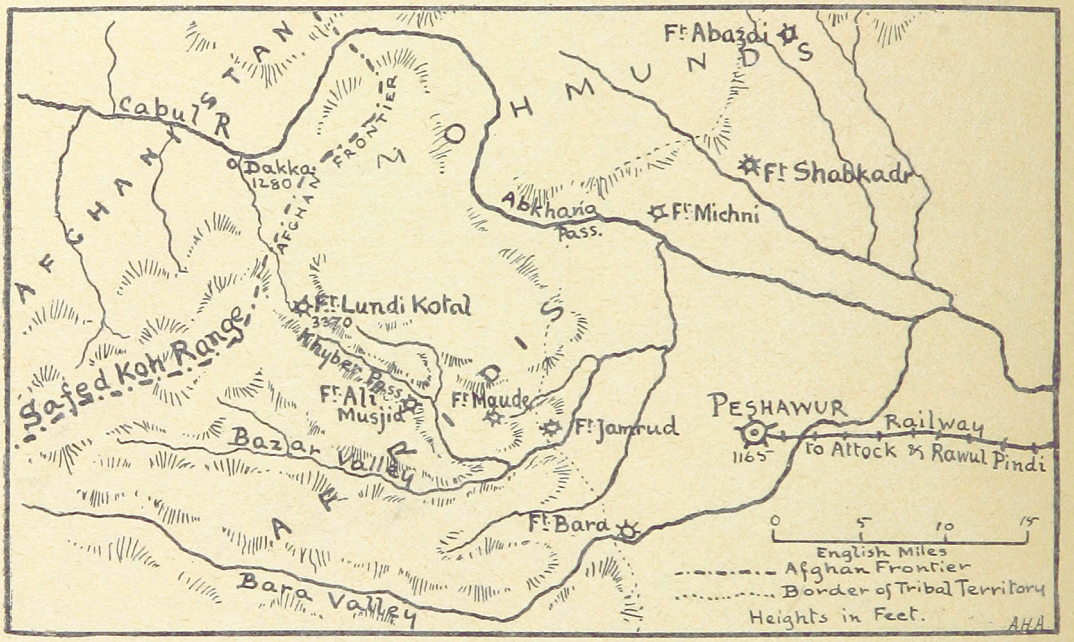


FORT JAMRUD, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS.

"The subsequent withdrawal of the force from Burg up a steep ravine" (wrote the correspondent of the *Pioneer*) "was an extremely difficult operation. The pickets on the hill-tops reported the enemy in force on the south of the camp; and the rearguard, consisting of the Royal Sussex and the 21st Madras Pioneers, the latter in the rear, were heavily engaged for several hours. The great difficulty was to get the pickets down safely. There were ten of them, all pinnacled on steep, rocky hills, and Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. W. Cafe, who commanded the rearguard, managed the operation admirably. The more distant pickets were brought down and passed up the ravine, and the others followed in their turn. The Afridis followed closely and persistently, and approached within a hundred yards of the Madras Pioneers, thus giving our men a much better chance than usual, and many were seen to fall. Our losses were two men of the Royal Sussex severely wounded, and one of the Madras Pioneers killed, four severely and one slightly wounded. On the 29th the First Brigade returned to Ali Musjid. The withdrawal was closely and boldly followed by the Afridis, who in places got quite near, being aided by clouds on the hills. They followed the rearguard for six miles, and shot well. Our casualties were six men of the Derbyshire Regiment severely wounded and three other men slightly wounded; one rifleman of the 1st Goorkhas dangerously wounded. Several of the casualties occurred in withdrawing the pickets from the hills round Karamna camp. They were all eventually passed through the strong rearguard placed in position at the exit of the camp. The baggage was all sent on ahead, and the operation of the withdrawal was skilfully executed, the troops supporting each other admirably. Brigadier-General Hart himself came in with the last company. The transport did very well, not one load being lost."

In its retirement over the Chora Pass to Fort

Jamrud the other column had also been engaged with the enemy, and had lost twelve men. On December 30th the whole division had again assembled at the mouth of the Khyber Pass. The Christmas week campaign in the Bazar Valley, from which so much had been expected, had, on the whole, been a disappointing business. It had been expected that the Afridis would be met in force in this their winter home, that they would be forced to give battle, and would suffer a defeat that would at last induce them to sue for terms. But no large force of the enemy had been encountered. They had avoided anything like an engagement in the open, and had withdrawn before the advance only to harass the retreat up to the very entrances of the valley. Their village towers had been destroyed, but they had succeeded in hiding their stores in the mountain caves, and had kept their cattle out of the reach of the invaders. At the end of a week of desultory skirmishes they were as defiant and as full of fight as ever.



MAP OF THE KHYBER PASS, SHOWING THE BORDER FORTS NEAR PESHAWUR.

While the First Division had been making this raid into the Bazar Valley, General Hammond with the Peshawur column had been completing the reoccupation of the Khyber Pass. After protecting the flank of General Symons's advance over the Alachi Pass on Christmas Day, Hammond returned to Fort Ali Musjid, and on the next day (December 26th) he marched up the Khyber to reoccupy the fort at Lundi Kotal, the crest of the Pass. Lundi Kotal had been captured by the Afridis, and had thus been in the possession of the enemy for four clear months, during which all the trade of the Khyber had been at a standstill. During this time thousands of tons of goods, including machinery and material for the Amir's arsenals at Kabul, had been accumulating at Peshawur. It is difficult to understand why so important a highway of trade was left so long in undisputed possession of a revolted tribe. Outspoken critics have not hesitated to denounce the fact as a lasting disgrace to the Indian Government, entailing a permanent loss of prestige on the frontier. Now at last, when the column moved up the Pass in battle array, it was found that there was no enemy to dispute possession. The tribesmen had plundered and burned the buildings of Lundi Kotal, and then abandoned the ruins. Only the blackened walls were standing. The roofs and every bit of woodwork were gone. Some empty ammunition boxes were found near the fort. The house of Captain Barton, the political officer in charge of the Khyber, was a roofless ruin. Some of his papers and a few pieces of furniture were found here and there by parties which visited the neighbouring mountain villages. But all the best of the loot had been carried away to a safe distance.

Captain Barton, who knew the district thoroughly, was with the column. By native messengers he sent offers of terms to the tribes round the Pass. The Zakka Khel, the most powerful and warlike, gave no answer. Another local tribe, the Shinwaris, expressed a willingness to surrender, and Barton so far trusted them as to accept their offer to guard the high hills north of the Lundi Kotal camp and prevent heir kinsmen, the Zakka Khel, from "sniping" at night.

Sir William Lockhart had had an idea, afterwards abandoned, of bringing the First Division out of the Bazar Valley by the Bori Pass, a lateral defile which runs northwards out of the valley and meets the Khyber route near Lundi Kotal. On December 27th General Hammond pushed a strong reconnaissance from the Kotal towards the Bori Pass. He took with him a field battery of the Royal Artillery, four mountain guns, and the 9th Goorkhas. In the narrow valley leading up to the Pass stand a group of villages belonging to a small tribe of Afridis, the Sadu Khel. These men had so far kept the peace, but on the approach of the column they sent the general a characteristic message. Fighting is so much a part of the every-day life of these frontier tribes that they felt their honour involved in allowing armed strangers to pass by their villages without making at least some show of resistance. So the chiefs sent down word that they did not want to fight, and that they had only 400 fighting men with them, but that, nevertheless, if the column came too near their villages the troops would be fired on. General Hammond answered this defiance by unlimbering the field battery and forming the Goorkhas for attack. Two companies worked round the flanks of the groups of villages and seized heights which commanded the ground held by the Sadu Khel, and then the column advanced. Under the muzzles of the cannon and rifles the tribesmen realised that they had to contend with an overwhelming force, and the march was continued without molestation. But it was found that a few miles further on the Pass contracted till it became a steep and narrow path where even a loaded mule could not go, and even men on foot could only move in single file. This track was overhung by precipitous cliffs, so General Hammond withdrew to Lundi Kotal, and reported that it was impossible to march a brigade either into or out of the Bazar Valley by the Bori Pass. In the following night the Zakka Khel Afridis gave a practical proof that they had yet no idea of surrender by shooting a Goorkha sentinel at the camp, and throwing down nearly five miles of telegraph posts in the Khyber Pass and carrying off the wire, which had just been re-erected to connect Lundi Kotal with Ali Musjid and Peshawur. On the 28th the weather was so cold and wet that Hammond's troops were given a rest in camp, but on the following days they went out in small parties to collect forage, destroy village towers, and guard the convoys of supplies coming up the Khyber and the sappers who were relaying the wire. There was continual skirmishing, adding daily a few more to the long list of casualties, and the wire laid in the daytime was so certain to be cut and carried off in the dark that after a couple of attempts all idea of keeping the telegraph working was for the time abandoned.

On December 30th—the same day that saw the complete retirement of the First Division from the Bazar Valley—the losses in the ill-omened Khyber were exceptionally heavy, and the day was marked by a singularly tragic event. The Oxfordshire Light Infantry, who had only lately been sent to the front, and were having their first experience of mountain warfare, were the chief sufferers. They had been on picket duty during the day, protecting the march of an unloaded convoy down the Pass. Towards evening, as the convoy was safe through, they received orders to retire to camp. They assembled near a ruined Buddhist tomb, and were beginning their retirement from it, under the cover of an extended line of skirmishers, when they were fired into at close range from the rocks. Three men fell wounded; two, less severely injured, were sent back to the medical officer; the third had his wound bandaged under fire by the colonel, and the party then continued their slow retreat, carrying the injured man, and replying to the fire of the Afridis. While thus engaged another man, Corporal Bell, was shot dead, and his body was carried along by the survivors. They went along the bed of a mountain torrent, and for a few minutes this gave them cover, but they had to come out again into the open.

Here Private Butler was hit in the leg, and Captain Parr and Lieutenant Carter having dressed his wound, the last-named officer took him on his back and carried him across the exposed bit of ground; but in the middle of this Private Butler was again hit, and killed, Carter being knocked over by the force of the blow. Lieutenant Fielden came to the rescue,

and both officers got him under cover; while Colonel Plowden and Lieutenant Owen carried Bell's corpse across the dangerous bit, and were both wounded in doing so. The whole party then took refuge in the bed of the watercourse or nullah, but they soon realised by their increasing losses that it gave them very imperfect cover against the Afridi fire, which now came from the higher ground. Colonel Plowden was here joined by twenty men of the Inniskillings and a weak company of the 9th Goorkhas, who had also been out picketing the Pass, and were now retiring. With these troops and his own men he occupied a number of ruined houses and kept the enemy at bay. But to retire through the broken ground, carrying the dead and wounded, would have been to risk serious loss, unless there was larger force available to cover the retreat. The colonel had his charger with him in the nullah. He mounted one of the buglers on the horse and bade the young fellow gallop back to Lundi Kotal with a note asking General Hammond for reinforcements. The plucky messenger got through without being hit. Just before sunset the general received the message, and at once came out with a strong detachment and brought the Oxfords and their comrades in. They had lost seventeen men in all, of whom three were killed on the spot and ten subsequently died of their wounds.

FORT ALI MUSJID.

On the same day the pickets round Ali Musjid were fired upon. The Afridis seem to have been on the war-path in almost every part of the Khyber during the day. On the 28th Sir Henry Havelock-Allan had, with Sir William Lockhart's permission, left the camp at Lala Cheena to ride up the Pass to Lundi Kotal.

Knowing his venturous disposition, Sir William, at parting, had impressed upon him the advisability of always remaining close to the escort provided for his protection. Havelock-Allan spent the 29th with General Hammond at the Kotal Camp, and on the 30th he and his escort rode down the pass, the first part of the journey being safely made under the protection of the pickets placed on the hills to guard the route for the convoys. Ali Musjid was passed in safety, and the party continued the journey, riding on towards Fort Jamrud.

Ali Musjid having been passed, and the party being all but clear of the Khyber and on British ground, Sir Henry apparently thought all danger was over. He was a man who chafed at precautions, and his horse had for some time been eager for a gallop. On a bit of level ground he let the charger go, and a winding of the road soon put him out of sight of the escort. They expected to see him again in a few minutes. But as they rode on they saw nothing of him, and noticed that the track of his horse's hoofprints had diverged from the road, and was lost among the broken ground at the side of it.

Eventually, after much searching, Sir Henry was found half seated, half lying, on the ground under a large tree. He was dead, killed by a long-ranging rifle bullet fired by some Afridi sharp-shooter in the hills. The horse had disappeared. It was a tragic ending to a distinguished career.

GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, V.C.
(*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*)

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOSING OPERATIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

ON December 31st, on account of the increasing activity of the enemy in the Khyber, Sir William Lockhart brought the First Brigade up to Ali Musjid from Fort Jamrud, and sent the 4th Goorkhas and the 45th Sikhs up the Pass to Lundi Kotal to reinforce General Hammond. As a result of this display of force things became quieter in the Khyber, and there were even reports that the Zakka Khel Afridis were at last becoming weary of the long campaign, and anxious to get back to their villages before the spring. Thus the first four weeks of the New Year passed, with news of occasional "sniping," and of attempts to open negotiations with the chiefs. The outlook for peace was considered hopeful, and it was with a shock of surprise that at the end of January England heard the news of another disastrous day on the Khyber border. The Second Division, now under the command of Sir Power Palmer, had been resting in its camps at Mamanai and Fort Bara. The authorities had resolved to use it for a raid, the object of which was the capture of a large quantity of sheep and cattle that the Afridis had so far succeeded in keeping out of reach. It was now reported that sheep and cattle of the tribes who had taken refuge in the range between the Bazar and Bara Valleys were every day driven down to pasture on the Kajurai Plain, a bit of level ground at the end of the range, and inclosed by its spurs on west, north, and south. They were driven back to their hiding-places each evening. It was proposed to march out four columns, two supplied by the Second Division and two from the First, on the morning of January 29th. It was calculated that while three of these columns seized the spurs and passes on the other sides of the Kajurai Plain, the fourth, moving out from Fort Bara, would close its eastern opening, march on to it, and secure the prize, or as much of it as had not fallen into the hands of the other columns when the herdsmen tried to withdraw it.

It was supposed that the secret of the plan was well kept, and that the surprise would be complete. But somehow the plan had become known to the enemy. General Symons's column from Forts Jamrud and Ali Musjid, though they did twenty miles of stiff mountain marching, saw neither sheep, cow, nor man belonging to the Afridi tribes. The column from Fort Bara, though it moved straight on to the Kajurai Plain, had the same experience. But the fourth column, supplied by General Westmacott's brigade, met not the cattle but their owners, and had a hard fight at the pass of Shin Kamar.

The pass leads westward into the hills from the plain, and the column sent to seize it was commanded by Colonel Seppings, of the Yorkshire Light Infantry. He had with him, besides his own regiment, 200 men of the 36th Sikhs, under Colonel Haughton, and two mountain guns. As the column advanced to seize the pass there was hardly a sign of opposition, only the sight of an Afridi scout moving among the rocks, or an occasional long-ranging shot from the hillside. But the Afridis were playing their usual game. As soon as it was found that the plan of seizing the cattle had come to nothing, and the retirement down the pass began, the tribesmen commenced a vigorous attack. Colonel Haughton had gone over the pass with some of his men to examine some caves. He was coming back, but had not yet got over the crest, when by some mistake a picket of the Sikhs, holding a knoll commanding the pass, was withdrawn. Instantly the Afridis seized it. Haughton would have had to pass under their rifles at close range if the knoll were left to them, so two companies of the Yorkshiremen were sent up to recapture it, and did it in fine style, though it was their first day under fire.

But when they won the knoll they found that the enemy held in force a ridge about 150 yards beyond it, from which they poured in a deadly rifle fire. With both their officers down, and several men killed and wounded, the Yorkshires faced the fire from the enemy, who was under cover on higher ground. Haughton had now fallen back to the crest of the pass, just below

the knoll. He was attacked by a large force of Afridis. Another knoll to the east of the crest, and on his right, was held by a third company of the Yorkshires. Word was now sent up to the knoll on the left for the companies to retire, when the Sikhs and the other company could follow them down. But they replied that they could not move without help, they had so many men dead or wounded to carry with them. So Haughton determined to hold the crest of the pass till Seppings could send up further support; otherwise the two Yorkshire companies must be destroyed. Outnumbered, pressed by the advancing enemy, who was now coming to close quarters, Haughton and the Sikhs made a gallant fight. His adjutant, Turing, was with him, and some of the Yorkshiremen had joined the little party. It was Colonel Haughton's last battle. By a stroke of ill-fortune the veteran, whose courage, coolness and resource had been the admiration of all during the Tirah campaign, fell in this the last hard fight on the border.

"All fought well," wrote an officer who was present to Colonel Hutchinson. "Haughton and Turing died like heroes. Haughton, apparently, went forward with half a dozen men to see what was going on on the left, and how he could best help the Yorkshires. Turing followed with a couple of Sikhs. One of these was killed by his side, and as men were dropping fast, and the enemy getting close, Turing proposed a charge, but was almost immediately shot dead. Haughton was himself using a rifle at this time to keep the enemy in check. He evidently saw it was no use, for turning to a Yorkshireman near him, he said, 'We will fire a few more shots, then charge, and die like men!' He fired five times, and then fell, shot through the head. A better and a braver man never lived."

Reinforcements now came up under Major Earle of the Yorkshires, and the crest and the knolls were evacuated, some of the dead and all wounded being carried back. There was close fighting still to keep the Afridis at bay, so close that the officers were using their revolvers. Besides Haughton and Turing, Lieutenants Walker and Dowdall, who had led the Yorkshires in the recapture of the knoll, were killed. Lieutenant Hughes, of the same regiment, was killed in the retirement, and Major Earle, Captain Marrable, and Lieutenant Hall were wounded. The total loss was fifty-nine, of whom twenty-seven were killed and thirty-two wounded. As it left the pass the column was met by General Westmacott with reinforcements, and these secured it from further molestation.

There were grave fears that this unfortunate day's work would put an end to the negotiations in progress with the Afridis and encourage their chiefs to further resistance. On the 31st, however, when Westmacott revisited Shin Kamar with a strong column to bring in the bodies of the dead, and twenty-two of them were brought back, the enemy made no opposition to the advance, and only tried in a half-hearted way to interfere with the retirement. There were very few casualties.

But up to this (January 31st) the losses on the border had passed 1,100 killed and wounded, besides the heavier losses through sickness. No one wanted another campaign in the spring. The tribes were more weary of war than the British-Indian army was. Through February and March the negotiations dragged on, while the Afridis were blockaded in their hills. At last the head-men came in and submitted to the Government terms, made as light as possible in order not to drive so dangerous an enemy to exasperation. On April 4th Sir William Lockhart relinquished the command of the Tirah force in a General Order, in which he praised, as they deserved, the excellent spirit and patient endurance of all ranks. The submission of the tribes was largely due to Sir William's own personal influence on the border. Not the least striking feature of the day of his departure from Peshawur was the demonstration in his honour by a number of the tribesmen who had come into the city from the adjacent passes. They cheered the general to the echo, and if they had been permitted they would have taken him from his carriage and carried him shoulder high.

In telling the story of the Indian frontier campaigns of 1897–98 it is not possible strictly to observe the exact order of time, and some minor operations which took place on other parts of the border during the Tirah campaign may now be briefly referred to. Towards the end of November, while the operations in Tirah were still in progress, a portion of Sir Bindon Blood's force was despatched into the Utman Khel country to the west of the Malakand Pass. The column was commanded by Colonel A. J. F. Reid, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. The Utman Khel had taken part in the attack on the Malakand, and, though not actively hostile, were hesitating about making their submission. Reid's column made its way through their country without encountering any

opposition. A considerable amount of new ground was surveyed, and the various sections of the tribe submitted to the terms imposed on them, the chief features of which were, as usual, the payment of a fine and the surrender of a certain number of rifles.

Early in January, after the withdrawal of Sir William Lockhart's army from Tirah, Sir Bindon Blood himself conducted a large force into the country of the Bunerwals. At the end of December an ultimatum was sent to the Buner men and to a number of smaller clans who had acted with them in the attack on the Malakand and in the fight at Landaki. It called on them to send a deputation to make formal submission at Maidan, to restore all Government property, and to hand over with it a certain quantity of rifles and rupees. The force which Sir Bindon Blood concentrated to enforce these demands was a division of two brigades, thus composed :—

1st Brigade (General Meiklejohn) : West Kent Regiment, Highland Light Infantry, and 20th and 31st Punjaubis.

2nd Brigade (General Jeffreys) : East Kent Regiment, Guides' Infantry, and 16th and 21st Punjaubis.

Attached to the Division : Four squadrons of cavalry, a field battery, two mountain batteries, and a company of engineers.

Among those who knew the frontier there was much discussion as to what the Buner men would do. The best judges predicted that they would make one fight, to save their honour as warriors, and then submit. This was what happened. The Bunerwals replied to the ultimatum by sending word to all the sections of the tribe, and to the minor clans who were its neighbours, calling on them to guard the passes. A message to the men of the Swat Valley asking their aid met with a refusal. The time of grace allowed by the Government having expired, Sir Bindon Blood's division was concentrated on January 6th, 1898, at Sanghao, at the foot of the Tangao Pass, one of the gateways into Buner. The pass was a gorge about a mile long, up which the road ran to the crest, some 1,800 feet above the valley at Sanghao. The ascent was flanked by steep rocky hillsides. About thirty standards were counted on the sungars at the top of the pass, and the tribesmen were reported to have collected about a thousand men for its defence.

On the 6th, despite the enemy's attempts to interrupt them by rolling down stones, the sappers improved the road to the entrance of the gorge. Next morning the pass was attacked. The batteries began to shell the enemy's position about nine a.m. At noon the frontal attack, composed of the West Kent, the Highland Light Infantry, and the 21st Punjaubis, was sent up the gorge and the slopes on each of it. The 20th Punjaubis had marched at an earlier hour, and were in the hills steadily working round one of the enemy's flanks. Experience in mountain warfare had by this time reduced the capture of a pass to a regular system. There were to be no more Dargais. The fire of the flank attack could be heard as the front attack climbed the pass, fired on from the sungars. The enemy appeared not to have many rifles, and tried to supplement his feeble fire by rolling down stones. A little after one the Punjaubi flankers appeared in possession of a high crest above the pass, and began to descend on to the ridge, firing on the enemy. Immediately all the standards disappeared from the crest, and the pass was won. One man had been hit and wounded in the advance. The enemy, who were stronger than had been expected, mustering about 2,000, had lost only about twenty killed and sixty wounded. They had made no stubborn defence. They had held the pass merely because it would have been against the code of mountain honour to surrender without some show of a fight.

While Sir Bindon Blood was clearing the Tangao Pass, a smaller column under Colonel Adams, V.C., made a diversion by threatening the Umbeyla Pass and the neighbouring defiles on the south side of the Buner country. On the 7th he surprised the Pirsai Pass, and cleared it almost without firing a shot. The division camped that evening in Buner, and in the following days the clans of the district sent in delegates to arrange for their submission. It was a solid gain to have thus exacted in their own country the submission of a tribe that had long boasted of its exploits against the British in the Umbeyla campaign of more than thirty years ago.

The war ended with the winter, in the submission of the most stubborn of the border tribes, the Zakka Khel Afridis. It was nearly nine months since the wave of unrest had broken in insurrection along the border. Had the tribal risings been simultaneous the result might have been still more serious disasters than those which marred the record of victory of the Indian Government in the first stages of the campaign, and disaster on the frontier on a large scale might have thrown the Afghan sword into the scale against England and produced a dangerous

movement in India itself. It was a dangerous crisis. How widespread was the sense of unrest, the zeal for war against the infidel, the hope of victory among the Moslems of Asia, is curiously shown by an event, little noticed at the time, that occurred in the very heart of the continent, in June, 1897, on the eve of the North-West Frontier outbreak. Two companies of Russian infantry were encamped near the town of Andijan in Khokand, away to the north of the Pamirs, when they were suddenly attacked by about a thousand armed natives. They were forced to retreat with a loss of twenty killed and eighteen wounded. No such reverse to the Russian arms, nay, no sign of opposition to the Russian conquest, had been seen in the district for many a year. The Russian Government took a terrible vengeance, dispersed the rebels, and executed some scores of them. They confessed that they had been induced to take up arms by tales of the victories the Sultan had won over the Christians in Europe (an allusion to the Greek war), and by predictions made by their mullahs of a great and successful uprising of Islam all the world over.

The conduct of the North-West Frontier campaign was sharply criticised at home and in India while it was in progress. Some of these criticisms were based on unfounded rumours as to the conduct of this individual or that regiment. There were not many correspondents with the army. There was a feeling that the censorship was being very strictly enforced on these few, some of whom were soldiers actually serving with the expedition, and the public got nervously ready to listen to the wildest rumours as to what was really happening. One at least of the generals, and one gallant regiment, the Royal Irish, were thus made for awhile the victims of baseless calumny, but happily vindicated fully and clearly before long. But after discounting mere camp gossip there seems to be reason to believe that many of the staff appointments, due to personal influence in official circles rather than professional merit, were filled in a way that did not conduce to success in matters of detail, and many good judges hold that the forces employed were too large, the employment of divisions instead of brigades meaning a numerous staff and a heavy baggage train, both of them sources of delay in a mountain march. On one point the campaign of Tirah has led to a useful reform in the Indian army. It was rightly pointed out that whilst Goorkhas and Sikhs from the hill districts were at home in warfare against the tribes of the mountain frontier, most of the men in the British and Indian army had no practical acquaintance with the methods of war on the

DICTATING TERMS OF PEACE TO THE AFRIDI CHIEFS.

rocky hillside. Nor were the officers who had not served on the frontier before the war acquainted with the tactics which their new surroundings made it necessary to substitute for the attack as practised at Aldershot. As the practical result of these considerations a certain number of units in the Indian army have now each year the advantage of peace manœuvres in hilly or mountainous ground. Another class of criticisms evoked by the Frontier War had reference to the terms imposed on the tribes. They were too lenient, it was said by some. The Indian Government should either never have entered their hills, contenting itself with preventing raids on the lower country, or if it entered the mountains it should have made its name a terror for years to come to every tribe that rebelled. The army that entered Tirah, say these critics, should never have left it, but should have kept its flag flying in a fort on every pass, and over a military station in some central point. The tribes, they say, thanks to the leniency of the Government, are biding the time with the pick of their rifles still in hand, having only surrendered the poorest of their modern weapons, and as there is hardly a frontier village that was not raided during the long campaign, every tribe has plenty of blood feuds against the men who now guard the frontier, every feud a lever ready to the mullahs' hands when they preach a new Jehad.

Time will show how far these criticisms are justified. But a year after the close of the campaign the frontier is as peaceful as such a land can be, and more than one incident points to the tribes having accepted their failure, and learned a useful lesson from defeat. In December, 1898, the Mad Mullah, who had roused the Swat tribes to attack the Malakand in 1897, and had taken refuge in Afghanistan after their defeat, returned to the Nepki Valley, north of Chakdara, and preached a new rising. He gathered a small following, and had some skirmishes with the loyal Khan of Dir, but the Swat people, the Bajauris, and the Mohmands all refused to rise at his summons, and after an anxious week, during which reinforcements for the Malakand camps were held in readiness at Rawul Pindi, the Mullah disappeared, making his way back once more to his Afghan hiding-place.

Another incident occurred early in 1899. A small column from Bannu marched out to punish a section of the Darwesh Khel Waziris, who lived at Gomati, near the Afghan border, and had been indulging in acts of petty brigandage. The Waziris held their village, and defied the column to touch them. An attack ended in failure, the light guns that had been brought out not being strong enough to breach the village towers. The column withdrew with loss. A year and a half ago such an incident might well have been the herald of a frontier rising, but now the Waziri outlaws knew they could hope for no support from the rest of their people, and they fled into Afghanistan. A stronger column from Bannu found the place deserted and blew up its towers. Incidents like these seem to warrant the hope that the Frontier War, with all its losses, has at least brought the solid gain of peace on the border for some years to come.

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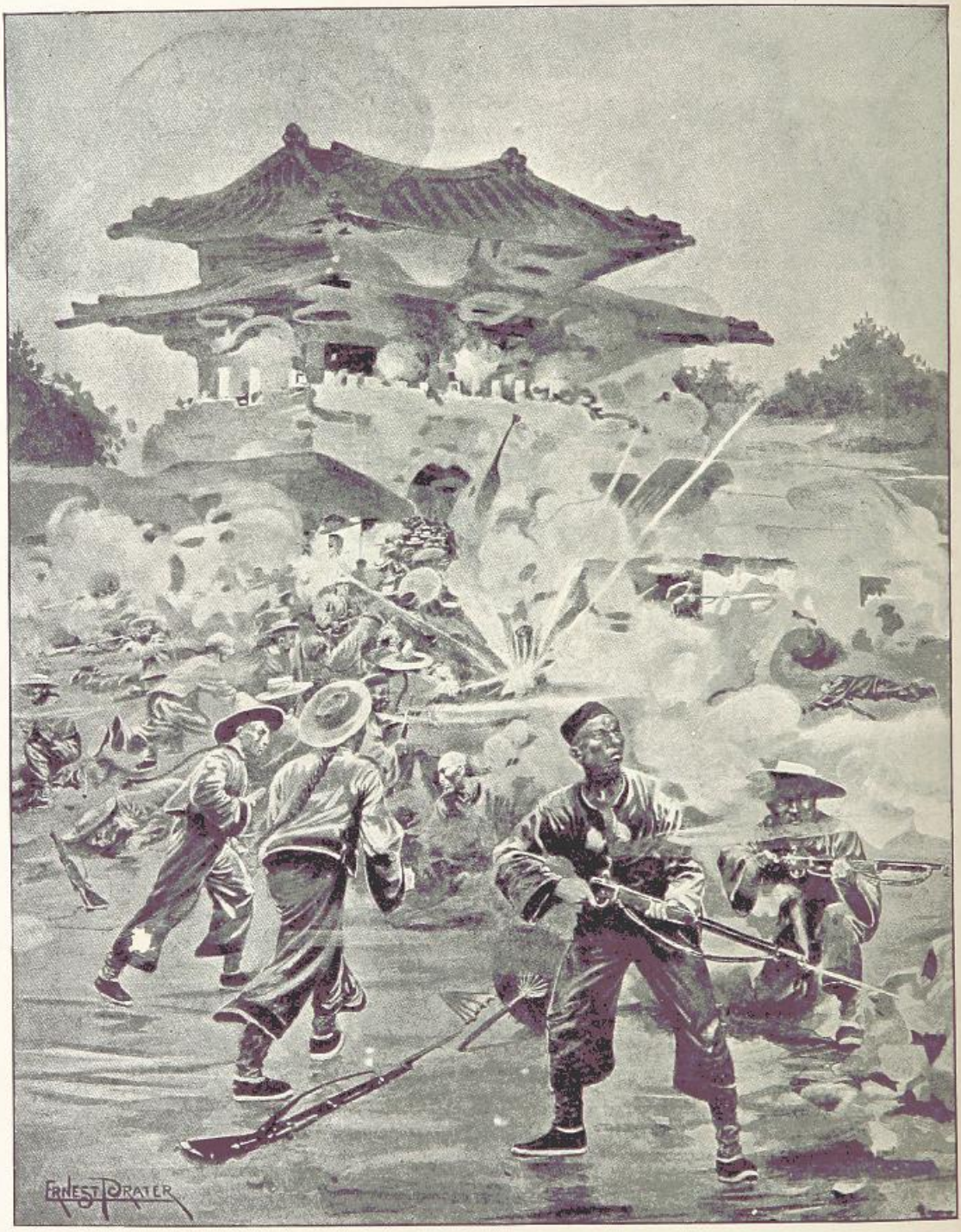
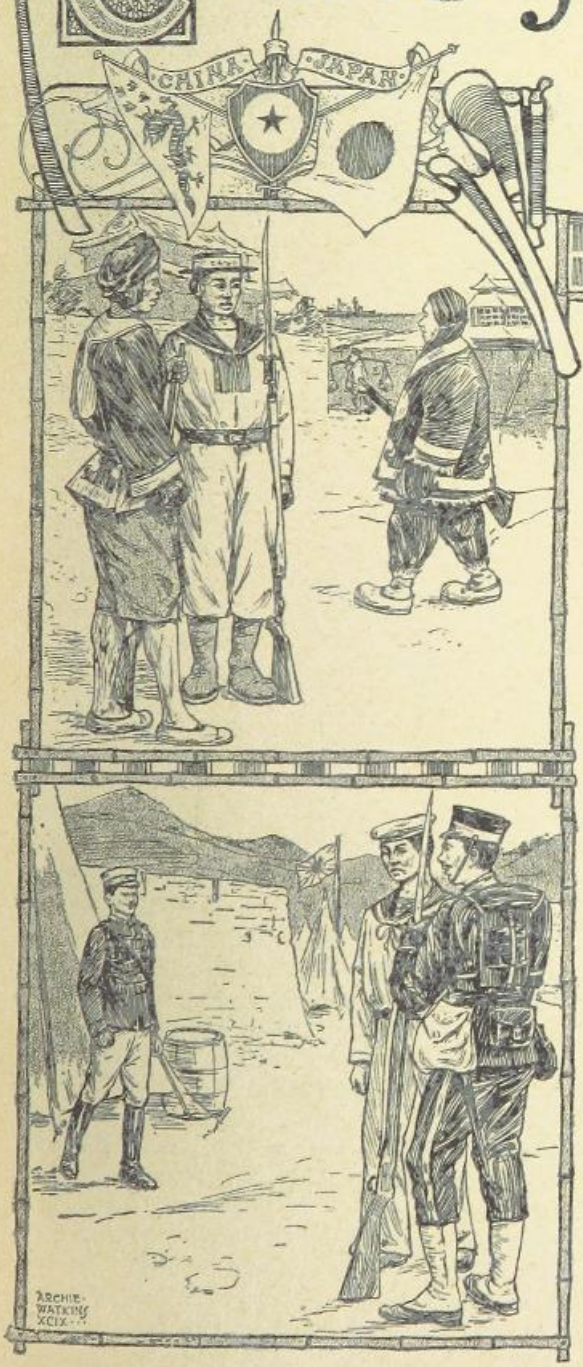


THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR. THE BATTLE OF PING YANG: A STRUGGLE FOR THE OUTLYING FORTS.

THE CHINO-JAPANESE WAR.



CHAPTER I.

THE RIVAL EMPIRES OF THE FAR EAST.

ACCORDING to some political philosophers it is a mark of advanced civilisation to set small store on military glory and to make little account of the mere soldier. If this were so, China would be in an exceptionally forward state of civilisation, and a pioneer of progress among the nations of the world. For strange as it seems to our old-fashioned Western ideas, in China the military class, from generals down to drummer boys, are regarded with something very like contempt. For centuries neither skill at arms, nor what we could call professional knowledge, have been the way to military command. Armies and fleets are intrusted to men who have proved their fitness for such a position only by superior knowledge of the Sacred Books of Confucius, and even to such successful students a military command is only given when the more valuable civil posts of honour have been exhausted in favour of more talented competitors. In fact, it may be said that the higher commands in the army of the Celestial Empire were assigned to the less efficient candidates for the civil service.

Up to our own time one of the chief tests in the specially qualifying examination for military rank has been a competition with bows and arrows. Officers thus selected were put in command of troops recruited from the dregs of the population. The army was supposed to be the natural place for the criminal and the ne'er-do-well. Thus recruited and officered the men were

trained on a system that seemed to belong to the regions of comic opera. There were drill exercises, the object of which was explained to be to teach the warrior to assume an attitude and expression calculated to affright his opponents. A regiment marshalled for battle showed almost as many banner-bearers as armed men. Pikes and halberds, bows and arrows, long smooth-bore muskets and modern breech-loading rifles were issued together from the arsenals. There was no pretence at a commissariat to feed the men, or a medical service to care for the sick and wounded, and reserve ammunition trains were regarded as a useless incumbrance.

LI HUNG CHANG.

In time of peace the army was chiefly a machine for enriching a number of officials. The men's pay either failed to reach them, or suffered such diminution on the way, that in order to live the soldiers had to beg in the streets. Money supposed to be expended on arms and equipments mostly remained in the mandarins' pockets. One method of economising upon it was to purchase sundry obsolete rifles second-hand in Europe for the army, and charge for them at the rate of the newest and best weapons. Another large saving was annually effected by buying only a tithe of the ammunition supposed to be sent into store or issued. It would be no wonder if an army thus organised and thus treated absolutely declined to fight. The only marvel is that it has so often made something like an attempt to fight.

There is, thanks to its long record of defeat, a popular delusion that the Chinese army is made up of cowards. But although in China, a land of many races, there are some which are scantily endowed with warlike qualities, the average Chinaman has a curious contempt for death and suffering, and under competent leadership will fight bravely. The troops who suppressed the Taipings in the 'sixties, under the leadership of Charles Gordon and other European officers, gave ample proof of this. Even under their own mandarins, at the fight on the Peiho River, the Chinese had once, though once only, defeated a British force. These facts alone show that the fault is not in the mere human material of the Chinese armies when they have suffered utter disaster. Gordon's exploits, and the attempts of other Europeans and Americans to organise and train Chinese troops on modern lines, gave rise to the opinion that China was on a fair way to develop into a military, and perhaps a naval, Power in the Far East. The trained troops were few, but it was thought they might become the model for others. Chinese students had been sent to Europe to learn something of civilised methods of warfare. The would-be Bismarck of China, Li Hung Chang, had been endeavouring to form a body of disciplined troops that would secure his own power. English naval officers had done something for the Chinese navy, and ironclads, cruisers, and torpedo boats, built in European dockyards, had replaced the war-junks of forty years ago, and fortresses armed with modern guns had been erected on the Chinese coasts. Optimists who did not look below the surface, who did not realise that every effort at reform had been strangled and stifled by ignorance and peculation, spoke of China as the leading power of the Far East, the possible power that with England as an ally might soon be seen checking the growing power of Russia on the Pacific and in Eastern Asia.

Separated from China by narrow seas lay the island empire of Japan. If the Chinese had a hearty contempt for professional soldiers, they had a still deeper disdain for their Japanese neighbours. The "dwarfs" was the least rude expression by which the hardy little islanders were commonly described. Of all the "outer barbarians," the men of Japan were regarded as the most contemptible. And, indeed, judged by a purely Chinese standard, there was little to be said for the Japanese. Instead of honouring the man of peace and treating with disdain those who wore the sword, the people of Japan had always clung with strange persistency to the old-world prejudice that gives the highest honours to the warrior. For centuries they had been ruled by a class of feudal nobles, soldiers by instinct and hereditary duty. In many a household, even among the comparatively poor, the heirloom handed down from father to son and most prized by all was a sword, with a blade of matchless steel, a hilt adorned with strange and cunning workmanship. There were family traditions of the exploits in which its keen edge had the leading part, and there were swords whose hereditary owners held that they should never be drawn except for action and never be sheathed till they had drunk blood. In the early 'sixties, while Gordon was leading his well-drilled Chinese battalions to victory, and when the mandarins were beginning to import rifled cannon from Europe, the feudal caste still reigned in Japan, and the guards of their moated and palisaded castles still wore strange armour of old-world type and head-pieces made to look terrible with the help of distorted masks and bushy moustaches. Then came the Japanese revolution, and in a twelvemonth the Mikado's Government had cut the country adrift from feudalism and the ancient ways, and the reforming party set earnestly to work to introduce into the island empire of the East the methods and the appliances of the civilised West. A fierce civil war followed, in which the more stubborn of the feudal nobles set themselves to resist the sweeping changes that were so suddenly forced upon them by the more progressive members of their own order. Feudalism fell, not without a struggle, in which deeds were done worthy of the old warrior traditions of the people. The new Japan sprang into being. Of the old some of the best elements remained. The wonderful art of the people of Japan, no longer hidden away in a country from which the foreigner was rigidly excluded, won the admiration of the civilised world. The same painstaking industry and keen intelligence of which it gives evidence was devoted to acquiring the useful arts of civilisation. And the soldier instincts of Old Japan found a new outlet and occupation in learning the arts of war that had made Europeans able to dictate their own terms to the island empire in the troubled years that preceded the revolution.

THE MIKADO IN THE UNIFORM OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.

Thus, while China clung persistently to the old paths, Japan launched out boldly upon new-found ways of thought and action. It was soon perceived that such near neighbours acting on such diverse lines of policy might well come into conflict. But those who were considered to be the best judges of the affairs of the Far East for the most part held that Japan could not for many a long year venture to challenge the opposition of China. Even if war should break out between the two empires, it was anticipated by the experts that, although Japan might win some successes at the outset, the enormous population and latent resources of China would gradually be brought to bear upon the struggle,

and the smaller Power would find itself exhausted by the mere prolongation of the conflict with its giant antagonist. Weight of numbers, the capacity of providing unlimited "food for powder," would in the long run give success to China. Others took even a more sanguine view of China's prospects, and believed that at an early stage of a war with Japan the possession of ironclads would give the Chinese fleet a victory over the Japanese cruisers and enable the mandarins to menace Japan with war on its own coasts.

Causes of conflict were not wanting, and at various times in the quarter of a century that followed the Japanese revolution the two countries found themselves on the brink of war. In 1874 the Japanese, after repeatedly remonstrating with the Court of Pekin on the subject of the injury done to their trade by pirates from Formosa, resolved to protect themselves, and landed a brigade in the island. War seemed inevitable. Japanese troops were encamped on Chinese soil. It was an open defiance. But diplomacy intervened to remove the cause of quarrel. The Chinese Government promised to take effectual steps to deal with the Formosan pirates and wreckers, and the Japanese brigade was withdrawn.

But more serious disputes arose out of the affairs of Korea. This country (known to its natives by the name of "Choson," that is, "the land of the Morning Calm") is a mountainous peninsula, which forms the east side of the Yellow Sea, dividing it from the all but land-locked Sea of Japan. Its northern frontier, where it joins the mainland, touches Chinese territory on its western and Russian ground on its eastern part. Placed thus at the meeting-point of three empires, and with its coasts abounding in creeks and bays opening on two seas, no wonder Korea has been for years the subject of rival ambitions. All but independent, the Korean kingdom was nominally a tributary province of the Chinese Empire, but the link between Pekin and Seoul, the Korean capital, was of the weakest. Long after Japan had renounced its policy of excluding foreigners, Korea clung to its old system of forbidding any stranger to land upon its shores. In the 'sixties, Catholic missionaries from France and their native converts were openly massacred, or put to death on the scaffold. Ships wrecked on the inhospitable coast were plundered, and if their crews escaped from the waves it was only to meet with a worse death at the hands of the Koreans. The Emperor Napoleon III. had sent a small squadron to avenge the murder of his subjects the missionaries, but the gunboats withdrew after bombarding a coast town. An expedition from the United States failed to exact reparation for the looting of a wrecked ship, and the Korean contempt and hatred for the foreigner were further increased by the abortive attempt of an American adventurer to get possession of the treasure supposed to be deposited in the tombs of the Korean kings.

In 1875 some shipwrecked Japanese sailors were murdered on the coast of Korea. Encouraged by its success of the preceding year in Formosa, the Japanese Government took prompt action. A fleet of cruisers and gunboats was despatched to Chemulpo. A brigade of the army was mobilised, and transports were ready to convey it across the sea. A war of conquest in Korea would have been very popular in Japan. The country was anxious to try its new weapons, and history told of earlier victories won in the Korean peninsula, which had been twice overrun by the Japanese, the last time under the dictator of Japan, Taikosama, late in the sixteenth century. But the Court of Seoul surrendered without venturing to put the matter to the ordeal of battle, and a treaty was signed by which Korea not only made reparation for the outrages on the Mikado's subjects, but also opened its ports and cities to Japanese traders. A Japanese embassy was established at Seoul. China naturally asserted its suzerainty by placing a Resident in the same capital. The European nations and the United States entered by the door that Japan had opened for them. The barriers that had stood for centuries were broken down, and commercial treaties opened Korea to the world's trade.

Little settlements of Japanese traders were soon established at Seoul, and in the ports of Chemulpo, Wonsan, and Fusan. Their presence, and an active propaganda which they inspired, led to the formation of a reform party in Korea. This called into action an anti-reform and anti-foreign party, the leading spirits of which were the friends of the queen and the ex-regent Tai-Won-Kun, who had ruled the country in the 'sixties during the boyhood of the king, and had been the author of the cruel persecution of the missionaries and their converts. The reform party had the support of the Japanese, and naturally enough the anti-foreign party were backed up by the Chinese Government.

In 1882 matters came to a crisis, and it looked as if China and Japan were at last to measure

their strength in war. A quarrel between the two parties in the capital led to an outbreak of fierce anti-foreign riots. The Japanese embassy at Seoul was attacked and set on fire, and the ambassador had to fight his way out with his escort. He reached Chemulpo, and escaped to sea in a native junk. War was averted by the good offices of the neutral Powers. China sent a strong force to Chemulpo and Seoul to restore order. The Japanese envoy returned with a stronger escort of Japanese troops to guard his residence, and the Korean Government offered an apology for the disorders, and paid a large indemnity for the damage done.

Two years later there was another and more serious crisis. This time the reform party, under their leader Kim-Ok-Kiun, were the aggressors. They had formed a plot for murdering all the chiefs of the other party during a public dinner, and then proclaiming a progressive Government. The conspirators attacked the house where their opponents were dining, and killed or desperately wounded several of them. During the night Seoul was the scene of a number of street skirmishes, in which the reformers were so successful that in the early morning they seized the palace, and Kim-Ok-Kiun proclaimed a new Government, and sent a message to the Japanese envoy asking him to take the Korean king and his new Ministry under the protection of the Mikado. Part of the escort of the envoy were sent to the palace, but by this time the anti-reform party had recovered from the first shock of the outbreak, and, assisted by the Chinese troops, they marched on the palace, drove off the Japanese guard, and cleared out the reformers. The victorious reactionists then proceeded to the Japanese embassy and set fire to the buildings. The envoy and his guard fought their way out through the crowd, and for the second time escaped to Chemulpo.

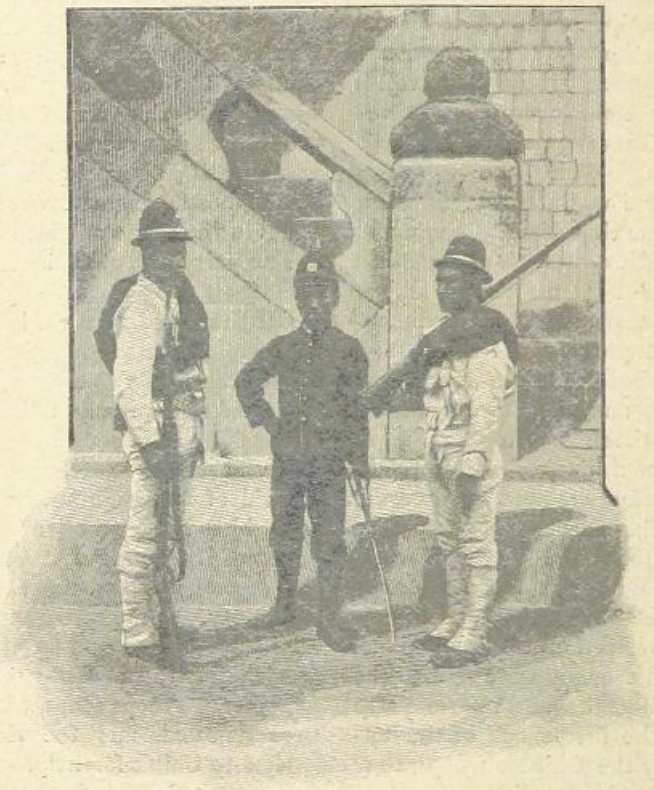
War seemed inevitable, but again diplomacy preserved the peace of the Far East. Korea agreed to make reparation for the attack on the Japanese embassy, and by a treaty signed at Tientsin in April, 1885, China and Japan agreed to withdraw all their soldiers from Seoul. It was further provided that if at any future time either country should find it necessary to send an armed force to protect its interests or its subjects in Korea, the other Power should receive due notice, and be entitled to send an equal force.

For nine years matters were externally peaceful in Korea, but the two parties were still at work. In March, 1894, Kim-Ok-Kiun was murdered at Shanghai by a Korean named Hung, who hinted that he was an envoy of the Government at Seoul. Arrested in the foreign settlement Hung was handed over to the Chinese authorities, who shipped him back to Korea, sending the body of the murdered man with him. At Seoul, Hung was loaded with honours by the Korean king, and the body of his victim was publicly cut to pieces. It was generally suspected that the Chinese and Korean Governments were no strangers to this assassination of the leader of the Korean reformers, and though Kim-Ok-Kiun was himself a political assassin, there was a good deal of hostile feeling evoked against the accomplices in the crime of which he was the victim.

The party in power in Korea had got rid of their most dangerous enemy. By a strange turn of fate they were next put in peril by over-zealous friends. In the south of the peninsula there had existed since 1859 an association known as the Tong-haks, originally religious but afterwards political in its aims. It had developed into a powerful secret society, whose chief object was to get rid of foreign influence in Korea. It was thus bitterly hostile to the European and Japanese traders, but it was also, though in a less degree, opposed to the Chinese claim of suzerainty. In the spring of 1894 the Tong-haks raised an insurrection in the south of Korea, proclaiming the necessity of driving out every foreigner. Troops sent against them from Seoul were defeated, and the King of Korea then applied to China for help. A Chinese squadron was sent to Chemulpo, escorting about 2,000 troops. These were landed at Asan. Japan had been duly informed of these proceedings, and on June 9th Count Otori, the Japanese envoy at Seoul, who had been absent on leave, returned to his post, taking with him as escort some hundreds of marines from a Japanese fleet, which had now reached Chemulpo. On the 5th the Japanese Government had ordered the mobilisation of a force of all arms, under the command of General Oshima, for service in Korea. On the 12th Oshima landed the first part of his brigade at Chemulpo, and next day marched to Seoul and took over the protection of the embassy. Other reinforcements followed, and by the end of June there were seven or eight thousand Japanese troops in and around Seoul. The 2,000 Chinese remained at Asan. The Tong-hak rebellion was in a state of collapse.

The situation was serious. The troops of the rival Powers were camped in Korea, their war-

ships lay off the coast. The Chinese general at Asan had issued a proclamation calling on the rebels to submit, in which he spoke of Korea as the tributary of his Government. The Japanese protested that the old connection between Seoul and Pekin had been swept away by treaties that gave Japan and China equal rights of interference. Acting on methods not unknown to Western diplomacy when seeking for a *casus belli*, Count Otori proceeded to argue that the Tong-hak rebellion was caused by the utter misgovernment of the country, and that in the interest of its own trade and its colonists in Korea, Japan would have to insist on immediate reforms. He handed to the Korean Government a detailed scheme for the reorganisation of the country.



KOREAN SOLDIERS: THE PALACE GUARDS.

On July 18th the Korean Ministers sent a note to Otori, asking for a withdrawal of the large Japanese force then at Seoul, as a necessary prelude to any reforms. The presence of these troops, they said, excited and troubled the minds of the people, and destroyed the independence of the Government. Otori replied that its independence was still more threatened by the Chinese general at Asan, who had talked of Korea as a vassal State. On the 20th he sent an ultimatum to the king. It stated that if the required reforms were not proclaimed in three days Japan would forcibly introduce them. It also suggested the withdrawal of the Chinese troops.

On the evening of July 22nd the Korean Government replied, refusing to submit to dictation, and explaining that the Chinese troops had come to Korea at the king's request, and remained because he desired their presence. Early next morning two Japanese battalions marched out of the camp. It was announced that they were going to attack the Chinese at Asan, but they had not gone far when they changed the direction of their march, surrounded the king's palace, dispersed the Korean guard after a skirmish in which they lost two men killed and five wounded, got possession of the palace, the king, and his household, and then proclaimed that they had marched into Seoul to protect his Majesty from the dictation of an

arrogant faction. Under Japanese guidance a reform Ministry was formed, and the king, now a puppet in Count Otori's hands, decreed the programme of reforms. At the same time this new-made Korean Government requested the Japanese Minister to secure its freedom from interference by expelling the Chinese garrison from Asan. In this way the Japanese obtained a formal sanction for their subsequent proceedings.

Until war was actually proclaimed the diplomatists were busy offering the good offices of European Governments; and optimists, remembering the three previous occasions when China and Japan were on the verge of hostilities, expressed the opinion that peace would be preserved. But the seizure of the Korean Government by the Japanese had made war inevitable. Already on the presentation of the ultimatum at Seoul the Chinese had ordered the despatch of reinforcements to Korea, and the Japanese were mobilising a large field army and collecting transports to convey it to the scene of action. In reality, though not in name, the war began with the march of Oshima's battalions to the palace of Seoul.

VIEW OF A STREET IN SEOUL.

CHAPTER II.

THE AFFAIR OF THE "KOWSHING."

IN the third week of July the Chinese Government had chartered a number of steamers to convey about 11,000 troops from Taku and Port Arthur to Korea. Some 3,000 of them were to be landed at Asan to reinforce the garrison there, and about 8,000 were to land further north and join the armies which were assembling at the Yalu River and had pushed their vanguard on to Ping-yang with a view to an advance on Seoul. The reinforcements for the north reached Korea safely, but it was otherwise with a considerable part of the force destined for Asan.

The *Kowshing*, a British steamer trading in the Chinese seas and commanded by Captain Galsworthy, had left Taku, at the mouth of the Peiho, on the evening of July 23rd with reinforcements for Asan. She had on board 1,100 Chinese troops, twelve guns, a quantity of stores, two Chinese generals, and Major von Hanneken, formerly of the German army, but now in the Chinese service. As war had not yet been declared, it was anticipated that the voyage would be accomplished without any special incident.

"The troops," writes Mr. Tamplin (the chief officer of the *Kowshing*), "behaved generally in a quiet and orderly manner, and seemed to be very happy and contented; but they had apparently very little idea as to how or where they were to be engaged." It was the chief officer's watch from four a.m. to eight a.m. on July 25th. So far all had gone well, and the *Kowshing* was passing through the archipelago of islands that stud the sea off the Bay of Asan. In a few hours the port would be in sight. At half-past seven Tamplin observed a man-of-war rapidly approaching. "She had Japanese naval colours flying," he says, "with a white flag above it. As she neared us, thinking her to be a Japanese man-of-war, and in accordance with our usual custom, the red ensign was hoisted and dipped and hoisted again; but, to our surprise, she took no notice of it, and continued steaming away in a north-east direction."

Major von Hanneken, who watched her from the bridge, thought she was one of the Chinese ironclads. She really was a small Chinese cruiser, the *Tsi-yuen*, of 2,355 tons, carrying three heavy Krupps and nine machine-guns, and having a crew of 180 men. She had just been in action with a Japanese squadron that same morning, near the island of Phung-tao, off Asan Bay. On the 24th the news of the Japanese seizure of the palace at Seoul had reached Asan. The Chinese officers there became naturally anxious about the safety of the transports which were bringing them reinforcements, and Captain Fong, of the *Tsi-yuen*, put to sea to look for them, taking with him a smaller ship, the *Kuang-yi*, a gunboat of 600 tons, armed with three light quick-firers.

In the grey dawn of the 25th the Chinese ships met—scouting among the islands and evidently on the lookout for the transports—three of the swiftest protected cruisers in the Japanese navy, the *Yoshino*, the *Akitsushima*, and the *Naniwa Kan*. Any one of the three far exceeded both the Chinese ships together in size, armament, protection, and the numbers of the crew. As to who fired the first shot the reports are contradictory, each party declaring that it was the other. But whether or not he actually fired first, Captain Fong, with his two weak ships, pluckily engaged the three powerful cruisers. The fight lasted for about an hour. The *Kuang-yi* was so riddled by the Japanese quick-firers that she was run ashore in a sinking condition. The *Tsi-yuen* was terribly damaged by the Japanese fire. One of the first shells from the *Naniwa Kan* penetrated and burst inside the conning tower, wrecking the interior and blowing to pieces the two officers in charge of it. The first lieutenant was sending an order down the speaking tube when the shell burst, and his jaws were found hanging to the mouthpiece of the tube. Another shell entered the turret, killing the gunnery lieutenant and six men, and wounding fourteen others. All the upper works were badly cut up, and the steam steering gear was smashed. The ship was on fire in more than one place, but the flames were extinguished. At last the hopeless fight ended by the Chinese ship heading for Wei-hai-wei,

pursued for awhile by the Japanese cruiser *Yoshino*. The Japanese accounts say that the *Tsi-yuen* got away by pretending to surrender, and the evidence of Mr. Tamplin and Major von Hanneken, to the effect that even some time later when she ran past the *Kowshing* she was flying a white flag and Japanese colours, goes to confirm this report.

Soon after the *Tsi-yuen* passed the *Kowshing*, a small ship under sail was seen coming from the south-west. It was ascertained later that she was an old wooden despatch boat, the *Tsao-kiang*, of the Chinese navy, on the way from Chifu to Chemulpo with despatches. Almost at the same time three large warships appeared coming up from the south-east among the islands. These were the Japanese ships which had so recently been in action.

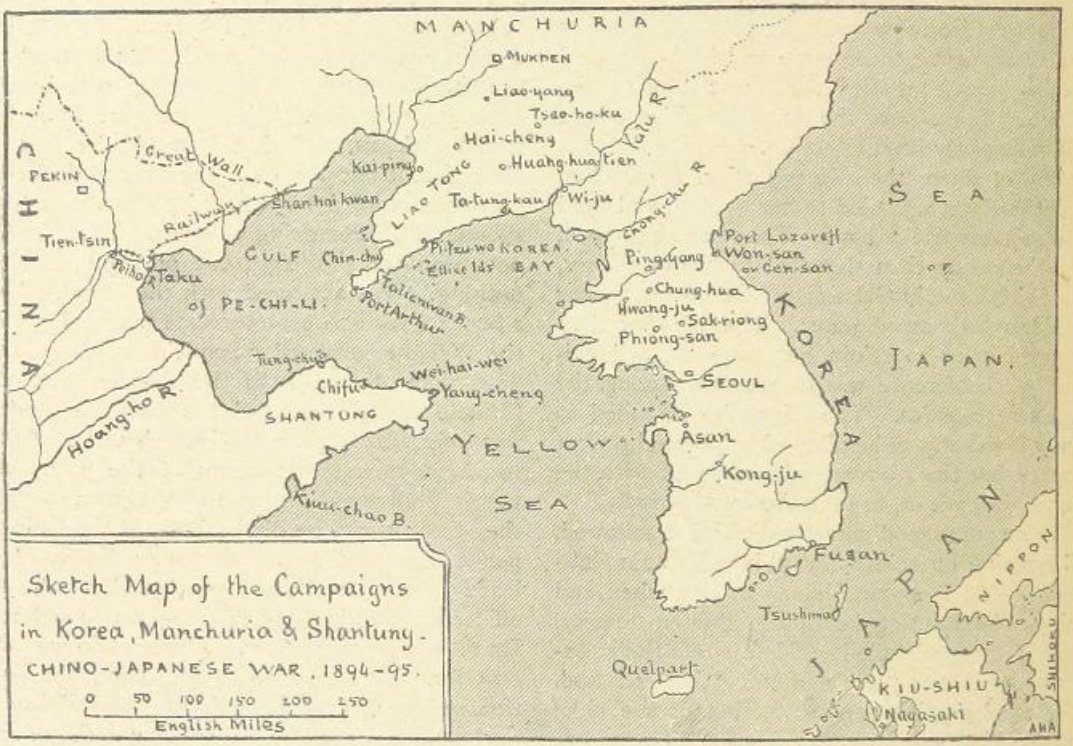
One of them, the *Naniwa Kan*, approached the *Kowshing*, signalled to her to stop, and fired two shots across her bows. The steamer stopped, and the cruiser then signalled to her to anchor, on which Captain Galsworthy let go an anchor in eleven fathoms of water. The *Naniwa* then steamed away to rejoin her consorts, and evidently a conference was in progress among the Japanese captains. The *Kowshing* signalled to know if she was to be allowed to proceed on her voyage, but the *Naniwa* only answered with the signal, "Heave to, or take the consequences."

There are several narratives of what followed, all agreeing on substantial points, Captain Galsworthy, Mr. Tamplin, Major von Hanneken, and others who were on board the ill-fated steamer, having given detailed evidence of their experiences in the judicial inquiry that followed. The most graphic account is that of the chief officer, Mr. Tamplin. He says: "There was much excitement among the Chinese at this time, and arms were got up and ammunition was being served out, and the two generals were very anxious to know what we were signalling. The troops, by the advice of Major von Hanneken, were all ordered below. The men-of-war now separated, and one (the *Naniwa*) approached us, covering us with her guns. She then sent an armed boat's crew alongside with two officers, who came on board and examined the ship's register, and also were informed of the fact that war had not been declared up to the date of our leaving port. After examining our papers, the officer informed the captain that he was to follow the *Naniwa*. The difficulty we were in was explained to the officer, and he was asked to obtain permission from his captain to allow us to return to China. He then returned to his ship for instructions.

"The Chinese generals, on having the orders explained to them, were very indignant and excited, and told Von Hanneken to explain to us that at the least sign of our complying with the orders of the Japanese warship, or at the slightest attempt on our part to leave the vessel, we should be killed at once. The general accompanied his threat with many significant gesticulations intimating that our throats would be cut. He detailed soldiers to attend immediately on the captain and myself, and served out ammunition to his body-guard. We tried to explain to the general, through Von Hanneken, the absolute futility of attempting to resist the Japanese man-of-war, that one shot from her would sink us, and that it would be best to obey; but it was of no use, the general declaring his intention of dying where he was sooner than submit, and threatening us again. The *Naniwa* now signalled, 'Weigh, cut or slip; wait for nothing.' We answered with the signal, 'Send a boat; I wish to communicate personally,' and the *Naniwa* answered, 'Send immediately.' A boat then started from the *Naniwa* and the Chinese soldiers crowded the gangway, and it was only after repeated efforts that the officers managed to keep them out of the way. We were not allowed to go to the gangway to meet the officer in charge of the boat, as the Chinese generals seemed suspicious that we wanted to leave them. On the boat coming alongside, the officer was met by the Chinese generals and Von Hanneken as interpreter. The captain was also sent for. He explained to the officer the position we were placed in and the impossibility of our complying with his commander's orders, adding that a solution of the difficulty might be found in our being allowed to return to China. He promised to inform his commander and left.

"All our officers and Major von Hanneken gathered on the bridge now to try and discuss events, and the Chinese were noisily arguing on the upper deck. I left the bridge and went aft to get my papers, and met on the after-deck the chief and second engineers, to whom I stated the grave nature of the case, and added that if the Japanese fired at us we should have to take to the water. This was the last I saw of them. On regaining the bridge I found that the man-of-war was flying the signal, 'Quit the ship immediately,' and we at once sent a quartermaster aft with warning to the engineers to prepare for the worst. We then signalled, 'I am

not allowed,' and followed that by, 'Send a boat.' The signal to quit the ship was still flying when another signal was hoisted from the man-of-war, 'Lifeboat cannot come.' The *Naniwa* then steamed into position immediately abeam of us and whistled with her syren while doing so. She then, still keeping the two previous signals flying, ran up a red flag to her foremast-head, and almost immediately afterwards discharged a torpedo at us. We watched this coming, and it stopped or turned short of the ship. The not far from him another European. Just after this, and when about seventy or eighty yards from the ship, I found that rifle bullets were striking the water all around me; I turned and saw the Chinese soldiers shooting at me from the deck and gangway ports. I then protected my head with the life-belt, and swam and drifted with the tide past the ship. After getting clear of the ship I again made for the island, but seeing many Chinese ahead of me, I reflected that it would be just as dangerous getting on to



Naniwa, being a quarter of a mile away, and seeing this, the whole starboard broadside of five guns was discharged, and the machine-guns on the tops were used. This broadside took her (the *Kowshing*) somewhere amidships, and she listed over to starboard.

"I then left the bridge, and getting hold of a spare life-belt jumped overboard from forward, coming up foul of the chain, down which numbers of the crew were swarming. I got clear, and struck out for the island. Just then a loud explosion, as of a shell bursting, occurred on board, and the air was full of falling cinders and other *débris*. I saw the captain ahead of me with his face all black, and further I saw Major von Hanneken swimming strong, and the island with them as it had been on board, so I again turned, and taking off all my clothes made for the *Naniwa*, which had now drifted considerably away from the ship, and was not using her guns. I was not swimming long when I saw her lowering two of her boats, and one coming towards me I was picked up. I explained to the officer the direction in which I had last seen the captain and the major swimming, and he directed the other boat to pull that way. No attempt was made to rescue the drowning Chinamen. Two volleys were fired from our boat with the object of sinking two of the lifeboats, which, having got clear of the ship, were filled with Chinese."

Besides the first officer the boats of the

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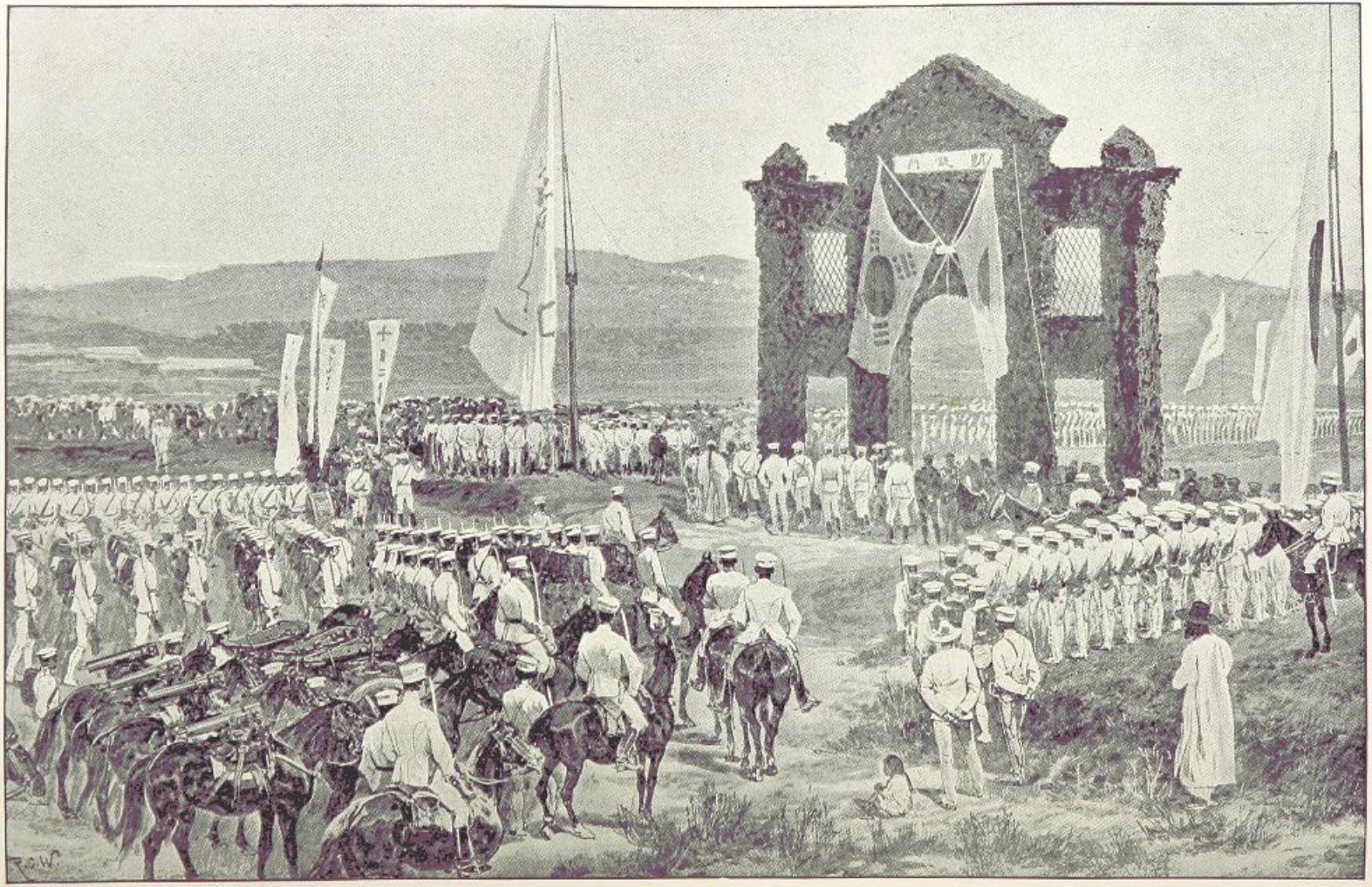
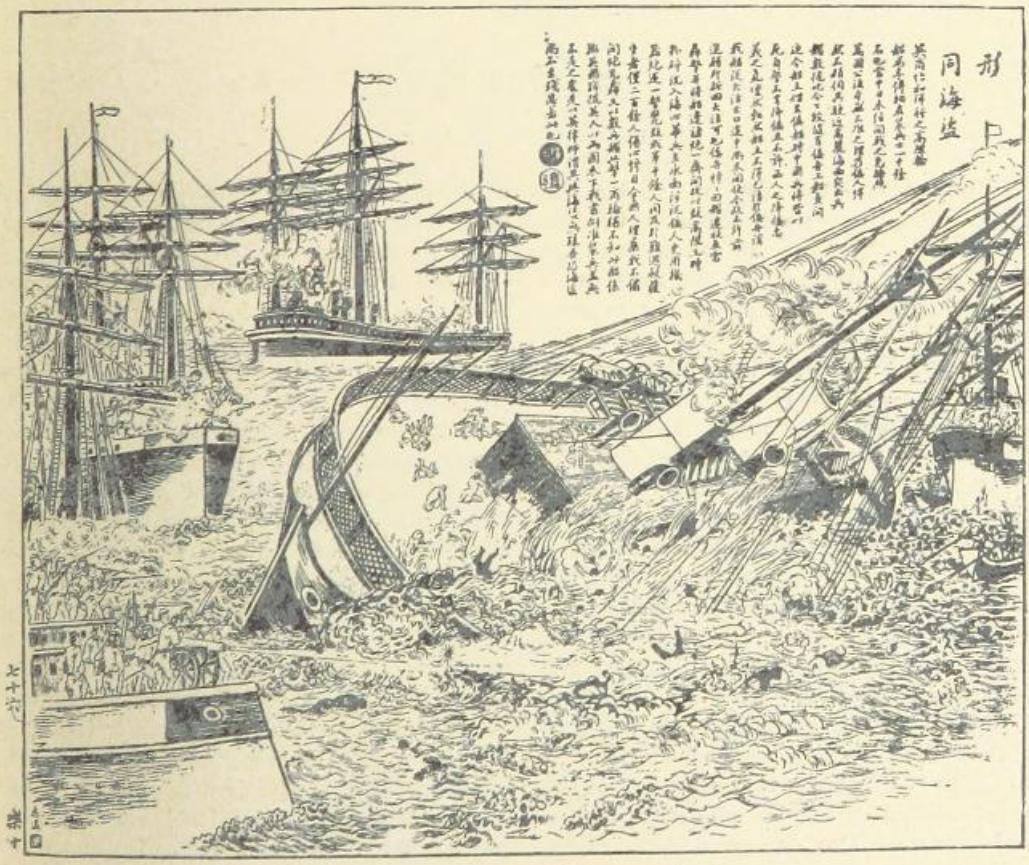


THE JAPANESE ARMY PASSING UNDER THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH RAISED IN CELEBRATION OF THE VICTORY AT ASAN.

Naniwa picked up Captain Galsworthy and a quartermaster, the latter being wounded in the neck by a rifle bullet. Von Hanneken swam to the island, which a number of Chinese soldiers and sailors had succeeded in reaching, two of them clinging to a sheep, which brought them ashore. A crowd of men were in the rigging of the *Kowshing*, which had gone down with the upper part of her masts above the water. These and the party on the island were taken off next day and conveyed back to China by the French gunboat *Lion* and the German gunboat *Iltis*. In all, about 170 survived the sinking of the ship, and about a thousand lives were lost.

While the *Kowshing* was sinking, the *Akitsushima* had chased and captured the old despatch boat *Tsao-kiang*, without any resistance being attempted by the Chinese. On board her was found a Danish electrician, who was on his way to Chemulpo to assist the Chinese in torpedo warfare. The European prisoners and the crew of the *Tsao-kiang* were well treated by the Japanese. They were taken to Sasebo, near Nagasaki, where the Europeans were soon set at liberty.

The Japanese had not waited for a declaration of war to begin hostilities. They had captured a Chinese warship, destroyed another, and badly damaged a third, and had prevented Asan from being reinforced, and in doing this they had taken all the risks involved in firing on the British flag. The risk was serious, for though it covered contraband of war, it might well be argued that the state of war did not yet exist. War was not formally declared till August 1st, when both China and Japan published their proclamations, each representing the other as the aggressor in the quarrel. But before this date the struggle was already far advanced.



THE SINKING OF THE "KOWSHING."
(As depicted by a Chinese artist.)

BUGLER KIGUCHI, MORTALLY WOUNDED, CONTINUING TO SOUND THE ADVANCE.
(*From a Japanese Sketch.*)

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTURE OF ASAN.

ON July 25th—the day on which the *Kowshing* was sunk—General Oshima marched from Seoul to attack the Chinese force at Asan. The Japanese were anxious to dispose of this detachment as soon as possible, as its presence was a dangerous source of encouragement to the Korean party hostile to Japanese influence, and if it held Asan till the Ping-yang army was ready to advance, Oshima with his small force would have to face an attack from two sides.

Oshima left about half his force to hold Seoul and advanced towards Asan with the rest—between three and four thousand men. At the outset the march was seriously delayed by the difficulty of obtaining beasts and coolies for the transport. Major Koshi, who commanded the advanced guard, was so depressed by his failure to get forward on account of the lack of transport that on the 26th he committed suicide. A curious feature of Japanese campaigning was the number of suicides of officers who had failed or incurred censure. The custom was an unfortunate inheritance from the old days, when a Japanese noble was supposed to be dishonoured if he outlived failure or disgrace, and every one of the class wore two swords, one for battle, the other a shorter blade, destined to take its owner's life when the fatal day arrived.

When it was made known that the Japanese army was not merely impressing transport, but was ready to pay the peasants good wages, the Koreans came freely into camp, and the transport was got into working order. On the 28th Oshima's brigade came in sight of the enemy's camp. General Yeh, who commanded at Asan, had advanced about ten miles towards Seoul and taken up a position on a low ridge at Song-hwan. The Chinese had entrenched themselves on the ridge, and the reconnaissance made in the afternoon by Oshima's staff was much facilitated by the number of banners that the enemy had stuck upon all their works. Some of the Japanese officers disguised themselves as Korean peasants, and had a nearer look at the position and its approaches. The marshy rice-fields in front of the low ridge made a direct attack difficult. It was therefore decided to move in two columns; the smaller, about 1,100 strong, under Colonel Takeda, was to make a demonstration against the front of the Chinese and keep them occupied, while a stronger

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column, composed of 2,000 infantry with eight guns and a few horsemen, led by General Oshima, gained the high ground further east and turned the enemy's right.

The advance was to be made under the cover of darkness. No orders were issued to the troops. They were allowed to bivouac under the impression that the advance would be made next day. At midnight they were quietly roused from sleep, and the columns fell in silently and without lights and began their march.

It was expected that there would be no fighting till dawn, but Takeda's column had a sharp skirmish in the dark about three a.m. It had to move over very difficult ground. Two streams were forded, which in places were so deep that the water came nearly to the men's shoulders, and a lieutenant and twenty men were drowned. Once the way was lost, and only found again with the help of some peasants whom the vanguard roused from sleep in their houses among the rice-fields. At the second ford, near the hamlet of An-song, the company that formed the vanguard, under Captain Matsusaki, was suddenly fired on at close quarters by a superior force of Chinese, who were holding the hamlet and an embankment as an advanced post. No support was at hand, and the Japanese, outnumbered and attacked in the darkness, were for awhile in a dangerous position. Matsusaki, though badly wounded, kept command of his men till another bullet killed him. His orderly, the Bugler Kiguchi, is remembered in Japan as one of the heroes of the war. Mortally wounded as he stood beside his captain, he continued to sound the advance on his bugle till he died. The story of his devoted valour when told in Japan called forth the same enthusiasm that the tale of the piper of Dargai evoked in England three years later. He was the son of poor peasants, and when the member for his district in the Japanese Parliament brought Kiguchi's father a sum of money subscribed in recognition of the bugler's valour, the old man, after thanking him, added, "My son had to die some time. Instead of falling asleep in this miserable hovel, mourned only by a few relations, he has died on the battlefield, praised by all his superiors. Hence his mother and I do not mourn for him. We are glad our son has shed his blood for Japan."

GENERAL OSHIMA.

The skirmish at the ford ended by the arrival of the main body, which pushed back the Chinese. As day broke, it was seen that Oshima had got upon the ridge on the Chinese flank, and his guns began to shell the enemy's works with good effect, the Chinese artillery making only a feeble reply. At half-past five both wings of the Japanese army advanced, Takeda's force against the enemy's front, Oshima's on their right. The Chinese at once abandoned the ridge, Yeh retiring to the southward, pursued for a few miles by Oshima, while Takeda pushed on to Asan, which was found to be deserted by the Chinese.

The trophies of the fight were eight guns, a large number of standards, quantities of stores and ammunition, and some hundreds of prisoners. The enemy, according to the prisoners, was 3,000 strong, but only about half of these were actually engaged, Yeh having sent off the troops left at Asan as soon as he saw his right was turned and his line of retreat endangered. The Japanese reported the Chinese loss at 500 killed and wounded—probably an exaggeration. The victors had lost six officers and eighty-two men killed and wounded.

Having hardly any cavalry with him, Oshima could not make a vigorous pursuit, and he was anxious to get back to Seoul, which might soon be attacked by the enemy's force at Ping-yang. The result was that Yeh succeeded in getting away to the southward, and then, marching to the east, passed round Seoul and reached Ping-yang by the inland road, with between 1,000 and 1,500 men. He was rewarded by his Government for this brilliant retreat, and in his reports he described the fight at Song-hwan as a victory in which he had inflicted enormous loss on the Japanese.

The Asan campaign and the action at Song-hwan were a thoroughly characteristic introduction to the war that followed. What the Chinese and the Japanese showed themselves

to be in this first fight they were to the end. The Chinese generals entrenched themselves in selected positions and waited to be attacked, their defence collapsing ignominiously in almost every instance, as soon as it was seen that the Japanese were able to surmount the obstacles on which the mandarin generals had relied for protection. The Japanese, on the other hand, invariably adopted a boldly offensive plan of action. They took the initiative. Their superior artillery enabled them to seriously shake the Chinese defence, and then the infantry attack was launched—a flank attack threatening the Chinese line of retreat being usually combined with the frontal attack. This latter was mostly designed to be a mere demonstration or false attack, intended to keep the Chinese occupied while the flank movement was developing, but such was the eagerness of the Japanese soldiers that it nearly always became a real attack. The weak point of the Japanese army was the want of a due proportion of cavalry. The result of this was that on several occasions the bulk of the defeated Chinese force got away, and their general, like Yeh at Asan, could boast of at least "a masterly retreat."

The Japanese left Asan on July 31st and re-entered Seoul on August 5th. Triumphal arches were erected, the captured guns and standards were proudly displayed by the victors, and everything was done to impress the Koreans with the military power of their new protectors and masters. The battle had been a small affair, but it was the first fight of the new army against a foreign enemy, and it inspired everyone in Japan with confidence in the result of the coming struggle. On land and sea victory had smiled on the banners of Japan, and these first successes were assumed to be the earnest of greater triumphs yet to come.

THE DEFEAT OF THE CHINESE AT ASAN.
(Depicted by a Japanese artist.)

JAPANESE SOLDIERS HOLDING A TRIUMPHAL FEAST AFTER THE VICTORY AT ASAN.
(*Sketched by a Japanese artist.*)

CHAPTER IV.

THE DECLARATION OF WAR — THE OPPOSING FORCES.

THE formal declaration of war was issued both from Pekin and from Tokio on August 1st. Before describing on a larger scale the warlike operations which now began by land and sea, it will be well briefly to consider the forces that were about to engage in the struggle.

If one were to judge by mere paper estimates, China had at her command some millions of fighting men. But most of these were soldiers only in name. Officially, the Chinese armies were divided into four classes :—

(1) The Bannermen or Army of the Eight Banners.

(2) The Green Standard Army.

(3) The Braves or Volunteers.

(4) The Drilled or Trained Army.

The fourth class were, strictly speaking, a section of the second or Green Standard Army. For war purposes, only the third and fourth classes and a very small part of the first were of any value.

The Bannermen were the descendants of the Tartar army that conquered China in the seventeenth century and established the present dynasty. This army was composed of Mongols and Manchu Tartars, and was joined by a portion of the old Chinese army. After the conquest the Bannermen were established in garrisons throughout the empire, but chiefly round Pekin. Their duties were to prevent rebellion in the newly-conquered provinces, and in return they enjoyed certain privileges and exemptions. They are supposed to number 250,000 fighting men, of whom rather more than a third are in the districts round Pekin. The only public service that most of them have performed for generations has been the suppression of an occasional riot or the escorting of a mandarin. They are rather police than soldiers. To quote the words of the historian of the Japanese war who writes under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Vladimir": "Where the hardy soldiers were placed two centuries ago to guard the fortresses and curb rebellion, now their descendants can be seen living peacefully among the Chinese, enjoying privileges, but totally indistinguishable from the rest of the people. There is not the slightest trace of that bravery and spirit of adventure, which led the mixed horde from the barren north down to the fertile plains of China, in the present members of the Banner force. They consider that their

ancestors earned glory enough for the succeeding generations, and limit themselves to drawing their pay."

The only exceptions to this state of things were in Manchuria—where a small contingent of the Bannermen had received some military training—and at Pekin, where 20,000 partially trained men served as a palace guard. The Green Standard army was of much the same character as the Banner army. Its members, supposed to number at least half a million, were descendants of that part of the old Chinese army which had not taken the side of the Manchu conquerors. Like the Bannermen, the Green Standard men were chiefly called out for local police duties. But a certain number of them were included in the fourth or "Drilled Army."

The Braves, who formed the third class, were men who, without belonging to the hereditary military classes, voluntarily enlisted for active service. Those of each province were kept together, but could be moved to other districts. The movement had its origin in the formation of Charles Gordon's "Ever Victorious Army." The men were, as might be expected, a very mixed lot. They had a little military training, and there was some good fighting material among them.

The fourth or "Drilled Army" was the result of attempts to raise and train a fighting force on modern European lines, to supersede the motley array of Bannermen, Green Standard men, and Braves. Li Hung Chang had formed a special force, composed of Braves and drilled troops, for the defence of Pe-chi-li and the approaches to Pekin, using material from Gordon's old army as its foundation. It had once been efficient, but with Li's advancing age and waning influence it had seriously deteriorated. There were a few thousands of the Bannermen and Green Standard who were more or less trained in the fourth class. But, including the drilled troops and the Braves, it is doubtful if China possessed much more than 100,000 fighting men. Even if it had been thoroughly well equipped and trained, this would have been far too small a force for an empire of such enormous extent and far-stretching frontiers, and with such defective means of internal communication.

We shall see in the course of our survey of the war that the Chinese were never able to place any really large force on the battlefield. The enormous population and resources of the empire were useless to affect the result of the conflict, because they were not ready and organised for war, in which latent forces count for nothing. We have seen already in the introductory chapter how ill-armed, ill-equipped, and in every way badly provided were even these weak forces that China actually placed in the field.

The Japanese Imperial Army presented in every way a striking contrast to that of China. Organised on modern European lines, well armed, perfectly equipped, with its ranks filled with well-drilled men and led by trained officers, it had every advantage on its side. Its strength at the end of 1893 (the year before the outbreak of war) was :—

	Peace Footing.	1st Reserve.	2nd Reserve.	Total Fighting Strength.
Generals and field officers ...	497 ...	127 ...	56 ...	680
Officers	3,034 ...	460 ...	294 ...	3,788
Non-commissioned officers ...	7,119 ...	3,870 ...	1,756 ...	12,745
Probationers and cadets... ...	2,182 ...	— ...	— ...	2,182
Privates... ...	56,467 ...	87,795 ...	103,914 ...	247,176
Totals	69,299 ...	92,252 ...	106,020 ...	266,571

Thus Japan had an army of nearly 70,000 men on a peace footing, which by calling up the reserves could be expanded into a war force of more than a quarter of a million. The figures given in this table do not include the military colony in Yezo, about 4,000 strong, and some 1,500 civilians attached as clerks, messengers, servants, etc., to various corps and departments. The soldiers served for twelve years—three in the active army, four in the 1st, and five in the 2nd Reserve.

The army had been organised and trained in the first instance by French and German officers, and the uniforms worn and the methods adopted bore traces of this double origin. The basis of the organisation was the German territorial system. The empire was marked off into six districts, each of which put into the field a complete division. Besides these, there was an "Imperial Guards Division," formed of picked men from all parts of the empire.

The headquarters of the divisions were—Imperial Guard and 1st Division, Tokio; 2nd Sendai; 3rd, Nagoya; 4th, Osaka; 5th, Hiroshima; 6th, Kumamoto. Each division (except the Guard, which slightly differed in its organisation) was made up of two brigades of infantry, each of six battalions, grouped in regiments of three battalions each. A battalion had 800 rifles; so 4,800 rifles made up a Japanese brigade. The divisional artillery consisted of four field batteries

and two mountain batteries, each of six guns. The cavalry attached to the division was only two squadrons of 100 sabres each. Cavalry was throughout the weakest arm of the Japanese. The division had also its engineer corps, signallers, medical corps, and transport and supply trains.

The infantry was armed with a breech-loading rifle, the Murata, the invention of a Japanese officer. A new magazine rifle was just being introduced, but it had only been issued to the Imperial Guard and the 4th or Osaka Division. The artillery was armed with bronze Krupps, throwing a shell weighing a little over nine pounds.

The 1st Reserve was called out to bring the active army up to war strength, and to form depôts and keep it up to this level. The 2nd Reserve was allotted to garrison duty and work on the lines of communication.

But, as Japan is an island empire, this highly efficient army could only act against the enemy if the navy could secure the command of the sea and safeguard the passage of the transports that would convey the fighting force to the scene of operations. But at the outset the balance of force upon the sea was not so clearly on the side of Japan. Many held that the possession of two small but powerful battleships would turn the scale in favour of China, for Japan as yet possessed for the fighting line nothing heavier than ships of the protected cruiser type.

The Chinese navy at the outset of the war consisted of four squadrons—the Northern squadron (depending on Pekin), the Southern squadron (depending on Nankin), the Foochow squadron, and the Canton squadron. Each of these fleets took its orders and depended for its administration and supplies on one of the provincial governors, and there was no central admiralty, no regular means of securing their co-operation.

The Northern squadron contained the most powerful ships, and was the only one that took direct part in the war, though it was reinforced by a few small vessels from the other fleets. It depended upon the Viceroy of Pe-chi-li, and its special duty was to defend the approach by sea to the capital. Its principal ships were:—

Second-class battleships: *Ting-yuen* and *Chen-yuen*.

Armoured cruisers: *King-yuen*, *Lai-yuen*, and *Ping-yuen*.

Third-class protected cruisers: *Chi-yuen*, *Ching-yuen*, and *Tsi-yuen*.

Third-class unprotected cruisers: *Chao-yung* and *Yung-wei*.

Besides these, there were a number of gunboats, torpedo boats, despatch boats, etc. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Ting, who had formerly been a general of cavalry. Many of the senior officers had no more professional knowledge than their chief, but several of the juniors had had a good scientific training. There were about 300 officers and 2,800 men in the squadron.

But unfortunately for China the fleet had been allowed to drift into a state of hopeless inefficiency and indiscipline. Captain Lang, of the British Navy, had once made it a respectable fighting force, but the mandarins had got rid of him, because while he was in command there was an end to the system of wholesale peculation that made any connection with the navy an easy way to wealth. On the eve of the war the foreign officers to whom the Pekin Government appealed for help did something to improve the condition of affairs in the Northern fleet, but the mismanagement of years could not be set right in a few days. "The discipline of the Chinese fleet," writes Mr. H. W. Wilson, "may be judged from the fact that Admiral Ting would play pitch and toss with the sentry at his cabin door, and when he had won all the man's money would order the paymaster to advance his subordinate more, that his game might continue. As to its efficiency, the ships were filthily dirty, which is, after all, only what we should expect; the water-tight doors were seldom closed or used, a fact which we must remember when we come to the Yalu. The guns were employed by the sailors as receptacles for pickles, rice, and chopsticks. The heavy Krupps were kept in shocking order, and the rings on them were beginning to open out. As a foreign instructor said to Mr. Norman, so far from the Chinese squadrons being formidable, it was only a question who should get them as prizes. The officers were either inefficient nominees of the authorities, or more able but powerless. Quick-firers were not bought because there was little money to be 'squeezed' out of them. One Chinese battleship is stated to have gone to the Yalu without one of her guns, which her captain had pawned. There were shells loaded with charcoal; charges for heavy guns of stuff that would not burn, instead of powder; and there were docks silted up from neglect, or useless, owing to the bad arrangement of their pumping machinery. In vain did the English and

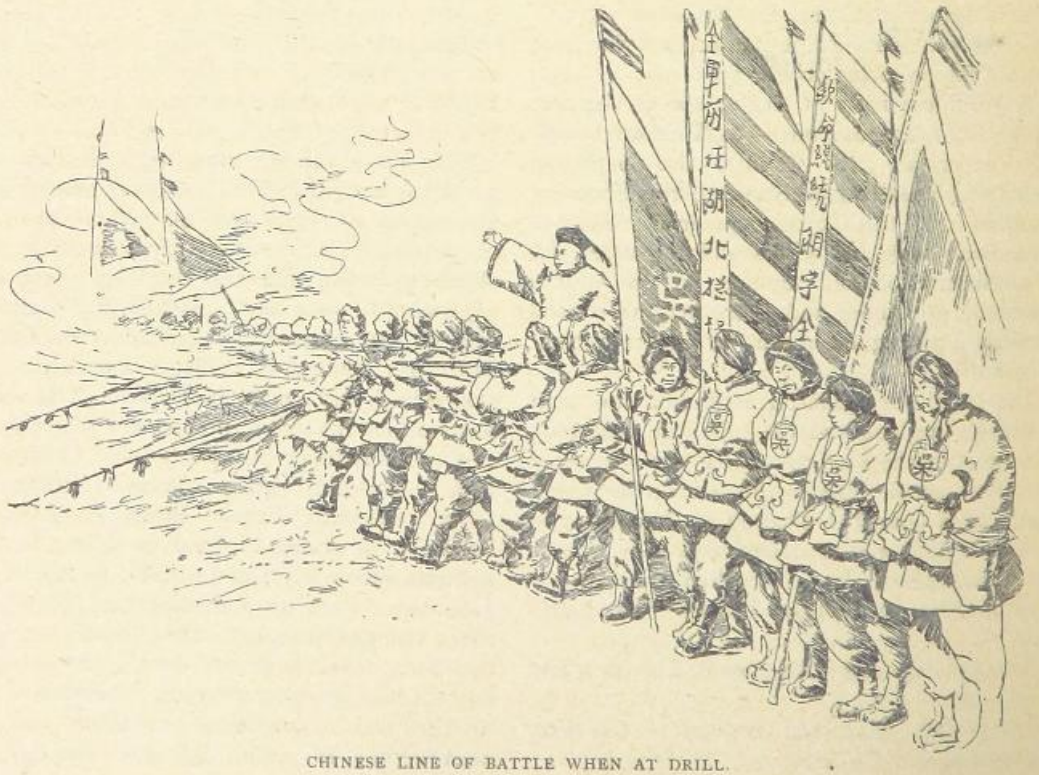
German advisers beseech the government to add ships, to procure sailors, coal, stores, oil. They pointed out that the Chinese engineers dared not use forced draught, and that the Chinese officers were so nervous when handling torpedoes that they fired them at 800 yards instead of 350. The Chinese seamen on occasion displayed both coolness and courage, though their gunnery left much to be desired, but they lacked that confidence in their leaders which is, after all, an essential of success."

The fleet had for its naval bases Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, on opposite sides of the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. At Port Arthur there was a fortified dockyard ; at Wei-hai-wei a fortified harbour with stores and workshops for minor repairs. The mouth of the Peiho River at Taku was also defended by forts.

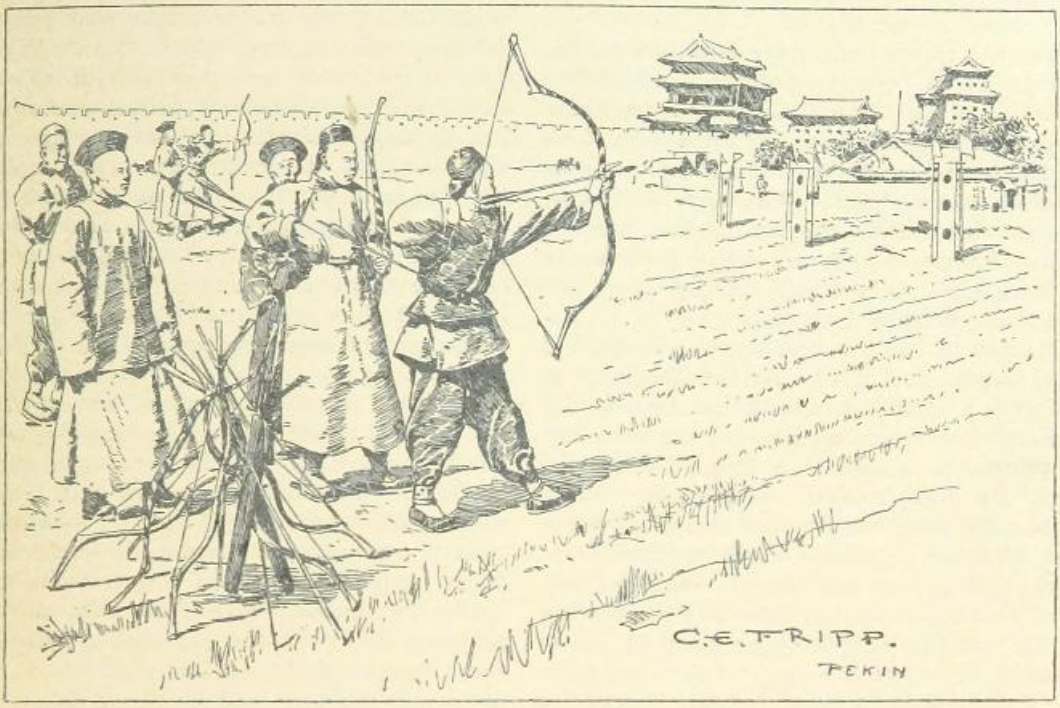
The Japanese navy was divided into three squadrons, having their headquarters at Yokosuka, Kure, and Sasebo (near Nagasaki). But all three were under a central direction and destined to act together. The principal ships available were eight armoured or protected cruisers of high speed, mostly armed with modern quick-firers, a weapon in which the Chinese navy was almost entirely deficient. There were besides a number of small cruisers and gunboats, and two ships, the *Fuso Kongo* and *Hiyei*, classed by some as armoured cruisers, by others as third-class battleships, but in any case of no great value. They were old-fashioned ironclads, built some twenty years ago, slow in speed and only partly protected by their thin armour. The modern swift cruiser squadron was the real fighting force of Japan upon the sea.

The officers were professionally well educated, and, including the reserve, the fleet had a *personnel* of over 13,000 trained officers and men. There were good dockyards at Yokosuka, Kure, Sasebo, and Nagasaki. The only weak point was the want of battleships, but the generally defective condition of the Chinese navy more than outweighed this one advantage it possessed.

Such were the forces available on both sides when, after fighting had already begun, war was mutually declared by China and Japan on August 1st, 1894.



CHINESE LINE OF BATTLE WHEN AT DRILL.



CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE CHINESE ARMY PRACTISING ARCHERY AT PEKIN.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF PING-YANG.

WAR having been declared, the Japanese Government began to despatch large reinforcements to Korea, not merely with a view to holding Seoul against the Chinese, but with the object of driving them out of the country and carrying the war into Manchuria.

A Chinese force, the numbers of which were enormously exaggerated by current report, had advanced from the Yalu River to Ping-yang, where it had been reinforced by troops sent across the sea from Taku, and by the detachment that Yeh had saved from the lost battle near Asan. Ping-yang, a walled city of about 20,000 inhabitants, was a place famous in the history of Korea. It had once been the capital of the country in the days before Seoul became the residence of the Court. When the Japanese invaded Korea at the end of the sixteenth century, they had captured Ping-yang, but this had marked the furthest limit of their conquests. In 1592 they had been attacked and defeated by a mixed Chinese and Korean army on the hilly ground about Mount Mok-tan, "the Hill of Peonies," just outside the northern walls of the city.

Ping-yang stands on the right or west bank of the Tatung River, a wide and deep stream which makes a deep bend and almost incloses it on three sides. The shape of the walled city is a flattened oval, the one of the longer sides lying along the river bank. At the north end the ground rises sharply to Mount Mok-tan, but all round the country is hilly. The Chinese did not rely for the defence of the city on its ancient fortifications, which consisted of a high embattled wall, with numerous gates, each crowned by a pagoda-like ornamental structure of painted and gilded woodwork. They had erected a number of square earthwork forts on and around Mount Mok-tan, and on the lower ground between the wall and the river at the south end of the town. There was a bridge of boats across the river, and at the further end of this they had erected another group of forts, with two advanced works to watch the high road to the south and to Seoul. Several Krupp

guns, mostly of small calibre, were mounted in these new fortifications.

The best troops in the force assembled for the defence of the city were 3,500 partly-drilled Manchus under General Tso. Besides these, there was another corps of 1,500 men from Moukden city, 6,000 men from the province of Pe-chi-li under General Wei, 2,000 from Port Arthur, and about 1,000 more whom General Yeh had brought from Asan. On the strength of his alleged success over the Japanese, Yeh was given the chief command.

Meanwhile, the Japanese army in Korea had been largely reinforced. At the beginning of the crisis a small detachment had been landed at Fusan in the extreme south of the peninsula to protect the Japanese trading colony in the port. On August 6th General Nodzu arrived there with the greater part of the 5th Division, and next day began to march northwards to Seoul, which was held by Oshima's brigade. Nodzu's force could have reached the Korean capital much more quickly by going by sea to Chemulpo; but at this stage of the war, while the Chinese fleet was still intact, it was not considered advisable to send all the transports into the Yellow Sea. Besides, it was felt that a march through Southern Korea would discourage the local adherents of the Chinese faction and establish Japanese influence in the district. Nodzu reached Seoul on the 19th, and took over the supreme command of the Japanese forces. Two other small detachments were landed at Gensan on the east coast. One of these pushed on to Seoul. The other marched towards Ping-yang to co-operate from the eastward in the coming attack on that place.

Oshima had sent two of his officers with a small party of cavalry northwards to reconnoitre Ping-yang. These were cut off and killed to a man by a much stronger detachment of Chinese sent out from the city by General Yeh, who reported the incident as a great victory over a large force of the invaders.

By the end of August General Nodzu was ready to begin active operations against Yeh and the Ping-yang garrison. Two roads, or rather tracks, run through the hilly country from Seoul to Ping-yang, one near the sea, the other further inland through the town of Sak-riong. A column of all arms under General Tachimi had already been pushed forward to Sak-riong by the inner road. Nodzu's plan was that Tachimi should continue his advance by this line, while he himself with the main body marched by the other road. A third column under Colonel Sato was to advance from Gensan. All three columns were to be in the neighbourhood of Ping-yang by September 14th. Nodzu would then leave Oshima to make an attack next day on the southern defences of Ping-yang, while he with the main body, having crossed the Tatung below the town, would attack the place from the eastward, and Sato would attack from the north, assisted by Tachimi, who was to cross the river above the town. He hoped that he would thus not merely get possession of Ping-yang, but also capture the whole of Yeh's army.

Against a better-organised and better-trained force than that which held Ping-yang this combined movement of several columns converging by widely separated roads upon the fortress would have been a risky business. If Yeh had been a European commander, he would have fallen upon Sato's column before Nodzu and Tachimi were able to give it any help. But in adopting this plan the Japanese commander acted on the knowledge he possessed of his opponent's character, and his daring acceptance of a theoretical risk was justified by the result.

Yeh pushed some small detachments along the roads towards Seoul to delay the Japanese advance, and there were consequently some unimportant skirmishes in which Oshima's brigade played the chief part. It occupied Chung-hua on September 10th, Nodzu with the main body turning to the left at Hwang-ju, ten miles further south, in order to cross the Tatung River near its mouth. As Oshima's men approached Chung-hua they found the road strewn with the oil-paper cap-covers worn by the Chinese troops in wet weather. The Korean peasants explained that these and other minor articles of equipment had been thrown away by a Chinese force, which had just retreated towards Ping-yang after a night alarm, in which the various regiments in camp had fired into each other in the dark.

On the 12th Oshima's brigade came in sight of the southern forts of Ping-yang, and during this and the next two days it did its best to mislead the Chinese into the belief that it had the main body behind it and was preparing to rush the southern defences and force the crossing of the river just below the town. Reconnaissances were pushed close up to the enemy's works, and there was some sharp skirmishing. The artillery opened on the forts in order to draw their fire and ascertain how they were armed, and a party of daring

volunteers swam the river under fire and brought back five large junks from the other side. Thus the attention of the Chinese was riveted on the immediate neighbourhood of Ping-yang, and they knew nothing of the passage of the river near its mouth by the main body. This was a tedious operation extending over three days, for the river was 1,000 yards wide, its muddy banks were not easy of access, and the number of boats available was insufficient for rapid transit.

The small column, advancing from Sak-riong under General Tachimi, crossed the Tatung River some miles above Ping-yang on the 13th, after dispersing by long-range rifle volleys a Chinese detachment that tried to hold the opposite bank. On the 14th Tachimi's vanguard came in sight of Ping-yang, but he kept his men concealed in the hills to the north of the town. Colonel Sato, with the Gensan column, was near at hand on Tachimi's right. During his advance, Sato had only encountered some small cavalry detachments of the enemy. On the evening of the 14th the Japanese forces were thus close in to Ping-yang ; but the Chinese system of outposts was so hopelessly bad that they were only aware of the presence of Oshima's brigade, which they took to be the vanguard of the main attack, coming as they expected from the south.

On the night of the 14th, the eve of the battle, the position and strength of the Japanese forces were :—

(A) *South-east of Ping-yang* on left bank of the Tatung.—General Oshima's brigade (five battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery ; the infantry of this brigade had not yet received all their reserve men) ; total strength, 3,500 men and twelve guns.

(B) *On the right bank, north of Ping-yang.*—(1) On the left, General Tachimi's column (two battalions, one battery, two troops of cavalry) ; total strength, 2,160 men and six guns. (2) On the right, Colonel Sato's column (three battalions, one troop, two batteries) ; total strength, 3,640 men and twelve guns.

(C) *On the right bank, south-west of Ping-yang.*—General Nodzu with the main body (four battalions, two squadrons, two batteries) ; total strength, 5,400 men and twelve guns.

Thus the entire force available for the attack amounted to about 14,000 men with forty-two guns. But on account of the long delay in the crossing of the Tatung River the greater part of General Nodzu's column was so far away that it could not hope to come into action till late on the 15th, the day originally fixed for the attack. On the afternoon of September 14th Nodzu sent orders to Oshima to continue to engage the enemy's attention during the following day, but to postpone the real attack till the 16th. Unfortunately there were no means of communicating this counter-order to Sato and Tachimi. Though they were so close at hand, connection had not been established with them either by messengers or signallers. The commanders of the other columns only knew that they must be not far off to the northward. With a more enterprising enemy than the Chinese this want of connection between the columns might have had fatal consequences. As it was, General Oshima saw the obvious danger of deferring the attack, and, "in acknowledging the receipt of the order, pointed out that, in all probability, the Gensan and Sak-riong detachments would attack on the 15th as previously arranged, and that if this were the case he would feel bound to give them all the assistance he could, especially as the main column would be unable to co-operate."

The night was fine and clear, the full moon shining brightly in the sky. An hour before dawn Oshima, who was eager to attack at all hazards, had got his men ready to advance, and at half-past four his guns renewed the bombardment of the southern forts. From the hills to the northward beyond the river could be heard the booming of another cannonade. Tachimi and Sato were in position, and as soon as Oshima's guns opened fire they had brought their batteries into action, and had begun to form their infantry for the attack. Oshima in his turn, on hearing their fire, ordered his brigade to advance against the Chinese forts, and so in the grey dawn of September 15th the battle of Ping-yang began.

As soon as the firing commenced, General Yeh and his staff went to the gaily-painted pagoda at the north gate. His banner, of bright crimson cloth, twelve feet square, and bearing his name in huge characters, hung over the outer wall. Close by he had a large body of Manchu cavalry ready to charge out on the Japanese if they failed in their attack. He had about 2,500 men in the works on the left bank, 3,600 in the northern defences, and about 6,000 of Li Hung Chang's drilled troops holding the town wall and the southern defences near the river.

Oshima's attack on the forts of the left bank was intended to be a mere feint, but such was the eagerness of both men and officers that they

pushed it home, and actually got possession of some of the outworks, in the first dash made before the sun rose. But for hours they made no further progress. The Chinese, armed with Mausers and well supplied with cartridges, kept up a heavy fire, and only for the advantage that their well-served artillery gave them they would have been driven back. As it was, they were barely able to hold their ground, and at one moment the outlook was so doubtful that one of the regiments buried its colours lest they should fall into the hands of the Chinese. The only portion of Oshima's command that obtained any decided success was a detachment of two companies under Major Okuyama, which crossed the river below the town, in order to get in touch with Nodzu and the main attack, and succeeded in setting fire to the straw-roofed houses of the southern suburbs of Ping-yang.

Meanwhile, Tachimi and Sato's columns had been more successful in their attack on the northern forts, five in number, three in the outer line and two others nearer the city, the larger of the two crowning the Mount of Peonies, famous as the scene of Konishi's defeat three hundred years ago. The first fort was rushed in the twilight; the second, after being heavily bombarded, was stormed at half-past seven, and the third was taken half an hour later. Covered by their artillery, which was well placed among the pines on the ridges to the north of the city, the Japanese now advanced against the two inner forts. The Chinese abandoned the smaller of them, and the Peony Fort was stormed at half-past eight, the Japanese, to use their own expression, swarming up three sides of the hill like ants. The guns were then brought up to the Mount of Peonies and opened on the city

PRIVATE HIRADA SCALING THE WALL ON THE NORTH SIDE OF PING-YANG (*see p.* 558).
(*From a Japanese Sketch.*)

THE TAKING OF PING-YANG.

wall and the northern gate, the infantry pouring in a heavy rifle fire wherever the defenders attempted a reply.

It was not till near eight o'clock that General Nodzu had enough troops in hand to begin the attack on the south-west end of Ping-yang. After a brief bombardment of the outworks he deployed his infantry for the attack. They were gallantly charged by the Manchu cavalry, who came rushing out from one of the gates, but these daring horsemen were received with such a fire that few of them escaped. Of these the greater part gained the open country, and rode away northwards to join the army on the Yalu. One by one the outlying works were abandoned, and the Chinese gradually concentrated their defence on the high wall of the city.

The sky had become overclouded since early morning, and about noon a storm burst over Ping-yang. Then ensued a curious scene. "Shortly after midday," wrote the *Standard* correspondent, "the dense fog of smoke, which had been slowly drifting eastward, was broken up by an almost tropical downpour. The Chinese troops put up their oiled-paper umbrellas and resolved to keep their bodies dry as well as their powder. This seems almost too grotesque to be true, but it is a fact. Their spacious umbrellas, sticking above the walls of their trenches, formed excellent targets for the Japanese sharpshooters. Chinese soldiers are miserable, depressed creatures in the rain, and this unfortunate downpour had not a little to do with the success of the Japanese attack at this period." The forts on the high ground at the south of the city were captured, and then the Chinese hung out white flags, and the firing ceased for awhile, and a Chinese officer with a flag of truce came out in front of Nodzu's attack. To quote the *Standard* correspondent, Mr. Villiers, again :

"Some Japanese officers left their lines and met him half-way. They found the Chinese asked for a suspension of hostilities pending an arrangement to surrender. The Japanese pointed out that this could easily be done. The Chinese had simply to lay down their arms, and the Japanese would march in and take possession. The Chinese general sent word to say that they could not very well surrender in such rainy weather. His men would get drenched, and things would be generally uncomfortable. Would they wait, say, for twelve hours? The rain might lift by then. But the Japanese would not listen further to the parley, and hostilities recommenced."

The cavalry attempted another sortie, probably in the hope of clearing a way for a general retreat. There were about five hundred of them. They rode gallantly down on Nodzu's infantry, but were swept away almost to a man by the Japanese rifles. On the north side of the city the fire had ceased from the wall, and the great gate seemed to be abandoned. But this might be only a trick of the wily Chinese, and after an attempt to open the gate from the outside, which drew fire from some of the neighbouring loopholes, a gallant soldier, a private named Hirada, volunteered to climb the wall and reconnoitre. His comrades watched him anxiously as he scrambled up the high wall beside the pagoda-crowned gateway, from which the dragon flag still flew. He found the parapet deserted, got down and unbolted the gate, and the Japanese infantry rushed in. The Chinese had retired to some houses at a distance inside the gate. They had fired at Hirada as he was opening it, and they now exchanged a sharp fire with the advancing Japanese. Beyond this point the Japanese made no progress during the afternoon; and as the walls and towers on the right and left were held by the Chinese, and they were rallying in the streets, Tachimi decided to fall back on the Peony Mount, and hold on there till the main attack had made further progress. This retirement after the gate had been forced shows that the Japanese had still a good deal of respect for their opponents. But the next day was to bring a surprise.

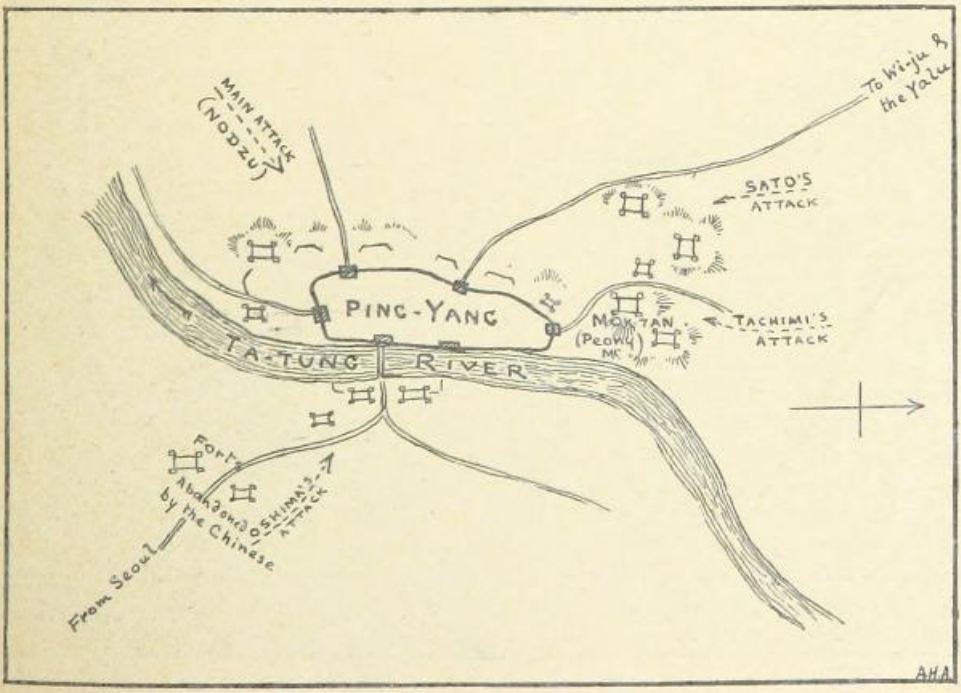
"When morning dawned," writes the correspondent we have already quoted, "Ping-yang was silent. No *réveille* from the Chinese lines heralded the day. Down by the western gate was a village smouldering. Here and there a hut was struggling to burst into flame, for the rain had now ceased, and the pall of smoke still hung over the valley. The soddened turf, the fields of millet, beans, and corn, wore the imprint of a great host having passed over the country. The roads, the trails through the fields, were strewn with bright and gaudy uniforms. Flags, quaint spears, curious old-time muskets, swords, pots and pans, and several curiously carved carriage chairs were sticking in the mud. The Japanese army awoke to this strange sight, rubbed its eyes and wondered, then sounded the advance, and closed upon the city. The earthworks, the redoubts, and the city itself were empty. The Chinese army had disappeared. Some 12,000 men had stolen away in the night. 'He who fights and runs away lives to fight

another day.' So, I believe, runs the old adage. These are the tactics the Chinese have followed since the beginning of the campaign. It was so at Asan, where General Yeh stole out of the clutches of the Japanese with one thousand troops. These very men, after a splendid march through the roughest and most inhospitable part of Korea, reached Ping-yang to meet the Japanese again, and, with the rest of the Ping-yang garrison, succeeded in again carrying out the tactics they followed at Asan."

On the Japanese side 633 men had fallen in the attack. Of these, 8 officers and 154 men were killed. Oshima's brigade suffered most severely. Fully three-fourths of the loss fell upon it, and the general himself was slightly wounded. The Chinese loss cannot be so accurately stated. It was certainly over a thousand, besides more than six hundred prisoners. The Japanese acknowledge that the Chinese fought bravely. They give especial praise to the Chinese general Tso. During the defence of the Peony Hill Fort he was badly wounded, but tearing off a strip of his long robe he bound up his wound and continued to encourage his men. Another bullet struck him down dead, and on this his men gave way. To his fall the Japanese attribute their easy capture of the fort. A few of the prisoners who tried to escape were beheaded, the rest were well treated. As trophies of the fight the Japanese had thirty-five Krupp guns, about 500 Mauser repeating rifles, and as many good modern breech-loaders, quantities of older weapons, flags, cartridges and money.

The collapse of the Chinese defence has been explained by two facts. In the first place the defences were on such an extensive scale that not one of them were fully manned. Instead of twelve or fourteen thousand men, the forts and lines of Ping-yang would have needed thirty-five thousand. Again, the Chinese had expended all their energy on fortifications, and made little or no effort to clear the front of their works. Trees were left standing in the dense pine woods on the ridges that came close up to the works, and thus the Japanese as they marched on the place were screened almost entirely from view, and had a good deal of cover from fire.

On the day of the battle Marshal Yamagata was approaching with a new army of 10,000 men that had lately landed at Chemulpo. He took over the chief command on the morrow of the victory. But there was no more fighting in Korea. Ping-yang had cleared the north of the peninsula of the Chinese. Yeh rallied his twice-beaten army only behind the Yalu River, the northern frontier of the country, where the Chinese were now gathering an army for the defence of Manchuria.



PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON PING-YANG.

JAPANESE IRONCLADS DEALING DESTRUCTION AMONG CHINESE SAILING VESSELS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF THE YALU.

THE next great event of the war was the naval battle off the mouth of the Yalu River, called by the Japanese the battle of Hai-yang Island. Early in August Admiral Ito, with the Japanese cruiser squadron, had appeared off Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, and exchanged a few long-range shots with the seaward forts. The object of this cruise was to reconnoitre these ports and to make sure that Admiral Ting and the Chinese northern squadron were not outside the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. After this expedition the Japanese fleet remained on the Korean coasts to protect the various expeditions that were disembarking troops from Japan. In the first days of September it escorted the thirty transports on board of which the reinforcements under Marshal Yamagata were conveyed from Hiroshima on the Inland Sea of Japan to Chemulpo, the port of Seoul. The Admiral then proceeded to the mouth of the Ping-yang Inlet, and sent some gunboats up the Ta-tung River to co-operate with General Nodzu's army in the attack on Ping-yang. When they got up the river the battle was over, and the city was in the possession of the Japanese.

CAPTAIN TING, IN COMMAND OF THE "CHI-YUEN."
(Photo: Law and Sons, Newcastle.)

Admiral Ting, who believed that if he met the Japanese he would beat them, was from the beginning of the war eager to assume the offensive. He proposed to put to sea and fall upon the enemy's transports off the Korean coast, but the Pekin Government would not hear of any such daring enterprises. They were in such a state of nervous anxiety about a possible Japanese raid on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li that they ordered Ting to remain strictly on the defensive, and use his fleet merely to guard the sea approaches to the capital.

While Yeh was holding Ping-yang, a second army was being assembled on the Yalu River. It was mainly composed of troops from Manchuria, who were marched to the rendezvous by land. Reinforcements from Pe-chi-li and Northern China had been assembled at Tien-tsin and Taku, and these were sent on to the Yalu camps in the second week of September. Admiral Ting's squadron was ordered to escort them to their destination. The transports, five large steamers, with 4,000 men on board, left Taku on September 14th. With them went six cruisers and four torpedo boats of the northern squadron. As they passed Ta-lien-wan on the 15th (the day of the battle of Ping-yang), they were joined by Admiral Ting with his heavier armoured ships. The whole fleet then steamed to the mouth of the Yalu, where the troops were disembarked next day, and on the morning of the 17th Ting, having accomplished his object, started from the Yalu to take his fleet back to Ta-lien-wan and Port Arthur.

Admiral Ito, after sending his gunboats into the Ta-tung River on the 14th, had started for a cruise in the northern part of the Yellow Sea. He left his torpedo boats in the Ping-yang Inlet, and Japanese accounts explain that he did this because he did not know the Chinese fleet was at sea, and did not anticipate a battle. His object apparently was merely to reconnoitre the mouth of the Yalu and obtain information as to the Chinese positions on its banks. Considering that he had in his fleet the swiftest cruisers then in the Eastern seas, it is curious that he made no effort to observe Ting's movements, and was quite ignorant of his position. Thus, on the morning of Monday, September 17th, the two

fleets were converging on each other without either having the least idea that a battle was so near at hand.

Before telling the story of the sea-fight off the Yalu River, it will be well to say something of the composition of the rival fleets. The following table gives a list of the Chinese ships in the order in which Ting awaited the attack of the Japanese :—

THE CHINESE FLEET.

Ships.	Tons.	Guns. Heavy Guns.	Guns. Quick-Firers.	Guns. Machine Guns.	Notes.
In Line of Battle.					
RIGHT—					
Yang-Wei ...	1,350	6	...	7	
Chao-Yung ...	1,350	6	...	7	
Ching-Yuen ...	2,300	5	...	16	18 knots speed.
CENTRE—					
Lai-Yuen ...	2,850	4	...	8	9½-inch armour belt; 8 inches on barbette.
Chen-Yuen ...	7,430	6	...	12	14-inch armour belt; 12 in. on turrets. Four 12-inch guns on each ship.
Ting-Yuen ...	7,430	6	...	12	
King-Yuen ...	2,850	4	...	8	9½-inch armour belt; 8 inches on barbette.
LEFT—					
Chi-Yuen ...	2,300	5	...	16	18 knots speed.
Kwang-Chia ..	1,300	7	...	8	
Tsi-Yuen ...	2,355	3	...	10	
NOT IN LINE—					
Ping-Yuen ...	2,850	3	...	8	8-inch armour belt; 5 inches on barbette.
Kwang-Ping ...	1,030	...	3	8	
Four Torpedo Boats and two Small Gunboats.					[No armour carried by ships unless noted in this column, which also notes heaviest guns and highest speed in fleet.]

The battleship *Ting-Yuen* flew the flag of Admiral Ting, and he had for his assistant on board the German artillery officer, Major von Hanneken, who had escaped from the unfortunate *Kowshing*. On board of the other battleship, the *Chen-Yuen*, was Commander McGiffen, formerly of the United States Navy, who was serving nominally as second in command to the Chinese captain, but really was the actual commander of the ship. There were a few Europeans and Americans here and there in the other ships, acting as engineers or gunnery officers. Some of them had served as engineers or seaman gunners and petty officers in the British Navy. With the advice of his white officers, Ting had done a good deal to make his fleet fit for action. Coal sacks were piled round the barbettes of the ironclads to afford additional protection ; but the thin steel roofs of the barbettes and the shields of most of the guns were removed, as the experience of the *Tsi-Yuen's* action with the Japanese cruisers near Asan had shown that these defences, while too weak to stop a shell, were just strong enough to burst it, instead of letting it fly harmlessly past the gun. All boats except one for each ship were sent ashore, and a quantity of wooden fittings were removed. But this clearance was not complete, and a lot of gilded and lacquered woodwork was left in position, and proved very dangerous during the battle, catching fire easily, and being very difficult to extinguish once it was alight.

The weak point of the Chinese fleet was the slowness of the ships. To make matters worse they were ill provided with ammunition. The *Chen-Yuen*, for instance, had only three modern shells for her heavy guns. There were very few quick-firers mounted, while the Japanese were armed with a considerable number of these splendid modern weapons, and their protected cruisers also carried heavy Canet guns of a type that, it was expected, would pierce the thickest armour in the Chinese fleet.

