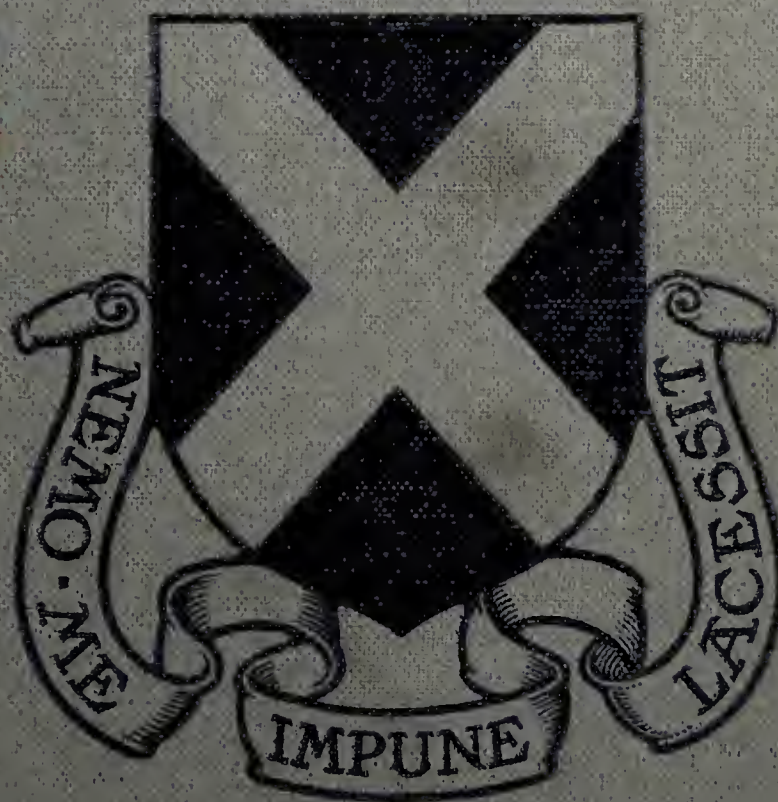


SCOTLAND FOR EVER



ALL PROFITS ON SALE
GIVEN TO THE SCOTTISH BRANCH OF THE
BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

SCOTLAND FOR·EVER



A GIFT-BOOK OF THE
SCOTTISH REGIMENTS

With a preface by The
EARL of ROSEBERY, K.G



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PREFACE
BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY
K.G., K.T.

THERE could scarcely be a more opportune publication for Scotsmen than a record of the valour of their historical regiments. This war has revealed and developed the strong and undying soul which animates them, and maintains through generations and even centuries a corporate and jealous pride. Whether in the kilt or the trews, or on the 'beautiful grey horses' admired by Napoleon, they appeal irresistibly even to the most pacific natures in Scotland, and that is half the secret of the unmatched recruiting returns from the ancient kingdom during the present war. United as clans, proudly conscious of the battles on their colours, holding their traditional reputation as a sacred trust, they are a brotherhood of honour on which the country confidently relies in peace and in war.

The spirit, the name, and the tradition are wholly Scottish. But it must be remembered that the men are not all of that race. Many come from all parts

of England. But once in the regiments, and while in the regiments, they become Scotsmen by adoption and grace, as proud of their corps, as jealous of its honour, as any lads from the Lothians or Inverness. That is one great value of these historical regiments, they embody and assimilate recruits from all Britain, and give them the succession and the prestige of those heroes who have gone before.

These Scottish regiments began in all sorts of ways. The Scots were poor, warlike, and adventurous, with few temptations at home to a military career. One, for example, served much abroad in the seventeenth century. Returning home, they followed Dumbarton's drums, as the old song has it, and became permanently British. Another famous regiment was much employed about the same time in harrying (under orders) the Covenanters in their mosses. The Covenanters in their turn, when that tyranny was overpast, were formed into a regiment of their own under the Scottish Parliament, and earned fame at once which they have enhanced ever since. And so on ; in a short note like this it is not necessary or possible to detail.

The details will be given in the ensuing pages. Surely it is well when we have a wolf, or rather jackal, at our throats to garner up from history the description of our ancestors conquering nobler enemies. This is

not to say that the Prussian soldier is not, as regards valour, a brave combatant. But he is directed by men who have placed themselves outside the pale of humanity, and shares their responsibility. Let us hope that once more, and soon, it may be given to a Scottish regiment to storm, as in Aytoun's spirited verses, an island on the Rhine.

I will indulge myself with only one significant extract ; it regards the Scots in Belgium during the Waterloo campaign. The natives admired the English, but always returned to the Scots with, ' But the Scots, they are good and kind as well as brave ; they are the only soldiers who become members of the family in the houses in which they are billeted ; they even carry about the children, and do the domestic work.' The favourite proverbial form of compliment was, ' Lions in the field and lambs in the house.' That is exquisite praise. The unhappy Netherlands can now compare these Scottish soldiers with the wild beasts who have desolated their country and ravaged their homes.

I am heartily grateful for this stimulating book.

ROSEBERY.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

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Mr. Archibald Ramsden has been so kind as to allow us the free use of 'The Thin Red Line' and 'Alma.' We have to thank Mrs. MacPherson of Corrimony for generously allowing us to reproduce Mr. Skeoch Cumming's South African picture; Sir William Ingram, Bart., for Mr. Caton Woodville's picture

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We are specially indebted to Miss Jane T. Stoddart and Mr. David Baird Smith for various useful suggestions; and for much advice and assistance to Mr. J. M. Bulloch and Mr. James Davidson, who have been so good as to read through and revise the proofs of this volume; and to Mr. Bulloch also for permission to reprint the major part of his pamphlet, *The Duchess of Gordon as a Recruiter*.

CHAPTER I

Seventeenth Century Wars

1634-1697

I

THE ROYAL SCOTS

The Story of the Lothian Regiment

THE Royal Scots takes pride of place as the oldest line regiment in the British Army. It is rumoured to be a lineal descendant of the bodyguard of the ancient kings of Scotland, and, as some sort of tribute to its undoubted antiquity, has received the quaint nickname of 'Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard.' Scottish troops, as readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember, were to be found fighting gallantly, as soldiers of fortune, under the French flag in the Middle Ages. About 1632, Daniel Defoe's Andrew Newport, in *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, came upon a regiment of Scots near Leipsic, fighting with the Swedish army of Gustavus Adolphus against the Germans: 'I met with several gentlemen in the King's army,' he says, 'who spoke English very well, besides that there were three regiments of Scots in the army, the colonels whereof I found were extraordinarily esteemed by the king, as the Lord Rea, Colonel Lumsdell, and Sir John Hepburn.' The companies known as 'Hepburn's Scots Brigade' were campaigning with the Swedes for nine years; then, in 1633, after the death of Gustavus Adolphus, Hepburn went home to his own country, and presently raised fresh recruits, and transferred his allegiance to France. For some forty-five years this regiment remained in the service of the French. After the Restoration it returned from its wanderings, and, under its new colonel, the Earl of Dumbarton, entered the British Army as 'Dumbarton's Regiment.' Later, it followed James II. into exile for a while, and, commanded by Lord Dundee, fought again for France, and again against the Germans.

From these gallant, indomitable companies of soldier-adventurers the Royal Scots regiment evolved. The title of the Royal Regiment of Foot was conferred upon the famous corps in recognition of its splendid share in the victory over the Moors at Tangier in 1683, when it captured a Moorish standard. In 1751 its title was changed to The 1st, or the Royal Regiment of Foot; later it became The 1st, or the Royal Scots Regiment of Foot; then, in 1871, The 1st, the Royal Scots; and since 1881 it has been known as the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment).

The colours of the Royal Scots are richly emblazoned with honours, and the splendid valour of its men has been proved in many triumphant campaigns and

on many hard-fought battlefields, only the chief of which are included in the following list :—

Maestricht, 1673.	Canada, 1757-60.	Netherlands, 1814-15.
Morocco, 1680-3.	Louisbourg, 1758.	Bayonne, 1814.
Tangier, 1683.	Ticonderoga, 1758.	Niagara, 1814.
Sedgemoor, 1685.	Guadaloupe, 1759.	Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814.
Flanders, 1689-97.	Dominica, 1761.	Quatre Bras, 1815.
Walcourt, 1689.	Martinique, 1762.	Waterloo, 1815.
Steenkirk, 1692.	Havannah, 1762.	India, 1817-19.
Landen, 1693.	Toulon, 1793.	Nagpore, 1817.
Namur, 1695.	Corsica, 1794.	Maheidpore, 1817.
Germany, 1701-14.	Helder, 1799.	Assecrghur, 1819.
Venloo, 1702.	Egmont-op-Zee, 1799.	Burma, 1824-6.
Schellenberg, 1704.	Egypt, 1801.	Ava, 1826.
Blenheim, 1704.	Aboukir, 1801.	Canada, 1838-9.
Ramilies, 1706.	Mandora, 1801.	Crimca, 1854-6.
Oudenarde, 1708.	Alexandria, 1801.	Alma, 1854.
Wyncendale, 1708.	St. Lucia, 1803.	Inkerman, 1854.
Lisle, 1708.	Peninsula, 1809-14.	Sevastopol, 1855.
Ghent, 1708.	Corunna, 1809.	China, 1860.
Tournay, 1709.	Flushing, 1809.	Taku, 1860.
Malplaquet, 1709.	Guadaloupe, 1810.	Pekin, 1860.
Douay, 1710.	Busaco, 1810.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Flanders, 1743-9.	Salamanca, 1812.	Dordrecht, 1900.
Fontenoy, 1745.	Vittoria, 1813.	Paardeplatz, 1900.
Culloden, 1746.	St. Sebastian, 1813.	Mauchberg, 1900.

II

HOW THE HIGHLANDERS USED TO CHARGE

THEY advanced with rapidity, discharged their pieces when within musket length of the enemy, then throwing them down, drew their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand with their target; they darted with fury on the enemy, through the smoke of their own fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they, by their attitude, covered their bodies with their targets, and received the thrust of the bayonets, which they contrived to parry, while at the same time they raised their sword-arm, and struck at their adversaries. Having got once within their bayonets, and into the ranks of the enemy, the soldiers had no longer any means of defending themselves, the fate of the battle was decided in an instant, and the carnage followed; the Highlanders bringing down two men at a time, one with a dirk in the left hand, and another with a sword.

From The Book of Scottish Anecdote.

III

THE SCOTTISH GUARDS IN FRANCE

By J. H. Stocqueler

EVEN so far back as the twelfth century, Scotsmen protected the French kings, and for three or four centuries later the 'Scottish Guard' was always famed for its devotion. It continued to be a feature of the French Court, defending the sovereigns with great valour at Liège, at Proia, and elsewhere, and at length came over to England, and under its leader, Hepburn, adopted the Royal cause in the troubles which ultimately brought the head of Charles I. to the block. Loyal to the last, the Scots then returned to France and resumed their position as part of

the guard of Louis XIV. 'The Scotch,' says Henry Torrens, 'have ever held a high military reputation throughout Europe.' Froissart, who, with his usual accuracy, describes the habits of their border troops, speaks of them as bold, hardy, and much inured to war in a national sense. They became individually esteemed as soldiers by their early practice of leaving their native land to seek service and fortune on the Continent of Europe. From the days of Louis XI. of France to the Thirty Years' War (1617 to 1648), the valour, coolness, and probity of the Scottish soldier continued to rise to higher and higher estimation in every land in which he took service; and it is remarkable that, in spite of the alleged national acquisitiveness, he has, by his honourable conduct, entirely escaped the reproach (*Point d'argent, point de Suisse*) which has attached itself to another celebrated free nation whose mercenaries have cut each other's throats hereditarily in every army in Europe for the last five centuries. Sir Walter Scott, who has so admirably but satirically sketched, in the novels of *Quentin Durward* and *The Legend of Montrose*, the character of his countrymen at these several periods, is, I think, hardly just in his reflections as to the result of this habit: 'The contempt of commerce entertained by young men having some pretence to gentility, the poverty of the country of Scotland, the national disposition to wandering and to adventure, all conduced to lead the Scots abroad into the military service of countries that were at war with each other. They were distinguished on the Continent by their bravery, but in adopting the trade of mercenary soldiers they necessarily injured their national character.' I must own I have yet to learn that they did so; for until it can be proved that they so conducted themselves as to earn the light opinion of those they served, or fought against, it will be well to let them continue in the estimation which foreigners to this day attach to soldiers of their nation.

From The British Soldier.

IV

SCOTTISH TROOPS IN 1633

By Daniel Defoe

I OBSERVED that these parties had always some foot with them, and yet if the horse galloped, or pushed on ever so forward, the foot was as forward as they, which was an extraordinary advantage. Gustavus Adolphus, that king of soldiers, was the first that ever I observed, who found the advantage of mixing small bodies of musquetters among his horse, and had he had such nimble strong fellows as these, he could have proved them above all the rest of his men. These were those they call Highlanders: they would run on foot with their arms, and all their accoutrements, and keep very good order too, and yet keep pace with the horses, let them go at what rate they would. . . . I confess the soldiers made a very uneouth figure, especially the Highlanders, the oddness and barbarity of their arms seemed to have in it something remarkable. They were generally tall swinging fellows; their swords were extravagantly, and I think insignificantly broad, and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper parts of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest; a cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet, long hanging sleeves behind, and their doublets, breeches, and stockings of a stuff they call plaid, striped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the same. There were three or four thousand of these in the Scots army, armed only with swords and targets; and in their belts some of them had a pistol, but no muskets at that time amongst them.

From Memoirs of a Cavalier.

‘FRANCE AND SCOTLAND FOR EVER!’

THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTTISH GUARD AGAINST THE GERMANS IN
ALSACE (1634)

By James Grant

WE came in sight of Bitché on the morning of the 25th March, which was still in that year (1634) *New Year's Day* in England; though the governments of Scotland and of France altered that festival to the 1st of January in 1599, during the reigns of James VI. and Charles IX.

We were with the advanced guard of cavalry, which consisted of the dragoons of Marshal Brissac and the light horse of the Guard, two hundred Navarrese chevaliers, the pride of Henry the Great; and as the Marquis de Gordon, who commanded the whole, understood that a strong force lay in Bitché, he halted, reconnoitred, and bivouacked as the night had set in and our main body had not yet come up.

We slept overnight in our cloaks, under a chill dew, at the heads of our horses, which remained fully accoutred, unbitted and ready for action at a moment's notice—a fortunate precaution, for with the first pale streak of dawn, when all were weary, cold, and shivering, I was roused by the bracing cry of—

‘Aux armes! à cheval!’ and *to horse!* blew all our trumpets, while the long roll of the ‘Scottish march,’ beaten sharply on the drum, rang along the far-extended lines of Hepburn, Lesly, and Ramsay. And now a body of Imperial cavalry, the old-whiskered reitres, and German lanzknechts of the Empire, accoutred in black iron and buff leather, with lance, arquebuse, and espadone, appeared in dark masses and in solid squadron, about a thousand strong, on the narrow road that lay direct to Bitché.

The latter, a little town on the Alsatian frontier, which gave the title of Count to a gentleman of the house of Lorraine, stands upon a rock, and was deemed impregnable. Beyond it rose the sombre masses of the Vosges mountains, around the peaks of which the morning mist was wreathing and curling upward—golden, white, and purple in the rising sun; and on the highest towers of the old and dun-coloured citadel waved the white flag, bearing the black eagle of the Empire, and the yellow banner with the three blue wings of Lorraine.

As the artillery had not yet come up, the cavalry were to open a passage for the infantry through these Imperialists; and to *us* was reserved the honour of attacking the enemy's cavalry if our comrades failed, for it has been a maxim in war since the days of Julius Cæsar to keep the best troops in reserve.

With loud shouts of ‘Navarre! Navarre!’ the glittering light horse of the Guard swept forward to the attack, in two heavy squadrons of fifty chevaliers abreast, with the royal standard, three fleur-de-lis *or* in a field *azure*, advanced above their bright helmets, their swords uplifted, and their white ostrich plumes streaming behind them. There was a lowering of lances along the German line; a flashing of pistols; a fierce shock, and rolling of men and horses upon the green turf or dusty road; and, with a shout of rage and defiance, the chevaliers of Navarre recoiled before the enemy, leaving thirty of their number dead or writhing on the ground, while the heavy dragoons of Brissac, led by Roger de Lacy, the gallant Duc de Bellegarde, advanced by double troops in dense order from a trot to full speed, and with the old *cri de guerre*—

‘Montjoie and St. Denis for France!’ as all their brandished sword-blades flashed against the morning sun.

A dreadful conflict took place, for Brissac's dragoons were heavy men, accustomed to fight on foot or on horseback; and in the mêlée we beheld with fierce impatience how helmets were cloven, buff coats pierced and shred, while heads and weapons, men, standards, and horses swayed and went down into that armed and living sea which struggled in the mountain gorge—went down to rise no more!

Bellegarde was wounded by a splendidly accoutred young Imperial colonel, who wore a coat of steel lined with scarlet velvet, with crimson hose, a black plume in his helmet, and the eagle on his breast; and who, throughout this conflict on which the morning sun shone with unclouded brilliance, was conspicuous alike by the glitter of his equipment and the rashness of his courage. Yells, shrieks, groans, the clashing of swords and the sharp ringing report of pistols echoed between the hills. Men were crawling out from the press covered with bruises, blood, and dust; wounded horses were hopping about on three legs, and others, in the throes of death, rolled madly from side to side, kicking furiously all who came near them. This roused all our fire; and, with something like a shout of fierce joy and anger mingled, we saw the dark dragoons of Marshal Brissac give way at last before the solid German ranks.

'Now gentlemen, *it is our turn!*' exclaimed the handsome young Marquis—the heir of Huntly—as he brandished his sword, and his dark eyes flashed with the fire of his nature, while he spurred to the front with a glove in his helmet—the gift of Lady Anne Campbell, of Argyle, whom he afterwards married. 'Montjoie and Saint Denis! France—France and Scotland for ever! trot—gallop—comrades—les Gardes Ecosais, follow me—CHARGE!'

Every lip was set; every cheek was flushed; every eye was sparkling as I gazed along the ranks of the chosen hundred cuirassiers, when the voice of our leader and the shrill twang of the trumpet bade us move, and when the contagious ardour ran from man to man and heart to heart along the Scottish line—Scottish in name and blood, and heart and soul—second to none in pride of race and chivalry.

On, on we progressed from a trot to a gallop, and the ranks grew denser, holster to holster, and boot to boot, as the horses closed upon each other; and like a stream of lightning, the hundred guardsmen poured forward in all their brilliant trappings, with uplifted swords and St. Andrew's cross waving on the wind, as Sir Archibald Douglas, of Heriotmuir, held it aloft in his stirrup. On, on we went, and though they were eight to one, the dark ranks of the reitres and laneers quailed and wavered before us!

Headlong we rode at them, and plunged into the vapour made by the smoke of firearms mingled with the morning mist. This murky cloud seemed full of helmeted heads, of gauntleted hands, the bright points of levelled pikes, of brandished swords and waving standards; while the air was laden with cries, tumultuous sounds, and the heavy odour of gunpowder.

Now—now we are within an arm's length of them——

There was a mighty shock as rearing horses and shrieking men went down on all sides of us, but we burst right through the heart of the foe, breaking their close array of horses' heads and cuirassed breasts; the dead and the dying marking our track as on right and left we hewed them down.

Raynold Cheyne, Scott of Tushielaw, Dundrennan, and the Chevalier were all fighting like the peers of Charlemagne, and each performed many acts of heroism. The Master of St. Monanee, son of James Sandilands, Lord Abercrombie of Abercrombie, was struck on the breast by a shell, while riding next to me. It was thrown from the citadel, and in exploding blew his jaw off, but,

singular to say, injured no one else. He gave a strange, half-smothered cry as his horse turned and fled; he was dragged by the stirrup down a steep ravine, and we never saw him any more.

Dagobert bore me bravely; but, bewildered by the fury of our advance and the concussion of the encounter, I knew not for a moment where I was, whether on earth or in upper air, so great was the din around me, until a sharp ringing blow on my helmet recalled my energies with all the instinct of self-preservation, and I found myself thrust somewhat out of the press, and opposed hand to hand to the young colonel—he in steel and scarlet velvet—whose valour we had observed for some time, and in whom I now recognised my Parisian acquaintance of the Place de la Grève, of the Château d'Amboise, and latterly the abbé of the tavern at Sezanne—Monseigneur the Prince of Vaudemont—the son and heir of Lorraine!

For a moment my confusion nearly destroyed me.

'Ha!' he exclaimed, thrusting at me furiously; 'welcome to this meeting, M. Blane. Mordieu! you have kept your appointment well; now I am no longer M. l'Abbé of the tavern, but a reitre who will skewer you on his sword like a pigeon on a spit.'

'Your present guise becomes you better than the garb of a spy,' said I, dealing him a blow which cleft a gilded pass-guard off his cuirass.

'Tudieu, my fine fellow! I find that I must kill you, then—here is cold steel for a hot heart! Lorraine, Lorraine, and down with the Fleur-de-lis!' he exclaimed, pressing fiercely on me; but the war-cry brought so many other horsemen and swords into the mêlée, that we almost immediately, and perhaps fortunately, separated.

Our veteran Maréchal de Logis was fighting valiantly in the front rank to capture a standard, the bearer of which, a richly accoutred cavalier, struck the sword from his hand, and was about to slay the fine old man, when I drove up his blade and dashed Dagobert almost on his hind legs between them. The Imperialist was a finished swordsman; but perceiving that he was weary I resolved to force his guard. He could barely cover himself on the side opposed to me, so pressing forward I struck the fort of my sword furiously on his blade, and thus succeeded in giving him a cut on the right shoulder; and while taking care to receive his sword, as it came forward, on the cross-bar of my hilt, I ran him through the body, and wrenched away the standard. The blood poured over my glove and pommel as he fell from his saddle, and there was an end of my poor Lorrainer, for the time at least.

He was the Count de Bitche, colonel of petardiers under Duke Charles—the same infamous Count who had abducted and strangled the beautiful Countess of Lutzelstein, so I have no reason to deplore very much that my lunge through his lordship's ribs proved so successful.

The standard I had taken bore the three wings of Lorraine, and was borne by the Prince of Vaudemont's horse.

'Arthur Blane,' said the old Maréchal de Logis, 'I thank you for that timely succour and good service. I am getting old now; a man, like a drum-head, cannot last for ever—both wear out in time; but I have seen a day when no man in Europe could have stricken a sword from Patrick Gordon's hand.'

The veteran had provided himself with another weapon, and was spurring on once more; but now the rout of the enemy's cavalry was general, and they fled at full speed, goading and goading their horses' flanks, as they retired past Bitche towards the stronger citadel of La Mothe, which lay some miles distant.

For two miles we—the cuirassiers of the Scottish Guard—together with the Navarrese light horse and the dragoons of Brissac, followed them, killing and

capturing at every step of the way, though the valiant young Prince of Vaudemont made no less than nine attempts to rally them and repulse us.

'Well, my Lord Dundrennan,' said the Marquis, as they galloped side by side, 'how felt you in your first charge to-day?'

'A glorious disregard alike of death and fear!' was the proud reply; 'and I am sure that such was the feeling of us all.'

The rout of so superior a body of horse was entirely attributed, by the Due de Lavalette, to the skill and fury with which we advanced; for cavalry, when charging, should always trot gently for about a hundred paces, and thereafter increase their speed until they attain a full and furious gallop, closing to the croup when within twenty paces of the enemy; but such was the celerity with which our hundred cuirassiers advanced, that we charged fully two thousand paces, boot to boot, without breaking; and it may fairly be admitted that when horsemen have achieved this point of perfection they would ride through a stone rampart—they are fit for anything.

The field, or rather the roadway, where this skirmish took place was strewn with dead and wounded. After the former were stripped and the baggage plundered, one could get any article of attire for a twentieth part of its value:

A Parmese dagger, for a franc.

A velvet coat laced with gold, for five francs.

A sword, a hat and feathers, for a pot of stroh wine.

Our petardiers blew up the barrier gates of Bitche, which were feebly defended by the town guard and a few old soldiers armed with partizans. The castle was stormed by the light horse, who were dismounted for that service; and who, in their anxiety to wipe out the disgrace of their late repulse, acted with great cruelty, 'sparing,' as the Marquis de Toneins told us, 'none but the *ugly* and the *poor*.' We blew up the magazines, spiked the guns, and set the town on fire; and as the old song says,

'When churches and houses blazed all in a flame,
With a *tan-ta-ra-ra*, away we all came!'

From *Arthur Blane*.

VI

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS

THE REGIMENTAL MARCH OF THE ROYAL SCOTS

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnny, O,
How happy am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,
For his graceful looks do invite me, O;
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O,
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a cadie, O.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

A soldier has honour and bravery, O ;
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the King,
 For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I 'll be the eaptain's lady, O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;
 I 'll wait no more at home,
 But I 'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I 'll be ready, O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny, O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny, O ;
 How happy shall I be
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !

*From The Tea-table Miscellany, a collection of old
 Scots songs edited by Allan Ramsay in 1724.*

VII

A LEADER OF THE ROYAL SCOTS

By John Mackay of Rockfield

VERY early in life he [Hugh Mackay] wished to enter the army, but it was not until 1660, when he had attained the age of manhood, that he had it in his power to gratify his favourite passion : having, at the Restoration, been appointed an ensign in Douglas's or Dumbarton's, now the Royal Regiment, or First Foot of the British line. The regiment was, soon after, lent by Charles the Second to the French king, in virtue of a treaty of alliance between the two sovereigns ; and young Mackay accompanied it to France. . . .

Among his brother subalterns was young Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, with whom he kept up a friendly correspondence to the day of his death. In 1669 he was employed in the service of the Venetian Republic, on the following occasion. The Venetians, after having enjoyed quiet possession of the Island of Candia for five centuries and a half, were, A.D. 1645, suddenly attacked by the Turks, in the midst of profound peace, and, after a long and sanguinary contest, were finally expelled from the island. Louis XIV. sent a powerful armament to their assistance, under the command of the Duke of Beaufort, Admiral of France. Several young men, the flower of the French nobility, volunteered their service on the expedition, and were accompanied by a corps of a hundred reduced officers, all eager to gain military experience, and share the glory of humbling the Ottoman power. They arrived at Candia, the capital of the island, on the 19th June, and on the 25th made a desperate sally against the besiegers, but were repulsed with loss, the admiral, their leader, being slain. One of the reduced officers was Mackay, who so greatly distinguished himself in this and other bloody engagements, during the two months the French remained upon the island, that he received from the republic a medal of great value, as a due acknowledgment of his services. The death of his father, as already mentioned, followed in 1668 by that of his two elder brothers, opened to our young soldier the succession of the family estate, which, however, he was not destined to revisit after it became his own property. In 1672 we find him captain in



From the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The Battle of Fontenoy.
The French and the Allies confronting each other.
After the Painting by Felix Philippoteaux.

Dumbarton's regiment, which was still in the service of France, and employed in the unprincipled expedition of Louis against the United Provinces.

The horrors of this short but desolating campaign, of which Mackay was thus a spectator, if not an actor, made such a deep impression on his mind, as led him to entertain serious thoughts of retiring from the service of both sovereigns, and returning to his native country. While deliberating on this measure, Providence so ordered events as to remove from his mind all doubts with respect to the course he ought to follow. His regiment, forming part of that division of the army which, under the orders of Turenne, took the town of Bommel, in Guelderland, it was his lot to be billeted on the house of a respectable widow lady, whose husband, the Chevalier Arnold de Bie, had been burgomaster of the town. Here the grave and serious deportment of Captain Mackay, so different from that of most of his brother officers, whether French or English, attracted the notice of Madame de Bie and her family, and gained their esteem. She had several daughters, of whom the three youngest, being unmarried, were sent, on the first rumour of invasion, to Dort as a place of safety, and out of the way of the French cavaliers. Louis having, however, issued a proclamation ordering all who had fled from their habitations to return forthwith, under severe penalties, Madame de Bie recalled her daughters from Dort, as her family now enjoyed the protection of a respectable Scottish officer, their inmate. Mackay had by this time become so domesticated in the family as to participate in all their recreations: with Madame de Bie he played her favourite game of chess, and read with her daughters. Under such circumstances it was not likely that the young ladies and their protector should long remain indifferent to each other; and in fact Clara, the eldest unmarried daughter, soon made an impression on his heart. After some further acquaintance he made his proposal in form. Madame de Bie, unwilling to give her daughter to a man who served the enemy of her country, at first opposed his addresses, but yielded when she found he was inclined to resign his present service and enter that of the republic. Such a change, from one service to the other, was at that time unusual, and attended with difficulties; but these being at length overcome, Mackay was transferred, with his rank of captain, from Dumbarton's regiment to the Scottish Brigade, in the service of the States-General. The only obstacle in the way of his marriage being thus happily removed, he was speedily united to Clara de Bie, the object of his affection, whose country he appears from this date to have adopted as his own.

From Life of Lieutenant-General Hugh Mackay of Scowry.

VIII

THE CAMERONIANS OR 26TH REGIMENT

THE Convention of States, after the abdication of James VII., voted to raise some regular forces, whereof two battalions of the Cameronians were formed into a regiment, which afterwards, to their great honour, distinguished themselves upon several occasions, particularly at Dunkeld, where they stood the shock of a superior number of that Highland army which, but a few days before, beat nearly four thousand English and Dutch forces, under the command of General Mackay. 'Lest the reader should suspect me (says the writer of this) of partiality in favour of these brave people, it will not be impertinency to give such a part of their character as may enable them to account for their surmounting the utmost difficulties and even seeming impossibilities.

'The Cameronians are strictly religious, and ever act upon that principle; making the war a part of their religion, and converting state policy into points of

conscience. They fight as they pray, and pray as they fight, making every battle a new exercise of their faith, and believe that in such a case they are, as it were, under the banner of Christ ; if they fall in battle, they die in their calling, as martyrs to the good cause, and believe that in thus shedding their blood they finish the work of their salvation. From such maxims and articles of faith the Cameronians may be slain, never conquered. Great numbers of them have lost their lives, but few or none ever yielded. On the contrary, whenever they believe their duty or religion calls them to it, they are always unanimous and ready, with undaunted spirits, and great vivacity of mind, to encounter hardships, attempt great enterprises, despise danger, and bravely rush on to death or victory.

'A foreign war immediately ensuing on King William's accession to the crown, most part of the forces in Scotland were ordered to Flanders, whereof the Cameronian regiment was a part.'

From The Book of Scottish Anecdote.

IX

THE FIRST FIGHT OF THE CAMERONIANS

By W. Richards

THE 26th were raised in 1689 from amongst those bands of stern Covenanters whom religious predilections had attracted to the cause of William and Mary. Their first colonel was the Earl of Angus, then apparently only eighteen years of age, and the conditions on which the men enlisted were curiously characteristic of their temperament. The officers were to be such men 'as in conscience they could submit to'; a captain was appointed to the regiment, and an 'elder' to each company; in each man's haversack was to be found a Bible.

Their first engagement was at Dunkeld (1689), where their gallant defence was for long the theme of universal praise. They were twelve hundred, whilst their assailants were more than four times as many; for four hours they fought desperately in street and house, by wall and market-place; when ammunition fell short they tore the lead from the roofs and converted it into slugs. At last the attacking force drew off, declaring that they 'could fight men but not devils,' and the Cameronians remained victors, having killed three hundred of the enemy and wounded a vast number, while their own loss was under fifty. A Jacobite song of the period, quoted by Grant in his account of the siege, is higher praise than the compliments of troops of friends. Addressing the Cameronians, the poet says:

'For murders too, as soldiers true,
You were advanced well, boys;
For you fought like devils, your only rivals,
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.'

From Her Majesty's Army.

By permission of Messrs. Virtue & Co., London.

X

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

A BALLAD OF THE SCOTS REGIMENT THAT FOUGHT WITH THE FRENCH
AGAINST THE GERMANS IN 1697

By William Edmondstoune Aytoun

THE Rhine is running deep and red,
The island lies before—
'Now is there one of all the host
Will dare to venture o'er ?

1

For not alone the river's sweep
Might make a brave man quail:
The foe are on the farther side,
Their shot comes fast as hail.

God help us, if the middle isle
We may not hope to win !
Now, is there any of the host
Will dare to venture in ?

2

'The ford is deep, the banks are steep,
The island-shore lies wide :
Nor man nor horse could stem its force
Or reach the farther side.
See there ! amidst the willow boughs
The serried bayonets gleam ;
They 've flung their bridge—they 've
won the isle ;
The foe have crossed the stream !
Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the saints, I trow,
There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now !'

3

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge, nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word.
'I 've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there ;
I 've stemmed a heavier torrent yet
And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true ?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too.'

4

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
'Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead ?
Thou art the leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,

And I have seen ye in the fight
Do all that mortal may :
If honour is the boon ye seek
It may be won this day.
The prize is in the middle isle,
There lies the venturous way ;
The armies twain are on the plain,
The daring deed to see—
Now ask thy gallant company
If they will follow thee ?'

5

Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—
Oh few, I ween, were they !
The relics of the bravest force
That ever fought in fray.
No one of all the company
But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
In Scotland's fields of fame.
All they had marched with great Dundee
To where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife
Had venged their leader well ;
And they had bent their knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
And o'er their hero's buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn ;
And they had trod the Pass once more,
And stooped on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropped and died ;
And they had bound it next their hearts,
And ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,
Where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind,
And may not turn again !

6

'The stream,' he said, 'is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe—
Yon island-strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go ?
From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers' graves beside.

No sisters have we to lament,
 No wives to wail our fall ;
 The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
 Have reft our hearths of all.
 But we have hearts, and we have arms,
 As strong to will and dare
 As when our ancient banner flew
 Within the northern air.
 Come, brothers ! let me name a spell
 Shall rouse your souls again,
 And send the old blood bounding free
 Through pulse, and heart, and vein !
 Call back the days of bygone years—
 Be young and strong once more ;
 Think yonder stream so stark and
 red,
 Is one we 've crossed before.
 Rise, hill and glen ! rise, crag and
 wood !
 Rise up on either hand—
 Again upon the Garry's banks,
 On Scottish soil we stand !
 Again I see the tartans wave,
 Again the trumpets ring ;
 Again I hear our leader's call—
 " Upon them, for the King ! "
 Stayed we behind that glorious day
 For roaring flood or linn ?
 The soul of Graeme is with us still—
 Now, brothers, will ye in ?'

7

No stay—no pause. With one accord
 They grasped each other's hand,
 And plunged into the angry flood,
 That bold and dauntless band.
 High flew the spray above their heads
 Yet onward still they bore,
 Midst cheer, and shout, and answering
 yell,
 And shot and cannon roar.
 ' Now by the Holy Cross I swear,
 Since earth and sea began
 Was never such a daring deed
 Essayed by mortal man ! '

8

Thiek blew the smoke across the stream,
 And faster flashed the flame :
 The water plashed in hissing jets
 As ball and bullet came.

Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers
 All stern and undismayed,
 With thousand armèd foes before
 And none behind to aid.
 Once, as they neared the middle stream,
 So strong the torrent swept,
 That scarce that long and living wall,
 Their dangerous footing kept.
 Then rose a warning cry behind,
 A joyous shout before :
 ' The current 's strong—the way is long—
 They 'll never reach the shore !
 Sec, see ! they stagger in the midst,
 They waver in their line !
 Fire on the madmen ! break their ranks,
 And whelm them in the Rhine ! '

9

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
 When the blast is piping shrill,
 And the whirlwind reels in fury
 Down the gorges of the hill ?
 How they toss their mighty branches,
 Striving with the tempest's shock ;
 How they keep their place of vantage,
 Cleaving firmly to the rock ?
 Even so the Scottish warriors
 Held their own against the river ;
 Though the water flashed around them,
 Not an eye was seen to quiver ;
 Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
 Not a man relaxed his hold :
 For their hearts were big and thrilling
 With the mighty thoughts of old.
 One word was spoke among them,
 And through the ranks it spread—
 ' Remember our dead Claverhouse ! '
 Was all the Captain said.
 Then, sternly bending forward,
 They struggled on awhile,
 Until they cleared the heavy stream,
 They rushed towards the isle.

10

The German heart is strong and true,
 The German arm is strong ;
 The German foot goes seldom back
 Where armèd foemen throng.
 But never had they faced in field
 So stern a charge before,
 And never had they felt the sweep
 Of Scotland's broad claymore.

Not fiercer pours the avalanche
 Adown the steep incline,
 That rises o'er the parent-springs
 Of rough and rapid Rhine—
 Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from
 heaven
 Than came the Scottish band,
 Right up against the guarded trench,
 And o'er it, sword in hand.
 In vain their leaders forward press—
 They meet the deadly brand !
 O lonely island of the Rhine,
 Where seed was never sown,
 What harvest lay upon thy sands,
 By those strong reapers thrown ?
 What saw the winter moon that night,
 As, struggling through the rain,
 She poured a wan and fitful light
 On marsh, and stream, and plain ?
 A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
 And bayonets glistening round ;
 A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
 A bare and battered mound ;
 And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile,
 That sent its quivering glare
 To tell the leaders of the hosts
 The conquering Scots were there.

11

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
 For those who fought so well ?
 And did they honour those who lived,
 And weep for those who fell ?
 What meed of thanks was given to
 them
 Let aged annals tell.
 Why should they twine the laurel-
 wreath,—
 Why crown the cup with wine ?
 It was not Frenchmen's blood that
 flowed
 So freely on the Rhine—

A stranger band of beggared men
 Had done the venturous deed :
 The glory was to France alone,
 The danger was their meed.
 And what cared they for idle thanks
 From foreign prince and peer ?
 What virtue had such honeyed words
 The exiles' hearts to cheer ?
 What mattered it that men should
 vaunt
 And loud and fondly swear,
 That higher feat of chivalry
 Was never wrought elsewhere ?
 They bore within their breasts the grief
 That fame can never heal—
 The deep, unutterable woe
 Which none save exiles feel.
 Their hearts were yearning for the land
 They ne'er might see again—
 For Scotland's high and heathered
 hills,
 For mountain, loch, and glen—
 For those who haply lay at rest
 Beyond the distant sea,
 Beneath the green and daisied turf
 Where they would gladly be !

12

Long years went by. The lonely isle
 In Rhine's impetuous flood
 Has ta'en another name from those
 Who bought it with their blood :
 And though the legend does not live,
 For legends lightly die,
 The peasant, as he sees the stream
 In winter rolling by,
 And foaming o'er its channel-bed
 Between him and the spot
 Won by the warriors of the sword,
 Still calls that deep and dangerous ford
 The passage of the Scot.

CHAPTER II

Campaigns in Flanders and Germany

1691-1745

I

THE SCOTS GUARDS

The Story of the Regiment

THE Scots Guards came into official existence in 1660, when it was organised as the Scots Regiment of Guards by the Earl of Linlithgow; but it has an earlier history of twenty years, during which it was known as the Scots Fusilier Guards, before it took its place as the third regiment of Foot Guards in the British Army. In 1713 it assumed the title of the 3rd Foot Guards; in 1831 that of the Scots Fusilier Guards; its present name dating from 1877. In Flanders, Spain, Germany, America, Egypt, throughout all the Napoleonic wars, in the Crimea, the Sudan and South Africa it has gone on adding fresh honours to its flag and new stories of hardihood and heroism to the splendid record that has given such glamour and forcefulness to the very names of the great regiments of the Guards. And, like all the other of the Scottish troops, it is adding new and glorious pages to its history in the Great War of to-day; but these tales are not yet for telling.

The Scots Guards answers to the homely nickname of 'The Jocks.' Of its long catalogue of campaigns and battles these are the most important:—

Flanders, 1689-95.
Walcourt, 1689.
Boyne, 1690.
Landen, 1693.
Namur, 1695.
Spain, 1709-13.
Saragossa, 1710.
Flanders, 1742-8.
Dettingen, 1743.
Fontenoy, 1745.
Val, 1747.
Cherbourg, 1758.
Germany, 1759-62.
Denkern, 1761.
Wilhelmstahl, 1762.
America, 1776-83.
Brooklyn, 1776.
Brandywine, 1777.
Guildford, 1781.

Valeneiennes, 1793.
Flanders, 1793-5.
Lineelles, 1793.
Crabbendam, 1799.
Bergen, 1799.
Egmont-op-Zee, 1799.
Aboukir, 1801.
Egypt, 1801.
Alexandria, 1801.
Marabout, 1801.
Copenhagen, 1807.
Peninsula, 1809-14.
Flushing, 1809.
Douro, 1809.
Talavera, 1809.
Barossa, 1811.
Badajos, 1812.
Burgos, 1812.
Ciudad Rodrigo, 1812.

St. Sebastian, 1813.
Netherlands, 1814-15.
Bayonne, 1814.
Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814.
Quatre Bras, 1815.
Waterloo, 1815.
Portugal, 1826-8.
Crimea, 1854-6.
Alma, 1854.
Inkerman, 1854.
Egypt, 1882.
Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.
Suakim, 1885.
South Africa, 1899-1902.
Belmont, 1899.
Modder River, 1899.
Magersfontein, 1899.
Thabanehu, 1900.
Diamond Hill, 1900.

II

THE SECOND DRAGOONS

The Story of the Royal Scots Greys

THE only regiment of Scottish cavalry, and the oldest regiment of dragoons in the British Army, the Scots Greys were raised in Scotland in 1678, and in their earlier years were known successively as the Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons, the Grey Dragoons, and the Scots Regiment of White Horses. They became the Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons in 1737; then the 2nd, or Royal North British Dragoons; then the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons (Scots Greys); and, since 1877, the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys). The distinctive head-dress of the Scots Greys is the grenadier bearskin. This was conferred upon them in honour of their routing and capturing the standard of the Regiment-du-Roi at the battle of Ramilies, and is a style of head-dress worn by no other cavalry regiment in the British Army. Nor is there any other regiment of horse that has won greater glory on the field, or made its name such a symbol of all that is chivalrous and daring and gallant in the romance of war. It has lived magnificently up to the proud motto of 'Second to None,' which it has worn for two hundred years.

Like every other regiment it has its nicknames, and is spoken of familiarly as 'The Bubbly Jocks' or as 'The Bird Catchers'—the latter commemorating its capture of the Eagle of a French regiment at Waterloo.

Among the chief campaigns and battles of the Scots Greys are the following :—

Flanders, 1694-7.	Dettingen, 1743.	Tournay, 1794.
Germany, 1702-13.	Fontenoy, 1745.	Waterloo, 1815.
Blenheim, 1704.	Roucoux, 1746.	Netherlands, 1815.
Ramilies, 1706.	Germany, 1758-63.	Balaclava, 1854.
Oudenarde, 1708.	Minden, 1759.	Inkerman, 1854.
Malplaquet, 1709.	Warbourg, 1760.	Tchernaya, 1855.
Bouchain, 1711.	Wilhelmstahl, 1762.	Sevastopol, 1855.
Flanders, 1742-8.	Flanders, 1793-5.	South Africa, 1899-1902.

III

THE ROYAL SCOTS AT THE BATTLE OF STEENKIRK

By Richard Cannon

AFTER several changes of position, King William resolved to attack the French army commanded by Marshal Luxembourg, at its camp near Steenkirk. On the evening of the 23rd of July (O.S.), the first battalion of the Royal Regiment, commanded by Sir Robert Douglas, the second battalion of the 1st Foot Guards, with the regiments of Fitzpatrick and O'Farrel, and two battalions of Danes, were ordered forward to commence the attack on the French army, and were accompanied by a detachment from each battalion of Brigadier-General Churchill's brigade, with hatchets and spades to make a passage through the woody grounds between the two armies. Between ten and eleven o'clock on the following morning these troops arrived in front of the French camp, and took post in a thick wood, beyond which there was a small valley intersected with hedges lined with French infantry, and on the opposite side of the valley appeared the French camp. About eleven o'clock two batteries opened their fire upon the enemy; and when the main body of the army had arrived within a mile of the wood, the leading regiments issued from amongst the trees and commenced the attack. 'Certainly never was a more dreadful and at the same time bolder firing heard, which for the space of

two hours seemed to be a continued thunder. Our vanguard behaved in the engagement to such wonder and admiration, that though they received the charge of several battalions of the enemy, one after another, yet they made them retreat almost to their very camp.' Amongst the foremost in this action was seen the brave Sir Robert Douglas, at the head of the first battalion of the Royal Regiment, emulating the noblest actions recorded in the annals of war. Having led his battalion against the troops behind the first hedge, he soon cleared it of French combatants, and drove one of the enemy's battalions from the field in confusion. A second hedge was attacked and carried by the gallant Scots in a few moments; and a third was assaulted,—the French stood their ground,—the combatants fought muzzle to muzzle,—and again the Royals proved victorious, and the third hedge was won. The toil of conflict did not cool the ardour of the veteran Scots; but forward they rushed with a loud huzza, and attacked the troops which lined the fourth hedge. Here the fighting was severe; but eventually the Royals overthrew a fourth French battalion, and drove a crowd of combatants from their cannon. In this conflict the first battalion lost one of its three colours. Sir Robert Douglas, seeing the colour on the other side of the hedge, leaped through a gap, slew the French officer who bore the colour, and cast it over the hedge to his own men; but this act of gallantry cost him his life, a French marksman having shot him dead on the spot while in the act of repassing the hedge. 'Thus the Scots commander improved upon the Roman general; for the brave Posthumus cast his standard in the middle of the enemy for his soldiers to retrieve; but Douglas retrieved his from the middle of the enemy without any assistance, and cast it back to his soldiers to retain.' While the leading regiments were thus carrying all before them, the main body of the army were a mile in the rear, and could not be brought up in time to sustain the corps in advance: the Royals, and other regiments of the advance guard, after displaying a degree of constancy and valour seldom equalled, were forced to retire; and eventually the army retreated to its camp.

From Historical Record of the 1st or Royal Regiment of Foot.

IV

THE CAMERONIANS AT BLENHEIM

By T. Carter

WHEN all the preparations were completed throughout the line, the Duke gave orders for a general attack, which began on the left about a quarter before one. Major-General Wilks, with five English battalions and four of Hessians, made the first onset, and was supported by eleven battalions and fifteen squadrons. Brigadier-General Row, who charged with the greatest intrepidity, led on the British troops to the assault of the village of Blenheim. They advanced to the very muzzles of the enemy's muskets, and being exposed to a superior fire, and unable to break through the barricades, they were forced to retire, leaving nearly one-third of their men either killed or severely wounded. In this retreat they were pursued by thirteen squadrons of the French *gen d'armes*, and would have been entirely cut to pieces had not the Hessian infantry stopped the charge by a heavy and well-sustained fire. The French, repulsed and forced to fly in their turn, were chased by five squadrons of English horse, and by this time had passed the rivulet; these being somewhat disordered by their success, whilst regaining their ranks, were vigorously charged by a fresh and greatly superior body of the enemy's horse, and were obliged precipitately to repass the stream. Here the Hessians

again performed a notable service, for by their steady and well-sustained fire they routed the enemy and recovered a pair of colours taken from Row's regiment, the present 21st Royal North British Fusiliers.

Whilst Row's brigade rallied, Fergusson's attacked the village of Blenheim on the left, but without decisive success, and though both returned three or four times to the charge with equal vigour, they were still repulsed with loss, so that it was found impossible to force the enemy on that post, without sacrificing the whole of the infantry. The French horse, which had for a time rendered doubtful the result of the day, having been completely defeated, the confederates remained masters of all the ground between their antagonists' left and the village of Blenheim, the troops in which were thus cut off from the rest of the army. In despair of being able to make their escape after a resolute attempt to withstand the renewed attacks of the infantry which surrounded the village, they at length capitulated about eight in the evening. They laid down their arms, and delivering their colours and standards, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, on condition that the officers should not be searched. Night coming on, the British troops, to whom this little army had surrendered, rested on their arms all night to guard them. Colonel Blackader mentions that the Cameronians were especially employed on this duty, as a compliment to their courage and conduct during the day.

From Historical Record of the Cameronian Regiment.

V

THE SCOTS GREYS AT RAMILLIES

By Edward Almack

ON May 23, 1706, a detachment of the Greys, and several squadrons of horse, were ordered to march towards Mont St. André, and were soon after followed by the enemy in eight columns. There was a thick fog, but the cavalry pushed on until they gained the heights near Mierdorp, when through the misty dawn they espied a few of the enemy's cavalry crossing the plains of St. André, and soon the fog lifting, the French army was discovered in position at Ramillies. Advancing into the plains of Tandrinduil, the allies prepared for action, the Queen's Horse, the Greys, and the Royal Irish Dragoons, with Churchill's and Mordaunt's regiments of infantry, being posted on the heights of Foulz, on the right of the line. About 1.30 in the afternoon the Allies began heavy artillery fire, which was quickly answered by the enemy, and the action became general. For some time the troops on the heights on the right were only spectators, but Marlborough, seeing that an attack made by the Dutch and Danish cavalry on the French Household regiments, Gens d'Armes, Gardes du Corps, and others, was not succeeding, ordered his right wing to advance. Churchill's and Mordaunt's regiments descended first, and meeting three battalions of French infantry, drove them into a morass, where most of them were killed or captured. At the same time the Queen's Horse, the Greys, and the Irish Dragoons galloped through the morass, crossed the high ground beyond it, and attacking the enemy's left, routed the French cavalry, and cut several battalions of infantry to pieces. The Greys charged into the village of Autreglize, overthrew and sabred the infantry in the streets. Coming out of the village, they encountered the famous French *regiment du Roi*, which at once surrendered and delivered up its colours and arms to the victorious dragoons.

From The History of the Second Dragoons.

VI

THE ROMANCE OF MOTHER ROSS

THE WOMAN WHO FOUGHT AS A TROOPER IN THE SCOTS GREYS

IN connection with the battle of Ramillies, some account must be given of a woman, Christian Davies, or Mother Ross, who served as a trooper in the Greys until, fighting at Ramillies, her skull was fractured and her sex afterwards discovered. . . .

Born in Dublin in 1667, she married Richard Welsh. He, without her knowledge, was in some way forced to enlist in a foot regiment, and wrote letters to his wife which never reached her. At last she heard of his being in the army, and so disguised herself as a soldier to go in search of him.

She enlisted in Captain Tichborne's company of foot as Christopher Welsh. In a skirmish before the battle of Landen she was wounded, and in the next year—1694—taken prisoner by the French, but exchanged.

At her own wish she was now allowed to join the Greys, and continued so until after the Peace of Ryswick. On the renewal of war in 1701, she went back to Holland and re-enlisted in the Greys. She fought at Niuwegen, Venloo, Bonn, and in most of the engagements of the campaign, till at the battle of Donauwerth she received a ball in the hip, which caused a temporary retirement into hospital. The ball was never extracted, but Christian was again under arms in time to share in the spoils after Blenheim. While forming one of a guard to some prisoners taken in the battle, she again saw her husband after a separation of thirteen years. She lost no time in revealing her identity to him; but so enamoured was she of camp life that she extracted a promise from Welsh that he would pass himself off as her brother. After Ramillies she, of course, had to cease to be a trooper, but she still continued to live in camp, and accompanied her husband as his acknowledged wife. In 1709 Richard Welsh was killed at Malplaquet. Christian herself found his body, and her lamentations were so extravagant as to excite the open commiseration of a Captain Ross, whence it is said she gained the soubriquet of Mother Ross, by which she was known for the rest of her days. Although grieving so that for a whole week she refused to touch food, she married Hugh Jones, a grenadier, within three months. In 1710 Jones was killed at the siege of Saint Venant. In 1712 she returned to England, was presented to Queen Anne, and awarded a life pension of a shilling a day. She afterwards went to Dublin and married a soldier named Davies. She died on July 7, 1739, and, at her own request, her body was interred among the pensioners in Chelsea burying-ground, and three grand volleys were fired over her grave.

From The History of the Second Dragoons.

VII

CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS AT MALPLAQUET

By Edward Almack

IN 1709 the Greys formed part of the troops covering the siege and fall of Tournay; but the event of the year was Malplaquet, fought on September 11, 1709. The Greys were brigaded with the Royal Irish Dragoons, under Brigadier-General Sybourg. They were posted near the centre of the allied army to sustain the attacks of the infantry and protect the artillery, and for some time were only spectators of the fierce storm of battle which raged on all sides; at length, however, they were ordered to file through a wood in their front, and charge. Scarcely

had the brigade emerged from among the trees before it encountered a line of French cavalry; these squadrons were, however, soon dispersed, but they were instantly succeeded by a new line of champions, consisting of a number of squadrons of the French Household cavalry, clad in armour, and advancing in firm array. . . . The Greys and Irish Dragoons met these foaming squadrons with signal bravery, but were driven from their ground by superior numbers. The two regiments soon rallied, and being joined by several corps of horse, returned to the charge; yet such was the resolution displayed by the French troopers that it was not until the third charge that they were driven from the field. The two victorious regiments were specially thanked by the Duke of Marlborough. The Greys lost about thirty killed and wounded.

From The History of the Second Dragoons.

VIII

THE STORY OF FARQUHAR SHAW

By James Grant

THIS soldier, whose name, from the circumstances connected with his remarkable story, daring courage, and terrible fate, is still remembered in the regiment, in the early history of which he bears so prominent a part, was one of the first who enlisted in Captain Campbell of Finab's independent band of the *Reicudan Dhu*, or Black Watch, when the six separate companies composing this Highland force were established along the Highland border in 1729, to repress the predatory spirit of certain tribes, and to prevent the levy of blackmail. The companies were independent, and at that time wore the clan tartan of their captains, who were Simon Frazer, the celebrated Lord Lovat; Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell; Grant of Ballindalloch; Alister Campbell of Finab, whose father fought at Darien; Ian Campbell of Carrick; and Deors Monro of Culcairn.

The privates of these companies were all men of superior station, being mostly cadets of good families—gentlemen of the old Celtic and patriarchal lines, and baronial proprietors. In the Highlands, the only genuine mark of aristocracy was descent from the founder of the tribe; all who claimed this were styled *uislain*, or gentlemen, and as such, when off duty, were deemed the equal of the highest chief in the land. Great care was taken by the six captains to secure men of undoubted courage, of good stature, stately deportment, and handsome figure. Thus, in all the old Highland regiments, but more especially the *Reicudan Dhu*, equality of blood and similarity of descent secured familiarity and regard between the officers and their men—for the latter deemed themselves inferior to no man who breathed the air of heaven. Hence, according to an English engineer officer, who frequently saw these independent companies, 'many of those private gentlemen-soldiers have gillies or servants to attend upon them in their quarters, and upon a march, to carry their provisions, baggage, and firelocks.'

Such was the composition of the corps, now first embodied among that remarkable people, the Scottish Highlanders—'a people,' says the Historian of Great Britain, 'untouched by the Roman or Saxon invasions of the south, and by those of the Danes on the east and the west skirts of their country—the *unmixed remains* of that vast Celtic empire which once stretched from the Pillars of Hercules to Archangel.'

The *Reicudan Dhu* were armed with the usual weapons and accoutrements of the line; but, in addition to these, had the arms of their native country—the

broadsword, target, pistol, and long dagger, while the sergeants carried the old Celtic *tuagh* or Lochaber axe. It was distinctly understood by all who enlisted in this new force, that their military duties were to be confined *within* the Highland border, where, from the wild, predatory spirit of those clans which dwelt next the Lowlands, it was known that they would find more than enough of military service of the most harassing kind. In the conflicts which daily ensued among the mountains—in the sudden marches by night; the desperate brawls among the caterans, who were armed to the teeth, fierce as nature and outlawry could make them, and who dwelt in wild and pathless fastnesses, secluded amid rocks, woods, and morasses, there were few who in courage, energy, daring, and activity equalled Farquhar Shaw, a gentleman from the Braes of Lochaber, who was esteemed the premier private in the company of Campbell of Finab, which was then quartered in that district; for each company had its permanent cantonment and scene of operations during the eleven years which succeeded the first formation of the *Reicudan Dhu*.

Farquhar was a perfect swordsman, and deadly shot alike with the musket and pistol; and his strength was such that he had been known to twist a horse-shoe, and drive his skene dhu to the hilt in a pine-log; while his activity and power of enduring hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and fatigue became a proverb among the companies of the Watch: for thus he had been reared and trained by his father, a genuine old Celtic gentleman and warrior, whose memory went back to the days when Dundee led the valiant and true to the field of Rinnory, and in whose arms the Viscount fell from his horse in the moment of victory, and was borne to the house of Urrard to die. He was a true Highlander of the old school. Thus the father of Farquhar Shaw was a grim *duinewassel*, who never broke bread or saw the sun rise without uncovering his head and invoking the names of 'God, the Blessed Mary, and St. Colme of the Isle'; who never sat down to a meal without opening wide his gates, that the poor and needy might enter freely; who never refused the use of his purse and sword to a friend or kinsman, and was never seen unarmed, even in his own dining-room; who never wronged any man; but who *never* suffered a wrong or affront to pass, without sharp and speedy vengeance; and who, rather than acknowledge the supremacy of the House of Hanover, died sword in hand at the rising in Glensheil. For this act his estates were seized by the House of Breadalbane, and his only son, Farquhar, became a private soldier in the ranks of the Black Watch.

It may easily be supposed that the son of such a father was imbued with all his cavalier spirit, his loyalty and enthusiasm, and that his mind was filled by all the military, legendary, and romantic memories of his native mountains.

When it was resolved by Government to form the six independent Highland companies into one regiment, Farquhar Shaw was left on the sick list at the cottage of a widow named Mhona Cameron, near Inverlochy, having been wounded in a skirmish with caterans in Glen Nevis; and he writhed on his sick-bed when his comrades, under Finab, marched for the Birks of Aberfeldy, the muster-place of the whole, where the companies were to be united into one battalion, under the celebrated John, Earl of Crawford and Lindesay, the last of his ancient race, a hero covered with wounds and honours won in the services of Britain and Russia.

Weak, wan, and wasted though he was (for his wound, a slash from a pole-axe, had been a severe one), Farquhar almost sprang from bed when he heard the notes of their retiring pipes dying away, as they marched through Maryburgh, and round by the margin of Lochiel. His spirit of honour was ruffled, moreover, by a rumour spread by his enemies the caterans, against whom he had

fought repeatedly, that he was growing faint-hearted at the prospect of the service of the Black Watch being extended beyond the Highland border. As rumours to this effect were generally finding credence in the glens, the fierce, proud heart of Farquhar burned within him with indignation and unmerited shame.

At last, one night, an old crone, who came stealthily to the cottage in which he was residing, informed him that, by the same outlaws who were seeking to deprive him of his honour, a subtle plan had been made to surround his temporary dwelling and put him to death, in revenge for certain wounds inflicted by his sword upon their comrades.

‘And is this their plan, mother?’ said Farquhar to the crone.

‘To burn the cottage and you with it.’

‘Dioul! say you so, Mother Mhona,’ he exclaimed; ‘then ’tis time I were betaking me to the hills. Better have a cool bed for a few nights on the sweet-scented heather, than be roasted in a burning cottage, like a fox in its hole.’