Admiral Ito's squadron consisted of eight fine protected cruisers of the newest type, all of high speed, and having steel belts, curved steel decks under water to protect the engines, magazines, and vitals of the ship, and also in several cases strongly-armoured barbettes. There were besides two old ironclads, and a gunboat and an armed merchantman, but the eight cruisers were the real fighting force.

The following is a list of the fleet in the order in which they fought at the battle of the Yalu :—

THE JAPANESE FLEET.

Ships.	Tons.	Guns. Heavy Guns.	Guns. Quick-Firers.	Guns. Machine Guns.	Notes.
VAN SQUADRON.					
Yoshino ...	4,150	...	44	...	Swiftest ship in either fleet; speed, 23 knots; 2-inch steel protective deck.
Takachico ...	3,650	8	...	12	Speed, 18 knots; 3-inch steel deck.
Akitsushima ...	3,150	1	12	10	One long 12½-inch gun; 2½-in. steel deck.

THE JAPANESE FLEET—*continued.*

Ships.	Tons.	Guns.			Notes.
		Heavy Guns.	Quick-Firers.	Machine Guns.	
Naniwa Kan ...	3,650	8	...	12	Same as *Takachico.*
MAIN SQUADRON.					
Matsushima ...	4,277	12	16	6	12-inch armour on barbette; 2-inch steel protective deck; 1 long 12½-inch gun.
Chiyoda ...	2,450	...	24	13	4½-inch armour belt for ⅜rds of length, and 1-inch steel deck.
Ihitsushima ...	4,277	12	16	6	Same as *Matsushima.*
Hashidate ...	4,277	12	16	15	
Hiyei	2,200	9	...	...	4½-inch armour belt amidships.*
Fuso	3,718	6	...	8	9-inch armour on battery, 7 on belt.*
NOT IN LINE.					
Akagi... ...	615	2	...	2	Gunboat.
Saikio Maru ...	600	...	?	..	Armed merchant steamer carrying only a few small quick-firers.

During the Sunday night Ito had been steaming steadily to the north-westward, along the Korean coast. Early on the Monday morning he was off the island of Hai-Yang. It was a bright sunny day, with a clear sky and a perfectly smooth sea. He had heard a report that the Chinese fleet was anchored inside Hai-Yang island, and though he had not come out to fight them, he resolved to offer battle if he chanced to meet his enemy. But the Hai-Yang anchorage was empty. Only a few small fishing-boats were in sight. He continued his voyage towards the Yalu estuary, the four cruisers of the van squadron being separated by a considerable interval from the main squadron. It is curious that he did not send out well ahead on divergent courses to search for the Chinese. Considering that he had taken part in several mimic campaigns in the Japanese naval manœuvres, it is strange that he did not make the slightest attempt at systematic scouting.

At half-past eleven in the morning a long line of heavy, dark smoke was seen away to the east-north-east, rising above the horizon, and it was rightly judged that this could only proceed from the Chinese fleet. The course was altered and the speed increased, both squadrons heading for the enemy, the *Yoshino* leading the van squadron, and the *Matsushima*, flying Admiral Ito's flag, leading the main squadron. A signal to the *Akagi* and *Saikio Maru* directed them to keep out of the line of battle, on the rear of the fleet, and on the side furthest from the enemy.

The Chinese had been aware of Ito's approach for some time before he saw the smoke of their ships. Early in the morning, Ting had ordered his crew to drill at their guns. About eleven a.m., while the crews were resting after their drill, and the cooks were busy getting dinner ready, the lookout at the mastheads reported that they could see the smoke of a large fleet away on the horizon to the south-westward. The Chinese admiral signalled an order to the fleet first to weigh anchor, then a little later to clear for action. It was the hurried stoking of the furnaces in the Chinese ships as they got under weigh that produced the mass of black smoke that revealed their presence to the Japanese.

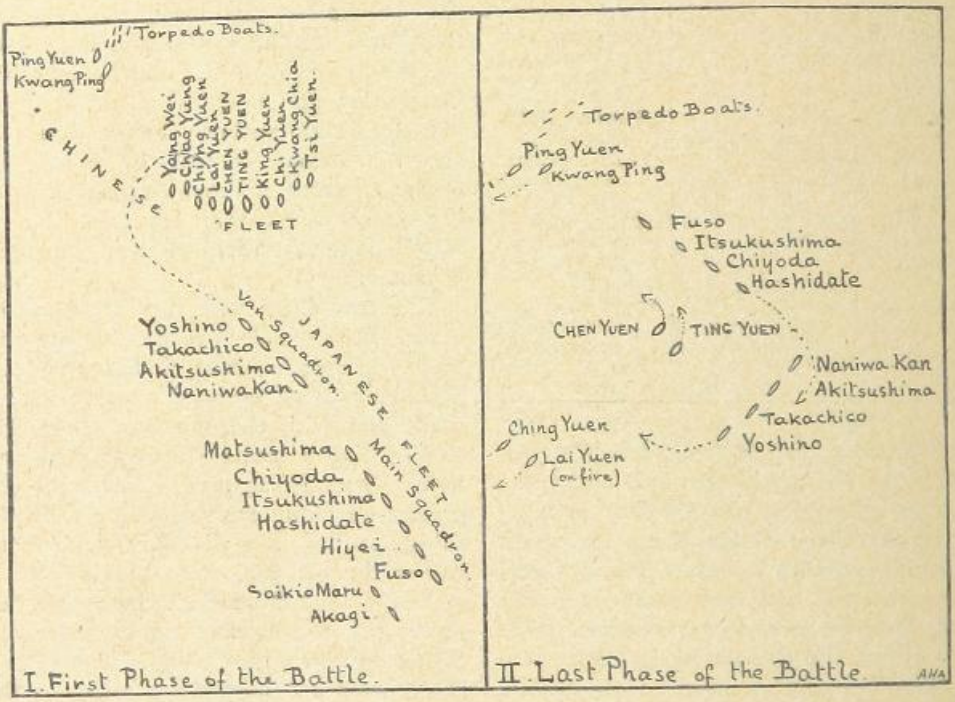
The two fleets were now approaching each other. Ito's squadron made a gallant show, his line of cruisers rushing at full speed through the blue waters, every ship painted a brilliant white and with the Japanese chrysanthemum shining like a round shield of gold on every bow. The war flag, a red-rayed sun on a white ground, flew from every masthead. The Chinese ships, painted a dull black and flying the yellow dragon flag, were moving out slowly in line abreast from their anchorage near the shore, the armoured ships in the centre, the lighter cruisers on the wings. The ships on the flanks were keeping station badly, so that the line was rather more like a flattened crescent with the horns thrown back. Away to the right rear, nearer the mouth of the Yalu, lay a couple of warships and a little flotilla of torpedo boats. At five minutes past twelve Ito signalled to his fleet to clear for action, but it was not till ten minutes to one that the first shots were fired at long range. They came from the Chinese fleet.

Commander McGiffen, the American officer on board of the *Chen-Yuen*, has given a realistic description of those minutes of anxious tension that preceded the first shot of the battle. "The twenty-two ships," he writes, "trim and fresh in their paint and their bright new bunting and gay with fluttering signal flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found a difficulty in realising that they were not there simply for a friendly meeting. But, looking closer on the

* Old ironclads launched 1877–78.

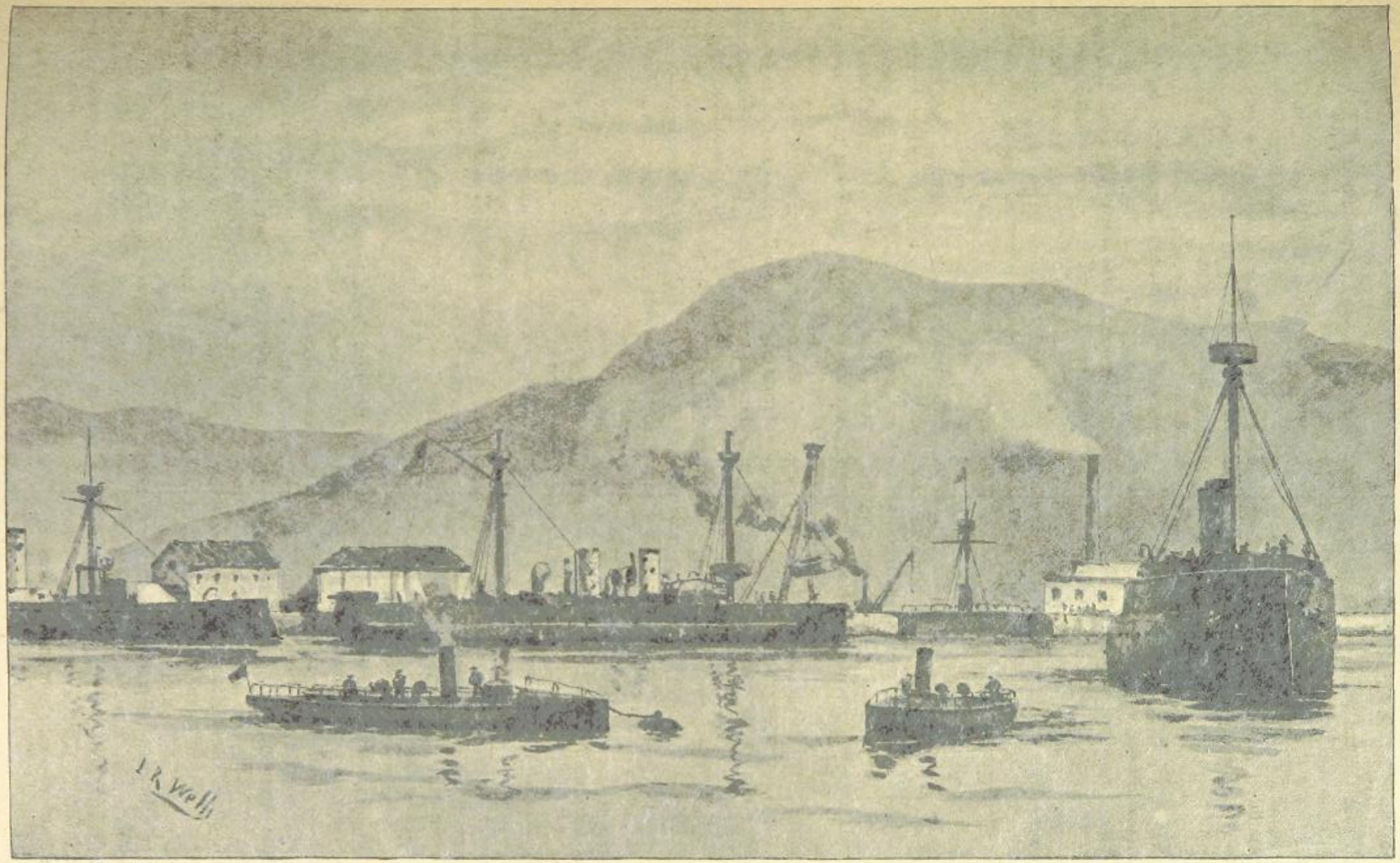
Chen-Yuen, one could see beneath this gaiety much that was sinister. Dark-skinned men, with queues tightly coiled round their heads and with arms bared to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill or be killed. Sand was sprinkled along the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures, and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship, were men at the shell whips and ammunition hoists and in the torpedo room. Here and there a man lay flat on the deck, with trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam pumps, for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that, in case of fire, no time need be lost. '6,000 mètres!'—'5,800!'—'600!'—'500!'—'5,400!' The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the *Ting-Yuen's* starboard barbette, opened the ball."

Fired at a range of about three and a half miles, the shell fell short, throwing up a huge



THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

a charge of powder—fifty pounds or more—in his arms, waiting to pass it on when it should be wanted. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action and bring in a shell through the side. Once the battle had begun they were all right, but at first the strain was intense. The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sub-lieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called, the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun fountain of water ahead of the *Yoshino*, the leading ship of the Japanese line. The *Chen-Yuen* and the other Chinese ships opened fire, and the line of battle was wrapped in clouds of smoke. For five minutes more the Japanese fleet came on swiftly and silently. But when the range was just under two miles, the bow guns of the *Yoshino* opened in reply. She was heading obliquely for the right wing of the Chinese, and as the other cruisers of the van squadron followed her on the same course, their bow guns and their forward starboard batteries were able to come into action. The Japanese, thanks to their numerous quick-firers, were able to deliver a much heavier cannonade than the Chinese. Through the thick smoke, out of



THE DISABLED CHINESE FLEET IN THE HARBOUR AT PORT ARTHUR.

which rose the tall masts of the cruisers, there flickered and flashed a continual blaze from the guns. But at first the range was badly judged. The shells hit the water just ahead of the Chinese lines, some of them ricocheting over the decks. The water thrown up in great geysers was carried over the ships, and in a minute everyone on deck on McGiffen's ship was drenched to the skin.

The range was now about a mile. The Japanese fleet was sweeping past the Chinese on a course that would take it just outside Ting's right wing. All the ships were in action, and both sides were feeling the effect of the fire. But already it was evident that in sheer hitting power the Japanese had an enormous advantage. For one shot the Chinese could fire they were able to get off at least a dozen in the same time. While as yet there was no serious injury to any of Ito's ships, the rain of exploding shells was telling heavily on Ting's ships. The Chinese admiral paid the penalty of having left his weakest ships on the wings. The Japanese squadron came sweeping round his right, pouring their fire into the Chinese cruisers, while the main squadron ran across their bows, thus taking them between two fires. The two ships on the extreme right, the *Chao-Yung* and the *Yang-Wei*, were terribly damaged by this concentrated fire, and the former burst into flames. The two ironclads in the centre of the Chinese line had steamed forward as if to close with Ito's main squadron, and had received a heavy fire from the powerful batteries of the Japanese. Their armoured barbettes received no injury beyond deep dents from the glancing and bursting shells, but the unarmoured parts of their superstructures were fairly riddled, and fires broke out here and there, and were only extinguished with difficulty.

The Chinese line had now lost its first formation and had become an irregular crescent of ships, many of which masked each other's fire. Ito had signalled to the van squadron to turn to port, and was concentrating the fire of his ships chiefly on the Chinese right, which he meant to destroy before closely engaging the heavy ironclads in the centre. His swift cruisers were able to work together splendidly, but the two old ironclads, the *Fuso* and the *Hiyei*, could not keep up with them, and these and the unarmoured *Akagi* and *Saikio Maru* were for a moment in serious danger of being crushed by the two large Chinese ironclads. The *Fuso* evaded an attempt to ram her, and rejoined the cruisers. The captain of the *Hiyei*, seeing that if he directly followed his consort he would fall across the bows of the *Ting-Yuen*, took a bold course. He turned sharply, and ran down the lane of water between the two big ships. They held their fire at first, for to use their big guns would have been to risk damaging each other, but as the *Hiyei* cleared them they poured a destructive fire into her at a range of only a few hundred yards. She got through, but only with serious loss and considerable damage. Two torpedoes were discharged at her, but both missed her. The *Akagi*, which had also fallen astern of the cruisers, and was no longer protected by them, was badly damaged by the Chinese fire, one of her masts going over the side. The *Saikio Maru* kept further out. She was attacked by the Chinese torpedo boats, but their torpedoes missed her, and they were driven off by the quick-firing guns of the van squadron, which, on the signal of Admiral Ito, had rounded out to the assistance of the weaker ships.

The battle now became a cannonade at a range of from one to two miles, the speed of the Japanese allowing them to choose their own distance; the two squadrons—the van squadron led by Rear-Admiral Tsuboi in the *Yoshino*, the main squadron by Ito in the *Matsushima*—steaming to and fro past the Chinese right, closing on each other as they approached it, and opening out again as they turned back. It was going badly with the Chinese. The *Yang-Wei*, enveloped in flame and smoke, and with her crew making a hopeless attempt to put out the fire, steamed away from the battle on the right. The cruiser *Chi-Yuen*, which had made a plucky attempt to ram the *Yoshino*, was sinking, her water line torn with bursting shells. The torpedo squadron, cut up badly by the Japanese fire, with steam-pipes riddled and decks strewn with dead, had taken refuge in shallow water. On the left the *Tsi-Yuen* and the *Kwang-Chia* had taken to flight. The *Tsi-Yuen*, which had only been partly repaired after her fight at Asan, had received fresh injuries. Three of her best guns were disabled, and a German officer who was on board says she was practically helpless. As she left the fight she got in collision with her consort, the *Yang-Wei*, which was drifting ashore, burning fiercely from stem to stern. The *Lai-Yuen* was also on fire, and left the fight, getting away inshore, and then heading for Port Arthur. Her crew were able to drown her magazines and keep her afloat. Her sister ship,

the *King-Yuen*, had a worse fate. She also was set on fire, but no effort could keep the flames under. There was a tremendous explosion, and as the smoke cleared it was seen that she had gone down. Of her crew of 270 officers and men, only seven survived. In both these ships the fire had rapidly spread from end to end along a central passage, lined with lacquered and oiled wood. On board the *Lai-Yuen*, when the fire was extinguished, hours after the fight, most of the deck was gone, and the iron girders to which it was bolted were twisted out of shape. Her stokers and engineers had stuck to their posts below during the fire and kept the engines going. The heat had risen to 200 degrees. Many of these brave Chinamen were blinded for life, and had all the skin scorched off their faces. In the other ship the chief engineer, an Englishman named Purves, lost his life. The seven survivors were picked off floating wreckage after the fight. Her captain, Tang, very nearly escaped. He swam for some time, but a favourite dog he had with him put its paws on his shoulders and forced his head under the water.

Having disposed of most of the lighter ships, the Japanese made a determined attempt to crush with their fire the two battleships, the only really powerful vessels in the Chinese fleet. Early in the action a shell had carried away the *Ting-Yuen's* foremast, killing the seven men who manned the military top. The signal yards and halyards and most of the flags went with the mast, so that the flagship was unable to signal any more orders during the fight. The admiral lay senseless for nearly an hour in the first part of the battle, stunned by the concussion of his own big guns, for he had carelessly taken up position too close to their muzzles. Von Hanneken was injured in the same way, though not so badly. He took command of the heavy barbette guns, and was slightly wounded while directing them. Another German officer serving on the flagship, Herr Albrecht, saved her from destruction by fire. The forepart had been ignited by bursting shells, and the Chinese sailors had abandoned the attempt to extinguish the flames as they dared not face the rain of small shells and machine-gun bullets turned on the ship by the Japanese. The fire and smoke made it impossible to work the forward guns, and for awhile only one gun in the stern was kept in action. It was then that Albrecht worked his way forward with a branch of hose, got to close quarters with the fire, and, standing in the midst of eddying smoke and flame and with shells bursting and bullets pattering round him, kept at it till he had put the fire out and the barbette guns were able to come into action again. There was a third European on board the flagship, Mr. Nicholls, formerly a petty officer in the British navy. He was killed in the action, while commanding at the guns with a coolness and courage worthy of the service in which he had been trained.

The other battleship, the *Chen-Yuen*, was on fire no less than eight times. The most serious outbreak took place in the bow, where there was a lot of ornamental woodwork. Here, again, the Chinese were panic-stricken by the outbreak, and it was McGiffen who rallied a few of them and, going forward and working the hose with his own hands, got the dangerous fire under control. While thus engaged he was twice wounded, and narrowly escaped being blown to pieces by one of his own barbette guns which the crew brought into action, notwithstanding his caution to them not to fire ahead till he had completed his work.

The Chinese gunnery had for the most part been execrably bad, but during this artillery duel between the two battleships and the Japanese protected cruisers one shot was fired from the *Chen-Yuen* which showed how different the result might have been if Ting's fleet had possessed proper ammunition supplies and trained gunners. Commander McGiffen asserts that there were only three effective 12-inch shells in the magazine of his ship when the fight began. About half-past three one of these struck the Japanese flagship, *Matsushima*. It crashed into her battery, dismounted one 5-inch gun, put two more out of gear, and exploded a number of shells that were lying ready beside the guns. The space between decks was swept by the explosions. Fifty men and officers were killed on the spot. One, the gunnery lieutenant, was standing by the heap of ammunition, and was simply blown to atoms ; only his cap was found after the fight. Some fifty more were more or less severely wounded, and the ship was set on fire. "The crew," writes Mr. H. W. Wilson, "with unabated gallantry and courage, divided their attention between the fire and the enemy. The bandsmen went to the guns, and, though the position of the ship was critical and her loss appalling, there was no panic. The fire was on the lower deck, just above the magazine. In charge of the magazine were a gunner's mate and a seaman. The shell had apparently dented the plating over the powder, and the red glow

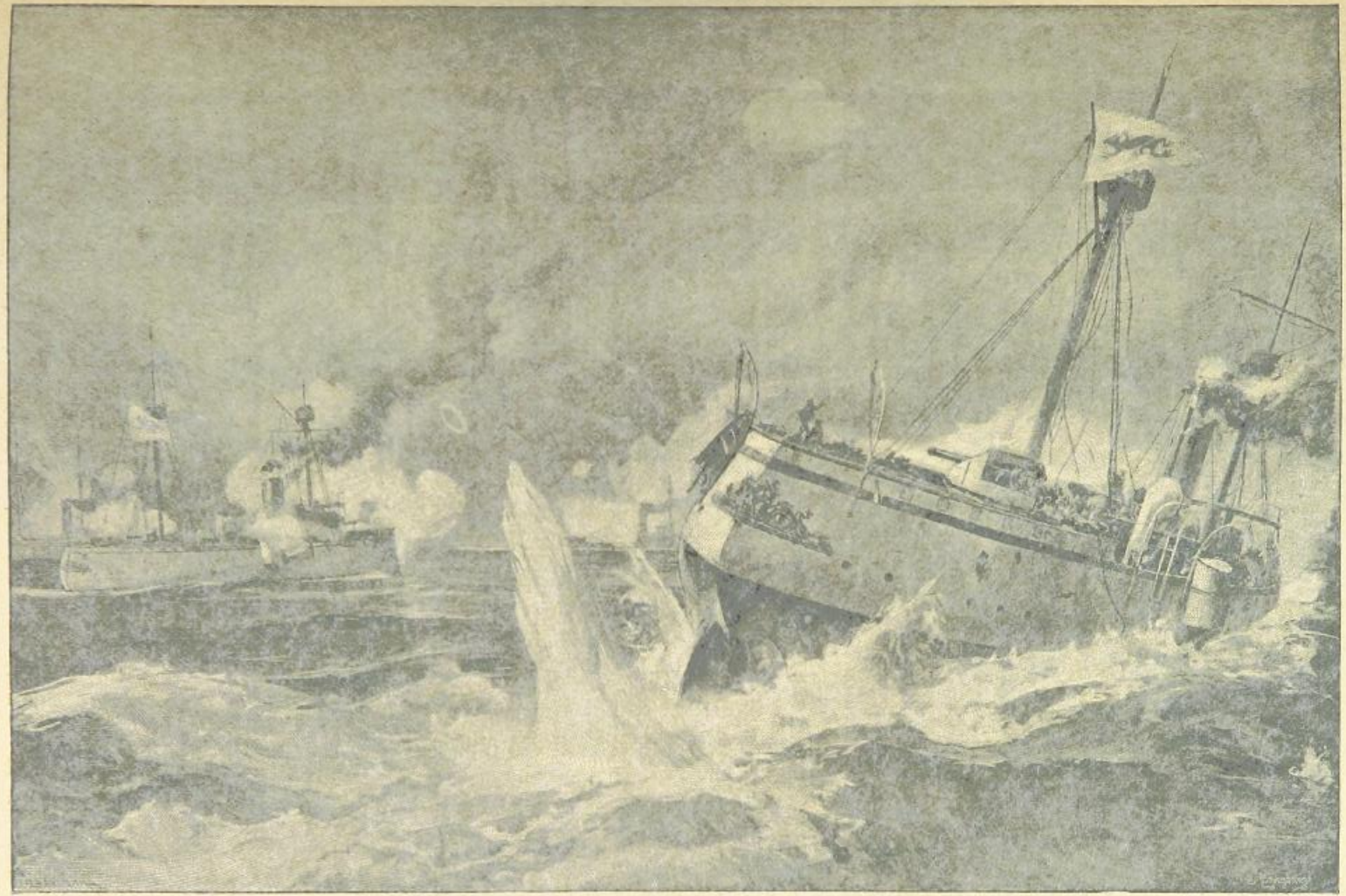
through the crevices showed the danger. But these brave men did not abandon their posts. Stripping off their clothes, they crammed them into the cracks and saved the *Matsushima*; though nearly a third of the men above the water-line had been put out of action, the remnant got the fire under." Still burning, the *Matsushima* steamed out of the battle, Admiral Ito transferring his flag to the *Hashidate*.

It has been said already that the defective ammunition of the Chinese fleet was a chief cause of the comparative immunity from injury of the Japanese. The *Matsushima* had been hit earlier in the fight by a 10-inch shell, which came through her side a little above the water-line, killed four men who were standing together in the torpedo room, narrowly missed a loaded Whitehead torpedo, and then smashed through some oil tanks and broke in pieces without an explosion. It was then seen that it had no fuse, and had a lump of cement where the bursting charge should have been. It was, like many of the Chinese projectiles, practically not a shell but a very defective solid shot. Had it been properly fused and loaded it might very well have burst in the torpedo room of the *Matsushima* and sent her to the bottom, torn open by her own explosives.

The only other Japanese ships that were at all badly damaged by the Chinese fire were the *Hiyei* and the *Akagi*. The *Hiyei* lost severely, and a heavy shell from the *Chen-Yuen* exploded in her hospital, killing the chief surgeon and many of his patients. Sakamoto, the captain of the *Akagi*, was killed on her bridge. Her steam pipes and ammunition hoists were cut up by bursting shells, making it difficult to keep the engines going or to work the guns, and her mainmast went over her side. She narrowly escaped destruction. The *Saikio Maru* was hit in her upper works by four shells from the *Ting-Yuen*. One of these wrecked her saloon and destroyed her steering gear. She ran out of danger, steering with her twin screws. Had the heavy shells struck her a little lower she would have been sunk. The presence of these two ships, the gunboat *Akagi* and the liner *Saikio*, was a source of weakness to Admiral Ito. He would have done better if he had sent them away at the outset, as he had to give much of his attention to taking care of them.

IN THE TORPEDO ROOM OF THE "KING-YUEN."

As evening approached all that was left in action of the Chinese fleet was the pair of battleships with the *Lai-Yuen* (on fire), the *Ching-Yuen*, and the *Ping-Yuen*. Of the other ships, the *Kwang-Ping* with the torpedo boats



THE BATTLE OF THE YALU: THE FOUNDERING OF THE "CHI-YUEN."

had taken refuge in the mouth of the Yalu. Away to the south-westward the *Tsi-Yuen* was steaming for Port Arthur, badly crippled. The *Kwang-Chia*, which had followed her, had gone ashore, and the *King-Yuen* and *Chi-Yuen* had sunk. On the Japanese side the *Matsushima*, the *Hiyei*, the *Akagi*, and the *Saikio* had drawn out of the line, but seven of the cruisers and the old ironclad *Fuso* were still in action, concentrating their fire on the *Ting* and *Chen-Yuen*. They were fighting at a range of over a mile. Had they closed in and used their torpedoes they might have destroyed what was left of the Chinese fleet, but they seemed very unwilling to risk a fight at torpedo range. Probably Ito did not like to give a chance to the Chinese torpedo boats, which he believed to be lurking behind the squadron. After the battle it was said that the Yalu fight had proved that the protected cruiser could successfully engage battleships. But no such lesson could be drawn from the experiences of the day; for, as we have seen, the offensive power of the two Chinese ironclads was very defective. What the fight did prove was the enormous power of resistance possessed even by a second-rate battleship. Here were the two *Yuens* exposed to the fire of the whole cruiser fleet, and yet practically uninjured and unsubdued. Their sides riddled above the armour belt, their upper works cut and pierced by the Japanese shells, and frequently on fire, they were yet able to keep their guns in action behind the heavy armour of the barbettes, and to answer back, though slowly, the fire of the Japanese.

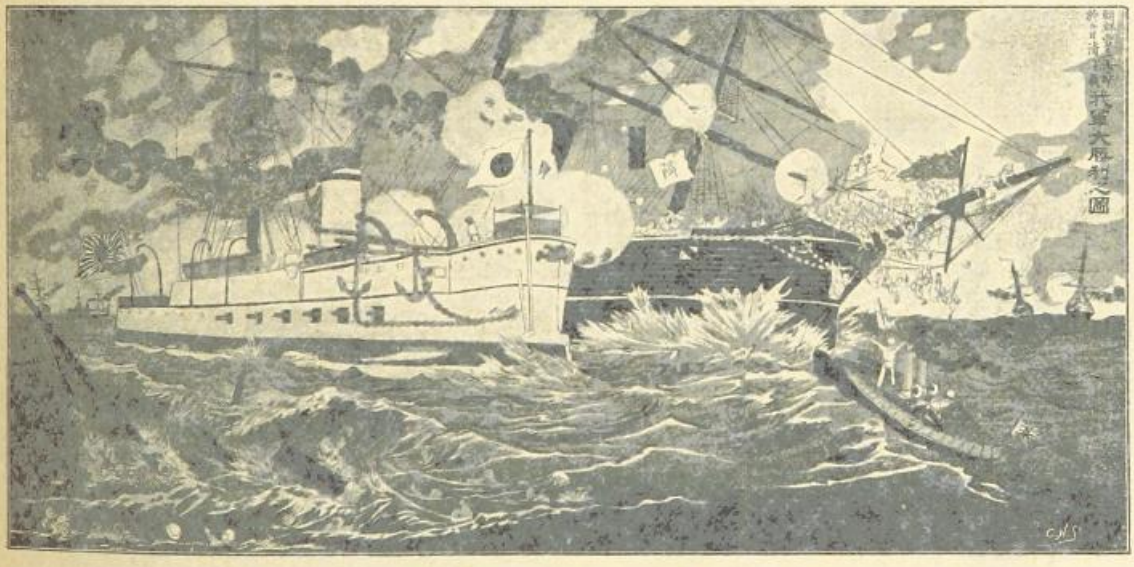
Before sunset, Admiral Ito signalled to his fleet to cease firing and withdraw. He had no torpedo boats with him, and he did not like to risk a night attack from the Chinese flotilla. Besides, he was probably running short of ammunition. His guns had been hard at it for nearly five hours, and the quick-firer consumes shells at a terribly rapid rate. During the hottest part of the engagement the Japanese had a difficulty not only in keeping up the ammunition supply, but in preventing the empty copper cartridge cases accumulating in the batteries. Men were specially told off to get rid of them by throwing them down open hatchways, or sending them overboard. One may judge from this that towards sunset there were very few shells left in the magazines. Badly though his fleet had suffered, Ting seems to have honestly regarded the retirement of the Japanese as giving him the victory. He collected what was left of his squadron, sent orders to the *Kwang-Ping*, the torpedo boats, and the transports in the Yalu to rejoin him, and headed for Port Arthur. The *Kwang-Ping* and the torpedo flotilla obeyed the order, but the five transports were afraid to come out, and remained at anchor. As the sun set, the remnant of the Chinese squadron was steaming slowly to the south-westward. Well out to sea the Japanese held on a parallel course, but in the night they lost touch of the Chinese. Ito seems to have made no determined attempt at pursuit. If he had wished he could easily have headed off the retiring Chinese fleet and attacked again at dawn. But he can hardly have been in a condition for such an enterprise. On the 18th he changed his course for Ping-Yang Inlet, where he could refill his magazines, put the wounded ashore, and send back the *Matsushima*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi* to Japan to repair damages. Ting's fleet reached Port Arthur unmolested, and he was joined there a few days later by his transports from the Yalu.

In the battle the Japanese lost in all 294 officers and men, out of a total force of about 3,000. Ten officers and eighty men were killed, and sixteen officers and 188 men wounded. The *Matsushima* lost most heavily, having fifty-seven killed and fifty-four wounded, more than one-third of the total loss of the fleet. But it is strange that the *Chiyoda*, which came next to her in the line of battle, had not a single man killed or wounded. She was the only ship that escaped thus scathless, though the *Naniwa Kan*, the last ship of the van squadron, was nearly as fortunate, having only one man wounded.

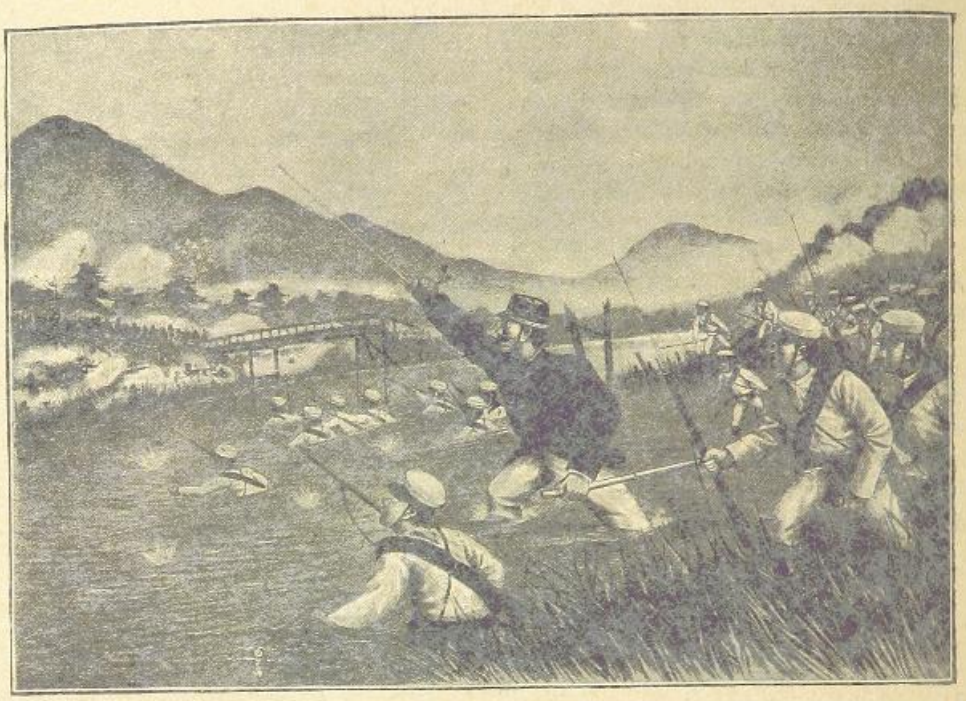
We have no such accurate record of the Chinese losses. At least 600 men, perhaps more, lost their lives on board the ships that were sunk and burned. The losses on board the two battleships that had borne the brunt of the fight for hours were very slight, showing in a striking way the value of heavy armour. The *Ting-Yuen* had had fourteen killed and twenty wounded, the *Chen-Yuen* seven killed and fifteen wounded. In all, the fleet must have lost nearly 800 men. The result of the battle was to leave Ito's fleet practically intact, while Ting's was reduced to the two battleships, a couple of inferior cruisers, and the torpedo boats. Henceforth the Chinese only used the ships that had survived for harbour defence, and the Japanese acted as if they had secured full command of the Yellow Sea, boldly sending their convoys' transports across it, first to the Yalu, later to the Laio-tung peninsula and the Shantung coast, so

that the Yalu fight enabled them to push forward vigorously and resolutely their operations by land. Its moral effect had gone far beyond its actual material results. Coming on the morrow of the success won by Nodzu at Ping-yang, the Yalu battle inspired the Japanese with the feeling that they were invincible both by land and sea.

A curious feature of the situation was that as yet only one of the four fleets that China possessed had been in action. Nevertheless, as soon as it was disposed of, the Japanese paid no attention whatever to the other three, and, in fact, acted as if they did not exist. In this line of conduct they were amply justified by the course of events. All the best ships belonging to China had been attached to the Pei-yang or Northern Squadron, in order to guard the approaches to the capital. The Nankin, Canton and Foochow squadrons consisted almost entirely of small or obsolete vessels. Even if they had been more efficient the Chinese system would hardly have allowed them to be diverted to the northern theatre of war. They were held back by the immemorial custom that made the Provincial Viceroys almost independent of the central government, and led them to keep any fighting forces they could control for the local defence of their own districts. For most of them the war with Japan was not a struggle in which the whole Chinese Empire was involved. It was a war waged by the people at Pekin and the Viceroys of the North against the Japanese, and the Southern Viceroys looked on its spreading to their districts as a remote possibility.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FIGHT.
(From a Japanese drawing.)



FORDING UNDER FIRE.
(By a Japanese artist.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE YALU AND THE INVASION OF MANCHURIA.

AFTER the battle of Ping-yang about 9,000 of the defeated Chinese retreated to the camps on the Yalu River. General Sung, the commandant of Port Arthur, had already assembled about 11,000 men on the right bank, and with the Ping-yang troops he now had an army of 20,000 men under his command. These were concentrated at Chiu-lien-cheng, opposite Wiju, where the main road into Manchuria from Korea crosses the river. About ten miles higher up on the right bank there was a separate force of 4,500 men, Manchu troops commanded by another general named Iko-tenga.

Marshal Yamagata, who had taken over the chief command of the Japanese army in Northern Korea, remained at Ping-yang for nearly three weeks, pushing forward an advanced guard under General Tachimi to hold the line of the Chong-chon River and obtain information as to the Chinese forces on the Yalu. During this three weeks' halt he was collecting supplies for the coming advance into Manchuria. Tachimi pushed bodies of scouts to his front, and found that the Chinese had abandoned all the country south of the Yalu. The roads were in excellent condition. This was the result of the Chinese having employed thousands of coolies to repair them in order to get their heavy artillery from the Yalu to Ping-yang when they were preparing to defend that place. Thus they had actually done an enormous amount of work to facilitate the Japanese advance. General Sung remained so utterly inactive behind the Yalu that on October 6th a small Japanese detachment was able to occupy Wiju. The Chinese made no attempt to disturb them, and the Japanese engineers began to lay a field telegraph line to link this advanced post with Ping-yang. It was completed on October 18th.

On the 6th Yamagata had begun his advance, moving his main body from Ping-yang to the Chongchon River and pushing Tachimi with the advanced guard forward from that river to the left bank of the Yalu. To General Oshima's brigade was entrusted the task of holding Ping-yang and guarding the line of communications in Northern Korea. Tachimi was at Wiju on

the 10th. Yamagata, with the main body, was on the Chongchon on the 15th, and was close up to Wiju on the 23rd. The attempt to cross the Yalu was to be made on the 25th at daybreak.

Tachimi and the engineers had already carefully reconnoitred the river, made preparations for the crossing, and endeavoured to mislead the Chinese as to the actual point where it would be attempted by an ostentatious display of activity, now at one point, now at another. The river at the most favourable point for effecting the passage was found to be 600 feet wide and eleven feet deep, divided by islands into three streams. The pontoons with the army were not sufficient for three floating bridges of this total length, and in order to supplement them the engineers constructed a number of rafts for the deep water and trestle piers for the shallower margin of the stream. Thus all was ready for the work of laying the bridge by the time the main body reached the river at Wiju.

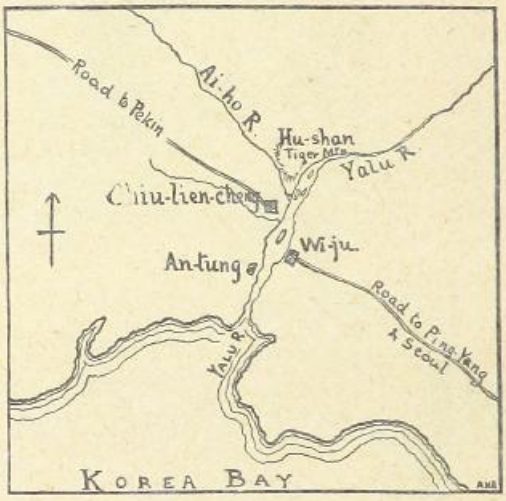
FIELD-MARSHAL YAMAGATA.

The country round the Lower Yalu is very flat. The only hill, known as Hu-shan, or Tiger Mountain, is a bit of rising ground, 300 feet high, just above Wiju, at a point where a small stream, the Ai-ho, runs into the Yalu from the north-west. The "Tiger Mountain" stands between the two streams. The Chinese were busy fortifying it, and were also erecting forts at various points along the river. Yamagata's plan was to make feints of crossing at some distance above and below Yalu, but make the real attempt near the hill. The engineers were to float the bridges into position in the night between the 24th and 25th. At dawn the Tiger Mountain was to be rushed, artillery placed in position there would cover the crossing of the bridges by the main body, the Ai-ho stream would present no serious obstacle, and it was not likely that once the Japanese were over the river, Sung and the Chinese army would make any very determined stand in the plain.

The plan was a complete success. On the afternoon of the 24th Colonel Sato, with seven companies of infantry, two guns, and a few cavalry troopers, crossed the river partly by wading, partly by swimming, partly with boats and rafts at a point about nine miles above Wiju. Iko-tenga was supposed to be guarding this part of the river, but he had done no scouting or patrolling. If the Manchu general had used the most ordinary precautions, Sato's force would never have got across. Only after he had landed was the Japanese colonel attacked. The Chinese brought up 300 infantry and sixty horsemen, but they gave way almost immediately and took refuge in a fort, out of which they were driven, leaving behind them two mountain guns and a lot of stores, including a valuable collection of heavy winter clothing. How little fight the Chinese made may be judged from the fact that the Japanese loss was one man wounded. Major Okuyama, with a small infantry detachment, was sent down the river-bank from Wiju to make another demonstration opposite the town of An-tung. He pretended to be preparing to cross, though the river here was far too wide. The Chinese lined the right bank with riflemen, and firing went on across the river all night. Thus Sato's enterprise kept Iko-tenga's attention riveted on the river above the crossing point that had really been chosen, and Okuyama's rifle volleys made Sung anxious about a possible crossing at An-tung.

Meanwhile, silently in the darkness a covering party had been ferried across on rafts and pontoons to a point just below the Tiger Mountain, where the Chinese guards were sleeping, smoking, and gambling in their fort. Then the engineers laid the bridges across the three

branches of the Yalu. There was no hammering or other noise. Orders were given in a low voice. The work to be done was to float the parts of the bridge into position and then lash them together and moor them securely. The water was icy cold, and the men who had to stand or swim in it suffered severely. The Japanese artillery was quietly placed in position in the darkness, ready to bring a heavy fire of guns and howitzers on any hostile force that tried to bar the passage. The third brigade under General Katsura, with some cavalry and artillery, was to cross first. Tachimi's brigade, with guns and cavalry, was to follow. Nodzu's troops were held in reserve.



THE PASSAGE OF THE YALU.

The Chinese were completely surprised. Moving across by the first light of dawn, Katsura rushed the fort on Tiger Mountain, driving its defenders back across the Ai-ho. Tachimi then passed the bridges and formed on Katsura's left. Three strong columns of Chinese troops were seen moving up from Chiu-lien-cheng to recover the lost hill. For about an hour they tried to advance under a heavy fire from the Japanese, and they actually crossed the Ai-ho. By that time, however, Nodzu with the reserve had come into action, and the rising ground of Tiger Mountain bristled with Japanese cannon. The Chinese began to give way everywhere. They were driven in confusion across the Ai-ho. By half-past ten the fighting was over. Colonel Sato, who had marched southwards as soon as he heard the fighting, arrived just as the battle ended.

The Japanese encamped for the night on the right bank of the Ai-ho, and orders were issued for an attack at dawn on the Chinese camp at Chiu-lien-cheng. During the first part of the night the Chinese fired on the Japanese outposts in the darkness. But General Sung had adopted the usual tactics of his nation. The firing was intended only to conceal his retreat. By the middle of the night the Chinese fire had ceased, and at dawn it was seen that they had abandoned their camp and all their forts. They had left behind them in their hurried flight an enormous quantity of arms and stores. Among the spoils that thus fell into Marshal Yamagata's hands were seventy-four field pieces, with more than 36,000 shells and powder charges, four machine-guns, more than 400 rifles, and four and a quarter million rifle cartridges of various patterns. The success had not been dearly bought. The Japanese had lost in the fight one officer and thirty-two men killed, and three officers and 108 men wounded. In all, 144 casualties. The Chinese loss was much heavier. The Japanese buried nearly 500 of their dead.

The fight is known to the Japanese as the battle of Hu-shan (Tiger Mountain). The result of the victory was the forcing of a river line that, properly defended by the 24,500 men at Sung's command, might have been held for weeks.

The way was now open for the invasion of Manchuria, the province which was the native land of the reigning dynasty of China. Yamagata's army during the next few weeks was engaged in clearing the border districts of the Chinese, reconnoitring the passes leading over the hills to Moukden, the capital of the province, and securing its hold on the country about the head of the Korean Gulf, which would become the base of operations for the invasion of Manchuria if the war continued till the spring. The intensely cold winter of Northern China was not the time for extensive land operations, during which the harbours would be frozen and the base of supply would have to be some distant port below the southern limit of the ice.

But the Japanese fleets and armies were not to be condemned to inactivity. Already while Yamagata's army was advancing to the Yalu a second army was being embarked in the Japanese ports under the command of Marshal Oyama. Its object was the invasion of the Liao-tung peninsula and the capture of Port Arthur, the fortified base of the Chinese fleet.

After that was accomplished, Wei-hai-wei, on the other side of the Yellow Sea, was to be attacked. With its capture the Japanese fleet and armies would hold the keys of the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and all would be ready in the spring for an advance into the Gulf, an attack on the mouth of the Peiho, and a march on Pekin, Oyama's army combining its operations with Yamagata's forces descending from Manchuria.

Before describing the expeditions against Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, we may anticipate a little the order of time, and complete the story of Yamagata's operations up to the end of November. There is no need of going into detail, as the main interest of the war is henceforth with Oyama and the "Second Army." After the crossing of the Yalu by the Japanese, the Chinese army had broken up. Sung had led about 10,000 men to Feng-huang-cheng (*i.e.* the "Phœnix City"), an important town, the meeting-place of several routes, about twenty-five miles to the westward of Wiju. Iko-tenga, with about 4,000 men, retired to the north-east. About 3,000 went away to the south-west towards Liao-tung. The remainder dispersed. Yamagata resolved to break up the principal body of Chinese in his front, that commanded by Sung, and pushed forward Tachimi's division towards the "Phœnix City" for the purpose. On October 29th Tachimi's cavalry scouts sent back word that the Chinese had set fire to Feng-huang-cheng, and were in full retreat. Next day Tachimi entered the town, of which only a small part had been burned. Two guns, three mortars, some rifles, and a quantity of camp equipment were found in the place, and some stragglers from the Chinese army were brought in as prisoners by the cavalry. They reported that Sung's force had broken up, some going westward towards Niu-chang, some northwards, and a few to the south in the direction of Takushan. It was subsequently ascertained that Sung had kept about 5,000 men together, and marched them north-eastwards to occupy and fortify a pass in the hills on the road to Mouken, known as Mo-tien-ling (the "Sky-touching Pass"), which was reported to be the strongest position between the Japanese army and the old Manchu capital. Tachimi sent small columns to reconnoitre the passes west and north of Feng-huang-cheng. He found the Mo-tien-ling Pass very strongly held, and in a skirmish in front of it the reconnoitring party lost one man killed and two wounded. The skirmish and the subsequent retirement of the Japanese was represented by the Chinese as a brilliant victory. The other scouting parties had several skirmishes, mostly with detached parties of Chinese "braves." But it was reported that behind these scattered parties of Chinese there was a considerable army gathering, which was later discovered to be Iko-tenga's Manchu Tartar force. Towards the end of November Iko-tenga advanced against the Japanese outposts, combining his attack with an advance of the Chinese force at the Mo-tien-ling Pass. This led to some sharp fighting with Nodzu and Tachimi's divisions, in which everywhere the advantage was with the Japanese.

Meanwhile Yamagata's third brigade, under General Katsura, had been pushed from the Yalu southward to occupy Takushan, at the north end of the Liao-tung Peninsula, in order to facilitate Oyama's invasion. The place was occupied after a mere skirmish on November 7th. A column under General Oseko then drove the Chinese detachments out of the country to the westward around Hsiu-yen.

Iko-tenga and his Tartars were defeated at Tsao-ho-kou (*i.e.* the Grass River Pass) on the last day of November. Marshal Yamagata then concentrated his army in the old Chinese camps on the Yalu at An-tung and Chiu-lien-cheng, with a brigade holding Feng-huang-cheng, and another at Takushan. Outposts and cavalry patrols watched the country to the north and west, and observed the Mo-tien-ling Pass. But it was not expected that the Chinese would give much further trouble for some weeks to come; for the winter had begun, the rivers were freezing, and the country was being covered with snow. Yamagata had thus drawn his army together to simplify the question of supply, as, now that the ice was forming along the coast, nothing could be landed nearer than Ping-yang Inlet in Korea, and everything thus sent to him had to be brought up to his camps by a long overland journey.

He had soon after to resign the command of the Japanese armies in the north on account of ill-health, the result of exposure to the severe climate of Manchuria. He handed over the command of the "First Army" to his able lieutenant, General Nodzu, the victor of Ping-yang. Though he had only been a few weeks actively directing the campaign, Yamagata had won a high reputation for his able organisation of the advance from Ping-yang, his victorious forcing

of the line of the Yalu at the battle of Hu-shan, and the general direction of the operations in Manchuria, where, in an almost unknown country, and in the presence of enemies who largely outnumbered him and could hold against him fortified towns and difficult mountain passes, he had obtained a firm hold of a considerable district, clearing it of the enemy, establishing a local Japanese administration, and preparing an advanced base from which the further conquest of the country could be undertaken. On his return to Japan he acted till the end of the war as a member of the distinguished staff that assisted the Emperor in the general direction of the war at the imperial headquarters at Hiroshima.

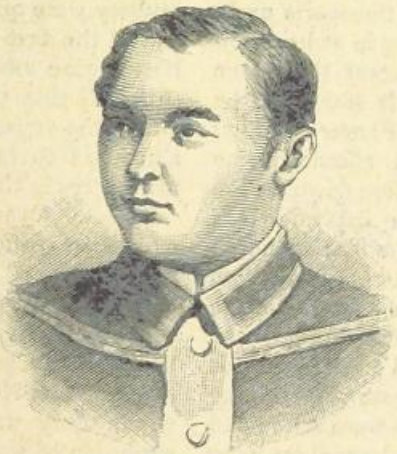
After this rapid glance at Yamagata's operations in the weeks that followed the crossing of the Yalu, we must go back to October and see what was happening at the same time in the Liao-tung Peninsula, the scene of the more important operations of the "Second Army" under Marshal Oyama.

STORMING A CHINESE POSITION.
(By a Japanese artist.)

CHAPTER VIII.

OYAMA'S INVASION OF THE LIAO-TUNG PENINSULA.

As soon as the naval victory off the Yalu River had secured for the Japanese the command of the Yellow Sea, it was resolved to send an army to effect the capture of Port Arthur. For this purpose the First Division (troops of the Tokio district) and a portion of the Sixth were ordered to mobilise and concentrate at Hiroshima on the Inland Sea, where the transport fleet would be ready to receive them. The concentration was completed on September 27th. General Yamaji commanded the First Division, and General Hasegawa the troops of the Sixth. The combined force was officially known as the "Second Army," and its command was given to Marshal Count Oyama. Until the date of his appointment Oyama had been acting as Minister of War, and in that capacity he had a principal share in the planning of the general scheme of operations that were to result in the conquest of Korea.



FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA.

Sufficient transports were not available to embark the whole army. Hasegawa's brigade, with the artillery and cavalry attached to it, was sent off first, and was landed at Ping-yang Inlet, the mouth of the Tatung River in Korea, which was to be used as the secondary base of the expedition. On October 15th the First Division and Oyama's headquarters staff embarked. The Japanese Parliament was then sitting at Hiroshima; the members of both Houses escorted the Marshal to the quay. On the 19th the Marshal reached Ping-yang Inlet, and next day the whole of his army was assembled there. To make clear the sequence of events, it may be well to remind the reader that at this time the First Army under Marshal Yamagata was closing in upon the left bank of the Yalu, of which it forced the passage on October 25th. By that date Oyama had begun the invasion of the Liao-tung Peninsula.

This peninsula is a tract of hilly country, jutting out between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. For the last seventy or eighty miles of its length the peninsula further narrows into the long strip of land known to the Chinese as "the Regent's sword." Half-way down this promontory it is nearly cut in two by the deep bay of Ta-lien-wan, which was used as the rendezvous for the British and French allied expeditions against China in 1860. The town of Kin-chow commands the narrow neck of land between Ta-lien-wan Bay on the east coast of the peninsula and Society Bay on the west. South of Ta-lien-wan and close to the extreme point of the peninsula the almost land-locked harbour of Port Arthur opens on the Yellow Sea. Surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills and with its entrance opening between two rocky points, it is well fitted for defence. The harbour, a great basin nearly three miles long, is well sheltered, and might afford anchorage to all the navies of the East. The Chinese had, with the help of European engineers, fortified the surrounding hills and the harbour entrance and constructed a graving dock, well provided with machinery and workshops and a large arsenal. The place was known to its Chinese masters as Lu-shun-kou. Port Arthur is its European name. It was surveyed during the preliminaries of the allied expedition of 1860 by Commander Arthur of the British Navy, now Rear-Admiral Arthur on the retired list. At that time there were neither forts, docks, nor workshops on the shores of the land-locked sheet of water. Near the entrance there was a Chinese fishing village, and a few junks were

moored to the shore. No one could then foresee the future fame and importance the place was to possess. On the Admiralty charts it was named after its surveyor, Port Arthur. It has since become the Gibraltar of the Chinese seas, though, unfortunately, the flag that flies over it is not the same that waves upon the "Rock."

On October 23rd the vanguard of Oyama's army sailed from Ping-yang Inlet. It consisted of the 1st Brigade of the First Division, under General Nishi, embarked on transports under the escort of the Japanese fleet. Admiral Ito had already reconnoitred the coast of Liao-tung with a view to selecting a landing-place. It had been decided that the descent should not be made in the immediate neighbourhood of Port Arthur, as Oyama did not wish to begin active operations until the whole of his force was available, and the deficiency of transports made it necessary to effect the landing in at least two detachments. For the first descent the village of Hua-yuan-kon was chosen. It stands at the mouth of the Hua-yuan (*i.e.* Flower Garden) river, the entrance to which afforded some shelter for the transports. Before dawn on the morning of the 24th, the same day on which Colonel Sato crossed the Yalu, the fleet anchored about five miles off Hua-yuan-kon. Just before sunrise the steam launches conveyed to the shore a party of marines, who hoisted the Japanese flag on a hill behind the village. It was a misty morning, but the haze cleared away as the sun rose, and the villagers were astonished at the sight of the long line of large ships lying at anchor in waters where they had never seen anything bigger than the coasting junks. Some of them fled in terror, but the Japanese did what they could to reassure those who remained and bring back the fugitives. A proclamation signed by Marshal Oyama was posted up declaring that no one would be injured in person or property by the invaders. The infantry began to land, and the engineers began to construct a landing stage for the disembarking of the guns, horses, and waggons. A Japanese officer had established himself as local commandant in the principal house in the village. There was no sign of Chinese troops of any kind being in the neighbourhood, and the landing was a complete surprise. Four of the villagers were taken on board the flagship and persuaded to sell their clothes, which were immediately transferred to four Japanese, who had already provided themselves with pig-tails, and who could speak Chinese fluently. These four men were then landed, and started off inland as spies to collect information.

On the 25th (the day after the landing, and the same day on which Yamagata fought the battle of Tiger Mountain and crossed the Yalu) a small detachment was pushed some miles up the Hua-yuan river, and a battalion marched upon Pi-tzu-wo, a coast town thirty miles nearer Port Arthur. It had originally been proposed to land at Pi-tzu-wo, but the idea had been abandoned on account of the shallowness of the water. Oyama arrived with his staff at Hua-yuan-kon on the 26th. He had left Ping-yang Inlet the day before on a merchant steamer without any escort, so confident were the Japanese that the Chinese fleet had given up all idea of operations at sea. The rest of the army followed. But, although the infantry and artillery were quickly landed, it was not till the end of the first week in November that all the horses were ashore. The transports had to lie so far off that they had to be landed in boats; and as the voyage to and from the landing-place amounted to ten miles, they could not make many trips in the day.

Marshal Oyama, however, had begun active operations without waiting to have the whole of his cavalry and train on shore. Pi-tzu-wo had been occupied by the advanced guard on the 26th, the First Division, under General Yamaji, marching by very bad roads. Oyama reached the place on November 4th. By that time the whole army was concentrated there, with the exception of some of the mounted troops. The first thing to be done was to get possession of Kin-chow, the neck of the bottle-shaped peninsula, at the end of which stands Port Arthur. Kin-chow was reconnoitred by scouts and visited by spies, and the plan of attack was settled in a council of war held at Oyama's headquarters.

He had with him a force of about 25,000 men, well provided not only with field artillery, but also with heavy guns for the siege of the forts defending Ta-lien-wan and Port Arthur. The First Division, under General Yamaji, was about 15,000 strong. Hasegawa's brigade of the Sixth Division numbered 7,560 fighting men. There were 2,000 troops for the line of communications, and 1,000 gunners with the siege train. Besides this combatant force, 25,000 strong, Oyama had brought with him for transport purposes 12,900 coolies and soldiers to act as porters. Altogether, taking combatants and non-combatants together, he

had landed more than 38,000 men in the Liao-tung Peninsula.

The Chinese forces in the district were inferior in numbers to the invader, but this inferiority should have been compensated for by the strong fortifications which they had to defend. In the town of Kin-chow and the forts at Ta-lien-wan Bay there were about 6,000 men. At Port Arthur itself there were 10,000 men. General Sung, the military governor, had left the place for the country near the Yalu, and General Chieng, one of his lieutenants, was in command of the fortress. Admiral Ting had taken away what was left of his fleet to Wei-hai-wei. He had paid a visit to Port Arthur in the beginning of November, after the landing of Oyama's army in the peninsula, but, on November 7th, under orders from Pekin, he started again for Wei-hai-wei. On the 9th he called at Taku to take on board ammunition and other stores, and returned to Wei-hai-wei on the 12th. All this time Admiral Ito, with the Japanese fleet, was anchored among the Elliot Islands. He made no attempt to interfere with Ting's movements, confining himself to a passive guardianship of the Japanese transports.

Kin-chow, the first object of Oyama's operations, is a small town, surrounded by a wall thirty feet high. The wall is a perfect square with a gate crowned by a pagoda-like structure in the middle of each of its four faces. The doors of the gates were strongly plated with iron, but there were no flanking defences. The walls were commanded by high ground within short artillery range. A few miles out on the road to Pi-tzu-wo there were two forts on a rocky ridge. The neck of land just south of Kin-chow is little more than two miles wide from sea to sea. The roads from the north therefore converge upon the town, and it may be regarded as the most northerly outpost of Port Arthur, from which it is about thirty-two miles distant.

Marshal Oyama's army advanced in two columns. On the 4th the left or eastern column dispersed a small Chinese detachment and made a few prisoners. Next day it came upon the two advanced forts. There was a hurried reconnaissance, after which the advanced guard, encouraged by previous experiences to reckon on the Chinese garrison making a feeble resistance, attempted to carry the forts by a *coup-de-main*. But the Chinese made a sturdy stand behind their walls. Each of the forts was armed with four guns, and its parapet was lined with riflemen. After trying for two hours to beat down the fire of the defenders, the Japanese drew off, intending to renew the attack at dawn next day, while the right or western column was beginning active operations against Kin-chow.

Just before dawn on the 6th, Major Saito, with a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and some companies of engineers, worked round the right of the ridge on which the forts stood. It had been ascertained that on this side the ground was more favourable for the attack than on the front, which had been assailed on the previous day. Firing began at six o'clock, and the two forts were rushed in succession in about half an hour. Saito led the stormers sword in hand. As he entered the first fort he saw a Chinese soldier, torch in hand, bending down to light the fuse of a mine. Just in the nick of time Saito closed with him, and, dashing the torch aside, cut him down, killing him on the spot. Meanwhile, General Yamaji, with the western column, the main body of Oyama's army, was approaching the north side of Kin-chow. At eight o'clock he had placed five of his batteries, thirty guns, in position on a rising ground within easy range of the wall and the north gate, and opened fire. The Chinese replied with a number of Krupp guns, mounted on the rampart, but their fire was slow and inaccurate. This cannonade went on till near nine o'clock, whilst the left column moved past the two forts that Saito had stormed and took up its position facing the eastern wall of the town. A little before nine the last of the Chinese guns was silenced, and only a few riflemen were in action on the wall. Then a storming column advanced against the north gate, headed by a detachment of engineers, who were to blow it in.

The sappers were received with a sharp fire of rifles from the loopholes near the gate and the pagoda above it. Onoguchi, a private, who was carrying the charge of gun-cotton, was shot through the arm, but, though the blood ran down over the gun-cotton, he went on, placed it in position, fixed the fuse, and staggered back fainting into the arms of his comrades, only when his work was done. The iron-bound doorways flew inwards in a cloud of smoke, and through the smoke the Japanese rushed in, cheering, with bayonets at the charge. The Chinese fled before them. Meanwhile, another column had advanced against the eastern gate. Major Tseiji, who led it, noticed a suspicious mark on the ground, a cross about thirty feet long; suspecting that this indicated a mine, he

changed the direction of his advance, made a detour, and worked up to the gate, keeping close under the wall. The result of this delay was that when he reached the eastern gate he heard the cheers of his comrades inside the city, who, after forcing the north gate, had rushed to open the eastern gateway. The Chinese fled by the south side, fired upon by the victors, some of the garrison who had been posted on the south wall leaping down from it in their panic flight. Thus, with the loss of only a few men wounded, the city of Kin-chow was taken in less than an hour and a quarter.

The next point to be attacked was Ta-lien-wan, where three modern forts armed with Krupp guns and Gatlings defended the bay and the narrow isthmus behind it. The forts had been built and armed under the superintendence of Major von Hanneken; and, as they were held by at least 4,000 men, some severe fighting was expected. The fleet was to lend its co-operation in the attack, and the field artillery of the Japanese army was to be brought into action in the preliminary bombardment, after which three columns were to advance to storm the forts. But on the morning of the 7th, when the Japanese advanced, the Chinese, after firing a few harmless shots, abandoned the forts and fled headlong towards Port Arthur. So sudden was their flight that the Japanese, when they occupied the forts, found some of the guns actually loaded.

ADMIRAL ITO.

An enormous quantity of artillery, arms, and stores fell into the hands of the invaders at Kin-chow and Ta-lien-wan. Marshal Oyama reported that, almost without any loss, he had captured 200 prisoners, 122 guns, many of them Krupps of large calibre, seven machine guns, more than 600 rifles of various patterns, some of them Mauser repeaters, nearly two and a half million rounds of ammunition for the artillery, and 33,000,000 rifle cartridges, besides horses, provisions, miscellaneous equipment, and a military chest containing 6,000 dollars in silver. In one of the forts was the complete plan of the submarine mines laid to defend the bay. With the help of this document the Japanese engineers were able at once to render the mines harmless by disconnecting them from the firing-station, and then to raise them with very little trouble.

On the afternoon of the 6th the Japanese fleet, under Admiral Ito, had arrived off the mouth of Ta-lien-wan Bay. Earlier in the day, while steaming along the coast, the sailors had heard the firing during the capture of Kin-chow. Between six and seven o'clock next morning the fleet closed on the mouth of the bay and fired some long-ranging shots, to attract the attention and draw the fire of the forts. There was no reply from the seaward batteries, and soon after it was seen that on fort after fort the Japanese flag was being displayed. In the following days the heavy guns and material of the siege train were landed at the wharves in the bay, and all was ready for the attack on Port Arthur.

After the shameful panic of the defenders of Ta-lien-wan, the Japanese did not expect that the fortress would make any very prolonged or determined resistance. When the expedition against Port Arthur was being planned at the Imperial Japanese headquarters at Hiroshima, it was supposed that the group of modern forts at Ta-lien-wan would not be reduced without regular siege operations, and that Port Arthur might hold out for some time against the combined attack of the fleet and of the land army, and Oyama had therefore been provided with a heavy siege train and a strong force of engineers. But it was now decided to treat the forts of Port Arthur as if they were mere field works, and try to rush them after a brief

NOTE.—The March of the Japanese Army was between the Two Forts on the Left.

INSIDE PORT ARTHUR HARBOUR.
From a Sketch by Mr. R. Meadows Taylor, H.M.S. "Centurion."

Torpedo Boats.

bombardment. Such a plan of action would have meant certain disaster if there had been anything like a real defence; and even against the worst trained of European troops its success would only have been remotely possible, and that at the cost of enormous losses even in the event of victory. But Oyama knew by this time what kind of an enemy he had to deal with. He felt a regular siege would have been a piece of useless pedantry, and, boldly playing for a high stake, he resolved to venture on the attempt to take Port Arthur by a *coup-de-main*.

STATUE OF THE CHINESE GOD OF WAR.

PORT ARTHUR FROM THE LAND SIDE.

CHAPTER IX.

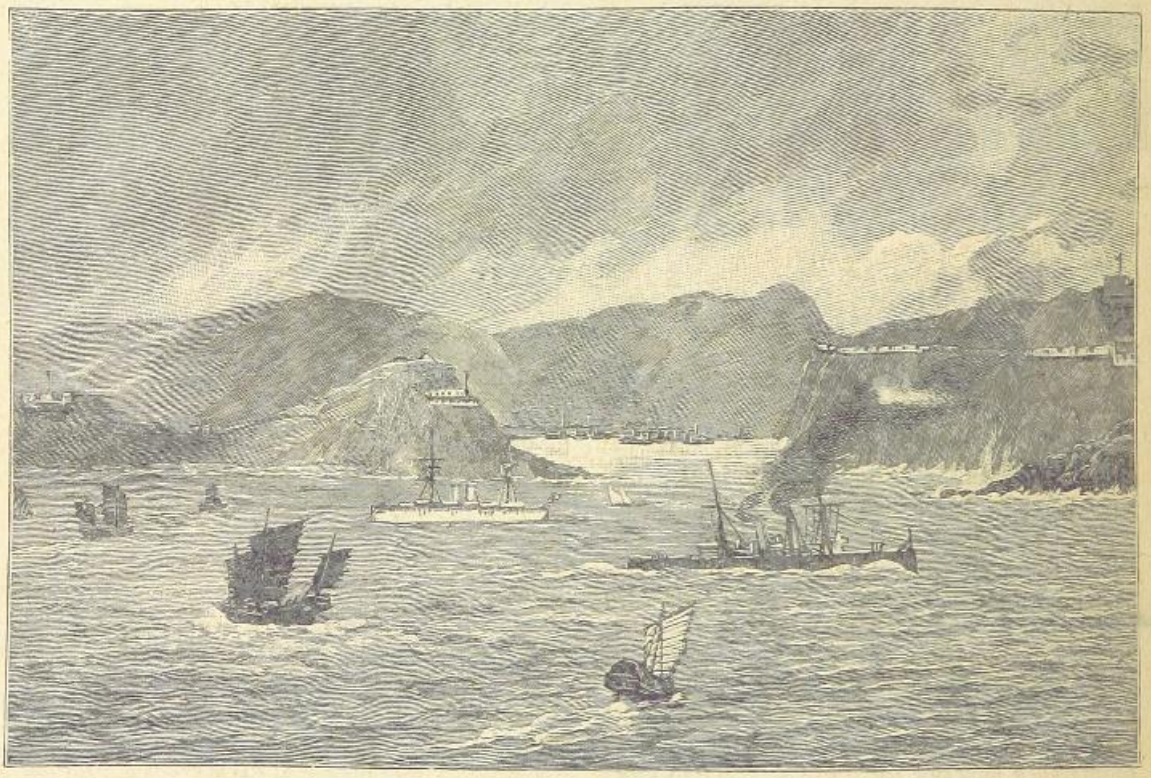
THE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR.

KIN-CHOW and Ta-lien-wan had been captured by Yamaji's division. Before advancing on Port Arthur, Marshal Oyama brought up Hasegawa's brigade, and gave his army, now concentrated at Ta-lien-wan, and in touch with the fleet, a few days' rest, during which the doomed fortress was carefully reconnoitred, and the country between it and the Japanese camp was cleared of the roving bands of Chinese braves that infested it. In one of these skirmishes the Japanese, whose easy victories had made them sometimes act with a daring that amounted to rashness, encountered a superior force of Chinese and fared very badly. In the fight the Japanese officers and soldiers performed many deeds of splendid courage and self-devotion, and the story may best be told as it is related by "Vladimir," in his history of the war, a work based chiefly on Japanese sources, often translated literally from Japanese narratives, and bringing out characteristic traits of the Japanese code of honour and military tradition.

"Major Ajikama," he says, "advancing from Tu-cheng-tzu (Mud-town) with a single company (*i.e.* squadron, or about 100 sabres) of cavalry, met a body of Chinese from Shiu-shih-ying (Naval Camp), which gradually increased to about 3,000 men, who completely surrounded the Japanese horsemen. These fought with great bravery, and succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy, and retreating to Shuang-tai-kow (Double Terrace Ditch). On hearing of the engagement Major Marui had sent a company of infantry to assist the cavalry, and they now in turn were attacked and surrounded by the Chinese. Seeing the danger of their rescuers a handful of the cavalry, under Captain Asakawa, made a desperate charge to extricate them. The infantry and cavalry succeeded in retiring, but they were obliged to abandon their wounded, who preferred to kill themselves rather than be tortured by the enemy. Lieutenant Nakaman was severely wounded, and his servant cut off his head and brought it back to the camp to be honourably buried. Captain Asakawa was also wounded, and his horse was shot under him, but Private Tio, though mortally wounded, gave his horse to his officer and led him out of danger, when he fell down dead. Major Marui, with the rest of the battalion, came up to rescue the advanced guard, but he was not able to repulse the Chinese, who now had mounted four guns on a hill. It was not until the artillery of the advanced guard arrived and unlimbered that the Chinese retired. The Japanese had lost one officer and eleven men killed, and one officer and thirty-two men wounded."

This success for the Chinese might have had a very unfavourable result on the operations of the

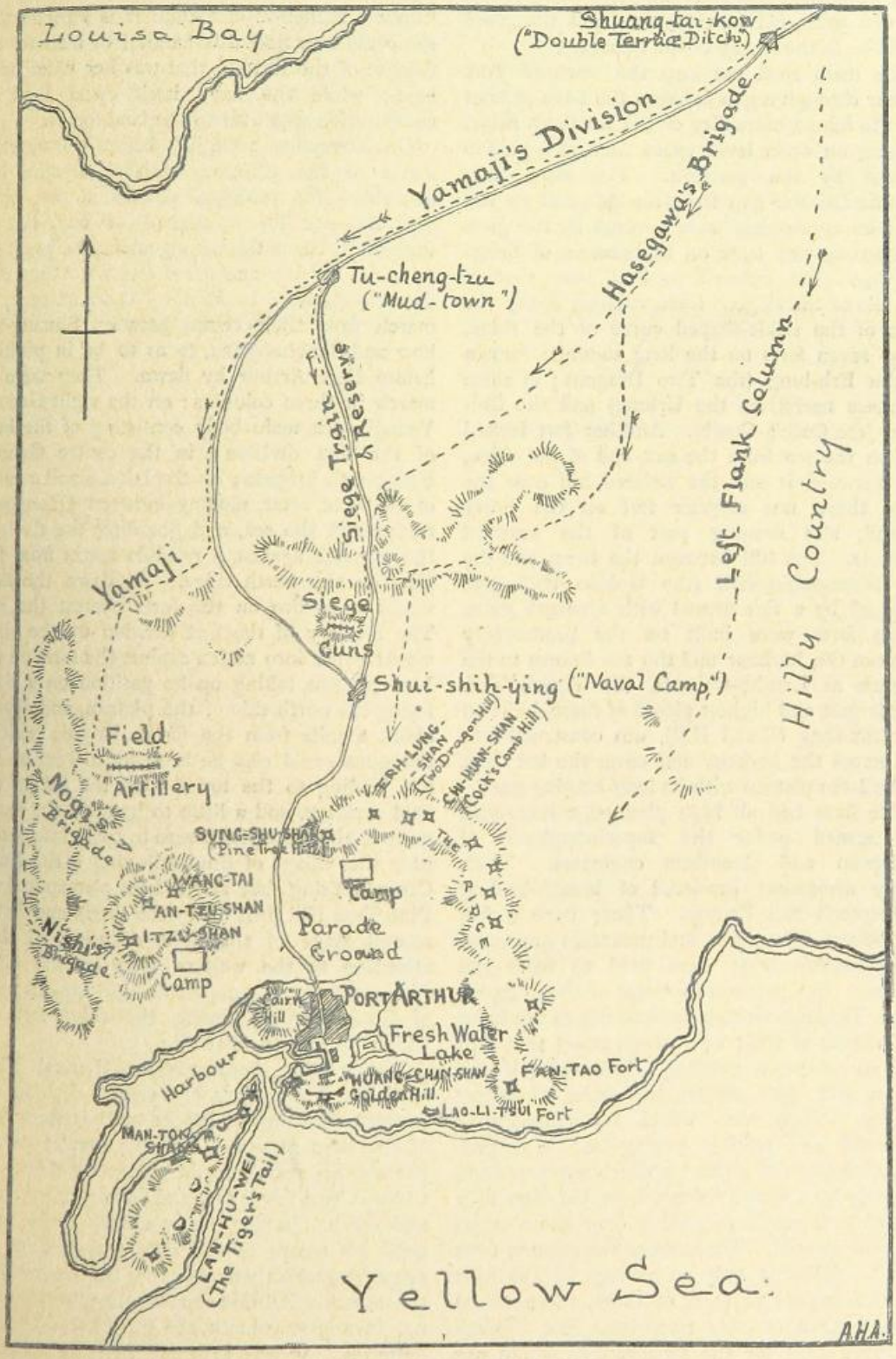
next few days, occurring as it did on the eve of Oyama's approach to Port Arthur. But happily for the Japanese, whatever encouragement it gave to their enemies was counterbalanced by the result of another engagement on November 20th. On that day Oyama, who had marched from Ta-lien-wan on the 17th, had concentrated his army in front of the advanced forts of Port Arthur. The Chinese attempted a sortie in force against his outposts, but they were driven back to the forts by a well-directed fire of artillery, leaving more than a hundred dead on the ground.



VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR.

The country round Port Arthur is a mass of rocky hills with steep sides, running up now into isolated pointed summits, now into narrow ridges or table lands of no great width. In order to understand the story of the battle fought on November 21st, the accompanying plan should be examined in connection with the following description, which, however, only deals with the leading features of the position without going into technical details. It will be seen that the harbour lies north-east and south-west in the line of its greatest length. The town and dockyard are at the north end, between two hills, the more easterly of which looks out on the sea. A rocky promontory shelters the lower part of the harbour from the sea. On this promontory, on the eastern hill near the town, at the base of this hill, and on another hill still further east, stand the sea forts.

This eastern hill is the end of a sickle-shaped range of heights, with pointed summits running inland, and forming an outlying rampart to the town on the north and north-east. Each hill-top is crowned with a fort. In the following narrative this range will be spoken of as the "northern ridge." West of the town, and completing the line of its landward defences, is another hill, steep sided, broad topped, a small table land, with a couple of summits rising above its general level. This is the hill of I-tzu-shan (literally, the "Chair Hill"). It is crowned with three forts, and as its summit is the highest land near the Port, they overlook and can take in reverse the land forts on the inner part of the northern ridge. The hill of I-tzu-shan is thus the key of Port Arthur. Once in possession of a besieger, the forts on the nearer summits of the northern



THE ATTACK ON FORT ARTHUR.

ridge would be untenable, and these being taken, the rest must fall in succession, and the place would be at the mercy of the besiegers.

The main road ran into the town of Port Arthur through a gap between the I-tzu plateau and the inland extremity of the northern ridge, crossing an open level space used as a parade ground by the garrison. The I-tzu forts commanded the gap from the left, and on the right its approaches were covered by the guns of a strong fort built on the summit of Sung-shu-shan (the Pine Tree Hill), the western buttress of the ridge. Next, running along the crest of the sickle-shaped curve of the ridge, stood seven forts on the long summits known as the Erh-lung (the Two Dragons; in some Japanese narratives the Urlung) and the Chi-huan (the Cock's Comb). Another fort looked out on the sea from the east end of the ridge, and between it and the isolated hill near the town there was another fort on the lower ground, also forming part of the seaward defences. The hill between the town and the sea, Huang-chin-shan (the Golden Hill), was crowned by a fort armed with nineteen guns. Seven forts were built on the promontory between the harbour and the sea known to the Chinese as Lan-hu-wei—*i.e.* the Tiger's Tail. The largest and highest placed of these, built on Man-tou-shan (Bread Hill), was constructed to fire across the harbour and cover the left flank of the I-tzu plateau with its long-ranging guns.

The forts had all been planned, constructed, and armed under the superintendence of European and American engineers. Their heavy armament consisted of breech-loading Armstrongs and Krupps. There were a few quick-firers, field-pieces, and mountain guns, and some machine-guns were used to flank the ditches. The garrison consisted of about 10,000 men. Japanese writers, anxious not to minimise the success of their own army, assert that this was an adequate garrison; but, even if the troops and their officers had been of better quality, 10,000 men would be dangerously dispersed and terribly overworked in a prolonged defence of a fortress which was protected not only by a system of sea forts, but also by a line of land works extending over about seven miles of ground. There were twenty-two forts in all. Allowing only an average of 400 men for the defence of each of them, there would be a reserve of only 1,200 men left. Thirty thousand men for the fortifications would not have been too many. Considering all that had been said at the outset of the war about the "armed millions" of China, it is curious that she could only find this handful of men for the defence of the fortress that was her chief naval base; while the navy itself could lend no co-operation whatever to the land forces.

On November 20th, just before the abortive sortie of the Chinese, Marshal Oyama had assembled his principal officers at his head-quarters—not for a council of war, but to explain to them the arrangements he proposed to make for the assault of the forts next day. The troops were to form up at 2 a.m. ready to march from their camps between Shuang-tai-kow and Tu-cheng-tzu, so as to be in position before Port Arthur by dawn. They were to march in three columns: on the right General Yamaji, with main body consisting of the bulk of the first division; in the centre General Hasegawa's brigade; on the left a small column of all three arms, moving between Hasegawa's troops and the sea, and guarding the flank of the advance against a possible sortie from the forts on the north ridge. At dawn the fleet would open fire on the forts nearest the sea. The artillery of the first division on the right would come into action against the forts on the I-tzu plateau, taking up its position on a ridge facing the north side of the plateau, and distant about a mile from the forts. In this position the guns could also be brought to bear on the gap leading to the town. On the left of the field artillery, and a little to its rear, the heavy guns of the siege train were to come into action near the village of Shui-shih-ying ("the Naval Camp"), firing first at the I-tzu plateau and the Pine Tree Hill Fort (Sung-shu-shan), and in the second stage of the fight devoting all their attention to the western forts on the ridge. Hasegawa was to occupy the high ground north of Shui-shih-ying, facing the ridge forts on which he was to open fire.

During this bombardment General Nishi, with the first brigade of Yamaji's division, was to work round to the left, or south-western flank of the I-tzu plateau. For the greater part of the way his march would be concealed from the Chinese by a lower range of hills running north and south. In fact, he would be under cover until his troops moved over the crest of the range opposite their objective and deployed for the attack. All this time his movements would not in any way mask the fire of the Japanese batteries. It was expected that by the time Nishi was ready to advance, the guns of the I-tzu

forts would have been silenced and their garrisons very much demoralised by the Japanese shell fire. The forts would then be attacked by Yamaji's two brigades, Nishi moving against the flank and Nogi against the front of the plateau, the artillery meanwhile concentrating its fire on the ridge, especially on Sung-shu-shan and the Erh-lung forts. As soon as the I-tzu forts were taken, Yamaji's and Hasegawa's columns would make a converging attack on the western forts of the ridge, and, after clearing Sung-shu-shan and Erh-lung of the Chinese, rush down into the town. Once the land defences were captured, it was expected that the rest of the forts would surrender rather than face the combined attack of the army and the fleet.

The troops began to fall in for the march at one a.m. It was very dark; the moon was in the first quarter, a horned crescent, high over the Port Arthur hills, and giving very little light. In the bivouacs coolies stood holding aloft blazing torches, and here and there in the ranks of the regiments, and beside the gun teams, a soldier held a lighted lantern of painted paper, giving to the scene of preparation for battle rather the air of a holiday *fête* than of the stern business of war. At last all was ready, and the long columns tramped off in the darkness, their movement still marked by hundreds of paper lanterns, for surprise was no part of their plan.

Even with the help of these lights Nogi's brigade on the left of Yamaji's division began to bear too much towards the sea, and had to be put right by one of Oyama's staff officers, who rode up to the general and told him to incline to the right, as he was getting on to the ground assigned to Hasegawa and the centre column. The incident is worth noting as an indication of the difficulties that attend all night marches, even with the best trained troops. By five o'clock all the troops were in position, the guns had unlimbered, and the men were lying down waiting for the dawn, many of them snatching a short sleep, after the wearying muster at midnight and the march in the darkness over the broken ground.

Oyama and his staff were in the centre, with the reserve battalions just in rear of the long line of guns formed of Yamaji's batteries and the siege train. About half-past six the sky began to whiten with the dawn over the sea, and soon the sharp outlines of the Chinese forts could be made out, crowning the dark masses of the I-tzu plateau on the right front and the long ridge of the "Two Dragons" and the "Cock's Comb" to the left. Word was sent to Yamaji to begin the bombardment.

The first gun was fired from one of Yamaji's field batteries. It was the signal for all the others to open fire, and a rain of shells was soon falling on the plateau forts. The Chinese replied in a very leisurely way, and their aim was wild and wide of the mark. The Japanese fleet lay off the harbour mouth about six miles out to sea. It had been arranged that it should not fire upon Port Arthur during the first stage of the attack, lest shells flying over the hills should reach the Japanese lines on the other side. Ito's fine cruiser squadron had now with it a flotilla of ten torpedo boats, but it was not necessary for it to take any serious part in the attack.

The cannonade continued for more than an hour. By half-past seven the forts on the I-tzu tableland were all but silent, and the order was sent to Nishi's infantry to advance to the attack. There were very few correspondents with the army, but amongst them was one of the most experienced English war correspondents, Mr. Frederic Villiers. His letters give a vivid impression of the scenes during the advance of Yamaji's division against the key of the Chinese defences.

"It was not until half-past seven," he writes, "as far as I can remember, that the skirmishing lines moved up. Then they swept up towards the three forts which surmounted Table Mountain. From our guns on the knoll in Suishi (*i.e.* Shui-shih-ying) Valley a hail of shrapnel crowned the heights of Table Mountain with wreaths of smoke. Shell after shell burst in these works. The great mountain, seemingly asleep, slowly awakened from its heavy slumber and began to reply in a ponderous, sleepy sort of way. Then on our right, where Yamaji stood, a mountain battery began shelling; and this was answered by two or three shells in our vicinity, which were too far off their mark to be pleasant for the sight-seers on the left of Yamaji's position. Nishi's columns moved up on the right to the first earthwork on Table Mountain, which was the western attack. Nogi moved up from the left, which was the eastern attack, very slowly; so for the moment the battle formation was at an angle of about thirty-five degrees from the ridge of the fort. Nishi in about fifteen minutes carried his objective, and a few minutes after Nogi had swept up under a very galling fire,

though of short duration, and the Table Mountain was in the hands of the Japanese. But this was only effected with considerable loss for the short period during the rush, the Japanese losing thirty-five by casualties. Among those placed *hors de combat* were two officers."

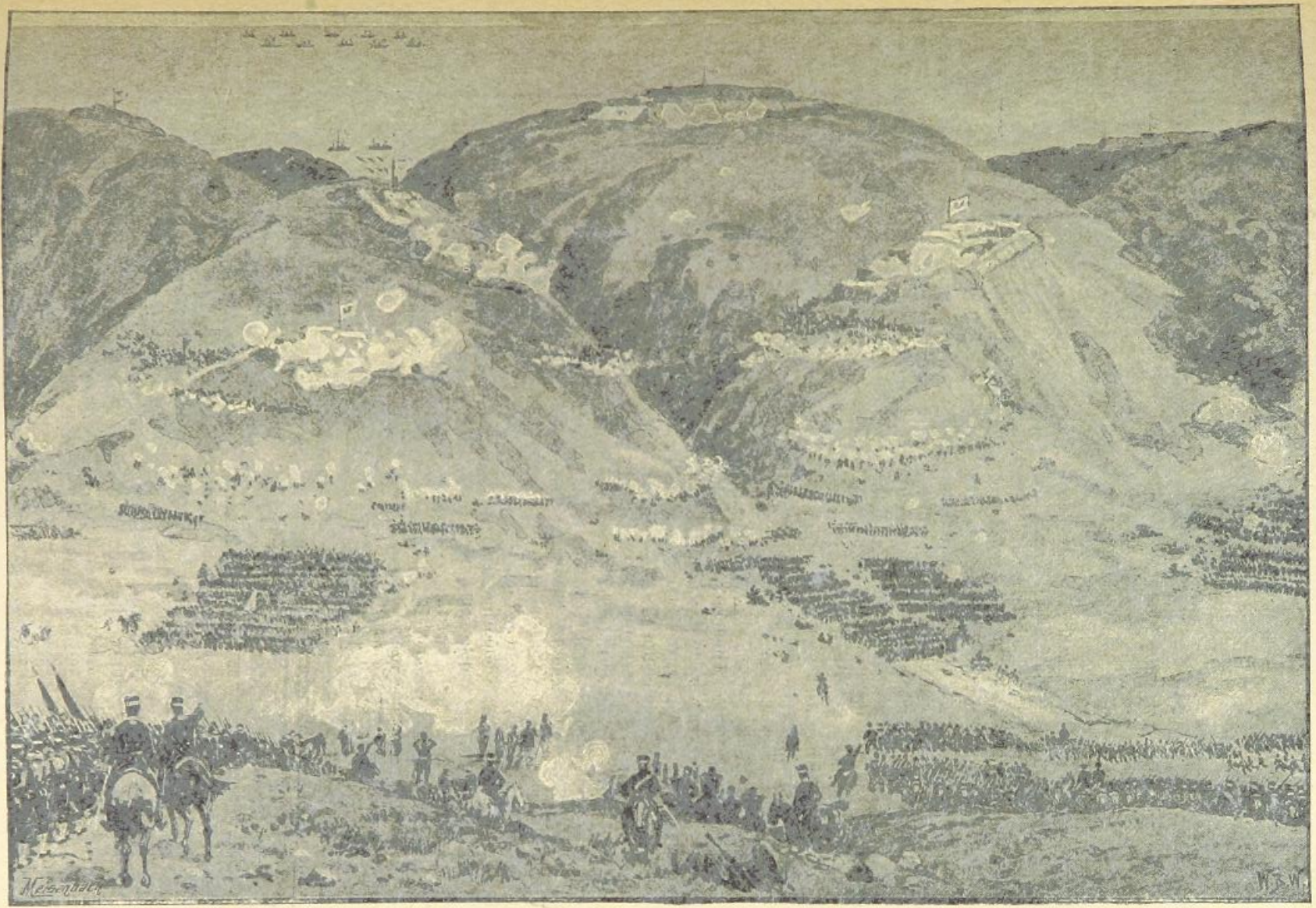
The Chinese really made no stand once they saw the long lines of the Japanese attack closing on them. They abandoned all three forts one after another, on an average giving up a fort every five minutes. Some of the Japanese who tableland being rushed by at least 6,000, with as many more threatening their right; moreover, shut up in a series of separate forts, small detachments of less than 500 had to face the rush. Of course, if they had stuck to their works, fired low and steadily, and brought a cross fire of rifles and machine guns to bear on the attack, they might very well have repulsed the foe. But they were Chinese troops, with very scant ideas of mutual support, and little trust either in their officers or their weapons, so it is no wonder they

SINGLE COMBAT.
(*By a Japanese artist.*)

fell in the attack were not hit by shots from the I-tzu forts, but by bursting shells fired over the town from the fort on Golden Hill, in order to cover the hurried retreat of the fugitives. It was afterwards ascertained that the Chinese had about 1,600 men in the three forts on the tableland and the fort on Pine Tree Hill, an average of about 400 in each work. Another 1,600 held the Two Dragons and the Cock's Comb on the north ridge; 2,000 more, fugitives from Kin-chow and Ta-lien-wan, prolonged the line of defence along the ridge to the sea, and a reserve of 1,200 men, belonging to the same unfortunate force, lay behind Pine Tree Hill, near the parade ground. Thus the Chinese were hopelessly outnumbered, the 1,200 men who held the I-tzu went. Although the correspondent calls the Japanese loss serious, the capture of the tableland was surely cheaply bought with only two officers and thirty-three men killed and wounded out of a whole division. With any real defence the capture of the forts would have meant the fall of some hundreds of men and officers in the columns of assault.

For the wounded, not only those brought down from the hill, but those also who had been hit by the shells from the Chinese forts during the cannonade, prompt and ample provision had been made by the Japanese medical corps. To quote again from Mr. Villiers' letter:

"During the fight I was watching a hamlet of about half a dozen houses at the end of the neck



THE ATTACK ON THE TWO DRAGONS AND COCK'S COMB FORTS.

of the ravine (near the artillery position). When the first shots were fired the Red Cross flag was run up, and by its side was the national flag of Japan. The doctors were already preparing for casualties. About that time a sharp fusillade was going on on our right flank. The only decent tactics the Chinese showed in this miserable business was an attempt at a flanking movement, started too late on our attack upon the Table Mountain. For the moment it was utter confusion. The Chinese from the small forts on the Port Arthur inlet were firing shell after shell at the fort that had already been occupied, but these missed and burst in the vicinity of the Red Cross hamlet, and a tremendous fusillade was going on in the valley on the right of us. Nogi, with two regiments, was sent out to turn this flanking movement of the Chinese, and the mountain battery which had done such execution in the taking of Table Mountain was hurried down from the heights, thundering through the ravine down to the valley on our right to assist Nogi's column.

"The little Red Cross hamlet was beginning to fill up with casualties. The men were brought down on stretchers, dripping with their blood, and laid on straw in front of the small gardens of the houses. Within one of the gardens were tables already erected, at which the doctors were busily at work. In my considerable experience of many armies in the field, I have not seen more excellent work done on the actual field of battle by surgeons. Nothing was wanting. The latest improvements in antiseptic lint, in the sterilising of the instruments, were there, right on the field of battle. The Red Cross boxes were filled with the latest necessaries for the treatment of the wounded. Each man who was treated had his name checked, and a little tag with his name and the nature of his wound tied to one of his legs, and then he was forwarded to the field hospital. And all this was done under circumstances the most trying for delicate surgical work. Shells from the great Eastern Fort on Golden Mount were bursting in our vicinity, though why so much good ammunition was wasted no one could tell. Many of the stretcher bearers had to pause from their work and seek cover behind the walls of the houses, but the doctors calmly went on. One horse, belonging to a doctor, standing just outside the little garden of which I have been speaking, had its neck broken by a fragment of shell, and lay there weltering in its blood, with the rest of the wounded lying about on the street. Speaking of this Red Cross work to Colonel Taylor, who has been specially sent out by the British Foreign Office to report on the Japanese system of ambulance, he told me that what he saw in the Shui-shih Valley was quite equal to anything he had ever witnessed under similar conditions."

When Nogi's brigade had cleared the northern end of the Table Mountain of the last of the Chinese, there was a brief lull in the engagement. The fleet now began to fire long-ranging shots at the seaward forts, and on the land Yamaji's batteries and the siege train concentrated their fire on the fort on Sung-shu-shan (Pine Tree Hill), the mountain-guns being taken up to the top of the Table Mountain to assist in the bombardment. The Chinese abandoned the fort under this heavy artillery fire, after lighting a fuse near the magazine, in order to blow the work up. This occurred a little after eleven, while the Japanese infantry were moving to the attack of the north ridge.

General Hasegawa was, meanwhile, advancing across the valley in front of these forts and the Cock's Comb. He had only his mountain batteries with him, but was assisted by the fire of Yamaji's guns, which were now enfilading the ridge from the first artillery position, and dropping shells on to it from the captured Table Mountain. Hasegawa's infantry crossed the valley below the ridge in successive lines of skirmishers, being exposed to a heavy fire as they traversed the open ground, and suffering a good deal of loss. As they reached the base of the ridge they were able to get cover under its steep sides. Here they massed and prepared for the assault. Above them the rocky hillsides rose abruptly to the forts, which stand at a height of about 300 feet above the level of the valley.

By ten o'clock the three battalions of the 24th Regiment (sturdy fighting men from the southern island of Kiu-shiu, which boasts that it has produced more of the heroes of Japan than any other district) were massed at the base of the ridge and began to climb the slope. At first they were protected by the very steepness of the hillside, but about half-way they came under fire from the forts at a range of 600 yards. There was a temporary check at this point, and then the regiment went on again. An English officer who watched this assault of the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb forts thus described the scene :—

"We reached a hill to which the Japanese artillery were moving, just in time to watch a

most magnificent attack by the Japanese infantry from the north straight up at a fort facing them, and under the fire of guns and rifles from three others as well. It was a scene to remember for ever. The Japanese artillery were in a good position now for enfilading these forts, and did so with the nearest fort with the best effect. It was evacuated by the Chinese at 11.10 a.m., and blew up immediately afterwards. The artillery then fired at the next fort, at which the main infantry attack was directed; but the range was long, and the shooting not quite good enough to be effective for some time. Meanwhile the Japanese infantry were climbing the slope, taking advantage of whatever slight cover could be found. The ground round them was ploughed up by the Chinese projectiles, but they never stopped, and seemed quite unhurt. At last they rested for a few minutes about 300 yards below the fort in a fold of the ground, which gave time for the slower ones to come up to the front. Then once more on. But just as they moved forward a row of land mines exploded right in front of them. They seemed to stagger for a moment, and then rushed on. But by this time the Chinese were beginning to suffer from the Japanese artillery fire, and just before the Japanese infantry reached the fort the Chinese left it. This was at 11.25 a.m. That settled all the forts which faced north."

The fort blown up at 11.10 was Sung-shu-shan, the Chinese having fired the magazine as they left it. The fort captured at 11.25 was one of the works on the Cock's Comb (Chi-huan-shan). The Two Dragons forts and the rest of the works on the ridge were rapidly evacuated by the Chinese. By half-past twelve all the land defences had been abandoned except the great fort on Shang-chin-shan (Golden Hill), whose batteries not only defended the harbour mouth, but also looked towards the land over the roofs of the town.

Before following further the story of the fight, an incident of the attack on the north ridge must be related here, as an illustration of the Japanese code of military honour. One of the officers of the 24th Regiment, Captain Kani, had been seriously ill for some days in hospital, and was reduced to a state of great weakness. Nevertheless, on the eve of the attack on Port Arthur he insisted on resuming command of his company. It was one of those assigned for the actual attack on the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb Forts. Kani struggled on through the night march, climbed the steep hillside under fire with his men, but when the rush for the fort came he fell down utterly exhausted, within a hundred yards of the rampart, over which his men dashed without him. He was taken to hospital, but instead of taking the natural view that he had done his best to be with his men, and had indeed led them up to the point when the enemy's resistance collapsed, he thought only of his failure to be with them to the last, and said he was ashamed for ever, if he survived, after remaining behind. A week after the battle he managed to escape from the hospital, went back to the ridge, and on the spot where he had fallen he killed himself with his sword. A letter was found beside him. "It was here," he had written, "that sickness compelled me to stop and leave my men to assault the fort without me. Never can I wipe out the disgrace while I live. To vindicate my honour I die here, and leave this letter to speak for me." Such deeds are an inheritance from the days of feudal Japan. One may well regret that a mistaken code of honour should thus deprive his country of the services of so brave a soldier as Captain Kani.

JAPANESE WAR ARTISTS AT WORK AT THE FRONT.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAPTURE OF THE TOWN AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

BY half-past twelve the hills round Port Arthur were in possession of the Japanese army. Their artillery was being dragged up to the summits in order to concentrate its fire on the Golden Hill. On all the forts on the ridge and the plateau except one the Japanese flag was flying, and that one exception was a mass of blackened and smoking ruins. The way into the town lay across the wide open space of the parade ground below the north ridge, a space partly surrounded by low walls; beyond, the road ran over a little river by a narrow bridge, beyond which opened the main street of the town. The houses, light buildings, mostly without an upper storey, were crowded along the further side of the stream. High above them towered the Golden Hill, from which the Chinese gunners were making good practice at any Japanese that showed near the parade ground.

Across this open space the Japanese infantry were exchanging rifle fire with two bodies of Chinese, who held a couple of shelter trenches near the houses just beyond the stream and on the slope of "Cairn Hill" north of the suburb. The Japanese staff was anxious to do as little injury as possible to the town and dockyard. To have bombarded them would have been to risk a fire that might have destroyed the very workshops, stores and machinery they hoped to secure for the use of their own navy. So the guns were levelled only against the hostile batteries on the Golden Hill, and to the infantry was assigned the task of clearing the town of the enemy. The Second Regiment, which had not yet been engaged, was ordered to attack across the parade ground.

At first they made very little progress. So heavy was the fire of the Chinese, who held the approaches to the bridge, that it was thought they must be armed with repeating rifles. But gradually, notwithstanding severe loss, the infantry men worked their way close up to the stream, advancing under some cover which they found to left or right of the open space of the parade, here slipping behind a low wall, there crawling along a ditch. So the rifle fire directed across the stream at the Chinese gradually increased in intensity, as more and more men came up. A little before three a battalion extended across the parade ground and crossed it in alternate rushes, the men kneeling to fire. As they neared the bridge they closed into a small column and dashed across. The Chinese did not wait for them. They fled down the lanes of the

town, throwing away their weapons. About the same time the fire ceased from the Golden Hill, and the fort was abandoned. Only the sea forts on the promontory of the "Tiger's Tail" still flew the dragon flag of China, and exchanged a slow fire at long range with the fleet.

Port Arthur, notwithstanding all its elaborate fortifications, had been taken in less than nine hours, and with a loss of life that, considering the nature of the enterprise, might be described as trifling. It was a glorious day for the Japanese arms, but now unhappily began a scene which, whatever excuse may be made for the soldiers, sadly dimmed the fame of their victory. On the 19th, as the Japanese marched towards Port Arthur, they had found beside the road some headless and mutilated bodies of comrades who had fallen into the hands of the Chinese in the skirmish of the day before, in which the cavalry of the advanced guard had been so unfortunate. Ominous threats of vengeance to be taken on the Chinese were uttered by the men who found them, and now they were sadly reminded of the treatment their comrades had undergone, for, as the Second Regiment rushed the bridge, they saw a Japanese head nailed by the ear to the side of a house, and some other trophies of the same ghastly kind hanging from a tree, fastened by a string passed through their lips. Infuriated by the sight, the men of the Second Regiment gave no quarter to the Chinese soldiers, who, once the bridge was stormed, made no further attempt at resistance. But this was not all. Not only were the soldiers killed—shot, or bayonetted or sabred—wherever they were found, even when they had thrown away their arms and put on civilian attire, but the people of the town were mercilessly slaughtered.

LIEUT.-GENERAL VISCOUNT NODZU.

"The soldiers," writes Mr. Frederic Villiers, "presumably maddened by the ghastly sight of the mutilated heads of their comrades, lost touch of their officers and commenced shooting every living thing they met in the streets. Captain Du Boulay, Colonel Taylor, and Lieutenant O'Brien (the military attachés), with three correspondents, watched this firing from a height overlooking the town, from which every street and alley lay as in a map before them. These gentlemen saw no opposition to the troops, nor were there any shots fired from the houses on Oyama's soldiers. The unfortunate shopkeepers and citizens, standing at their doors, by virtue of Oyama's pacific proclamations, ready to receive the soldiers with expressions of welcome, were ruthlessly shot down on their very thresholds. . . . At Port Arthur the citizens, in virtue of Oyama's proclamation, were looking forward to the occupation of the town with equanimity. Shopkeepers were killed in the act of kow-towing. The smile of welcome yet lingered on their pallid faces. Mr. Hart, of Reuter's Agency, was instrumental in allaying the fears of many of the inhabitants, and persuading them to remain in the city, for he had heard of the merciful treatment of unarmed people by the Japanese. But the cutting and carving craze had seized the troops, and no mercy was shown."

The foreign attachés and the correspondents, comparing notes in the evening, generally adopted the view that these horrible scenes were the unfortunate result of the troops getting out of hand in the excitement of their victory, and in their indignation at the barbarous way in which their comrades had been treated. But next morning they were horrified at finding that the butchery was still going on, and that Oyama and his generals were making no effort to stop it. Some of the friends of Japan have tried to make out that the story of the massacre was a wild exaggeration, due to the sensationalism of the war correspondents; but unhappily there can be no doubt that, if anything, the correspondents, who had experienced much courtesy at the hands of the Japanese officers, and who were themselves inspired with most friendly feelings towards Japan, kept the most revolting features of what happened in the background, and wrote with studied moderation. To have been silent on the subject would have been to do no service

to Japan. Her people have only lately adopted the methods of civilised warfare. The scenes at Port Arthur were a strange reversion to the old state of things, a temporary outburst of the old blood fury that had marked the deeds of the Japanese swordsmen on the battlefields of the feudal wars. The Japanese are anxious to be recognised as the equals of the civilised Powers, and are keenly sensitive to European and American public opinion. To set down frankly and truly the story of such atrocities as the slaughter that followed the sinking of the *Kow-shing* and the massacre of Port Arthur, and to give to such deeds their due measure of condemnation, is to do something to ensure that they will not be repeated in other campaigns in the Far East, in which many Englishmen and Americans look forward to seeing Japan the trusted ally of civilised Powers.

Resumed on the morning of November 22nd, the Port Arthur massacre went on for two days more. Not only were the Chinese murdered in the streets, but shops and houses were broken into, and the wretched people were shot as they cowered in their hiding-places, or dragged out to be cut to pieces in the open. Women, children, and feeble grey-bearded men were mercilessly slaughtered. Even animals were hacked and shot, and the bodies of the dead beheaded or ripped open as they lay in the streets. "Not only the soldiers," writes Mr. Villiers, "but the armed coolies took a share in the bloody work. These gentlemen were all of the famous Samuri sect, and practically the Bashi-bazouks of the army. The order of the Mikado that the Samuri, or two-handed swordsmen, were not to serve in the army, for fear of excesses, had been evaded by these gentlemen enlisting as coolies. With every baggage train one met Samuri dressed in the humble garb of the coolie, but with their long *katana* slung across their shoulders, carefully swathed in rags to protect the lacquer scabbard, and to keep the precious blade free from dust and rust, pretending to assist their lower-grade brethren in pushing a cart along. If these gentlemen could not for the moment whet their well-tempered steel in the blood of a Chinaman, they would try their ancient blades on the pigs or dogs of the country. It was a piteous sight in passing through the Manchu villages to see a number of badly wounded pigs, some with their heads nearly severed, but still with sufficient life within them to drag themselves along." These barbarians got their chance at Port Arthur, and took full advantage of it. The old swords drank blood freely. But the regular soldiers also did their full share. Discipline for the time had disappeared, and some of the Japanese officers were shot by their own men while vainly trying to check their excesses.

Before ending with this miserable business, let me note from Mr. Villiers's narrative two episodes, one bringing out the natural kindliness of the Japanese soldier in his normal state, the other showing what he became under the influence of the temporary blood fury. After telling how on the second day he had succeeded in saving the lives of an old shopkeeper and his family, he says:

"On the afternoon of the next day I returned to the street. The scene had changed. All the shops were open and billeted with troops. As I passed the store at which this incident had taken place on the previous day, I found the old Chinaman still alive and waiting on the men. When he caught sight of me his gratitude knew no bounds. He knelt and grovelled and clutched my legs till I was compelled to shake the old fellow into a standing posture. As I was doing this a soldier stepped from the shop munching a ball of hot rice. On seeing the Chinaman he broke his ration in two, and thrust the other half into the old man's fist. Here was a touch of real good nature worthy of record! A few minutes afterwards I would be in another street, where a soldier would be carving at a dead body to see if the Celestial possessed a heart or not. At half-past eight on the morning of the third day Creelman (the *New York World* correspondent), who had just turned the corner of the house in which he lived, came back and asked me to follow him. On a sand heap not a hundred yards from our door was a poor little baby about two months old. She had just fallen from the arms of her father, who, in trying to escape from the ruthless soldiery, had been wounded in his flight. A few yards off was his body, with a bayonet wound in his neck. His warm blood was still smoking in the frosty air. The band of soldier fiends had passed on, and were busy shooting old men who were kneeling with their hands behind their backs in front of the Japanese rifles. Several had already bitten the dust. So the bloody drama went on for three whole days after the occupation of Port Arthur, till about thirty-six Chinamen were the only Celestials remaining in the city. These were used in burying their dead comrades and as

water-carriers for the troops. Their lives were protected by a slip of white paper stuck in their caps, bearing the following inscription in Japanese characters: 'This man is not to be killed.'"

The fleet had taken little share in the capture of Port Arthur. Late in the day the torpedo boats had headed off and sunk some small craft endeavouring to escape from the harbour loaded with fugitives. The cruisers had also fired on the disbanded soldiers of the garrison as they fled from the works near the sea south and north of the town. The forts on the "Tiger's Tail" were still in the possession of the Chinese on the evening of the 21st, but were evacuated on the following night, their garrisons making good their escape. On the next day the forts were occupied by the Japanese, who in this way got possession of the torpedo station on the promontory, and were able to render the mines defending the harbour mouth harmless. These were removed, and the fleet entered the port. On the 23rd some foreign warships arrived. It was only then the Japanese staff took measures to restore order in the town and to remove the ghastly traces of the massacre.

The Japanese Government, shocked by the news from Port Arthur, and startled at the effect which it was producing in Europe and America, tried at first, by means more ingenious than ingenuous, to explain away and minimise what had occurred. Afterwards a Commission of Enquiry was appointed, but it appears never to have issued a report, nor was any official word of censure published.

Mr. Arthur Diósy, who devotes some interesting pages to the subject in his book "The New Far East," suggests that one reason for this official silence was that had the Imperial Government expressed any strong opinion on the matter, many of the chief officers of the army would have at once committed suicide, a theory which seems plausible enough to those familiar with the code of honour prevailing in the Japanese army.

ADMIRAL COUNT SAIGO.

CHAPTER XI.

EVENTS AFTER THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

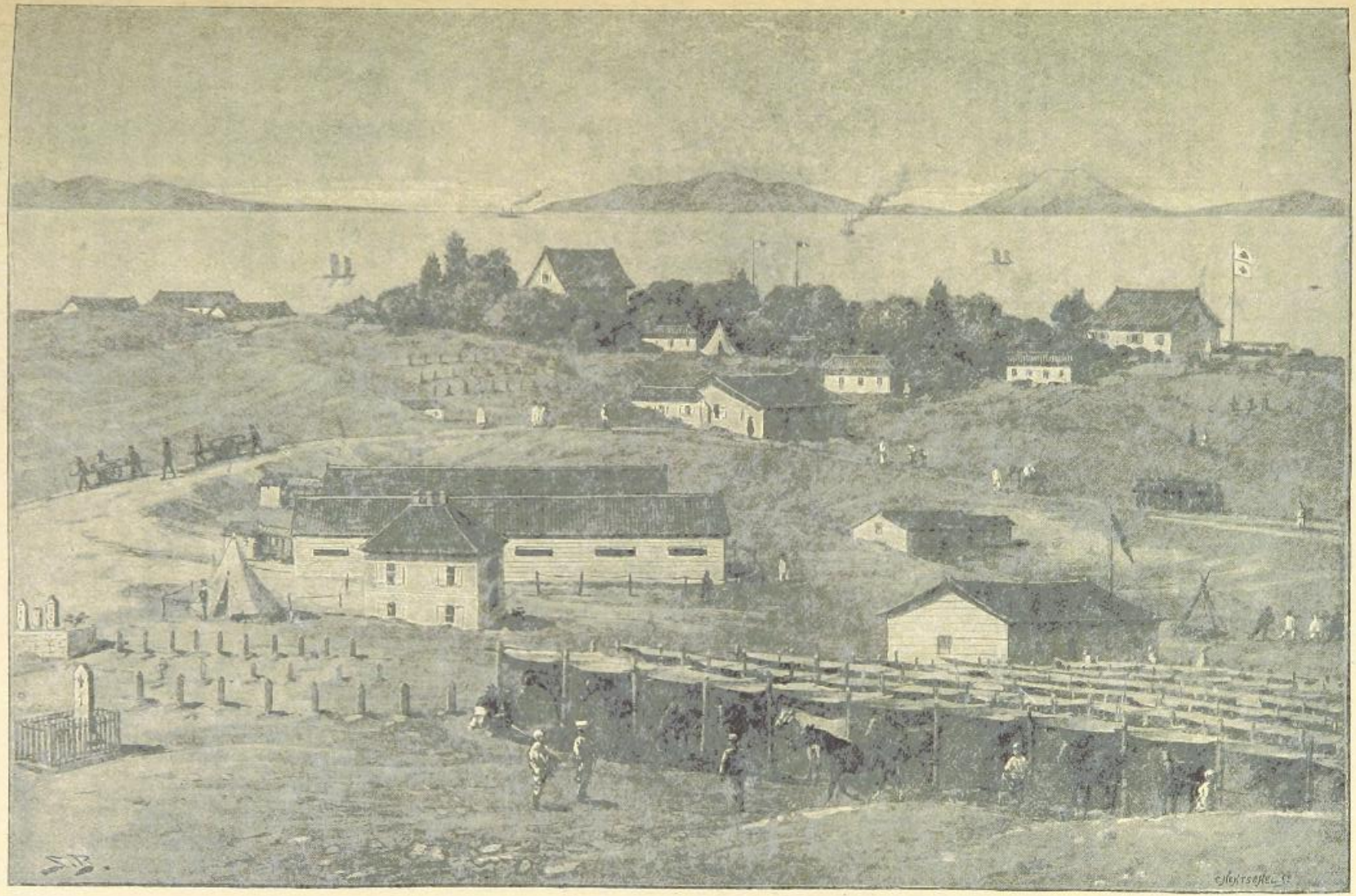
THE losses of the Japanese army in the fight for Port Arthur amounted to a little over 400 men. Of these, sixty-six were killed, 353 wounded, and eight missing and unaccounted for. The Chinese losses amounted to over 2,000 men, and, as the official narrative grimly adds, "a few wounded." This record does not, of course, include the civilians killed in the town. Marshal Oyama had celebrated his victory by giving a banquet to the superior officers of the army. And although in the first days of Japanese possession at Port Arthur he had been unable or unwilling to protect the unfortunate Chinese, as soon as things reverted to their normal course on the third day, he showed a genuine anxiety to allay the fears and protect the lives and property of the fugitives, soldiers and civilians, who began to surrender to his troops in the district or return timidly to their homes in the town.

GENERAL KAWAKAMI,
One of the Chiefs of the Japanese Army Staff.

One instance of his kindness to the vanquished may be noted here, as it is related by Mr. Arthur Diósy in his most interesting book on "The New Far East": "On the evening of November 27th, 1894, six days after the capture of Port Arthur, Marshal Oyama was inspecting the lines in a heavy downpour that had soaked everything not under cover. Passing by a dismantled house, he noticed a group of Chinese prisoners standing huddled together in shivering misery under the eaves, the rain dripping from the roof on to their ill-clad bodies. Calling one of his aides-de-camp, the field-marshal said: 'Those, too, are men. Their lives are more valuable than those of my horses. Take these men quickly to my stables, turn my horses out—they must take their chance in the rain—and see that the prisoners are warmly sheltered.' The good count's orders were immediately executed, much to the delight of the Chinese, who, when it had been explained to them to whom they were indebted, shed tears of gratitude and were profuse in their thanks. And this humane action proceeded, be it remembered, from a commander, some of whose soldiers had been ripped open as they lay wounded on the battlefield, stones and rubbish being poured into their disembowelled bodies, perhaps by the very men to whom he was extending his mercy—at all events, by Chinese soldiers."

Kindness like this represents the usual attitude of the victorious Japanese towards the Chinese. They tended the enemy's wounded in their hospitals, they took good care of the prisoners, they distributed food from their own commissariat stores to the peasants and townsfolk in districts where the presence of hostile armies had caused a scarcity. More than a thousand Chinese wounded were actually conveyed to Japan for more complete treatment than could be given to them in the field and base hospitals during the campaign. The outbreak at Port Arthur was the one solitary blot upon the good record of the Japanese armies.

While Oyama was driving the Chinese from the hill forts round Port Arthur, the small garrison he had left to hold Kin-chow was in serious peril. It was made up of about 1,500 men—infantry, with a few gunners. We have seen that General Sung, who commanded at Port Arthur at the beginning of the war, had gone northwards with part of the garrison, to assist in the defence of the borders of Manchuria against the Japanese. On receiving news of the Japanese invasion of the Liao-tung Peninsula, he resolved to return to his old district and endeavour to make a diversion in favour of the



THE JAPANESE FIELD HOSPITAL AND CAVALRY STABLES AT CHEMULPO.

Port Arthur garrison by acting on the communications of the Japanese.

Accordingly he left Hai-cheng on November 10th, with 2,000 men. He passed through Kai-ping, thirty-five miles south of that town, and at Hsiung-yao, on the shore of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, he picked up a force of 6,500 men, which had been despatched from Manchuria at the end of October to reinforce the Port Arthur garrison, but, finding they had started too late to get in front of the Japanese advance, had halted at Hsiung-yao. Moving southward along the west coast of the peninsula, with the 8,500 men now united under his command, Sung heard that the Japanese had pushed forward with nearly all their army against Port Arthur, and had left a mere handful to hold Kin-chow. Counting upon Port Arthur making a prolonged resistance, he resolved to destroy the Kin-chow detachment and retake the city before Oyama could return to its succour.

It was the best plan he could have adopted under the circumstances, and if the Chinese troops generally had been in better fighting condition it might have caused serious trouble to the Japanese. But, unhappily for Sung, while the defence of Port Arthur simply collapsed, the little garrison of Kin-chow made a splendid stand. The guns captured from the Chinese when Kin-chow was taken were now manned by a few artillerymen and seamen, assisted by the infantry. The riflemen lined the wall. The very transport coolies volunteered their services as combatants, and during the attack made by Sung on November 21st they made an effective sortie, dispersing a column of Chinese infantry.

On the morning of the 22nd, Sung had drawn off some miles to the northward, but the peril of the garrison was not yet over. Thousands of fugitives from Port Arthur were streaming northwards towards the city, and, though they were not the best fighting material, Sung might rally them at his camp and renew the attack. The garrison brought its guns to bear upon them as they crossed the narrow neck near Kin-chow, and made more than one sortie to disperse and disarm them. Many of the Chinese were taken prisoners and brought into the city. A considerable body of the fugitives reached Sung's camp, but the Chinese general, knowing that if he remained longer near Kin-chow he might have to reckon with Oyama's victorious army, and have his retreat threatened by the Japanese fleet landing troops in his rear, drew off towards Manchuria.

He halted for some days at Fu-chow, a walled town of no great importance, on the western coast road to Manchuria, about forty miles from Kin-chow, but at the end of November he learned that the Japanese had taken effective steps to turn him out. Nogi's brigade, embarked on transports and escorted by Japanese cruisers, was in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and might at any moment effect a landing in his rear. In that case, if Oyama marched north with the rest of the army, Sung would be caught between hammer and anvil. He evacuated Fu-chow and continued his retreat, and Nogi occupied the town on December 2nd without firing a shot.

At the beginning of December, while Nogi held Fu-chow, Oyama had transferred his headquarters to Kin-chow, to which he had moved the rest of Yamaji's division. Hasegawa's brigade held Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan. The naval base of operations had been transferred to Port Arthur. Admiral Ito was there with some of his heavy cruisers. The rest of the fleet was protecting the movement of convoys of reinforcements and stores across the Yellow Sea by watching Admiral Ting's fleet, which lay idle in the port of Wei-hai-wei.

The First Army under Marshal Yamagata was in the district west of the Yalu, at An-tung and Chiu-leng-cheng on the river, with outlying detachments at Feng-huang-cheng to the north-west and Taku-shan to the south-west patrolling the country in front and watching the movements of the Chinese. The Pekin Government was very seriously alarmed at the capture of Port Arthur, which had placed the Gibraltar of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li in the hands of the Japanese and opened the way to an attack on the Pei-ho, so that the capital itself might be menaced by invasion. They expressed a wish to negotiate for peace, and were invited by the Japanese Cabinet to send an envoy of rank with full powers to Hiroshima. But when the envoy arrived it was found that he was one of the minor consular officials, and that his credentials gave him no power to negotiate. All he could do was to inquire what terms Japan was prepared to grant. The Japanese Government felt that the mandarins were only trying to gain time, so the negotiations were broken off.

From December to March, the shallow water near the shores of the Pe-chi-li Gulf is so encumbered with ice that all traffic by sea comes to a standstill. The ports and rivers are frozen fast. Thus a few days' delay obtained by negotiation at the beginning of December would be of real

importance to the Chinese, for it would give time for the ice to form, and then the Taku Forts, the water-way to Tien-tsin, and the approaches by sea to the capital, would be safe from the Japanese fleet for three months to come, and during these three months many things might happen. China was hoping for the intervention of friendly Powers to save her. Although she had so far an unbroken record of defeat, it was something that the capital was safe till another year. Even Mukden, the old home of the Tartar emperors, was secure for some months to come, for in Manchuria the winter comes early and is of Arctic intensity. The passes would soon be blocked with snow, and the roads deep in the drifts. The country was already covered with a white mantle, and the streams were beginning to freeze. The war, it was hoped at Pekin, must cease for awhile.

It was no part of the Japanese plan to rush on to Pekin before the conditions of certain success had been assured. If the war lasted so long, the invasion of the Pe-chi-li province and the march on the Chinese capital was to be the work of the spring and the early summer. But the Japanese Government had no intention of letting the war stop during winter. They were going to show that their fleets and armies could work and fight amid the ice and snow. Preparations for a winter campaign had been some time in progress. Chief among them were the purchase and distribution of thousands of overcoats lined with sheepskin, most of them, by the way, purchased by agents in Northern China and forwarded to Japan under neutral flags.

Although little was to be gained by pushing on the campaign in Manchuria during the snowy months, Yamagata, soon to be superseded by Nodzu, with the First Army, and General Nogi, with the 1st Brigade of the Second Army, were ordered to combine their operations to expel the Chinese from the country between the Yalu River and the head of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. At the same time preparations were made for a combined attack by land and sea on Wei-hai-wei, with a view to getting possession of the second Chinese naval base, and destroying or capturing the remains of Admiral Ting's fleet. Marshal Oyama was to command the land forces, and Admiral Ito's fleet was to co-operate. It had been reinforced for this purpose by a large number of light cruisers and torpedo boats. The transport flotilla had also been largely increased by the purchase of a number of liners and big tramp-steamers.

A JAPANESE OFFICER LEADING HIS MEN ACROSS A RIVER.
(*By a Japanese artist.*)

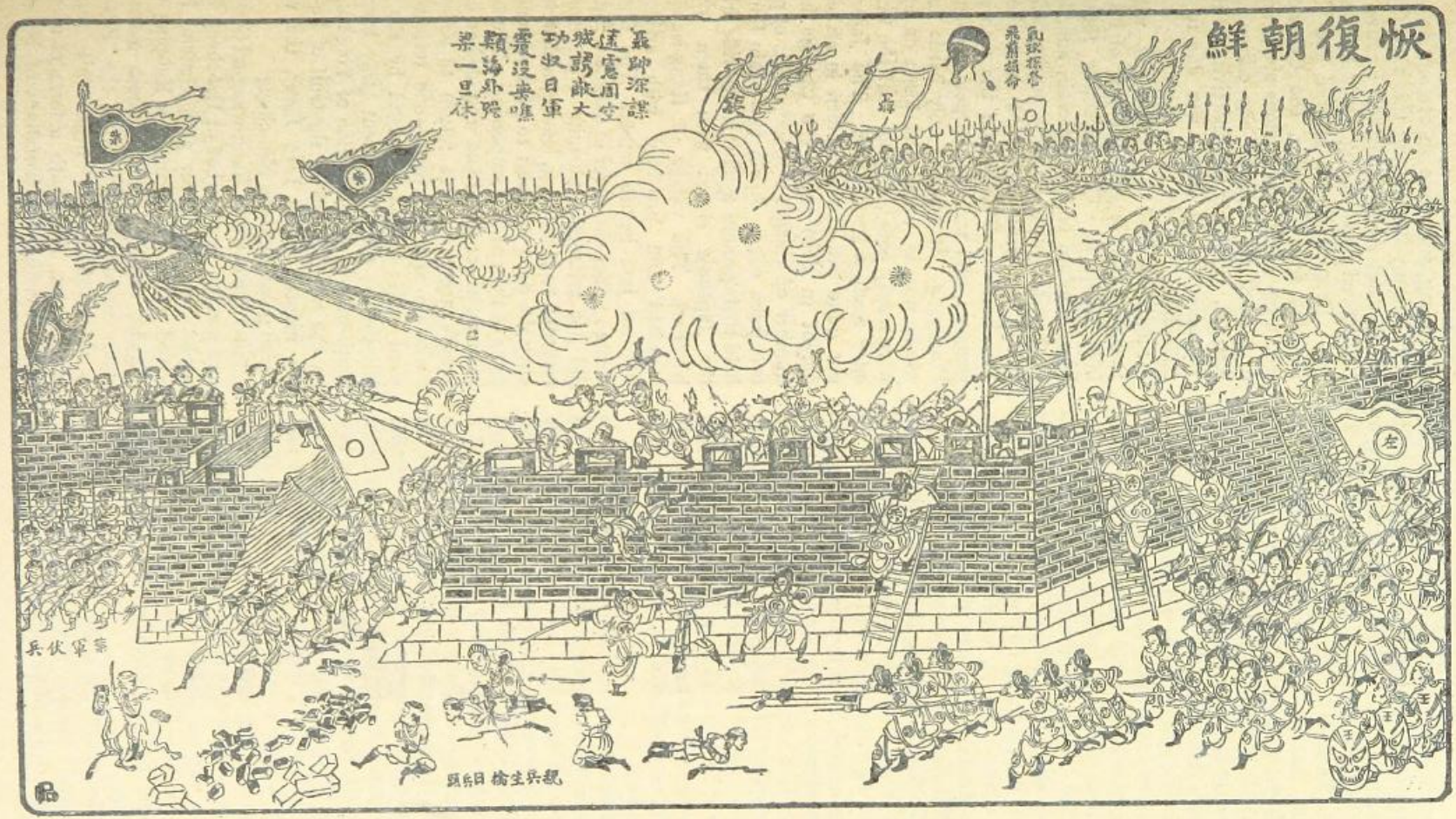
CHAPTER XII.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN MANCHURIA.