In vain the cottars besought him to seek concealment elsewhere, or to tarry until he had gained his full strength.

‘Were I in the prime of strength I would stay here,’ said Farquhar; ‘and when sleeping on my sword and target would fear nothing. If these dogs of caterans came, they should be welcome to my life, if I could not redeem it by the three best lives in their band; but I am weak as a growing boy, and so shall be off to the free mountain side, and seek the path that leads to the Birks of Aberfeldy.’

‘But the Birks are far from here, Farquhar,’ urged the old Mhona.

‘*Attempt* and *Did-not* were the worst of Fingal’s hounds,’ replied the soldier. ‘Farquhar will owe you a day in harvest for all your kindness; but his comrades wait, and go he must! Would it not be a strange thing and a shameful too if all the *Reicudan Dhu* should march down into the flat, bare lands of the Lowland clowns, and Farquhar not be with them? What would Finab, his captain, think? and what would all in Brae Lochaber say?’

‘Beware,’ continued the old woman, ‘lest you go for ever, Farquhar.’

‘It is longer to *for ever* than to Beltane, and by that day I must be at the Birks of Aberfeldy.’

Then, seeing that he was determined, the crones muttered among themselves that the *tarvecoill* would fall upon him; but Farquhar Shaw, though far from being free of his native superstitions, laughed aloud; for the *tarvecoill* is a black cloud, which, if seen on a New Year’s eve, is said to portend stormy weather; hence it is a proverb for a misfortune about to happen.

‘You were unwise to become a soldier, Farquhar,’ was their last argument.

‘Why?’

‘The tongue may tie a knot which the teeth cannot untie.’

‘As your husbands’ tongues did, when they married you all, poor men!’ was the good-natured retort of Farquhar. ‘But fear not for me; ere the snow begins to melt on Ben Nevis, and the sweet wallflower to bloom on the black Castle of Inverlochy, I will be with you all again,’ he added, while belting his tartan-plaid about him, slinging his target on his shoulder, and whistling upon Bran, his favourite stag-hound; he then set out to join the regiment, by the nearest route, on the skirts of Ben Nevis, resolving to pass the head of Lochleven through Larochmohr, and the deep glens that lead towards the Bracs of Rannoch, a long, desolate, and perilous journey, but with his sword, his pistols, and gigantic hound to guard him, his plaid for covering, and the purple heather for a bed whenever he halted, Farquhar feared nothing. . . .

The sun had set before Farquhar left the green thatched clachan, and already the bases of the purple mountains were dark, though a red glow lingered on their heath-clad summits. Lest some of the eateran band, of whose malevolence he was now the object, might already have knowledge or suspicion of his departure and be watching him with lynx-like eyes from behind some rock or bracken-bush, he pursued for a time a path which led to the westward, until the darkness closed completely in ; then, after casting round him a rapid and searching glance, he struck at once into the old secluded drove-way or Fingalian road, which descended through the deep gorge towards the mouth of Glencoe. . . .

Farquhar, as he strode on, comforted himself with the reflection that those who are born at night—as his mother had a hundred times told him he had been—*never saw spirits* ; so he took a good dram from his hunting-flask, and belted his plaid tighter about him, after making a sign of the cross three times, as a protection against all the diablerie of the district. He shouted on Bran, whistled the march of the Black Watch, ‘to keep his spirits cheery,’ and pushed on his way up the mountains, while the broad raindrops of a coming tempest plashed heavily in his face.

The lonely man continued to toil up the wilderness till he reached the shoulder of the mountain, where, on his right, opened the black narrow gorge in the deep bosom of which lay Loch Leven, and, on his left, opened the glens that led towards Loch Treig ; and now, like a tornado of the tropics, the storm burst forth in all its fury !

As Farquhar staggered on, a gleam of lightning revealed to him a little turf shieling under the brow of a pine-covered rock, and making a vigorous effort to withstand the roaring wind, which tore over the bare waste with all the force and might of a solid and palpable body, he reached it on his hands and knees. After securing the rude door, which was composed of three cross-bars, he flung himself on the earthen floor of the hut, breathless and exhausted, while Bran, his dog, as if awed by the elemental war without, crept close beside him.

As Farquhar’s thoughts reverted to all that he had heard of the district, he felt all a Highlander’s native horror of remaining in the dark in a place so weird and wild ; and on finding near him a quantity of dry wood—bog-pine and oak, stored up doubtless by some thrifty and provident shepherd—he produced his flint and tinder-box, struck a light, and, with all the readiness of a soldier and huntsman, kindled a fire in a corner of the shieling.

Having a venison steak in his haversack, he placed it on the embers to broil, heaped fresh fuel on his fire, and drawing his plaid round Bran and himself, wearied by the toil of his journey on foot in such a night, and over such country, he gradually dropped asleep.

In his sleep the thoughts of Farquhar Shaw wandered to his comrades, then at the Birks of Aberfeldy. He dreamt that a long time—how long he knew not—had elapsed since he had been in their ranks ; but he saw the Laird of Finab, his captain, surveying him with a gloomy brow, while the faces of friends and comrades were averted from him.

‘Why is this—how is this ?’ he demanded.

Then he was told that the *Reicudan Dhu* were disgraced by the desertion of three of its soldiers, who on that day were to die, and the regiment was paraded to witness their fate. The scene, with all its solemnity and all its terrors, grew vividly before him ; he heard the lamenting wail of the pipes as the three doomed men marched slowly past, each behind his black coffin, and the scene of this catastrophe was far, far away, he knew not where ; but it seemed to be in a strange country, and then the scene, the sights, and the voices of the people were

foreign to him. In the background, above the glittering bayonets and blue bonnets of the Black Watch, rose a lofty castle of foreign aspect, having a square keep or tower, with four turrets, the vanes of which were shining in the early morning sun. In his ears floated the drowsy hum of a vast and increasing multitude.

Farquhar trembled in every limb as the doomed men passed so near him that he could see their breasts heave as they breathed ; but their faces were concealed from him, for each had his head muffled in his plaid, according to the old Highland fashion, when imploring mercy or quarter.

Lots were cast with great solemnity for the firing party or executioners, and, to his horror, Farquhar found himself one of the twelve men chosen for this, to every soldier, most obnoxious duty.

When the time came for firing, and the three unfortunates were kneeling opposite, each within his coffin, and each with his head muffled in his plaid, Farquhar mentally resolved to close his eyes and fire at random against the wall of the castle opposite ; but some mysterious and irresistible impulse compelled him to look for a moment, and lo ! the plaid had fallen from the face of one of the doomed men, and, to his horror, the dreamer beheld himself !

His own face was before him, but ghastly and pale, and his own eyes seemed to be glaring back upon him with affright, while their aspect was wild, sad, and haggard. The musket dropped from his hand, and a weakness seemed to overspread his limbs, and writhing in agony at the terrible sight, while a cold perspiration rolled in bead-drops over his clammy brow, the dreamer started, and awoke, when a terrible voice, low but distinct, muttered in his ear—

‘ *Farquhar Shaw, bithidh duil ri fear feachd, ach cha bhi duil ru fear lie !* ’¹

In due time he reached the regiment at its cantonments on the Birks of Aberfeldy, where the independent companies, for the first time, were exercised as a battalion by their lieutenant-colonel, Sir Robert Monro of Culcairn, who, six years afterwards, was slain at the battle of Falkirk.

Farquhar’s terrible dream and adventure in that Highland wilderness were ever before him, and the events subsequent to the formation of the Black Watch into a battalion, with the excitement produced among its soldiers by an unexpected order *to march into England*, served to confirm the gloom that preyed upon his spirits.

The order to march into England caused such a dangerous ferment in the Black Watch, as being a violation of the principles and promise under which it was enrolled, and on which so many Highland gentlemen of good family enlisted in its ranks, that the Lord President, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, warned General Clayton, the Scottish commander-in-chief, of the evil effects likely to occur if this breach of faith was persisted in ; and to prevent the corps from revolting *en masse*, that officer informed the soldiers that they were to enter England ‘solely to be seen by King George, who had never seen a Highland soldier, and had been graciously pleased to express, or feel, great curiosity on the subject.’

Cajoled and flattered by this falsehood, the soldiers of the *Reicudan Dhu*, all unaware that shipping was ordered to convey them to Flanders, began their march for England in the end of March 1743 ; and if other proof be wanted that they were deluded, the following announcement in the *Caledonian Mercury* of that year affords it :—

‘ On Wednesday last, the Lord Sempill’s Regiment of Highlanders, began their march for England, *in order to be reviewed by his Majesty.* ’

¹ A man may return from an expedition, but there is no hope that he may return from the grave.

Everywhere on the march throughout the north of England they were received with cordiality and hospitality by the people, to whom their garb, aspect, and equipment were a source of interest, and in return the gentlemen and soldiers of the *Reicudan Dhu* behaved to the admiration of their officers and all magistrates ; but as they drew nearer to London, according to Major Grose, they were exposed to the malevolent mockery and the national 'taunts of the true-bred English clowns,' and became gloomy and sullen.

On the 30th April the regiment reached London, and on the 14th May was reviewed on Finchley Common by Marshal Wade before a vast concourse of spectators ; but the King, whom they expected to be present, had sailed from Greenwich for Hanover on the same night they entered the English metropolis. Herein they found themselves deceived, for 'the King had told them a lie,' and the spark thus kindled was soon fanned into a flame.

After the review at Finchley Common, Farquhar Shaw and Corporal Malcolm MacPherson were drinking in a tavern, when three English gentlemen entered, and seating themselves at the same table, entered into conversation by praising the regiment, their garb, their country, and saying those compliments which are so apt to win the heart of a Scotchman when far from home.

Both Farquhar and the corporal being gentlemen, wore the wing of the eagle in their bonnets, and were well educated, and spoke in English with tolerable fluency.

'I would that His Majesty had seen us, however,' said the corporal. 'We have had a long march south from our own country on a bootless errand.'

'Can you possibly be so simple as to believe that the King cared a rush on the subject ?' asked a gentleman, with an incredulous smile ; for he and his companions, like many others who hovered about these new soldiers, were Jacobites and political incendiaries.

'What mean you, sir ?' demanded MacPherson, with surprise.

'Why, you simpleton, that story of the King wishing to see you was all a tale of a tub—a snare.'

'A snare !'

'Yes ; a pretext of the ministry to lure you to this distance from your own country, and then transport you bodily for life.'

'To where ?'

'Oh, that matters little. Perhaps to the American plantations.'

'Or to Botany Bay,' suggested another maliciously. 'But take another jorum of brandy, and fear nothing. Wherever you go, it can't well be a worse place than your own country.'

'Thanks, gentlemen,' replied Farquhar loftily, while his hands played nervously with his dirk ; 'we want no more of your brandy.'

'Believe me, sirs,' resumed their informant and tormentor, 'the real object of the ministry is to get as many fighting men, Jacobites and so forth, out of the Highlands as possible. This is merely part of a new system of government.'

'Sirs,' exclaimed Farquhar, drawing his dirk with an air of gravity and determination which caused his new friends at once to put the table between him and them, 'will you swear this upon the dirk ?'

'How ? Why ?'

'Upon the Holy Iron—we know no oath more binding,' continued the Highlander, with an expression of quiet entreaty.

'I'll swear it by the Holy Poker, or anything you please,' replied the Englishman, reassured at finding the Celt had no hostile intentions. ''Tis all a fact,' he continued, winking to his companions, 'for so my good friend Phil Yorke,



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Officer
Royal Scots Greys
1844

Officer
Scots' Guard
1830

Officer
Royal Scots
1792

the Lord Chancellor who expects soon to be the Earl of Hardwick, informed me !’

The eyes of the corporal flashed with indignation ; and Farquhar struck his forehead as the memory of his terrible dream in the haunted glen rushed upon his memory.

‘ Oh yes,’ said a third gentleman, anxious to add his mite to the growing mischief ; ‘ it is all a Whig plot of which you are the victims, as our kind ministry hope you will all die off like sheep with the rot ; or like the Marine Corps ; or the Invalids, the old 41st, in Jamaica.’

‘ They dare not deceive us !’ exclaimed MacPherson, striking the basket hilt of his claymore.

‘ Indeed ! Why ?’

‘ For in the country of the clans fifty thousand claymores would be on the grindstone to avenge us !’

A laugh followed this outburst.

‘ King George made you rods to scourge your own countrymen, and now, as useless rods, you are to be flung into the fire,’ said the first speaker tauntingly.

‘ By God and Mary !’ began MacPherson again, laying a hand on his sword with sombre fury.

‘ Peace, Malcolm,’ interposed Farquhar ; ‘ the Saxon is right and we have been fooled. *Bithidh gach ni mar is aill Dhiu*. (All things must be as God will have them.) Let us seek the *Reicudan Dhu*, and woe to the Saxon clowns and the German churl, their king, if they deceive us !’

On the march back to London, MacPherson and Farquhar Shaw brooded over what they had heard at Finchley, while to other members of the regiment similar communications had been made, and thus, ere nightfall, every soldier of the Black Watch felt assured that he had been entrapped by a royal falsehood, which the sudden, and to them unaccountable, departure of George II. to Hanover seemed beyond doubt to confirm.

At this crisis, the dream of Farquhar was constantly before him, as a foreboding of the terrors to come, and he strove to thrust it from him ; but the words of that terrible warning—a man may return from an expedition, but never from the grave—seemed ever in his ears.

On the night after the review, the whole regiment, except its officers, most of whom knew what was on the tapis, assembled at twelve o’clock on a waste common near Highgate. The whole were in heavy marching order ; and by the direction of Corporal Malcolm MacPherson, after carefully priming and loading with ball-cartridge, they commenced their march in silence and secrecy and with all speed for Scotland—a wild, daring, and romantic attempt, for they were heedless and ignorant of the vast extent of hostile country that lay between them and their homes, and scarcely knew the route to pursue. They had now but three common ideas : to keep together, to resist to the last, and to march *north*.

With some skill and penetration they avoided the two great highways, and marched by night from wood to wood, concealing themselves by day so well, that for some time no one knew how or where they had gone, though orders had been issued to all officers commanding troops between London and the Scottish borders to overtake or intercept them ; but the 19th May arrived before tidings reached the metropolis that the Black Watch, one thousand strong, had passed Northampton, and a body of Marshal Wade’s Horse (now better known as the 3rd Prince of Wales’ Dragoon Guards) overtook them, when faint by forced and rapid marches, by want of food, of sleep and shelter, the unfortunate regiment

had entered Ladywood, about four miles from the market town of Cundle-on-the-Nen, and had, as usual, concealed themselves in a spacious thicket, which by nine o'clock in the evening was completely environed by strong columns of English cavalry under General Blakeney.

Captain Ball, of Wade's Horse, approached their bivouac in the dusk, bearer of a flag of truce, and was received by the poor fellows with every respect, and Farquhar Shaw, as interpreter for his comrades, heard his demands, which were 'that the whole battalion should lay down its arms and surrender at discretion as mutineers.'

'Hitherto we have conducted ourselves quietly and peacefully in the land of those who have deluded and wronged us, even as they wronged and deluded our forefathers,' replied Farquhar; 'but it may not be so for one day more. Look upon us, sir; we are famished, worn, and desperate. It would move the heart of a stone to know all we have suffered by hunger and by thirst, even in this land of plenty.'

'The remedy is easy,' said the captain.

'Name it, sir.'

'Submit.'

'We have no such word in our mother-tongue, then how shall I translate it to my comrades, so many of whom are gentlemen?'

'That is your affair, not mine. I give you but the terms dictated by General Blakeney.'

'Let the general send us a written promise.'

'Written?' reiterated the captain haughtily.

'By his own hand,' continued the Highlander emphatically; 'for here in this land of strangers we know not whom to trust when our King has deceived us.'

'And to what must the general pledge himself?'

'That our arms shall not be taken away, and that a free pardon be given to us all.'

'Otherwise——'

'We will rather be cut to pieces.'

'This is your decision?'

'It is,' replied Farquhar sternly.

'Be assured it is a rash one.'

'I weigh my words, Saxon, ere I speak them. No man among us will betray his comrades; we are all for one and one for all in the ranks of the *Reicudan Dhu*!'

The captain reported the result of his mission to the general, who, being well aware that the Highlanders had been entrapped by the Government on one hand, and inflamed to revolt by Jacobite emissaries on the other, was humanely willing to temporise with them, and sent the captain to them once more.

'Surrender yourselves prisoners,' said Ball; 'lay down your arms, and the general will use all his influence in your favour with the Lord Justices.'

'We know of no Lord Justices,' they replied. 'We acknowledge no authority but the officers who speak our mother-tongue, and our native chiefs who share our blood. To be without arms, in our country, is in itself to be dishonoured.'

'Is this still the resolution of your comrades?' asked Captain Ball.

'It is, on my honour as a gentleman and soldier,' replied Farquhar.

The English captain smiled at these words, for he knew not the men with whom he had to deal.

'Hitherto, my comrade,' said he, 'I have been your friend, and the friend of the regiment, and am still anxious to do all I can to save you; but if you continue in open revolt one hour longer, surrounded as you all are by the King's troops,

not a man of you can survive the attack, and be assured that even I, for one, will give quarter to none! Consider well my words—you may survive banishment for a time, but from the grave there is no return.'

'The words of my dream!' exclaimed Farquhar, in an agitated tone of voice. 'God and Mary! how came they from the lips of this Saxon captain?'

The excitement of the regiment was now so great that Captain Ball requested of Farquhar that two Highlanders should conduct him safely from the wood. Two duinewassals of the Clan Chattan, both corporals, named MacPherson, stepped forward, blew the priming from their pans, and accompanied him to the outposts of his own men.

Here, on parting from them, the good captain renewed his entreaties and promises, which so far won the confidence of the corporals that, after returning to the regiment, the whole body, in consequence of their statements, agreed to lay down their arms and submit the event to Providence and a court-martial of officers, believing implicitly the justice of their cause and the ultimate adherence of the Government to the letters of *local* services under which they enlisted.

Farquhar Shaw and the two corporals of the Clan Chattan nobly offered their own lives as a ransom for the honour and liberties of the regiment, but their offer was declined; for so overwhelming was the force against them, that all in the battalion were alike at the mercy of the ministry. On capitulating, they were at once surrounded by strong bodies of horse, foot, and artillery, with their field-pieces grape-shotted; and the most severe methods were faithlessly and cruelly resorted to by those in authority and those in whom they trusted. While, in defiance of all stipulation and treaty with the Highlanders, the main body of the regiment was marched under escort towards Kent, to embark for Flanders, two hundred privates, chiefly gentlemen or cadets of good family, were selected from its ranks and sentenced to banishment, or service for life in Minorca, Georgia, and the Leeward Isles. The two corporals, Samuel and Malcolm MacPherson, with Farquhar Shaw, were marched back to London, to meet a more speedy, and to men of such spirit as theirs, a more welcome fate.

The examination of some of these poor fellows prove how they had been deluded into service for the line.

'I did not desert, sirs,' said John Stuart, a gentleman of the House of Urrard, and private in Campbell of Carrick's company. 'I repel the insinuation,' he continued with pride; 'I wished to go back to my father's roof and to my own glen, because the inhospitable Saxon churls abused my country and ridiculed my dress. We had no leader; we placed no man over the rest.'

'I am neither a Catholic nor a false Lowland Whig,' said another private—George Grant, of the family of Rothiemurchus; 'but I am a true man, and ready to serve the King, though his actions have proved him a liar! You have said, sirs, that I am afraid to go to Flanders. I am a Highlander, and never yet saw the man I was afraid of. The Saxons told me I was to be transported to the American plantations to work with the black slaves. Such was not our bargain with King George. We were but a Watch to serve along the Highland border, and to keep broken clans from the bracs of Lochaber.'

'We were resolved not to be tricked,' added Farquhar Shaw. 'We will meet the French or Spaniards in any land you please; but we will die, sirs, rather than go, like Saxon rogues, to hoe sugar in the plantations.'

As Farquhar said this with solemn energy, all the prisoners took off their bonnets and bowed their heads with a religious reverence which deeply impressed the court, but failed to save them.

On the march to the Tower of London, Farquhar was the most resolute and

composed of his companions in fetters and misfortune ; but on coming in sight of that ancient fortress, his firmness forsook him, the blood rushed back upon his heart, and he became deadly pale ; for in a moment he recognised the castle of his strange dream—the castle having a square tower with four vanes and turrets—and then the whole scene of his foreboding vision, when far away in lone Lochaber, came again upon his memory, while the voice of the warning spirit hovered again in his ear, and he knew that the hour of his end was pursuing him.

Early on the morning of July 12, 1743, when the sun was yet below the dim horizon, and a frowsy fog that lingered on the river was mingling with the city's smoke to spread a gloom over the midsummer morning, all London seemed to be pouring from her many avenues towards Tower Hill, where an episode of no ordinary interest was promised to the sight-loving Cockneys—a veritable military execution, with all its stern terrors and grim solemnity.

All the troops in London were under arms, and long before daybreak had taken possession of an ample space enclosing Tower Hill ; and there, conspicuous above all by their high and absurd sugar-loaf caps, were the brilliantly accoutred English and Scots Horse Grenadier Guards, the former under Viscount Cobham, and the latter under Lieutenant-General John Earl of Rothes, K.T., and the Governor of Duncannon ; the Coldstream Guards ; the Scots Fusiliers ; and a sombre mass in the Highland garb of dark green tartans, whom they surrounded with fixed bayonets.

These were the last two hundred men of the *Reicudan Dhu* selected for banishment, previous to which they were compelled to behold the death, or—as they justly deemed it—the deliberate murder under trust, of three brave gentlemen, their comrades.

The gates of the Tower revolved, and then the craped and muffled drums of the Scots Fusilier Guards were heard beating a dead march before those who were 'to return to Lochaber no more.' Between two lines of Yeomen of the Guard, who faced inwards, the three prisoners came slowly forth, surrounded by an escort with fixed bayonets, each doomed man marching behind his coffin, which was borne on the shoulders of four soldiers. On approaching the parade, each politely raised his bonnet and bowed to the assembled multitudes.

'Courage, gentlemen,' said Farquhar Shaw ; 'I see no gallows here. I thank God we shall not die a dog's death !'

The murmur of the multitude gradually subsided and died away, like a breeze that passes through a forest, leaving it silent and still, and then not a sound was heard but the baleful rolling of the muffled drums and the shrill but sweet cadence of the fifes. Then came the word, *Halt !* breaking sharply the silence of the crowded arena, and the hollow sound of the three empty coffins, as they were laid on the ground, at the distance of thirty paces from the firing party.

'Are you ready ?' asked the provost-marshal.

'All ready,' replied Farquhar ; '*moch-eirigh 'luain, a nì'n t-suain 'mhairt.*'¹

This, to them, fatal 12th of July was a *Monday* ; so the proverb was solemnly applicable.

Wan, pale, and careworn they looked ; but their eyes were bright, their steps steady, their bearing erect and dignified. They felt themselves victims and martyrs whose fate would find a terrible echo in the Scottish Highlanders ; and need I add, the echo *was heard*, when two years afterwards Prince Charles unfurled his standard in Glenfinnan ? Thus inspired by pride of birth, of character, of country—by inborn bravery and conscious innocence, at this awful crisis, they gazed around them without quailing, and exhibited a self-possession which excited the pity and admiration of all who beheld them.

¹ Early rising on Monday gives a sound sleep on Tuesday.

The elock struek the fatal hour at last !

'It is my doom !' exclaimed Farquhar ; ' the hour of my end hath followed me.'

They all embraced each other, and declined having their eyes bound up, but stood boldly each at the foot of his coffin, confronting the levelled muskets of thirty privates of the Grenadier Guards, and they died like the brave men they had lived.

From Legends of the Black Watch.

IX

THE SCOTS FUSILIERS AT DETTINGEN

THE 21st Royal Regiment of North British Fusiliers did themselves honour at Dettingen. When the French cuirassiers pounced down upon them, Sir Andrew Agnew, deeming it impossible to withstand their charge (for the impenetrable square was not then known in the British army), ordered the regiment to fall back from the centre by right and left. The cuirassiers rushed madly into the lane they formed, believing that the line had been broken. The 21st then delivered a volley, and charged the horses with the bayonet, nearly annihilating the French corps. The King did not fail to perceive the movement and its result. 'Ah, Sir Andrew,' said his Majesty pleasantly, after the battle, 'the gens d'armes got in among you to-day.' 'Yes, please your Majesty,' answered the brave Scotch knight, '*but they did not get out again !*'

From The British Soldier.

X

THE CLAYMORE AT FONTENOY

By J. H. Stocqueler

AT Fontenoy the Highlanders (Black Watch) first smelt gunpowder : there, and afterwards at Yser and Barri, they proved that their discipline was equal to their valour. The campaign in favour of the Austrian Succession, though undistinguished by any other battles, except Fontenoy, where a superior force under Marshal Saxe defeated the British, brought out the military talents of the young Duke of Cumberland, the son of the king. His Royal Highness had been present at Dettingen, and displayed much of that cool courage which appears to have been the invariable attribute of the Brunswick family. Fighting under the eye of the Duke of Cumberland himself, the Highlanders showed their loyalty and soon became the terror of the enemy. Their mode of attack was a combination of the regularity of the line with the wild impetuosity of the Highland form of warfare. Advancing, they would suddenly halt, drop to the ground to let the fire of the enemy pass over them, then rising, with broadsword or musket and bayonet in hand, they would dash upon the foe and drive him like chaff before the wind.

All honour to the memory of the claymore, which has now fallen into desuetude ! But, indeed, the charge of the Highlanders has lost nothing of its force. Well has Dr. Jackson written : 'Close charge was his ancient mode of attack, and he still enlarges with more impetuosity, or sustains the charge with more firmness—that is, disputes the ground with more obstinacy than almost any other man in Europe. Some nations, who sustain the distant combat with courage, turn with fear from the countenance of an enraged enemy. The Highlander advances towards his antagonist with ardour, and, if circumstances permit him to grasp him, as man grasps with man, his courage is assured.'

From The British Soldier.

CHAPTER III

The Wars in Canada, America, and the West Indies

1757-1809

I

THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS

RAISED by the Earl of Mar in 1678, and known as Colonel the Earl of Mar's Regiment of Foot, or more popularly as 'The Earl of Mar's Grey-breeks,' this notable regiment has a long and honourable record of service in the principal campaigns of the British Army. The men at first carried fusils instead of muskets, and in 1707 they received the name by which they had been commonly known for some years previously, and were officially registered as the Scots Fusiliers Regiment of Foot. In 1712 they became the Royal North British Fusiliers Regiment of Foot; later, in 1751, the 21st (Royal North British) Fusiliers Regiment of Foot; then, in 1877, the 21st (Royal Scots Fusiliers) Regiment of Foot; and since 1881 they have borne their present title of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. They served under William III., under the great Duke of Marlborough, and under George II., in Flanders and Germany; went through the American War of 1776-81, saw service in the West Indies; and among the honours on their colours are the names of Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol. They fought against the Zulus, and in Burma, and with great distinction in the two South African Wars, and have already added new glory to their record in the present war with Germany.

The principal campaigns and battles in which the Royal Scots Fusiliers have taken part include the following:—

Flanders, 1689-97.
Steenkirk, 1692.
Landen, 1693.
Germany, 1702-12.
Schellenberg, 1704.
Blenheim, 1704.
Ramillies, 1706.
Oudenarde, 1708.
Lisle, 1708.
Malplaquet, 1709.
Douay, 1710.
Flanders, 1742-8.

Dettingen, 1743.
Fontenoy, 1745.
Belle-Isle, 1761.
America, 1776-81.
Stillwater, 1777.
Martinique, 1794.
St. Lucia, 1794.
Guadaloupe, 1794.
Ionian Islands, 1809.
Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814.
Netherlands, 1814.
Bladensburg, 1814.

Baltimore, 1814.
New Orleans, 1814.
Crimea, 1854-6.
Alma, 1854.
Inkerman, 1854.
Sevastopol, 1855.
South Africa, 1879.
Burma, 1885-7.
Tirah, 1897-8.
South Africa, 1899-1902.
Colenso, 1899.
Frederickstad, 1900.

II

BASIL GAUNTLETT JOINS THE SCOTS GREYS

By James Grant

THE next day saw me arrayed in full uniform. The largest mirror in the tavern (it measured only six inches each way) by no means afforded me sufficient scope for the admiration of my own person in this new attire; though I could view it, when reflected at full length, in the shop windows, while passing along the streets, into which I at once issued, as Kirkton said, 'to exhibit my war-paint.'

In those days—this was the year before we fought at Minden—the Greys wore double-breasted scarlet coats, lined with blue, having slit sleeves; long slashed pockets were in each skirt, and a white worsted aiguillette dangled from the right shoulder. We wore long jack-boots, and tall grenadier caps, with the Scottish Thistle and circle of St. Andrew in front. Our cloaks were scarlet lined with blue shalloon, and in front they had rows of large flat buttons set two and two, on white frogs or loops of braid. On our collars we wore a grenade in memory that at its formation a portion of the regiment had been armed with that formidable weapon, the same as the Scots Horse Grenadier Guards.

Everywhere the proud motto of the corps met my eye. On the standards and kettledrums, on our caps, carbines, and pistol-barrels, and on the blades of our long straight broadswords, I read the words:

SECOND TO NONE

That short sentence seemed full of haughty spirit; it gave me a new life and fired my heart with lofty inspirations. I repeated it, dreamed and pondered over it, and as our departure for the seat of war was daily looked for, I longed for active service and for the peril and adventure ever consequent thereto.

The brusque manners, rough words, oaths and expletives used by some of my comrades certainly shocked and somewhat blunted my chivalry. To be sure, all gentlemen then swore to their heart's content; and I am sorry to say the army carried the fashion to an extreme, and there a quiet fellow was sure to be mocked and stigmatised as a Methodist or Quaker.

In all the many wars which succeeded its first formation, when it was raised by Sir Thomas Dalryell and Graham of Claverhouse, in 1678, to fight against the hapless Covenanters, our regiment had borne a great and glorious part. At the battle of Drumclog and at Airmoss, where Richard Cameron the field preacher fell, the Greys were, unhappily, the terror of their own countrymen; and even now, after the lapse of so many generations, traditions of those dark days still lingered in our ranks—handed orally down from veteran to recruit.

In better times they had served in the wars of Anne and of the earlier Georges, and always with honour, for in every campaign they captured a colour, and at the battle of Ramillies surrounded and disarmed the French Regiment du Roi, capturing no less than seventeen standards.

Our officers were all gentlemen of high spirit, who belonged to the best families in Scotland; and so attached were their men to them that the corps seemed to be one large family. Punishments—especially degradations—were almost unknown; yet 'auld Geordie Buffcoat,' as they named Preston, was one of the most strict colonels in the service.

Every regiment has its own peculiar history and traditions, just as a family, a city, or a nation have; these are inseparably connected with its own honour,

achievements, and badges, and with the military glory of the country, and thus inspire and foster the fine sentiment of *esprit du corps*.

From *Second to None*.

III

THE ASSAULT ON TICONDEROGA

By Sir A. T. Quiller Couch

Ensign John à Cleeve, of Murray's 46th Regiment of Foot, fights with the Royal Scots and the Black Watch at Ticonderoga. The 46th (now 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) wore the Scottish Royal livery on home duty, and were named after their colonel, 'Murray's Bucks.'

At the alarm-post next morning the men were in high spirits again. Every one seemed to be posted in the day's work ahead. The French had thrown up an outwork on the landward end of the ridge; an engineer had climbed Rattlesnake Mountain at daybreak and coned it through his glass, and had brought down his report two hours ago. The white-coats had been working like niggers, helped by some reinforcements which had come in overnight—Lévis with the Royal Roussillon, the scouts said: but the thing was a rough and ready affair of logs, and the troops were to carry it with the bayonet. John asked in what direction it lay, and thumbs were jerked towards the screening forest across the river. The distance (some said) was not two miles. Colonel Beaver, returning from a visit to the sawmill, confirmed the rumour. The 46th would march in a couple of hours or less.

At breakfast Howe's death seemed to be forgotten, and John found no time for solemn thoughts. Bets were laid that the French would not wait for the assault, but slip away to their boats; even with Lévis they could scarcely be four thousand strong. Bradstreet, having finished his bridge, had started back to the landing-stage to haul a dozen of the lighter batteaux across the portage and float them down to Lake Champlain filled with riflemen. Bradstreet was a glutton for work—but would he be in time? That old fox Montcalm would never let his earths be stopped so easily, and to pile defences on the ridge was simply to build himself into a trap. A good half of the officers maintained that there would be no fighting.

Well, fighting or no, some business was in hand. Here was the battalion in motion; and, to leave the enemy in no doubt of our martial ardour, here were the drums playing away like mad. The echo of John's feet on the wooden bridge awoke him from these vain shows and rattlings of war to its real meaning, and his thoughts again kept him solemn company as he breasted the slope beyond and began the tedious climb to the right through the woods.

The scouts, coming in one by one, reported them undefended: and the battalion, though perforce moving slowly, kept good order. Towards the summit, indeed, the front ranks appeared to straggle and extend themselves confusedly: but the disorder, no more than apparent, came from the skirmishers returning and falling back upon either flank as the column scrambled up the last five hundred yards and halted on the fringe of the clearing. Of the enemy John could see nothing: only a broad belt of sunlight beyond the last few tree-trunks and their green caves. The advance had been well timed, the separate columns arriving and coming to the halt almost at clockwork intervals; nor did the halt give him much leisure to look about him. To the right were drawn up the Highlanders, their dark plaids blending with the forest glooms. In the space between, Beaver had stepped forward and was chatting with their colonel. By and by the dandified Gage joined them, and after a few minutes' talk Beaver came striding

back, with his scabbard tucked under his armpit, to be clear of undergrowth. At once the order was given to fix bayonets, and at a signal the columns were out in motion and marched out upon the edge of the clearing.

There, as he stepped forth, the flash of the noonday sun upon lines of steel held John's eyes dazzled. He heard the word given again to halt, and the command 'Left wheel into line!' He heard the calls that followed—'Eyes front!' 'Steady,' 'Quick march,' 'Halt, dress,'—and felt, rather than saw, the whole elaborate manœuvre; the rear ranks locking up, the covering sergeants jiggling about like dancers in a minuet—pace to the rear, side step to the right—the pivot men with stiff arms extended, the companies wheeling up and dressing; all happening precisely as on parade.

What, after all, was the difference? Well, to begin with, the clearing ahead in no way resembled a parade ground, being strewn and criss-crossed with fallen trees and interset with stumps, some cleanly cut, others with jagged splinters from three to ten feet high. And beyond, with the fierce sunlight quivering above it, rose a mass of prostrate trees piled as if for the base of a tremendous bonfire. Not a Frenchman showed behind it. Was *that* what they had to carry?

'The battalion will advance!'

Yes, there lay the barrier; and their business was simply to rush it; to advance at the charge, holding their fire until within the breastwork.

The French, too, held their fire. The distance from the edge of the clearing to the abattis was, at the most, a long musket-shot, and for two-thirds of it the crescent-shaped line of British ran as in a paper-chase, John à Cleeve vaulting across tree trunks, leaping over stumps, and hurrahing with the rest.

Then with a flame the breastwork opened before him, and with a shock as though the whole ridge lifted itself against the sky—a shock which hurled him backward, whirling away his shako—he saw the line to right and left wither under it and shrink like parchment held to a candle-flame. For a moment the ensign staff shook in his hands, as if whipped by a gale. He steadied it, and stood dazed, hearkening to the scream of the bullets, gulping at a lump in his throat. Then he knew himself unhurt, and, seeing that men on either hand were picking themselves up and running forward, he ducked his head and ran forward too.

He had gained the abattis. He went into it with a leap, a dozen men at his heels. A pointed bough met him in the ribs, piercing his tunic and forcing him to cry out with pain. He fell back from it and tugged at the interlacing boughs between him and the log wall, fighting them with his left, pressing them aside, now attempting to leap them, now burst through them with his weight. The wall jetted flame through its crevices, and the boughs held him fast within twenty yards of it. He could reach it easily (he told himself) but for the staff he carried, against which each separate twig hitched itself as though animated by special malice.

He swung himself round and forced his body backwards against the tangle; and a score of men, rallying to the colours, leapt in after him. As their weight pressed him down supine and the flag sank in his grasp, he saw their faces—Highlanders and redcoats mixed. They had long since disregarded the order to hold their fire, and were blazing away idly and reloading, cursing the boughs that impeded their ramrods. A corporal of the 46th had managed to reload, and was lifting his piece when—a bramble catching in the lock—the charge exploded in his face, and he fell, a bloody weight, across John's legs. Half a dozen men, leaping over him, hurled themselves into the lane which John had opened.

Ten seconds later—but in such a struggle who can count seconds?—John had flung off the dead man and was on his feet again with his face to the rampart.

The men who had hurried past him were there, all six of them, but stuck in strange attitudes and hung across the withering boughs like vermin on a gamekeeper's tree—corpses every one. The rest had vanished, and, turning, he found himself alone. Out in the clearing, under the drifted smoke, the shattered regiments were re-forming for a second charge. Gripping the colours, he staggered out to join them, and as he went a bullet sang past him and his left wrist dropped nerveless at his side. He scarcely felt the wound. The brutal jar of the repulse had stunned every sense in him but that of thirst. The reek of gunpowder eaked in his throat, and his tongue crackled in his mouth like a withered leaf.

Some one was pointing back over the tree-tops towards Rattlesnake Mountain; and on the slopes there, as the smoke cleared, sure enough, figures were moving. Guns? A couple of guns planted there could have knocked this cursed rampart to flinders in twenty minutes, or plumped round shot at leisure among the French huddled within. Where was the general?

The general was down at the sawmill in the valley, seated at his table, penning a dispatch. The men on Rattlesnake Mountain were Johnson's Indians—Mohawks, Oneidas, and others of the Six Nations—who, arriving late, had swarmed up by instinct to the key of the position and seated themselves there with impassive faces, asking each other when the guns would arrive and this stupid folly cease. They had seen artillery, perhaps, once in their lives, and had learnt the use of it.

Oh, it was cruel! By this time there was not a man in the army but could have taught the general the madness of it. But the general was down at the sawmill two miles away; and the broken regiments re-formed and faced the rampart again. The sun beat down on the clearing, heating men to madness. The wounded went down through the gloom of the woods and were carried past the sawmill, by scores at first, then by hundreds. Within the sawmill, in his cool chamber, the general sat and wrote. Some one (Gage it is likely) sent down, beseeching him to bring the guns into play. He answered that the guns were at the landing-stage, and could not be planted within six hours. A second messenger suggested that the assault on the ridge had already caused inordinate loss, and that by the simple process of marching round Ticonderoga and occupying the narrows of Lake Champlain, Montcalm could be starved out in a week. The general showed him the door. Upon the ridge the fight went on.

John à Cleeve had by this time lost count of the charges. Some had been feeble; one or two superb; and once the Highlanders, with a gallantry only possible to men past caring for life, had actually heaved themselves over the parapets on the French right. They had gone into action a thousand strong; they were now six hundred. Charge after charge had flung forward a few to leap the rampart and fall on the French bayonets; but now the best part of the company poured over. For a moment sheer desperation carried the day; but the white-coats, springing back off their platforms, poured in a volley and settled the question. That night the Black Watch called its roll: there answered five hundred men less one.

It was in the next charge after this—half-heartedly taken up by the exhausted troops on the right—that John à Cleeve found himself actually climbing the log-wall toward which he had been straining all the afternoon. What carried him there, he afterwards affirmed, was the horrid vision of young Sagamore of the 27th impaled on a pointed branch and left to struggle in death agony while the regiments rallied. The body was quivering yet as they came on again; and John, as he ran by, shouted to a sergeant to drag it off, for his own left hand hung powerless, and the colours encumbered his right. In front of him repeated charges had broken a sort of pathway through the abattis, swept indeed by an

enfilading fire from two angles of the breastwork, slippery with blood and hampered with corpses ; but the grape-shot which had accounted for most of these no longer whistled along it, the French having run off their guns to the right to meet the capital attack of the Highlanders. Through it he forced his way, the pressure of the men behind him lifting and bearing him forward whenever the ensign staff for a moment impeded him. He noted that the leaves, which at noon had been green and sappy, with only a slight crumpling of their edges, were now grey and curled into tight scrolls, crackling as he brushed them aside. How long had the day lasted, then ? And would it ever end ? The vision of young Sagamore followed him. He had known Sagamore at Halifax, and invited him to mess one night with the 46th—as brainless and sweet-tempered a boy as ever muddled his drill.

John was at the foot of the rampart. While with his injured hand he fumbled vainly to climb it, some one stooped a shoulder and hoisted him. He flung a leg over the parapet and glanced down a moment at the man's face. It was the sergeant to whom he had shouted just now.

'Right, sir,' the sergeant grunted ; 'we're after you !'

John hoisted the colours high and hurrahed.

'Forward ! Forward, Forty-sixth !'

Then, as a dozen men heaved themselves on to the parapet, a fiery pang gripped him by the chest, and the night—so long held back—came suddenly, swooping on him from all corners of the sky at once. The grip of his knees relaxed. The sergeant, leaping, caught the standard in the nick of time, as the limp foot slid and dropped within the rampart.

From Fort Amity.

IV

TICONDEROGA AND THE GHOST STORY OF MAJOR DUNCAN CAMPBELL

By Francis Parkman

THE central column of regulars was commanded by Lord Howe, his own regiment, the 55th, in the van, followed by the Royal Americans, the 27th, 44th, 46th, and 80th infantry and the Highlanders of the 42nd, with their major, Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, silent and gloomy amid the general cheer, for his soul was dark with foreshadowings of death. . . .

Towards 5 o'clock two English columns joined in a most determined assault on the extreme right of the French, defended by the battalions of Guienne and Béarn. The danger for a time was imminent. Montcalm hastened to the spot with the reserves. The assailants hewed their way to the foot of the breastwork, and though again and again repulsed, they again and again renewed the attack. The Highlanders fought with stubborn and unconquerable fury. 'Even those who were mortally wounded,' writes one of their lieutenants, 'cried to their companions not to lose a thought upon them, but to follow their officers and mind the honour of their country. Their ardour was such that it was difficult to bring them off. Their major, Campbell of Inverawe, found his foreboding true. He received a mortal shot, and his clansmen bore him from the field. Twenty-five of their officers were killed or wounded, and half the men fell under the deadly fire that poured from the loopholes. Captain John Campbell and a few followers tore their way through the abattis, climbed the breastwork, leaped down among the French, and were bayoneted there.

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Mention has been made of the death of Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe. The following family tradition relating to it was told me in 1878 by the late Dean Stanley. . . .

The ancient castle of Inverawe stands by the banks of the Awe, in the midst of the wild and picturesque scenery of the Western Highlands. Late one evening, before the middle of the last century, as the laird, Duncan Campbell, sat alone in the old hall, there was a loud knocking at the gate; and opening it, he saw a stranger, with torn clothing and kilt besmeared with blood, who in a breathless voice begged for asylum. He went on to say that he had killed a man in a fray, and that the pursuers were at his heels. Campbell promised to shelter him. 'Swear on your dirk!' said the stranger, and Campbell swore. He then led him to a secret recess in the depths of the castle. Scarcely was he hidden when again there was a loud knocking at the gate, and two armed men appeared. 'Your cousin Donald has been murdered and we are looking for the murderer!' Campbell, remembering his oath, professed to have no knowledge of the fugitive, and the men went on their way. The laird, in great agitation, lay down to rest in a large dark room, where at length he fell asleep. Waking suddenly in bewilderment and terror, he saw the ghost of the murdered Donald standing by his bedside, and heard a hollow voice pronounce the words: 'Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!' In the morning Campbell went to the hiding-place of the guilty man and told him that he could harbour him no longer. 'You have sworn on your dirk!' he replied; and the laird of Inverawe, greatly perplexed and troubled, made a compromise between conflicting duties, promised not to betray his guest, led him to the neighbouring mountain, and hid him in a cave.

In the next night, as he lay tossing in feverish slumbers, the same stern voice awoke him, the ghost of his cousin Donald stood again at his bedside, and again he heard the same appalling words: 'Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!' At break of day he hastened, in strange agitation, to the cave; but it was empty, the stranger was gone. At night, as he strove in vain to sleep, the vision appeared once more, ghastly pale, but less stern of aspect than before. 'Farewell, Inverawe!' it said; 'Farewell, till we meet at Ticonderoga!'

The strange name dwelt in Campbell's memory. He had joined the Black Watch, or 42nd Regiment, then employed in keeping order in the turbulent Highlands. In time he became its major; and, a year or two after the war broke out, he went with it to America. Here, to his horror, he learned that it was ordered to the attack of Ticonderoga. His story was well known among his brother officers. They combined among themselves to disarm his fears; and when they reached the fatal spot, they told him on the eve of the battle, 'This is not Ticonderoga; we are not there yet; this is Fort George.' But in the morning he came to them with haggard looks. 'I have seen him! You have deceived me! He came to my tent last night! This is Ticonderoga! I shall die to-day!' and his prediction was fulfilled.

From Montcalm and Wolfe.

V

THE LOST REGIMENT

By James Grant

I HAVE been told that a better or a braver fellow than Louis Charters of ours never drew a sword. He was, as the regimental records show, captain of our seventh company, and major in the army when the corps embarked for service in

the *Illinois* in 1763 ; but prior to that his story was a strange and romantic one. Louis was a cadet of one of the oldest houses in Scotland, the Charters of Amisfield ; thus he was a lineal descendant of the famous Red Riever. Early in life he had been gazetted to an ensigncy in Montgomery's Highlanders, the old 77th, when the corps was raised by Colonel Archibald Montgomery (afterwards Earl of Eglinton and Governor of Dumbarton) among the Frasers, Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and other Jacobite clans.

Charters was a handsome and enthusiastic soldier, full of the old chivalry and romance of the Highlanders ; but at the time he joined the Black Watch, with the remnant of Montgomery's regiment, which volunteered into our ranks in 1763, he was a pale, moody, and disappointed man, who had no hope in the service, but that it might procure him an honourable death under the balls of an enemy.

The story of Louis Charters was as follows :—

In January 1755 he was recruiting at Perth for the 77th, when it was his good, or perhaps ill, fortune to become attached to a young lady possessed of great attractions, whom he met at a ball, and who was the only daughter of the Laird of Tullynairn, a gentleman of property in the vicinity of the ' Fair City.'

Emmy Stuart was four-and-twenty, and Louis was three years her senior. She was tall and beautiful in face and figure ; her hair was chestnut, her eyes hazel, and there was a charming droop in their lids which enhanced all her varieties of expression, especially the droll, and lent to them a seductive beauty, most dangerous to the peace of all who engaged in a two-handed flirtation with her.

It was no wonder that Louis loved Emmy ; the only marvel would have been had he proved invulnerable ; so he fell before a glance of her bright hazel eyes, as Dunkirk fell before the allied armies. But Emmy was so gay in manner, distinguishing none in particular, that Charters was often in an agony of anxiety to learn whether she would ever love him ; and moreover, there was one of ours, a Captain Douglas, recruiting in Perth, who possessed a most annoyingly handsome person, and who hovered more about the beautiful Emmy than our friend of the 77th could have wished. To make the matter worse, Douglas was an old lover, having met Emmy at a ball three years before, and been shot clean through the heart by one of her most seductive glances.

Emmy was so full of repartee and drollery, that although Charters was always making the most desperate love to her, he was compelled to mask his approaches under cover of pretty banter or mere flirtation ; thus leaving him an honourable retreat in case of a sharp repulse ; for he could not yet trust himself to opening the trenches in earnest, lest she might laugh at him, as she had done at others.

So passed away the summer of—I am sorry to give so antique an epoch—1755. The snow began to powder the bare seals of the Highland frontier ; the hoar frost wove its thistle blades on the windows in the morning, and our lovers found that a period was put to their rambles in the evening, when the sun was setting behind the darkening mountains of the west.

Now came the time to ballot for partners for the winter season ; and then it was that Louis first learned to his joy that he was not altogether indifferent to the laughing belle. The fashion of balloting for partners was a very curious one, and now it is happily abolished in Scottish society ; for only imagine one's sensations, good reader, on being condemned to dance everything with the same girl, and with her only, during a whole winter season ! Besides, as the devil would be sure to have it so, one would always have the girl one did not want. The laws respecting partners were strictly enforced, and when once settled or fairly handfasted to a dancing girl for the season, a gentleman was on no account per-

mitted to change, even for a single night, on pain of being shot or run through the body by her nearest male relative.

In the beginning of the winter season, the appointment for partners usually took place in each little coterie before the opening of the first ball or assembly. A gentleman's triple-cocked beaver was unflapped, and the fans of all the ladies present were slyly put therein; the gentlemen were then blindfolded, and each selected a fan; then she to whom it belonged, however ill they might be paired or assorted, was his partner for the season. Such was the strange law, most rigidly enforced in the days of Miss Nicholas, who was then the mirror of fashion and presiding goddess of the Edinburgh assemblies.

When the time for balloting came, great was the anxiety of poor Louis Charters lest his beloved Emmy might fall to the lot of that provoking fellow Douglas of ours; but judge of his joy when Emmy told him, with the most arch and beautiful smile that ever lighted up a pair of lovely hazel eyes, how to distinguish *her fan* from amid the eighteen or twenty that were deposited in the hat.

'Now, my dear Mr. Charters,' said she in a whisper, 'I never pretended to be ferociously honest, and thus my unfortunate little tongue is always getting me into some frightful scrape; but I shall give you a token by which you will know *my* fan. Does that make you supremely happy?'

'Happy, Emmy? Dear Emmy, more than ever you will give me credit for!'

'Do not be sure of that, and do not make a scene. Quick now, lest some one anticipate you.'

'But the fan——'

'Has a silver ball in lieu of a tassel. Now go and prosper.'

Thus indicated, he soon selected the fan and drew it forth, to the annoyance of Douglas, who beheld him present it to the fair owner; and her hazel eye sparkled with joy as Charters kissed her hand with a matchless air of ardour and respect. Honest Charters felt quite tipsy with joy.

With the dancing of a whole season before them, the reader may easily imagine the result. All the tabbies, gossips, and coterie of the Fair City had long since assigned them to each other; and though the mere magic of linking two names constantly together has done much to cajole boys and girls into a love for each other, no such magic was required here, for Emmy, I have said, was four-and-twenty, and Louis three years her senior.

Finding himself completely outwitted, and that the fan of a demoiselle of somewhat mature age and rather unattractive appearance had fallen to his lot, Willy Douglas 'evacuated Flanders,' *i.e.* forsook the ballroom, and bent all his energies to recruiting for the second battalion of the Black Watch, leaving the fair field completely to his more successful rival.

But though assigned to Charters by the fashion of the time, and by her own pretty manœuvre, as a partner for the season, our gay coquette would not yet acknowledge herself conquered; and Charters felt with some anxiety that she was amusing herself with him, and that the time was drawing near when he would have to rejoin his regiment, which was then expecting the route for America, over the fortunes of which the clouds of war were gathering. Besides, Emmy had a thousand little whims and teasing ways about her, all of which it was his daily pleasure, and sometimes his task, to satisfy and soothe; and often they had a quarrel—a real quarrel—for two whole days. These were two centuries to Louis; but then it was of course made up again; and Emily, like an empress, gave him her dimpled hand to kiss, reminding him, with a coy smile, that

'A lover's quarrel was but love renewed.'

‘True, Emmy ; but I would infinitely prefer a love that required no renewal,’ said Charters, with a sigh.

‘How tiresome you become ! You often make me think of Willy Douglas. Well, and where shall we find this remarkable love you speak of ?’

Charters gazed at her anxiously, and after a momentary pause, with all his soul in his eyes and on his tongue, he said—

‘Listen to me, dearest Emmy. Of all things necessary to conduce to a man’s happiness, love is the principal. It purifies and sheds a glory, a halo over everything, but chiefly around the beloved object herself. It awakens and matures every slumbering virtue in the heart, and causes us to become as pure and noble as a man may be, to make him more worthy of the woman we love. Such, dear Emmy, is my love for you.’

This time Emmy heard him in silence, with downcast eyes, a blush playing upon her beautiful cheek, a smile hovering on her alluring little mouth, with her breast heaving and her pretty fingers playing nervously with her fan and the frills of her busk.

This conversation may be taken as a specimen of a hundred that our lovers had on every convenient opportunity when Louis was all truthful earnestness, while Emmy was all fun, drollery, and coquetry, yet loving him nevertheless.

But a crisis came, when Charters received, by the hand of his chief friend, Lieutenant Alaster Mackenzie, of the house of Seaforth, a command to rejoin his regiment, then under orders to embark at Greenock, to share in the expedition which Brigadier-General Forbes of Pittencrief was to lead against Fort du Quesne, one of the three great enterprises undertaken in 1758 against the French possessions in North America. How futile were the tears of Emmy now !

‘Though divided by the sea, dear Louis, our hope will be one, like our love,’ she sobbed in his ear.

‘Think—think of me often, very often, as I shall think of you.’

‘I do not doubt you, Louis. I now judge of your long, faithful, and noble affection by my own. Oh, Louis ! I have been foolish and wilful ; I have pained you often ; but you will forgive your poor Emmy now ; she judges of your love by her own.’

It was now too late to think of marriage. Emmy, subdued by the prospect of a sudden and long separation from her winning and handsome lover, and by a knowledge of the dangers that lay before him by sea and land, the French bullet, the Indian arrow—all the risks of war and pestilence—was almost broken-hearted on his departure. The usual rings and locks of hair, the customary embraces, were exchanged ; the usual adieus and promises—solemn and sobbing promises of mutual fidelity—were given, and so they parted ; and with sad Emmy’s kiss yet lingering on his lips, and her undried tears on his cheek, poor Charters found himself marching at the head of his party of fifty recruits, while the drum and fife woke the echoes in the romantic ‘Wicks of Baiglie,’ as he bade a long adieu to beautiful Perth, the home of his Emmy, and joined the headquarters of Montgomery’s Highlanders at Greenock.

But amid all the bustle of the embarkation in transports and ships of war—such rough sea-going ships as Smollett has portrayed in his *Roderick Random*—Charters saw ever before him the happy, bright, and beautiful Emmy of the past year of joy ; or as he had last seen her, pale, crushed, and drooping in tears upon his breast—her coquetry, her drollery, her laughter all evaporated, and the true loving and trusting woman alone remaining—her eyes full of affection, and her voice tremulous with emotion.

Louis sailed for America with one of the finest regiments ever sent forth by

Scotland, which, in the war that preceded the declaration of American independence, gave to the British ranks more than sixty thousand soldiers—few, indeed, of whom ever returned to lay their bones in the land of their fathers.

Montgomery's Highlanders consisted of thirteen companies, making a total of 1460 men, including 65 sergeants who were armed with Lochaber axes, and 30 pipers armed with target and claymore.

Once more among his comrades, the spirit of Charters rose again; a hundred kindly old regimental sympathies were awakened in his breast, and, though the keen regret of his recent parting was fresh in his memory, yet in the conversation of Alaster Mackenzie (who shared his confidence), and in his military duty, he found a relief from bitterness—a refuge which was denied to poor Emmy, who was left to the solitude of her own thoughts and the bitter solace of her own tears, amid those familiar scenes which only conduced to add poignancy to her grief, and served hourly to recall some memory of the absent, and those hours of love and pleasure that had fled, perhaps never to return.

Though our lovers had resolved that nothing should exceed the regularity of their correspondence, and that the largest sheets of foolscap should be duly filled with all they could wish each other to say, in those days when regular mails, steamers, telegraphs, and penny postage were not yet contained in Time's capacious wallet, neither Emmy nor Charters had quite calculated upon the devious routes or the strange and wild districts into which the troops were to penetrate, or the chances of the Western war, with all its alternate glories and disasters.

After a lapse of two long and weary months, by a sailing vessel, poor Emmy received a letter from Louis, and, in the hushed silence of her own apartment, the humbled coquette wept over every word of it, and read it again and again, for it seemed to come like the beloved voice of the writer from a vast distance and from that land of danger. Then when she looked at the date and saw that it was a month—a whole month—ago, and when she thought of the new terrors each day brought forth, she trembled and her heart grew sick; then a paroxysm of tears was her only relief, for she was a creature of a nervous and highly excitable temperament.

It described the long and dreary voyage to America in the crowded and comfortless transport—one thought ever in his soul—the thought of her; one scene ever around him—sea and sky. It detailed the hurried disembarkation and forced march of General Forbes's little army of 6200 soldiers from Philadelphia in the beginning of July, through a vast track of country, little known to civilised men; all but impenetrable or impassable, as the roads were mere war-paths, that lay through dense untrodden forests or deep morasses and lofty mountains, where wild, active, and ferocious Indians, by musket, tomahawk, scalping-knife, and poisoned arrow, co-operated with the French in harassing our troops at every rood of the way. He told her how many of the strongest and healthiest of Montgomery's Highlanders perished amid the toil and horrors they encountered; but how still *he* bore up, animated by the memory of her, by that love which was a second life to him, and by the darling hope that, with God's help, he would survive the campaign and all its miseries, and would find himself again, as of old, seated at the side of his beloved Emmy, with her cheek on his shoulder and her dear little hand clasped in his.

And here ended this sorrowful letter, which was dated from the camp of the Scottish brigadier, who halted at Raystown, ninety miles on the march from Fort du Quesne. Thus, by the time Emmy received it, the fort must have been attacked and lost or won.

'Attacked!' How breathlessly, and with what protracted agony did she



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Officer
Black Watch
1835

Officer
Scaforth Highlanders
1849

Private
Highland Light Infantry
1787

long for intelligence—for another letter or for the War Office lists ! But days, weeks, months rolled on, and poor Emmy, though surrounded by admirers as of old, felt all the misery of that deferred hope which ‘maketh the heart sick.’

Meanwhile Louis, at the head of his company of Montgomery’s Highlanders, accompanied the force of Brigadier Forbes, who, in September, dispatched from Raystown Colonel Boquet to a place called Loyal Henning, to reconnoitre the approach to Fort du Quesne. The colonel’s force consisted of 2000 men ; of these he dispatched in advance 500 Provincials and 400 of Montgomery’s regiment, under Major James Grant of Ballindalloch, whose second in command was Captain Charters. Despite the advice of the latter, Grant, a brave but reckless and imprudent officer, advanced boldly towards Fort du Quesne with all his pipes playing and drums beating, as if he were approaching a friendly town. Now the French officer who commanded in the fort was a determined fellow.

The moment the soldiers of Grant were within range, the French cannon opened upon them, and under cover of this fire, the infantry made a furious sortie.

‘Sling your muskets ! Dirk and claymore !’ cried the major, as the foe came on. A terrible conflict ensued, the Highlanders fighting with their swords and daggers, and the Provincials with their fixed bayonets ; the French gave way, but, unable to reach the fort, they dispersed and sought shelter in the vast forest which spread in every direction round it. Here they were joined by a strong body of Indians, and returning, from amid the leafy jungles and dense foliage, they opened a murderous fire upon Major Grant’s detachment, which had halted to refresh, when suddenly summoned to arms.