AT the beginning of December the Japanese First Army in the Yalu country had between 40,000 and 50,000 Chinese troops in its front. But these were not concentrated under one leader or available for combined operations. Six or seven thousand were holding the passes over the central range of hills that runs down into the Liao-tung Peninsula, so as to guard against a Japanese advance directly westward against Hai-cheng and the treaty port of Niu-chang. Five thousand more further north held the Mo-tien-ling Pass, in order to protect the way to Mukden. To the north of Feng-huang-cheng there was a field army of about 10,000 men under the command of the Tartar general, Iko-tenga. This number was made up of the remains of his old army, together with a large reinforcement he had lately received. The Japanese say that Iko-tenga was the best of the Chinese generals opposed to them. The rest were, as a rule, content to await attack behind fortifications and in walled cities, but Iko-tenga repeatedly attempted active operations in the open, and took the initiative instead of being content to be always on the defensive.

Another army under General Sung, about 16,000 strong, was near Kai-ping at the north-east corner of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. These troops were made up of the force that had failed to recapture Kin-chow, of fugitives from Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, and of local levies. About 9,000 more troops, reinforcements lately despatched by the Pekin Government, were marching to his assistance, and were near at hand.

General Tachimi, who held Feng-huang-cheng with the Fifth Division, was ordered to check Iko-tenga's advance in the first week of December. He marched northwards to meet the Tartar general, leaving a small detachment to hold Feng-huang-cheng, and watch the country towards the Mo-tien-ling Pass. He had ten days of difficult marching and manœuvring in the snow-covered hill country, where no existing maps gave much help, and his staff had to carry out a series of extensive reconnaissances as a prelude to every move. He encountered first the Chinese advanced guard and then their main body, and defeated them in two hard-fought actions, in which they made a most determined stand. Iko-tenga retired towards the north, but the Japanese were so impressed by his enterprising character that Tachimi's force was kept watching for another possible attack.



ATTACKING A FORT IN MANCHURIA.

(From a Chinese drawing.)

Meanwhile, on December 3rd, General Katsura, with the Third Japanese Division, had marched westward from his camp at An-tung on the Yalu. His objective was Hai-cheng. To reach it he had to fight his way through the low hills that form the southern part of the watershed between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Further north this range is crossed by the road to Mukden at the Mo-tien-ling Pass. If Katsura could clear the hills of the enemy and capture Hai-cheng, he would be in a position either to march directly on Niu-chang, or, turning northward, he would threaten Mukden and the rear of the force holding the Mo-tien-ling, which the Chinese would probably evacuate on the first sign of his moving northwards. It is true that at Hai-cheng he would be in the midst of the Chinese armies, which in the aggregate would outnumber his three to one. Sung's army about Kai-ping would be on one side of him, the troops holding Niu-chang and its neighbourhood on the other, and the Mukden garrison, the Mo-tien-ling detachment, and perhaps Iko-tenga's army on a third. But by this time the Japanese did not mind meeting superior forces of their enemy. Katsura, in the middle of the hostile circle, counted on beating his enemies in detail. Moreover, he would have the help of Nogi's brigade at Fu-chow to keep Sung occupied, and if Iko-tenga moved against him, Tachimi would be able to co-operate by marching over the Mo-tien-ling.

On December 8th Katsura concentrated his division at Hsiu-yen, where he gave his troops a day's rest. On the 10th he resumed his advance in three columns. On the left was a small detachment under Colonel Sato, which moved directly on Kai-ping in order to guard against a possible attempt of Sung's army to attack from that side. In the centre Katsura himself marched with the main body. On the right a smaller column under General Oseko guarded that flank. On the 11th Katsura defeated and dispersed two bodies of Chinese troops, 4,000 and 2,000 strong. Next day Oseko, on the right, encountered and drove off a force of 3,000 more. In these three skirmishes the aggregate loss of the victors was seven men wounded, so that it is clear the Chinese made no serious stand. On the 13th it was found that the Chinese had abandoned Hai-cheng, and Katsura occupied the city without firing a shot.

The nearest Chinese army of any importance was General Sung's gathering at Kai-ping. Sung heard with some surprise of the loss of Hai-cheng, and made an attempt to recover it. It is curious that during this time Oyama and the Second Army remained inactive. If they had moved north, Sung would have been helpless. Even if Nogi's brigade had threatened Kai-ping from Fu-chow, the Chinese general would have been too anxious about taking care of himself to think of any enterprise against Katsura. Probably this inactivity of the whole Japanese Second Army was due to transport difficulties.

Sung marched on Hai-cheng with about 10,000 troops, leaving the rest of his army to hold Kai-ping. On December 18th Katsura became aware of his approach, and, leaving a small detachment strongly entrenched at Hai-cheng, he marched out to meet the enemy. The battle was fought on the 19th at Kang-wang-sai, and was the sharpest encounter since Ping-yang. It was the only battle during the whole war in which the losses on both sides were nearly equal, a proof that the Chinese for once made a good stand. The Japanese had not quite five thousand men in action. They fought in deep snow, the Chinese holding a number of villages and some belts of pines and evergreen oaks. Again and again Sung's men held their ground against heavy rifle firing until the Japanese closed with them with fixed bayonets. The village of Kang-wang-sai, entrenched and provided with artillery, was stormed just before sunset. The Chinese retreated under the cover of darkness, and Katsura did not attempt a pursuit. Next morning he returned to Hai-cheng, leaving a detachment to bury the dead and also to give warning of any signs of the enemy reappearing. The losses had been about 400 killed and wounded on each side. Sung's army did not return to Kai-ping. It broke up into two parts—one retreated westward under Sung's command by the road to Niu-chang; the other went away towards the south-west in the direction of Ying-tzu, a town on the north shore of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li at the mouth of the Liao River, the waterway which gives access to Niu-chang

After the battle of Kang-wang-sai General Katsura was left undisturbed at Hai-cheng for some weeks. On December 30th General Nogi received orders to advance on Kai-ping with his brigade, drive out the Chinese garrison, and open communication with the First Army in Manchuria. He began his march on January 1st, 1895, with a force of about 8,000 men, including six battalions of infantry, two

squadrons of cavalry, and twelve guns. The march over the snowy roads, in cold that at night brought the thermometer nearly down to the zero of Fahrenheit, was tedious and difficult. On the 9th he was before Kai-ping. On the previous day he had been joined by a party of scouts from the First Army.

Kai-ping is a walled town of about 30,000 inhabitants, and an important centre of trade. South of the city runs a river, seventy or eighty yards wide. In summer this would have been a formidable barrier, but it was frozen over with thick ice. The Chinese, however, had done something to make the crossing of the river difficult. They had cut up the ice in slabs, and, though they could not prevent the water freezing hard again, they had tilted the masses of ice over each other at various angles, so that the new ice was broken up with slippery oblique surfaces and masses of hummocks. Instead of defending the old walls of the town, the garrison, about 500 strong, had entrenched themselves along the river-bank, and the Japanese noticed that for the first time the defenders of these works had abstained from the absurd traditional Chinese practice of marking their lines of trenches and breastworks with hundreds of banners, a practice that had hitherto made their entrenchments easy targets for the artillery of the attack.

Nogi opened fire with his two batteries at dawn on January 10th. After a preliminary bombardment of the enemy's works, his infantry advanced to the attack. And now the Japanese noticed another improvement in the tactics of the defence. Hitherto the Chinese had opened fire at long ranges with their rifles, and had kept up the fusillade all through the advance. But at Kai-ping not a shot was fired till the hostile infantry was within 600 yards of the entrenchments, and then while the Japanese, advancing by short alternate rushes, were lying down to fire, the Chinese rifles were silent, but the moment they rose to advance, and while they were running forward, presenting a good target on the snow, the Chinese fire began again. Evidently the men who lined the north bank of the river had learned something from European instructors. But all the same the Japanese came on, though suffering considerable loss. The last rush across the broken ice of the river proved very difficult, but once they reached the bank the Chinese gave way, and the Japanese flag soon waved from the old wall of Kai-ping. The fight had lasted just three hours. The Japanese had lost 53 killed and 296 wounded. Four guns were captured in the entrenchments. The Chinese, covered by a rear-guard, made good their retreat to Ying-tzu, at the mouth of the Liao, and General Nogi was able to open communication with General Katsura at Hai-cheng.

Katsura's division was twice attacked in a half-hearted, irresolute fashion, in the middle of January, by a force coming from the direction of Mukden. Some thousands of Chinese, on January, 17th, opened a long-range rifle and artillery fire on the town of Hai-cheng from the northward. At first the Japanese kept inside the fortifications, hoping to tempt the enemy into a closer attack. Finding they did not come on, Katsura moved out of the town, at one p.m. unlimbered his field guns, and formed his infantry for attack, on which the Chinese retreated. One killed and 49 wounded was the entire Japanese loss. Five days later the Chinese reappeared, and Katsura again moved out and attacked them, driving them off with a loss of more than 200 killed and wounded, while his loss was only one killed and 26 wounded.

Having thus followed the Manchurian campaign up to the middle of January, 1895, and seen how Tachimi, Katsura, and Nogi had established themselves well forward on the roads to Mukden and Niu-chang, we must see what had been happening in the meanwhile in the more interesting theatre of operations round Wei-hai-wei.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT : A CHINESE WARSHIP BEING BOARDED BY JAPANESE.
(*By a Japanese artist.*)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INVASION OF SHAN-TUNG AND THE ADVANCE ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

WEI-HAI-WEI, now a British naval station, was in 1894 a fortified Chinese harbour, with storehouses for the fleet, and workshops in which minor repairs could be executed. It was in every way inferior in importance to Port Arthur, but after the fall of that place the reduction of Wei-hai-wei became an object of the Japanese, not so much on account of the value of the place itself as because it was the refuge where Admiral Ting's battleships lay sheltered under the guns of the forts. In fact the Japanese attacked Wei-hai-wei for precisely the same reason for which the United States armies and squadrons attacked Santiago de Cuba—namely, to get at the enemy's fleet.

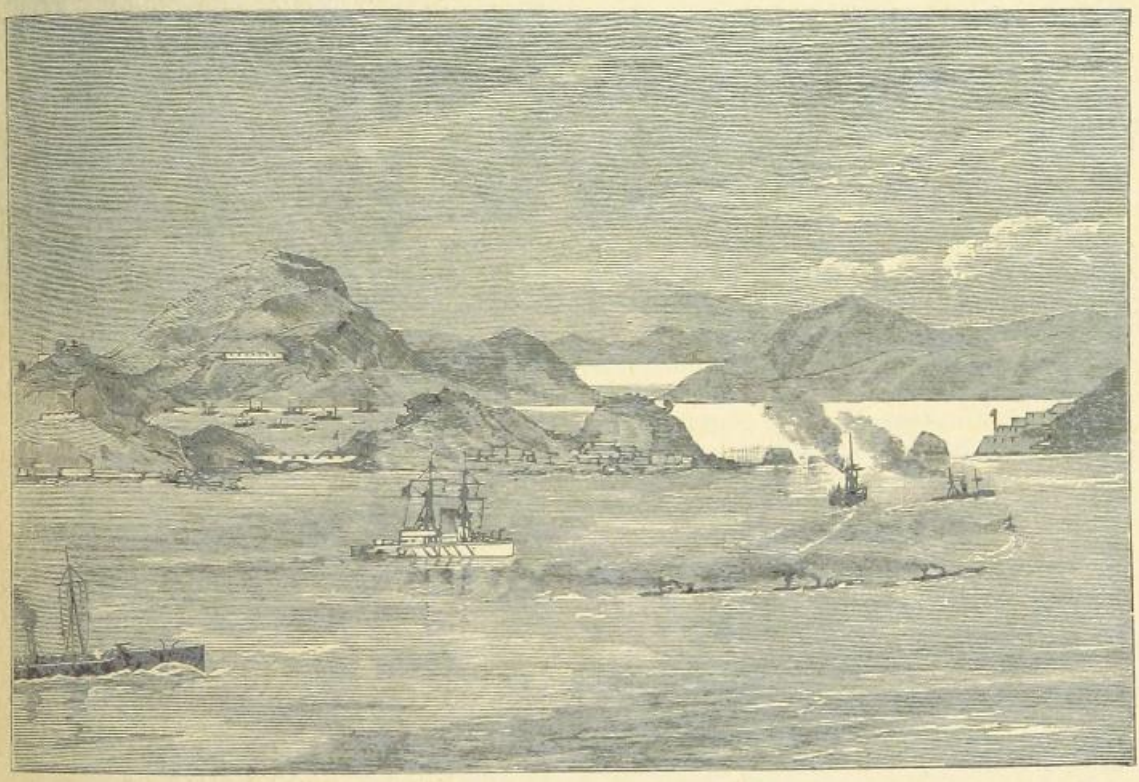
The harbour of Wei-hai-wei is a large bay, an oblong with the corners rounded off, one of its longer sides facing the sea. It is between five and six miles across from headland to headland, and about half that size measuring from the sea front to the inner shore. But on the sea front an island, nearly two miles long, affords shelter and protection, and divides the opening of the bay into two entrances. Of these the western opening is about a mile across. The eastern is about three miles across; in the middle of it, but well inside the bay, is a small island. The larger island is known as Liu-kung-tao, the smaller as I-tao.

The bay is surrounded by a semi-circle of hills. At their base in the south-west corner of the harbour stands the little town of Wei-hai-wei. It was surrounded by a bastioned wall, but was completely commanded by the hills that rose behind it. The real defences of the harbour were the strong forts on the islands and on the shore of both entrances.

On the mainland, near the eastern entrance, there were three batteries looking out on the sea, armed—the first with five, the other two with four heavy guns each. On the hills above them, in order to protect them from attack from the land side, four forts had been erected and armed with modern quick-firing guns. The island forts were two on Liu-kung-tao, one at each end of the rocky ridge, armed with modern heavy guns, some of them mounted on disappearing carriages. On the islet of I-tao (called on some maps Jih-tao), there was a small fort armed with two heavy guns on disappearing carriages, and two quick-firers. On the mainland near the western entrance were three batteries, armed respectively with six, two, and four heavy guns. On the

hills behind, these were protected by two forts, each armed with two heavy guns and two quick-firers. There were some other batteries and forts under construction.

Submarine mines had been laid down, and booms had been placed in position (1) across the western entrance, and (2) from the east end of Liu-kung-tao to I-tao, and then from I-tao to a shoal close to the mainland batteries, leaving open only a small passage under their guns. The entrenched camp that had been formed by linking together the eastern forts and batteries with earthworks. Besides these there were 4,000 sailors in the fleet who could be used for strengthening the garrisons of the forts ; 4,000 troops had been sent from Tien-tsin to reinforce Wei-hai-wei. They had to come by land, a march of about six hundred miles. They started too late and never reached their destination.



VIEW OF WEI-HAI-WEI : FLEET LYING AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY.

booms consisted of three strong steel hawsers, supported by floating baulks of timber, secured in position with chains and anchors, and having mines sunk in front of them.

Behind the defences lay the fleet. It consisted of the two battleships *Chen-Yuen* and *Ting-Yuen*, a number of cruisers, many of them much the worse for the damage they had sustained in the Yalu fight, the list including the *Tsi-Yuen*, *Lai-Yuen*, *Ping-Yuen*, *Kwang-Ping*, *Wei-Yuen*, *Ching-Yuen* and *Kang-Chi*, six gunboats, and eleven torpedo boats. Small and large, there were twenty-five warships in the harbour. The garrison consisted of about 1,000 in the island forts and 6,000 in the mainland forts and in the

The Japanese had mobilised a new army for the invasion of the Shan-tung province and the capture of Wei-hai-wei. It consisted of the Second Division and those troops of the Sixth Division that still remained in Japan. In all, the effective force amounted to about 24,000 fighting men, with forty-eight guns and twelve mortars. Besides these there were 13,000 coolies and soldiers for the transport train. The steamers that were to convey them were collected at Ujina and Simoneseki, where the troops were to embark. They were to be under the command of Marshal Count Oyama, and officially were considered to be another section of the Second Army already under his command in the Liao-tung Peninsula.

With this army Admiral Ito's fleet was to co-operate, but it was now much more numerous than that which he had led in the fight off the Yalu. He had in all forty-one ships, big and little, under his orders. This fleet was organised in groups of ships, known as the "Main Squadron," the 1st or Flying Squadron, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th squadrons, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd torpedo flotillas. The Main Squadron consisted of the four big cruisers which had formed its chief strength at the Yalu—the *Matsushima* (now repaired and again flying the Admiral's flag), the *Ikitsushima*, the *Hashidate*, and the *Chiyoda*. The 1st or Flying Squadron was identical with the "Van Squadron at the Yalu" (*Yoshino*, *Akitsushima*, *Takachico* and *Naniwa Kan*). The 2nd squadron (which might very well have been called the third) included two ships that had fought at the Yalu—namely, the old ironclads *Fuso* and *Hiyei*, the *Kongo*, a sister ship to the *Hiyei* (built at Hull in 1877), and the *Takao*, a modern third-class cruiser, unprotected (tonnage 1,764, speed 15 knots), armed with four six-inch Krupps, a quick-firer, and two torpedo tubes. She was built in Japan in 1888. Altogether the 2nd squadron with the three old ironclads added to the small cruiser was not a very formidable element in the fleet. The 3rd squadron was made up of five small cruisers. The flagship was the *Tsukushi*, built at Elswick in 1881 for the Chilians, and originally known as the *Arturo Prat*, transferred by purchase to Japan. She was a 16-knot steamer of 1,380 tons, armed with six heavy Armstrongs (two of them 10-inch guns) and four small quick-firers. The four other cruisers were steamers built in Japan in the 'eighties, three of them, the *Musashi*, *Katsuragi* and *Yamato*, being sister ships. Their tonnage was 1,480, speed about thirteen knots; armament, seven Krupps, four machine guns, and two torpedo tubes.

The Fourth Squadron was made up of the *Akagi* (repaired since the Yalu), and four other gunboats, practically identical with her in structure and armament, the *Maya*, *Oshima*, *Chiokai* and *Atago*. There were also four small armed steamers, not attached to any of the five squadrons, but used as despatch boats. The first torpedo boat flotilla consisted of five boats, the second of six, and the third of four. In the first squadron there was a large torpedo boat, the *Kotaka*, built by Messrs. Yarrow, at Poplar, and sometimes described as an armoured torpedo boat, because her engine compartment was protected with inch plates of steel. She was armed with four machine guns besides her torpedo tubes. Her weak point was that her speed was not equal to that of the more lightly built boats that formed the rest of the flotilla.

The whole expedition, under the escort of the fleet, assembled in Ta-lien-wan Bay at the beginning of the third week of January, 1895. Ta-lien-wan was within easy steam of the whole north coast of Shan-tung. After a careful reconnaissance the Bay of Yung-cheng, just inside the north-east point of the Shan-tung promontory, had been selected as the place where the invaders were to land. But in order to mislead the Chinese, demonstrations were made against other points along the coast. On January 18th Rear-Admiral Tsuboi, with three ships of the flying squadron, the *Yoshino*, *Akitsushima* and *Naniwa Kan*, left Ta-lien-wan, and appeared before Tung-chow, a city on the north coast of Shan-tung, to the west of Chee-foo. There were good piers and wharves on the sea front of the town, which was defended by two forts. The Japanese had spread a rumour that the Shan-tung expedition was to land at this place, and the local facilities for disembarkation, and the nearness of the port to Ta-lien-wan and Port Arthur, made this seem very likely. The impression was increased by the visit of the cruisers which, on the afternoon of the 18th, and again on the morning of the 19th, exchanged some shots with the forts, although on both occasions aiming was a difficult matter, for both actions took place in the midst of blinding snowstorms.

On the morning of January 19th Oyama put to sea with the whole expedition embarked on fifty transports which were grouped in three divisions. Admiral Ito's fleet, besides providing for the attack at Tung-chow, kept a squadron watching the Chinese fleet at Wei-hai-wei, while the rest of the ships available steamed with the transports. The three divisions of the transport fleet reached the bay of Yung-cheng on the 20th, 21st, and 23rd. Their arrival was a complete surprise to the Chinese, who fully expected that the invaders would land not to the eastward but to the westward of Wei-hai-wei, and had been sending off reinforcements to the forts at Tung-chow.

There was a feeble attempt to oppose the landing at Yung-cheng. As the first boats from the transports pulled towards the shore through a heavy snow shower, a party of Chinese troops, about 200 strong, opened fire on them with four guns. The boats were signalled back to the protection of the ships, the fleet began to shell

the battery, and the Chinese fled, abandoning their guns. These were captured by the first Japanese troops that landed. The landing of the whole army was completed by the evening of the 25th. Meanwhile, the city of Yung-cheng, though garrisoned by about 1,500 Chinese, had been taken after the merest show of resistance. The weather was bitterly cold, and the troops were encamped in the snow. The roads, out of repair and encumbered with snow-drifts, were found to be quite impracticable for gun-carriages, so that Marshal Oyama was forced reluctantly to leave his field artillery behind him and advance with only the mountain guns.

The fleet was meanwhile watching Wei-hai-wei. On the 25th, Admiral Ito sent to Admiral Ting a curious letter. It was not a formal summons to surrender, but a letter of friendly advice. He reminded him that they had known each other before the war, and protested that, although their Governments were at variance, this should not alter the friendship of individuals. He expressed a chivalrous admiration for Ting's valour and capacity, and pointed out to him that the outcome of the present contest could only be defeat. He urged him to recognise that the struggle was hopeless, not from any fault of his own, but on account of the obsolete system of government to which China still clung, although Japan had abandoned it for more modern methods. He advised him then to surrender and retire for a while to Japan, where he promised him the friendship and protection of the Emperor, who, he said, had behaved magnanimously even to his own subjects who had fought against him in the civil war, mentioning as instances the names of an admiral and a member of the Imperial Council, who had once been rebels. He protested that Ting could best serve his country by taking this course. When the war was over, if the Government entered on a course of reform he could return from Japan to take part in the reconstruction of the country. He pointed out that Marshal McMahon, after surrendering and being a prisoner in Germany, had returned to France to help in ruling it, and that Osman Pasha, after the surrender of Plevna and his captivity in Russia, had returned to Turkey to take a leading part in the reorganisation of the national defences. "The great question that you have now to determine," he concluded, "is whether you will throw in your lot with a country that you see falling to ruin, and be thus involved in a result that is inevitable unless the methods of government are changed, or whether you will preserve the strength that remains to you and help to bring about another system hereafter. It has generally been the custom of the warriors of your country to use haughty and rough language in addressing their foes, but I address this letter to you from motives of pure friendship, and I entreat you to credit my sincerity. If, happily, reading these words you take my advice, I shall, with your permission, address some further suggestions to you as to how to give practical effect to these ideas."

For the moment Admiral Ting made no reply to this letter. In his battle-scarred flagship, moored under the lee of Liu-kung Island, with the drift ice round her and the snow on her decks, he busied himself with preparations for his last fight, for he was a thoroughly brave man and meant to keep his flag flying so long as there was any means of defence available. The Japanese were approaching. They had marched on the morning of the 26th from Yung-cheng in two columns. The 6th Division moved along a road near the shore, communicating by signals with the fleet. The 2nd Division followed a parallel road about three or four miles inland. On the 29th the two columns halted within striking distance of the eastern defences of Wei-hai-wei. The right column (6th Division) was at the village of Pao-chia, the left column at Chung-hia-kow-tsu, both places being just beyond the hills that shut in the eastern end of the harbour. The scouts reported that the Chinese army was massing at the defences of the eastern headland.

Marshal Oyama arranged for an attack on the nearest forts for next day, January 30th. Ito's fleet could bring a heavy bombardment to bear on them without entering the bay. The right column was to attack their front, and the left column was to clear the hills on the Chinese right and menace their line of retreat along the inner shore of the bay. After the experience of Port Arthur, Oyama counted on being able to rush the forts in the course of the first day's fighting.

Admiral Ting had fully realised that there was very little hope of the land forces making a determined defence. He had with him in the fleet and in the naval establishments on the island of Liu-kung a number of European assistants, among whom were some ex-petty officers of the British navy, at least one naval officer who had been trained in the same service, and an ex-officer of British Colonial volunteers.

He sent one of these British naval men, a seaman gunner named Thomas, to the eastern mainland forts, with orders to bring away the breech blocks, sights and elevating gear of heavy guns bearing on the harbour. He took this course because he judged that they were more likely to be trained on his own fleet by Japanese gunners than to be used against Admiral Ito's fleet, and they were so mounted that they could not be of any possible use against the land attack. Thomas failed to make General Liu, who commanded the garrison, understand the advisability of thus disabling some of the guns, but all the same he set to work to carry out the admiral's orders. In the first two forts he succeeded in getting possession of the fittings of the dangerous guns, but when he reached the third, Liu's soldiers assumed such a threatening attitude that Thomas and his party retired to their boats. Liu telegraphed to Pekin that Ting was treacherously disarming the forts in order to facilitate their capture by the Japanese. The result was a peremptory order for the immediate restoration of all the gear that had

ADMIRAL TING.
(*Photo: Mendelssohn, Newcastle.*)

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been removed, and in the sequel the Japanese were able to use these very guns against the Chinese fleet.

Oyama made his attack on the eastern forts on the morning of January 30th. On the previous evening the left column had moved up to the bridge over the Wu-chiu River, on the land side of Beacon Hill, the high isolated peak south of the forts. Its outpost line ran along the bank of the little river, which was frozen over at the time and everywhere passable. The right column prolonged the outpost line along a spur that stretches out from the other side of Beacon Hill to the sea at Three Peak Bay.

At dawn on the 30th six of the lighter cruisers of Admiral Ito's fleet steamed into Three Peak Bay and opened fire at long range on the two nearest forts, Yang-fung-ling and Shai-chia-su, while the heavier ships bombarded the island forts on Liu-kung-tao. At the same time the mountain batteries of the right column came into action from the ridge opposite Fort Mo-tien-ling, and those of the left column opened on a body of Chinese troops who were holding the high ground to the west of the forts. When it was judged that the bombardment had produced sufficient effect, the infantry of the 2nd Division advanced to the attack on the left, moving across the frozen river under a heavy snowstorm. With very little difficulty they drove the Chinese from the ridge back to a second line of hills nearer the harbour. Bringing up the mountain guns to cover their advance, they pressed on to the second ridge, cleared it of the enemy, and pursued them for some distance along the shore of the bay towards the town of Wei-hai-wei. This pursuit was, however, soon checked, for several of Admiral Ting's light cruisers steamed into the shallow water on the south side of the bay and brought a heavy fire of shells and machine-gun bullets to bear on the leading battalion. The Japanese then drew back to the high ground they had won, after considerable loss, one shell alone killing fourteen men. This was between half-past nine and ten.

CAPTAIN McCLURE,
Vice-Admiral of the Chi ese Fleet.
(Photo: Shanghai Photographic Enlarging Co.)

Meanwhile, the 6th Division, forming the right column, had attacked the forts. The first advance was made against Mo-tien-ling a little after half-past seven. The fort was stormed at a quarter-past eight without much loss, although in the last rush the stormers were exposed to a cross fire from the guns of Yang-fung-ling. A party of gunners accompanied the storming party, and at once turned the artillery of the captured fort, part on Yang-fung-ling, part on a small fort between Mo-tien-ling and the sea. This smaller fort was rushed about half-past eight, so that the Japanese were in possession of the two works that protected the rear of the eastern sea forts. They had suffered very little loss, but Brigadier-General Otera had been mortally wounded by a bursting shell soon after the capture of Mo-tien-ling. He was the only Japanese general killed in the war.

The guns of the captured forts, the mountain batteries, and the six cruisers in Three Peak Bay now concentrated their fire on the Yang-fung-ling fort. The Chinese garrison here fought bravely and repulsed an attempt of the Japanese infantry to close in upon the fort. But about noon it was seen that a fire had broken out inside the works, and shortly after the fort was evacuated by the Chinese, the magazines blowing up almost as soon as they left it. The Japanese guns were then turned on Shai-chia-su, which was very soon abandoned by its garrison.

The Japanese now attacked the sea forts on the shore of the bay from the high ground they had won. Chao-pei-tsui was abandoned as soon as the storming column advanced upon it, the garrison blowing up the magazine. The next fort, Lu-chueh-tsui, was rushed by a column composed of Japanese infantry and marines from the fleet. The Chinese fled along the shore, and the fuses they had lighted to blow up the magazine were discovered and extinguished by the captors just in time. The marines promptly turned the guns on the Chinese warships, which had opened a furious fire on the captured forts. Lung-miao-tsui, the last of the sea forts, was captured about one o'clock. At the last moment

a party of Chinese seamen tried to reach it in order to disable the guns, but they came too late.

During the afternoon the shore batteries captured by the Japanese exchanged fire with Ting's fleet and the guns on I-tao Island. The Chinese made good practice, a shell from the *Ting-Yuen* dismounting one of the guns in Lung-miao-tsui. About four o'clock the Japanese ceased firing, and shortly after Ting signalled to cease fire. This ended the fighting for the day. The Japanese had captured all the eastern mainland forts and batteries, with a loss of only about 64 killed and 162 wounded.

During the night the Japanese torpedo boats tried to get into the harbour by the opening between the boom and the eastern shore batteries. By some oversight the troops holding these batteries had not been given any notice of what was intended, and they took the boats for Chinese craft trying to run out to attack Ito's fleet. They therefore opened fire upon them, and the boats retired and gave up the attempt. They were lucky enough to get away without any injury from the fire of their friends.

Next day, January 31st, it was intended that the town of Wei-hai-wei should be occupied, and the western mainland forts attacked with the help of the fleet. But a heavy gale had sprung up during the night, and in the morning a storm was raging along the coast, the wind driving before it dense showers of snow, while the thermometer fell nearly to zero. Admiral Ito, leaving only his fast cruisers of the Flying Squadron sheltered in Three Peak Bay to observe Wei-hai-wei, took refuge with the rest of the fleet at Teng-chow. On land all operations were suspended.

The tempest continued all through February 1st. But in the afternoon, as the wind was falling and it was hoped that next day the fleet would be able to assist in an attack on the western forts, Marshal Oyama directed the 2nd Division to advance on Wei-hai-wei. The town was occupied without any opposition. The most perfect order prevailed. Some of the inhabitants, fearing a repetition of the excesses that had occurred at Port Arthur, abandoned their shops and houses on the approach of the Japanese. Official seals were placed upon the doors and windows of the deserted buildings in order to ensure that the property left in them should not be touched.

A small detachment advanced along the Cheefoo road, to the west of the town, and in the snowstorm it came suddenly on a column of about 2,500 Chinese troops. A sharp skirmish followed, but the Japanese drove off the enemy, inflicting on them a loss of about a hundred, while they themselves only lost six killed and 39 wounded. It was afterwards found that these troops were part of the garrison of the western forts, who, on February 1st, gave up all idea of defending them, and began their retreat to Cheefoo.

Admiral Ting became aware in the afternoon that the forts were abandoned. He at once proceeded to the western mainland, accompanied by one of his English officers, Captain Graves, and a party of seamen. They removed the breech blocks and other fittings of the guns, and blew up the magazines. But for the storm the Japanese would doubtless have occupied the forts on January 31st, and they would have been able to turn their batteries at short range on Liu-kung Island and the Chinese fleet.

Thus by the evening of February 1st all the land defences of Wei-hai-wei had been captured or destroyed. The Chinese flag flew only over the island forts and the ships of the fleet. Oyama's army had done its share of the work; it now remained for Ito's squadrons to complete what had been so well begun.

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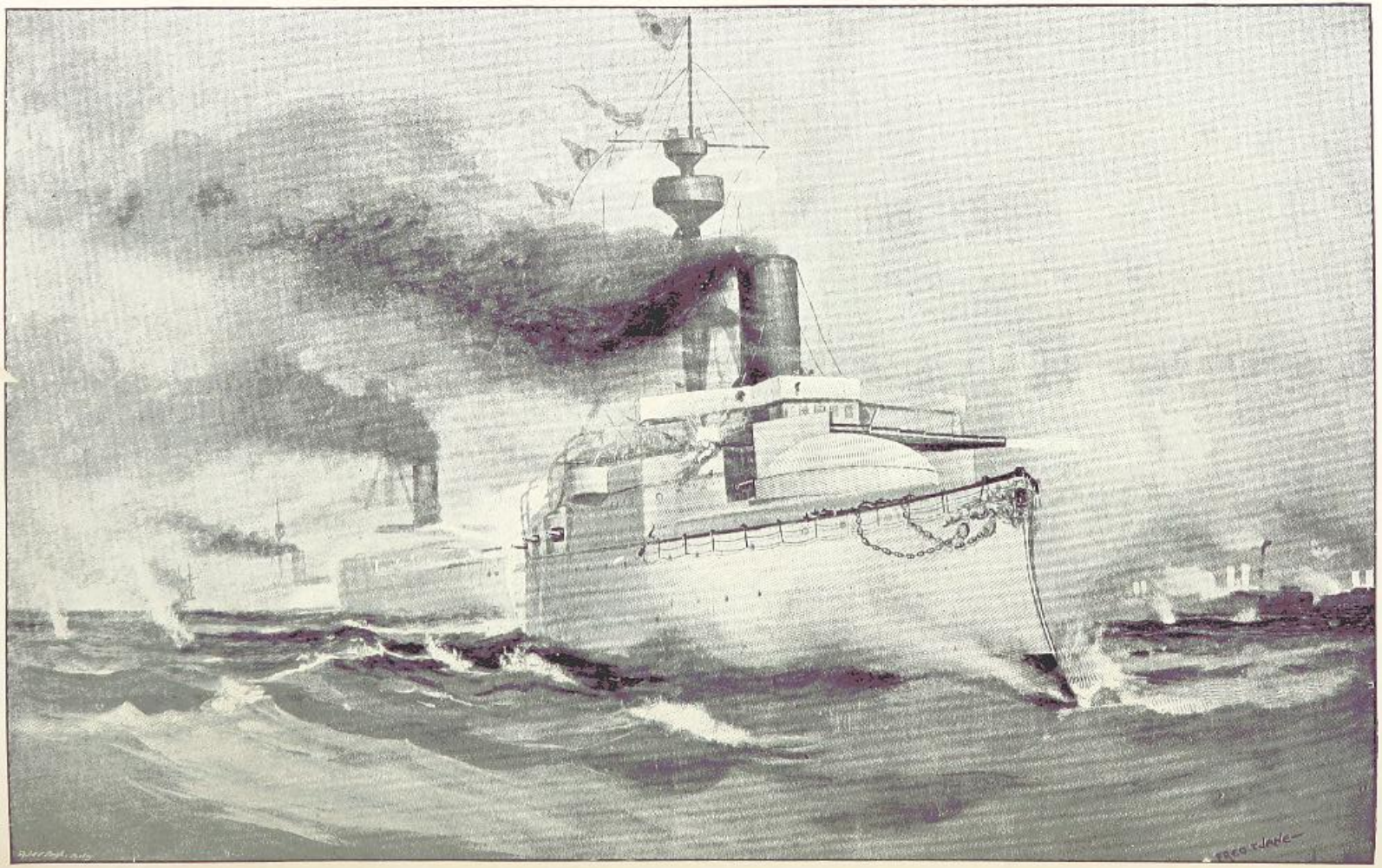


WEI-HAI-WEI: THE JAPANESE FLEET COMING INTO ACTION.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NAVAL ATTACKS ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

THE Japanese fleet left Teng-chow to return to its station off Wei-hai-wei on February 2nd. The wind had fallen, but there was a heavy swell on the sea, and it was bitterly cold. According to Admiral Ito's report on that day, "the cold was so intense that the ships were covered with ice, and blocks of ice three to five inches thick were frozen into the muzzles of the guns."

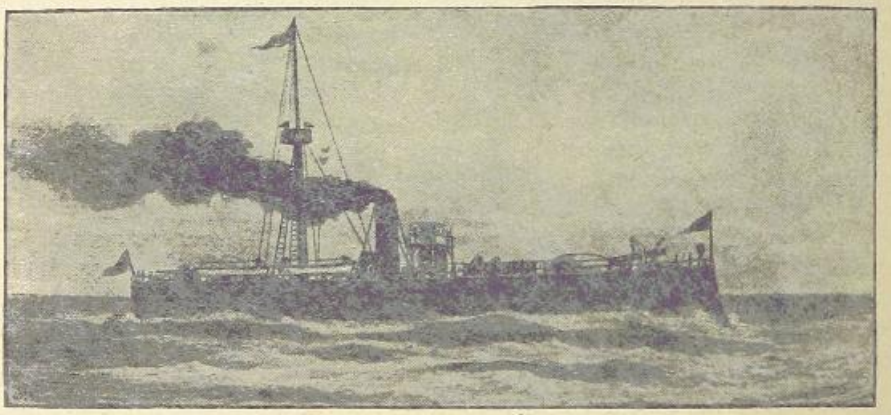
Next day, February 3rd, the weather was fine and not quite so cold, and the bombardment of the island forts was resumed, the fleet and the captured batteries of Lung-miao-tsui and Lu-chueh-tsui shelling the Chinese forts and ships, which replied vigorously. The little fort on I-tao, in the middle of the eastern channel, was exposed to the fire of the land batteries and some of the ships. It replied pluckily to the guns on the land, making good use of its two heavy guns mounted on disappearing carriages. It was in charge of an English commander, Mr. Mellows, formerly a seaman gunner in the British navy. At noon Admiral Ito signalled to the fleet to cease firing. During the afternoon snow again fell heavily.

It was known that there was an opening between the end of the boom that closed the eastern channel and the land close under the forts, but it was narrow, and rendered dangerous by rocks and shoals. Just under I-tao Island there was another small opening. During the night between the 3rd and 4th, an attempt was made by some of the torpedo boats to destroy the boom near its southern end. The night was very dark and bitterly cold. Thin ice was forming on the sea, and broke crackling round the bows as the torpedo boats forced their way through it. The Chinese torpedo boats were acting as picket boats just inside the boom. They discovered the approach of the Japanese, and the forts and Ting's ships opened fire, sending shells and bullets at random over the water outside the boom. Only one of the attacking boats effected anything. This was No. 6, commanded by a first-class warrant officer, Kozaki Tatsujiro. This brave man succeeded in running his boat through the narrow rocky channel at the south end of the boom, and laying his vessel alongside of it, tried to destroy the obstruction from the inside. The boat was rolling heavily, for a swell was breaking in the shallow water near the shore, and there was serious danger of the thin steel sides of No. 6 being stove in by collision with one of the heavy baulks of timber that floated the hawsers of the boom. But with infinite difficulty a heavy charge was attached, connection was made with the firing battery on board by an insulated wire, and then No. 6 drew off, and Kozaki pressed the firing key. But the charge would not explode. He then examined the wire, and found that it had been damaged, and its insulation destroyed by dragging across the fluke of the torpedo boat's anchor as she went astern before trying to explode the charge. With some copper wire and indiarubber packing he repaired the damaged conductor, and then again went astern and closed the electric circuit. But still there was no result.

But Kozaki was one of those men who do not mean to be beaten. He gave up the idea of firing his countermine by electricity, and resolved to destroy the boom by firing three small charges close together, after fixing them near the heavier charge already in position. The explosives were what are known as hand-charges, fitted with mechanical fuses, and fired by pulling a long lanyard—rather dangerous weapons to handle in the dark, and on rough water. To get them properly fixed Kozaki had to climb out over the bow of No. 6, on to the top of the floating boom, and he was soon wet to the skin and covered with ice. With the shells whistling and ricochetting near him, he completed his work. Then he scrambled back on board his ship, and she went astern for the third time. As the long lanyards came taut all the charges exploded with a burst of flame that plainly showed the position of the daring torpedo boat. Full speed ahead she dashed out through the wreck of the boom, the Chinese guns on I-tao and the Japanese with the captured cannon of the shore batteries exchanging fire over her as she sped out to sea.

The boat had escaped without injury, and the result of her work was that the end of the boom near the shore had been so damaged as to make the entrance near the rocks wider and easier.

On the morning of February 4th Admiral Ito, with the main squadron and the 1st or "Flying" squadron—in other words, with his eight best cruisers—steamed in towards the eastern entrance, leaving all his other ships well out to sea. He hoped thus to tempt Admiral Ting into coming out and attacking him. But the Chinese admiral made no move. A long-range bombardment of the island forts followed without any serious damage being done. Admiral Ito was now convinced that the Chinese were waiting for a chance to slip out in the dark in the hope of escaping to some of the southern Chinese ports, and he gave orders for the torpedo flotillas to spare no effort to destroy the Chinese ships in the harbour. The first attack was made in the night—that between the 4th and 5th of February.

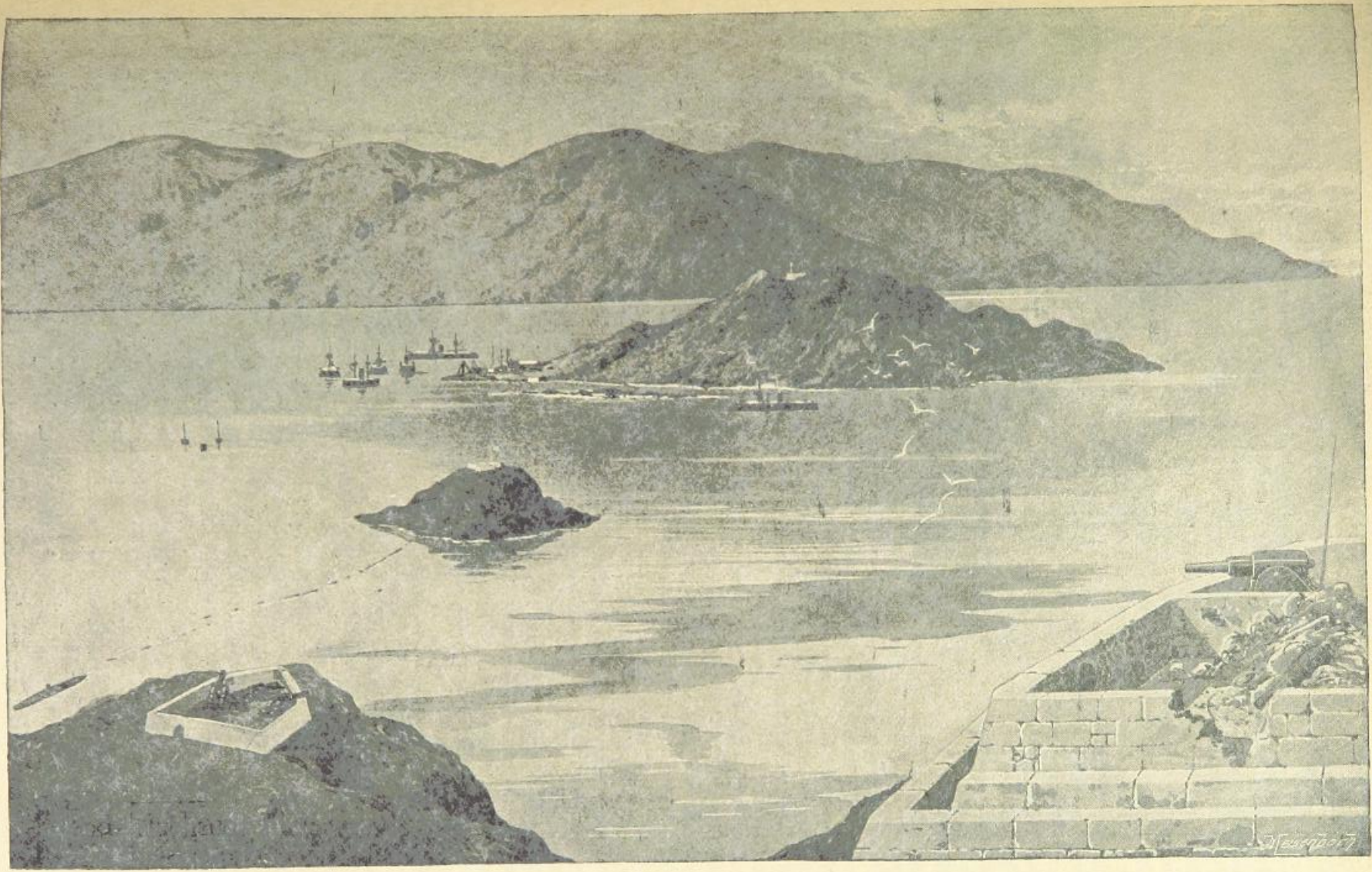


THE CHINESE BATTLESHIP "TSI-YUEN."

The plan adopted was that as soon as the moon had set—that is, a little after three a.m.—the 1st Flotilla (the *Kotaka* and Nos. 7, 11, 13, and 23) should make a false attack on the boom at the western entrance in order to divert the attention of the Chinese from the real attack which was to be made through the gap at the mainland side of the eastern entrance by the 2nd Flotilla (Nos. 8, 9, 14, 18, 19 and 21) and the 3rd (Nos. 5, 6, 10, and 22)—ten boats in all. It was another fearfully cold night, and, as the boats ran in, the spray froze on the gear of their torpedo tubes, making it very difficult to keep them in working order. Two of the boats, Nos. 8 and 21, touched the rocks, and, though they were got off with some damage, they had to give up their places in the attack. Eight boats got safely and silently inside the boom.

The story of what followed had best be told first from the point of view of a British officer, who was serving on board Admiral Ting's flagship, and then from that of the Japanese. There are so few detailed accounts in existence of what it feels like to be torpedoed that the officer's narrative possesses a special interest. There can be no doubt of its authenticity. His name has not been made public, but his story is given at length in Lieutenant Armstrong's work on "Torpedo Warfare," one of the series of Royal Navy Handbooks edited by Commander Robinson, R.N. The writer, who is described as "an English officer of high attainments and one of Admiral Ting's most trusted officers," begins by describing the precautions taken on board of the *Ting-Yuen*, in order to ensure the watertight doors being closed in case of attack. The ship lay anchored south of Liu-kung Island. No mention is made of her being fitted with torpedo nets; so it would appear that this kind of protection was absent. He then goes on to describe what occurred after the moon set on the night that the Japanese boats came in.

"It was," he says, "about four o'clock in the morning. Alarm rockets from our guard boats to the south of I-tao were seen. Presently firing took place from some of our ships. We ourselves opened fire, but what the object was I could not distinguish. After a time we ceased firing, and just then I saw a dark object, probably about half a mile away. Fire was opened on it, and I ran up the standard-compass erection to get a better view. Through my glasses I saw a double-funnelled torpedo boat coming end on to us on our port beam. When she was about 300



VIEW IN WEI-HAI-WEI HARBOUR.

yards off, she turned hard-a-port. As she turned, I saw that we had hit her badly, as a lot of steam was to be seen. A few seconds after she turned we were hit on the quarter. The shock was a heavy quivering one, such as I should imagine an earthquake to be like. The sound of the explosion was a loud dull thud. A column of water dashed on board, and there was a faint sickly smell from the explosion. . . . The effect of the torpedo explosion was not very severe to the person. I saw no one thrown down on deck, but it was severe enough to make that possible. One Chinese officer was asleep in his bunk at the time. This was about 25 feet further forward, and on the same side as the hit. He was thrown out of his bunk and bruised, but not damaged otherwise. No heavy weights were displaced, but furniture was thrown about. On deck the only damage visible was the tearing away of the moulding on the ship's side in the vicinity of the hit. The effect of the shock was not demoralising. There was no panic, the men going to their stations as ordered in the usual manner."

The ship's bugle sounded the order to "close watertight doors," and those left open were at once secured. The officer went below to see that this had been properly done, and at once perceived that the ship had been very seriously injured. "I found," he says, "the water bubbling up through a store-room hatch. There was then about a foot of water in my cabin, which was near this hatch. The ship had already listed slightly. I went to the engine-room. There I was shocked to find the port engine-room filling quickly. From the engineers I heard that the port engine, after moving a portion of a turn, had stuck. The wedge doors of the tunnel [for the screw shaft] and side passages were leaking badly, but apparently not nearly enough to account for the rise of the water. The door between the two engine-rooms also began to leak, as well as that between the engine-room and stokehold on the port side. . . . Seeing the engine-room filling, and knowing that damage existed a considerable distance further aft (say thirty feet), I came to the conclusion that the damage inflicted was very extensive."

The idea occurred to him of making some effort to stop the leak, but it was dismissed at once, because there were no collision mats in the equipment of the *Ting-Yuen*. There were no sails or awnings on board; and, even if there had been, it looked as if the damage done was too great to be remedied by such means. Admiral Ting, in no way dismayed by the injury to his ship, was thinking only of fighting the Japanese torpedo boats. He had ordered the cable to be slipped, and the *Ting-Yuen*, propelled by her starboard engine, was steering for the comparatively deep water south of I-tao, heedless of the fight in progress between the enemy's boats and the other ships. Ting's idea was to get between the enemy and the gap by which they had come in, cut off their retreat, and destroy them with his machine-guns. The officer's narrative continues:—"Shortly after the ship was got under way I reported to Ting and Commodore Liu that I believed the damage inflicted to be so great that it was doubtful whether the ship could be kept afloat, and I advised that she should be beached in such a way that, should repairs be found impossible, she would still be able to use her guns in defence of the harbour. This was, after some hesitation, decided upon, the state of the tide (it being high water) making this plan the more favourable. The ship was accordingly beached on the island inside the east boom (about 1,000 yards distant), and was placed in such a manner as to enable her to use her heavy guns to protect the east entrance."

Before following further the story of what occurred on board the *Ting-Yuen*, let us see how the Japanese flotillas of torpedo boats had fared during the attack. As might be expected, the existing accounts of what happened are confused, and in some respects contradictory. Considering what discrepancies are to be found in even the best reports of battles fought in broad daylight, it is not to be wondered at if it is no easy matter to piece together a clear and consistent narrative from the stories told by the commanders and crews of a number of torpedo boats that have made a rush into a harbour in the dark, and had a confused fight with ships that could only be distinguished as dull black or grey masses looming up in the night. When a torpedo was discharged it was generally impossible to say what it had hit, and at least two boats claimed to have torpedoed the flagship, though she was certainly only hit once. The following account is based chiefly on that given by Mr. H. W. Wilson in his work, "Ironclads in Action." He has used chiefly Japanese reports, summarised by the French naval review, *Le Yacht*.

The Third Flotilla (5, 6, 10, 22) led the way in, followed by the Second (8, 9, 14, 18, 19, and

21), which, as has been already mentioned, had to leave two of its boats (Nos. 8 and 21) behind, as they had run on the rocks. Thus two groups of four boats each got inside the boom. They turned to run up to the anchorage of the larger Chinese vessels between I-tao and Liu-kung-tao. On their way they would have to pass and engage the lighter Chinese craft, gunboats and torpedo boats, acting as picket boats inside the southern end of the boom. Nos. 5 and 22 were first in, and appear to have discharged their torpedoes at these small craft.

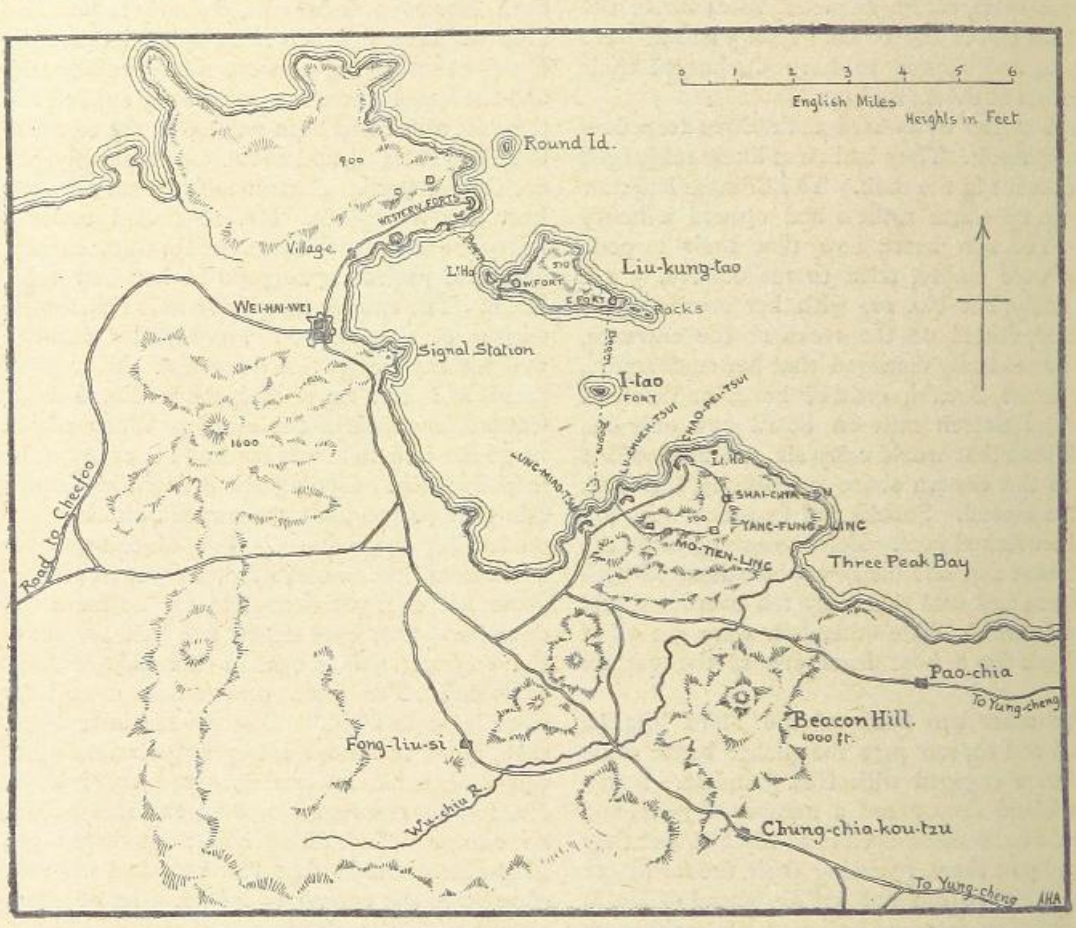
Both of the boats fired their three torpedoes without result. They had most likely misjudged the distance in the dark. The Chinese had now thrown up alarm rockets and opened a heavy fire. The two boats, now that their torpedo tubes were empty, tried to retire. No. 5 got out safely, but No. 22, with her steering gear disabled, drifted on the rocks at the entrance, and was so badly damaged that her commander, Lieutenant Suzuki, ordered her abandonment. She had sixteen men on board and only one small boat that would carry six. It made a first trip to the eastern shore successfully, but sank on the second. Suzuki and five men were left on the wrecked boat. Before morning came the lieutenant and one man were so exhausted with exposure and cold that they fell overboard and were drowned. The other four were got off at daybreak by a boat from one of the eastern forts.

The other two boats of the Third Flotilla, Nos. 6 and 10, ran past the picket boats while they were engaged with Nos. 5 and 22. Inside I-tao Island they found a number of junks and torpedo boats moored close to the fort, but they slipped past them, reserving their fire for bigger game. No. 10 ran out a little ahead of No. 6. The boats were now closing on the anchorage of Ting's heavy ships near Liu-kung-tao. The Chinese were firing, mostly at random, into the darkness. No. 10's report of her proceedings fits in so well with the British officer's account of the fight as seen from the *Ting-Yuen*, that there can be little doubt that the "double-funnelled torpedo boat" that he saw make the successful attack was No. 10, not No. 9, as stated in some narratives. It will be remembered that the British officer told how the enemy's boat approached bow on, then turned to port and fired the torpedo which struck the flagship in the after-part of the port side. Here is the story of the attack as given from the Japanese side by Mr. Wilson :

"As No. 10 drew near the enemy's large ships she collided with another torpedo boat engaged in the attack, but suffered no harm. Approaching through a hail of Gatling bullets a great grey mass rose suddenly up before her. It was the *Ting-Yuen*, and at it she fired her bow tube. Owing to the ice the torpedo did not leave the tube, but stuck projecting from it, half in, half out. Her commander turned gently to port and fired his broadside tube. In spite, however, of the fact that the sights were most carefully laid, and the speed corrections accurately applied, the torpedo, which had been pointed at the centre of the *Ting-Yuen*, distant about 300 yards only, just caught her stern. A man looking out from the boat saw it explode. No. 10 circled under a heavy fire from the Chinese, and turning, touched, with the projecting torpedo in her bow tube, No. 6. The two boats ran a terrible risk, for the trigger of the torpedo was actually smashed without exploding the detonator. They separated, and No. 10 retired, while No. 6 went forward to continue the attack. When within range her bow tube was fired, and once more the torpedo stuck. Circling, she brought her broadside tube to bear, but the torpedo broke in two on leaving the tube. A hail of one-pounder shells from the ironclad's Hotchkisses was falling about her, and yet strange to say no harm was done her. One only struck her hull abreast of the engines, and stuck in her side without exploding. The screw of the fuse must have come loose in flight." Besides the unexploded shell, No. 6 had been hit by forty-six Gatling or rifle bullets, but no one on board was injured. No. 10 only reported hits from two rifle bullets, no one wounded. The officer on board the *Ting-Yuen* thought that this boat had been hit severely as she turned, as he saw a lot of steam escaping. Either the escape of steam had some other origin or the Japanese under-estimated the damage they had received when they wrote their published reports.

The Second Flotilla, which had already been so unfortunate on the way in, did not effect so much as the Third Flotilla, and suffered much more serious loss. No. 9 engaged one of the despatch boats south of I-tao. She missed her with a torpedo, and then a shell fired by the Chinese ship burst in the torpedo boat's engine-room and wrecked her boilers, which exploded with the shock. Four men were scalded to death, two mortally wounded, and two others less severely injured. For some minutes she drifted helplessly under the fire of the Chinese,

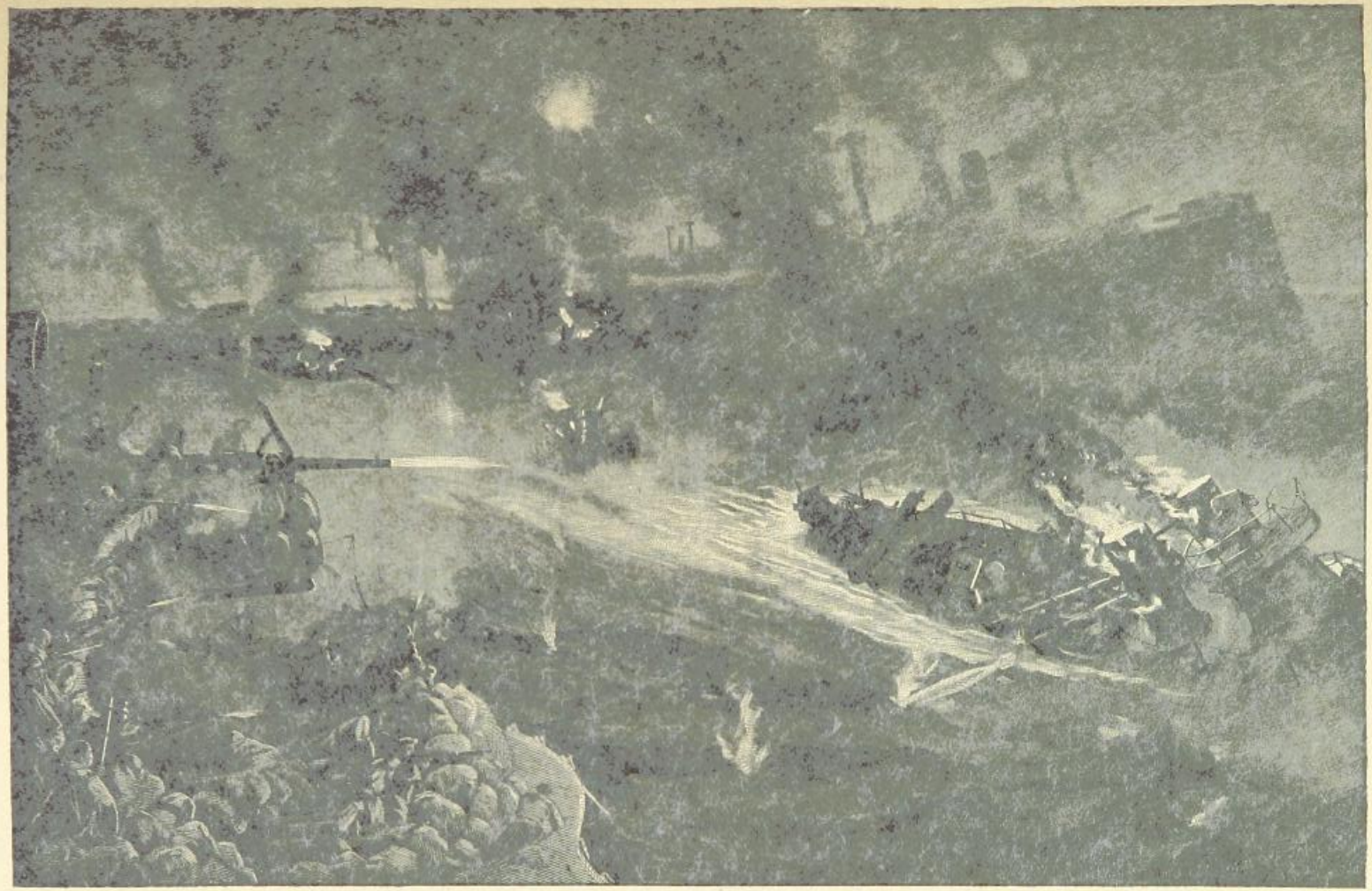
with only half her little crew able to do anything. Then No. 19 ran up alongside of her and took her in tow, trying to get her out of the harbour; but, according to the Japanese account followed by Mr. Wilson, she sank in the harbour. It seems much more likely, however, that she remained afloat, though, her tow rope having broken, the crew of No. 19 thought she



WEI-HAI-WEI AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

had sunk when she disappeared in the darkness. It is certain that next day a disabled Japanese torpedo boat was picked up by the Chinese in the harbour. She must have been No. 9, as all the others are easy to account for. Admiral Ting's British officer examined her, and thought she was the boat that had been engaged with the flagship; but, as we have seen, that boat got away. He thus describes the wreck of No. 9:—

"The torpedo boat which sunk us was found floating about the harbour at daylight. She had been hit six times, twice in the boiler-room, twice through the funnel, once through the nose of the midship torpedo tube, and once through the bow. These hits were from 3-pounder and 6-pounder guns. There were besides many marks of rifle bullets, but no penetrations. One of the shots had hit the steam-pipe in the boiler-room, and evidently scalded all the men there to death. Three bodies were in the stokehold, and another, that of an engineer officer, on deck, but also scalded. On deck there was some (but not much) evidence, in the form of blood, of men having been hit. We heard afterwards, but I know not with what amount of truth, that the remainder of this boat's crew were frozen to death. Of the other shots, the one through the bow wrecked the forecabin. By a rather curious coincidence, the Chinese officer who was with me when I was examining the boat found three articles which had been looted from his house at Port Arthur: a pair of dumbbells, a scroll, and a chair. The boat was scrupulously clean in the cabins, and in the wrecked forecabin was a heterogeneous



WEI-HAI-WEI: THE FIGHT IN THE HARBOUR, FEBRUARY 4.

mass of such things as guncotton and detonators, snow-white linen, bottles of sweets and cigarettes."

Of the remaining boats of the flotilla, No. 18 damaged her rudder by collision either with the rocks or the boom, and was towed out of action by her consort No. 14. During the attack the Japanese had lost nineteen men and two boats. Two others were so badly injured that they had to be sent to Port Arthur for repairs.

But, on the other hand, they had succeeded in sinking the *Ting-Yuen*. She had been run into shallow water, and during next day she was gradually going down. To quote once more the British officer's narrative :—

"Divers were sent down, and patches were prepared to cover the holes; but it was found impossible to do anything, though the divers reported that the hole was only five feet square. In the meantime, in spite of the large centrifugal pumps and watertight doors, the large compartments of the ship gradually filled up, watertight doors leaking, bulkheads giving way, till engine-rooms and all four stokeholds were flooded. We had hoped that one of the stokeholds might be kept clear, and thus enable us to have steam for the heavy guns, but by about three o'clock in the afternoon the last fire was extinguished. The use of the ship as a stationary fort was now, of course, greatly impaired, but the hand-gear of the barbettes was connected up. As the tide went down, the after-part of the ship sank in the mud, so that the ship was inclined in a fore and aft direction, and thus rendered it exceedingly difficult to work the guns. (The Japanese fleet kept out of range on this day, and did not give us an opportunity of making a last fight with the poor ship.) By the evening the gun-platform was so much inclined that we could not align our sights at an object 1,000 yards off. We stuck to the ship, however, as our quick-firing guns would be of use in case of a torpedo attack to the north of I-tao. The water was now above the main deck aft. There was no fire in the galley, there was no fresh water, no food, and the thermometer showed twenty-seven degrees of frost."

It would seem that the shock of the torpedo explosion had so shaken the whole ship as to make the watertight doors leaky and weaken the bulkheads that formed the various compartments. Thus the water gradually forced its way into every part of her. Admiral Ting, in the course of the day, transferred his flag to her sister ship, the *Chen-Yuen*.

In the following night (that between February 5th and 6th) the Japanese made another torpedo attack. This time the First Flotilla—composed of the *Kotaka* and Nos. 7, 11, 13 and 23—came in by the gap in the eastern entrance, while the six boats that remained out of the Second and Third Flotillas made a demonstration off the western entrance. The *Kotaka* led the actual attack. Followed by the four smaller boats, she passed through the gap and then ran on in the shadow of the shore round the inner part of the bay till she reached a point south-east of the town of Wei-hai-wei. The Chinese were not even aware that the enemy's boats were in the harbour. The flotilla then turned to starboard and steered for the Chinese fleet, coming from a direction from which no attack was expected. They were only observed as they fired their first torpedoes, when the Chinese opened on them with rifles and machine-guns. They fired in all seven torpedoes and got away without receiving any damage. Three ships were sunk at their anchors. One was the protected cruiser *Lai-Yuen*, which had been so terribly injured by fire at the Yalu fight, but had since been repaired and had taken her full share in the fighting. The others were a small cruiser, the *Wai-Yuen*, used as a training ship, and a despatch boat, the *Pa-Hua*. The *Lai-Yuen* capsized, and in the morning her bottom showed above the water. Some of her unfortunate crew had been imprisoned inside of her, and during the day they were heard knocking as a signal for help. With infinite labour the plates of the ship's double bottom were cut through. But the rescue came too late. All inside were found dead. The *Ching-Yuen*, another of the cruisers, had a narrow escape, a torpedo exploding close alongside of her, but doing only trifling damage. She was commanded by an Englishman, Wood, an old British blue-jacket formerly in the Chinese Customs department, who had offered his services to the navy on the outbreak of the war.

Next day, February 6th, Admiral Ito, who had already landed a small party under cover of his guns on the north side of Liu-kung Island, where the high ground protected them from the fire of the forts and the Chinese fleet, reinforced them with a strong body of seamen and marines and some machine-guns and field pieces. It was hoped that they would be able to co-operate in the subsequent operations by bringing fire to

bear on the forts from the top of the hill. During the day the land forts and some of the cruisers were firing on Ting's ships and the island forts.

On the morning of the 7th, while the torpedo boats watched the western entrance, the rest of the fleet closed in upon the eastern side of the harbour, and with the help of the land forts heavily bombarded Liu-kung and I-tao and the Chinese fleet for some hours. The Chinese made a vigorous reply, and the *Matsushima*, Admiral Ito's flagship, was hit more than once. A shell burst in her funnel, another wrecked her forward bridge, wounding three men. The *Naniwa Kan* was also hit, a shell penetrating her side and bursting in her coal bunkers. While the battle was at its height, the torpedo boats signalled that the Chinese torpedo flotilla (thirteen boats in all) was coming out by the western entrance, where a gateway had been made in the boom near the Liu-kung end of it. At once the *Yoshino* and the three other fast cruisers of the Flying Squadron gave up the attack on the forts, and dashed off westwards to deal with the torpedo boats. Shortly after, Admiral Ito himself followed with the four ships of the main squadron to help in the chase. If the Chinese had come out in the dark, they might have had some chance of getting away. As it was, they were in a desperate position. Their engines had been worn out by their being continually used as mere despatch boats, and they could not work up to anything like their nominal speed. They might have perished gloriously if they had made a dash for the Japanese ships, but they tried only to escape to the westward, and the great cruisers, led by the swift *Yoshino*, were soon closing on them and sending a shower of shells and bullets from their quick-firers and machine-guns whistling through the air after the hapless craft. Some were sunk, others wrecked, as the Japanese projectiles ripped open and exploded their steam pipes and boilers. Others drove ashore and were either destroyed or captured by the Japanese torpedo boats. Two only got away. They hid in a creek on the coast, and, after the pursuit had ceased, put to sea again and reached the treaty port of Chee-foo. Even these bore the marks of the heavy fire to which they had been exposed.

During the bombardment the little fort on I-tao, commanded by another British sailor, Mr. Mellows, was silenced. About half-past eight a heavy shell from the eastern shore batteries burst in one of the magazines and it blew up, killing six of the garrison and wounding nearly everyone else, some slightly, some severely. But Mellows and a few brave men still kept one of the disappearing guns in action. It was the only gun still serviceable. As it rose to firing position, but before it could be discharged, it was hit by another huge shell that hurled it from its carriage. After this there was nothing to be done but to leave the fort and ferry the wounded over to the hospital on Liu-kung-tao.

The Chinese now held only the forts on the larger island, and their fleet had been reduced to the *Chen-Yuen*, *Tsi-Yuen*, *Ping-Yuen*, *Ching-Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, and a few small gun-boats. The silencing of the I-tao fort had destroyed the chief protection of the eastern boom, and on the 8th the Japanese made a determined attempt to remove it in order to open the way for their fleet to enter the harbour and engage the Chinese ships at close quarters. After dark that evening boats and steam launches from the *Yoshino*, *Akitsushima*, *Naniwa*, and *Takachico* destroyed about 400 yards of the eastern boom, cutting the cables, and dragging the baulks that floated them from their anchors. On the following morning the bombardment of the Liu-kung forts was resumed by the land batteries and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd cruiser squadrons. The ships and batteries had also to engage the Chinese fleet, which, whenever a bombardment began, got under way in the harbour and replied to the fire of the Japanese guns.

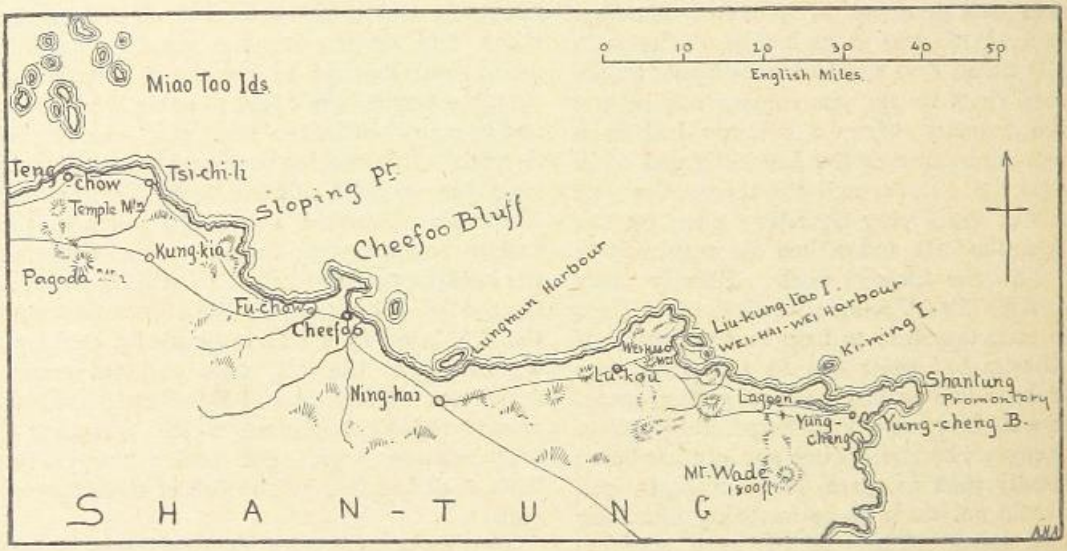
That morning Admiral Ting's diminished fleet suffered a further heavy loss. The *Ching-Yuen*, commanded by Wood, was engaging the eastern shore batteries, when shortly after eight a.m. a 9-inch shell from one of the big guns in Lu-chueh-tsui fort hit the ship forward and just above the water-line. It went through her, blowing a hole in the other side a little further aft and under water. For two hours Wood continued the fight, trusting to the steam-pumps and the watertight compartments to keep the ship afloat. But about ten o'clock one of the forward bulkheads must have given way under the pressure of the water rising in the forepart, for suddenly her head went down and her stern rose out of the water with the screw whirring in the air. There was nothing for it but to abandon her as quickly as might be, but, with every effort to save life, ten of the crew were drowned. The *Ching-Yuen* sunk with her bow in deeper water and her after-decks awash. Wood was resolved that his ship should not be

raised to fly the enemy's flag after the war, and in the darkness of the following evening he destroyed her, going off with a boat party and exploding a heavy mine on her deck. Later in the same evening the Japanese came in again with boats and steam launches, and tried to destroy the boom north of I-tao. But they were driven off by the fire of the Chinese ships.

Admiral Ting's fleet was now reduced to the battleship *Chen-Yuen*, the belted cruiser *Ping-Yuen*, the cruisers *Kwang Ping* and *Tsi-Yuen*, and six small gunboats. One of these few survivors, the *Tsi-Yuen*, had been in every fight of the war. She had been roughly handled by the Japanese squadron off Asan, when the first shots of the conflict were fired ; she had fought at the Yalu battle ; and here she was sadly battered, but still afloat and still fighting at Wei-hai-wei.

There was some desultory firing during February 10th. The four heavy cruisers of the main squadron, the *Matsushima*, *Ikitsushima*, *Chiyoda*, and *Hashidate*, lay close in to the eastern entrance, firing their heavy guns at the Chinese fleet. But, though there was a gap in the boom, Admiral Ito did not attempt to force his way into the harbour. He probably, by this time, felt certain that Ting's dogged resistance could not last much longer, and was waiting for him either to surrender or make a hopeless dash out to sea.

The next day, February 11th, was one of the national festivals of Japan, the traditional anniversary of the foundation of the empire, and when the sun rose all the ships of the blockading fleet were gay with fluttering flags. At nine a.m. the Admiral signalled to the Third Squadron to attack the fort on the east end of Liu-kung-tao. The five cruisers, *Tsukushi*, *Katsuragi*, *Yamato*, *Musashi*, and *Tenriu*, steamed close in and opened fire, and the land forts joined in the cannonade. Later on, the *Yoshino* and the old ironclads of the Second Squadron were sent to the help of the smaller cruisers. The Chinese fire inflicted a good deal of loss on the attacking squadrons. A well-aimed shell destroyed the bridge of the *Tenriu*, killing her commander,



NORTHERN SHAN-TUNG.

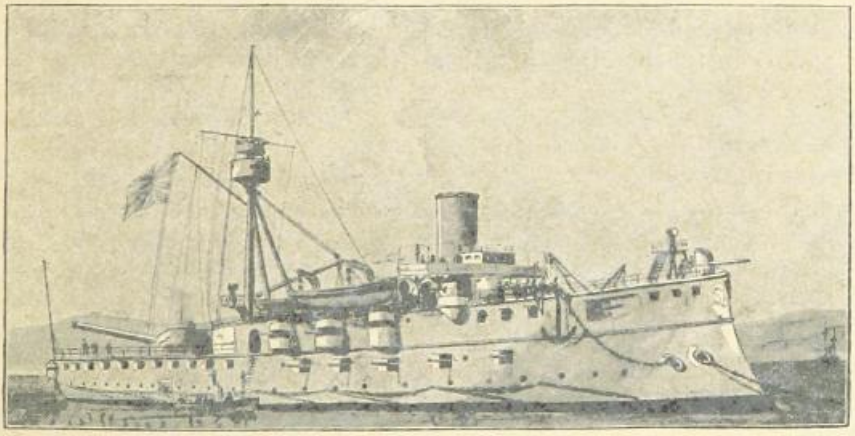
Captain Nakano Shinyu, and four seamen. One of her engineers and four other men were wounded. Another heavy shell burst on the deck of the *Katsuragi*, and killed one man and wounded six others, among them her commander, Captain Nobuki. The heavy gun in the bow of the ship was dismounted. The *Yoshino* had her second engineer and three men wounded, and there were a good many casualties in the land batteries. It was the last fight of the brave men who held the island batteries and manned the remnant of the fleet. As the Japanese drew off at half-past one, the Chinese guns were all in action.

That night the *Yoshino* and her consorts of the First Squadron came in close to the western entrance after dark, and fired heavily on the island. The guns and mortars which the Japanese had now mounted in the western shore batteries also opened on Liu-kung. The object

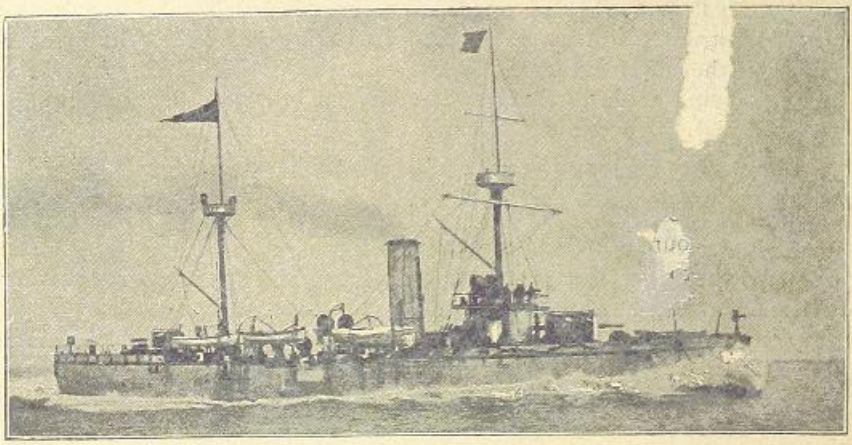
of this cannonade was to give the Chinese the idea that the Japanese fleet was trying to come in by the western entrance, and so to divert their attention from the other entrance, where a final attempt was being made to destroy the eastern boom. It failed, for a gale had sprung up, and in the rising sea the boats and steam launches could effect nothing, though they were not fired on by the Chinese.

Admiral Ting's fleet had fought its last fight. The next day saw the surrender of all that remained of it and of the island forts on Liu-kung-tao.

The obstinate defence of the harbour had proved that properly led Chinamen could fight bravely, a fact that men were beginning to doubt as they read the story of the other battles of this war with Japan. Admiral Ting was fortunate in having the help of a number of European volunteers at Wei-hai-wei, and the record of the siege affords good proof that under such leaders the Chinese can be made into good fighting men, though it is only fair to remember that these Europeans were a mere handful, and several of the ships and all the island forts were entirely officered by Chinese. The Pekin Government were so impressed by what this handful of Europeans had done, that they appointed as their chief naval adviser Captain McClure, a British sailor, and if the war had been prolonged he would have had the command of the southern fleets.



THE JAPANESE ARMOURED CRUISER "MATSUSHIMA."



THE CHINESE CRUISER "CHING-YUEN."

CHAPTER XV.

THE SURRENDER OF WEI-HAI-WEI.

SOON after sunrise next morning a Chinese gunboat, flying a flag of truce, was seen steaming out of the eastern entrance of the harbour. She headed for Ito's flagship, the *Matsushima*. Fearing possible treachery, three of the Japanese torpedo boats came rushing through the water and lay between the flagship and the gunboat as the latter slowed down her engines and stopped near the great cruiser. The gunboat was hailed, and answered that Commander Ching Peih Kwang, of the cruiser *Kwang-Ping*, was on board, and was the bearer of a letter from Admiral Ting to Admiral Ito. He was told to lower a boat and come on board the flagship with the letter.

It proved to be a belated reply to the long letter which Ito had addressed to his brave opponent before the first attacks on Wei-hai-wei. At the time, Ting had not even acknowledged it. The letter ran thus :—

"I, Ting Zu Chang, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Squadron, acknowledge having previously received a letter from Vice-Admiral Ito. This letter I have not answered until to-day, owing to the hostilities going on between our fleets. It had been my intention to continue fighting until every one of my men-of-war was sunk and the last seaman killed. But I have reconsidered the matter, and now request a truce, hoping thereby to save many lives. I most earnestly beseech you to refrain from further harming the Chinese and Westerners in the service of the army and navy of China, as well as the civilians of Wei-hai-wei. In return for this I offer to surrender all my warships, the forts on Liu-kung-tao, and all the warlike material in and about Wei-hai-wei to the Empire of Japan." Ting ended by offering to ask that the Commander of the British squadron, which now lay off the port watching the operations, should be asked to guarantee the handing over of the ships and forts, and suggesting that the Chinese soldiers and sailors should not be made prisoners, but should be allowed to return to their homes. He asked for a reply within twenty-four hours.

Admiral Ito assembled a council on board the flagship, sent word to Marshal Oyama of what had occurred, and after a brief discussion agreed to accept Ting's proposal. So for the first time for nearly a fortnight the cannon were silent on sea and shore. Commander Ching was given a letter from the Japanese admiral to take back to Ting, and with it a few courteous presents, including a box of dried fruits, a dozen of champagne, and a dozen of beer. Ito wrote to the Chinese admiral :—

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to accept the proposal it contains. I shall, accordingly, take over from you all the men-of-war, the forts, and the material of war. As to the time when this

surrender is to take place, I shall consult with you again when I receive your reply to this. My own idea is, after taking over everything, to escort you and your colleagues in one of our warships to some safe place, as will best suit your convenience. If I may speak quite frankly, I would advise you, for your own sake and for the sake of your country, to stay in Japan until after the war. I assure you that you will be treated with the most hon able consideration if you decide to come to my country. If, however, you wish to return to your native land, I shall, of course, put no obstacle in your way. As for any British guarantee of your good faith, I consider it quite unnecessary, for I trust absolutely in your honour as an officer and a brave man." Finally, Ting was requested to send a reply by 10 a.m. on the 13th at latest.

Commander Ching returned to the harbour in the gunboat and handed the letter to Ting. Then followed one of the saddest tragedies of the war. It will be noticed that Ito was throughout most anxious to persuade his old friend the Chinese admiral to come to Japan. He knew that if he returned to Pekin he would be made a scapegoat by the mandarins, and sentenced to death for his failure. And more than this, the barbarous Chinese code would, perhaps, include in the sentence all his near relatives, even old men, women, and children. Ting also knew the fate that awaited him and all who were dear to him, but he hesitated to take refuge with those who had fought against his country. After reading the Japanese admiral's letter, he said that "there was nothing left for him to desire, as all he had asked for had been granted." He then gave the necessary orders to his staff, and wrote a letter, which was to be sent to Admiral Ito next morning. In the afternoon he went into the cabin of the *Chen-Yuen* and committed suicide by taking a large dose of opium. Commodore Liu, the former commander of the sunken flagship *Ting-Yuen*, Chang Wang Sen, the commandant of the forts on Liu-kung-tao, and several other officers of rank, on hearing of what had happened, followed the admiral's example, and died by their own hands.

The Japanese did not hear the news of this grim ending to the defence of Wei-hai-wei till the morning of the 13th, when Commander Ching again came out to the *Matsushima*, in a gunboat flying the flag of truce, and with the Chinese Dragon Flag hoisted half-mast high. Ching came on board the flagship, returned the cases of presents to Admiral Ito, and handed him Ting's last letter.

"Your answer," wrote the Chinese admiral, "just received, gives me much satisfaction, on account of the lives of my men. I have also to express gratitude for the things you have sent me; but, as the state of war existing between our countries makes it difficult for me to accept them, I beg to return them herewith, though I thank you for the thought. Your letter states that the arms, forts, and ships should be handed over to-morrow, but that leaves us a very brief interval at our disposal. Some time is needed for the naval and military folk to exchange their uniforms for travelling garments, and it would be difficult to conform with the date named by you. I therefore beg that you will extend the period until February 16th, and on that day enter the harbour and take over the island forts, the arms, and the ships now remaining. I pledge my good faith in the matter."

It will be noticed that Ting was keenly anxious about the interests of his officers and men. His request that they should be given time to procure civilian clothes was an effort to save them from the insults and annoyance they would experience if they journeyed through the cities and villages bearing the badges that marked them as the disbanded remnant of a beaten army.

The news of his old friend and gallant opponent's death came as a heavy shock to Admiral Ito. Nothing in the correspondence had led him to anticipate such an ending. In the negotiations that followed he made special provision for due honour being paid to the memory of the dead admiral. These negotiations were carried on by Niu-Chang-Ping, the civil governor of Liu-kung-tao, and Commander Ching on the part of the Chinese. They found Admiral Ito and Marshal Oyama anxious to do all they could to lighten the lot of the vanquished defenders of Wei-hai-wei.

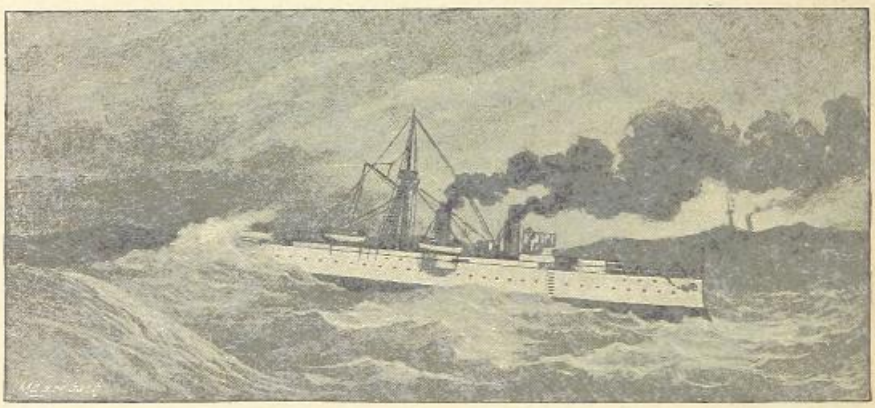
It was agreed that the forts on the island, the ships, and all arms, ammunition, and naval and military stores, should be handed over to the Japanese. The civil population was to be protected, and the Chinese soldiers and sailors were to be allowed to return to their homes after being disarmed. The Chinese officers and the little party of "Foreign Military Advisers," who had done so much for the defence of Wei-hai-wei, were to be liberated on giving their parole not to serve again in the war against Japan. Admiral Ito further agreed that one of the sur-

rendered ships, the gunboat *Kwang-Tsi*, should be given back to the Chinese authorities, in order that she might be used to convey back to China the body of Admiral Ting. The Chinese and European officers were to be allowed to make the journey to Cheefoo on board this gunboat, forming thus a guard of honour to the dead admiral.

The *Kwang-Tsi*, when she surrendered, had on board three torpedoes, four light guns, and thirty rifles. The torpedoes, rifles, and shells were removed by the Japanese, but the guns and some blank ammunition were left on board, so that she might be able to fire salutes. She was to be commanded and manned by her own officers and crew.

The final scene will best be described in the words of Mr. Arthur Diósy, who, staunch friend as he is of Japan, is rightly proud of Ito's chivalrous generosity :—

"Before the *Kwang-Tsi* left on her mournful voyage, the officers of the Japanese fleet and many from the troops on shore visited her to pay their last tribute of respect to the fallen foe. Slowly they passed before the coffin, each one solemnly and reverently saluting the remains of the enemy who had fought so stoutly for his country. The Chinese officers and civil authorities and the foreigners who witnessed the impressive scene were deeply moved. As one of the foreign officers in Chinese pay expressed it, 'You would have thought the Japanese were



THE CHINESE ARMOURED CRUISER "PING-YUEN."

The gunboat received on board not only Ting's coffin but also those of the other officers who had shared his fate. A heavy gale and rough seas delayed her departure till February 16th. Admiral Ito had already, on the 13th, issued the following general order to the Japanese fleet :—

"Vice-Admiral Ting, the enemy's Commander-in-Chief, committed suicide yesterday, after surrendering his ships, the forts on Liu-kung Island, and the armaments, garrison, and crews. Great honour and respect must be shown to the spirit of our late gallant foe, who manfully did his duty to his country. His remains will be conveyed to a Chinese port in the prize, *Kwang-Tsi*, which the Commander-in-Chief will return to the Chinese for the purpose. Ships' bands are to play only funeral marches or dirges until the *Kwang-Tsi* shall have passed out of the lines. Vice-Admiral's honours are to be paid to the remains by all ships as the *Kwang-Tsi* passes them."

mourning for their own admiral.' The Chinese gun-vessel, having taken on board the coffins of the other officers who had died by their own hand, as a grim staff to sail with the admiral on his last voyage, embarked the Chinese officers and foreign instructors liberated on parole, and steamed for Cheefoo. As she passed through the long lines of the Japanese squadron, flying at half-mast the Dragon Flag that Ting had served so faithfully to the end, every Japanese ship dipped her victorious ensign, minute-guns were fired, and the 'Admiral's Salute' rang out from Japanese bugles in honour of the gallant enemy who would fight no more."

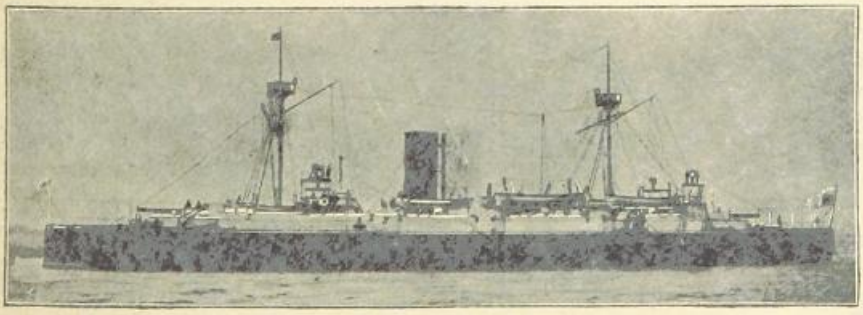
So ended the defence of Wei-hai-wei. There, as in almost every other instance, the Chinese army had collapsed hopelessly. But the navy had made a brave fight, though from the first victory was hopeless. Admiral Ting had at least proved that Chinamen could fight, and so had done something to retrieve the sadly damaged prestige of the once-conquering Dragon.

Standard. The "foreign instructors," mostly British seamen, had taken no small share in the defence. There were, in all, about a dozen of them. And there is no doubt their presence was of the utmost value to the Chinese admiral. What they did at Wei-hai-wei was a repetition of what Gordon and his officers had done years before in China, and a good earnest of what may be done by the Chinese battalion commanded by British officers that has since been raised in this same naval station of Wei-hai-wei.

What were the Chinese losses in these days and nights of battle among the ice and snow will never be known. They must have lost fully as many by illness resulting from exposure as from the fire of the besiegers. Even the Japanese, who were better equipped in every way, lost large numbers by sickness during the siege, and had many men disabled and crippled by frost-bites. In the actual fighting the Japanese losses were not heavy. The army had 74 killed, and 214 wounded; the navy 27 killed, and 34 wounded—349 casualties in all.

Of the captured prizes, the wrecked *Ting-Yuen* could not be saved. After the war what remained of her was sold for a small sum to a Chinese speculator, who broke up the wreck with gun-cotton charges, and carried off the old iron. The consort, the *Chen-Yuen*, was found to be leaking badly from having come in contact with a rock, and she was sent to Port Arthur to be docked and repaired before being taken to Japan. She has since been fitted with a secondary battery of quick-firers, and now figures in the Japanese navy list as the battleship *Chin-Yen*. The belted cruiser *Ping-Yuen*, another of the prizes, has been renamed the *Hei-Yen*, and is now classed as a Japanese coast defence ship. The *Tsi-Yuen*, renamed the *Sai-Yen*, also appears in the list as a protected cruiser. Six gunboats were also transferred to the Japanese navy, and six of the Chinese torpedo boats were got off the rocks, repaired, and added to the Japanese torpedo flotilla.

No attempt was made to effect any further conquests in Shan-tung. The object of the expedition had been accomplished when the Chinese warships were captured or destroyed. The Japanese partially demolished the land forts with explosives, and dismounted all their guns, taking away some of the best of them. They left a garrison only in the forts of Liu-kung-tao. The rest of the victorious army was transferred to Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan, where Ito and Oyama began to prepare for the invasion of Pe-chi-li and the march on Pekin.



THE JAPANESE PROTECTED CRUISER "NANIWA KAN."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUDING OPERATIONS OF THE WAR.

WHILE Marshal Oyama and Admiral Itō were attacking Wei-hai-wei by land and sea, there had been a lull in the operations of the armies that faced each other amid the northern snow and ice in Manchuria. But in the middle of February, after the fall of Wei-hai-wei, fighting began again in Manchuria.

On the 16th Iko-tenga and two other Chinese generals, with a force estimated at about 15,000 men, made an attack on the Japanese garrison at Hai-cheng. They were easily driven back, leaving 150 dead in front of the town, while the Japanese only lost three killed and eleven wounded. On the 17th a Japanese battalion in garrison at Hsi-mu-cheng was attacked by a force of about a thousand Chinese, and repulsed them without suffering any loss. The attacking party were afterwards found to have been not Chinese troops but a large band of brigands and outlaws. On the 21st Iko-tenga again threatened Hai-cheng, but he did not venture on a real attack, and all that happened was an exchange of artillery fire at long range, after which the Chinese again retired.

GENERAL OSEKO.
In Command of a Brigade of the Japanese Army in Manchuria.

By this time both armies had been reinforced. On the Chinese side 10,000 troops had been sent up to the neighbourhood of Niu-chwang from Shan-hai-kwan. On the Japanese side the whole of Yamaji's division (Nishi's and Nogi's brigades) had been transferred from the Second to the First Army, and had concentrated at Kai-ping. Yamaji and his troops were henceforth under the orders of General Nodzu.

About twelve miles north of Kai-ping a remarkable ridge, about two miles long, rises from the plain. It is less than 200 feet high, but the country round is so flat that this isolated eminence commands it for a great distance. It is known by the name of Tai-ping-shan, "the Hill of Great Peace," a name that proved most inappropriate when the outposts of Nogi's brigade occupied it on February 20th. For the Chinese made desperate efforts to drive them from it, and the "Hill of Great Peace" became the centre of some of the hardest fighting that had occurred during the war. On the 21st the Chinese General Ma-yu-kun, with a portion of Sung's army, drove the outposts from the hill and occupied it in force. Yamaji resolved to recapture it, and the result was a fierce battle on February 24th, in which the whole of the Japanese 1st Division was engaged.

Yamaji had massed his division on the north side of Kai-ping on the 23rd. Shortly after midnight he formed his troops in two columns for the advance on Tai-ping-shan. Nishi's brigade was to move on the left and attack the Chinese front at dawn on the 24th. Meanwhile, Nogi, with the right column, was to have worked round to the eastward of the hill, and was to attack the enemy's left flank and threaten their line of retreat. There were two feet of snow on the ground, and the thermometer was down to zero. The men suffered intensely during the night march and the weary halt in the snow, waiting for the dawn to give them light to open fire on the Chinese position.

Nishi's brigade was the first to come into action. It drove some 2,700 Chinese out of a village at the west end of Tai-ping-shan. Nogi's attack had meanwhile begun to develop further to the eastward. By nine o'clock the Chinese had been driven from Tai-ping-shan, and the

Japanese were in possession of the hill with only trifling loss, more men having been disabled by the cold than by the bullets of the enemy. But the battle had only begun. Ma-yu-kun held a group of villages about three miles north of the ridge, and was receiving reinforcements hurried forward by Sung, so that at ten o'clock the Japanese estimated that he had 20,000 men in line of battle. He had brought ten field pieces into action, and had also some machine-guns, which were using smokeless powder. The Chinese gunners were making unusually good practice.

General Yamaji contented himself at first with bringing his own batteries into action from the ridge against the Chinese artillery. About eleven the enemy ventured on an attack, a column of 8,000 men advancing against the Japanese left. After some sharp fighting the Chinese were driven back, and then the Japanese gunners gradually got the better of the artillery duel. The entrenched villages held by the enemy were bombarded, and then the infantry advanced to storm them. The enemy made a stubborn stand on the right in the village of East Shi-li-kow, and there was bayonet fighting in the streets. The infantry attack had begun at three o'clock. By half-past four the villages were in the possession of the Japanese, and the Chinese were in full retreat. Yamaji's troops were too exhausted to pursue. They passed the night in the villages, the streets of which were heaped with dead.

The Japanese had lost thirty killed and 220 wounded, including a large number of officers. But more than a thousand men were disabled by frost-bite, many afterwards dying of their injuries. This was a heavy loss out of a total force of about 10,000 men. The Chinese losses must have been at least 2,000. The Japanese coolies and the peasants were busy till noon next day burying the enemy's dead, and had a large number of their wounded in the field hospitals. About 800 more wounded, carried off by Ma-yu-kun in his retreat, were taken care of in the Red Cross hospital established by the European and American residents at Ying-tzu, the treaty port at the mouth of the Liao, usually known to us as Niu-chwang, though the town of that name is really a place higher up the river.

General Nodzu now ordered Yamaji to merely hold the ground he had won, and observe Sung's army about Ying-tzu and Niu-chwang; while he himself, with the 3rd and 5th Divisions, endeavoured to break up the Chinese armies north of Hai-cheng. As soon as these were disposed of, he intended to move to Yamaji's assistance, and, with the combined force of all three divisions, clear the Chinese out of the towns near the mouth of the Liao River. Ying-tzu would then be useful when the ice broke up as a place where stores could be landed and an advance base formed for further operations towards Mukden or towards Pekin. The 3rd and 5th Divisions were accordingly concentrated at Hai-cheng, and the 1st Division also sent a detachment northwards from Kai-ping to that place. This detachment was to form the garrison while Nodzu with the two divisions was marching against the Chinese.

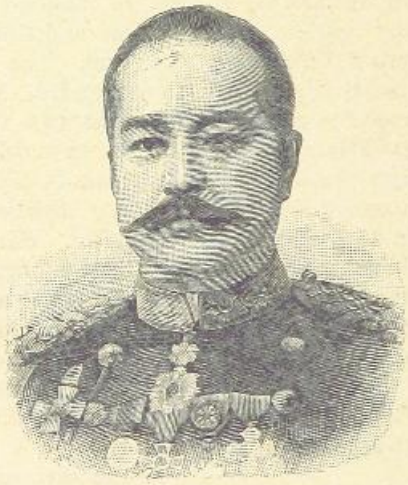
At 4 a.m. on February 28th, Nodzu marched out of Hai-cheng, and at dawn attacked the Chinese and drove them from the hills north of the town. The Japanese lost fifteen killed and 109 wounded, the Chinese about 400. During the next two days (March 1st and 2nd) the Chinese were driven northwards along the road that leads by Liao-yang to Mukden. But there was no fighting, only a few insignificant skirmishes. Each day Nodzu advanced against the Chinese front with his main column, while a detached force under General Oseko, moving to his right, threatened the flank of the Chinese. They did not venture to risk a battle, evidently fearing to be cut off from their line of retreat on Mukden, which it was their mission to protect.

In the forenoon of the 2nd Nodzu had reached An-shan-chan. He now gave up the pursuit of the Chinese, whom he pushed far enough from Hai-cheng to make the garrison fairly safe. Leaving a detachment to hold An-shan-chan, he turned to the south-west in order to attack Niu-chwang, and then join hands with Yamaji and capture the town and port of Ying-tzu. The garrison of Niu-chwang had sent out a column of 1,500 men on the morning of the 2nd, to try to surprise Hai-cheng, which they supposed had been left without a garrison; but, on finding out that they had been misinformed, they made a hurried retreat.

After a toilsome march through the deep snow, General Nodzu halted on the evening of the 3rd about six and a half miles east of Niu-chwang, and made his preparations for the attack on the city. The place had not the old massive wall that usually surrounds Chinese cities, but its defenders had roughly fortified it in a very effective way. They had constructed breast-works at the entrance of the town, loopholed

the houses, and turned some of the larger buildings into small fortresses by erecting barricades around them, and making loopholes for rifles and embrasures for machine-guns. The garrison has been very variously estimated. The summarised record of the war issued by the British Intelligence Department placed it as low as 2,000 men. Japanese official accounts make it 10,000. It is difficult to imagine how, if the smaller number were correct, the Chinese could have offered so strong a resistance.

General Nodzu advanced in three columns against the defences of Niu-chwang at dawn on March 4th. The 3rd Division attacked the north-west point of the city, the 5th Division was directed against the north-east. A third column moved round to the southward and seized the road from Niu-chwang to Ying-tzu to cut off the retreat of the garrison in that direction. The Chinese artillery was well served, and it was some time before General Nodzu judged it prudent to begin the infantry attack. The Japanese first got into the city on the east side, but they only penetrated the outer defences after two hours' hard fighting. Then followed a desperate struggle in the streets. The Japanese only won their way by blowing breaches in the walls of the larger buildings with dynamite, and then storming them with the bayonet.



LIEUT.-GENERAL KATSURA.
In Command of One of the Divisions of the Japanese Army in Manchuria.

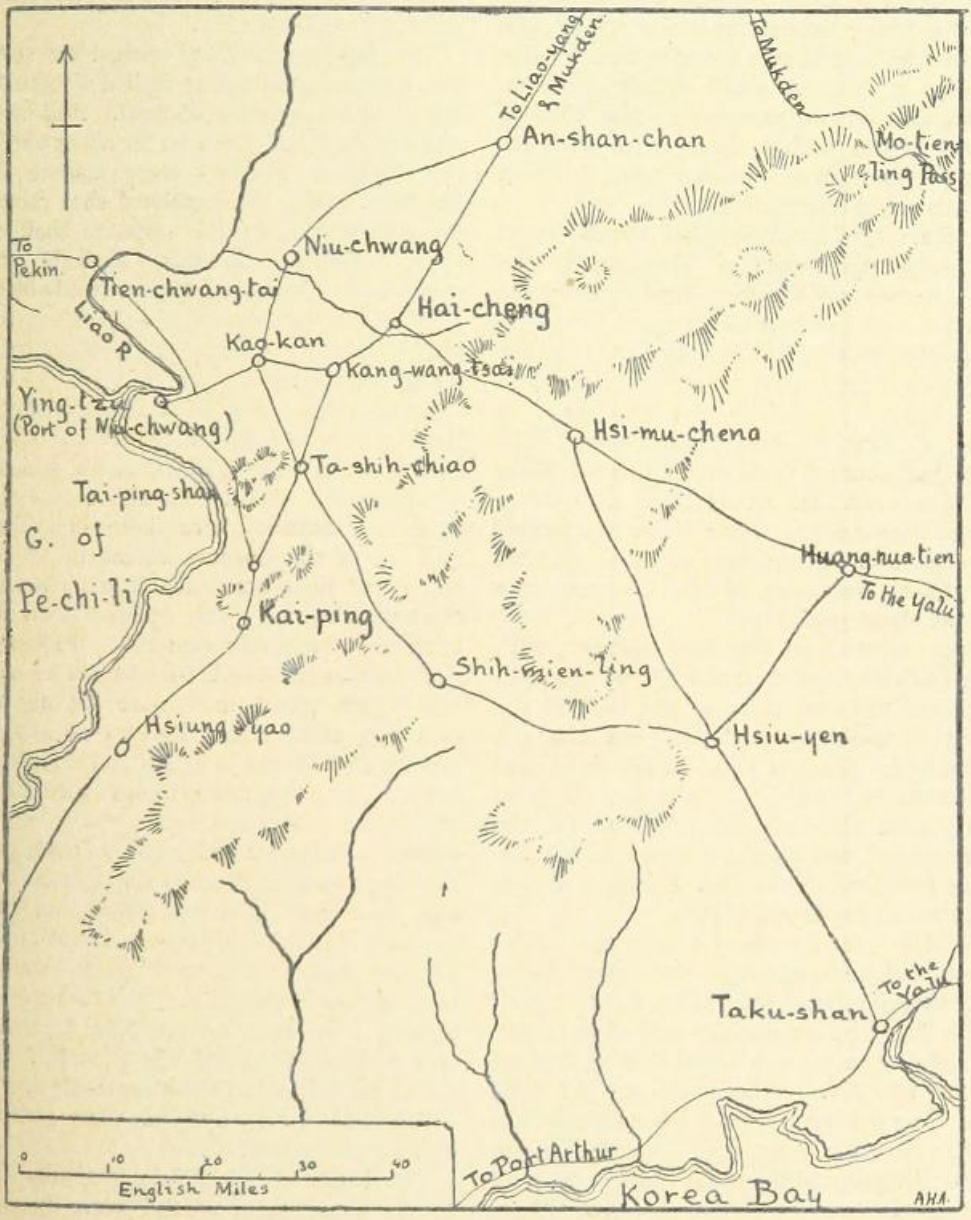
Meantime the 3rd Division had forced the outer line of defence on the north-west, and had begun to fight its way through the snowy streets. The Chinese were thus exposed to a converging attack, but it was not till darkness was coming on that they were gradually driven out of the city. Numerous fires had broken out among the houses, and more than once a loud explosion shook the place as the flames reached one of the temporary magazines of the garrison. Through the night the victors were busy extinguishing the fires and collecting the wounded of both sides into the field hospitals. The Japanese had lost 70 officers and men killed, and 319 wounded. The Chinese had lost 1,884. Seven hundred prisoners were taken besides, twenty-one pieces of artillery, and an enormous quantity of ammunition and other military stores, and some hundreds of horses and ponies.

General Nodzu now advanced upon Ying-tzu, the port of Niu-chwang, the possession of which had been the object of all his recent operations. On March 5th, leaving one battalion to hold Niu-chwang, he moved the 3rd and 5th Divisions seven miles southwards by the Ying-tzu road. Yamaji, with the 1st Division, was at the same time ordered to move up from Kai-ping. On the 6th the three divisions moved in converging columns on Ying-tzu, tramping over the frozen snow, and crossing the streams on the thick ice. The 3rd Division marched on the right, the 5th Division in the centre, the 1st Division on the left. There were occasional skirmishes with small detachments of Chinese, but the enemy was everywhere retiring, hardly venturing upon even a show of resistance. General Sung's army had been camped between Tai-ping-shan and Ying-tzu. On hearing of the fall of Niu-chwang and Nodzu's advance from the northward, he fell back on Ying-tzu, Yamaji and the 1st Division following close at his heels.

In the afternoon of the 6th, General Nodzu was informed by his scouts that Sung and the Chinese army had abandoned all idea of defending Ying-tzu, had crossed the Liao River, and were in retreat on Tien-chwang-tai. Before evening Ying-tzu was occupied almost without firing a shot. A handful of Chinese soldiers had remained in the town, but on the advance of the Japanese they gave way at once. Some of them got across the river and rejoined Sung in his retreat, but most of them were cut off and captured. The Chinese still held the coast forts at the mouth of the river, west of the city, from which they kept dropping big shells into the streets as soon as the Japanese entered the place. Some mines under the gates and bridges were also exploded, but only two Japanese were killed. The engineers succeeded in cutting the wires of most of the mines, but the search for them was a tedious and anxious piece of work.

A column of infantry moved out towards the

coast forts late in the day, accompanied by some batteries of artillery. They bivouacked for the night on the snow, ready to attack and storm the forts at dawn. But when the sun rose it



THE MANCHURIAN CAMPAIGN.

was found that their Chinese garrisons had stolen away in the night. Forty-five cannon, a gunboat, the *Meh-Ying*, and two small Government steamers, which were ice-blocked in the port, were among the spoils of this all but bloodless victory.

Ying-tzu is the treaty port of Niu-chwang, and General Nodzu at once informed the foreign community that it was the policy of his Government to interfere as little as possible with the treaty ports. Thus Cheefoo had been allowed to enjoy a practical neutrality during the operations in Shan-tung. A Japanese commissioner was appointed to see to the administration of the port and town, and he was to act in concert with the heads of the trading community, the foreign consuls, and the commanders of the British and American war-vessels, stationed as

guardships at the port, two small gunboats that were now frozen into the ice, and with their decks roofed over to keep out the cold.

It had been intended to begin the advance against Sung's army at Tien-chwang-tai on the 7th, but a heavy snowstorm and a strong gale raged all day, and it was thought best to give the troops a rest. A small detachment was, however, sent out to reconnoitre the Chinese position. It got within three miles of Tien-chwang-tai, drove in a Chinese outpost, and sent back some useful information.

The town of Tien-chwang-tai stands about twelve miles north-west of Ying-tzu, at the western extremity of the great bend made by the Liao River. In the summer it is the centre of considerable trade carried on by boats in the river, which is here about 2,000 feet wide. The broad surface of the Liao was now an even expanse of thick ice and frozen snow. The Chinese had erected lines of earthworks along the further bank and armed them with thirty guns, and the fortified suburbs of the city formed the centre of this strong line of defence. General Sung was in command of the Chinese, who numbered about 30,000 men.

Nodzu advanced on the 8th. Katsura, with the 3rd Division, moved on the left by the road that follows the east bank of the Liao to the ferry at Tien-chwang-tai. He had the 5th Division under General Oku on his right, and was followed by Yamaji with the 1st. General Oshima, with the 6th Brigade, formed the advance guard, and carefully reconnoitred the enemy's position. Next day, March 9th, was fought the last battle of the war.

General Nodzu had about 28,000 men under his command, and, although the enemy had a slightly superior force and held a fortified position, the Japanese commander was so confident in the fighting power of his men that he decided to attack at once in the front and on both flanks. The greater part of his artillery was massed in the centre, opposite Tien-chwang-tai, and for this purpose he had ninety-seven field and mountain guns available. He had thus a distinct superiority in artillery over the Chinese, and, though Sung had some heavy guns mounted, the Japanese artillery was better handled as well as more numerous. The 3rd Division and Nogi's brigade of the 1st Division were to hold the enemy in front, Katsura with the 3rd being on the right and Nogi's men on the left of the guns. Yamaji, with the other brigade of his division (Nishi's) and some mountain guns, was to cross the Liao below the town, work round the Chinese right, and threaten their line of retreat. Oku, with the whole of the 5th Division, was to operate in the same way on the other flank, crossing the Liao on the ice above the town and turning the Chinese left.

The Japanese artillery opened fire at 8 a.m. The Chinese guns at first replied vigorously, but one by one they were silenced. And when the artillery duel had gone on for about two hours, the Japanese gunners were masters of the situation. Only an occasional shot came from the earthworks on the opposite bank of the river. General Kuroda, Nodzu's artillery commander, therefore began a steady bombardment of the earthworks and the nearer suburbs of the town, in order to prepare the way for the infantry attack.

By this time the Japanese had crossed the river above and below the town, driving in before them Chinese detachments which were watching the flanks. As the sound of their firing told that they were closing in on the right and left of the Chinese, Nodzu threw forward three battalions across the frozen river against the enemy's front. The earthworks on the east bank were speedily captured. Fighting was going on in the north end of the Tien-chwang-tai, where Oku's men were making steady progress, when a fire broke out, and spread rapidly from house to house and from street to street. The Japanese troops were therefore withdrawn from the burning city, while the defeated Chinamen retreated to the westward. Nothing could be done to stop the fire, and the city was soon in flames from end to end, frequent heavy explosions showing that the Chinese had accumulated great quantities of ammunition in the place. The Chinese loss was estimated at over 2,000. The Japanese had only sixteen killed and 144 wounded. Twelve guns were taken in the entrenchments. Others which had been captured were lost in the burning of the city.

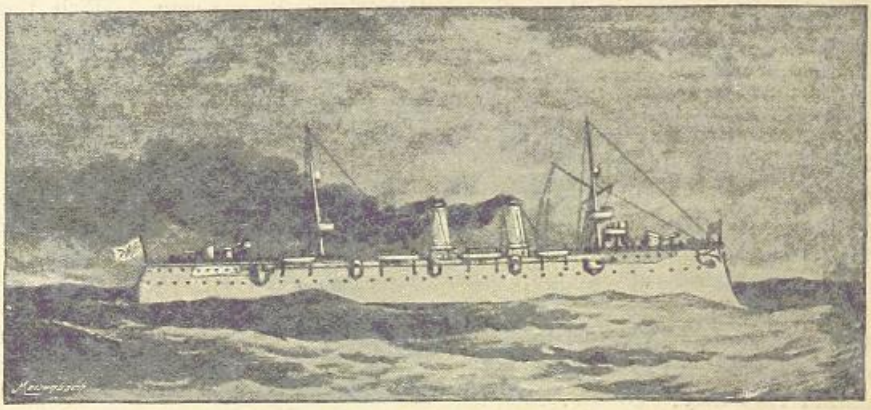
The battle of Tien-chwang-tai was the last serious engagement of the war. In order to complete the story of the Japanese naval and military operations, we must note that whilst Nodzu was thus clearing the country near Niu-chwang of the enemy, an expedition had been despatched to take possession of the Pescadores Islands in the channel between Formosa and the mainland. The ostensible object of this expedition was to secure a naval base in the southern Chinese seas for operations against the Nankin,

Foo-chow, and Canton squadrons. There is no doubt its real object was to prepare the way for the annexation of Formosa and the other Chinese islands, on the conclusion of the treaty of peace. Geographically, Formosa and the Liu-kiu archipelago are the southern portion of the chain of islands of which Japan forms the northern section, and they would be of considerable value to the rising naval power of the island empire of the East. On March 9th the transports were assembled at Sasebo, near Nagasaki. A brigade of 4,500 men, drawn from the reserves, was embarked on board of them, and the expedition sailed on the 15th under the escort of Admiral Ito's fleet. On the 20th the fleet and transports anchored off Pa-chao Island, in the Pescadores group. Further operations were delayed by a storm, which lasted till the morning of the 23rd. But meanwhile the *Yoshino* and the *Naniwa-Kan* had reconnoitred the fortified town and harbour of Wen-liang on Pang-hu Island, which was to be the first point of attack. On the 23rd, the weather being fine again, the forts were bombarded and the troops landed, accompanied by a naval brigade from the ships. By the 26th every fort in the group had surrendered, after a series of skirmishes in which the invaders suffered only slight loss. Admiral Ito was arranging for a descent in Formosa itself, when, on March 30th, the armistice put a stop to the operations. The truce was to last till April 20th.

During the armistice the Japanese continued their preparations for continuing the war if necessary. On April 14th a new army, composed of the Imperial Guard and the 4th Division, left Japan in a fleet of fifty transports, bound for Ta-lien-wan. With them went a member of the Mikado's family, His Imperial Highness Prince Komatsu, who established his headquarters at Port Arthur, as commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces.

He had under his immediate command, with Marshal Oyama as his right-hand man, the Imperial Guard and the 2nd, 4th, and 6th Divisions. The 1st and 3rd Divisions were near Ying-tzu under Nodzu. The ice was breaking up in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and these six divisions could soon be embarked and landed on its western shores for the march on Pekin. The 5th Division, under General Oku, was to remain in the north to hold the ground that had been won in Manchuria.

Besides the remains of their armies in that province—namely, Iko-tenga's force covering Mukden and Sung's watching the land route from Niu-chwang to Pekin—the Chinese Government had collected an army of about 200,000 men in the Pe-chi-li province to defend the approaches to their capital. These had been gathered from all parts of the empire, and varied from drilled battalions, armed with Mauser repeating rifles, to new levies carrying only pikes and bows and arrows. There is no doubt that Prince Komatsu's six divisions would have dispersed this huge armed mob with very little difficulty. There was really no barrier between the Japanese and the city of Pekin, and the Chinese Court was deliberating on the advisability of abandoning its capital and retiring to some place further inland, in case the negotiations for peace should fail.



THE JAPANESE PROTECTED CRUISER "YOSHINO."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TREATY OF SHIMONOSEKI AND THE INTERVENTION OF THE WESTERN POWERS.

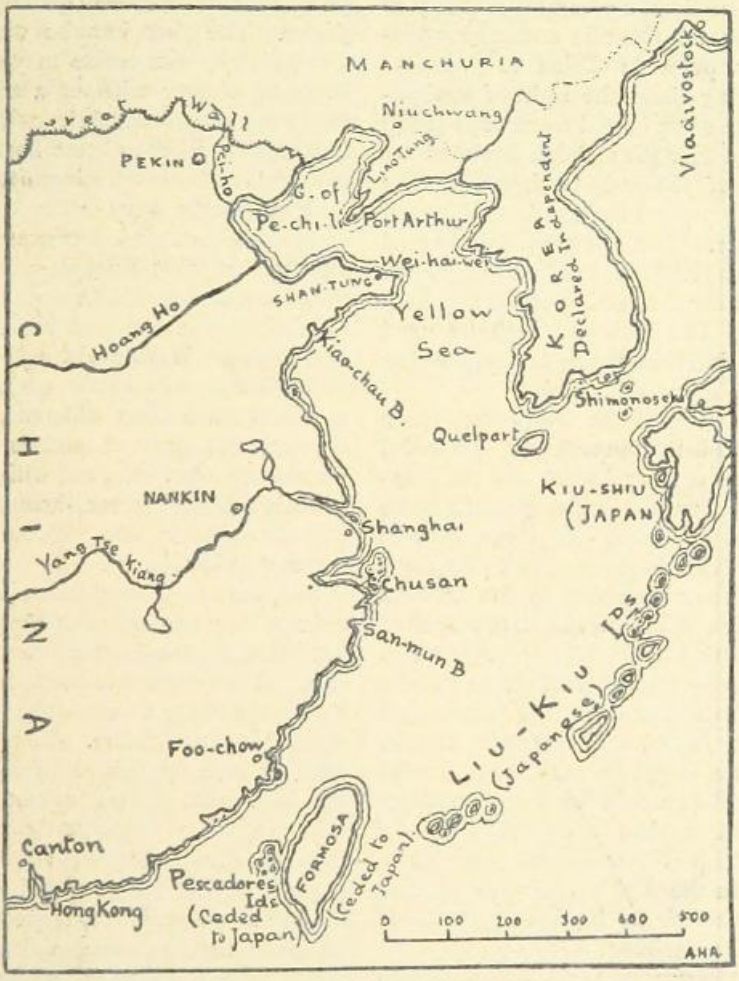
AFTER the fall of Port Arthur the Chinese Government had sent envoys to Hiroshima to negotiate for peace, but the Japanese Government had refused to receive them on discovering that they were officials of minor rank who were not provided with proper credentials or full powers to treat. A second embassy reached Hiroshima on January 31st, in the first days of the Wei-hai-wei campaign. Two mandarins of rank were the chief envoys, and with them came more than a score of attachés, secretaries, and interpreters. Two American gentlemen belonging to the United States diplomatic service accompanied them as unofficial advisers. On February 1st credentials were exchanged with the Japanese Foreign Office, and it was found that again the Chinese envoys had not been provided with full powers, and would have to refer at every step to Pekin. The Japanese Government therefore on the next day handed the envoys a memorandum in which they refused to open any negotiations unless with properly accredited plenipotentiaries, empowered by the Pekin Government to conclude the preliminaries of peace. So the second embassy returned to China without having obtained any result.

The fall of Wei-hai-wei, the steady progress of the Japanese arms in Manchuria, and the certainty that as soon as the ice broke up in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, Pekin itself would be menaced by the victorious enemy—all this forced the Chinese at last to take earnest measures to secure peace. In its extremity the Government turned to the most influential man in China, the only one of the mandarins whose name carried any weight in international affairs, the aged statesman Li Hung Chang. In the earlier stages of the war he had been blamed for the general breakdown of the Chinese armies, and he had been officially deprived of his highest honours and decorations, the yellow jacket and the peacock's feathers. He was now asked to proceed to Japan as the head of a third peace embassy.

He was accompanied by his adopted son, generally spoken of in England as Lord Li, who had been at one time attached to the embassy in London. The American diplomatist, General Foster, also went with him, and the suite of the embassy numbered over a hundred Chinese officials. The Japanese Government selected Shimonoseki as the place of the negotiations, and Li Hung Chang landed there on March 20th.

This time the credentials of the envoy were in perfect order, and the negotiations at once began. They were making satisfactory progress, when, on March 24th, as Li Hung Chang was returning to his residence after a conference, he was fired upon by a young fanatic named Koyama, and wounded in the face. The old man showed wonderful coolness and courage, bore without flinching the extraction of the bullet, and made a rapid recovery. The outrage called forth a remarkable manifestation of feeling in Japan. Everywhere there was the keenest anxiety to show that the nation had no part in,

or sympathy with, the mad act of Koyama, and no effort was spared to make reparation for his murderous attack on the ambassador. The Emperor sent his own physicians to attend Li Hung Chang, the Empress herself prepared the lint and bandages for the wound. Within a week more than 10,000 letters, written by men



MAP SHOWING EFFECT OF THE SHIMONOSEKI TREATY.

ratification of the treaty. It was ratified on that day at Cheefoo.

The principal provisions of the treaty of Shimonoseki were as follows:—By the 1st Article, China recognised the independence of Korea, and therefore renounced all claim to tribute, or any other acknowledgment of

of all classes in Japan, reached Li at Shimonoseki, all expressing the indignation of the writers at the crime, and their sympathy for its victim. By a strange turn of events, Koyama's pistol-shot was helping to draw the two hostile nations together again as friends.

When in a few days the negotiations were resumed, rapid progress was made, and on April 17th the treaty of peace was signed at Shimonoseki. The existing armistice was prolonged until May 8th, the latest day fixed for the suzerainty. By the 2nd Article, China ceded to Japan Formosa and the Pescadores Islands, as well as the Liao-tung peninsula, including the fortress and dockyard of Port Arthur. The northern boundary of the territory thus ceded on the mainland was to run from the mouth of the Yalu to that of the Liao River, by Fung-hwang, Hai-cheng, and Ying-tzu, all these places becoming Japanese. No claim was made to Wei-hai-wei, which was to be restored to China.

The 3rd Article provided for the definite

survey and marking of the new land frontier in Manchuria, and the 4th imposed on China the payment of a war indemnity of 200,000,000 taels (equal to about £30,000,000 sterling). The 5th settled that any inhabitants of the ceded territories who wished to remain Chinese subjects should within a certain period sell their property and emigrate to Chinese territory. The 6th Article outlined a commercial treaty to be concluded between the two countries, opening new treaty ports in China to Japanese subjects, and giving them the right of navigating certain of the great inland waterways of the Chinese empire. The 7th and 8th arranged for the evacuation of Chinese territory by the Japanese, and the payment of the instalments of the war indemnity. The 9th provided that all prisoners were to be released, and that no Chinese subject should suffer for having given any help to the invaders. The 10th and 11th arranged for the formal ratification of the treaty, and the definite ending of the war thereby.

As soon as the terms of the treaty were made public, the Russian Government protested against the cession of Port Arthur and the Liao-tung peninsula to Japan. Germany and France joined in the protest, and the three Powers began to move their ships eastward. England already had a strong squadron in the Chinese seas, and at this crisis might have spoken decisively on one side or the other ; but, though efforts were made by the other Western Powers to secure her adherence to the threatened coalition against Japan, and though, on the other hand, it was urged by many that British interests in the East would be best served by supporting Japan against the pretensions of Russia, the British Government observed a strict neutrality in the diplomatic strife that at one moment seemed to be the prelude of another war in the Far East.

The Russian Government, while making no objection to the annexation of Chinese islands by the Japanese, laid it down that the occupation of Port Arthur and the neighbouring territory by a foreign Power would be a standing menace to the government at Pekin, and would put an end to the independence of China. A foreign fleet, with this fortified harbour as its base, would hold the gateway to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and the Chinese could no longer hope to defend the approaches to their capital in the event of a renewed aggression. In words that read very strangely in the light of subsequent events, the Russian Chancellor declared that it was the common interest of the Western Powers to prevent Port Arthur passing out of Chinese hands. France and Germany came forward as the allies of the Czar to enforce the policy thus laid down. The two old enemies were not yet prepared to join hands, but Russia supplied the temporary bond of union.

Naturally this intervention of the three European Powers aroused general indignation in Japan. The first impulse was to defy Russia and her allies and refuse to yield the hard-won fruits of victory without a struggle. But the statesmen who directed the policy of the country, however much they must have personally sympathised with this feeling, natural to a race of soldiers in the very hour of their triumph, recognised that Japan was not prepared for a war with a great European coalition, and that to incur defeat would be to sacrifice not merely the successes of the past but the best hopes of the future. If England had been willing to throw her sword into the scale upon their side, it would have been different, but the British Government was not anxious to plunge into a world-wide war. So, not without difficulty, the Mikado's Ministers set themselves to calm the popular agitation, and yielded to the imperious demand of Russia.

But, though they gave up Port Arthur, they did not for one moment abandon the hope of becoming the dominant power in the Far Eastern seas. It was the weakness of their navy that had forced them to surrender before the threat of foreign intervention. They set themselves at once to remedy this deficiency. The millions obtained from China as an indemnity, and millions more enthusiastically voted by the Japanese Parliament, were devoted to the building of a fleet of powerful battleships, swift armoured cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers. In order that no time might be lost, the contracts were distributed among the shipbuilding yards of England, Continental Europe, and the United States. The Japanese dockyards were enlarged, enormous quantities of stores were purchased, and the army was increased. It found for awhile a new sphere of activity in the subjugation of the hill tribes of Formosa. But the soldiers of Japan were looking forward to warfare on a larger scale, in which they would measure themselves with their new rivals of the West.

The triumph of Japan had come as a surprise to Europe. The war had revealed at once the utter helplessness of China and the existence of

a new "Great Power" in the Far East, which would doubtless aim at holding the place China, its traditional rival, had once occupied as the chief native state of Eastern Asia. Not long after the enforced revision of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, it was reported that Russia was taking precautions to secure her own predominance in that region, and that M. Cassini, the able diplomatist who watched over her interests at Pekin, had concluded a secret convention with the Chinese Government, in virtue of which the new Siberian Railway was not merely to end at Vladivostock, but was to be completed by a branch running through Manchuria and the Liao-tung peninsula to Niu-chwang and Port Arthur. The country traversed by the new line was to remain Chinese territory, but in order to secure the construction and working of the railway from any interruption, the Czar was to have the right to establish garrisons of his troops along the line, and his fleets were to be allowed to make use of the dockyard and harbour of Port Arthur as their naval base in the Pacific. Of course the existence of the convention was officially denied by the Russian Government, but none the less it existed. In England the denial was generally accepted, and some of the leading organs of public opinion, after referring to the Russian declaration of 1895 that the seizure of Port Arthur could not be tolerated by the Western Powers, as it would put an end to the independence of China, went on to observe that it was incredible that after such an expression of opinion Russia would challenge England by embarking on the very course which she had herself declared to be a *casus belli* when it was attempted by Japan.

Russia would probably have gone on denying the existence of the Cassini convention, and would not have occupied Port Arthur till the Siberian Railway was nearer completion, but her hand was forced by the impatience of the German Emperor to secure a footing in the China seas. In the winter of 1897, in order to exact compensation for the murder of some German missionaries by a Chinese mob, a German squadron seized the harbour of Kiau-chow, on the east coast of Shan-tung; and in January, 1898, it was announced that the Kaiser had secured from the Pekin Government a lease for ninety-nine years of the town and bay of Kiau-chow and the adjacent portion of Shan-tung. Russia now recognised that an international scramble for the spoils of China was beginning, and, fearing any longer to leave Port Arthur open to the claims of possible rivals, who might follow the German precedent set at Kiau-chow, she sent her fleet to occupy Port Arthur. In an agreement with the Pekin Government, dated March 27th, 1898, it was stipulated that Russia was to have a "lease" of Port Arthur, Ta-lien-wan, and the adjacent territory for twenty-five years. The lease might be prolonged by mutual agreement. Within the ceded territory and the neighbouring waters Russia was to have full naval and military control, with the right to erect forts and barracks for her troops. Already Russian garrisons had been established in Manchuria, as China north of the Great Wall had been overrun without firing a shot. Russia, not Japan, had reaped the full fruit of the victories won by Ito on the sea, and by Oyama and Yamagata, Nodzu and Oshima on the land, in 1894 and 1895.

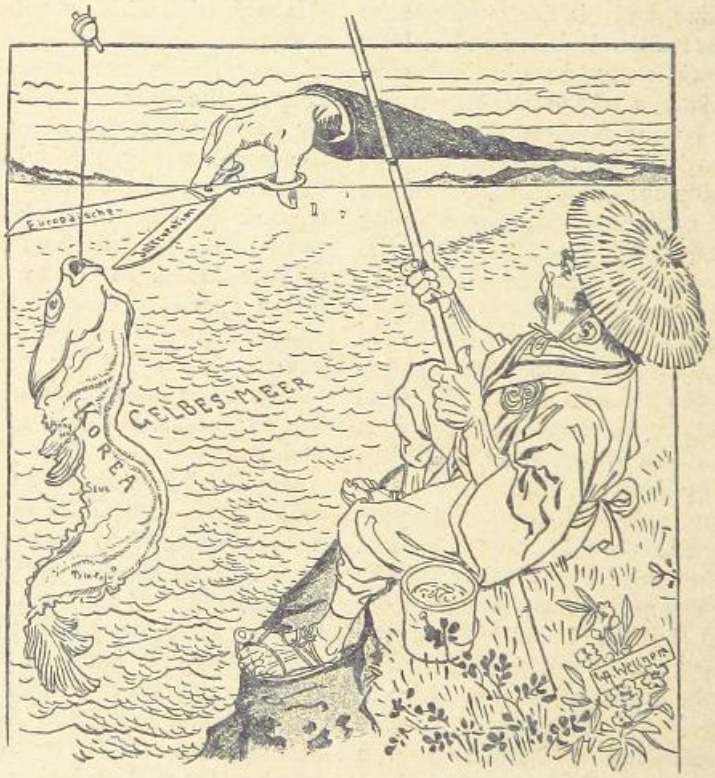
At first it looked as if England would meet this aggression with an armed protest; but her statesmen, while still speaking of the necessity of maintaining the integrity of China, and keeping the door of the Chinese empire open for British commerce, chose the easier, and for the moment safer, method of demanding compensation at the expense of the Power they affected to protect. A "lease" of Wei-hai-wei to Great Britain was set off against the "lease" of Port Arthur to Russia, and with this there was a vague promise of the Yang-tse Valley being assigned as the British sphere of influence. France, too, asked for "compensation," and obtained the lease of Kwang-chan-wan Bay, on the south coast of China, opposite the island of Hai-nan.

Great Britain proceeded to organise a fortified coaling station on the Island of Liu-kung-tao at Wei-hai-wei, and to improve the harbour as an anchorage for her fleet in Chinese waters. She had also obtained a grant of an extension of the territory she possessed on the Kow-loon peninsula opposite the island of Hong Kong. Local opposition to this cession led to some skirmishes with the Chinese "braves" in the spring of 1879. Meanwhile Russia had repaired and rearmed the fortifications of Port Arthur, and had largely reinforced her garrisons in Eastern Siberia and Manchuria "for the protection of the railway works." The country north of the Great Wall was practically recognised by England as a Russian sphere of influence by the Anglo-Russian agreement of April, 1899. Russia in return undertook not to interfere with English railway concessions in the Yang-tse Valley. The agree-

ment was hardly signed when the agents of the Czar showed that the Great Wall was to be no barrier to the progress of Russian influence, by demanding from the Chinese Government the authorisation to run a railway from Manchuria into Pekin itself. At the same time Italy, supported by the good offices of England, was pressing the mandarins for a "lease" of San-mun Bay, near Chusan.

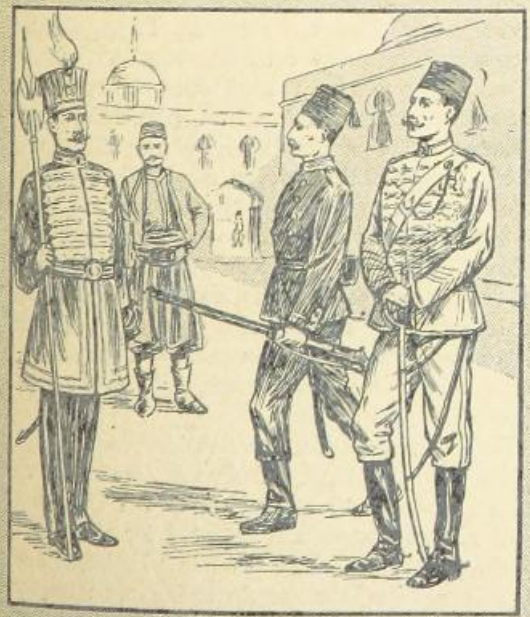
Throughout these proceedings the Powers concerned repeatedly expressed their anxiety for the "preservation of the integrity" of China. The time-honoured phrase had already done long service in the diplomatic negotiations that accompanied the lopping off of province after province from the Ottoman Empire. It deceived no one except those who were blind to the realities of the situation. It meant no more in Asia than it had already signified in Eastern Europe.

With all the talk of "maintaining the integrity" of the Chinese empire, the partition of that empire had begun. This collapse of the oldest state in Asia, this clash of jarring interests in the division of the spoil, was the outcome of the Chino-Japanese War, which bids fair to be only the prelude of a greater struggle for the dominion of the Far East.



HARD LINES!
(*From a German cartoon.*)

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR.



CHAPTER I.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

WHEN the Greek kingdom was constituted by the intervention of the Great Powers in 1829, the crown was offered to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, afterwards the first King of the Belgians. But he refused to accept it, on the ground that the territory allotted to the new state was too small to make it either prosperous or secure in its independence. He especially dwelt upon the fact that the future of Greece must largely depend upon the development of its maritime commerce in the Eastern Mediterranean, and he urged that in order to enlarge its opportunities in this direction the great island of Crete should become Greek territory. The Powers, however, adhered to the original arrangement which left Crete to Turkey.

To a certain extent history was on the side of this settlement. The island had never been under the same government as Continental Greece, unless when both countries had been under some foreign rule. Its people were a mixed race, and there was a considerable Mohammedan element in the population. Though generally spoken of as Turks, these Moslems of the island were, with a few exceptions, Cretans who had adopted the religion of their conquerors. Crete, after being a Roman province, had been ruled in turn by the Saracens

and the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, from whom it was taken by the Venetians. For four centuries, under the rule of Venice, it enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity—the longest in its stormy history. It was conquered by the Turks in 1669, after its capital, Candia (the ancient Herakleion), had endured a siege of ten long years.

In 1821 an abortive insurrection against the Turkish rule in Crete heralded the risings on the mainland. In 1829 Egypt, then under the rule of the ambitious Ibrahim Pasha, the founder of the Khedival dynasty, was more powerful in the Levant than Turkey, which had just been defeated by Russia and coerced by the intervention of the Western Powers, and Crete was for ten years administered by the Viceroy of Egypt. This state of things came to an end in 1840, when a Turkish governor was again installed at Canea.

There had been repeated outbreaks against Egyptian and Turkish rule. Crete was in Europe what Cuba was in the West Indies, an island the chief events in whose history were the periodical insurrections. In the case of Crete they were generally organised by a committee that had its centre at Athens. There was a serious rising in 1859, repressed by the Turks with great loss of life, especially on the side of the insurgents. The Cretan Moslems naturally fought on the side of their co-religionists against their fellow countrymen. Thus an insurrection led to a civil war of more than ordinary bitterness, and the fighting was marked on both sides by deeds of ferocious cruelty. There was a still more serious rising in 1866, and desperate fighting went on for two years until 1868, when the civil war was ended by the Turkish Government making large concessions to the Cretans, including the grant of a local assembly and a limited system of Home Rule.

But, having served the purpose of securing the surrender of the insurgent leaders, the Cretan constitution remained to a great extent a dead letter. The Greeks seized the occasion of the war between Turkey and Russia in 1877 to organise another rising in the island. England, on this occasion, by friendly intervention, effected a settlement by inducing the Turks to reaffirm the constitution of 1868, and the new basis of agreement with the Cretans was embodied in the Convention of Halepa, which was noted in the Treaty of Berlin as summing up the conditions under which Turkish rule was to be allowed to continue in the island.

For awhile the new constitution worked fairly well, but after a few years there was renewed friction between the Greeks and Moslems of Crete, and after another outbreak of civil war in 1889 the Turks cancelled many of the provisions of the Convention of Halepa, reduced the number of deputies in the assembly, and considerably limited its powers. The government of the island was now entirely in the hands of the Turkish governor and the Mohammedan officials, supported by the Turkish garrison and the irregular levies formed of the Cretan Moslems. But the Christians of the island had never been really disarmed, and they were further supplied with weapons and organised for action by a Greek militant association, the *Ethnike Hetaireia* ("National Association"), the aim of which was the liberation of all the Greek-speaking countries from Ottoman rule and their incorporation in the kingdom of Greece. In the summer of 1895 the growing discontent in Crete ended in a renewed outbreak of civil strife.

During the winter a desultory warfare was carried on between the Christians and Mohammedans, but it was not till the beginning of 1896 that an event occurred which attracted general attention to the growing importance of the Cretan crisis and precipitated the intervention of the Powers. One of the insurgent leaders had come into Canea under a safe conduct to confer with the Turkish authorities. He became involved in a dispute with some of the Mohammedans, and, stung by a gross insult, he drew his weapon and wounded one of them. He was immediately killed, and then the Turks, regular troops and irregulars mingling together, rushed through the streets, cutting down every Greek they met and breaking into, plundering, and burning many of the houses of the Christians. It was not until the foreign consuls had made a joint appeal to the Governor that he took steps to put a stop to this outbreak of massacre and pillage. The European Powers now sent several of their warships to Canea, and the ambassadors at Constantinople presented a note to the Sultan's Government, urging the necessity of immediate steps being taken by fair concessions to secure the pacification of Crete.

Under this pressure the Sublime Porte issued a decree convoking the Cretan Assembly at Canea, and at the suggestion of the Powers a Christian governor was appointed for the island in the person of George Berovitch Pasha, Prince of Samos. In July the Assembly was formally opened at Canea, in the presence of the foreign

consuls, and it was announced that the constitution outlined in the Convention of Halepa would be restored in its entirety. At the same time the Sultan gave it to be understood that he would grant any further reforms recommended by the Powers. The most pressing need was that of a gendarmerie to preserve order between the contending factions in the island. The ambassadors were anxious to have a foreign gendarmerie organised under an officer of rank taken from some European army. The Sultan made a hard struggle for the retention of the Turkish gendarmes, and the ambassadors themselves were divided on the point of who was to command the proposed new force. England had offered the services of Major Bor, who had had considerable experience of police duties in the East, but Russia and France threw obstacles in the way of the appointment of a British officer.

While the Powers were thus divided on points of detail, the Sultan took full advantage of their dissensions, and the Turkish authorities in the island threw every obstacle in the way of the practical working of the new Constitution. The Assembly was allowed only to discuss the situation and make proposals that had no effect in changing anything. At the same time it is only fair to add that many of the Greek leaders of the agitation were no more anxious than the Turks themselves for a settlement on the lines of the Convention of Halepa. They did not want a mere system of Home Rule under the Crescent. What they aimed at and worked for was the expulsion of the Mohammedans and the union of Crete with the Greek kingdom. So the smouldering civil war blazed out again, now here, now there. The Turks were closely blockaded by bands of Christians in various parts of the island, the Cretan Moslems were forced to take refuge with their wives and families in the fortified towns, and there was a great insurgent camp on the rocky heights of the promontory of Akrotiri between the harbour of Canea and Suda Bay.

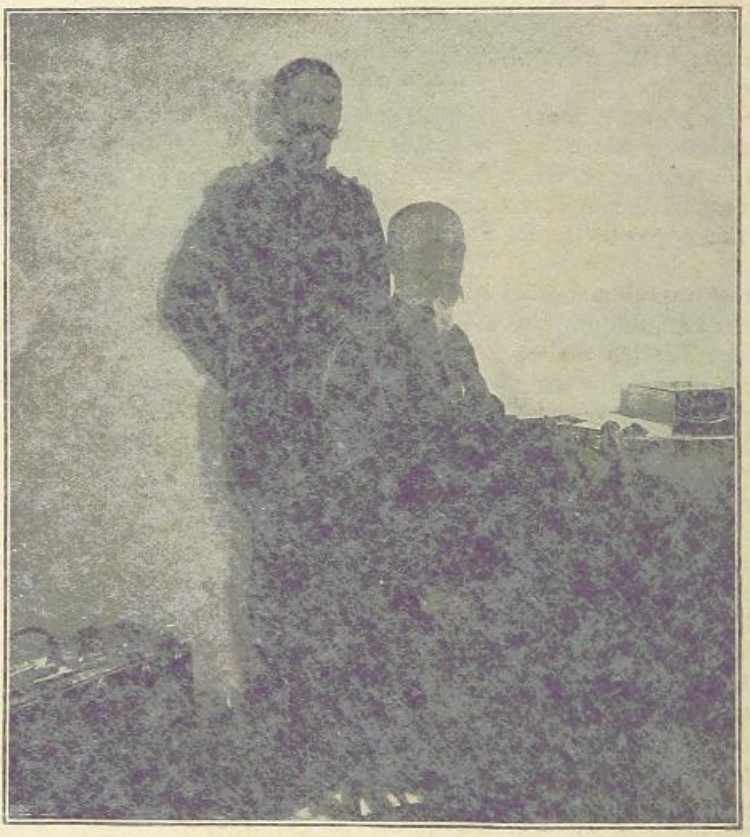
There was renewed bloodshed in the streets of Canea in the first days of February, 1897, and most of the Christian inhabitants either took refuge on board the foreign war-vessels, or fled to the camp at Akrotiri. At Rethymo the Mohammedans plundered the houses of the Christians and refused to allow them to leave the town, wishing to hold them as hostages for the Moslems who were besieged in the interior. Berovitch Pasha, the Christian governor of the island, finding his power a mere name, had left Canea and taken refuge on board of the flagship of the Russian admiral, and authority in Crete was represented only by the Turkish commander of the garrison and a kind of committee of foreign consuls and admirals, who were now exerting themselves to keep the Mohammedans and Christians from killing each other, and had received the order of their Governments to prevent either party from receiving succour from abroad. The "concert of Europe"—to use the phrase of the time—was striving to extinguish the conflagration in Crete by imposing a truce on the local belligerents, and endeavouring at the same time to prevent the insurrection in the island from being made the pretext for more widespread disturbance of the peace of Europe.

This latter danger was becoming every day more serious. Encouraged by their success in Crete, the leaders of the *Ethnike Hetaireia* were preparing for further insurrections in European Turkey in the spring, and hoped to bring the Greek royal army into the field as the nucleus of the revolutionary forces. Macedonia was to rise in insurrection, and the more sanguine spirits anticipated that Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro would unite their armies with the Greeks in this new war of liberation. Sixteen years before—in 1881—Thessaly and a portion of Epirus had been won for the Greek kingdom by a local insurrection, backed by a military demonstration by the Greek army. To avoid a conflict which might have involved more than one of the great nations of Eastern Europe, the Powers had persuaded the Sultan to cede the coveted territories to Greece. It was hoped that the same process would be repeated on a larger scale in the case of Macedonia and that part of Epirus that had been left to Turkey in 1881, and that at the same time the Cretan question would be settled in the sense desired by Greece and her friends throughout Europe.

King George of Greece and his Government, even if they had desired to act otherwise, had no longer the power to hold aloof from what had now become an enthusiastic national movement against the Turk. Thanks to the patriotic liberality of wealthy Greeks at home and abroad, the leaders of the *Ethnike Hetaireia* were in possession of ample funds. They had purchased tens of thousands of rifles of the Gras pattern, sold to wholesale dealers in arms by the French Government when it discarded that weapon in order to rearm its infantry with the Lebel repeating rifle. These the *Ethnike Hetaireia*

either distributed freely or sold for a mere trifle to its members and sympathisers in Greece. Every man and boy could have a rifle and ammunition almost for the asking. Armed bands of volunteers, the *Andartoi*, were organised in Thessaly and Greek Epirus, obeying only the orders of the Association, and ready to cross the Turkish frontier when it gave the word. And it was announced that a widespread insurrection had been organised wherever Greeks were to be found in the Sultan's dominions. At Athens wildly excited crowds, often with arms in their hands, thronged to the palace, cheering for Greece, for Crete, for war against the Turk. Had the king attempted to resist the popular movement, the result would have been a revolution.

He put himself at the head of it, and took steps to force the Powers to take prompt action to settle the affairs of Crete, boldly asserting the claim of Greece to have a leading voice in that settlement. On February 14th a force of 3,000 Greek troops, commanded by Colonel Vassos, embarked on board of transports at the Piræus, the port of Athens. It put to sea under the escort of a torpedo flotilla commanded by Admiral Prince George, the king's second son. Next day, before the European admirals of the international fleet that lay off Canea and in Suda Bay had either received any precise orders from their Governments, or decided what course to take, Vassos and his men landed at Platania, a village a few miles to the west of Canea, and put themselves in communication with the insurgent leaders at Akrotiri.



COLONEL VASSOS AND HIS SON.

On the same day on which news was received of this aggression the Sultan ordered the mobilisation of one-fourth of the Turkish army. But even yet the friends of peace did not despair. It was remembered that in 1885 the Bulgarian army had marched into Eastern Roumelia, that the Sultan had ordered a mobilisation of his forces, but that, nevertheless, no war between Turk and Bulgar had followed, and the Porte had resigned itself to the peaceful union of Eastern Roumelia with the Bulgarian

principality. It was hoped that the course of events would be the same in this instance, all the more because the much-vaunted "concert of Europe" had made the preservation of peace the first point in its programme. This was, indeed, the only point on which it seemed to be in complete harmony.

Colonel Vassos had proclaimed that he came

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, GREEK OFFICERS AND SAILORS.

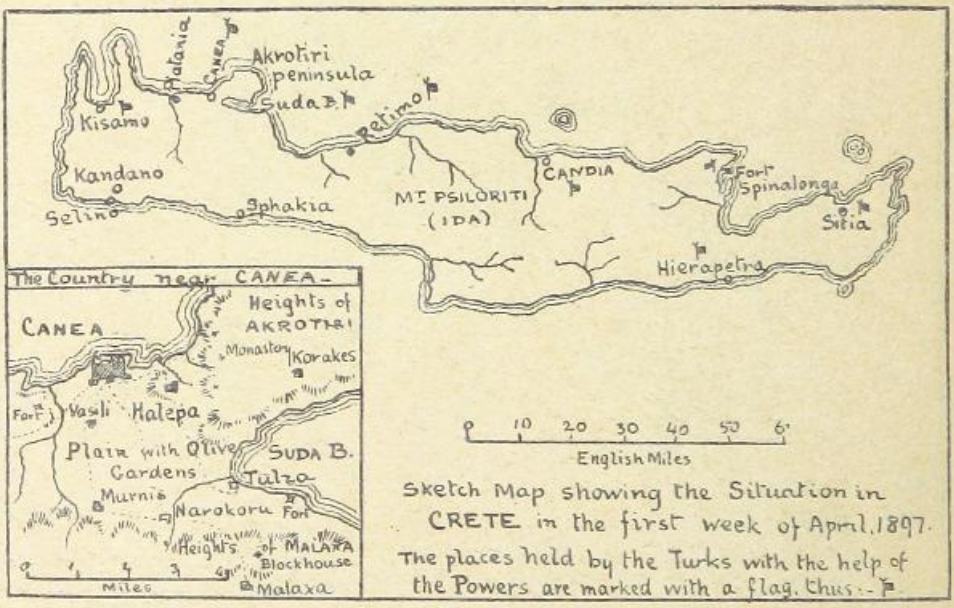
by command of the King of the Greeks to restore order in Crete, and protect the lives and property of the Christians. The European admirals informed him that they could not in any way recognise his authority or permit his intervention, and that any attempt to send him help from Greece would be resisted by force. In Crete there was no longer the semblance of order. At Canea the Turks had fired the town, which burned for two days and nights. Even the consuls had to take refuge on board the warships. The Turkish gendarmerie had revolted. Detachments of sailors and marines from the fleet were landed to maintain order in the town, and these a few days later were replaced by battalions of British, French, Russian, Italian, and Austrian troops.

Within the walls of Canea were the Turkish garrison and a crowd of Moslem fugitives from the country round, all the men being armed and organised in irregular bands of Bashi Bazouks. Vassos had driven in the Turkish outposts on the side of Platania, and captured the fort of Bukolin. The admirals now imposed an armistice, informing the insurgents that any advance against Canea would be opposed by the guns of the fleet. On February 22nd, as there was an appearance of a movement towards Canea from Akrotiri, and firing had begun between the Greek and Turkish outposts above Halepa, the warships (with the exception only of the French vessels) opened fire with their heavy guns on the Akrotiri camp, where the Greek flag was flying. The friends of Greece throughout Europe indignantly protested against this armed intervention on behalf of the Turk. But the defenders of the concert replied that the action of the admirals was a mere measure of

police to prevent unnecessary warfare while Europe was deliberating on the fate of Crete.

On March 2nd a joint note from the Powers was addressed to the Greek Government, calling upon it to withdraw its troops from Crete and its warships from the waters of the island within six days, at the same time informing it that Europe would not tolerate the annexation of Crete to the Hellenic kingdom, but would secure for the island a complete system of autonomy under the rule of the Sultan. It was intimated that when this was settled the Turkish garrisons would leave the island. On the 8th, the last day of the period named in the note, the protection of a British escort. The British Consul, Sir A. Biliotti, superintended the operation. It was feared that if the place had fallen, the Turks would have been massacred in revenge for the slaughter at Canea. A week later the autonomy of the island was proclaimed by the consuls. By this time detachments of the troops of the Powers had landed, and occupied some of the chief ports on the coast, where the Turks had taken refuge. The flags of the Powers flew together on one of the bastions of Canea.

On March 25th the guns of the international fleet were once more in action against the



Sketch Map showing the Situation in CRETE in the first week of April, 1897.

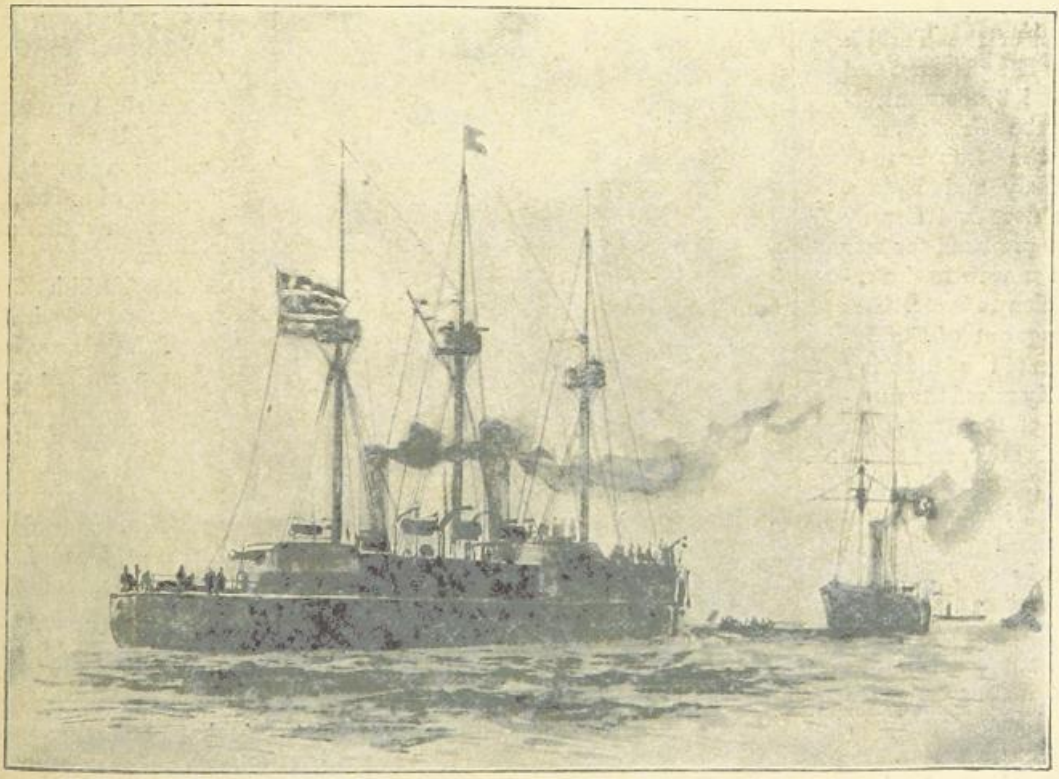
The places held by the Turks with the help of the Powers are marked with a flag, thus :-

King George's Government replied that it could not consent to withdraw its forces, and suggested that they should remain to co-operate with the Powers in securing order, and that a *plébiscite* of the Cretans should decide on the question of annexation or autonomy. It was expected that the Powers would have answered this rejection of their ultimatum by blockading the Piræus and the Gulf of Corinth, a strong measure that would perhaps have averted the coming war. But they contented themselves with proclaiming a blockade of the coasts and harbours of Crete against all ships under the Greek flag.

On the 10th the fort of Kandano, garrisoned by 500 Turkish troops, and crowded with 1,500 Mohammedan refugees, was evacuated, the Turks, with their families, being brought away under insurgents. The Cretans had attacked the blockhouse of Malaxa, an outpost held by the Turks on the hills outside Canea. The garrison were driven out, and fled along the shore, covered by the guns of the fleet, which then opened on the captured blockhouse and completely destroyed it. The Greek regulars at Platania under Vassos had taken no open part in the later movements against the Turkish outposts, but it was reported that some of his officers had gone over to the camp at Akrotiri, where they were training the insurgent army. Beyond cutting off his supplies by sea, in the hope of starving him out, the admirals had done nothing to enforce their summons to Vassos to withdraw. Matters were in this condition when the outbreak of war between Greece and Turkey

removed the centre of interest from Greece to Thessaly and Epirus.

Before going on to tell the story of the war, it may be well to note here that Greece was not able to give any further help to the insurgents, and had soon to withdraw her expeditionary force from Crete. The admirals and the consuls thus found their task somewhat simplified, but the Turkish successes led to the Sultan declaring that as order had not been restored in the island he would send reinforcements to the Turkish garrisons. This was promptly vetoed by the admirals, who had established an International Commission to deal with offences against public order, and were conferring with the leaders of the Cretan Assembly with a view to a permanent settlement. The Assembly had adopted a declaration that Crete would accept the decision of the Powers, and be content with autonomy under the suzerainty of the Sultan, but at the same time they declared that, without the withdrawal of the Turkish garrisons and the substitution of some other force for the preservation of order, no scheme of autonomy could be a success, or could secure permanent peace to the island.



GREEK WARSHIP STOPPING TURKISH MERCHANT VESSELS TO SEARCH FOR TROOPS.

CHAPTER II.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR AND THE OPPOSING FORCES.

THE progress of events in Crete, the landing of the 3,000 under Colonel Vassos, the summons for his withdrawal and its rejection by the king, the successes won over the Turks, and the armed action of the international fleet against the insurgents, had all combined to fan to fever heat the popular excitement in Greece. To the Sultan's order for the partial mobilisation of the Turkish army King George had replied by concentrating the Greek army on the frontiers of Thessaly and Epirus. The fleet had already been prepared for war with a view to the expedition to Crete. The calling out of the reserves of the land army rapidly raised the numbers of the troops on the frontier, and these were further reinforced by the irregular bands organised by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*, which were allowed by the Government to forward camps of their own near the border. This added considerably to the danger of war.

PAPAMALEKO, A LEADER OF THE GREEK IRREGULARS.
(*Photo: Mapuminnakis, Athens.*)

The demonstrations in Athens had now become almost daily events. *Zeto o Polemos!* ("Hurrah for War!") was the popular cry. The leaders of the agitation had persuaded themselves and their followers that war meant certain and easy victory over the Turk. Macedonia would rise in arms, Albania would proclaim its independence and refuse to fight for the Sultan, the communications of the Turkish army would be cut by the insurrection in its rear. It would be left without supplies of food or cartridges, and forced to retreat through a hostile country or surrender to the Greeks in its front. It was reported that the Turkish Government was so short of money that already it could not obtain supplies for the troops it was trying to mobilise; that those who had been got together were starved, ragged, barefoot; and that smallpox and fever had broken out in their camps. These reports, as we shall presently see, had very little foundation in fact, but they served to increase the popular enthusiasm for war.

The Turkish fleet was notoriously inefficient. The navy had taken a leading part in the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz in 1877, and Abdul Hamid regarded it always with suspicion. He did not like the idea of his palace and capital being under the guns of a smart squadron that some intriguing Pasha might use as the trump card in another game of revolution. So the fleet was allowed to rust at its anchors. The most powerful ships were ironclads of a type that was getting out of date twenty years before. Even they were in such a condition that it was considered doubtful whether their boilers could get up steam or their engines would go round. On the eve of the war, orders were given to patch them up. But, do what they would, the Turks had to confess that the Greek fleet with three small modern battleships and a flotilla of torpedo

THE FIGHTING ON THE FRONTIER: TURKISH TROOPS SHOOTING DOWN GREEK IRREGULARS.

craft had the undisputed command of the sea. Vigorously used, this fleet might be an important factor in the war; for once hostilities began, the Turks could make no use of transport by sea, and their supplies and reinforcements would have to reach their base of operations at Salonika by a single line of railway which runs along the coast of Roumelia in easy reach of the sea, and be destroyed by the Greek fleet. Salonika itself might not be safe from a vigorous attack.

It was further hoped by the friends of Greece that the other small states of the Balkan peninsula would join in the attack on the Sultan. Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria were all expected to put their armies in the field. The Turk was not merely to be defeated in Macedonia; he was to be swept, bag and baggage, out of Europe. There were even enthusiasts who looked further afield, and hinted that defeat in Europe would mean a general crash in Asiatic Turkey: the Greek cities of Asia Minor would claim their old heritage of freedom, Armenia would rise from her blood-stained ruins, the Druses of the Hauran and the Lebanon would proclaim the fall of Turkish power in Northern Syria, the flame of revolt already ablaze in Yemen would spread through Arabia. It was a splendid vision of the "might have been." It had the drawback of ignoring some of the fundamental facts of the situation. Though the "concert of Europe" had been a failure in Crete, there was no doubt that the two Powers chiefly interested, Austria-Hungary and Russia, would hold the Balkan principalities in check, and that Russia would tolerate no renewed attempts at revolution in Armenia. Further, the whole scheme of "setting the Balkans on fire" depended on a successful outbreak in Macedonia. But the Macedonians were by no means unanimous for Greece. There were non-Greek, even anti-Greek elements in the Christian population, that looked to Belgrade and Sofia, not to Athens, for guidance. Both Servia and Bulgaria felt they had quite as good a claim to Macedonia as Greece could raise, and neither was anxious to put itself under Greek leadership in an anti-Turkish crusade from which King George would gain more than his allies. Thus only a portion of the Macedonian population was at the command of the agents sent by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*. There had been an abortive rising in 1895, and since then the Turks had kept a large force in the province. So that, whatever may have been their goodwill, the malcontents could not attempt a rising until after a decisive Greek victory. Unhappily for the Greeks, they were counting on the insurrection to prepare the way for their victorious advance. They wanted to repeat the Cretan programme in Macedonia.

If there was to be a fight across the border against the Turk, it could not be very long delayed. In March the snows were melting on the mountains, the streams were full of good water, the young grass was springing up, helping to solve the problem of feeding cavalry, artillery, and transport horses and mules. The fight must be in the spring. If it were delayed even till the early summer, the whole country would be burned up by the heat, and the mere dearth of water would make it difficult to move brigades and divisions through the hilly country of Epirus and Macedonia.

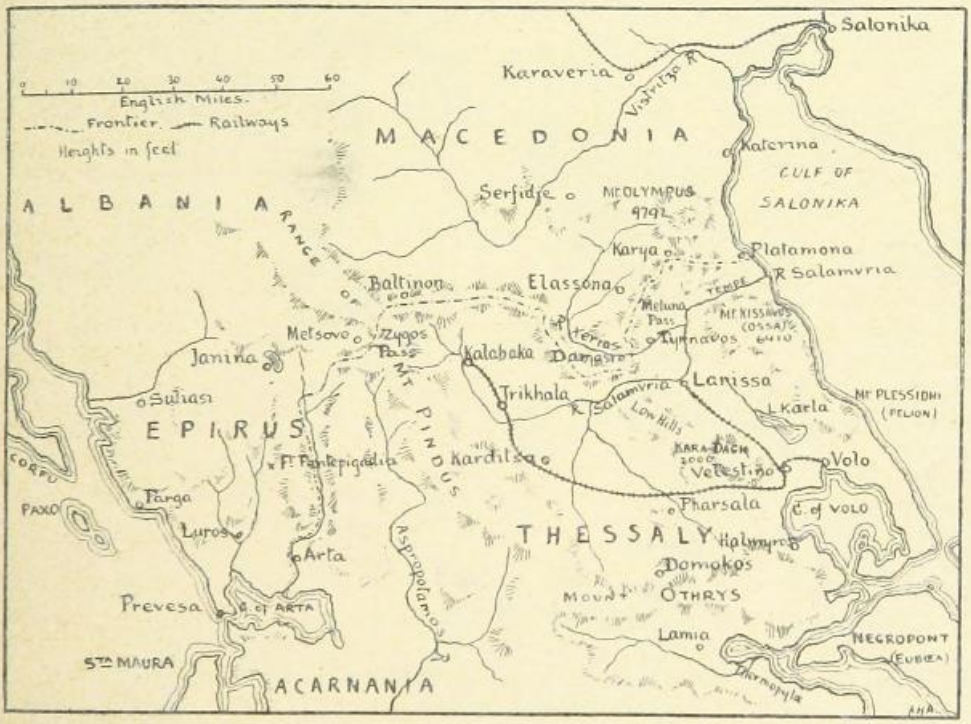
From the middle of February the concentration of the rival armies on the northern frontiers of Greece had been in progress. If anything, the Greeks would have gained by an early declaration of war, for now day by day the numerical superiority of the Turks was increasing; and, so long as the state of war did not exist, they were able to make some use of the sea for supplying their armies. But the Greek Government was waiting for two things, and therefore held its hand. It wanted the war to be heralded by an insurrection in Macedonia, and it wanted the actual declaration of hostilities to come from Constantinople, so that Greece might be regarded as acting only in self-defence, and might thus have a further claim on the sympathies of Europe. This reluctance to fire the first shot was shared by the Turks: for the Powers had issued a joint declaration that if either party broke the peace the aggressor would not be allowed to obtain any territorial advantage even in the event of victory.

But this waiting game could not be prolonged indefinitely, and in the first days of April the *Ethnike Hetaireia* began to use its irregular bands on the border in a way that was sure to provoke a Turkish declaration of war. It certainly acted with the connivance, and even the aid, of Greek regular officers on the frontier. How far the headquarters staff of the Royal army was a party to these proceedings, how far the cabinet at Athens was involved in the policy of this powerful secret society, it is not yet possible to say.

Before telling the story of these border raids, it will be well to describe the military situation

on the frontier on the eve of the war. The Turks had mobilised and concentrated in Macedonia six divisions and a half of infantry—roughly, about 65,000 men—besides a due proportion of artillery and cavalry. Two divisions, 22,000 more, were assembled in Epirus. These two armies were at the outset under entirely independent commanders. Edhem Pasha, who commanded in Macedonia, and had established his headquarters at Elassona, had for his mission to protect the province against Greek raiders, prevent any attempt at insurrection, and in case war ensued he was to march into Thessaly. Ahmed Hifzi Pasha, who commanded in Thessaly, with his headquarters at Janina, was ordered to act meanwhile strictly on the defensive. He had to hold the fortified town of Prevesa with part of his force, and use the rest of it to keep the province quiet and prevent the threatened Greek advance from Arta on Janina.

There were thus two distinct but adjacent theatres of war, of which the eastern region on the northern borders of Thessaly was the more important. For here the country is practicable for comparatively large armies, and through it lies the direct road to Athens. On the western side the Greek frontier was naturally very strong; on the east, in the more important region, it had several weak points. The old frontier of Greece, as fixed after the War of Independence, was a line running nearly due west and east from the north-east corner of the Gulf of Arta to a point near the entrance of the Gulf of Volo. At the Congress of Berlin in 1878 it was agreed that Thessaly should be ceded to Greece, and it was proposed to add to the cession the southern portion of Epirus—that is, the Greek part of Albania. It was suggested that the new frontier should run from the Gulf of Salonika, near Mount Olympus, to a point on the west coast opposite Corfu. It was not, however, until 1881 that the actual cession was arranged, and it fell far short of what had been proposed three years before at Berlin. It left Olympus to Turkey, and of Epirus it gave Greece only a narrow tract between the Arta River and the main range of Pindus. The mountain frontier, running north and south along the Arta River, was well defined and easily defensible, but the rest of the border line, running eastward from the Pass of Zygos on the Pindus range to the sea near the entrance of the Vale of Tempe, had many weak points. In the



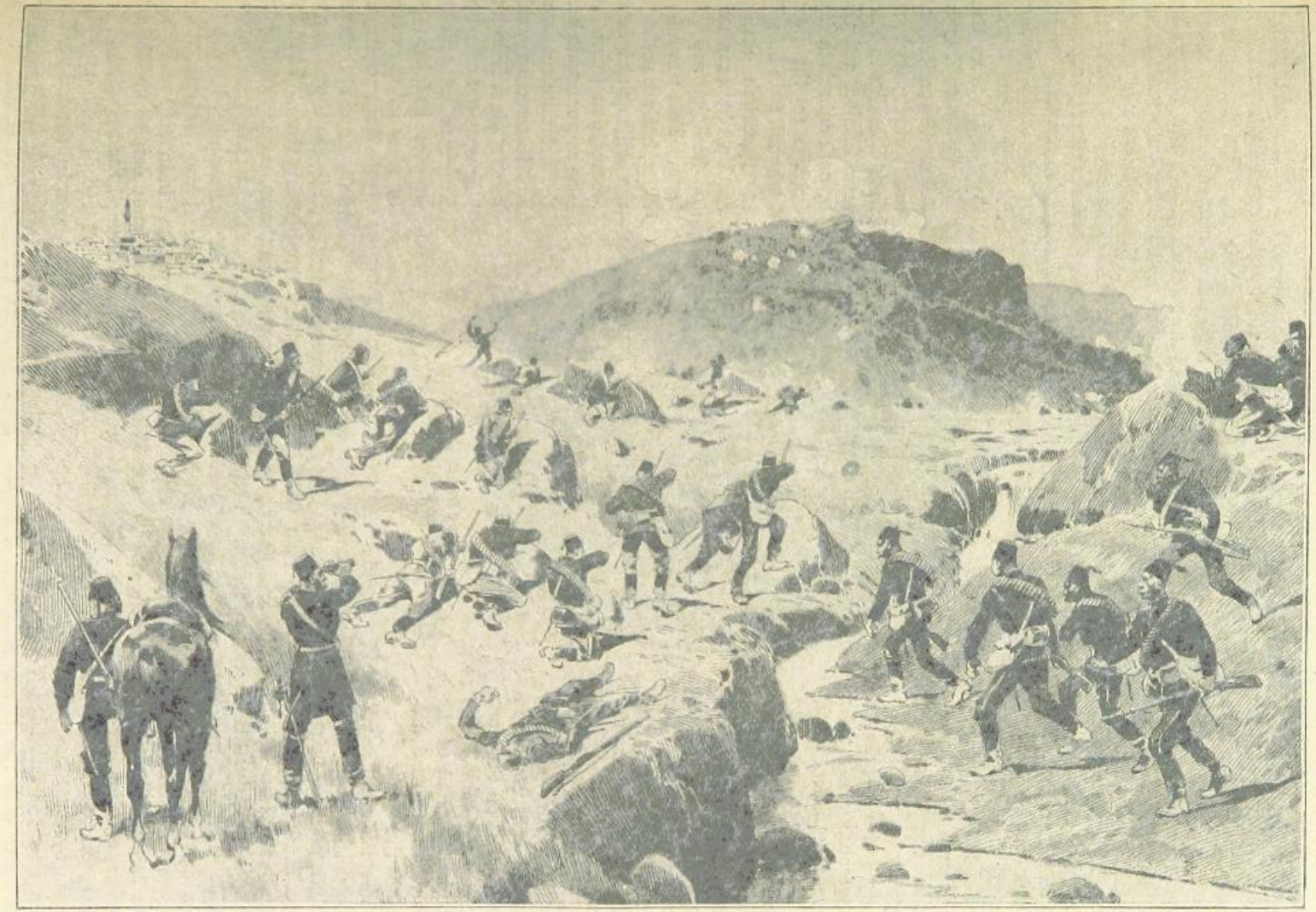
OUTLINE MAP OF THE THEATRE OF WAR.

first place, the International Commission, which marked it out in the summer of 1881, did not everywhere lay it down specially with a view to military exigencies. The Commissioners had also to take into account such points as the water supply and pasturage available for villages near the frontier on both sides of it, and in some cases police questions, such as the facilities that would be afforded to the Greek and Turkish frontier guards for putting down brigandage and smuggling without having to enter into each other's territories.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRST FIGHT: A GREEK RAIDER SHOT WHILE CARRYING A WOUNDED COMRADE.

From the point where the frontier turns eastward at the Pass of Zygos, to the sea near Mount Olympus, is about eighty miles in a direct line. For the first thirty-five miles it keeps this general direction, running along the watershed between the head waters of the Vistritza (in Macedonia) and the Salembria or Salamvria River (in Thessaly). The hills are wooded, the summits run up to 5,000 feet, and the cols between them are crossed by numerous mountain paths. Some of the slopes are fairly easy, and, though not a single road for wheeled transport exists across this part of the range, there is more than one point where it could be made if there were any likelihood of traffic. There are numerous villages, inhabited by a pastoral population—here Turkish, there Greek. Blockhouses of white stone, held by custom-house guards, watch the chief paths over the hills.

The natural course would have been to continue the frontier along the watershed and give the Greeks all the country drained by the Salamvria River. It has a considerable tributary, the Xerias or Xeraghis, which drains the plain of Elassona, and the natural border line would have run north-east between the basins of the Vistritza and the Xerias, and then curved round by Olympus to the sea. But nearly all the Xerias Valley was left to Turkey, the frontier running along the spur of the hills between the tributary and its main stream, the Salamvria, and then running north-east across



THE FIRST INROAD INTO TURKISH TERRITORY: THE GREEKS REPULSED.

the Xerias a little above Tyrnavos, and following the crest of another range of hills which lies north and south in the bend of the river. A glance at the map will show how Turkey was thus left a half-open door into Northern Thessaly. The direct road from Elassona to Larissa and Athens ran over the watershed on the north of the Salamvria Valley (which now again formed the frontier) by the Pass of Meluna. But any force holding this pass and the paths over the hills to the east of it would be in danger of being cut off from its base by a Turkish army marching down the Xerias Valley and gaining the ground near Tyrnavos by the defiles of Damasi. With such a frontier the Turks could use their superior numbers to compel the Greeks to dangerously divide their already insufficient forces.

The paths on the border range east of the Meluna Pass are only practicable for pack animals and mountain batteries. But on the extreme east of the frontier line near the sea there is a road from Platamona into the Vale of Tempe, over the low wooded hills by which the spurs of Olympus sink to the coast. The Greek command of the sea made this road useless for the Turks.

EDHEM PASHA.
(Photo : Abdullah, Constantinople.)

There is another point to be noted as to this Thessalian theatre of war. West of Larissa the plain is bounded by the hills of a low range that runs south-eastwards towards the Volo Gulf. This is the Kara Dagh, the Cynoscephalae, or "Dog's Head" Hills of classic story. They divide Thessaly into two unequal portions. The Salamvria forces its way through them by the gorge of Gunitza, and they form the division between the lower valley of the river, about Larissa, and its upper valley, about Trikhala. How serious an obstacle these hills form is shown by the trace of the railway. It will be seen how the line from Volo to Larissa communicates with the Upper Salamvria Valley—not by the course of the river, but by a branch line that begins at Velestino Junction and makes a detour by Pharsala to reach Trikhala.

Having thus described the theatre of war, the positions held by the opposing armies in the beginning of April may be briefly noted. Edhem Pasha had massed his main strength about Elassona, threatening the Meluna and Damasi Passes, and leaving only small detachments to watch the various paths over the border range to the east and west of this central position. If the Greeks broke through anywhere, he could rapidly send reinforcements to help his lieutenants. Till war was actually declared he had three lines of supply: (1) from Salonika by sea to Katerina, and then by pack animals to the front; (2) by rail from Salonika to Karaveria Station, and then by pack animals through Serfidje to the front; (3) by rail from Salonika to Sorovitch Station, and then by a cart track to Serfidje and the front. This was a long route, but was useful for the artillery and heavy ammunition trains. As soon as war was declared the first route was closed. An insurrection would have made it difficult to keep open the other two. By great efforts sufficient supplies had been got together for the troops. At first all the infantry at the front were armed with the Martini. There were tens of thousands of Mauser repeaters in store, but there had been a strange delay about issuing them. The Turks began the war with the same weapons they had carried in 1878. But they were better organised, better trained, and better supplied than in that disastrous war. General von der Goltz and his Prussian colleagues had been busy reorganising the Sultan's army, and, despite endless difficulties, they had accomplished something.

In Epirus, Ahmed Hifzi's little army held Janina and Prevesa, guarded the hill paths and bridges on the border, and kept a division opposite Arta watching the Greek forces assembled in and near that town, under Colonel Manos, for the invasion of the province.

In Thessaly, on the Greek side, the young Crown Prince Constantine had taken command in the last week of March. His headquarters were at Larissa, where he had arrived on the 28th, accompanied by his wife, a sister of the German Emperor. He had at his disposal about 40,000 men. One division watched the Meluna Pass, another that of Damasi. Detachments faced the Turks wherever a hill path crossed the border. The bulk of his force was in the Lower Salamvria Valley. In the upper valley there was only a brigade, based on Kalabaka, at the head of the railway above Trikhala. This brigade was considered sufficient to guard the frontier in that quarter. The main attack, whether by Greek or Turk, was certain to be made elsewhere.

THE CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE.

Along the hill frontier the guards that held the rival blockhouses on every pass and goat path had been so long near neighbours without any fighting that almost friendly relations were springing up between them. Even those who were reported good judges of the situation were beginning to say that there would be no war, when, on the evening of April 8th, one of the bands organised by the *Ethnike Hetaireia* started from its camp at the monastery of Kakoplevri, near Kalabaka, to cross the border into Macedonia. It was about 1,500 strong. Crossing the border under the cover of darkness, it marched at daybreak on the village of Baltinon (or Valtinos). There were three Turkish blockhouses near the village. Two were abandoned by their garrisons and seized by the raiders, but the third made a dogged defence. The firing had continued for some hours, when a relieving force appeared. It was only three companies (600 or 700 men) of an Albanian rifle battalion. After a very brief resistance the raiders retired across the frontier. The Albanians did not follow them beyond the border line, as the Turkish officers had orders to act strictly on the defensive. The raiders had lost about sixty men killed and wounded. On the same day there were less important raids near Arta, on the extreme west of the border line, and at Leptokarya, near its eastern end. In both cases the Greeks retired after a desultory fusillade with the Turkish outposts.

Rumour said that Greek regular officers had led the raid of Baltinon. Edhem Pasha had reported what had occurred by telegraph to Constantinople. In the night between the 9th and 10th of April he received a telegram ordering him to advance upon Larissa, but this was almost immediately countermanded by another, showing that the Sultan still hesitated to risk the wager of battle.

But, although there was as yet no official declaration of war from either side, the Greek irregular warfare had begun. On the 11th the partisans of the *Ethnike Hetaireia* were over the frontier again near Baltinon, but they found this time a whole brigade of Turks waiting for them, and beat a rapid retreat. In the night between the 13th and 14th a company of Greek regulars crossed the frontier near Damasuli; but, on being challenged, they explained they had lost their way, and they were allowed to retire in peace. On the evening of the 16th, at seven o'clock, a strong force of Greek irregulars, with whom there certainly were a number of

the king's officers, made a raid over the border at Karya in more determined fashion than in any previous attempt. The day was Good Friday in the West, though the East keeps it later; and, though the official declaration of war and the general advance of the Turks did not come till the following Sunday, April 18th, the war really began when the raiders crossed the border at Karya on that Friday evening—a most unlucky Friday for the Greeks.

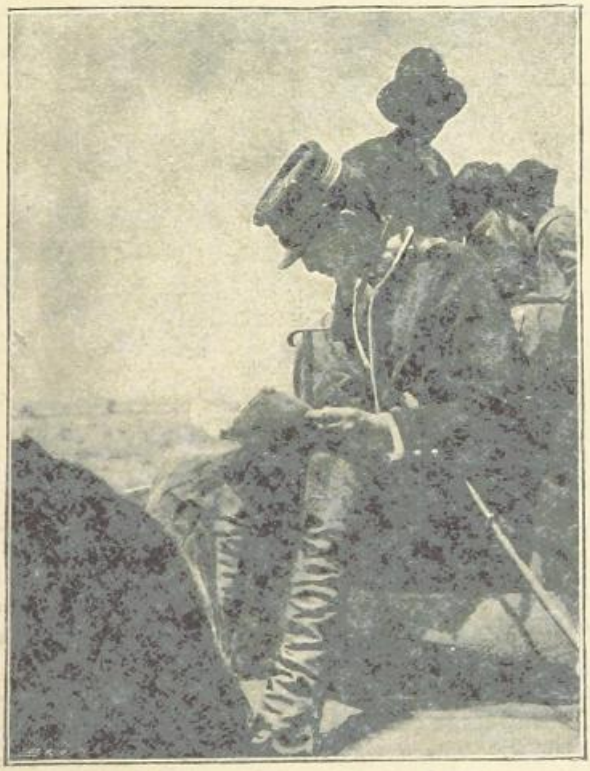
It is curious that up to the very last moment many of those who were supposed to be the best judges of the situation—some of them observers at the headquarters of the armies—refused to believe that war was imminent. There is a persistent optimism in such cases. It was the same when the Cuban crisis and the destruction of the *Maine* had brought Spain and the United States to the verge of war, and when the Korean crisis had made a struggle between China and Japan inevitable. Most modern wars begin while men are crying "Peace, peace!" and, as a rule, a belated declaration of war comes when hostilities are already in progress.

TURKISH TYPES.

CHAPTER III.

THE RAID OF KARYA AND THE FIGHT FOR THE FRONTIER.

THE European Powers had declared that, in the event of war between Turkey and Greece, whichever party began the fight would not be permitted, even if successful, to obtain any material profit from its victory. The result was that when hostilities at last began each party in the conflict was anxious to prove that the other had been the aggressor. So the accounts we possess of what happened on the evening of April 16th and during the following day are in flat contradiction with each other. The Greeks assert that the fighting began in consequence of the Turks pushing their outposts forward to the summit of a hill near Lake Nezeros, known as Analipsis, from the name of a monastery on its slope. This hill they claimed to be within their lines, and the Turks were fired upon in order to warn them to withdraw. On the other hand, the more probable account given by writers who were with the Turks is that not only near Mount Analipsis, but at several other points along the eastern section of the frontier, the Greeks crossed the border in force, the raiders being partly the irregulars armed and organised by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*, partly regular officers and soldiers, who had exchanged their uniforms for the loose jacket and short white kilt, the peasant costume of their irregular allies.



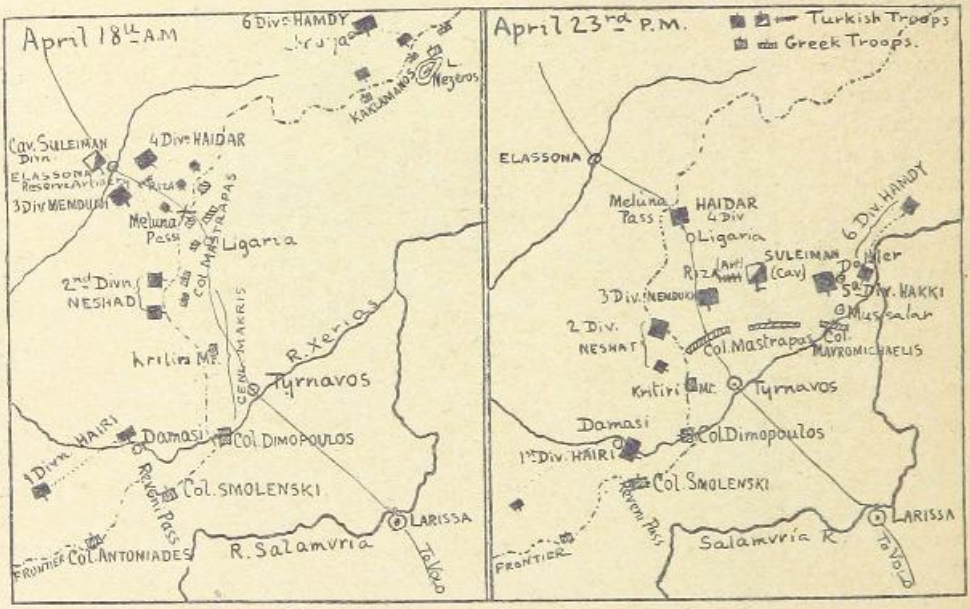
PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE,
Commander of a Field Battery in the Army of Thessaly.

The fighting began between Nezeros and Karya, where at seven in the evening of Friday, the 16th, the Greeks drove the Turkish outposts from Mount Analipsis. In the night, Mount Godaman, the next ridge to the westward, was seized by a Greek column, and next day three other columns advanced against the enemy's outposts on the border, at the Meluna Pass, near Mati, and on the spur that runs across the Reveni gap, beyond the ravine where the Xerias River cuts its way through the hills. The Greek account of this general advance is that it was a reply to the alleged Turkish aggression at Analipsis. The Turks and those who adopt their view assert that it was an organised attempt to get possession by surprise of the central portion of the border ridge. Whichever account is true, this much is certain: that the Greeks, pressing forward in superior numbers and encountering only an outpost line weakly held, were, on the whole, successful.

The first news that reached the Turkish headquarters was of the advance near Karya. As a picture of what the opening fight of the war looked like, let us take an impressionist word-sketch from the narrative of Mr. Stevens, one of the English correspondents, who on the Saturday morning rode over from Elassona to the scene of action.

"As we struggled on the Karya road," he says, "there came a new experience. 'Pop, pop; pop, pop, pop; pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop; pop.' It was not very different from the sound of shooting many pheasants, but I knew they were shooting men. My heart began to try to beat in time with the pops. When four or five came together, I wondered how many were down that time; I hurried lest both sides should be killed out before I got there. So I turned a corner and came on the village of Karya—small and ramshackle and dirty—wedged into a recess under hills like cataracts suddenly turned to stone; above these the solemn whiteness of Olympus. Olympus is the back-scene of Karya; its foreground was the fight. There was a broad valley, perhaps a mile to a couple of miles across; at the other side of it grey-green hills, part stones, part young grass, part wood. The hills rose to various summits—four to five in all, though these were hardly individual enough to make the whole thing more than a crested ridge; you might as well call it one hill as five. I suppose they were 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, and quite steep. Along them ran the frontier. You could recognise it by the little dabs of white which stood for blockhouses. Across the valley came the pops—sometimes rare and distinct, sometimes a rapid popple when all the individual reports ran into each other. It sounded like a machine that was now going round slowly, now rapidly. Every now and then the pops were varied by a boom—a gun. Here and there a tiny patch of dirty smoke curled languidly off the broad hillside. Through a glass I watched it for a long time from Hamdi Pasha's headquarters, and I made out some black dots on a tongue of the ridge about one-third of the way up. That was a battery of artillery. At the very top was a line rather like the leg of a beetle under a microscope; that was a battalion of infantry. Pop, popple, boom, little black dots, and little black streaks—that was all."

The battle might perhaps be described as a skirmish, very much extended in space and prolonged in time. Close and serious fighting there was really none. The Greek advance over Mount Analipsis had been checked in the early morning by three Turkish battalions, which were camped near Karya and belonged to Hamdi Pasha's division. Colonel Kaklamanos, who commanded on the Greek side, sent for reinforcements and brought his mountain guns over the ridge. Hamdi Pasha hurried to Karya and ordered up battalions from right and left to strengthen the defence. For some hours he had no guns with which to reply to the Greek mountain batteries on the spurs of Analipsis. His batteries were away to the eastward near Leptokarya. He had ordered them up, but they were dragging slowly for hours along the rocky track that served for a road. Meanwhile, the



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE SITUATION AT THE BEGINNING AND AT THE END OF THE FIGHT FOR THE FRONTIER.

opposing infantry spread out in far-extended lines, and under cover behind rocks and knolls and bushes kept up a long-range rifle fire at each other, making much noise, but doing comparatively little damage.

During the Saturday, fighting of the same kind was breaking out for miles along the frontier range. Far away on the extreme left the Greeks had captured the Turkish blockhouses on the hill at the entrance of the Reveni Pass. To their right a column from Mati pushed up the bold ridge of Mount Kritiri. The Turks here held their ground obstinately, and in the garrison of the beleaguered blockhouse still held its own.

Edhem Pasha had reported the news from Karya to Constantinople. He had followed up this first message with others telling how fighting had begun now here, now there, and he had ordered up his reserves. In the afternoon he was informed by a telegram from the capital that war had been declared, and he was ordered to advance in force against the Greeks next morning.

He had already sent into action all the troops who were actually at hand, and was pressing the

CAPTAIN LAGOS AND HIS THREE LIEUTENANTS, LEADERS OF THE GREEK INSURGENTS WHO CROSSED THE FRONTIER.

afternoon the mountain guns were in action on both sides. Still further north, Colonel Mastrapas' brigade surged over the crest of the Meluna Pass, captured the blockhouses on the hills on either side, setting one of them on fire, and completely surrounded but could not storm the blockhouse just inside the Turkish frontier at the summit of the pass. But by the hillsides right and left they pressed on towards the plain of Elassona. Haidar Pasha's division met and checked their advance, and in the afternoon the fight was like the big skirmish at Karya, a desultory encounter of long skirmishing lines, with the Greek guns on the hills above booming out from time to time, and a flicker of rifle fire on the crest of the pass showing that the little Greeks slowly back toward the frontier. The firing went on far into the night, by the bright light of the full moon. But for the official world the war began only at dawn on the Easter Sunday morning. It was not to last long. Begun on April 18th, it ended on May 18th, just thirty days later. It might be called the Thirty Days' War.

In 1886, when war with Greece appeared to be imminent, General von den Goltz had drawn up a plan of operations for the attack of this very frontier of Thessaly. According to this plan, the Greeks were to be held in front by a false attack on the Meluna Pass, while the mass of the Turkish army pushed its way through the passes leading from Damasi to Tyrnavos, and

thus threatened the line of retreat of the defence. The very character of the ground suggested this plan, which, in fact, was the only way to make use of the "half-open door" left in the frontier, when the upper Xerias Valley was assigned to Turkey. But Edhem Pasha, probably because he wished to keep a strong force directly in front of the Greeks, covering Macedonia and his line of communications, neglected this obvious plan, and chose instead to make a frontal attack on the Meluna Pass. At the outset he was anxious about his extreme left towards the sea. He thought the Greeks might make use of their superiority on that element to make a descent on his flank, and Hamid Pasha was therefore directed to keep one of his brigades near Platamona to oppose any such enterprise. Hamdi had therefore only one brigade and his artillery with which to drive the Greeks back over Analipsis. Three battalions were sent from Elassona to reinforce him.

HAIRI PASHA.
(*Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.*)

In the centre, in front of the Meluna Pass, Edhem concentrated about 20,000 men. These were made up of Memdukh and Haidar Pashas' divisions and the reserve artillery, five batteries under Riza Pasha. The cavalry which had been camped further to the north was also brought up to Elassona, though at this stage of the campaign there was nothing for it to do unless the Greeks obtained a footing in the plain. A little further to the right Neshat Pasha's division advanced from Skompa against the hills to the south of the Meluna, and on the extreme right the division of Hairi Pasha—slowest and most cautious of the Turkish commanders—held Damasi and watched the Pass of Reveni. Thus the Turks were bringing about 50,000 men into action along forty miles of frontier. Extended over such a long line, they were far too dispersed; indeed the only place where they had gathered in any considerable strength was in front of the Meluna. But then the Greeks had dispersed a smaller army, not more than 40,000 fighting men, along the same line, and they were everywhere hopelessly weak. It is no wonder that the Turks carried everything before them. The only wonder is that they took the best part of a week to do it.

And the explanation is in the way they set about it. At early morning on the 18th, Riza Pasha brought his batteries into action, shelling the blockhouses held by the Greeks on the crest and flanking heights of the Meluna Pass at a range of about a mile and three-quarters. The Greek mountain guns made an ineffective reply. At closer range, lines of skirmishers pushed out in front fired at the Greek infantry, who squatted or lay down behind the natural cover afforded by the mountain side. This bombardment and fusillade went on all day. It was not till evening that any attempt was made to push the attack home, and the losses on both sides were comparatively trifling. Away to the right the fighting was much closer. Hairi Pasha was just able to hold the Greeks in check about Damasi and Reveni. Here Colonel Smolenski (or Smolenitz) was in command on the Greek side, the only officer of high rank in King George's army that came out of the war with credit. He had under his orders a force at least equal to Hairi's, and he made determined efforts to force his way down into the plain. Nearer Elassona, but still on the Turkish right, Neshat had attacked the heights of Papa Livadia, pushing forward along the mountain road that leads from Skompa to Gritsiovali. His leading brigade was commanded by Hafiz Pasha, a grey-bearded soldier who wore on his breast the British and Turkish Crimean medals, and had also distinguished himself in the last Russian war. He led the firing line on horseback, reckless or ignorant of the changed conditions of warfare. His officers begged him to be more prudent. "My children," he answered, "I never dismounted for the Russians. Do you want me to dismount for these Greeks?" Wounded twice in the hand and arm, he remained in the saddle till he was killed at the head of his men by a bullet through the neck. They went on with the bayonet and cleared the hill-tops of the enemy. Only the bold peak of

Mount Kritiri, a precipitous mass of white marble rocks, remained in the hands of the Greeks by evening.

Far away on the left, Hamdi Pasha was in possession of Mount Analipsis. But Colonel Kaklamanos and his brigade had taken up a new position on the hills above Lake Nezeros. In the centre, at the Meluna, things went on more slowly. Edhem Pasha, seated on a rug in the midst of his staff, watched the cannonade. From hour to hour he received telegrams from the more distant battlefields, and in the afternoon he sent off three battalions and two batteries to help Hamdi, and another reinforcement for Hairi Pasha. At four o'clock a shell blew up the Greek blockhouse near the crest of the pass. The gun was laid by Riza Pasha himself. This successful shot was the signal for the infantry advance to begin in earnest. The Greek infantry fire had slackened perceptibly, and the Turks began to gain ground rapidly. They rushed the crests of the hills with the bayonet, but the Greeks did not wait to meet blade with blade. Blockhouse after blockhouse surrendered, and some prisoners were sent down to headquarters. When the sun set, the Greeks held only the summit of Mount Menexe, the hill on the north of the pass, where they had a blockhouse. The rest of the pass was in the hands of the Turks, and the bulk of its defenders had fallen back to Ligaria. The little Turkish garrison of the blockhouse marking the frontier had been rescued. The attack on Menexe went on by moonlight. It was taken about three a.m., and Edhem Pasha reported by telegraph to Constantinople that the whole of the border range except Mount Kritiri was in the possession of his troops.

GENERAL SMOLENSKI.
(Photo: Pantzopoulos, Athens.)

The first general engagement of the war had ended in a complete victory for the Turk. Though from first to last the fighting had lasted more than forty hours, the losses on neither side were heavy. There had been an enormous expenditure of ammunition, mostly at long ranges. According to Mr. Clive Bigham, the *Times* correspondent with the Turks, their inaction on the day after the battle was largely due to their ammunition being exhausted, and no fresh supplies being nearer than Elassona. "Nearly all the troops," he says, "had been in the firing line, and had completely used up their battalion reserves, while the divisional ammunition had been left at Elassona. It was not, as it happened, a matter of very great importance, as the Greeks were evidently far worse off; indeed, in some respects it prevented any further waste, as fire discipline and any check on the cartridges used hardly existed. There was no lack of morale, but on the other hand there was very little attention to putting up sights or aiming, and collective was entirely subordinated to independent firing. In the attack up the hills the extended formation was adopted rather by instinct than command, for when a company advancing in line found itself inconveniently hustled by the enemy's bullets, it merely spread out a bit more. But the absolute imperturbability of the men, their unhesitating and unwavering advance in the teeth of the most murderous fire, and the casual way in which individuals halted for the most ordinary purposes under a hail of shrapnel, convinced us that the result of the war was a foregone conclusion. It is hard for a European to imagine even the most highly trained troops displaying such *insouciance*; and the only explanation to fall back upon is the original hypothesis that fear is an influence to which the Turkish brain is not susceptible."

At dawn on Monday, April 19th, Edhem Pasha had the main road into Thessaly open before him. The Greeks had been so sure of victory that they had thoroughly repaired the road from Larissa to the Meluna, with a view to their future line of communications into Macedonia. Larissa was not twenty miles away. Its buildings were in sight from the crest of the pass. With anything like vigorous action Edhem ought to have been into it by Tuesday morning. But Turkish armies and Turkish generals do not believe in haste. Prince Constantine was to spend a few days more in Larissa.

In his official reports little was said of the loss of the Meluna Pass. A victory was claimed on the left for Smolenski, who was said to be forcing back the Turkish right; and on the right for Kaklamanos, who was said to be holding his own in the hills above Lake Nezeros. Then, as we shall see later, there was really good news from Epirus, and there were still hopes that the fleet would effect something against the long and exposed line of the Turkish communications. And it was always possible that Macedonia might yet rise, and Greece might find allies in the Balkan States, so that her friends throughout Europe did not abate their hopes, or realise that, although the sluggish Turk seemed not to know how to use his victory, he already had Northern Thessaly at his mercy.

HAMDI PASHA.
(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

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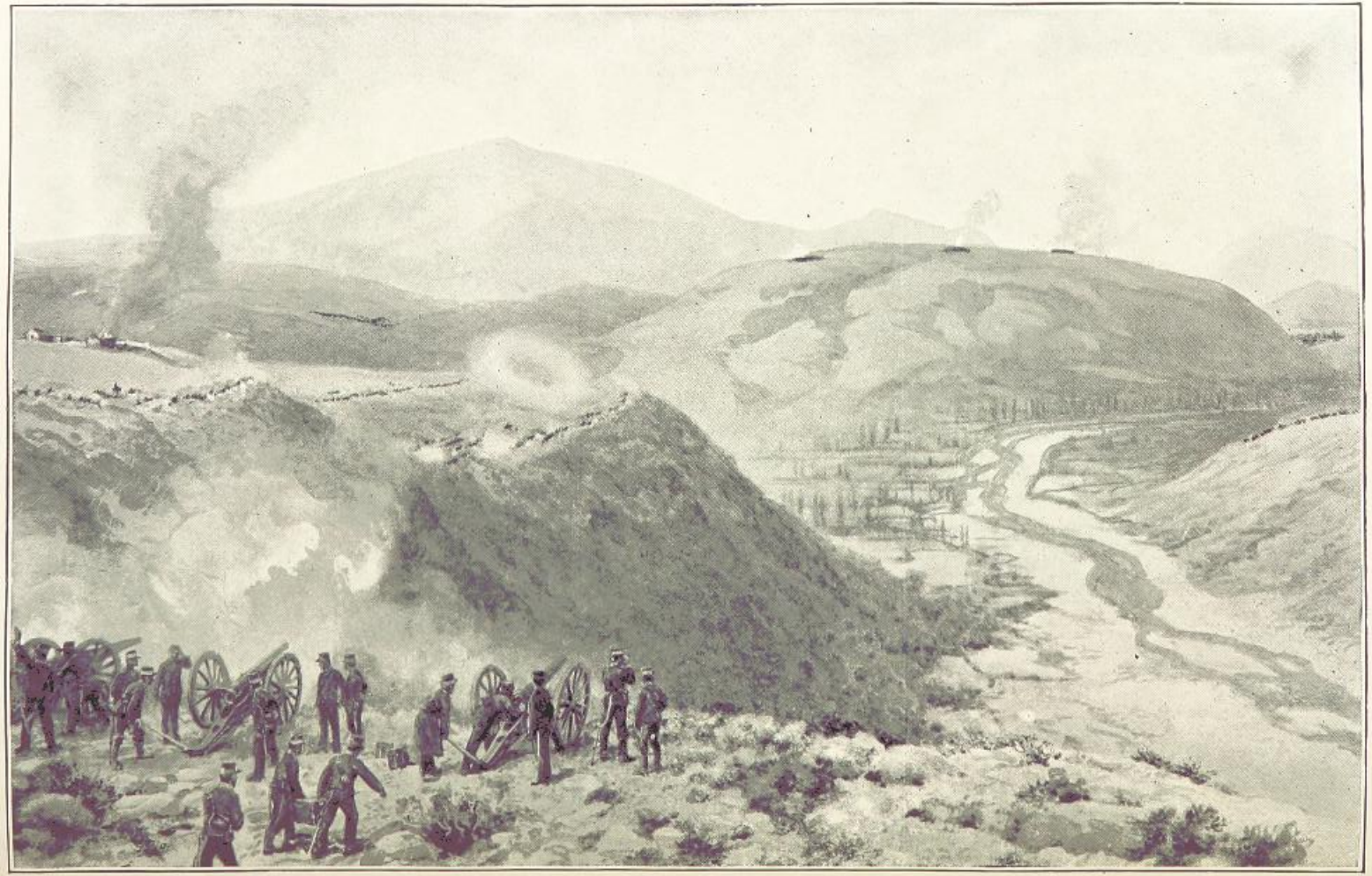


A MOMENTARY GREEK SUCCESS: THE ADVANCE AGAINST THE TURKISH RIGHT AT DAMASI.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TURKISH MARCH INTO THESSALY.

DURING the night between April 18th and 19th the Turks carried the field telegraph line from Elassona up to the summit of the Meluna Pass. All that day the Turkish centre made no advance. Riza Pasha was getting the guns of the reserve artillery over the pass. For the last few hundred yards of the ascent they had to be dragged up by teams of fifty men. The Greeks held the village of Ligaria, on the downward road into the plain, and no attempt was made to drive them out. But to right and left the fighting continued. On the Turkish left Hamdi Pasha was engaged all day with the brigade of Colonel Kaklamanos on Mount Godaman, but made little or no progress. On the extreme right Hairi Pasha barely held his own against the converging attack of Smolenski's brigade issuing from the Pass of Reveni, and the brigade of Colonel Dimopoulos, which was moving westward up the gorge of the Xerias. Near the centre Neshat Pasha made an unsuccessful attack on Mount Kritiri, which was held by the left of Colonel Mastrapas's brigade. The troops who held the hill were the kilted Euzonoi, the riflemen of the Greek army, supported by a battery of mountain guns. The hill, strong by nature, had been further strengthened by entrenchments and breastworks of stone. "Along the heights of a scarped cliff the entrenchments bristled," says Mr. Clive Bigham, the *Times* correspondent; "below lay a rocky gorge, and beyond it on our (*i.e.* the Turkish) side rose a long reverse slope, which served the enemy as an admirable glacis. Again and again did the Turkish guns bombard the heights, and again and again did the Albanians rush down the slopes and endeavour to scale the cliff; but the fire poured on them from above was murderous, and the batteries behind them had little effect on parapets of rock and stone . . .

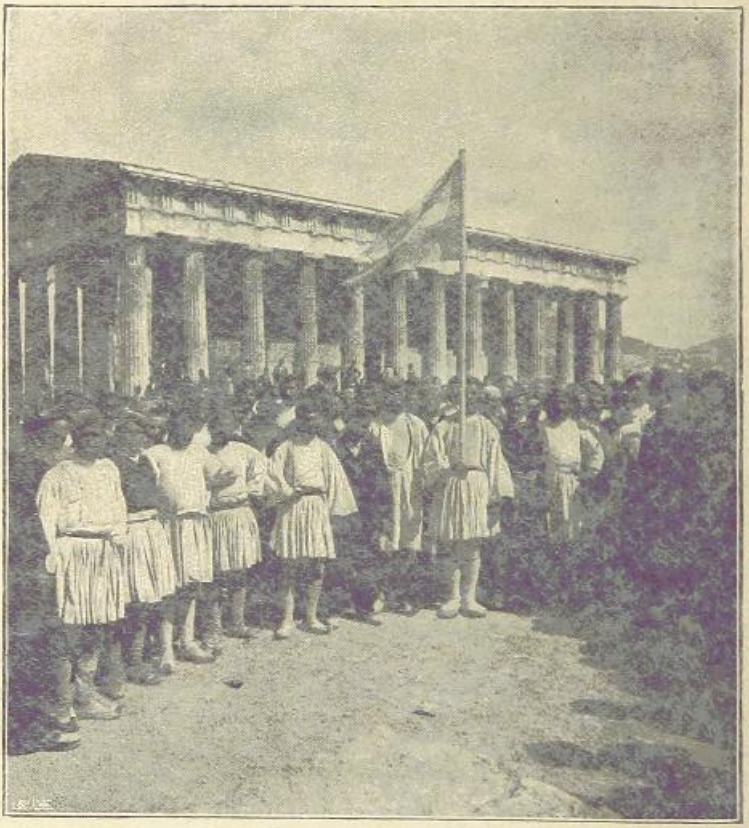
RIZA PASHA, TURKISH MINISTER OF WAR.
(*Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople*)

Kritiri, however, did not command the road from the Meluna Pass to Karadéré nor the road beyond. It was a strong position which precluded any direct attack on Tyrnavos, and which checked any advance through the defile of Skompa; but beyond that, it was not of any great value, and probably many generals would have marked it in front and rear, and left it behind." On Tuesday, the 20th, Edhem Pasha, having given his men a day's rest, and supplied them with cartridges, began his leisurely advance into the plain. As the leading brigade of Haidar Pasha's division came down from the pass the Greeks evacuated Karadéré or Ligaria, after firing a few shots. Colonel Mastrapas retired into the plain, his left on Kritiri, his right thrown back to the village of Deliler. His centre was near Mati. Behind him was the Xerias River, now a scanty stream, fordable at many points. Clumps of wood and rocky knolls gave here and there a good deal of cover to the Greeks.

Hamdi Pasha was still fighting in the hills away to the eastward, by Lake Nezeros, a fight at long range, which might last days yet without decisive result. On the right, away to the south-west, Hairi Pasha was defending himself against the persistent attack of the Greeks at Damasi, though the day's fighting was chiefly a cannonade

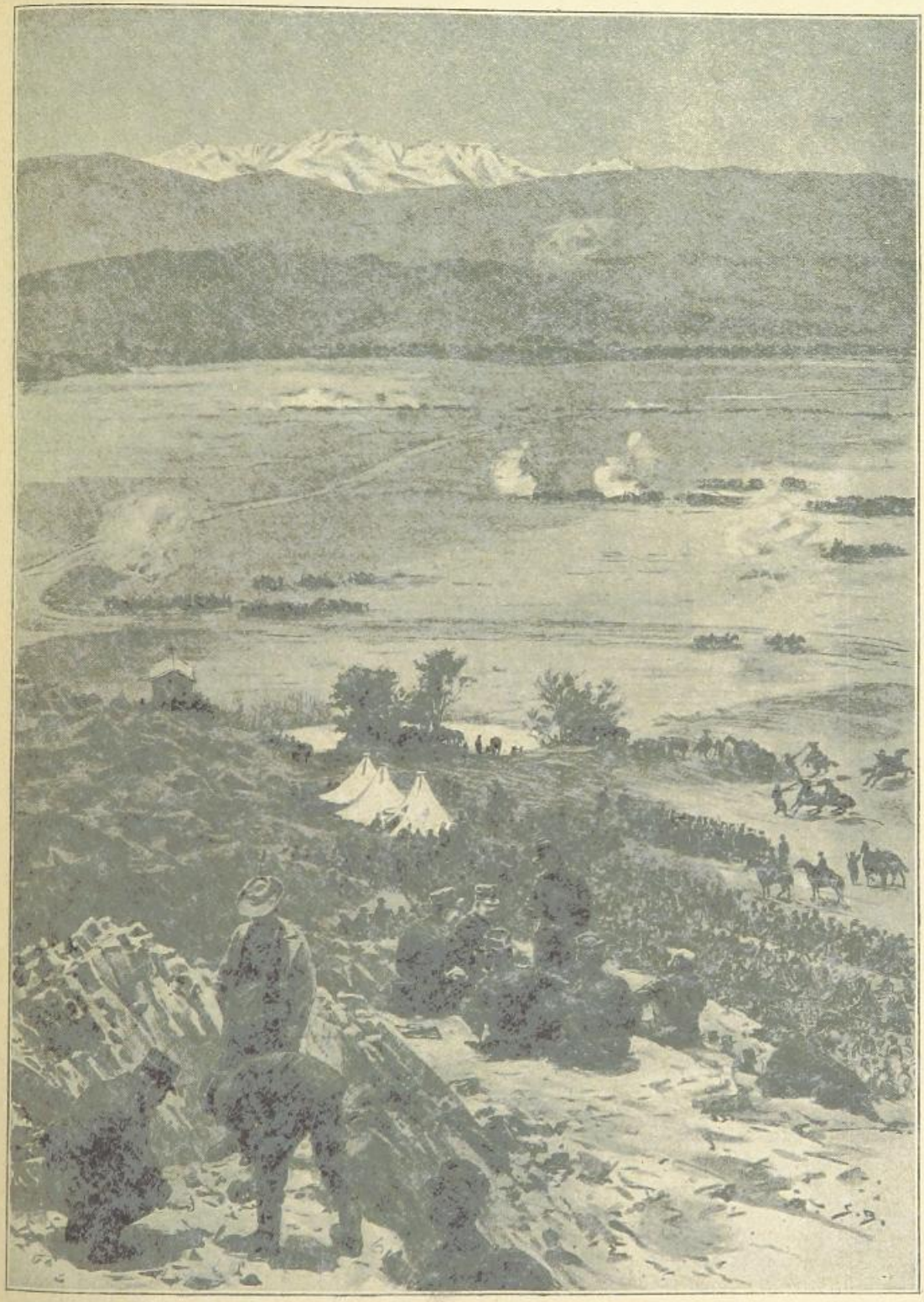
with little loss on either side. At Kritiri, Neshat Pasha had given up the attempt to storm the fortified cliff, and was bombarding the hilltop, hoping in any case to make the garrison exhaust their ammunition. Edhem, the commander-in-chief, did not mean to push forward with his centre till the Greek defence collapsed on one or other of the wings. When that happened the Greek centre would have to go, or be cut off from Larissa. A more energetic commander by the palace at Constantinople, played the cautious waiting game, and would not take even the slightest risks.

There were two men with the headquarters of the army who chafed at this inaction. One was Grumbkoff Pasha, a Prussian officer, who held the post of Inspector of Artillery in the Turkish army; the other was Seyfullah Bey, a young Turkish colonel, one of the trained officers of the new school. Seyfullah was a wealthy man.



GREEK PEASANT RECRUITS.

would have attacked at once. He had in hand Haidar and Memdhuk's divisions, Riza's reserve artillery and Suleiman's cavalry division, all made up of splendid fighting material, and fresh from the victory of the Meluna. In front of him was only the single brigade of Colonel Mastrapas. If Edhem had attacked he would have simply overwhelmed it and driven it across the Xerias into Larissa, and this victory in the plain would have divided the wings of the Greek army from each other. The strong left wing would have retired on Pharsala or Trikhala, but Kaklamanos on the right would have been cut off and destroyed. But Edhem, probably because he was controlled He owned land near Larissa. Before the war he had been the Turkish military attaché at Athens. He had lived occasionally at Larissa, and he knew by personal experience every mile of the country between the Meluna Pass and Athens. On the outbreak of the war he had been attached to Edhem Pasha's staff, and his personal knowledge of the Greeks, their army, and their country was invaluable to the Turkish commander-in-chief. On this Tuesday Grumbkoff and Seyfullah led the cavalry and a horse battery out into the plain as far as the hamlet of Kainak-bashi, near Mati, where there was a spring of good water, welcome to the men and horses



THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF MATI.

who had felt the want of it on the sun-scorched border hills. Then they reconnoitred the ground held by the Greeks, and, to make Mastrapas show his hand, brought the guns into action among the standing corn near the hamlet. The Greek guns replied from a low mound in front. Further back it could be seen that the infantry were holding the edges of the clumps of wood along the river. The firing did not last long, and on the Turkish side there were no casualties. The Greeks also seem not to have lost a man.

On Wednesday, the 21st, the Turkish army was still toiling across the Meluna Pass by the narrow road. By noon Edhem Pasha had three infantry divisions (Haidar's, Hakki's, and Memdhuk's) over the hills, besides an independent brigade under Naim Pasha and the cavalry and reserve artillery, between 30,000 and 40,000 men in all. Still he made no attempt to attack in force the weak line formed by the Greek brigade in his front. Hakki's division occupied the village of Karatsali on the left centre. Memdhuk was on his right, Haidar and the reserve artillery further back near the pass. Out in front were the cavalry and Naim's brigade near Kainak-bashi. The battery that Grumbkoff had brought into action the day before had been reinforced by four more, and at ten a.m. the thirty guns opened fire against the knoll in front occupied by the Greek artillery. They replied with four batteries (twenty-four guns). The long-range artillery duel went on for six hours in leisurely fashion. The fire was never rapid, and it was almost absolutely harmless. On the Greek side one man was killed. On the Turkish side two men and three horses were hit. The firing ended at four o'clock, for no particular reason, except perhaps that everyone was tired of it. This cannonade was the action described at the time as the "Battle of Mati."

In the hills on the left Hamdi Pasha was pushing Kaklamanos back in leisurely fashion. Edhem Pasha, seated on a rug at the top of the Meluna Pass, surrounded by his staff and the correspondents, and entertaining them with coffee and cigarettes, had watched the day's manœuvres from that point of vantage. He could hear the firing away to the left drawing gradually nearer, and in the afternoon a despatch from Hamdi told him that the Greek resistance in that direction was at last giving way. To the right front, from the hills to the south, the roar of Neshat's guns told that the bombardment of Kritiri was still in progress. Still further off, Hairi, content merely to hold his own, was standing on the defensive at Damasi. This was the situation at the close of the fourth day of the Thessalian campaign.

On this same day General Makris, who commanded at the front, had informed the Crown Prince that he considered the position on the Xerias untenable, and was about to withdraw from it. To have done so would have been to expose both wings of the Greek army, and Prince Constantine immediately countermanded the intended retreat, and ordered the brigade of Colonel Antoniades, and part of that of Colonel Dimopoulos, which had been till now engaged in the movement against Damasi on the left, to march by Tyrnavos to the support of Makris and Colonel Mastrapas. This movement was not completed on the 21st. Next day Smolenski, who had thus been deprived of the help of the two other brigades, desisted from the attack on Damasi, and set to work to entrench his troops on the ground they had won in the Pass of Reveni. Neshat Pasha ceased to bombard Kritiri. In the plain in the centre all was quiet. The only movement was the advance of Hakki Pasha's division on the left centre towards Deliler. He had been ordered to occupy the town, but started late, and bivouacked for the night on the left of the cavalry division. But even so his advance threatened the line of retreat of Colonel Kaklamanos, the hill track from Nezeros by Deliler and the Salamvria Valley. There was some desultory fighting between Kaklamanos and Hamdi's troops, but on the whole the 22nd was a day that marked a lull in the campaign.

Pressed in front by Hamdi, and threatened by Hakki's advance, Kaklamanos had fallen back upon the Xerias, near Mussalar, in the night of the 22nd. By the morning of the 23rd he was in touch with the right of the Greek line along the river. General Makris' centre lay east and west from Mati to the hills near Kritiri, with his right thrown back towards the gorge of the Xerias. He was holding a front of ten miles with only three brigades, and was necessarily weak everywhere. Only Edhem Pasha's dilatoriness had enabled him to remain so long north of the Xerias, and he was quite correct in his report to the Crown Prince that the position was untenable.

But at last Edhem Pasha was coming on. On the morning of the 23rd, Hakki Pasha's division, with five batteries, occupied Deliler, and came into action against the Greek right in

front. Hamdi's leading brigade was expected to issue from the hills and take the enemy in flank, but Hamdi was late, and the attack was not pressed home till late in the day. The artillery was in action in the centre, and the Greek guns were withdrawn from the knoll they had occupied during the "Battle" of Mati. From the extreme right, Hairi had reported that the Greeks had fallen back to the frontier, and he was ordered to follow them up with one of his brigades, and move with the other against the gorge of the Xerias. Neshat was to storm Kritiri with one brigade, and push forward the other to co-operate in the attack on the Greek left.

It was too late to carry out these movements on the 23rd. The general attack on the Greek line was fixed for Saturday, the 24th. Haidar Memdhuk and Hakki were to attack in front, Hamdi was to turn the Greek right, and Neshat and Hairi's brigades were to threaten their left. A general engagement was expected all along the line, and the result could not be doubtful.

NESHAT PASHA.
(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

However, in the night between the 23rd and 24th the Greek defence collapsed. The retreat had already begun on the Friday evening. The general impression at the time was that it was the result of orders given by the Crown Prince, but this does not seem to have been the case. Prince Constantine, who did not consider the action on the 23rd was a serious engagement, had spent the day at Larissa. The Greek brigadiers seem to have paid very little attention to the Crown Prince and his staff, and to have acted as if they were in independent command, for late in the afternoon of the 23rd Colonel Mavromichaelis, who was directing the Greek defence on the right, telegraphed, not to the Commander-in-Chief, but to Colonel Smolenski on the left, that the position in front of Deliler had become untenable, that he was about to retire to Larissa, and that Smolenski had better conform to the movement. The message passed through the military telegraph office at Larissa, and the officer in charge sent a copy of the despatch to the Crown Prince. It was thus that, almost by an accident, the Commander-in-Chief heard of the movement which had already begun.

Smolenski, notwithstanding the news, held his ground about Reveni during the night. As soon as the retreat of his right wing began, General Makris, who had for two days been anxious to withdraw from ground where he felt that battle meant disaster, ordered a general retirement of his troops on Larissa. The garrison of Kritiri had already fallen back on Tyrnavos. The Greek retirement during the night rapidly degenerated into a rout.

To move an army along narrow roads in pitch darkness is never an easy matter, even at peace manœuvres, but in this case it was not merely an army that was in retreat. The memory of what the Turks had done in Bulgaria twenty years before, the more recent impression caused by the massacres in Armenia and at Canea, had spread the idea among the Greek population of Thessaly that the arrival of the Turkish armies would mean a savage outbreak of slaughter and pillage, outrage and incendiarism. Hence, as soon as the townsfolk of Tyrnavos and the villagers all along the plain became aware that the Greek army was retiring, they also took to flight. From every village poured a crowd of terror-stricken people, with carts conveying their few household goods, and the sick and aged, and children who could not walk. With the crowd sheep and cattle were driven along, and the confused and ever-increasing mass mingled with the troops, and threw their ranks into confusion.

Suddenly the alarm spread that the Turkish cavalry were coming, and the report spread like wildfire along the road. Whence it arose is unknown to this day. Some say that a stampede of frightened horses startled the crowd already rendered anxious by the struggle to keep their places in the gloomy procession of fugitives. Others say that at a point where a cart track joined the main road a party of Greek cavalry rode in on the side of the moving multitude,

and were not recognised as friends. However this may be, there was a loud outcry of alarm, a rush in which the weak were trampled down and carts and carriages were overturned. Shots flashed and rang out through the darkness. Here frightened men were firing on imaginary foes; there officers, revolver in hand, were trying to conquer one fear by another and keep their men in the ranks by shooting down the first who deserted them. But for the most part the officers had lost all control of the soldiers. Some of them were thinking only of their own safety. Seized by the general panic, they had ceased even to try to control the troops. The army had become a mere mob and the tide of headlong flight rolled into Larissa, leaving the road behind strewn with arms and equipments, with here and there wrecked waggons, and the corpses of men and women who had been shot down or trampled to death in the panic.

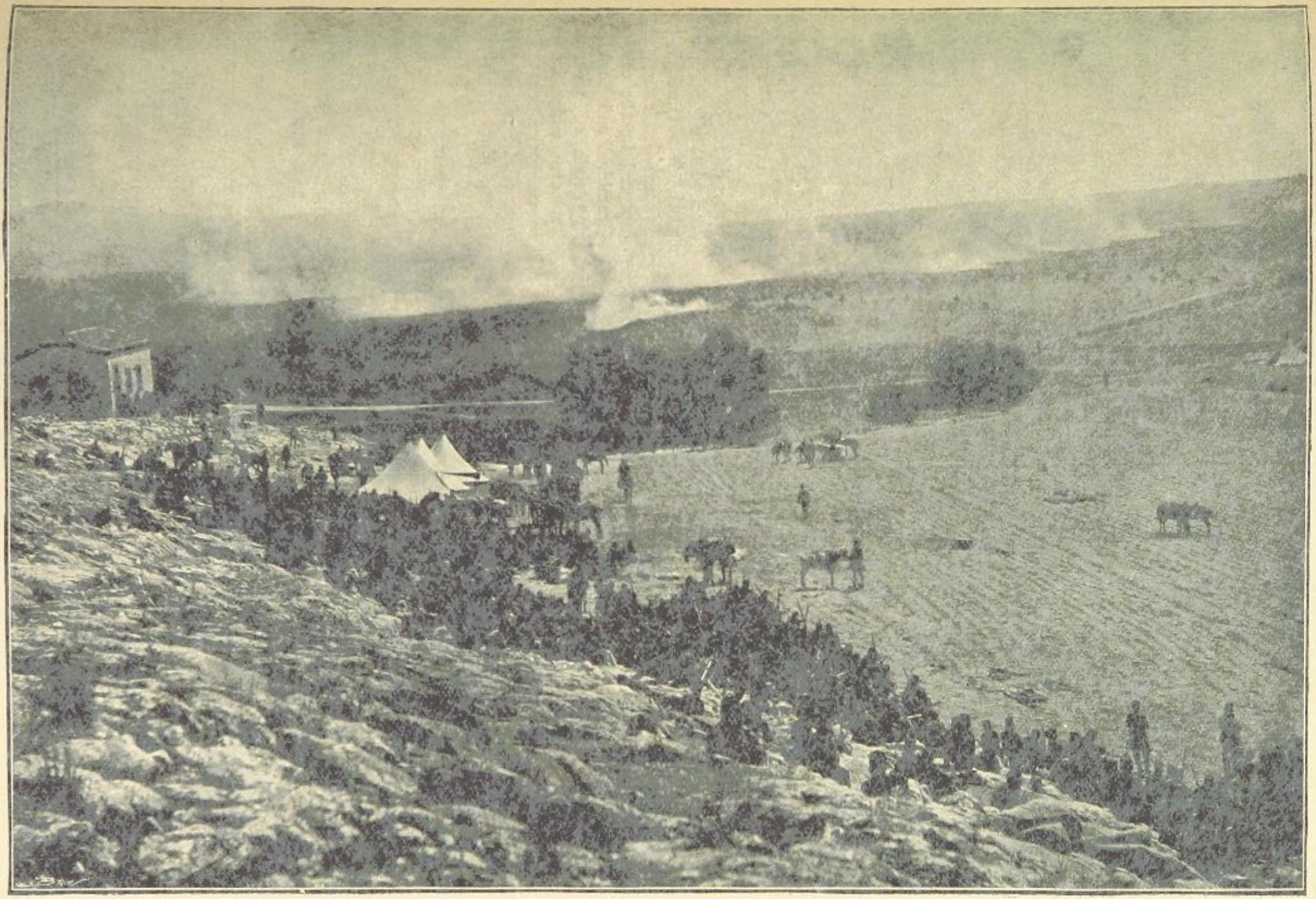
GENERAL MAKRIS.

In the town of Larissa officers, soldiers, and peasants lay down in the streets, exhausted with the awful struggle and the mad flight from a danger that was all imaginary; for the dreaded Turkish troopers were sleeping in their bivouacs far away north of the Xerias, and in the Turkish camp there was not yet the faintest idea that the Greek army had gone. The officers of the Crown Prince's staff had made an attempt to stop the fugitives at the bridge leading into Larissa, but it was all in vain; they were swept away by the human torrent. Some of the British war correspondents had an unpleasant experience during the retreat. Their carriage was overturned in the panic. They lost their baggage, notes, and sketches, and narrowly escaped death or serious injury in the panic. Mr. Charles Williams, the representative of the London *Daily Chronicle*, an old campaigner, was in Tyrnavos when the retreat began. He decided to remain there, and hung out the British flag from his lodgings, and passed a quiet night while his less fortunate comrades were involved in the rout on the Larissa road. Next day he retired with the rearguard, two battalions, which had held Tyrnavos during the night and now manned the redoubts on the left bank of the river covering the approaches to the bridge. They were all that was left intact of General Makris' division.

During the night the Crown Prince had held a hurried council of war at his headquarters in Larissa, shortly after midnight. It was recognised that it was no longer possible to oppose the Turkish advance near the frontier, and it was decided to rally the army south of the town and withdraw to the hills near Pharsala, where another stand might be made. The decision was a wise one. The situation north of Larissa was hopeless. Kaklamanos, with four battalions, was retiring on Makrychori. The rest of General Makris' division had for the most part become a mass of fugitives. Smolenski, on the left, with his right flank exposed by the collapse of the centre, must abandon Reveni. There was nothing for it but to retreat.

But there was no reason why this retreat should have been carried out so as to make it little better than a continuation of the headlong flight from Tyrnavos. Larissa barred the direct road from the north. It was protected by a deep, broad river, crossed by a high bridge, beyond which redoubts had been erected, of which the heavy cannon swept the approaches. The Turks had not yet crossed the Xerias. A rearguard could have held Larissa for twenty-four hours without being even challenged; and, if one might judge by Edhem Pasha's slow advance, it would be at least another twenty-four hours before it was seriously attacked. The place could not hold out long. The Turks could cross the river at several points higher up. But a delay even of two or three days would give time for removing arms, stores, guns, and the sick and wounded in the hospital, and there would be time to destroy the great stone and iron bridge over the Salamvria, the telegraph, and whatever else might be useful to the invader. But once the retreat had been decided upon, a precipitate flight began.

The hurried evacuation of Larissa is indeed a miserable story. At four a.m. on the Saturday



THE BATTLE OF MATI: THE CANNONADE.

morning it became known in the town that its abandonment had been ordered. There was a rush of fugitives to the railway station, and the trains were soon crowded, and not always with civilians. Soldiers, and even officers, struggled for a place in the overloaded carriages. One train was thus packed with people when Prince Constantine with his staff officers and servants arrived. Some carriages were cleared, and he and his suite took the vacant places, and the train steamed away towards Volo. Later in the day there was a disgraceful scene, when a crowd of soldiers and civilians hustled women and children out of a train to make room for themselves. It was only by the efforts of the British company of the Foreign Legion that the mob was kept back from the train that conveyed the wounded.

MEMDHUK PASHA.
(Photo; Abdullah, Constantinople.)

The bulk of the army and a large part of the Greek population streamed out of the town by road. The soldiers were moving in two huge columns, and the more energetic officers gradually restored order in their ranks. Before the last of the soldiers left the place the prison had been opened, and its inmates let loose. A handful of these armed themselves with the weapons thrown away by the soldiers, and, with some of the irregulars, occupied the houses near the bridge. The Greek engineers had brought a case of guncotton to the bridge-head to blow it up, but had gone without even attempting the work. The guns were left in the redoubts and the citadel, the telegraph was not cut, nor were the instruments removed or damaged. The sick and wounded were abandoned in the hospital. By noon the last Greek soldier had gone from Larissa. The Turkish inhabitants of the place were barricaded in their houses, fearing to lose their lives at the hands of the armed banditti who now had the town at their mercy.

On the Saturday morning the Turks had expected a battle. They were astonished to find the Greek positions abandoned. Deliler and Mussalar, occupied the evening before, were in flames. They had been fired by the conquerors in the night. The Turkish staff were honestly anxious to prevent such outrages, but they were not always able to restrain the wilder spirits in the ranks of the army. During the morning the line of the Xerias was occupied. Tyrnavos was found to be absolutely deserted. It was a purely Greek town, and all its people had fled. A reconnaissance down the Larissa road showed abundant traces of the panic flight of the night before. But still nothing was known of the abandonment of Larissa. A more enterprising cavalry commander than Suleiman Pasha would have found out what was in progress before the morning was many hours old. If cavalry patrols had been pushed well forward towards the town, the noise of the engines dragging train after train out of the station would alone have sufficed to tell what was happening.

It was not till early morning on the Sunday that the rumour of the evacuation of Larissa reached the Turkish outposts. It was brought in by some Greek stragglers, captured by the cavalry. Grumbkoff and Seyfullah Bey rode off with 500 horsemen and a battery to verify the news. The guns of the redoubts were silent, the earthworks empty. Only as they came in sight of the long bridge over the river a straggling rifle fire came from the other bank. Seyfullah had no wish to damage the town, where he knew there was a considerable Moslem population. Just beyond the bridge the chief building in sight was the dome of a large mosque. The battery unlimbered, and as a warning to the defenders of the bridge three blank charges were fired. The fusillade from the other bank ceased at once. A squadron dismounted, and carbine in hand the men watched the far end of the bridge while another squadron, led by Seyfullah and Grumbkoff, trotted across. The box of guncotton was secured, the entrance to the town occupied. The armed desperados had fled. A crowd of Moslems and Jews and a few timid Greek civilians, encouraged by their Mohammedan friends, came out to meet the conquerors, and ask to have the town protected from harm.

Patrols sent through the streets and out on the roads beyond reported that there was no sign of an enemy. But the Greeks had left a rich spoil behind them. Six heavy Krupps, two mountain guns, two field pieces, 10,000 rifles, heaps of ammunition, food and forage; waggon ambulances and camp equipment—all they had removed was the rolling stock of the railway, and that had been taken because it helped to accelerate the retreat.

Edhem Pasha had expected to have to storm Larissa. It was a strange surprise to receive early in the day a note from Seyfullah, announcing that he was in possession of the place. It was only a week since the war began. Last Sunday they were knocking at the gate of Thessaly, the Meluna Pass. This Sunday they were in its northern capital. In the course of the day Hakki Pasha's division marched in. Good order was preserved in the town. Some soldiers caught plundering were promptly arrested and sentenced to be shot next morning, but let off later with a sound flogging. The people who had remained in the town were chiefly Mohammedans, who welcomed the troops as friends come back to their own again.

REOUF PASHA.
(*Photo: Abdul ah, Constantinople.*)

A rapid pursuit of the retreating Greeks might even now have prevented their rallying at Pharsala. But Edhem Pasha was well content to secure possession of the ground that had been abandoned to him. He had won it at a comparatively trifling cost. During the week's operations the Turkish army had lost thirty-nine officers and 1,069 men killed and wounded, and one officer and thirteen men missing. The heaviest part of the loss had fallen on Neshat's division, the result of its unsuccessful attacks on Kritiri. It had lost fifteen officers and 401 men. The two divisions which had attacked the Meluna Pass had lost in that first battle ten officers and 369 men. This leaves for all the other divisions, the cavalry and reserve artillery, and for Haiden and Memdhuk's division, during the fights about Mati, a total loss of fourteen officers and 297 men. This shows that the long fusillade about Lake Nezeros and the cannonade at Damasi were comparatively bloodless affairs. These are the figures given by General Von der Goltz in his study of the campaign. It is not possible to give more than a rough estimate of the losses of the Greeks. By their own accounts they were nowhere heavy. They were probably about equal to those of the Turks. But the rout of Tyrnavos and the confusion of the retreat reduced the army of Thessaly still more seriously. Most of the irregulars gave up the struggle, and numbers even of the regular troops threw away their arms and deserted their regiments.

During this first period of the war it was currently reported in Europe that the whole campaign was being directed by German officers, and that Edhem Pasha was a mere figurehead to this foreign staff of military experts. The legend apparently had its origin in Grumbkoff Pasha's activity with the Turkish cavalry division, and the part he played in the actual occupation of Larissa. As a matter of fact he was the only German officer serving on the Turkish headquarters staff, and his prominence at Larissa seems to have excited jealousy in official circles at Constantinople, for he was immediately recalled to the capital. It is true he was promoted to the rank of a Turkish general, decorated, and added to the list of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, but everyone understood that he had simply been honourably removed from a sphere of activity where he was supposed to have too much power placed in his hands. The Sultan wished the work to be done by his own Turkish officers, not by their German instructors.

There were a number of German officers with the army as correspondents for various papers in Germany, but there is not the slightest reason to believe that they were ever called in as advisers by the commander-in-chief. They had, however, a way of writing as if the Turkish army was being used on German lines of action. This was to a certain extent true. General Von der Goltz and his German colleagues, lent by the

Kaiser to the Sultan as instructors for his troops, had reorganised and partly trained the army in German methods, and a number of the younger Turkish officers had served for a while in German garrisons, so that there was a leaven of German war science added to the excellent fighting material of the Turkish army. But it could not be said that there was more than this. Edhem Pasha did not even act on the plan of campaign for Thessaly originally drawn up by Von der Goltz, a plan that if intelligently carried out would probably have given earlier and more decisive results. The sluggishness of movement in the Turkish brigades and divisions, the very general neglect of reconnaissance work, the slackness of divisional commanders in supporting each other and combining their movements, the neglect to follow up and reap the fruits of victory, and finally the disposition to regard the mere occupation of ground, not the destruction of the enemy's fighting power, as the object of a campaign—all these were points that showed that the Turks were still mere beginners in scientific warfare. But in a campaign he wins who makes the fewest blunders, and as compared with the Greeks the Turks had superior numbers, better raw material, and a more intelligent general direction of the campaign. As the herald of an insurrection in the Balkan provinces the Greek army might have accomplished something, but from the moment it became clear that the Balkan races were not ready or willing to answer the Greek call to arms, the war could have only one result.

Before following the further progress of the campaign in Thessaly it will be well to see what was occurring in other parts of the theatre of war.

THE FLIGHT FROM LARISSA: A "SNAP-SHOT."

"THE TURKS ARE UPON US!": THE FLIGHT FROM LARISSA.

Mr. Bennett Burleigh, War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Signor Cipriani, Chief of the Italian Volunteers. Mr. F. Noel, Head of English Red Cross Branch at Volo.

A SNAP-SHOT AT THE FRONT.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAMPAIGN IN EPIRUS AND ON THE COASTS.

AT the outbreak of the war the Greek force assembled for the invasion of the Turkish portion of Epirus was chiefly stationed about Arta. It was under the command of Colonel Manos. Its total strength was officially stated at 22,000 men. The infantry was organised in two brigades. The first brigade, under Colonel Christos Botzaris, the bearer of a name famous in the history of the War of Independence, was made up of two regular infantry regiments of three battalions each and a battalion of rifles (*Euzonoi*). The second brigade, under Colonel Sechos, consisted of two infantry regiments and two battalions of Euzonoi—eight battalions in all. There were three squadrons of cavalry, each about eighty sabres strong, besides a fourth squadron, for which horses were not available. There were five companies of engineers and six batteries of artillery (forty-eight guns). Besides the regular troops, there were a number of bands of irregulars.

The Greeks counted on an insurrection breaking out in Epirus as soon as Manos and his army crossed the border. They also counted on the Turkish defence being to some extent crippled by troubles with the Albanians, who had on more than one occasion shown an inclination to assert their independence of the Sultan. The Governor of the province, officially known as the Vali of Janina, was an old Turkish general, Ahmed Hifzi Pasha. In 1877 he had made himself famous by his gallant defence of Gorni-Dubniak against the Russian Imperial Guard. But, though nominally in command of the troops in Epirus, he was enfeebled by age and in ill health, and attempted little more than the general arrangements for the defence of the district, leaving the actual direction of the troops to his two divisional generals, Osman and Mustapha Hilmi Pashas. Before the war the garrison of the province consisted of only a brigade of infantry (eight battalions) and three batteries. These had to garrison the provincial capital, Janina, and the coast fortress of Prevesa at the entrance to the Gulf of Arta, besides guarding the frontier against smugglers and keeping the peace of the country generally against brigands and other disturbers of order. In the beginning of April the concentration of the main Turkish army on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly being nearly complete, the first reinforcements began to reach Epirus. In all twenty-six reserve battalions were sent into the district. The only addition to the artillery was a couple of mountain guns. These

troops were organised in two divisions, and at the outbreak of the war the Turkish army of Epirus was about 27,000 strong, though only a part of this force was available to meet the threatened advance of Manos from Arta.

The 1st Division of the Turkish army under Osman Pasha (two brigades—the first of eight and the second of seven infantry battalions, two field batteries, two mountain guns, and a squadron of cavalry) was in the north of the district. It mustered in all 12,000 men with fourteen guns. It held Janina, and had some 5,000 men watching the passes over the Greek border near Metzovo and Syraku and at the bridge of Plakka over the upper Arta River. The 2nd Division under Mustapha Hilmi Pasha was in the south. It was made up of a detachment of three battalions of infantry and a battalion of fortress artillery for the garrison of Prevesa, two brigades of eight battalions each for operations near Arta, a field battery and a squadron of cavalry. The total strength was 15,500 men and six guns. Deducting 3,000 for the garrison of Prevesa, there would be about 12,000 men available for meeting the Greek advance. Mustapha Hilmi had three battalions of his first brigade (Nazif Pasha) watching the right bank of the Arta River below the town. The other five battalions were in reserve at Luros. The second brigade (Suleiman Pasha) held the river bank near Arta, and was entrenched on the heights of Imaret and Vlacherna across the river north of the town. A battalion was specially told off to guard the Turkish end of the long bridge over the Arta. On both sides of the river the rival armies were entrenching themselves. On the heights east of the town the Greeks had mounted behind earthworks eleven heavy siege guns.

The Greeks, besides massing a strong force at Arta for the invasion of Southern Epirus, had made preparations for an attack on Prevesa. Four siege guns had been mounted on the point of land on the south side of the entrance to the Gulf, the Cape Actium of classic days, now known as Kephalis Panagia. A flotilla of gunboats lay in the Gulf, a squadron flying the flag of Commodore Kriezis was cruising off the entrance of the Gulf, ready to co-operate in the attack.

The first shots were fired early on the morning of Sunday, April 18th, at Prevesa. That was the day after the declaration of war. As usual, each side declared that they were fired by the other. According to Greek accounts, the batteries of the fortress opened on a merchant steamer that was running into the Gulf, and then the guns of the Kephalis Panagia battery replied. According to Turkish accounts, it was this battery that began the firing. The point is of very little importance. The first shots had been fired two days before on the Macedonian border. Near Arta all was quiet until the afternoon, when the Greek batteries on the heights opened fire against the Turkish entrenchments across the river about 3 p.m. By that time the bombardment of Prevesa had been many hours in progress.

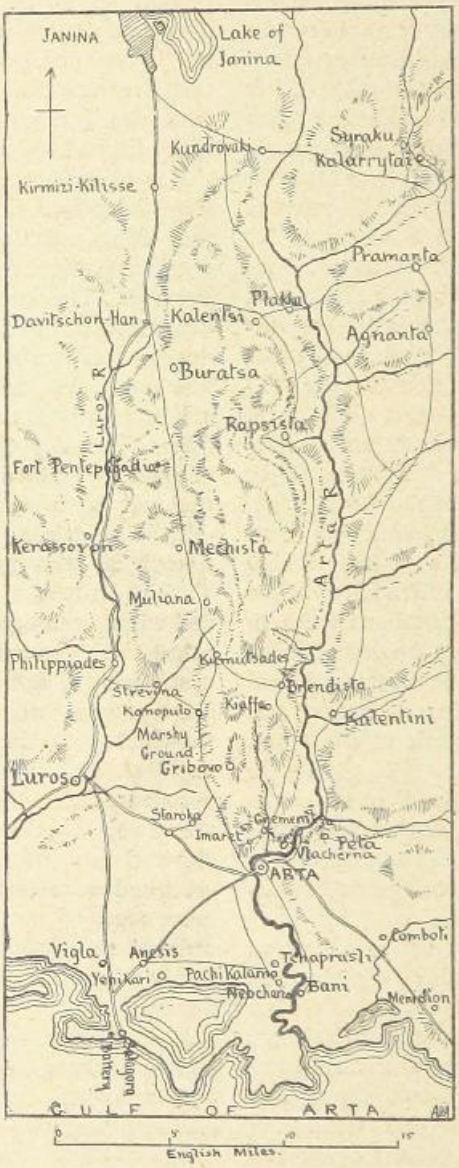
For many hours on the 18th the battery on Cape Panagia, a flotilla of seven gunboats inside the Gulf, and Commodore Kriezis' squadron outside, poured their fire into the batteries of Prevesa. The outside squadron was made up of an old ironclad, the *King George*, a small unarmoured cruiser, the *Admiral Miaulis*, and four gunboats. In all, sixty Greek guns were in action, to which the Turks replied with twenty-four. Next day the *Spetsai*, a small battleship of modern construction, which had lately been rearmed with quick-firing guns, joined the outside squadron, and the bombardment continued all through the Monday. But the Turkish batteries had been well constructed, and when evening came their guns were still in action. On the 20th and 21st the bombardment was renewed, and on both days a half-hearted attempt was made to land armed parties from the fleet near the town. Both attempts were repulsed, and the fire of the Greek guns had done very little damage to either the works or the town. In the evening the Greek squadron steamed away to Corfu to renew its supply of coals and ammunition. The *Spetsai* had already been recalled by telegram from Athens, and ordered to rejoin the eastern squadron in the Gulf of Salonika under the command of Prince George.

It had been expected by the Greeks that Prevesa would surrender under the stress of bombardment. Finding that the Turkish garrison was not so easily to be frightened into hauling down its flag, Commodore Kriezis decided to save his ammunition, and was content merely to blockade the place.

Colonel Manos had been more successful with the Greek army of Epirus. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 18th, he had opened fire with his heavy siege guns from the hills near Arta against the Turkish entrenchments on the heights north of the town. The boom of the cannon was like a signal to the hostile outpost

lines along the river to fire upon each other, and for hours there was a crackle and patter of rifles along the banks of the Arta and across the long bridge. This skirmishing went on for miles above and below the town, without much injury or advantage to either side. But at Bani, below the town, some practical work was done. The river there narrows to a channel not more than a hundred feet across in the dry, warm weather, and at this point the Greek engineers were preparing barrel-piers for the construction of a floating bridge.

On the Monday morning the artillery duel began again between the Greek and Turkish guns on the heights near Arta, while the infantry exchanged rifle fire across the river. About noon the firing ceased. At five in the afternoon the bridge was thrown across the Arta River at Bani under cover of the fire of a couple of light draught gunboats, which ran up from the Gulf into the river mouth. The company of engineers that had constructed the bridge dashed across first, followed by the three battalions of the 12th Regiment. The Turks had only two battalions watching this part of the river, and they had no artillery with which to meet the fire of the gunboats and the Greek field batteries on the left bank. They fell back after offering only a feeble resistance. Two more companies of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and twelve guns crossed the bridge. The Greeks had now a secure footing on the right bank, and the invasion of Epirus had begun with a success. True, the fighting had never been serious, but for the friends of Greece the little victory at the crossing of the Arta River seemed to compensate for the loss of the Meluna Pass. If on the one hand Edhem Pasha had forced the gate of Thessaly, on the other Colonel Manos had penetrated into Turkish Epirus.



THE COUNTRY BETWEEN ARTA AND JANINA.

Just above Arta the river was fordable in several places, and during the Tuesday the Turks of Suleiman's brigade near Imaret, and the Greeks of Botzaris' brigade near the bridge, made more than one attempt to cross. None of these attacks were very vigorously pushed forward, and the object of the Greeks was probably to prevent the Turks reinforcing their right on the low ground further down the river. There the 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Sechos, had advanced against the Turkish battalions holding the villages of Neochori and Pachi-Kalamo.

Neochori was held by an Albanian battalion. Another battalion of Albanian reservists, which was bivouacked in the plain a little further west, marched to the help of their countrymen. The Turkish commandant at Neochori had telegraphed to the divisional general, Mustapha Hilmi Pasha, that the Greeks were advancing against him in force 6,000 or 7,000 strong. The Albanians made a very poor stand against the Greek attack. They gave way, and abandoned Neochori and the other village before the second battalion could join them. Meanwhile Mustapha Hilmi had decided to abandon the low ground near the shore, and to concentrate for a general action on the edge of the hills, from the bridge of Luros on the right to the heights of Gribovo on the left.

The Greeks had contented themselves with

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occupying and entrenching the villages they had so easily won, sending only a few cavalry patrols a short distance to their front. Had they pushed boldly on with all their available force they might have reaped great results from the success of the morning. For the retreat of the Albanians had become a confused rout, even though there was no pursuit. The men were in a half-mutinous state of mind. Instead of being under the orders of Turkish staff officers they had hoped to fight under the chiefs of their own clans. They complained that the Turkish colonels did not know how to treat them properly; that they had been given old and damaged cartridges, short rations and no pay, and then sent to meet a superior Greek force without even a single mountain gun to help them against the enemy's artillery.