A yell pierced the sky ! It was the Indian’s war-whoop, startling the green leaves of that lone American forest, and waking the echoes of the distant hills that overlook the plain of the Alleghany ; thousands of Red Indians, warriors, horrible in their native ugliness, their streaky war-paint, jangling moccasins and tufted feathers, naked and muscular, savage as tigers and supple as eels, with their barbed spears, scalping-knives and tomahawks, and French muskets, burst like a living flood upon the soldiers of Ballindalloch. The Provincials immediately endeavoured to form square, but were broken, brained, scalped, and trod under foot, as if a brigade of horse had swept over them ; while, in the old fashion of their native land, the undaunted 77th men endeavoured to meet the foe, foot to foot, and hand to hand, with the broadsword, but in vain. Grant ordered them to throw aside their knapsacks, plaids, and coats, and betake themselves to the claymore, and the claymore only. For three hours a desultory and disastrous combat was maintained—every stump and tree, every bush and rock and stone being battled for with deadly energy and all the horrors of Indian warfare—yells, whoops, the tomahawk and the knife—were added to those of Europe, and before the remnant of our Highlanders effected an escape, Captains MacDonald, Munro, Lieutenants Alaster, William and Robert Mackenzie, and Colin Campbell were killed and scalped with many of their men. Ensign Alaster Grant lost a hand by a poisoned arrow ; but of all who fell Charters most deeply regretted Alaster Mackenzie, his friend and confidant, to save whom, after a shot had pierced his breast, he made a desperate effort and slew three Indians by consecutive blows ; but this succour came too late, and Mackenzie’s scalp was torn off before he breathed his last.

‘Stand by your colours, comrades, till death !’ were his last words. ‘Farewell, dear Charters—we’ll meet again !’

‘Again !’

‘Yes—again—in heaven !’ he answered, and expired with his sword in his hand, like a brave and pious soldier.

The Red men were like incarnate fiends. The combat was a mere massacre, and seemed as if all hell had burst its gates and held jubilee in that wild forest of the savage West. The Provincials were destroyed. Grant, with nineteen officers, fell into the hands of the French; and of his Highlanders only a hundred and fifty succeeded in effecting a retreat to Loyal Henning, under the command of Louis Charters, to whose skill, bravery, and energy they unanimously attributed their escape.

James Grant of Ballindalloch died a general in the army in 1806; but he never forgot the horrors of his rashness at Fort du Quesne, which was abandoned to Brigadier Forbes on the 24th November; by this he was deprived of a revenge, and to win it Charters had volunteered to lead the forlorn-hope. Poor General Forbes died on the retreat.

Charters' regiment served next in General Amherst's army at Ticonderoga, at Crown Point, and on the Lake Expedition, where he saved the life of Ensign Grant—now known as Alaster the One-handed—by bearing him off the field when wounded; but during all those desultory and sanguinary operations he never heard from Emmy, nor did she hear from him. He suffered much; he nearly perished in the snow on one occasion with a whole detachment; he was wounded in the left shoulder on that night of horrors at Ticonderoga, and had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball in the fight with a French ship, when proceeding on the expedition to Dominique under Lord Rollo and Sir James Douglas; but though the ball spared his head, the *wind* of it raised a large inflamed spot which gave him great trouble and pain. He was with his corps at the conquest of the Havannah; he was at the capture of Newfoundland with the 45th and the Highlanders of Fraser, and he served with honour in a hundred minor achievements of the brave Highlanders of Montgomery.

Renewed or recruited thrice from the Highland clans, the old 77th covered themselves with glory, and of all the Scottish corps in the King's service, there was none from which the soldiers more nobly and rigidly transmitted to their aged parents in Scotland the savings of their poor pay or the prize money gained by their blood in the Havannah. In one of his (unanswered) letters to Emmy Stuart, Louis says, 'I have known some of our poor fellows, my dear girl, who almost starved themselves for this purpose.'

One of the majors being killed at the storming of the Moro, his widow, in consideration of his great services, was permitted to sell his commission. Louis was now senior captain, and all the regiment knew well that he, having only his pay, was unable to purchase it; but so greatly was he beloved by the soldiers, many of whom, in America, had thrown themselves before the sharp tomahawks and poisoned arrows of the Indians to save him, that they subscribed each Highlander so many days' pay to purchase his majority; and the plunder of the rich Havannah having put these brave souls in good funds, the money was all fairly laid on the drum-head in one hour, when the corps was on evening parade in the citadel of El Fuerte.

This was the most noble tribute his soldiers could pay to Charters, who was duly gazetted when the regiment was stationed at New York in the summer of 1763, to enjoy a little repose after the toils of the past war.

The services and adventures so briefly glanced at here had thus spread over a period of five years—to Louis long and weary years—during which he had never heard of Emmy but once; and now he had no relie of her to remind him of those delightful days of peace and love that had fled apparently for ever. The ring she had given him, warm from her pretty hand, had been torn from his finger by plunderers as he lay wounded and helpless on the ramparts of Fort

Loudon, on the confines of far Virginia ; her fan was lost when his baggage was taken on the retreat from Fort du Quesne ; the locket with her hair had been rent from him when he was taken prisoner and stripped by the French in the attack on Martinique. He was changed in appearance too ; his hair, once black as night, was already seamed by many a silver thread, yet he was only two-and-thirty. His face was gaunt and wan, and bronzed by the Indian sun and keen American frost. His eyes, like the eyes of all inured to facing death and danger, pestilence and bullet, were fierce at times, and keen and haggard ; and when tidings came, or it was mooted at mess, that the war-worn regiment of Montgomery was again to see the Scottish shore, poor Louis looked wistfully into his glass and doubted whether Emmy would know him ; for between the French and the Cherokees he had acquired somewhat the aspect of a brigand.

Peace was proclaimed at last, and the Government made an offer to the regiment, that such officers and men as might choose to settle in America should have grants of land proportioned to their rank and services. The rest might return to Scotland or volunteer into other corps. A few remained among the colonists, and on the revolt of America in 1775 were the *first men* to join the standard of George III., who ordered them to be embodied as the 48th or Royal Regiment of Highland Emigrants. The rest—most of whom volunteered to join the Black Watch—with band, pipes, and colours, under Louis Charters, embarked at New York, and, full of hope and joy, with three hearty cheers as their ship cleft the waters of Hudson and bore them through the Narrows, saw the future capital of the western world sink into the distance and disappear astern.

Five years ! . . .

‘Emmy must be now nearly nine-and-twenty !’ thought Louis. ‘In a month from this time I shall see her—shall hear her voice—shall be beside her again, assuring her that I am the same Louis Charters of other days.’

But month after month passed away, and six elapsed after the sailing of the transport from New York had been duly notified by the London and the Edinburgh Gazettes, yet no tidings reached Britain of the missing regiment of Montgomery.

During all those five long years—those sixty months—those one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five days, every one of which had been counted by poor Louis—how fared it with the beautiful Emmy Stuart, who was still the belle of the Fair City ?

So far as the defective newspapers of those days, when Edinburgh had only *three* (and those of London seldom came north), supplied intelligence, she had traced the operations of Montgomery’s Highlanders in the Canadas, the States, on the Lakes, and in the West Indies, in the dispatches of Brigadier Forbes, of Colonel Boquet, Lord Rollo, and others ; she had frequently seen the name of her lover mentioned as having distinguished himself, and twice as having been left wounded on the field. I need not dwell on her days and nights of sickening sorrow and suspense, which no friendship would alleviate.

Save once, no letter of Louis had ever reached her ; yet poor Louis had written many : from among frozen camps and bloody fields, from wet bivouacs, and places such as Emmy’s gentle mind could never conceive ; but, by a strange fatality, these letters never reached her ; yet Emmy, the belle, the coquette, remained true, for she knew the chances of war ; and that, until the regiment returned home and he proved false, she could not desert her lover.

But Willy Douglas of the Black Watch, who had been all this time comfortably recruiting about Perth and Dunkeld (thanks to his uncle, the Duke of Douglas), was wont to remind her that the 40th Regiment had been more than *forty* years abroad, and the battalion of Montgomery might be quite as long away.

After three years had passed without letters arriving, Emmy still loved and mourned Louis more than ever ; while well-meaning friends, who never thought of consulting the Army List, assured her that he was killed ; but it availed them nought.

Then five years elapsed, and in all that time there came no letter ; yet, when taunted that Louis had forgotten her, she replied as Cleopatra did to Alexis when he advised her to deem her lover cruel, inconstant, and ungrateful :

‘ I cannot, if I could ; these thoughts were vain :
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel if he be,
I still must love him ! ’

But time changes all things. A pleasing and sad recollection was now beginning to replace her lively affection for Charters. Tired of worshipping one who had become little more than a beautiful statue, her admirers had disappeared gradually, till the assiduous Douglas alone remained in the position of a tacit and privileged dangler. Willy was an honest-hearted fellow, and with his real love for Emmy there was mingled much of pity for what she suffered on account of his ‘ devilish neglectful rival,’ as he termed Charters. Emmy had long been insensible to his addresses ; but as Douglas, who was very prepossessing, was the nephew of the last Duke of Douglas, and had a handsome fortune, her father frequently, earnestly, and affectionately urged her to accept his proposals, while her mother reminded her that she was past eight-and-twenty now, and added that in a new and fortunate attachment—in the love that is supposed to follow marriage—she would forget the sorrows of the past. But Emmy, though knowing that this was all mere sophistry, was about to give a silent acquiescence to their schemes, when, turning over the leaves of an old periodical, one day, in a dreamy and listless mood, her eye fell on the following :

‘ There is no divine ordinance more frequently disobeyed than that wherein God forbids human sacrifices, for in no other light can most modern marriages be viewed. Every one who reads in ancient history of human sacrifices, exclaims against the horrid practice and trembles at the narrative, though there is scarcely one of the female readers, if she is of marriageable age, who is not ready to deck her person, like an adorned victim, in the hope of tempting some *golden idol* to receive a free-will offering.’

Emmy thought of Douglas’s fortune, and the book fell from her hand.

‘ No, no,’ she said, with a shudder, ‘ I shall not be the adorned victim offered up to this golden idol,’ and from that hour she resolved to decline his addresses.

On the day succeeding this brave resolution came tidings ‘ that the remnant of Montgomery’s Highlanders, under the command of Major Louis Charters, had sailed from New York six weeks ago, and were daily expected at Greenock, from whence that gallant corps sailed for the wars of the Far West in 1758.’

Now came Emmy’s hour of triumph, and already Louis seemed before her, loving, trusting, and true ; and hourly she expected to have in his own handwriting, assurance of all her heart desired ; but, alas ! time rolled on—days became weeks—weeks became months, and no tidings reached Britain of the Highlanders of Montgomery.

‘ The lost regiment ’ was spoken of from time to time, till even friends, comrades, and relations grew tired of futile surmises, and their unaccountable disappearance became like a tale that is told—or a fragment of old and forgotten intelligence.

For a time a sickening and painful suspense had been kept alive by occasional reports of pieces of wreck, with red coats and tartan fluttering about them,

having been espied in the Atlantic ; vessels waterlogged and abandoned were passed by solitary ships, and averred to be the missing transport ; craft answering her description had been seen to founder in the tempests off the banks of Newfoundland ; but after eight months had elapsed nothing was heard of what was emphatically called *the lost regiment*.

Emmy mourned now for Louis as for one who was dead—one who, after all his toil and valour, suffering and constancy (she felt assured he had been constant), was sleeping in the great ocean that had divided them so long.

Tired of all this, her friends had arrayed her in mourning as for one who was really dead ; and to carry out a plan of realising this conviction, her father had erected in the Church of St. John a handsome marble tablet to the memory of Charters ; and this cold white slab *In Memoriam* met Emmy's heavy eyes every time she raised them from her prayer-book on Sunday. So at last Louis was dead—she felt convinced of it, and, with a reluctant and foreboding mind, she consented to a marriage with Captain Douglas of the Black Watch—a consent in which she had but one thought, that in making this terrible sacrifice she was only seeking to soothe the anxiety and gratify the solicitations of her mother, who was now well up in the vale of years, and who loved her tenderly.

Emmy was placid and content ; but though even cheerful in appearance, she was not happy. They were married. We will pass over the appearance of the bride, her pale beauty, her rich lace, the splendour of all the accessories by which the wealth of her father, her husband, and the solicitude of her kind friends surrounded her, and come to *the crisis* in our story—a crisis in which a lamentable fatality seemed to rule the destinies of the chief actors in our little drama.

The minister of St. John's Church had just pronounced the nuptial blessing, and the pale bride was in her mother's arms, while the officers of the Black Watch were crowding round Douglas with their hearty congratulations ; a buzz of voices had filled the large withdrawing-room, as a hum of gladness succeeded the solemn but impressive monotony of the marriage service, when the sharp rattle of drums and the shrill sound of the fifes ringing in the Southgate of Perth struck upon their ears, and the measured march of feet, mingling with the rising huzzahs of the people, woke the echoes of every close and wynd.

A foreboding smote the heart of Captain Douglas. He sprang to a window and saw the gleam of arms, the glitter of bayonets and Lochaber axes, with the waving of plumed bonnets above the heads of a crowd which poured along the sunny vista of the Southgate ; and, as the troops passed, led by a mounted officer whose left arm was in a sling—a bronzed, war-worn, and weather-beaten band—their tartans were recognised as well as the tattered colours which streamed in ribbons on the wind, and their name went from mouth to mouth :

‘ The Lost Regiment—the Highlanders of Montgomery ! ’

A low cry burst from Emmy ; she threw up her clasped hands and sank in a dead faint at her mother's feet. All was consternation in the house of Stuart of Tullynairn ; and the marriage guests gazed at the passing soldiers as at some fascinating but unreal pageant ; but on they marched, cheering, to the barracks, with drums beating and pipes playing ; and now the mounted officer, who had been gazing wistfully at the crowded windows, stoops from his saddle and whispers a few words to another—Alaster the One-handed, now a captain—then he turns his horse and, dismounting at the door, is heard to ascend the stair ; and in another moment, Louis Charters, sallow, thin, and hollow-eyed, by long toil and suffering, his left arm in a sling and his right cheek scarred by a shot, stands amid all these gaily attired guests in his fighting jacket, the scarlet of which had long since become threadbare and purple.

He immediately approached Emmy, who had now partially recovered, and gazed at him as one might gaze at a spectre, when Douglas threw himself forward with his hand on his sword.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said Louis, who grew ashy pale, and whose voice sank into Emmy's soul. 'Have you all forgotten me—Louis Charters of Montgomery's Regiment?'

'No,' replied Douglas; 'but your presence here at such a time is most unfeeling and inopportune.'

'Unfeeling and inopportune—I—Miss Stuart—Emmy——'

'Miss Stuart has just been made my wedded wife. Thus any remarks you have to make, sir, you will please address to *me*.'

Louis started as if a scorpion had stung him, and his trembling hand sought the hilt of his sword. Here the old minister addressed him kindly, imploringly, and the guests crowded between them, but he dashed them all aside and turned from the house, without a word or glance from Emmy. Poor Emmy! Dismay had frozen her, and mute despair glared in her haggard yet still beautiful eyes.

'Half an hour earlier and I had saved her and saved myself!' exclaimed Charters bitterly; 'the half hour I loitered in Strathearn!' for he had halted there to refresh his weary soldiers.

And now to explain the sudden reappearance.

Tempest-tost and under jurmasts, after long beating against adverse winds, the transport, with the remnant of his regiment, had been driven to 37 and 40 degrees of north latitude, and was stranded on the small isles of Corvo and Flores, two of the most western and detached of the Azores. There they had been lingering among the Portuguese for seven months, unknown to and unheard of by our Government; and it was not until Charters, leaving Alaster Grant in command at Corvo, had visited Angra, the capital of the island, and urged the necessity of having his soldiers transmitted home, that he procured a ship at Ponta del Gada, the largest town of these islands, and sailing with the still reduced remnant of his corps—for many had perished with the foundered transport—he landed at Greenock, from whence he was ordered at once to join the 2nd battalion of the Black Watch, into which his soldiers had volunteered, and which, by a strange fatality, was quartered in Perth—the home of his Emmy, and the place where for five long years he had garnered up his thoughts and dearest hopes.

The reader may imagine the emotions of our poor Emmy on finding that her lover lived, and that her heart was thus cruelly wrenched away from all it had treasured and cherished for years. Then, as if to aggravate her sorrow, our battalion marched next day for foreign service, and Louis again embarked for America, the land of his toil, without relentless fate allowing Emmy to excuse or explain herself.

Douglas left the corps and took his wife to Paris, where he fell in a duel with a Jacobite refugee.

Emmy lived to be a very old woman, but she never smiled again.

Thus were two fond hearts separated for ever.

Three months after Louis landed in America, he died of a broken heart say some; of the marsh fever say others. He was then on the march with a detachment of ours up the Mississippi, a long route of 1500 miles, to take possession of Fort Charters in the Illinois. His friend, a Captain Grant—Alaster the One-handed—performed the last offices for him, and saw him rolled in a blanket and buried at the foot of a cotton tree, where the muskets of the Black Watch made the echoes of the vast prairie ring as they poured three farewell volleys over the last home of a brave but lonely heart.

From Legends of the Black Watch.

VI

THE DUCHESS OF GORDON AS A RECRUITER

HER COMPANY IN THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS

By J. M. Bulloch

EVERYBODY of course knows the legend of the Duchess of Gordon's kiss. I anticipate that it will ultimately take rank with other pretty fairy tales; but even when it does, there will remain the fact that she took a great interest in the raising of the Gordon Highlanders in 1794. That picturesque achievement was undertaken mainly on behalf of her son, the handsome Huntly. But nearly twenty years before that she had accomplished a similar task for her brother, Captain Hamilton Maxwell, whom she presented with a company for the Fraser Highlanders. By a curious coincidence, Hamilton died in the very year when she was engaged with the Gordons.

The Fraser Highlanders were raised by Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, and eldest son of the Lord Lovat who was executed. After passing through the period of attainder, he entered the army, and in 1756 raised the Fraser Highlanders, afterwards numbered as the 78th, and represented to-day in a round-about way by the second battalion of the Seaforth's. The Fraser Highlanders were disbanded in 1763. In 1775 Fraser raised another regiment, numbered the 71st, which, like its predecessor, did good work in America. It was for this corps that the Duchess raised a company.

The task which the Duchess set herself was by no means easy, and she encountered many disappointments. Despite her husband's power as a great landlord, she met with small success among the Macphersons, to take but one class of tenant, with sufficient Highland blood in them to be not averse from soldiering as an art. The Rev. Robert Macpherson, Aberarder, writing on April 6, 1778, says that 'no person appeared in the country for Captain Maxwell, to take upon him the horrid drudgery of drinking whysky and to act the recruiting sergeant among the people. Besides, the few remaining sparks of clanship had by that time been kindled into flame, which with their sympathy for the Clunie's misfortunes made them enlist with their chieftain in preference to all mankind. But the fit did not last long.'

Her Grace had also the mortification of encountering rivals. Thus a certain David Mackay, who had been enlisted at Grantown market, was not attested, 'being carried off by a son of Galloway's.' A party spent three days looking for him (at a cost of £18). He finally listed with Ensign Grant.

The men were largely raised at markets, pipers and drummers being used to attract them. The most active recruits were Sergeant Peter Thomson; David Tulloch, who got a shilling a day and a guinea a recruit; J. Stewart; and Peter Wilkie. The accounts, which with the muster roll are in the hands of the Duke of Richmond, who has kindly lent them me for examination, contain such items as the following:—

By cash to a piper to Glass mercatt	£0	7	0
To William Hamilton, piper, employed from Dec. 7, 1775 to Feb. 17,			
1776, at a shilling a day	39	19	0
For Dirk to him	0	10	6
For a kilt for him	0	5	9
To extraordinary drink at Elgin market	1	5	0
To the recruits to drink upon the Duchess's setting out to London,			
Feb. 12, 1776	1	10	0

A sum of 5s. 6d. was paid for 'three boys coming from Keith to list with her Grace, (but) not fit for service.' Another curious item is '£1, 1s. to Miss Annie Gordon, doctress, for medicine to different recruits in Captain Maxwell's Co'y.'

The company was uniformed by Alexander Umphray, Fochabers, and by A. Forsyth & Son, the clothing including tartan, scarlet cloth, silver lace, gilt buttons. Some of the items included in Umphray's bill for the recruiting sergeants, under date December 13, 1775, were as follows :—

To 11 yards tartan	£1	0	2
„ 1 blue bonnet	0	1	10
„ 13 yards yellow ribbon	0	7	10
„ 4 yards tartan for a philaleg	0	7	4
„ 4 yards tartan for hose	0	8	0
„ 4 pairs garters	0	2	0
„ $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen yellow buttons	0	0	6
„ 12 yards tartan for a plaid	0	13	0
„ 1 pair shoe and knee buckles	0	2	0

In another account we find a sum of £11, 2s. 8d. paid for tartan for the recruits.

The raising of the company cost the Duchess from first to last the sum of £587, 5s. 3d., of which £366, 19s. 8d. went in bounties (varying from 7s. 6d. to £6 per man), and £129, 3s. 6d. in 'subsistence' from November 12, 1775, to March 24, 1776.

At last the quota was complete, 89 men in all, of whom 73 were for her brother, Captain Maxwell, and 16 for Lieut. Francis Skelly (formally of the 25th Foot), and the duke's first cousin. Only two of the 89 men had red hair. Maxwell's men (67 strong) marched from Fochabers on February 26, 1776, under the command of Sergeant Peter Thomson, and two days later the Duchess received the Muster Roll, which is now at Gordon Castle.

The 71st was reduced in 1783, and Captain Maxwell afterwards entered the 74th regiment. It is a curious fact that the 71st now forms the first battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, while the 74th is the second battalion. It may have been Maxwell's connection with the 74th that led his brother-in-law, the fourth Duke of Gordon, to enlist six men for Captain Twysden's company of the 74th in 1787, as follows :—

		Age.	Height.	Bounty
Nov. 4—	John Duncan, hosier, Speymouth	16	5 ft. 4 in.	£5 5 0
„ 19—	William Mitchell	24	5 ft. 9 in.	5 5 0
„ 20—	Hugh Gordon	29	5 ft. 6 in.	3 8 0
„ 20—	John Bonniman	30	5 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 8 0
„ 27—	Hugh Ellis	17	5 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	5 5 0
Dec. 3—	Sergeant Alexander Sutherland; not attested, but supposed absent	30	5 ft. 11 in.	

It only remains to add that Captain Maxwell died in India in 1794. He was buried in the compound of the Church of England, Oldtown, Cuddalore, where a stone commemorated him.

Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Hamilton Maxwell, son of Sir William Maxwell of Monreath, Bart., aide-de-camp to the King and Lieut.-Col. of H.M.'s 74th Highland Regiment of Foot, who died, universally regretted by all who knew him, at the house of his friend, John Kenworthy, Esq., at New-town, on June 8, 1794, in the 40th year of his age. In testimony of the affection they bore their gallant commander, and as a tribute to his talents and many virtues, this monument is erected by the officers of the 74th.

VII

TALES OF THE PIPERS

THE anecdotes of the pipers of Scottish regiments are numerous. On more than one occasion they have been known, when badly wounded, to cause themselves to be conveyed to some eminence, and there to play encouraging tunes until their strength quite failed them.

The 71st Highland Light Infantry was greatly distinguished on the heights of Rorica, and, with the other corps of Sir Ronald Ferguson's brigade, charged the assailants repeatedly from the ground. They were then commanded by that fine officer, the late Sir Dennis Pack, and fully maintained the high station which they had always held in the military records of their country. Among their wounded was poor George Clarke, their piper, who was struck by a musket-ball while cheering up his comrades in the charge. Unable to proceed, the intrepid Clarke still continued to play in animated strains the favourite national music, and with a noble spirit remained upon the spot under a heavy fire, until, having fully accomplished the object of their mission, his regiment came back victorious to the station on the hill.

At the battle of Assaye the musicians were ordered to attend to the wounded and carry them to the surgeons in the rear. One of the pipers, believing himself included in this order, laid aside his instrument and assisted the wounded. For this he was afterwards reproached by his comrades. Flutes and hautboys, they thought, could be well spared; but for the piper, who should always be in the heat of the battle, to go to the rear with his *whistles* was a thing altogether unheard of. The piper was quite humbled. However, he soon had an opportunity of playing off this stigma; for, in the advance at Argaum he played up with such animation and influenced the men to such a degree that they could hardly be restrained from rushing on to the charge too soon and breaking the line.

At the battle of Porto Novo, in 1781, the 73rd was on the right of the first line, leading all the attacks to the full approbation of General Coote, whose notice was particularly attracted by one of the pipers, who always blew up his most warlike sounds whenever the fire became hotter than ordinary. This so pleased the general that he cried aloud, 'Well done, my brave fellow, you shall have a pair of silver pipes for this.' The promise was not forgotten, and a handsome pair of pipes was presented to the regiment with an inscription in testimony of the general's esteem for their conduct and character.

From *The British Soldier*.

VIII

IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL

By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Erskine, bart., of Alva, who commanded the Scots Greys in 1762

IN the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans endeavoured our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws,
That like our ancestors of old we stand by Freedom's cause,
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.*

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race,
 Our loud-sounding pipe has the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enraged when we rush on our foes,
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering shocks.

We 're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 And swift as the roc which the hound doth assail,
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our counsels be wise and our commerce increase,
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find
 That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.

*Then we 'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
 That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
 May defy the French, with all their arts, to alter our laws.*

IX

THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS AT MARTINIQUE (1793)

By Richard Cannon

THE French Royalists of Martinique sent pressing applications for assistance, and Major-General Bruce, commanding the British troops in the West Indies, was induced to proceed with a small force to their aid. The 21st were employed on this service ; they landed at Caise de Navire on the 14th of June (1793), and other corps landed on the 16th, and eleven hundred British and eight hundred French Loyalists advanced to attack the town of St. Pierre : but the Royalists were undisciplined ; they got into confusion, fired by mistake on one another, and so completely disconcerted the plan of attack, that the English general, not having a force sufficiently numerous for the purpose without them, ordered the British troops to return on board of the fleet.

General Sir Charles (afterwards Earl) Grey assembled a body of troops at Barbadoes in January 1794 for the attack of the French islands, and the flank companies of the 21st were employed on this service. A landing was effected on the island of Martinique in the early part of February, and after some sharp fighting, in which the regiment had several men killed and wounded, this valuable possession was delivered from the power of the republicans.

*From Historical Record of the 21st Regiment, or
 The Royal North British Fusiliers.*

X

HOW THE BLACK WATCH GOT THEIR RED FEATHER

By Archibald Forbes

'ON January 1, 1795,' so writes Andrew [Dowie], while a pensioned veteran, 'our army, consisting of the 42nd, 78th, 80th, and 19th, drove the French again across the Waal; the 42nd retired to Guidermalsen, about three miles to the rear. The French crossed a second time, and attacked the 78th in our [42nd] front; the 11th Light Dragoons covering the 78th with two pieces of cannon. The French being very superior in numbers, pressed the 78th so hard that they were obliged to give way; the cavalry also giving way, leaving their guns, which the enemy turned upon us. In the affair General Sir Robert Lowrie [Lawrie] received a severe rub on the right cheek, and was along with Sir David Dundas when he called out, "Forty-Second! for God's sake, and for the honour of your country, retake those guns!" Two companies were sent out which were repulsed; other two companies were then sent out and succeeded in recapturing them with great loss [to the French]. Licut. James Jonathan Fraser commanded our company in the absence of Captain Anstruther. On the guns being brought in, General Sir David Dundas called out, "Forty-Second, the 11th Dragoons shall never wear the red plume on their helmets any more, and I hope the 42nd will carry it so long as they are the Black Watch!" I heard Sir David pronounce these words. When we arrived in Essex we got the red heckle.'

From The Black Watch.

XI

THE HIGHLANDER'S SENSE OF DUTY

By J. H. Stocqueler

AFTER the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army in America, the 75th was marched in detachments as prisoners to different parts of Virginia, where they met with many of their emigrant countrymen, by whom, as well as by the Americans, every endeavour was used, and many tempting offers made, to prevail on the soldiers to break their allegiance and become subjects of the American Government. Yet not a single Highlander allowed himself to be seduced by their offers from the duty which he had engaged to discharge for his king and country.

When it was known in Sutherland (in 1793, on the breaking out of the war with revolutionary France) that the countess was expected to call forth a portion of the most able-bodied men on her extensive estates, the officers whom she appointed had only to make a selection of those who were best calculated to fill up the ranks of the regiment, which was completed in as short a time as the men could be collected from the rugged and distant districts they inhabited. For five years after the regiment had been formed not an individual in it committed a crime of any kind. During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1797-98, 'their conduct and manners so softened the horrors of war that they were not a week in any fresh quarter or cantonment without conciliating and becoming intimate with the people.' In 1800 the regiment had been nineteen years without a punishment parade.

General Stewart, in his account of the Highlanders, says truly: 'The sense of duty is not extinguished in the Highland soldier by absence from the mountains. It accompanies him amid the dissipations of a mode of life to which he has not been accustomed. It prompts him to save a portion of his pay to enable

him to assist his parents, and also to work when he has an opportunity, that he may increase their allowance ; at once preserving himself from idle habits and contributing to the happiness and comfort of those who gave him birth. Filial attachment is a strong principle with the Highlander, and it has generally been found that a threat of informing their parents of misconduct has operated as a sufficient check on young soldiers, who always receive the intimation with a sort of horror.'

From The British Soldier.

XII

HOME FROM THE WARS

By Robert Burns

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and sears wherever I come :
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

My 'prenticeship I passed where my leader breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ;¹
I served out my trade when the gallant game was played
And the Moro² low was laid at the sound of the drum.

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batteries,³
And left there for a witness an arm and a limb ;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot⁴ to bleed me,
I'd clutter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

The Jolly Beggars.

XIII

THE KING'S OWN BORDERERS AT MARTINIQUE (1809)

By Captain R. T. Higgins

IN the month of December 1808 the two flank companies of the 25th regiment, commanded by Captain Sinelair, embarked on board the *Cherub* sloop-of-war from Guinea Bay (island of St. Kitts), and proceeded to Pigeon Island. Here it disembarked and remained for six weeks, when it again embarked, on the evening of the 28th of January 1809, on board the *Eurydice* frigate, and joined the fleet for the capture of Martinique. The fleet was divided, like the army, into two divisions. One division of the army landed at Negro Point, and the other, consisting of the 8th, 23rd, 7th, and the flank companies of the 25th regiment, at Solomon's Bay, on the 31st of January. The light company joined the army near Windmill

¹ The battlefield in front of Quebec, where Wolfe fell (1759).

² El Moro, Havannah, which was stormed and taken by the British, 1762.

³ Siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards, 1782.

⁴ In command at Gibraltar during the siege.

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Hill, where it was engaged, and where Captain Sinclair and Privates Ducksbury and Hoiragan were killed.

This action was fought on the 2nd of February 1809. The grenadier company joined the Light Brigade, commanded by Major-General Campbell of the York Rangers. He, however, was wounded, when the command was given to Major Parson of the 23rd Fusiliers, which regiment occupied a position in a wood near Fort Bourbon. This brigade, which consisted of the flank company of the 25th and 63rd regiment, and two black companies, crossed the country, and stormed a French picket under the walls of Beaulieu Redoubt. This picket, which consisted of one captain, two lieutenants, and eighty privates, were all killed or wounded, with the exception of four or five sentinels who made their escape. Captain M'Donald of the grenadiers led his company up to the gate, where he was challenged by two French sentinels, who were instantly shot. The brigade rushed into the place, and took the post under a heavy fire from Fort Bourbon ; but as it was night the shots passed over the heads of the men, doing little or no damage. On the 19th of February the British batteries opened a heavy fire, which was kept up both day and night, on Fort Bourbon. On the 24th of February 1809 the fort and all the dependencies of the island surrendered.

From Records of the King's Own Borderers.

CHAPTER IV

Napoleon in Egypt

1801-1807

I

THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS

The Story of the Regiment.

THE Scottish Borderers hold the record for rapid recruiting. The regiment was raised in 1689, and the enlistments had amounted to eight hundred in the first two hours. Before it was four months old it was fighting for William III. at Killiecrankie. Originally known as the Edinburgh Regiment of Foot, or alternatively as Leven's Foot, its name passed through the usual mutations—it became the 25th (Edinburgh) Regiment of Foot in 1751; the 25th (Sussex) Regiment of Foot in 1782; the 25th (the King's Own Borderers) Regiment of Foot in 1805; and from 1887 onwards, the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Colloquially, it passes by three nicknames: 'The K.O.B.'s,' 'The Kokky-Olly Birds,' and The Botherers.

From the days of the third William down to the present hour, the regiment has carried its flag victoriously into action in almost every part of the world; it captured two standards at Val, and fought heroically and triumphantly in the defence of Gibraltar; it had a large share of the tough work of shattering the French forces at Minden; and Minden, Egypt, Martinique, Afghanistan, Chitral, are among the honours emblazoned on its colours.

The list of the principal campaigns and battles in which the Scottish Borderers have been engaged includes:

Killiecrankie, 1689.	Minden, 1759.	Martinique, 1809.
Flanders, 1692-7.	Warburg, 1760.	Guadaloupe, 1815.
Steenkirk, 1692.	Kirk Denker, 1761.	Natal, 1842.
Landen, 1692.	Gräbenstein, 1762.	Afghanistan, 1878-80.
Namur, 1695.	Gibraltar, 1782-3.	Gemazieh, 1889.
Gibraltar, 1727.	Toulon, 1794.	Chitral, 1895.
Flanders, 1743-7.	Port Royal, 1796.	Tirah, 1897-8.
Fontenoy, 1745.	Helder, 1799.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Roucoux, 1746.	Egmont-op-Zee, 1799.	Paardeberg, 1900.
Val, 1747.	Egypt, 1801.	Karee Spruit, 1900.
Germany, 1758-63.	Alexandria, 1801.	Vlakfontein, 1901.

II

THE LANDING IN EGYPT

By J. H. Stocqueler

ABOUKIR BAY had been rendered famous in modern history by Nelson's victory of the Nile; it was now to become the scene of the extraordinary valour of the troops. On the morning of the 8th March 1801 Sir Ralph Abercromby gave the signal for 5000 men to land in 150 boats.

‘It would be difficult,’ writes the biographer of Abercromby, ‘to conceive a situation of deeper or darker interest than that in which the advance of the British army was now placed. The men sat erect and motionless ; not a sound was heard, except the splash of the oars in the water, while the long line of boats moved rapidly but in admirable and exact array towards the shore. Not long, however, was that stern silence permitted to continue unbroken. As if doubting the evidence of their own senses, the enemy gazed for a while, without offering to the frail armada the slightest molestation ; but their astonishment soon gave place to other and more stirring sentiments, and they stood to their arms. In a moment the whole of their artillery opened, and the sea hissed and boiled before and behind the boats with round shot and shells that fell in showers around them.’ The seamen pulled on—the fire increased—the casualties became numerous, yet there was no confusion. ‘And now the regiments on the right—the 23rd, 28th, 40th, and 42nd—having gained a place of shelter under the elevated position of the batteries, were impelled onwards with increased ardour and security.’ Soon the boats touched the sand ; the soldiers leaped out, formed on the beach, and, in the face of a heavy fire, speedily gained the summit, and, closing with their stern opponents, drove them gallantly from their position up the face of the steep. The conduct of the 42nd Highlanders in this operation was peculiarly brilliant. Down came a regiment of French cavalry ; it was beaten back by the 42nd, and its commander fell. To the left of the line the Royals, 54th, and 58th, were doing their work with equal ardour, beating the enemy at all points. The French retreated upon Alexandria ; Abercromby lost not a moment in following them. But he found them strongly posted, with many pieces of artillery and a much larger force than he expected. Some days were consequently expended in getting up reinforcements and landing guns from the ships, which, with the transport of the guns along the sandy shore, was a tedious operation. It was the 21st March before Sir Ralph found himself in a condition to give them battle, and then, much to the venerable general’s delight, the enemy took the initiative.

A great, glorious, and decisive battle was that of Alexandria. The imagination glows and the heart is stirred while reading of the terrible attack of the French Invincibles on the right of the British position. It was defended by a redoubt and cover was found behind some ruins. The regiments engaged were the 42nd, the 28th, and the 40th. The Highlanders were peculiarly the object of the indescribably furious attack. The French Invincibles, after much obstinate hand-to-hand fighting, were almost annihilated ; the survivors laid down their arms. Fresh battalions, however, came up ; the 42nd were greatly reduced, but they held their ground, animated by the appeal of their general, ‘My brave Highlanders, remember your country ! remember your fathers !’ Down went the battalions of the enemy ; then rushed on squadrons of cavalry, more infantry, till the whole space in front of the redoubt was strewn with the bodies of the slain. The 42nd died almost to a man where it stood.

From The British Soldier.

III

THE CAMERONIANS AND THE GORDONS AT ALEXANDRIA

By David Stewart

ON the morning of the 13th the troops moved forward to the attack in three columns, the 90th or Perthshire regiment forming the advance of the first column, and the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders that of the second ; the reserve

marching in column, covering the movements of the first line, and running parallel with it. When the army had cleared the date-trees, the enemy quitted the heights, and, with great boldness, moved down on the 92nd, which by this time had formed in line. The French opened a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, which the 92nd quickly returned, firmly resisting the repeated attacks of the French line (supported as it was by a powerful artillery), and singly maintaining their ground till the line came up. At the same time the French cavalry, with the greatest impetuosity, charged down a declivity on the 90th regiment. This corps, standing with the coolest intrepidity, allowed them to approach within fifty yards, when, by a well-directed fire, they so completely broke the charge, that only a few reached the regiment, and most of them were instantly bayoneted; the rest fled off to their left, and retreated in the greatest confusion. The 90th regiment being dressed in helmets, as a corps of light infantry, were mistaken for dismounted cavalry, and the enemy, believing them out of their element, attacked with the more boldness, as they expected less resistance.

The two divisions now formed line, the reserve remaining in column to cover the right flank. The whole moved forward in this order, suffering from the enemy's flying artillery, which, having six horses to each gun, executed their movements with the greatest celerity; while the British, with only a few badly appointed cavalry and no artillery horses, had their guns dragged by sailors, occasionally assisted by the soldiers, through sands so loose and so deep that the wheels sunk sometimes to the axle. Yet, slow as the movements were, the enemy could offer no effectual resistance, as our troops advanced, and retreated to their lines in front of Alexandria. These lines Sir Ralph Abercromby determined to force. To accomplish this important object, General Moore, with the reserve, was ordered to the right, and General Hutchinson with the second line to the left, while the first line remained in the centre. From the formidable and imposing appearance of the enemy's defences, this seemed a bold attempt. Not knowing their relative positions, or whether, after being successively gained, they could be maintained without proper artillery, if the one commanded the other, our commander found it necessary to reconnoitre with care. In this state of doubt and delay the troops suffered exceedingly from a galling fire, without having it in their power to return a shot, while the French had leisure to take cool aim. On this trying occasion the intrepidity and discipline of the British remained unshaken. Eager to advance, but restrained till it could be done with success and with the least loss of lives, they remained for hours exposed to a fire that might have shaken the firmness of the best troops. At length the difficulties of the attack appearing insurmountable, they were ordered to retire, and occupy that position which was afterwards so well maintained on the 21st of March, and in which they avenged themselves for their present disappointment.

From Sketches of the Highlanders.

IV

THE BLACK WATCH AT ALEXANDRIA

By T. Walsh

RAMPON'S division made an attack on the centre, extending as far towards the left as the 92nd. It attempted to turn the left of the brigade of Guards, which was a little advanced, but was received with so warm and well kept up a fire from the 3rd regiment of Guards, whose left was thrown back, and from the Royals, as to be forced, after a sharp contest, to retreat with great loss.

General Deslin, with his division, penetrated through the hollow, leaving the



The Battle of Alexandria on the 21st day of March, 1801.
After the Painting by P. T. de Louthembourg, R.A.

redoubt on his left, and endeavoured to reach the old ruins. He was there warmly received by the 42nd, and attempted to withdraw his troops; but a battalion of the twenty-first demi-brigade having advanced too far, was surrounded, and obliged to lay down its arms, and surrender to the 42nd and 58th regiments.

Repulsed at every quarter with the same obstinate resolution, and finding it impossible to penetrate through any part of our line, the French infantry at length gave way, and departed in all directions behind the sandhills. . . .

The 3rd and 14th Dragoons, under General Boussart, came up with all the impetuous fury of men certain of being sacrificed, and charged through the 42nd regiment, reaching as far as the tents. Here, however, they were effectually stopped; the horses, entangled in the cords, were for the most part killed, and many of the men were obliged to seek their safety on foot. At this juncture the Minorca regiment came to support the 42nd, and drew up in the vacant space between the redoubt and the Guards. The second line of French cavalry . . . made another desperate charge upon these regiments. As it would have been impossible to withstand the shock, they opened with the most deliberate composure to let them pass; then, facing about, they poured upon them such volleys as brought numbers, both of men and horses, to the ground. The cavalry then endeavoured to force its way back, but this they were unable to effect, and the greater part were killed or wounded in the attempt, General Roye himself falling on the spot. . . . In the early part of the action a standard had been wrested from the French by the 42nd regiment, which was, however, unfortunately retaken from them at the moment of the impetuous charge of the enemy's cavalry.

The French infantry . . . lost a great number of men . . . and when the broken remains of the cavalry formed again in the rear of their infantry, not one-fourth of those who had charged could be collected.

From Campaign in Egypt.

V

THE DEATH OF ABERCROMBY

(1) *By H. R. Clinton*

BEFORE dawn on the 21st March, Menon sent his dromedary corps across the bed of Lake Mareotis; the French surprised the first redoubt, but had to retreat, carrying off the guard. This attack was but a feint, the real attack being on the British right by Lanusse, and on the centre by Rampon, with Rompier in reserve, the cavalry under Rongé being placed in a second line to act as needed. . . .

Lanusse went forward so early that the troops opposed to him were not drawn off by the false attack against the left. His men forced their way into the Roman ruin, which had been transformed into a redoubt. The 28th and 58th regiments maintained a desperate resistance, and the arrival of the 23rd and the 42nd, with the steady fire from Maitland's vessels, broke the enemy, and one regiment laid down its arms in the ruins. Rampon's attempt on the centre was repulsed by the volleys of the Guards, and while Regnier and Friant were endeavouring to force a passage between the centre and the left, Rongé's horse advanced under an imperative order from Menon, although without infantry or cavalry support. The first line of dragoons, under Broussard, rode forward with great spirit on a hopeless enterprise. Dashing through the tents of the 28th, they overwhelmed the 42nd; but as the dragoons were entangled among the tents, the 48th threw them into disorder. Abercromby, shot in the thigh but

still in the saddle, dismounted and took part in the *mêlée*. Just as the 42nd re-formed and a reinforcement came up, Rongé charged with the second line. Repeating the manoeuvre so successful at Dettingen, the British infantry opened their ranks and let the enemy pass through to the rear, and, again closing, poured in volleys which stretched men and horses on the sod. Regnier and Friant, themselves under a heavy fire, were unable to render assistance; and Menon ordered a retreat at ten o'clock, further attacks being hopeless. It was fortunate for the British, as the ammunition of both artillery and infantry was so exhausted that several batteries and regiments were unable to interfere with the retreat. But the four ships kept up a sharp cannonade.

Abereromby, more fortunate than Wolfe, viewed from a redoubt in the centre the retreat of the beaten foe. Being now unable to mount his horse, he was carried on a litter to the beach and conveyed to the flagship. The ball could not be extracted from the thigh-bone; the wound mortified, and on the 28th he expired, to the great sorrow of his army.

From Famous British Battles.

(2) BALLAD FROM AN OLD CHAP BOOK

RECITATION

'Twas on the spot, in authentic lore oft nam'd,
Where Isis or Osiris once held sway
O'er kings who sleep in Pyramidie pride;
But now for British valour far more fam'd,
Since Nelson's band achieved a glorious day,
And crown'd with laurel, Abererombie died.

AIR

Her roseat colours the day had not shed
O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red.
'Twas dark save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
When the brave Abererombie received his death wound,
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defy'd,
On the steed which the Hero of Acre supplied,
'Till feeling he soon to Fate's command must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield,
His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Albion with victory crown'd
Waved over his head, as he sunk on the ground.
'Take me hence, my brave comrades,' the veteran did cry,
'My duty's complete, and contented I die.'

(3) *By T. Walsh*

It must have been at this period that the gallant veteran, Sir Ralph Abercromby, received the unfortunate wound which deprived the army of a distinguished and beloved commander. It is impossible to ascertain the exact moment, as he never complained, or revealed the circumstance of his being wounded to any one, till

it was perceived by those about him. No entreaty could even then prevail on him to leave the field, till convinced by his own eyes of the enemy's retreat. . . .

When Sir Ralph Abercromby had seen the enemy retreat, he attempted to get on horseback ; but his wound, which was probed and dressed in the field by an assistant surgeon of the Guards, having become extremely stiff and painful, he could not mount, and reluctantly suffered himself to be placed upon a litter, from which he was removed into a boat, and carried on board the *Foudroyant*. Here Lord Keith received him with all possible affection, and every care and attention which his state required were early paid him. . . .

(*March the 29th.*) This morning arrived the melancholy tidings of Sir Ralph Abercromby's decease. At eleven the preceding night death snatched from us this beloved commander. The wound which he received on the 21st, bringing on fever and mortification, occasioned this lamented event, and our valiant general was lost to us at the moment when we stood most in need of his assistance. The ball had entered the thigh very high up, and, taking a direction towards the groin, had lodged in the bone, whence it could not be extracted.

In the action of the 18th of March he had suffered a contusion in the thigh from a musquet ball, and had a horse killed under him. On the 21st, at the time when he received his death wound, he was in the very midst of the enemy, and personally engaged with an officer of dragoons, who was at that moment shot by a corporal of the 42nd. Sir Ralph retained the officer's sword, which had passed between his arm and his side the instant before the officer fell.

During the seven days which elapsed from the period of his being wounded till his death, the anguish and torture he endured must have been extreme. Yet not a groan, not a complaint escaped his lips, and he continued to the last a bright example of patience and fortitude. He thought and talked of nothing else to all around him, but of the bravery and heroic conduct of the army, which he said he could not sufficiently admire.

From Campaign in Egypt.

VI

THE HIGHLANDER'S RETURN

By David Macbeth Moir (Delta)

YOUNG Donald Bane, the gallant Celt, unto the wars had gone,
And left within her Highland home his plighted love alone ;
Yet though the waves between them rolled on eastern Egypt's shore,
As he thought of Mhairi Macintyre, his love grew more and more.

It was a sullen morning when he breathed his last adieu,
And down the glen, above his men, the chieftain's banner flew ;
When bonnets waved aloft in air, and war-pipes scream'd aloud,
And the startled eagle left the cliff for shelter in the cloud.

Brave Donald Bane, at duty's call, hath sought a foreign strand,
And Donald Bane amid the slain hath stood with crimson brand ;
And when the Alexandrian beach with Gallic blood was dyed,
Streamed the tartan plaid of Donald Bane at Abercromby's side.

And he had seen the Pyramids, Grand Cairo, and the bay
Of Aboukir, whereon the fleet of gallant Nelson lay ;
And he had seen the Turkish hosts in their barbarian pride,
And listen'd as from burial fields the midnight chacal cried.

Yes, many a sight had Donald seen in Syrian deserts lone,
 To many a shore had Donald been, but none that matched his own ;
 Amid the dates and pomegranates, the temples and the towers,
 He thought of Albyn's clifly huts, begirt with heather-flowers.

So joyous beat the soldier's heart again from deck to see,
 Rising from out the German wave, the island of the free ;
 And stately was his step when crowds, with plaudits from the main,
 Welcomed once more to Britain's shore its heroes back again.

Hushed was the war din that in wrath from coast to coast had roared,
 And stayed were slaughter's beagle fangs, and sheathed the patriot's
 sword,
 When—'twas the pleasant summer-time—arose in green again,
 His own dear Highland mountains on the sight of Donald Bane.

Four years had lapsed in absence, wherein his steps had ranged
 'Mid many a far and foreign scene, but his heart was unestranged ;
 And when he saw Argyle's red deer once more from thicket flee,
 And again he trod Glen Etive's sod, a mountaineer was he !

There stood the shieling of his love beneath the sheltering trees,
 Sweet sang the lark, the summer air was musical with bees :
 And when he reached the wicket porch, old Stumah fawning fain,
 First nosed him round, then licked his hand—'twas bliss to Donald Bane.

His heart throbbed as he entered—no sound was stirring there—
 And in he went, and on he went, when behold his Mhairi fair !
 Before her stood the household wheel, unwhisperous, and the thread
 Still in her fingers lay, as when its tenuous twine she led.

He stood and gazed, a man half-crazed : before him she reclined
 In half unkerchief'd loveliness—the idol of his mind ;
 Bland was the sleep of innocence, as to her dreams were given
 Elysian walks with him she loved, amid the bowers of Heaven !

He gazed her beauties o'er and o'er—her shining auburn hair,
 Her ivory brow, her rosebud mouth, her cheek carnation fair ;
 Her round white arms, her bosom's charms, that, with her breathing low
 Like swan plumes on a ripply lake heaved softly to and fro.

He could no more—but, stooping down, he clasped her to his soul,
 And from the honey of her lips a rapturous kiss he stole :
 As hill-deer bound from bugle sound, swerved Mhairi from her rest,
 It could not be—oh yes, 'tis he !—and she sank on Donald's breast.

What boots to tell what them befell ?—or how, in bridal mirth,
 Blithe feet did bound to music's sound, beside the mountain hearth,
 Or how the festal eup was drained on hillside and on plain,
 To the healths of lovely Mhairi, and her faithful Donald Bane.

VII

THE MAJOR'S STORY

By James Grant

'WE are a fine regiment as any in the line; but I almost think we were a finer corps when we landed in Egypt in 1801. We had been embodied among the clan of Gordon just six years before, and there was scarcely a man in the ranks above five-and-twenty years of age—all fiery young Highlanders, raised among the men of Blair-Athole, Braemar, Strathdon, Garioch, Strathbogie, and the duke's own people, the 'gay and the gallant,' as they were styled in the olden time.

'There is a story current that the corps was raised in consequence of some wager between the Duchess of Gordon and the Prince of Wales, about who would muster a regiment in least time; and, certainly, her grace got the start of his Royal Highness.

'The duchess (here 's to her health—a splendid woman she is!) superintended the recruiting department in famous style—one worthy Camilla herself! With a drum and fife—oftener with a score of pipers strutting before her—cockades flaunting and claymores gleaming, I have seen her parading through the Highland fairs and cattle-trysts, recruiting for the 'Gordon Highlanders'; and a hearty kiss on the cheek she gave to every man who took from her own white hand the shilling in King George's name.

'Hundreds of picked mountaineers—regular dirk and claymore men—she brought us; and presented the battalion with their colours at Aberdeen, where we were fully mustered and equipped. Trotting her horse, she came along the line, wearing a red regimental jacket with yellow facings, and a Highland bonnet with an eagle's wing in it: a hearty cheer we gave her as she came prancing along with the staff. I attracted her attention first, for I was senior sub. of the grenadiers, and the grenadiers were always *her* favourites. I would tell you what she said to me, too, about the length of my legs, but it ill becomes a man to repeat compliments.

'Right proud I was of old Scotland and the corps, while I looked along the serried line when we drew up our battle-front on the sandy beach of the bay of Aboukir. Splendid they appeared—the glaring sun shining on their plaids and plumes and lines of burnished arms. Gallant is the garb of old Gaul, thought I, and who would not be a soldier? Yes, I felt the true *esprit de corps* burning within me at the sight of our Scottish blades, and equally proud, as a Briton, at the appearance of other corps, English or Irish, as they mustered on the beach beneath St. George's cross or the harp of old Erin. The tri-colours and bayonets of France were in our front, and the moment was a proud one indeed; as we advanced towards them, animated by the hearty British cheers from our men-of-war in the bay. All know the battle of Alexandria. We drove the soldiers of Buonaparte before us 'like chaff before the wind,' but the victory cost us dear: many a bold heart dyed the hot sand with its gallant blood, and among them our countryman, noble old Abereromby.

'Poor Sir Ralph! When struck by the death-shot I saw him reel in his saddle, his silver hair and faded uniform dabbled with his blood. His last words are yet ringing in my ears, as, waving his three-cocked hat, he fell from his horse:

"Give them the bayonets, my boys! Forward, Highlanders! Remember the hearts and the hills we have left behind us!"

'Here 's his memory in Malaga, though I would rather drink it in Islay or Glenlivet. We *did* give them the bayonet, and the pike too, in a style that would

have done your hearts good to have seen. It was a glorious victory—Vimiera, the other day, was nothing to it—and well worth losing blood for. That night we hoisted the union on the old Arab towers of Aboukir, and Lord Hutchinson took command of the army. On the 18th September 1801, we placed Alexandria in the power of the Turks. Our wounded we stowed away in the mosques and empty houses; our troops were quartered on the inhabitants, or placed under canvas without the city walls, and we found ourselves while there tolerably comfortable, excepting the annoyance we suffered from insects and enervating heat, which was like that of a furnace; but the *kamsin*, or “hot wind of the desert,” one must experience to know what it really is.

‘When it begins to blow, the air feels perpetually like a blast rushing from a hot fire, and the atmosphere undergoes a change sufficient to strike even the heart of a lion with terror.

‘Cameron—I mean Fassifern—and I lived together in the same tent, which was pitched without the city, in a spot where enormous ruins encrusted with salt-petre were piled on every side. I well remember drawing back the triangular door of the tent, and looking cautiously forth when the winds had passed. Here and there I saw the prostrate corpses of some Turks and Egyptians, who had been suffocated by inhaling the hot sandy air. They presented a terrible spectacle, certainly. They were swelled enormously, turned to a pale blue colour; and there they lay, rapidly festering and decomposing in the heat of the sun, although they had been alive and well that morning.

‘By it I nearly lost Jock Pentland, my servant. I discovered the poor chield lying, half dead, at the base of Cleopatra’s Needle, and had him looked to in time to save his life. Many of our men were dangerously affected by it; but when it passed away all was right again, and I remember how pleased Fassifern and I were, when, for the first time after we sallied forth on our daily visit to our friend Mohammed Djedda, a Turkish captain, with whom we had become acquainted in the course of garrison duty, and who had a very handsome house of his own within the walls of Alexandria.

‘Cameron and I had become close comrades, then being only a couple of jovial subs. He was senior, and has got in advance of me; but since he has obtained command of the corps, he keeps us all at the staff’s end, and acts the Highland chief on too extended a scale. Yet Jock (we called him Jock then, for shortness; but it would be mutiny to do so now) is a fine fellow and a brave officer, and I pledge him heartily in Senor Raphael’s sherry. . . .

‘Well, major, but the mummies; you have not told us of them yet,’ said Ronald, becoming impatient.

‘I am coming to the point,’ replied the major, not in the least displeased at the interruption, abrupt though it was; ‘but you must permit me to tell a story in my own rambling way. To continue:

‘The redoubtable captain, Mohammed Djedda, had become a very great friend of ours: we used to visit him daily in the cool part of the evening, pretending that we came to enjoy a pipe of opium with him, under the huge *nopal*, or cochineal tree, which flourished before his door. He knew no English, I very little Turkish, Cameron none at all; consequently our conversation was never very spirited or interesting, and we have sat, for four consecutive hours, pulling assiduously, or pretending to do so, at our long pipes, without uttering a syllable, staring hard at each other the while with a gravity truly Oriental, until we scarcely knew whether our heads or heels were uppermost. We took great credit to ourselves for never laughing outright at the strange figure of the Captain Djedda, as he sat opposite to us, squatted on a rich carpet, and garbed in his

silken vest, gown, wide cotton pantaloons, and heavy turban, looking like Blue Beard in the story-book. You may wonder what pleasure we found in this sort of work, but the secret was this: Mohammed was one of the most fashionable old bucks in the Turkish service, and of course could not do without four wives—no Turk of any pretensions to rank being without that number. These he kept in most excellent order and constant attendance upon his own lazy person, although he had a score of wretched slaves—poor bare-footed devils who wore nought to hide their brown skins but a blue shirt girt about their waists with a leather belt, and a red kerchief twisted round their crowns.

‘But Mohammed’s veiled and draperied spouses were the gentlest creatures I ever beheld, and not in the least jealous, because he entertained for them all the same degree of cool contempt; and he often told us, ‘that women were mere animals, without souls, and only good for breeding children and mischief.’ One brought his pipe and lit it, a second spread his carpet under the nopal, a third arranged his turban, and a fourth put on his slippers; but he would scorn to thank any with a glance, and kept his round eyes obstinately fixed on the ground, as became a Turk and superior being. This strange old gentleman had two daughters; perfect angels they were—seraphs or houri. We could not see their faces, all of which, with the exception of the eyes, were concealed by an abominable cloth veil, which it was almost incurring death to remove before such an infidel as me. But their eyes! By heavens, such were never beheld, not even in the land of the sunny eyes—so large and black, so liquid and sparkling! No other parts were visible except their hands and ankles, which were bare and white, small and beautiful enough to turn the heads of a whole regiment! The expression of their lustrous eyes, the goddess-like outline of their thinly clad forms, made Cameron and me imagine their faces to be possessed of that sublime degree of dazzling beauty which it is seldom the lot of mortals to——’

‘Excellent, major!’ exclaimed Alister; ‘of all your Egyptian stories this is the best. Then it was the daughters you went to see?’

‘To be sure it was! and for the pleasure of beholding them, endured every evening the staring and smoking with their ferocious old dog of a papa, who, could he have divined what the two *giaours* were after, would soon have employed some of his followers to deprive us of our heads. I am sure, by the pleased and melting expression of their eyes, that the girls knew what we came about, and we would certainly have opened a correspondence with them by some means, could we have done so; but as they were kept almost continually under lock and key, we never found an opportunity to see them alone, and letters—if we could have written them—would have been useless, as they could neither read nor write a word of any known language.

‘Well, as I related before, on the evening after the blowing of the *kamsin*, Fassifern and I departed on our daily visit, eagerly hoping that we might have an opportunity of seeing Zela and Azri, the two daughters, alone, as we marched the next day en route for that great city of the genii and the fairies, Grand Cairo, and might never again be at Alexandria. We were confoundedly smitten, I assure you, though we have often laughed at it since. We were as much in love as two very romantic young subalterns could be, and very earnest—hoping, fearing, trembling, and all that—we were in the matter.’

‘Well, major, and which was your flame?’

‘Zela was mine. They named her “the White Rose of Sidrah,” which means, I believe, “the wonderful tree of Mahomet’s paradise.” But to continue—

‘On approaching the house, we found it all deserted and silent. The carpet and pipe lay under the shadow of the umbrageous nopal, but the grave and portly

Mohammed Djedda was not there. The house and garden likewise were tenantless, and after wandering for some time among its maze of flower-beds and little groves, where the apricot, the pomegranate, date-palm, custard-apple, and fig-tree flourished luxuriantly, we were met by one of Mohammed's half-naked slaves, who informed us—me at least, as I alone knew a little of his guttural language—that the Captain Djedda, his four wives, his slaves, and all his household were gone to the great mosque, to return thanks for the passing away of the *kamsin*.

'As we were very much overcome by the heat of the atmosphere, we were about to enter the cool marble vestibule of the mansion, when the airy figures of the young ladies, in their floating drapery, appeared at an upper window.

"Now or never, Colin!" said Fassifern. "The young ladies are upstairs and the house is empty; we will pay them a visit now in safety."

"And what if old Blue Beard returns in the meantime with all his Mamelukes?"

"Then there is nothing for it but cutting our way out and escaping. We march to-morrow, and the affair would be forgotten in the hurry of our departure. But is not death the penalty of being found in the chambers of Turkish women?"

"So I have heard," said I, shrugging my shoulders; "but my old Mohammed will scarcely try experiments in the art of decapitation while our own troops are so near. Yonder are the sentinels of the 42nd among the ruins of the Roman tower, almost within hail."

"Which is the way, Colin?" asked he, as we wandered about the vestibule, among columns and pedestals surmounted by splendid vases filled with gorgeous flowers.

"Up this staircase, I think."

"But what the devil am I to say when we meet them? I know not a word of their language."

"Tush! never mind that, Jock; do as I do," said I, as we ascended the white marble steps leading to the upper story, and passed through several apartments, the very appearance of which made me long to become Mohammed's son-in-law; but I can assure you, that never until that moment had I thought seriously of making the "White Rose of Sidrah" Mrs. Colin Campbell of Craigfanteeoch.

'The tinkling sound of the Egyptian lute attracted us towards the kiosk which contained the fair objects who had led us on this adventure. We raised the heavy folds of the glossy damask curtain, and found ourselves, for the first time, in their presence unobserved by others.

'The two graceful creatures, who were as usual closely veiled, sprang from the ottomans on which they were seated, and came hastily towards us, exclaiming in surprise mingled with fear and pleasure, "*Ma sha Allah! Ya mobarek, ya Allah!*" and a score of such phrases as the tumult of their minds caused them to utter.

"*Salam alai kom*," said Fassifern, meaning "good morrow," which was all the progress he had made in the Oriental languages, and we doffed our bonnets, making a salaam in the most graceful manner.

"Colin, tell them to take off their confounded veils," whispered Cameron.

'I asked them to do so in the most high-flown style imaginable, but they screamed out another volley of exclamations, and fled away to the farther corner of the apartment, yet came again towards us timidly, while I felt my heart beating audibly as I surveyed the soft expression of pleasure that beamed in their orient eyes. They were evidently delighted at the novelty of our visit, though their pleasure was tinged with a dash of dread when they thought of their father's return and the boundless fury of a Turkish vengeance. Zela placed her little white hand on my epaulettes, and looking steadfastly at me through the round holes in her veil, burst into a merry shout of laughter.

“ Beautiful Zela,” said I, as I threw my arms around her, “ White Rose of Sidrah, at what do you laugh ? ”

“ You have no beard ! ” said she, laughing louder. “ Where is the bushy hair that hangs from the chin of a man ? ”

“ I haven’t got any yet,” I answered in English, considerably put out by the question ; but I was only a sub., you know, and had never even thought of a razor ; my chin was almost as smooth as her own, and so she said as she passed her soft little hand over it. Again I attempted to remove the veil which hid her face, but so great was her terror, so excessive her agitation, that I desisted for a time. But between caressing and entreating, in a few minutes we conquered their scruples and Oriental ideas of punctilio, when we were permitted to remove their lawn-hoods, and view their pure and sublime features, with the heavy masses of long black and glossy hair falling over naked necks and shoulders, which were whiter than Parian marble. They were indeed miraculously beautiful, and fully realised our most romantic and excited ideas of their long-hidden loveliness.

‘ I had just obtained some half-dozen kisses from the dewy little mouth of Zela, when I saw Cameron start up and draw his sword.

“ What is the matter, Fassifern ? ” I exclaimed ; but the appalling and portly figure of Mohammed Djedda, as he stood in the doorway, swelling with rage and Eastern ferocity, was a sufficient answer. In his right hand he held his drawn sabre of keen Damascus steel, and in the other a long brass Turkish pistol. Crowding the marble staircase beyond, we saw his ferocious Mameluke soldiers, clad in their crimson *benishes* or long robes of cotton, and tall *kouacks* or cylindrical yellow turbans, while their spears, poniards, and scimitars—short, crooked, and of Damascus steel—flashed and glittered in a manner very unpleasant to behold. The poor girls, horrified beyond description at being discovered in the society of men, of Christians, and unveiled too, were so much overcome by their terrors that they were unable to fly ; and calling on the bride of Mahomet in Paradise to protect them, embraced each other frantically and fondly, expecting instant death.

“ Here is the devil of a mess, Cameron,” said I, drawing out Andrea. “ Let us leap the window and fly for camp.”

“ But their carbines throw a dozen balls at once,” was his hurried reply.

“ Shoulder to shoulder, Jock ! now for the onset,” said I, preparing to rush recklessly upon them. “ We must take our chance of——”

‘ The rest was cut short by a slash the old savage made at me with his scimitar, which took three inches off the oak stick I cut at home in the green woods of Inveraray, before I left them to follow the drum. My blood began to boil.

“ Mohammed Djedda,” said I in Turkish, “ we have done no wrong ; we are strangers among you, and know not the laws of the land. Allow us to depart in peace ; otherwise you may have good reason to repent,” I added, pointing to the tents of the “ auld forty-twa.”

“ Depart in peace, said you ? Despicable giaour ! ” thundered he, his Turkish tone becoming more guttural by his ferocity. “ Never—never ! By the sacred stone of Mecca !—by every hair in the beard of the holy prophet !—by the infernal bridge which spans the sea of fire ! slave of an accursed race, ye never shall ! Never ! I have sworn it.”

‘ I saw Cameron’s eyes flash and glare as he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible.

“ Then our steel for it, old man ; and remember, should we fall, our friends in the white tents will avenge us.”

“Thou, too, shalt die!” growled the old barbarian, discharging his pistol at poor little Zela, who fell dead without a groan, with the purple blood streaming from her white bosom, which I saw heave its last convulsive throb around the death-shot. The thick muslin turban of Mohammed saved him from the one tremendous blow which I dealt at his scowling visage, but he sunk to the earth beneath the weight of the claymore.

“*Allah, il Allah!* death to the soldiers of the *Isauri!*” yelled his infuriated followers, rushing madly on me, and in an instant I was vanquished: I received a terrible blow on the back of my head from the iron mace of a Mameluke. I remember no more than just seeing Cameron cut down two to the teeth, run a third through the brisket, leap the window, and escape.

“Good-bye, Cameron; gallantly done!” cried I, as I sunk stunned and senseless by the lifeless corse of Zela.

‘How long I lay insensible I know not; but when my faculties returned, I found myself stretched upon the ground, which felt cold and damp, in a place involved in the deepest and most impenetrable gloom. I found that the epaulettes and lace had been torn from my coat, and an intense pain on the back of my head reminded me of the blow of the steel mace; and on raising my hand to the wound, I found my hair was clotted and hardened with coagulated blood. Rats or some monstrous vermin running over me caused me to leap from the ground, and endeavour to discover where I was. This the darkness rendered impossible; but by the chill atmosphere of the place, the difficulty of respiration I experienced, and the hollow echoes of my feet, dying dismally away in distant cavities, I conjectured rightly that I was imprisoned in some subterranean vault. What the agony of mind was when this idea became confirmed, you may better conceive than I describe. I recollected that the troops marched next day, and that unless Fassifern made some most strenuous attempt to discover and free me, I should be left at the mercy of the lawless Mohammed, either to be his perpetual captive in a dungeon to be left to a slow, lingering death by starvation, or a more expeditious one by some mode of torture, such as the most refined spirit of Eastern cruelty and barbarism could invent.

‘In groping about I soon came in contact with a stone wall, which I felt carefully all round, but no door or outlet could I discover. A succession of wooden boxes placed upright, sounding and hollow when I touched them, informed me at once of the truth—that I was cast into one of those ancient catacombs which are so numerous under the city of Alexandria—horrible caverns hollowed in the bowels of the earth, where the mummy remains of the subjects of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and others, outstanding the course of more than twenty centuries, lay swathed in their bandages and embalming! The blood rushed back upon my trembling heart, and every hair on my aching head seemed to bristle upon my scalp, as I staggered dizzily against the mouldy wall, knocking down half a dozen mummy-coffers, which fell heavily and hollowly upon the pavement.

‘You may imagine what were my feelings when I reviewed my situation. I, a superstitious Highland boy, that used to shake in my brogues, like a dog in a wet sack, if I passed the kirkyard of Inveraray after nightfall, and never went into the dark but with my eyes closed tight, for fear of seeing something “uncanny.” When I found myself in this gloomy repository of the dead, I was so confounded and terrified, that it was long before I recovered my self-possession so far as to cast a firm glance of scrutiny around me, and endeavour to discover some means of escape. I perceived with joy a faint ray of daylight streaming through a small aperture which appeared nearly twenty feet above me.

“Dawn has broken!” I exclaimed in sudden anguish; “the troops must

have marched ! Cameron cannot have escaped Mohammed ; or, oh, my God ! surely he would not, without making an effort to save me, abandon me to perish here ! ”

“ Perish here ! ” repeated half a dozen dreary echoes. I looked around me in consternation. The sounds almost seemed to proceed from the red blubber-like lips of the frightful faces which I now perceived carved and painted on the outside of the upright mummy-coffers. They were the figures of the dead, and tinted with those imperishable colours with which the ancient Egyptians decorated the exterior of their temples. The large round eyes of those appalling effigies seemed to be staring hard at me from every dark corner, winking, goggling, and rolling ; while their very mouth, capacious and red, expanded into a broad grin, methought at my misery. Against the black wall they were ranked at equal distances, but here and there were some which had fallen to pieces, and lay upon the earth, exposing the decayed and mouldered corse, standing stark, gaunt and erect, swathed tightly in its cerements. Others had fallen down, and lay prostrate among little urns, containing, I suppose, the embalmed remains of the sacred ibis, the monkey, or other animal revered by the ancient idolaters. Enormous bats were sailing about, black scorpions, and many a huge bloated reptile, of which I knew not even the name, appearing as if formed alone for such a place, crawled about the coffins, or fell now and then with a heavy squabby sound from the wet slimy wall on the moist and watery pavement.

‘ By the grey light, struggling through what seemed a joint in the keystone of an arch above, I was enabled to note these things, and I did so with wary and fearful glances, while my heart swelled almost to breaking when I thought of my blighted hopes and that home which was far away—the green mountains of Mull and of Morven, and the deep salt lochs of Argyle ; and dearer than all, the well-known hearth where I had sat at the knee of my mother, and heard her rehearse those wild traditions of hill and valley which endeared them all to me.

“ Have the followers of the false Isauri departed ? ” asked the guttural voice of old Mohammed or some one above me ; while the cranny overhead became darkened, and the trampling of feet, together with the clatter of weapons, became audible. “ Have the eaters of pork and drinkers of wine—have the unclean dogs departed from the walls of Iskandrich ? ” I listened in breathless suspense.

“ They have,” answered the yet more guttural voice of a Mameluke ; “ they go towards the desert. May they perish in the sand, that the jackal and the wolf may fatten and howl over their bones ! ”

“ Amen—*Allah kebur* ! Great is God, and Mahomet is His holy prophet ! ” replied the Captain Djedda, while my heart died within me to hear that our people had departed from Alexandria. These were some of the ungrateful infidels for whom brave Sir Ralph, and so many gallant Britons, had reddened the arid sand with their blood !

“ Then bring ye up this follower of Isauri,” said Mohammed, “ and he will see whether his prophet, or all the dervishes and mollahs of his faith, can preserve him from the death I have sworn he shall die. Ere night his carcass shall be food for the jackals ; and while the unbeliever looks his last on the bright setting sun, Hadji Kioudah, get ready the . . . ” What word he finished with I know not, but it was sufficient to strike terror to the inmost recess of my heart. I knew well some terrible instrument of torture was named.

‘ What my emotions were I cannot describe, when I found death so near, and knew that I was powerless, defenceless, and unarmed, having no other weapon but my oaken staff, which, strange to say, I had never relinquished. I beheld the claw of an iron crowbar inserted in the cranny which admitted light, for the

purpose of raising the stone trap-door of the catacomb ; and as the space opened, I saw, or imagined I saw, the weapons of Mohammed's followers flashing in the sunlight. My life, never so dear or of such inestimable value as at that moment when I found myself about to lose it—to be sacrificed like a poor mouse in a trap. I cast around a furious glance of eagerness and despair. A small round archway which I had not before observed met my eye ; yawning and black it appeared in the gloom, and supported by clumsy, short Egyptian pillars. I flew towards it, as novels say, animated by the most tumultuous hopes and fears, praying to Heaven that it might afford me some chance of escape from the scimitars of the savage Mahometans, who had already raised the trap-stone, and lowered a long ladder into the vault.

'The passage was long but straight, and guided by a distant light, glimmering at the other end, I sped along it with the fleetness of a roebuck, receiving as I went many a hard knock from the bold carvings and knobby projections of the short dumpy pillars that formed a colonnade on each side. I heard the sabres and iron maces of the Mameluke warriors clatter, as successively five or six of them leaped into the vault, and set up the wild shout of "*Ya Allah !*" when they found I was not there. By their not immediately searching the passage, I concluded that they were unacquainted with the geography of the place, and, in consequence of their having come from the strong glare of the sun, were unable to perceive the arch in the gloom of the cavern. They became terrified on finding that I was gone, and withdrew, scampering up the ladder with the utmost precipitation, attributing, I suppose, my escape to supernatural means.

'I kept myself close between the twisted columns, scarcely daring to breathe until they had withdrawn and all was quiet, when again I pursued my way towards the glimmering light, which was still in view, but at what distance before me I could form no idea. Sometimes it appeared close at hand, sometimes a mile off, dancing before me like a will-o'-the-wisp. My progress was often embarrassed by prostrate columns, and oftener by heaps of fallen masonry. More than once I was nearly suffocated by the foul air of the damp vaults, or the dust and mortar among which I sometimes fell. But I struggled onward manfully, yet feeling a sort of sullen and reckless despair, putting up the while many a pious prayer and ejaculation, strangely mingled with many an earnest curse in Gaelic on Mohammed Djedda and the architect who planned the labyrinth, though perhaps it might have been the great Cnidian Sostrates himself. After toiling thus for some time, until wearied and worn out, I found myself in the lower vault of one of those large round towers which are so numerous among the ancient and ruinous fortifications of Alexandria. A round and shattered aperture, about ten feet from the floor, admitted the pure breeze, which I inhaled greedily, while my eyes gloated on the clear blue sky ; and I felt more exquisite delight in doing so than even when gazing on the pure snowy bosom of the beautiful Zela, whom, to tell the truth, I had almost forgotten during the quandary in which I found myself. The cry of "*Jedger Allah !*" shouted close beside the ruinous tower, informed me I was near the post of a Mussulman sentinel, and compelled me to act with greater caution. I heard the cry (which answers to our "*All's well !*") taken up by other sentinels at intervals and die away among the windings of the walls.

'By the assistance of a large stone I was enabled to reach the aperture, through which I looked cautiously, to reconnoitre the ground. It was a glorious evening, and the dazzling blaze of the red sun, as it verged towards the west, was shed on the still, glassy sea, where the white sails of armed xebecs, galleys, and British ships of war were reflected downwards in the bosom of the ample harbour.

Appearing in bold light or shadow, as the sun poured its strong lustre upon them, I saw the long lines of mouldering battlements—the round domes, the taper spires and obelisks which rose above the embrasures, where the sabres and lances of the Turks gave back the light of the setting sun, whose farewell rays were beaming on the pillar of Diocletian and the grey old towers of Aboukir, from the summit of which were now waving the red colours of Mahomet. But the beauty of the scenery had no charms for the drowsy Moslem (whose cry I had heard, and whom I now perceived to be a cavalry vedette) stationed under the cool shadow of a palm grove close by. He was seated on a carpet, with his legs folded under him. His sabre and dagger lay near him, drawn, and he sat without moving a muscle, smoking with grave assiduity, and wearing his tall yellow *kouak* very much over his right eye, which led me to suppose that he was a smart fellow among the Mamelukes—perceiving, to my great chagrin, that he was one of Mohammed's savage troop. His noble Arab horse, with its arching neck and glittering eyes, stood motionless beside him, its bridle trailing on the ground, while it gazed with a sagacious look on the columns of smoke which at times curled upwards from the moustached mouth of its master, who was staring fixedly in an opposite direction to the city. I followed the point to which he turned his round glassy eye, and beheld, to my inexpressible joy, an English infantry regiment—Hutchinson's rear-guard—halted under a grove of fig-trees, but, alas! at a distance far beyond the reach of my call.

'I formed at once the resolution of confronting the sentinel, and endeavouring to escape. The moment was a precious one: the corps was evidently about to move off, and was forming in open column of companies, with their band in the centre. While I was collecting all my scattered energies for one desperate and headlong effort, a loud uproar in the distant catacomb arrested me for a moment, and I heard the terrible voice of Mohammed Djedda exclaiming:

"*Barek Allah!* we shall find him yet: the passage, slaves! the passage! By God and the holy prophet, if the giaour escapes, false dogs, ye shall die! Forward!"

'A confused trampling of feet, a rush and clatter followed, and I sprang lightly through the aperture into the open air. Stealing softly towards the unconscious Mameluke, I wreathed my hand in the flowing mane of his Arab horse, and seizing the dangling bridle, vaulted into his wooden-box saddle; while he, raising the cry of "*Allah, il Allah!*" sprung up like a harlequin, and made a sweeping stroke at me with his sharp sabre. He was about to handle his long brass-barrelled carbine, when, unhooking the steel mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and discharging it full on his swarthy forehead, I stretched him motionless on the earth. At that instant Mohammed, sabre and lance in hand, rushed from the ruined tower at the head of his followers.

"*Hoich!* God save the King—hurrah!" cried I, giving them a shout of reckless laughter and derision, as I forced the fleet Arab steed onward, like an arrow shot from a bow—madly compelling it to leap high masses of ruinous walls, blocks of marble and granite, all of which it cleared like a greyhound, and carried me in a minute among our own people, with whom I was safe, and under whose escort I soon rejoined the regiment, whom I found all assured of my death—especially the senior ensign, Cameron, who had got off scot-free, having related the doleful story of my brains being knocked out by the Mameluke soldier of Mohammed Djedda, a complaint against whom was about to be lodged with the *shaik-el-beled* by Lord Hutchinson, commanding the troops.

'Well, this was my adventure among the mummies, and it was one that left a strong impression, you may be sure. How dry my throat is with talking!

Pass the decanters—the sherry-jugs, I mean—whoever has them beside him :
'tis now so dark I cannot see where they are.'

From The Romance of War.

VIII

THE VALIANT MACRAES

SERGEANT JOHN MACRAE, a young man about twenty-two years of age, in the expedition to Egypt in 1807, showed that the broadsword in a firm hand is as good a weapon in close fighting as the bayonet. If the first push of the bayonet misses its aim, or happens to be parried, it is not easy to recover the weapon, and repeat the thrust when the enemy is bold enough to stand firm ; but it is not so with the sword, which may be readily drawn from its blow, wielded with celerity, and directed to any part of the body, particularly to the head and arms, while its motion defends the person using it. Macrae killed six men, cutting them down with his broadsword, when at last he made a dash out of the ranks on a Turk whom he cut down ; but as he was returning to the square he was killed by a blow from behind, his head being nearly split in two by the stroke of a sabre. Lieutenant Christopher Macrae, who brought eighteen men of his own name to the regiment as part of his quota of recruits for an ensigncy, was killed in the affair, with six of his followers and namesakes besides the sergeant. On the passage to Lisbon, in October 1805, the same sergeant came to Colonel Stewart one evening crying like a child, and complaining that the ship's cook had called him English names which he did not understand, and thrown some fat in his face. Thus a lad who, in 1805, was so soft and childish, displayed in 1807 a courage worthy a hero of Ossian.

From The Book of Scottish Anecdote.

IX

ALEXANDRIA

Lines written at the request of the Highland Society in London, when met
to commemorate the 21st of March, the day of victory in Egypt.

By Thomas Campbell

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth !
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore !
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth !
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore !

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh !
Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?
And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given ;
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to heaven !

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him !—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead !—our bosom thanks
 In sprightlier strains the living may inspire !
 Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
 Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire !

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
 Dear symbol wild ! on Freedom's hills it grows,
 Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
 And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Joy to the band this day on Egypt's coast,
 Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor,
 And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
 Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
 When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin ?—he with us shall join,
 To pray that in eternal union dear,
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
 As rocks resist the billows round the shore ;
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their country leave unconquered as of yore !

CHAPTER V

The Peninsular Campaigns

1808-1814

I

THE CAMERONIANS

The Story of the Scottish Rifles

THE 1st battalion of Cameronians was originally formed from amongst that body of Scottish Presbyterians whose leader was the famous field preacher, Richard Cameron, and as the Cameronian Guard (1688) it fought doughtily, through the dark days of religious persecution, against the troops of the Scottish Government. In 1689 the men of the Guard were taken on to the establishment as the Earl of Angus's Regiment of Foot, which for over fifty years after was known by the successive names of its colonels, or unofficially as The Cameronians. It became the 26th Regiment of Foot in 1751, and the 26th (The Cameronians) Regiment of Foot in 1786. The 90th Regiment was raised by Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), in 1759, as the 90th (Irish Light Infantry) Regiment, and disbanded in 1763. Another 90th Regiment of Foot was raised in 1775, and disbanded in 1783. Another, the 90th (Perthshire Volunteers—Light Infantry) Regiment was raised in 1794, and in 1881 was linked with the 26th under the title of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

The first battle of the Cameronians, after they had enrolled themselves in the army of William III., was at Dunkeld (1689), which they held triumphantly, under the Earl of Angus, against a Jacobite force that was four times larger than their own. Their colonel, the Earl, was killed in action at Steenkirk. In the great battles of Marlborough's campaigns the 1st battalion of the regiment fought with the highest distinction; later it took part in the defence of Gibraltar, and won fresh honours under Sir John Moore in the Peninsula. Honours were conferred on both battalions for their service in Egypt; on the 2nd, during the fighting in the West Indies; on the 1st, in China and Abyssinia; on the 2nd, at Sevastopol and Lucknow, to mention only a few of their famous victories.

As a rifle corps The Cameronians possess no colours. Nor do they own to any nickname nowadays, though when the 1st battalion was the 26th regiment it was commonly known as 'The Scots'; and when the 2nd battalion was the 90th regiment it was called, after the colour of its breeches, 'The Perthshire Grey-breeks.'



*Illustrations from colour drawing kindly lent by
Messrs. R. and J. C. 3, Coventry Street, W.*

Officer
Cameton Highlander
1858

Officer
Gordon Highlanders
1854

Officer
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
1851

The principal campaigns and battles of the Cameronians include:—

Dunkeld, 1689.	Lisle, 1708.	Martinique, 1809.
Flanders, 1691-5.	Tournay, 1708.	Guadaloupe, 1809.
Steenkirk, 1692.	Malplaquet, 1709.	Peninsula, 1811-12.
Landen, 1693.	Mons, 1709.	Ciudad Rodrigo, 1811.
Namur, 1695.	Bouchain, 1711.	China, 1840-2.
Germany, 1702-13.	Gibraltar, 1727.	South Africa, 1846-7.
Venloo, 1702.	Havannah, 1762.	Sevastopol, 1855.
Friedburg, 1704.	America, 1775-81.	Indian Mutiny, 1857-8.
Blenheim, 1704.	St. John's, 1775.	Lucknow, 1857.
Landau, 1704.	Ticonderoga, 1775.	Abyssinia, 1868.
Hildersheim, 1704.	Quebec, 1775.	South Africa, 1877-9.
Louvain, 1705.	Egypt, 1801.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Ramilies, 1706.	Mandora, 1801.	Colenso, 1899.
Dendermonde, 1707.	Alexandria, 1801.	Spion Kop, 1900.
Aeth, 1706.	Peninsula, 1803-9.	Vaalkranz, 1900.
Oudenarde, 1708.	Corunna, 1809.	Pieters Hill, 1900.
Wynendale, 1708.	Flushing, 1809.	

II

THE EDINBURGH YEOMANRY

By Lord Cockburn

WALTER SCOTT was the soul of the Edinburgh troop of Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry. It was not a duty with him, or a necessity, or a pastime, but an absolute passion, indulgence in which gratified his feudal taste for war and his jovial sociableness. He drilled, and drank, and made songs with a hearty conscientious earnestness which inspired or shamed everybody within the attraction. I do not know if it is usual, but his troop used to practice individually, with the sabre, at a turnip, which was stuck on the top of a staff, to represent a Frenchman, in front of the line. Every other trooper, when he set forward in his turn, was far less concerned about the success of his aim at the turnip than about how he was to tumble. But Sir Walter pricked forward gallantly, saying to himself, 'Cut them down, the villains, cut them down!' and made his blow, which, from his lameness, was often an awkward one, cordially muttering curses all the while at the detested enemy.

After the war broke out again in 1803, Edinburgh, like every other place, became a camp, and continued so till the peace in 1814. We were all soldiers one way or other. Professors wheeled in the college area; the side-arms and the uniform peeped from behind the gown at the bar, and even on the bench; and the parade and the review formed the staple of men's talk and thoughts. Hope, who had kept his lieutenant-colonelcy when he was Lord Advocate, adhered to it, and did all his duties after he became Lord Justice-Clerk. This was thought unconstitutional by some; but the spirit of the day applauded it. Brougham served the same gun in a company of artillery with Playfair. James Moncrieff, John Richardson, James Grahame (the *Sabbath*), Thomas Thomson, and Charles Bell were all in one company of riflemen. Francis Horner walked about the streets with a musket, being a private in the Gentlemen Regiment. Dr. Gregory was a soldier, and Thomas Brown the moralist, Jeffrey, and many another since famous in more intellectual warfare. I, a gallant captain, commanded ninety-two of my fellow-creatures from 1804 to 1814—the whole course of that war. Eighty private soldiers, two officers, four sergeants, four corporals, and a trumpeter, all trembled (or at least were bound to tremble) when I spoke.

From Memorials of his Time.

III

WAR SONG OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT
DRAGOONS*By Sir Walter Scott*

This was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of Yeomanry to which the song was addressed was raised in 1797, and consisted of gentlemen mounted and armed at their own expense. The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of three thousand armed and disciplined Volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of Artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns.—1812.

To horse ! To horse ! The standard flies,
The bugle sounds the call !
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle 's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned ;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely couched to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train ;
Their ravished toys though Romans mourn ;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh, had they marked the avenging call ¹
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought refuge in the grave !

Shall we too bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun that sees our falling day
Shall mark our sabres deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain,
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

¹ Alluding to the massacre of the Swiss Guards on 10th August 1792.

If ever breath of British gale
 Shall fan the tri-color,
 Or footstep of invader rude,
 With rapine foul, and red with blood,
 Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home, and farewell friends,
 Adieu, each tender tie !
 Resolved, we mingle in the tide
 Where charging squadrons furious ride,
 To conquer or to die.

To horse ! To horse ! The sabres gleam,
 High sounds our bugle call ;
 Combined by honour's sacred tie,
 Our word is ' Laws and Liberty ! '
 March forward, one and all !

IV

CORUNNA

By David Stewart

PROCEEDING to the 42nd he (Sir John Moore) called out, ' Highlanders, remember Egypt.' They rushed forward, and drove back the enemy in all directions, the general accompanying them in the charge. He then ordered up a battalion of the Guards to the left flank of the Highlanders, upon which the light company conceiving, as their ammunition was expended, that they were to be relieved by the Guards, began to fall back ; but Sir John, discovering the mistake, said to them, ' My brave 42nd, join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets.' They instantly obeyed, and all moved forward.

About this time Sir David Baird's arm was shattered by a musket-ball, which forced him to quit the field, and immediately afterwards a cannon-ball struck Sir John Moore in the left shoulder and beat him to the ground. ' He raised himself, and sat up with an unaltered countenance, looking intently at the Highlanders, who were warmly engaged. Captain Harding threw himself from his horse and took him by the hand ; then observing his anxiety, he told him the 42nd were advancing, upon which his countenance immediately brightened up.' . . . Assisted by a soldier of the 42nd, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. Colonel Graham of Balgowan and Captain Woodford of the Guards came up, and, perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for surgeons.

He consented to be carried to the rear, and was put in a blanket for that purpose. Captain Harding attempted to unbuckle his sword from his wounded side, when he said in his usual tone and manner, ' It is as well as it is ; I had rather that it should go out of the field with me.' ' He was borne,' says Captain Harding, ' by six soldiers of the 42nd and Guards, my sash supporting him in an easy posture. Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal, and remarked that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us and recover. He then turned his head round, and, looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said : " No, Harding, I feel that to be impossible." I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said, " You need

not go with me ; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear." A sergeant of the 42nd and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave general to Corunna.' As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn round frequently to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing ; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter, judging that the enemy were retiring.

Colonel Wynch, being wounded, was passing in a spring waggon. When he understood the general was in the blanket, he wished him to be removed to the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or blanket best ? when the soldier answered that he thought the blanket best. ' I think so too,' said the general ; and the soldiers proceeded with him to Corunna, shedding tears all the way.

Colonel Anderson, his friend and aide-de-camp for twenty years, thus describes the general's last moments :—' After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows : " Anderson, you know that I always wished to die in this way." He then asked, were the French beaten ?—which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in. " I hope the people of England will be satisfied ; I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them everything—Say to my mother"—Here his voice quite failed, and he was excessively agitated.' At the thought of his mother, the firm heart of this brave and affectionate son gave way—a heart which no danger, not even his present situation, could shake, till the thoughts of his mother, and what she would suffer, came across his mind. . . .

As Sir John Moore, according to the wish which he had uniformly expressed, died a soldier in battle, so he was buried like a soldier, in his full uniform, in a bastion in the garrison of Corunna, Colonel Graham of Balgowan and the officers of his family only attending.

From Sketches of the Highlanders.

V

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

By Charles Wolfe

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
And we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
 But little he 'll reck if they 'll let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone in his glory.

VI

THE BLACK WATCH, CAMERONS, AND HIGHLAND
LIGHT INFANTRY AT FUENTES D'ONORO

By Archibald Forbes

WHEN Wellington blockaded Almeida the French advanced to attempt the relief of the fortress ;—and on May 3, 1811, they fell upon the five battalions of chosen British troops which occupied the position of Fuentes d'Onoro. Very severe fighting took place ; but the French were repulsed, and the British regiments held the village in the midst of the killed and wounded of both sides. Massena attacked again on the 5th in far greater strength. The British cavalry withdrew behind the light division. Houston's division, thus entirely exposed, was charged with great impetus, and Captain Norman Ramsay's troop of horse artillery was cut off and surrounded. Presently a great commotion was observed among the French squadrons ; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point, where a thick dust was rising, and where loud cries, the sparkling of blades, and the flashing of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. ' Suddenly,' in Napier's burning words, ' the multitude was violently agitated, a British shout arose, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear.' But while this brilliant action was in progress, it was nevertheless abundantly evident that the battle would soon be lost if the original position was not immediately regained. Craufurd retired slowly over the plain in squares, followed by the enemy's horse, which near the wood surprised and sabred an advanced post of the Guards, making Colonel Hill and fourteen men prisoners. They then continued their charge, but suddenly found themselves in front of the Royal Highlanders. They charged with great fierceness, but before that day the Highlanders had learned how to deal with charging cavalry. With signal gallantry Lord Blantyre and his battalion repulsed

the efforts of the French troopers. It fared not so well with the brother-Highland regiments of the 71st and 79th; two companies of the latter corps were taken prisoners, and its colonel, the gallant Cameron, was mortally wounded. The fighting lasted until evening; both sides claimed the victory, but Wellington's principal object, the covering of the blockade of Almeida, was attained, with, however, a loss of 1500 officers and men, 800 of whom were prisoners. Lord Blantyre received a gold medal; and the 'honour' of 'Fuentes d'Onoro,' displayed by royal authority, commemorates the steadfast resolution of the second battalion of the Royal Highlanders in this fierce conflict.

From The Black Watch.

VII

THE GORDONS AND HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY AT ST. PIERRE AND ARROYO DOS MOLINES

By H. R. Clinton

HILL's entire front covered about two miles. His centre, which was composed of the 71st, 50th, and 92nd regiments, with twelve guns and Ashworth's Portuguese . . . occupied the broken summit of a height on which stands the village of St. Pierre, and which is crossed by the high road. On the right wing General Byng occupied . . . the extremity of a ridge near the Adour. . . . On the left wing General Pringle . . . occupied the heights of the château of Villefranque. . . .

Abbé's attack was delivered with vigour; the left of Ashworth's Portuguese was hard pressed, and the wood on their right was taken. Stewart therefore sent forward the 71st regiment and two guns to aid them, and half of the 50th regiment to retake the wood. His centre being thus weakened, the attack was pushed more vigorously on it. Abbé's columns . . . reached the top, and Ashworth's left, with the reserve of the 50th, was at the same time driven back, Colonel Peacock of the 71st having 'shamefully withdrawn' his gallant troops. At this crisis General Barnes brought out the 92nd Highlanders, under Colonel Cameron, from the village of St. Pierre, and the skirmishers falling back for its advance, its charge broke two French regiments in column. But more French troops were brought forward . . . and a battery of horse artillery opened fire. . . . Under this storm of shot and shell the 92nd had to retire behind St. Pierre, and the Portuguese guns ceased to fire. . . .

The situation of the allies was desperate. They had no reserve; for Hill, who had galloped up to send back Colonel Peacock to his post, had led one brigade (Da Costa's) of Le Cor's reserve to support the 71st, and had sent the other brigade (Buchan's) to aid Byng. The rush of the 71st, burning to efface the memory of their colonel's weakness, was headed by Hill and Stewart in person, Le Cor's Portuguese gallantly supported, and the left wing of the French centre was staggering when the waving black plumes and green tartans of the 92nd again appeared coming down the road from St. Pierre. Cameron had re-formed his ranks behind the village, and issued from it in all 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war,' the colours flying and pipes playing as if marching past at a review. Upon this the skirmishers, who had been falling back, again advanced; and the officer who rode at the head of the French column ordered a retreat. The enemy's centre faced about and retired in good order, unmolested by the exhausted victors, to the heights from which they had descended. It was now noon, and the day was won. . . .

One brigade of the French had already marched out upon the Medellin road, and the rest were gathering to depart—all the outlying pickets having come in—when the allies cavalry dashed down the village street. The thick blinding rain increased the confusion: some ran for their knapsacks, others were calling for their horses, and in every part a perfect panic reigned. Girard himself believed that it was merely a raid of Spaniards, as he considered the British were not such early risers; but the screams of the bagpipes, which were playing the appropriate strains of 'Johnny Cope,' undeceived him, and before he could form his infantry, the 71st (Highland Light Infantry) and 92nd (Gordon Highlanders) rushed with fixed bayonets into the village. The French cavalry, fighting gallantly, were driven to the end of the street, and the musketry of the 71st now opened from a garden wall on the retiring masses of infantry. The hurriedly formed squares of the latter were shattered by the guns, and, by a sudden charge, Penne-Villemur's cavalry and a few English hussars captured their artillery and dispersed their cavalry. . . . It is a remarkable illustration of the manner in which the military authorities at home bestowed honours on the Peninsular veterans, that the name of Arroyo dos Molinos is inscribed on the colours of one regiment only, the 84th.

From *The Peninsular War*.

VIII

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN GRANT

By James Grant

COLQUHOUN GRANT, a captain of one of our battalion companies during the Peninsular War, was a hardy, active, strong, and handsome Highlander, from the wooded mountains that overlook Strathspey. Inured from childhood to the hardships and activity incidental to the life of the country of the clans, where the care of vast herds of sheep and cattle, or the pursuit of the wild deer from rock to rock, and from hill to hill, are the chief occupations of the people—a deadly shot with either musket or a pistol, and a complete swordsman, he was every way calculated to become an ornament to our regiment and to the service. General Sir William Napier, in the fourth volume of his *History of the Peninsular War*, writes of him as 'Colquhoun Grant, that celebrated scouting officer, in whom the utmost daring was so mixed with subtlety of genius, and both so tempered by discretion, that it is difficult to say which quality predominated.'

In the spring of 1812, when Lord Wellington crossed the Tagus and entered Castello Branco, the 42nd, or old Black Watch, were with the division of Lieutenant-General Grahame, of Lyneoch. The service battalion consisted of 1160 rank and file, and notwithstanding the fatigues of marching by day and night, of fording rivers above the waist-belt, and all those arduous operations by which Wellington so completely baffled and out-generaled Marmont in all his attempts to attack Rodrigo, not a man of our regiment staggered or fell to the rear, from hunger, weariness, or exhaustion; all were with the colours when the roll was called in the morning.

The information that enabled Wellington to execute those skilful manœuvres which dazzled all Europe, and confounded, while they baffled, the French marshal, was supplied from time to time by Colquhoun Grant, who, accompanied by Domingo de Leon, a Spanish peasant, had the boldness to remain in rear of the enemy's lines, watching all their operations and noting their numbers; and it is a remarkable fact that while on this most dangerous service he constantly wore the Highland uniform, with his bonnet and epaulettes; thus, while acting as a

scout, freeing himself from the accusation of being in any way a spy, 'for,' adds Napier, 'he never would assume any disguise, and yet frequently remained for three days concealed in the midst of Marmont's camp.'

Hence the secret of Wellington's facility for circumventing Marmont was the information derived from Colquhoun Grant; and the secret of Grant's ability for baffling the thousand snares laid for him by the French, was simply that he had a Spanish love, who watched over his safety with all a woman's wit, and the idolatry of a Spanish woman, who, when she loves, sees but *one* man in the world—the object of her passion.

When Marmont was advancing, Wellington dispatched Captain Grant to watch his operations 'in the heart of the French army,' and from among its soldiers to glean whether they really had an intention of succouring the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo—a desperate duty, which, like many others, our hero undertook without delay or doubt.

Thus, on an evening in February, Grant found himself on a solitary mountain of Leon, overlooking the vast plain of Salamanca, on the numerous spires and towers of which the light of eve was fading, while the gilded vanes of the cathedral shone like stars in the deep blue sky that was darkening as the sun set behind the hills; and one of those hot dry days peculiar to the province gave place to a dewy twilight, when the Tormes, which rises among the mountains of Salamanca, and washes the base of the triple hill on which the city stands, grew white and pale, as it wandered through plains dotted by herds of merino sheep, but destitute of trees, until it vanished on its course towards the Douro, on the frontiers of Portugal.

Exhausted by the long ride from Lord Wellington's headquarters, and by numerous efforts he had made to repass the cordon of piequets and patrols by which the French—now on his track—had environed him, Grant lay buried in deep sleep, under the shade of some olive-trees, with a brace of pistols in his belt, his claymore by his side, and his head resting in the lap of a beautiful Spanish peasant girl, Juanna, the sister of his faithful Leon, a warm-hearted, brave, and affectionate being, who, like her brother, had attached herself to the favourite scouting officer of Wellington, and, full of admiration for his adventurous spirit, handsome figure, and winning manner, loved him with all the ardour, romance, and depth of which a Spanish girl of eighteen is capable.

Juanna de Leon and her brother Domingo were the children of a wealthy farmer and vine-dresser, who dwelt on the mountainous range known as the Puerto del Pico, which lies southward of Salamanca; but the vines had all been destroyed, the *granja* burned, and the poor old agriculturist was bayoneted on his hearthstone by some voltigeurs of Marmont, under a Lieutenant Armand, when on a foraging expedition. Thus Juanna and her brother were alike homeless and kinless.

The girl was beautiful. Youth lent to her somewhat olive-tinted cheek a ruddy glow that enhanced the dusky splendour of her Spanish eyes; her lashes were long; her mouth small, like a cherry; her chin was dimpled; her hands were faultless, as were her ankles, which were cased in pretty embroidered red stockings, and gilt zepatas. Close by lay the guitar and castanets with which she played and sang her weary lover to sleep.

Her brother was handsome, athletic, and resolute in eye and bearing; but since the destruction of their house he had become rather fierce and morose, as hatred of the invading French and a thirst for vengeance were ever uppermost in his mind. He had relinquished the vine-bill for the musket; his yellow sash bristled with pistols and daggers; and with heaven for his roof, and his brown Spanish mantle for a couch, he had betaken himself to the mountains,

where he shot without mercy every straggling Frenchman who came within reach of his terrible aim.

While Grant slept, the tinkling of the vesper bells was borne across the valley, the sunlight died away over the mountains, and the winding Tormes, that shone like the coils of a vast snake, faded from the plain. The Spanish girl stooped and kissed her toil-worn lover's cheek, and bent her keen dark eyes upon the mountain-path by which she seemed to expect a visitor.

One arm was thrown around the curly head of the sleeper, and her fingers told her beads as she prayed over him.

Suddenly there was a sound of footsteps, and a handsome young Spaniard wearing a brown cap gathered over his arm, shouldering a long musket to which a leather sling was attached, and having his coal-black hair gathered behind in a red silk net, sprang up the rocks towards the olive-grove, and approached Juanna and the sleeper. The new-comer was her brother.

'Domingo, your tidings?' she asked breathlessly.

'They are evil; so wake your Señor Capitano without delay.'

'I am awake,' said Grant, rising at the sound of his voice. 'Thanks, dearest Juanna; have I been so cruel as to keep you here in the cold dew—and watching me, too?'

'Caro mio!'

'It *was* cruel of me; but I have been so weary that nature was quite overcome. And now, Domingo, my bueno camarado, for your tidings?'

'I have been down the valley and across the plain, almost to the gates of Salamanca,' said the young paisano, leaning on his musket, and surveying, first his sister with tender interest, and then Grant with a dubious and anxious expression, for he loved him too, but trembled for the sequel to the stranger's passion for the beautiful Juanna. 'I have been round the vicinity of the city from Santa Marta on the Tormes——'

'And you have learned?' said Grant impetuously.

'That scaling-ladders have been prepared in great numbers, for I saw them. Vast quantities of provision and ammunition on mules have been brought from the Pyrenees, and Marmont is sending everything—ladders, powder, and bread—towards——'

'Not Ciudad Rodrigo and Alameda.'

'Si, señor.'

'The devil! You are sure of this?'

'I counted twenty scaling-ladders, each five feet wide, and reckoned forty mules, each bearing fourteen casks of ball cartridges.'

'Good—I thank you, Domingo,' said Grant, taking paper from a pocket-book, and making a hasty note of memorandum for Lord Wellington.

'Ay—Dios mi terra!' said Juanna, with a soft sigh, as she drooped her head upon Grant's shoulder, and Domingo kissed her brow.

'Now, where is Manrieco el Barbado?' asked the captain, as he securely gummed the secret note.

'Within call,' said Domingo, giving a shrill whistle.

A sound like the whir of a partridge replied, and then a strong and ferocious-looking peasant, bare legged and bare necked, with an enormous black beard (whence came his soubriquet of *el Barbado*), sprang up the rocks and made a profound salute to Grant, who was beloved and adored by all the guerillas, banditti, and the wild spirits whom the French had unhoused and driven to the mountains; and among these his name was a proverb for all that was gallant, reckless, and chivalresque.

‘Is your mule in good condition, Manrico?’

‘He was never better, señor.’

‘Then ride with *this* to Lord Wellington; spare neither whip nor spur, and he will repay you handsomely.’

‘And how about yourself, señor?’

‘Say to his lordship that I will rejoin him as early and as best I may.’

The Spanish scout concealed the note in his beard with great ingenuity, and knowing well that he could thus pass the French lines with confidence, and defy all search, he departed on his journey to the British headquarters; and the information thus received from Grant enabled the leader of the allies to take such measures as completely to outflank Marmont, and baffle his attempts upon Almieda and the city of Rodrigo.

‘So much for my friend, Marmont,’ said Grant; ‘and now, Domingo, for *myself*.’

‘Read this,’ said Domingo, handing to him a document; ‘I stabbed the French sentinel at the bridge of Santa Marta, and tore this paper from the guard-house door.’

It proved to be a copy of a General Order addressed by Marmont to the colonels of the French regiments, ‘saying’ (to quote General Napier) ‘that the notorious Grant, being within the circle of their cantonments, the soldiers were to use their utmost exertions to secure him; for which purpose guards were also to be placed, as it were, in a circle round the army.’

‘Caro mio, read this to me,’ whispered Juanna.

He translated it, and terror filled the dilating eyes of the Spanish girl; her breath came thick and fast, and she crept closer to the breast of her lover, who smiled and kissed her cheek to reassure her.

‘Have you closely examined all the country?’ he asked Domingo.

‘I have, señor.’

‘Well?’

‘There is but *one* way back to Lord Wellington’s headquarters.’

‘And that is——’

‘At the ford of Huerta on the Tormes.’

‘Six miles below Salamanca?’

‘Yes.’

‘I will cross the ford then.’

‘But a French battalion occupies the town.’

‘I care not if ten battalions occupied it—I *must even ride the ford as I find it*; ’tis a saying in my country, Domingo, where I hope our dear Juanna will one day smile with me, when we talk of sunny Spain and these wild adventures.’

‘No—no—you will never leave Spain,’ said Juanna with a merry smile. ‘Your poor Spanish girl could never go to the land of the Inglesos, where the sun shines but once a year—not once every day, as it does here in beautiful Leon.’

‘And now for Huerta,’ said Domingo, slapping the butt of his musket impatiently; ‘the moon will be above the Pico del Puerto in half an hour—vaya—let us be gone.’

Grant placed Juanna on the saddle of his horse, a fine, fleet, and active jennet presented to him by Lord Wellington, and led it by the bridle, while Domingo slung his musket and followed thoughtfully behind, as they descended the hill with the intention of seeking the banks of the Tormes; but making a wide detour towards the ford. The moon was shining on the river when they came in sight of Huerta, a small village through which passes the road from Salamanca to Madrid. A red glow at times shot from its tile-works, showing the outlines of

the flat-roofed cottages, and wavering on the olive-groves that overhung the river, which was here crossed by the ford. While Grant and Juanna remained concealed in a thicket of orange-trees in sight of Huerta, Domingo, whose god-father was a tile-bearer in the town, went forward to reconnoitre and make inquiries. And in less than twenty minutes he returned with a gloomy brow and excited eye.

‘I have still evil news, Señor.’

‘Indeed?’

‘The French battalion occupies Huerta, and the main street is full of soldiers. Guards are placed at each end, and cavalry vedettes are posted in a line along the river, patrolling constantly backwards and forwards, for the space of three hundred yards, and two of these vedettes meet always *at the ford*, consequently, be assured they know that you are on this side of the Tormes.’

‘The deuce!’ muttered Grant, biting his lips. ‘M. le Maréchal Marmont is determined to take me this time, I fear; but I *will* cross the ford, Domingo, in the face of the enemy too! Better die a soldier’s death under their fire, than fall alive into their hands.’

‘A soldier’s death and a sudden one is sure to follow, Señor Capitano,’ added Domingo gloomily; and poor Grant was not without anxiety for the issue.

‘But I will *never* be taken, alive at least,’ responded the Highlander with a fierce and sorrowful embrace; ‘’tis better to die than be taken, and perhaps have the uniform I wear—the uniform of the Black Watch—disgraced by death at the hands of a provost marshal.’

The young Spanish girl caught the fiery enthusiasm of her lover, and nerved herself for the struggle, and for their consequent separation; but Domingo had once more to examine the ground, and so many points were to be considered, that day began to brighten on the Pico del Puerto and the Sierras of Gredos and Gata, before Grant mounted his horse; and by that time the French drums had beaten reveille, and the whole battalion was under arms at its alarm-post, a greensward behind the tile-works. Juanna and her lover parted with promises of mutual regard and remembrance until they met again.

‘Bueno—away!’ said Domingo, taking Grant’s horse by the bridle—‘away before day is quite broken.’

As they hurried off, Juanna threw herself on her knees in the thicket, and prayed to God and Madonna for her lover. She covered her beautiful head with that thick mantle usually worn by the women of Leon, to shut out every sound; but lo! there came a loud yet distinct shout from the river’s bank, and then a confused discharge of firearms that rang sharply in the clear morning air.

‘O Madonna mia!’ exclaimed the Spanish girl, and with a shriek she threw herself upon her face among the grass.

Meanwhile Grant had proceeded in the rear of the tile-works, close by where the French regiment was paraded in close column at quarter distance, and so near was he that he could hear the sergeants of companies calling the roll; but a group of peasants assembled by Domingo remained around his horse, with their broad sombreros and brown cloaks, to conceal it from the French, along whose front he had to pass to reach the ford. From the gable of a cottage he had a full view of the latter—the Tormes brawling over its bed of rocks and pebbles, with the open plain that lay beyond, and the two French vedettes, helmeted and cloaked, with carbine on thigh, patrolling to and fro, to the distance of three hundred yards apart, but meeting at the ford.

‘Their figures seem dark and indistinct, in the starry light of the morning,’ said Grant. ‘Now when I whistle let go my horse’s head, and do you, my good

friends in front, withdraw to give me space, for now the vedettes are about to part, and I must make a dash for it.'

At the moment when the patrols were separated to their fullest extent, and each was one hundred and fifty yards from the ford, Grant dashed spurs into his horse, and with his sword in his teeth and a cocked pistol in each hand, crossed the river by three furious bounds of his horse. Receiving without damage the fire of both carbines, he replied with his pistols, giving each of the dragoons a flying-shot to the rear, but without injuring either of them. There was an instantaneous and keen pursuit; but he completely baffled it by his complete knowledge of the country, and reached a cork-wood in safety, where he was soon joined by Domingo de Leon, who, being attired as a peasant, and unknown to the French, was permitted to pass their lines unquestioned.

Grant was not satisfied with the extent of his observations; he was resolved to judge for himself of the direction in which Marmont meant to move. For this purpose he daringly concealed himself among some coppice on the brow of a hill near the secluded village of Tamames, which is celebrated for its mineral springs, and lies thirty-two miles south-west of Salamanca. There he sat, note-book in hand, with Leon, smoking a cigar and lounging on the grass, while his jennet, unbitted, was quietly grazing close by, and the whole of Marmont's brilliant division, cuirassiers, lancers, infantry, artillery, and voltigeurs defiled with drums beating, tricolours waving, and eagles glittering through the pass below; and Grant's skilful eye counted every cannon and reckoned over every horse and man with a correctness that astonished even Lord Wellington. The moment the rear-guard had passed, he mounted, and although in his uniform, rode boldly into the village of Tamames, where he found all the scaling-ladders left behind. With tidings of this fact, and the strength of Marmont's army, he at once dispatched a letter to Wellington, by Manrico el Barbado, who, as before, concealed it under his nether-jaw; and this letter, which informed the allies that the preparations to storm Rodrigo were, after all, a pompous *feint*, allayed their leader's fear for the fortress, and, to Marmont's inexpressible annoyance, enabled him to turn attention to other quarters.

Fearless, indefatigable, and undeterred by the dangers he had undergone, Grant preceded Marmont (when the officer passed the Coa) and resolved to discover whether his march would be by the duchy of Guarda upon Coimbra, the land of olives, or by the small frontier town of Sabugal, upon Castello Branco, which stands upon the Lira, a tributary of the Tagus, and still displays the ruins of the Roman Albicastrum from which it takes its name.

Castello Branco is a good military position; but to reach it a descent was necessary from one of those lofty sierras that run along the frontier of Portuguese Estramadura, and are jagged by bare and sunburned rocks, or dotted by stunted laurel bushes. From thence he traversed a pass, at the lower end of which stands the town of Penamacor in the province of Beira, thirty-six miles north-east of Castello Branco. There our adventurous Highlander, accompanied by Manrico el Barbado and the faithful Domingo de Leon, concealed himself in a thicket of dwarf-oaks.

The three wanderers passed the whole of the next day lurking in the oak woods that overhang the pass of Penamacor.

Night again drew on, and the three companions were all alike watchful and awake.

The hour of ten began to toll from the bells of Penamacor. At the first stroke Grant felt a nervous sensation thrill over his whole body.

At the tenth stroke, lo! a brilliant light flashed across the sky. It shot

upward from the eitadel of Penamaeor ! The crenelated battlements and sharp spires of the three churehes stood darkly out from the blaze, which was streaked by the aseent of hissing roekets ; the alarm-bell sent its iron clangour on the wind, but mingled with the boom of eannon ; again came the hum of voices, and two dark and shadowy eolumns debouehed from the black jaws of the mountain gorge and deseended towards the bridge of Eljas ; the uplifted lances and fixed bayonets gleamed baek the starlight, while the rumble of the shot-laden tumbrils rang in the eechoing valley.

‘Madre de Dios ! the enemy !’ exelaimed the two Spaniards, starting to the muskets.

‘O ! Señor capitano, ’tis French—the French ! the ladrones los perros !’ exelaimed Manrico, rashly firing his musket at three or four soldiers, whose outline, with shako and knapsack, appeared on a little ridge close by. Four muskets, discharged at random, replied, and in a moment the three scouts found themselves fighting hand to hand with a mob of aetive little French voltigeurs.

The latter reecognised the Highland uniform of Grant, and finding him with two Spaniards, knew him at once to be the famous scouting offieer, for whose arrest, dead or alive, Marmont had offered sueh a princely reward, and uttering loud shouts, they pressed upon him with bayonets fixed and muskets clubbed.

Strong, aetive, and fearless, he hewed them down with his claymore on all sides. He shot two with his pistols, and then hurled the empty weapon at the heads of others, and, with Leon, sueceeded in mounting and galloping off ; but Manrico was beaten down, and left insensible on the mountain-side.

‘Grant and his follower,’ says General Napier, ‘darted into the wood for a little space, and, then, suddenly wheeling, rode off in different direetions ; but at every turn new enemies appeared, and at last, the hunted men, dismounting, fled on foot, through the thickest part of the low oaks, until they were again met by infantry detaehed in small parties down the sides of the pass, and direeted in their ehase by the waving of the French officers’ hats on the ridge above. (Day had now broken.) Leon fell exhausted, and the barbarians who first came up killed him, in spite of his companion’s entreaties.

‘My poor Juanna, what will beecome of you ?’ exelaimed Grant, on seeing his faithful Domingo expiring under the reeking bayonets of the voltigeurs ; and now, totally incapable of further resistance, he gave up his sword to an offieer, who protected him from the fury of his captors. He was at last a prisoner !

The offieer who had captured him, M. Armand, was a young sous-lieutenant of the 3rd Voltigeurs (the same who had destroyed the *granja* of Leon the farmer) ; but he had a heart that would have done honour to a marshal of the empire ; and, with all kindness and respekt, he eonducted him to the quarters of the Marshal Due de Raguse.

The latter invited the captive to dinner, and ehatted with him in a friendly way about his bold and remarkable adventures, saying that he (Marmont) had been long on the watch for him ; that he knew his eompanions Manrieo the Bearded, Leon and his sister Juanna (here Grant trembled), and that all his haunts and disguises were known too.

‘Disguises—pardon me, M. le Maréchal,’ said Grant warmly ; ‘disguises are worn by spies ; I have never worn other dress than the uniform and tartan of my regiment.’

‘The bolder fellow you !’ exelaimed the Due de Raguse. ‘You are aware that I might hang you ; but I love a brave spirit, and shall only exact from you a special parole, that you will not *consent* to be released by any partida or guerilla eie on your journey between this and Franee.’

'Monseigneur le Duc, the exaction of this parole is the greatest compliment you can pay me,' replied Grant, who, on finding matters desperate, gave his word of honour, and was next day sent towards the Pyrenees with a French guard, under M. Armand, his captor.

On the first night of his march to the rear, M. Armand halted in a grove of cork and beech trees, within a mile of Medellin, on the Guadiana—the birthplace of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico; but as a guerilla chief with five thousand desperadoes held possession of the town and bridge, our lieutenant of voltigeurs, with his prisoner and escort, were forced to content themselves with such shelter as the light foliage of the wood afforded.

The night was pitchy dark; the blackness that involved the sky, the mountains, the vale through which the Guadiana wound, and the wood where our travellers bivouacked, was palpable, painful, and oppressive; but at times it was varied by the red sheet lightning which shot across the southern quarter of the sky.

After having drained their canteens of Lisbon wine, and discussed their ration of cold beef and commissariat biscuit, Grant and Armand, the voltigeur, lay down fraternally side by side in their cloaks to repose; their escort lay close by, long since asleep; for Grant had given his parole that he 'would not attempt to escape,' and such were their ideas of military honour and value for a soldier's word, that these brave Frenchmen never doubted him.

Just as the two officers were about to sleep, they became aware of various cold and dewy drops, or clammy creeping things, that continued to fall upon them from the beech trees overhead.

'Sangbleu!' exclaimed the lieutenant of voltigeurs; 'we are all over creepers or cockroaches, and they drop like rain from this old beech upon us.'

'Let us seek another tree, my friend,' said Grant drowsily; 'one place is the same as another to me now.'

Moving a few paces to their left, they lay down at the root of another beech tree; but there the same cold dewy drops seemed to distil upon them like rain; yet the night was hot, dry, and sultry; and ever and anon there fell those hideous creepers, whose slimy touch caused emotions of horror.

'Tudieu!' shouted the Frenchman, springing up again; 'I cannot stand this! we had better have beaten up the guerillas in their quarters at Medellin. Halo, Corporal Touchet—flash off your musket, and let us see what the devil is in these trees!'

Roused thus, the corporal of the escort cocked his piece; and as he fired the two officers watched the beeches in the sudden and lightning-like gleam that flashed from the muzzle.

Lo! the dark figure of a dead man swung from a branch, about twelve feet above them.

'Ouf!' said the voltigeur, with a shudder of horror.

'These beeches bear strange nuts,' said Grant, as they hastily left the wood, and passed the remainder of the night on the open sward in front of it. When day dawned Grant went back to examine the places where they had first attempted to sleep. The corpses of a man having a voluminous beard, and a woman with a profusion of long and silky hair, were suspended from the branches; and as they swung mournfully and fearfully round in the morning wind, the crows flew away with an angry croak, and a cry of horror burst from the lips of Grant on recognising Manrico el Barbado and—*Juanna de Leon!*

Three weeks after this Colquhoun Grant saw the long blue outline of the

Pyrenees undulating before him as he approached the frontier of France, a country for which he had now the greatest horror; and during the whole march from Medellin towards Bayonne the young subaltern of voltigeurs experienced the greatest trouble with his prisoner, on whom the frightful episode in the cork-wood had left a dreadful impression.