As they marched back towards Luros the two Albanian battalions became an angry and disorderly mob, quite out of control of their officers. They came into the town firing their rifles in the air. It was getting dark, and the other battalions camped round the place sprang to their arms, and opened fire at random to their front. The firing stopped, but the disorder had only begun. The Albanian element was strong in Mustapha Hilmi's division, and battalion after battalion showed that its sympathy was with the mutineers. With such a spirit abroad in his camp the Pasha felt that it would be madness to await the Greek advance. He led his disorderly 1st Brigade northwards through the night by the new road that runs from Prevesa by Luros to Janina. In the afternoon he had telegraphed to Suleiman Pasha, the commander of his 2nd Brigade, who held the heights of the river bank opposite Arta, ordering him to withdraw to Gribovo. Suleiman at first thought there must be a mistake, as he felt perfectly safe where he was. But a second message confirmed the first order, and he had to obey. Thus the Greek right brigade under Botzaris was able to march unopposed over the bridge of Arta. A third message late in the evening, despatched after the complete break-up of Nazif Pasha's brigade, ordered Suleiman to continue his retreat by the old mountain road to Janina, which runs past the little fort of Pentepigadia.

GHAZI OSMAN PASHA: THE DEFENDER OF PLEVNA.
(Photo: Abdullah, Constantinople.)

When Luros was evacuated, the Turks had abandoned the coast battery of Salagora. At early morning on the 21st, the Greek cavalry, which had pushed on to the village of Anesis, heard from the people that the Turks had gone from Salagora. They rode down to the shore and found in the battery four heavy guns, some rifles, and a quantity of ammunition and provisions. They would have done better service to Greece if instead of waiting to secure these trophies they had pressed on to the northward and learned the truth about the Turkish retreat. Badly served by his few cavalry and with no able intelligence officers on his staff, Colonel Manos could not realise the extent of his success. At a moment when a rapid advance might have had important results, he moved slowly forward, contenting himself with occupying a few villages in the south of Epirus, amid the plaudits of their inhabitants, when vigorous action might have made him master of Janina.

Mustapha Hilmi's division had been retreating all through the night between the 20th and 21st. The Pasha had made no determined attempt to re-establish order in the mutinous Albanian brigade, and the men were throwing away equipments and ammunition as they tramped along. Amid the disorder even baggage and ammunition mules with valuable loads were abandoned in the darkness. Only one battalion (formed of reservists from Asia Minor, and having no sympathy with the local malcontents) kept its ranks and obeyed orders. It acted as a rearguard through the night.

The news of the disorderly retreat caused a panic at Janina. Christians and Turks alike were alarmed at the idea of the city being invaded by an armed mob of half-savage

Albanians. The Christians began to barricade themselves in their houses, or crowded the foreign consulates. Many of the wealthy Turks took refuge in the citadel. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Ahmed Hifzi Pasha, took steps to deal with the dangers of the situation. Two reliable battalions of the 1st Division, which held Northern Epirus, were ordered to hold the road to Janina from the south at the village and pass of Kirmizi Kilisse, five miles from the city, and to bar the way against any disbanded troops coming from the south. The Governor, with a strong escort, and accompanied by a number of influential Albanian chiefs, rode on to Davitschon Han, an inn and group of houses, three miles further south at the point where the roads from Arta and Prevesa unite in the single highway to Janina. Here he had ordered Mustapha Hilmi to halt his division. Here therefore the two brigades met at the fork of the roads, Suleiman's coming from Imaret and Nazif's from Luros. The former had preserved fair order and discipline on its march; the latter, with the exception of one battalion, had lost all but the appearance of regular troops. The Albanian chiefs who accompanied Ahmed Hifzi now appealed to their fellow-countrymen to fight bravely and loyally for the Sultan, the Caliph of Islam, against the Greek invaders. The Governor promised that their legitimate grievances should be remedied, and, in order to give them immediate satisfaction, several of the officers in whom they had no confidence were removed, and Albanian chieftains given the command in their stead. Osman Pasha, who till then had been commanding the troops near Janina, was given the command of the reorganised 2nd Division, which was to oppose the further advance of the Greeks.

There had been something like a panic in the palace at Constantinople when the news arrived that the Turkish defence had collapsed in Epirus, and that the Albanians were on the brink of revolt, and at the same time the news from Thessaly showed that after forcing the Meluna Pass the main Turkish army was making no further progress. A new mobilisation order called out some tens of thousands more of the reserves. The veteran Ghazi Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, was ordered to proceed to the front and take over the chief command from Edhem Pasha. Saad-ed-Din Pasha, the secretary of the Military Council in the capital, was appointed to the command of the troops in Epirus to replace Ahmed Hifzi, and started for Janina on April 24th. Four brigades of infantry and several batteries of artillery were to reinforce the Turkish army of Epirus as soon as they could be mobilised. At the same time the Governor at Janina was ordered to put Mustapha Hilmi Pasha, the unfortunate commander of the 1st Division, under arrest and send him to Constantinople to be tried by court-martial.

Before the new Governor could reach Janina, Ahmed Hifzi was able to report a complete change in the situation. Colonel Manos had conducted his operations in a most leisurely style, and had broken up his small force into several detachments for various purposes, instead of making a bold dash for Janina. Once the Turks had rallied, the Greek strategy invited disaster.

On April 22nd, Manos had his headquarters at Philippiades, and the 1st Brigade was in and about the village. A part of the 2nd Brigade held the bridge of Luros; a small detachment occupied Salagora. The rest of the brigade, with the help of some irregulars, was watching the passages over the Arta River, and seized the bridge of Plakka, the only bridge on its upper course. In the evening of the 22nd the Greek cavalry found out that the Turks had abandoned the fort (or fortified barrack) of Pentepigadia, which commands a narrow defile on the old road to Janina. Manos at once sent off a battalion of the 10th Infantry, under Major Coumoundouros, to occupy the fort and hold the defile. The battalion reached the fort early on the morning of the 23rd and placed outposts on the hills to the northward, towards Buratsa.

On the same day (April 23rd) Manos broke up the small force he had at Philippiades into four detachments:—

(1) A column composed of the 6th Infantry (three battalions), a field battery, half a squadron of cavalry, and a detachment of engineers, was to march to the support of Coumoundouros at Pentepigadia.

(2) A battalion of the 9th Infantry was sent off to the north-westward towards the Suliote country, on the report that the Suliote Albanians were in revolt.

(3) The two remaining battalions of the 9th Infantry and twelve guns were sent towards Prevesa "to cut off the retreat of the garrison," Manos believing that they were in extremities and might try to force their way out to avoid surrender to the Greek fleet.

(4) He retained as a reserve at Philippiades two battalions of the 10th Infantry, a battalion

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of rifles (the 3rd Euzonoi), four batteries, and a few horsemen.

The column sent towards Pentepigadia for some reason made a very late start. It did not get away till the afternoon. Then marching up the Luros Valley, it bivouacked for the night near Kerassovon. It had made a short march of a few miles, and, as we shall see, when it halted the fate of the battalion that held the fort had already been decided.

At early morning on the 23rd, the Turks, having completed their reorganisation, put a part of their 2nd Division in motion southwards from the fork of the roads at Davitschon Han. The troops moved in two columns—the right column, under Colonel Mahmud Bey, followed the road down the valley of the Luros ; the left, under Colonel Mustapha Bey, marched by the old road that runs through the Pentepigadia defile. Mahmud had only two battalions with him. Mustapha, who expected to find at least a strong Greek advanced guard at the fort, had five battalions and a mountain battery.

He was near Buratsa when his scouts informed him that the Greeks were holding both sides of the defile north of the fort. He at once formed for attack, with two battalions east of the road and one west of it, his guns in the centre, with two more battalions in reserve. The guns opened fire, and just as the fight began a Greek company, formed of volunteers from the Ionian Islands, broke and fled in a panic. This left Major Coumoundouros only 600 rifles with which to meet the attack of a battery and more than 3,000 infantry. But for seven hours he held his ground on the rocky hill-sides, repulsing four successive attacks and making such an obstinate defence that the Turks never realised the weakness in numbers of the force opposed to them. If the belated reinforcements had only arrived, he might have not only held the position, but made a successful counter-attack on the Turks.

In the course of the day Ahmed Hifzi had started off four more battalions from Davitschon, three to reinforce Mustapha, and one to Mahmud. One of these battalions arrived in time to take part in the fourth attack on the Greek position. When it was repulsed, Coumoundouros, having exhausted his ammunition and knowing nothing of the approaching reinforcements, decided to withdraw, and retreated in good order into the Luros Valley under the cover of darkness. Of his brave 600, more than 200 had fallen in the unequal fight, and he himself was wounded.

Mahmud Bey had been delayed in his advance along the Luros road by bands of Greek irregulars, and towards evening exchanged some shots with the column destined for Pentepigadia as it halted near Kerassovon. In the night Coumoundouros joined the column, and next day it retired on Philippiades. It had been a disastrous night for Greece ; the abandonment of Fort Pentepigadia took place on the same evening as the panic-stricken retreat of the Crown Prince's army to Larissa.

On the morning of the 24th, Colonel Manos countermanded his unfortunate orders of the day before, and directed a general concentration of his troops with a view to attacking the Turks at Pentepigadia next day. The Turks were entrenching themselves on the ground they had won, and pushed reconnoitring parties southward by both the roads. That same day there was an indecisive skirmish between Turks and Greeks on the upper Arta near Kalentsi.

During the day, Colonel Manos was informed that the Turks were being continually reinforced, and he also received the depressing news of the collapse in Thessaly. He therefore once more changed his plans and resolved to stand on the defensive. He telegraphed to Athens for reinforcements, and was told in reply that all that could be sent to him would be 2,500 gendarmes and armed police and some Garibaldian volunteers, but even these would not be available for a week. He moved his first brigade into the Pentepigadia Valley between Kanopulo and Mechista, left a small detachment to hold Philippiades, and posted a company of infantry and two guns at the bridge of Luros. The bulk of the 2nd Brigade was sent back to Arta, where he established his headquarters. It was a confession of failure.

On the 25th a Turkish column recaptured the bridge of Plakka after a sharp skirmish. Feeling that Janina was now safe, Osman Pasha established his headquarters at Fort Pentepigadia. But, though he was a young general, he had all the traditional slowness of the Turk. Instead of holding the Greeks in front and turning their flank by the Luros Valley, he remained idle for three days collecting further reinforcements, while his outposts entrenched to the south of the fort occasionally exchanged distant rifle shots with the outposts of the Greek 1st Brigade.

At last, on April 29th, he advanced with 6,000 men against the Greeks, who held a ridge

between Pentepigadia and Mechista with only a battalion of Euzonoi, two companies of infantry, and four mountain guns. Manos, for some strange reason, had chosen to disperse his little force in a series of positions along the south end of the valley. There was a long cannonade lasting several hours, and ending in the four Greek guns being silenced. It was not till late in the afternoon that the Turkish infantry advanced against the Greek right. Hopelessly outnumbered and outflanked, the Euzonoi retired fighting down the valley. At Muliana a Greek battalion and eight guns were posted, and here there was a short stand made against

"POT-SHOTS" AT THE TURKS.

the pursuit. But the Greeks were soon in retreat again. At nine in the evening, when it was already dark, they poured into Kumutsades. But, although the pursuit had ceased, they did not stop there. They tramped back to Kanopulo, joined in their flight by the troops they met on the way. At Kanopulo Colonel Botzaris tried in vain to rally them. The retreat had now become a rout. As at Tyrnavos, a panic-stricken crowd of men, women, and children had mingled with the retiring column, and at three in the morning the weary multitude began to pour across the bridge of Arta and into the town. By sunrise the Greeks had evacuated Turkish Epirus, with the exception of the coast battery at Salagora, which was held with the help of the gunboat flotilla in the Gulf of Arta. The brief campaign had cost the Greeks between 400 and 500 killed and wounded.

Before returning to the narrative of the events in the main theatre of war, it will be well to note the proceedings of the Greek naval squadrons. Prevesa, blockaded by Commodore Kriezis, was still deficient. While Manos was in Epirus, the commodore had made a raid along the coast. He had bombarded Hagia Saranta, a little port to the north of Corfu, and burned a quantity of stores accumulated there for the Turkish army. He had also thrown a few shells into Parga and other coast villages on his way back to the waters before Prevesa.

In the Ægean Sea and the Gulf of Salonika there was another squadron which had been under the command of Prince George of Greece, but, just before the war, was handed over to Commodore Sakhtouris. It consisted at first of two powerful modern battleships of small size, the *Psara* and the *Hydra*, and a number of light cruisers and torpedo boats. On April 22nd it was joined by a third battleship, the *Spetsai*, a vessel of the same class as the *Psara* and *Hydra*. On the day of the declaration of war the squadron was at anchor in the harbour of Skiathos, an island near the north end of Eubœa. Sakhtouris remained at anchor till the night between April 20th and 21st, when he left Skiathos and steamed towards the Gulf of Salonika. On the morning of the 21st the squadron bombarded Platamona, and a lucky shell blew up a Turkish powder magazine in the town. The ships then moved a few miles further north and opened fire on Leptokarya, but the

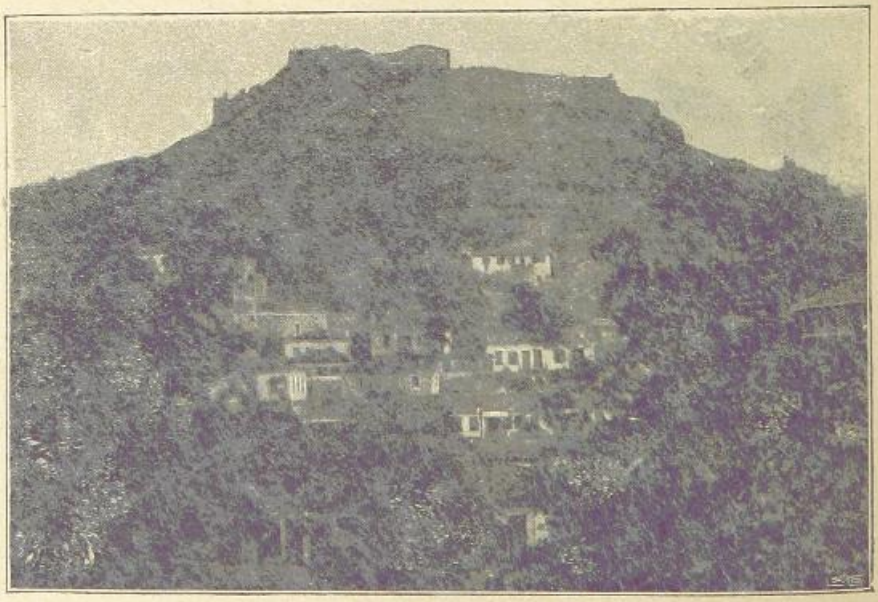
THE BRIDGE AT ARTA.

place was so far inland that little damage was done.

At daybreak on Thursday, the 22nd, the fleet appeared off Katerina. The village had been used by the Turks as a place where they could easily land stores for their army, and there was a considerable accumulation of these in sheds near the shore. When the ships opened fire, the small Turkish garrison and the inhabitants retired inland. The depôt of stores was soon in flames, and a landing party from the fleet ensured its complete destruction. In the afternoon one of the ships and two torpedo boats ran down the coast to a point near Leptokarya, where they tried to land a party, but the boats were repulsed by the rifle fire of a Turkish company.

During the next few days the fleet cruised in the Gulf of Salonika and threw a few shells into the coast villages. It was expected that it would have attacked Salonika, which was only defended by a single battery and some torpedoes, but it did not even closely approach the city, which was the point through which all supplies and reinforcements had to pass in order to reach the Turkish armies. It was afterwards reported, perhaps correctly, that the Greek Government had been warned that on account of international interests at Salonika no attack must be made on the place, and that if it were attempted the warships of the Powers would intervene. But even if the fleet were thus debarred from an enterprise against the Turkish line of communications at Salonika, there were other points where it could have acted just as effectively and with even less risk. The railway from Adrianople to Salonika in several places ran near the coast, and the fleet, with the help of strong landing parties, ought to have been able to destroy miles of it and thus seriously interrupt the supply of the Turkish army on the frontier. There was, it is true, an attempt made to cut the line, but it was ill directed, and the force employed was insufficient. On April 19th, a band of 150 irregulars were landed from a Greek gunboat in the Gulf of Kavala with orders to attack the railway. The place was badly chosen, as the line is here a considerable distance from the shore. The band, marching inland, was attacked next day by Turkish infantry and gendarmes, and dispersed, losing 42 killed and 28 prisoners.

After the retreat of the Greek army from Larissa, the fleet proceeded to Volo to assist in the defence of the town. Henceforth it did not even attempt to intervene actively in the conflict. The Turks had expected that it would land troops on their flank and rear to spread insurrection in Macedonia, that it would try to cut their line of communications, and raise the Greek flag in the islands of the Ægean that were still subject to the Sultan. But, with complete command of the sea, its only exploits were the bombardment of a few coast villages in the first days of the war. The reason for this strange inaction is still a mystery.



LAMIA: GREEK MILITARY BASE NEAR THERMOPYLÆ.

VIEW OF PREVESA.

THE QUAY AT VOLO.

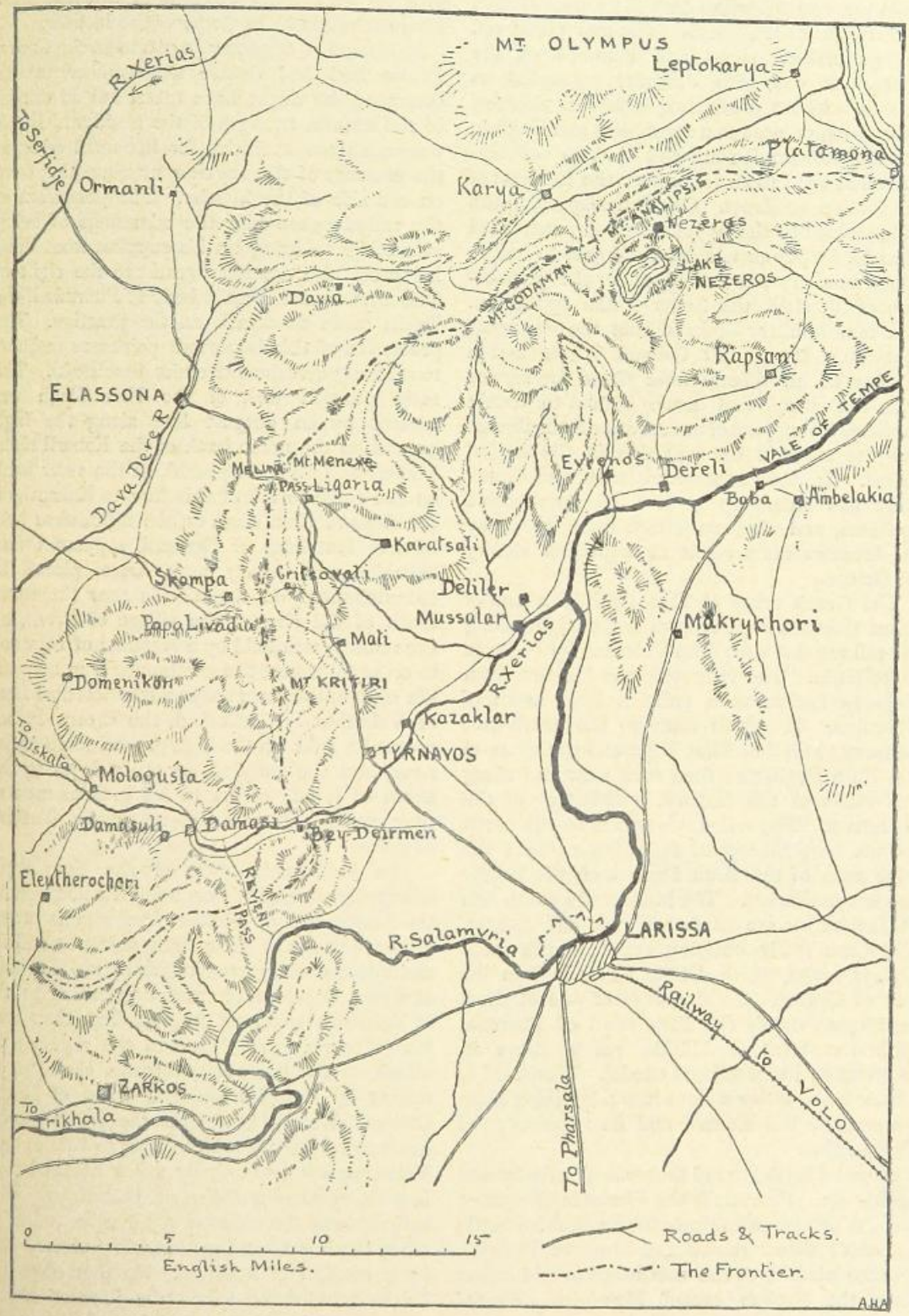
CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHTING AT VELESTINO.

THE Marshal Ghazi Osman Pasha had left Constantinople for the front on April 23rd. He reached Salonika next morning, and was to have proceeded by train to Karaveria and then to have ridden over to Elassona to take the command out of the hands of Edhem Pasha. But, on hearing the news of the Greek rout of the night before, he decided to go no further. Edhem was an old friend of the veteran marshal. When Osman was defending Plevna, it was Edhem, then a colonel, who commanded in the Gravitza redoubts, and hurled back the Russians again and again from these two small field works which his valour made famous in modern military history. Osman had no wish to supersede his old comrade of Plevna, and the Sultan agreed to his suggestion that Edhem should be allowed to retain the command in Thessaly and reap the full fruit of his victory.

Slow and sure was Edhem's policy throughout the campaign. Having secured Larissa, he prepared for his advance against the new positions of the Greeks in the same leisurely fashion in which he had directed the march of his divisions from the border passes into the plain of Larissa. He thus gave the Greeks time to recover from the shock caused by the collapse of their first line of defence and the simultaneous disaster to their arms both in Thessaly and in Epirus.

The Greek Government had up to the last moment published optimist reports of what was passing on the frontier. The Press censorship with the army had not only stopped all news unfavourable to the Greek arms, but it had also "corrected" very freely the information it allowed to reach Athens, and that which was telegraphed to foreign countries. The tidings of defeat came like a thunderclap to startle the Athenian public from its dream of victory. There was an outburst of popular indignation against the Premier, M. Delyannis, against the commanders in the field, and against the commodores of the fleet. The report that the Government had asked for the mediation of England, France, and Russia, in order to procure an armistice, only added to the general excitement. It was declared that all might yet be regained, and that to surrender after a first defeat was out of the question. On the Monday the Ministry cancelled the appointments of several officers on the staff of the Crown Prince, and appointed Colonel Smolenski chief of the staff, with power to select his new colleagues. At the same time Commodore Sakhtouris was deprived of the command of the Eastern Squadron, and replaced by Admiral Stamatellos.



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLES ON THE THESSALIAN FRONTIER.

On the two following days there were riotous demonstrations at Athens. The mob plundered the gunmakers' shops and marched on the palace. It was with difficulty persuaded to disperse without proceeding to further violence. Everything pointed to a revolution, and English, French, German, Italian, and Russian warships arrived at the Piræus to protect the interests of the foreign residents. On Thursday, 29th, the King yielded to the popular clamour, and called upon M. Delyannis and his colleagues to resign. A new ministry was formed, under the premiership of M. Ralli, the leader of the opposition. The new ministry declared that the war must continue. It recalled Colonel Vassos and a number of his officers from Crete for service with the army, and made efforts to obtain considerable supplies of ammunition from abroad. For the moment the agitation in the capital ceased. It was announced that the Greek army had taken up a line of impregnable positions, and that an attack upon them by the invaders must result in a glorious victory for Greece.

The Greek army of Thessaly held a line of about thirty-two miles from left to right, along the railway that runs from Velestino by Pharsala to Trikhala. The railway leaves the line from Volo to Larissa at a point a little north of Velestino. It curves away to the south-west between the hill of Pilaf Tepe and the spurs of the Kara Dagh, and then runs westward along the valley of the Kanarli, a tributary of the Salamvria. The valley is bounded on the north by the low, flat-topped hills that connect the bold mass of the Kara Dagh with the border ridges near Zarkos. The hills on the south side of the valley are at first higher and steeper. They are really outlying spurs of the great Othrys range, which divides Thessaly from the rest of Greece. On the slope of one of these bold spurs stands the little town of Pharsala, with the terraced hillside rising above it, crowned by its castellated citadel. Westward or Pharsala the valley widens into a low-lying plain watered by the Kanarli and its tributary, the Phersalitis.

It was a battleground that was already famous in history. Pharsala is the Pharsalia of ancient days, which gives its name to the decisive battle in which Cæsar routed the army of Pompey. On the low hills to the northward in still earlier days the Roman consul Flaminius defeated Philip V. of Macedon. In both cases victory had fallen to the aggressor. If history could give an omen, the chances of a battle near Pharsala would be in favour of the invader.

If, instead of 25,000 or 30,000 men, the Crown Prince had had double the number at his command, he might have taken full advantage of the natural strength of the position. But it was much too extensive for his small force, in the presence of the superior numbers that were on the side of the invader. The possession of the railway gave him the advantage of being able easily to bring up his supplies from Volo. He could also use it to reinforce the right at Velestino from his main body at Pharsala if the Turks made an attack on the junction. The protection of this important point was assigned to a strong detachment under Smolenski. The main position west of the Kara Dagh was covered by an outpost line along the high ground on the north bank of the Kanarli river. The villages from Hadjibashi, on the river bank on the extreme left of this line, to Kolaxizi, on the slope of Kara Dagh on the right, were held by five battalions of Euzonoi, supported four batteries, and heavy guns were placed in entrenchments on the hillside near the town, south of the river. The village of Aivali, on the railway, was held by a battalion of Euzonoi, in order to protect the communications between the right of the main body and the detached force at Velestino. If attacked, the Crown Prince meant to fight on the high ground south of the river, and the outposts in the villages to the north of it had orders to fall back as soon as they were seriously pressed by a Turkish advance.

The bold rocky mass of the Kara Dagh effectually covered the centre of the line held by the Greek army. Edhem Pasha must attack either their left or their right, unless indeed he chose to use his superior numbers to attack both at once. A successful attack on the Greek right at Velestino would cut them off from their easy line of supply by Volo and the railway; an attack on the left would threaten their line of retreat by Domoko and the passes of Mount Othrys. Reports brought to the Turkish headquarters at Larissa led the staff to believe that Velestino was held only by a few hundred men, in a disorganised and dispirited condition. This actually was the case on April 25th and 26th, when the important junction was protected only by a handful of fugitives. On these days the Turks could have seized the junction almost without a fight, if they had pushed forward by the Volo road. But on the 27th, when at last

they made a reconnaissance in force against Velestino, the ground that commanded the junction was held by Smolenski's troops.

The force engaged in the reconnaissance was eleven squadrons of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery, the whole under the orders of Suleiman Pasha, the commander of the cavalry division. The squadrons were very weak, having not more than fifty sabres each on an average, so that altogether Suleiman had between six and seven hundred men with him. At the same time four battalions of infantry, or about 2,000 men, were sent on to Gherli to act as a support for the cavalry. The infantry were reservists from Asia Minor, and formed part of Naim Pasha's brigade and Hakki Pasha's division.

The road from Larissa by Gherli to Volo runs between the eastern slopes of the Kara Dagh and the shore of Lake Karla. The rocky spurs of Mount Pelion make the eastern side of the lake impracticable for any considerable force. Two and a half miles north of Velestino the road crosses a bridge at the village of Rizomylon (*i.e.* the "rice mill"). The village stands on the edge of a little ravine, down which the Rizomylon brook runs from the Kara Dagh to the lake. There was very little water in the stream in April, 1897, but its steep banks made it an effective barrier to the advance of guns and cavalry anywhere between the railway and the lake except at the village. Between the brook and Velestino junction a neck of high ground crossed by the road and railway joined the Kara Dagh to the Pilaf Tepe. These hills and the neck of high land between them closed the southern end of the long defile between Lake Karla and the Kara Dagh, and formed an ideal defensive position covering the junction and the approaches to Volo. On the morning of April 27th Smolenski held this position with four battalions and a battery (about 1,800 men and six guns).

Suleiman, with his column of mounted troops, had marched from Larissa at half-past nine in the morning. He moved by the main road through Gherli, and at half-past five in the afternoon his advanced guard crossed the bridge of Rizomylon. So far no sign had been seen of an enemy. The Greek villagers at Gherli had come out to meet the Pasha with white flags, to obtain assurance that their village would not be in any way molested, and they had repeated the current report that Velestino was not occupied except perhaps by a handful of fugitives.

The squadron that formed the Turkish advance guard was about half a mile in front of the main body. There were no patrols out in front or up on the hills on the flank of the column. Suleiman was marching in careless security. Beyond the bridge there were some clumps of wood between the village and the high ground in front. These should have been searched at once by patrols from the vanguard. This obvious precaution appears to have been neglected. The advanced squadron halted just outside the village while the rest of the column crossed the bridge. Then the vanguard moved on, no longer by the Volo road, but by the cross road to Velestino railway station, near which Suleiman intended to bivouac for the night.

About six o'clock the advanced squadron was suddenly fired upon by a battalion of infantry deployed north of the station. Suleiman reinforced his advanced guard with two more squadrons. Then the Greek artillery opened fire from a hill to the east of the station, and more infantry came into action on the Volo road and on the slope of Pilaf Tepe. Suleiman then pushed forward his cavalry in a long line of skirmishers both on the Volo and Velestino roads, and brought his guns into action to the east of Rizomylon. At half-past six the Greeks on the Turkish right began to press forward towards Rizomylon, thus threatening the village through which lay Suleiman's line of retreat. The Pasha now realised that he was hopelessly outnumbered and in a dangerous position. He withdrew his guns across the bridge of Rizomylon, the cavalry covering the movement by threatening to charge the Greek left. The squadrons then followed the guns across the bridge, and the column trotted back to Gherli. There was no pursuit. Suleiman reported a loss of about fifty killed and wounded. The cavalry halted at Gherli, but at two in the morning an order arrived to withdraw to Kileler, where Suleiman arrived at daybreak and formed a camp near the village.

This was the action known as the first battle of Velestino. It was a small affair, but the success of the Greeks came as a welcome encouragement after their recent defeats, and added enormously to the popularity of Smolenski.

At noon on the 28th, General Naim Pasha reached Kileler with a reinforcement of four more battalions and another battery, and took command of the whole force assembled there. In the afternoon he marched with it to Gherli, sending two squadrons to scout towards Velestino.

There was no telegraph between Gherli and the headquarters at Larissa. Edhem Pasha therefore sent one of his staff, Colonel Mahmud Bey, to Gherli on the morning of the 29th, to consult with Naim and Suleiman as to the next step to be taken. Mahmud had only reached Larissa from Constantinople the evening before. He was the son of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, who had commanded against the Russians in Asia in the war of 1877–78. Although only thirty years of age, he was a colonel of cavalry and an aide-de-camp to the Sultan, and had served for some years as an officer of the Guards in the German army. It was his first experience of active warfare, and there is no doubt that, like others of the younger officers who were trained in European methods, he was chafing at Edhem's slowness.

GREEK IRREGULARS.

He reached Gherli at one o'clock and talked over the situation with Naim and Suleiman. The result of this council of war was that it was resolved to make another attack on the Velestino position, Mahmud arguing that the only result of delay would be that the Greeks would have more time to entrench themselves and to receive reinforcements. Though inferior in rank to his two colleagues, he practically took the direction of the movement.

The Turkish force was formed in two columns. The right column, led by Mahmud and Suleiman, composed of seven squadrons of cavalry, two battalions of infantry, and the horse battery, was to move by the road between the railway and the hills, and, as soon as it came in contact with the Greeks, was to open fire in order to make them show what positions they held and in what force. The left column under Naim Pasha, composed of the rest of the troops (six squadrons, six battalions, and a field battery), was to march by the main road through Rizomylon. At three p.m. Mahmud's advanced cavalry reported the enemy in position on the hills near Velestino. Half an hour later he brought his guns into action and deployed a battalion in front as a firing line. The Greeks replied with rifle fire from shelter trenches on the hills and from the edge of a little wood, and their mountain guns opened from a hill near the railway station. The firing continued hotly for about half an hour. Mahmud judged that the force opposed to him was about four battalions with six mountain guns and no cavalry. This estimate gave the Turks a decided superiority in numbers; so leaving the column in charge of Suleiman, Mahmud galloped off to Rizomylon village to propose to Naim an immediate combined attack by both columns.

But Naim was hopelessly behindhand. It was not till half-past five that his infantry began to cross the bridge of Rizomylon, and when Mahmud met him it was decided that it was too late in the day to begin the battle. Mahmud was anxious to attempt a night attack on the Greek trenches, but Naim would not co-operate, and it was finally settled that the troops should bivouac along the Rizomylon brook and on the

hills at its head and advance against the Greek position at daybreak on April 30th.

Mahmud Bey had made a correct estimate of the Greek force that held Velestino. Smolenski had received no reinforcements since his victory on the 27th. He had actually with him only a mountain battery, four battalions of infantry, and about 1,000 irregulars. He had been busy strengthening his position with entrenchments. On the evening of the 29th, as it was obvious that he was about to be attacked in force, he had telegraphed to Pharsala for reinforcements, and during the night and on the morning of the 30th the Crown Prince sent him by rail and their line to the left along the Kara Dagh hills and so check the Turkish turning movement. The Greek artillery was well handled, but it had defective ammunition, many of the shells failing to burst. The Turks made very little progress all the morning, and Smolenski very early in the day felt quite confident that he would be able to hold his own.

Shortly before noon Suleiman and Mahmud received a pressing message from Naim Pasha, begging them to push their attack on the Greek left more actively, as otherwise he could make no progress. He had attacked the Greek right on the Pilaf Tepe and on the edges of the woods

WAITING FOR THE TURKS TO COME WITHIN RANGE.

road four more battalions and twelve guns, so that on the day of battle the Turkish superiority in numbers had disappeared.

Naim Pasha reinforced Mahmud's column on the right with one of his battalions, kept a battalion and a half in reserve at Rizomylon, and formed the rest of the left column in the plain south of the village. At dawn the fight began on the hills to the right, where Greek and Turk were already in touch. Mahmud used part of his force to keep the Greeks occupied in front, and with the rest of his infantry tried to move round their left flank by the higher ground, his horse battery being in action behind his own right. The Greeks replied with two batteries from the hills near Velestino, and with rifle fire from a triple row of trenches dug on the slopes below the artillery position, at the same time using their superiority of numbers to extend in front of Velestino, but had found his advance everywhere checked by a heavy fire of rifles supported by the guns on the heights near the station, which his own battery tried in vain to silence. Smolenski, who had been receiving reinforcements since morning, had now about 8,000 men and eighteen guns in action, against a Turkish force of some 4,000 with twelve guns. The Pilaf Tepe on the Greek left was held by the 6th Euzonoi, who had entrenched themselves on the hill. The three battalions of the 8th Infantry and a field battery held the woods and the approaches to Velestino in the centre. The 4th Euzonoi, a battalion of reservists, and two batteries held the spurs of the Kara Dagh on the left. The reserves were kept near the junction. A large number of irregulars took part in the fight, and the inhabitants of Velestino had taken up arms, and, led by their

priests, marched out to assist in the defence in the centre.

On receiving Naim's message, Mahmud proposed and Suleiman accepted a plan for a bold stroke against the Greek left. The artillery was to concentrate its fire on the Greek trench on the nearest spur of the hill. A Turkish battalion (the reserve battalion of Brussa) which had not yet been in action was to form for attack in a hollow of the hill-side about 800 yards from the trench. It was then to advance through the skirmishers already engaged with the Greeks, while at the same time the battalion that had been trying to work round their flank would charge them on the left. Meanwhile Mahmud in person would lead seven squadrons of the Turkish cavalry against the right flank of the trench, which was on the end of the spur nearest the hollow in which ran the upper course of the Rizomylon brook. From the point where he massed the cavalry for the charge he could not see the Greek trenches, but he sent an officer forward to give a signal when the Brussa battalion began its final rush.

There was a heavy outburst of rifle fire, the signal was given, and Mahmud gave the order to charge. He had about 350 or 400 horsemen with him. As they crossed the brook they came under fire from riflemen on the edges of the clumps of wood to their left front near Velestino. Immediately the Turkish cavaliers, shouting their war-cry, wheeled for these—the first enemies they could see. Mahmud succeeded in checking this false direction, but passed the point where he ought to have wheeled to the right and dashed up the slope against the flank of the trench. But nothing is easier than to mistake one rounded spur of a hill-side for another. When he tried to wheel his squadrons, he was opposite the second Greek line of trenches, and was under a converging fire from the woods, from the semicircle of slopes formed by the spurs of the Kara Dagh, and from one of the Greek batteries which was firing shrapnel. Had the Greeks aimed better, not a man would have escaped. As it was, many were down, killed or wounded ; others were dismounted by their horses being shot. Mahmud Bey's own charger had been killed, and he had received a kick in the leg as he got clear of the fallen steed. Revolver in hand, he pressed on at the head of a group of dismounted troopers. The cavalry under the storm of fire wheeled and retired down the hill. Some of them had fallen close to the Greek bayonets. Mahmud on foot had been so near the trench that he had been able to use his revolver. Catching a riderless horse, he followed the retreat of the cavalry and rejoined Suleiman.

It was then he discovered that he had charged the Greek left absolutely without support from the infantry. His dash at the flank of the trench was meant simply as a diversion in favour of the infantry attack, but the officer who gave the signal had mistaken the advance of the skirmishers in the Greek front for the beginning of the charge of the Brussa battalion. The infantry were now pushing gallantly forward, but they were as gallantly met by the Greeks. Away to the left, Naim, separated by a wide gap from his right, was fighting another unsuccessful battle. It was lucky for the Turks that Smolenski confined himself strictly to the defensive. Had he advanced boldly in the centre against Rizomylon at the moment when the repulse of Mahmud's attack on the left had given his men the exultant confidence that comes of success, there is no doubt he would have inflicted a serious disaster upon the Turks.

When it was clear that no impression could be made on the Greek left, Mahmud had another consultation with Naim, and it was decided to give up the attack and retire to Gherli. The battle ended about four o'clock, but for nearly two hours it had slackened to a desultory fusillade. The Turks then began their retreat. The Greeks did not pursue, contenting themselves with bringing two batteries into action on Pilaf Tepe, which sent shells at long range after the retiring columns. As darkness came on, the long rays of the searchlights from the Greek warships in Volo harbour shot weirdly across the sky and flickered on the slopes of Pelion. The Turks halted for the night at Gherli.

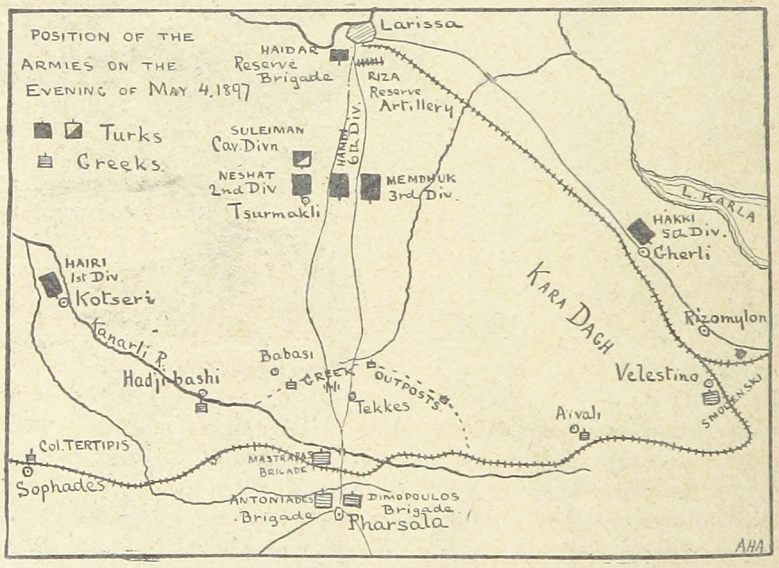
The Turkish losses were officially reported at about 150 killed and 200 wounded, of whom 36 killed and 70 wounded fell in Mahmud's cavalry charge. There was no ambulance with the force —there was not even a doctor—so the unfortunate wounded men were roughly bandaged and carried on muleback to Larissa, where they were at last treated by skilled hands in the ambulance organised by Sir Edgar Vincent and the British Red Cross Association. Some of the poor wretches had been 48 hours waiting for this help.

The loss on the side of the defence was much slighter. The second battle of Velestino raised the hopes of the friends of Greece throughout Europe to a high pitch. Smolenski was

VELESTINO: GREEK MOUNTAIN BATTERY GOING TO TAKE UP A POSITION.

regarded as the possible saviour of the country. The conduct of his troops had done something to show the injustice of the popular verdict which had branded the Greeks with cowardice because of their collapse on the frontier. The weak point in Smolenski's generalship was that he had clung so persistently to the defensive, and had let slip the chance of not merely repulsing but routing the Turkish force that had attacked him.

On the first of May Edhem Pasha sent to Gherli General Hakki Pasha with the rest of the 5th Division (of which Naim's brigade formed a part). The horse battery and most of Suleiman's cavalry were withdrawn to Larissa. At Gherli, Hakki had under his command eighteen battalions, four squadrons, and four batteries. By orders from headquarters he was directed merely to watch Smolenski until the moment came for a general attack on the Greek positions.



POSITION ON THE EVE OF PHARSALA.

THE TURKS ENTERING VOLO.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALA.

FROM April 30th, the day of Smolenski's victory, till May 5th, the day of the general advance of the Turkish army, there was a lull in the campaign in Thessaly. Both sides were preparing for the decisive struggle. The Turks concentrated the bulk of their army at Larissa and in the plain immediately to the south of it, with two divisions detached, one on each flank—Hakki's division to the east, at Gherli, observing Smolenski's position at Velestino, and Hairi's division to the west, at Kotseri and Vouli.

The position of Hairi's division made the Greek Crown Prince anxious about his exposed flank and the possession of the Domokos road, his main line of retreat, which curved away from his left round the Pharsala hills. In order to watch Hairi's movements, he had detachments of infantry at Sophades on the railway and at Hadjibashi on the Kanarli River, and his small force of cavalry was also camped near Sophades. Though he had been busy entrenching the Pharsala position and mounting heavy guns on the slope of the hill below the old citadel of the town, he shared the doubts of the foreign experts as to the possibility of holding the extensive line he had taken up with the 25,000 men at his disposal. The position of Domokos covering the main passes over the Othrys range had already been selected as the next ground to be occupied in case Pharsala had to be abandoned, and three battalions of infantry and a battery had been sent there to secure Domokos against a Turkish *coup-de-main* from the westward and to begin preparing the position for defence.

In the first days of May the Turks received two important reinforcements. Huzni Pasha arrived with seven reserve battalions, to form the nucleus of a new division (the 7th), and 4,000 Albanian irregulars reached Larissa, led by their hereditary chiefs. The Turkish Government had some hesitation about accepting their services. The conduct of their countrymen in Epirus did not inspire much confidence, and there was reason to fear that the half-savage mountaineers might be guilty of acts that would bring discredit on the Turkish arms. But it was more dangerous to put a slight upon them than to employ them with the army; so they were organised in battalions of about 600 men each under their chiefs. About half of them were attached to Neshat's division. The rest were allotted to the other divisions, most of them going to Memdhuk's. They were found to be very useful as scouts.

On the afternoon of May 4th the Turkish headquarters at Larissa issued orders for the general advance next day. Edhem Pasha's

intentions were to keep Smolenski occupied by a demonstration from Gherli, bring Hairi Pasha's division closer to the Greek left, clear the hills north of the Kanarli River of the enemy's advanced troops, and mass his main body on the ground thus won, ready to make the general attack on the Pharsala-Velestino position on the 6th.

The sketch map on p. 688 shows the situation on the evening of the 4th. The advance began at sunrise on the 5th. Early in the day the Crown Prince received information from his outposts that Hairi's division was marching up the Kanarli Valley from Kotseri, and that three strong Turkish columns were moving out from the camps near Larissa. At the same time came news from Smolenski at Velestino that Hakki's division was marching from Gherli. In all more than 50,000 Turks were advancing to the attack. The three columns coming from Larissa were converging towards Pharsala. The right column (Neshat's division) was marching on Babasi ; the centre column (Hamdi's division) was marching on Tekkes ; and the left column (Memdhuk's division) on Karademertsi. The cavalry was in front of the advance, the reserve artillery behind the centre, Edhem Pasha and the headquarters' staff were with Hamdi's division.

The Crown Prince at once telegraphed to the three battalions and the battery at Domokos to move out to the villages of Kupredji and Hadji-Amar in his left rear, so as to secure his line of retreat. The cavalry and the detachment at Sophades were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to fall on the flank of Hairi's advance. The outposts on the hills north of the river (five battalions of Euzonoi and two batteries) had been originally ordered to fall back on Pharsala in case of a general advance of the Turks. This order was now countermanded. They were directed to stand fast, and the 1st Brigade, under Colonel Mastrapas, was sent across the river to take post near the village of Driskoli and strengthen the left of the outpost line, the flank about which the Greek commander-in-chief was most anxious. But Mastrapas was very slow in moving off, and arrived too late to take any serious part in the fight.

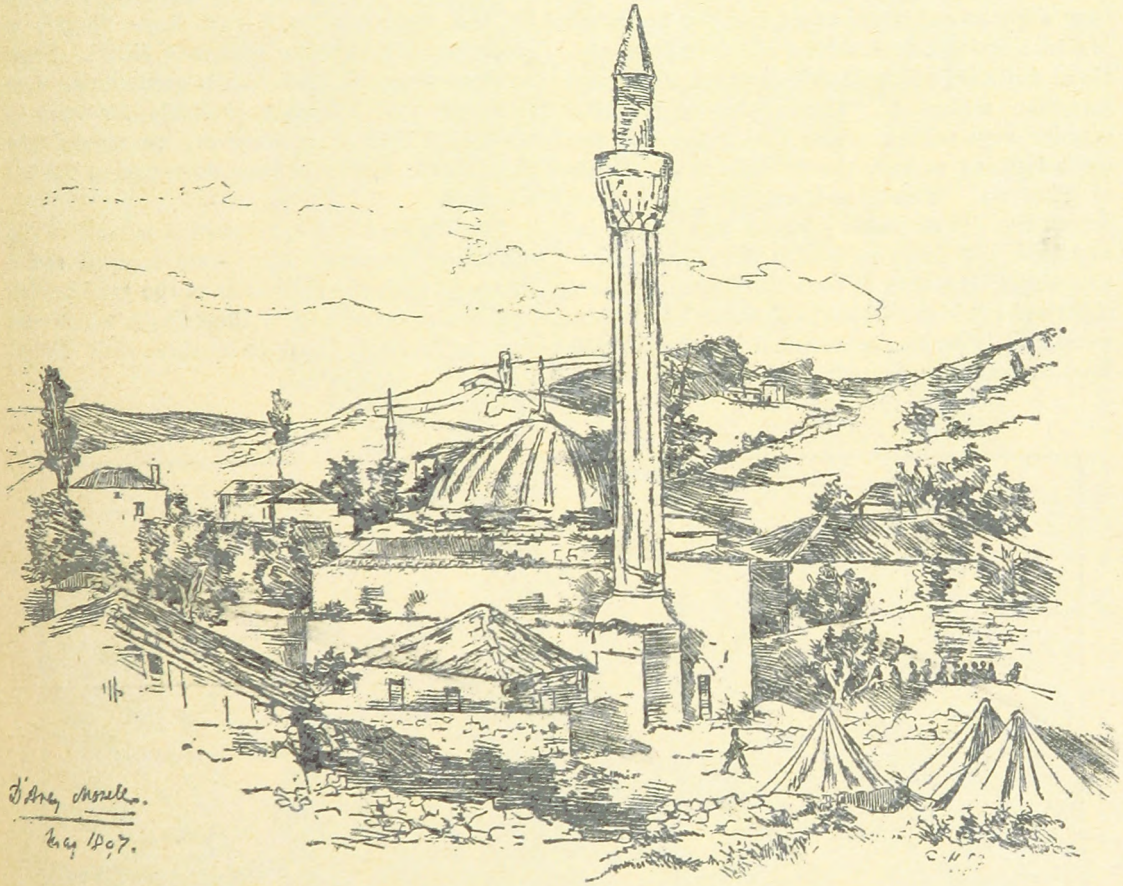
For more than three hours the Turkish columns had been tramping steadily forward along the rough, ill-paved roads through the corn-fields. Between eight and nine there was an occasional crackling burst of rifle fire as the scouts came upon Greek patrols. Just at nine the first cannon shot told that the fight had begun in earnest. It was fired by a Greek battery near the hamlet of Hadji Bey. The target was the head of Memdhuk's column, which was just issuing from the village of Bakratsi. The centre column, under Hamdi, had reached Turkumesli. The right column, under Neshat, was entering Buglar.

Memdhuk brought a battery into action against the Greek guns, and deployed his division for the attack on Hadji Bey and Karademertsi, which were held by a single battalion of Euzonoi. The Turks, who ought to have pushed on boldly and swept away such feeble opposition, deployed and advanced in most leisurely fashion, as if they had to deal with forces at least equal to their own. At ten o'clock two more batteries had reinforced the Greek outpost line, and they had twenty-four guns in action against Memdhuk's and Hamdi's artillery. The left column was exchanging rifle fire with the handful of Euzonoi in the villages, and the centre column had brought its infantry into action against another battalion of Euzonoi who occupied the wood north of Tekkes. These white-kilted Greek riflemen, though hopelessly outnumbered, held their ground coolly and gallantly against the Turkish advance. On the Greek left the English company of the Foreign Legion, under Captain Birch, was in action beside the Euzonoi, and these brave volunteers were afterwards publicly thanked by the Crown Prince for the magnificent way in which they fought.

Memdhuk Pasha used his superior numbers to prolong his line to the eastward, so as to threaten to outflank the Greek left. Under this pressure the Euzonoi began to retire a little after half-past eleven. But they did not go far. They took up a new position running from Tekkes eastward along the edge of a small wood to the village of Kolaxizi, on the western slope of the Kara Dagh. The Turkish centre and left columns continued their stolid advance. Neshat on the right was moving slowly from Buglar on Babasi, and had not yet been in action. Hairi had occupied Hadjibashi without opposition, and in obedience to his orders halted there to wait for further instructions.

The little Greek force that was in action could at most hope to retard the Turkish advance. It was far too weak to occupy the long line it was ordered to hold, and companies were trying to do the work of battalions. Shortly after one o'clock they fell back to the embankments of the railway. Mastrapas' brigade

took up a position along the left bank of the Kanarli, between the villages of Gusgunari and Vasili. The 2nd Brigade of General Makris' division prolonged the line from Vasili to the bridge of Pharsala. The Crown Prince had drawn up the rest of his army (the 2nd Division) facing north-westward towards the village of Tsiachmati, to cover the Pharsala-Domokos road. Thus the 2nd Division could take no part in the action that was in progress.



PHARSALA AFTER THE TURKISH OCCUPATION.

The two Turkish divisions (Hamdi and Memdhuk) now held the hills north of the Kanarli, and Edhem had fully carried out the plan set forth in his orders of the day before. At two o'clock his artillery was in action on the southern slopes of the hills against the Greek positions. His headquarters were at Tekkes. Until four o'clock there was a lull in the battle. By that time Neshat Pasha, with the 2nd Division, had reached Driskoli and come into line. Edhem Pasha ordered an infantry attack on the village of Passa Magula, which the rearguard of the Euzonoi were holding in order to protect the bridge over the river. He also deployed a firing line along the Kanarli west of the bridge, which exchanged rifle volleys with the Greek 1st Brigade.

The Crown Prince had now decided not to risk a decisive stand at Pharsala. He ordered his troops to retire gradually upon the main position on the hills near the town, intending to end the fighting at sunset, and begin the retreat to Domokos during the night.

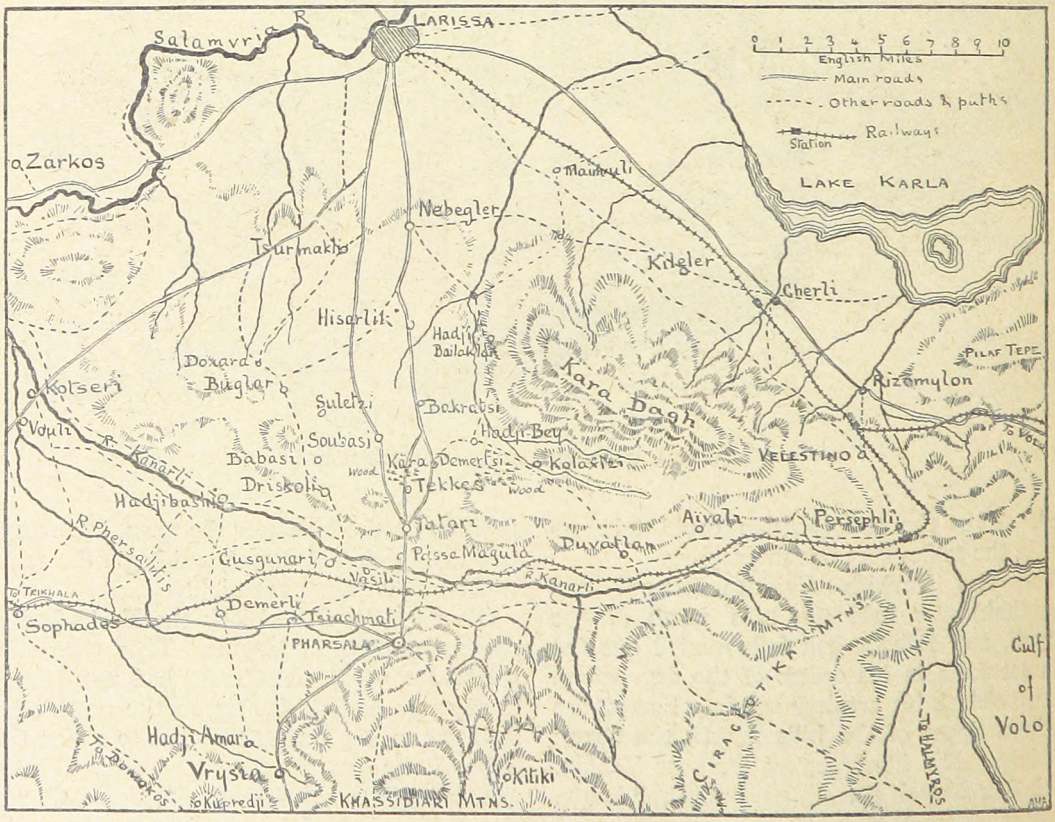
Shortly after five o'clock the Turks had got possession of Passa Magula. They then seized the bridge, which the Greeks had not damaged in any way, and, deploying on the south side of it, began to dig shelter trenches to secure their hold of the ground they had won. Further west a regiment of Neshat's division and two of the reserve batteries came into action against the Greek left. As the sun set, the Greeks had everywhere fallen back from the river, and Hamdi's men had rushed the railway station of

Pharsala. They were busy far into the night barricading the station and entrenching themselves along the railway.

The Turks bivouacked on the ground they had won. Here and there on the hills north of the river the flames of a burning village reddened the sky, for the wild Albanians had been plundering and setting fire to the abandoned houses. The Turkish losses had been very slight, about thirty killed and 150 wounded. Hamdi's division had eleven killed and seventy-three wounded; Memdhuk's, fourteen killed and fifty-four wounded. The losses of Neshat's division were trifling. The Turks regarded the day's fighting as only the prelude of the battle of Pharsala. The Greek outposts had been driven in. Their main position was yet to be attacked. At dawn on the 6th, Memdhuk's division began its march to turn the Crown Prince's right and cut him off from Velestino. The troops were already on the move when it was reported from the outposts that the Greeks had gone.

They had rested in their entrenchments until 2 a.m.; then, in silence and in perfect order, they had begun their retreat to the Domokos position. Three brigades, with five field batteries and all the baggage, marched by the paved road through Vrysia, the road the Crown Prince had been so anxious to protect. The Prince and his staff, with the remaining brigade and the mountain-guns (four batteries), retreated by the mountain path that leads directly to Domokos through the village of Kitiki. Some artillery waggons loaded with ammunition were abandoned at Pharsala, probably for want of teams. There was, however, no reason why they should not have been destroyed at the last moment.

The Turks did not attempt a pursuit of the retreating enemy. The army camped round Pharsala, with the exception of the 3rd Division (under the command of Memdhuk), which was sent to Velestino to co-operate with Hakki Pasha.



VELESTINO AND PHARSALA BATTLEFIELDS.

CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF PHARSALA.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THIRD BATTLE OF VELESTINO AND THE SURRENDER OF VOLO.

WE must now see what had been happening on the other side of the Kara Dagh on May 5th, while the prolonged rearguard action was in progress at Pharsala. Early in the morning Hakki Pasha began his advance from Gherli to attack Smolenski's position. The result was the third battle of Velestino (known as the second battle of that name by some writers on the war, who pass over in silence Suleiman's action on April 27th). This time the superior force was on the side of the Turks. Hakki had under his command eighteen battalions, four squadrons, and four batteries; or roughly, 9,000 bayonets, 180 sabres, and twenty-four guns. To these Smolenski could oppose only two line regiments (of three battalions each), a battalion of Euzonoi (stationed at Aivali), two field batteries and a mountain battery, and a number of irregulars. In all he had about 5,000 men with eighteen guns. They held, it is true, an excellent position, further strengthened by entrenchments, but they could not hope for any reinforcements beyond the battalion at Aivali, already mentioned in reckoning up Smolenski's force.

On the morning of the 5th, Smolenski had three battalions in his front line holding the trenches on the hills on both flanks, and the woods in the plain. Twelve guns were in position on a spur of the hills above Velestino. The other battery and the rest of the infantry were in reserve near the little town. Hakki Pasha advanced from Gherli at half-past six, and, moving very slowly, came in contact with the Greek outposts three hours later. The advanced troops fell back before him to the main position, but after that the Turks made no further progress. Hakki massed the greater part of his force on the right, only keeping enough troops on the left to guard against a possible counter-attack. Two strong columns were pushed forward east of the railway, supported by the fire of all the four batteries. One column made repeated attacks on the hamlet of Kephalo, the other strove to gain the high ground and turn and force back the Greek left. Attack after attack was steadily met and repulsed.

As the sun sank down to the hills, the Turks massed for a final effort. "The moment was critical," writes Mr. Kinnaird Rose (one of the correspondents on the Greek side). "Colonel Smolenski, with something of Skobeleff's electric enthusiasm, rode along the lines addressing the Greeks. In short terse sentences he told them they must remember the traditions of their race, and fight, if need be, until the sacred soil of Thessaly had been saturated with their blood. What an inspiration that was! Uniformed soldiers, and men with only bandoliers filled with cartridges, and in their native dress, cheered. They grappled their Gras rifles more firmly; gave another shout, half a gasp and half a responsive determination to do or die. Reckless of the wild, but at times searching, shell-fire of the Turkish batteries, the Greek lines fired volleys steadily on the intrepid Turks. Then they left their shelter trenches and charged the Turks with a will. The Turkish lines quivered for a moment, then turned and retired in confusion to the shelter of the mountain ridges beyond. It was a brilliant success for the Greeks."

When the sun set, the Greek position was intact, and Smolenski had scored a third victory.

At six o'clock in the evening, the Crown Prince sent Smolenski a message informing him that he had decided to retire from Pharsala in the night, and ordering him to withdraw to Halmyros, where he could protect the extreme right of the Domokos position, and be able to reopen communication with the main army. It is not certain whether this message ever reached Smolenski; but, however this may be, he remained in position at Velestino, and the fighting began again at daybreak on the 6th. The battalion of Euzonoi which held Aivali had received directly from Pharsala the order to retreat, and had started for Halmyros, without informing Smolenski, who had only his six regular battalions and the volunteers at Velestino. Nevertheless, he held his own against the Turkish attacks till the afternoon. It was only at three o'clock that the Turks at last gained a

footing on the rocky hillside on his left flank. Attacked on the centre, turned on the left, and with his ammunition nearly exhausted, Smolenski's position was becoming desperate. The irregulars on the left broke as the Turkish fire took them in flank and rear, and in their flight they threw a regular battalion into confusion. Smolenski rode up and, with the help of his staff, rallied the fugitives. Two hundred wounded who had been collected at Velestino were placed in a train and started off for Volo, and preparations were made for the retreat that had now become inevitable. But every effort was made to prolong the resistance till sunset, in order that the retreat might be made under the cover of darkness. As the sun went down, the Turks at last seized the railway station, cut the line, and then pressed on into the town of Velestino, which was set on fire.

The Greek retreat had already begun. The capture of the railway station had cut Smolenski's force in two. The smaller part of it, forming the right wing, fell back along the Volo road. The larger part, the left wing, under Smolenski's personal command, retreated to Halmyros in good order by the road that runs along the lower slopes of the hills on the west side of the Gulf of Volo. There was some confusion in the march of the right wing along the Volo road, but there was, happily, no repetition of the Larissa panic. The march was partly guided by the long white rays of the searchlights from the Greek battleships in Volo harbour.

Edhem Pasha had received no news during the 5th of the progress of events at Velestino. On the morning of the 6th, soon after the news of the evacuation of Pharsala, there came a report that the Greeks were still holding their ground on the Velestino position. These tidings caused some anxiety at the Turkish headquarters, for some of Edhem's staff had suggested that the Greeks might maintain themselves on the Velestino hills, receiving reinforcements and supplies by sea through Volo, and making the place a second Plevna, that would indirectly bar the advance towards Athens. For no Turkish army could march southwards unless the Velestino position was either captured or masked by a considerable force.

Early on the 6th, therefore, Edhem took steps to assist Hakki in his operations against Smolenski. Memdhuk's division was ordered to march eastwards along the railway, and what was left of Haidar's division, which had just been brought up from Larissa, was directed to march by Gherli to Rizomylon. Haidar's force, originally the 4th Division, had been reduced to six battalions, in order to bring up the other divisions to full strength. It was now officially known as the Reserve Brigade. Before it started for Gherli two battalions were added to it from the 2nd Division. Thus, on the morning of the 6th, about 14,000 fresh troops were set in movement against Smolenski.

None of these troops, however, arrived at Velestino till the 7th. On the evening of the 6th, Memdhuk's division bivouacked near Seratsi, within three miles of the road by which Smolenski, with the Greek left wing from Velestino, was retreating on Halmyros. The Turks were quite unaware of this movement, or they might easily have cut off Smolenski's retreat. Nor had he any idea that 10,000 Turks were so dangerously near his flank.

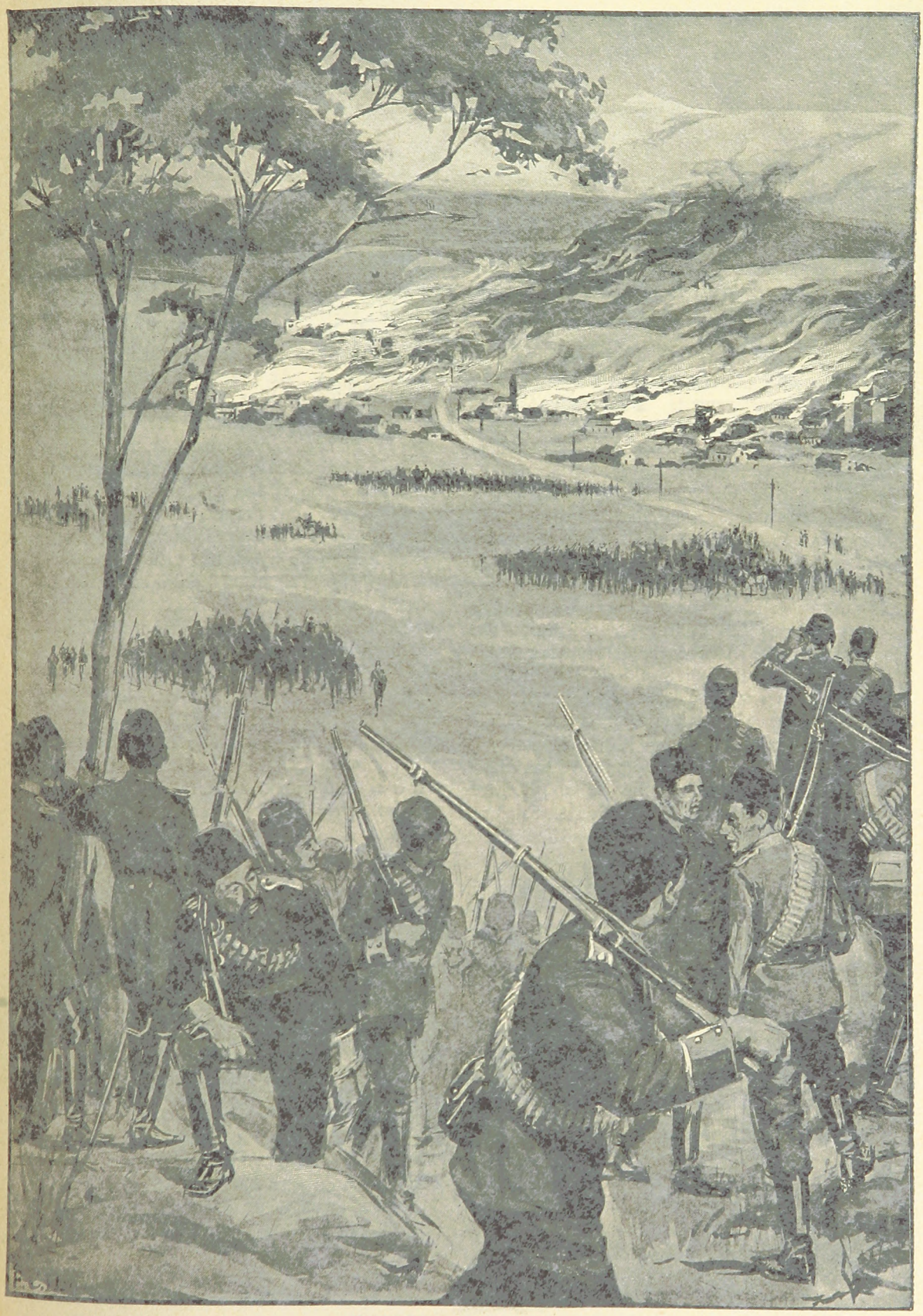
When the troops of the Greek right wing reached Volo during the night of the 6th, accompanied by a terror-stricken crowd of villagers from all the country round, the alarm spread like wildfire through the town that the Turks were coming, and that the place would be sacked and burned. The presence of the Greek battleships, and the warships of England, France, and Italy, did nothing to allay the panic. Everyone seemed to be possessed by the same idea—to get away as soon as might be by sea to Eubœa, or one of the other islands of the Archipelago. There were five large steamers in the port, and a considerable number of small trading craft. Those that lay near the shore were at once rushed by the fugitives. Crowds lined the quays, begging to be taken off to the steamers. It was in vain that the local authorities assured them that everyone who wished to go would be given a passage sooner or later. All wanted to get away at the earliest possible moment.

The Greek soldiers formed a lane through the crowd, guarded with fixed bayonets, and more than a hundred boxes were conveyed to the quay and sent on board the Greek warships. Rumour said that they contained the treasure of the army and the Government archives of Volo. Then one of the steamers flying the Red Cross drew into the quay, and it was with difficulty the crowd was kept back as the wounded from the hospitals were carried on board of her. The staff and appliances on board were part of the *personnel* and equipment of the *Daily Chronicle*

ambulance, which did splendid service on the Greek side during the war. Orders had been sent to evacuate Volo and convey the troops there by sea to Halmyros and Stylida. All the field and mountain guns were embarked with the troops during the afternoon and evening of the 7th and in the following night, but several heavy siege guns were thrown into the harbour from the quay after their breech-blocks had been removed. It would have taken some time to embark them, and it was desired to prevent the Turks exhibiting them as trophies. As the last Greek battalion went on board the steamers, detachments of British, French, and Italian sailors and marines were landed to preserve order in the town. Most of the inhabitants who remained were displaying foreign flags from their windows and claiming the protection of the consuls.

Edhem Pasha, with the headquarters staff, had arrived at Velestino on the evening of the 7th. He found there Hakki and Memdhuk's divisions and Haidar's reserve brigade, in all a force of about 25,000 men. He ordered Memdhuk to attack Volo next morning. But early on the 8th, as the Turkish troops were moving off, a small party with a flag of truce was seen coming over the pass from Volo. They were the British and French consuls with an escort of a few seamen, and with them came some of the war correspondents. They informed Edhem Pasha that they had come to arrange the surrender of Volo. The Turkish marshal promised that order should be preserved in the town, and that life and property should be safe. On the other hand, although the Greek admiral would give no definite pledge, the consuls were able to assure Edhem Pasha that the town would not be bombarded by the Greek fleet. A bombardment would mean the destruction of a large amount of Greek and foreign property, without any really serious injury being inflicted on the Turks. So in the course of the morning two battalions of Turkish regulars marched into Volo, saluting as they came by the foreign marines on guard in the streets. Enver Bey, the newly-appointed Turkish governor, issued a proclamation assuring the townsfolk that they need have no fear of injury of any kind at the hands of the conquerors. The Greek battleships, cleared for action, remained at anchor in the port, but in the afternoon they steamed away towards Halmyros. Edhem Pasha did not enter Volo himself. During the day he returned to Larissa, which he made his headquarters during the usual leisurely pause in the operations that invariably followed a Turkish victory.

The Turks captured a large quantity of ammunition at Volo. They also found in the railway station a considerable portion of the rolling stock of the Thessalian railway, and during the next few days their engineers got the line into working order from Volo to beyond Gherli, and by the Velestino junction to Pharsala. A broken bridge prevented the line being worked all the way to Larissa.



VELESTINO IN FLAMES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECOND CAMPAIGN IN EPIRUS.

THE earlier successes at Velestino had for a moment encouraged the hope that the tide of victory was turning in favour of Greece. The retreat from Pharsala and the loss of Velestino and Volo dispelled these illusions, and the hopes of a few days before gave way to the deepest discouragement. The Ralli Cabinet applied to the representatives of the Powers at Athens, asking them to use their good offices with the Sultan to obtain an armistice. At the same time it was requested that the fleets blockading Crete would allow Greek transports to bring back to the Piræus the 3,000 troops which Colonel Vassos had landed in the island in defiance of the Powers. This request was an act of submission which removed at once the chief reason alleged by Turkey for the war. The ambassadors at Athens replied to the Greek Government that they would do their best to obtain first an armistice and then a favourable treaty of peace, provided that Greece would withdraw its troops from Crete as soon as possible; recognise the autonomy of the island under the suzerainty of the Sultan, without pressing for the removal of the Turkish flag, and undertake generally to follow the advice of the Powers during the coming negotiations. On May 10th the required pledges were given by M. Ralli. On the 12th the ambassadors at Constantinople addressed a joint note to the Sultan bringing these proceedings to his notice, and urging that he should grant an armistice, and name terms of peace that would make it easy to bring the war quickly to an end. The Turkish Government replied that they did not feel inclined to grant an armistice which might only result in the Greeks securing time to reorganise their forces; that although the Turkish army in Thessaly would continue its advance, there was no reason why peace should not be quickly concluded, and all further operations stopped, if the Greek Government would consent to give up the struggle and accept the Sultan's terms. These would include, besides the points already named by the ambassadors (viz., the withdrawal of Vassos's brigade from Crete, and the recognition of the autonomy of the island under the Turkish flag), a small war indemnity, and the "rectification" of the northern frontier of Thessaly between Karya and Lake Nezeros, so as to place the frontier range at this point in Turkish hands. At the same time it was unofficially intimated that the Sultan did not wish to transact any business till after the coming feast of Bairam. This, however, was close at hand, as it fell on May 16th in 1897.

At this stage of the negotiations there was good reason to hope that peace had been secured. The day after the appeal to the Powers the Queen had made a surprise visit to the *Daily Chronicle* hospital near the Piræus. She expressed her personal thanks to Captain Birch, of the British company of the Foreign Legion, who had been wounded in the fighting at Pharsala. She also spoke to each of the wounded soldiers of the company. One of them, an Irishman named Corrigan, told her he hoped to be well enough in a few days to go to the front again and rejoin his comrades of the Legion. "The war is over, my good man," replied the Queen; "happily there will be no more fighting." This was the general opinion in the capital, but unfortunately there were two obstacles to the immediate conclusion of peace. On the one hand, the Sultan wished to continue the campaign at least until his army was in possession of all Thessaly up to the line that had been the frontier of his empire till 1881; and on the other, M. Ralli and his colleagues thought that they could avoid any cession of territory by getting possession of Prevesa before the armistice, and using it as a set-off to any Turkish claim for a "rectification" of the Thessalian frontier. On May 11th they had ordered Colonel Manos, who was still in command at Arta, to re-enter Southern Epirus. The Turks were holding the edge of the hills from the heights of Gribovo to the bridge of Luros, and had reinforced and reprovisioned the garrison of Prevesa. The plan on which Manos was to act was to use the bulk of his force to hold back the Turks from succouring Prevesa, while a

Greek detachment landed from the gunboats at the mouth of the Luros river, and occupied the neck of the promontory at the end of which the Turkish fortress stands. This would complete the investment of the place, on which the fleet and the battery at Kephalis Panagia would then make a renewed attack.

It was most unfortunate that the Government at Athens sent these orders to Manos. It was playing into the Sultan's hands, and courting fresh disasters. For the Turkish army in Epirus was being steadily reinforced, and Manos had not the means to conquer where he had already failed under far more favourable conditions. On the other hand, his taking the field again gave the Sultan the pretext he wanted for breaking off the negotiations and ordering Edhem Pasha to advance against the Greek army of Thessaly at Domokos.

Since the Greek retreat to Arta at the end of April there had been only some unimportant skirmishes on the frontier of Epirus. Colonel Manos had reorganised his division in three brigades. The 1st Brigade, under Colonel Baïraktaris, late chief of the police at Athens, consisted of six regular battalions, a battalion of armed police, and two batteries of artillery. The 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Doxas, was made up of three battalions of infantry, two battalions of Euzonoi (rifles), and two batteries. The 3rd Brigade, under Colonel Golfinopulos, consisted of four battalions of infantry, two of Euzonoi, and two batteries. Unattached to the brigades there were three squadrons of cavalry, a dismounted squadron, some companies of engineers, and a battery of artillery. Besides, there were a number of irregular corps of volunteers, the strongest of these being a force of about 3,000 men, known as the Epirote Legion, commanded by Marco Botzaris.

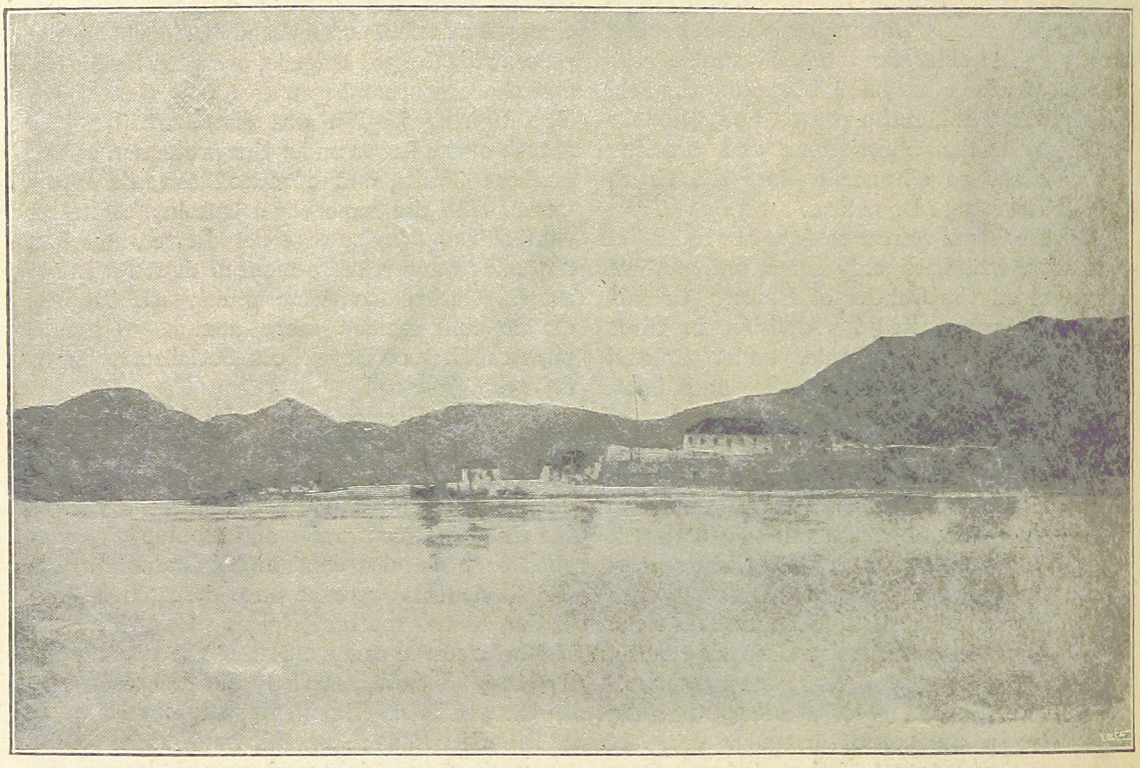
On receiving the order to advance on May 11th, Colonel Manos issued the following instructions to his brigadiers:—The 2nd Brigade was to operate on the upper course of the Arta River, and was to endeavour to seize the bridge of Plakka and advance on Pramanta. The 1st Brigade was to cross the river at Arta, and occupy and entrench itself on the heights of Imaret. The 3rd Brigade, crossing under the protection of the 1st, was to march upon Kalkiades, and await further orders there. Meanwhile, the Epirote Legion under Botzaris was to be disembarked near the mouth of the Luros River, and was to protect the left flank of the 3rd Brigade, repel any sortie from Prevesa, and bar the road from that fortress to Luros.

On the morning of the 12th, Colonel Baïraktaris led the 1st Brigade across the Arta by the old bridge and two military bridges constructed near it. The three squadrons of cavalry scouted in front of his advance. He occupied the heights of Imaret without meeting with any resistance. He pushed reconnoitring parties out to his front towards Kanopulo and Gremenitza. Late in the afternoon they came in contact with the Turkish outposts, and exchanged rifle shots with them. Colonel Golfinopulos, with the 3rd Brigade, occupied Kalkiades, and the engineers began to fortify the village. The Epirote Legion was disembarked at the mouth of the Luros under the protection of the gunboat flotilla, and advanced towards Flamburon. On the same day a battalion of Italian Garibaldians, under Colonel Bertet, reached Arta. It was a reinforcement of doubtful value, as the Garibaldians were utterly without discipline, and seemed more anxious to act as propagandists of Republican Socialism than to fight the Turks.

When the Greeks crossed the Arta, the main body of the Turkish 2nd Division, under Osman Pasha, held the heights of Gribovo and the villages of Kiaffa and Brendista on the left. On the right, between Luros and Philippiades, was another body of troops under Mahmud Bey. Reinforcements were at once despatched from Janina to the south of Epirus. Colonel Manos had ordered the commanders of the 1st and 3rd Brigades to remain strictly on the defensive during the 13th. But in the afternoon a body of irregulars moved up the bank of the river on the extreme right and opened fire on the Turkish outposts. The Turks attacked and drove them back, and then firing began between the advanced Greek and Turkish detachments all along the front of the Greek 1st Brigade. The artillery came into action, and Baïraktaris brought up some of his armed police on the extreme right and drove back the Turkish advance at that point. The skirmishing ceased at nightfall. On the left of the 1st Brigade two battalions and a battery belonging to the 3rd Brigade had come into action in support of their comrades towards the close of the day.

On the same afternoon Botzaris and the Epirote Legion holding Flamburon had fought with an Albanian battalion which was attempting to reach Prevesa from the north. The Albanians were driven back towards Kamarina.

The fighting on the hills near Arta began again at dawn on the 14th. On the Greek side, the 1st and part of the 3rd Brigade were engaged under the personal direction of Colonel Manos. The heavy artillery in the batteries on the hills south of the river opened fire on the Turkish positions about Gribovo, but the range was nearly four miles, and the batteries did no harm whatever to the enemy. The fire of the field artillery and the infantry was more effective.



FORT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GULF OF ARTA.

The Turks were driven from the village of Gribovo and the olive woods on the lower slopes of the heights, but maintained their position on the crests of the hills, and inflicted heavy loss on the Greek attack. Night put an end to the action, which had lasted fifteen hours. During the two days' fighting the Greek 1st Brigade had lost thirty-three officers and 525 men, a heavier loss than that of the Crown Prince's army in any of the battles in Thessaly. Though some ground had been won, Colonel Manos knew that the Turks, who were being continually reinforced, would make a counter-attack next day, and he felt no confidence in being able to resist it. His men were exhausted, and his last reserves had been engaged for hours. At 11 p.m. he ordered a general retirement from the neighbourhood of Gribovo to the hills of Imaret. The retreat was carried out in good order during the night.

On the 14th the Epirote Legion at Flamburon had repulsed a sortie of two Turkish battalions from Prevesa. The fleet had bombarded the fortress in the morning, but had not kept up its fire very long. Its ammunition was running out, and, on the other hand, the Turkish shore batteries seemed to be well provided, and replied vigorously.

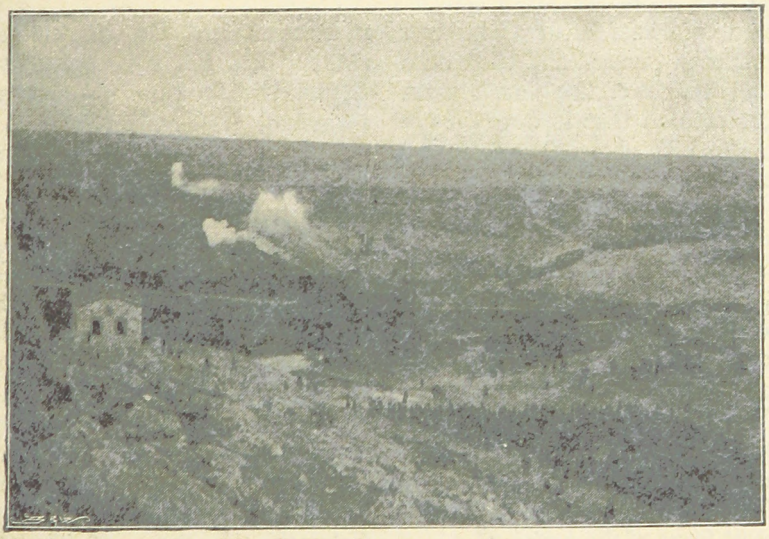
On the morning of the 15th the Turks reoccupied Gribovo village, but did not advance any further. On the hills of Imaret the Greeks were at work extending their entrenchments under a downpour of rain, the bad weather adding to the general discouragement. On the other flank the Turks advanced in force across the bridge of Luros. The outposts of the 3rd Greek Brigade fell back before them, and there was some desultory skirmishing. By nightfall the Turks were concentrating a large force on the Luros-Salagora road, threatening the flank and rear of the Greeks at Kalkiades.

During these three days (May 13th, 14th and

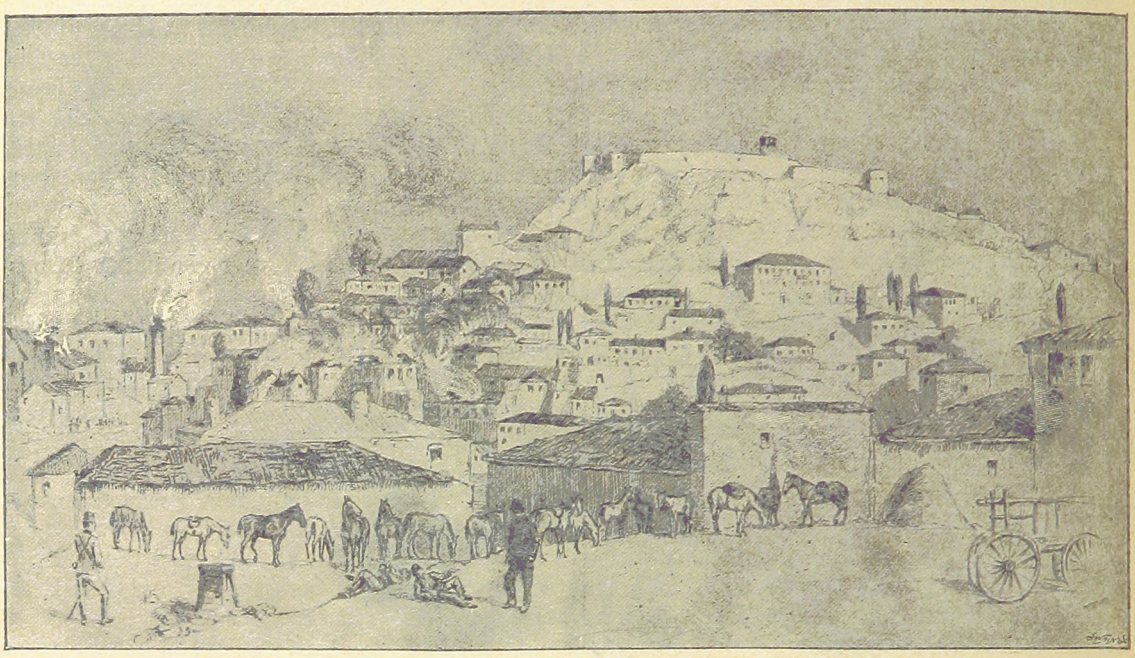
15th) the Greek 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Doxas, had been attempting to make a diversion on the upper Arta, in order to force the Turkish commander-in-chief to keep his reserves concentrated to protect Janina, instead of sending further reinforcements to the south. Doxas succeeded in occupying Syraku, but was unable to advance any further.

On the evening of the 15th, Colonel Manos recognised that the situation in the south of Epirus was anything but hopeful. Next morning he expected to be attacked by superior forces in front from Gribovo, and on his left flank at Kalkiades. By the Turkish advance from Luros he was separated from the Epirote Legion on the extreme left, and there was no sign of the long-hoped-for surrender of Prevesa. He reluctantly decided to withdraw all his troops to Arta. The retreat was effected during the night. A rearguard held the heights of Imaret till the last of the 3rd Brigade had recrossed the bridge of Arta. Colonel Botzaris was warned of his danger, and informed of the coming retreat on the evening of the 15th. The sea was so rough that it was impossible to re-embark the Epirote Legion on board the gunboats at the mouth of the Luros. He had to recross the river and march along the shore of the Gulf of Arta during the night, after repelling in the evening another sortie from Prevesa. On the morning of the 16th he re-embarked his men near Salagora, and reached Arta safely. He had lost 500 men, or at least a sixth of his force, during the brief campaign. The Greek regulars under Manos had lost more than a thousand men. The total losses of the Turks were 355 killed and wounded.

On the afternoon of the 16th the two armies occupied the same positions they had held at the outbreak of hostilities, with this difference: that the Greeks were weakened by heavy losses and discouraged by repeated failure, while the Turks had been strongly reinforced and were elated with victory. On the 17th a provisional armistice was signed at Arta, and the war in Epirus came to an end, exactly a month after the first shots had been fired.



GREEK FIELD GUNS AT WORK.



DOMOKOS AFTER THE TURKISH OCCUPATION.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS.

AFTER the battle of Pharsala there had been no attempt at a pursuit, and the Turks had lost all touch of the Greek main army. It was conjectured that it would make another stand on the hills about Domokos, and this surmise was confirmed by two deserters who came into the Turkish headquarters on May 10th.

On the 14th, as a reply to the Greek movement in Epirus, Edhem Pasha received orders from Constantinople to advance and attack the Crown Prince's army. On that and the following day the country towards Domokos was reconnoitred by Turkish staff officers, but they did not succeed in passing the Greek outposts, which they found watching all the approaches to Domokos from Tsiobu on the west to Kislar in the hills on the east front of the position.

The ground which the Greek staff had chosen for the last stand against the invaders of Thessaly is an outlying ridge of the Othrys Range. Its north-western slopes look out on the plain of Pharsala ; its eastern end joins the main mountain mass. On the north side towards the plain a bold hill is occupied by the castellated citadel that towers above the little town of Domokos. The main road from Pharsala crosses the plain, zig-zags up the ridge near the town, dips behind it into the large hollow occupied by a lake known—like the other lake in the north of Thessaly—by the name of Nezeros. South-east of Lake Nezeros the road rises again and crosses the main ridge of Mount Othrys by the Phurka Pass, beyond which it descends to the town of Lamia, on the edge of the marshes of the Malian Gulf. Lamia is connected by a steam tramway with two seaside villages on the gulf, Stylis and Hagia Marina. South of Lamia the road crosses the valley of the River Hellada (the ancient Sperchios) and enters the pass of Thermopylæ, between the spurs of Mount Œta and the marshy shores of the gulf.

This is the only road practicable for wheeled traffic that crosses the ridge of Domokos, but east and west of it there are a number of hill tracks that can be traversed by infantry, cavalry,

and mountain batteries. East of the hills, another though inferior road runs from Velestino by Halmyros to Platinos, and thence a mule track leads over the eastern spurs of Othrys to the head of the Channel of Eubœa. This road was watched by Smolenski's brigade, and near Halmyros it was within range of the guns of the Greek fleet that lay off the shore in the Gulf of Volo.

The Greek army at Domokos received its supplies and reinforcements through Lamia. They were landed at Stylis, and sent on by Lamia and the Phurka Pass. A few carts and a great number of mules and camels were the means of transport for provisions, and the difficulties of the commissariat were such that for many days supplies were short, and the troops had to be content with a scanty ration of bread and cheese. Not only had 30,000 combatants to be supplied, but also some 40,000 civilian refugees, men, women, and children from all parts of Thessaly, who had abandoned their homes as the Greek army retreated, and were now camped along the road and in the valley of the Hellada about Lamia. The weather was bad, and very few either of the soldiers or the refugees had tents to shelter them. Reduced to a state of inaction amidst this widespread misery, the troops were in a state of discouragement that led to numerous desertions.

The Crown Prince had received reinforcements to the extent of a few thousands. A newly-formed line battalion had arrived from Athens, also 700 reserve cavalrymen without horses, and a number of Garibaldians and volunteers for the Foreign Legion. Two battalions of Euzonoi and a field battery had been brought from Volo by sea to Stylis when Volo was abandoned, and had marched up to Domokos. In all the Crown Prince had about 30,000 men with him and seventy-two field and mountain guns. Besides these, five heavy siege guns had been mounted—one on the citadel of Domokos, the others on bold spurs of the ridge commanding the plain. Smolenski had about 10,000 men, regulars and irregulars, at Halmyros and Platanos. The want of discipline of some of the latter forced him to warn them away from his camps.

On the Turkish side, though no less than fifty-six battalions of reservists had been called out and were on the march to Thessaly and Epirus, none of them had actually reached the front. On May 15th, however, Edhem Pasha received an important reinforcement. On that day General Nury Pasha arrived at Larissa at the head of a brigade of eight regular battalions belonging to the Adrianople army corps. These 4,000 men were perfectly equipped, and, instead of the Martini, they were armed with new Mauser repeating rifles. They bore the brunt of the fighting on the Turkish side at Domokos.

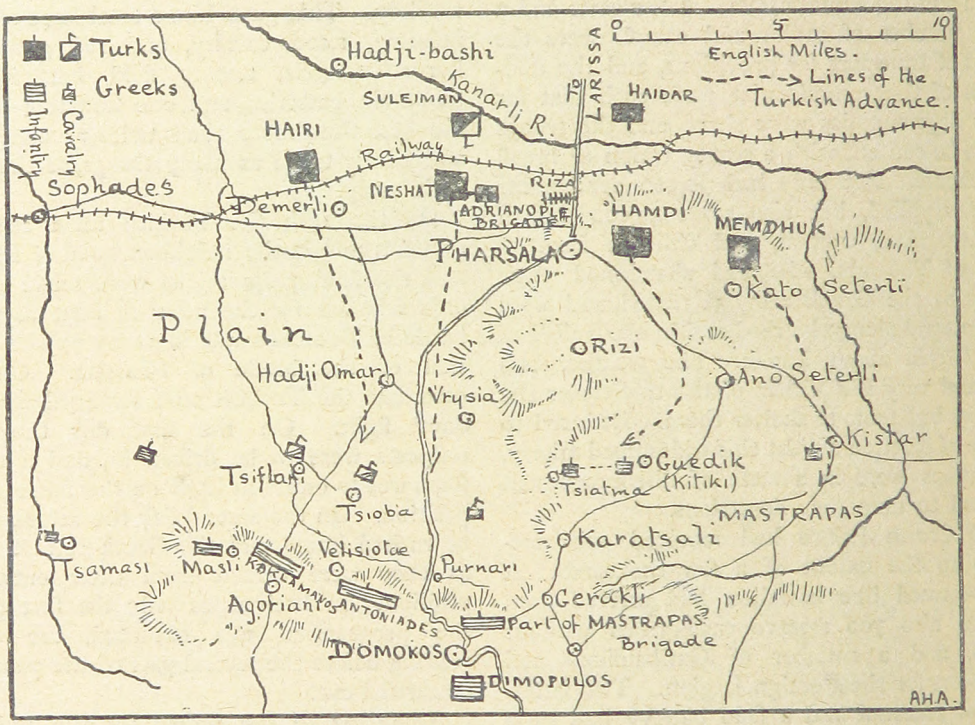
On May 15th Hakki Pasha was at Velestino with the 5th Division ready to advance against Halmyros. Edhem Pasha had with him the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th Divisions, the Adrianople brigade, the cavalry brigade, and the reserve artillery. This gave him a total force of 50,800 infantry, 1,200 cavalry, and 168 guns (three horse batteries, twenty field batteries, four mountain batteries, and one howitzer battery). He had thus more than twice as many guns, and nearly twice as many troops, as the Greek main army.

On the 16th the Turkish main army was concentrated in the neighbourhood of Pharsala, and the final preparations were made and the orders issued for the advance next day. The battle of Domokos was in many ways a repetition of the battle of Pharsala. On both occasions the Turkish staff arranged for a two days' fight. On the first day the Greek outposts were to be driven in, and a turning force was to establish itself on the flank of their position. On the second day the attack was to be rushed home, and the Greek retreat cut off as they were driven from their entrenched position. In both cases only the first part of the programme was executed, the Greeks retiring before the second part of the plan could be carried out.

According to the orders for the 17th, the Turkish main army was to be divided into two wings. The right wing was to advance upon the front of the Domokos position, drive in the advanced troops of the Greeks from the plain, and bring the fire of its artillery to bear upon the fortified heights held by the Crown Prince's army. Meanwhile, the left wing was to establish itself in the hills on the right front and right flank of the Greeks, and be ready next day (the 18th) to act upon their flank and rear.

The detailed orders for the right wing may be thus summarised :—The force employed was to be the Cavalry Brigade, the Reserve Artillery, the 1st Division under Hairi, and the 2nd under Neshat, with Nury Pasha's Adrianople brigade added to it for the day. The Adrianople brigade was to advance by the main road on Domokos, with another of

Neshat's brigades on its left. The rest of the division was to provide a reserve for the attack, an escort of one battalion for Riza's reserve batteries, and a flank guard of two battalions to watch the ground towards the left. West of Neshat's advance, Hairi's division was to form the right of the Turkish attack. Advancing against the extreme left of the Greek position, he was to use the Albanian irregulars to scout on his own flank, which would be further



THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS, MAY 17, 1897 : THE SITUATION AT 5.30 A.M.

protected by the cavalry. The reserve artillery and the headquarters staff would march with Neshat's division on the main road.

The right wing was composed of Hamdi and Memdhuk's troops (the 6th and 3rd Divisions), with Haidar's brigade as a reserve. Hamdi was to march over the spurs of Mount Khassidiari, and then turn to the southward, moving towards the hills on the Greek right. Memdhuk, with the 3rd Division, was to march on Hamdi's left, making a still wider sweep to the eastward before turning south. He was to watch the hill tracks towards Halmyros, in case Smolenski should try to come up from that side to the help of the Crown Prince. It was, however, arranged that Hakki should advance from Velestino and keep Smolenski occupied. Memdhuk was also instructed to send forward his Albanian irregulars in the rear of the Greeks, to try to seize the Phurka Pass, the enemy's one line of retreat.

To sum up, Edhem's plan for the day was, briefly: to hold the Greeks by a frontal attack with his right, on which he hoped to draw nearly all their available forces, while his left worked round their flank in the hills. If they stood their ground, the next day (the 18th) would see not a mere repulse of the Greek army, but its destruction or capture, for under the converging attack of the two Turkish wings, each nearly equal to the entire available Greek force, it would not be possible for the Crown Prince to retire over the Phurka.

Nearly the whole of the Greek army was concentrated on the Domokos position. The division of General Makris held the town and the entrenchments east of the road, with Colonel Mastrapas' brigade in front and the brigade of Colonel Dimopulos in reserve. Along the hills west of the road was the division of Colonel Mavromichaelis, with the brigade of Colonel

THE BATTLE OF DOMOKOS FROM THE GREEK SIDE.

Antoniades nearest the town, and that of Colonel Kaklamanos further to the left. The hills form a kind of flattened crescent, the left bending forward towards the plain. On the extreme left was a detachment of Greek regulars under Colonel Tertipis, and the Foreign Legion. Outside the main position a Garibaldian detachment and a battalion of Euzonoi guarded the flank. Cavalry outposts held the villages in front. Thrown forward in the hills on the right flank were the three battalions of the 4th Regiment, holding the ground between the villages of Tsiatma and Guedik, and still further to the eastward the 7th Euzonoi at Kodjeh. These four battalions thus widely dispersed were the only force actually in position to meet the Turkish turning movement that was to be executed by more than thirty battalions. The fact was that, just as at Pharsala, the Crown Prince expected that the Turks would try to turn his left where the operation seemed easiest, and so the right was, comparatively speaking, unguarded.

At 6 a.m. on the 17th the Turkish columns began the march. The comparatively level ground over which the left wing moved to battle was here and there planted with corn—now standing high and green—but was mostly undulating grass land, uncultivated natural pasture. Here and there rose rocky knolls, and there were a number of small villages. It was an intensely hot day, and the five columns, each formed by a brigade, moved very slowly, the ranks opening out, and the columns lengthening, so that when they were sighted from the citadel of Domokos it was reported to the Crown Prince that not five brigades, but five divisions, were advancing against his front. The first shots were fired on the left about 10 o'clock. Hairi Pasha's advanced guard was approaching the village of Tsiobu, when from the houses and enclosures of the little place there came a rapid discharge of musketry. The village was held only by a handful of Greek cavalry, most of whom were dismounted on its northern edge, but they were using their carbines to such good effect that the cautious Turkish commander overestimated their force, took them for at least a whole rifle battalion, and began to deploy his advanced guard in a long battle line as if he were going to fight a serious action. Edhem Pasha with his staff had ridden to the top of a little knoll near the high road when they heard the firing. With their field glasses they were able to see that Hairi could not possibly have any large force in front of him, and after impatiently watching the fusillade for a while a galloper was sent to hurry him on, for Neshat and the 2nd Division had been directed not to get further forward than the 1st Division on the left, and the whole of that division was halted. It was nearly 11 o'clock when Hairi's vanguard at last pushed boldly forward, and the Greek horsemen galloped off from the south end of the village.

Half an hour later the Greek siege guns mounted on the heights of Domokos opened fire on the heads of Neshat's columns. The range was nearly 8,000 yards, or about four and a half miles, but the distances had been carefully noted by the Greek artillery officers, and they made very fair practice. They would have done more damage if they had had better ammunition, but many of the big shells failed to burst. Neshat's batteries could not reply at such a long range, but the troops deployed to diminish the target they presented, and moved partly under the cover of the rocky knolls in the plain. The vanguard was in action driving in the Greek cavalry outposts, and the boom of guns from the hills far away to the left suggested that Hamdi's division was meeting with more opposition to his turning movement than had been anticipated.

Hairi's division on the left was not only hopelessly slow in its movements, but now began to miss its proper direction. It ought to have moved on the immediate right of Nury Pasha's Adrianople brigade. But it was inclining more and more to the south-westward. The Albanian irregulars who formed its flank-guard had come upon the Greek outposts in front of the enemy's extreme right and were firing heavily, and Hairi, always cautious to an extent that was mischievous to the general plan of the day's operations, had halted again and sent them reinforcements. Another staff officer was sent to hurry him on and set him right. Meanwhile Neshat had to wait for him. It was some time before the advance of the right wing was resumed.

So far there had been mere skirmishing in the plain and a distant cannonade from the heights. The great natural rampart of the Domokos ridge, now wreathed in the smoke of the Greek batteries, might well seem unassailable, and it was no part of Edhem's plan to attack it in earnest on this day. The hill, crowned by the citadel, rose 1,500 feet above the plain; from the crest the hill descended in a

series of terraces, and each had its line of shelter trenches for infantry, with here and there the more massive earthworks of a battery. Looking at it, Edhem realised that it was ground that might well be held by a comparatively small force, and as the sound of firing came heavier and heavier from the hills to the eastward, it occurred to him that the Crown Prince was probably employing a considerable part of his force to check the all-important flank movement, and, if not hard pressed at Domokos, might still further reinforce his right. So Neshat was ordered to advance without waiting for Hairi's belated co-operation.

The Turkish left wing, under Hamdi and Memdhuk, had been making very slow progress, on account of, first, the difficulties of the ground they had to traverse, and then the obstinate resistance of the small Greek force opposed to them, which was under the command of Colonel Mastrapas. Hamdi very early in the day decided that he could not possibly drag the greater part of his artillery over the rugged paths of Mount Khassiadiari. He kept with him only his mountain battery and one of the field batteries. It fared even worse with Memdhuk, who kept only his six mountain guns, and sent all his field batteries back to Pharsala. About 8 a.m. Hamdi's advance guard was in action against the outposts of the 4th Greek regiment. A few companies for a while held in check a whole battalion of Albanian regulars. Forced back by sheer weight of numbers, the Greeks doggedly defended every inch of the ground, and Hamdi had to use his artillery to force his way forward. Memdhuk came into action somewhat later, his opponents being a battalion of Euzonoi. Had the Crown Prince reinforced his right early in the day—above all, had he sent some of his mountain batteries to the help of Mastrapas—the result of the fight might have been different. As it was, the brave linesmen and rifles were very slowly, but none the less surely, forced back. So it was not till late in the afternoon that the heads of the Turkish columns had reached the points assigned to them in the orders for the day, and Memdhuk was not able even to attempt the dash for the Phurka Pass, which had been suggested as the best use to make of the Albanian irregulars attached to his division.

By 3 o'clock the Greek outposts had been withdrawn from the plain in front of Domokos, and Neshat's divisional artillery and some of Riza's reserve batteries were in action against the Greek guns on the terraced hillside. The Turkish infantry began to move forward to the attack, and the battle began in grim earnest. In front of the first and lowest line of Greek trenches before Domokos a long firing line of Turkish infantry was pressing on, the Adrianople brigade on the right, another of Neshat's brigades on the left. They slowly gained ground till they reached a little stream about 600 yards from the trenches. Then their further progress was checked. So heavy and rapid was the fire of the Greek infantry, that one of the correspondents with the Turkish army remarks that one might well imagine that the Greeks had suddenly exchanged their old Gras rifles for Mauser repeaters. Another point is worth noting, for, though it shows a strange lack of discipline in the Greek army, it says something for the warlike eagerness of the men. Hundreds of soldiers and some of the officers of Dimopulos' reserve brigade left their position behind the crest of the ridge and crowded the hilltops to watch the fight. It was the fiercest struggle in the whole campaign. Battalion after battalion of the Adrianople brigade was pushed into the firing line. They came on gallantly, reckless of the heavy loss they were suffering. But they, too, showed a woeful lack of battle training. In their eagerness, the supports fired as they moved up, heedless of the risk of hitting their comrades in the firing line in front, and the ill-aimed, hurried fire of the Mausers did comparatively little harm to the Greeks in the trenches.

Further away on the right Hairi's division at last came into action against the Greek left. One of his brigades advanced against the hills near the village of Agoriani, held by Kaklamanos' brigade, the flank detachment under Colonel Tertipis, and the Foreign Legion. The other brigade of Hairi's troops was directed against the hills near the village of Velisiotæ, held by the brigade of Antoniades. The right column was not only repulsed, but was vigorously attacked by the Greeks as it fell back. The Foreign Legion bore a leading part in the fight. Its commander, Captain Varatasse, a Frenchman, was mortally wounded. The British company, under Lieutenant Ramshay, now reduced to thirty-six men, had out of this small number eight killed and seven wounded in the fight. At Velisiotæ the Turkish attack was making no progress, and the reserve brigade of Neshat's corps was moved up on Hairi's left to support him in a renewed attempt to advance.

It was now late in the afternoon. The Greeks might so far claim a victory on the main battle-field, but about 5 o'clock disquieting news reached the Crown Prince at Domokos from Colonel Mastrapas' flanking detachments in the hills to the eastward. He reported that he was being driven back by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and he asked for reinforcements. Colonel Dimopulos' brigade was now divided. Part of it, with a mountain battery, was sent away to the eastward to support Mastrapas—all too late—and the rest of the brigade was used to reinforce the troops holding the trenches before Domokos.

The Turks had brought all their reserve batteries into action. Altogether in the centre they had seventy-two guns and six howitzers at work shelling the Greek position. Three Greek guns had been dismounted, and an artillery waggon had blown up on the slope near the citadel, sending a great spurt of flame and smoke high over the hilltops. Several of the batteries concentrated their fire on the nearest and lowest of the Greek trenches. The rifle fire from the entrenchment gradually slackened, and at last it was rushed by the Adrianople brigade. Out of 3,500 men, they had lost nearly 700 in the advance. A little later the village of Velisiotæ, shattered by the fire of Hairi's divisional artillery, was evacuated by the Greeks, but they held the hill slopes above the place, and as the sun set, the main position was everywhere intact.

Edhem Pasha and his staff had watched the fight from a knoll near the Pharsala road, facing Domokos. They prepared to bivouac for the night near its base, but before anyone could think of resting there was much to be done. The Turkish marshal and his officers were not a little anxious about the situation. There was no news whatever from the two divisions in the hills to the left. Arrangements for keeping up communication with that wing by signalling had broken down. All that was known was that in every lull of the main battle the wind had borne from the eastward the boom of Hamdi's mountain guns. He had been fighting till nightfall, with what result could only be guessed, but it was thought that if he had been completely successful he would have found some means to get the news through to the headquarters' staff before the close of the day. Then the frontal attack on the Domokos position, though it had been more vigorously pressed than had been originally intended, had proved on the whole a costly failure. The mere outworks of the position had been taken, and the Greeks might try to recover them in the night.

Orders were given to the troops to lose no time in entrenching themselves on the ground they occupied, and Hairi was directed to move one of his brigades nearer to the main road, so as to be in position, if necessary, to support the Adrianople brigade which had suffered so severely, and the men of which were exhausted by the prolonged fight in which they had been so hotly engaged. Soon after dark there was the beginning of a panic in the Turkish centre. Some of the horses of Riza's reserve batteries were being marched to the rear in order to give them water, when the report spread that a retreat had been ordered, and that the artillery was already moving off. It was with difficulty that a general movement back towards Pharsala was prevented.

About 11 o'clock a tired horseman rode in from the eastward with a despatch from Hamdi Pasha. He informed Edhem that he had driven back the Greeks and had bivouacked for the night between Karatsali and Virsi, and that Memdhuk was in line with him further eastward. He was thus in a position to come down on the Greek right or establish himself on their right rear as soon as next day's sunrise gave him light to advance. This news put an end to the anxieties of the Turkish staff. The orders for next day were quickly written. Hamdi was to advance against the Greek right, signalling the moment when he marched off by a salvo from all his guns. Memdhuk was to swing round towards the south-east and try to get between the Greeks and the Phurka Pass, or at least on the flank of their line of retreat, and within striking distance of it. The frontal attack on Domokos was to be resumed at dawn and pushed home as soon as there were signs that Hamdi's advance over the crest of the ridge was producing an effect on the Greeks. The horseman who had brought the despatch said he could not possibly find his way back through the hills in the dark. It was by good luck he had reached the headquarters, so difficult was the country. So Colonel Mahmud Bey, who had led the charge at Velestino and had been in the saddle all day during this battle of Domokos, took the orders and rode away to Pharsala, where he got a fresh horse and then made his way to Hamdi's headquarters. Just before sunrise the report of the guns in the hills told Edhem that his left wing had received its orders, and that Hamdi's division was marching off

But as the sun rose it was seen that in yet one more point Domokos was a repetition of Pharsala. The Greek entrenchments were empty; the town was silent. After nightfall the evening before, the Crown Prince had decided that with the Turks established in force in the hills on his right the position was no longer tenable, and he had issued orders for a general retreat. The defenders of the main position, who felt that they had won a victory, received the news with astonishment, and there was much talk of treachery at headquarters and of a betrayal of the last stronghold of Thessaly to the invader as the price of peace. Such a view of the situation was natural enough, but the history of the fight shows how unjust it was. On the hills of Domokos Prince Constantine had made a brave stand and saved the honour of the Greek arms. Outnumbered and outgeneralled as he was, he could do no more. So all night long in the bright moonlight the Greek army and a crowd of fugitive countryfolk streamed over the Phurka Pass. It was just a month since the moonlight night that had seen the first fight along the border range of Northern Thessaly.

A GREEK MOUNTAINEER.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END OF THE WAR.

THE Turks had lost about 1,500 men in the battle of Domokos, nearly half the loss falling upon the Adrianople brigade. The Greek loss was only about 400. They left in Domokos one of the large siege guns, but removed the rest of their artillery. Colonel Smolenski had also retreated in the night between May 17th and 18th, in obedience to orders telegraphed by the Crown Prince. Hakki Pasha had advanced from Persephli against Halmyros on the morning of the 17th with 5,000 men and eighteen guns, making a detour through the hills to avoid the coast road commanded by the Greek fleet. He found the village held only by a rearguard, and got possession of it after a brief engagement about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was then reported by the scouts that Smolenski was entrenched at Platanos with five battalions and a mountain battery. Hakki contented himself with reconnoitring the position, and arranged for an attack at dawn next day. In the night the Greeks retreated to Serpi. Next morning Smolenski embarked his artillery at a fishing village on the coast, and marched his infantry over a spur of the hills to the coast road along the shore of the channel of Eubœa. He reached Lamia on the 19th. The Greek fleet had left the Gulf of Volo the day before.

As soon as the Turkish staff was aware of the Greek retreat, orders were issued for an immediate pursuit. Hamdi and Memdhuk's divisions, with their mountain batteries, were to move on the Phurka Pass by the hill tracks east of Domokos. Neshat and Hairi's divisions occupied the Domokos position. Haidar Pasha's division, now reduced to a brigade, was sent forward along the east side of Lake Nezeros. Late in the afternoon Haidar's column and the vanguards of Hamdi and Memdhuk's troops were converging on the northern approach to the Phurka. They found a Greek rearguard with a mountain battery holding the entrance of the Pass. After exchanging fire with the Turkish vanguard, the Greeks retired after sundown.

The Turks resumed their advance on the morning of the 19th, Haidar's brigade and Hamdi's division marching through the Pass, Memdhuk moving by the mountain paths to the east of it. The Greeks were evacuating Lamia, the army and the civil population moving southwards to the Pass of Thermopylæ. The Turks had actually come in contact with the Greek rearguard near Taratsa, on the winding road that descends from the Pass to the town of Lamia, and had driven them from their first position, when a flag of truce was sent forward from the Greek lines. The officer who brought it stated that news had arrived from Athens of an armistice being signed, and requested that the Turkish advance should be stopped. Seyfullah Pasha, who was with the vanguard, consented to halt until he could communicate with Edhem Pasha.

The news was true. On the morning of May 19th the Sultan, satisfied with the success at Domokos, had yielded to the representations of the foreign ambassadors, and consented to the armistice being signed. A telegram announcing the fact reached Edhem Pasha's headquarters in the afternoon.

The Greek army continued its retreat during the day, and took up a new defensive position on the spurs of Mount Œta and in the Pass of Thermopylæ. While the negotiations were in progress and there was still a chance that the armistice might be broken off and hostilities resumed, the Crown Prince was engaged in fortifying this new position. The first conditions proposed by Turkey were so disadvantageous to Greece that, desperate as the alternative was, many expected to see her forced into a defence *à outrance*. The Sultan demanded (1) the recession of all Thessaly and the restoration of the old frontier of 1831; (2) the payment of a war indemnity of 10,000,000 Turkish pounds, equal to about £9,200,000 sterling; (3)

the abolition of the special rights enjoyed by Greek subjects in the Ottoman Empire in common with other foreigners under the old commercial treaties known as the "capitulations." To these demands the ambassadors of the Powers replied by a joint memorandum dated May 25th, in which they informed the Sultan's Government that (1) Europe would not consent to the recession of Thessaly, and would at most consent to a "rectification" of the northern frontier that would give Turkey complete possession of the principal border passes; (2) that although the principle of a war indemnity was just in itself, the amount named was too great, as the finances of Greece were already in an embarrassed condition; and (3) that the Powers would not consent to a revision of the capitulations.

The negotiations dragged on through the summer, the Sultan endeavouring to persuade the Powers to allow him to reap as much advantage as possible for his victory. Meanwhile he continued to reinforce his armies in Thessaly and Epirus. But at last he yielded on all points. A preliminary treaty was signed on September 18th, the final treaty on December 4th.

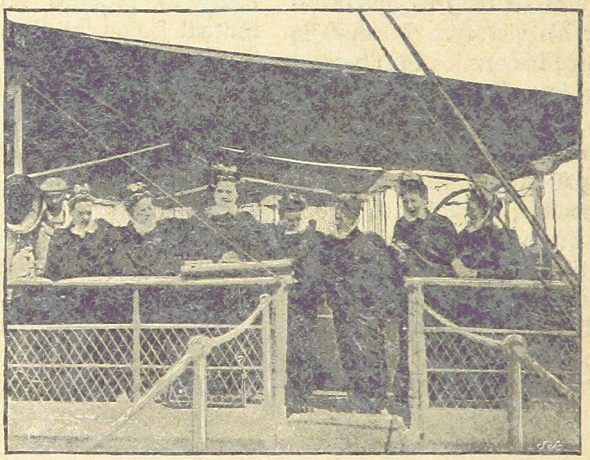
Greece agreed to pay a war indemnity of 4,000,000 Turkish pounds, equal to about £3,680,000 sterling. In order to arrange for the gradual payment of this sum and to secure at the same time the rights of the other foreign creditors of Greece, the finances of the country were to be placed under the control of an international commission. The northern frontier of Thessaly was so "rectified" as to give to Turkey the crests of the hills near Karya and a stretch of territory at the southern outlets of the Meluna and Reveni Passes that made it impossible for Greece in any future war to defend the country lying to the north of the Salamvria.

The chief result of the war was to give the Sultan and his army a new lease of *prestige* in Europe. Since the massacres in Armenia there had been a general idea that the Ottoman Power was approaching its downfall, and there were confident predictions that the next war in which it was involved would produce a general uprising throughout the Empire. But Turkey had to face no internal troubles when she mobilised her armies for the war in Greece, and, although the antagonist against whom they were directed was not able to make more than a show of defence, enough was done to reveal to Europe that the German reorganisation of the Sultan's military forces had produced serious results. "Nothing succeeds like success," says the proverb, and in Europe the victories of Edhem Pasha's armies won many friends for the hitherto discredited and unpopular Turk. In Asia the story of the victories won by the Caliph of Islam over the unbelievers, exaggerated as the news passed from land to land, led to a Moslem revolt against the Russians in Ferghana, and gave a text for many of the discourses by which the Mollahs on the North-West Frontier of India roused the tribes for the outbreak of 1897.

In one important respect the Sultan's victory was absolutely barren of results. He had mobilised his armies in reply to Prince George's expedition to Crete when the Greek brigade under Vassos was landed at Platania. The efforts of the Powers to obtain a permanent settlement of the affairs of the island seemed likely to produce no definite result. Their mutual jealousies, the obstructive policy of the Sultan, and the great eagerness of the Greek partisans in the island, caused month after month to be wasted in fruitless negotiations. But in the late summer of 1898 there was a sudden crisis at Canea. The Turkish irregulars, aided by some of the regular troops, and with at least the connivance of some of the officials, made a murderous attack upon the British detachment in the town. The intervention of landing parties from the fleet quelled the outbreak, after several lives had been lost. Admiral Noel, who was in command of the British naval forces, at once summoned the Turkish garrison to leave the island, declaring that if they did not, he would use force. He also demanded the surrender of those who had acted as ringleaders in the attack on the troops. The other admirals supported his demand; and, after some delay, the Turks agreed to evacuate the island, and the ringleaders were given up, tried by court-martial, and hanged on the ramparts.

Events now proceeded rapidly to a solution. The leaders of the Christian insurgents had agreed that their forces should be disarmed on the withdrawal of the Turkish troops and Bashi-Bazouks, and this measure was carried out under the superintendence of the foreign garrisons in the island. A National Council, composed of twelve Christians and four Mohammedans, had been constituted, and the majority had expressed a wish to have Prince George of Greece appointed to the office of High Commissioner and

Governor of Crete. The Powers gave their consent, the Sultan, after long demur, yielded the point, and on December 21st, 1898, Prince George landed at Canea, saluted by the foreign warships which had blockaded the island against him in 1896. His first act was to proclaim that all Cretans, whether Christian or Moslem, should be equal before the law, and in his progress through the island he was cordially welcomed by the members of both creeds. So at last Crete had practically won its independence. Ruled by a Greek prince under the guarantee of the Powers, its ultimate union with Greece is probably only a question of time.



SOME OF THE ENGLISH HOSPITAL NURSES OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" AMBULANCE WHO SERVED WITH THE GREEK ARMY.

MINOR WARS AND EXPEDITIONS OF THE 'NINETIES.

I.—THE MATABELE WARS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAPTURE OF BULUWAYO AND THE SHANGANI PATROL.

THE Matabele, or Amandebele, are a tribe of the warlike race called Kaffirs (*i.e.* idol-worshipping infidels) by the Mohammedans of the East African coast, a name still applied to them by the European settlers. In the first years of the century they formed part of the great Zulu confederacy formed by the fighting chief, Chaka, who played among the native races of South Africa the part that the First Napoleon was playing among the civilised nations of Europe. In 1817, Mosilikatse (or Umziligazi, to use another form of his name), the chief of the Matabele, quarrelled with Chaka. After a successful foray, he omitted to send his overlord a due share of the spoil. The dusky Napoleon announced his intention of chastising such contumacy, and Mosilikatse fled from Zululand with his people, crossed the Drakensberg Mountains, and spent some time in what is now the Transvaal territory, maintaining his followers by hunting the abundant game and raiding the less warlike tribes of the district. In 1836 and 1837 they came into conflict with the Boers, who were then trekking from Natal and Cape Colony across the Drakensberg and the Vaal to found their new republics in an unexplored land where they would be free from the interference of the colonial governments.

Worsted in the struggle with the Boers, the Matabele moved still further north, crossed the Limpopo, and gradually subdued the tribes of what is now known as Rhodesia, but till lately was marked on our maps as Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Mosilikatse, who reigned till 1868, when he died in extreme old age, was always anxious to keep the white settlers out of the land. He used to deny the reports that there was gold in the country, rightly conjecturing that the precious metal would bring a crowd of prospectors, miners, and adventurers, whose presence would be a danger to the independence of his tribe. It was the law that anyone who by chance found a small nugget in the river sand should throw it back again. To keep it would be, in native parlance, "to call the king a liar."

In 1868 Lobengula (*i.e.* "Driven by the Wind"), the son of Mosilikatse, succeeded to the rule of Matabeleland. Unlike his father, he was anxious to open up communications with the white folk—other than the Boers, with whom he had fought more than once, and whose possible aggression he hoped to ward off by friendship with the British. Messrs. Wills and Collingridge, in their semi-official narrative of the Matabele War, give the following account of the unfortunate king:—"Many Europeans who have held intercourse with him speak of Lobengula with something of admiration, and even strong personal liking. In figure he was tall—almost six feet two inches in height—broad, and muscular, though as he grew old he inclined to that obesity which is common to almost every native chief in South Africa. His mien and manners have always been described as majestic. Mr. C. D. Rudd, who knew him well, and who owed his life on one occasion to Lobengula's firmness, says that the royal Matabele looked every inch a king. . . . Several alleged photographic representations of Lobengula have appeared in the press from time to time; but, in point of fact, Lobengula never on any occasion permitted himself to be

photographed, the native superstition being that the process involved the stealing of the soul of the person so pictured."

The fighting men of the Matabele nation were estimated at about 15,000. They were organised in regiments, distinguished from each other by the marks on their shields, and commanded by *indunas*, or chiefs. There had been rumours that the Boers of the Transvaal were about to organise a large expedition to effect settlements in Matabeleland, and to prevent this the country was proclaimed to be within the sphere of British influence in 1888. Lobengula's court at Buluwayo was now visited by agent after agent, representing various groups of capitalists who were anxious to obtain permission to effect settlements in his dominions and seek for the gold with which the land was said to abound. Enthusiastic explorers told how in various parts of the country one found outcropping reefs, old gold workings, and even traces of ancient Phœnician settlements. This, they said, was the rediscovered land of "King Solomon's mines," the Ophir that abounded in gold.

Subsequent experience has shown that these reports of the riches of the country were greatly exaggerated. As the shrewd old king, Mosilikatse, had foreseen, gold proved to be the magnet that brought the white men into Matabeleland in overpowering strength. In 1889 Lobengula granted concessions to occupy land and search for minerals to Mr. C. D. Rudd and Mr. Rochford Maguire, M.P., who were acting for Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his friends, the founders of the future British South Africa Company. Somewhat similar concessions were granted to Mr. A. E. Maund, the representative of another group, which afterwards joined forces with Mr. Rhodes. On October 15th, 1889, a royal charter was granted to the British South Africa Company, the country which it was to explore and develop being defined as "the region of South Africa lying immediately to the north of British Bechuanaland, and to the north and west of the South African Republic (*i.e.* the Transvaal), and to the west of the Portuguese dominions."

In the following year the first steps were taken to turn the concessions to practical account. A pioneer expedition of 500 settlers, well equipped and armed, and commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, started from the borders of Bechuanaland, and, making a rough road as it advanced, and establishing fortified posts at intervals, it reached, on September 12th, 1890, after a march of 500 miles, Mount Hampden, in the east of Matabeleland, which had been selected as the centre of the Company's operations. There was some fear that, notwithstanding Lobengula's permits, his warriors might resent the coming of the white settlers and attack the column. There was also some risk of opposition from the Boers in the first, and from the Portuguese in the last, part of the march; but, happily, the expedition reached Mount Hampden without firing a shot or losing a life. Here Fort Salisbury was built, and a town began to grow up beside it.

So far all had gone well, but when the rainy season began, the arrangements for supplying the pioneers broke down, and fever and scarcity thinned their ranks. Many died, others abandoned the enterprise, but the rest held bravely on, and were soon reinforced by newcomers. Compared with the glowing reports that had heralded the enterprise, the results of the first prospecting for gold reefs were disappointing. The district of Manica on the eastern slope of the Matabeleland plateau was by all accounts a more promising district for the gold seekers, and it was resolved to occupy it. The result was a conflict with the Portuguese, who claimed that Manica was part of their East African territories.

The district had been explored by the Portuguese traveller, Colonel Pavia de Andrada, who claimed that he held concessions from local chiefs and from Lobengula himself, of earlier date than those of the South Africa Company. These concessions had been turned over to a Portuguese association, the "Mozambique Company," in which, curiously enough, the chief shareholders were Englishmen. During the period while the agents of the rival companies were pushing from opposite directions into Manicaland, there was a skirmish at Massi Kessi between a detachment of the South Africa Company's forces, under Major Forbes, and an armed party led by Andrada, in which the Portuguese were defeated and their leader was taken prisoner. The quarrel was finally adjusted by the British and Portuguese Governments agreeing, in June, 1891, to a division of Manicaland, the new frontier giving some valuable territory to the South Africa Company.

During the next two years the development of the Mashonaland settlements made steady progress. Salisbury grew into a town. Labour

on farms and mines was obtained by employing the Mashonas, the vassals of the warlike Matabele. Lobengula still held his savage court at Buluwayo, in the western part of the country, and thus two governments, acting on widely different principles, existed side by side in the same region. A conflict sooner or later was inevitable. How it actually arose is still a subject of controversy between the partisans and the opponents of the Chartered Company. But the fact seems to be that the young Matabele warriors persisted in raiding upon the Mashonas in the employ of the settlers, and the outbreak of hostilities was simply the result of one of these raids. Matters came to a climax on Sunday, July 9th, 1893, when a Matabele impi, or war party, killed several Mashona labourers close to the town of Victoria. Dr. Jameson, who was then administrator of the Company's territory in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, hurried to Victoria and held a conference with the Matabele chiefs, whose warriors were encamped in the neighbourhood. After a parley, in which they took a defiant tone, he told them that if they did not march away their force in an hour he would send the mounted police to attack them. A part of the impi began to retreat, but 300 or 400 remained in position, and when the time was up, a party of about forty horsemen was sent out under Captain Lendy, R.A., who fired on and dispersed them.

Efforts were now made, both by Dr. Jameson and the High Commissioner of South Africa, to induce Lobengula to disavow the conduct of his chiefs in camping near Victoria and killing the Mashonas, and to punish those who were responsible. At first he seemed inclined to yield, but he ended by refusing to comply with the demands of the Colonial Government and the Company, and the High Commissioner finally authorised Dr. Jameson to employ the Company's forces in a march on Buluwayo, to break up the military power of the Matabele. The incident which led to the actual rupture was an attack on a patrol of the Bechuanaland Border Police, by the Matabele, on October 5th. The Border Police, an Imperial force, were ordered to cross the frontier under the command of Colonel Goold Adams, and co-operate with the Chartered Company's forces under Major Forbes and Dr. Jameson.

These had been for some time in process of organisation for active service, for early in the negotiations with Lobengula it had been recognised that the Matabele king had not the power, and perhaps had not the wish, to check his fighting chiefs and young warriors, and put an end to the raids once and for all. A plan of campaign had been drawn up, the leading idea of which was that several small columns of mounted riflemen, with machine guns and some field pieces, were to converge upon Buluwayo, the Matabele capital. Each column would be accompanied by a number of ox waggons carrying supplies and reserve ammunition, and when halted for the night, the waggons, with the help of a hastily constructed thorn fence, could be used to form a fortified laager, which, manned by good rifle shots, with the help of the Maxim guns, could easily defy the rush of savage spearmen.

It was expected, and indeed hoped, that the Matabele would attack the laagers. They were supposed to be able to muster about 15,000 fighting men, but only about half of them had rifles of any kind, and even they had no idea of how to make an effective use of them. The Matabele rifleman usually put up his sights as high as possible under the impression that this made the rifle "shoot stronger," an idea derived from seeing white men put the sight up when aiming at a distant object. The result was that the Matabele fire was always high and comparatively harmless. Many of the warriors were armed only with native weapons, the spear, the club, and the hide-covered shield. A small European force could defeat thousands equipped in this primitive fashion, for steady rifle fire would prevent the enemy from ever getting to close quarters.

The total force employed in the advance on Buluwayo consisted of about 1,100 whites and 600 natives, these latter being employed as servants, waggoners, and scouts. Two columns advanced from the eastward, the Salisbury or Fort Charter column, under Major P. W. Forbes, which numbered 258 white Volunteers and 115 natives; and the Victoria column under Major Allan Wilson, made up of 441 whites and 440 natives. The Victoria column was accompanied by Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby. The two columns united at Iron Mine Hill before coming in contact with anything but small parties of the enemy, Major Forbes taking command of the combined force. The columns advancing from the south were the Tuli column under Commander Raaff, numbering 225 white Volunteers, who were joined on the way up by a contingent of natives under Khama, the chief of the Bamangwatos; and the Imperial forces

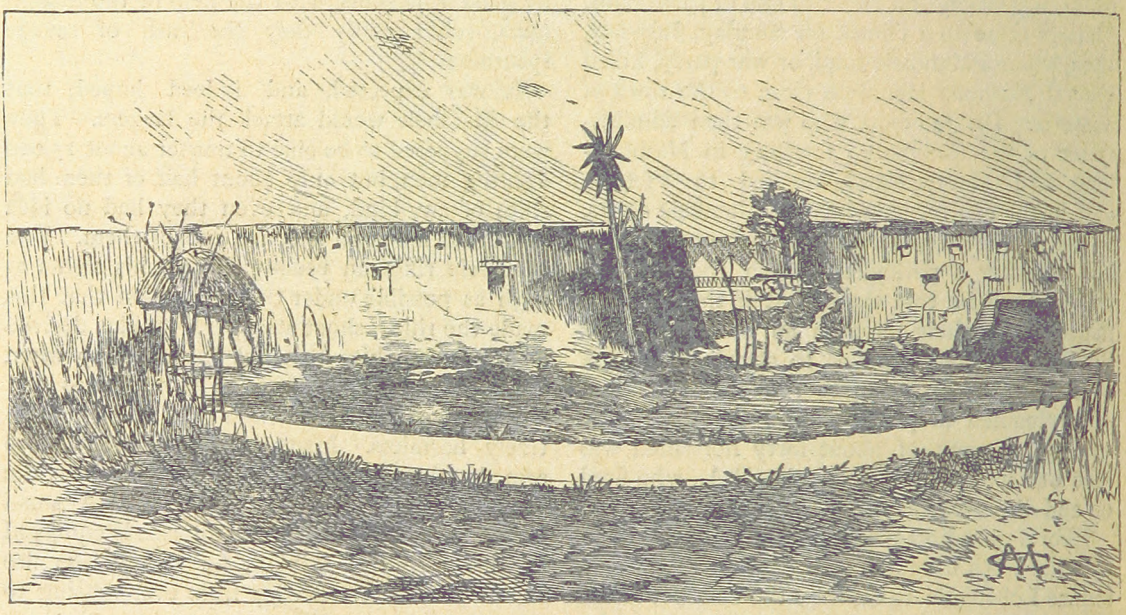
under Colonel Goold Adams, made up of 225 of the Bechuanaland Border Police.

Almost all the fighting was done by the Salisbury and Victoria columns under Forbes. But the advance of Colonel Goold Adams from the south was of real service to the columns moving further north, as the Matabele diverted a force of their best fighting men to guard the southern approaches to their capital.

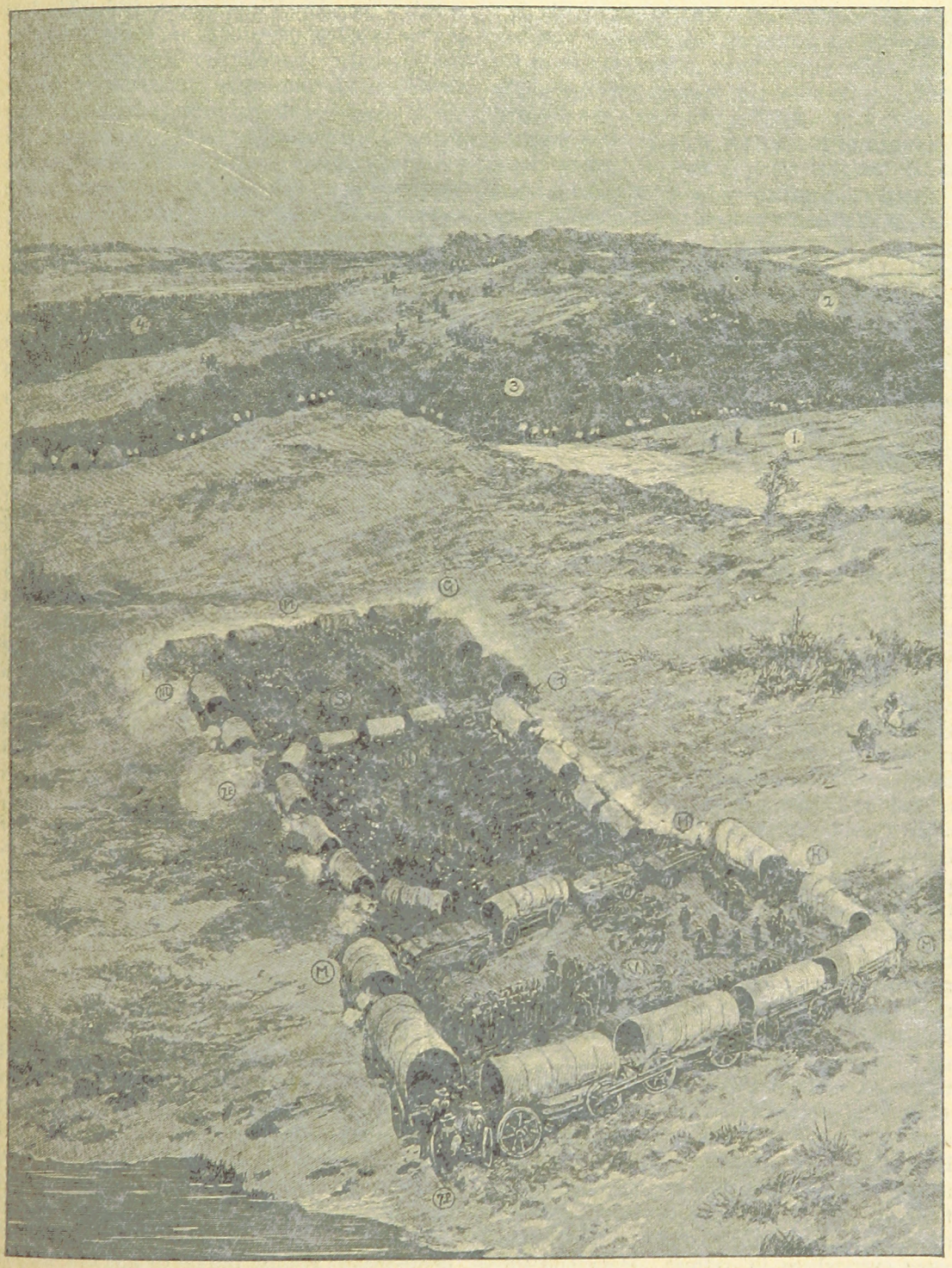
Forbes and Allan Wilson joined their forces at Iron Mine Hill on October 16th, and the march westwards was resumed next day. The line of march chosen lay along the high ground that forms the watershed between the Zambesi and Limpopo rivers. Thus no large watercourses had to be crossed, and the head streams of numerous tributaries of the Zambesi afforded plenty of water for the men, horses and oxen. There was a good deal of bush, and sometimes a track had to be cut through it, but generally the line of march lay through open glades and over high downs. To the left rose the bold rocky summits of the Matoppo Hills.

Soon after leaving Iron Mine Hill the force was joined by some 300 natives, Mashonas, thus raising the black contingent to about 900. "We found them most useful," says Major Forbes, "in bushing the laagers, making kraals (enclosures) for the cattle, and driving captured cattle." On the night of the 24th the column camped near the headwaters of the Shangani River, and next day (October 24th) was fought the action known as the battle of the Shangani.

The Victoria and Salisbury contingents had as usual formed separate laagers with their waggons, the guns being placed in openings left for the purpose. The laagers were close together, and connected by parallel thorn hedges, inside which the cattle were picketed. There were pickets of white Volunteers and natives outside the laagers, on all sides. The enemy, who were afterwards found to be about 6,000 strong, attacked in the darkness before daybreak, rushing the pickets. "At five minutes to four in the morning," writes Major Forbes, "we were suddenly awakened by quick firing, and realised that the enemy were on us. The waggons were manned immediately and fire opened all round the laager. It was too dark to see the natives at first, but their position was shown by the flashes that came from the grass all round the laager. I jumped up on the nearest waggon and tried to see into the darkness, but could distinguish nothing but the flashes, which were very close and frequent. The enemy were so close to us that I did not think it safe to stop firing, even had I been able to do so in the noise that was going on. I was very much afraid that some of the men on picket would be killed either by friends or by enemies, and I was



INTERIOR OF LOBENGULA'S KRAAL AT BULUWAYO.



THE BATTLE NEAR BULUWAYO, NOVEMBER 1ST.

S.—Salisbury Laager.
V.—Victoria Laager.
N.—Native Contingent and Cattle.
7-P.—Seven-pounders.

M.—Maxim Gun.
ND.—Nordenfeldt Gun.
G.—Gardner Gun.
H.—Hotchkiss Gun.

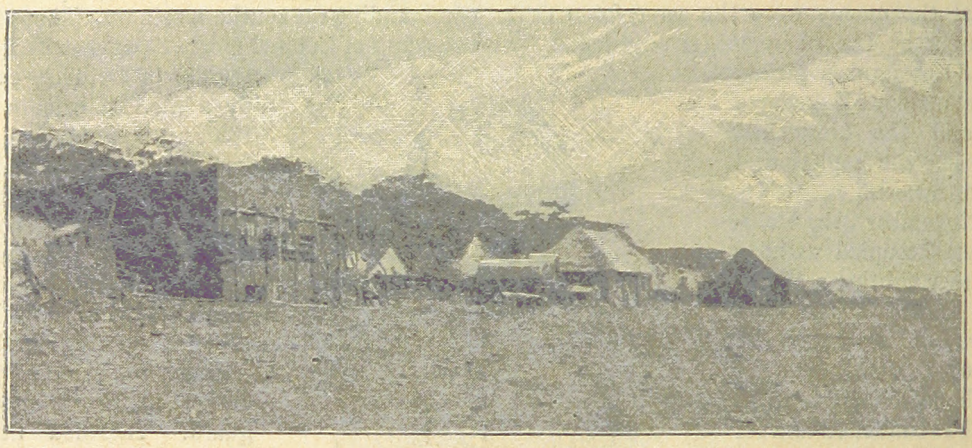
1.—Here Victoria Infantry entered upon the attack and skirmished.
2.—Imgulbu Matabele Regiment.
3.—Imbuzu Matabele Regiment.
4.—Insukamini Matabele Regiment.

at the waggons, and in trying to stop the rush of the Matabele had already been wounded when the mounted men arrived. But by this time the rearmost of the waggons had been rushed, Corporal Mundy and a native driver who were with it both being assegaied, the waggon fired, its contents destroyed, and the oxen taken away. Our mounted men covered the movement of the waggons to the laager and fell back with them, the Matabele following them up through the bush, eventually getting to within 150 yards of the laager, when the Maxim guns opened fire and they at once turned. The Matabele then retired into the hills to the southward. I then ordered our mounted men out after them, and Khama's men to storm the hills, our men going round the base of the hills to prevent the Matabele as much as possible from getting out. Firing was kept up on the hills for about an hour, when nothing more could be seen of the Matabele. We afterwards ascertained that they must have remained in hiding in the caves and rocks until nightfall, when they made their way back to the Matoppo Mountains. Over sixty dead bodies were counted, and a great number must have gone away wounded. Sergeant Dahm was shot through the head during the attack on the hills, three of Khama's men were killed and six or seven wounded. Mr. Selous, Sergeant-Major Codrington, and Corporal Ransome were also wounded, but not seriously."

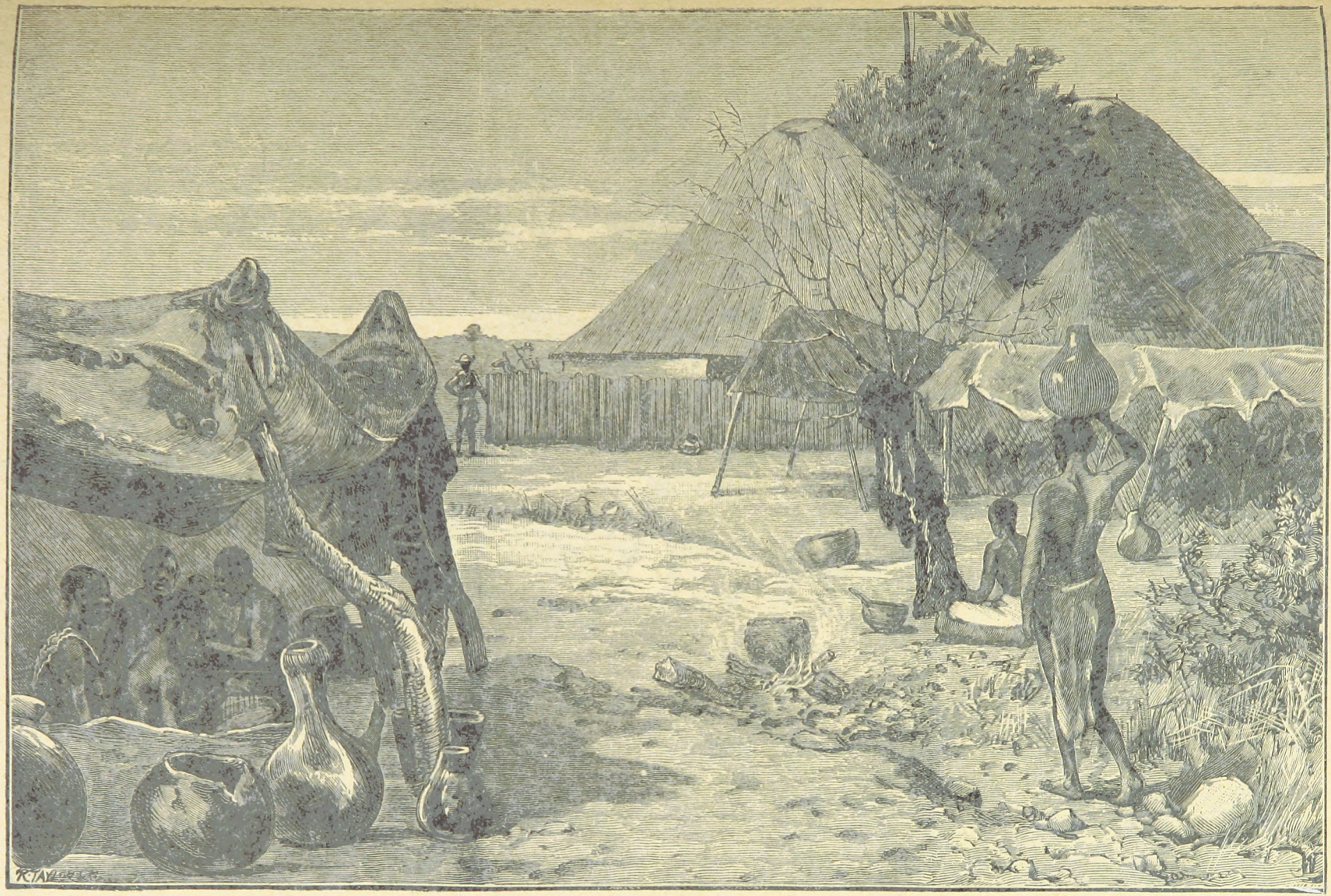
On November 5th Khama suddenly informed Colonel Goold Adams that he and his people would go no further. Small-pox, he said, had broken out among them, and all attempts to hold him to his engagement proved useless. But his defection mattered very little, for the war was practically over. Within a few hours of Khama's departure from the camp, some of the natives of the district brought in news of the battle of Imbembesi and the flight of Lobengula from Buluwayo. They also said that Gambo and his Matabele army, on hearing the news, had fled towards the Gwai River. Next day the reports as to what had occurred at Buluwayo were confirmed by a letter from Dr. Jameson. Colonel Goold Adams had now no enemies in his front, and marching by easy stages he reached Buluwayo on November 15th.

Meanwhile messengers had been sent all over the district to inform the natives that if they would come in and surrender their arms they would be in no way molested and would be allowed to cultivate their lands. But though by all accounts the Matabele were anxious for peace they would not submit while Lobengula held out, and the king at first refused absolutely to surrender. It was decided, therefore, to send out a column to capture him, or drive him out of the country and across the Zambesi. A mixed force of the Chartered Company's Volunteers and the Border Police therefore started in pursuit of the king, under the command of Major Forbes. But before he could come up with the fugitive king, his own supplies were exhausted, and he had to retire to the deserted mission station of Shiloh, north of Buluwayo, where waggons were sent to meet him. It was afterwards ascertained from the natives that the column was within three miles of the king when the pursuit was abandoned.

From Shiloh another start was made, first to

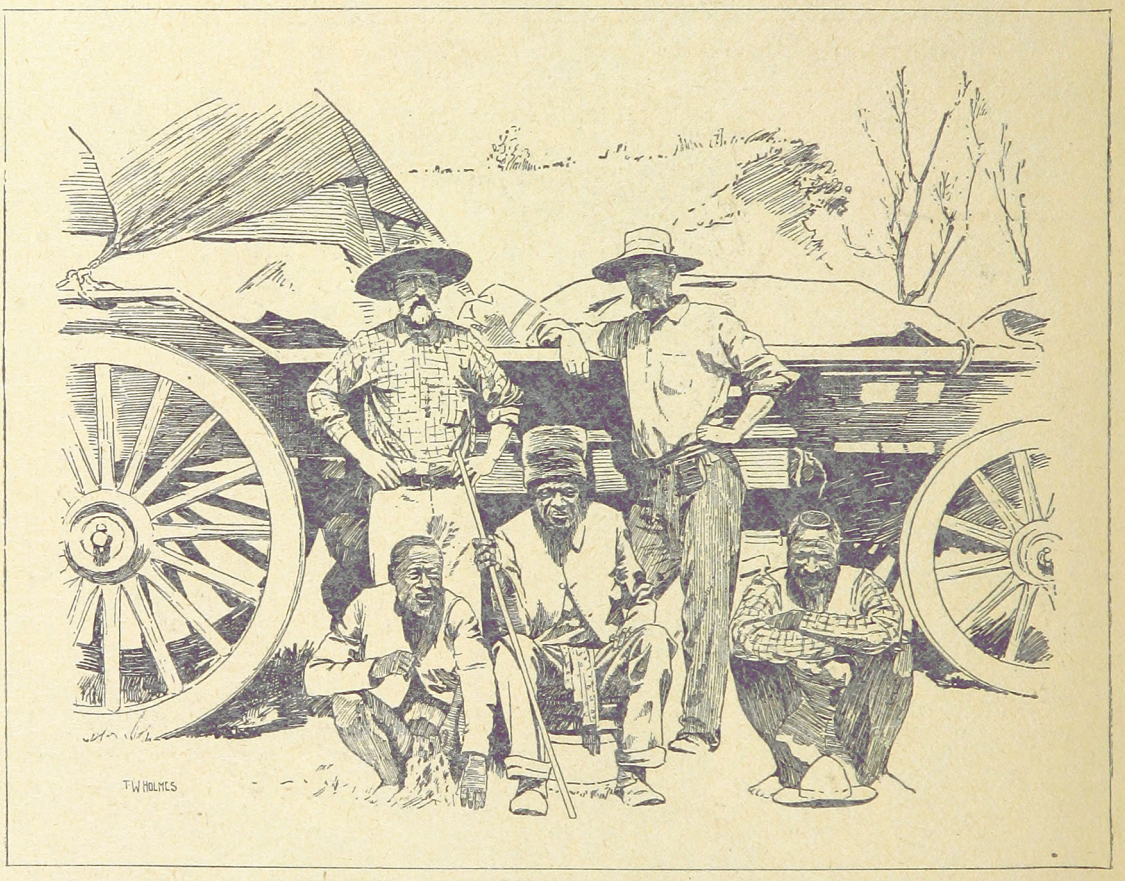


THE BUILDING OF SALISBURY: THE FIRST BRICK HOUSE.
(From a photo by Mr. A. E. Maund.)



TEMPORARY CAMP AT BULUWAYO.

the north-westward, then across the Imbembesi River, and north-eastward to the Shangani. Native reports now said that most of Lobengula's people had left him, that those who remained were short of food and many of them sick, and that the old king himself was ill with fever and gout. Though unfortunately the fact was not known till much later, Lobengula had given up all hope of escape, and had sent in two messengers and his escort had slept there the night before, and that he was not far off. It was now 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and Forbes resolved to camp for the night, but to send on a strong patrol under Major Allan Wilson to overtake the king. Wilson's party consisted of fifteen officers and men. December is the midsummer month in South Africa, and it was hoped that Wilson would be able by riding rapidly to ascertain



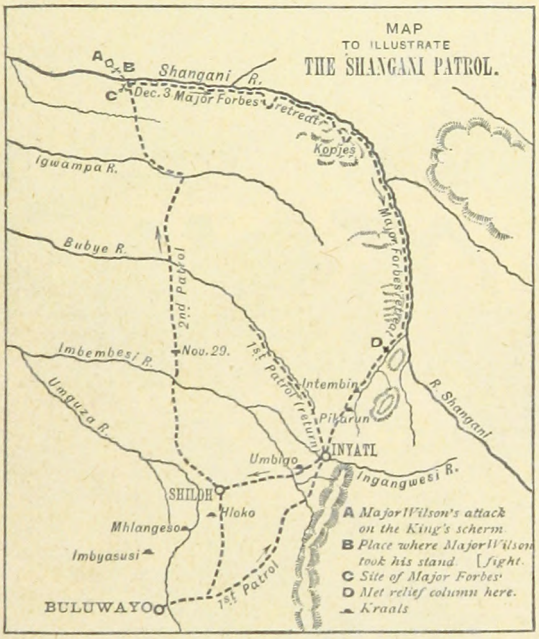
MR. RILEY. UMJAN, MATABELE CHIEF. MR. DAWSON.

with a present of gold and a letter asking for terms. The gold was stolen and the letter intercepted and suppressed by two troopers of the Border Police. The result of this crime was that the king and his bodyguard were driven to make a last despairing effort at resistance, many valuable lives were lost, and the war—so far successful—ended with a tragic disaster.

Following the trail made by the wheels of the king's three waggons, the pursuers reached on December 3rd a recently deserted native camp near the Shangani River. A Matabele who was captured by the scouts admitted that the king where the king had bivouacked and be back to camp before dark. But late in the evening two of the patrol returned with a message from Wilson saying he had crossed the Shangani and found out where the king was, and instead of returning to camp would spend the night near Lobengula's bivouac. Later still three troopers came in from Wilson with a warning to Forbes that the Matabele were stronger than had been at first reported, and hoped to surround and attack the camp. A native had already told Forbes that there were some 3,000 of the enemy in the neighbourhood.

Wilson had come close to the king's bivouac in the dark, and had shouted to the natives near that he would not harm them, and that all he wished to do was to speak with the king; but the Matabele came crowding round the little party in large numbers, and at that moment a driving shower of rain made it difficult to see what was happening. Wilson therefore turned and rode back half a mile to get clear of the enemy. Then he halted for the night.

On hearing that Wilson meant to camp on the other side of the river, Forbes sent off Captain Borrow and some twenty troopers to his aid, with a message that he himself would come on with the rest of the column and the Maxim guns at daybreak. Borrow joined Wilson without meeting with any of the enemy



At dawn on December 4th Major Forbes marched off. To reach the ford of the Shangani he had to go for some distance between the river bank and the edge of a dense mass of bush. He had hardly started when firing was heard across the river, showing that Wilson's party was already in action. Shortly after, a heavy fire was opened on Forbes's column from the bush on the left. The party halted and brought the Maxims and their rifles to bear on the points where the puffs of smoke in the bush showed the enemy were in ambush. After a hard fight, in which five men were wounded, the enemy's fire gradually ceased, and the little party fell back to a better position near the river.

While the fight was in progress three men from Wilson's party—Burnham, an American scout, and troopers Gooding and Ingram—had swum their horses across the river and joined Forbes. They brought terrible news. "I think I may say," said Burnham, "that we are the last survivors of that party." They had tried the ford that had been easily crossed the night before, but the river was rising rapidly, and there was deep water at the ford and a strong current. They told how at dawn Wilson and his patrol had ridden up to the king's camp, calling out that they wished to speak with Lobengula. They had been fired upon, and returned the fire. Then finding they were hopelessly outnumbered they began to retreat. The Matabele pressed on upon all sides and were trying to surround them, when Wilson told Burnham and the two troopers, the best mounted men in the patrol, to ride hard for the ford and bring back reinforcements. As Burnham and his comrades approached the river they had to dash through a great column of Matabele that had already interposed between Wilson and his only line of retreat.

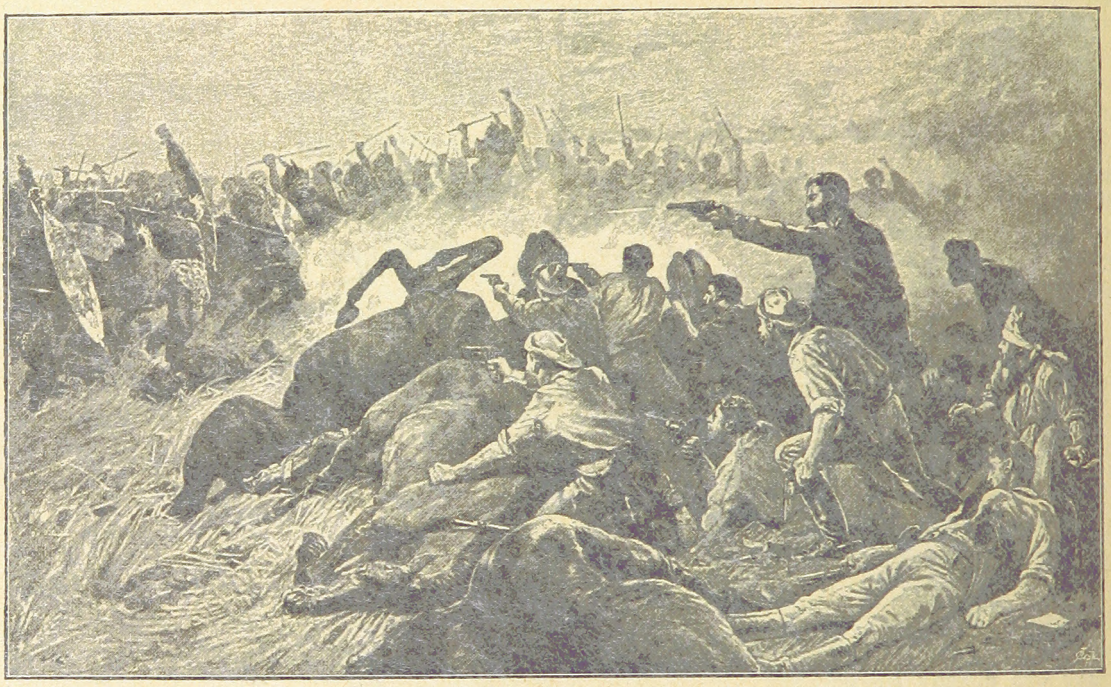
It may be asked why did not the rest of the patrol join in this dash for the ford. It was impossible. Several horses had been shot, the rest were mostly tired out, and there were several wounded and dismounted men who could not be left behind. Forbes now had to face a terrible situation. The Maxims could not be got across the swollen river, and to send a handful of troopers to swim across would be only to throw away more lives in a hopeless enterprise. So he remained till next day by the Shangani, hoping that some of Wilson's party might get down to the river bank, or that the river might fall. Next day all hope was abandoned, and he began his retreat along the river bank, sending back Burnham and Ingram with a message to Buluwayo, asking for a relief column to be sent to his assistance.

He was already short of supplies, and during the retreat his men lived chiefly by killing and eating the horses, only a few at last being left for the sick and wounded to ride upon. He had in the first days of the retreat more than one fight with the Matabele who hung upon his flanks and rear. The rainy season had begun, and the ceaseless downpour made the march

all the more difficult. Nearly all the baggage and even the carriages of the Maxims had to be abandoned. The force was reduced to the utmost extremity when at last it met the relief column near Inyati, forty miles north of Buluwayo.

In January another patrol of 180 men and two Maxims under Colonel Goold Adams started from Buluwayo for the Shangani, but they could go no further than Inyati, the heavy rains making a further advance impossible. An attempt was made to send native messengers to the king, but no one could be induced to attempt the journey ; but early in February two white traders who had long resided with Lobengula at Buluwayo—James Dawson, a Scotchman, and Patrick Riley, an Irishman—volunteered for the perilous duty. Travelling without escort in a small cart, they reached the Shangani in the middle of February. Their knowledge of the Matabele stood them in good stead. No attack was made on them, and they learned that the king had died, that numbers of his people had also perished, and that nearly all the survivors had been ill with fever during the rains and were short of food. Now that the king was dead they were willing enough to come in and surrender, but they were afraid that in revenge for the deaths of Wilson and his comrades they would be massacred if they gave up their arms. Reassured on this point, they agreed to send in their surrender through their old friends the two white envoys.

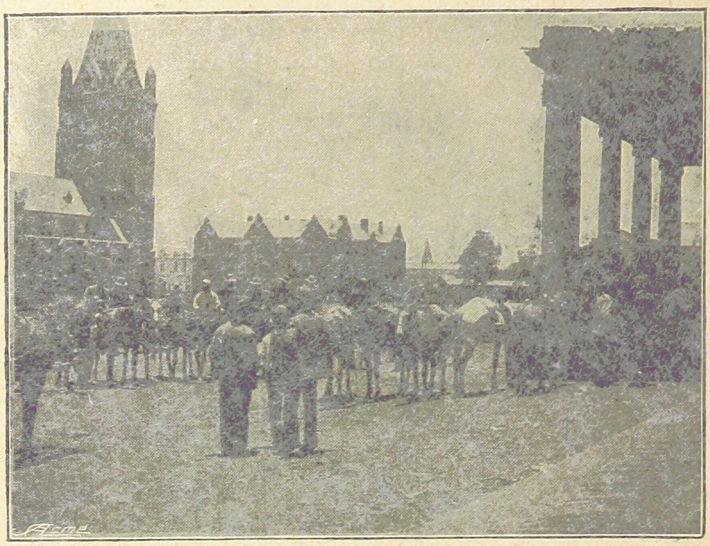
From the Matabele chiefs Dawson and Riley learned the story of Allan Wilson's last fight. Outnumbered and cut off, and with most of their horses shot, the white men had fought in a little group on and around a big ant-hill. One by one they fell, but to the last they answered the fire of the Matabele, even the wounded using their rifles and revolvers as they lay on the ground. The story that they sang "God Save the Queen" is a legend with no foundation in fact. The Matabele said that the white men jeered at them, challenging them to come to close quarters, and calling them cowards, but there was no proposal to surrender, and the hundreds of wild warriors on the other hand made no attempt to rush the ant-hill till the last of the white men had fallen wounded. Even then this last survivor shot some of them with his revolver before he was assegaied. All the Matabele chiefs spoke with admiration of the way this handful of men had fought. It proved, they said, that even without the Maxims the white men were brave soldiers.



WILSON'S LAST STAND.

So the war ended sadly enough for both the parties to the struggle. The spirit of the Matabele warriors seemed quite broken. So complete was their submission that within a few weeks of the last fight, white men could ride unarmed through the wildest parts of the country, and it was decided to raise and arm a force of native police from the remnant of Lobengula's armies as part of the scheme for the reorganisation of the country. But as we shall see, the conquest of Matabeleland had only begun. The victory of the Company's forces had been if anything too rapid and easy. The fighting power of the Matabele was not really broken, and the disaster to Wilson's party at the close of the campaign had proved that, brave soldiers though they might be, the white men were not invincible

COLONEL GOOLD ADAMS.



BOERS AWAITING ORDERS OUTSIDE THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, PRETORIA.
(*Photo: Arthur Elliott, Pretoria.*)

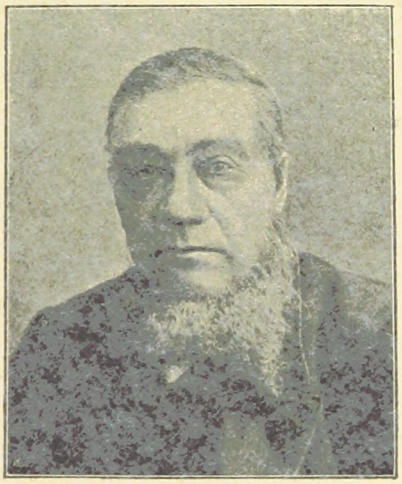
CHAPTER II.

THE JAMESON RAID.

FOR more than two years—from the beginning of 1894 till the spring of 1896—there was peace in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, or as the two countries were re-named in 1895, "Rhodesia." It seemed as if the once warlike Matabele had accepted the new state of affairs, but under the surface there was a growing discontent. They had hardly realised at the outset that the white conquerors had come to take permanent possession of their country. They regarded the invasion as a raid, and they only felt all that defeat signified for them when they saw wide tracts of land assigned to white proprietors, and whole herds of cattle confiscated by the victors on the plea that by the law of the Matabele all cattle belonged to the king, and could therefore be made good prize of war as public property. Old chiefs and warriors found themselves ordered about by the white police and their black subordinates, some of them Matabele, others the despised Mashonas. The new regulations under which the natives were to live were not always either wisely or gently enforced, and the white folk generally had to share the ill will against them generated by the overbearing acts of some among them. Then, most unhappily for the immediate future of Rhodesia, for two successive seasons there was a drought in many districts; and then in the beginning of 1896 the cattle plague, which had broken out in North-East Africa in 1893, and spread gradually down to the east coast, reached Rhodesia and infected not only the herds but also the deer and antelopes. In order to check the plague, infected herds were killed off by order of the police; and to the natives, who could not understand the reason for such action, however necessary, it seemed that their white rulers were working out a plan for utterly ruining them, by killing all their cattle that the plague had spared. Driven to desperation, they lent a ready ear to the wizards, who predicted that their gods would work miracles for them if they would only venture on another fight against the whites, and to the chiefs, who told them that in the war of 1893 they had resigned themselves all too soon to defeat. They began to prepare secretly for a rising against the whites, and an unhoped-for opportunity was soon given them by the folly of the new rulers of Rhodesia. The Jameson Raid was the prelude of the second Matabele war.

Great Britain had annexed the Transvaal in 1877, only to give it up again in 1881, after the brief insurrection of the Boers that triumphed at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. The Con-

vention that re-established the Transvaal Republic gave Great Britain a vaguely defined right of suzerainty over the Boer Government. This Convention was replaced by another Convention signed in London on February 27th, 1884, by which the Transvaal State was to be known as the South African Republic, and the British suzerainty was restricted to the control of foreign relations. About the same time rich discoveries of gold in the south of the Transvaal territory began to attract an ever-increasing stream of foreign immigrants. Mine after mine was opened. Johannesburg from a small hamlet of herdsmen grew gradually into a great city, and the main reef on which it stands proved to be the richest gold-bearing formation in all Africa. The much-vaunted gold reefs of Rhodesia were comparatively worthless beside the treasures of the Transvaal.



MR. KRUGER.
(Photo: Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.)

The Boers had made no effort to develop these sources of wealth. A race of farmers and herdsmen, they viewed with dread the prospect of seeing themselves outnumbered, outvoted, and finally ruled by a rich community of miners and speculators. The legislation of the Republic was shaped so as to derive revenue from the mines, but the foreign or Uitlander element who worked them could only obtain a vote and a voice in the government of the country after long residence, and under conditions that were declared to be unjust to those who were now the chief producers of the wealth of the country. There is no need to go into the long controversy on the rights and wrongs of the Uitlanders; suffice it to say that in 1895 Johannesburg became the centre of an agitation for reform.

Thanks to subsequent revelations we know now that this agitation was largely "engineered" by the agents of the Chartered Company. Its chief men were now in a position to largely influence the course of events in South Africa. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, thanks largely to the support of the Dutch voters in the colony, who still trusted him, was Prime Minister of the Cape. His colleague and right-hand man, Dr. Jameson, was Administrator of Rhodesia. Towards the end of 1895 arrangements were secretly made for backing the demands of the Uitlanders by an appeal to force. Lee-Metford rifles, Maxims and cartridges, bought with the Company's funds, were smuggled into Johannesburg, and men were enrolled to use them.

The railway that now links Cape Town with Buluwayo was then in process of construction, and was approaching the western borders of the Transvaal in British Bechuanaland. Under the plea of protecting the railway works, a considerable number of the mounted riflemen who formed the white police of Rhodesia were concentrated by Dr. Jameson at Pitsani and Mafeking. Maxims and 7-pounders were taken to the same places. The Bechuanaland Border Police, whose services had become unnecessary since the pacification of Matabeleland, were being disbanded at Mafeking, and a large number of them were enrolled in the Company's forces. In order to prepare everything for an advance on Johannesburg, it was given out that a line of coaches would soon be running to that city from the railroad, when the line was working to Mafeking, and under the plea of getting ready for this business enterprise, depôts of provisions and of horses were formed at various points between the western border of the Transvaal and the "gold-reef city." Finally, preparations were made for enlisting public sympathy with the coming movement. The British public could not be expected to sympathise with a mere seizure of Johannesburg and its reef in the interest of a group of speculative capitalists. It would be too like "claim-jumping" on a large scale. So a letter—to which the date was to be subsequently added—was drawn up, addressed from the conspirators at Johannesburg to Dr. Jameson, appealing to him to come to the aid of the citizens, on the plea that life and property were no longer safe in the city, and that women and children were in danger from the Boers. Early in the New Year the committee at Johannesburg was to proclaim a local provisional

government, the appeal to Jameson was to be published, and he was to march on the city and join his forces with those of the committee before the Boers could take any effective action. It was expected that the British Government would then be forced to intervene on the side of the Uitlander leaders. It was not expected that there would be any serious fighting. The Boers would be surprised, but even if they did resist, the Company's Maxims would be as effective against them as they had been in easily won battles against the Matabele. Both at Johannesburg and on the border several British officers of rank had placed their services at the disposal of the conspiracy.

President Kruger and the Boer Government knew something of their preparations. Speaking to a Boer deputation, Kruger had grimly remarked that if one wants to kill a tortoise one must wait till he puts his head outside his shell. The committee at Johannesburg had called a great meeting of the Uitlanders for January 6th, 1896, and it was during this meeting that Jameson, with his troopers and his Maxims, was to have reached the city. But the leaders, both on the border and at Johannesburg, were growing uneasy. They suspected that if they waited till the 6th the Boers might anticipate them, and they precipitated the movement. In Christmas week the committee armed their followers and took possession of Johannesburg, and Jameson crossed the border near Pitsani on the night of Sunday, December 29th, with 530 troops, three guns and eight Maxims. In the afternoon he had asked the men to volunteer to go to Johannesburg to protect life and property. The officers had not actually said, but had allowed their men to suppose, that the march was undertaken with at least the tacit consent of the Imperial authorities.

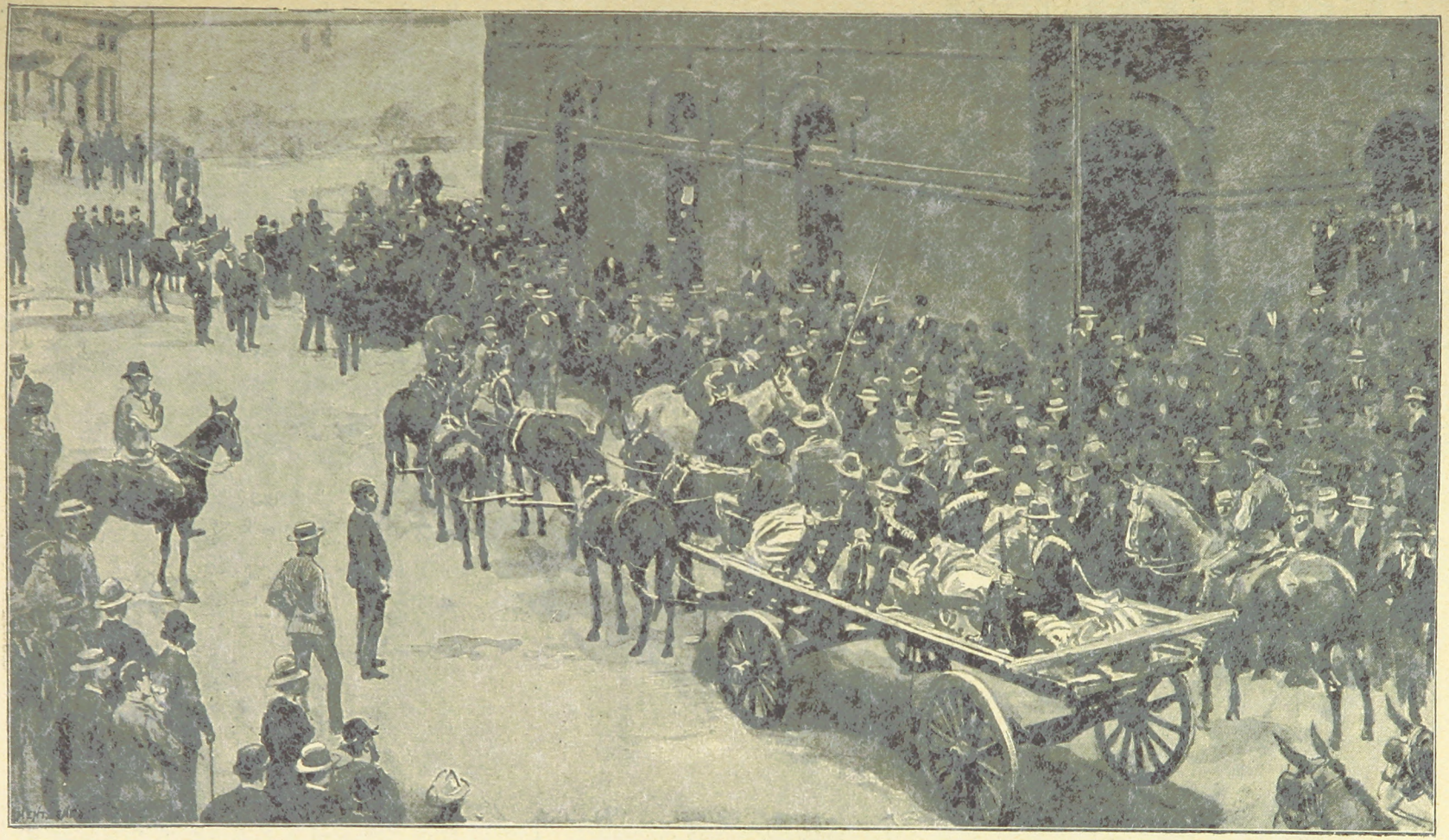
About seventeen miles west of the "gold-reef city" lies Krugersdorp, connected by railway with Johannesburg; and it was on Krugersdorp the raid was directed in the first instance, the distance to be covered being just over 170 miles.

DR. JAMESON.

It was at or near Krugersdorp that Jameson expected to join hands with the Johannesburg Uitlanders. If the raid was to be a success the 170 miles would have to be covered before the Boers could muster in force. From the very outset the leaders of the expedition carried it out in a most incompetent fashion. The wire connecting Mafeking with the Cape was cut, the only possible object of this being to keep the Imperial authorities in ignorance of what was happening. But nothing was done to prevent the news travelling to Pretoria. The wire on that side was not cut. Nothing was done to prevent a warning being sent by the Boer commandant at Marico on the border, who protested against, but had no force to oppose, the inroad. On the Tuesday morning when Eloff, Kruger's grandson, rode up to the column and tried to persuade the leaders to abandon the enterprise, he was merely disarmed and released after a short detention, and doubtless carried to the Boer lines full particulars of the advancing force. The march was so badly arranged that the men and horses had hardly any time for rest and food, and the relays of fresh horses on the road were found to be mostly half-broken animals that could not be used.

The British High Commissioner at the Cape, Sir H. Robinson, no sooner heard of the raid than he disavowed it, warned all faithful subjects of the Queen to have nothing to do with it, and despatched mounted messengers from the border to overtake the column and order Dr. Jameson to retire, and personally warn the officers with him to withdraw. These orders were disregarded.

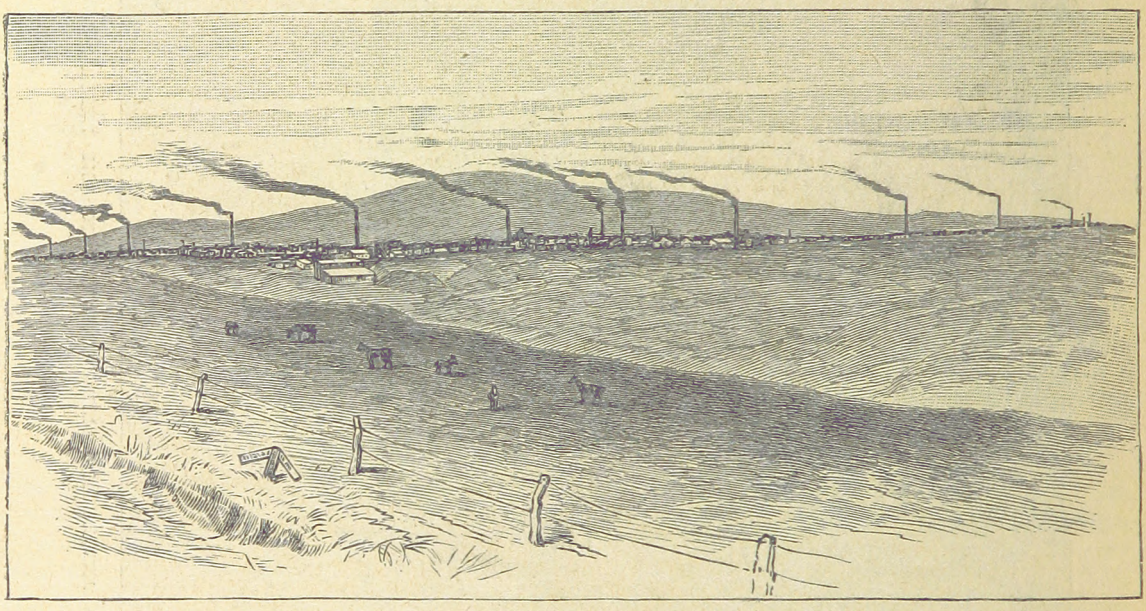
Meanwhile Johannesburg was in the hands of the committee and its armed levies, but disavowed by the High Commissioner they hesitated, and began to negotiate with the Boer Government. Apparently when they sent their delegates to interview Mr. Kruger and the British agent at Pretoria, they were very vaguely informed as to Jameson's movements. They were the most half-hearted of revolutionists. At Pretoria they promised the British agent that



SMUGGLED ARMS AND AMMUNITION BEING CONVEYED TO THE REFORM COMMITTEE.

they would disarm. The train that conveyed them back to Johannesburg conveyed also a battery of the State Artillery, the only regular force then maintained by the Transvaal Government. It was moved out towards Krugersdorp, where fighting was already in progress.

The Boers had begun gathering at Krugersdorp on the Tuesday evening, but for the first twenty-four hours they had only a small force there, and if the Johannesburg committee had "meant business," they could easily have occupied the place. Boer patrols were thrown out to the westward to look for the approaching column.



JOHANNESBURG: A FIRST SIGHT OF THE RAND.

On Wednesday, January 1st, at 1 a.m., the first shots were fired in bright moonlight. The head of the column was then about twenty miles west of Krugersdorp. A small party of mounted Boers appeared in front and fired a few shots which did no damage. It was afterwards somewhat foolishly argued that because the Boers fired the first shots, they and not the invaders were the aggressors. The Boers galloped off just as a Maxim gun was being brought to bear upon them. A little further on the column bivouacked for the night.

The march was resumed at dawn, but the progress of the column, the horses of which were all tired, was very slow. The track that was followed led right on to a position which the Boers had prepared for defence. In several of the narratives of the New Year's Day fight at Krugersdorp it is stated that before the main battle began the Boers were driven from an advanced position by Maxim and rifle fire. A correspondent of one of the Johannesburg papers, who joined the column shortly after noon, says that he heard firing and then saw about a dozen Boers in retreat, the head of the column appearing shortly afterwards in pursuit. It would seem, therefore, that there was a mere skirmish with an advanced Boer picket. Pressing on, the column found itself in front of the main Boer position.

The place the Boers had chosen for defence was part of the broken ground west of Krugersdorp, near the Violet Mine. They held a line of hillocks across the road, the hillocks being partly the rough rocks of the district, partly refuse heaps from the mine. They had dug shelter trenches, put a small garrison into the loopholed buildings near the shaft of the mine, and marked the ranges in front with sticks. Some of the estimates made by the raiders placed the Boer force as low as 200, others as high as 2,000. Probably the lower estimates are nearer the facts, for only the Boers of the neighbouring district had yet arrived, and, besides holding the ground near Krugersdorp, they had to keep a force to observe Johannesburg, and they appear to have sent parties out to the northward and southward to prevent their position being turned. The Boer account of the Krugersdorp fight

DR. JAMESON AND HIS MEN ESCORTED TO PRETORIA AS PRISONERS.

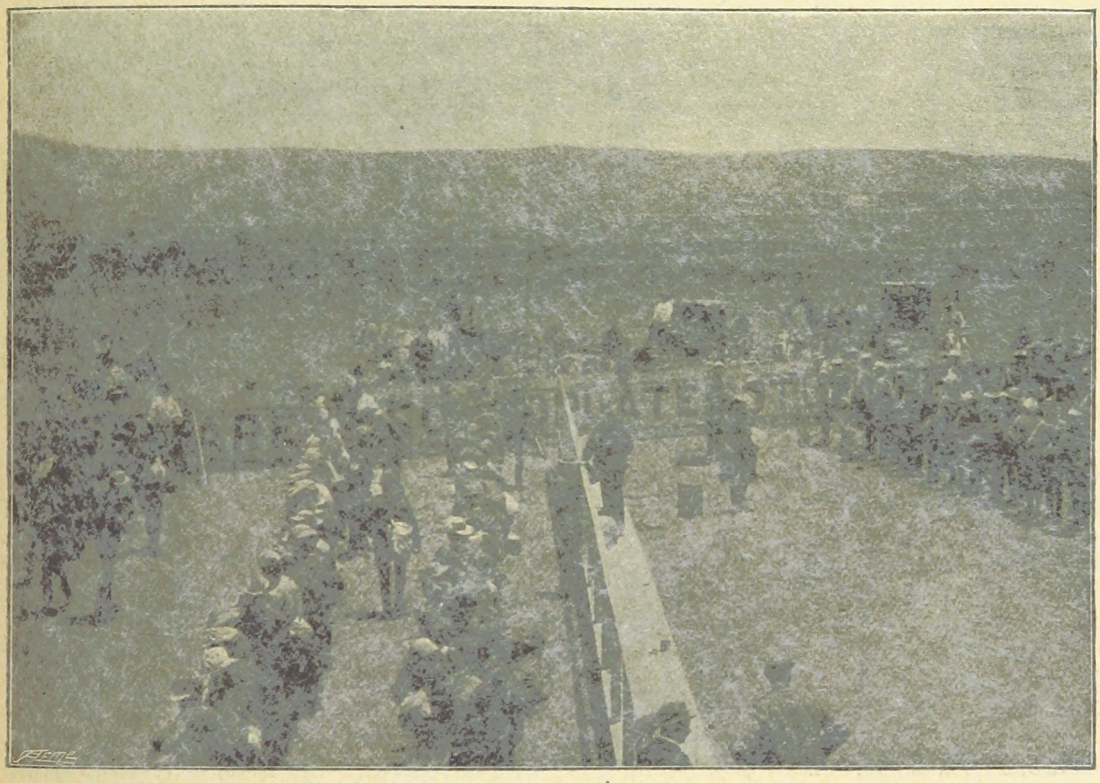
gives the force engaged as 370 rifles in all (Commandant Cronje with 150 on the right, Malan with 130 in the centre, and Potgieter with 90 on the left).

Fire was opened with rifles, two Maxims, and a 7-pounder against the Boer position by the Chartered forces, after it had been reconnoitred by their advanced guard. An attempt was made to charge the Boers by about fifty mounted men, but they retired under the heavy fire brought to bear on them. Then Jameson's men, under cover on a rocky swell of the ground, kept the Maxims at work, and shells were thrown into the Boer position. But the Dutchmen held on doggedly. The Maxims must have wasted an enormous amount of cartridges, for they were in action a considerable time, and as the Boers were lying down among rocks and in shelter trenches with often ten paces between each man and his neighbour, the Maxim shooting was something like an attempt to kill individual ducks with a big punt gun. The Maxims were in action at about 800 yards, and the Boer Martinis pitted their steel shields with bullet marks, but few men were hit. Eight were killed and a good many wounded. Several horses were hit, the Boers aiming at these when they got the chance, as their chief anxiety was to delay the column.

Late in the afternoon Jameson gave up the attack on the Krugersdorp position and began to march away to the southward. A messenger had arrived from Johannesburg, but there was no sign of active help from the city, and he was trying to work round the Boer position. Just before darkness he camped on the banks of a stream that runs through the Randfontein Mine property. At daybreak he moved forward towards Dornkop. The Boers had been following on his left flank, and had sent a force ahead to intercept him. Presently about 120 Boers opened fire from a hill in front, but as soon as the column halted and deployed they gave way before the first advance of Jameson's men. They fell back across the hill, and the raiders, following them, occupied their ground. In front the road ran across a small river by a ford. Beyond, to the left of the road, a slope ran up with a

DR. JAMESON'S BOER ESCORT OUTSIDE PRETORIA JAIL.
(*Photo: Arthur Elliott, Pretoria.*)

farm upon it, and some mining buildings higher up. On the right the Dornkop hill rose steeply. Pressing forward by the road, Jameson's men came under a cross fire from the slope on the left and from trenches on the Dornkop. They could not make any progress, though supported by the Maxims and the two guns. About 8 o'clock the Boer artillery began to come into action. Its appearance was a certain sign that Johannesburg was not moving, and that reinforcements were arriving from Pretoria. Jameson saw the game was up. The white flag was hoisted, the firing ceased, and the tired men flung themselves on the ground to rest.



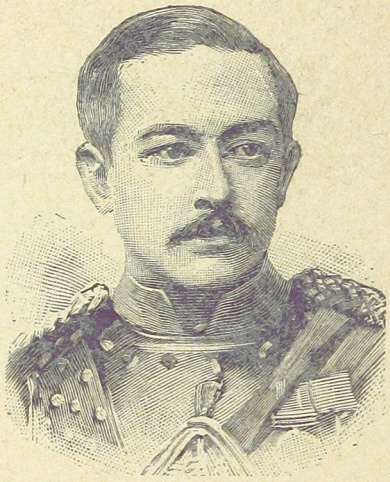
LAST ROLL CALL OF DR. JAMESON'S MEN AT PRETORIA.
(Photo: Arthur Elliott, Pretoria.)

The Dornkop fight had lasted about half an hour. The loss of the raiders was only six killed and twelve wounded—rather a contrast to the terrible carnage described in the Laureate's premature lay. The Boers stated their loss at only five killed, one of them, by the way, an Uitlander, a Scotch settler who had long been a Boer citizen, and joined Cronje's levy at the call to arms. They treated their prisoners well, and President Kruger handed them over to the British authorities, who deported them to England, where Jameson and some of his colleagues were tried and convicted for levying war on a friendly State. Mr. Cecil Rhodes resigned the Cape Premiership, and the first results of the raid were to adjourn all chance of reform in the Transvaal for some time to come, to stir up a bitter racial feeling in South Africa, and to drive Mr. Rhodes's friends from power in the Cape Colony, where the next elections placed the Dutch party in power.

An ill-advised telegram from the German Emperor to President Kruger, congratulating him on his victory, and hinting at possible German support for the Boers, called forth angry protests in England, and for a while the relations between Great Britain and Germany were seriously strained. Another result of the raid was a sanguinary native outbreak in Rhodesia.

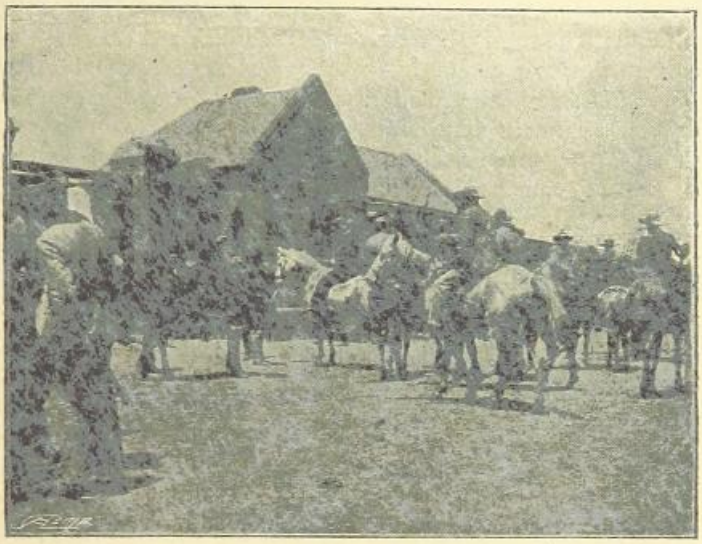
Even the most experienced of the white settlers had, with one exception, no suspicion that any trouble was at hand, notwithstanding that rumours were abroad among the natives that Lobengula was not dead, but was coming

back from the north with a great army, and that some terrible disaster would soon fall upon the white men. These prophecies were said to have for their origin a wizard who lived in a cave in the Matoppo Hills. But all this talk caused no real alarm. No one knew the country and its people better than Mr. Selous, the hunter and explorer, and he says of the situation early in 1896: "Although these rumours of a native rising were current some time before the insurrection actually broke out, and were reported to the acting native commissioner, Mr. Thomas, and to the heads of the Government, I do not think they would have been warranted in taking any steps of a suppressive nature at this juncture, for there was absolutely nothing tangible to go upon, nor could any commission of enquiry have come to any other conclusion than that the natives had no intention of rebelling; for they were as quiet and submissive in their demeanour towards Europeans as they ever had been since the war, and there was absolutely no evidence of any secret arming amongst them; and the fact remains that, with one exception, all those Europeans in Matabeleland who had had a long experience of the natives—that is, the native commissioners, missionaries, and a few old traders and hunters, amongst whom I must include myself—were unanimous in the opinion that no rebellion on the part of the Matabele was to be apprehended. I say there was one exception, as I have been told that Mr. Usher, an old trader long resident in Matabeleland, and who since the first war had been living altogether among the natives, had always maintained that the Matabele would one day rise against the white man."



SIR JOHN WILLOUGHBY.

There is little doubt that the first step in the rising was intended to be a simultaneous murder of all the white men at the outlying farms and stations. But, as usual, the premature action of a few of the rebels gave some warning of what was coming. On Friday, March 20th, at a station on the Umzingwani River, one of the native police and two of their servants were murdered by an armed party of Matabele, who then fled to the Matoppo Hills. Umfondisi, a nephew of Lobengula, was with the party. Even this was supposed to be a mere isolated act. But three days later, on Monday, March 23rd, the attacks on the white settlers began all over the country. At isolated farms and mining stations men and women were cruelly murdered by Matabele servants and dependants, who the very evening before were quietly going about their ordinary work. Rescue parties from Buluwayo brought in some of those who escaped. Others made their way to one or other of the outlying forts on the waggon road. During these terrible days more than one heroic deed was done by brave men who fought their way through the rebels, bringing with them sick and wounded comrades. Many of the natives, chiefly Makalakas and other tribes that had been subject to the Matabele, remained true to their white masters, but most of the pure-blooded Matabele joined the rebels. Three-fifths of the native police went over to them, taking with them their Winchester repeating rifles and plenty of ammunition. "From the Umzingwani," says Mr. Selous, "the flame of rebellion spread through the Filibusi and Insiza districts to the Shangani and Inyati, and thence to the mining camps in the neighbourhood of the Gwelo and Ingwenia Rivers, and indeed throughout the country wherever white men, women and children could be taken by surprise and murdered either singly or in small parties; and so quickly was this cruel work accomplished, that although it was only on March 23rd that the first Europeans were murdered, there is reason to believe that by the evening of the 30th not a white man was left alive in the outlying districts of Matabeleland."



SCENE OUTSIDE PRETORIA JAIL AFTER DR. JAMESON'S ARRIVAL.
(*Photo: Arthur Elliott, Pretoria.*)

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND MATABELE WAR.

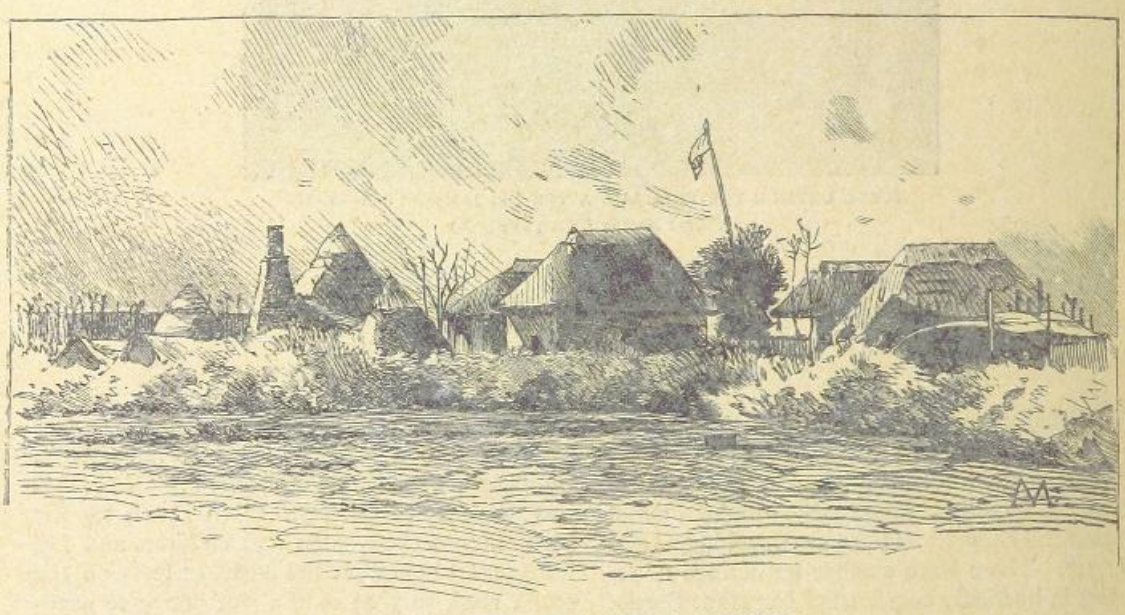
THE situation was now very serious. In the first week of April the greater number of the white folk had taken refuge in Buluwayo. A careful census gave the numbers as 632 women and children and 915 men, making a total of 1,547. There were smaller gatherings of refugees in hurriedly constructed laagers at Gwelo, Belingwe, and Mangwe. Horse sickness had been very general in the country, and there were only about 300 horses at Buluwayo, many of them unfit for hard work. Of rifles and carbines there were six or seven hundred. There was one Maxim gun in good order, another out of repair, a Hotchkiss, a Gatling, a Nordenfelt, and a Gardner gun, and two small field pieces, but for these last there were only seventeen rounds of ammunition. Organised regular troops there were practically none. Of the native police more than half had joined the rebels, and the rest had to be disarmed. Of the white mounted police only forty-eight officers and men were left in the whole country, of whom twenty-two were at Buluwayo. No wonder the settlers cursed the folly that had sent hundreds of their defenders to fall or surrender at Krugersdorp and Dornkop, and had ended in handing over to the Boers the rifles, artillery, stores, and horses that were now so sadly deficient.

Deducting those who were unfit for active work, about 800 fighting men were mustered at Buluwayo, not all of them armed. Of these it was necessary to keep 400 in the town for the protection of the women and children, and 130 were sent to garrison the outlying forts on the coach road, so that only about 300 were available for operations in the field. To these there was later added a force of "friendlies," 150 strong, known as the "Cape Boys," chiefly Amakosa Kafirs and Zulus. They were commanded by Mr. Johan Colembrander, and did excellent service.

To this small white force the rebels could oppose several thousand fighting men, who, besides their native weapons, possessed a considerable number of modern rifles and a miscellaneous lot of smooth-bore muskets and fowling pieces. There is little doubt that after the first war the natives, instead of surrendering their rifles and cartridges, had concealed them in large numbers. Since then they had here and there got a rifle and cartridges from some careless prospector as a reward for showing him old gold workings. They had captured some more rifles in the farms and stations they had raided, and the deserters from the police had brought them nearly 200 more. How they accumulated the enormous

amount of ammunition that was in their possession has never been satisfactorily explained.

Happily for the white men the rebels showed very little initiative and no power of combining their operations. Though some thousands gathered near Buluwayo, they never ventured to attack it. Stranger still, they made not the slightest attempt to cut off communication between Buluwayo and the south. They might easily have occupied the road, or even attacked the coaches, but they did nothing of the kind. The rumour current at the time, and apparently well founded, was that their wizards had told them that if they left the road open the white men would retreat along it and abandon the country to them. They only once cut the telegraph wire, and when it was repaired made no second attempt to interrupt it.



RESIDENCE AT BULUWAYO USED AS A HOSPITAL.

North of Buluwayo the coach road was soon closed, the last coach that ran being attacked and having a very narrow escape on March 28th. At Buluwayo an improvised fortress had been constructed that was now safe against any attack the Matabele could make. The women and children had been collected in the large market house. Around it a bulwark of waggons and barricades had been constructed, with openings for the machine guns. Beyond this again there was a wire entanglement. Some adjoining houses were loopholed to serve as outlying forts to the central citadel. Outposts were in position at night, and by day the country round was watched by lookouts on the highest buildings and mounted patrols in the neighbourhood. Large bodies of Matabele were camped close to the town, and the settlers were not strong enough to disperse or completely drive them off, but on April 22nd, and again on the 24th, sorties were made from the laager, heavy loss was inflicted on the enemy, and they were thus forced to keep at a respectful distance. With a view to keeping communication open with the south, fortified posts held by small garrisons were also established on the coach road.

Meanwhile efforts were being made to send relief to the settlers. Mr. Rhodes had just reached Salisbury from Beira, when the news of the insurrection reached that place. He at once started off with 150 Volunteers to assist the little garrison that was in laager at Gwelo. After relieving Gwelo he was to push on to Buluwayo, and reinforcements would be sent on to him from Salisbury. Colonel Plumer, an Imperial officer who was on the Bechuanaland Border, was at the same time authorised to raise at the expense of the Chartered Company a force of about 500 mounted riflemen, who were to march to Buluwayo by the coach road from the south. Plumer had a number of regular officers placed at his disposal by General Goodenough, who commanded the troops in South Africa. For the recruiting of his corps he had to depend firs

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on local volunteers, and then on the men who had ridden in Jameson's Raid, and who after being deported to England were now at liberty to return to Africa. These supplied about 280 excellent recruits before the column started. The white contingent of Plumer's force was eventually raised to 750. To these were added a small native force and four Maxim guns. His orders were first to escort to Buluwayo a supply of arms, ammunition, and provisions, and then to operate against the rebels in the district.

The problem he had to solve was not an easy one. Little food or forage was to be found in the 500 miles of country that had to be traversed. The cattle plague had swept the country, so that to form a bullock train was out of the question, and mules had to be obtained to draw the waggons. Water was so scarce along the route that only small parties could be moved up at a time, and the march was made in a succession of detachments that were to close on each other as they entered the area where fighting might be expected. The route had to be prepared in advance by establishing depôts of provisions and forage at intervals along the southern portion of it. Mafeking was the base of operations, and the first detachment marched off on April 12th, so that very little time was lost in making a start.

COLONEL PLUMER.
(*Photo: Tyran Bros., Jersey.*)

Earl Grey had just arrived from England to take up the post of Administrator of Rhodesia. The insurrection had begun while he was at sea, and he had only heard of it on landing at Cape Town. Sir Richard Martin had also arrived to act as Imperial Commissioner and Commandant General in Rhodesia. At the end of April, when it was realised in England that the suppression of the insurrection would mean serious operations, General Sir Frederick Carrington was sent out to take the chief command, and a staff of special service officers with a force of regular cavalry, mounted infantry, and artillery were placed at his disposal.

After a difficult march, Plumer, accompanied by Lord Grey, reached the fort of Mangwe, sixty-three miles south of Buluwayo, with his leading squadron, on May 11th. At Mangwe begins a long pass or succession of passes through the eastern part of the Matoppo Hills, ending at Fig Tree Hill, about thirty miles from Buluwayo, where there was a small fort and telegraph station. Plumer decided to push on to Fig Tree with the 150 men he had with him. There he would be in touch with the Buluwayo garrison, and there he meant to concentrate his column, ready, if need be, to strike at a Matabele force which it was rumoured was marching southwards on the flank of the coach road.

"We left Mangwe," writes Colonel Plumer, "at 5.20 a.m. on the 14th, the road almost immediately entering the pass through the Matoppo Hills. We took every possible precaution against surprise, but there were no signs of any of the rebels. As we rode through the tortuous defile, where position after position might have been taken up to bar our progress, and held successfully by a few good rifle shots against very large odds, we all felt that whatever might have been the reason, we could never be sufficiently thankful to our opponents for not having, as soon as they determined to rise, seized and held the Mangwe Pass. Any attempt to turn it necessitated a long detour, and was rendered very difficult owing to the scarcity of water." Lord Grey had hurried on to Buluwayo by coach. Colonel Plumer followed him, accompanied by Sir R. Martin, so that the situation might be discussed in the centre of the disturbance. The forts established at intervals of about ten miles from the pass to the town rendered these rapid journeys possible. Matters were found to be in a fairly satisfactory condition, and the garrison had felt strong enough to send away a flying column under Colonel Napier on May 11th to march northwards towards Gwelo and join hands with the Salisbury relief force and Mr. Rhodes. The enemy was reported to be camped north-west of the town on the Umguza and Khami Rivers in considerable numbers.

On May 24th a sufficient force had reached Fig Tree Hill camp to permit of active operations being begun against the Matabele near Buluwayo. In the morning 278 officers and men of Colonel Plumer's force, 184 of his native contingent, and two Maxims were brought into the town. These

were joined by part of the Buluwayo garrison with a Maxim gun, and shortly before midnight the force started in two small columns to attack a Matabele camp reported to be about ten miles north-west of the town, on a branch of the Umguza River. One column was commanded by Plumer, the other by Major Watts. Major Watts with the right column came upon a considerable body of the enemy at 2 a.m. on the 25th, about eight miles out. Firing at once began by the bright moonlight. Plumer on hearing the firing wheeled to the right, and working his way through the bush came to the help of the other column. On his appearance the enemy gave way. One white man wounded, a Cape Boy wounded and another killed, were the losses of Watts's column. The advance continued, and at daybreak the enemy were found to be holding a ridge in front. After a brief exchange of fire they were charged by Gifford's Horse (part of the Buluwayo force) and Plumer's Mounted Rifles, and driven from the ridge and pursued for some two miles. They were about a thousand strong, and lost fifty or sixty killed. Two men wounded was the loss of the Relief Force. The advance was then resumed towards the Khami River, and in the afternoon another body of rebels was encountered, and defeated after a short fight. The enemy, 1,500 in number, abandoned a strong position when their flanks were threatened, losing seventy or eighty killed. On the side of the victors one white trooper was killed and two natives wounded. The result of these encounters was to make it clear that in the open the Matabele were not dangerous enemies if boldly attacked. Their shooting was hopelessly bad, and they would have been more formidable if they had trusted to their old tribal weapons.

The column returned to Buluwayo after the second encounter and the men were employed in patrol work in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile Napier's column had been making its way through the country north-east of the town. "After small actions on May 12th and 13th," writes Colonel Plumer, "they had moved along the main Salisbury road till the 19th, when they met the Salisbury column, with which was Mr. Rhodes, near the drift (*i.e.*, ford) over the River Shangani. Colonel Napier then divided his force, sending 150 mounted and 150 dismounted under Colonel Spreckley, with a Maxim and a 7-pounder gun, to work along the eastern side of the Inceza and Euxla range of mountains, while he, with the main column, proceeded by the western side of the same hills. On the following day a cavalry patrol from Colonel Napier's force, under Captains Grey and Van Niekirk, had had an engagement with a large force of the rebels, killing from 90 to 100 of them, and losing two men killed and three wounded. They were supported by a detachment under Captain Selous. The main column met with no further opposition, though they captured a number of cattle and burned all the kraals in the neighbourhood. They found several bodies of white men and women who had been murdered, which they buried. Colonel Spreckley did not meet any force of the rebels, but he, too, captured a quantity of sheep, oxen, and grain, and burnt a number of kraals. He also came across the bodies of several murdered whites. The two columns reached Buluwayo on June 2nd."

Mr. Rhodes had ridden on and reached the town the day before. On the 2nd, General Sir Frederick Carrington and his chief of the staff, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Baden-Powell, also arrived, and Colonel Plumer was able to report that the last of his troops had come up. It was an important day for Rhodesia. The crisis of danger was over, and it now only remained to put an end to the rebellion.

Sir Frederick decided to begin his campaign by clearing the enemy out of the country west and north of Buluwayo. Three columns, each about 500 strong, were to be sent—the first, under Colonel Plumer, along the line of the Khami River; the second, under Captain McFarlane, along the Umguza; and the third, under Colonel Spreckley, to Inyati and Shiloh. Plumer's and McFarlane's columns were to meet at the junction of the Guai and Umguza Rivers, about eighty miles out, and march back together. The columns were to take supplies for twenty days.

Starting on June 5th, Plumer and McFarlane thoroughly patrolled the districts assigned to them. Their scouts and detached parties had occasional skirmishes with small bodies of rebels, but the general result of the march was to show that the enemy had abandoned the country in that direction. Meanwhile there had been a fight close to Buluwayo on June 6th. On the evening of the 5th the startling report had reached headquarters that a considerable rebel force had camped close to the town. One of the officers going out for a ride had come suddenly upon them, and could hardly believe his eyes. Colonel Spreckley's column had not yet started, and it was employed next morning to

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break up this hostile gathering. Another column under Colonel Beal, which was coming in from Belingwe and was approaching Buluwayo, received orders by a mounted messenger to co-operate in the attack.

Spreckley's men—about 250 mounted rifles—marched from Buluwayo with Beal's small detachment pushed forward on their right, to turn the flank of the Matabele if they made a stand. But, as one of the combatants remarked, "it was a very one-sided fight." Charged in front, the Matabele gave way at once, and were ridden over and shot down as they ran, Beal's men breaking in on their flank and joining in the pursuit. The Matabele lost heavily, and after this day did not venture again to approach the town. Colonel Spreckley marched out to Shiloh and Inyati after the engagement, but found no rebel gatherings near these places.

By the middle of June this was the situation. The rebels had been cleared out of the country near Buluwayo. Away to the north-eastward there was a gathering of Matabele in the group of rocky hills known as Tabas-i-Mhamba, which they had made a kind of citadel. Nearly all the rest of the Matabele who were still in arms against the Government had taken refuge in the fastnesses of the Matoppo Hills. Sir F. Carrington resolved first to capture Tabas-i-Mhamba and then to clear the Matoppos of the enemy. Rumour said that most of the rebels were by this time tired of the war. The expected miracles had not been worked in their favour, and the white men, far from being annihilated, had made a good fight and inflicted heavy loss on every Matabele army that had ventured to meet them. A proclamation was therefore issued promising pardon to all who surrendered, with the exception of those who were directly implicated in the murders at the beginning of the outbreak, and a number of chiefs whose names were given. The list of exceptions was so long that the proclamation led to very few surrenders. The fact was, the natives hardly dared to come in. No prisoners had been taken and no quarter had been given in the earlier battles, and they had ceased to expect it. Considering the wholesale murders of men, women, and children by the Matabele, one can understand the wild acts of vengeance of the settlers; but such conduct was likely to prolong the rebellion, and Sir F. Carrington was anxious to have the war conducted with more civilised methods. He issued a general order on June 16th, in which he said :—

"It is to be distinctly understood by all ranks that during the continuation of operations, clemency is to be shown to the wounded, women and children are not to be injured, and prisoners are to be taken on all possible occasions."

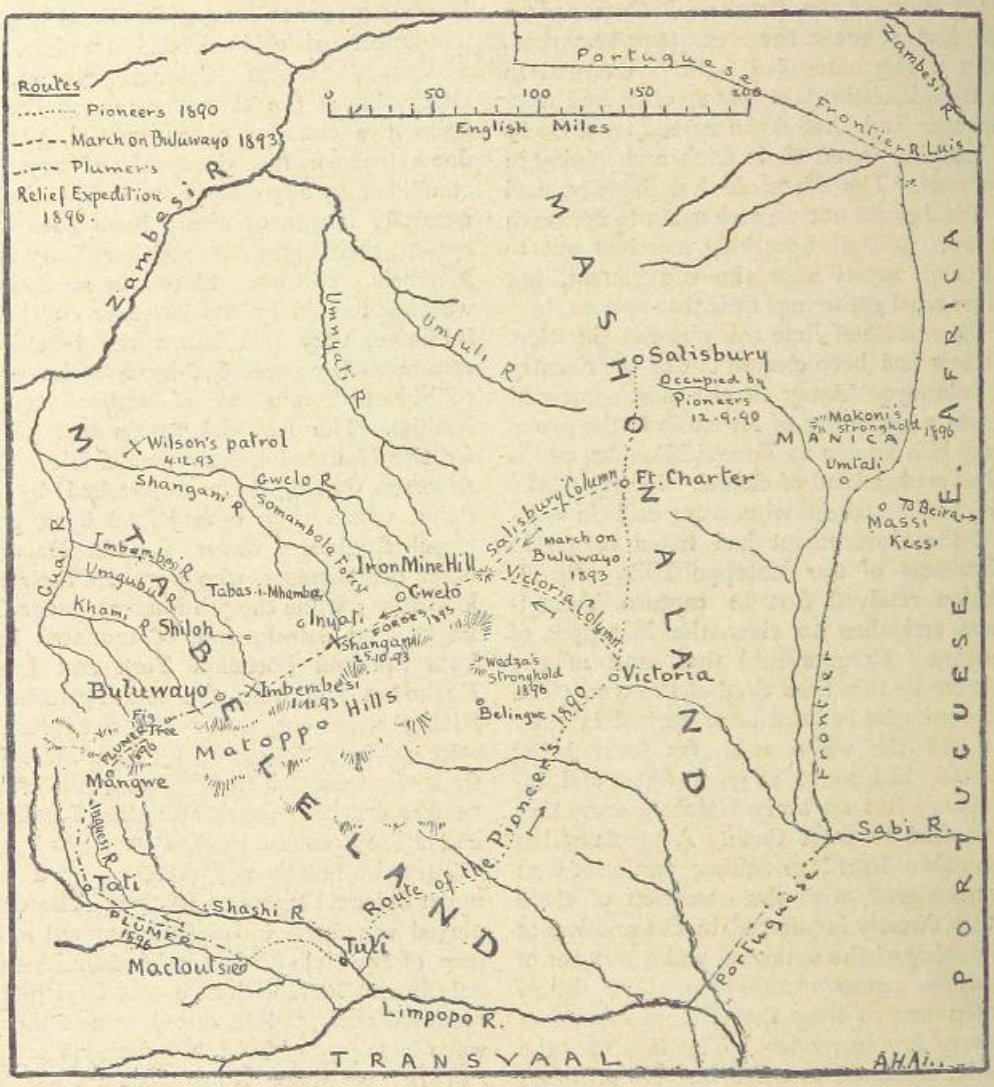
This wise and humane policy was persevered in, although just as these orders were being issued the startling news arrived that the rebellion had spread to Mashonaland and begun with a number of cold-blooded murders. "The Mashonas," writes Colonel Plumer, "had always borne the character, among those who knew the country, of a peaceful, timid, and down-trodden race, incapable of any fighting at all, but in any case whose sympathies, it was naturally imagined, would have been with us against their oppressors and hereditary foes, the Matabele. However, there was no doubt that, whether incited by the latter or on their own initiative, they had joined the rebellion and commenced proceedings by a series of cruel, cold-blooded murders of settlers and their families. The Imperial troops had been sent for, the Mounted Infantry, under Lieut.-Colonel Alderson, having been despatched by sea to Beira, where they were joined by a party of Royal Engineers under Captain Haynes and other detachments, who were on their way to Mauritius; while the 7th Hussars, under Colonel Paget, and detachments of mounted infantry from the 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, and from the 2nd Battalion West Riding Regiment, under Major Rivett-Carnac, were working their way up from Mafeking by way of Macloutsi to Tuli and Victoria." A detachment of the 10th Mountain Battery R.A. had already reached Buluwayo.

Tabas-i-Mhamba was attacked by a column under Colonel Plumer on July 5th. The force employed was made up of four hundred mounted men of the Relief Force, with four Maxims; a detachment R.A., with two mountain guns; 25 mounted and 75 dismounted men of the Buluwayo force; 75 of Colembrander's "friendlies"; and 107 of Major Robertson's "Cape Boys," another native corps—in all, 752 men. The column assembled near Buluwayo on June 29th and marched next day by way of Inyati. Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his brother, Colonel F. Rhodes, joined the expedition. "We also," says Colonel Plumer, "received an important recruit in the person of Father Bartelémy, who remained with the column until the close of the campaign. He endeared himself to us all by his kindly, simple manners, and won our admiration and affection

by his untiring devotion to the sick and wounded."

Tabas-i-Mhamba is a group of crags, with sharp summits and steep sides, burrowed with many caves. Rocks of this kind, often rising in abrupt isolation from the plain, are a feature of the South African landscape, and are locally

direction, was to clear the koppies on the north side, while the right column, under Major Kershaw, cleared the south part of the group. The enemy were to be driven out into the open, east of the hills, where the mounted troops, sent round by north and south, were to attack and break them up.



SKETCH MAP OF THE MATABELE WARS.

known as "koppies." The Tabas-i-Mhamba group is about three miles across, with dense bush on the north and west, and the Umsingwane River running on its eastern side. The country was open in this direction. Plumer's plan was to approach the enemy's fastness by a night march, and attack with the infantry from the bush on the north and west in two columns. The northern or left column, under his own personal

The night march was a complete success, and at sunrise on July 5th the attack began. It cost some sharp fighting before the enemy were driven out, for among the rocks and in the labyrinth of caves they had the advantage of the ground on their side, and the mountain guns and Maxims made very little impression on them. The battle was really a number of isolated actions among the hills, and it was noon

MAJOR ROBERTSON'S "CAPE BOYS" STORMING A KOPPIE.

before the enemy was finally cleared out. "It is difficult," writes Colonel Plumer, "to estimate either their numbers or their losses, as the fighting took place over such a wide area. Their losses must have amounted to nearly 100. Nearly 1,000 cattle, over 2,000 sheep and goats, and between 500 and 600 women and children were captured, amongst them being one of Lobengula's queens. They were quite willing to be taken with the column, and expressed themselves as heartily sick of all the fighting and moving about they had been going through. They said that picked scouts had watched and reported the arrival of the column at Inyati, but that the indunas (chiefs) had calculated that the force would march on the 5th and attack on the 6th, by which time the women and cattle would have been removed. Evidently the night march of twenty miles had upset all their plans, and had been mainly instrumental to the success of the operations." In the caves and in the native camps among the koppies was found a large amount of clothing and other property that had belonged to the murdered settlers. The loss of the victors was three white troopers killed and five wounded (one mortally), and six natives killed and nine wounded—twenty-three casualties in all. The capture of Tabas-i-Mhamba put an end to the Matabele insurrection in the country north of Buluwayo.

Sir F. Carrington's efforts were now directed to the reduction of the rebel strongholds in the Matoppo Hills. The Matoppo country, viewed from one of the outlying summits, looked like "an endless sea of koppies of various sizes, all more or less composed of huge granite boulders, in the interstices of which grew bush and scrub, and separated from each other in most cases by only extremely narrow and tortuous gorges." When it is added that the koppies were honeycombed with caves, it will be realised that the rebels held a natural fortress of formidable strength.

In the middle of July, General Carrington concentrated his force south of Buluwayo, close to the northern edge of the Matoppos. Information obtained by Colonel Baden-Powell went to show that the principal force of Matabele in the western part of the hills was an impi or native army, under Babyan, which held a group of koppies five or six miles from the camp. On July 19th a reconnoitring party sent into the hills had a narrow escape of being cut off by Babyan's men. On the evening of the same day a detachment of seventy men, with two guns and two Maxims, was left to hold the camp, and the rest of the field force marched off at 10 p.m. It was made up of about 500 white troops and volunteers, about 250 Cape Boys, and 300 other black "friendlies"—in all, nearly 1,200 fighting men, with two mountain guns, three Maxims, and a Hotchkiss machine gun. Very few of the volunteers were mounted, the horses being left behind now that the chief work to be done was fighting on rocky hillsides. Entering the hill country, the column halted at 1 a.m. on the 20th and rested till 4.30, when the march was resumed. The advance was up a narrow valley, with the koppies held by the enemy in front. Soon after sunrise the Matabele opened fire from some rough stone breastworks. They were shelled out of these, and the koppies were then attacked and stormed with little loss. Desultory fighting went on for some hours among the hills, but an attempt to cut off the enemy's retreat by a flanking party failed, and most of Babyan's men got away. The loss in the attack was one white man killed and one wounded, and four Cape Boys killed and ten wounded. The black auxiliaries did the heaviest part of the fighting. A small detached force under Captain Laing, which was marching to attack a body of rebels reported to be at Inugu Hill, eight miles to the westward, was itself attacked while on the march. The enemy had good cover among bush and granite boulders, and it was three hours before the assailants were beaten off. The losses of the detachment were heavy, three white troopers killed and ten wounded, and twenty-five friendlies killed and eighteen wounded—fifty-six casualties in all.

It was considered that by the capture of Babyan's stronghold and the dispersal of his army, the strength of the rebels in the western Matoppos was broken. Sir F. Carrington, who was in bad health, returned for a while to Buluwayo, leaving Colonel Plumer in command, and the end of July was spent in patrolling the hills round the camp and securing the ground that had been won by erecting a number of small forts. On the 31st the force left the camp and began to move eastward, and on that day, and on August 2nd, encountered and drove off small bodies of Matabele, who made a not very determined attempt to defend themselves among the rocks. On the 4th the scouts reported that the enemy was in force in the neighbourhood, and this news was confirmed by an old native woman, a member of Lobengula's family, who was brought in a prisoner by one of the patrols.

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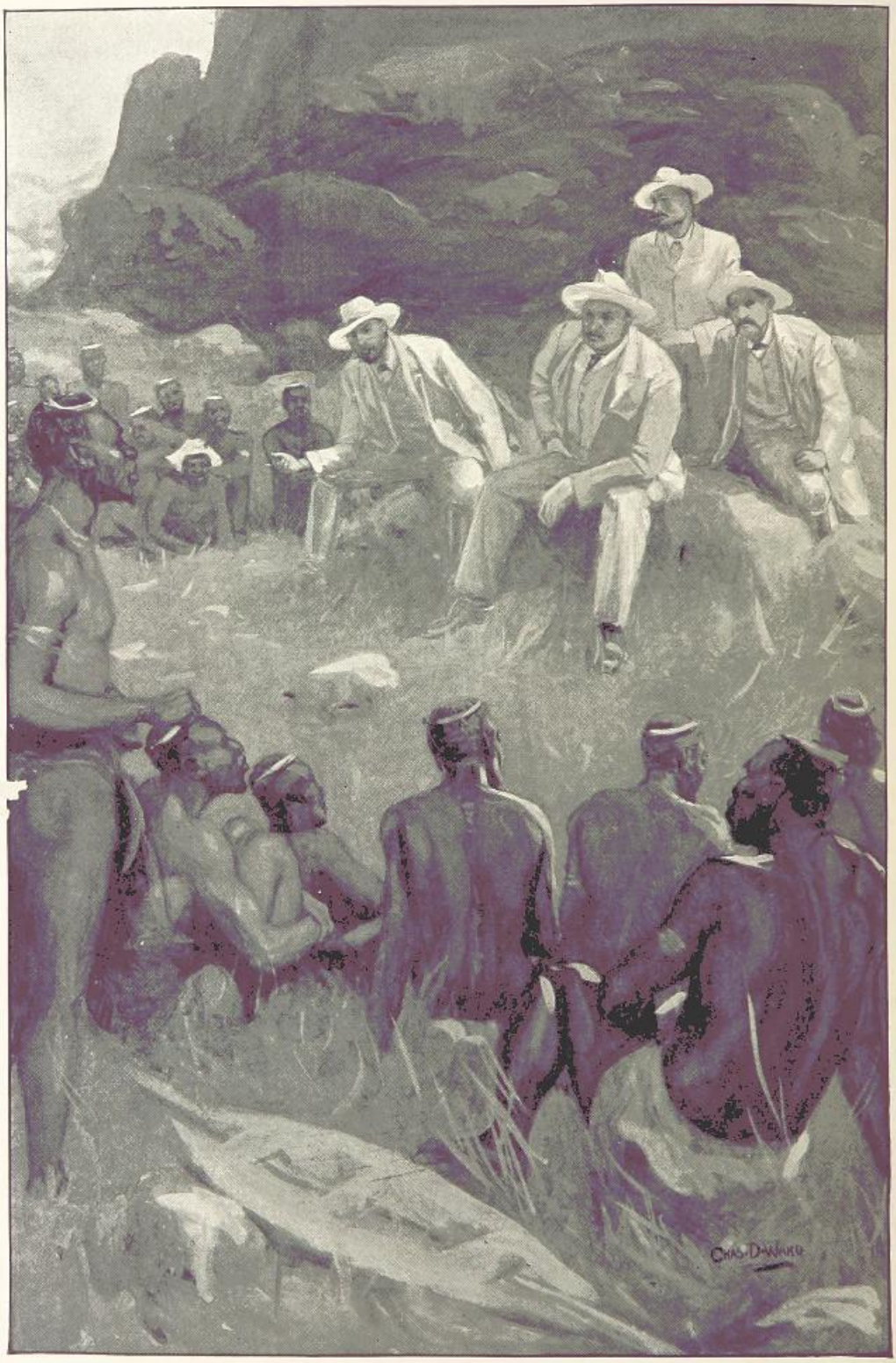


THE GREAT INDABA IN THE MATOPPO HILLS: MR. RHODES CONFERRING WITH THE MATABELE CHIEFS.

She said that there were five impis assembled in the neighbouring hills, but that the men were disheartened by their repeated defeats, and many of them would like to give in, but the chiefs would not let them. They had plenty of food and ammunition, but they were anxious about the next year's crop being left unsown, and they had expected that (as their wizards told them) the white men would die as the cattle had died of the rinderpest; instead of which, the whites seemed more numerous than ever, and were working their way into what the Matabele had regarded as the impregnable fastnesses of the Matoppos.

Next day, August 5th, Colonel Plumer fought the decisive action which practically ended the campaign of the Matoppo Hills. The enemy were the five Matabele impis, afterwards estimated at a total of 3,000 fighting men, commanded by some of their best chiefs, Inyanda, Sekombo, and three others. The attacking force was nearly 800 strong, being made up of 89 of the Matabeleland Mounted Police, and 350 of Plumer's own corps, the Matabeleland Relief Force, 57 officers and men of the R.A. detachment, 158 of Colembrander's native corps, and 100 of Robertson's Cape Boys. There were four machine guns, two mountain guns, and a rocket tube. A small detachment with two Maxims and a mountain gun had been left to guard the camp, to which the attacking force was to return in the evening after the fight, so that packs, great-coats, and all other impedimenta could be left behind under this guard.

"The column paraded in the dark at half-past four in the morning," writes Colonel Baden-Powell (who during the campaign did the double duty of chief of the staff and war correspondent to a London paper). "It moved off silently, without lighting fires or pipes, as we were close under the heights occupied by the enemy's look-outs. It fell to me to act as guide, since I knew something of the country to be traversed and the point where the enemy were posted. It meant passing through two outer ranges of hills and through a wooded pass into a semicircular valley or amphitheatre, two sides of which were occupied by the rebel impis. At sunrise we arrived in the camp leading into this valley, where we were completely sheltered from view by the bush. The back of the valley was formed by a single high ridge of smooth granite, and from it five offshoots ran down into the valley like fingers from the ridge of knuckles. At the tip of each of these fingers rose rocky peaks among the bush and jungle of the lower valley; these peaks and the fingers themselves formed the strongholds of the individual impis. It was evident that if we could get our guns into the commanding position afforded by the knuckles they would be able to bring an effective fire to bear on each of the strongholds in turn, and thus prepare the way for our storming them from the valley. Colonel Plumer ordered the guns, with a strong escort of 130 men, under Captain the Hon. J. Beresford, 7th Hussars, to endeavour to gain a position on the ridge, moving up that shoulder of it which might be termed the thumb. With Beresford I sent two of my 'boys' as guides and scouts, and I told Beresford to keep a good look-out in going out, as he might find Inyanda's impi on the right of his path, while the remaining four were away to his left. At 7.30 this party moved away to our right front. The main body meanwhile were to remain concealed where they were until the guns got into position for shelling the strongholds, upon which it would move forward and attack them in succession."

Beresford's party, advancing slowly over very difficult ground covered with bush, did not reach the foot of the hills till 8.15. Here the guides declared they did not know the way, and the officers reconnoitred in front while the party halted. A path was selected, and the ascent of the hill began. A small plateau or shoulder half-way up had just been reached, and the party had halted to rest and close up, when it was rushed on three sides, in front and on both flanks, by masses of the enemy. The front attack showed in the bush only 150 yards off; one of the flank attacks opened fire at a range of only fifty yards among a mass of boulders. The mountain guns opened with case, the Maxim was brought into action, but the other machine gun was dropped by the native porters, who ran away into the bush. When it was picked up, part of its gear could not be found, and it was useless. For more than an hour Beresford's party had to fight for their lives, losing heavily. The firing was heard by the main body, but the sound seemed to be moving away, and Plumer and his officers imagined that the detachment was driving the enemy before it as it marched up the hills. The bush concealed all view of the action.

At 10 o'clock the enemy had been beaten off, but still held the rocky and bush-covered hill-side 500 yards in front. Beresford sent Plumer a report to the effect that he had beaten off the

rebel attack, but could not advance further without support. On receiving this message at 10.30 Plumer ordered a general advance against the enemy's position.

Major Kershaw, with the white troopers and Colembrander's blacks, advanced against the rocky spurs in the enemy's centre—the fore-finger and the second finger, to adopt Colonel Baden-Powell's description of the ground. This precipitated the retreat of the enemy, which began about one o'clock, the Matabele streaming away over the ridge. For some time after, desultory fighting went on with small detached parties of the rebels who held out here and there among the rocks. The loss in the attack was six killed and fourteen wounded; a large proportion of these were officers and sergeants, shot down while gallantly leading their men.

ON THE MARCH: PASSING A DRIFT.

relieved the pressure on Beresford, who was able to advance on the right. Away to the left, Robertson and the Cape Boys attacked the western spurs of the hill, the rocks being so steep that they had to take off their shoes to climb them. The enemy made a hard fight among the rocks and caves. Kershaw was shot dead as he led his men up to the mouth of a cave in the centre. On the extreme right, Baden-Powell reached the ridge with a party of scouts, but his advance along the crest was checked by a strong body of the enemy. There is no doubt, however, that his appearance here The officers killed were Major Kershaw, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and Lieutenant Hervey, of Plumer's corps, and four sergeants. Among the wounded were Captains Windley and Fowler, and Lieutenants N. W. Fraser, R. H. McCulloch, and the Hon. Hubert Howard. Howard was serving with Robertson's Cape Boys. He met his death two years later when acting as a correspondent at the capture of Omdurman. The enemy's loss was estimated at between 200 and 300.

General Carrington and Mr. Rhodes arrived in camp next day. The General paraded the

troops and congratulated them on their success. Reconnoitring parties sent into the hills saw only a few rebel scouts moving in the distance, but one of these parties brought in a Matabele woman as a prisoner. She proved to be the mother of the chief Inyanda. She confirmed the report that many of the Matabele were anxious for peace, and she was used as a means of opening communication with her people with a view to negotiations. A large body of the troops was sent into the hills for two days, but met no hostile force, and the general impression was that the impis had dispersed.

As the result of messages sent under the white flag and conveyed in the first instance by Inyanda's mother, the chiefs sent back word that they were ready to negotiate. On August 21st Mr. Rhodes, who had gone into the hills without an escort, trusting to the word of the Matabele, and accompanied by Colembrander and two white settlers, had a conference with Inyanda, Sekombo, and six other leading chiefs. A local armistice was arranged, but it was not till October 13th, after several other conferences, that peace was finally assured.

The negotiations with the chiefs in the Matoppo Hills in August had put an end to the rebellion in its main stronghold. But in the east and north-east of Matabeleland and in Mashonaland several chiefs were still in arms against the Government. The chief Wedza held a rocky stronghold in the Belingwe district, 100 miles east of Buluwayo. Two other chiefs were in arms near Gwelo, and gatherings of hostile Matabele were reported in the Somambula forest north of that place. Uwini was the leading rebel chief in this district. Umtini, whom Plumer had defeated at Tabas-i-Mhamba on July 5th, was said to have rallied some of his fighting men on the Shangani River. Small flying columns of the newly-arrived Imperial troops (7th Hussars and Mounted Infantry) were despatched from Buluwayo at the end of August to break up the gatherings near Gwelo and in

TROOPERS BURNING KRAALS AFTER DRIVING OUT THE ENEMY.

the Somambula forest, and a strong patrol of the same troops was sent along the Shangani.

Uwini's stronghold was broken up in the first half of September. It consisted of eight koppies. In storming the first of these the chief himself was captured. Colonel Baden-Powell brought him before a court-martial, which condemned him to be shot on the charge of armed rebellion and murder of the settlers in his district. The sentence was executed in full view of the rebels holding the other koppies. Cut off from their water supply and discouraged by the loss of their chief, they either surrendered or fled during the next few days. In the second half of the month the flying columns cleared the Shangani district and the Somambula forest at the cost of only a few small skirmishes. Everywhere the rebels were for the most part anxious to surrender.

On October 1st Baden-Powell marched from Buluwayo with a small column chiefly made up of Hussars and Imperial Mounted Infantry to attack the last fortress of the rebels, Wedza's stronghold in the Belingwe district. The "stronghold" was an isolated mass of granite mountains, two miles long and a mile and a half across. There were six rocky peaks or "koppies" 800 to 1,000 feet high, with the caves or kraals held by the rebels near their summits. Summoned to surrender, Wedza answered with defiance, but his hill fortress was attacked and stormed on October 15th and 16th. The 7th Hussars, after acting as cavalry in surrounding the hill, took a leading part as infantry in the actual attack. Prince Alexander of Teck was serving with the regiment. Though patrols of cavalry and mounted infantry were for some time on the move in the lately disturbed districts, the capture of Wedza's fortress may be said to have ended the war in Matabeleland. The revolt which had begun in Mashonaland in the middle of June lasted for some time longer. The call to arms had been given by some bands of Matabele, who, after their first defeat near Buluwayo, had fled into Mashonaland, and had told the Mashonas that all the whites in Matabeleland had been killed, and that Lobengula, who had not been dead, but hiding in the north, was on his way with a great army to occupy the country. At the call of their old masters the Mashonas rose against the settlers, and there were the same scenes of cold-blooded murder that had heralded the Matabele insurrection. The rebellion was wholly unexpected. Local corps were hurriedly enrolled, patrols went out from the towns to rescue and bring in the isolated settlers, and in these little expeditions many brave deeds were done. The districts chiefly infested by the rebels were round Salisbury and Umtali, and the road to the Beira railway and the coast from the latter place was interrupted by a chief named Makoni, who had got together a numerous following. Luckily for the settlers, the first victories had already been won over the Matabele insurgents, and Buluwayo was no longer in danger. It was thus possible for the authorities to divert to Mashonaland reinforcements that were already on the way to Matabeleland. The first help thus available was given by a troop of fifty volunteers from Natal under Captain Turner. By the end of June about 300 men had been hurried to Salisbury from Matabeleland, and Colonel Alderson had arrived from the Cape to take local command, bringing with him more than 500 Imperial troops, mounted infantry, artillery, and engineers, and detachments from the West Riding and York and Lancaster regiments. The regulars came up by the Beira route, and on the way attacked and stormed Makoni's kraal, killing some 200 of the rebels and losing only one officer (Captain Haynes) and three men killed and five wounded. The column cleared the road up to Salisbury, thus removing one of the chief dangers of the situation, for the district had to draw much of its supplies from the coast by the Beira route.

Colonel Alderson's force was gradually raised to over 2,000 men, British regulars and Colonial volunteers. Acting under the instructions of General Carrington, with whom he communicated by the telegraph wire that the rebels left standing between Salisbury and Buluwayo, he kept several flying columns in motion and broke up one by one the rebel gatherings in Mashonaland. As soon as peace was secured in Matabeleland Sir Frederick Carrington transferred his headquarters to Salisbury. In November Makoni was captured and shot, and in the first half of December the last of the rebel impis dispersed, and the war was over. More than 5,000 troops had been engaged in the suppression of the rebellion, including some 1,200 regulars of the Imperial army, besides about 400 friendlies. Of the white troops and such regularly organised corps as the Cape Boys, 134 had lost their lives in the campaign, and 173 had been wounded. The second Matabele war had lasted in all more than eight months, and had proved a more serious and costly conflict than the first conquest of the country.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF MADAGASCAR.

THE great island of Madagascar, off the east coast of Africa, is inhabited by a number of tribes who, till lately, were ruled by a race known as the Hovas, supposed to be of Malay origin. The Hovas had been for many hundred years in the island, but their sovereignty over the whole of it was established in the first part of the present century by their king, Radama I. He was recognised by Great Britain as King of Madagascar. He died in 1829, and his widow, Ranavolona I., reigned in his stead till 1861. As long ago as 1642 the French King Louis XIII. had given a charter to a company which was to explore and colonise the great island, a grant which it was claimed had received practical effect by certain treaties with local chiefs. This vague claim to French sovereignty was reasserted at various times in other grants and proclamations, but beyond occupying some small islands off the coast, and occasionally keeping up a short-lived trading settlement in one or other of the coast districts, nothing was really done to effectively occupy any territory in Madagascar. The Hova rulers of the island, however, had not always complete control of the districts on the coast. Their stronghold was the central mountain plateau, but the tribes of the seaboard often successfully defied their authority. The Sakalavas especially were ready at French instigation to assert their independence of the Hovas, and the French Government alleged that by recent treaties with the Sakalava chiefs, their old claim to sovereignty in Madagascar had been recognised, and that this numerous tribe was anxious for a French protectorate. In 1882 war broke out between the French and the Hovas. The operations were conducted by a blockading squadron, which landed a small force to occupy various points on the coast. The Hovas, after a vain attempt to obtain the intervention of England on their behalf, consented in 1885 to sign a treaty by which the fine harbour of Diego Suarez was ceded to France ; a French resident was to be permanently stationed at Antananarivo, the Hova capital, and the foreign relations of Madagascar were to be controlled by the French Government. By the Anglo-French agreement of 1890 the French protectorate over Madagascar was recognised by England ; but the Hova Government and the Hova Queen (Ranavolona III.) persisted in declaring that an undue extension had been given to the treaty of 1885, and towards the end of 1894 the constant disputes between the resident and the Hova Prime Minister (who was also the husband of the Queen) ended in an open rupture, and the French Government resolved to finally break the power of the Hovas and occupy their capital.

GENERAL DUCHESNE, IN COMMAND OF THE FRENCH FORCES IN MADAGASCAR.

It was on October 27th, 1894, that the French resident, M. de Vilers, hauled down his flag at Antananarivo, and the staff of the residency, with its French escort, began its march to the sea coast. The ordinary course would have been to take the road that descends by the steep eastern face of the plateau to Tamatave, but the much longer route was chosen that leads by the valleys of the Ikopa and Betsiboka to the port of Majunga in the extreme north-west of the island. The fact was that it had already been determined that if there was to be an expedition to Antananarivo, it should avoid the difficult ascent from Tamatave, and, making Majunga its base, should penetrate inland by the country between these rivers. The march of the resi dency escort thus gave an opportunity for a final

reconnaissance of the scene of the projected military operations. The route had already been carefully examined in the late summer by a French engineer officer, who succeeded in persuading the Hova authorities that he was a peaceful speculator prospecting for gold-reefs, and ready to pay handsomely for mining concessions.

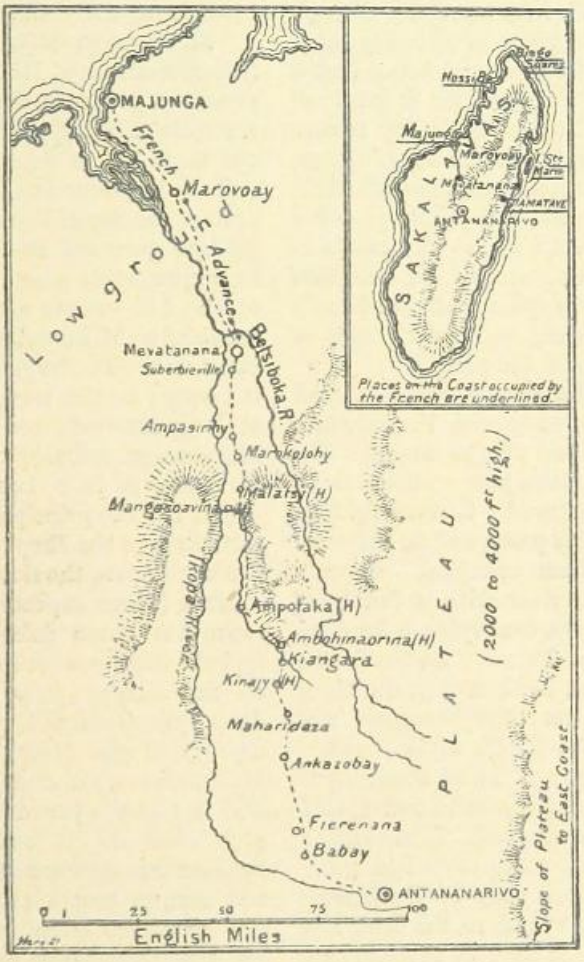
The distance from the coast to the capital by this route is about 280 miles, but a great inducement to select it was that it was hoped that about a hundred miles of the distance could be done by water, along the course of the Ikopa River. The navigation ends near Mevatanana, where the first terraces of the inland plateau rise from the plain of the coast region. The best season for operations in Madagascar corresponds to our spring and summer, so, though the French had declared war in October, 1894, it was not till April, 1895, that their advance inland began. But meanwhile they were making preparations for the expedition, getting together the troops, building light-draught steamers for the rivers, sending out stores, forming a base at Majunga, and occupying this and other points on the coast of the island. The declaration of war would have been delayed till all was ready for action, but for the solid gain of being able, once war was declared, to proclaim a blockade of the coast and prevent the Hovas from obtaining further supplies of arms and ammunition from abroad

Tamatave, the chief town on the east coast, and the port at which goods for the capital were usually landed, was occupied by marines and seamen from the blockading squadron on December 12th. There was no resistance, and the only two shots fired were shells thrown over the Hova fort near the harbour, to make sure it was evacuated. One of them in bursting killed a French subject. This was the only casualty of the day. The Hovas had retreated to entrenched positions on the first rise of the plateau just outside the town. They had made up their minds that the French would make an attack from Tamatave and try to clear the direct road to the capital. This idea the French sedulously encouraged, with the result that for nine long months the Hovas kept some of their best troops and their heavy artillery idly waiting on the hills above Tamatave. The French warships occasionally threw a few shells among them at a range of about four miles, without doing much damage; but on June 26th, 1895, a heavy siege battery established at the fort of Tamatave, by a lucky shot blew up the largest magazine in the Hova entrenchments.

Majunga was occupied on January 16th, 1895, the Hova fort having been bombarded two days before by a squadron under Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Bienaimé. In the weeks that followed at Majunga, the difficulties and misfortunes of the expedition began. They were nearly all the result of want of ordinary foresight and proper organisation. No adequate landing accommodation existed at the port, and for some time nothing was done to make good this deficiency. As the stores for the expedition began to arrive from France they were piled in confusion on the beach, and a mistake having been made as to the level of the high tides, tons of flour and a whole cargo of salt were destroyed in a single night. The boats for the navigation of the rivers were sent out on board of a steamer which was delayed by an unfortunate collision. When at last she arrived at Majunga it was found that the boats, which were wanted at once, could not be got at till hundreds of carts that had been loaded on top of them had been disembarked—carts for which as yet there was no road in the neighbourhood available. The first attempts at road making ended in an impassable marsh on the shore of the estuary, and the work had to be begun again on a new line. When the mules arrived that were to draw the carts, it was found they had never been broken to draught, and in the first experiments they kicked a good many of the carts to pieces. Stores were also made useless by being wrongly marked, and, at a moment when quinine was invaluable, several cases were lying unrecognised on the Majunga beach, labelled as nails.

Meanwhile, the *personnel* of the expedition was assembling, while the preparations for the advance were still in a state of backwardness and confusion. Carrier corps of coolies from Mauritius and Réunion were enrolled to supplement the wheeled transport. Three battalions of the friendly Sakalava tribesmen, who counted the Hovas as their hereditary enemies, were recruited and drilled under French officers, and other regiments began to arrive from France and the French colonies. The French army is organised for campaigning in Europe, not for colonial warfare. To order a certain number of the home battalions to Madagascar, as British regiments are sent off to this or that "little war," would be to disorganise the existing elaborate system of home defence. But four special service

battalions were obtained from the army in France for the Madagascar campaign, by following the same plan that was adopted for the British Ashanti expedition of this same year. A new line regiment of three battalions (1,800 men) was organised out of detachments from the line regiments in garrison in France. Officers and men were selected from those who volunteered for the service, and the new regiment was known as the 200th. On the same principle, a new battalion of Rifles or *Chasseurs* (the 40th) was made up of volunteers from the recently organised Alpine Chasseurs. They served their first campaign in the hill country of Madagascar, after training for warfare among the glaciers and passes of the Alps. The Marines, the Foreign Legion, the Turcos from Algeria, and the Senegalese *tirailleurs* from West Africa, supplied other corps to the expedition. In all there were thirteen battalions of infantry. The artillery supplied seven mountain batteries. It was not expected that there would be much use for cavalry, so that arm was represented only by a squadron of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, fresh from frontier campaigning in Algeria. There was a strong contingent of engineers. The whole force numbered 15,000 men, most of them picked for the work they had to do. The command was given to General Duchesne, who had had some experience of half-savage warfare in the hill country of Formosa, during the French war with China, and whose latest peace service in Europe had been on the Alpine frontier of France.



THE FRENCH ADVANCE ON ANTANANARIVO.

NOTE.—The places marked thus (H) are fortified villages on the road from Mevatanana to the capital.

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On the other side, the Hovas were making no use of the precious respite given to them by the blunders and delays of the French administration. They seem to have been chiefly engaged in

quarrelling with and getting rid of their European military advisers, praying for British intervention (all hope of which had been cut off by the Anglo-French Convention), holding reviews in the capital, and consoling themselves that the French would be mostly destroyed by fever and starvation, and the remnant of them harassed to death by guerilla warfare in the wooded hills. There was, too, some wild talk of firing the forests while the French were marching through them, the only weak point of this ingenious plan for getting rid of the enemy being that a Madagascar forest will not burn till it has been cut down and stacked for a whole dry season. The Hovas had enrolled a large body of troops, and had plenty of modern weapons—Martinis, Sniders, mountain guns and Gatlings — but weapons are not of much use in the hands of unwarlike men, and the course of the campaign showed that the military spirit which had made the Hovas the conquering and ruling race of Madagascar was a thing of the past.

General Duchesne landed and took command at Majunga on April 12th, and the advance inland began at the end of the month. On May 2nd, Maravoay, a Hova post on the river of the same name, was captured. Serious fighting had been expected at this point, and an elaborate plan of attack had been arranged. Captain Bienaimé went up the river with a flotilla of steam launches and boats, conveying a landing-party of bluejackets and Turcos. As the flotilla came in sight of the fort of Maravoay, the Hova artillery opened fire, and the bow-guns and Hotchkiss cannon of the flotilla replied with a shower of shells, the range being about 2,700 yards, or rather more than a mile and a half. In an hour the fort was silenced. Meanwhile a column of infantry, with some mountain guns, under General Metzinger (one of Duchesne's brigadiers), was moving round to the land side of the place. The appearance of this column, threatening their line of retreat, was a signal for the Hovas to abandon the fort and village, pursued as they ran by shells from the mountain guns and long-range volleys from the repeating rifles of the French. The Hova Governor of the province had been in command, and he had been so hurried in taking his departure that he had left behind him in the fort his papers and his silver staff of office.

There was a halt at Maravoay to bring up supplies. It was not till the second week of May that the march began again. One of its earliest incidents was a brief skirmish between a Sakalava battalion of the advanced guard and a Hova force, which broke before a bayonet charge of the Sakalavas. By the end of May the expedition had reached the confluence of the Ikopa and Betsiboka Rivers. It was reported that a Hova army had concentrated for the defence of Mevatanana, now close in front. The place is thus described by Mr. Frank Vincent, an American traveller, who made a journey across Madagascar some months before the war.

"Mevatanana is but a little way from the Suberbieville Gold Mines. The name means 'an excellent site for a city,' and is appropriate, for it stands on a high ridge of clay, 240 feet above the level. It is splendidly fortified by nature, and reminded me at once of the general appearance of the city of Constantine in Algeria. With modern guns and soldiers it would certainly be an impregnable post. From the northern end of the hill—where stands the house originally occupied by M. Suberbie—you have a magnificent panorama. To the east and south the country is empty; to the west, across the River Ikopa, at long intervals, are some Sakalava villages. Mevatanana contains 200 houses. That of the Governor is in a broad open space, close to which are the principal shops. It is two miles from here to the Ikopa at the point to which, in the wet season, the river is navigable for canoes."

Here it was expected that the Hovas would make a stubborn defence. But Mevatanana on its bold ridge was captured as easily as Maravoay on the swampy plain. In his despatch dated June 13th, General Duchesne thus reported the capture of the place: "Our troops occupied Mevatanana on the morning of the 9th instant. The artillery opened fire at long range with such effect as to compel the enemy, whose position was simultaneously turned on the north and east, to beat a retreat. Our loss was only two *tirailleurs* (skirmishers) slightly wounded; but the troops have to undergo great fatigues. Two quick-firing guns have been captured."