In his hatred and animosity to France and everything French, Grant from that hour resolved that though he could not with honour attempt to escape while in Spain, he would spare no exertion or trouble, no cunning or coin, to leave France, and return once more to find himself sword in hand before the ranks of Marshal Marmont, whom he now viewed as the assassin of that poor maiden of Leon.

As they approached Bayonne he took an early opportunity of deliberately tearing open the sealed letter which the marshal had given him for the governor of that fortress, and made himself master of its contents. Instead of finding its tenor complimentary and commendatory as he had been told, he saw himself designated as a 'dangerous spy who had done infinite mischief to the French army,' and who should be marched in fetters to Paris, where no doubt tortures such as those to which Captain Wright was subjected to in the Temple, or a death on the scaffold, awaited him! The contents of this letter more than released him from his parole.

'Oho, M. le Duc de Raguse, is this your game?' said Grant, as he tore the letter into the smallest bits and buried them in a hole. 'Let me see if I cannot make a Highland head worth a pair of French heels.'

Arrived at Bayonne, Lieutenant Armand presented him to the governor and bade him adieu. Then Grant requested, in the usual way, to be furnished with a passport to Verdun, the greatest military prison in France. This the governor at once granted him, little suspecting that he meant to commence to escape the moment he left the garrison. Aware that, guarded as all the avenues from Bayonne and the Pyrencean passes were by French troops of every kind, flight towards Spain was impossible, he resolved to make the attempt in the *opposite*, and consequently less to be suspected, direction. The moment he left the governor's quarters Grant quietly put the passport into the fire, and repairing to the suburb of St. Esprit, which from time immemorial has been the quarter of the Portuguese Jews, he sold his silver epaulettes and richly laced Highland uniform to a dealer in old garments, and received in lieu the plain frogged surtout, forage cap, and sabre of a French staff officer; he stuck the cross of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole, and after promenading along the superb quay, after repairing boldly to the 'Eagle of France,' an hotel in the Place de Gramont, he ordered an omelette and a bottle of vin ordinaire with all the air of a Garde Imperiale and sat down to dinner.

Inquiring of the waiter 'if there were any officers in the house about to proceed to Paris?' he was told that 'M. le General Souham was about to leave that very night.' Grant procured a card, and writing thereon '*Captain O'Reilly, Imperial Service*,' sent it up, and was at once introduced to old Souham, who was just about to start, and was in the act of buckling on his sabre.

'Captain O'Reilly,' said he, frowning at the name, and glancing round for a French Army List, but fortunately none was at hand.

'Of what regiment?'

'Lacy's disbanded battalion of the Irish brigade.'

'Ah! And in what can I serve you, monsieur?'

'Allowing me to join your party about to proceed to Paris.'

'You do me infinite honour, M. O'Reilly.'

'Thanks, general.'

'From whence have you come?'

'The banks of the Coa. I am attached to the staff of M. le Duc de Raguse.'

'Ah! old Marmont. Peste! he is my greatest friend! M. Armand of the 3rd Voltigeurs brought me a letter from him, in which he says that a dear friend of his would join me on my way to Paris.'

'How kind of brave Marmont,' said Grant; 'he never forgets me.'

'So he has captured the notorious scaramouche, Captain Grant?'

'Yes; a wonderful fellow that!'

'Quite a devil of a man; allons, let us go; you have a horse, of course?'

'No, M. le general.'

'One of mine is at your service.'

'Mille baionettes! You quite overwhelm me!'

In half an hour after this Grant, with Souham and two other French officers, had crossed the wooden drawbridge of Bayonne, and left the citadel of M. Vauban with all its little redoubts in their rear, as they all rode merrily en route for Paris. In a house of entertainment in the Rue Royale at Orleans, Grant fortunately made the acquaintance of a man who proved to be an agent in the secret service of the British Government. This person furnished him with money and a letter to another secret agent who lived in an obscure part of Paris, where he arrived, still disguised as an officer in the suite of General Souham, and as such for a time he visited all the theatres, the gardens, the operas; and, all splashed and travel-stained, as fresh from the seat of war, was presented to the great Emperor, who patronisingly spoke to him of the probability of restoring Lacy's Irish regiment, 'by recruiting for it among the Irish in the prisons of Bitch and Verdun, in which case his services would not be forgotten.' Grant could not foresee that in *three* years after this the old Black Watch, after raising the cry of 'Scotland for Ever' at Waterloo, would make the Tuileries ring to their Highland pipes, and that he would actually compose the well-known parody—

'Wha keep guard at Versailles and Marli,
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks of barley?'

He spoke French fluently, having been a pupil of the famous Jean Paul Marat, when that notable ruffian taught French in Edinburgh, where, in 1774, he published a work entitled *The Chains of Slavery*.

Grant thanked the Emperor, and thinking that the daring joke had been carried quite far enough, he doffed his French uniform, sabre and all, and making a bundle thereof, flung the whole into the Seine one night. Then, attiring himself in an unpretending blouse, he repaired to the house of the secret agent, presented his letter, and obtained more money to enable him to reach Britain.

'Monsieur is in luck,' said the agent; 'I have just ascertained that a passport is lying at the foreign office of an American who died, or was found dead this morning.'

'How is your American named?'

'Monsieur Jonathan Buck.'

'Very good—thanks! From this very hour I am Jonathan Buck,' said the reckless Grant. He reloaded his pistols, concealed them in his breast, and repairing to the Foreign Office, demanded his passport with the coolness of a prince incog.

'Your name, monsieur?'

'M. Jonathan Buck,' drawled Grant.

The passport was handed to him at once, and long before the police could ascertain that Monsieur Buck had departed this life at 9 A.M. and yet had received

his papers at 9 P.M. the same day, our hero had left Paris far behind him, and was travelling post towards the mouth of the Loire.

On reaching Nantes, he repaired at once to Paimbœuff, twenty miles farther down the river, where all vessels whose size was above ninety tons, usually unloaded their cargoes; and there he boarded the first vessel which had up the stars and stripes of America, and seemed ready for sea. She proved to be the *Ohio*, a fine bark of Boston, Jeremiah Buck, master.

'Tis fortunate,' said Grant, through his nose, as he was ushered into the cabin of the Yankee; 'I am a namesake of yours, captain—Jonathan Buck, of Cape Cod, seeking a cabin passage to Boston.'

'All right—let me see your passport, stranger?'

'Here it is, skipper.'

'Well, for a hundred and fifty dollars I am your man,' drawled the Boston captain, who was smoking a long cuba; 'but it is darned odd, stranger, that I have been expecting *another* Jonathan Buck, my own nephew, from Paris; he is in the fish and timber trade, and hangs out at old Nantucket; but he took a run up by the dilly to see the Toolerie, the Looover, and all that. Well, darn my eyes, if this is not my nephew's passport!' exclaimed the American suddenly, while his eyes flashed with anger and suspicion. 'Stranger, how is this?'

In some anxiety, Grant frankly related how the document came into his possession, and produced the letters of the secret agent, proving who he was, beseeching the captain, as a man come of British blood and kindred, to assist him; for, if taken by the French, the dungeon of Verdun or Bitche, or worse, perhaps, awaited him.

The Yankee paused, and chewed a quid by which he had replaced his cigar. Natural sorrow for the loss of his relative, and the native honesty of an American seaman, united to open the heart of the captain to our wanderer, and he agreed to give him a passage in the *Ohio* to Boston, from whence he could reach Britain more readily than from the coast of France, watched and surrounded as it was by ships and gunboats, troops and gens d'armes, police, spies, passports, etc. Believing all arranged at last, Grant never left the ship, but counted every hour until he should again find himself in Leon, the land of his faithful Juanna, with his comrades of the Black Watch, and the eagles of Marmont in front.

At last came the important hour, then the anchor of the *Ohio* was fished, when her white canvas filled, and the stars and stripes of America swelled proudly from her gaff-peak, as she bore down the sunlit Loire with the evening tide; but now an unlooked-for misfortune took place. A French privateer, the famous *Jean Bart*, ran foul of her, and, by carrying away her bowsprit and foremast, brought down her maintopmast too. Thus she was forced to run back to Paimbœuff and haul into dock.

For our disguised captain of the 42nd Highlanders to remain in the docks, guarded as they were by watchful gens d'armes, was impossible; thus, on being furnished by the skipper of the *Ohio* with the coarse clothes of a mariner, and a written character, stating that he was Nathan Prowse, a native of Nantucket, 'in want of a ship,' he stained his face and hands with tobacco-juice, shaved off his moustache, and repaired to an obscure tavern in the suburbs of Paimbœuff, to find a lodging until an opportunity offered for his escape. Under his pea-jacket he carried a pair of excellent pistols, which he kept constantly loaded; and a fine dagger or Albacete knife, a gift of poor Domingo de Leon.

As he sat in the kitchen of this humble house of entertainment, his eye was caught by a printed placard above the mantelpiece. It bore the Imperial arms with the cipher of the Emperor, and stated that 'the notorious spy, Colquhoun

Grant, a captain in a Scottish regiment of the British army, who had wrought so much mischief behind the lines of le Maréchal Due de Raguse, in Leon, and who had been brought prisoner to France, where he had broken his parole, was wandering about, maintaining a system of espionage and protean disguises ; that he had, lastly, assumed the name, character, and passport of an American citizen, named Jonathan Buck, whom he had wickedly and feloniously murdered and robbed in the Rue de Rivoli at Paris ; that the sum of two thousand francs was hereby offered for him dead or alive ; and that all prefects, officers, civil and military, gens d'armes, and loyal subjects of the Emperor, by sea and land, were hereby authorised to seize or kill the said Colquhoun Grant wherever and whenever they found him.'

With no small indignation and horror, the Highlander read this obnoxious placard, which contained so much that wore the face of truth, with so much that was unquestionably false.

'So Buck—whose papers I have appropriated—has been murdered ; poor devil !' was his first reflection ; 'what if the honest skipper of the *Ohio* should see this precious document and suspect *me* ? In that case I should be altogether lost.'

He retired from the vicinity of this formidable placard, fearing that some watchful eye might compare his personal appearance with the description it contained ; though his costume, accent, and the fashion of his whiskers and beard altered his appearance so entirely that his oldest friends at the mess would not have recognised him. He hastily retired upstairs to a miserable garret, to think and watch, but not to sleep.

When loitering on the beach next evening, he entered into conversation with a venerable boatman, named Raoul Senebier, and an exchange of tobacco-pouches at once established their mutual goodwill. Grant said that 'he was an American seaman out of a berth, and anxious to reach Portsmouth in England, where he had left his wife and children.'

The boatman, an honest and unsuspecting old fellow, seemed touched by his story, and offered to row him to a small island at the mouth of the Loire, where British vessels watered unmolested, and in return allowed the poor inhabitants to fish and traffic without interruption.

'I can feel for you, my friend,' said old Senebier ; 'for I was taken prisoner at the battle of Trafalgar, and was seven years in the souterrains of the *Château d'Edimbourg*, separated from my dear wife and little ones, and when I returned I found them all lying in the churchyard at Paimbœuff.'

'Dead !—what, all ?'

'All, all save one—the plague, the plague !'

'Land me on this isle, then, and ten napoleons shall be yours,' said Grant joyfully ; and in twenty minutes after they had left the crowded wharves, the glaring salt-pans which gleam on the left bank of the Loire, and all its maze of masts and laden lighters, as they pulled down with the flow of the stream and the ebb-tide together. The fisherman had his nets, floats, and fortunately some fish on board ; so, if overhauled by any armed authority, he could pretend to have been at his ordinary avocation. They touched at the island, and were told by some of the inhabitants that not a British ship was in the vicinity, but that a French privateer, the terrible *Jean Bart*, was prowling about in these waters, and that the isle was consequently unsafe for any person who might be suspected of being a British subject ; so, with a heart that began to sink, Grant desired old Raoul Senebier to turn his prow towards Paimbœuff.

Morning was now at hand, and the sun as he rose reddened with a glow of

Italian brilliancy the tranquil banks of the Loire, and the sails of the fisher-craft that were running up the stream. No vessels were in sight, for terror of the British cruisers kept every French keel close to the shore; but suddenly a large white sail appeared to the southward, and in the lingering and ardent hope that she was one of our Channel squadron, Grant prevailed upon Raoul to bear towards her. The wind became light, and all the day the two men tugged at their oars, but still the ship was far off, and yet not so distant but that Grant, with a glistening eye and beating heart, could make out her scarlet ensign; when evening came on, and the strong current which ran towards the Loire gradually swept the boat towards the coast of France, just as the sun set, old Raoul and the fugitive found themselves suddenly close to a low battery, a shot from which boomed across the water, raising it like a spout beyond them. Another and another followed, tearing the waves into foam close by.

'We must surrender, monsieur,' said Raoul, wringing his hands; 'and I shall be brought in irons before M. le Prefect for aiding the escape of a prisoner of war.'

'Call me your son,' said Grant; 'say we were fishing, and leave the rest to me.'

'I have a son,' said Raoul; 'he escaped the plague by being where he is now, on board the *Jean Bart*.'

They landed under the battery; a little corporal in the green uniform of a voltigeur, with six men, conducted them with fixed bayonets before the officer in command. He was a handsome young man, and Grant in a moment recognised his former captor and companion, M. Armand, the sous-lieutenant of the 3rd Voltigeur Regiment.

'Milles démons! is this you, monsieur?' exclaimed Armand, who knew Grant at once.

'Exactly, Monsieur le Lieutenant,' replied Grant, with admirable presence of mind; 'tis I, your old companion, Louis Senebier, captain of a gun aboard the *Jean Bart*, from which I have a day's liberty to fish with my father, old Raoul of Paimbœuff, whom you see before you here; but understanding that a rascally British cruiser is off the coast, we were just creeping close to the battery when monsieur fired at us.'

'Is this true, M. Senebier?' asked Armand, with a knowing smile.

'All true; my son is said to be very like me,' replied the old fisherman, astounded by the turn matters had taken.

'Like you? Not very, bon! But you may thank heaven that I am not M. le Prefect of the Loire. Leave us your fish, M. Senebier, and be off before darkness sets in. See,' he added, with a furtive but expressive glance at Grant; 'see that you keep your worthy father clear of yonder British ship, which will be just abreast of the battery and two miles off about midnight.'

Armand placed a bottle of brandy in the boat, and, while pretending to pay for the fish, pressed Grant's hand, wished him all success, and pointed out the bearings of the strange sail so exactly, that the moment darkness set fairly in, Raoul trimmed his lug-sail and ran right on board of her; for her straight gun streak, her taper masts, and her snow-white canvas shone in the moonlight above the calm blue rippled sea, distinctly in the clear twilight of the stars.

'Boat ahoy!' cried a sentry from the quarter; 'keep off, or I shall fire.'

'What ship is that?' asked Grant, in whose ears a British voice sounded like some old mountain melody.

'His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Laurel*, of thirty-six guns.'

'Hurrah!'

'Who the devil are you?'

'A prisoner of war just escaped.'

‘Bravo!’ cried another voice, which seemed to be that of the officer of the watch; ‘sheer alongside, and let us see what like you are. Stand by with the man ropes—look alive there!’

Grant shook the hard hand of Raoul Senebier, gave him five more gold napoleons, and, a moment after, found himself upon the solid oak deck of a spanking British frigate. Now he was all but at home, and his proteus-like transformations and disguises were at an end. A single paragraph from the *History of the War of the Peninsula* will suffice to close this brief story of Colquhoun Grant’s adventures, of which I could with ease have spun three orthodox volumes, octavo.

‘When he reached England, he obtained permission to choose a French officer of equal rank with himself to send to France, that no doubt might remain about the propriety of his escape. In the first prison he visited for this purpose, great was his astonishment to find the old fisherman (Raoul Senebier of Paimbœuff) and his real son, who had meanwhile been captured, notwithstanding a protection given to them for their services. But Grant’s generosity and benevolence were as remarkable as the qualities of his understanding; he soon obtained their release, and sent them with a sum of money to France. He then returned to the Peninsula, and within four months from the date of his first capture, he was again on the Tormes, watching Marmont’s army! Other strange incidents of his life could be told,’ continues General Napier, ‘were it not more fitting to quit a digression already too wide; yet I was unwilling to pass unnoticed this generous, spirited, and gentle-minded man, who, having served his country nobly and ably in every climate, died not long since, exhausted by the continual hardships he had endured.’

But his name is still remembered in the regiment by which he was beloved; and his adventures, his daring, and presence of mind were long the theme of the Black Watch at the mess-table, the bivouac, and the guard-room fire.

IX

THE SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

THE Sutherland men were so well grounded in moral duties and religious principles, that when stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, and being anxious to enjoy the advantages of religious instruction, agreeably to the tenets of their national church; and there being no religious service in the garrison, except the customary one of reading prayers to the soldiers on parade; the men of the 93rd regiment formed themselves into a congregation, appointed elders of their own number, engaged, and paid a stipend (collected from the soldiers) to Dr. George Thom (who had gone out with the intention of teaching and preaching to the Caffres), and had divine service performed, agreeably to the ritual of the Established Church of Scotland. Their expenses were so well regulated, that while contributing to the support of their clergyman, from the savings of their pay, they were enabled to promote that social cheerfulness which is the true attribute of pure religion and of a well-spent life. While too many soldiers were ready to indulge in that vice which, more than any other, leads to crime in the British army, and spent much of their money in liquor, the Sutherland men indulged in the cheerful amusement of dancing; and in their evening meetings were joined by many respectable inhabitants who were happy to witness such scenes among the common soldiers in the British service. In addition to these expenses, the soldiers regularly remitted money to their relations in Sutherland. In the case of such men, disgraceful

punishment is as unnecessary as it would be pernicious. Indeed, so remote was the idea of such a measure, in regard to them, that when punishments were to be inflicted on others, and the troops in camp, garrison, or quarters assembled to witness their execution, the presence of the Sutherland Highlanders, either of the Fencibles or of the line, was often dispensed with, the effect of terror, as a check in crime, being, in their case, uncalled for—‘as examples of that nature were not necessary for such honourable soldiers!’ Such is the character of a national or district corps of the present day.

Their conduct at the Cape did not proceed from any temporary cause. It was founded on principles uniform and permanent. When these men disembarked at Plymouth in August 1814, the inhabitants were both surprised and gratified. On such occasions it had been no uncommon thing for soldiers to spend the money they had saved in taverns and gin-shops. In the present case the soldiers of Sutherland were seen in booksellers’ shops, supplying themselves with Bibles, and such books and tracts as they required. Yet, as at the Cape, where their religious habits were so free from all fanatical gloom that they indulged in dancing and social meetings, so here, while expending their money on books, they did not neglect their personal appearance, and the haberdashers’ shops had also their share of trade, from the purchase of additional feathers to their bonnets and such extra decorations as the correctness of military regulations allow to be introduced into the uniform. While they were thus mindful of themselves, improving their minds and their personal appearance, such of them as had relations in Sutherland did not forget the change in their condition occasioned by the loss of their lands and the operations of the new improvements. During the short period that the regiment was quartered at Plymouth upwards of £500 were lodged in one banking-house to be remitted to Sutherland, exclusive of many sums sent through the post-office and by officers. Some of these sums exceeded £20 from an individual soldier.

There had been little change in the character of this respectable corps; courts-martial have been very unfrequent. Twelve and fifteen months have intervened without the necessity of assembling one; and in the words of a general officer, who reviewed them in Ireland, they exhibited ‘a picture of military discipline and moral rectitude’; and in the opinion of another eminent commander, ‘although the junior regiment in His Majesty’s service, they exhibit an honourable example, worthy the imitation of all.’ On another occasion, the character, discipline, and interior economy of the 93rd were declared to be ‘altogether incomparable’; and in similar language have they been characterised by every general officer who commanded them. General Craddock, now Lord Howden, when this corps embarked from the Cape of Good Hope in 1814, expressed himself in the following terms. Describing ‘the respect and esteem of the inhabitants, with their regret at parting with the men, who will ever be borne in remembrance as kind friends and honourable soldiers,’ he adds: ‘The commander of the forces anxiously joins in the public voice, that so approved a corps, when called forth into the more active scenes that now await them in Europe, will confirm the well-known maxim, that the most regular and best conducted troops in quarters are those who form the surest dependence, and will acquire the most renown in the field.’

Such were these men in garrison, and such the expectation founded on their principles. How thoroughly they were guided by honour and loyalty in the field was shown at New Orleans. Although many of their countrymen who had emigrated to America were ready and anxious to receive them, there was not an instance of desertion; nor did one of those who were left behind, wounded or prisoners, forget their allegiance, and remain in that country, at the same time that

desertions from the British army were but too frequent. Men like these do credit to the peasantry of their country, and contribute to raise the national character.

From The Book of Scottish Anecdote.

X

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

By Thomas Campbell

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

They pledged me the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart :

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

XI

THE SILVER DRUM

A TALE OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

By Neil Munro

FIFTY yards to the rear of the dwelling-house the studio half hid itself amongst young elms and laurel bushes, at its outside rather like a granary, internally like a chapel, the timbers of the roof exposed and umber-stained, with a sort of clere-story for the top-light, a few casts of life-size statues in the corners, and two or three large bas-reliefs of Madonnas and the like by Donatello helping out the ecclesiastical illusion. It was the last place to associate with the sound of drums,

and yet I sat for twenty minutes sometimes stunned, sometimes fascinated, by the uproar of asses' skin. The sculptor who played might, by one less unconventional, be looked upon as seriously sacrificing his dignity in a performance so incongruous with his age and situation. But I have always loved the whimsical; I am myself considered somewhat eccentric, and there is a *rapproch* between artistic souls that permits—indeed induces—some display of fantasy or folly when they get into each other's society, apart from the intolerant folks who would think it lunacy for a man of over middle-age to indulge in the contre-dance of 'Petronella' at a harvest home, or display any accomplishment in the jews'-harp.

Urquhart, at the time when I sat to him, was a man of sixty years or thereabout; yet he marched up and down the floor of his workshop with the step of a hill-bred lad, his whole body sharing the rhythm of his beating, his clean-shaven face with the flush of a winter apple, the more noticeable in contrast with the linen smock he used as an overall while at work among his clay. The deep, old-fashioned side-drum swinging at his groin seemed to have none of a drum's monotony. It expressed (at all events to me that have some fancy) innumerable ecstasies and emotions—alarms, entreaties, defiances, gaieties, and regrets, the dreadful sentiment of forlorn hopes, the murmur of dubious battalions in countries of ambush. The sound of the drum is, unhappily, beyond typographical expression, though long custom makes us complacently accept 'rat-a-tat-tat' or 'rub-a-dub-dub' as quite explanatory of its every phase and accent; but I declare the sculptor brought from it the very pang of love. Alternated with the martial uproar of rouses, retreats, chamades, and marches that made the studio shake, it rose into the clerestory and lingered in the shades of the umber roof—this gentle combination of taps, and *roulades*, like the appeal of one melodiously seeking admission at his mistress's door.

'You had no idea that I handled sticks so terrifically?' said he, relinquishing the instrument at last, and returning to his proper task of recording my lineaments in the preparatory clay.

'You play marvellously, Mr. Urquhart,' I said, astonished. 'I had no idea that you added the drum to your—to your accomplishments.'

'Well, there you have me revealed—something of a compliment to you, I assure you, for I do not beat my drum for everybody. If I play well it is, after all, no wonder, for with a side-drum and a pair of sticks I earned a living for seven years, and travelled among the most notable scenes of Europe.'

'So?' I said, and waited. He pinched the clay carefully to make the presentiment of the lobe of my ear, and stood back from his work a moment to study the effect.

'Yes,' he said, 'few people know of it; and perhaps it is as well, for it might not be counted wholly to the credit of an R.S.A. if it were known; but for seven years I played the side-drum in the ranks of the 71st. I played from Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees, at Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. Lord! the very names go dirling through my heart. They were happy days, I assure you, when I—when I——'

'Thumped the skin,' I ventured foolishly, as he paused to make a line of some importance on my effigy.

He corrected me with a vexed air.

'Thumped, my dear sir, is scarcely the word I should use under the circumstances. That hackneyed verb of every dolt who has neither ear nor imagination should not be chosen by a fellow-artist, a man of letters, to describe the roll of the drum. My happiest days, as I was about to say, were when I carried Kildalton's silver drum, for which this one is but an indifferent substitute.'

'Well, at least,' said I lamely, 'the drummer of the 71st has gone pretty far in another art than music.'

'It is very good of you to say so,' remarked Urquhart with quiet dignity and an old-fashioned bow. 'I trust, by and by, with assiduity to become as good a sculptor as I was a drummer.'

'How did you happen to join the army?' I asked, anxious to have him follow up so promising an introduction.

'Because I was a fool. Mind, I do not regret it, for I had at the same time, in my folly, such memorable and happy experiences as quite improperly (as you might think) never come to the doorstep of the very wise. Still, I joined the army in a fool's escapade, resenting what seemed to me the insufferable restrictions of a Scottish manse. My father was incumbent of a parish half Highland, half Lowland. At sixteen I came home from Edinburgh, and my first session of the University there; at sixteen and a half I mutinied against sixpence a week of pocket-money, and the prospect of the Divinity Hall for one (as I felt) designed by heaven for art, and with a borrowed name and an excellently devised tale of orphanhood took a bounty in the territorial regiment. They put me to the drums. They professed to find me so well suited there that they kept me at them all the time I was a king's man, in spite of all my protests, and there, if you are in the mood for a story, I had an experience.'

'The corps had two drums of silver, one of which was entrusted to me. They were called "Kildalton's drums," in compliment to their donor, from whose lands no fewer than four companies of the 71st had been embodied. They were handsome instruments, used only for stately occasions, and mine, at least, so much engaged my fancy that I liked to keep it shining like a mirror; and the cords and tassels of silk—pleated as we were told by Kildalton's daughter—appealed so much to the dandiacal in me, I fretted to have them wet on a parade. You can fancy, therefore, my distress when my darling was subjected to the rough work and hazards of the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo.'

'Our corps on that occasion was in the Light Division. While Picton's men, away to our left and nearer the river, were to attack the great breach made in the ramparts by our guns on the Tessons, we were to rush into a lesser breach further east. The night was black and cold to that degree I could not see the fortress at a hundred yards, and could scarcely close my fingers on the drumsticks as I beat for the advance of Napier's storming party. The walls we threatened burst in tongues of flame and peals of thunder. Grape-shot tore through our three hundred as we crossed the ditch; but in a moment we were in the gap, the bayonets busy as it were among wine-skins, the footing slimy with blood, and a single drum (my comrade fell mortally wounded in the ditch) beat inside the walls for the column outside to follow us.'

'Yes, yes,' I said, impatient, for Urquhart drew back abstracted, checking his tale to survey the effect of his last touch upon my eyebrows.

He smiled.

'Why,' said he, 'I hardly thought it would interest you,' and then went on deliberately.

'I need not tell you,' he said, 'how quick was our conquering of the French, once we had got through the walls. My drum was not done echoing back from Sierra de Francisca (as I think the name was), when the place was ours. And then—and then—there came the sack! Our men went mad. These were days when rapine and outrage were to be expected from all victorious troops; there might be some excuse for the hatred of the Spaniard on the part of our men whose comrades, wounded, had been left to starve at Talavera; but surely not for this.'

They gorged with wine, they swarmed in lawless squads through every street and alley, swept through every dwelling, robbing and burning; the night in a while was white with fires, and the town was horrible with shrieks and random musket shots and drunken songs.

'Some time in the small hours of the morning, trying to find my own regiment, I came with my drum to the head of what was doubtless the most dreadful street that night in Europe. It was a lane rather than a street, unusually narrow, with dwellings on either side so high that it had some semblance to a mountain pass. At that hour, if you will credit me, it seemed the very gullet of the pit; the far end of it in flames, the middle of it held by pillagers who fought each other for the plunder from the houses, while from it came the most astounding noises—oaths in English and Portuguese, threats, entreaties, commands, the shrieks of women, the crackling of burning timber, occasionally the firing of weapons, and through it all, constant, sad beyond expression, a deep, low murmur, intensely melancholy, made up of the wail of the sacked city.

'As I stood listening some one called out, "Drummer!"

'I turned, to find there had just come up a general officer and his staff, with a picket of ten men. The general himself stepped forward at my salute, and put his hand on my drum, that shone brightly in the light of the conflagrations.

"What the deuce do you mean, sir," said he with heat, "by coming into action with my brother's drum? You know very well it is not for these occasions."

"The ordinary drums of the regiment were lost on Monday last, sir," I said, "when we were fording the Agueda through the broken ice." And then, with a happy thought, I added, "Kildalton's drums are none the worse for taking part in the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. This was the first drum through the walls."

'He looked shrewdly at me and gave a little smile. "H'm," he muttered, "perhaps not, perhaps not, after all. My brother would have been pleased, if he had been alive, to know his drums were here this night. Where is the other one?"

"The last I saw of it, sir," I answered, "was in the ditch, and Colin Archibald, corporal, lying on his stomach over it."

"Dead?"

"Dead, I think, sir."

"H'm!" said the General. "I hope my brother's drum's all right, at any rate." He turned and cried up the picket. "I want you, drummer," he said, "to go up that lane with this picket, playing the assembly. You understand? These devils fighting and firing there have already shot at three of my officers, and are seemingly out of their wits. We will give them a last chance. I don't deny there is danger in what I ask you to do, but it has to be done. The men in there are mostly of Paek's Portuguese and the dregs of our own corps. If they do not come out with you I shall send in a whole regiment to them and batter their brains out against the other end, if the place is, as I fancy, a cul-de-sac. March!"

'I went before the picket with my drum rattling and my heart in my mouth. The pillagers came round us jeering, others assailed us more seriously by throwing from upper windows anything they could conveniently lay hand on (assuming it was too large or too valueless to pocket), but we were little the worse till in a lamentable moment of passion, one of the picket fired his musket at a window. A score of pieces flashed back in response, and five of our company fell, while we went at a double for the end of the lane.

"By heaven!" cried the sergeant, when we reached it. "Here's a fine thing!" The general had been right—it was a cul-de-sac! There was nothing for us but to return.

'You have never been in action; you cannot imagine,' Urquhart went on, 'the exasperating influence of one coward in a squad that is facing great danger. There were now, you must know, but six of us, hot and reckless with anger, and prepared for anything—all but one, and he was in the fear of death. As I went before the picket drumming the assembly and the sergeant now beside me, this fellow continually kicked my heels, he kept so close behind. I turned my head, and found that he marched crouching, obviously eager to have a better man than himself sheltering him from any approaching bullet.

"You cowardly dog!" I cried, stepping aside. "Come out from behind me and die like a man!" I could take my oath the wretch was sobbing! It made me sick to hear him, but I was saved more thought of it by the rush of some women across the lane, shrieking as they ran, with half a company at least of Portuguese at their heels. With a shout we were after Pack's scoundrels, up a wide pend close (as we say in Scotland) that led into a courtyard where we found the valorosas prepared to defend the position with pistol and sword. A whole battalion would have hesitated to attack such odds, and I will confess we swithered for a moment. A shot came from the dark end of the entry and tore through both ends of my drum.

"We're wretched fools to be here at all," said lily-liver, plainly whimpering, and at that I threw down my outraged instrument, snatched his musket from him, and charged up the close with the other four. The Portuguese ran like rabbits; for the time, at least, the women were safe, and I had a remorse for my beloved drum.

'I left the others to follow, hurried into the lane, and found the poltroon was gone, my drum apparently with him. Ciudad Rodrigo was darker now, for the fires were burning low. It was less noisy, too; and I heard half way up the lane the sound of a single musket shot. I ran between the tall tenements; the glint of bright metal filled me with hope and apprehension. A man lay in the gutter beside my drum, and a Portuguese marauder, who fled at my approach, stood over him with a knife.

'The man in the gutter was the general, with his brother's drum slung to him, and the sticks in his hands, as if he had been playing. He was unconscious, with a bullet in his shoulder.'

II

Urquhart stopped his tale again, to wheel round the platform on which I sat, so as to get me more in profile.

'This looks marvellously like stuff for a story,' I said to him as he set to work again upon the clay. 'My professional interests are fully aroused. Please go on.'

He smiled again.

'I am charmed to find you can be so easily entertained,' said he. 'After all, what is it? Merely a trifling incident. Every other man who went through the Peninsular campaign came on experiences, I am sure, far more curious. My little story would have ended in the lane of Ciudad Rodrigo had not three companies of the 71st—mainly invalids after Badajos—been sent to Scotland for a whiff of their native air, and the fascination of recruits. I had got a spent ball in the chest at Badajos. I, too, had that gay vacation. I went with my silver drum to the county it came from. It was glorious summer weather. For three weeks we were billeted in the county town; for a fortnight I would not have changed places with King George himself.'

'Mr. Urquhart,' I said, 'I have a premonition. Here comes in the essential lady.'

The sculptor smiled.

'Here, indeed,' he said, 'comes in the lady. There are, I find, no surprises for a novelist. We were one day (to resume my story) in the burgh square, where a market was being held, and hopes were entertained by our captain that a few landward lads might nibble at the shilling. Over one side of the square towered a tall, white-washed house of many windows; and as I, with a uniform tunic that was the pride of the regimental tailor, five feet eleven, twenty-one years of age, and the vanity of a veteran, played my best to half a dozen fifes, I noticed the lady at a window—the only window in all the massive house front to manifest any interest in our presence or performance. I turned my silver drum a little round upon my leg that it might reflect more dazzlingly the light of the afternoon sun, and threw into my beats and rolls the most graveful style that was at my command, all the while with an eye on madame. It was my youthful conceit that I had caught her fancy when, a little later—our sergeants busy among the rustics—she came out from the house and over to where I sat apart beside my drum, on the steps of the market cross. She was younger than myself, a figure so airy and graceful, you would swear that if she liked she could dance upon bluebells without bruising a petal; she had hair the colour of winter bracken in sunshine, and the merriest smile.

"Excuse me," said she, "but I *must* look at the darling drum—the sweet drum," and she caught the silken cords in her fingers, and ran a palm of the daintiest hand I had ever seen over the shining barrel.

'I thought she might, with more creditable human sentiment have had less interest in my drum and more in me, but displayed my instrument with the best grace I could command.

"Do you know why I am so interested?" she asked in a little, looking at me out of deep brown eyes in which I saw two little red-coated drummers, a thing which gave me back my vanity and made me answer only with a smile. Her cheek for the first time reddened, and she hurried to explain. "They are Kildalton's drums. Mr. Fraser of Kildalton was my father, who is dead, and my mother is dead, too; and I pleated and tied these cords and tassels first. How beautifully you keep them!"

"Well, Miss Fraser," said I, "I assure you I could not keep them better if I tried; but, after this, I shall have a better reason than ever for keeping them at their best." A soldier's speech she smiled at as she turned away. As she went into the tall white house again she paused on the threshold, and looked back for a moment at me, smiling, and for the first time since I took the bounty I rued my bargain, and thought I was meant for something more dignified than drumming. From that hour I lived in the eyes of Kildalton's daughter Marjory. Once a week we went fifing and drumming through the square. She was on these occasions never absent from her window; there was never a smile a-wanting for the smart young gentleman who beat the silver drum. A second and a third time she came into the square to speak to me. I made the most of my opportunities, and she was speedily made to discover in the humble drummer a fellow of race and education, a fellow with a touch of poetry, if you please. She was an orphan, as I have indicated—the ward of an uncle, a general, at the time abroad. She lived on the surviving fortune of Kildalton in the tall white house with an elderly aunt and a servant. At our third interview—we have a way of being urgent in the army—she had trysted to meet me that evening in the wood behind the town.

'Let me do the girl justice, and say that the drum of Kildalton brought her there, and not the drummer. At least, she was at pains to tell me so, for I had mentioned to her, with some of the gift of poetry I have mentioned, how in-

finitely varied were the possibilities of an instrument she would never have a proper chance to judge of in the routine of a fife and drum parade.

'My billet was at the back of the town, on the verge of the wood, with the window of my room opening on a sort of hunting path that went winding through the heart of what I have called a wood, but what in actual fact was a forest of considerable dimensions. I went out by the window that evening with my drum, and walked, as had been arranged, about a mile among the trees till I came to a narrow glen that cleft the hills, a burn of shallow water from the peaty uplands bickering at the bottom of it. A half moon swung like a halbert over the heights that were edged by enormous fir-trees, and the wood was melancholy with the continuous call of owls. They were soon silenced, for I began to play the silver drum.

'I began with the reveille, though it was a proper hour for the tattoo, playing it lightly, so that while it silenced the hooting owls it did not affright the whole forest. She came through the trees timidly, clothed, I remember, in a gown of green. She might have been the spirit of the pine-planting; she might have been a dryad charmed from the swinging boughs. "Marjory! Marjory!" I cried, my heart more noisy than my drum had been, and clasped her to my arms. "Here's a poor drummer, my dear," I said, "and you a queen. If you do not love me you were less cruel to take this dirk and stab me to the heart than act the heartless coquette."

'She faintly struggled. Her hair fell loose in a lock or two from under her hat, surged on my shoulder, and billowed about my lips. Her cheek was warm; her eyes threw back the challenge of the silver moon over the tops of pine.

"For a young gentleman from a kirk manse, Master Drummer, you have considerable impertinence," said she, panting in my arms.

"My name, dear Marjory, is George, as I have told you," I whispered, and I kissed her.

"George, dear George," said she, "have done with folly! Let me hear the drumming and go home."

'I swung her father's drum again before me and gave, in cataracts of sound, or murmuring cascades, the sentiments of my heart.

"Wonderful! Oh, wonderful!" she cried, entranced; so I played on.

'The moon went into a cloud; the glade of a sudden darkened; I ceased my playing, swung the drum again behind, and turned to Marjory.

'She was gone!

'I called her name as I ran through the forest, but truly she was gone.'

Urquhart stopped his story and eagerly dashed some lines upon the clay. 'Pardon!' he said. 'Just like that for a moment. Ah! that is something like it!'

'Well, well!' I cried, 'and what followed?'

'I think—indeed, I know—she loved me, but—I went back to the war without a single word from her again.'

'Oh, to the deuce with your story!' I cried at that, impatient. 'I did not bargain for a tragedy.'

'In truth it is something of a farce, as you will discover in a moment,' said the sculptor. 'Next day the captain sent for me. "Do you know General Fraser?"' said he, looking at a letter he held in his hand. I told him I had not the honour. "Well," said he, "it looks as if the family had a curious *penchant* for the drum, to judge from the fact that his brother gave yours to the regiment, and also"—here he smiled shyly—"from the interest of his niece. He is not an hour returned from Spain to his native town when he asks me to send you with your drum to his house at noon."

“Very good, sir,” I answered, with my heart thundering, and went out of the room most hugely puzzled.

‘I went at noon to the tall white house, and was shown into a room where sat Marjory, white to the lips, beside the window, out of which she looked after a single hopeless glance at me. A middle-aged gentleman in mufti, with an empty sleeve, stood beside her, and closely scrutinised myself and my instrument as I entered.

“This is the—the person you have referred to?” he asked her, and she answered with a sob and an inclination of her head.

“You have come—you are reputed to have come of a respectable family,” he said then, addressing me; “you have studied at Edinburgh; you have, I am told, some pretensions to being something of a gentleman.”

“I hope they are no pretensions, sir,” I answered warmly. “My people are as well known and reputable as any in Argyll, though I should be foolishly beating a drum.”

“Very good,” said he, in no way losing his composure. “I can depend on getting the truth from you, I suppose? You were with the 71st as drummer at Ciudad Rodrigo?”

“I was, sir,” I replied. “Also at Badajos, at Talavera, Busaco——”

“An excellent record!” he interrupted. “I might have learned all about it later had not my wound kept me two months in hospital after Ciudad. By the way, you remember being sent as drummer with a picket of men down a lane?”

‘I started, gave a careful look at him, and recognised the general whose life I had doubtless saved from the pillaging Portuguese.

“I do, sir,” I answered. “It was you yourself who sent me.”

‘He turned with a little air of triumph to Marjory. “I told you so, my dear,” said he. “I got but a distant glimpse of him this afternoon, and thought I could not be mistaken.” And Marjory sobbed.

“My lad,” he said, visibly restraining some emotion, “I could ask your drum-major to take the cords of Kildalton, my brother’s drum, and whip you out of a gallant corps. I sent you with a picket—a brave lad, as I thought any fellow should be who played Kildalton’s drum—and you came back a snivelling poltroon. Nay, nay!” he cried, lifting up his hand and checking my attempt at an explanation. “You came out of that infernal lane whimpering like a child, after basely deserting your comrades of the picket, and made the mutilated condition of your drum the excuse for refusing my order to go back again, and I, like a fool, lost a limb in showing you how to do your duty.”

“But, general——” I cried out.

“Be off with you!” he cried. “Another word, and I shall have you thrashed at the triangle.”

‘He fairly thrust me from the room, and the last I heard was Marjory’s sobbing.

‘Next day I was packed off to the regimental depot, and some weeks later played a common drum at Salamanca.’

The sculptor rubbed the clay from his hands and took off his overall.

‘That will do to-day, I think,’ said he. ‘I am much better pleased than I was yesterday,’ and he looked at his work with satisfaction.

‘But the story, my dear Mr. Urquhart. You positively must give me its conclusion!’ I demanded.

‘Why in the world should that not be its conclusion?’ said he, drawing a wet sheet over the bust. ‘Would you insist on the hackneyed happy ending?’

‘I am certain you did not take your quittance from the general in that way. You surely wrote to Marjory or to him with an explanation?’

The sculptor smiled.

'Wrote!' cried he. 'Do you think that so obvious an idea would not occur to me? But reflect again, I pray you, on the circumstances—an obscure and degraded drummer—the daughter of one of the oldest families in the Highlands—the damning circumstantiality of her uncle's evidence of my alleged poltroonery. My explanation was too incredible for pen and paper; and the poltroon himself, the man who had brought the disgrace upon me, was beyond my identification, even had I known where to look for him.'

'And yet, Mr. Urquhart,' I insisted, all my instincts as romancer assuring me of some other conclusion to a tale that had opened on a note so cheerful, 'I feel sure it was neither a tragedy nor a farce in the long run.'

'Well, you are right,' he confessed, smiling. 'It was my drum that lost me the lady before ever I met her, as it were, and it was but fair that my drum should be the means of my recovering her ten years later. A re-shuffling of the cards of fortune in my family brought me into a position where I was free to adopt the career of Art; and by-and-by I had a studio of my own in Edinburgh. It was the day of the portrait bust in marble. To have one's own effigy in white, paid for by one's own self, in one's own hall, was, in a way, the fad of fashionable Edinburgh. It was profitable for the artist, I admit, but—but——'

'But it palled,' I suggested.

'Beyond belief! I grew to hate the appearance of every fresh client, and it was then that I sought the solace of this drum. When a sitter had gone for the day I drummed the vexation out of me, feeling that without such relief I could never recover a respect for myself. And by-and-by I began to discover in the instrument something more than a relief for my feelings of revolt against the commercial demands on my art. I found in it an inspiration to rare emotions; I found in it memory. I found, in the reveilles and chamades that I played in fields of war and in the forest to my Marjory, love revived and mingled with a sweet regret, and from these—memory, regret, and love—I fashioned what have been my most successful sculptures.'

'One day a gentleman came with a commission for his own portrait. It was General Fraser! Of course, he did not recognise me. Was it likely that he should guess that the popular sculptor and the lad he had sent in disgrace from the tall white house in the distant burgh town were one? Nor did I at first reveal myself. Perhaps, indeed, he would never have discovered my identity had not his eyes fallen on my drum.'

"You have had a military subject lately?" he said, indicating the instrument.

"No, general," I answered on an impulse. "That is a relic of some years of youthful folly when I played Kildalton's silver drum, and it serves to solace my bachelor solitude."

"Heavens!" he cried, "you, then, are the drummer of Ciudad Rodrigo?"

"The same," I answered, not without a bitterness. "But a very different man from the one you imagine." And then I told my story. He listened in a curious mingling of apparent shame, regret, and pleasure, and when I had ended was almost piteous in his plea for pardon. "The cursed thing is," he said, "that Marjory maintains your innocence till this very day."

"That she should have that confidence in me," said I, "is something of a compensation for the past ten years. I trust Miss Marjory—I trust your niece is well."

The general pondered for a moment, then made a proposition.

"I think, Mr. Urquhart," said he, "that a half-winged old man is but a poor

subject for any sculptor's chisel, and, with your kind permission, I should prefer to have a portrait of Miss Marjory, whom I can swear you will find quite worthy of your genius."

'And so,' said Urquhart in conclusion, 'and so, indeed, she was.'

'There is but one *denouement* possible,' I said, with profound conviction, and, as I said it, a bar of song rose in the garden, serene and clear and unexpected like the first morning carol of a bird in birchen shaws. Then the door of the studio flung open, and the singer entered, with the melody checked on her lips when she saw the unexpected stranger. She had hair the colour of winter bracken in sunshine, and the merriest smile.

'My daughter Marjory,' said the sculptor. 'Tell your mother,' he added, 'that I bring our friend to luncheon.'

CHAPTER VI

Quatre Bras and Waterloo

1815

I

THE BLACK WATCH

The Story of the Royal Highlanders

THE Black Watch, which took its name from the sombre black, blue and green of its tartan, was originally drawn from the six independent companies of Highlanders raised for service only in the Highlands, to keep order among the lawless bands of outlaws and cattle raiders who infested the border country. The 1st Battalion, which is the oldest corps of Highlanders in the British Army, was in existence in 1725, and in the course of the next century and a half had changed its name from the Black Watch to the Highland Regiment; then to the 42nd Highland Regiment; to the 42nd Royal Highland Regiment of Foot, and (1861-81) to the 42nd Royal Highland (the Black Watch) Regiment of Foot. In 1758 a 2nd Battalion was raised and known as the 2nd Battalion 42nd Royal Highlanders, to become a separate regiment in 1786 as the 73rd Regiment of Foot, and in 1862 the 73rd (Perthshire) Regiment. Their present title of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) was given to both battalions in 1881.

To enumerate the services of the Black Watch, as Mr. John S. Farmer says, in *The Regimental Records of the British Army*, 'is simply to narrate the military history of Great Britain' since the middle of the eighteenth century. 'Hardly a campaign has been conducted or a battle fought in which the Black Watch—one battalion or the other, or both in company—has not participated; always with bravery, and frequently with conspicuous gallantry.' The chief of their campaigns and battles are given in the following list, which could easily be doubled in length :

Flanders, 1743-7.	Brandywine, 1777.	St. Lucia, 1796.
Fontenoy, 1745.	Germantown, 1777.	St. Vincent, 1797.
Canada, 1757-60.	Charlestown, 1780.	Minorea, 1798.
Ticonderoga, 1758.	India, 1782-93.	Seringapatam, 1799.
Guadaloupe, 1759.	Mysore, 1782.	Genoa, 1799.
Martinique, 1762.	Pondicherry, 1793.	Cadiz, 1799.
Havannah, 1762.	Flanders, 1793-5.	Malta, 1800.
Indian Frontier, 1762-7.	Nieuport, 1793.	Egypt, 1801.
Bushy Run, 1763.	Nimeguen, 1794.	Alexandria, 1801.
America, 1775-81.	India, West Indies, Italy,	Aboukir, 1801.
Long Island, 1776.	Spain, 1795-9.	Peninsula, 1808-14.
Brooklyn, 1776.	Ceylon, 1795.	Vimiera, 1808.
Fort Washington, 1776.	Guildermalsen, 1795.	Corunna, 1809.



From the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The Battle of Waterloo.
Cuirassiers charging Highlanders in square.
After the Painting by Felix Philippoteaux.

Busaco, 1810.
Fuentes d'Onoro, 1811.
Ciudad Rodrigo, 1812.
Salamanca, 1812.
Pyrenees, 1813.
Nivelle, 1813.
Antwerp, 1814.
Orthes, 1814.
Toulouse, 1814.
Quatre Bras, 1815.
Waterloo, 1815.

South Africa, 1846-53.
Crimea, 1854-6.
Alma, 1854.
Balaclava, 1854.
Sevastopol, 1855.
Indian Mutiny, 1857-8.
Bareilly, 1857.
Cawnpore, 1857.
Lucknow, 1858.
Ashantee, 1874.
Coomassie, 1874.

Egypt, 1882-4.
Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.
Nile, 1884-5.
El-Teb, 1884.
Tamai, 1884.
Kirbeka, 1885.
South Africa, 1899-1902.
Magersfontein, 1899.
Koodoosberg, 1900.
Paardeberg, 1900.
Thabanchu, 1900.

II

THE SCOTS IN BELGIUM

By James Mitchell

IN Antwerp much was said of the Highlanders. A gentleman had, when the wounded arrived, been recognised and spoken to by a poor Highlander. The circumstance absolutely gave him a kind of consideration in the crowd; he felt prouder at the moment than if a prince had smiled upon him. At Brussels, and everywhere in the Netherlands, when the English troops were mentioned, whom they likewise much admired, the natives always returned to the Scotch with—‘But the Scotch, they are good and kind, as well as brave; they are the only soldiers who become members of the family in the houses in which they are billeted; they even carry about the children and do the domestic work.’ The favourite proverbial form of compliment was, ‘Lions in the field and lambs in the house.’ There was a competition among the inhabitants who should have them in their houses; and when they returned wounded, the same house they had left had its doors open, and the family went out some miles to meet ‘our own Scotsman.’ The people had many instances to relate of the generosity of these men; after the battle many, although themselves wounded, were seen binding up the wounds of the French and assisting them with their arm. On the contrary it is well known that very few of our soldiers fell into the hands of the enemy without being murdered in cold blood. There cannot be a better test of two nations, a more satisfactory decision of the question on which the peace and happiness of mankind should depend.

From The Scotsman's Library.

III

THE GORDONS AT QUATRE BRAS

By Captain W. Siborne

THE leading portion of Piré's light cavalry, from which the lancers that attacked the 42nd and 44th British regiments had been detached, continued its advance along the high road towards Quatre Bras, driving in the Brunswick Hussars, who were now galloping confusedly upon the 92nd Highlanders, then lining the ditch of the Namur high road contiguous to Quatre Bras. . . . The grenadier company was wheeled back upon the road so as to oppose a front at that point to the flank of the pursuing cavalry, upon which the Highlanders

now poured a most destructive volley. The shock thus occasioned to the French cavalry was immediately perceptible. . . . Many of them rushed through the large opening into the farmyard of Quatre Bras, which was situated immediately in rear of the right of the 92nd. A few daring fellows, finding they had proceeded too far to be able to retire by the same direction in which they had advanced, wheeled round suddenly at the point where the high roads intersect each other, and galloped right through the grenadier company of the Highlanders, shouting and brandishing their swords, and receiving a fire from some of the rear rank of the regiment as they dashed along the road. None of them escaped: one, an officer of the *Chasseurs à cheval*, had already reached the spot where the Duke of Wellington was at that moment stationed in rear of the Highlanders. Some of the men immediately turned round and fired: his horse was killed, and at the same moment a musket-ball passed through each foot of the gallant young officer. Those of the French chasseurs who had entered the farmyard, finding no other outlet, now began to gallop back, in small parties of two or three at a time, but few escaped the deadly fire of the Highlanders.

Again a column of French infantry advanced from out of the wood towards the Brussels road, and entering the latter by the isolated house southward of Quatre Bras, established itself in and about that building and its enclosures. Shortly afterwards another column advanced in support of the former one, which then emerged from its cover, and began to ascend that part of the Anglo-allied position occupied by the 92nd Highlanders. On perceiving this, Major-General Barnes, adjutant-general to the British forces, who had just ridden up to the right of the regiment, placed himself very conspicuously at the head of the Highlanders, waving his hat and exclaiming, 'Ninety-second, follow me!' In an instant the latter sprang out of the ditch in which they had hitherto been posted, and with great gallantry and steadiness charged down the slope. The French infantry hastily fell back, until having gained the partial shelter afforded them by the isolated house and its enclosures, they opened a most destructive fire upon the Highlanders, who nevertheless slackened not their pace, but drove the French out of their cover. Upon clearing this point, they encountered another severe fire from the second column that had moved forward in support. Their commanding officer, Colonel Cameron, here received his death-wound, and having lost the power of managing his horse, the latter carried him at its utmost speed along the road until he reached Quatre Bras, where his servant was standing with his led horse, when the animal suddenly stopping, pitched the unfortunate officer on his head. The supporting column also gave way before the continued, bold, undaunted, though broken advance of the 92nd Highlanders, who pursued their enemies, skirting the elbow of the wood, into which they retired upon perceiving a disposition on the part of the French cavalry to charge, and finding themselves exposed to a heavy cannonade which was rapidly thinning their ranks to a fearful extent.

From History of the War in 1815.

IV

THE DEATH OF COLONEL JOHN CAMERON

By Rev. Archibald Clerk

COLONEL CAMERON marched forward to Quatre Bras, animated and animating his men by the martial strains he loved so well.

‘ Then wild and high the Cameron’s gathering rose
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes,
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan’s, Donald’s fame, rings in each clansman’s ears.’

By 2 P.M. he was in front of the enemy. The doings of that day are well known ; but while the glory of Waterloo—‘ the first and last of fields, king-making victory ’—casts into the shade every other event of the ‘ hundred days,’ we doubt whether any day, until that of Inkerman, reflects brighter lustre on the stern Roman fortitude of the British than does that of Quatre Bras. With fearful odds against them, deserted by the Belgian horse, labouring under many sore and heavy disadvantages, they and the brave black Brunswickers again and again repelled the French, led on by the fiery Ney—‘ the bravest of the brave ’—now more brave and fiery than ever, in order to cover with success the great treason of which he had been guilty. It was, however, at a terrible sacrifice that the British repulsed the French on that day. The noble 92nd was dreadfully thinned ; many gallant officers, and about three hundred privates, were struck down. But the loss which the survivors, which the army generally, as well as the great captain himself, regretted most deeply, was that of their colonel, who here ‘ closed his life of fame by a death of glory.’

We give the account of his fall as related to us by an eye-witness still living to confirm the narrative. The regiment lined a ditch in front of the Namur road. The Duke of Wellington happened to be stationed among them. Colonel Cameron, on seeing the French advance, asked permission to charge them. The Duke replied, ‘ Have patience, and you will have plenty of work by and by.’ As they took possession of the farmhouse, Cameron again asked leave to charge, which was again refused. At length as they began to push on to the Charleroi road the Duke exclaimed, ‘ Now, Cameron, is your time—take care of that road.’ He instantly gave spur to his horse ; the regiment cleared the ditch at a bound, charged, and rapidly drove back the French ; but while doing so their leader was mortally wounded. A shot fired from the upper story of the farmhouse passed through his body, and his horse, pierced by several bullets, fell dead under him. His men raised a wild shout, rushed madly on the fated house, and, according to all accounts, inflicted dread vengeance on its doomed occupants.

From Memoir of Colonel John Cameron (1858).

V

THE BLACK WATCH AT QUATRE BRAS

By Captain W. Siborne

THE Brunswick Hussars were ordered forward to cover the retreat of the infantry and repel the advance of the French cavalry, which was now seen in rapid motion along the Charleroi road. . . . The hussars, whose order while advancing was quickly disturbed by a straggling fire from the French infantry, to which their right flank became exposed, failed in producing the slightest check

upon the cavalry, and were soon seen wheeling about and in full flight, closely pursued by their opponents. . . .

The 42nd Highlanders having, from their position, been the first to recognise them [the lancers] as a part of the enemy's forces, rapidly formed square ; but just as the two flank companies were running in to form the rear face, the lancers had reached the regiment, when a considerable portion of their leading division penetrated the square, carrying along with them, by the impetus of their charge, several men of those two companies, and creating a momentary confusion. The long-tried discipline and steadiness of the Highlanders, however, did not forsake them at this most critical juncture ; these lancers, instead of effecting the destruction of the square, were themselves fairly hemmed into it, and either bayoneted or taken prisoners, whilst the endangered face, restored as if by magic, successfully repelled all further attempts on the part of the French to complete their expected triumph.

From History of the War in France and Belgium.

VI

O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE

By Mrs. Grant of Laggan

' O WHERE, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone ? '
' He 's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done ;
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home.'

' O what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear ? '
' A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.'

' Suppose, ah ! suppose that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie and all your hopes confound ! '
' The pipes would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye.

' But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.'

VII

THE SCOTS AT WATERLOO

BLUCHER, in a dispatch relating to the battle of Waterloo, wrote, ' That the Old Guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scottish regiments.' It was flattering to hear this account of the conduct of the Highlanders confirmed by the prevailing belief both in Paris and throughout France ; the French soldiers themselves saying that it was the Scottish troopers who chiefly occasioned the loss of the battle by defeating the Old Guard. The impression they made in Paris itself fully justifies the belief on that subject. Tartan became a prevailing fashion with the ladies, and the full garb was employed as an attraction by wax-work exhibitors. It was likewise introduced on the stage with great applause.

From The Book of Scottish Anecdote.

VIII

SAVING THE COLOURS

THERE are few anecdotes which have been transmitted with so much care as those which refer to the preservation of the colours. Rather than surrender them to an enemy a true soldier will resort to any extremity.

In a Scottish regiment at the battle of Waterloo the standard-bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death that a sergeant, after trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy made a violent effort, and throwing the dead body, colours and all, over his shoulder, carried them off together. The French seeing this were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with applause and repeated shouts of admiration.

From The British Soldier.

IX

THE CAMERONS AT WATERLOO

By W. Richards

AT Waterloo the 79th took part in the memorable charge which may be said to have inflicted the first distinct reverse upon the French. The Belgian and Dutch Brigade had wavered, then 'turned and fled in disgraceful and disorderly panic; but there were men more worthy of the name behind. In this part of the second line of the allies were posted Pack's and Kemp's Brigades of English infantry, which had suffered severely at Quatre Bras. But Pieton was here as general of division, and not even Ney himself could surpass in resolute bravery that stern and fiery spirit. Pieton brought his two brigades forward, side by side, in a thin, two-deep line. Thus joined together they were not three thousand strong. With these Pieton had to make head against the three victorious French columns, upwards of four times that strength, and who, encouraged by the easy rout of the Dutch and Belgians, now came confidently over the ridge of the hill. The British infantry stood firm, and as the French halted and began to deploy into line, Pieton seized the critical moment. He shouted in his stentorian voice to Kemp's Brigade, "A volley, and then charge!" At a distance of less than thirty yards that volley was poured upon the devoted first sections of the nearest column, and then, with a fierce hurrah, the British dashed in with the bayonet. Pieton was shot dead as he rushed forward, but his men pushed on with the cold steel.' The opposing columns became disorganised and confused; the next moment, and they were flying in wild confusion down the slope, pursued by the 79th and their comrades of Kemp's Brigade. Throughout the day the 79th was hotly engaged, and on few regiments did loss fall heavier. Before the battle they had their full complement of officers and men—776 of all ranks; when it was won, it fell to a lieutenant to bring the regiment—or what remained of it—out of action, when it was found that no fewer than 479, of whom 32 were officers, had fallen.