The general's remark that the troops had to endure great fatigue seems to be a half admission of regret that his victory cost so little fighting. South of Mevatanana lay the tract of land, 100 square miles in extent, granted to an enterprising Frenchman, M. Suberbie, as a goldfield, on condition of the Hova Government sharing the results. There were extensive alluvial diggings along the streams flowing into the Ikopa, and some shafts had been sunk to gold reefs on the higher ground. Suberbieville, the settlement where the European engineers had their houses

and the stamp mills were at work, was the centre of the local mining industry. It was expected that the Hova army would have destroyed the buildings and machinery as they retired southwards, but the works were found almost uninjured, only one shed having been burned.

The French expeditionary force halted for about two months at Mevatanana. This long delay proved in the end the source of heavier loss than all the fighting of the campaign. It was not General Duchesne's fault that matters were conducted in this way. It was the outcome of the unfortunate plan imposed on him by the organisers of the expedition at the French War Office. The river transport beyond Maravoay had turned out a failure, because, except in the rainy season, when operations are impossible, there was not enough water in the Ikopa and the Betsiboka to float the boats that had been sent out from France. The supplies had, therefore, to be brought up by land. An army of porters and a numerous train of pack animals would have solved the problem, by allowing the expedition to make use of the existing tracks of the country. But the wise men of Paris had decided that wheeled transport would be better, and had sent out some hundreds of newly-designed light carts for the purpose. The carts could not be used without a road to put them on, and the army was kept at work road-making, under the tropical sun, in the low-lying unhealthy coast districts. No wonder that fever and dysentery began to rapidly thin the ranks of the expedition. Every post along the road from Maravoay to Mevatanana is marked by a French cemetery.

Another fight took place during the long halt. Misinterpreting the French inaction as a sign of weakness, the Hovas, towards the end of June, tried to move round the French flank, to cut the communications with Maravoay. On the 30th they were attacked by a French column sent out to check the movement. The encounter took place near the village of Tsaroatra, to the east of Mevatanana. With a touch of their old savagery, the Hova soldiers threw off their uniforms and went naked into battle. They broke and fled before the first salvo of the French guns, and the invaders collected on the field the clothes of the fugitives, most of their equipment, all their cannon, and hundreds of their rifles.

By the end of July the first section of the road was in working order, and stores were accumulating at Mevatanana. Duchesne pushed on his vanguard to Ampasirihy, half way between that place and Malatsy, and began to extend the road for another twenty miles south. The Hovas had decided to make a stand a few miles beyond Malatsy. They had begun to throw up lines of entrenchments across the track leading southward from Malatsy, their centre being at the hill of Andriba, a bold mass of gneiss rock rising some hundreds of feet above the valley. The position could not be easily turned, and the French officers afterwards said that if it had been held by any ordinary troops it would have been all but impregnable.

The Hovas had so far declined the help of any European officers. But they now asked Major Graves, formerly of the Royal Artillery, who had offered them his services, to proceed to Andriba with reinforcements, complete the fortification of the position, and act as military adviser to the Hova commanders on the spot. Graves accepted the hopeless task. He found a most unsatisfactory state of things at Andriba. About 10,000 men had been concentrated there, and some heavy guns of longer range than the light French mountain batteries had been placed in position. But there was much sickness in the camp, there was very little ammunition, and no system of supply to feed the troops, many of whom were half starved. In Madagascar the accepted method of supplying the armies was that men called out for service should bring a certain amount of provisions with them. When this was exhausted they went away to get more, and often failed to reappear. Thus a Malagasy army was a variable quantity of continually changing elements. Under the wretched conditions of service there were numerous desertions. A great reserve camp had been formed near the capital, but even here the men were short of food, and to check the tendency to desert there were horrible military executions, the unfortunate deserters being burned at the stake.

Graves did what he could to strengthen the position at Andriba and to organise the defence. With any ordinary troops he would have attempted to harass the French advance and break in on their long line of communications, but with such "soldiers" as he had, the most he could hope was that they would make a stand behind their entrenchments. To the last he was hampered by the Malagasy generals, who in their obstinate ignorance refused to act on his suggestions. At last the French were coming. They were advancing slowly along the fifty

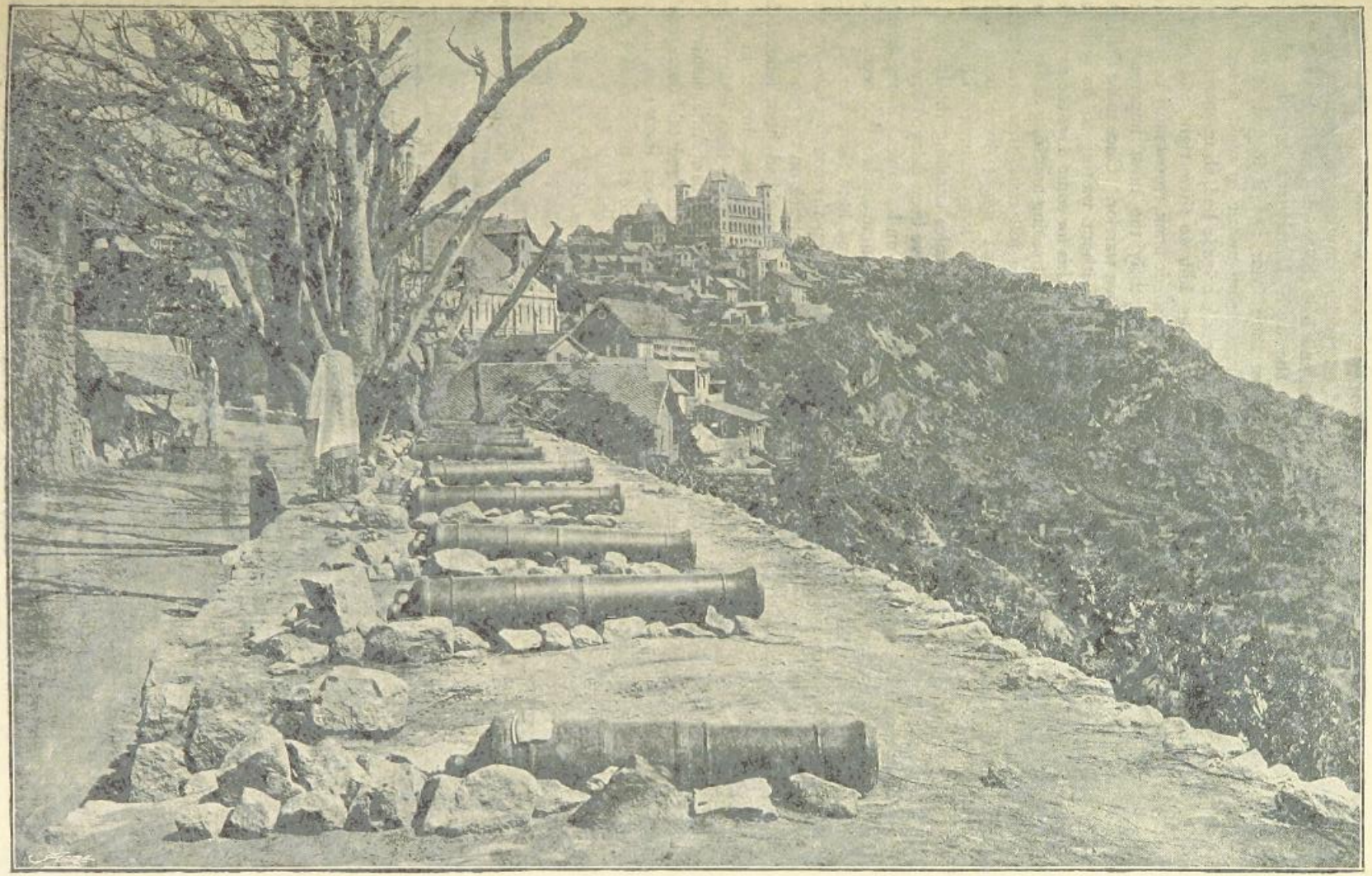
miles between Mevatanana and Malatsy, making the road as they came, and leaving full hospitals and graveyards behind them.

The Hova outpost at Malatsy withdrew without fighting, and on August 22nd Andriba was captured. The French advanced guard cleared another small outpost just below the position after a brief exchange of rifle fire, in which two or three men were wounded. The mountain batteries then opened fire on the works of the main position. The Hova artillery replied for a while, but its fire was almost harmless, most of the shells falling wide of the mark and failing to burst, or exploding in the deep ravines that furrowed the mountain side. The cannonade had begun late in the day, and the enemy's answering fire soon ceased. But General Duchesne did not mean to attack with his infantry till next day, as he knew they would have at the least a long climb over difficult ground that could not be easily traversed except in daylight. But the Hovas, whose flight had begun as soon as the French opened fire, completely abandoned the position during the night. At sunrise on the 22nd the French formed for the attack, but the Hova guns were silent, not a shot came from the entrenchments, and the invaders marched unresisted into the formidable works on which weeks of labour had been expended, and which had been cleared at the cost of a few shells. No wonder that after this the French felt nothing but contempt for their opponents.

PRINCE ROMAHATRA, GENERAL OF THE HOVAS.

At Andriba there was a halt of about three weeks while supplies were being brought up. The distance to Antananarivo is about 150 miles, the track running through difficult mountain country. General Duchesne decided to carry the road no further, but to make Andriba his most advanced depôt, and push on boldly for the Hova capital with a small column, for which he could get together mule and carrier transport. The largest force he could thus provide for was only 4,500 men. The men who had stood the climate best were selected from the various corps of the expedition. Generals Voyron and Metzinger were put in command of the two miniature brigades thus formed of these reduced units, and all was ready for the last stage of the advance by the middle of September. It was known that there were several strong positions between Andriba and the capital, and that at least 50,000 men were assembled at various points along the road and in the great reserve camp at Antananarivo itself. But General Duchesne had seen enough of the Hovas in action to feel safe in advancing with some 4,000 men against tens of thousands. When the news of the fall of Andriba reached the capital there had been something like a panic. The French were expected to appear immediately before the city, and terrible stories had been told of the way in which they would treat the place and its inhabitants. As a matter of fact, Duchesne was enforcing the most rigid discipline among his troops, and the inhabitants had been well treated all along the line of the French advance. But those who were trying to rouse the people to combine for the defence of the capital carefully concealed these reassuring facts. The panic led to some curious developments. There was a sudden outburst of rage against foreigners of all nationalities. Not only were the valuable instruments left at the French Jesuit observatory smashed one night, but the English cemetery was also laid waste, the coffins dragged from the graves, and the monuments broken to pieces. There was a sudden reversion of many to pagan rites. Bibles were cast aside, and half forgotten fetish formulas were repeated again. Even the Court lent some countenance to these proceedings. A wizard, who undertook to blind the French by magical arts, was actually received at Court and sent off to the army with his following of half-savage Betsileo tribesmen, who, he declared, had been made bullet-proof by being anointed with magic fat. After this, rumours spread in the capital that the Court was going to send away the London missionaries and give up the religion of the Europeans.

On September 12th General Duchesne marched



THE OLD BATTERY AT ANTANANARIVO.

out of his camp at Andriba. The force with which he was to traverse a difficult mountain country and capture the enemy's capital was composed of the following units :—

1st Brigade.—General Metzinger

	Men.
Foreign Legion (one battalion)	500
Turcos (two battalions)	1,200
200th Regiment (3rd battalion)	430
One Section of Artillery (two guns)	40
	2,170

2nd Brigade.—General Voyron.

	Men.
13th Regiment of Marines (1st and 3rd battalions)	1,200
Sakalava Rifles (one battalion)	660
Senegalese and Haussa Rifles (two companies)	340
Two Batteries Mountain Artillery (eight guns)	130
	2,330

This gives a total of 4,500 men besides the staff with its escort, a mounted troop of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It was a motley force made up of many nations. Little more than half were white troops, and it will be noticed that of the 1,800 men of the 200th Regiment only 430 were now up at the front. The convoy of mules numbered 2,500 animals. Besides these, herds of oxen were driven along. But most of the mule train had been devoted to reserve ammunition, and the supplies carried amounted altogether to provisions for twenty days. General Duchesne relied on finding further supplies for his column in the Hova capital at the end of this period.

The march was necessarily slow. For much of the distance to be covered the beaten track was so narrow that the force had to move in single file after the heights on either side had been secured by flanking parties. The mountain paths, too, were often so tortuous as to double the distance to be marched. The column concentrated at Ampotaka, 2,650 feet above the sea, on September 14th. The enemy were reported to be holding the heights of Tsinianondry, out in front, a bold mountain mass beneath and round which the road wound and zigzagged, so that it was commanded at short range from the rocks above. The Hovas held the position with 5,000 men and nine guns.

The Malagasy were always careless about outpost duties, and the heights were surprised by the French in the early morning of the 15th. The French had only one of the Sakalavas and two of the Foreign Legion wounded. They found eighty of the enemy dead on the ground and captured one of the guns. The expedition halted for a day to close up the long convoy of mules. The enemy had rallied near Kinajy, they had entrenched another position on the hillsides, and had thirty guns in their earthworks. On the 19th Metzinger's brigade advanced against their front, and it looked at first as if the Hova army meant to make a real stand. But Voyron's brigade had, all unknown to them, ascended the hills to their right, and suddenly appeared on their flank, threatening their line of retreat, apparently the most important of all lines for a Hova warrior. Once more the Hova army retired without waiting to be really attacked. After this for some days the expedition advanced without seeing anything of the enemy, though along the hill track there was position after position that might have been easily defended, and the long column with its still longer train of mules climbing the hillsides in single file could have been delayed day after day by guerilla attacks on its flanks. Babay, twenty-two miles from Antananarivo, was occupied on September 25th, and here there was a halt for two days to close up the convoy, rest the men, and prepare for the attack on the capital.

Major Graves's army had been reduced by flight, desertion, and losses in action to a remnant of less than 2,000 men, which he had brought back to the suburbs of Antananarivo. He saw the Queen's ministers and told them plainly that even with the 40,000 men they had assembled for the defence of the capital, further resistance was now hopeless. He resigned his command, and it was considered prudent for him to go down to the coast and get away by an English steamer, for the Paris papers had been announcing that any foreign officers captured with the Hovas would be shot. General Duchesne afterwards assured the English residents at Antananarivo that he had no such intentions, and would have given Graves a friendly reception if he had surrendered to him. Probably, however, he was in real danger from the disappointed natives, who at this moment were raging against all the Europeans, so that the British Vice-Consul had thought it wise to put his house in a state of defence.

Confident in their enormous superiority of numbers, which was at least ten times that of the attacking force, the Hova Queen's army made something like a fight for their capital. On the 28th the booming of cannon could be plainly heard by the residents at Antananarivo. The French were coming on. Duchesne had moved his troops in two columns round to the north-east and north of the city so as to advance along the high ground. The Hova generals tried to

surround him, using their large force to threaten him on both flanks and on the rear, but the French pushed steadily forward, driving off the enemy whenever they tried to close or make a stand. Thus all through the 28th there was constant skirmishing, the only result of which was to delay the march of the invaders.

On the morning of the 29th Duchesne drove the Hovas from the ridges north of the city and established his force on the high ground near Ilafy, only three miles from the northern suburbs. The only English correspondent who saw the fight was Mr. E. F. Knight, of the *Times*, and his graphic description is worth quoting as a picture of Hova warfare. "The French attack," he says, "was from the north and north-east, consequently I obtained from the vice-consulate, which stands on the north-eastern slopes of the city, the best possible view of the proceedings. At the foot of these slopes stretches the belt of rice fields, here three-quarters of a mile in breadth. On the further side of the rice-fields, and skirting them, is a range of hills from 200 to 300 feet in height, on one of whose spurs are the buildings of the British Mission hospital. Beyond this range, and divided from it by a deep valley, is another range, steep and bare of trees like the first. This further range is about three miles from the city, and is visible from it through the gaps in the nearer hills. These two parallel ranges formed the last defences of the capital. The whole northern face of the city was crowded with the citizens, who had come out to see their army make its final effort to keep back the invader.

"At 7 a.m. the Hovas, retiring before the French, occupied the summit of the further range—there must have been some five thousand of them—and opened a rapid musketry fire on an enemy still invisible to us, and which, to judge from the sound of its replying cannon, was some miles off, and far out of the range of Hova weapons. And now commenced a curious spectacle; evolutions that no one could understand were performed. Bodies of men were marched up hills and then marched down again. I saw 1,000 Betsileo spearmen rush up a height at the back of the hospital; having reached the summit they waved their spears and raised a great shout, and then they quietly came down again, soon to repeat the same performance on some other height. At 9 a.m. the French cannon sounded considerably nearer, and we saw the Hova infantry flying in panic from the further range towards the city. The artillery cadets stuck to their guns a little longer; they alone of the Hovas displayed any courage. It was just what Colonel Graves's accounts of previous engagements led me to expect. The Hovas made but a ridiculous pretence of defence. It was a sham fight, with plenty of noise and meaningless manœuvring; but as soon as the reality approached, as soon as the defenders found themselves within range of the French shells, and even before that, they bolted to some other position, where they could make another demonstration of battle without incurring any personal risk. It was not war, and it was not magnificent.

"Between 10 a.m. and 12 a.m. there was a lull in the firing, as the French scaled the further range of hills, now abandoned by the Hovas, without encountering any opposition. At midday we caught our first glimpse of the enemy for whom we had been waiting all these months—a long dark line of infantry and baggage mules streaming along a ridge on the sky line three miles away. From here the French shelled the Hova positions on the nearer range of hills and soon silenced the Hova guns. Some of the shells passing over the ridge burst in the rice fields beneath us, throwing up clouds of red dust and scattering the crowds of spectators. Not a shot was fired on either side after one o'clock. For three hours we saw the French pouring along the ridge in a continuous stream. It had been a fatiguing day for the troops, and having won the further heights they were content to rest there for the night. Their camp was near the village of Ilafy, and was concealed from our view by a spur of the hill."

There had been some other fighting of a desultory kind, unseen from the city, on the flank and rear of the French advance. In the afternoon three French stragglers, two of them wounded, were murdered in cold blood by the Hovas, and their heads and hands were cut off and paraded through the town. As the nearer ridge had been reoccupied after the French had gone into camp it was officially announced that the result of the day's fighting had been a victory for the defence.

On the next day General Duchesne advanced to capture the city. During the night the nearer range of hills had been occupied by some 10,000 Hova troops, with several guns. A battery had been established near the British hospital, manned by the cadets of the artillery school. Further east the high hill crowned by the ruins of the Jesuit observatory was held by

some thousands of infantry with two guns. The suburbs had been barricaded, and in the neighbourhood of the royal palace and in the courtyard of the building a reserve of picked troops was massed.

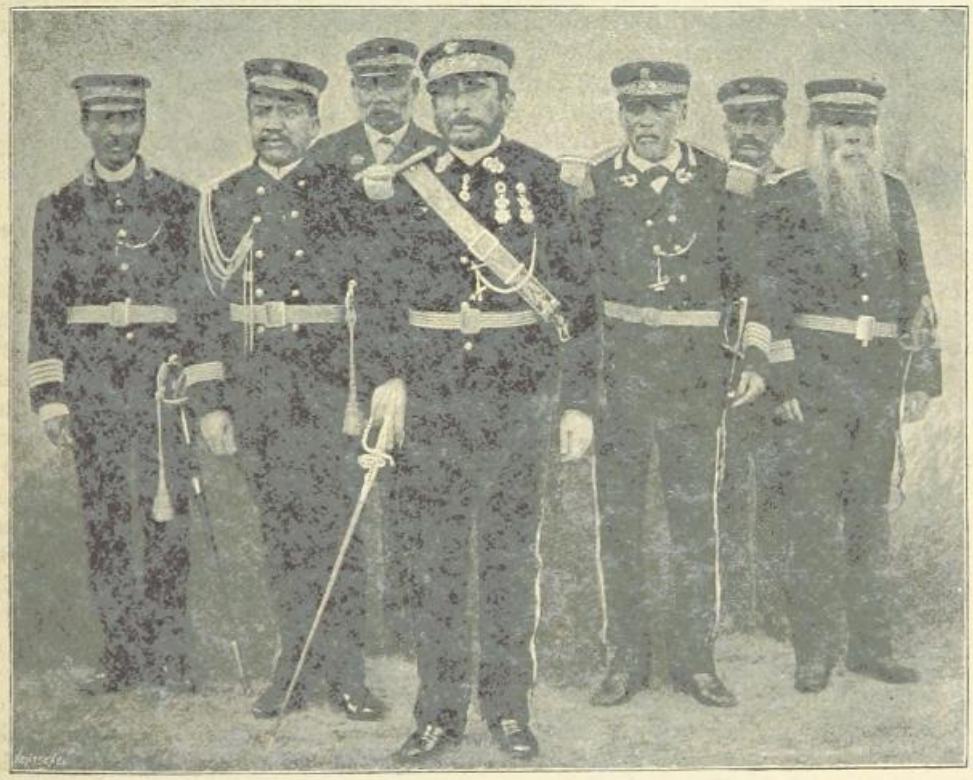
At 7 a.m. the French guns opened from the further range of hills, and the Hova artillery replied. Two hours later their skirmishers began to descend the slopes and advance against the nearer range. Half an hour later they began to attack the Hova position on the ridge. At first the defenders made a good stand, and the attack was seemingly held at bay by their artillery and rifle fire. Really this frontal attack, delivered by Voyron's brigade, was not meant to be pressed home, but was intended chiefly to keep the defence occupied while General Metzinger worked round the Hova right and got into position to attack the observatory hill from the north-eastward. Towards 11, Voyron pushed closer to the range, and about 5,000 of its defenders, thinking the bayonets were at last coming on, fled back towards the town. But just then Voyron received information that his colleague was not yet in position for the final attack, and he stopped his advance, and the men rested for a while, the fire almost entirely ceasing. The Hovas on the ridge beat their drums and shouted victory, many of the fugitives came back, and there was wild excitement in the city as the report spread among the spectators that the French were being annihilated.

CITY GUARDS, ANTANANARIVO.

But their joy did not last long. At noon Voyron began to attack once more, and then a roar of volley firing from the French repeating rifles suddenly burst out to the eastward. Shells and bullets were falling fast among the white-clad warriors who held the observatory hill. They opened a straggling fire in reply, and then poured down towards the city a confused mass of fugitives. Metzinger's brigade had come into action. With a rush they were on the hilltop, a Sakalava battalion leading. The two guns left there by the defenders were turned on the city, and the French guns came hurrying up, unlimbered, and joined in the cannonade from this the highest ground near the capital. A Hova battery near the palace, another near the vice-consulate, and others in the suburbs replied. Meanwhile Voyron's brigade had advanced and cleared the ridge on the Hova left. The city was at the mercy of the invaders. For a while the French bombarded the place in a leisurely manner. They fired only at the batteries and at the palace, taking care not to damage the other buildings, and using common shell and shrapnel. One shell brought down a tower at the corner of the palace, another killed several soldiers in the courtyard. Up to 3 o'clock there was no sign of surrender. Duchesne was anxious to spare the city, but he was also determined to have possession of it before dark. He at last reluctantly gave orders that some heavy melinite shells should be thrown into the palace, and that then the place should be carried by storm. At this moment a white flag appeared on the palace roof, and shortly after a Hova officer rode out carrying another, and bringing the Queen's offer to surrender. It was well the white flag was hoisted, for the melinite shells would probably have exploded an enormous quantity of gunpowder that was stored in the palace, killing hundreds of the people and wrecking a great part of the city. For an hour before the surrender the unfortunate Queen had

been now ordering, now entreating her officers to put an end to the useless resistance.

The Hova envoy was informed that no terms could be given. It must be surrender at discretion. He replied that further defence was impossible, and Metzinger's brigade marched in and took possession of the palace and the principal points in the city, while Voyron's brigade and the artillery held the observatory hill. The disarmament of the Hova troops began immediately. There was perfect order in the city that night. The terrified citizens saw to their surprise that the French were paying for everything they wanted, and a proclamation in the Malagasy language posted on the walls informed them that General Duchesne had come only to fight against the Hova Government, and that henceforth the French, the Hovas, and the other peoples of Madagascar should live in peace together.



THE HOVA GOVERNOR OF TAMATAVE AND HIS STAFF.

In the three days' fighting the French had only lost seven men killed and forty-three wounded. Among the latter were four officers. The Hova loss was never accurately ascertained. It must have amounted to some hundreds. But though during the campaign the French losses in action had been slight, the ravages of fever and dysentery had made thousands of victims. As early as the middle of August it was reported by the chief of the medical department that there were 3,000 men in hospital. Before the capture of Antananarivo 2,000 dead had been buried, counting only the fighting men and not including the hundreds of coolies, labourers, and porters who had also died. Seven thousand men passed through the hospitals. The white men in the column that marched into the Hova capital looked thin and haggard; they could not have endured much longer the labours of the campaign, for most of them had already suffered from malarial fever. It is greatly to General Duchesne's credit that, hampered as he was by a plan of campaign unsuited to the country and imposed upon him by the officials, he carried through the enterprise successfully. It was only by departing from the original plan at the last moment that he accomplished this. France realised how costly her conquest had been when transport after transport landed its crowd of broken-down men at

Marseilles and Toulon and reported how many more had died on the voyage and been buried at sea. The 200th Regiment was disbanded, and its colours were given an honoured place at the Invalides, but very few of the 1,800 young men who had volunteered for service in its ranks survived to rejoin their old regiments.

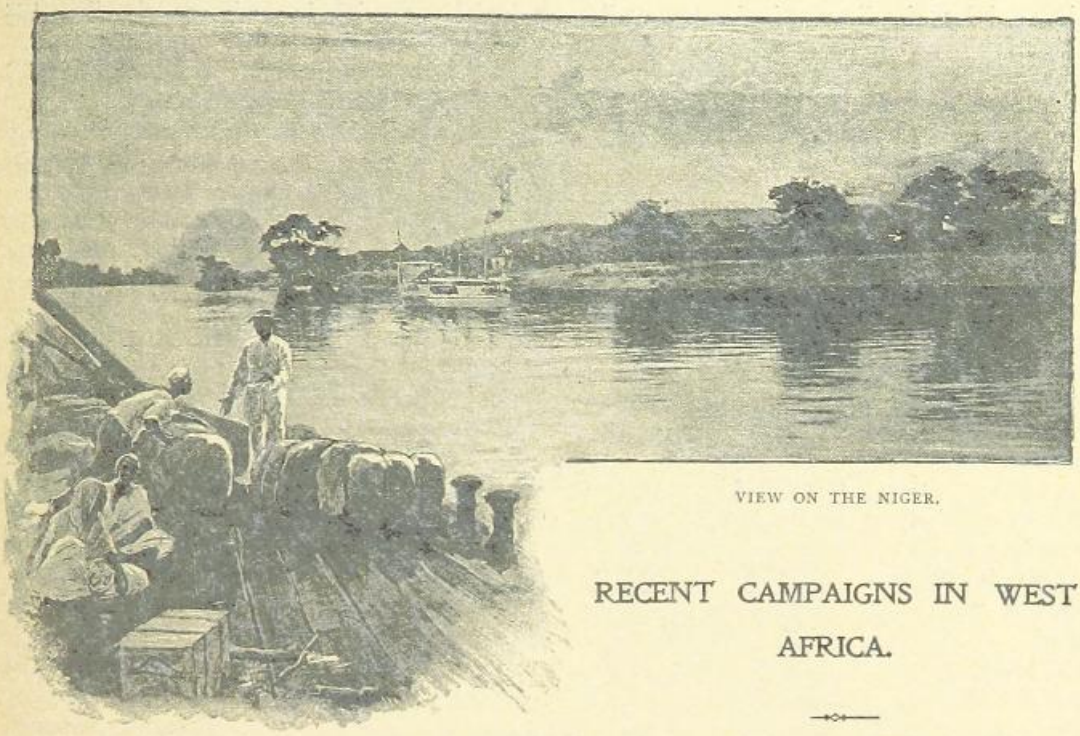
On October 1st General Duchesne entered the Hova capital, and a treaty was signed by the Queen recognising a French protectorate that amounted to a practical annexation. The Prime Minister was deposed, but another Hova official took his place, the Queen's flag was again displayed on the palace, and the decrees of the new administration were published in her name. The Hova commandant of the entrenchments in front of Tamatave, after obstinately attempting to prolong the war on his own account, was induced to surrender on October 9th.

General Duchesne remained in the island till January 24th, 1896, when he handed over his powers as the representative of France to M. Laroche, the newly-appointed resident. During the General's brief rule things had gone well in the island. The tribes, including the late rulers of Madagascar, the Hovas, seemed to have loyally accepted the new state of affairs. In some districts bands of brigands had appeared. But this was nothing new in the country; what was new was the vigour and the success with which the French flying columns hunted them down.

But soon there were signs of growing discontent. The Hovas, intriguers by nature, were dreaming of regaining their independence, and the other tribes were discontented at seeing so many of the Hova nobles installed as governors of towns and districts, and both mistook the conciliatory attitude of the French for a sign of weakness. In the summer of 1896 a plot, formed by some of the Hova nobles, resulted in an insurrection, which began with the murder of a number of French settlers in the outlying districts, while bands of rebels rendered even the roads round the capital unsafe and cut it off from communication with Tamatave. The Queen herself was suspected of not being an entire stranger to the conspiracy. Probably, however, she was innocent of any connection with it, but unhappily for her some of her relatives and her ministers were deep in it. On August 8th, 1896, the French Government abolished the protectorate and declared Madagascar a French colony. General Gallieni was appointed the first Governor, and sailed from France on the 10th.

Gallieni was a brave and skilful soldier, who had won a well-deserved reputation in the expeditions and wars of West Africa. But he was more than this. He was an able administrator who believed in developing as well as conquering new territory. He said once to his officers in Africa: "My idea of our duty is that if we storm a village one day we ought to begin building a schoolhouse in it the next." His work in Madagascar was to be—first to put an end to the rebellion and then to organise the new colony.

Gallieni landed at Tamatave on September 10th, and reached the capital on the 16th. His escort was fired upon by the rebels on the way up. His first work was to clear the Tamatave road of the insurgents and to make it secure by means of a chain of blockhouses and a system of patrols. Flying columns then broke up the rebel bands in the neighbourhood of the capital. The Hova predominance was declared to be at an end, and in the provinces the people were invited to elect chiefs of their own race to replace the local Hova governors. In October two Hova nobles were arrested in the palace at Antananarivo and tried and convicted by a court-martial of correspondence with the rebels. One was uncle of the Queen, the other her Minister of the Interior. They were condemned to death and shot in one of the squares. Gallieni had reported to his Government that as long as the Queen remained in the island her court would be a centre of hostile intrigue, and accordingly in February, 1897, she was removed from the capital and conveyed by a cruiser from Tamatave to Réunion, where she was to live as a pensioner of the French Government, with an allowance of about a thousand a year. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1898 that the last bands of rebels made their submission and French rule was finally established with undisputed sway in Madagascar.



VIEW ON THE NIGER.

RECENT CAMPAIGNS IN WEST AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRENCH ON THE UPPER NIGER AND ON THE WEST COAST.

THE first settlements of the European Powers in Africa were a number of stations or "factories" along the West Coast from the Senegal and the Gambia to the Cameroons and the Congo. They were originally depôts for the slave trade, and when in the first part of the nineteenth century this infamous traffic was happily abolished, these coast settlements were for the most part allowed to sink into a condition of neglected decay. For many years no attempt was made to use them as starting-points for the extension of civilised rule into the interior. The doctrine of Hinterlands, and the partition of savage Africa, had not yet begun. England had, it is true, sent more than one exploring expedition inland from the West Coast, with a view of opening up trade with the peoples of the interior. The Niger, once supposed to be a tributary of the Nile, had been traced from its great central bend to its delta in the swampy creeks of the coast, and it had been ascertained that Timbuctoo was a great centre of commerce for the Fulah and Negro kingdoms south of the Sahara. But little came of these explorations, and the European traders were content to carry on their traffic in oil and ivory and other local products through the agency of the tribal chiefs and petty kings of the coast districts.

Disputes with these dusky potentates led at times to a native war. In 1874 the invasion of the Gold Coast territory by the Ashantis led to Lord Wolseley's march on Coomassie, but so little idea was there then of empire making in West Africa that the Ashanti capital was evacuated within a week of its occupation, and the country was left to be ruled by its native kings.

The French had, however, already taken the first steps in the new policy that eventually developed into a great scheme of conquest, and finally brought England into the field as her rival for dominion in the countries along the Niger and on the West Coast. There had been numerous French projects for reaching Timbuctoo and the middle Niger from Algeria by the caravan routes of the Sahara. General Faidherbe, who very successfully governed the colony of Senegambia under the Second Empire, pointed out an easier method of reaching the same points. The Senegal is navigable to the village of Kayes, near which Faidherbe had established the fort of Medina. From Kayes to

the Upper Niger the distance is about 300 miles, the way lying through the hilly country that divides the basins of the two rivers. Faidherbe sent an expedition to explore this hill district and report upon the best routes to the Niger. Lieutenant Mage, who commanded it, was told to endeavour to reach Bammako, on the Niger, where it was reported that the river was navigable for fairly large craft. "Our object," wrote Faidherbe, "will be to create at the proper time, whenever orders to that effect may be given, a line of posts at intervals of some thirty leagues, between Medina and Bammako, or some other neighbouring locality which may appear more convenient for establishing a commercial base on the Niger." Lieutenant Mage reported the scheme to be practicable, but only the foundations of the new African empire of France were laid by Faidherbe. He secured the Upper Senegal against the attacks of a West African Mahdi, El Hadj Omar, who had built up a Mohammedan kingdom on the Upper Niger and in the hill country between it and the Senegal; he explored the routes leading to the great river, and solidly established the base of operations for the advance at Kayes and Medina. The general check to French enterprise caused by the war of 1870 prevented anything more being accomplished for a while, but in 1879 there began a new period of French colonial expansion in Africa on the lines laid down by Faidherbe.

BEHANZIN'S SON.

In the next ten years enterprising soldiers like Gallieni, Achinard, Forey, Desbordes, Monteil, Binger, and Combes, partly by military expeditions, partly by winning over the chiefs by diplomatic means, extended the French dominion from the Senegal to the Niger and along the upper course of the great river. A light railway was begun from Kayes through the hill country. Small gunboats were conveyed across the watershed in sections and put together and launched on the Niger. In the numerous campaigns of these ten years the French had chiefly to contend with two Mohammedan rulers. The first of these was Ahmadu, the son and successor of El Hadj Omar, who ruled the country from the head-waters of the Senegal to Segu on the Niger. But a still more formidable enemy was Samory, or Samadhu, whose territory lay to the south and west of Ahmadu's states, partly on the north side of the Niger, but chiefly between its upper waters and the hinterland of Liberia and the European colonies on the West Coast. Samory was a man of low birth, who, like the Mahdi in the Nile Valley, had risen to be a ruler of empire by posing first as a prophet and religious reformer. Born about 1846, he had in early manhood begun preaching a holy war, and proclaim-

ing that he had come to found a new kingdom of the faithful in West Africa. Adventurous followers gathered to his standard, tribes and cities accepted his rule. In 1880 he established himself on the Upper Niger, and two years later he came in contact with the French advanced posts.

BEHANZIN, KING OF DAHOMEY.

The French say that Samory was a slave trader on a great scale and a monster of cruelty, and that his conquests were made easy by the terror inspired by his barbarous treatment of those who fell into his hands after opposing him. But however this may be, it took three campaigns to drive him back to the Niger. It was not till 1886 that he acknowledged he had met his match, consented to negotiate, and received Captain Tournier and Lieutenant Peroz, the French envoys, at his camp on the Tankisso River, a tributary of the Niger.

The reception of the French officers was a stately pageant, evidently carefully arranged with a view to impressing them with a due idea of his power. A mile from the camp the envoys were met by Samory's brother at the head of a

hundred horsemen, well armed and mounted. The Prophet-Sultan awaited them throned on a divan covered with many-coloured carpets. He wore a very plain robe of black and white, with a large turban, the ends of which were joined under his chin. Peroz describes him as a man of about forty, strongly built, with regular features and a pleasant, intelligent expression. The simplicity of his own attire was compensated for by the splendour of his surroundings. To right and left stood two warriors with panther-skin headdresses, bearing a silver axe and mace, the insignia of his authority. His counsellors, in bright robes, sat around him, and nine of his wives, loaded with a mass of ornaments in gold and silver, reclined lower down on the divan. Five picked men of his bodyguard kept watch, rifle in hand, just behind him. The background of this group was formed by a semicircle of armed men, horse and foot, some thousands strong. The chiefs of Samory's own army were mounted, wearing silver helmets, with silver axes hanging from their saddles. The chiefs of his allies were on foot. Fronting this armed array a great multitude of spectators extended far along the plain.

The envoys spent a month with Samory, and a treaty of "perpetual amity and peace" with France was duly signed. When the French officers returned to the Senegal they brought with them a son of Samory, who paid a visit to Paris, in order that he might be impressed with the greatness and power of France. For two years the peace continued, Samory spending the time in reducing some more of his black neighbours to subjection. But difficulties with the French began again in 1888, and gradually developed into war. It seems that he could not restrain the plundering, slave-hunting instincts of his chiefs on the border of the French possessions, and he was himself jealous of the steady progress of the white soldiers in the Niger region, and not unwilling to try the fortune of war with them again. "Perpetual amity" had given way to occasional fighting. In 1889 Samory was induced to make peace again, and signed a treaty recognising as French territory all the districts on the north bank of the Niger. But within three months he sent back the treaty and declared he could not abide by it. The French accepted the challenge, and thus at the beginning of the 'nineties they were again at war with their chief native rival for the rule of the Niger region.

Samory had been encouraged to adopt this hostile policy by the fact that the French were again at war with Ahmadu, north of the river. After a short period of peace a quarrel had broken out on account of his trying to levy contributions on French trade caravans, and the Government had decided that the time had come to completely break up his power.

Nor were these the only native wars the French had on their hands in West Africa at the beginning of 1890. The king of Dahomey was quarrelling with the Governor of the French West Coast colonies. He refused to accept the interpretation put by the French on trade treaties, and declared that they had taken under their protection chiefs who were his subjects and vassals. Efforts were made to settle these questions by friendly negotiations, but these proved in the end a failure, and the Dahomeyans began to raid the coast settlements. Thus in 1890 France had three colonial wars in progress in West Africa: with Ahmadu north of the Niger, with Samory south of it, and with Behanzin, the negro king of Dahomey, on the Guinea coast.

Colonel Achinard, who commanded in the French West African possessions, now known under the general name of the French Soudan, dealt first with Ahmadu. In order to cut him off from the Niger he attacked and captured the town of Segu on April 6th, 1890. It had formerly been the capital of a kingdom of the Bambarra negroes. One of the tribe was now proclaimed king, with a French resident to take care of him, and the town was made the headquarters of the Niger flotilla. During the summer the French columns working, some northwards from Segu, others eastward from Kayes, cleared the country of Ahmadu's adherents. By the end of the year they were closing in on the town of Kioro, his northern capital. On the approach of Achinard, Ahmadu abandoned the place on January 1st, 1891, and it was immediately occupied by the French. They pursued the enemy, and came up with and surprised them at Youri on January 3rd. Ahmadu's people made a desperate resistence, most of his chieftains fell in the fight, and he fled into the desert with only a handful of followers.

Meanwhile there had been a native insurrection in the district of Segu. Lieutenant Hourst, with the gunboats, had run up the Bani, a tributary of the Niger, to assist in restoring order, but he was besieged by superior numbers in the village of Diena. Colonel Achinard, turning southward from Nioro, reached Nyamina, on

the Niger, on February 18th. Then gaining the Bani Valley by a forced march, he attacked and utterly routed the rebels on the 26th, raising the blockade of Diena. Having thus disposed of Ahmadu and secured the Segu country, he proceeded to operate against Samory.

He started from Nyamina on March 8th, 1891, with a strong column, marched up the north bank of the Niger to Siguiri, and, crossing the river there on April 2nd, advanced upon the fortress of Kankan, in the Milo Valley, which was held by Samory. The enemy abandoned and burned it on the approach of the French, and Achinard occupied the ruined town on April 7th. Samory was in position on the further side of the ravine of Kokouna, a few miles to the south of the place. Achinard attacked him next day and stormed his position, the French meeting with a determined resistance and losing heavily. They captured a number of prisoners and large quantities of European breech-loading rifles and cartridges. Pursuing the enemy, Achinard next day overtook and again defeated Samory at the creek of Diamanko. The result of the fight was the occupation of Bissandougou, which had for many years been Samory's capital. But he had set fire to the town before retreating from it. The rainy season was now approaching, and the campaign ended for the season with the occupation of Bissandougou. The French troops withdrew to Kankan, which was the starting-point of the next expedition.

In the autumn of 1891 Colonel Humbert replaced Colonel Achinard as commander of the French troops in the Western Soudan. At the close of the year he concentrated at Kankan a column of 1,000 fighting men and 2,000 baggage porters with about 300 mules, for the New Year's campaign against Samory, who had again established himself at Bissandougou. Most of Humbert's soldiers were native troops under French officers. They were raised in the Senegal and Niger country, and formed into the battalions of Tirailleurs Senegalais (Senegalese Rifles) which have done splendid service in all the recent French colonial wars. There were only 144 Europeans with the column, officers and men. Some of these were in charge of a battery of four mountain guns. Thirty-two of them, all picked shots, were armed with the new Lebel small-bore repeating rifle. The rest of the troops were armed with the Gras rifle, which was now being replaced as the weapon of the French army by the Lebel.

The advance from Kankan began on January 9th. Bissandougou was occupied on the 12th, after two sharp engagements. In these fights Samory's followers were startled at finding that even the trunks of large trees afforded no protection against the new French rifle, the bullets from which could pierce the tree and kill the man sheltering behind it—this, too, at a range at which their own rifles were useless.

The advance up the Milo Valley was resumed by Humbert on January 22nd, and after a series of skirmishes on the three following days he occupied Kerouane on the 26th, and, after fortifying himself there, sent out a small column to discover where Samory had taken refuge with the remains of his army. It was discovered that he had collected a great quantity of warlike stores on a stockaded hill in the neighbourhood known as "Toutou Kourou." This place was stormed on February 14th, and some tens of thousands of cartridges packed in boxes were captured, as well as many thousands of cartridge cases and more than 50,000 pounds of gunpowder.

Samory had, meanwhile, broken up his forces into numerous bands, which were carrying on harassing guerilla warfare along the French line of communications, attacking convoys and firing into camps. When pursued they were soon lost in the bush. Till the close of the dry season Humbert was busy provisioning the advanced post of Kerouane. Towards the end of April Humbert withdrew to the Niger, leaving garrisons at Kankan, Bissandougou, and Kerouane to hold the country. He was no sooner gone than the Kerouane garrison was closely blockaded by Samory. On the whole, notwithstanding the successes that had been obtained, the results of the campaign of 1892 in the Niger country were disappointing. Lieutenant Marchand (afterwards the hero of the march to the Nile) had been sent eastward into Tieba's country to induce him to co-operate with the French against Samory, but his efforts had been unavailing. North of the Niger, Ahmadu had reappeared and got together a following, and there were fears of further trouble in this direction.

But in the coast region the French had obtained a decided success, which had great consequences in the immediate future. Behanzin, King of Dahomey, had been overthrown, his capital, Abomey, occupied, and his country annexed to the French Republic. In 1890 Behanzin had tried to capture the coast town of

Porto Novo, ruled by King Toffa, a negro chief under French protection, whom the King of Dahomey claimed as a vassal. He was driven out of the protectorate, and a peace was patched up for a while. But he set to work to collect rifles, artillery, and ammunition, and in the early summer of 1892, under the pretext that fugitives from justice were sheltered in the coast protectorate, and that he had a right to tribute from King Toffa, he again invaded the Porto Novo district. He declared he had no quarrel with the French, but only with their black protégés; but this distinction had no practical effect. The French came to the help of their ally, and Dahomey and France were at war.

AHMADU, KING OF SEGU.

For some days there was no little anxiety about the safety of the French trading posts on the coast, Porto Novo, Cotonou, and Grand Popo, which were not fortified, and were held by small garrisons. But Behanzin made no attempt to rush the settlements, and they were rapidly entrenched and reinforced. There was already a shallow draft gunboat, the *Topaze*, on the lagoon behind Cotonou, into which the Oueme River runs. Two more were sent out to the colony, an armed launch, the *Eclaireur*, and a stern wheeler built by Messrs. Yarrow, and named the *Opale*. Colonel Dodds, an officer who had already distinguished himself in African warfare, and who was just then on leave in Paris, was directed to proceed to Cotonou, take command of the troops assembled there, clear the protectorate of the enemy, and march on Abomey. Dodds was the grandson of an English trader, who had married a native woman in the Gambia colony. He had spent nearly all his life in West Africa, and its deadly climate had no terrors for him. He set about organising the expedition on the most practical lines, and it was a complete success.

Abomey is about seventy miles from the coast. To reach it the expedition would have to traverse first the lowlands of the coast region, a labyrinth of mangrove swamps, lagoons, and creeks, then the forest region, passable only by narrow paths with here and there a clearing round a village. Beyond the forest and the marshes of Agrime the last stage of the campaign would be in the fertile, undulating plains in which stood Behanzin's capital. North of Abomey rise the hills that form the watershed between the streams flowing to the coast lagoons and the Niger basin. The army of Dahomey was believed to number about 14,000 men, largely armed with modern weapons, and including a couple of thousand of the famous Amazons of the royal guard.

The French force concentrated at Cotonou

PRISONERS SACRIFICED TO THE GODS OF WAR IN DAHOMEY.

numbered in all about 3,500 officers and men. There were 800 of the Foreign Legion, 150 marines, a company of engineers, a battery of mountain guns, a transport and ambulance detachment, and a troop of cavalry. There were ten companies of Senegalese and two of Haussas, each about 150 strong—in all, 1,800 native infantry under French officers. In order to land the stores and equipments of the expedition without using the native surf boats, an iron pier was run out into the sea at Cotonou. A system of transport by means of barges, towed by launches, was arranged for the lagoon behind the town and lower reaches of the River Oueme. Dodds had decided on advancing along the river from Porto Novo in the extreme east of the colony. Strong garrisons were placed in the coast settlements after driving the Dahomeyans from the neighbourhood. This left about 2,000 men available for the expedition. There was, besides, a transport train of 2,000 native porters.

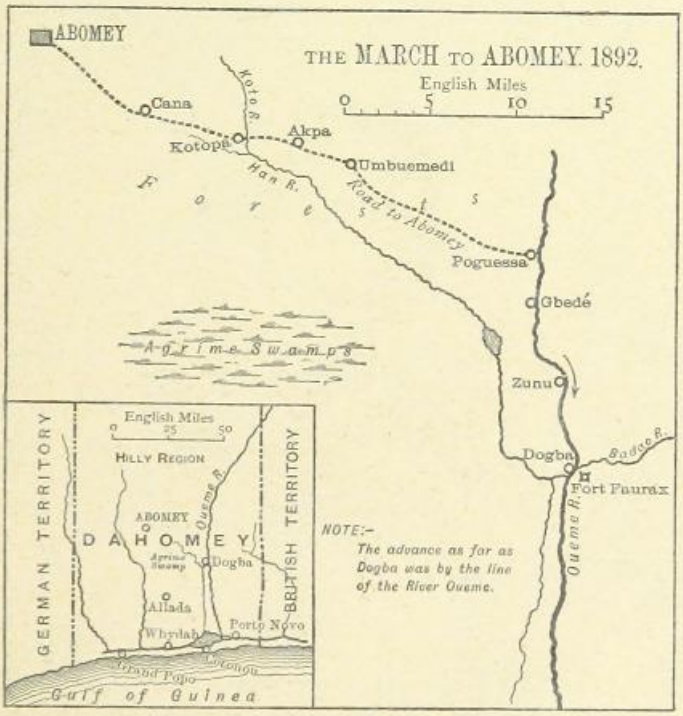
GENERAL DODDS.

It was not till August 17th that all was ready, and the advance inland from Porto Novo began. There was no sign of the enemy until after the confluence of the Oueme and the Han Rivers near Dogba was reached on September 14th. The march was slow and difficult, as paths had to be cut through the bush, numerous swamp hollows and streams crossed, and clearings made round the camping-grounds. Here a stockaded fort and entrenched camp was formed to serve as the advanced base of the expedition. It was fiercely attacked by the Dahomeyans at daybreak on September 19th, and they were only repulsed after three hours' fighting, in which the French lost two officers and three men killed and twenty-seven men wounded.

On September 27th an attempt was made to cross the Oueme by the fords near Gbede, fourteen miles above Dogba, but the enemy was found to be strongly entrenched in the bush on the west bank, with artillery sweeping the river, which was here too shallow for the gunboats to co-operate. The attempt was abandoned, and preparations were made for crossing lower down and turning the enemy's position. A feint was made against the fords to keep the enemy occupied, and the work of ferrying the main body across lower down began in the night between October 1st and 2nd. On the 3rd, Dodds began to advance up the west bank in two columns to attack the enemy, the gunboats moving on his right flank. But he was himself fiercely attacked on the march, and there was another hard fight. The enfilading fire of the gunboats inflicted heavy loss on the enemy. They carried off their wounded, but left more than 150 dead in the bush, among them seventeen of the Amazon corps, tall, strongly-built young women. Their breechloading rifles lay beside them, and they had plenty of cartridges in their belts. The French had lost six officers and thirty-seven men killed and wounded. No further progress was made that day, and the next was employed in cutting roads in the bush. On the 6th the advance continued, and there was another fight, the enemy defending the crossing of a creek. They were driven off, but this victory cost the expedition the loss of three officers and thirty-two men. Progress had been very slow. Dodds had only advanced three miles from the place where he crossed the river.

But now the enemy's defence collapsed. Behanzin was afraid that the French would get between him and his capital, and abandoning his camps on the Oueme, he retreated towards Abomey. No attempt was made to closely pursue him, as the column could not move rapidly without risking a breakdown of its supply arrangements. A camp was formed near the village of Poguessa, where the native guides pointed out a broad track running north-westward through the bush as the trade route to Abomey. A depôt and fortified port having been formed at Poguessa, Dodds advanced along this track on October 10th. On the 12th and 13th there was continual skirmishing in the bush with the retiring enemy. On the afternoon of the latter day the Koto River was reached. It runs through a valley filled with

tangled tropical forest, with masses of huge ant-hills on the low ground near its banks. Where the track crossed it by a small bridge the Dahomeyans had thrown up entrenchments and placed rifled cannon in position. They were determined on resistance at this point, for on the slope above the bridge stood the circle of large huts that formed the "palace" of Kotopa, a favourite residence of King Behanzin, and here General Dodds suffered his first and only defeat.



The General, after reconnoitring the enemy's position, thought it too strong for a frontal attack. The native guides said that there was a passage through the bush and a ford on the river about two miles higher up, and Dodds resolved to turn the enemy's position on this side. Accordingly, on the morning of the 14th he left two guns and 500 men to guard his camp, watch the bridge, and keep the enemy's attention fixed on it by firing on their batteries on the other side. With the rest of the force he marched away to the right. Things soon began to go badly. The enemy's artillery, although provided with very inferior ammunition (the shell hardly ever bursting), was so well used that it forced the French guns to change position. The French flank movement was detected, and Behanzin met it by sending two guns and 2,000 troops (including a detachment of the Amazons) to move along the heights of the west bank and dispute the crossing wherever it was attempted. The guns opened fire from the high ground, and parties of the enemy, many of them hunters of big game, armed with good rifles, came down into the bush, worked their way through it, and fired continually on the French from its eastern edge. Several attempts to find the track leading to the promised ford failed, and at last the guides confessed they could not find their way any further. The day was fearfully hot, the men's water bottles were empty, and the only supply of water anywhere near at hand was in the river, of which the wooded banks were held by the enemy. The column had lost heavily, and when Dodds at last rejoined the party he had left to guard the camp he found he was encumbered with 140 wounded and 60 fever patients on a waterless plateau. He decided to retire at once to Akpa. Happily a downfall of rain alleviated the sufferings of the troops on the march, and there was a downpour in the following night. This, and a supply brought up by a water convoy from the wells of Umbuemedi, saved the expedition from a position of great peril.

Encouraged by their successes at Kotopa, the Dahomeyans attacked the camp at Akpa on the 15th, but were repulsed with heavy loss, and Dodds remained at Akpa for a week, sending off his sick and wounded to the coast, bringing up supplies, and reconnoitring the country in front. During this time his losses were made good by the arrival of a reinforcement of 400 men from Porto Novo. At the end of the week Behanzin sent in a flag of truce and asked to negotiate. Dodds replied that as a first step he must evacuate Kotopa; this the king refused, and on October 26th Dodds set his column in motion again. He was actually on the march to work round the enemy's right when another flag of truce arrived from Behanzin. This time he said he wanted to negotiate peace, and to give a pledge of good faith he would at once retire

from the Koto River ; the French might cross the bridge of Kotopa next morning.

General Dodds had no idea of treachery. He halted for the night, after sending back word that he would cross the river at Kotopa next day. Early on the 27th the French vanguard was actually on the bridge when it was fired on with rifles and cannon from the enemy's trenches and the bush along the river. But Behanzin had miscalculated the effect of his action. Instead of being panic stricken (as he thought they would be) by this sudden attack, the French were furious, they dashed at the trenches with the bayonet, and after a fierce struggle carried everything before them. The Dahomeyan army was soon a mob of fugitives. The loss of the victors was comparatively trifling.

The lines of Kotopa were the main defence of Behanzin's capital ; their capture decided the fate of the campaign. There could be no more talk of negotiations after the enemy's treachery. A few days were spent erecting a fortified depôt at Kotopa, and on November 2nd the march began again. The advance was made slowly and steadily, the column cutting for itself a broad track through the bush. There was a good deal of skirmishing, but the enemy were giving way at every point. Cana, the king's summer residence, was occupied on the 6th. Behanzin now tried again to treat for peace, but Dodds, halting at Cana, gave him only a few days to make up his mind for unconditional surrender. At last, on November 15th, the French general marched on Abomey. As he approached the suburbs it was seen that the town was on fire in several places. Behanzin had abandoned his capital and fled northwards, escorted only by 400 warriors, the remnant of his army. In a few weeks he

DAHOMEYAN AMAZONS IN BATTLE—OLD STYLE.

DAHOMEYAN AMAZONS ON THE MARCH—NEW STYLE.

was hunted down and captured. Thus fell the kingdom of Dahomey. The burning of its capital was a fitting end for this centre of savagery that year after year, at the annual festivals, was a huge slaughterhouse of human beings.

General Dodds had successfully accomplished a very difficult task. But his victory was only the prelude to further enterprises. Abomey was rebuilt. A new city, Carnotville, was founded to the north of it, and became the starting-point of small expeditions that brought the hill country under French rule and supplied a base of operations for a second line of advance towards the Niger. Expeditions from Senegal to its upper, and from Dahomey to its middle course, secured for France in the next few years the control of the greater portion of the Niger countries.

To take up again the narrative of the French operations in the Western Soudan: during the summer of 1892 a native rising in the district of Segu was suppressed. Towards the end of the year Colonel Combes took the place of Colonel Humbert as director of the military operations. Combes's plan of campaign was to cut Samory off from the hill region of the Fouta Djallon between the upper waters of the Niger and the Senegal Valley and then to break in on his communications with Sierra Leone, through which, it was believed, he received his supplies of rifles and cartridges. The three months' campaign which began in December, 1892, and closed in March, 1893, was a brilliant success. The posts along the River Milo from Kankan to Kerouane were strengthened to prevent the enemy's bands escaping to the eastward; then a flying column, under Captain Briquelot, moved by the upper course of the Niger, and after establishing fortified posts to hold the line of the river, reached the borders of the Sierra Leone colony; then, turning to the south-eastward, drove back the bands of Samory's lieutenants towards the Milo, routing them in several engagements, capturing large quantities of cattle and setting free more than 10,000 of their slaves. At the same time another column marched south-eastward from Kerouane to attack Samory's main army. Combes was here in personal command. The enemy fell back skirmishing, abandoning in his retreat large quantities of arms, stores, and cattle. Colonel Combes returned to Kerouane after this successful expedition. "During this arduous march," says Captain Pasfield Oliver, in his narrative of these operations, "the French fought fourteen actions, on all of which occasions the enemy suffered severe losses. They marched nearly 560 miles, crossed 172 creeks with steep banks and full of water, thirteen large rivers, and re-entered the post of Kerouane on the thirty-third day, March 10th, 1893, without having lost a single European. They had two men of the Foreign Legion wounded, four (native) Tirailleurs and Spahis killed, and fifteen natives wounded. It was a notable exploit."

The result of Colonel Combes's operations was that all the country west of the Milo, up to the borders of Sierra Leone and Liberia, was cleared of Samory's adherents, and the main army of the enemy had been driven to the south-eastward towards the hinterland of the French settlements on the Ivory coast. In April another column, under Colonel Achinard, was sent down the Niger from Segu to invade the district of Macina, whose chiefs had just accepted the fugitive Ahmadu as their ruler. The town of Djenné, an important centre of trade, was besieged and taken by storm on April 12th. Two French officers and thirty of the native troops were killed in the assault. Then advancing against the army that Ahmadu had collected, Achinard defeated and dispersed his forces, captured his harem, and nearly took the Emir himself prisoner. French posts were established at Djenné, Mopti, and Biandagara to secure the conquered country. The nearest of these posts was only about 180 miles from Timbuctoo, and a deputation from the great city waited on Colonel Achinard and assured him of their desire to be at peace with France, and their readiness to accept a French protectorate. The Niger flotilla had now its headquarters at Mopti, and the presence of the gunboats there must have made the head men of Timbuctoo anxious about the future.

We have seen how during the campaign of 1893 the French, under Captain Briquelot, had reached the Sierra Leone frontier from the Upper Niger. Though they had headed off most of Samory's adherents and driven them eastward, some hundreds of these escaped into the hinterland of the British colony, and lived by plundering and raiding the native villagers, camping now in French, now in British territory. In order to put an end to this state of things Sir F. Fleming, the Governor of Sierra Leone, established a number of posts held by black police and detachments of the West India Regiment near the border, and towards the end of the year he sent a column of 400 men of the First Battalion West India Regiment and the native

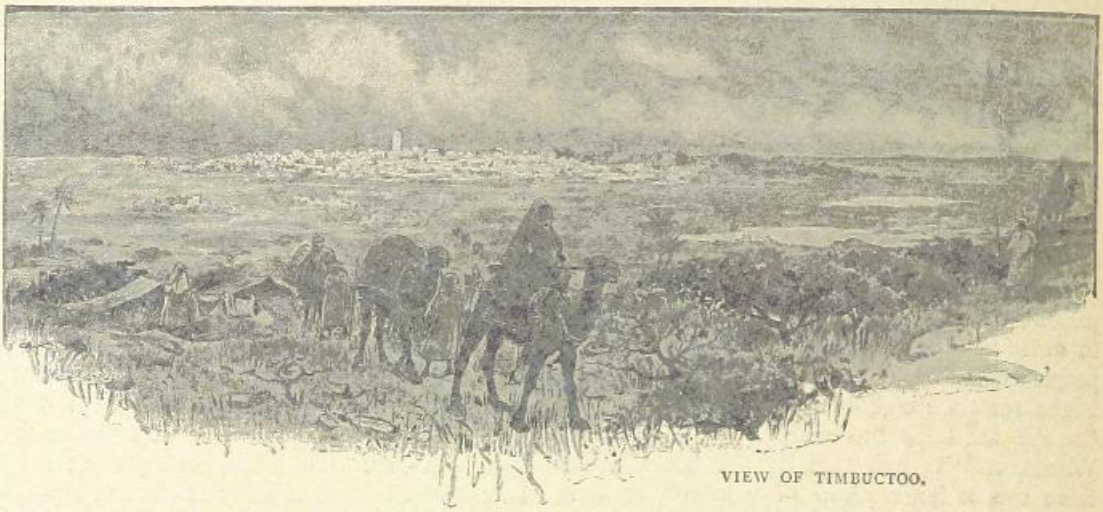
police, under Colonel Ellis and Captain E. A. W. Lendy, D.S.O., to hunt down and break up these bands of brigands.

Colonel Ellis's line of march lay through the difficult bush country in the north-east part of the colonial territory. On December 21st he camped at Waima or Warina, close to the border. In the bush on the other side of the little-known frontier line, Lieutenant G. M. Maritz, of the French Marine Infantry, was patrolling the country with a French column, in order to break up any parties of Samory's people (the "Sofas," they were locally called) who might recross the border from Sierra Leone. On the 22nd he was within a few miles of Waima, and he was told by the natives that there was a large camp of "Sofas" at that place. They may have been mistaken as to the force actually camped there, or they may have wilfully misled the French officer. It is not certain that Maritz knew that Waima was in British territory, but even if he did, he probably had no hesitation about crossing the border to attack the common enemy of both French and British. In the night between the 22nd and 23rd he started off to surprise the camp.

The result was the action fought at Waima in the moonlit forest before dawn on December 23rd.

Creeping close up to the camp, the French opened a rapid fire at close range. The sentries replied, and the men rushed to their weapons. The first attack was beaten off, but not before Captain Lendy, Lieutenants Liston and Wroughton, Sergeant-Major Carraher, and six privates had been killed by the deadly Lebel bullets, while eighteen other men were wounded. It was not till the lull in the firing after the first attack that it was perceived that some of the enemy, who lay wounded close in front of the camp, wore French uniforms. The "cease fire" then sounded. Till then, each party thought its opponents were a party of Samory's people. The French had also suffered heavily, and their leader, Lieutenant Maritz, was brought in mortally wounded. He spoke regretfully of his unfortunate mistake, and, despite all efforts to save him, died within an hour. The French and English officers were buried side by side in the same grave, the survivors of the fight uniting in paying them the last solemn tribute of respect.

VILLAGE SCENE NEAR THE SIERRA LEONE FRONTIER.



VIEW OF TIMBUCTOO.

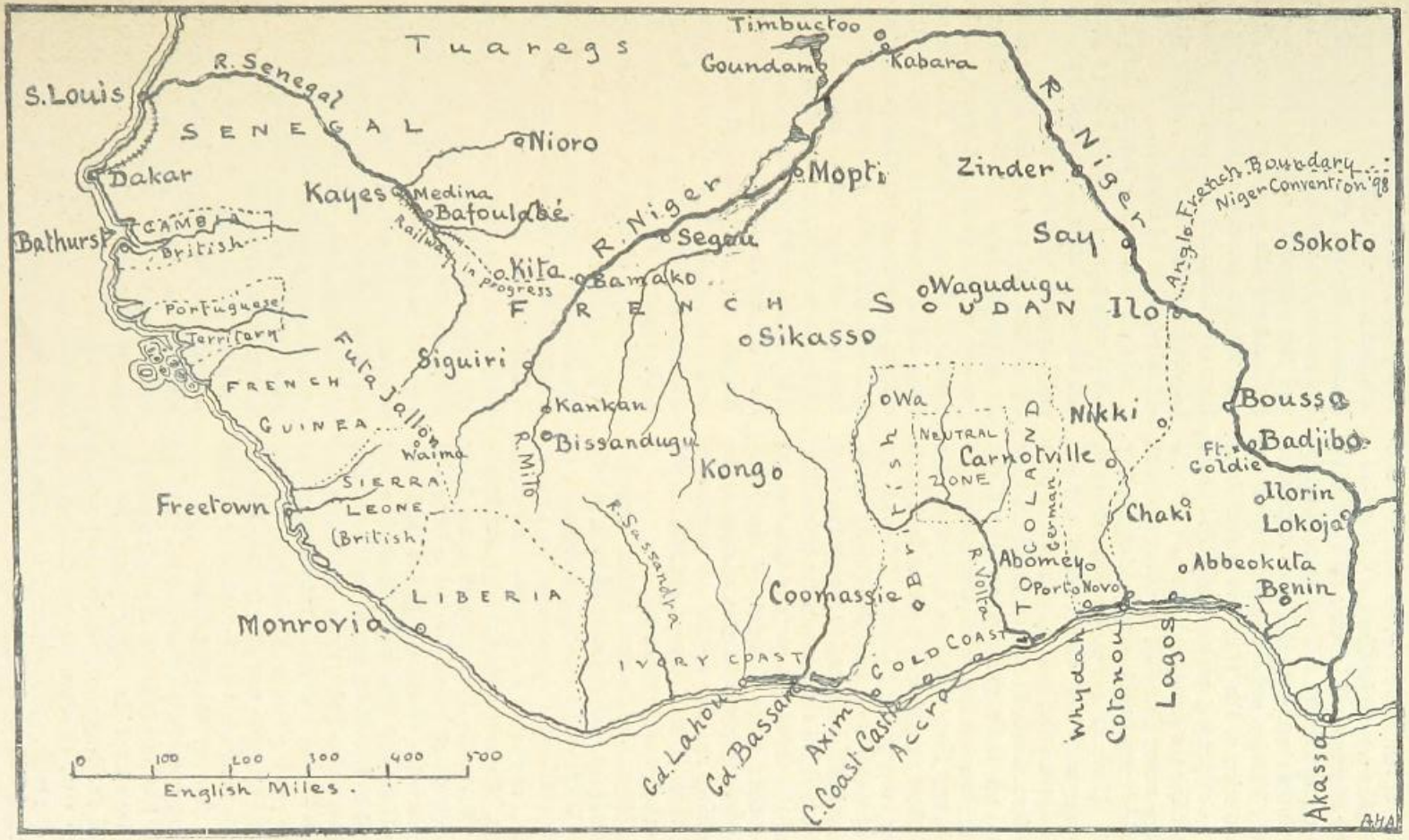
CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH ADVANCE TO TIMBUCTOO AND THE LOWER NIGER.

WHILE these events were taking place on the Sierra Leone border, a French expedition was going down the Niger towards the city of Timbuctoo. During the summer Samory had occupied Tenetou, sixty-eight miles south-east of Bammako. Colonel Bonnier marched from Bammako with a flying column in November, defeated Samory in two actions on December 5th and 6th, and reoccupied Tenetou, where a fortified post was established. He returned to Bammako on December 17th. He then marched to Segu, where, on December 26th, he embarked his troops and eight mountain guns on boats and lighters to descend the river, Colonel Joffre, with a small mounted column, marching by the river bank. Lieutenant Boiteux, of the French navy, had already left Mopti with the gunboats to reconnoitre the river as far as Kabara, the port of Timbuctoo. It was reported that the people of Kabara and of Timbuctoo itself would welcome the French, but that the Tuareg tribes of the neighbourhood, who lived by levying tolls on the caravans of the Sahara, were bitterly hostile. On December 23rd Boiteux, after navigating a network of swampy lakes and backwaters, reached Kabara, dispersed a band of Tuaregs with a few shells from the gunboat *Mage*, and occupied the town without any resistance. On the 25th Lieutenants Boiteux and Aube, with a party of French sailors and Senegalese boatmen, marched into Timbuctoo, after driving off with the fire of a couple of mountain guns a body of Tuareg horsemen that threatened to charge the flank of the little column as it advanced. The people of Timbuctoo received the officers as friends, and the tricolour was hoisted there and the French protectorate proclaimed.

But the half-savage desert warriors who were prowling round the neighbourhood proved to be dangerous foes. Three days after, Lieutenant Aube, another Frenchman, M. Ledentec, and an escort of eighteen Senegalese, went out to receive the submission of some villages near Kabara. They were surprised on the march by a large force of Tuaregs, and were killed to the last man.

Colonel Bonnier heard of this affair at Mopti, and at once pushed on by the river for Timbuctoo with three companies of Senegalese (about 450 men) and four guns, leaving his second in command to bring on the rest of the force by land. He reached the city with two companies on January 10th, 1894. The other company and the guns arrived three days later. But on the 12th Bonnier had started off to attack the camps of the Tuaregs reported to be near Goundam, three days' march from the city. He left Captain Philippe with half the 11th Company and the sailors of the flotilla to hold Kabara and Timbuctoo, telling him he would be reinforced next day by the 2nd Company and the artillery. He took with him the 5th



SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "CAMPAIGNS IN WEST AFRICA."

Company of Senegalese Tirailleurs and the other half of the 11th. The disaster that followed is thus related by Captain Oliver :—

"On the afternoon of January 14th a Tuareg camp was captured, with a large herd of cattle, and the column then proceeded against another camp of the Tuaregs some distance further on, leaving a section of the 11th and a section of the 5th Companies, under Sub-Lieutenant Sarda, guarding the camp and cattle. Towards nightfall the column reached an encampment at Dougoi, which was found empty and apparently evacuated. Here, at 4 a.m. on January 15th, the Tuaregs, who had assembled at a short distance, surprised the column asleep, and with an insufficient watch in the camp where they had taken up their quarters for the night, thoroughly knocked up with the fatigues of the march and their previous campaign. No outpost pickets or patrols appear to have been posted or organised. Closely followed by numbers of warriors on foot, the Tuareg horsemen appear to have dashed in among the piled arms and cut down the few sentries before they could give the alarm. A party of horsemen at the same time made straight for the head-quarters, which had been fixed in an open space, thereby giving an easy access. A number of cattle let loose by the Tuaregs contributed yet further to the general confusion."

Captain Nigotte, of the staff, slightly wounded with a sword cut, was the only white man who escaped. With a few Senegalese fugitives he reached Lieutenant Sarda's camp in time to warn him, and the detachment retired on Timbuctoo. Captain Philippe sent out reconnoitring parties, which brought in a few more fugitives, but the main body of the column had been massacred. Colonel Bonnier and five French officers and sixty-eight Senegalese had been killed in the night attack, and ninety-five Lebel rifles and about 10,000 cartridges had been taken by the Tuaregs. They approached Timbuctoo, but Captain Philippe, with 300 riflemen and six guns, was able to keep them at bay till he was relieved by the arrival of Colonel Joffre and the rest of the expedition.

Joffre did not reach Timbuctoo till February 12th. He had had to march through a difficult country, inundated in many places by the overflow of the Niger, and he had had to stop more than once to attack hostile villages near his line of march. On reaching the city he drove off the Tuaregs, and, by a series of raids carried out by lightly-equipped flying columns, he broke up the Tuareg bands in the neighbourhood, captured their cattle, and nearly exterminated the tribe that had massacred Bonnier's column. By the end of March all resistance had ceased in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo, and the success of Colonel Joffre's operations had restored the prestige of the French arms. But for his prompt action there might have been a widespread outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism along the Niger, as the result of the disaster to Colonel Bonnier.

Though Timbuctoo was no longer what it was once reported to have been, a great city of 200,000 inhabitants, it was still valuable as the starting-point of numerous trade routes across the Sahara and through the Niger country, and its possession gave the French the recognised position of the dominant power on the upper course of the great river. The Tuaregs were for a while a source of difficulty. At first the officers in command at Timbuctoo were ordered to avoid any conflict with them. But the wild horsemen of the desert mistook this pacific policy for mere weakness, and began to raid the villages and drive off the flocks and herds of the villagers in the plain round the city. In August, 1895, Commandant Réjou, who was then Governor of Timbuctoo, began active operations against them. Small flying columns were employed for this purpose, and the newly-raised native cavalry, the "Soudanese Spahis," took an active and useful part in the campaign, the result of which was the submission of the Tuareg chiefs of the district early in 1896.

Meanwhile, a desultory warfare had been in progress against Samory. Since his defeats in the campaign of 1893, the Fulah Sultan had adopted a new policy. Recognising the uselessness of attempting to fight pitched battles against the French, he had avoided the direct attack of the columns sent against him, broken up his force into numerous small parties, and carried on a guerilla warfare in bush. As the result of the previous campaigns, he had been driven from what was once his best recruiting ground, the country between the territory of Liberia and the Upper Niger. Retiring eastward, he now made the Kong mountain country his stronghold. This made it difficult to act against him from the old French base of operations on the Senegal, and a shorter line of advance was chosen, based on Grand Bassam and Grand Lahou, French settlements on the Ivory Coast of the Gulf of Guinea. The French had already for some years been working their

way inland on this side. Captain Binger had explored the country between 1887 and 1889, making an adventurous journey from the Niger through Mossi, Gurunsi and the Kong mountains till he at last reached the sea at Grand Bassam. He was the first European to visit a great part of the country through which he journeyed, and on the way he had made treaties with the Fulah and Negro kings of each district he visited. He made a second journey to the Kong country in 1892, starting this time from the coast. At first the chiefs in the hinterland of the Ivory Coast had been friendly to the French explorers, probably not realising that they came to annex, as well as to map, the country. But there were soon signs of growing mistrust and hostility, and these increased as Samory and his armies were forced back from the Niger into the Kong country. In March, 1893, Captain Marchand (afterwards made famous by his going to Fashoda), moving inland from Grand Bassam, found his way barred by the Chief of Tiassalé. He attacked the town and took it by storm. During the summer he made a very complete survey of the hinterland and the routes to Kong. In the autumn of 1893 Colonel Monteil was sent to Grand Bassam to organise an expedition against Samory's forces in the Kong mountains. Captain Marchand was attached to his staff. The troops were: five companies of Senegalese, two of Haussas, a battery of mountain guns, and a troop of cavalry (Spahis). Before advancing into the interior, Monteil had to deal with a rising of the negro tribes near the coast, which was suppressed at the cost of considerable losses to the column. It was not till February, 1894, that he began his advance. The column could now put in line of battle 345 rifles and two mountain guns. On March 1st the vanguard of the expedition, under Captains Marchand and Desperles, came in contact with Samory's advanced posts. It was fiercely attacked during the night of the 2nd, and forced to fall back for more than a mile. On the 3rd, Monteil came to the rescue with the main body, drove back the enemy, occupied the town of Lafiboro, and next day forced the crossing of the Bé River. During the next week there were almost daily skirmishes, the column pushing its way slowly to the northward. Late on the evening of the 10th the town of Dioulassou, where Samory had collected a large quantity of stores of all kinds, was surprised by the French. On the 12th the Emir sent envoys to negotiate, and there was a two days' truce; but as the French terms amounted to unconditional surrender, the Emir refused them. At the worst he could retire into the fastnesses of the Kong mountains, which now lay close behind his army.

Monteil had heard that Samory's household, his wives, children, and slaves, were a few miles away at the village of Dabakala, and he resolved to surprise the place by a rapid march. The very day the negotiations were broken off he started for Dabakala with his column. But the enemy were on the alert. Towards evening the French were attacked on all sides in the woods near the village of Sokala. Formed in a small square they fought desperately, but the enemy did not desist from the attack till long after nightfall. The column had lost heavily, and was encumbered with a large number of wounded, among whom was Colonel Monteil himself. Next day he began to retire towards the coast. Day after day as the column retreated it was continually harassed by the enemy. Monteil, carried in a litter by his men, still retained the command, and when fighting began he was generally with the rearguard. Many of the native porters had fled. Those that were left were chiefly employed in carrying the sick and wounded. The enemy only gave up the pursuit on the 29th, and the column re-entered the Ivory Coast protectorate after having narrowly escaped a terrible disaster. Colonel Monteil was recalled to Paris to explain his failure, which was really the fault of the Government that had sent him to attack Samory with a mere handful of men.

The result of this unfortunate expedition was to save the failing prestige of Samory, and to enable him to largely augment his forces and consolidate his power in the Kong country. The French let him alone for a while, devoting their energies to schemes for pushing down the Niger from Timbuctoo, and bringing into their sphere of influence the countries on its eastern bank along its great tributary the Benue. The newly-conquered kingdom of Dahomey was made the base of operations for exploring expeditions into the same region, the leaders of which brought back with them portfolios full of treaties with the local chiefs and kings accepting the protectorate of France.

But these operations were being carried on in countries where the French had to meet the competition of the British, who were working for the same object and on very much the same lines. The English colonies on the West Coast

had long been neglected. The impulse towards greater activity in this region came from the traders, not from the officials. Finding the French trying to obtain a commercial footing on the Lower Niger, a group of British traders, of whom Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Taubmann-Goldie was the centre, organised an association for mutual aid in the defence of their interests, and out of this grew the Royal Niger Company, the first of the Chartered Companies in Africa.

With French officers carrying their flag year by year further along the Niger, and pushing their posts towards the coast south of the river, it was important for France and England to come to some understanding as to the limits of their respective spheres of influence in West Africa. By an agreement signed on August 5th, 1890, the boundaries of the two spheres in the country of the Lower Niger and east of the great river had been defined by a clause which ran as follows :—

"The Government of her Britannic Majesty recognises the sphere of influence of France to the south of the Mediterranean possessions up to a line from Say on the Niger to Barrua on Lake Chad, drawn in such a manner as to comprise in the sphere of action of the Niger Company all that fairly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto, the line to be determined by the Commission to be appointed."

SIR GEORGE GOLDIE.
(*Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.*)

The Commissioners of the two countries were to meet in Paris to fix the details of the line thus defined, but for one reason or another the meeting was put off from year to year. The Commission which met in Paris in 1895 settled the frontier line between our Gold Coast territory and the French Ivory Coast protectorate from the sea northward to the ninth parallel of latitude. The boundary of the northern part of Sierra Leone was settled at the same time, but nothing was done to complete the settlement of the Lower Niger region, and the frontier west of the Niger was still drawn rather differently on French and English maps, and another point was left open that was soon a fruitful source of disagreements between the two countries. In England it was generally understood that Say had been fixed as the point on the Niger where the French sphere ended and the British began, and that, according to the generally accepted method of mapping out spheres of influence in Africa by lines of latitude and longitude where there was no well-defined natural feature to determine them, the country east of Say between its meridian and the river fell to the English sphere. It was so marked on the maps published in France in 1890, notably in a map that appeared in the Paris *Temps*, which was in close relations with the French Foreign Office, and some of the opposition journals in France bitterly attacked the Government for having, as they put it, abandoned to England the country east of the Say line.

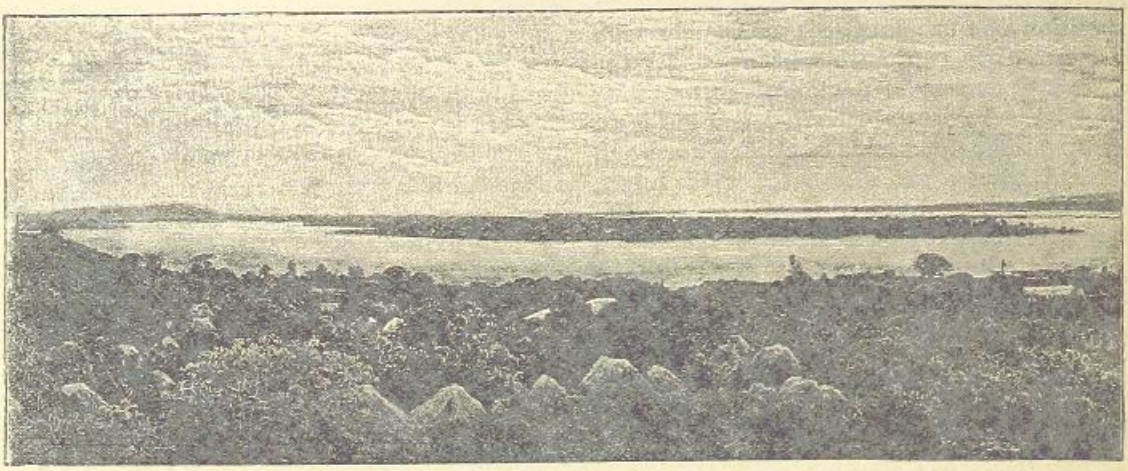
The conquest of Dahomey in 1894 and the advance of the French from the Middle towards the Lower Niger led to what had at first been the theory only of the advanced Colonial party in France being adopted by the Government. It was granted that the English sphere extended from the mouth of the Niger and the coast of the colony of Lagos up to the ninth parallel, because so far the boundaries between Lagos and Dahomey had been fixed by an Anglo-French agreement as long ago as 1889. It was also granted that the east bank of the Niger from the ninth parallel to Say was in the British sphere, but it was now argued that the country on the west of the Niger between Say and the ninth parallel was a debatable land, open to whoever might be the first to occupy it. Near Boussa, which lies well to the south of Say, there is a series of cataracts interrupting the navigation of the great river, and the French urged that unless they were allowed to occupy some point below these cataracts they could not make use of the river as a trade route, and plans were formed for sending expeditions from Dahomey to reach the Niger at Boussa and hoist the French flag on the lower river in what England claimed to be British sphere.

Towards the end of 1894, M. Ballot, the

Governor of Dahomey, secretly organised an expedition of some hundreds of carriers with an escort of Senegalese Tirailleurs, under the orders of Commandant Toutée, which, marching through the Dahomey hinterland, and making a short cut through part of what both France and England agreed was the interior of Lagos, reached the west bank of the Niger, opposite Badjibo, some fifty miles south of Boussa, on February 13th, 1895. The place was below the most southern of the cataracts, and at the head of a clear waterway to the sea. Here Toutée built a fort, which was named Fort Arenberg, in honour of one of the leaders of the colonial party. He collected a flotilla of eight small boats, he passed the rapids of Boussa during the summer, and ascended the river beyond Say and Zinder. Once Say was passed, he found the Tuareg chiefs and their bands of veiled, light-complexioned warriors the dominant race in the country. They levied tribute from the negro kings of the towns and villages. At first they seemed friendly, but near Zinder they made an attack on his party, and again when he was descending the river he had to fight his way past the town. Revisiting Fort Arenberg on the way he continued his voyage down the Niger, and at last reached the posts of the Royal Niger Company on the lower river. Here he was hospitably received, although a protest had been made by the Company against his occupation of the river bank opposite Badjibo and the building of the fort. The English Government supported this protest at Paris, and the French Ministry of the day yielded the point and ordered the evacuation of the fort. It was at once occupied by a detachment of the Niger Company's forces, and its name was changed to Fort Goldie.

But the French designs on the eastern portion of the middle Niger region, though checked for a while, were not abandoned. During 1895 and 1896 the energies of the French Colonial administration in Africa were devoted chiefly to securing possession of the Ubanghi region in the hinterland of the French Congo, and organising and pushing forward the columns that occupied part of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and began that race for the Nile which ended at Fashoda. West Africa was therefore comparatively neglected, and little was done beyond completing the exploration of the country and holding Samory's bands in check on the western borders of the Kong country.

COLONEL MONTEIL.
(*Photo: Panajou, Ford aux.*)



THE CONFLUENCE OF THE NIGER AND THE BENUE AT LOKOJA.

CHAPTER III.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN WEST AFRICA.

MEANWHILE the British authorities and the Niger Company were steadily strengthening their position. In the winter of 1895, an expedition under the command of Colonel Sir Francis Scott left Cape Coast Castle to occupy Coomassie, the capital of the Ashanti kingdom, one of the few powerful native states now remaining on the West Coast. The Ashantis made no resistance, and the last of their kings was deposed and brought away as a prisoner. In the winter of 1896, extensive preparations were made for an expedition on the Lower Niger, to reduce to submission the French sultans of Ilorin and Nupe. A flotilla of gunboats was concentrated at Lokoja, the point where the Niger receives its great tributary, the Benue. In the camp near Lokoja native troops, chiefly Haussa negroes, were being drilled under English officers, the commander-in-chief being Major Northcott, a British cavalry officer who, like many good soldiers of our day, had worked his way to a commission from the ranks. Sir George Taubmann-Goldie, the Governor of the Niger Company's territory, who had decided to accompany the expedition, reached Lokoja at the end of December. A start was made on January 6th. Advancing first against Bida, the Fulah camp at Kabba was captured, the enemy's outposts were driven in on the 25th at a place nine miles from Bida, and on the 26th a battle was fought under the walls of the Fulah capital. The enemy's force was estimated at about 30,000 men, a large part of them mounted. Formed in a square with guns and Maxims at the angles, the Company's forces beat back with enormous loss the repeated charges of the enemy, and next day the city was bombarded and stormed. The reigning sultan was deposed, and another of the Emirs was enthroned in his stead, as the vassal of the Niger Company. In February the expedition advanced against Ilorin. It was conveyed up the Niger by the flotilla to Rabba, which was chosen as the starting-place of the march by land. The Fulahs again retired before Northcott's advance, and gave battle under the walls of their capital. It was a repetition of the fight at Bida, with the same result. Ilorin was captured on February 16th, and two days later the fugitive Emirs came in and surrendered. The reigning Emir was reinstated under the control of a Resident appointed by the Company, and a decree was published abolishing slavery in the newly-acquired territories. The troops that had brought this brilliant little campaign so speedily to a successful issue then returned to Lokoja. The camp there was a busy place for the rest of the year. Special service officers were arriving from England; new regiments were being raised and trained, and additions were made to the gunboat flotilla, for the French were again pushing

forward into the Lagos hinterland, and events were happening which might prove to be the prelude of a great war.

While the Company's troops were conquering Ilorin, another British expedition had put an end to the sanguinary rule of the petty king of Benin. On January 1st a peaceful mission had been sent to his capital. Its chiefs were Consul-General Phillips, District Commissioner Locke, Major Copland Crawford, and Captain Boisragon. They had with them a number of native servants and porters, but the Government was so anxious to remove all suspicion of the peaceful character of the expedition that there was no armed escort, and the white men had not even their pistols in their belts. The object of the mission was to arrange with the king for the abolition of human sacrifices and slave hunting in his dominions and to settle his relations with the Government of the Niger Protectorate. The expedition was conveyed up the Benin River in the steam yacht *Ivy* to the landing-place at Sapele, and then began its journey to Benin, marching in single file by a path through the bush. It seems that the king was willing to receive the expedition, but six of his chiefs and fetish men arranged an ambuscade on the path, and the envoys and their followers were suddenly fired upon from the bush at close quarters, and then rushed upon by a crowd of savage enemies. Surprised and unarmed, they were nearly all massacred on the spot. Two only—Mr. Locke and Captain Boisragon—escaped. Wounded by the enemy's fire, they had taken refuge among the trees and made their way through the swampy bush to a friendly settlement on one of the creeks of the river. They had to support life for some days during their lonely march by eating wild roots and drinking marsh water. Their clothes were torn to rags and their limbs lacerated by thorns, their shoes worn out, and it was with swollen and bleeding feet and scarred with many wounds that they were at last taken on board the *Ivy*.

Rear-Admiral Rawson, commanding the Cape squadron, was entrusted with the task of organising and directing an expedition to capture Benin, depose the king, and punish the treacherous murderers. The force that was to do the work was formed partly of seamen and marines from the ships, with Maxim guns, light artillery, and rocket tubes, partly of Haussa troops. It assembled at Sapele on the Benin River in the first week of February. Ologbo, which had been selected as the starting-point for the advance inland, was captured on the 12th. After some hard fighting in the bush, Benin City was occupied on the 18th. The king escaped, but was hunted down and captured a few weeks later. His city was a human shambles, with on all sides evidence that the sacrifice of men and women was an everyday event. The fetish houses and the great trees on which many victims had been crucified were destroyed, the king deposed, and a British governor installed with a council of native chiefs to assist him. The king was acquitted of direct complicity in the massacre. Two of the fetish chiefs who had advised and directed it were executed. Two others committed suicide. One had already died. Thus, of the six, only one was left—the fetish man, Ologbosherri. He had taken refuge in the bush of the interior, where he gathered an escort of fighting men. In the early summer of 1899 he was nearly captured by a flying column which dispersed his following, but he again escaped. A gallant young officer, Lieutenant Norman Uniacke, was killed in this fight. A few weeks later Ologbosherri was tracked down, tried and executed.

While British officers were thus securing the Lower Niger, the French were making a bold stroke to obtain possession of the debatable ground in the Lagos hinterland, and to hoist their flag again on the great river at the rapids of Boussa. Dahomey was the starting-point of these expeditions. During the campaigning season of 1897, three columns penetrated into the hinterland in different directions. North-westward Captains Baud and Vermeersch pushed forward to Wagadugu; directly northwards Captain Garnier tried to reach the Niger through the Atacora hill country; and north-eastward the most important expedition of all, under a naval officer, Lieutenant Bretonnet, had for its object the occupation of Boussa. In some places the local chiefs made submission, gave a friendly reception to the armed explorers, and signed treaties accepting the French protectorate, often in careless disregard of the fact that they had already put their mark to similar documents recognising that they were the vassals of Great Britain. It is quite possible that in both cases they had no clear idea of what they were doing. Sometimes, however, the chiefs were hostile to these uninvited guests, and the little bands of adventurers had to fight their way into more than one mud-walled town. At Wawa, near Boussa, the capture of the village cost Bretonnet and his hundred Senegalese riflemen two hours of sharp fighting.

The French flag was hoisted at Boussa on the Niger on February 6th.

The British Government protested against this invasion of territory, which it had for years claimed as belonging to its sphere of influence in West Africa. But the aggressive "Colonial Party" was in the ascendant in France; Marchand was on his way to the Upper Nile; efforts were being made to induce Menelek of Abyssinia to oppose the British advance in the Eastern Soudan; at Paris it was hoped that the dream of a French African empire extending from the Senegal on the Atlantic to Obok on the Red Sea was on the point of being realised; and the protests of the British Foreign Office were disregarded. Suspended for a while during the summer, the activity of the French officers in the Niger region was redoubled in the autumn of 1897. The situation was growing serious, for England was at last taking active steps to oppose these aggressions. There was no desire to precipitate a quarrel in which rifle shots fired on the Niger would be echoed by the big guns of battleships in the Channel and in the Mediterranean. But common prudence dictated a rapid reinforcement of the British forces in West Africa, and as the most practical way of effecting this, special service officers were sent out to raise new regiments of Haussas and Yorubas, and the Niger Company's flotilla at Lokoja was strengthened by the addition of two gunboats belonging to the Royal Navy, of the same type as the powerful modern stern-wheelers of the Nile flotilla. Colonel Lugard, a veteran of African warfare, was sent out to take the local command in case of hostilities, and detachments under British officers were sent into the Lagos hinterland with orders to prevent any French detachment occupying villages or posts south of the ninth parallel; north of that line the British expeditionary columns were to occupy as much of the country as possible, and when they reached the villages held by the nearest French garrisons, they were to avoid an appeal to force, but to establish posts in the neighbourhood and explain to the French officers in command that their presence in the British sphere was tolerated under protest while the two Governments were negotiating a permanent settlement. It says much for the temper and tact of the officers on both sides that under these circumstances there was no actual conflict. At times it was perilously near.

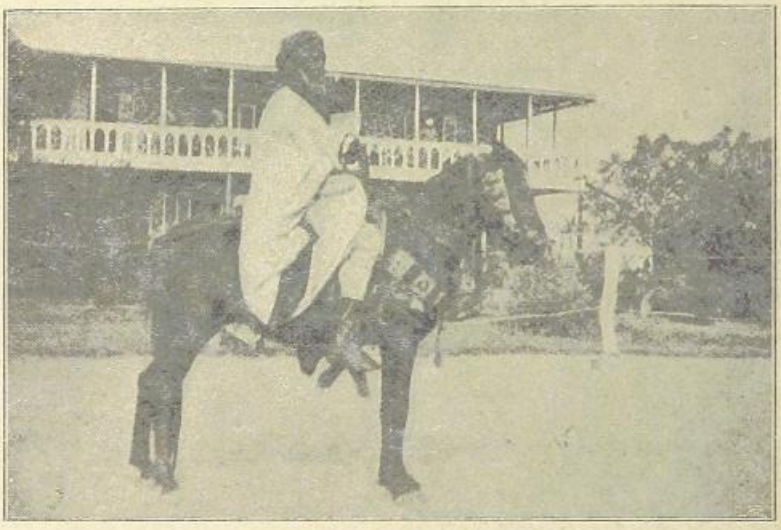
COLONEL LUGARD.
Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.

In the autumn a strong column of French native troops under Captain Vermeersch marched from Northern Dahomey upon Nikki, the capital of the Borgu district and the home of the King of the Baribas, the principal tribe in the disputed Lagos hinterland. The French claimed that they had a right to Nikki and Borgu in virtue of a treaty signed by the king on November 26th, 1894. They disregarded the fact that he had signed with Colonel Lugard, sixteen days before, a treaty with the Niger Company, and they were anxious to strengthen their more than doubtful title by actual possession. On November 8th, 1897, Vermeersch encountered the Bariba army at Guinagourou and defeated it with a loss of about 200 men. The French loss was much slighter, but Vermeersch himself was wounded. On the 13th he entered Nikki and hoisted the French flag. The defeated king, who had been represented as being only anxious for the French to come and protect him from the British, was a fugitive in the bush, and the Baribas had for the most part abandoned the town.

The first report of this affair that reached Lagos represented it as a fight in which British officers had been in action against the French. This was promptly denied by the Government, though for some days the Colonial Office was anxious on the subject. At Paris the Government was so eager to represent the invasion of Borgu as the occupation of territory already friendly to France that a *communiqué* was issued to the Press saying that there had been no fighting. A smaller French column, destined to reinforce Boussa, marched boldly through the Lagos hinterland south of the ninth parallel and occupied Saki. A hundred Haussas under Captain Humphreys, with a couple of Maxims,

THE NIGER NEAR BOUSSA.

were sent to expel the intruders. When they reached Saki, the French had gone on their way to the Niger. The British column made a reconnaissance towards Ilesha, and on the march was attacked by some thousands of Baribas. After beating off the enemy and inflicting on them a loss of 300 killed and wounded, the Haussas returned to Saki. It was afterwards ascertained that the Baribas had mistaken the column for a French expedition. In December, Colonel Northcott was at Wawa, near Boussa. He camped near the French post, and, while reserving the rival claims of their respective Governments, the British and French officers

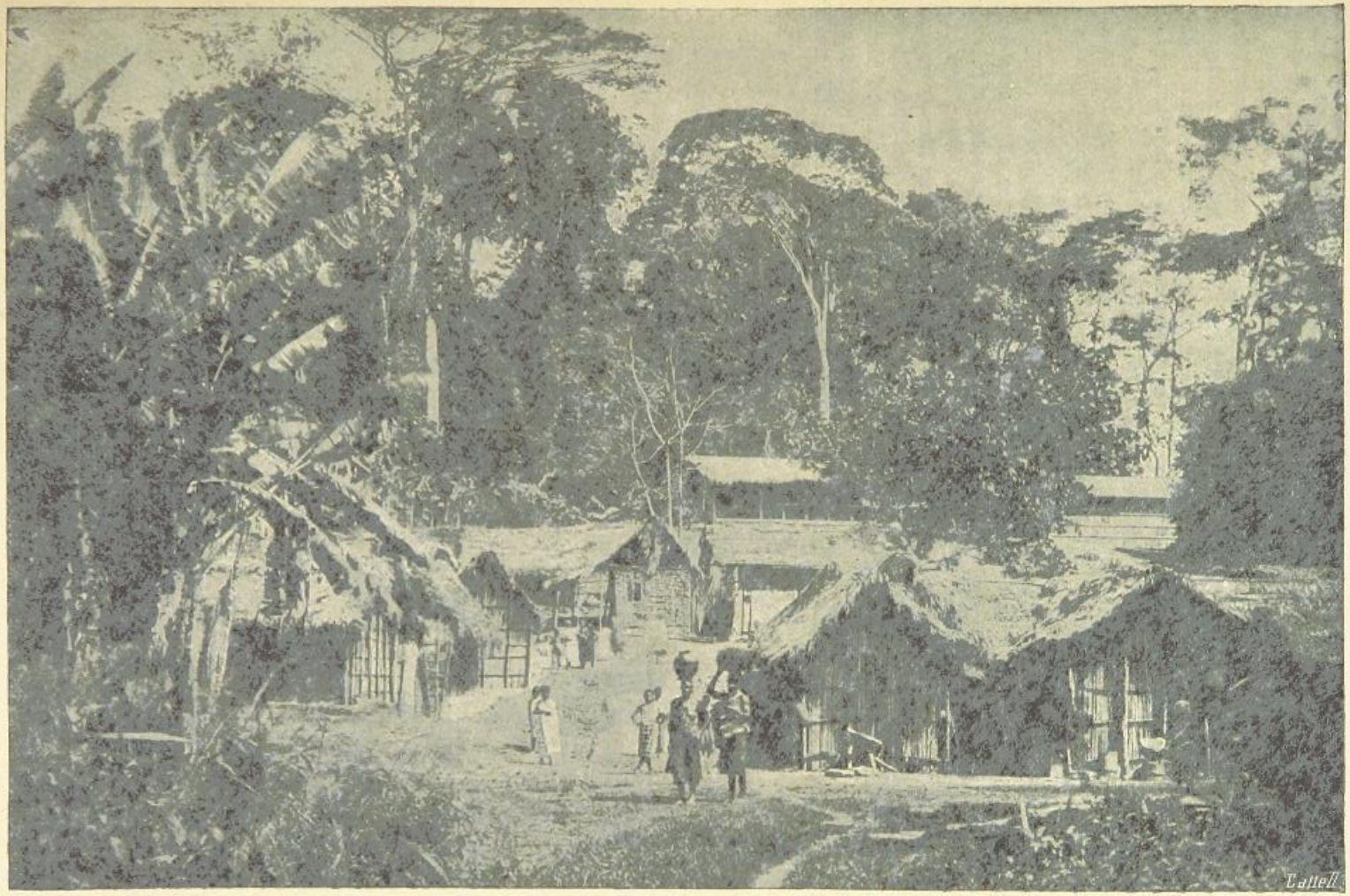


THE NATIVE CHIEF OF LOKOJA.

exchanged friendly hospitality. Happily the dispute was settled by a preliminary agreement in March, 1898, which took definite form in the Niger Convention of June, 1898, finally ratified in 1899. The Convention was, on the whole, a success for France. She restored Boussa, but was allowed to bring her frontier on the west bank of the Niger south of Say as far as Ilo. She retained Nikki and the west part of Borgu, and she further obtained territory in the hinterland of Ashanti that enabled her to unite her Ivory Coast and Dahomey colonies and cut off the Gold Coast from the interior. On the other hand, the British claim to Sokoto and the countries south of Lake Chad was clearly recognised. England could have legally insisted on the evacuation of Nikki as well as Boussa, but throughout the negotiations it was evidently recognised by our Government that a settlement with France was worth some sacrifices, especially as the larger question of the Upper Nile might at any moment become acute and complicate the situation.

Another important event in West Africa in 1898 was the final downfall of Samory. After Monteil's failure, no serious attempt was made to attack him for some time. The Governors of the French Soudan adopted the policy of strengthening their hold on the native states east and west of his stronghold in the Kong mountains and cutting off his supplies. Efforts had been made at various times to induce Tieba, the Fulah King of Sikasso, to enter into a league against Samory, but he had managed to avoid actually committing himself to anything definite. On his death, his successor, Ba-Bemba, was informed that he would be deposed unless he frankly accepted a French protectorate and co-operated in the next campaign against Samory. Ba-Bemba had fortified his capital with a rampart fifteen feet thick, and thought he could defy the French artillery. He refused to comply, and on April 15th Colonel Audeod appeared before Sikasso with a force of 1,500 men, a mountain battery, and four heavy guns. Trenches were opened, the batteries got to work, the thick walls were breached at three points, and, after a fortnight's siege, the town was taken by storm on April 30th.

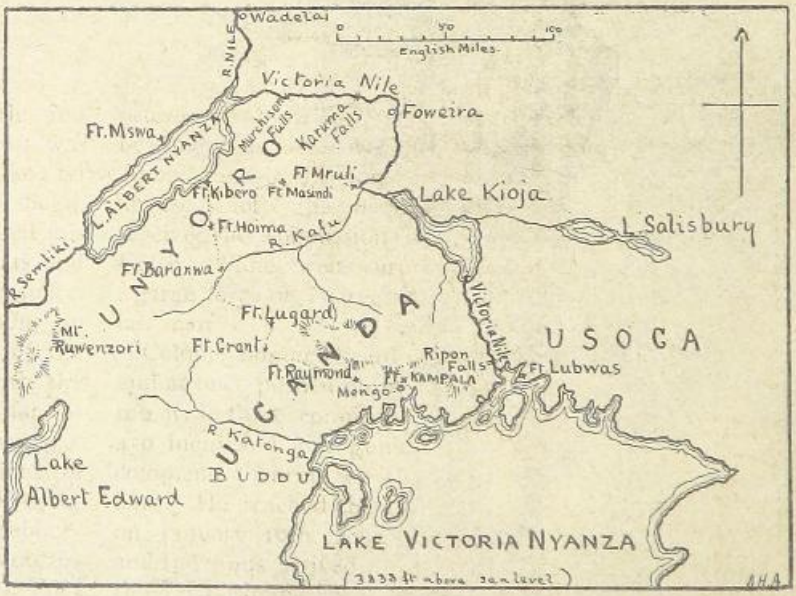
Operations against Samory had already begun. On January 25th a flying column, under Lieutenant Demars, had seized the town of



A TYPICAL VILLAGE NEAR LOKOJA.

Kong. On February 12th he was besieged there by Samory's forces. Although the little garrison was short of provisions and water, so that towards the end of the siege there were several deaths from thirst, Demars held out for thirteen days. He was then relieved by Commandant Caudrelier, who attacked and defeated the Sofas under the walls of the town. Menaced by two strong columns, Samory made an attempt to reach the country to the south-westward, between the frontiers of Liberia and the Upper Niger, the scene of his earlier triumphs, where he hoped to arouse the tribes against the French. Harassed on the march by the French flying columns, he was defeated while attempting to cross the Sassandra River. His army now broke up into a number of scattered bands. Early in October his own personal escort was surprised by a detachment of Spahis, and the once terrible Sultan of the Western Soudan found himself a prisoner in the hands of the French. With his capture ended the last formidable native power of the Niger region.

Both France and England were turning their attention to the countries east of the Niger. England had secured the overlordship of Sokoto. France was busy planning the occupation of the country about Lake Chad. After many failures, she also succeeded, in 1899, in linking her Algerian possessions with her territory south of the Sahara. Commandant Foureau, who had started from Tuggurt, near Biskra, in the autumn of 1898 with a well-equipped column, had penetrated to the Niger. It is pleasant to note that the gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society for 1899 were conferred on two French officers—on Captain Binger for his exploration of the Niger, and on Commandant Foureau for his daring journeys in the Sahara: an act of international courtesy that showed that the struggle for West Africa, which had so lately threatened to involve the two nations in war, had ended in friendly rivalry.

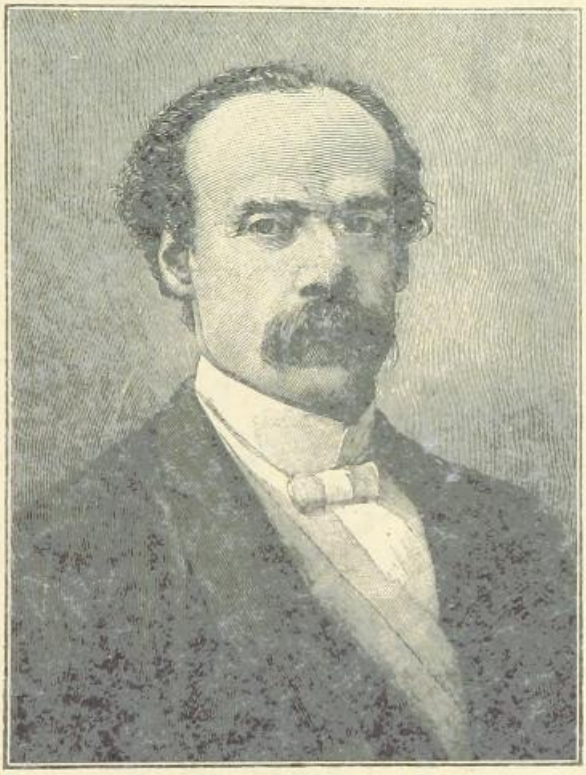


SKETCH MAP TO ILLUSTRATE EVENTS IN UGANDA AND UNYORO.

CIVIL WARS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

IN the South American Republics, civil war is a recognised move in the game of politics. A leader of a party who is beaten at the elections has always the chance of a military *pronunciamento* to reverse the verdict of the polling stations. Often, however, what is called an attempted revolution is really nothing more than an election riot on a large scale. There is no need of cataloguing these minor disturbances, and, leaving them out of account, it may be said that, on the whole, South America has been abnormally peaceful during the 'nineties.

There have, however, been two civil wars of importance, one in Chili, the other in Brazil, both of them chiefly remarkable for their naval incidents.



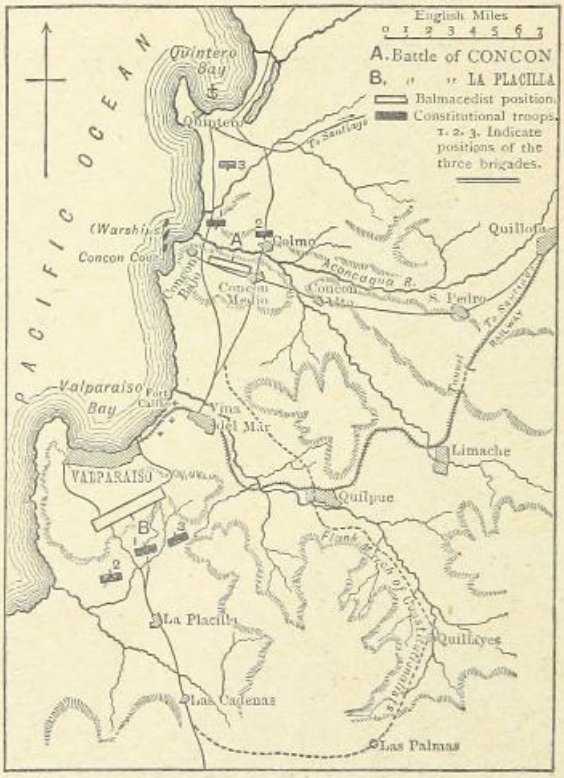
PRESIDENT BALMACEDA.

The Chilian civil war broke out in January, 1891. The President, Balmaceda, had been endeavouring to extend his powers and make his office practically a dictatorship. On New Year's Day the majority of the Congress formally declared that he had violated the Constitution. The Chilian navy declared for the Congressists, as they were called, but the greater part of the army, about 40,000 strong, stood by the President. With their help he was master of Santiago, the capital, and Valparaiso, the most important city in Chili. The Congressist leaders made use of the fleet to seize the nitrate districts in the north of the country. They established a provisional government there and began to raise an army. They got possession of Iquique in the middle of February, after a hard fight with the small Balmacedist garrison under Colonel Soto, and they then made it the temporary capital.

The conditions of the struggle were now very curious. The Balmacedists held Valparaiso and the south with their army, but had practically no fleet, their naval forces being represented by a few very small and old-fashioned torpedo boats and a couple of armed merchant steamers, one of which, the *Maipo*, was carried off by her crew early in the war to join the Congressists. But there were a number of fine ships ready, or nearly ready, for the Chilian Government in European shipbuilding yards. If Balmaceda could obtain delivery of these, and hold out till they arrived, he might attack the Congressist fleet. It was thanks to that fleet that the Congressists held Iquique and the north. They had only the beginnings of an army. Their hope was that they might be able to organise an effective land force before Balmaceda was in a position to dispute with them the command of the sea. In that case they would be able to convey it to the south in transports under the escort of their fleet, land it near Valparaiso, and attack the Balmacedists by sea and land.

The President received his first naval reinforcement on March 21st, when two fine torpedo gunboats of high speed, the *Almirante Lynch* and

Almirante Condell, reached Valparaiso. They had been built by Laird, of Birkenhead, and handed over to the Chilian agents in England before the outbreak of the war. Their water tube boilers and their machinery generally were in a bad state, through having been neglected by the Chilian engineers on the way out. They were not ready for service till April 16th, when they left Valparaiso in company with the armed liner *Imperial*. "On board this ship," says Mr. H. W. Wilson, "was Mr. Hervey, the *Times* correspondent. Just before he left Valparaiso, Mr. Hervey had somewhat indiscreetly telegraphed to the *Times* that he was leaving with a torpedo expedition, and the news had been cabled back from Europe to Chili, and on April 21st it was published in the Congressionalist journal *Patria* (at Iquique). Hence the insurgents received some warning of what was to be attempted."



SKETCH MAP OF THE BATTLES OF CONCON AND LA PLACILLA.

Captain Moraga, who commanded the little squadron, was on board the *Condell*. He had information that the Balmacedist fleet was anchored in Caldera Bay, about half way between Valparaiso and Iquique, and they had no torpedo nettings to protect them, as these articles were all on shore in the Valparaiso arsenal when the revolt of the fleet took place. The two gunboats ran into Caldera Bay at 3.30 a.m. on the 23rd. The dawn was just beginning. Moraga led the way in the *Condell*, followed at a distance of two hundred yards by the *Lynch*, commanded by Captain Fuentes. There was just light enough to see that a large ironclad was anchored in the bay, with a smaller ship near her. The rest of the fleet had gone. The ironclad was the Chilian ship *Blanco Encalada*, the other vessel was a small transport.

There was a bad look-out on the *Encalada*. The torpedo vessels were close in before they were discovered and the alarm was given. Even then the crew were slow in getting to their stations. According to one account of the affair, they thought it was a mere false alarm given for drill purposes, for they knew that the old torpedo boats at Valparaiso could not get as far as Caldera, and, notwithstanding the news from Europe, they had not realised that the torpedo gunboats might swoop down upon them. Even when the *Condell* was sighted running rapidly across the bay, the *Lynch* closely following was not noticed, and the ironclad opened with rifles, machine-guns, and quick-firers on the leading vessel only. The *Condell* discharged three Whitehead torpedoes, and answered the fire of the ironclad with her guns. All the torpedoes missed. But meanwhile, the *Lynch* had slipped round her consort and got within fifty yards of the ironclad before she was seen and fired on from the big ship. She let go two torpedoes in rapid succession. The first, badly adjusted, missed; the second blew a huge hole in the starboard side of the *Encalada* below her armour belt. According to the narrative of the *Encalada's* officers, as given by Mr. H. W. Wilson, "The shock was tremendous. Every light in the ship was extinguished, one of the 8-inch guns was thrown off its trunnions, and a large number of men were killed. Portions of iron and machinery flew about in the engine-room, and killed or wounded six engineers. The only one who escaped was carried by the violent rush of water up a ventilator. Though orders had been given to close all water-tight doors, it is almost certain that this had not been done. The ship began to heel heavily to starboard, exposing her decks

to the pitiless hail from the quick-firers of the torpedo gunboats, which mowed the men down as they poured up from below. A shell from a 14-pounder Hotchkiss burst in her fore-compartment, killing Lieutenant Pacheco. The ironclad fired one of her heavy guns in reply, but the shot passed over the torpedo gunboats. The ship began to go down very fast, and a minute later the order to abandon her was given. At that moment the sills of her battery ports were level with the water. Of her total crew, which mustered 288 officers and men, eleven officers and 171 men were killed or drowned." This was the first time in naval warfare that a Whitehead torpedo had been used with complete success. The *Encalada* sank in sixty feet of water. It is well to remember that all the conditions were favourable to the attack. There was a bad look-out, no picket boats scouting in the bay, no nets rigged, a crew that went slowly to quarters, shot badly, and left the water-tight doors open. When the Chinese flagship was torpedoed at Wei-hai-wei, the doors were closed, and she did not sink for some hours.

The gunboats ran out of the bay without having suffered the loss of even one man. As they got out to sea, they observed a large steamer off the bay, and made for her, thinking she was their consort the *Imperial*. She was, however, a Congressist ship, the armed transport *Aconcagua*. They opened fire on her with their guns, but, as it was broad daylight and they had still some loaded torpedoes on their decks, they did not venture to make a torpedo attack. To come close enough for that would have been to risk having the torpedoes exploded in the tubes by the *Aconcagua's* quick-firers. The transport, after a brief exchange of fire, ran into the bay. Moraga was about to follow her, when he saw a large warship coming down the coast. Thinking this was a Congressist ironclad, he beat a hasty retreat, only to discover later on, to his disgust, that he had run away from a neutral ship, a large British cruiser.

The Congressists had learned a lesson from the action in Caldera Bay. Henceforth they took precautions against surprise, and as a rule their warships steamed out to sea during the night, returning to their moorings at dawn. On May 14th Moraga arrived off Iquique, but found the anchorage protected by booms and torpedoes. On the 16th he looked into Caldera Bay again. A number of Congressist transports were moored near the shore, but he could not attack, for a line of neutral merchant ships was anchored just outside them, and he had strict orders to avoid doing injury to neutrals which might provoke the intervention of their Governments. It was not till August that the Congressist army was ready for action. It had been organised and trained by a German staff officer, Colonel Emil Korner, who, though nominally acting as chief of the staff to General del Canto, the Congressist commander, really directed all the operations. He had got some thousands of Mannlicher repeating rifles from Europe, and these, it was hoped, would give the Congressist force a marked advantage on the battle-field. Balmaceda had not yet succeeded in inducing the French Government to let him have two fine armoured cruisers which had been completed for the Chilian Government in the dockyard of La Seyne. The Congressist, or, as it was sometimes called, the Constitutional army, was only 10,000 strong. It was a bold decision to attack with this force Valparaiso, held by a Balmacedist garrison of at least 25,000 men. But the Congressist leaders knew that many of Balmaceda's adherents were only kept on his side by a system of cruel terrorism, and they counted on numerous desertions as soon as the armies were face to face.

Escorted by the fleet, the troops were embarked on transports at Iquique and Caldera in the second week of August. On August 20th the fleet seized Quintero Bay to the north of Valparaiso. The troops organised in three small brigades were landed there, and next day forced the passage of the Concon River defended by about 11,000 Balmacedists. It was the battle of the Alma on a small scale. The President's troops held a line of heights south of the stream, with their left near the sea shore. The fleet covered a flanking attack up the heights to the left, while another attack was made directly against the front of the heights across the stream. About 1,500 of Balmaceda's men threw down their arms, some thousands more dispersed to their homes. His generals were able to keep together only about 3,000 as they retired towards Valparaiso.

On the 23rd, del Canto and Korner advanced against the Vina del Mar position on the north side of Valparaiso. But they found the ground strongly fortified, and their artillery could make no impression on the batteries of the forts and earthworks. The attack was abandoned, and a bold resolution was taken. This was to march rapidly round to the south and more open side of Valparaiso and attack there. The long flank march through difficult country was successfully

executed. On the 28th, the Balmacedists were attacked on the heights above La Placilla, south of the city. They were driven from their position by the rapid rifle fire of the Congressists. The two Balmacedist generals, Barbosa and Alcerreca, were killed in the fight—some say shot by their own men, thousands of whom surrendered on the battle-field. The rest were driven back into the city. When Balmaceda saw that all was lost, he had hidden himself. His colleagues had fled, and the city was in the hands of the scum of the population and the criminals released from the prisons, who were burning and plundering the houses. The Congressists, assisted by landing parties from the foreign warships, quickly restored order. Most of Balmaceda's colleagues escaped. But the ex-Dictator shot himself in his hiding-place. Chili has enjoyed a period of peace and prosperity since his downfall.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO.
(Photo: Pacheco & Zilho, Rio de Janeiro.)

The Brazilian Civil War, which lasted from the autumn of 1893 to the spring of 1894, also began with a naval *pronunciamento* against the Government. There were two rival candidates for power, Marshal Peixoto, the President, who was supported by the army, and Admiral Mello, the leader of the revolt, who had the greater part of the navy on his side. On September 5th, 1893, Mello, assisted by thirty-six naval officers and half-a-dozen Members of Congress, won over the fleet in Rio Janeiro Bay. The party assembled on the beach shortly before midnight, and pulled off with muffled oars, first to the turret-ship *Aquidaban*, then to the other warships in the harbour. The officers and crews were easily persuaded to declare for Mello, and in the morning Rio was startled with the news that the fleet had revolted against the President during the night.

The vessels that had joined Mello were, besides the *Aquidaban*, the *Javary*, an old coast defence ironclad with two turrets, mounting 10-in. guns in pairs; the *Alagoas*, a single-turreted monitor, originally built for river service; a protected cruiser, the *Almirante Tamandare*, a new ship, which was not yet completely fitted out; two small cruisers, both old, the *Trajano* and the *Guanabara*; and a splendid new cruiser, the *Republica*, just arrived from Elswick. There were also three sea-going torpedo boats, two of them lately received from Thornycroft's yard at Chiswick. There were four smaller boats, two old gunboats, and some armed merchant steamers. The *Aquidaban*, the *Tamandare*, the *Republica*, and the three larger torpedo boats, were the effective portion of the fleet.

Mello hoped to repeat the success won by the Chilian Congressists, and tried to work on the same lines. The army and the land forts around Rio Harbour remained true to Peixoto, but Mello's adherents were supposed to be strong in the southern provinces of Brazil. He hoped to raise an army there, and bring it north to attack Rio before Peixoto could assemble a fleet to oppose him.

At the outbreak of the revolt the President had no naval force at hand. A few vessels that were away in Europe, or on the coasts of South America, were still nominally on his side, but he had no security that they would not declare for Mello if they were brought back to Rio. In any case it would take some time to assemble them, and the rebel fleet might destroy them in detail. Mello kept his fleet at first in the great land-locked sheet of water that forms the inner portion of the harbour. In this position he was safe from nearly all the forts, which are built to command the strait, about a mile wide, by which the harbour opens on the sea. The President's officers later on erected batteries near the city, which bore on his anchorage. But if he meant to get out to sea he would have to run the gauntlet of the forts. One of the most formidable of these stood on the island of Villegagnon, which rises boldly from the sea in the middle of the passage between Rio and the harbour mouth. At first Fort Villegagnon was neutral, but it soon declared for Admiral Mello, and his position was further strengthened by Admiral de Gama coming over to him. Gama was in charge of the island of Enchadas, which contained large magazines of naval stores, and, thanks to his defection, Mello now controlled all the available Brazilian warships, as well as the islands and magazines in the bay. The mainland forts remained steadily loyal to Peixoto.

Admiral Mello might have attempted to reduce the city by going out to sea and

establishing a blockade of the harbour entrance. But the foreign consuls, backed by the commanders of the foreign warships in the bay, vetoed a blockade. So the chief incidents of the first stage of the war were intermittent cannonades carried on almost daily between Mello's ships and Peixoto's forts, the batteries of Villegagnon joining in after a while on the side of the Admiral. One would have expected that antagonists fighting at such close quarters would have destroyed each other, or at least done each other very serious injury, but as a rule the shooting was bad, and the ammunition, which had been years in store in that tropical climate, had so deteriorated that often a fair hit did insignificant damage.

The townsfolk soon got used to the desultory warfare carried on in the harbour. An English lady who lived at Rio during the revolt gives a striking description of what she calls "the inexplicable conduct of the Brazilian non-combatants." "They are to be seen," she wrote, "in their hundreds from dawn to dusk on the heights overlooking the bay, as they watch the attempt of their army to destroy their navy, and of their navy to destroy their capital. '*Ola!*' they cry, as a shot from a fort, missing the gunboat at which it was aimed, falls into the water to its stern, throwing up a waterspout as it does so. '*Tiro magnifico!* A splendid shot!' is pronounced a moment later, as the confusion on board shows that another gunner had had better luck. Then they clap their hands as though they were watching a scene got up by the manager of some theatre, and exchange remarks on the skill of the actors, while some who have glasses lend them to those who have none, and so on from day to day, foreigners meanwhile looking on in amazement, and wondering if these can indeed be the people who will be called upon to pay during a couple of generations to come for that amusement to-day which is destroying the work of a couple of generations in the past."

"But sometimes," the writer adds, "the laugh and the applause are turned into a shriek of terror as the insurgents pour their shot and shell into the heart of the city in the attempt to silence some battery which has given them trouble. No point is safe, for Peixoto, with characteristic indifference to life and property, has planted these batteries anywhere and everywhere, and Mello's men aim so badly that their shots fall more often where they should not than where they should. One of the worst nights was that of the 10th of December, when the people were just leaving the theatres; as the shells exploded round them they fled madly up and down the darkened streets, trying to find their way to their homes, and when these were gained, leaving them again in new fear as the shells burst upon their roofs. A general rush, with bags and parcels in hand, was finally made for the stations of the tramway, and the cars, putting out their lights on the beach-section that they might not afford a mark for the insurgents, carried the citizens by hundreds to the suburbs, leaving their deserted residences to the robber."

ADMIRAL DE MELLO.
(*Photo: Henschel & Co., Rio de Janeiro.*)

Besides carrying on this drawn battle with the forts, Mello endeavoured to send help to his friends in the south. His first effort was a failure. A transport with 200 of his adherents on board tried to run the gauntlet of the forts on the night of October 12th, but was seen, badly crippled by the enemy's fire, and driven ashore to save her from sinking. A few days later Mello had his revenge, his cruiser, the *Republica*, ramming and sinking one of the President's transports, which had just taken on board 1,100 troops destined for the south. In November the insurgents suffered several losses. Two of the magazines on the islands were blown up, a torpedo boat was sunk by a fair hit with a shell, and the *Javary* sank while engaging the forts. It appears that she went down, not from any injury caused by hostile fire, but through large leaks opening between her plates under the concussion of her own heavy turret guns.

Mello was anxious to convey help to his friends in the south, and to provoke a demonstration in his favour in some of the other coast towns. At the end of November he coaled and provisioned his flagship, the *Aquidaban*, and the

armed transport, *Segurança*, for a cruise. These preparations had to be made in full view of the city, and the gunners in the seaward forts were warned that an attempt would be made to run past them. On November 30th, in the afternoon, Mello handed over to de Gama the command of the ships left at Rio, and just after midnight he steamed down to the entrance of the bay, followed by the *Segurança*. An officer who had deserted from the President had told him where a few mines were sunk in the entrance, and he easily avoided them. He was nearly out of the bay when the forts discovered him and opened fire. He replied with his heavy guns and quick-firers, one lucky shot extinguishing a searchlight that had just been turned upon the flagship. She was only hit once, and the shell burst in a coal-bunker, injuring no one. The *Segurança* had her chief engineer killed by a shell that burst in the engine-room, but she, too, got out to sea. Even after the ships had passed, the two forts on the opposite sides of the entrance continued firing wildly, and in Fort Lage, on the western point, several men were disabled by the fire of their friends in the eastern batteries.

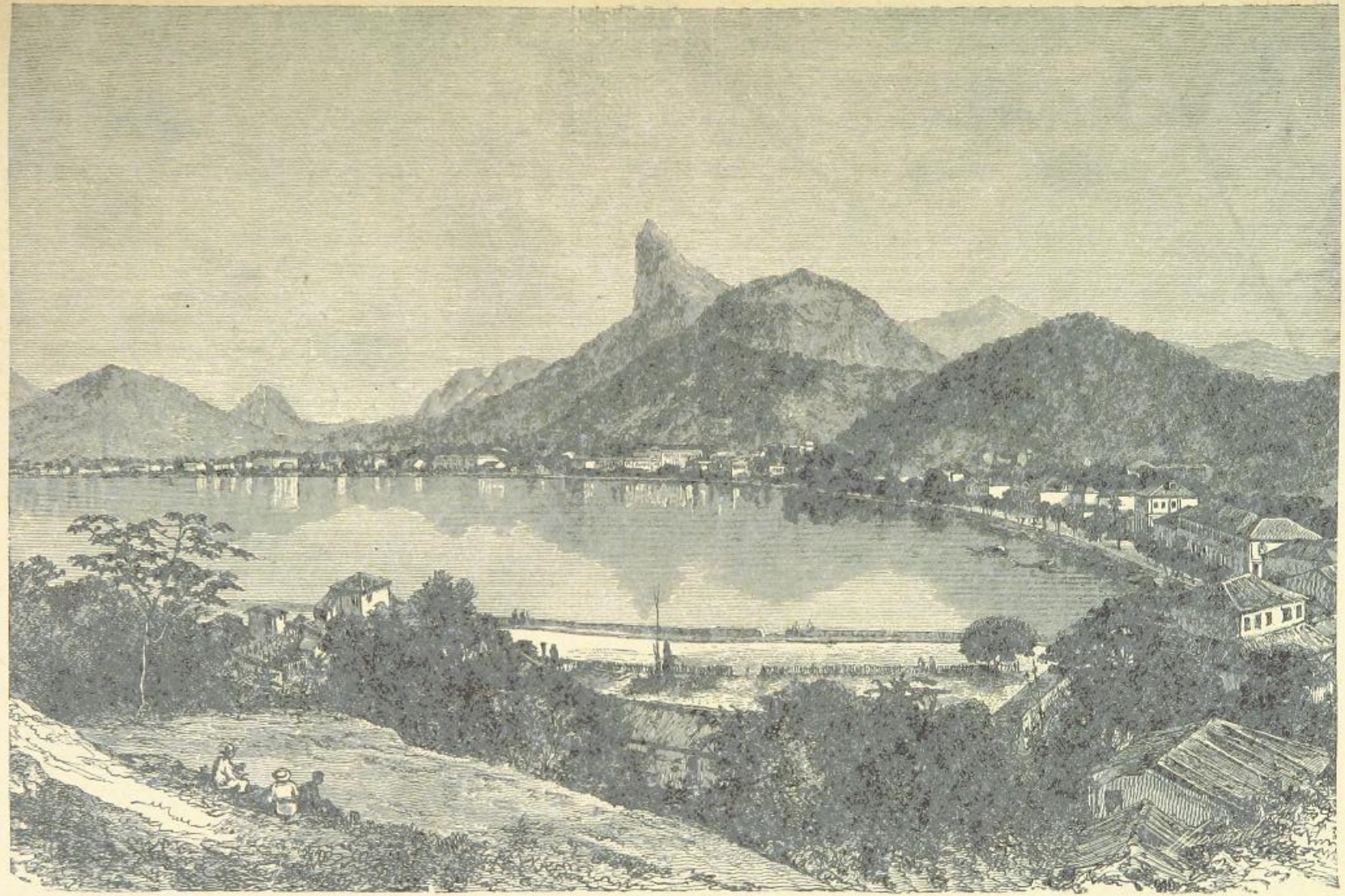
Mello landed in the south to organise the insurrection, and sent the *Aquidaban* back to Rio. She ran the gauntlet of the forts again, this time going in at dawn on January 12th, 1894, having only two men wounded. The warfare in the harbour continued, without any important result. The island of Mucangué was captured by the army, and then retaken by the navy. Encouraged by this success, de Gama tried to storm one of the land forts on the eastern side of the bay on February 9th, but was repulsed with heavy loss.

Marshal Peixoto was standing on the defensive at Rio until he could get some kind of a fleet together. The insurrection in the south had proved a failure. Mello could not form an army. Only some guerilla bands were in the field. Peixoto could thus concentrate his resources on the effort to deal with de Gama and the insurgent squadron. At the end of November a fine torpedo gunboat, the *Sampaio*, had reached Pernambuco from Elswick. He had bought and armed five liners, and had obtained from a German builder five sea-going torpedo boats. From the United States he received two reinforcements of doubtful value—the gunboat *Destroyer*, designed by Ericsson, armed with an underwater gun in her bow, which was meant to drive a large shell into an enemy's side at close quarters, and the cruiser, or armed liner, *Nichteroy*, which had been fitted with the Zalinski pneumatic gun, for which, however, only five dynamite shells or aerial torpedoes were available, only one of these being fully charged. The *Nichteroy* brought with her on her deck two large steam launches for use in torpedo operations.

On March 10th Peixoto's new fleet appeared off the harbour entrance. Admiral de Gama, who was in command of the insurgent fleet, tried to negotiate for a surrender on favourable terms. He was short both of men and supplies, and no longer in a position to continue the struggle. The negotiations came to nothing, and on the morning of the 13th the Government fleet steamed into the harbour and, assisted by the forts, opened fire on the insurgent vessels. There was no reply, and after the fire had continued for some time, it was realised that de Gama and his crews had abandoned their ships during the night. The Admiral and his principal officers had taken refuge on board of one of the foreign men-of-war. The *Nichteroy* had been ordered to use her dynamite gun to demolish the rebel fort on Villegagnon Island, but when the critical moment came the apparatus was found to be out of order. It may be noted here that the *Nichteroy* was resold to the United States at the outbreak of the war with Spain, and renamed the *Buffalo*, but she proved as useless in Cuban waters as she had been at Rio.

The insurrection in the north ended with the abandonment of the fleet. Admiral Mello held out a little longer in the south. All that was left of his fleet was the turret-ship *Aquidaban*. He had his headquarters at Santa Caterina Bay, some five hundred miles down the coast from Rio. The entrance to the bay was partly closed by a line of submarine mines, and the *Aquidaban* lay behind them anchored near the small fort on the island of Santa Cruz, which with the adjacent mainland was in the hands of the insurgents. In the middle of April Peixoto sent a flotilla of four large modern torpedo boats, the *Sampaio* (built at Elswick) and the *Affonso*, *Pedro Ivo*, and *Silvado* (built in Germany), to attempt to destroy the *Aquidaban*.

A first attack in the night between the 14th and 15th of April failed, the boats being discovered almost as soon as they entered the bay and retreating to the open sea. The following night they got in covered by intense moonless darkness. They passed over the line of mines



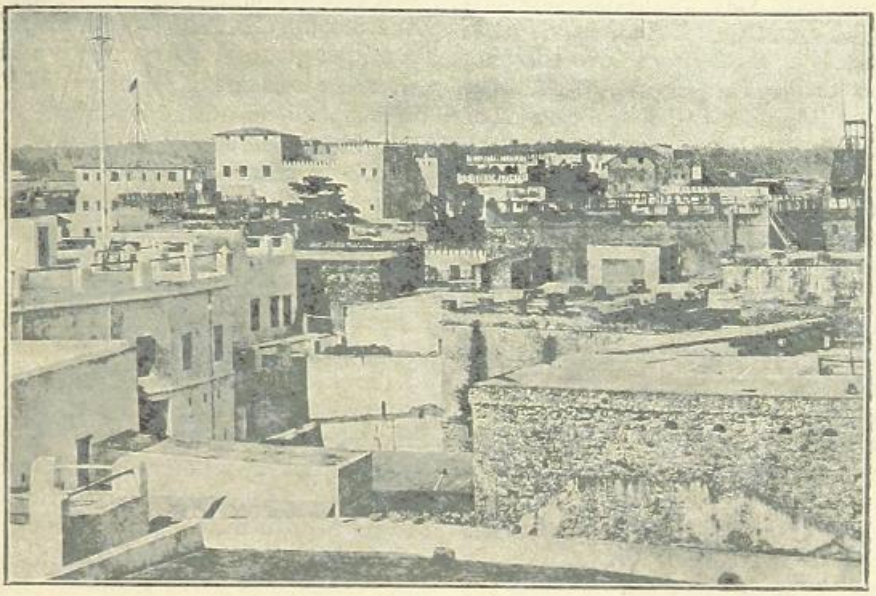
VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

safely, but had then some difficulty in finding the *Aquidaban*, as she had moved to fresh moorings from her anchorage of the day before. The *Sampaio*, gliding silently round the bay, came close to an anchored steamer, but was passing on, thinking she looked too small to be the warship, when suddenly out of the dark mass came the flash of machine guns and rifles. The *Sampaio*, which had so nearly missed finding her enemy, turned to attack her.

The first torpedo, fired too soon, missed the *Aquidaban*. The second, loosed off just as the *Sampaio* was clearing her, struck her on the port bow well forward. There was a heavy explosion, but the *Aquidaban*, which just then lit up her electric searchlights, seemed to be unmoved and uninjured. Meanwhile, of the other three boats, one, the *Pedro Ivo*, had broken down, but the others were coming to the help of their consort. The *Silvado* was met in the darkness by an armed steam launch, which opened fire on her with a Nordenfeldt gun. Thus checked, the *Silvado* gave up the attempt and ran out to sea. The *Affonso*, however, circled round the ironclad and fired two torpedoes at her before following the *Sampaio* and the *Silvado* in their retreat.

The officers of the torpedo boats were under the impression that they had failed. It was only next day that they learned from a passing vessel that the attack had succeeded, and that the *Aquidaban* had sunk in Santa Caterina Bay. It appears that her officers were expecting a steam launch to come off from the shore, and at first took the *Sampaio* for this boat. As she passed without coming alongside, they decided she was one of the enemy's torpedo boats and opened fire on her without much effect, for only one man was wounded on the *Sampaio*. Her second torpedo was the only one discharged that night which made a hit. It blew a large hole in the side of two bow compartments, and, though the ship floated for a while, the forward bulkheads had been started and damaged by the explosion, and the water soon made its way into the larger compartments forward of the engine-room. The ship had been got under weigh as soon as her danger was realised, and she was headed for shallow water, where she sank with her deck awash and her bridges above the surface. The crew abandoned her in the night, getting ashore easily without any loss of life. Next day the Government flotilla took possession of the vessel. She was patched up, floated, and sent across the Atlantic to be reconstructed as Stettin in 1895 and 1896. With strengthened armour and a modern armament of Canet heavy guns and Armstrong quick-firers, she now figures in the Brazilian navy list under the new name of the *Vinte-Quatro de Maio*.

The loss of the *Aquidaban* put an end to the insurrection. The fort of Santa Cruz, armed only with old-fashioned guns, was evacuated, and the insurgent bands in the district dispersed. Peixoto had been more fortunate than Balmaceda.



VIEW OF ZANZIBAR.
(From a photo supplied by Sir H. M. Stanley.)

CAMPAIGNS IN EASTERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA, 1890—1899.

THE partition of Africa between the European Powers has been one of the chief sources of military activity during the period of the 'nineties. We have already told the story of the reconquest of the Upper Nile from the Dervishes; of the rivalry of England and France upon the Niger; of the "race" for the Upper Nile; and of the expeditions and wars in Southern Africa that added Rhodesia to the British Empire. We have also had to say something of the rise of Abyssinia to military importance under Menelek, the collapse of the Italian scheme for an East African Empire, and the extension of the Congo Free State to the Nile Valley between Lado and the Great Lakes. But, large as has been the space that these events have occupied in our narrative, the record of the wars of Africa during the period dealt with is still incomplete. There are few countries in the whole continent from the Mediterranean to the Cape that have not been the scene of hostilities during these ten years. England, France, Germany, Belgium, Portugal—in a word, every European Power that holds territory anywhere in Africa has had to secure and to maintain its hold on its share of the Dark Continent by the sword, or, to speak more literally, by the rifle and the machine gun. Even where the white man's "protectorate" has in the first instance been peacefully accepted, there have nearly always been subsequent rebellions, and hardly a year passes without punitive expeditions to avenge the killing of a European trader or official, or to impress on some black chief that he must leave the trade routes open. Then there has been much fighting on a small scale against Arab slave raiders and their negro imitators. To tell in detail the story of these numerous little wars and expeditions would occupy much more space than the plan of this work leaves to us, and much of it would be wearisome reading. We must therefore be content to sketch briefly the British campaigns of Uganda and Unyoro on the Great Lakes of the Nile Valley, and the long struggle of the Free State forces against the Arab chiefs in the Congo region; and also take note of our little wars in Nyassaland, and the naval operations which secured our hold on Zanzibar.

The British East African Protectorate has a coast line of about 400 miles on the Indian Ocean, beginning a little to the north of Zanzibar and extending to the Jub River. Inland it is bounded on the south by the German East African sphere. Northwards it extends to the region of Lake Rudolf, through country

that as yet has been very imperfectly explored. On the west its boundary is Lake Albert Nyanza and the Upper Nile, its frontiers here touching those of the Congo Free State. This large territory, the total area of which is estimated at about a million square miles, was secured for the British Empire in the first instance by the Chartered East Africa Company, which obtained a concession of the port of Mombasa and the neighbouring coast from the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1888, and endeavoured successfully to open trade with Uganda and the countries about the Great Lakes by the caravan route that runs from Mombasa to the shores of Victoria Nyanza, the route along which the construction of a railway was begun in 1895. In December, 1890, Captain (now Colonel) Lugard succeeded in persuading Mwanga, the King of Uganda, to accept the protectorate of the Company as the representative of Great Britain. Civil wars in Uganda checked the development of trade, the difficulties of the route to the coast made it almost impossible to carry on any paying commerce along it, and at the end of 1892 the financial position of the Company led its directors to request the Imperial Government to take its concessions off its hands. The Government, not unnaturally, hesitated about taking over an enterprise that so far had been barren of tangible results. Before coming to a final decision, it was resolved to send a Commissioner to report on the spot, and on January 1st Sir Gerald Portal, K.C.B., who had been entrusted with this mission, left Mombasa for the interior with a staff of officers and an escort of armed Zanzibaris. He reached Kampala, on the Victoria Nyanza, on March 17th, and as the result of his report it was decided to retain Uganda, leaving King Mwanga nominally to rule the country under the supervision of a British Commissioner. Major Macdonald was appointed to this post, with a few officers to assist him, the armed force at his disposal being formed chiefly of Soudanese soldiers who had taken refuge in Uganda on the collapse of Emin Pasha's rule in Equatoria before the Dervish advance. In the summer Major Macdonald and his officers had to deal with a formidable revolt originating in an organised attack of the Mohammedans of Uganda on the native Christians. In two battles the latter, assisted by the British officers, defeated their enemies, and then peace was arranged. In November Colonel Colville came up from Mombasa to take over the office of Commissioner. When he arrived, Kabarega, the King of Unyoro, the country that lies between Uganda and the Albert Nyanza, had for some time been giving serious trouble. An old slave raider, he still made an occasional foray into Uganda, and he was believed to be in relation with the malcontents of the district. To secure the country from disturbance, Colville organised an expedition against Kabarega. An army of Waganda (the people of Uganda), stiffened with a handful of Soudanese under a few British officers, entered the south of Unyoro, drove back Kabarega's ill-organised levies, and made a road protected by a line of forts through his country to the shore of Albert Nyanza. A steel boat was carried to the lake, and launched under the British flag on its waters. Captain Thruston, with 300 men, was left to garrison the station established on the lake, and Major "Roddy" Owen, taking the boat with a machine gun and a few native riflemen on board of it, made a bold dash down the Nile as far as Wadelai. He was fired at from the banks, but he reached Wadelai after a dangerous voyage, and persuaded the local chief to hoist the British flag, accept the English protectorate, and promise his help for further operations.

But the Home Government was not yet prepared to embark in new ventures on the Nile. Owen's annexation of Wadelai was for the time disavowed, and Colville was not even given permission to break up the power of Kabarega, who still held Northern Unyoro. In a despatch from the Foreign Office in June, 1894, Colville was told that "any partial and temporary occupation of Unyoro must be for purely defensive purposes, with the object of protecting Uganda against aggression. Every effort is to be made with a view to establish friendly relations with Kabarega, and to prevent him from entering into an alliance with adherents of the Mahdi."

But Kabarega was not peacefully inclined. From his headquarters at Mashudi in Northern Unyoro he raided convoys and detachments on the new road between the Nyanzas. In November Captain Thruston tried to surprise and capture him. He broke up his following by a sudden attack after a forced march and seized a large quantity of cattle, but the king himself got away. The result of this defeat was that Kabarega sent in envoys to treat, but apparently was only trying to gain time, for in February, 1895, his messengers suddenly left the fort of Hoima, where they were staying, and then came news that 2,000 of Kabarega's people, taking advantage of the natural relaxation of precautions while the

negotiations were in progress, had made a raid into Uganda. It was decided to begin a vigorous campaign against him.

Lieutenant Vandeleur had meanwhile made a voyage in the steel boat from the Albert Nyanza by Wadelai to Dufile at the head of the rapids that here stop all further navigation down stream. There were reports that the Dervishes were in Dufile, but he ascertained that there were no Dervish posts nearer than Regaf, at the foot of the long series of rapids below Dufile. This was the extreme southern Dervish garrison for many years. It was captured by the Congo State forces under Chaltin in 1897. The chief of Dufile hoisted the Union Jack, but the people at Wadelai were distinctly unfriendly.

Kabarega was on the borders of Northern Unyoro, camped on the right bank of the Victoria Nile, the part of the river that lies between the Nyanzas. In February an expedition, consisting of about 2,000 Uganda men, 400 Soudanese, and two Maxims, was sent against him under Major Cunningham, who had with him three other white officers, Captains Ashburnham and Dunning and Lieutenant Vandeleur. On March 2nd the little army failed in an attempt to force the crossing of the Nile opposite Kajumbara Island, and retired to Fort Hoima in Central Unyoro, carrying its numerous wounded with it. Captain Dunning died on the march, of wounds received in action, and Major Cunningham was also disabled by a bullet wound. There were so few British officers in the Protectorate that these were heavy losses.

In the summer a larger expedition was organised. The army was ordered to concentrate at Mruli on the left bank of the Victoria Nile, a place that was formerly the capital of Unyoro. The ruins of one of Gordon's forts close by showed that Egyptian rule had extended thus far in the days of the "Equatorial Province" before the Mahdist revolt. Major Cunningham, who had recovered from his wound, took command of the force at Mruli, which consisted of six white officers, 500 Soudanese, and 20,000 Uganda irregulars—some with spears, others with rifles. There were three Maxims, two Hotchkiss guns, and a flotilla of canoes and boats. Kabarega's men held the opposite bank, which they had strengthened with earthworks and stockades. On April 22nd the river was crossed in the flotilla under cover of a heavy fire from the five guns, and the enemy's stockades were stormed by a mixed vanguard of Soudanese and Waganda with very slight loss. A fort was built at Mruli to secure the crossing, and the army, having been ferried across, started down the right bank on April 27th and drove the remnant of Kabarega's army steadily to the north-westward, capturing great numbers of cattle and releasing some hundreds of slaves carried off in former years from Uganda. During this advance the boat flotilla kept abreast of the land forces. The only disappointing feature of the expedition was that Kabarega again escaped capture. When the expedition broke up after recrossing the Nile, a fort was built at Masindi which, it was hoped, would help to keep Kabarega from raiding into Northern Unyoro.

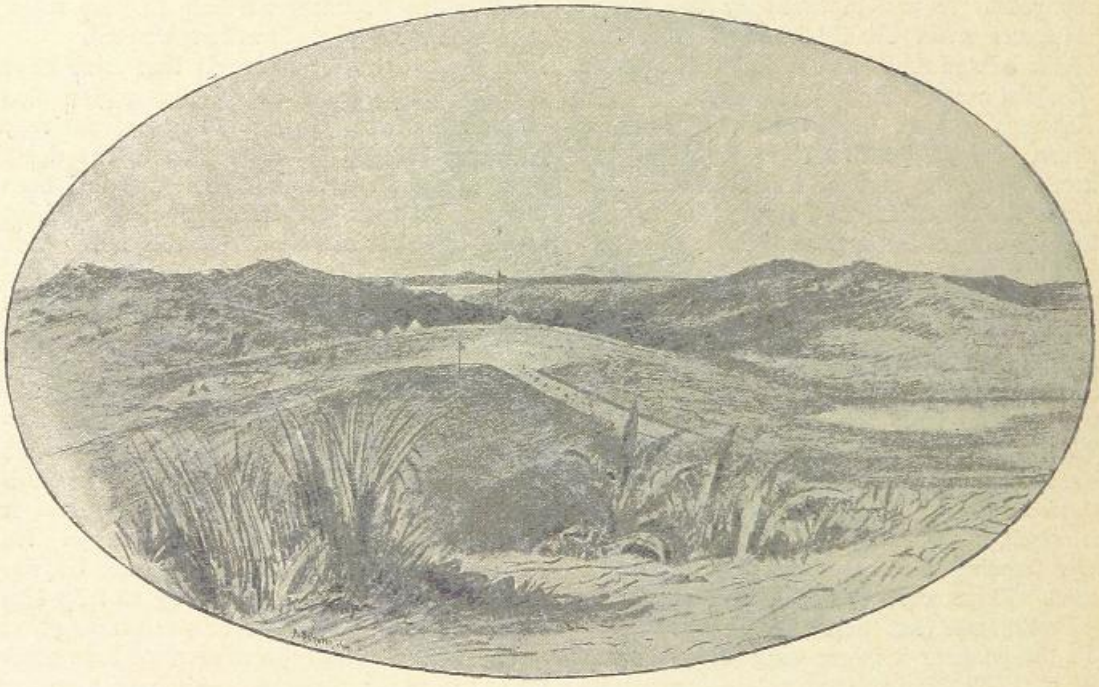
In June there were reports that Arab slave raiders coming from the Congo region had entered Southern Unyoro. The fact was they had been camped for some time in the dense bush of the Free State border, and had been carrying on their man-hunting quietly without attracting the attention of the authorities. Lieutenant Vandeleur, with a party of Soudanese, tracked them down, surprised their camp, and then captured a slave caravan that was unsuspiciously marching to the slavers' stronghold. It was a gallant piece of work, the only disappointing feature of it being that the unfortunate slaves could not realise that they were being rescued, and mostly fled into the bush from their deliverers. At the end of the summer there was another march against Kabarega. He had sent messages to the people in Unyoro saying the Dervishes were coming to help him to drive the last white man out, and adding that if he caught any white men he would burn them alive. It was considered prudent to reinforce the garrison at Masindi and keep a watch on the line of the Victoria Nile, for it was always possible that Kabarega might obtain Mahdist support. He was said to be camped with a small following at Kuruma Island on the lower reach of the Victoria Nile; so, on August 11th, a column under Lieutenants Madocks and Vandeleur was sent off from Masindi to try to capture him. But his camp was found deserted, and all the expedition did was to burn the huts at Kuruma. However, it had ascertained that the story of his new alliance had no foundation, and that he was powerless for harm.

Kabarega having been thus disposed of, Major Cunningham used the forces at his command in the autumn for an expedition into the Nandi country east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Its people, the Wa-Nandi, a warlike tribe, armed with long spears and poisoned arrows, but having few rifles,

had been plundering caravans on the road to Mombasa. The expedition was a complete success, the Wa-Nandi accepting terms after trying the fortune of war in a brave fight in which their wild charges were stopped by the rifle fire of the Soudanese. The year's operations had thus carried the British flag down the Nile to Dufile, secured the Nile frontier of Unyoro, and put an end to one of the chief dangers of the trade route to the coast. In December the works of the new railway were started at Mombasa, so that altogether 1895 was a year of success for British East Africa.

In 1896 Unyoro was formally annexed by the British Government to the Uganda Protectorate, all idea of governing through the fugitive Kabarega being now abandoned. There were some minor expeditions chiefly in the nature of patrols to prevent Kabarega's friends giving trouble on the northern frontier, or Arab raiders slipping in from the Free State hinterland. The progress of the railway was disappointingly slow, engineering, climatic, and labour difficulties proving more serious than had been anticipated. Another source of anxiety was the growing suspicion that King Mwanga and some of his chiefs were intriguing against the Protectorate.

In 1897 these suspicions were amply justified by unfortunate events. In June two of Mwanga's friends were arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for inciting the people to revolt. On July 6th Mwanga suddenly left his house at Mengo, near Fort Kampala, and fled to the district of Buddu, at the north-west corner of Lake Victoria, where he tried to get together a following. But all the principal chiefs, both Catholics and Protestants, remained true to the Government. However, he succeeded in raising a small rebel army, which was attacked and dispersed by the Government troops under Major Ternan, and a party of loyal Waganda under their chiefs, on July 19th. Mwanga escaped southwards into German territory. His deposition was formally proclaimed at Kampala, and his boy son Chua was made king in his place, with a council of three chiefs to act as regents during his minority. In October came the mutiny of the Soudanese troops, of which something has already been said in telling the story of the Nile expeditions. It will be remembered that Macdonald was to lead a column composed chiefly of Soudanese from Uganda northwards into the Lake Rudolf region, with the object of surveying the frontier in that direction, and checking the attempts of the Abyssinian chiefs to occupy the country, and he was eventually to join hands

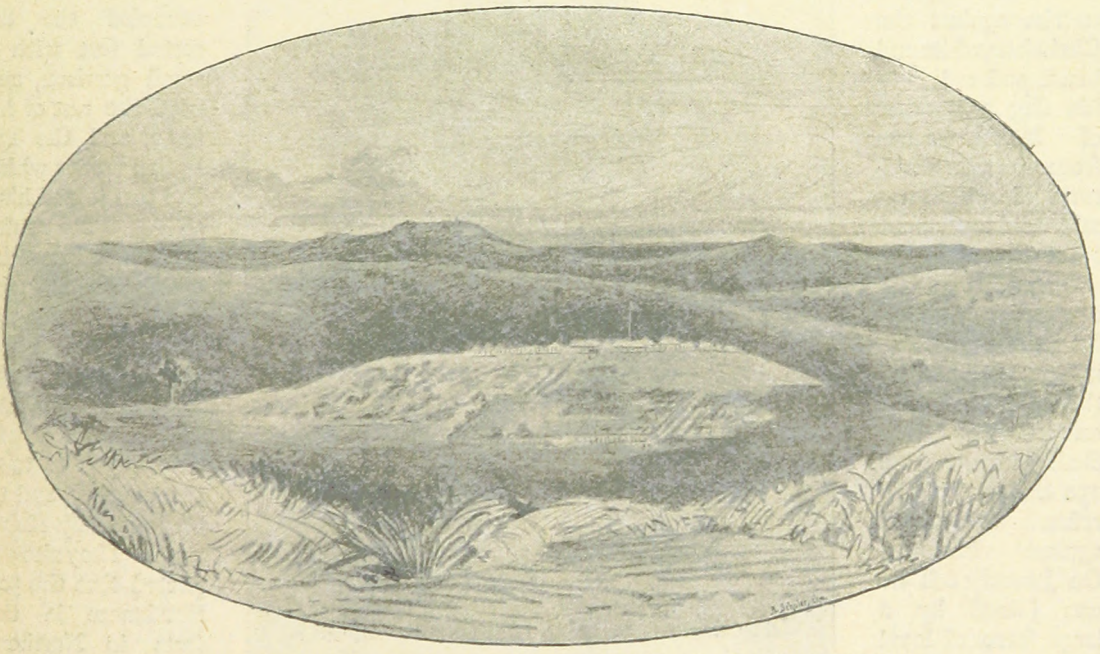


MENGO, UGANDA.
(From a Sketch by Bishop Tucker.)

with the Anglo-Egyptian advance on the Upper Nile. On October 1st a body of Soudanese troops, who had been detailed for this expedition, refused to march. They complained that they had been badly treated, and said they were tired of constant expeditions, and rather than march away to the northward they would seize one of the forts and support themselves by raiding. Some of the mutineers were persuaded to return to their allegiance, but a considerable body of them marched away to the Victoria Nile some distance below the point where it leaves the Victoria Nyanza. They seized the Fort of Lubwas, in Usoga, which commands the crossing of the river on the main route to Uganda. They were joined on the way by other malcontents. Major Thruston had hurried to Lubwas when the trouble was first reported, hoping that his personal influence would keep the troops there steady in their allegiance. He was made a prisoner with two civilian officials of the Governor, and the rebels also seized a steam launch, a Maxim, and a quantity of stores.

Major Macdonald had pursued the mutineers with a hastily improvised force of Waganda and armed Swahilis from the coast district. He arrived before Lubwas, where his camp was fiercely attacked by the mutineers on October 19th. The attack was repulsed with heavy loss, and on returning to the fort the mutineers murdered their white prisoners.

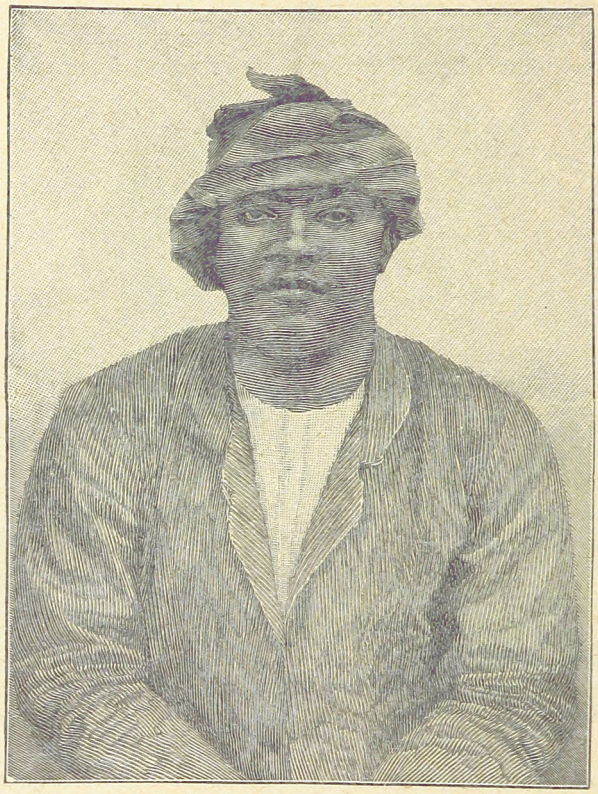
Although he was victorious in the actual fight, Macdonald was so short of ammunition that he could not venture to attack the fort, and all he could do was to hold his position on the hill opposite the place and watch it. He had telegraphed to Mombasa for help. A small reinforcement of 150 men, with a convoy of ammunition, was sent off to him at once, and a native regiment was ordered from India. The collapse of the armed force with which the British had occupied the country naturally encouraged the discontented adherents of Mwanga in Uganda. The rebellion showed itself again in Buddu, and efforts were made to organise a native revolt in Usoga. Waganda levies dealt with these movements, the Government meanwhile disarming most of its Soudanese troops, and being content to hold Kampala and blockade Lubwas till reinforcements arrived from the coast.



KAMPALA, UGANDA, SHOWING THE FORT BUILT BY COLONEL LUGARD
(From a Sketch by Bishop Tucker.)

On November 24th, the first reinforcements and the ammunition having arrived, an attempt was made to capture the fort at Lubwas. The Waganda irregulars, however, gave way before a sortie of the mutineers, who brought the captured Maxim into action against them. The mutineers were eventually driven back to the fort, but the attempt to storm it had to be abandoned.

At the end of the year Lubwas Fort was still in the hands of the rebels, and to add to the difficulties of the Government, in January, 1898, Mwanga escaped from German territory, reached the Buddu district, and was at once joined by large numbers of Waganda rebels. Mwanga had begun life as a Pagan, and he had since been, first a Mohammedan, and then a nominal Christian. He now declared himself a Mohammedan, appealed to the Moslems of Uganda to rise against the Christians, white and black, and rallied to his flag a number of Mohammedans from German territory. In all he was said to have about 2,400 men with him.



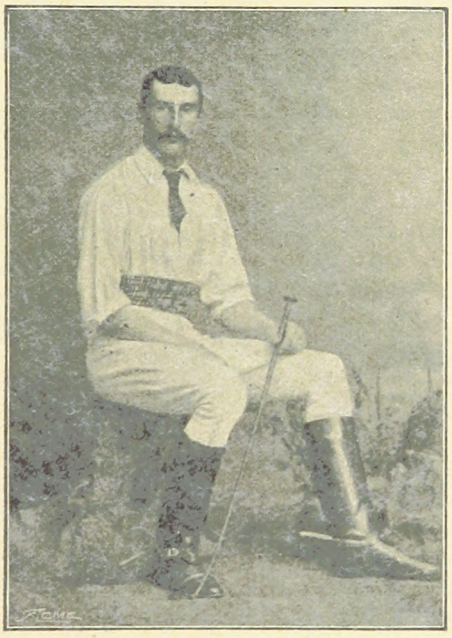
MWANGA.

Major Macdonald at once started off for Buddu with 400 men, passing through Kampala on the way. In Buddu he disarmed 150 Soudanese who refused to march against Mwanga. On January 8th he was joined by a large force of loyal Waganda, under Lieutenant Hobart; he then marched against Mwanga, and completely defeated him on January 15th. Then, leaving a detachment to pursue what remained of Mwanga's army, he returned to Kampala, where he had new difficulties to contend with, arising out of what had happened since he left the camp before Fort Lubwas.

Captain Woodward had been left in charge of the blockading force. He expected to be joined by a reinforcement of Indian troops on January 10th, and intended then to storm the fort. The mutineers seem to have got some inkling of these plans, and as their supplies were running out they resolved to get away from Lubwas before Woodward was ready to attack them. In the night between the 4th and 5th they began to leave the fort by water, crossing the Nile in a large sailing boat, and camping on a headland near where the river left the lake. Lieutenant Fowler, R.N., who was with the Government forces, made a plucky attempt to sink the boat, going out to attack her in a native canoe, on board of which he had mounted a Maxim. But at the first shot a spring broke, and the Maxim jammed and became useless. The mutineers, about 400 strong, then marched up the right, or east, bank of the river. Captain Woodward occupied the deserted fort with a small garrison, and used the rest of his force, and the 130 Indian troops which had just joined him, to guard the routes leading to Kampala, which he thought might be the objective of the mutineers. They were, however, making for Unyoro, where they hoped to raise the country, and to be joined by Kabarega. They also expected that the 500 Soudanese in the forts in Northern Unyoro would come over to them. This last danger was averted by Colonel Macdonald's sending Lieutenant Scott, D.S.O., with a small column to disarm the garrisons whose allegiance was doubtful. By a forced march Scott outstripped the mutineers and carried the disarmament into effect without any bloodshed. On February 18th Macdonald attacked and defeated the mutineers near Lake Kioga. Leaving Captain Harrison with about 300 men to pursue the enemy, Macdonald returned to Kampala. Making his way through very difficult country, Harrison surprised and stormed the camp of the mutineers on February 24th. The victors lost heavily. There were nearly fifty casualties among the Government troops, including one white officer (Captain Molony) killed and another severely wounded. After this victory

Harrison joined Lieutenant Scott's column in Unyoro.

Mwanga had meanwhile got together a new body of Mohammedan rebels, and was trying to work his way northwards to join the mutineers, of whose fate he was as yet ignorant. At the same time Kabarega had assembled a body of fighting men and some of the fugitive Soudanese on the Victoria Nile, opposite Fort Mruli. Flying columns were despatched to prevent Mwanga reaching Northern Unyoro, and at the end of April, Major Martyr, D.S.O., who had just arrived from the Egyptian Soudan, took command of the troops in the north, crossed the Nile at Mruli, and on April 26th attacked and dispersed Kabarega's levies. Mwanga's force had in the meantime been driven across the Kafu River towards Albert Nyanza, and defeated in a series of skirmishes. His followers melted away, and he was a fugitive in the bush with a small escort.



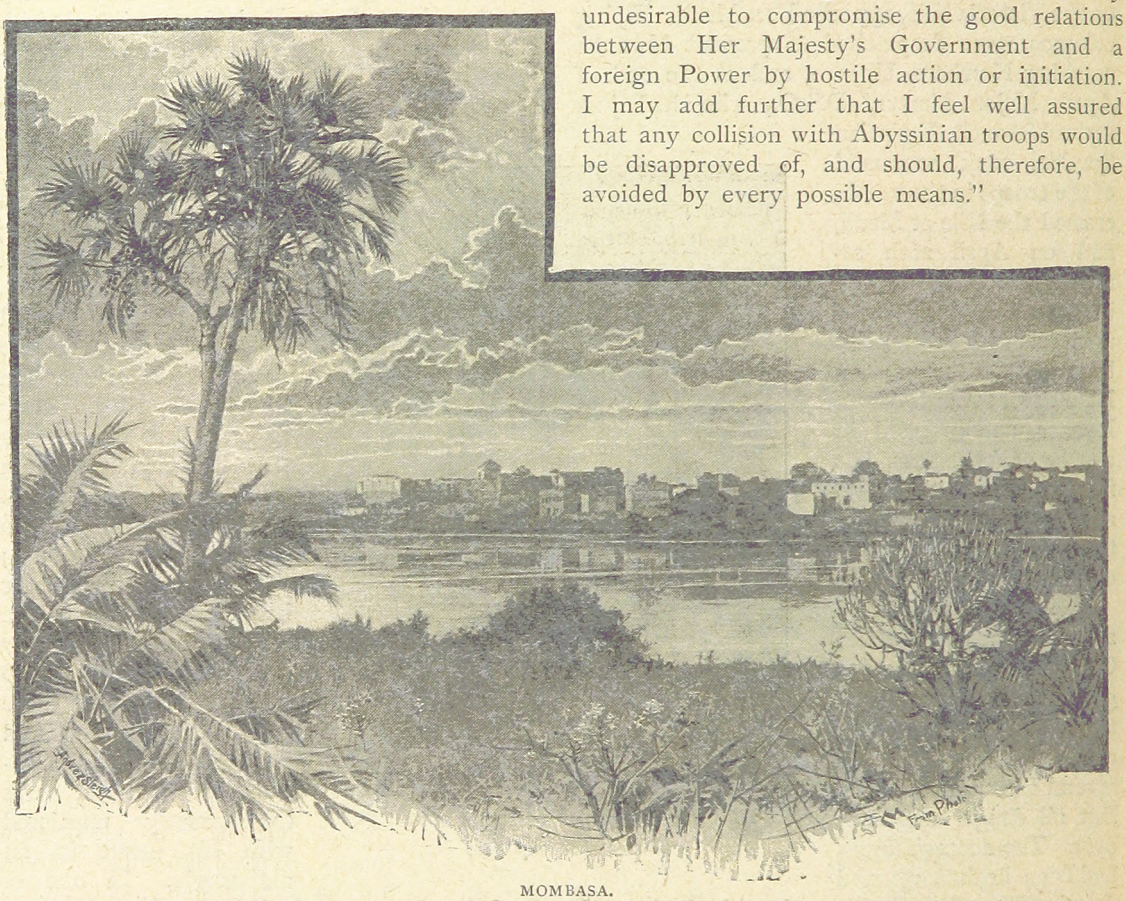
SIR GERALD PORTAL, K.C.B.
(*Photo: Heyman, Cairo.*)

The war had now lasted nearly six months; of the Government troops, regular and irregular, more than 800 had been killed and wounded, including several European officers. But all danger was now over. The enemy's forces had been broken up, and detachments of the 14th and 15th Sikhs and the 27th Bombay Infantry had reached the Protectorate. Major Macdonald therefore handed over the command of the troops in Uganda and Unyoro to Major Martyr and proceeded to reorganise his expedition. Martyr carried on a desultory warfare with the remnants of the rebel bands during the summer, most of the fighting taking place in the neighbourhood of Mruli. Gradually the various bands were broken up. Mwanga had taken refuge with Kabarega, and at last, on April 9th, 1899, the rebel army, commanded by the two kings, was brought to action by a column under Colonel Evatt on the east bank of the Victoria Nile. The rebels were completely defeated, some 300 of them being killed and wounded. Both Mwanga and Kabarega (the latter severely wounded) were taken prisoners. This decisive blow ended the war.

Major (now Colonel) Macdonald's expedition had, as we have seen, marched northwards from Lake Victoria Nyanza in May, 1898. He had with him six British officers, about 600 men, and some Maxim guns. He was to explore the country about Lake Rudolf, establish British influence in that region, and obtain the withdrawal of any Abyssinian force that might have occupied it. The expedition thoroughly explored and mapped the country between the Uganda Protectorate and the southern borders of Abyssinia; much of it had till then been an unknown land. Colonel Macdonald and his officers reached the coast at Mombasa on March 4th, 1899. They reported that the country they had explored was a high, grassy plateau, with mountains running up to from 7,000 to 10,000 feet; the country was generally healthy, and most of the natives friendly, but they had had some sharp fighting here and there with hostile tribes, and one British officer, Captain Kirkpatrick, was treacherously murdered with his escort in an ambuscade. In one of the fights the enemy had used poisoned arrows with deadly effect. An Abyssinian army had been in the country, but retired northwards as the British expedition advanced. One day there was an alarm that a party of Dervishes were on the war path in the neighbourhood, but they were afterwards found to be old soldiers of the former Egyptian army, who received the expedition as friends.

Later in the summer of 1898 a second expedition started northwards from Uganda. It was under the command of Major Martyr, and was intended to join hands with the Sirdar's advance up the Nile beyond Khartoum. The expedition was not ordered by the Home Government, but was due to the initiative of Mr. Berkeley, the British Commissioner in

Uganda. In his confidential instructions to Major Martyr, Mr. Berkeley said: "I must inform you that I have no instructions, but I feel convinced that, with foreign expeditions reported to be making for the Upper Nile, and the advance of British and Egyptian troops on Khartoum, it could not fail to be satisfactory to Her Majesty's Government that we should obtain closer touch with the Nile to our north. I am, therefore, prepared to take the responsibility of requesting you, if you find you can do it with reasonable safety, and can overcome the natural obstacles of the river, to endeavour to reconnoitre and make treaties with local chiefs as far as Fashoda, which I mention as being our extreme limit to the north. It is unnecessary that, in the conditions above stated, I should specially urge upon an officer of your experience the importance of avoiding anything like a disaster, or proceedings or results that might create embarrassments for Her Majesty's Government. You should in no case but that of self-defence come into armed collision with the emissaries of a foreign Power or with Abyssinians, should you meet any of the latter. While you would be justified in disregarding the presence of any foreigner on the Nile between Unyoro and the tenth degree of north latitude as not having any political significance that you need recognise, it would be wholly undesirable to compromise the good relations between Her Majesty's Government and a foreign Power by hostile action or initiation. I may add further that I feel well assured that any collision with Abyssinian troops would be disapproved of, and should, therefore, be avoided by every possible means."

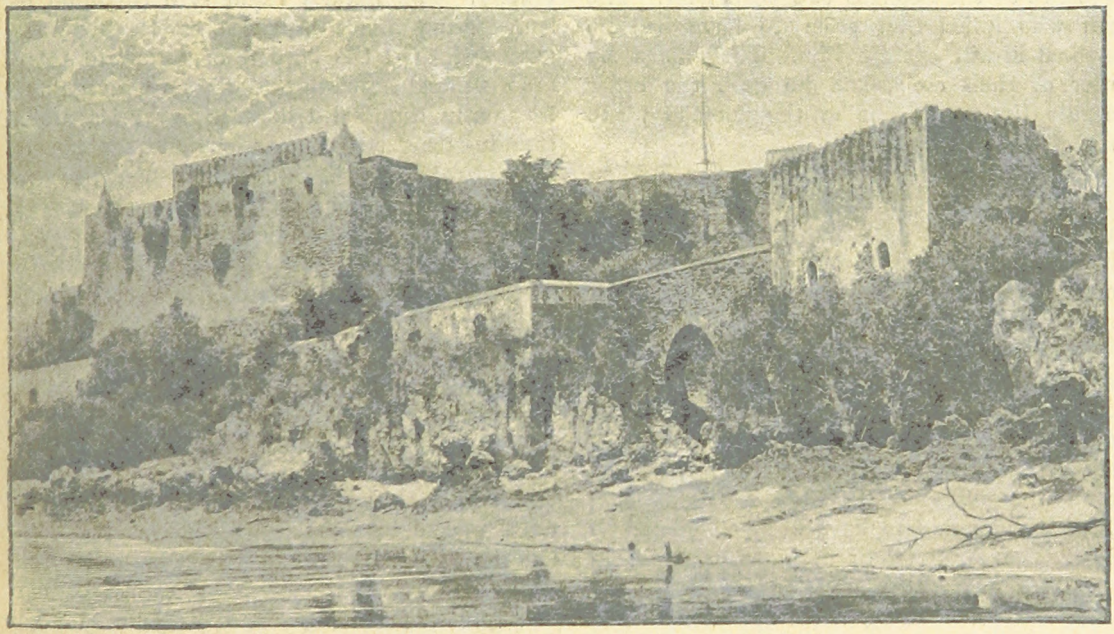


MOMBASA.
(*From a photo by Sir John Kirk.*)

The column started from Lake Albert Nyanza, taking with it the steel boat and some native craft. Wadelai was occupied on September 8th. The rapids of Dufile were then passed by a long land portage, occupying a considerable time. Regaf was then reached, and, moving by the east bank of the river while the Belgians occupied the west, Martyr pushed on to Lado. He had expected to meet here steamers sent up from Fashoda by the Sirdar, but the masses of weed (the *sudd*) in the main channel of the Nile prevented this being done in the flood season of 1898.

Whilst England was thus securing her hold upon the region of the Central African lakes and

the upper reaches of the Nile, a great struggle had been in progress in the neighbouring Congo Free State. It was a conflict between the Belgians on the one hand and the Arab traders on the other for the control of the Congo region. In the first part of the nineteenth century the Arabs of Zanzibar had gradually opened up a series of trade routes from the east coast to the Congo Valley. They collected ivory from the natives, secured porters to bring it to the coast by slave raiding, and at Bagamoyo, Pemba, and Zanzibar they found a market both for the tusks and for those of the slave gangs who had survived the long journey from Central Africa. The chief trade route ran from Bagamoyo on the east coast, opposite the island of Zanzibar, through what is now German territory, to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. After crossing the lake in dhows (of which the Arabs had built a small fleet on Tanganyika), the route ran westward to the town of Nyangwe on the Upper Congo, from which a number of branch routes were opened up north, south, and west. It was with the help of the Arab slavers, along their trade routes, and often with porters supplied by contract from their army of slaves, that most of the European explorers made their way into Central Africa, the usual starting-points being Bagamoyo on the coast and then Ujiji on the lake. And these expeditions had in many cases—indirectly and unintentionally—the unfortunate result of opening up new routes and districts for the slave raiders. One of these men, Hamid ben Mohammed ben Juna, better known in Europe by his nickname of Tippu Tib, made himself a kind of uncrowned king in Central Africa, obtaining a considerable part of his capital by his successful contracts with the explorers. But the Arabs were preparing their own downfall. To their dismay, they found the officers of the Congo State coming up the great river from the west coast, opening up direct trade with the natives, and vetoing the profitable practice of slave raiding. The Belgians were working to divert to the west coast down the river the trade that had hitherto found its way by the Arab caravans eastward to Tanganyika and Zanzibar. The Arabs resolved not to give up the position they had won without a struggle.



OLD FORT AT MOMBASA, BUILT DURING THE PORTUGUESE OCCUPATION.
(From a photograph by Sir John Kirk.)

They were no doubt encouraged by the victories of Mahdism in the Nile Valley to attempt the expulsion of the white soldiers and traders from the Congo Valley. After previous partial revolts the great uprising began in 1892. Major Hodister, who with several white companions had come up a week's journey beyond Stanley Falls to found a station, was first warned that he would not be allowed to trade with the natives, and was then attacked by the Arabs and their

negro allies in overwhelming numbers. Taken by surprise, some of Hodister's party were killed on the spot. Others, less fortunate, were made prisoners, and cruelly tortured to death. Here, as in many other cases, the Arabs found ready allies in the natives, who had for many a year accepted them as their masters, and who had often been repelled rather than attracted by the methods of the white new-comers. There was another grim tragedy in October, when Emin Pasha (then in the service of Germany), making a journey from the Victoria Nyanza into the Congo basin, was murdered in cold blood in Kibonge's country. His murderers were brought to justice by the Belgians two years later. The men who killed him seem to have had no personal ill-will against him. They acted by order of their chief, and he gave the order because Emin was one of the doomed white men.

At the outset many of the smaller Belgian stations fell into the hands of the Arabs and their allies, and the position was further complicated by a Dervish raid into the eastern portion of the State. Baron Dhanis, the military governor, aided by a large staff chiefly of Belgian officers, but with a few of other nationalities, organised strong columns of regularly drilled black troops, provided with machine guns and light artillery, and usually accompanied by a host of native irregulars, and so began the reconquest of the Upper Congo, which may be said to have been completed by 1895. The Arabs were driven steadily backwards, not without an occasional check ; their strongholds of Kasongo and Nyangwe were stormed and destroyed, and the effective occupation of the country was completed up to the shores of Tanganyika. The full story of the campaign has yet to be written ; 70,000 men are said to have lost their lives in these three years of semi-savage warfare, in which the armies on both sides were largely composed of barbarians under their own chiefs. Several cannibal tribes took part in the fighting, some of them on the side of the Congo State. An officer of the Free States forces has put on record the grim remark that the presence of cannibals with the army simplified the commissariat, and lightened the task of disposing of the slain. Another, telling the present writer the story of a defeat at which he was present, remarked that the white officers owed their lives to the fact that the enemy were cannibals, who desisted from the pursuit "as soon as they had killed enough meat." It must have been the most horrible campaign of recent years.

Even since the suppression of the Arab revolt there has been a good deal of fighting in the Free State, for its methods of government are unhappily of a kind that must often provoke resistance. In the rubber-producing districts the Free State authorities insist on the officer in charge of each station sending down to Boma a certain amount of rubber every year. Many of the Belgian officials do not seem to be particular as to the means they employ to obtain it from the natives, and there are ugly stories current of exactions enforced by cold-blooded cruelty. The natural result is a condition of smouldering revolt in the districts thus misgoverned. On the borders of the state there are continual expeditions against the savage and frequently cannibal tribes, whose raids are a standing danger to the stations and settlements of the Free State. These little campaigns have often a tragic ending for the officers in charge of them. Thus, in January, 1899, Captain Bell, one of the few British officers in the Congo service, was killed by cannibals in the Aruwimi country. The narrative of the expedition given by one of his colleagues may be quoted to give an idea of what campaigning in the Free State is like :—

"On January 18th last Captain Bell, having been ordered down the river from his post at Yambuya (a station on the Aruwimi some 1,500 miles in the interior) to Basoko (at the confluence of the Congo and Aruwimi), left the latter place on an expedition against certain Aruwimi tribes living four days' journey from the river. The expedition was commanded by Commandant van Wert, who was accompanied by Lieutenant Giertsen (a Scandinavian), Captain Bell, and 150 black troops. Its object was to prevent the tribes descending upon peaceful villages on the main Congo River. The force left Basoko in canoes on the morning of January 18th, and reached the Congo post of Bopamba the same night. There they left the river, and, after passing the night at the station, struck into the bush. After two days' march Commandant van Wert halted and divided the expedition into three sections, each of which consisted of fifty soldiers commanded by one of the white men. Lieutenant Giertsen, with his column, was sent in an easterly direction, and Captain Bell was despatched to the south with orders to scour the country, and then to return to the commandant, who pitched his camp and remained where he

was with his soldiers and porters. Of Captain Bell's expedition I have full information from the commandant's runners, from fugitive soldiers, and from Bell's own boy, all of whom told the same story, which was subsequently confirmed by the Belgian punitive expedition afterwards sent to avenge the British officer's death. When cartridge belts and cleared into the bush, leaving Captain Bell, his native sergeant, and one boy to resist the attack. Aided by his boy, Captain Bell loaded and fired his rifle again and again, and when at close quarters used his revolver with such effect that he accounted for fully ten natives before the end came. The cannibals,

SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, K.C.B.
(Photo: Elliott & Fry.)

sent on the expedition Captain Bell was in bad health and very weak from repeated attacks of fever. After leaving the commandant, Captain Bell and his small force of fifty black troops proceeded in the direction of a village called Mondimbé. While marching in Indian file through a dense forest they were suddenly surrounded by 300 spearmen. The soldiers, who were mere boys, and, like all their comrades, arrant cowards, no sooner saw the natives approaching than they threw down their rifles and however, in the end naturally overcame Captain Bell and his two companions. First the three were speared, then cut up, and afterwards eaten."

A larger expedition under van Wert was sent up to attack the tribe that had cut off the unfortunate officer, and in the course of some weeks of bush fighting killed a lot of the cannibals and burned their villages.

In the Nyassaland Protectorate (which includes the highlands of the Shiré and the western shore of Lake Nyassa) the British had, in the earlier

'nineties, to carry on a war on a smaller scale with the Arab slavers of that district. When Mr. (now Sir H. H.) Johnston took charge of the country in 1891, the chief of these traders was a half-Arab half-negro chief, named Mankanjila, who had a fleet of dhows and a fortified port at the south end of the lake. Mr. Johnston's policy was to stop aggressive slave raiding at once, and gradually to put an end to slavery itself. Mankanjila, however, was defiant, and in 1892 a small force, under Captain Maguire, was sent to seize his dhows. The attack was repulsed with heavy loss, and its gallant young leader was wounded, thrust into the lake and drowned.

It was not till the end of 1893 that Mr. Johnston felt himself strong enough to retrieve this defeat. By that time Mankanjila had been assassinated by one of his kinsmen, and another chief of the same name reigned in his stead. Early in 1894 the attack was made upon his stronghold. Mr. Johnston directed the operations, bringing up by land a force of Sikhs under Major C. E. Johnson, and on the lake a couple of gunboats, the *Pioneer* and the *Adventure*, commanded by Commander Robertson, R.N., and Lieutenant Villiers, R.N. The slave dealer's fortress was destroyed, and a fort was built on its site and named Fort Maguire, in memory of the leader of the first unsuccessful attack. In 1896 the stronghold of another slave-hunting chief on the lake, named Kazunga, was destroyed by a mixed force of Sikhs and local levies under British officers.

In the summer of 1899 a joint British and Portuguese expedition was sent against a chief named Mataka, who had a fortified stronghold south-east of Lake Nyassa, near the border of Portuguese territory. Mankanjila had taken refuge with him after the fall of his fortress on the lake, and the two freebooters had made numerous raids into British territory, always escaping over the border when pursued. At last the co-operation of the Portuguese authorities was secured, and Mataka and his protégé were simultaneously attacked by a Portuguese force, commanded by the Governor of Mozambique, and the Nyassaland forces under Captain Pearce, and a permanent danger to both colonies was thus got rid of.

Zanzibar, once the centre of the Arab slave trade in Africa, is now a Protectorate, ruled by its Sultan, under the supervision of an English Resident. In the autumn of 1896, on the sudden death of the Sultan, Seyyid Hamid ben Thwain, one of his cousins, Seyyid Khalid, who was known to be hostile to British influence, seized the vacant throne. His arrangements for prompt action were so complete that it was generally suspected that he had poisoned ben Thwain. However this may be, he was informed by the British Consul-General that his usurped authority could not be recognised. The Cape Squadron, under the command of Admiral Rawson, appeared before Zanzibar, and, the usurper having rejected an ultimatum, fire was opened on his palace and the batteries he had erected in front of it. In a few minutes the guns in the batteries were silenced, the palace was in flames, and an armed steamer flying the Sultan's flag, that had run out to engage the squadron, was sunk in the harbour. Landing parties from the ships then took possession of the town and the ruins of the palace. Khalid escaped capture and took refuge in the German consulate, whence he was afterwards conveyed to German territory on the mainland. Another prince of the Sultan's family, Seyyid Hamid ben Mohammed, who was thoroughly loyal to the British Protectorate, was placed upon the vacant throne.

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

IN our narrative of the war between the United States of America and Spain, we have told how Admiral Dewey, when he attacked Manila, arranged for the co-operation of the Philippine malcontents under the leadership of Aguinaldo, and how before the end of the siege of Manila he had to exert himself to hold in check his native allies. The Filipinos were not permitted to take any part in the actual capture of Manila, and after the surrender of the Spanish garrison precautions were taken against even an armed party of the insurgent army entering the city. Aguinaldo and his colleagues now realised that instead of being allowed to set up a Philippine Republic they were to be treated as the subjects of the United States, and they foresaw that the native element would be considered as an inferior race. They therefore prepared to continue against the Americans the struggle they had begun against the Spaniards, and in taking this step they undoubtedly had the sympathy of many who in the earlier stage of the civil war had been on the side of Spain.

As it was known that there was a party in the United States which was opposed to the complete annexation of the Philippines, efforts were made, in the first instance, to effect a compromise on the basis of an American Protectorate. On September 15th the Philippine "National Assembly," composed chiefly of delegates from the insurgent districts of Luzon, met at Malolos, on the railway line north of Manila. Aguinaldo was elected President, and on the 23rd the Assembly proclaimed the independence of the islands under a Republican Constitution, at the same time expressing its readiness to accept an American Protectorate, but only in so far as the foreign relations of the new state were concerned. The United States Government paid no attention to these proceedings. Having secured the cession of the islands by Spain, they reinforced their naval and military forces at Manila and prepared to assert their authority over their new possession.

General Wesley Merritt had returned to America after the capture of Manila, leaving General Otis in command of the United States forces. His relations with Aguinaldo were daily more and more hostile, and the war nearly broke out in October, when, on the Philippine forces advancing towards the suburbs of Manila, they were warned back by shells fired from the United States fleet. Another native republic in alliance with that which had been proclaimed in Luzon was organised at Iloilo in the island of Panay. But the native levies were forced to abandon Iloilo by a naval bombardment. The second civil war in the Philippines began in the neighbourhood of Manila in the first week of February, 1899.

For some weeks the city had been almost in the position of a besieged town. The Filipinos had entrenched themselves along the Pasig River and in the villages close to the suburbs. They kept a sentry line within a quarter of a mile of the American outposts, and no one was allowed to pass in or out. There had been some skirmishing in the middle of January, the result of a sudden alarm that the Filipinos were advancing on the city. Then for a fortnight everything was quiet. But General Otis had two causes of great anxiety. He knew that Aguinaldo had numerous sympathisers in the city, and he might therefore have to hold the suburbs and meet an insurrection in the streets at the same time if the enemy attacked. And what made the situation far more serious was that the reservoirs and waterworks of Manila were on the high ground beyond the Pasig and well within Aguinaldo's lines. If the supply were cut off the garrison would have only the bad water from the wells in the town, for the Pasig River was brackish with tide water.

The actual hostilities began on the night of February 4th. By a curious coincidence it was on the eve of the debate in the American Senate on which depended the ratification of the peace treaty and the decision of the United States Government as to the future of the

Philippines. Aguinaldo's friends have always maintained that General Otis and the American troops were the aggressors; that they were anxious to force the decision of the Senate against the Filipino claims, and were at the same time not sorry to put an end to the anxious strain of the last few weeks. On the other hand, the American authorities assert that the fighting resulted from an attempt of armed bands of Filipinos to press forward into the suburbs.

However this may be, the first shots were fired at about a quarter to nine on Saturday evening, February 4th, near Santa Mesa, in the southern suburbs. The firing then ran along the outpost line round the city from Malate and Santa Mesa on the south to Calocan on the north side. The front over which the fighting extended was about fifteen miles. There were some 25,000 American troops in the city, mostly volunteers. As soon as the firing began, the bugles sounded the alarm and the troops turned out of their barracks. Some held various points in the city; others hurried to support the outpost line in the suburbs. North and south of the town the warships of the squadron turned their searchlights on the Filipino positions and shelled the enemy as they advanced.

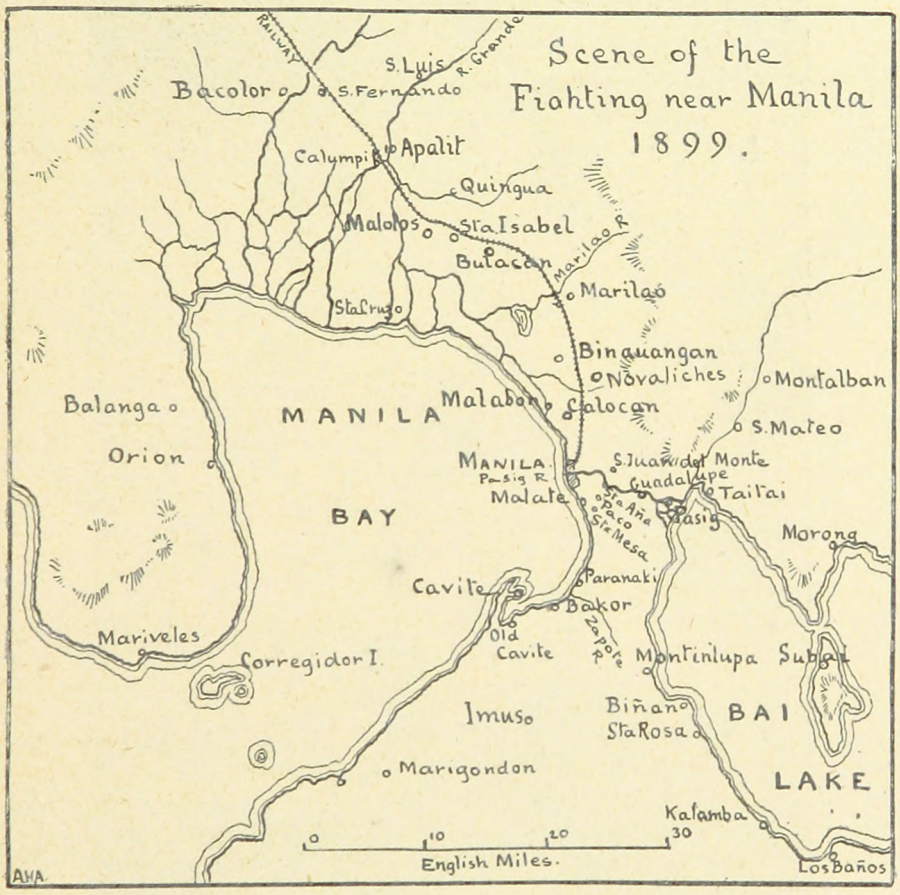
The Filipinos brought a few field pieces and quick-firing guns into action. But their chief hope of success was in their superior numbers, and they made desperate attempts to establish themselves in the suburbs, especially on the south side of the city. In these attacks not only their riflemen took part, but bands of half-naked tribesmen, armed only with bows and arrows and spears, fearlessly rushed against the American trenches and batteries. With the help of the villagers of Santa Ana and Paco, the Filipinos got possession of these places, Paco being just within the American outpost line. The massively built churches in the villages were held till next day, and only finally evacuated when they had been shattered and set on fire by the American artillery.

Between 3 and 4 a.m. the attack began to show signs of exhaustion, and the Americans then advanced at various points against the Filipino lines, and began rapidly driving the enemy back. During the Sunday morning, despite the intense heat, the American volunteers pressed steadily forward. On the north the Kansas and Dakota regiments drove the enemy back upon Calocan. On the south the California, Tennessee, and Nebraska men cleared Santa Mesa, Paco, and the neighbouring villages. Many prisoners were taken, and one gun was captured. Towards sunset the Filipinos were everywhere in retreat. They had lost nearly 4,000 men. The Americans lost about 200. Major McConville, of the 1st Idaho, was shot dead while leading his men. Colonel Smith, commanding the 1st Tennessee, died of sunstroke on the battle-field. The regiment that suffered most heavily was the 14th Regular Infantry. On the left centre the Americans had got possession of one of the reservoirs. General Otis in his despatch declared that the neighbourhood of Manila was clear of the enemy, and that Aguinaldo's following were thoroughly demoralised. But the enemy was really rallying within sight of the suburbs, and had no idea of abandoning the struggle after a first failure.

During the next week there were almost daily skirmishes. The Filipinos were strongly entrenched at Malabon and Calocan near the shore on the north side of the city. On the 10th this position was attacked late in the afternoon after having been bombarded for some hours by the Charleston and the Monadnock. The attacking force was made up of the 4th Cavalry, the Kansas, Montana, and Idaho Volunteers, the 3rd Artillery acting as infantry, and the guns of the 6th Regular and the Utah Volunteer Artillery. The whole was under the command of General MacArthur. After the batteries had joined for a while in the bombardment, the infantry advanced against the enemy's front and round his left, rushed the trenches, and drove the Filipinos out of the villages. There seems to have been no very determined resistance. The enemy took up a new position in the bush and jungle north of Calocan, throwing up entrenchments across the railway line. With a view to an advance along the line upon Malolos, the American engineers constructed an armoured train to carry a couple of quick-firers and some machine guns.

Again, it was said that the "insurgents" were utterly disheartened and the war was over. But on the night of Thursday, February 23rd, General Otis had to face a more dangerous crisis than had yet occurred. Suddenly after nightfall fires broke out in various parts of the city of Manila. Armed bands appeared in the streets and fired on the firemen, the soldiers, and on white civilians. At the same time on the American left at Calocan, and on the centre along the Pasig, the outpost line was fiercely attacked from the jungle. It was a terrible night of incendiarism and desperate street

fighting in which no quarter was asked or given. But the attacks on the outpost line were repulsed, the streets were cleared, thousands of the natives being driven from the suburbs out into the open country, even unarmed men being thus expelled from the quarters where the rising had begun, as it was for the moment impossible to distinguish friend and foe. The conflagration was got under, but not before whole acres of Guadalupe. A brigade under General Wheaton gradually cleared the south side of the river, and with help of the gunboats reached Pasig village on the Bai Lake on March 13th. The Filipinos fell back through the jungle, fighting doggedly and delaying the advance. The American staff was absolutely in the dark as to the numbers and resources of the enemy. Some said they had only 20,000 men before Manila. Other



buildings had been reduced to smoking ruins. Bluejackets were landed from the foreign ships to help in protecting life and property. For the next few days there were continual alarms and desultory skirmishing along the outpost line. It was at last recognised that the new Philippine war was going to be a serious business, and Admiral Dewey and General Otis both sent pressing requests for reinforcements.

On March 1st an American gunboat flotilla entered the Pasig, and a column of troops was pushed forward along its south bank. In the afternoon the Filipinos were shelled out of estimates were as high as 100,000. What was certain was that they meant fighting, and that they now possessed plenty of modern weapons. They were even using smokeless powder and repeating rifles. Rumour said that Japan was the source of these supplies.

The banks of the Pasig having been cleared of the enemy, preparations were made for an advance northwards from Calocan along the railway with a view to driving Aguinaldo from Malolos. General MacArthur, with a force of about 10,000 men, was entrusted with this task, and as the line of advance would be only a few

miles from the shore, and numerous creeks penetrated into the land, a gunboat flotilla was to co-operate against the seaward flank of the Filipino positions.

The advance began on Saturday, March 25th, when MacArthur attacked Novaliches to the

of the 22nd Regular Infantry. He was one of the best officers in the army, and had distinguished himself in the storming of the San Juan Hill at Santiago in the Spanish war. Prince Ludwig Loewenstein, who was serving as a volunteer on MacArthur's staff, was also killed

GENERAL GARCIA, ONE OF THE PHILIPPINE LEADERS.

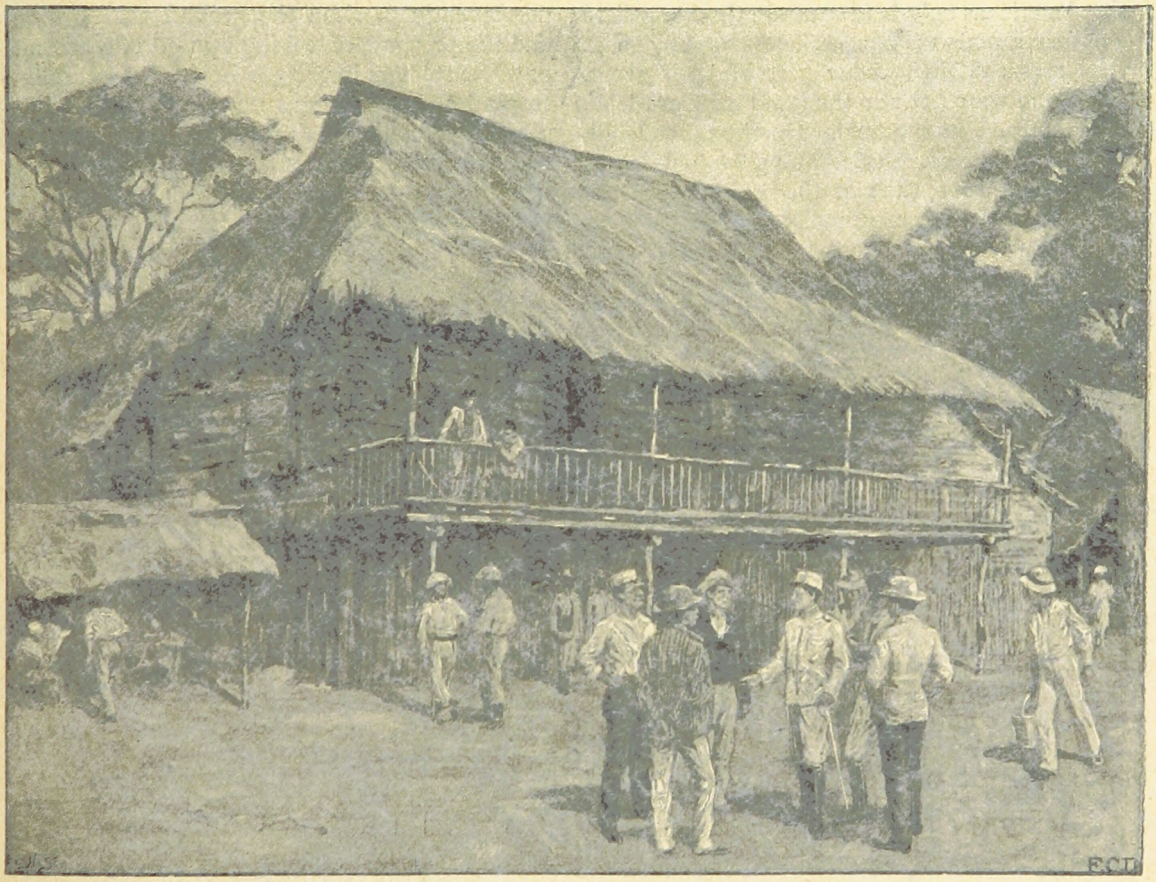
north-east of Calocan. The enemy made a desperate resistance, and it was found that he had fortified every village, and dug line after line of trenches in the bush, so that he was able to take up a new position after every retirement. The fighting continued all through Sunday, when the Filipinos made a determined stand in the bush along the line of the Marilao River. The Americans lost heavily. Among the officers killed was Colonel Egbert, who fell at the head

in this action. The Filipinos did not leave many dead in the trenches, but it was noticed that most of them were well equipped, many being dressed in neat khaki uniforms. The Filipino army was commanded by General Antonio Luna, who had served for some time in the Spanish colonial army.

After the battle on the Marilao River, there was for a while a falling off in the resistance of the enemy. The Americans pushed on to

Malolos, Aguinaldo and General Luna, with the Filipino army, falling back to the Rio Grande. On April 25th MacArthur forced the crossing of the river near Calumpit. The enemy were driven from the trenches on the further side by a heavy fire of rifles and artillery, and then the Americans gained a footing on the north bank, partly by struggling through a deep ford, partly by scrambling across the remains of the railway bridge which the Filipinos had blown up. The bridge, or what was left of it, was crossed by a party of the Kansas volunteers. Led by their commander, Colonel Funston, they crawled across a single girder. At the end of it they had to slide down an upright, and partly swim, partly wade across the rest of the river. The enemy gave way without suffering much loss.

Up to the end of April the American losses in the field had totalled up to 198 killed and 1,100 wounded. Besides this, the hospitals were full of sick. For a few days it was hoped the campaign was over, as after the forcing of the Rio Grande, General Luna asked to open negotiations. It was supposed the enemy must be reduced to extremities, and after a brief truce an answer was sent back which really amounted to a demand for unconditional surrender. The Filipino commanders would not hear of this, and fighting began again. MacArthur captured San Fernando, to which the Filipino Government had moved after the evacuation of Malolos.



LEADING FILIPINOS IN COUNCIL AT AGUINALDO'S RESIDENCE.

There was also desultory fighting south of the Pasig, and on the east coast of Luzon an American landing party, which was trying to communicate with a Spanish garrison still holding out against the insurgents at the fort of Baler, fell into the hands of the enemy. At the end of the month the American advance to the northward ceased. The hot and rainy season was beginning, when white troops could not live in the jungle; MacArthur's force was reduced by losses in the field and by sickness, and he had to fritter it away in holding a number of villages and forts, not only along a wide front,

but also along his line of communications. He was therefore ordered to abandon his most recent conquests and fall back on Marilao and Calocan. In June General Lawton forced the line of the Zapote River, south of Manila, captured Bakor, and cleared the neighbouring country of the enemy. But such victories counted for very little. The enemy dispersed from a lost battle-field only to reassemble in the bush and resume hostilities a few days later. At the end of June the Americans only held securely the immediate neighbourhood of Manila. To occupy that they required the greater part of their army, and there were not ten thousand men available for operations in the field. On the other hand, it seemed certain that Aguinaldo had larger forces under arms than at the beginning of the conflict, and he was continually receiving supplies from abroad. The war against the Americans had spread to the islands of Negros and Mindanao. The squadron in the Philippine seas was not strong enough to attempt anything like an effectual blockade of that enormous labyrinth of island rocks, coral reefs, winding creeks and narrow channels. To cut off the supplies of the enemy, therefore, seemed hopeless. It was at last realised in America that the country could only be conquered by a large army that could permanently garrison the ground that it won, and the prospect of locking up tens of thousands of white soldiers in the garrisons of an unhealthy tropical archipelago was not inviting. Dewey's victory at Manila was proving a costly triumph, and the practical American felt all the more having paid Spain some millions of dollars in order "to buy a civil war in full working order."

SIAM.

THE FRENCH ON THE MENAM RIVER.

THE French have never forgotten that they were once the rivals of England for the Empire of India, and they have for many years been striving to obtain some compensation for their failure in India itself by securing a share of Asiatic territory in Indo-China. Hence the conquest of Annam under the Second Empire, the expedition to Tonquin in the 'eighties, the openly avowed designs on Southern China, and the successful annexation of a considerable part of Siam during the period dealt with in this work.

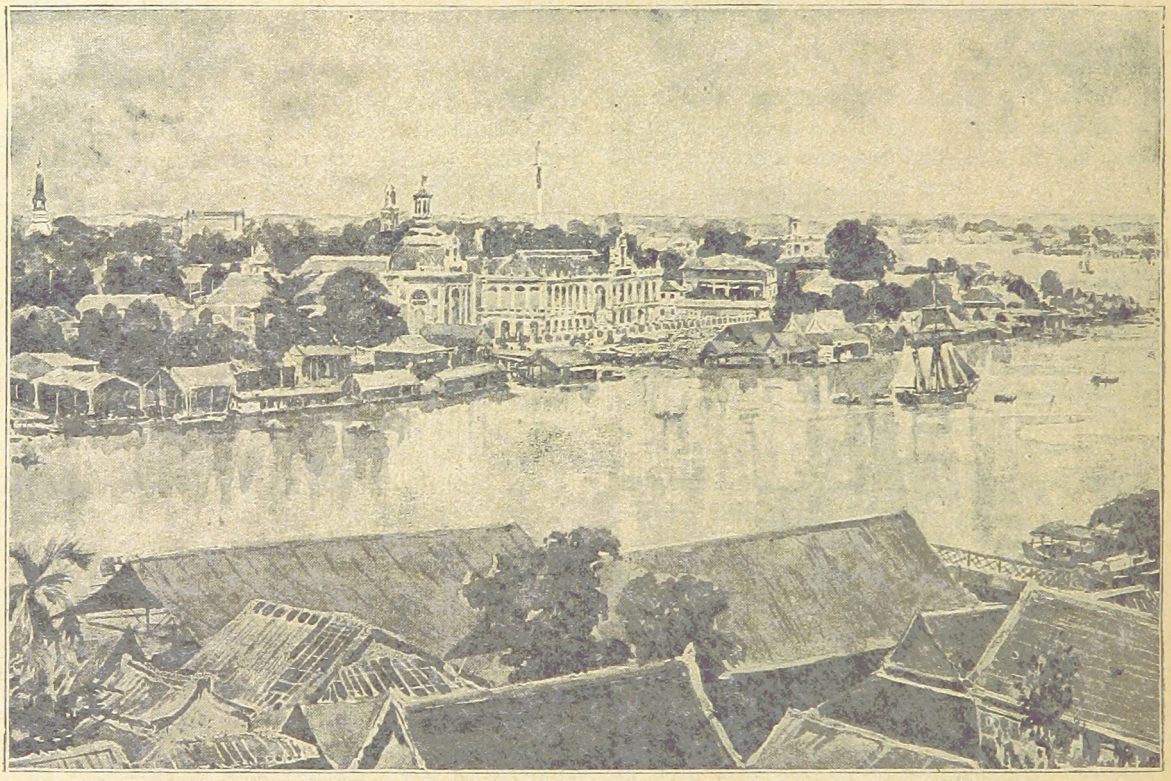
In the summer of 1893 the dispute between the Siamese Government and the French administration of Cochin China came to a crisis. The French alleged that the Siamese had violated the frontier of Annam, and then claimed that this western frontier of their empire should be carried forward to the Mekong River. The Siamese not unnaturally saw in this exaggerated claim the prelude to the dismemberment of their kingdom. Annam to the east had become a French possession ; Burma to the west was British territory. They might well fear that the same process of annexation was impending over them, and they appealed to England to save their state from extinction.

Rear-Admiral Humann, an energetic officer, commanded the French squadron in Eastern waters. Knowing that negotiations were in progress between London and Paris, and fearing a diplomatic intervention might prevent any results being obtained in Siam, he resolved to press matters forward. Early in July his squadron appeared off the mouth of the Menam River, on which the capital, Bangkok, stands, only a few miles from the sea. The bar at the river mouth made the water so shallow that only light vessels drawing 13 feet of water or less could go up to Bangkok. There was already a small French gunboat, the *Lutin*, lying in the river at the orders of M. Pavie, the French envoy to the Siamese Court. Admiral Humann had only two other vessels in his squadron that could pass the bar. One was a despatch vessel of about 1,200 tons, the *Inconstant;* the other was a small gunboat, the *Comète.* Both were composite built ; that is, with iron frames and wooden sides and decks. Either could be sunk by a well-placed shell from a modern gun.

The arrival of the French squadron alarmed the Siamese Court. They had sent nearly all their available troops to watch the Mekong frontier. They ought to have foreseen that if the French attacked it would be by the Menam, but they overlooked this obvious possibility. On the 10th of July M. Pavie handed Prince Devawongse, the Siamese Minister of Foreign Affairs, a note in which he informed him that as it was reported that the British Government intended sending some of its ships to Bangkok to protect the interests of its subjects on account of the disturbed state of affairs in Siam, the French Government had decided on similar steps, and that two ships of Admiral Humann's squadron would join the *Lutin* in the Menam River. On the 12th Prince Devawongse replied that his Government could not consent to more than one ship of any foreign power lying off Bangkok, adding that instructions to this effect had been given to the Siamese naval and military authorities at the river mouth, and suggesting that M. Pavie should countermand the orders he had given to Admiral Humann. At the same time telegrams were sent to the Siamese envoy in Paris urging him to obtain the intervention of the French Home Government in order to avoid a conflict.

M. Pavie and Admiral Humann took no notice whatever of these communications. Nor were they much impressed by the preparations for resistance made by the Siamese. At Paknam, near the mouth of the river, a number of heavy modern guns had been mounted in the old forts. The chief direction of the defence was in the hands of Commodore Plessis de Richelieu, a Danish officer of French Huguenot extraction. He had four armed steamers and a despatch boat lying near the Menam bar. These ships were mostly commanded by Danes. Some coasting craft had been sunk on the bar to narrow the fairway, and near this obstruction an improvised submarine mine with an electrical fuse had been placed in position.

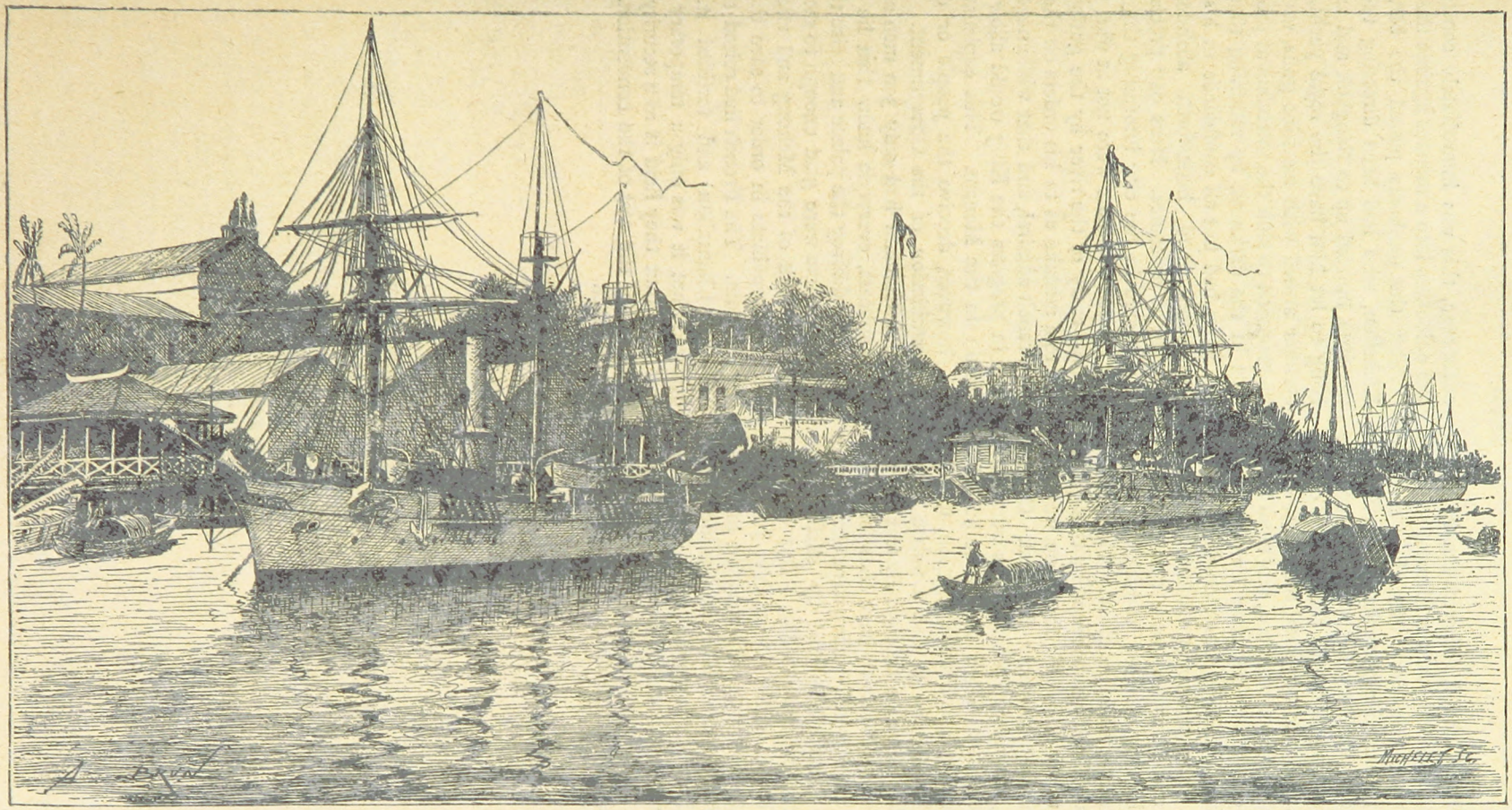
In deciding to run past these defences with his two wooden gunboats, Humann was taking a bold resolution. He went on board the *Inconstant* himself. On both ships machine guns with a good supply of ammunition were placed in the tops, and melinite shells were ready for the few heavy guns on the deck. A small trading steamer, the *Jean Baptiste Say*, went in immediately in front of the flagship and towed her till the bar was passed. The *Jean Baptiste Say* had been trading for some months between Saigon and Bangkok, and her captain knew the river well. She had also on board an Irish pilot named Jackson, belonging to Bangkok.



VIEW OF BANGKOK.

The ships steamed slowly in on the flood tide at sunset on July 13th. As to what followed, Mr. Cross Standing, who was in Bangkok at the time, has given me the following notes on the way in which the Paknam forts were passed :— "The time," he writes, "was between 5 and 6 p.m., and the night, which in Siam closes in rapidly, was coming on, assisted by a rain-squall. At first Fort Chula Chom Klao fired blank cartridges only, but as the gunboats continued to hold on their course, it opened with shell. By this time the strangers had hoisted French colours, and they, too, opened fire. The *Jean Baptiste Say* was struck below the water line, and her captain ran the ship ashore. The Siamese, whose fire from both ships and forts was somewhat wild, now exploded a torpedo, which, however, blew up harmlessly some forty or fifty yards in front of the enemy. Mr. Aage Westenholz, the Danish gentleman who exploded this torpedo, was a civilian, whose knowledge of electric torpedo warfare was based solely on the fact of his being manager of the Bangkok Electric Tramways Company. He ran considerable personal risk, for the coign of vantage from which he fired the torpedo was the partially submerged deck of one of the vessels with which the Siamese had tried to obstruct the fairway. Mr. Westenholz subsequently informed me that he was not certain whether he exploded the torpedo in front or rear of the approaching gunboats! At all events, no damage was done.

"The *Inconstant* had touched the mud on the bar, but, luckily for her, got off immediately. Having passed the shallows and the sunken



FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR ANCHORED OFF THE FRENCH CONSULATE-GENERAL AT BANGKOK.

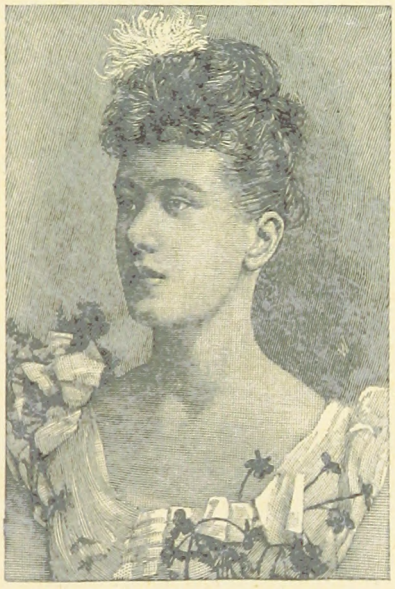
ships, she forged ahead, followed closely by the *Comète*. As they ran past the Siamese squadron the French guns on deck with their melinite shells, and the machine guns aloft in the fighting tops, poured a withering fire into them, and the *Inconstant* attempted to ram the Siamese cruiser *Coronation*. It is to be feared that most of the work of defence, such as it was, was done by the European officers, rather than by the native Siamese sailors, of King Chululongkorn's navy. By 7 p.m. the unwelcome visitors had passed both forts and ships and were steaming on to the city, having inflicted considerably more damage than they had received. The Siamese casualties, as officially announced by themselves, amounted to eight killed, forty-one wounded, and one missing, probably drowned. On the other hand, only three French sailors were killed and two wounded. Their dead were buried in the compound of the French legation, it being considered inadvisable to risk a public funeral in Bangkok. It was a noteworthy feat for two small wooden gunboats to have thus forced the defences of the Menam. They were exceedingly anxious to 'finish the job' by shelling the royal palace that very night. But this was prevented by M. Pavie. Next day, July 14th, the gunboats coolly 'dressed ship' in honour of the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, just as though nothing had happened, while excitement reigned supreme in and around the city. Indeed, when the Frenchmen steamed a few yards higher up the stream in order to obtain a better anchorage, this was immediately construed by the onlookers into a menace against the palace."

After the gunboats passed the bar, M. de Richelieu, who had been directing the fire of the forts, hurried up to Bangkok and asked the King to let him have the royal yacht, a large steamer armed with machine guns, with which he proposed to sink the intruders at their moorings in the darkness, by ramming them. But the King had lost all confidence in his Danish commodore, and henceforth abandoned all thought of resistance. Next day proclamations were posted in the city informing the Siamese that France and Siam were not at war, that the forcible entry of the river by the gunboats was due to a mistake as to his orders on the part of the French admiral, and that while negotiations were in progress the King would allow him to remain in the Menam. This explanation did not, however, deceive the people or diminish the humiliation of the Government. Though Admiral Humann had only 300 men on board the gunboats, everyone knew that he could if he wished destroy the palace and seize the city.

The Siamese were glad enough to sacrifice all the east bank of the Mekong and two of the southern provinces in order to save the rest of the kingdom. The French had seized the coast town of Chantabun and fortified it. They declared that it was only a temporary occupation, and that they held it as a security for the execution of the rest of the convention. They hold it still.

MANIPUR AND THOBAL.

DURING the 'nineties the chief fighting ground of our Indian army has been the North-West Frontier. The rest of India has enjoyed almost unbroken peace. Here and there on the borders there has been occasional trouble, such as that caused by Kachin hillmen in Burma in 1892 and 1893, but in the provinces and the native protected states in only one instance have our troops had to deal with anything more serious than some local riot. The only armed outbreak that could be counted as a rebellion occurred in the native state of Manipur, between Assam and Northern Burma, in 1891.



MRS. GRIMWOOD.

The Manipuris had assisted the Indian Government against the Burmese, and in 1887 a present was made to the Rajah of some hundreds of rifles, a supply of cartridges, and two 7-pounder field-pieces with a quantity of shell and case shot. These were the arms and munitions of war that were used with deadly effect against our troops in the revolt of 1891.

A disputed succession and a palace revolution that had substituted one rajah for another had caused the Indian Government some anxiety. The dispossessed Rajah was intriguing for reinstatement, and the Indian Government, on the report of Mr. Grimwood, the local Resident, decided that the centre of agitation and trouble at the Manipur Court was a prince known as the Senaputi (literally the "Lord of the Army"), and determined that he should be arrested and removed from the state. Mr. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner of Assam, was ordered to proceed to Manipur, hold a durbar, and arrest the Senaputi. He took with him an escort of 400 Goorkhas. There was already a guard of a hundred Goorkhas stationed at Manipur as an escort for Mr. Grimwood.

Mr. Quinton reached Manipur early on the morning of March 22nd, and summoned a durbar for the same afternoon. The durbar met, but the Senaputi, who evidently had some information of what was intended, refused to leave the palace and meet the Commissioner. The durbar was adjourned till next day. Meanwhile, Mr. Grimwood saw the Rajah and endeavoured to impress upon him the importance of his minister attending the durbar, warning him that his absence would be a dangerous defiance of the Government's authority. But on the 23rd the Senaputi was still contumacious, and it was resolved to effect his arrest by force. Accordingly at dawn on the 24th Colonel Skene, of the Goorkhas, entered the palace at the head of 250 of his men. But the Manipuris had prepared for resistance. The palace was swarming with men (6,000 in all, it was said), two guns were in position to sweep the approach inside the main gate, and, as the Goorkhas entered, hundreds of rifles opened on them from roofs, windows, and loopholed walls. An attempt was made to rush the guns. It failed, and Lieutenant Brackenbury, who led it, was literally riddled with bullets. Skene persisted in his attempt to take possession of the palace, and actually secured a footing in it. The fighting continued for some hours. About noon the Manipuris used their superiority in numbers to make a determined attack on the Residency. Colonel Skene then felt that he could no longer keep his small force divided between the Residency and the palace, and, carrying his wounded with him (among them poor young Brackenbury), he withdrew his men to the former building.

The Manipur men came swarming after them, and the Residency buildings, which were badly fitted for defence, were soon closely besieged.

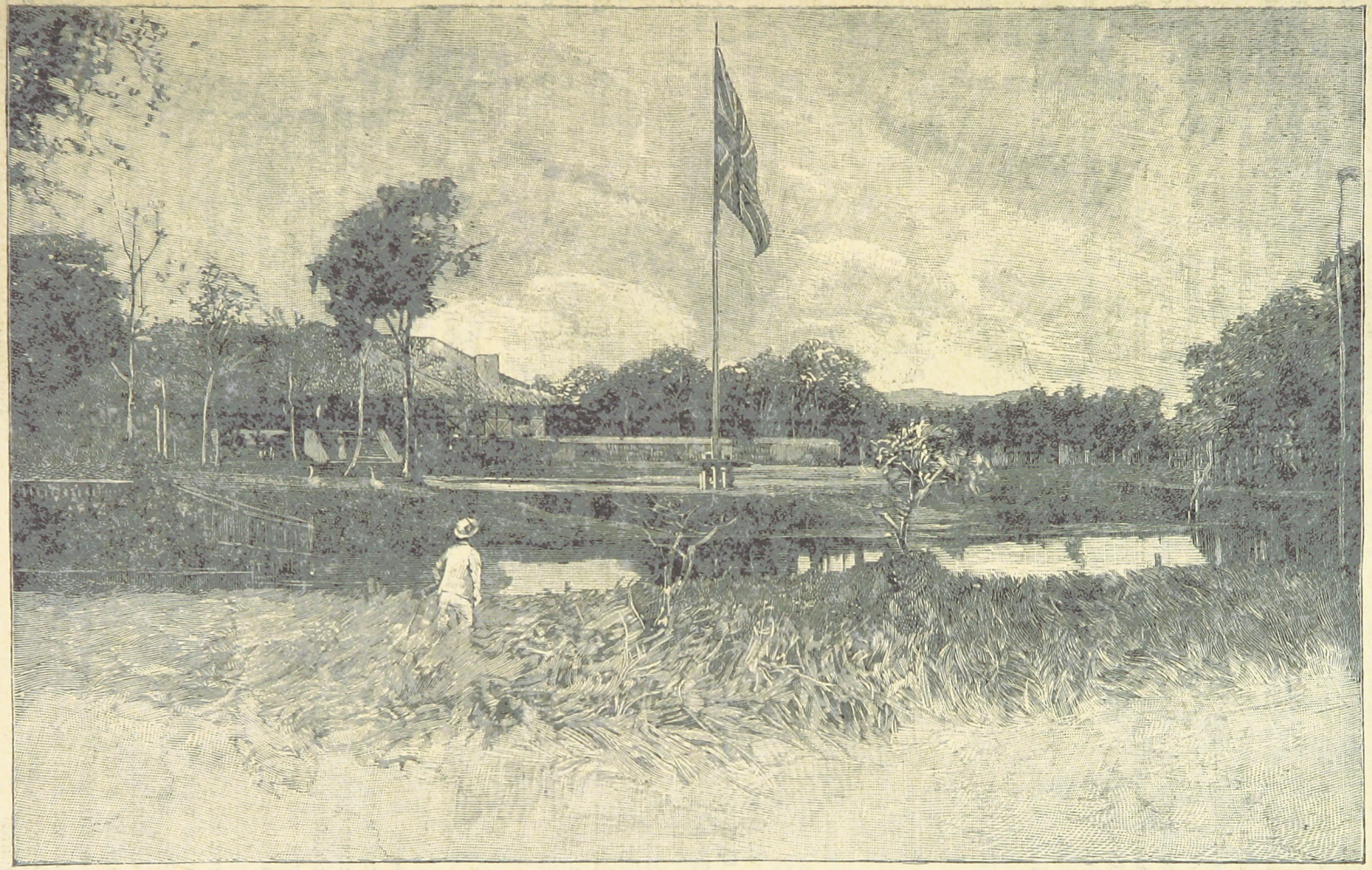
Heavy rifle firing went on till evening, many of the garrison being killed and wounded. The guns were dragged down from the palace, and the Residency was bombarded at close range. One shell burst in the stable and killed all the horses. Others exploded in the upper rooms, and it was only by great efforts that the place was kept from taking fire. At 7 o'clock Colonel Skene, after a consultation with his colleagues, decided to try what negotiation would do. The bugles sounded the "Cease fire," and, after some delay, the Manipuris stopped firing; and Mr. Quinton, his secretary, Mr. Cossins, the Resident, Mr. Grimwood, and Colonel Skene and Lieutenant Simpson, of the Goorkhas, came out to meet the Rajah and his chiefs. They had no sooner left their own lines when they were treacherously attacked and seized before they could attempt either flight or resistance.

MR. FRANK ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD.
(*Photo: C. Vandyk, 125, Gloucester Road, Queen's Gate, S.W.*)

For a couple of hours the garrison anxiously waited for the return of their friends. It was near 10 o'clock when the Manipuris told them they were prisoners, and called on the garrison to surrender. The situation was now all but desperate. Water was scanty, there was no reserve of provisions, ammunition was anything but abundant, the walls of the Residency were shattered in many places, and the out-buildings had been repeatedly on fire. But not a Goorkha talked of surrender. They stood calmly at their posts, ready to die with their white officers.

Mrs. Grimwood was in the building, and, heedless of imminent danger, through the long day and night she tended the wounded in the improvised hospital, though she was herself wounded in the arm with a fragment of a shell. Even when she heard the awful news that her husband was in the hands of treacherous foes, she nerved herself to continue her work of mercy. In a letter written soon after her escape, she said: "One of the cellars was turned into a hospital. I pray that I may never see such a sight again. There were crowds of wounded men, some dying. Poor Mr. Brackenbury was the first brought in, shot all over, both legs broken, both arms, bullets in him all over the place; and yet, poor lad, he was alive, and perfectly conscious the whole time, and in awful agony. I did what I could to help, but it seemed almost impossible to do anything."

Towards midnight the firing began again, and, as the ammunition of the Goorkhas was now reduced to a few cartridges and the houses might be set on fire at any moment, about 2 a.m. in the night between the 24th and 25th it was resolved to abandon the buildings and retire towards the nearest post in Assam. To do this the evacuation of the house would have to be carried out silently in the darkness, a way must be found through the enemy's lines, and the wounded must be carried by the weary soldiers. All this the little band accomplished. To quote Mrs. Grimwood's letter again, "The wounded were got out as quickly as possible. Three had died meanwhile. Poor Mr. Brackenbury was dying, but we had to move him, and the moving killed him. They brought him back and put him in the cellar again, but it made one's heart ache. I covered him up, and then left him and joined the others outside. We then moved off. I dodged two shells by running behind a tree. We went out at the back of the house, and had to cross, first a hedge of thorns, then a high mud wall, then a river, before we could reach the road. I had not even a hat, and had only very thin house shoes on. One of these dropped off in the river, where I also got wet up to my shoulders. We were fired at all the way. I lay down in a ditch about twenty times that night, while they were firing, to try and escape the



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY, MANIPUR.

bullets. We left the Residency at 2 a.m., and marched all the next day and the next night. We had to go through the jungles, as they were lying in wait for us all over the place, and we marched at least thirty miles with no food. That was the 25th. On the morning of the 26th we struck the Cachar road, hoping to meet 200 men who, we knew, were on their way up to relieve the guard. We had eaten nothing since the morning of the 24th, except a few mouthfuls of so-called dinner snatched as best we could that day. We had to eat grass and leaves, but I was too done up to care much. My feet were cut to bits, and my arm wouldn't stop bleeding, and I was perished with cold, having got so wet in crossing the river. We went on down the road and came upon a stockade, where there were crowds of the enemy. This we had to rush, and I sprained my ankle and gave myself up for lost, but I got over somehow, and then we saw some men running up the hill below us. Some said they were Manipuris, and some said Goorkhas, and for some time we did not know ; but for the first time fate favoured us. They turned out to be the men from Cachar, and we were saved, but not a minute too soon. I think that was the worst moment of all, and I felt as if I must break down utterly ; but food and some brandy brought me to my senses, and I was all right. We had still eight days' march before us to get to British territory, but, though we have been fired on all the way, it has been an easy time compared with all we went through before ; and yesterday we reached British territory, and I took off my clothes for the first time for ten days last night. I forgot to say that before we had been out of the Residency an hour, we looked back to see it in flames, and I knew that everything we had was lost, and my life was the only thing left."

LIEUT.-COLONEL C. M. D. SKENE.
(*Photo : A. Heath, Leamington.*)

A force was at once assembled on the northern border of Burma for the recapture of Manipur and the rescue of the prisoners. It was commanded by General Graham, and made up of four companies of the King's Royal Rifles, a Goorkha battalion, a battalion of Madras Infantry, and a British mountain battery.

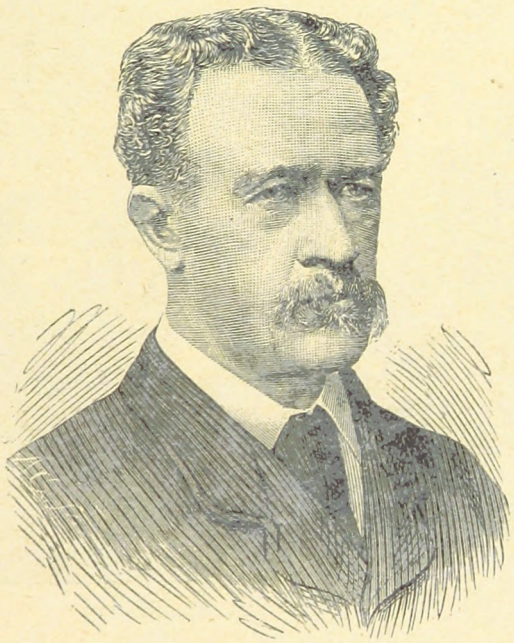
But before this force was ready to start, a splendid attempt at rescue had been made on his own responsibility by a young officer, Lieutenant C. W. Grant, of the 12th Burma Infantry, who was in garrison at Tamu, about fifty-five miles from Manipur. On the evening of March 27th a report reached him that Manipur was in revolt, and that the Commissioner, the civil and military officers, and all their escort had been killed. It occurred to him that there might be some survivors hiding in or near the city. He had with him only about eighty men, and could not hope to retake Manipur ; but he thought that if he could establish himself at some point near it he might be able to hold out a hand to some survivor of the massacre. So at dawn on the 28th he marched off on his heroic errand.

He had with him a native officer and thirty men of the 43rd Goorkhas. They were armed with Martinis and had sixty cartridges per man. There was no reserve ammunition. He had also an officer (native), twenty old soldiers, and thirty raw recruits of the 12th Burma Infantry. These carried the old Snider. They had sixty rounds in their pouches and a reserve of 100 rounds a man on mules. The recruits had only fired a few rounds each at a target.

On the 28th he marched till 5 in the evening, but the country was so difficult that he only covered thirteen miles. He rested till 2 a.m., and then did another ten miles, partly by moonlight. After the sun rose he was occasionally fired on by parties of Manipuris. The little column rested through the heat of the afternoon, and began another moonlight march at 11 p.m.

Here and there trees had been felled across the track, and at last a regular barricade was found in front, from which a heavy fire was opened. Grant kept the enemy's attention by firing at him in front, and sent a flanking party to work round the barrier. Moving through the bush, the flankers rushed the barricade, capturing three small guns and a quantity of ammunition. At 6 a.m. he reached the village of Palel. It was held by 200 of the enemy, but he boldly rushed it, drove the enemy out, pursued them for three miles, and took several prisoners.

He rested during the day at Palel. The country in front was now less hilly, falling away gradually to a swampy plain. He started again at 11 p.m., and at dawn next day came on some houses, surrounded by walls and hedgerows and held by parties of the enemy. These he drove out, and they fled across a bridge that crossed a little river about a thousand yards beyond the houses. On the other bank could be seen the houses and enclosures of the small village of Thobal, fifteen miles from Manipur. Leaving half his force in reserve, Grant formed the rest as a firing line and support, each twenty strong, and went boldly for the bridge, though it was defended by some hundreds of Manipuris in shelter trenches on the further side. They did not wait for him to close, but abandoned their trenches as the attack forded the river and rushed the bridge. Grant himself was slightly wounded leading the advance.

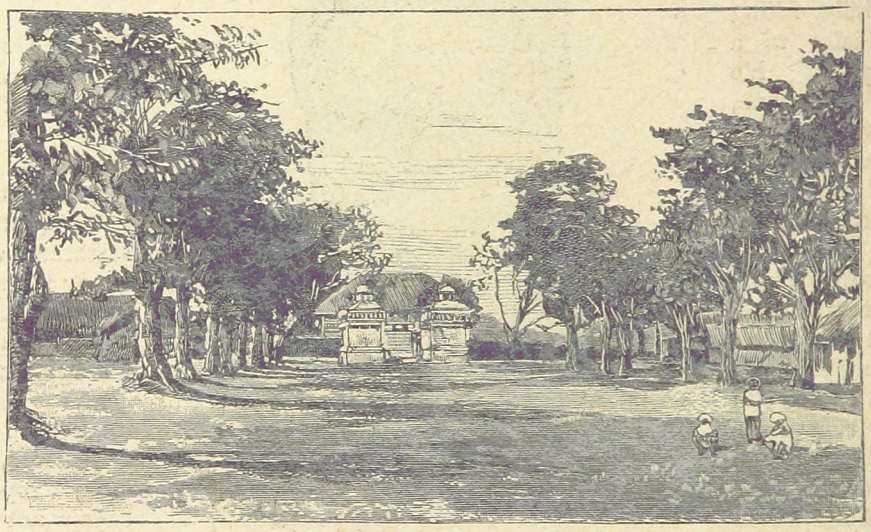


MR. JAMES W. QUINTON.
(Photo: Window & Grove, 63a, Baker Street, W.)

Notwithstanding his victories, the lieutenant now felt that to approach nearer to Manipur would be to meet overwhelming numbers, and he determined to entrench himself in the village of Thobal, feeling certain that his presence there would soon be known in Manipur, and any of the survivors who were at liberty would try to make their way to him.

The defence of Thobal lasted from March 31st to April 9th, and reads like a fairy tale of resourceful heroism. Grant had spent the afternoon and evening of the 31st in collecting supplies of rice and fortifying the village, clearing the ground in front and marking the ranges. At dawn on April 1st the enemy was seen advancing in force. He pushed out thirty of his men to a long wall some hundreds of yards in front and opened fire on the Manipuris. This bold attitude checked their advance, and beyond some harmless firing at long ranges they did nothing till 3 in the afternoon. He held the outlying wall again, and repulsed an attempt of the enemy to rush it. They then brought a couple of guns into action at 1,000 yards. But the Goorkhas with their Martinis opened such an effectual fire that the Manipuri gunners withdrew their guns another 500 yards. Even here the Goorkha marksmen were able to annoy them with long-ranging bullets. This made the artillery fire unsteady and harmless. Towards evening another rush was made at the wall, and it was again repulsed, the enemy not getting beyond the 600 yards' limit. As darkness came on, Grant withdrew his men into the village. Till 2 a.m. the enemy kept up a fusillade, but as cartridges were precious, Grant allowed no shots to be fired in reply. Next day the enemy sent out a flag of truce and offered to negotiate. While prolonging the discussions in order to gain valuable time, Grant refused to agree to anything unless all the prisoners in the hands of the Manipuris were safely handed over to him. He carefully concealed from the enemy the small numbers of his garrison. "As a *ruse de guerre*," writes Major Younghusband, "he put on a colonel's badge and passed himself off as the colonel of his regiment, with a full regiment at his back. So successfully, indeed, did he keep up the *rôle* that even a European prisoner in the enemy's hands was deceived." At last the negotiations came to an end, and on April 6th

the attack was resumed. During the day he not only beat off the enemy, but led out more than one successful counter-attack against the Manipuris. (It was afterwards learned that the Senaputi had himself directed the attack, and that two of his generals were killed during the fighting.) In the evening he found he had only fifty rounds left for each Snider and thirty for each Martini, and resolved to husband his ammunition and keep strictly on the defensive. But he had so impressed the enemy with the fighting capacity of his little band that they did not again venture on a close attack. On the 9th they sent in a letter under a flag of truce.



THE RAJAH'S PALACE, MANIPUR.

It proved to be a despatch from his commanding officer bidding him abandon Thobal and fall back on Tamu, where a force was collecting to succour him. That night in the midst of thunder and rain he evacuated Thobal, unnoticed and unmolested by the enemy, and made good his retreat on Tamu. He had only lost one man killed and four wounded in all the fighting.

There is little doubt that his vigorous action had impressed the Manipuris with their inability to cope successfully with the soldiers of the Empire. When Graham advanced on Manipur he met with only the feeblest of opposition. He divided his force into three detachments. Two of these marching from Kohima and Cachar had no fighting. The third detachment under Graham's personal command, which advanced on Manipur by way of Tamu and Thobal, had a fight with a small detachment of Manipuris, who were entrenched on the road near the latter place. Their flanks were covered by swampy ground. On April 25th Graham attacked the entrenchments. After shelling them for some time, the 4th Goorkhas and the 12th Burma Regiment were sent to storm them with the bayonet. The mounted infantry had swept round the swamps and placed themselves on the line of the enemy's retreat. The Manipuris therefore made a desperate stand. About 130 of them were killed in a hand-to-hand fight in the works, very few escaping. The attacking force lost two killed and twelve wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant Grant of Thobal fame, disabled by a severe wound in the neck.

On the 26th Graham's three columns met near Manipur and entered the city, which had been deserted by the rebel princes and their followers. "The aspect of the place was extraordinary," wrote Reuter's correspondent with the force. "Scarcely a human being was to be seen. The whole of the capital was wrapped in silence. As the troops marched into the midst of the cluster of houses, they encountered no foe, for there was not a fighting man within the walls. It was a deserted city. Moving on warily, the British force entered the enclosures of the palace of the Maharajah. Here also was absolute stillness. All the occupants had fled. The magazine had been blown up, and the inside of the palace was a wreck. It had been sacked

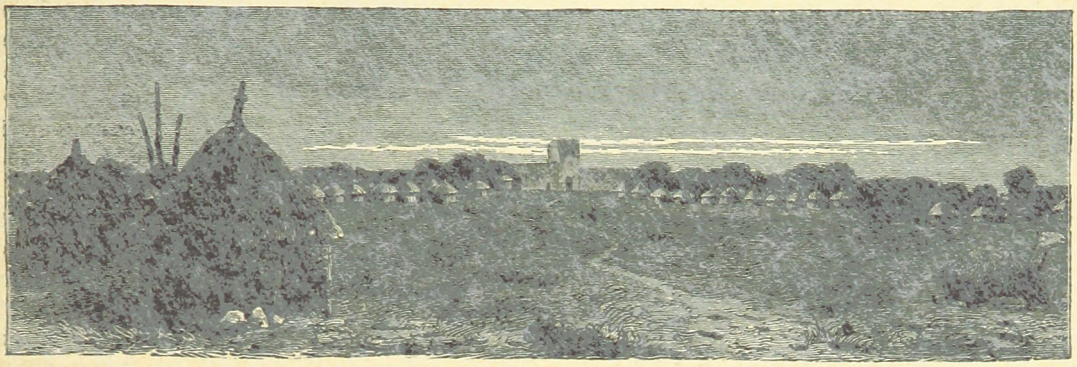
THE FIRST BRUSH WITH THE MANIPURIS.

from end to end, and hardly a thing of value remained in it. One discovery, which, though not unexpected, sent a thrill of horror through all ranks, was made. Within the palace enclosure were found the heads of the British officials and officers who had fallen a prey to the treachery of the rulers of Manipur."

They had been all murdered soon after their capture. Their murderers were tracked down and brought to trial. The Rajah, the Senaputi, and two of their officers were sentenced to death. On August 13th the Senaputi and one of his generals were hanged at Manipur. The sentence on the Rajah and the other officer was commuted to penal servitude for life in the Andaman Islands. Though it had been urged that Manipur should cease to exist as a state, the Government decided against annexation, and Chura Chand, the five-year-old grandson of one of its former rulers, was installed as Rajah under the tutelage of a British Resident.

Mrs. Grimwood and Grant of Thobal were the heroine and the hero of the brief Manipur campaign. Mrs. Grimwood was decorated by the Queen with the Royal Red Cross, and Grant received promotion to the rank of Captain and Brevet-Major, and with this the coveted Victoria Cross.

MAJOR C. W. GRANT, V.C.
(Photo: C. G. Brown, Bangalore.)



EL OBEID, THE CAPITAL OF KORDOFAN.

NOTE ON THE SHIRKELEH EXPEDITION AND THE PURSUIT OF THE KHALIFA.

IN our account of the reconquest of the Soudan, the narrative of events was brought down to the capture of Khartoum, the flight of the Khalifa, the occupation of the Nile Valley to Fashoda and Sobat, and the defeat of the Dervishes in the Eastern Soudan under Ahmed Fadil. Though the Khalifa's power had been completely broken up, he had evaded the first pursuit, and for a year after his great defeat at Omdurman he kept a gathering of followers together in Kordofan. To use General Archibald Hunter's words, he had ceased to be a danger, but he could still be a nuisance, and in the winter of 1898 an unsuccessful attempt was made to hunt him down.

The force employed consisted of some companies of the Camel Corps and some hundreds of friendly Arab irregulars, the whole under the command of Colonel Walter Kitchener, the brother of the Sirdar, who had been at the head of the transport department during the three years' advance on the Nile. No official details of the expedition have been published. Only the main facts are known.

After his defeat at Khartoum the Khalifa had fled southwards and eastwards into Kordofan with a small following. But he was joined by parties of fugitives, and by some large detachments that had not shared in his great defeat. These were parties of his followers that had been left to hold the southern portions of his dominions. Later still he was reinforced by the Emir Ahmed Fadil, with some fragments of the army that Parsons, Rundle, and Lewis had driven from Gedaref and the Blue Nile. Osman Digna was also with him, and the Sheikh Ali Wad Helu.

Kordofan, in which he had taken refuge, was the home of his tribe, the Taaisha Baggara. It is a very peculiar country. The extreme north is a waterless desert. In the Tagalla mountains in the south there is a considerable rainfall during the wet season, which lasts from early in June to the end of September, and this drains into a long hollow known as the Khor Abu Habl, in which lie the lakes of El Birket, Er Rahad, and Shirkeleh. The rest of the country north of the lakes is a steppe, with a light soil affording pasture after the rains. After the rains there is water in the hollows, and in many places it can be reached by digging, as it accumulates under ground. But as the dry season continues, pools and wells dry up ; even the lakes become reedy hollows, in the bed of which water can only be got by digging. At El Obeid and a few other points reservoirs supply water all the year round ; but over a great part of the country the villages are abandoned in the dry season. A large army can only move just after rains. There is a good deal of bush, desert thorn, and such-like plants that can live from one wet season to another.

Since Omdurman had fallen, and the Dervish system had broken up, it was much more difficult to get precise information as to the movements and resources of the fugitive Khalifa. But the one place in Kordofan where an army could keep together was in the lake region. Colonel Kitchener was ordered to reconnoitre in this direction. Leaving the Nile near Abba Island,

he struck westward for Lake Shirkeleh. Near the lake he found the Khalifa ; but to capture him was out of the question. He was strongly entrenched near the water, with an army of more than 6,000 men. The column therefore fell back upon the Nile.

As the lakes dried up, the Khalita would no longer be able to remain in his camp. He appears to have moved into the Tagalla mountains, the refuge of the Mahdi in the early days of the movement, and to have had some skirmishes with "friendlies," who claimed to have won several victories over him. An alarming report that he was marching towards the Nile near Abba Island led to the flight of many of the villagers to the east bank. This the Government encouraged, as at low Nile gunboat patrolling, on which the safety of the villages might depend, is not so easy as when the river is full. But there seems to have been little cause for apprehension. The Friendly Arabs on the west bank of the Nile claimed to have defeated the Dervishes in several skirmishes. Deserters from the Khalifa's camp, who surrendered to the gunboats on the river, were mostly in a half-starved condition. The general opinion of those best qualified to judge was that the Khalifa must find it difficult to keep any following together. The deserters reported that he had few rifles or cartridges. His followers were mostly spearmen, and their numbers had greatly diminished since the winter. While these pages are being written it is the rainy season in Kordofan, but when autumn comes and an expedition is practicable, arrangements will be made for so thoroughly sweeping Kordofan and the Tagalla hills as to break up the last Dervish bands and capture the Khalifa, if he is still at liberty.

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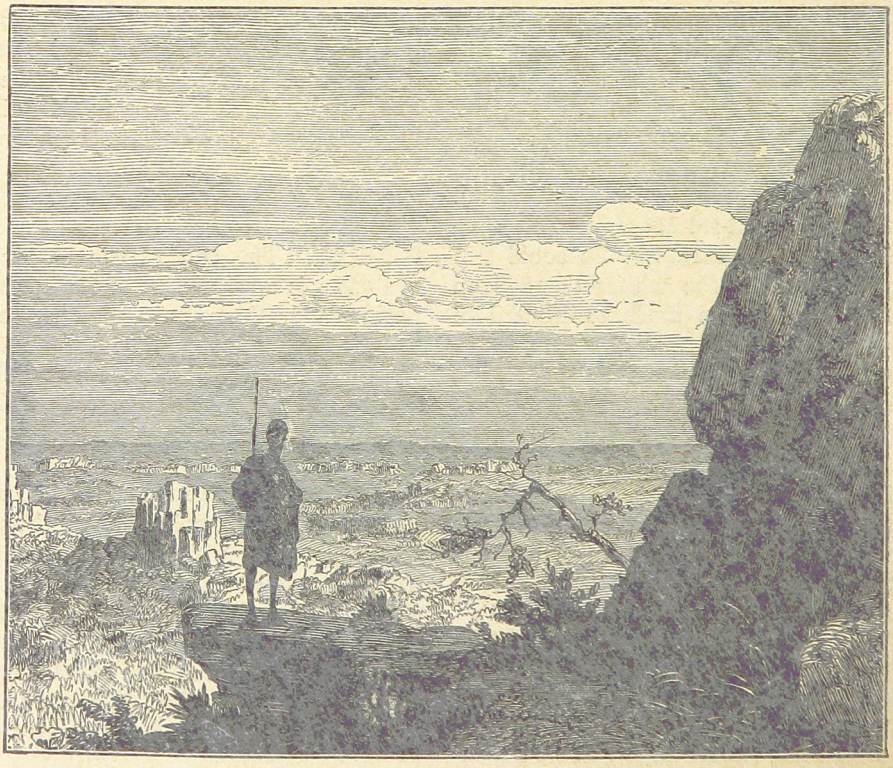

ON THE FRONTIER OF KORDOFAN, LOOKING TOWARDS DARFUR.

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

ABBREVIATIONS.—B. = Battle. N. W. F. = North-West Frontier of India. S. = Soudan. E. A. = East Africa. S. A. = South Africa. W. A. = West Africa. C. & J. = Chino-Japanese War.

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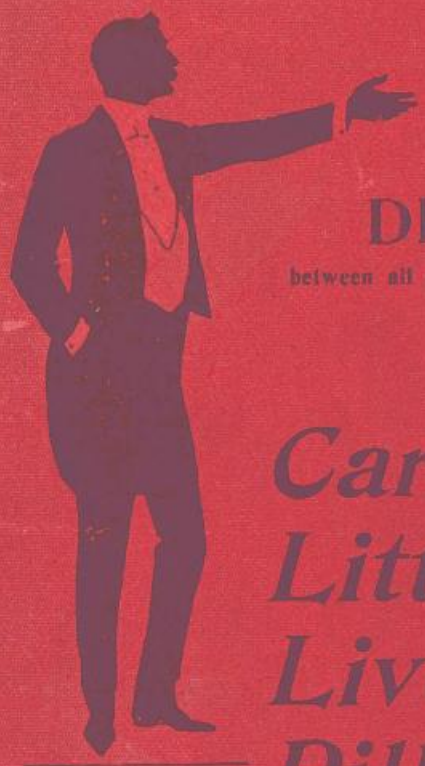

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