From Her Majesty's Army.

By permission of Messrs. Virtue & Co., London.

X

THE ROYAL SCOTS, GORDONS, AND BLACK WATCH
AT WATERLOO*By Captain W. Siborne*

THE three Scotch regiments, the 1st Royals, the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders, under the animating sounds of their native pibroch, moved steadily on with the noble mien and gallant bearing of men bent upon upholding, at any sacrifice, the honour and glory of their country. . . . That portion of the French column which had by this time crossed the hedge was in perfect order, and presented a bold and determined front. It was opposed to the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders, but principally to the latter regiment. As the brigade approached the column, it received from it a fire which, however, it did not return, but continued to advance steadily until it had arrived within twenty or thirty yards distance, when the 92nd and 42nd Highlanders . . . threw into the mass a concentrated fire, most destructive in its effects. The French were staggered by the shock, but speedily recovering themselves, began to reply with great spirit to the fire of their opponents, when the latter received the order to charge ; but at this very moment Ponsonby's brigade came up. . . .

As the Scots Greys passed through and mingled with the Highlanders, the enthusiasm of both corps was extraordinary. They mutually cheered. 'Scotland for ever !' was their war shout. The smoke in which the head of the French column was enshrouded had not cleared away when the Greys dashed into the mass. So eager was the desire, so strong the determination of the Highlanders to aid their compatriots in completing the work so gloriously begun, that many were seen holding on by the stirrups of the horsemen, while all rushed forward, leaving none but the disabled in their rear. The leading portion of the column soon yielded to this infuriated onset ; the remainder, which was yet in the act of ascending the exterior slope, appalled by the sudden appearance of cavalry at a moment when, judging by the sound of musketry fire in front, they had naturally concluded that it was with infantry alone they had to contend, were hurled back in confusion by the impetus of the shock. The dragoons, having the advantage of the descent, appeared to mow down the mass, which, bending under the pressure, quickly spread itself outwards in all directions. Yet in that mass were many gallant spirits who could not be brought to yield without a struggle, and these fought bravely to the death. . . . Within that mass, too, was borne the imperial eagle of the 45th regiment, proudly displaying on its banner the names of Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, Eylau, and Friedland—fields in which this regiment had covered itself with glory and acquired the distinguished title of 'The Invincibles.' A devoted band encircled the sacred standard, which attracted the observation and excited the ambition of a daring and adventurous soldier named Ewart, a sergeant of the Greys. After a desperate struggle, evincing on his part great physical strength combined with extraordinary dexterity, he succeeded in capturing the cherished trophy. . . .

Without pausing for a moment to re-form, those of the Greys who had forced their way through or on either flank of the mass, rushed boldly onward against the leading supporting column of Maremont's right brigade. . . . To such a degree had the impetus of the charge been augmented by the rapidly increasing descent of the slope, that these brave dragoons possessed as little of the power as of the will to check their speed, and they plunged down into the mass with a

force that was truly irresistible. Its foremost ranks driven back with irresistible violence, the entire column tottered for a moment, and then sank under the overpowering wave. Hundreds were crushed to rise no more, and hundreds rose again but to surrender to the victors, who speedily swept their prisoners to the rear, while the Highlanders secured those taken from the leading column.

From History of the War in 1815.

XI

A PAY SERGEANT OF THE SCOTS GREYS

By J. H. Stocqueler

VISIT the smiling plains of Waterloo when you will, the indefatigable guide is at your side eager to show the marks of the cannon balls on the walls and trees of Hougomont, the spots where Ponsonby and Pieton fell, Anglesey and Fitzroy Somerset lost limbs, and Gordon was mortally struck. Those who wish faithfully to chronicle the deeds of other times cannot pass over without one word, at least, of admiration the heroism of the Foot Guards, the dashing and indomitable charges of the Life Guards, the Scots Greys, and Enniskillens, the firmness of the Scotch regiments and Halkett's Brigade, the 30th and 73rd, the tearing fire of Colborne's 52nd, the admirable precision and steadiness of the artillery, and the impenetrable attitude of the line which, formed in squares, remained unflinchingly for hours exposed to a deadly shower of missiles and perpetual attacks of cavalry, only to deploy at last, and, in the whirlwind of its furious charge, scatter defeat and dismay throughout the army of its terrible opponent;—the names of Shaw the Life Guardsman, of Ewart the sergeant of the Greys, of Weir of the same noble regiment.

Sergeant Weir was pay-sergeant of his troop, and as such might have excused himself from serving in action; but on such a day as the battle of Waterloo he disdained to avail himself of the privilege, and requested to be allowed to join his regiment in the mortal fray. In one of the charges he fell mortally wounded, and was left on the field. Corporal Scott of the same regiment, who lost a leg, asserts that when the field was searched for the wounded and slain the body of Sergeant Weir was found with the name written on his forehead with his own hand dipped in his own blood. This, his comrade said, he was supposed to have done, that his body might be found and recognised, and that it might not be imagined he disappeared with the money of his troop.

From The British Soldier.

XII

SERGEANT EWART OF THE SCOTS GREYS

By W. Richards

THE Greys at Waterloo form one of the memorable pictures of warlike history. Still there seems to ring in our ears the cry of 'Scotland for ever!' with which they charged upon the legions of France. Familiar as household words are the traditional sayings of the rival generals—the admiring exclamation of Napoleon, 'Those beautiful grey horses!' and the muttered wish of Wellington, 'Would that there were more of the Greys!' Still we seem to see the terrible whirlwind of the Union Brigade, a storm-cloud of fierce men and mighty horses and gleaming

steel, which 'rushed upon every description of force which presented itself; laneers and cuirassiers were alike overthrown and cut down—several batteries were earried, and the regiment (the Greys) penetrated to the rear of the enemy's position.' Sergeant Ewart of the Greys captured an eagle of the French 45th regiment. 'I had a hard contest for it,' he writes. 'The bearer thrust for my groin; I parried it off and cut him through the head. After which I was attacked by one of their laneers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark by my throwing it off with my sword. Then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who after firing at me charged me with his bayonet; but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it and cut him down through the head, so that finished the contest for the eagle.' Ewart received a commission as a recognition of his valour.

From *Her Majesty's Army*.

By permission of Messrs. Virtue & Co., London.

XIII

'OUR AIN FOLK'

By *James Grant*

UNDER cover of a formidable cannonade, which Napoleon's artillery opened from the crest of the ridge where his line was formed, three dense masses of infantry, consisting each of four battalions, moving in solid squares, poured impetuously down on the left and centre of the allied line. They rent the air with eries of '*Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*' and on they came double-quick, with their sloped arms glittering in the sun. They were enthusiastically encouraged by their officers, whose voices were heard above even the mingled din of the battle-ery, cheering them on as they waved their eagles and brandished their sabres aloft. One of these columns poured its strength on La Haye Sainte, where it experienced a warm and deadly welcome; while the other two attacked that part of the position which was occupied by Sir Denis Paek's Brigade.

As they advanced, Campbell made the signal with his sword, and the eight pipes of the regiment commenced the wild pibroch of Donald-dhu—the march of the Islesmen to Loehaber in 1431. It was echoed back by the pipes of the Royals and the 42nd on the right, and the well-known effect of that instrument was instantly visible in the flushing cheeks of the brigade. Its music never falls in vain on the ear of a Scotsman, for he alone can understand its wild melody and stirring associations. The ranks which before had exhibited all that stillness and gravity which troops always observe—in fact, which their feelings compel them to observe—before being engaged, for fighting is a serious matter, became animated, and the soldiers began to cheer and handle their muskets long before the order was given to fire. A brigade of Belgians, formed in line before a hedge, was attacked furiously by the French columns, who were eager for vengeance on these troops, whom they considered as deserters from the cause of the 'great Emperor,' whose uniform they still wore. The impetuosity of the attack compelled the Belgians to retire in rear of the hedge, over which they received and returned a spirited fire.

Paek's Brigade now opened upon the foe, and the roar of cannon and musketry increased on every side as the battle became general along the extended parallel lines of the British and French. The fire of the latter on Paek's Brigade was hot and rapid, for in numerical force they outnumbered them, many to one, and made dreadful havoc. The men were falling—to use the common phrase—in heaps, and the danger, smoke, uproar, and slaughter, with all the terrible con-

comitants of a great battle, increased on every side ; the blood of the combatants grew hotter, and the national feelings of hatred and hostility, which previously had lain dormant, were now fully awakened, and increased apace with the slaughter around them. Many of the Highlanders seemed animated by a perfect fury—a terrible eagerness to grapple with their antagonists. Captain Grant, an officer of the Gordon Highlanders, became so much excited that he quitted the ranks, and rushing to the front, brandished his long sword aloft, and defied the enemy to charge or approach further. Then, calling upon the regiment to follow him, he threw up his bonnet, and flinging himself headlong on the bayonets of the enemy, was instantly slain. Poor fellow ! he left a young wife at home to lament him, and his loss was much regretted by the regiment.

‘ This is hot work, Chisholm,’ said Ronald, with a grim smile, to his smart young sub., who came towards him jerking his head about in that nervous manner which the eternal whistling of musket-shot will cause many a brave fellow to assume.

‘ Hot work—devilish !’ answered the other, with a blunt carelessness, which, perhaps, was half affected. ‘ But I have something good to communicate.’

‘ What ?’

‘ Blücher with forty thousand Prussians is advancing from Wavre. Bony knows nothing of this, and the first news he hears of it will be the twelve-pounders of the Prussians administering a dose of cold iron to his left flank upon the extremity of the ridge yonder.’

‘ Good ; but is the intelligence true ?’

‘ Ay, true as the Gospel. I heard an aide-de-camp, a rather excited but exquisite young fellow of the 7th Hussars, tell old Sir Denis so this moment.’

‘ Would to God we saw them !—the Prussians, I mean. We are suffering dreadfully from the fire of these columns.’

‘ Ay, faith !’ replied the other, coolly adjusting his bonnet, which a ball had knocked awry, and turning towards the left flank of the company, before he had gone three paces he was stretched prostrate on the turf.

He never stirred again. A ball had pierced his heart ; and the bonnet which a moment before he had arranged so jauntily over his fair hair, rolled to the feet of Ronald Stuart.

‘ I kent he was *fey* ! Puir young gentleman !’ said a soldier.

‘ I will add a stone to his cairn,’ observed another figuratively ; ‘ and give this to revenge him,’ he added, dropping upon his knee and firing among the smoke of the opposite line.

Stuart would have examined the body of his friend, to find if any spark of life yet lingered in it, but his attention was attracted by other matters.

The Belgians at the hedge gave way, after receiving and returning a destructive fire for nearly an hour. The 3rd battalion of the Scots Royals and a battalion of the 44th (the same regiment which lately distinguished itself at Cabul) took up the ground of the vanquished men of *Gallia Belgica*, and after maintaining the same conflict against an overwhelming majority of numbers, and keeping staunch to their post till the unlucky hedge was piled breast-high with killed and wounded, they were compelled to retire, leaving it in possession of the enemy, who seized upon it with a fierce shout of triumph, as if it had been the fallen capital of a fallen country, instead of the rural boundary of a field of rye.

It was now three o’clock in the afternoon. The strife had lasted incessantly for four hours, and no word was yet heard of the Prussians. For miles around the plains were involved in smoke ; and whether they were approaching or not no man knew, for a thick war-cloud enshrouded the vale of Waterloo. Three thousand of the allies had been put to the rout, and the dense mob-like columns

of the enemy came rolling on from the ridge opposite to Lord Wellington's position, apparently with the determination of bearing all before them.

When they gained possession of the hedge before mentioned, Sir Denis Pack, who had been with its defenders till the moment they gave way, galloped at full speed up to the Gordon Highlanders—a corps reduced now to a mere skeleton, and barely mustering two hundred efficient bayonets.

'Highlanders!' cried the general, who was evidently labouring under no ordinary degree of excitement and anxiety, 'you must charge! Upon them with the bayonet, or the heights are lost, for all the troops in your front have given way!'

'Highlanders! shoulder to shoulder!' cried Campbell, as the regiment began to advance with their muskets at the long trail, and in silence, with clenched teeth and bent brows, for their hearts were burning to avenge the fall of their comrades. 'Shoulder to shoulder, lads! close together like a wall!' continued the major, as, spurring his horse to the front, he waved his sword and bonnet aloft, and the corps moved down the hill. 'Remember Egypt and Corunna—and remember Cameron, though he's gone, for his eye may be upon us yet at this very moment! Forward—double-quick!'

The column they were about to charge presented a front more than equal to their own on *four* faces, and formed a dense mass of three thousand infantry. Heedless of their numbers, with that free and fearless impetuosity which they have ever displayed, and which has always been attended with the most signal success, the bonneted clansmen rushed on with the fury of a torrent from their native hills, equally regardless of the charged bayonets of the French front ranks, the murderous fire of the rear, and of ten pieces of cannon sent by Napoleon to assist in gaining the height occupied by Pack's shattered brigade. It was a desperate crisis, and the regiment knew that they must be victorious or be annihilated.

A body of cuirassiers were coming on to the assistance of the vast mass of infantry—all splendid troops glittering in a panoply of brass and steel; and the slanting rays of the sun gleamed beautifully on their long lines of polished helmets and corselets, and the forest of swords which they brandished aloft above the curls of the eddying smoke, as they came sweeping over the level plain at full gallop. The advance of the little band of Highlanders made them seem like a few mice attacking a lion—the very acme of madness or of courage. Their comrades were all defeated, themselves were threatened by cavalry, galled by ten pieces of cannon, and opposed to three thousand infantry; and yet they went on with the heedless impetuosity of the heroes of Killiecrankie, Falkirk, and Gladsmuir.

The front rank of the enemy's column remained with their long muskets and bayonets at the charge, while the rear kept up a hot and destructive fire, in unison with the sweeping discharges from the field-pieces placed at a little distance on their flanks.

The moment was indeed a critical one to those two hundred eagle hearts. They were in the proportion of one man to fifteen; and notwithstanding this overwhelming majority, when the steady line of Highlanders came rushing on, with their bayonets levelled before them, and had reached within a few yards of the enemy, the latter turned and fled! The huge mass which might with ease have eaten them, broke away in a confusion almost laughable, the front ranks overthrowing the rear, and every man tossing away musket, knapsack, and accoutrements. The Highlanders still continued pressing forward with the charged bayonet, yet totally unable to comprehend what had stricken the foe with so disgraceful a panic.

'Halt!' cried Campbell. 'Fire on the cowards. D—n them, give them a volley!' and a hasty fire was poured upon the confused mob.

A cry arose of 'Here come the cavalry!'

'Hoigh! hurrah!' cried the Highlanders. 'The Greys—the Greys—the Scots Greys! Hoigh! our ain folk—hurrah!' and a tremendous cheer burst from the little band as they beheld, emerging from the wreaths of smoke, the squadrons of their countrymen, who came thundering over the corse-strewn field, where drums, colours, arms, cannon, and cannon-shot, killed and wounded men, covered every foot of ground.

The grey horses—'Those beautiful grey horses,' as the anxious Napoleon called them, while watching this movement through his glasses—came on, snorting and prancing, with dilated nostrils and eyes of fire, exhibiting all the pride of our superb dragoon chargers; while the long broadswords and tall bearskin caps of the riders were seen towering above the battle-clouds which rolled along the surface of the plain.

They formed part of the heavy brigade of the gallant Sir William Ponsonby, who, sabre in hand, led them on, with the 1st Royal English Dragoons, and the 6th, who came roaring tremendously, and shouting strange things in the deep brogue of merry 'ould Ireland.'

From the weight of the men, the mettle of their horses, and their fine equipment, a charge of British cavalry is a splendid sight: I say British, for our men are the finest-looking as well as the best troops in the world—an assertion which few can dispute when we speak of Waterloo. Those who witnessed the charge of Ponsonby's Brigade will never forget it. The Highlanders halted, and the Dragoons swept past on their flank toward the confused masses of the enemy. The Greys, on passing the little band of their countrymen, sent up the well-known cry of 'Scotland for ever!'

'Scotland for ever!' at such a moment, this was indeed a cry that roused the stirring memory of a thousand years. It touched a chord in every Scottish heart. It seemed like a voice from their home—from the tongues of those they had left behind; and served to stimulate them to fresh exertions in honour of the land of the rock and the eagle.

'Cheer, my blue bonnets!' cried Campbell, leaping in his saddle in perfect ecstasy. 'Oh, the gallant fellows! how bravely they ride! God and victory be with them this day!'

'Scotland for ever!' echoed the Highlanders, as they waved their black plumage on the gale. The Royals, the 42nd, the Cameron Highlanders, and every Scots regiment within hearing took up the battle-cry and tossed it to the wind, and even the feeble voices of the wounded were added to the general shout, while the chivalrous Greys plunged into the column of the enemy, sabring them in scores, and riding them down like a field of corn. The cries of the panic-stricken French were appalling; they were the last despairing shrieks of drowning men rather than the clamour of men-at-arms upon a battlefield. Colours, drums, arms, and everything were abandoned in their eagerness to escape, and even while retreating double-quick, some failed not to shout '*Vive l'Empereur! Vive la Gloire!*' as vociferously as if they had been the victors instead of the vanquished.

An unlucky random shot struck Lisle's left arm and fractured the bone just above the elbow. He uttered a sudden cry of anguish and reeled backward several paces, but propped himself upon his sword. Ronald Stuart rushed towards him, but almost at the same moment a half-spent cannon-shot (one of the last fired by the train sent to dislodge the Ninth Brigade) struck him on the left side, doubled him up like a cloak, and dashed him to the earth, where he lay totally deprived of sense and motion. When struck, a consciousness flashed upon his mind that his ribs were broken to pieces, and that he was dying; then the dark-

ness of night seemed to descend on his eyes, and he felt as if his soul was passing away from his body. That feeling, which seemed the reverse of a terrible one, existed for a space of time scarcely divisible. There was a rushing sound in his ears, flashes of red fire seemed to go out from his eyes, and then every sensation of life left him for a time. The regiment thought him dead, as few survive the knock from a cannon-shot, and no one considered it worth while to go towards him save Louis Lisle. All were too intently watching the flashing weapons of the cavalry as they charged again and again, each squadron wheeling to the right and left to allow the others to come up, and the work of slaying and capturing proceeded in glorious style. Poor Ronald's loss was never thought of by his comrades.

'Stuart's knocked on the head, poor fellow!' was his only elegy. One life is valued less than a straw when thousands are breathing their last in the awful arena of the battlefield.

Louis, whose left arm hung bleeding and motionless by his side, turned Ronald on his back with his right, and saw that he was pale and breathless. He placed his hand on the heart, but it was still. He felt no vibration.

'Great heaven! what a blow this will be for my poor sister! Farewell, Ronald! I look upon your face for the last time!' he groaned deeply with mental and bodily agony as he bent his steps to the rear—a long and perilous way, for shot of every size and sort were falling like hail around, whizzing and whistling through the air, or tearing the turf to pieces when they alighted. Hundreds of riderless horse, many of them greys, snorting and crying with pain and terror, were galloping madly about in every direction, trampling upon the bodies of the dead and wounded, and finishing with their ponderous hoofs the work that many a bullet had begun. The slaughter among the French at that part of the field was immense; but their case might have been very different had they stood firm and shown front, as British infantry would have done.

One thousand were literally sabred, ridden down, or cut to pieces; two thousand taken prisoners, with two eagles, one by a sergeant of the Greys, and all the drums and colours; a catastrophe which scarcely occupied five minutes' time, and which Napoleon beheld from his post near La Belle Alliance with sensations which may easily be conceived, for these troops were the flower of his numerous army.

This was about half-past four in the afternoon, and over the whole plain of Waterloo the battle was yet raging with as much fury as ever.

From The Romance of War.

XIV

HIGHLANDERS AFTER WATERLOO

By Sir Walter Scott

[A CONVERSATION between Sir Walter Scott and some Scottish soldiers, whom he found bivouacked at Peronne, on their march to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo.]

I told him, that as a countryman, accidentally passing, I could not resist the desire of inquiring how he and his companions came to have such uncomfortable beds; and I asked him, if it was not usual to receive billets on the inhabitants for quarters?

'Na, sir,' was his composed reply ; ' we seldom trouble them for billets : they ca' this bivouacking, you see.'

'It does not seem very pleasant, whatever they may call it. How do the people of the country treat you ?'

'Ow ! gailies : particularly we that are Scotch : we ha' but to show our pettitcoat, as the English ca' it, an' we're aye weel respected.'

'Were you in the battle of Waterloo ?'

'Ay, 'deed was I, and in Quatre-bras beside. I got a bit skelp wi' a shell at Waterloo.'

'And were all your companions who sleep there also wounded ?'

'Ay were they ; some mair, some less. Here's ane o' 'em wakening, you see, wi' our speaking.'

The Scotchmen, having but small seduction to return to their beds, became quite inclined to talk, particularly when they heard from what part of the land o' cakes I came from.

'The duke,' they said, 'wasna to be blamed as a general at a' ; nor would the men ha'e ony cause to complain if he would but gie them a little mair liberty.'

'Liberty ! What sort of liberty do you mean ?'

'Ow—just liberty—freedom, you see !'

'What, do you mean leave of absence—furloughs ?'

'Na, na ! De'il a bit : God, this hasna been a time for furloughs. I mean the liberty that ither sodgers get ; the Prussians and them.'

As I still professed ignorance of their meaning, one of them gave me, in a sudden burst, a very pithy explanation of the sort of liberty which the duke was blamed for withholding. The other qualified it a little, by saying—

'Ay, ay, he means that when we've got the upper han', we shu'd employ it. There's no use in being mealy-mou'd, if the ithers are to tak what they like. The d——d Prussians ken better what they're about.'

'Well, but you find that the Prussians are everywhere detested, and you have just now told me that you Highlanders are everywhere respected.'

'Ou ay, we're praised eneuch. Ilka body praises us, but very few gie us onything.'

More readily interpreting this hint than the last, I proved myself an exception to the general rule by putting into their hands a franc or two to drink.

The one who received the money looked at it very deliberately, and then, raising his head, said—

'Weel, sir, we certainly didna expect this ; did we, Jock ?'

I inquired if the Duke of Wellington took severe means of enforcing on his army that regard for the lives and property of the inhabitants, in maintaining which he evidently placed the pride of his ambition, not less than in beating his armed adversaries ?

'Na, sir ; no' here,' was the reply ; 'for the men ken him weel eneuch now. But in Spain we often had ugly jobs. He hung fifteen men on ae day there—after he had been ordering aboot it, God knows how lang ; and d—n me if he didna ance gar the provost-marshal flog mair than a dizzen of the women, for the women thought themselves safe, and so were waur than the men. They got sax and thirty lashes apiece on the bare doup, and it was lang before it was forgotten on them. Ane o' them was Meg Donaldson, the best woman in our regiment ; for, whate'er she might tak, she didna keep it a' to herself.' The noise of the horses brought to be harnessed to the diligence made me take a hasty leave of these Scottish soldiers.

CHAPTER VII

The Crimean War

1854

I

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

The Story of the Regiment

WHAT is now the 1st battalion of the H.L.I. was raised as a 2nd battalion of the 32nd Foot, but it was separately regimented, as the 71st Regiment of Foot, before the end of the same year (1758). Later it became the 71st (Highland) Regiment of Foot, otherwise Fraser's Highlanders. In 1777 it was the 1st battalion 73rd (Highland) Regiment of Foot; in 1786, the 71st; in 1808, the 71st (Glasgow Highland) Regiment of Foot; in 1809, the 71st (Glasgow Highland Light Infantry); and in 1810 the 71st (Highland) Light Infantry.

The evolution of the 2nd battalion of the H.L.I. is almost as difficult to follow. It was raised in 1756 as a 2nd battalion of the 36th Foot; in the same year it was separately regimented as the 74th Regiment of Foot; and in 1763 took the title of the 74th Regiment of Foot, being disbanded in 1764. In 1777 it was the 74th (Highland) Regiment of Foot, popularly named the Argyll Highlanders. In 1787, after disbandment, it was re-formed as the 74th, and presently, as a result of its famous victory at Assaye in 1803, was commonly spoken of as the Assaye Regiment. The two battalions adopted the name of the Highland Light Infantry in 1881. The H.L.I. has been to a considerable extent recruited from Glasgow. How it obtained its nickname of 'The Pig and Whistle Light Infantry' is not clear. It enjoys the proud distinction of bearing on its colours a longer roll of honours than is possessed by any other regiment in the whole of the British Army, with the exception of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, which, however, has four regular battalions. The principal campaigns and battles that have a place in the history of the Highland Light Infantry include:

Gibraltar, 1780-3.	Vimiera, 1808.	Toulouse, 1814.
India, 1780-97.	Corunna, 1809.	Quatre Bras, 1815.
Carnatic, 1780.	Flushing, 1809.	Waterloo, 1815.
Arcot, 1780.	Busaco, 1810.	Netherlands, 1815.
Porto-Novo, 1781.	Fuentes d'Onoro, 1811.	South Africa, 1851-3.
Sholingur, 1781.	Arroyo dos Molinos, 1811.	Crimea, 1854-6.
Mysore, 1783.	Almaraj, 1812.	Balaclava, 1854.
Bangalore, 1791.	Ciudad Rodrigo, 1812.	Sebastopol, 1855.
Seringapatam, 1792.	Badajos, 1812.	India, 1858.
Ahmednuggar, 1802.	Salamanca, 1812.	Indian Mutiny, 1858.
Assaye, 1803.	Nivelle, 1813.	Egypt, 1882.
Cape of Good Hope, 1806.	Vittoria, 1813.	Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.
Buenos Ayres, 1806.	Maya, 1813.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Monte Video, 1807.	Pyrenees, 1813.	Magersfontein, 1900.
Peninsula, 1808-14.	Nive, 1813.	Paardeberg, 1900.
Roleia, 1808.	Orthes, 1814.	Thabanchu, 1900.

II

TROOPS LEAVING EDINBURGH

By Gerald Massey

For Freedom's battle march auld Scotland's brave,
And Edinburgh streets are piled with life to-day.
High on her crags the royal City sits,
And sees the files of war far-winding out,
And with the gracious golden Morning smiles
Her proudest blessing down. Old Arthur's Seat
Flings up his cap of cloud for brave success ;
But the old castle standeth staidly stern,
As some scarred Chief who sends his boys to battle :
While the sea flashes in the sun, our Shield,
So rich in record of heroic names.

The gay Hussars come riding through the town,
A light of triumph sparkling in their eyes ;
The music goeth shouting in their praise,
Like a loud people round the Victor's car ;
And Highland plumes together nod as though
There went the Funeral Hearse of a Russian host :
The bickering bayonets flutter wings of fire,
And gaily sounds the march of the Cameron Men.

The War-steeds swceping—men to battle going—
The wave of Beauty's hand—meed of her eyes—
The banners with old battle-memories stirred—
The thrilling pibroch, and the wild war-drum,
The stern sword-music of our grand Hurrah,
And answering cheer for death or victory—
All make me tingle with a triumph of life,
And I could weep that I am left behind,
To see the tide ebb where I may not follow.

And there the gallant fellows march afield ;
To win proud death, or larger life, they leave
Home's rosy circle ringed with blessings rich
For the far darkness and the battle-cloud,
Where many have fallen, and many yet must fall
In spurring their great hearts up to the leap,
For such brave dashes at unconquered heights.
The shadow of solemn Sorrow falls behind,
Where sobbing Sweethearts look their loving last,
And weeping Wives hold up the little ones.
The sun sets in their faces, life grows grey,
And sighs of desolation sweep its desert.
The winter of the heart aches in the eyes
Of Mothers who have given their all, their all.

And yet methinks the Heroic Time returns,
 Such look of triumph lights the meanest face
 To-day : there seems no heart so earthly but
 Has some blind groping after nobler life,
 With hands that reach towards God's Gate Beautiful.
 Our England bright'ning thro' the battle smoke,
 Has touched them with her glory's lovelier light.
 And though their darlings fall, and though they die
 In this death-grapple in the night with Wrong ;
 The memory of their proud deeds cannot die.
 They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds,
 And sleep in nameless tombs. But for all time,
 Foundlings of Fame are our beloved Lost.
 For me, this day of glorious life shall be
 One of the starry brides of Memory,
 Whose glittering faces light the night of soul.

III

THE BLACK WATCH, SUTHERLANDS, AND CAMERONS STORMING THE HEIGHTS

By A. W. Kinglake

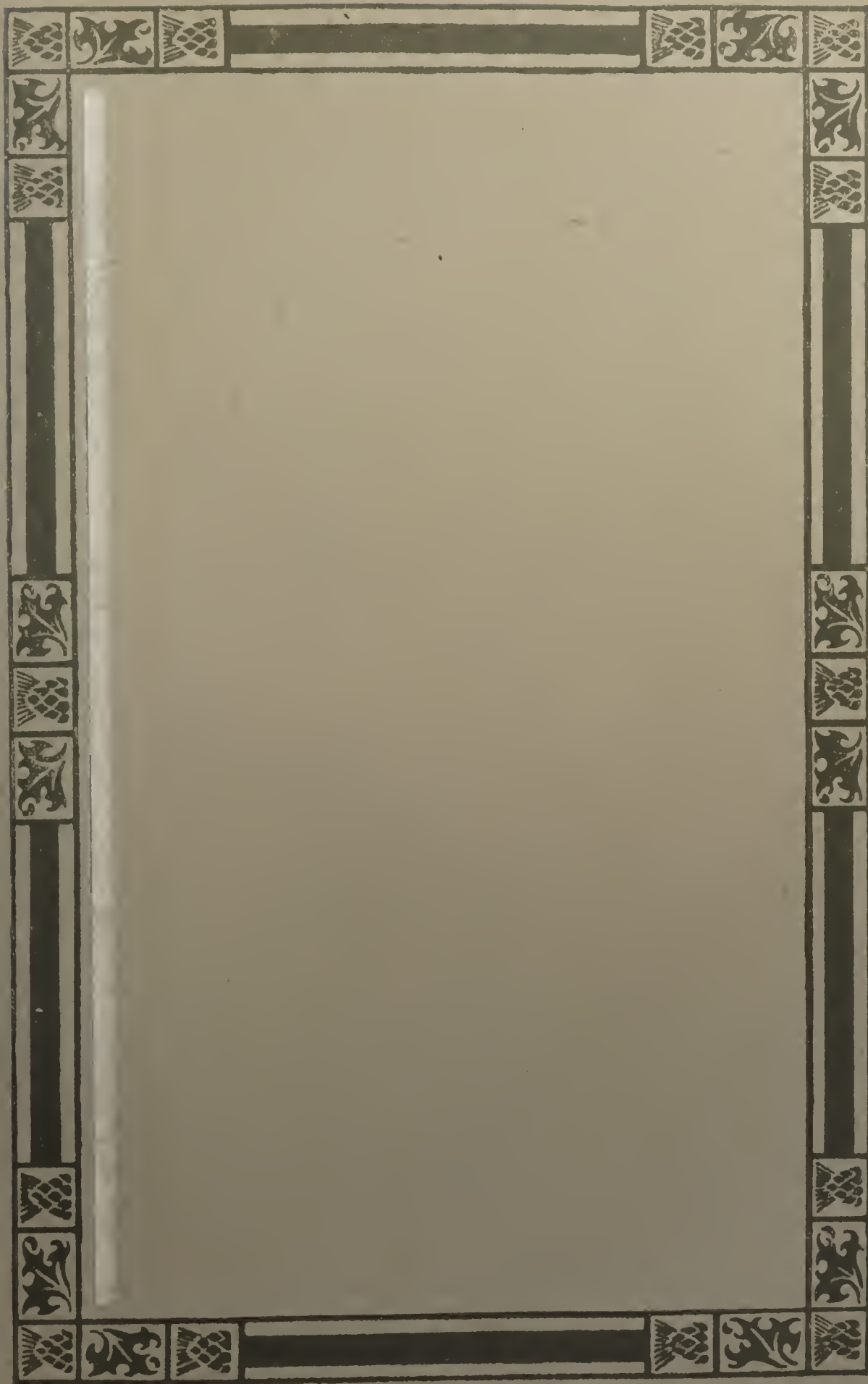
BEFORE the action had begun, and whilst his men were still in column, Campbell had spoken to his brigade a few words—words simple, and, for the most part, workmanlike, yet touched with the fire of warlike sentiment. ‘ Now, men, you are going into action. Remember this : whoever is wounded—I don’t care what his rank is—whatever is wounded must lie where he falls till the bandsmen come to attend to him. No soldiers must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish church. Don’t be in a hurry about firing. Your officers will tell you when it is time to open fire. Be steady. Keep silence. Fire low. Now, men’—those who know the old soldier can tell how his voice would falter the while his features were kindling—‘ Now, men, the army will watch us ; make me proud of the Highland Brigade ! ’

It was before the battle that this, or the like of this, was addressed to the brigade ; and now . . . he only gave it two words . . . ‘ Forward, 42nd ! ’

Having directed his staff not to follow him, Sir Colin Campbell went forward alone in front of the 42nd. . . . With three battalions Sir Colin Campbell was about to engage no less than twelve ; but the three were in line, and the twelve were massed in five columns. . . . Yet Campbell, having a steadfast faith in Colonel Campbell and in the regiment he commanded, resolved to go straight on, and at once, with his forward movement. . . . The Black Watch advanced firing. . . .

Halting the 42nd in the hollow, Campbell swiftly measured the strength of the approaching column, and he reckoned it so strong that he resolved to prepare for it a front of no less than five companies. . . . Looking to his left rear, he saw his centre battalion springing up to the outer crest. . . . He instantly rode to the left.

In a minute, this fiery 93rd—it was commanded by Colonel Ainslie—came storming over the crest, and, having now at last an enemy’s column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. . . .



*By kind permission of
Mr. Archibald Ramsden, 103 New Bond Street, W.*

Alma—"Forward, 42nd!"
After the Painting by Robert Gibb, R.S.A.

When the 93rd had recovered the perfectness of its array, it again moved forward, but at the steady pace imposed upon it by the chief. The 42nd had already resumed its forward movement; it still advanced firing. . . .

To the stately Black Watch and the hot 93rd, with Campbell leading them on, there was vouchsafed that stronger heart for which the brave pious Museovite had prayed. Over the souls of the men in the columns there was spread, first the gloom, then the swarm of vain delusions, and at last the sheer horror which might be the work of the Angel of Darkness. . . . Unless help should come, the three columns would have to give way.

But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column . . . moved straight at the flank of the 93rd. . . .

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants. . . . Presently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward. . . . Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke, and began to fall back in great confusion; and the left Soudal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the 93rd, and the two columns which had engaged the Black Watch being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

From Invasion of the Crimea.

IV

THE SCOTS FUSILIERS AT ALMA

By D. C. Parry

THE ground was sloping, and the Royal Welsh would seem to have very naturally gathered some speed as they went rearward to re-form, the consequence being considerable disorder in the Fusilier Guards at a very critical moment, helped in addition by the order given to the 23rd.

'Fusiliers, retire!' was shouted, and many of the Scots Guards, who were drilled as Fusiliers, began to act upon the command, thinking it applied to them.

At the moment the regiment was about thirty yards from a battery firing grape and canister point blank, and a strong Russian battalion, to quote an officer who just then lost all his teeth by a bullet, 'letting drive as hard as they could into us.'

The regiment was forced out of its formation and became something like a huge triangle with one corner pointing towards the foe, and at that angle Lieutenant Robert Lindsay was waving the Queen's colours, which had the pole smashed and twenty bullet holes through the silk.

By a tremendous effort the confusion was quelled to some extent, principally by the bold bearing of the lieutenant, who fearlessly exposed himself in all the glory of a brilliant scarlet coat and a display of gold epaulette and lace to match; and of Sergeants Knox and M'Keechie, and Private Reynolds, who were particularly distinguished in encouraging the men, dressing the ranks hastily, and rallying them round the colours. . . .

Lieutenant Annesley, the officer who lost his teeth, was shouting 'Forward, Guards!' when he was wounded; and a letter he wrote to his mother gives a vivid and soul-stirring description of the battle, in which he says that the Russian fire was so hot that one could hardly conceive it possible for anything the size of a rabbit not to be killed.

Yet Lindsay, now Lord Wantage, so well known for his exertions in connection with the Volunteer movement, was not touched, in spite of the huge silk standard he carried and the cool way in which he went forward at the head of the two-deep line.

The Scots Fusilier Guards had come out in the *Simoom*, 29 officers and 935 non-coms. and men, averaging 5 feet 10 inches in height; and at the Alma 14 officers were wounded, every one belonging to No. 5 Company being hit.

Lord Chewton, in particular, was noticed for his attempt to restore order, and there is little doubt that had he lived he would have shared the Victoria Cross with his comrades—Lindsay, Knox, M'Keehnie, and Reynolds; but it was ordained otherwise.

Waving his bearskin, he shouted, 'Come on, my lads, we'll beat them and gain the battle!' but he was hit above the left knee with a ball which shattered the leg, and when in that condition was severely mauled by two Russian privates.

Removed after a time downhill to the hospital, he was found to have been wounded by shot or bayonet in every part of his body except the left hand and arm, and powerful man that he was, he passed away quietly in his sleep on the 8th of October.

From Britain's Roll of Glory.

V

THE SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT BALACLAVA

CAMPBELL was suddenly shorn of two-thirds of the numerical strength engaged in defending the gorge, and the few hundred British soldiers who had hitherto constituted but a fraction of his force were now almost all that remained to him upon the hillock in front of Kediköi. Whilst he waited the movements of an enemy who was altogether some 24,000 or 25,000 strong, he could not help seeing how much was now made to depend upon the steadfastness of the few hundred men who remained with him still on the hillock. He had, however, so great a confidence in his Highlanders that he judged he could safely impart to them the gravity of the occasion. He rode down the line, and said: 'Remember there is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand!' The men cheerily answered his appeal, saying: 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin; we'll do that.' . . .

The four Russian squadrons began their advance . . . not expecting a combat with infantry; when suddenly they saw the slender line of the Highlanders springing up to the top of the hillock. Not unnaturally the Russian horsemen imagined that they were falling into some ambush; and on the other hand, the men of the 93rd, with a wild impetuosity which was characteristic of the battalion as then constituted, showed a mind to rush forward as though undertaking to charge and exterminate cavalry in the open plain; but in a moment Sir Colin was heard crying fiercely, 'Ninety-third! Ninety-third! damn all that eagerness!' and the angry voice of the old soldier quickly steadied the line. The Russian squadrons had come within long musketry range. The Highlanders and the men alongside them delivered their fire; and although they emptied no saddles, they wounded some horses and men. The horsemen thus met abandoned at once their advance upon Campbell's front, and wheeled to their left, as though undertaking to turn his right flank. Sir Colin turned to his aide-de-camp, and—speaking of the officer who led the Russian squadrons—said, 'Shadwell! that man understands his business.' To meet his assailant's change of direction, Campbell caused the grenadier company of the 93rd, under Captain Ross, to bring the left shoulder forward, and show a front towards the north-east.

Stopped at once by this ready manœuvre, and the fire that it brought on their flank, the horsemen wheeled again to the left, and retreated. . . .

Thus was easily brought to an end the advance of those horsemen who had found themselves, during a moment, in the front of a Highland battalion.

From Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*.

VI

SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED AT BALACLAVA

By A. W. Kinglake

THE second squadron of the Inniskillings . . . and the two squadrons of the Greys . . . were the force which constituted 'Scarlett's three hundred.' . . .

When last the sworn friends were together in what they might deign to call fighting, they were under the field-glass of the great Napoleon. Then, as now, the Greys charged in the first line, and on the left of the Inniskillings. . . .

When the Greys got clear of the camping-ground, both they and the Inniskilling squadron on their right began to gather pace. . . . The 'three hundred,' whilst advancing as they did at first in two ranks, were enormously outflanked by the enemy, and it seems that from this circumstance men were instinctively led to give freer scope to the impulses which tended to a prolongation of front. . . .

The difference that there was in the temperaments of the two comrade regiments showed itself in the last moments of the onset. The Scots Greys gave no utterance except to a low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire. The Inniskillings went in with a cheer.

With a rolling prolongation of clamour which resulted from the bends of a line now deformed by its speed, the 'three hundred' crashed in upon the front of the column. They crashed in with a momentum so strong that no cavalry, extended in line and halted, could well have withstood the shock if it had been physically able to turn and fall back; but, whatever might be their inclination, the front-rank men of the Russian column were debarred from all means of breaking away to the rear by the weight of their own serried squadrons sloping up the hillside behind them; and, it being too late for them to evade the concussion by a lateral flight . . . they had no choice but to await and suffer the onslaught.

Here, there, and almost everywhere along the assailed part of the column, the troopers who stood in front rank so sidled and shrank that they suffered the Grey or the Inniskillinger to tear in between them with a licence accorded to a cannon-ball which is seen to be coming, and must not be obstructed, but shunned. So, although by their charge these few horsemen could deliver no blow of such weight as to shake the depths of a column extending far up the hillside, they more or less shivered or sundered the front rank of the mass, and then, by dint of sheer wedge-work and fighting, they opened and cut their way in. . . . As Scarlett had led, so his front line righteously followed; and, within a brief space from the moment of the first crash, the 'three hundred,' after more or less strife, were received into the enemy's column. . . .

In some parts of the column the combatants were so closely locked as to be almost unable, for a while, to give the least movement to their chargers. . . . From a conjuncture of circumstances which must needs be of rare occurrence in modern times, the descendants of the Covenanters had come upon an hour when troopers could once more be striving in that kind of close fight which marked the period of our religious wars—in that kind of close fight which withdraws the individual soldier from his fractional state of existence and exalts him into a

self-depending power. A Scots Grey, in the middle of our own century, might have no enraging cause to inflame him ; but he was of the blood of those who are warriors by temperament, and not because of mere reason. And he, too, had read his Bible. . . . When numbers and numbers of docile, obedient Russians crowded round a Scot of this quality, and beset him on all sides, it did not of necessity result that they had the ascendant. Whilst his right arm was busy with the labour of sword against swords, he could so use his bridle-hand as to be fastening its grip upon the long-coated men of a milder race and tearing them out of their saddles. . . .

The commander of the Russian cavalry . . . resolved to surround the three squadrons which were charging through the front of his column and enfold them in the hug of the bear. Therefore on the right hand and on the left, the wings or fore-arms which grew out from the huge massive trunk began to wheel each of them inwards. . . .

The men of the 4th Dragoon Guards had been advancing with their swords in their scabbards, but at sight of a combat going on . . . instinctively drew. . . . The sight of the enemy's cavalry deliberately wheeling in upon the rear of a British regiment kindled so vehement a zeal in the hearts of the Royals . . . that there was no ceremonious preparation for a charge. A voice cried out, 'By God, the Greys are cut off ! Gallop ! gallop !'

Alexander Miller, the acting adjutant of the Greys, was famous in the regiment for the volume of sound which he drove through the air when he gave the word of command. Over all the clamour of arms, and all the multitudinous uproar, his single voice got dominion. It thundered out, 'Rally !' Then, still louder, it thundered, 'The Greys !' . . .

It would be rash to assign to the attack of any one corps the change which now supervened, but . . . presently those of the Russians who had hitherto maintained their array caused or suffered their horses to back a little. . . . The ranks visibly loosened. In the next instant the whole column was breaking. In the next, all the horsemen . . . were galloping up the hillside and retreating by the way they had come. . . .

The moment the Russian column was seen to be broken, our Dragoons were greeted from afar by a cheer from the 93rd Highlanders ; and before the brigade had completed its rally, Sir Colin Campbell galloped up. When he had come close to the Greys, he uncovered and spoke to the regiment. 'Greys ! gallant Greys !' he said, according to one of the versions, 'I am sixty-one years old, and if I were young again I should be proud to be in your ranks.' . . . And an aide-de-camp came down from Lord Raglan with two gracious syllables for Scarlett conveyed in the message, 'Well done !'

From Invasion of the Crimea.

VII

A SCOTTISH AMAZON AT BALACLAVA

THE Turks in their flight met a new and terrible foe. There came out from the camp of the Highland regiment a stalwart and angry Scotch wife, with an uplifted stick in her hand ; and then, if ever in history, the fortunes of Islam waned low beneath the manifest ascendant of the cross ; for the blows dealt by this Christian woman fell thick on the backs of the faithful. She believed, it seems, that, besides being guilty of running away, the Turks meant to pillage her camp ; and the blows she delivered were not mere expressions of scorn, but actual and fierce punishment. In one instance, she laid hold of a strong-looking, burly Turk, and

held him fast until she had beaten him for some time, and seemingly with great fury; she also applied much invective. Notwithstanding all graver claims upon their attention, the men of the 93rd were able to witness this incident. It mightily pleased and amused them. It amuses men still to remember that the Osmanlis, flying from danger and yearning after a blissful repose, should have chosen a line of retreat where this pitiless dame mounted guard.

From Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.

VIII

THE SCOTS FUSILIERS AT INKERMAN

By A. W. Kinglake

THE two battalions of the Guards which Armstrong had found at Hill Bend were the Grenadiers . . . and the Scots Fusiliers, under Colonel—now General Walker. Together, they had there a strength of more than 700 men. . . .

The Duke of Cambridge was, in one sense, opposing his 700 men to the whole of the thirteen battalions directed against the English position. . . .

At some distance in rear of the Grenadiers, the Scots Fusilier Guards had been advancing in line under a good deal of fire, and already suffering losses; but the battalion at length was halted, and the men, after having closed in, were made to lie down. When the Grenadiers . . . had faced round to the east, they no longer covered the front of the Scots Fusiliers; and Colonel Walker galloped forward to reconnoitre the now unguarded ground which lay straight before him. . . . Presently when at the crest, and looking down thence in the direction of his own front, he saw two of the enemy's columns coming up unopposed from St. Clement's Gorge. . . .

The Russians pushed on their advance, and the two solid columns apparently became more or less interfused; for what now met the eyes of the Scots Fusiliers, and at a distance of only about fifty yards from the brow, was a single though far-spreading mass of the grey-coated soldiery—a mass loosened out from the effect of its march through dense brush-wood, but still plainly held together as an organised body.

When he judged that the moment was ripe, Colonel Walker caused his Scots Fusiliers to deliver a volley and charge. The Russian throng, stricken by fire, and not awaiting the bayonet, rolled back in some haste down the steeps, and the colonel was leading forward his men to press its retreat when an aide-de-camp reached him with orders to stay the pursuit. . . .

The Scots Fusiliers, after having been recalled from their pursuit, were at length drawn up in their place on the left of the Grenadiers. . . .

Against both fronts the enemy's masses were still in a condition to advance, for after their previous discomfiture they had not been pursued, and after forming anew, they could easily repeat their attacks. Troops able in this way to rally in safety after every defeat, and conscious of their great ascendant in numbers, did not fail to make their onsets again and again. . . .

A column of Russian infantry was advancing upon the Sandbag Battery, when Colonel Walker, with the rest of his battalion, fired a volley into the bulk of the column, and charging immediately afterwards, drove it down the hillside, the enemy, this time, retreating in disorder as well as in haste. Walker, following and pursuing with fire, increased the confusion; but again, as before, he was overtaken by an aide-de-camp with orders to stay his advance. He chafed at the

II

THE BLACK WATCH AT BAREILLY

THE Sikhs and our light company advanced in skirmishing order, when some seven to eight hundred matchlock-men opened fire on them, and all at once a most furious charge was made by a body of about three hundred and sixty Rohilla Ghâzis, who rushed out, shouting, '*Bismillâh! Allâh! Allâh! Deen! Deen!*' Sir Colin was close by, and called out, 'Ghâzis, Ghâzis! Close up the ranks! Bayonet them as they come on.' However, they inclined to our left, and only a few came on to the 93rd, and those were mostly bayoneted by the light company, which was extended in front of the line. The main body rushed on the centre of the 42nd; but as soon as he saw them change their direction, Sir Colin galloped on, shouting out, 'Close up, 42nd! Bayonet them as they come on!' But that was not so easily done. The Ghâzis charged with blind fury, with their round shields on their left arms, their bodies bent low, waving their tulwârs over their heads, throwing themselves under the bayonets, and cutting at the men's legs. Colonel Cameron, of the 42nd, was pulled from his horse by a Ghâzi, who leaped up and seized him by the collar while he was engaged with another on the opposite side; but his life was saved by Colour-Sergeant Gardener, who seized one of the enemy's tulwârs, and rushing to the colonel's assistance cut off the Ghâzi's head. General Walpole was also pulled off his horse and received two sword-cuts, but was rescued by the bayonets of the 42nd. The struggle was short, but every one of the Ghâzis was killed. None attempted to escape; they had evidently come on to kill or be killed, and a hundred and thirty-three lay in one circle right in front of the colours of the 42nd.

From Forbes Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*.

III

'BRING ON THE TARTAN!'

WE advanced through the village and came in front of the Seeundrabâgh, when a murderous fire was opened on us from the loopholed wall and from the windows and flat roof of a two-storied building in the centre of the garden. . . . The Punjâbis dashed over the mud wall shouting the war-cry of the Sikhs . . . led by their two European officers, who were both shot down before they had gone a few yards. This staggered the Sikhs and they halted. As soon as Sir Colin saw them waver, he turned to Colonel Ewart, who was in command of the seven companies of the 93rd (Colonel Leith-Hay being in command of the assault), and said, 'Colonel Ewart, bring on the tartan—let my own lads at them.' Before the command could be repeated or the buglers had time to sound the advance, the whole seven companies, like one man, leaped over the wall with such a yell of pent-up rage as I had never heard before nor since. It was not a cheer, but a concentrated yell of rage and ferocity that made the echoes ring again, and it must have struck terror into the defenders, for they actually ceased firing, and we could see them through the breach rushing from the outside wall to take shelter in the two-storied building in the centre of the garden, the gate and doors of which they firmly barred. Here I must not omit to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Pipe-Major John M'Leod, who with seven pipers, the other three being with their companies attacking the barracks, struck up the Highland Charge, called by some 'The Haughs of Cromdale,' and by others 'On wi' the Tartan'—the famous charge of the Great Montrose when he led his Highlanders so often to victory. When all was over



*By kind permission of
Mr. Archibald Ramsden, 103 New Bond Street, W.*

*The Thin Red Line.
93rd Highlanders at Balaclava.
After the Painting by Robert Gibb, R.S.A.*

and Sir Colin complimented the pipe-major on the way he had played, John said, 'I thought the boys would fecht better wi' the national music to cheer them.'

From Forbes Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*.

IV

ON THE ROAD TO CAWNPORE

By *W. H. Fitchett*

HAVELOCK had about the tiniest force that ever set forth to the task of saving an empire. It never was able to put on the actual battlefield 1500 men. There were 76 men of the Royal Artillery; less than 400 of the Madras Fusiliers; less than 300 of the 78th Highlanders; 435 men of the 64th and 190 of the 84th, with 450 Sikhs of somewhat doubtful loyalty; and 50 native irregular horse, whose disloyalty was not in the least doubtful. Havelock's reliable cavalry consisted of 20 volunteers, amateurs mostly, under Barrow. Measured against the scale of modern armies, Havelock's force seems little more than a corporal's guard. But the fighting value of this little army was not to be measured by counting its files. 'Better soldiers,' says Archibald Forbes, 'have never trod this earth.' They commenced their march from Allahabad on July 7; they marched, and fought, and conquered under the intolerable heat of an Indian midsummer, and against overwhelming odds; until when, on September 19—little more than eight weeks afterwards—Outram and Havelock crossed the Ganges in their advance on Lucknow, only 250 of Havelock's 'Ironsides' were left to take part in that advance. In the whole history of the world, men have seldom dared, and endured, and achieved more than did Havelock's column in the gallant but vain struggle to relieve Cawnpore.

Maude commanded its tiny battery; Hamilton led the Highlanders; Stirling the 64th; the gallant ill-fated Renaud, the Fusiliers. Stuart Beatson was Havelock's assistant adjutant-general; Fraser Tytler was his assistant quartermaster-general. Of the Highlanders—the Ross-shire Buffs—Forbes says, 'It was a remarkable regiment. Scottish to the backbone; Highland to the core of its heart. Its ranks were filled with Mackenzies, Macdonalds, Tullochs, Macnabs, Rosses, Gunns, and Mackays. The Christian name of half the grenadier company was Donald. It could glow with the Highland fervour; it could be sullen with the Highland dourness; and, it may be added, it could charge with the stern and irresistible valour of the north.'

When the little force began its march for Cawnpore, the soil was swampy with the first furious showers of the rainy season, and in the intervals of the rain the skies were white with the glare of an Indian sun in July. 'For the first three days,' says Maude, 'they waded in a sea of slush, knee-deep now, and now breast-high, while the flood of tropical rain beat down from overhead. As far to right and left as eye could pierce extended one vast morass.' After these three days' toil through rain and mud, the rains vanished; the sky above them became like white flame, and, till they reached Cawnpore, Havelock's troops had to march and fight under a sun that was wellnigh as deadly as the enemy's bullets.

On July 11 Havelock marched fifteen miles under the intolerable heat to Awapore. Camping for a few hours, he started again at midnight, picked up Renaud's men while the stars were yet glittering in the heaven, pushed steadily on, and at seven o'clock, after a march of sixteen miles, camped at Belinda, four miles out of Futtehpore. The men had outmarched the tents and baggage, and were almost exhausted. They had fallen out and were scattered under the trees, 'some rubbing melted fat on their blistered feet, others cooling their chafes in the

pools; many too dead-beaten to do anything but lie still.' It was Sunday morning.

Suddenly there broke above the groups of tired soldiery the roar of cannon. Grape-shot swept over the camp. Over the crest and down the opposite slopes rode, with shouts and brandished tulwârs, a huge mass of rebel cavalry. It was a genuine surprise! But the bugles rang out shrilly over the scattered elusters of Havelock's men. They fell instantly into formation; skirmishers ran to the front, and the enemy's cavalry came to an abrupt halt. It was a surprise for them too. They had expected to see only Renaud's composite foree—a mere handful; what they beheld instead was Havelock's steady and workmanlike front.

Havelock did not attack immediately. His cool judgment warned him that his over-wearied soldiers needed rest before being flung into the fight, and orders were given for the men to lie down in the rank. Presently the rebel cavalry wheeled aside, and revealed a long front of infantry, with batteries of artillery; and the rebel general, finding the British motionless, actually began a movement to turn their flank.

Then Havelock struck, and struck swiftly and hard. Maude's battery was sent forward. He took his pieces at a run to within two hundred yards of the enemy's front, wheeled round and opened fire. The British infantry, covered by a spray of skirmishers armed with Enfield rifles, swept steadily forward. The rebel general, conspicuous on a gorgeously adorned elephant, was busy directing the movements of his foree; and Maude tells the story of how Stuart Beatson, who stood near his guns, asked him to 'knock over that chap on the elephant.' 'I dismounted,' says Maude, 'and laid the gun myself, a 9-pounder, at a "line of metal" (700 yards) range, and my first clear shot went in under the beast's tail and came out at his chest, rolling it over and giving its rider a bad fall.'

Its rider, as it happened, was Tantia Topec, the Nana's general; and had that 9-pound ball struck him, instead of his elephant, it might have saved the lives of many of the women and children in Cawnpore.

Meanwhile, the 64th and the Highlanders in one resolute charge had swept over the rebel guns. Renaud, with his Fusiliers, had crumpled up their flank, and the Nana's troops, a torrent of fugitives, were in full flight to Futtehpore. The battle was practically won in ten minutes, all the rebel guns being captured—so fierce and swift was the British advance.

The rebel Sepoys knew the fighting quality of the sahibs; but now they found a quite new fierceness in it. Havelock's soldiers were on fire to avenge a thousand murders. And, flying fast, as Trevelyan puts it, the Nana's troops 'told everywhere that the sahibs had come back in strange guise; some draped like women, to remind them what manner of wrong they were sworn to requite; others, conspicuous by tall blue caps, who hit their mark without being seen to fire'—the native description of the Enfield rifle, with which the Madras Fusiliers were armed.

The fight at Futtehpore is memorable as being the first occasion on which British troops and the rebel Sepoys met in open battle. The Nana had shortly before issued a proclamation announcing that the British had 'all been destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who were firm to their religion'; and, as 'no trace of them was left, it became the duty of all the subjects of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence.' But Futtehpore showed that 'all the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people' had not been 'sent to hell.' They had reappeared, indeed, with uncomfortable energy, and a disagreeable determination to dispatch every Sepoy they could capture somewhere in that direction.

Havelock's men had marched nineteen miles, and fought and won a great battle, without a particle of food, and so dreadful was the heat that twelve men died of sunstroke. Havelock camped on July 13 to give his men rest, resumed his march the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th found the Sepoys drawn up in great strength in front of a village called Aong, twenty-two miles south of Cawnpore. Renaud led his Fusiliers straight at the village, and carried it with a furious bayonet charge, but the gallant leader of the 'blue caps' fell, mortally wounded, in the charge. Maude's guns smashed the enemy's artillery, and when the Highlanders and the 64th were seen coming on, the Sepoys fled.

Havelock pressed steadily on, and found the Sepoys had rallied, and were drawn up in a strong position, covered by a rivulet, swollen bank-high with recent rains, known as Pandoo Nuddee. A fine stone bridge crossed the river; it was guarded by a 24-pound gun, a 25-pound carronade, and a strong force of infantry. Havelock quickly developed his plan of attack. Maude raced forward with his guns and placed them at three different points, so as to bring a concentric fire to bear on the bridge. Maude's first blast of spherical case-shell broke the sponge staves of the heavy guns in the rebel battery and rendered them useless.

The Sepoys tried to blow up the bridge. But Maude's fire was hot; Stephenson with his 'blue caps' was coming up at the double, and the Sepoys got flurried. They had mined the bridge, and the mine was fired prematurely. The explosion shattered the parapet of the bridge, but through the white smoke came the Fusiliers, their bayonets sparkling vengefully. The Highlanders followed in support. The bridge was carried, the guns taken, the rebel gunners bayoneted, the rebel centre pierced and broken, and the rebel army itself swept northwards, with infinite dust and noise, in a mere tumult of panic-stricken flight.

The British camped for the night on the battlefield. At three o'clock in the morning, with the stars sparkling keenly over their heads, and a full moon flooding the camp with its white light, Havelock formed up his men. He told them he had learned there were some two hundred women and children still held as prisoners in Cawnpore, the survivors of the massacre of June 27. 'Think of our women and the little ones,' he said, 'in the power of those devils incarnate.' The men answered with a shout, and, without waiting for the word of command, went 'fours right' and took the road.

It was a march of twenty miles. The sun rose and scorched the silent panting ranks of the British with its pitiless heat. The Highlanders suffered most; they were wholly unprepared for a summer campaign, and were actually wearing the heavy woollen doublets intended for winter use; but their stubborn northern blood sustained them. Every now and again, indeed, some poor fellow in the ranks dropped as though shot through the head, literally killed with the heat. Nana Sahib himself held the approach to Cawnpore with seven thousand troops and a powerful artillery, and his position was found to be of great strength.

Havelock studied it for a few minutes with keen and soldierly glance, and formed his plans. He had the genius which can use rules, but which also, on occasions, can dispense with rules. He violated all the accepted canons of war in his attack upon the Nana's position. He amused the enemy's front with the fire of a company of the Fusiliers, and the manœuvres of Barrow's twenty volunteer sabres, while with his whole force he himself swept round to the right to turn the Nana's flank. Havelock, that is, risked his baggage and his communications to strike a daring blow for victory.

As Havelock's men pressed grimly forward, screened by a small grove, they heard the bands of the Sepoy regiments playing 'Auld Lang Sync' and 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' and the sound made the men clutch their muskets with a little touch

of added fury. The Sepoys discovered Havelock's strategy rather late, and swung their guns round to meet it. Their fire smote the flank of Havelock's column cruelly, but the British never paused nor faltered. When Havelock judged his turning movement was sufficiently advanced, he wheeled the column into line. His light guns were sufficient to beat down the fire of the heavy pieces worked by the rebels, and he launched his Highlanders at the battery. They moved dourly forward under a heavy fire, till within eight yards of the guns. Then the bayonets came down to the charge, and with heads bent low and kilts flying in the wind, the Highlanders went in with a run. The charge was in perfect silence, not a shot nor a shout being heard ; but it was so furious that mound and guns were carried in an instant, and the village itself swept through. As Forbes describes it, 'Mad with the ardour of battle, every drop of Highland blood afire in every vein, the Ross-shire men crashed right through the village and cleared it before they dropped out of the double.' They had crushed the enemy's left, taken its guns, and sent a great mass of Sepoys whirling to the rear.

But the moment they emerged from the village the great howitzer of the Nana's centre opened fire upon the Highlanders, and once more the unequal duel between the bayonet and cannon had to be renewed. Havelock himself galloped up to where the Highlanders were re-forming after the confusion and rapture of their rush, and pointing with his sword to the great howitzer, pouring its red torrent of flame upon them, cried : 'Now, Highlanders ! another charge like that wins the day.'

The Gaelic blood was still on fire. The officers could hardly restrain their men till they were roughly formed. In another moment the kilts and bonnets and bayonets of the 78th were pouring in a torrent over the big gun, and the rebel centre was broken. Meanwhile the 64th and the 84th had thrust roughly back Nana Sahib's right wing ; but, fighting bravely, the Sepoys clung with unusual courage to a village about a mile to the rear of the position they first held, and their guns, drawn up in its front, fired fast and with deadly effect.

The Highlanders, pressing on from the centre, found themselves shoulder to shoulder with the 64th, advancing from the left. Maude's guns, with the teams utterly exhausted, were a mile to the rear. Men were dropping fast in the British ranks, worn out with marching and charging under heat so cruel. In the smoke-blackened lines men were stumbling from very fatigue as they advanced on the quick red flashes and eddying smoke of the battery which covered the village. But Havelock, riding with the leading files, knew the soldier's nature 'from the crown of his shako down to his ammunition boots.' 'Who,' he cried, 'is to take that village—the Highlanders or the 64th ?' Both regiments had northern blood in them—the 64th is now known as the North Staffordshire—and that sudden appeal, that pitted regiment against regiment, sent the stout Midlanders of the 64th and the hot-blooded Gaels, from the clachans and glens and loch-sides of Ross-shire, forward in one racing charge that carried guns and village without a check.

The battle seemed won, and Havelock, re-forming his column, moved steadily forward. But Nana was playing his last card, and his general at least showed desperate courage. They made a third stand athwart the Cawnpore road, and within a short distance of Cawnpore itself. A 24-pounder, flanked on either side by guns of lighter calibre, covered the Nana's front, and his infantry, a solid mass, was drawn up behind the guns. Havelock's men had marched twenty miles, and made a dozen desperate charges. Their guns were far in the rear. Yet to halt was to be destroyed.

Havelock allowed his men to fling themselves panting on the ground for a



Sketched from the Deal Road.
W. Burgess, del et lith.

Highland Brigade Leaving Dover.

The Last March in Brigade of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders from
Dover Castle, previous to their leaving England for India.

From engraving kindly lent by
Messrs Robson & Co., 23 Coventry Street W

few minutes; then, riding to the front, and turning his back to the enemy's guns, so as to face the men, he cried in his keen, high-pitched voice, 'The longer you look at it, men, the less you will like it! The brigade will advance—left battalion leading.'

The left battalion was the 64th. Major Stirling promptly brought forward his leading files, and Havelock's son and aide-de-camp galloped down, and, riding beside Stirling, shared with him the leadership of the charge—a circumstance for which the 64th, as a matter of fact, scarcely forgave him, as they wanted no better leadership than that of their own major. There was less of *élan* and dash about this charge than in the earlier charges of the day; but in steady valour it was unsurpassed. . . .

When the steady but shot-tormented line of the 64th found itself so near the battery that through the whirling smoke they could see the toiling gunners and the gleam of Sepoy bayonets beyond them, then the British soldiers made their leap. With a shout they charged on and over the guns and through the lines behind, and Nana Sahib's force was utterly and finally crushed. Havelock had not a sabre to launch at the flying foe; but his tired infantry, who had walked twenty miles, and fought without pause for four hours, kept up the pursuit till the outer edge of Cawnpore was reached. Then Havelock halted them; and, piling arms, the exhausted soldiers dropped in sections where they stood, falling asleep on the bare ground, careless of food or tents.

From Tales of the Indian Mutiny.

V

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL BEFORE LUCKNOW

By Forbes Mitchell

THE 93rd formed the extreme left of the line in quarter-distance column, in full Highland costume, with feather bonnets and dark waving plumes, a solid mass of brawny-limbed men. I have never seen a more magnificent regiment than the 93rd looked that day, and I was, and still am, proud to have formed one of its units.

The old chief rode along the line, commencing from the right, halting and addressing a short speech to each corps as he came along. The eyes of the 93rd were eagerly turned towards Sir Colin and his staff as he advanced, the men remarking among themselves that none of the other corps had given him a single cheer, but had taken whatever he had said to them in solemn silence. At last he approached us. We were called to attention, and formed close column, so that every man might hear what was said. When Sir Colin rode up, he appeared to have a worn and haggard expression on his face; but he was received with such a cheer, or rather shout of welcome, as made the echoes ring from the Alumbagh and the surrounding woods. His wrinkled brow at once became smooth, and his wearied-looking features broke into a smile, as he acknowledged the cheer by a hearty salute, and addressed us almost exactly as follows. I stood near him and heard every word. 'Ninety-third! when I took leave of you in Portsmouth, I never thought I should see you again. I expected the bugle, or maybe the bagpipes, to sound a call for me to go somewhere else long before you would be likely to return to our dearly loved home. But another commander has decreed it otherwise, and here I am prepared to lead you through another campaign. And I must tell you, my lads, there is work of difficulty and danger before us—harder work and greater dangers than any we encountered in the Crimea. But I trust to you to overcome the difficulties and to brave the dangers. The eyes of the people

at home—I may say the eyes of Europe and of the whole of Christendom—are upon us; and we must relieve our countrymen, women and children, now shut up in the Residency of Lucknow. The lives at stake are not merely those of soldiers, who might well be expected to cut themselves out, or to die sword in hand. We have to rescue helpless women and children from a fate worse than death. When you meet the enemy, you must remember that he is well armed and well provided with ammunition, and that he can play at long bowls as well as you can, especially from behind loopholed walls. So when we make an attack you must come to close quarters as quickly as possible; keep well together, and use the bayonet. Remember that the cowardly Sepoys, who are eager to murder women and children, cannot look a European soldier in the face when it is accompanied with cold steel. Ninety-third! you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work!’

A voice from the ranks called out: ‘Ay, ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we’ll bring the women and children out o’ Lucknow or die wi’ you in the attempt!’ and the whole regiment burst into another ringing cheer, which was taken up by the whole line.

From Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny.

VI

SOME HEROES OF LUCKNOW

By D. C. Parry

THE mutineers rushed into the square and began murdering the wounded.

With Surgeon Home were Swanson of the 78th, Captain Becher, 40th Native Infantry, three wounded men, and nine soldiers, the remnant of the escort as yet unhurt, and their struggle for life, and the lives of those poor fellows out in the open, was absolutely Homeric.

They got into a house through an open door in the arch, and for half an hour one man kept the yelling crowd at bay, while the others shouted in chorus to make the rebels think they were more numerous. . . .

Surgeon Home was the only unwounded officer in the house, and his time was divided between dressing the others and taking his turn to fire; finally a man was posted at each window and three in the doorway, and through a bullet-hole in the shutter the surgeon saw a rebel creep within three yards of him.

He promptly killed him with his revolver, and Private Hollowell, of the Ross-shire Buffs, picked off another very neatly, after which there was a long pause. . . . But suddenly there came a dull rumble from the square that brought them all to their feet in an instant. . . .

The rumble eventually resolved itself, not into a fieldpiece, which would have finished them, but a large screen on wheels with which the rebels closed up the door, shutting the besieged up in a trap, as they hoped, to be burned out by blazing straw flung down through the roof.

The house caught fire; the smoke rolled in in choking volumes, and the heat became unbearable; but there was another door opening on to the square, and through that they resolved to make a last dash.

Taking up three of their number who were the most badly hurt, they charged out and made for a shed ten yards away on the north side; but strange to tell, the wounded alone were struck again, all three subsequently dying, while their comrades reached the shed unhurt, though more than five hundred of the surprised rebels are said to have fired at them as they ran.

Panting, they counted their numbers in that new retreat, and there were

only six left who could bear arms, the other four being unable to do more than keep a look-out at the loopholes which riddled the shed's side. . . .

By placing a wounded man at each embrasure to give the alarm, they prevented any serious casualty, but an awful thing occurred which froze the very blood in their veins.

When in the house at the archway their rifles had to some extent protected the miserable wounded still lying in their dhoolies in the square, but now they were left powerless, and the Sepoys, stealing up to the farther side of each palanquin, began slowly to murder them with knives and bayonets, even burning some alive.

The screams were heartrending ; men called in agonising voices for help ; but the hideous work went on until the ground reeked like the floor of a slaughter-house. . . .

Now came a fresh peril to the surgeon and his men in the shed, for, too craven to attack in front where the rifles of M'Manus and Hollowell and Home's revolver were waiting at the loopholes, a trampling overhead told them that the enemy were breaking in the roof to fire down upon them.

Though the muzzles of the mutineers' muskets were within four feet of them, none were seriously wounded, and as the little garrison could tell by the stamping where the rebels were, many a Sepoy rolled off into the square, howling with pain, or fell heavily and lay motionless where he fell.

Still the handful found it too hot to stand, and they broke a hole into the courtyard, from which, when darkness came to their aid, Surgeon Home and one of the men crept to a large mosque thirty yards away, into which the doctor climbed by getting on to his comrade's shoulders.

The mosque was empty, and returning to the men who had remained on guard, they beckoned to the others to follow.

There was some hesitation, and the Sepoys on the roof, detecting Home, opened fire again, but though the two had to return post haste, they brought with them a *chatty* of fresh water, which proved a veritable godsend. . . .

The water gave them all a little gleam of hope, and posting sentries at various parts of the shed, they prepared to pass the night of horrors, with the babble of several who were delirious in their ears, and the catlike tread of the murderous scoundrels above them.

More than one false alarm disturbed the silent hours ; but the Sepoys eventually left the roof, and Lucknow seemed to be sleeping.

One man proposed to run out and attempt to escape, and two others offered to join him, but the rest declined to leave the wounded ; and about two o'clock in the morning they heard the sound of heavy firing not far off.

Madly they shouted with what voice was left to them, thinking it was a relief ; but the firing died away again, and bitter disappointment followed. . . .

Hope then died out ; most of them cared little whether they lived or died, until, soon after dawn . . . more firing was heard, and Private Regan shouted, ' Boys, them's our own chaps ! '

' Cheer together, men ! ' exclaimed Surgeon Home, as they distinguished the well-known ring of the Enfield rifles ; and they cheered together—a cheer with more than one sob in it—but a cheer that was answered by another and another as our fellows charged into that ghastly ' Dhoolie Square,' and swept it of its rebel garrison, the rescued handful also firing their remaining shots as they rushed out to join their deliverers.

The 93rd Highlanders won no less than seven Crosses in and about Lucknow. . . .

In the fury and rush Private Mackay took a colour, not without a hard tussle for it ; Grant killed five of the Sepoys in defence of an officer who had got possession of that or another ensign, for the account is vague ; Munro, a colour-sergeant, rescued a wounded officer and carried him out, being severely wounded in doing so, and still they had not finished in the nooks and corners of that charnel-house—not until they left two thousand dead to be gathered in a pile to pollute the air for days, as we learn from one who was present.

All four won the Cross, and their comrade Paton founded *his* claim when he reconnoitred the neighbouring Shahnuggif under fire, and found the hole through which they poured with their fierce slogan. On the same day Captain Stewart led straight for the guns which commanded the mess-house, took them, and was elected by his brother officers for the little bronze trinket.

But all these heroes pale before one other wielder of the basket-hilted claymore, the late mighty M'Bean, as unassuming in manner as he was irresistible in war, although not by any means a giant.

Nearer and nearer the British troops had drawn to the doomed stronghold of the mutineers ; kites had actually been seen flying high up in the sky, while our guns boomed loudly ; but there came a moment when the self-satisfied rascals had no time to think of amusements, and one of those moments was when the 93rd stood at ease near the Begum Bagh Palace, waiting, in a remarkable silence, to repeat their Secundrabagh experience. . . .

When the word was given, a curious angry cry rose from the ranks, rather a snarl than a cheer, and almost immediately the tartan kilts were battling in the breach. 'Then was Adjutant M'Bean observed, hewing right and left ; tremendous was his onslaught, and before he sheathed his sword the blood of eleven Sepoys encrusted it, all slain single-handed.'

Some time afterwards, at a regimental parade, William M'Bean stood forward, and General Sir R. Garratt pinned the Cross on his breast with the words : 'This Cross has been awarded to you for the conspicuous gallantry you displayed at the assault of the enemy's position at Lucknow, on which occasion you killed eleven of the enemy, by whom you were surrounded ; and a good day's work it was, sir.'

'Tutts,' said M'Bean, in his simplicity, forgetting altogether where he was ; 'it didna tak me twenty minutes.'

He had been an Inverness-shire ploughman before he enlisted, and one anecdote of him is worth recording.

A bullying non-com. had made himself so objectionable that another private suggested to M'Bean that he should get him in a quiet corner and punch his head.

'Tutts, mon,' was the reply, 'twadna do at a' ; I am going to command this regiment before I leave it, and 'twad be a bad start to thrash the drill corporal.' He kept his word, passing through every rank with honour to himself and the 93rd.

From Parry's V.C.

VII

NOTE ON THE SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

THE 93rd was no ordinary regiment. They were then the most Scotch of all the Highland regiments ; in brief, they were a military Highland parish, minister and elders complete. The elders were selected from among the men of all ranks—two sergeants, two corporals, and two privates ; and I believe it was the only regiment in the army which had a regular service of communion-plate ; and in time of peace the Holy Communion, according to the Church of Scotland, was administered by the regimental chaplain twice a year.

From Forbes Mitchell's Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny.

VIII

THE STORMING OF LUCKNOW

By W. H. Fitchett

ON the morning of the 9th Outram's guns opened on the first line of the Sepoy defences, that to which the canal served as a wet ditch, with fire that swept it from flank to flank. Campbell was pouring the fire of Peel's guns upon the Martinere, which served as a sort of outwork to the long canal rampart, and at two o'clock the Highland regiments—the 42nd leading, and the 93rd in support—were launched on the enemy's position. The men of the 93rd were too impatient to be content with 'supporting' the 42nd, and the two regiments raced down the slope side by side. Earthworks, trenches, rifle-pits were leaped or clambered over, and almost in a moment the Sepoys were in wild flight across the canal. The Highlanders, with the 4th Punjaub Rifles, followed them eagerly, and broke through the enemy's first line.

Outram's first battery, as we have said, was sweeping this line with a cruel flank of fire. The Sepoys had been driven from their guns in the batteries that abutted on the river, and they seemed to be deserted. Adrian Hope's men were attacking, at that moment, the farther or southern end of the line; and Butler, of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, with four privates, ran down to the bank of the river and tried to attract the attention of the British left, some third of a mile distant; but in vain. The river was sixty yards wide, the current ran swiftly, the farther bank was held by Sepoy batteries; and though no Sepoy could be seen, yet it might well be that scores were crouching under its shelter. Butler, however, with the ready daring of youth, threw off his coat and boots, scrambled down the river bank, plunged into the stream, and swam across it. He climbed up the farther bank, mounted the parapet of the abandoned work, and standing there, waved his arms to the distant Highlanders. It was not a very heroic figure! His wet uniform clung to his limbs, the water running down hair and face. The Sepoys nigh at hand opened a sharp fire upon him. But still that damp figure stood erect and cool, showing clear against the sky-line.

Butler was seen from the British left, and the meaning of his gestures understood; but a staff officer, with more punctiliousness than common sense, objected to the troops moving along the line till orders had been received to that effect. So a brief delay occurred. Still that damp figure stood aloft, shot at from many points, but vehemently signalling. Now the Highlanders and Sikhs came eagerly on, and Butler, having handed over to them the battery which, wet and unharmed, he had captured, scrambled down into the river, and swam back to rejoin his regiment. It was a gallant feat, and the Victoria Cross, which rewarded it, was well earned.

That night the British were content with holding the enemy's first line. On the 10th Campbell, who, for all his hot Scottish temper, was the wariest and most deliberate of generals, was content with pushing Outram's batteries still farther up the north bank, so as to command the mess-house and the Begum's Palace. On the left, the building known as Bank's House was battered with artillery and carried. The two blades of the scissors, in a word, had been thrust far up into the city, and now they were to be closed. Betwixt the positions held to the right and to the left, stood the great mass of buildings known as the Begum Kothe, the Begum's Palace. This was strongly held, and the fight which carried it was the most stubborn and bloody in the whole operations of the siege.

The guns played fiercely upon it for hours; by the middle of the afternoon

a slight breach had been effected, and it was resolved to assault. Forbes Mitchell says that the men of the 93rd were finishing their dinners when they noticed a stir among the staff officers. The brigadiers were putting their heads together. Suddenly the order was given for the 93rd to fall in. 'This was quietly done, the officers taking their places, the men tightening their belts, and pressing their bonnets firmly on their heads, loosening the ammunition in their pouches, and seeing that the springs of their bayonets held tight.' A few seconds were spent in these grim preparations, there came the sharp word of command that stiffened the whole regiment into an attitude of silent eagerness—the Begum's Palace was to be rushed.

It was a block of buildings of vast size and strength. The breach was little more than a scratch in the wall of the gateway, which it needed the activity of a goat to climb, and which only British soldiers, daringly led, would have undertaken to assault in the teeth of a numerous enemy. And there were nearly five thousand Sepoys within that tangle of courts! The storming party consisted of the 93rd and the 4th Punjaub Rifles, led by Adrian Hope. The 93rd led, the Punjaubees were in support, and the rush was fierce and daring. It is said that the adjutant of the 93rd, M'Bean, cut down with his own sword no less than eleven of the enemy, in forcing his way through the breach; and he won the Victoria Cross by his performance. He was an Inverness ploughman when he enlisted in the 93rd, and he rose through all its ranks until he commanded the regiment.

Captain M'Donald was shot dead while leading his men. His senior lieutenant took the company on, until the charging crowd was stopped by a ditch eighteen feet wide, and from twelve to fourteen feet deep. The stormers leaped, with hardly a pause, into the ditch, but it seemed impossible to climb up the farther bank. Wood, of the grenadier company, however, elambered on to the shoulders of a tall private, and, claymore in hand, mounted the farther side. The spectacle of a Highland bonnet and menacing claymore making its appearance above the ditch, proved too much for the Sepoys. They fled, and Wood pulled up man after man by the muzzle of his rifle—the rifles, it may be mentioned as an interesting detail, were all loaded, and on full cock! Highlanders and Punjaubees, racing side by side, had now broken into the great palace. Every doorway was barred and loopholed, and the Sepoys fought desperately; but the Highlanders, with the Punjaubees in generous rivalry, broke through barrier after barrier, till they reached the inner square, filled with a mass of Sepoys. 'The word,' Forbes Mitchell says, was 'Keep well together, men, and use the bayonet,' and that order was diligently obeyed. The combat raged for over two hours, the pipe-major of the 93rd blowing his pipes shrilly during the whole time. 'I knew,' he said afterwards, 'our boys would fight all the better while they heard the bagpipes.' When the main fight was over, in the inner court of the Begum's Palace, alone, over 860 of the enemy lay dead. Colin Campbell himself described it as 'the sternest struggle which occurred during the siege.'

The most gallant, but ill-fated soldier, Adrian Hope, personally led one of the storming parties. It is said that he got in through a window, up to which he was lifted, and through which he was pushed by his men. He was sent headlong and sprawling upon a group of Sepoys in the dark room inside. That apparition of the huge, red-headed Celt tumbling upon them, sword and pistol in hand, was too much for the Sepoys, and they fled without striking a blow.

From Tales of the Indian Mutiny.

IX

THE PIPES OF LUCKNOW

By J. G. Whittier

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills,
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear,—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day,' the soldier said ;
'To-morrow, death 's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
'Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
The Pipes of Havelock sound !'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

Like the march of soundless music
 Through the vision of the seer,
 More of feeling than of hearing,
 Of the heart than of the ear,
 She knew the droning pibroch,
 She knew the Campbell's call :
 ' Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
 The grandest o' them all ! '

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
 And they caught the sound at last ;
 Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
 Rose and fell the pipers' blast !
 Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
 Mingled woman's voice and man's :
 ' God be praised !—the march of Havelock !
 The piping of the clans ! '

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
 Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call
 Stinging all the air to life.
 But when the far-off dust-cloud
 To plaided legions grew,
 Full tenderly and blithesomely
 The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
 Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
 The air of Auld Lang Syne.
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
 And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper,
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle,
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The Pipes of Lucknow played.

X

A SURGEON OF THE SEAFORTHS

'SURGEON JOSEPH JEE was selected by his brother officers for the Victoria Cross. On September 25, 1857, the 78th Highlanders had been left behind to protect the passage of the Char Bagh Bridge. The enemy, seeing their isolated position, gathered round them from every quarter, occupying all the neighbouring buildings. From the tops of these came a perfect hail of musket-bullets, while two



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'The Relief of Lucknow.
After the Painting by Thomas J. Barker.

heavy guns were enfilading the regiment with deadly accuracy. Ordered not to move till every bullock had crossed the bridge, the regiment for a long time remained halted. At length, becoming desperate, they charged the guns, dashing up the street with a loud cheer, led by their adjutant, whose horse had been shot under him. They were received by a volley, and men dropped in numbers; but the survivors persevered, reached the guns, and after a short, sharp struggle, captured them. Dr. Jee contrived, by great personal exertions, in getting the wounded who had been hit in the charge carried off on the backs of their comrades, till he had succeeded in collecting the dhooly-bearers who had fled. He is said to have exposed himself in the most devoted manner.

‘Later on, while trying to reach the Residency with the wounded under his charge, he was obliged to throw himself into the Moti Mehal, where he remained besieged the whole of the following night and morning.’

The official account says that he repeatedly exposed himself to a heavy fire in proceeding to dress the wounded men who fell while serving a 24-pounder in a most exposed situation. He eventually succeeded in taking many of the wounded, through a cross-fire of ordnance and musketry, safely into the Residency, by a river bank, although repeatedly warned not to make the perilous attempt.

From Official Report.

XI

THE FLAG OF THE REGIMENT

The address of His Excellency, Sir Hugh Rose, Commander-in-Chief in India, on presenting new colours to the 42nd Royal Highlanders at Bareilly, on the 1st January 1861.

‘42ND HIGHLANDERS,

‘I do not ask you to defend the colours I have presented to you this day. It would be superfluous: you have defended them for nearly a hundred and fifty years with the best blood of Scotland. I do not ask you to carry these colours to the front should you again be called into the field; you have borne them round the world with success. But I do ask the officers and soldiers of this gallant and devoted regiment not to forget, because they are of ancient date, but to treasure in their memories the recollection of the brilliant deeds of arms of their forefathers and kinsmen, the scenes of which are inscribed on these colours. There is not a name on them which is not a study; there is not a name on them which is not connected with the most important events of the world’s history, or with the pages of the military annals of England.

‘The soldiers of the 42nd cannot have a better or more instructive history than their regimental records. They tell how, a hundred years ago, the 42nd won the honoured name of “Royal” at Ticonderoga in America, losing, although only one battalion, 647 killed and wounded; how the 42nd gained the “Red Heckle” in Flanders; how Abercromby and Moore in Egypt and in Spain, dying in the arms of victory, thanked with parting breath the 42nd. Well might the heroes do so! The fields of honour on which they were expiring were strewn with the dead and wounded soldiers of the 42nd.

‘The 42nd enjoys the greatest distinction to which British regiments can aspire. They have been led and commanded by the great Master in War, the Duke of Wellington. Look at your colours: their badges will tell you how often—and this distinction is the more to be valued because his Grace, so soldier-like and just was he, never would sanction a regiment’s wearing a badge if the battle

in which they had been engaged—no matter how bravely they may have fought in it—was not only an important one but a victory.

‘In the Crimea, in the late campaign in this country, the 42nd again did excellent service under my very gallant and distinguished predecessor, Lord Clyde. The last entry in the regimental records shows that the spirit of the Black Watch of 1729 was the same in 1859, when No. 6 company of the 42nd, aided only by a company of the Kumaon levy, four guns, and a squadron of irregular cavalry, under Sir Robert Walpole, beat back, after several hours’ obstinate fighting, and with severe loss, two thousand rebels of all arms, and gained the day. Lord Clyde bestowed the highest praise on the company that a general can do—his lordship thanked them for their valour and their discipline.

‘I am sincerely obliged to Lieutenant-Colonel Priestly for having, on the part of the 42nd Highlanders, requested me to present them with their new colours. It is an honour and a favour which I highly prize, the more so because I am of Highland origin and have worn for many years the tartan of another regiment which does undying honour to Scotland—the 92nd Highlanders.

‘I have chosen this day—New Year’s Day—for the presentation of colours, because on New Year’s Day in 1785 the colours were given to the 42nd, under which they won their red plume. Besides, New Year’s Day all over the world, particularly in Scotland, is a happy day. Heaven grant that it may be a fortunate one for this regiment.’

CHAPTER IX

Frontier Campaigns in India, and Native Wars in Africa and Egypt

1852-1898

I

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

The Story of the Regiment

APART from regimental histories, which are not so written as to make much appeal to the general reader, the only regiments in the British Army that have had the great stories of their past movingly and dramatically narrated are the Black Watch and the Gordon Highlanders. In his *Legends of the Black Watch*, and in some of his novels, James Grant has clothed the records of that gallant corps with the glamour of romance that of right belongs to it—for there is nothing more romantic than the truth, when it falls into hands that can re-endow it with life. Grant dealt with the Gordons in *The Romance of War*—indeed, no regiment has had more histories written round it. It has been elaborately dealt with by Lieut.-Col. Greenhill Gardyne; and by Mr. J. M. Bulloch in *Territorial Soldiering*, *The Gay Gordons*, and in divers articles and miscellaneous publications. Moreover, the Gordons are fortunate in a succinct history of their achievements in Mr. James Milne's *The Gordon Highlanders*.

The two battalions of the Gordon Highlanders were raised in Scotland as two separate regiments; the 1st, under Sir Robert Abercromby, as the 75th Regiment of Foot, in 1758; the 2nd by the famous House of Gordon, as the 100th (Gordon Highlanders) Regiment of Foot, in 1794. The 1st, thrice disbanded or dispersed for garrison service and then re-formed, varied its name to the 75th (Prince of Wales's) Regiment; the 75th (Highland) Regiment, otherwise Abercromby's Highlanders, to the plain 75th Regiment of Foot; and then, in 1862, to the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment. Meanwhile, after four years as the 100th, the 2nd battalion became the familiar 92nd (Highland) Regiment of Foot in 1798; in 1861, the 92nd (Gordon Highlanders) Regiment; and in 1881 both battalions were joined under the name they have continued to make glorious in our recent wars—the Gordon Highlanders. When the 75th, which wore trews, was thus merged into the 92nd, which wore the kilt, some wag of the regiment wrote this epitaph, which is still to be found in Sa Maison Gardens, near Florence Barracks, Malta:

Here lies the poor old Seventy-fifth,
But, under God's protection,
They'll rise again in kilt and hose,
A glorious resurrection!
For by the transformation power
Of Parliamentary laws,
We go to bed the Seventy-fifth
And rise the Ninety-twa's!

The following list of their principal campaigns and battles says all that need be said here in praise of the Gordons :

Belle-Isle, 1761.	Flushing, 1809.	Afghanistan, 1878-80.
Portugal, 1762.	Fuentes d'Onoro, 1811.	Charasiah, 1879.
America, 1778-83.	Arroyo dos Molinos, 1811.	Kabul, 1879.
India, 1791-1806.	Almaraj, 1812.	Kandahar, 1880.
Seringapatam, 1792.	Vittoria, 1813.	South Africa, 1881.
Malabar and Goa, 1795-7.	Maya, 1813.	Egypt, 1882-4.
Mysore, 1799.	Pyrenees, 1813.	Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.
Seringapatam, 1799.	Nive, 1813.	Nile, 1884-5.
Crabbendam, 1799.	Orthes, 1814.	El Teb, 1884.
Bergen, 1799.	Quatre Bras, 1815.	Tamai, 1884.
Egmont-op-Zee, 1799.	Waterloo, 1815.	Chitral, 1895.
Quiberon, 1799.	Netherlands, 1815.	Tirah, 1897-8.
Mandora, 1801.	South Africa, 1835.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Egypt, 1801.	Indian Mutiny, 1857-8.	Magersfontein, 1900.
Alexandria, 1801.	Delhi, 1857.	Cæsar's Camp, 1900.
Copenhagen, 1807.	Agra, 1857.	Waggon Hill, 1900.
Peninsula, 1808-14.	Cawnpore, 1857.	Paardeberg, 1900.
Corunna, 1809.	Lucknow, 1858.	Thabanchu, 1900.

II

HOW THE ARGYLLS AND THE H.L.I. WENT DOWN ON 'THE BIRKENHEAD'

By G. L. Goff

ON the 7th of January 1852, the iron paddle troopship *Birkenhead*, of 1400 tons and 556 horse-power, commanded by Master Commander Robert Salmond, sailed from the coast of Cork, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, with detachments from the depots of ten regiments, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, of the 74th Highlanders. Altogether there were on board about 631 persons, including a crew of 132, the rest being soldiers with their wives and children. Of the soldiers, a detachment under Captain Wright belonged to the 91st. The *Birkenhead* made a fair passage out, and reached Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 23rd of February, when Captain Salmond was ordered to proceed eastward immediately, and land the troops at Algoa Bay and Buffalo River. The *Birkenhead* accordingly sailed again about six o'clock on the evening of the 25th, the night being almost perfectly calm, the sea smooth, and the stars out. Men as usual were told off to keep a look-out, and a leadsman was stationed on the paddle-box next the land, which was at a distance of about three miles on the port side. Shortly before two o'clock on the morning of the 26th, when all who were not on duty were sleeping peacefully below, the leadsman got soundings in twelve or thirteen fathoms. Ere he had time to get another cast of the lead, the *Birkenhead* was suddenly and rudely arrested in her course : she had struck on a sunken rock surrounded by deep water, and was firmly fixed upon its jagged points. The water immediately rushed into the forepart of the ship, and drowned many soldiers who were sleeping on the lower deck. . . .

Captain Salmond . . . at once appeared on deck with the other naval and military officers. The captain ordered the engine to be stopped, the small bower anchor to be let go, the paddle-box boats to be got out, and the quarter-boats



By kind permission of Sir William Ingram, Bart.

Kandahar.

The 92nd Highlanders and 2nd Goorkhas storming
Gandi Mullah Sahibdad.

After the Painting by F. Caton Woodville

to be lowered and to lie alongside the ship. On coming on deck, Lieutenant-Colonel Seton at once comprehended the situation, and without hesitation made up his mind what it was the duty of brave men and British soldiers to do under the circumstances. He impressed upon the other officers the necessity of preserving silence and discipline among the men. He then ordered the soldiers to draw up on both sides of the quarter-deck, the men obeying as if about to undergo an inspection. A party was told off to work the pumps, another to assist the sailors in lowering the boats, and another to throw the poor horses overboard. 'Every one did as he was directed,' says Captain Wright of the 91st; 'all received their orders, and had them carried out as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom; there was only this difference—that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion.'

Meanwhile Captain Salmond, thinking no doubt to get the ship safely afloat again and to steam her nearer to the shore, ordered the engineer to give the paddles a few backward turns. This only hastened the destruction of the ship, which again struck upon the rocks, so that a great hole was torn in the bottom, letting the water rush in volumes into the engine-room and putting out the fires.

The situation was now more critical than ever; but the soldiers remained quietly in their places, while Colonel Seton stood in the gangway with his sword drawn, seeing the women and children safely passed down into the cutter which the captain had provided for them. This duty was speedily effected, and the cutter was ordered to lie off about a hundred and fifty yards from the rapidly sinking ship. In about ten minutes after she first struck, she broke in two at the foremast, the mast and the funnel falling over to the starboard side, crushing many, and throwing into the water those who were endeavouring to clear the paddle-box boat; but the men kept their places, though many of them were mere lads who had been in the service only a few months. Besides the cutter into which the women and children had been put, only two small boats were got off, all the others having been stove in by the falling timbers, or otherwise rendered useless. When the ship had broken in two, she began rapidly to sink forward, and those who remained on board clustered on to the poop at the stern, all, however, without the least disorder. At last Captain Salmond, seeing that nothing more could be done, advised all who could swim to jump overboard and make for the boats. But Colonel Seton told the men that if they did so, they would be sure to swamp the boats and send the women and children to the bottom; he therefore asked them to keep their places, and they obeyed. The *Birkenhead* was now rapidly sinking. The officers shook hands and bade each other farewell, immediately after which the ship again broke in two abaft the main mast, when the hundreds who had bravely stuck to their posts were plunged with the sinking wreck into the sea.

'Until the vessel disappeared,' says an eye-witness, 'there was not a cry or murmur from the soldiers or sailors. Those who could swim struck out for the shore, but few ever reached it; most of them either sank from exhaustion, or were devoured by the sharks, or were dashed to death on the rugged shore near Point Danger, or entangled in the death-grip of the long arms of seaweed that floated thickly near the coast.' . . .

Of the 631 souls on board, 438 were drowned, only 193 being saved; not a woman or child was lost.

From Historical Records of the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders.

III

THE BLACK WATCH

By Dugald Dhu

Written for Waterloo Day, 1868.

HAIL, gallant regiment ! Freiceadan Dubh !
 Whenever Albion needs thine aid
 ' Aye ready ! ' for whatever foe
 Shall dare to meet the black brigade !
 Witness disastrous Fontenoy,
 When all seemed lost, who brought us through ?
 Who saved defeat ? secured retreat ?
 And bore the brunt ?—The Forty-Two !

So, at Corunna's grand retreat,
 When, far outnumbered by the foe,
 The patriot Moore made glorious halt,
 Like setting sun in fiery glow :
 Before us foamed the rolling sea,
 Behind, the carrion eagles flew ;
 But Scotland's ' Watch ' proved Gallia's match
 And won the game by Forty-Two !

The last time France stood British fire,
 The Watch gained glory at its cost,
 At Quatre Bras and Hugomont
 Three dreadful days they kept their post ;
 Ten hundred there who formed in square
 Before the close a handful grew ;
 The little phalanx never flinched
 Till Boney ran from Waterloo !

The Forty-Second never dies,
 It hath a regimental soul ;
 Fond Scotia, weeping, filled the blanks
 Which Quatre Bras left in its roll.
 At Alma, at Sevastapool,
 At Lucknow waved its bonnets blue !
 Its dark green tartan who but knows ?
 What heart but warms to Forty-Two ?

But while we glory in the corps,
 We 'll mind their martial brethren too :
 The Ninety-Second, Seventy-Ninth,
 And Seventy-First—all Waterloo !
 The Seventy-Second, Seventy-Fourth,
 The Ninety-Third—all tried and true !
 The Seventy-Eighth, real ' men of Ross ' :
 Come, count their honours, Forty-Two !

Eight noble regiments of the Queen,
 God grant they long support her crown ;
 Shoulder to shoulder, Hielandmen,
 United rivals in renown !
 We 'll wreathe the rose with heath that blows
 Where barley-rigs yield mountain dew,
 And pledge the Celt, in trows or kilt,
 Whence Scotland drafts her Forty-Two !

IV

COLONEL M'LEOD AT KOOMASSEE

By Viscount Wolseley

FOR the honour of breaking through the masses of the enemy that crowded the road leading to King Koffee's capital, I selected my best battalion, the Black Watch. No finer body of men, with more gallant officers, or under a better or more determined leader than Colonel M'Leod, were ever sent upon such a mission. Rait's guns raked the road with a heavy shell fire, whilst volley after volley of musketry must have slain hundreds, and thus helped to open a path for those splendid Highlanders. The orders I gave Colonel M'Leod were to disregard all flank attacks as much as possible, and to push forward straight for Koomassee. . . .

It was inspiring to see this distinguished Scottish gentleman sally suddenly forth from the village at the head of his historic Highlanders, their pipes playing the old warlike music of Scotland, all ranks knowing full well that come what might they must sleep that night at Koomassee or die on the road to it. Of ambuscades many were encountered and each taken with a rush ; for what were such obstacles to men like those of the Black Watch ! They were for the first moment, as they pushed forward from Ordahsa, met with a terrific fire : many fell wounded, but nothing could stop them. The Ashantees seemed at last to realise this, for the shouting in front ceased for a moment as they fled in all directions in wild confusion. . . .

Just before I entered the city Sir A. Alison had drawn up the troops on a wide open place in the city where he received me with a general salute. . . . All ranks felt they had done a brilliant day's work, and for our victory I am sure many fervent thanks went up to God that night.

From The Story of a Soldier's Life.

V

A COLOUR-SERGEANT OF THE SEAFORTHS

By D. C. Parry

DURING the early advance a Victoria Cross was gallantly won by Colour-Sergeant John Mackenzie, 2nd battalion 78th Highlanders, employed with the West African Frontier Force.

He was attached to a little force of 380 native soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Carter and Major Wilkinson, who, moving towards Kekwai, encountered five stockades strongly held by the enemy, at Dompoussi, 6th June 1900.

Officers and men fell fast under the heavy fire, and when the force had been terribly thinned down, and Colonel Carter seriously wounded, Major Wilkinson, himself hit, had decided on retiring, the gun and Maxims being out of action, ammunition running short, and the enemy's fire as hot as ever ; but, to quote Sir James Willcocks's dispatch, ' Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie came up to him,

and volunteered to carry the stockade with the bayonet, if his own company (the Yomba Company, 1st West African Frontier Force) was placed at his disposal. Wilkinson at once ordered up the company, which was in the rear of the column, and on the arrival of the first two sections, without hesitation Mackenzie charged at their head, followed splendidly by his own men and all others in the vicinity, their officers, of course, leading them. The enemy did not wait the rush, but fled in confusion, and never rallied, and it is perhaps not too much to say a disaster to our arms was thus averted, for a retirement under the circumstances might have ended in panic. For this act of distinguished bravery I consider Colour-Sergeant Mackenzie is deserving of the highest reward a soldier can receive, and am making a recommendation accordingly.'

From The V.C.

VI

HOW SIR GEORGE WHITE WON HIS V.C.

By J. Cromb

AT Charasiah the enemy in immense strength was first met, and the brave Gordon Highlanders had their share of stern combat. The Afghan tribesmen are hardy mountaineers, trained from their infancy to hardy exercises and the arts of war. They are brave to recklessness, strong and athletic, and fought with a tenacity and ferocity that precluded all ideas of quarter being asked or given—fought till their eyes glazed and their hands refused to lift a knife or pull a trigger. In charge of an improvised post as senior officer present was Major G. Stewart White, of the 92nd. Moving his men from under cover, White saw the hills to his right lined with the enemy in many battalions. He directed the big guns to play upon the hills, and then went forward with his kilted heroes. Up to this time the enemy had stood firmly against the British fire, and the Highlanders felt that to drive him from his position would require an effort of no light kind. Up they went from one steep ledge to another, clambering, toiling, but ever nearing the stubborn foe, and encouraged by the conduct of White, who went on with the leading files. Suddenly the Highlanders found a large number of the enemy straight in their front, outnumbering them by nearly twenty to one. White's men were utterly exhausted by the climbing, and could hardly go forward, but that officer, seeing that immediate action was necessary, took a man's rifle from his hand, and advancing right towards the enemy, shot dead their leader. As the Afghans hesitated in dismay at this daring act and its fatal result, the Highlanders raised a loud shout and dashed forward, driving the Afghans down the hill, and crowning it themselves with a ringing cheer. For his cool, daring deed Major Stewart White was awarded the V.C., which he had most worthily won.

While the 92nd men were giving so good an account of themselves at one part of the field, at another the gallant 72nd were leading the van of a small force operating under General Baker. The position Baker was storming was led up to by rugged and precipitous paths, up which the men toiled painfully but resolutely. When they had been engaged for a couple of hours with doubtful success, the fortunes of the day were turned in their favour by a co-operative movement of the 92nd, who, with pipes playing and colours flying, appeared rushing up the hill on the enemy's flank, and drove him from his vantage ground. In the end, after twelve hours' hard fighting, the Afghans were driven from all their posts, their guns were captured, and the battle of Charasiah was won, with a loss to the British force that was comparatively trifling.

From The Highland Brigade.

VII

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR

By Ian Maclaren

THEY had the right to occupy their old home till Martinmas, but Jean had begun to fret, wandering through the empty 'houses' and brooding over the coming trial.

'A' canna help it, John; the Almichty made a woman different from a man, an' there 'll be nae peace for me till we be oot o' Burnbrae. Ma wark here's feenished, an' it's no' like hame ony mair. A' wish the flittin' were ower an' you an' me were settled whar we 'll end oor days.'

Burnbrae had found a little place near Kildrummie that would leave him within reach of his kirk, which he had loved at a great cost, and his old neighbours, to whom he was knit with new ties.

'The Word can come onywhere tae the hert, an' the angel o' His Presence 'ill aye be wi' us, Jean, but there's nae place whar the Evangel 'ill ever soond sae sweet as in the Free Kirk o' Drumtochty.

'We 'll traivel up as lang as we're able, and see oor friends aince a week. It 'ill dae us gude, wumman, tae get a handshak frae Netherton and Donald Menzies, an' Lachlan himsel', though he be a stiff chiel. Forbye the Auld Kirk folk, for a' dinna deny, Jean, aifter a' that 's happened, that it 'ill be pleasant tae meet them coming wast, wi' Drumsheugh at their head. Ma hert's warm tae a'boday in the Glen, and a' ken they 'll no' forget us, Jean, in oor bit hoosie at Kildrummie.'

One Thursday afternoon—the flitting was to be on Monday—Burnbrae came upon Jean in the garden, digging up plants and packing them tenderly with wide margins of their native earth.

'A' cudna leave them, John, an' they 'll mak oor new gairden mair hame-like. The pinks are cuttin's a' set masel', an' the fuchsias tae, an' Jeannie carried the can and watered them that simmer afore she dee'd. When Peter Robertson wes warnin' us no' tae meddle wi' ony fixture for fear o' the factor, a' askit him about the floo'ers, an' he said, "Gin a' hed plantit them masel', they might be lifted." Gude kens a' did, every ane, though it's no' mony we can tak. But preserve's, wha's yon?'

It was not needful to ask, for indeed only one man in the parish could walk with such grave and stately dignity, and that because his father and grandfather had been parish ministers before him.

'This is rael neeburly, doctor, an' like yersel' tae come up afore we left the auld place. Ye're welcome at Burnbrae as yir father wes in ma father's day. Ye heard that we're flittin' on Monday?'

'You're not away yet, Burnbrae, you're not away yet; it's not so easy to turn out a Drumtochty man as our English factor thought: we're a stiff folk, and our roots grip fast. He was to rule this parish, and he was to do as he pleased with honest men; we 'll see who comes off best before the day is done,' and the doctor struek his stick, the stick of office with the golden head, on the gravel in triumph. 'You've just come in time, Mrs. Baxter'—for Jean had been putting herself in order—for I want to give you a bit of advice. Do not lift any more of your plants—it's bad for their growth; and I rather think you 'll have to put them back.'

Jean came close to Burnbrae's side, and watched the doctor without breathing while he placed the stick against a bush, and put on his eye-glasses with deliberation, and opened out a telegram and read aloud:—'Paris.—Your letter

found me at last ; leave London for home Thursday morning ; tell Burnbrae to meet me in Muirtown on Friday.—KILSPINDIE.'

'My letter went to Egypt and missed him, but better late than never, Burnbrae. . . . That's a wonderful plant you have there, Mrs. Baxter,' and he turned aside to study a hydrangea Jean had set out in the sun ; for with all his pompous and autoeratic ways, the doctor was a gentleman of the old school.

When he departed and Jean had settled down, Burnbrae thought it wise to moderate her joy lest it should end in bitter disappointment.

'The doctor hes dune his pairt, and it wes kind o' him tae come up himsel' tae tell us. Ye didna scc his faee aifter he read the message, but it wes worth seein'. There's no' a soonder hert in the Glen. A' kent this thing wudna hae happened gin his Lordship hed been at hame, an' a'm thinkin' he wud dae his best tae repair it. Maybe he'll gie's the first chance o' a vacant fairm, but a' doot we maun leave Burnbrae ; they say 'at it's as gude as let tae a Netheraird man.'

'Dinna say that, John, for it's no' anither fairm, it's Burnbrae a' want. A'll be watchin' the mornin's evening when ye come up the road, an' a'll see ye turnin' the corner. Ye'll wave yir airm tae me gin a' be richt, an' Jeannie's floo'ers 'ill be baek in their beds afore ye be hame.'

When Burnbrae appeared at Kildrummie station next morning, Drumtochty, who happened to be there in foree on their last Muirtown visit before harvest, compassed him with observanees, putting him in the corner seat, and emphasising his territorial designation.

'That wes mighty news aboot the sergeant, Burnbrae,' began Jamie Soutar ; 'it spiled a nicht's sleep tae me readin' hoo he stude ower the colonel and kecpit the Afghans at bay till the regiment rallied. Wes 't four or sax he foeht single-handed ?'

'He barely mentioned the maitter in his letters, but his captain wrote tae the gudewife, which wes rael thoehtfu' ; he made it sax, an' he said the regiment wes prood o' Sandie.' For an instant Burnbrae drew himself up in his corner, and then he added, 'But it's no' for his father tae be speakin' this wy. Sandie did naething but his duty.'

'For doonricht lecin',' said Jamie meditatively, 'a' never kent the marra (equal) o' thae London papers ; they made oot that Sandie wes a hero, and we cleaned the Muirtown book-stall lest Friday a week. A' never saw the Kildrummie train in sie speerits ; it's awfu' hoo country fouk are deceived.'

'Piggie Walker eam up on Monday' (Hilloeks seemed to be addressing some person above Burnbrae's head), 'and he wes tellin' me they hed a by-ordinar' sermon frae the student. "A' wished Burnbrae hed been there," Piggie said ; "he wes boond tae be lifted. He'll sune hae a kirk, yon lad, an' a gude ane." Piggie's a body, but he's coonted the best jidge o' sermons in Kildrummie.'

Drumsheugh alone did not join in those kindly efforts, but struck out a manner of his own, chuckling twice without relevaney, and once growing so red that Hillocks ran over his family history to estimate the risk of a 'seizure.'

'Is that you, Burnbrae ? Come in, man ; come in. It's a pleasure to see a Drumtochty face again after those foreign fellows,' and Lord Kilspindie gripped his tenant's hand in the factor's office. 'Sit down and give me all your news. There will be no speaking to Mrs. Baxter now after this exploit of the sergeant's ! When I read it on my way home I was as proud as if he had been my own son. It was a gallant deed, and well deserves the Cross. He'll be getting his commission some day. Lieutenant Baxter ! That will stir the Glen, eh ? But what is this I hear of your leaving Burnbrae ? I don't like losing old tenants, and I thought you would be the last to flit.'

'Did the factor not tell you, my Lord——'

'I've only seen him for five minutes, and he said it had nothing to do with rent; it was some religious notion or other. Is that so?'

'The fairm is worth thirty pund mair rent, an' a' wud hae paid saxty rather than leave my auld hame; but the factor made it a condection tae gie up ma kirk.'

'Well, Burnbrae, I never thought you would have left me for a matter of kirks. Could you not have stretched a point for auld lang syne?' and Kilspindie looked hard at the old man.

'Ma Lord, there's naething a' wudna hae dune to stay in Burnbrae but this ae thing. Ye hae been a gude landlord tae me, as the auld Earl wes tae ma father, an' it'll never be the same tae me again on anither estate; but ye maunna ask me tae gang back on ma conseience.'

The tears came to Burnbrae's eyes, and he rose to his feet.

'A' thocht,' he said, 'when yir message cam, that maybe ye hed anither mind than yir factor, and wud send me back tae Jean wi' gude news in ma mooth. Gin it be yir wull that we flit, a'll mak nae mair complaint, an' there's nae bitterness in ma hert. But a' wud like ye tae ken that it'll be a sair pairtin'. For twa hundred years an' mair there's been a Baxter at Burnbrae and a Hay at Kilspindie; ane wes juist a workin' farmer, an' the ither a belted earl, but gude freends an' faithfu'; an', ma Lord, Burnbrae wes as dear tae oor fook as the castle wes tae yours. A' mind that day the Viseount cam o' age, an' we gaithered tae wush him weel, that a' saw the pictures o' the auld Hays on yir walls, an' thocht hoo mony were the ties that bund ye tae yir hame. We haena pietures nor gowden treasures, but there's an auld chair at oor fireside, an' a' saw ma grandfather in it when a' wes a laddie at the schule, an' a' mind him tellin' me that his grandfather hed sat in it lang afore. It's no' worth muckle, an' it's been often mended, but a'll no' like tae see it carried oot frae Burnbrae. There is a Bible, tae, that hes come doon, father tae son, frae 1690, and ilka Baxter hes written his name in it, an' "farmer at Burnbrae," but it'll no' be dune again, for oor race'll be awa frae Burnbrae for ever. Be patient wi' me, ma Lord, for it's the lest time we're like tae meet, an' there's anither thing a' want tae say, for it's heavy on ma hert. When the factor told me within this verra room that we maun leave, he spoke o' me as if a' hed been a lawless man, an' it cut me mair than ony ither word. Ma Lord, it's no' the men that fear their God that'll brak the laws, an' a' ken nae Baxter that wes ither than a loyal man tae his king and country. Ma uncle ehaired wi' the Scots Greys at Waterloo, and a' mind him tellin', when a' wes a wec laddie, hoo the Hielanders cried oot, "Seotland for ever," as they passed. A' needna tell ye aboot ma brither, for he wes killed by yir side afore Sebastopol, and the letter ye sent tae Burnbrae is keepit in that Bible for a heritage. A'll mention naething aither o' ma ain laddie, for ye've said mair than wud be richt for me, but we coont it hard that when oor laddie hes shed his blude like an honest man for his Queen, his auld father and mither sud be driven frae the hame their forbears hed for seeven generations.'

Lord Kilspindie rose to his feet at the mention of Sebastopol, and now went over to the window as one who wished to hide his faee.

'Dinna be angry with me, ma Lord, nor think a'm boastin', but a' eudna thole that ye sud think me a lawbreaker, wha eared naither for kirk nor common-weal'; and still his Lordship did not move.

'It gaes tae ma hert that we sud pairt in anger, an' if a've said mair than a' oucht, it wes in sorrow, for a'll never forget hoo lang ma fook hae lived on yir land, and hoo gude ye hae been tae me,' and Burnbrae turned to the door.

'You're the dullest man in all Drumtochty,' cried Kilspindie, wheeling round—(one might have fancied . . . but that is absurd)—'and the truest. Did you think that a Hay would let a Baxter go for all the kirks that ever were built? You supposed that I wanted you to play the knave for your farm, and this was the news you were to carry home to Jean? It's too bad of you, Burnbrae.'

'Ma Lord, a' . . . ye ken——'

'It's all right, and I'm only joking; and the play was carried on a bit too long for both of us, but I wanted to hear your own mind upon this matter,' and Kilspindie called for the factor.

'Is the Burnbrae lease drawn up?'

'It is, at an advance of sixty pounds, and I've got a man who will sign it, and says he will give no trouble about kirks; in fact, he'll just do . . . ah . . . well, whatever we tell him.'

'Quite so; most satisfactory sort of man. Then you'll reduce the rent to the old figure, and put in the name of John Baxter, and let it be for the longest period we ever give on the estate.'

'But, Lord Kilspindie . . . I . . . did you know——'

'Do as I command you without another word,' and his Lordship was fearful to behold. 'Bring the lease here in ten minutes, and place it in Mr. Baxter's hands. What I've got to say to you will keep till afterwards.'

'Sit down, old friend, sit down . . . it was my blame. . . . I ought to be horse-whipped. . . . Drink a little water. You're better now? . . . I'll go and see that fellow has no tricks in the conditions.' But he heard Burnbrae say one word to himself, and it was 'Jean.'

'There are mony things a' wud like tae say, ma Lord,' said Burnbrae before he left, 'but a full hert maks few words. Gin lifting a dark cloud aff the life o' a family an' fillin' twa auld fook wi' joy 'ill gie ony man peace, ye'll sleep soond this nicht in yir castle. When ye pass below Burnbrae on yir way to the Lodge and see the smoke curlin' up through the trees, ye'll ken a family's livin' there that bless yir name, and will mention it in their prayers.'

The first man Burnbrae met when he came out with the lease in his pocket was Drumsheugh, whose business that particular day had kept him wandering up and down the street for nearly an hour.

'Keep's a', Burnbrae, is that you? a' thocht ye were dune wi' that office noo. It's a puir market the day; the dealers are gettin' the fat cattle for naething.' But Drumsheugh's manner had lost its calm finish.

'A've something tae tell,' said Burnbrae, 'an' ye sud be the first tae hear it. Lord Kilspindie's hame again, and hes settled me and mine in the auld place for a tack that 'ill laist ma days and descend tae ma son aifter me. This hes been a shairp trial, and there were times a' wes feared ma faith nicht fail; but it's ower noo, and there's twa men Jean an' me 'ill remember wi' gratitude till we dee; ane is Doctor Davidson an' the ither is yersel'. Ye brocht us through atween ye.'

'Come awa this meenut tae the "Kilspindie Airms,"' and Drumsheugh seized Burnbrae. 'A' ken ye wunna taste, but a'll dae it for ye; and ye'll eat, at ony rate,' and Drumsheugh, who was supposed to dine in secret places at not more than a shilling, ordered a dinner fit for Lord Kilspindie. He did his best to get full value for his money, but before and after, and between the courses, he let himself go at large.

'Ane-and-twenty year at a hundred and auchty pund! man, ye'll have eneuch tae stock a fairm for Jamie and furnish the student's manse! His Lordship wes lang o' comin' hame, but, ma certes, he's pit things richt when he did come. It's naething short o' handsome, an' worthy o' the Earl.'

'Mc!' resumed Drumsheugh, 'a' hed naething tae dae wi't—it wes the doctor's letter 'at did the business; here's tae his health. Is yir soda-water dune yet? The factor tried tae mak licht o' him that day, an' spak as if he wes abunc a'body in Drumtochty. He threatened the minister tae his face; a' heard him, the upsettin', ill-mannered wratch. "Dinna be cast doon," says the doctor tae me ootside; "ye hevna seen the end o' this game." The man disna live 'at can beat the doctor when his birse is up, an' a' never saw him sae roosed afore.

'Whar's the factor noo?' burst out Drumsheugh afresh. 'Man, a' wud hae likcd tae see him when he brocht in the lease. "I wes here before ye, and I will be here aifter ye," said the doctor. It 'ill come true; a' gie the factor a month, no' anither week. It's wersh drink ye hae, but dinna spare it. This is no' an ordinar' day. A' wish we were at the Junction.'

Drumsheugh restrained himself till the Dunleith train had fairly gone—for he knew better than to anticipate an occasion—and then he gathered Drumtochty round him.

'Ye heard that the factor ordered Burnbrae tae leave his kirk—weel, it 'ill be a while or he meddle wi' anither man: an' Burnbrae wes tae be turned oot o' his fairm—it's the factor, a 'm judgin', an' no' Burnbrae, 'at 'ill need tae seek a hame; an' the factor wudna gie a lease for fifteen year—he's hed tae mak it oot for ane-and-twenty; an' he wudna tak a rack-rent o' saxty pund increase tae let Burnbrae bide in his hoose, an' his Lordship 'ill no' tak a penny mair than the auld rent. That's ma news, fouk, an' it's the best a've heard for mony a day.'

Then they all shook hands with Burnbrae, from Netherton to Peter Bruce, and then they called in an outer fringe of Kildrummie to rejoice with them; but Burnbrae could only say—

'Thank ye, freends, frae ma hert; ye've been gude neeburs tae me and mine.'

'It's been a mighty victory,' said Jamie Soutar, 'but a' can see drawbacks.'

'Ay, ay?' which was a form of inquiry with Hillocks.

'Naebody 'ill be able tae tell a lee or play a Judas trick in Drumtochty for the space of a generation.'

From The Days of Auld Lang Syne.

VIII

FIGHTING AT KANDAHAR

By Lord Roberts

THE 1st September, in accordance with instructions from Simla, I assumed command of the army in southern Afghanistan. There was no return to show the strength or composition of General Phayre's column, but the troops at Kandahar all told now amounted in round numbers to 3800 British and 11,000 native soldiers, with 38 guns.

An hour before daybreak the whole of the troops were under arms, and at 6 A.M. I explained to Generals Primrose and Ross and the officers commanding brigades the plan of operations. Briefly, it was to threaten the enemy's left (the Baba Wali Kotal) and to attack in force by the village of Pir Paimal. . . .

The village was carried with the utmost gallantry, Highlanders and Gurkhas, always friendly rivals in the race for glory, by turns outstripping each other in their efforts to be first within its walls. The enemy sullenly and slowly withdrew, a goodly number of *ghazis* remaining to the very last to receive a bayonet charge of the 92nd. . . .

In the 2nd Brigade the 72nd Highlanders and the 2nd Sikhs bore the brunt of the fighting ; they were the leading battalion, and frequently had to fix bayonets to carry different positions or to check the desperate rushes of the Afghans.

After continued and severe fighting both leading brigades emerged at the point of the hill close to Pir Paimal, and, wheeling to their right, they pressed rapidly on, sweeping the enemy through the thickly wooded gardens which covered the western slopes, until noon, when the whole of Pir Paimal was in our possession. . . .

Having become assured of General Ross's complete success, and seeing that there was now no necessity for detaining Macgregor's (the 3rd) brigade to meet a counter-attack, we pushed on with it to join Ross, who, however, knowing how thoroughly he could depend upon his troops, without waiting to be reinforced, followed up the retreating foe, until he reached an entrenched position at the other side of the Baba Wali Kotal, where the Afghans made another most determined stand. *Ghazis* in large numbers flocked to this spot from the rear, while the guns on the kotal were turned round and brought to bear on our men, already exposed to a heavy artillery fire from behind the entrenched camp.

It now became necessary to take this position by storm, and recognising the fact with true soldierly instinct, Major White, who was leading the advanced companies of the 92nd, called upon the men for just one charge more 'to close the business.' The battery of screw guns had been shelling the position, and, under cover of its fire and supported by a portion of the 2nd Gurkhas and 23rd Pioneers, the Highlanders, responding with alacrity to their leader's call, dashed forward and drove the enemy from their entrenchments at the point of the bayonet.

Major White was the first to reach the guns, being closely followed by Sepoy Inderbri Lama, who, placing his rifle upon one of them, exclaimed, 'Captured in the name of the 2nd (Prince of Wales' Own) Gurkhas !' . . .

The enemy was now absolutely routed.

From Forty-one Years in India.

IX

TAKHT-I-SHAH

By Lord Roberts

THE first thing now to be done was to endeavour to drive the Afghans from the crest of the Takht-i-Shah. . . . It was a most formidable position to attack. The slopes leading up to it were covered with huge masses of jagged rock, intersected by perpendicular cliffs, and its natural great strength was increased by breastworks, and stockades thrown up at different points. . . .

Large bodies of the enemy were moving up the slope of the ridge from the villages near Beni Hissar. To check this movement and prevent the already very difficult Afghan position being still further strengthened, Major White, who was in command of the leading portion of the attacking party, turned and made for the nearest point on the ridge. It was now a race between the Highlanders and the Afghans as to who should gain the crest of the ridge first. The artillery came into action at a range of twelve hundred yards, and under cover of their fire the 92nd, supported by the Guides, rushed up the steep slopes. They were met by a furious onslaught, and a desperate conflict took place. The leading officer, Lieutenant Forbes, a lad of great promise, was killed, and Colour-Sergeant Drummond fell by his side. For a moment even the brave Highlanders were staggered by the numbers and fury of their antagonists, but only for a moment. Lieutenant Dick Cunynghame sprang forward to cheer them on, and confidence

was restored. With a wild shout the Highlanders threw themselves on the Afghans, and quickly succeeded in driving them down the further side of the ridge.

From Forty-one Years in India.

X

TEL-EL-KEBIR

By J. Cromb

ON the night of the 12th of September the British army was five miles distant from Tel-el-Kebir. Then Sir Garnet Wolseley gave the crucial order. The army was at 1 A.M. to march in the darkness of the night right up to the trenches of the enemy without firing a shot, then carry them by storm the moment they were reached. . . .

The British bugles rang out, and with lusty cheers the Highlanders broke into the charge. 'Without a moment's pause or hesitation,' writes General Hamley, 'the ranks sprang forward in steady array. Their distance from the blazing line of entrenchment was judged to be about a hundred and fifty yards. On that interval nearly two hundred men went down, the 74th on the left losing five officers and sixty men before it got to the ditch. This obstacle was six feet wide and four deep, and beyond was a parapet of four feet high.'

'On the right of the Brigade,' continues Alison, 'the advance of the Black Watch was arrested, in order to detach some companies against a strong redoubt, the artillery from which was now in the breaking light playing heavily on General Graham's brigade and our own advancing guns. So earnest were the Egyptian gunners here that they were actually bayoneted after the redoubt had been entered from the rear whilst still working their pieces. Thus it came about that, from both the flank battalions of the brigade being delayed, the charge straight to their front of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders in the centre caused these to become the apex of a wedge thrust into the enemy's line. The advance of these battalions was stoutly opposed by the Egyptians of the 1st or Guard regiment, who fell back sullenly before them, and our men also suffered heavily from a severe flank fire from an inner line of works. Here one of those checks occurred to which troops are always liable in a stiff fight, and a small portion of our line, reeling beneath the flank fire, for a moment fell back. It was then a goodly sight to see how nobly Sir Edward Hamley, my division leader, threw himself amongst the men and amidst a very storm of shot led them back to the front. Here, too, I must do justice to the Egyptian soldiers. I never saw men fight more steadily. Retiring up a line of works which we had taken in flank, they rallied at every re-entering angle, at every battery, at every redoubt, and renewed the fight. Four or five times we had to close upon them with the bayonet, and I saw these men fighting hard when their officers were flying. At this time it was a noble sight to see the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders, now mingled together in the confusion of the fight, their young officers leading with waving swords, their pipes screaming, and that proud smile on the lips and that bright gleam in the eyes of the men which you see only in the hour of successful battle. At length the summit of the gentle slope we were ascending was reached, and we looked down upon the camp of Arabi lying defenceless before us.'

With the characteristic modesty of a true soldier, General Alison notices the heroism of another, but takes no thought of his own. While he dwells with pleasure on the 'goodly sight' of General Hamley leading the men to the front in the thick of the fight, it is left to General Hamley to tell how his Brigadier

behaved, and how in the front line, along with the colonel of the 79th, was Sir Archibald Alison on foot. Brave leaders these of brave men—fit soldiers to lead to victory the Highland Brigade!

The performances of the Seaforth Highlanders (72nd) attached to General Herbert Macpherson's Brigade have not fallen within the scope of our narrative of the work of the Highland Brigade. Yet the 72nd did good work in the campaign. They were the hardened heroes who had done the march from Cabul to Candahar, and had little more than landed from the East when two hundred of them advanced and engaged the enemy at Chalouffe. Their dash and coolness carried the day; the place was captured, the enemy was routed, leaving over a hundred dead and wounded, and the waters of the Sweet Water Canal were allowed to flow. The regiment continued its advance with the Indian contingent, performing its full share of the hard toil and harassing duties. In the final dash on the enemy at Tel-el-Kebir it charged with all the fiery enthusiasm which had marked the conduct of the 'Albany's' at the Peiwar Kotal, Cabul and Candahar, and, ably led by Macpherson, was soon swiftly following the fleeing rebels.

From The Highland Brigade.

XI

THE BLACK WATCH AT TAMAI

THE battle of Tamai . . . proved one of the most trying engagements in which a British force had ever engaged. On the morning of the 13th of March, 1884, the British troops marched out from Baker's zareba in double square, the Second Brigade, under General Davie, being composed of the 42nd Highlanders and 65th regiment, guns being in front and the Marines in the rear. This square advanced firing against the enemy who were evidently in strong force in front, and occupying ground well suited to afford cover and concealment. At length the crowd of Arabs in front thickened, and they began to rush upon the square, the right flank of which was skirted by a deep nullah. The 42nd first half-battalion were ordered to charge, and as they did so straight ahead, and met where the enemy was strongest, a wild yelling suddenly arose from the nullah on the right, and hordes of Arabs were seen suddenly springing up from their concealment, and rushing furiously against the flank, now unfortunately opened by the charging movement in front. On crowded the Arabs, and the flank and front opened a furious fire to check their wild advance. But it was futile. Suddenly a confused roar rose above the din of conflict, and it took but a glance from onlookers to see that something was sadly wrong. The wild Hadendawas had reached the square, and were forcing it back. The open gap in the formation had been discovered by the enemy, and they had got inside, slashing and spearing with all their fury. The fighting grew desperate. British officers and men saw the disaster that was facing them, and strove their utmost to retrieve the day. But the blue-jackets, driven back, lost their guns, and the front and right flank of the square were beginning to press on the rear ranks. Inside, every man of whatever rank and profession joined in the fight. There was no stampede, no rout. The 65th and the Highlanders were falling back, but they were fighting every inch of the way, and every man conquered or died with his face to his savage foe. A correspondent, who had been in Baker's ill-fated square at El Teb, thought he saw the same picture again presented to his eye, but he recognised the difference. Instead of faltering, cringing Egyptians fleeing before the naked howling Arabs, here were valiant British soldiers, fighting for honour and

country, bearing themselves proudly in the dire conflict; and with passions thoroughly roused and the battle fervour bounding in their veins, they buffeted with fist and foot, and struck with butt and steel the desperate fanatics who crawled and dodged, leaped and yelled, and slashed in and around the square. . . .

At length the grand example of our officers and the heroic determination of the men checked the fearful onslaught. The tide of the movement turned. Shoulder to shoulder the 42nd and 65th stood firm, then advanced against the enemy slowly at first, then quickly as they felt the triumph of conquest rekindle within their breasts. Then their wild cheers rose on the air above the roar of musketry; the crisis had passed, the Hadendowas were beaten.

From J. Cromb's *The Highland Brigade*.

PRIVATE THOMAS EDWARDS, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, was on transport duty at the battle of Tamai, in charge of two mules loaded with Gatling ammunition for the left half battery; and when at No. 4 gun, with Lieutenant Almaek and a bluejacket, the 'Fuzzy Wuzzies' made a rush and surrounded them.

Wearing the well-known kilt of the brave 'Black Watch' with their familiar red hackle in his felt helmet, he saw the sailor fall under his gun with a spear in his stomach, and at the same time the fierce Soudanese came at him, and were promptly spitted on his bayonet.

Lieutenant Almaek, sword and revolver in hand, charged another savage and ran him through, but ere he could disengage, a tremendous cut nearly severed his right arm, and he reeled up against the guns.

Edwards loaded and shot the Soudanese, but before he could interpose to save him three more leaped upon the helpless naval officer and speared him, his revolver dangling empty from the lanyard that fastened it to his wrist.

Edwards received a wound on the back of his right hand when lunging at a native; but one man against a score could do little, and seeing that Mr. Almaek's case was hopeless, he retired with his mules, loading and firing repeatedly on the enemy to keep them back.

He did what he could, and was fortunate in being able to save the ammunition, owing his life entirely to a cool head and fine nerve, as never in any war had British troops a more desperate and fearless enemy to contend with than in the parched-up, thirsty, horrible Soudan.

From D. C. Parry's *The V.C.*

XII

KHARTOUM

By C. G. D. Roberts

SET in the fierce red desert for a sword,
 Drawn and deep driven implacably! The tide
 Of scorching sand that chafes thy landward side
 Storming thy palms; and past thy front out-poured
 The Nile's vast dread and wonder! Late there roared
 (While far off paused the long war, long defied)
 Mad tumult thro' thy streets; and Gordon died,
 Slaughtered amid the yelling rebel horde!
 Yet spite of shame and wrathful tears, Khartoum,
 We owe thee certain thanks, for thou hast shown
 How still the one a thousand crowds outweighs—

Still one man's mood sways millions—one man's doom
 Smites nations—and our burning spirits own
 Not sordid these nor unheroic days !

XIII

THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS AT CHITRAL

By J. Cromb

WHILE the Sikhs were toiling manfully up the slopes, the Gordons, along with the Scottish Borderers, worked up the centre of the pass. The order for the main assault was given, and the Gordons, branching off to the right, began the ascent. Slowly but surely they made their way up the tortuous and steep hillsides. The Pathan contested every step and many a gallant Gordon bit the dust before the crest was reached. Bullets splashed the mud on every side of them, but the Highlanders stuck manfully to their task, only stopping now and then to haul each other up a more than usually precipitous part of the hill. The first to reach the top of the ridge was Lieutenant Watt of the Gordons. He was set upon by half a dozen Pathans. Two of them went down under his revolver ; and then as his men had not yet reached the last ridge he jumped down until a fuller rush could be made. Lieutenant Watt had his shoulder-strap carried away by a bullet, which first passed through the brain of a corporal.

A foothold was at last gained on the summit, and the Gordons and the Borderers soon cleared the defenders out at the point of the bayonet. The worst of the fighting was now over, and these two regiments bivouacked on the ground they had so gallantly won, while the Bedfords and Dogras drove the enemy across the ridge behind Malakand into the Swat valley beyond Khand.

From The Highland Brigade.

XIV

PIPER FINDLATER AT DARGAI

By D. C. Parry

It was close upon 2.30 when the final attempt was made, and it was preceded by an incident which recalls the old days when the commanding officer, removing his hat, harangued his men before going in.

After a message had been heliographed for a concentrated fire of guns on the peak, Lieutenant-Colonel Mathias, a gallant Welshman, turned to the regiment, and in words now historic, said, 'Gordon Highlanders, the General has ordered that position to be taken at all costs—the Gordons will take it !'

Then Major Macbean sprang out of cover at the head of his company, and with a yell the Gordons swarmed from the protecting ridge into the zone of fire.

Led by Colonel Mathias, with Macbean on his right and Lieutenant A. F. Gordon on his left—with the pipes skirling the 'Cock of the North'—the irresistible mass of waving kilts and white helmets swept on for the first rush.

A murderous hail tore up the dust in the hollow ; Macbean went down, but cheered his men on as they passed by him.

Piper Findlater fell, shot through both feet, but, struggling into a sitting posture, continued to play, like more than one Scottish piper in the brave Peninsular days.

The first rush was followed by a second, officers leading, and then by a third, and in forty minutes they had done the business with a roll of three officers and thirty men either killed or wounded.

As the leading companies breasted the steep zig-zag path, the troops on the other side of the basin followed in support, and the enemy, terrified at all this valour, scuttled down the opposite slopes of the hill, leaving little for the British bayonet to accomplish when it gained the crest !

But many brave deeds had been done meanwhile, among them that of Private Lawson, who under heavy fire carried Lieutenant Dingwall out of danger, and then ran back to pick up Private Macmillan, receiving two wounds himself. . . .

It was at first reported that Piper Milne had been the hero of Dargai—Milne was shot through the bagpipes in the Chitral campaign—but the official gazette settled the matter by awarding the V.C. to Piper G. Findlater, No. 2591, and for several months he was probably one of the most talked-of men in the British Isles.

His pluck was undoubted, and fine was the example he set ; moreover, his act was of so dramatic a nature as to win the approval of every one with an eye to effect, and when, at Netley Hospital, her Majesty rather than allow her wounded soldier to stand, rose in her wheeled chair to pin the Cross on his breast, his triumph was complete.

I remember how he was cheered to the echo when, at the Military Tournament, he entered the arena, with the grey-coated pipers of the Gordons, a stout, short-necked man with a suggestive double limp that told of Dargai wounds but barely healed.

From *The V.C.*

XV

DARGAI RIDGE

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

THANK God, I have in my laggard blood
The vim of the Englishman,
Which is second to none from North to South,
Save the fire of the Scottish clan—
Save the blood of the lads who died
On the rocky mountain-side,
And went to the hell of the heated guns
As a lover goes to his bride.

The Gurkhas laughed at the whining balls—
And they were of alien race,
And the English drave at the smoking rocks
And their subalterns set the pace.
Oh, the blood of the lads who fell
When the valley lay in a Hell ;
Thank God, that the men in the East and West
Cheer at the tale they tell.

The Gurkhas lay in the slaughter-place,
Save a few that had battled through—
Their brown brave faces raised to the steep
Where the flags of the marksman flew—
Their great souls cheering still
(Souls that no ball could kill)
Unto the cars of the few who crouched
Under the crooked hill.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

The English went as maids to a dance
 Or hounds to the huntsman's call,
 And the English lay in the valley-lap
 And smeared their blood on the wall.
 Oh, the blood that knows no shame
 And the valour clear of blame,
 Thank God that the world is girt about
 With the gold of an English name.

Then the men of the Gordon Highlanders
 With their bagpipes shrilling free—
 The lads of the heather pasture-side,
 The lads of the unclad knee,
 Charged—where their friends lay dead—
 Over the green and red
 To the cry of the regimental pipes
 And the flip of the killing lead.

They passed the level of sprawling shapes
 And the valley of reeking death,
 They struck the rocks of the mountain-pass
 Where the smoke blew up like breath.
 Little they thought of fame
 Or the lifting of a name;
 They only thought of the mountain-crest
 And the circle of spitting flame.

Thank God, I find in my lagging blood,
 Deep down, the fire of a man,
 And the heart that shakes with a mad delight
 At the name of a Highland clan,
 At the name of the lads who died
 On the rocky mountain-side,
 And went to the hell of the heated guns
 As a lover goes to his bride.

XVI

THE SEAFORTHS AND CAMERONS AT ATBARA

By G. W. Steevens

THE bugle sang out the advance. The pipes screamed battle, and the line started forward, like a ruler drawn over the tussock-broken sand. Up a low ridge they moved forward: when would the Dervishes fire? The Camerons were to open from the top of the ridge, only three hundred yards short of the zariba. . . . Now the line crested the ridge—and men knelt down. 'Volley-firing by sections'—and crash it came. . . . The line knelt very firm, and aimed very steady, and crash, crash, crash they answered it. . . .

Bugle again, and up and on . . . the line of khaki and purple tartan never bent nor swayed. . . . The officers at its head strode self-containedly—they might have been on the hill after red-deer; only from their locked faces turned unswervingly towards the bullets could you see that they knew and had despised



Tel-el-Kebir.

After the Painting by A. De Neuville.

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the dangers. And the unkempt, unshaven Tommies, who in camp behaved little enough like Covenanters or Ironsides, were now quite transformed. It was not so difficult to go on—the pipes picked you up and carried you on—but it was difficult not to hurry; yet whether they aimed or advanced they did it orderly, gravely, without speaking. The bullets had whispered to raw youngsters in one breath the secret of all the glories of the British army. . . .

Now they were moving, always without hurry, down a gravelly incline. Three men went down without a cry at the very foot of the Union Jack, and only one got to his feet again; the flag shook itself and still blazed splendidly. Next a supremely furious gust of bullets, and suddenly the line stood fast. Before it was a loose low hedge of dry camel-thorn—the zariba, the redoubtable zariba. . . . Just half a dozen tugs, and the impossible zariba was a gap and a scattered heap of brushwood. Beyond is a low stockade and trenches; but what of that? Over and in! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Now the inside suddenly sprang to life. Out of the earth came dusty, black, half-naked shapes, running, running and turning to shoot, but running away. And in a second the inside was a wild confusion of Highlanders, purple tartan and black-green, too, for the Seaforth's had brought their perfect column through the teeth of the fire, and were charging in at the gap. Inside that zariba was the most astounding labyrinth ever seen out of a nightmare. . . . There was no plan or system in it, only mere confusion of stumbling-block and pitfall. . . . It took some company-leading . . . but the officers were equal to it: each picked his line and ran it, and if a few of his company were lost—kneeling by green-faced comrades or vaguely bayoneting along with a couple of chance companions—they kept the mass centred on the work in hand.

For now began the killing. Bullet and bayonet and butt, the whirlwind of Highlanders swept over. And by this time the Lincolns were in on the right, and the Maxims, galloping right up to the stockade, had withered the left, and the Warwicks, the enemy's cavalry definitely gone, were volleying off the blacks as your beard comes off under a keen razor. Farther and farther they cleared the ground—cleared it of everything like a living man, for it was left carpeted thick enough with dead. Here was a trench; bayonet that man. Here a little straw tukl; warily round to the door, and then a volley. Now in column through this opening in the bushes; then into line; and drop those desperately firing shadows among the dry stems beyond. For the running blacks—poor heroes—still fired, though every second they fired less and ran more. And on, on the British stumbled and slew, till suddenly there was unbroken blue overhead, and a clear drop underfoot. The river! And across the trickle of water the quarter-mile of dry sand-bed was a fly-paper with serambling spots of black. The pursuers thronged the bank in double line, and in two minutes the paper was still black-spotted, only the spots serambled no more. 'Now that,' panted the most pessimistic senior captain in the brigade—'Now I call that a very good fight.'

From *With Kitchener to Khartum*.

XVII

THE RECORD OF THE GORDONS

By Thomas F. G. Coates

STYLED regimentally the 92nd Highlanders, it is as 'The Gordons' that they are popularly known both to the army and to the public. There have always been a family of Gordons in Scotland. They have marked many a brilliant page of history, and have been notable especially in the district around Aberdeen

for several centuries. Not least amongst their deeds is the establishment of this fine regiment. It was 'kissed into existence' at the close of the eighteenth century by the then Duchess of Gordon (*née* Jane Maxwell), wife of the fourth duke. Of the duke, Mr. James Milne, in his interesting book about the regiment—*The Gordon Highlanders: Being the story of these Bonnie Fighters*, remarks: 'He was the "Cock o' the North," but perhaps the Duchess, with her romping spirit, not infrequently played the tune.'

In their early years the regiment served in Ireland, in Spain, Corsica, Elba, and in Holland. They had quiet times in the beginning of their career. Greater activity followed. They had a brush with the French at Egmont-op-Zee, where they gave proof of the mettle of which they were made, and scored their first victory.

Next they had a turn in Egypt and greatly distinguished themselves, and lessened their numbers. At Alexandria they played a conspicuous part, and considerably aided Sir Ralph Abercromby to defeat the French under Menou on March 21, 1801. They engaged in the operations against Copenhagen, and in January 1809 were performing valiant deeds in the Peninsula. The regiment took part in the battle of Corunna, where the British army, some 15,000 strong, under the command of Sir John Moore was attacked by more than 20,000 French. They fought one of the hottest engagements of that severe conflict, and they won. The casualties amongst the British troops were heavy in that engagement, but their enemy's loss was far greater. The British army gained a notable victory, and the Gordon Highlanders did their part in the winning of it. This was the battle in which Sir John Moore was killed, having been badly wounded by a shell. He died in the hour of victory.

The Gordons were at Torres Vedras in the following year, and throughout the Peninsular wars they maintained a distinguished reputation, engaging in many severe struggles, and earning by their deeds the warm eulogies of the Duke of Wellington.

At Almaraz the Gordons did heroic deeds. They were at the great engagement of Vittoria. There the Duke of Wellington, on June 21, 1813, beat the French army commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, and Marshal Jourdan. The men engaged on either side were about 60,000. The battle raged long and furiously. The British won a magnificent victory, but they lost 500 officers and men killed, and nearly 3000 wounded. And the Gordon Highlanders suffered severely. Marshal Jourdan lost all his guns and ammunition, and his marshal's baton to boot, and the Gordon Highlanders helped him to that loss. They were told at Maza, Mr. Milne relates, that the strain of their fine work had been so severe that they must be dead beat, and would not be able to take part in the charge. Weary they were with hard fighting, but the Gordons went into the charge nevertheless, and into the front of it, and another British victory was won. The story of St. Pierre is a repetition of this. The Gordon Highlanders were very much in it, and success came again.

So the story runs on. Where the fight was hottest they desired to be, and they often had their desire fully satisfied. Wherever they fought they added honours to their name. Time after time in that memorable Peninsular campaign were the Gordon Highlanders as hard at work as any of the service, always fighting well and bravely, following one brilliant piece of work with another, and so on till the great day of Waterloo in Belgium, when Wellington fought and finally defeated the great Napoleon.

In the Waterloo fight there were engaged on the one side the French army of 72,000 men and 246 guns under Napoleon. The Duke of Wellington pitted

against them nearly an equal number of the allied troops, of whom only 24,000 were British, and they had only 156 guns. The eve of the battle was remarkable for the historic ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond. This lady was the daughter of the Duchess of Gordon of the kisses, and Colonel Cameron of the Gordon Highlanders was one of those present at her ladyship's ball. That was on June 15, 1815. Quatre Bras came the next day. It was there, the French pressing hard, that Colonel Cameron sought permission from the Duke of Wellington to move against the French line. The duke's answer was striking. 'Have patience,' said he, 'you'll have plenty of work by and by.' Yes, have patience! The duke knew well how keen for the fight those seasoned warriors were, and knew how well their work would be done when the time came to do it. At last they got the word to go, and the tartan line was at the French foe in a moment and the enemy was beaten back. But the brave commander Cameron was shot and died a few moments afterwards; not, however, till he had heard that the Gordon Highlanders had performed their task and knew that the day was theirs.

At Waterloo the Gordon Highlanders were on the left of the British line, and the regiment had been waiting for work whilst Napoleon was having his toughest struggle. At a critical moment in the fortunes of the day the Gordons had their longed-for orders. Galloping up to them Sir Denis Pack brought the order from the duke, and he conveyed the message in these terms, '92nd, you must charge; the troops on your right and left have given way.' What followed is thus briefly described by Mr. Milne in his book about the Gordons to which reference has already been made: 'The whole field was a babel of tumult, shrouded in heavy clouds of smoke. Quietly the 92nd formed up; hurry, but no haste. They stood shoulder to shoulder—the old Gaelic saying, "Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder"—and at the order advanced four deep. In front, a huge French column plumed itself, and at it, when a score of paces distant, the Highlanders let fly a withering volley. The musket of the early century was no magician's weapon, but at close quarters it wrought slaughter. Promptly the Gordons threw themselves upon the column, and with such an impact that they broke clean into it.

'The coming of the Highlanders had amazed, and in a degree shaken, the French column, which thus proved ill able to repel a bold attack. It was the driving of a small solid body into a loose mass. At the moment up clinked the Scots Greys; indeed, it had been a race between the horsemen and the Highlanders. In some instances the latter clung to the stirrup leathers of the former, the better to get deep into a fight which became a rout. "Scotland for ever!" rose the cry at that perfect feat of arms, and we still hear it.

"You have saved the day, Highlanders," Sir Denis Pack declared, "but you must return to your position—there is more work to be done."

The Gordons had indeed played a glorious part in the crushing and final defeat of Napoleon.

Peace followed, and the Gordons returned home, where they received the warm welcome they deserved. Subsequently they saw the end of the Crimean campaign. They took part in the Indian Mutiny, but here again they did not get the fighting they desired. Plenty was to come, however, and it came with the Afghan War, to which the Gordon Highlanders went, and this time our hero was amongst them. Again our hero was with them at that dread Majuba day in South Africa in 1881. There most of them were killed or wounded, and some, including Hector Macdonald, had the terrible misfortune of being compelled to surrender—the hardest fate for a soldier to endure. The 92nd subsequently absorbed the 75th

and became the 2nd battalion Gordon Highlanders. They served with distinction in Egypt against Arabi, and they were the heroes of Dargai, which they took while their wounded pipers, including Findlater, played the 'Cock o' the North.' It was there that Colonel Mathias, on October 20, 1897, addressed them in a brief speech which shows the way the commanders of the Gordon Highlanders have always known the spirit of their men :—

' Men of the Gordon Highlanders :

' The general has ordered that position to be taken at any cost.

' The Gordon Highlanders will take it ! '

All the world knows how the famous regiment performed the task. It was of them that the late Sir William Lockhart remarked in connection with this great achievement : ' When I gave orders for the taking of Dargai by the Gordon Highlanders, it was said to me that I might as well attempt to take an army up into the clouds. Wherever Scotsmen go, however, we always manage to do very well.'

From Hector Macdonald : or the Private who became a General.



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The Charge of the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai.

After the Painting by Allan Stewart.

CHAPTER X

South Africa

1881-1901

I

THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

The Story of the Regiment

THE Camerons were raised in 1793 by Sir Alan Cameron of Errach, who had fought as a volunteer in a British cavalry corps during the American War of Independence. He drew the first recruits from among the members of his own clan in Inverness-shire, and (succeeding to the number of a regiment that had been disbanded some nine years before) the Regiment came into being as the 79th (Highland—Cameronian Volunteers), changing its name to the 79th (Cameron Highlanders) in 1804. In 1873 it was gazetted as the 79th (Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) Regiment; and, discarding its number, has been known as the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders since 1881. Until recent years it had only one Regular battalion.

The principal campaigns and battles of the Camerons include :

Flanders, 1794-5.	Cadiz, 1810.	Balaclava, 1854.
Nimeguen, 1794.	Fuentes d'Onoro, 1811.	Sevastopol, 1855.
Egmont-op-Zee, 1799.	Salamanca, 1812.	Indian Mutiny, 1858.
Quiberon, 1800.	Burgos, 1812.	Lucknow, 1858.
Vigo, 1800.	Pyrenees, 1813.	Ashantee, 1874.
Cadiz, 1800.	Nivelle, 1813.	Egypt, 1882.
Mandora, 1801.	Nive, 1813.	Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.
Egypt, 1801.	Toulouse, 1814.	Nile, 1884-5.
Alexandria, 1801.	Quatre Bras, 1815.	Atbara, 1898.
Copenhagen, 1807.	Waterloo, 1815.	Khartoum, 1899.
Peninsula, 1808-14.	Netherlands, 1815.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Corunna, 1809.	Crimea, 1854-6.	Doom Kop, 1900.
Flushing, 1809.	Alma, 1854.	Diamond Hill, 1900.

II

THE PRINCESS LOUISE'S (ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS)

The Story of the Regiment

THE Argylls and Sutherlands were originally two more distinctively separate corps than the two battalions of most regiments have been. The Argylls were raised at Stirling by the Duke of Argyll, as the 98th (Argyllshire Highlanders) Regiment of Foot, in 1794; were re-numbered the 91st in 1796; and in 1809 relinquished their distinctive title and were known by the number only. At the same time the Highland dress was temporarily abandoned, in deference to an official notion that it discouraged recruiting. In 1821 the regiment became the

91st (Argyllshire) Regiment of Foot; in 1864, the 91st (Argyllshire) Highlanders; and in 1872 the 91st (Princess Louise's Argyllshire) Highlanders.

The Sutherlands were raised in 1800 by the Earl of Sutherland, and gazetted as the 93rd Highlanders; varying this title in 1861 to the 93rd (Sutherland Highlanders); and in 1881 the two regiments were united under their present name, as the 1st and 2nd battalions of the Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), the following being the principal campaigns and battles in which one or both of them have fought :

America, 1779-83.	Toulouse, 1814.	Yenikale, 1854.
Guiana, 1796.	Bayonne, 1814.	Sevastopol, 1855.
Cape of Good Hope, 1806.	Netherlands, 1814-15.	Indian Mutiny, 1857-8.
Peninsula, 1808-14.	Bergen-op-Zoom, 1814.	Lucknow, 1857.
Roleia, 1808.	Antwerp, 1814.	Rohilcund, 1858.
Vimiera, 1808.	New Orleans, 1815.	South Africa, 1879.
Corunna, 1809.	Canada, 1838.	South Africa, 1899-1902.
Flushing, 1809.	South Africa, 1846-7.	Elandslaagte, 1899.
Talavera, 1809.	South Africa, 1851-3.	Modder River, 1899.
Pyrenees, 1813.	Crimea, 1854-6.	Magersfontein, 1899.
Nivelle, 1813.	Alma, 1854.	Paardeberg, 1900.
Nive, 1813.	Balaclava, 1854.	Thabanchu, 1900.
Orthes, 1814.	Kertch, 1854.	

III

MAJUBA HILL (1881)

By Mark Lovell

THE Gordons were attached to Sir Evelyn Wood's column, about a hundred and fifty being present on the fatal occasion of Majuba Hill. Here Majors Hay and Singleton, with Lieutenants Hector Macdonald, Ian Hamilton, and Ian Macdonald, behaved with signal courage and devotion to duty in the whirlwind of destruction that enveloped the devoted band of seven hundred. Longer than appeared possible they held their own against the hail of bullets that fell amongst them; then officers, revolver in hand, tried in vain to check the rout that seemed to be imminent, whilst above the sound of gun-shots, the hoarse cries of pain, and the triumphant shouts of the foe, Major Hay's calm and cheery voice was heard, 'Men of the Ninety-Second, don't forget your bayonets!'

The exhortation was not unheeded. Again and again the Boers, with fierce and exultant shouts, swarmed up the side of the hill, and made furious attempts to carry it at a rush, but each time were driven back by the bayonets, many of which were dyed with blood. Then came the end. The *Times* report stated that 'the handful of Highlanders were the last to leave the hill, and remained there throwing down stones on the Boers and receiving them at the point of the bayonet.'

The end of that terrible struggle found Hector Macdonald a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He had been captured fighting, and had only submitted to superior force. One of the Boers who approached to receive the submission of the heroic British remnant which still remained unscathed was attracted by the sporran of the stalwart Highlander, and snatched at it. Still holding insult worse than death, the young lieutenant struck down his ill-mannered foe. Death for the desperate prisoner seemed at this crisis to be certain, but the kind fortune which had hitherto protected the almost recklessly

brave young Scotsman did not desert him in this his gravest and worst extremity. Upon a second Boer arriving to dispatch the lieutenant with his rifle, the first one generously interposed, forgiving the blow that had laid him prostrate, and saying, 'No, he is a brave man, too good to kill. Let him live!'

From Fighting Mac.

IV

THE GORDONS AT ELANDSLAAGTE

By G. W. Steevens

ELANDSLAAGTE is a little village and railway station seventeen miles north-east of Ladysmith, and . . . on all grounds it was desirable to smash Elandslaagte. . . .

About half-past two we turned and beheld the columns coming up behind us. The 21st Field Battery, the 5th Lancers, the Natal Mounted Volunteers on the road; the other half of the Devons and half the Gordon Highlanders on their trains—total, with what we had, say something short of three thousand men and eighteen guns. It was battle.

The trains drew up and vomited khaki into the meadow . . . then a mass of khaki topping a dark foundation—the kilts of the Highlanders. . . .

The attack was to be made on their front and their left flank—along the hog-back of the big kopje. The Devons on our left formed for the front attack; the Manchesters met on the right, the Gordons edged out to the extreme rightward base, with the long, long boulder-freckled face above them. The guns flung shrapnel across the valley; the watchful cavalry were in leash, straining towards the enemy's flanks. It was about a quarter to five, and it seemed curiously dark for the time of day.

No wonder—for as the men moved forward before the enemy the heavens were opened. From the eastern sky swept a sheer sheet of rain. With the first swabbing drops horses turned their heads away, trembling, and no whip or spur could bring them up to it. It drove through mackintoshes as if they were blotting-paper. The air was filled with hissing, underfoot you could see solid earth melting into mud, and mud flowing away in water. It blotted out hill and dale and enemy in one grey curtain of swooping water. You would have said that the heavens had opened to drown the wrath of men. And thro' it the guns still thundered and the khaki columns pushed doggedly on.

The infantry came along the boulders and began to open out. The supports and reserves followed up. And then, in a twinkling, on the stone-pitted hill-face burst loose that other storm—the storm of lead, of blood, of death. In a twinkling the first line were down behind rocks firing fast, and the bullets came flicking round them. Men stopped and started, staggered and dropped limply as if the string were cut that held them upright. The line pushed on; the supports and reserves followed up. A colonel fell, shot in the arm; the regiment pushed on.

They came to a rocky ridge about twenty feet high. They clung to cover, firing. Then rose, and were among the shell bullets again. A major was left at the bottom of that ridge, with his pipe in his mouth and a Mauser bullet through his leg; his company pushed on. Down again, fire again, up again, and on!

Another ridge won and passed—and only a more hellish hail of bullets beyond it. More men down, more men pushed into the firing line—more death-piping bullets than ever. The air was a sieve of them; they beat on the boulders like a million hammers; they tore the turf like a harrow.

Another ridge crowned, another welcoming, whistling gust of perdition, more men down, more pushed into the firing line. Half the officers were down; the men puffed and stumbled on. Another ridge—God! would this cursed hill never end? It was sown with bleeding and dead behind; it was edged with stinging fire before. God! Would it never end? On, and get to the end of it! And now it was surely the end. The merry bugles rang out like cock-crow on a fine morning. The pipes shrieked of blood and the lust of glorious death. Fix bayonets! Staff officers rushed shouting from the rear, imploring, cajoling, cursing, slamming every man who could move into the line. Line—but it was a line no longer. It was a surging wave of men—Devons and Gordons, Manchester and Light Horse all mixed inextricably; subalterns, commanding regiments, soldiers yelling advice, officers firing carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling, all drunk with battle, shoving through hell to the throat of the enemy. And there beneath our feet was the Boer camp and the last Boers galloping out of it. There also—thank Heaven, thank Heaven!—were squadrons of Lancers and Dragoon Guards storming in among them shouting, spearing, stamping them into the ground. Cease fire!

It was over—twelve hours of march, of reconnaissance, of waiting, of preparation, and half an hour of attack. But half an hour crammed with the life of half a lifetime.

From Capetown to Ladysmith.

V

TWO HEROES OF ELANDSLAAGTE

By D. C. Parry

VERY gallant was the action of Captain Meiklejohn at Elandslaagte, when so heavy a fire was poured upon the advance that the Gordons began to waver.

Then, in the true old Scottish spirit, Meiklejohn sprang forward, and calling on the men to follow him, led them on in an irresistible rush that ended in the capture of the kopje.

Unhappily the captain went down almost at the start of it, with four wounds, and an empty sleeve afterwards showed how the good right arm had to come off almost at the shoulder. . . .

Very fine was the heroism of Sergeant-Major Robertson at the same battle, a stalwart Scot from Dumfries, who led rush after rush of the Gordons when the Highlanders and the Manchesters charged down through the lightning and the gloom; when the Boers so shamefully abused the use of the white flag, and paid for it with their lives.

He afterwards led a small party to the capture of the enemy's camp, and stuck to the position manfully, receiving two dangerous wounds.

From The V.C.

VI

THE BLACK DAY OF MAGERSFONTEIN

By Sir George Douglas

It was rather more than half an hour after midnight when the Highland Brigade moved off. The story of its advance on Magersfontein has been told too often to require detailed recapitulation. From the first the luck was against it. The weather, which had before been unfavourable, had now grown worse: a thunder-storm broke, and a continuous downpour of rain descended. This was accom-

panied by pitchy darkness. The Brigade advanced in the only formation which under the given conditions was possible—that of mass of quarter columns—company behind company in close order. Even so, and with the additional precaution of guide-ropes, the preservation of the formation was difficult, and many men became detached from their companies. What materially added to the difficulty of the advance was the nature of the ground—encumbered with boulders, overgrown with prickly brush, and now reduced by the rain to mud. Again, the compasses held by Major Benson, R.A., the staff officer who acted as Wauchope's guide, were repeatedly falsified by the electricity in the air, the ironstone rocks, the proximity of the rifles. All this caused delay, of which there is clear proof that Wauchope realised the danger. Under the circumstances the wonder is that the Brigade should have succeeded in reaching its destination. Before starting Wauchope had explained his plan to his staff and commanding officers. It was briefly as follows:—To approach Magersfontein Hill and deploy under cover of darkness, and, lying down, to wait till there should be light enough to advance. Wauchope's intention then was to 'envelope' the hill, getting well round the eastern side of it—the Black Watch being on the right, the Seaforths in the centre, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on the left, and each of these battalions having ultimately two companies in front, two in support, and four in reserve. The Highland Light Infantry was to be kept back to act as a general reserve. This plan, as things turned out, the delay above referred to must of itself have sufficed to modify.

The bearings given at starting had been forty-five degrees for one thousand yards, and then thirty-two degrees on to Magersfontein Hill. When the column had been for over three hours on the march, an occasional lightning-flash showed the outline of Magersfontein Hill looming indistinctly ahead. But with the experience of Tel-el-Kebir probably present to his mind, the general decided to gain a few more yards before deploying. It must be remembered that he was still more than seven hundred yards from the foot of the hill, and that the existence of the trenches which ran out into the plain before it were entirely unknown to him. At this juncture a further delay was occasioned by the impingement of the leading battalion, the Black Watch, on a particularly dense mass of bush, whilst in order to get the entire column clear of this obstacle a further advance was necessary. Then Wauchope gave the order to deploy. And in doing so he presumably recognised that the leading of Major Benson—admirable as, when all things are considered, it must be allowed to have been—had conducted him somewhat to the west of the 'salient' of Magersfontein, the point at which he had aimed. For instead of, as previously arranged, directing that both the Seaforths and Argylls should deploy to the left of the Black Watch, he now ordered that one of these battalions should deploy on either side of the leading battalion. By this means he sought to correct a deviation which, as it turned out, was to have serious results—though these could not have been foreseen—for it led the column right on to the strongest part of the Boer trenches.

There are various stories current as to the means by which the Boers were informed that the British were approaching. It is said, for instance, that the waving of a light from the left of the column gave the necessary warning. By whom it was waved, or how the waver escaped detection, is not stated. Other stories speak of a signal by lanterns from a farmhouse near the point of departure, and of a sentry posted in front of the trenches. By some means or another there could be little difficulty about making the intimation, and it is known that throughout the night the Boer officers were active in the trenches keeping their men on the alert to meet the expected advance.

The deployment was proceeding, and had reached the leading companies of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—so that in a few minutes more the whole Brigade would have been ready for the attack—when, without warning, from the trenches in front, to right and left, and from the hillside above, a converging fire was poured in by the enemy. The surprise was complete, the Brigade was caught at a terrible disadvantage. It has been stated elsewhere that the one redeeming feature in the circumstances was that the Boers had not fully realised the closeness of their enemies, and hence much of their fire went too high. This was, however, scarcely the case; much of the aiming was of deadly precision, whilst numerous bullets also struck the ground in front of the leading battalions. Instantly grasping what had taken place, the General gave the word to charge. But the intensity of the fire made an advance impossible. The leading battalions, however, completed the deployment as if on parade, the only confusion which occurred being due to some of the companies becoming entangled in a barbed wire fence.

When the fire broke out Wauchope was standing a little in advance of the column, with Major Benson who had acted as his guide, Captain Cumming-Bruce of the Black Watch, who had been assisting Benson, and one of his own A.D.C.'s, his kinsman, Lieutenant A. G. Wauchope, of the same regiment. With the same calmness which had characterised him on parade that afternoon, he now advanced straight ahead, and then a little to the left. The bullets were flying thick and fast, and as he advanced he half turned to Lieutenant Wauchope and repeated twice the words, 'This is fighting.' The object of his present movement was to reconnoitre the Boer position. Before him, to his right front, there was a considerable gap in the line of fire—this being the point at which Captain MacFarlan of the Black Watch succeeded later in passing the enemy's lines. Quickly seizing this fact, the General turned to his A.D.C. and said, 'A.G., do you go back and bring up reinforcements to the right of A company.' To prevent mistakes the young officer repeated the order, and then hastened back to execute it. On his return to the front, of the three figures he had left there but one remained standing. Wauchope had been shot by two bullets, of which one entered the groin, the other furrowing the temple. When his body was found next day by Captain Rennie of the Black Watch, the legs were slightly gathered up, as would be caused by the muscular contraction following the wound in the groin. This would appear to indicate that death had been swift if not instantaneous.

A story, which is believed by the rank and file throughout both battalions of his old regiment, though the writer has sought in vain for evidence on which to base it, would assign to his dying moments the words, 'Don't blame me for this, lads!' It will be seen that this speech is capable of widely different interpretations, according as the emphasis is laid on the second or third word of the sentence. For, by emphasising the 'me,' what is otherwise a mere reference to the proverbial fortune of war assumes the character of a reflection on some other person or persons. In the nature of things there is nothing unlikely in Wauchope's having used these words in the first sense, though, as I have said, beyond the vaguest hearsay, there is no evidence that he did so use them. That he would have used them in the second sense is to all who knew him incredible.

Thus, at the head of his troops, in the performance of his duty, died one of the bravest and truest soldiers, one of the most perfect characters, and one of the best-loved men of his time. He perished in the moment of disaster, but for that disaster he was in no sense or degree responsible. A wellnigh impossible task—one which partook, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope—had been set him, and against this his better judgment had protested. But, having received his orders, he loyally did his best to carry them out. . . .

To describe in detail the battle which followed the General's death does not fall within the scope of this book. Suffice it to say that his last order was promptly obeyed—such officers of the Black Watch as had not been placed *hors de combat* doubling forward their men to the right of the companies already extended, where they were joined by the Seaforth Highlanders. Thence, in the face of a deadly fire, they pushed forward, surmounting obstacles which had been placed in their way, so that, within twenty minutes of the first surprise, several hundred men of the two battalions had made their way into the gap which had been espied by Wauchope on the right of the Boer central trench, and in this manner had reached the foot of the hill. One little party under Captain MacFarlan of the Black Watch rushed straight up; another party penetrated to the reverse side and began to ascend there. So, for a time, it looked as if the fortune of Otterburn were about to be renewed, and 'a dead man would win the field.' But death had been too prompt for that—Wauchope's controlling mind, which, had he been spared for half an hour longer, might well have guided his men to victory, was too sorely missed; and despite the noblest gallantry displayed by the Highlanders, the temporary advantage had to be foregone. Many there must have been in those earlier stages of the fight who looked anxiously for their loved and trusted leader. Later on it was reported that he had been carried wounded to the rear. After that the heat and burden of the day were still to be endured—when, through many hours of thirst and famishing, exposed to burning sun and murderous rifle-fire . . . the troops still clung with heroic tenacity to their position.

But for ourselves the story is already told. On the Tuesday the General's body was discovered by his faithful aide-de-camp, Captain J. G. Rennie, within two hundred yards of the Boer trenches, and that night, amid the mourning of a host, was solemnly interred. An eye-witness thus describes the ceremony:

'Last night we buried poor General Wauchope, his Brigade giving him farewell honours. I shall never forget the scene. The body, wrapped in a soldier's blanket, was laid on a stretcher borne by four Highlanders of the Black Watch. Pipers from every regiment solemnly preceded it, playing a lament—in front of them the firing party with arms reversed, and behind hundreds more, voluntary mourners, marching unarmed.

'The procession passed close to the hospital, and quite a number of men, with one arm hanging limp by their side, raised the other to salute as it passed.

'The service was taken by "Padre" Robertson, chaplain to the Highland Brigade. At its close the sun was setting in the glorious beauty for which this country is famous, and we left 'Andy' Wauchope, as most of his Brigade had learned to call him, where he will lie peacefully enough when the tide of war has surged over his head.

'I have never met a man of whom it could be more truly said, "Every one who knew him loved him."'

From Life of Major-General Wauchope.

VII

CAPTAIN TOWSE OF THE GORDONS

By D. C. Parry

THE first man gazetted for the war was Captain Towse of the Gordons, and a gallant and pathetic story is his. . . .

After seeing service at Chitral, and on the Punjab frontier, he found himself in the havoc of Magersfontein, where so many of the Highland Brigade bit the dust.

In that terrible *sauve qui peut* he tried to carry Lieutenant-Colonel Downman, who had been mortally wounded, to a place of safety; and when he failed to do this, he supported him until Colour-Sergeant Nelson and Lance-Corporal Hodgson came to his help.

His second act of bravery was at Mount Thaba, where he took up a position far away from any support with twelve men, the enemy, about 150 in number, making an attempt to seize the same plateau, and getting within a hundred yards of the little party before they were noticed.

Some of them came to within forty yards and summoned him to surrender. But surrendering was a thing never to the taste of the 'Gay Gordons,' and, heading his men in a charge, he drove the foe back.

Then, taking what cover they could, Captain Towse and his handful opened fire, and with such effect that, though the enemy numbered more than twelve to one, they held the position, at fearful cost, however, to the gallant captain.

A bullet destroyed the sight of both eyes, and in the very prime of lusty manhood—he was only thirty-six at the time—he was left with the long, dark years before him, illumined only by the memory of duty nobly done.

The story of that war yields no more touching incident than that of the blind Highland officer, led into the presence of his aged sovereign, in whose service he had lost the most precious of all God's gifts, to receive the Cross from her own hand, the tears coursing down her cheeks the while.

From *The V.C.*

VIII

CÆSAR'S CAMP

By Sir A. Conan Doyle

CÆSAR'S CAMP was garrisoned by one sturdy regiment, the Manchesters, aided by a Colt automatic gun. . . . Three companies of the Gordons had been left near Cæsar's Camp, and these, under Captain Carnegie, threw themselves into the struggle. Four other companies of Gordons came in support from the town, losing upon the way their splendid Colonel, Dick Cunynghame, who was killed by a chance shot at three thousand yards, on that his first appearance since he had recovered from his wounds at Elandslaagte. . . . Two companies of the 60th Rifles and a small body of the ubiquitous Gordons happened to be upon the hill and threw themselves into the fray, but they were unable to turn the tide. Of thirty-three Gordons under Lieutenant MacNaughton thirty were wounded. As our men retired under the shelter of the northern slope they were reinforced by another hundred and fifty Gordons under the stalwart Miller-Wallnutt. . . .

There has been no better fighting in our time than that upon Waggon Hill on that January morning. . . . Through the long day the fight maintained its equilibrium along the summit of the ridge, swaying a little that way or this, but never amounting to a repulse of the stormers or to a rout of the defenders. . . . At four o'clock a huge bank of clouds which had towered upwards unheeded by the struggling men burst suddenly into a terrific thunderstorm. . . . Upon the bullet-swept hill the long fringes of fighting men took no more heed of the elements than would two bulldogs who have each other by the throat. Up the greasy hillside, foul with mud and with blood, came the Boer reserves, and up the northern slope came our own reserve, the Devon Regiment, fit representatives of that virile county. Admirably led by Park, their gallant Colonel, the Devons swept



By kind permission of Mrs. Macpherson, Corralmony.

Over the Veldt.

Drums and Pipes of the gist (Argyllshire) Highlanders.

After the Drawing by W. Skeoch Cumming.

the Boers before them, and the Rifles, Gordons, and Light Horse joined in the wild charge which finally cleared the ridge. . . .

The cheers of victory as the Devons swept the ridge had heartened the weary men upon Cæsar's Camp to a similar effort. Manchesters, Gordons, and Rifles, aided by the fire of two batteries, cleared the long-debated position. Wet, cold, weary, and without food for twenty-six hours, the bedraggled Tommies stood yelling and waving, amid the litter of dying and dead. . . .

The grim test of the casualty returns shows that it was to the Imperial Light Horse . . . the Manchesters, the Gordons, the Devons, and the 2nd Rifle Brigade that the honours of the day are due.

From The Great Boer War.

IX

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT KOODOOSBERG

By Sir A. Conan Doyle

In order to draw the Boer attention away from the thunderbolt which was about to fall upon their left flank, a strong demonstration ending in a brisk action was made early in February upon the extreme right of Cronje's position. The force, consisting of the Highland Brigade, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, No. 7 Company Royal Engineers, and the 62nd Battery, was under the command of the famous Hector Macdonald. . . .

The four regiments which composed the infantry of the force—the Black Watch, the Argyll and Sutherlands, the Seaforths, and the Highland Light Infantry—left Lord Methuen's camp on Saturday, February 3, and halted at Fraser's Drift, passing on next day to Koodoosberg. The day was very hot and the going very heavy, and many men fell out, some never to return. The drift (or ford) was found, however, to be undefended, and was seized by Macdonald, who, after pitching camp on the south side of the river, sent out strong parties across the drift to seize and entrench the Koodoosberg and some adjacent kopjes which, lying some three-quarters of a mile to the north-west of the drift, formed the key of the position. A few Boer scouts were seen hurrying with the news of his coming to the head laager.

The effect of these messages was evident by Tuesday (February 6), when the Boers were seen to be assembling upon the north bank. By next morning they were there in considerable numbers, and began an attack upon a crest held by the Seaforths. Macdonald threw two companies of the Black Watch and two of the Highland Light Infantry into the fight. The Boers made excellent practice with a 7-pounder mountain gun, and their rifle fire, considering the good cover which our men had, was very deadly. Poor Tait of the Black Watch, good sportsman and gallant soldier, with one wound hardly healed upon his person, was hit again. 'They've got me this time,' were his dying words. Blair of the Seaforths had his carotid cut by a shrapnel bullet, and lay for hours while the men of his company took turns to squeeze the artery. But our artillery silenced the Boer gun, and our infantry easily held their artillery. . . . It was on the 9th that the brigade returned; on the 10th they were congratulated by Lord Roberts in person.

From The Great Boer War.

X

WHEN FIGHTING MAC WAS WOUNDED

By Thomas F. G. Coates

GENERAL MACDONALD reached Cape Town from India in the third week in January, and proceeded at once to Modder River. He had been there little more than a week when, with the Highland Brigade, the 9th Laneers, and a battery of field artillery, he left Lord Methuen's camp and proceeded to Koodoosberg Drift, fourteen miles to the west.

At 9 A.M. on 7th February the enemy established guns on the north end of Koodoosberg and shelled the breastworks which Maedonald was constructing to protect the drift.

On the right bank of the river, holding the south end of Koodoosberg, were the Black Watch, half battalion Seaforth, one company of Highland Light Infantry, and four guns of the 62nd Field Battery. At the drift were seven companies of the Highland Light Infantry. On the left bank were the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the remainder of the Seaforths, and two guns, the 9th Laneers observing both flanks.

After firing shrapnel for some time, the enemy made a determined effort to drive the Highlanders off Koodoosberg. Reinforcements of three companies Highland Light Infantry and four companies Seaforths were sent up in succession, and the position was successfully maintained, firing going on till dark.

Meanwhile, at Maedonald's request, General Babington had been dispatched from Modder River at 11.30 A.M. on the 7th with his own regiment, cavalry, and two batteries Horse Artillery. Marching by the right bank, he threatened the north of Koodoosberg, while on the left bank the 9th Laneers, supported by two guns and two companies Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, drove the enemy back to Painter's Drift.

The enemy were forced to evacuate the position, which, however, they made desperate efforts to retain. Heavy guns had shelled the British force, but our artillery silenced those guns. It was only after a day's fighting, in which the Highlanders greatly distinguished themselves, that the enemy were forced to retire.

The position gained by Maedonald was important. His movement was the more valuable as it diverted the attention of the Boers from the general plans of Lord Roberts. Much astonishment was caused in this country when, almost immediately afterwards, Lord Methuen ordered the withdrawal of General Maedonald's force from Koodoosberg, 'under instructions from headquarters,' as the telegrams from the front announced. 'The movement, which was only a reconnaissance, had a most excellent effect.' The retirement from the position was carried out after a desultory skirmish in perfect order, and the withdrawal was described as being effected 'in a workmanlike manner.'

General Maedonald, returning from this successful reconnaissance, was to take part in that great and skilful operation which led to the surrender of the Boer general, Cronje, and upwards of four thousand of his men. Lord Roberts' plans were carefully hidden and most skilfully and unexpectedly carried out. He succeeded in practically surrounding General Cronje's force. From the camp on the Modder River on February 16th a great cloud of dust was seen. It was the beginning of a movement, the object of which was to outwit Lord Roberts. It was 'Bobs' who did the outwitting. General Knox's brigade was immediately ordered out with two field batteries. The Boers held a strong position, and kept it in the hope that their transport would get through. General Maedonald and

the Highland Brigade moved out to cut off the retreat by the main drifts to the east. 'Fighting Mae' had to stop by reason of his oxen giving out through fatigue.

The general movement, however, succeeded, and Macdonald got part of his force across to the south of the river, and General Cronje was brought to bay. A terrible cannonade, of which the Highland Brigade got the full benefit, was poured in upon our forces for several days. In an engagement at Paardeberg Drift, one of the most hotly contested of the campaign, General Macdonald was severely wounded.

The engagement was of a very severe nature, and it was one regarding which the foreign experts who witnessed it—and the foreign experts were at all times most critical—paid, in the messages they sent home to their governments, a high tribute to the strategical art of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. The Paardeberg battle began on Saturday, February 17th. On the previous Thursday we had come into contact with the Boer rear-guard at Klip Kraal, and it was then seen that the enemy were making desperate efforts to get through to Bloemfontein before their line of retreat was cut off. Our infantry held the enemy in check until our reinforcements arrived. Generals Kitchener and French subsequently arrived, and our army descended towards the river in the direction of Paardeberg Drift.

The enemy were in the river bed, protected by the high banks and dongas. The Highland Brigade, supported by the Gloucesters, West Ridings, Oxfords, and Buffs, received orders to advance and clear the river bank of the enemy. Forward they went with a cheer, but as soon as they were within a thousand yards of the Boers, a murderous fire was poured in upon them.

Our men were advancing upon a naturally strong position, one in which the Boers were comparatively safe, for the natural advantages of the country afforded them excellent protection from our fire. Our men, on the other hand, had to advance across open land, where there was no cover.

On the open veldt they made fine marks for the Boer snipers.

A special correspondent of a daily newspaper thus describes what followed: 'There was only the open veldt, as devoid of cover as the palm of one's hand and as flat as a turnpike road in England. At the first fusillade our men faltered and fell back a short distance, then quickly grasping the situation and realising what was expected of them, down they went flat on their stomachs, and, with the help of their bayonets, soon contrived to throw up sufficient earth to afford them some protection. Under a withering fire they remained in this position the whole day, firing volleys into the river banks, and thus keeping the enemy's fire down, whilst General Smith-Dorrien got round on their left with a battery of artillery.

General Macdonald was leading the Highland Brigade to the attack when he was struck below the knee-cap by a Mauser bullet, which went round behind the knee and, travelling upwards, emerged just below the hip. It then penetrated the saddle and killed the general's horse. To his great regret he was compelled to be out of the fighting for the remainder of that engagement and for some time afterwards.

Fighting under great difficulties, the result of the Highland Brigade's advance was accomplished during the day. Lord Roberts reached the scene of the operations on the Sunday, and on the Monday evening the Boers were driven across the river. Cronje then sent a request for an armistice for twenty-four hours, and it was expected that he would at once surrender. He determined, however, to fight on.

The next few days were taken up in desultory firing, the British troops gradually, but surely, encircling the enemy, and getting close enough to strike the final blow.

After a prolonged period of feverish activity and no little anxiety, the end came, and Cronje surrendered with his entire army. This great victory, which General Macdonald had helped to bring about, came on the anniversary of Majuba Day, and caused the greatest satisfaction. It must have been a source of peculiar gratification to General Macdonald, who had never forgotten that day long ago in 1881 when he had to surrender to the Boers on Majuba Hill.

From Hector Macdonald.

XI

BATTLE OF PAARDEPLATZ (8TH SEPTEMBER 1900)

'Those Royal Scots are devils to go!'

THIS proved to be the last stand of Botha's main army. Hamilton's force on the right, Buller's army on the left and in reserve, Smith-Dorrien disposed his brigade as follows :

First line, Royal Scots (right), Royal Irish (left). Second line, Gordon Highlanders.

The battalion extended (less B Company detached as escort to 5-inch gun) at a distance of 6500 yards from the enemy's position. Most of the enemy's shells burst on impact, and did no harm. Each company in column of sections extended to about ten paces, six companies formed firing line and supports, two companies reserve ; thus, at the start, there were twelve lines at distances of 200 to 400 yards ; these were reduced to eight lines, on the two reserve companies being sent to prolong it. The country was much broken, the surface covered with large stones and rocks, and at times the slopes were very steep. At 1600 yards from the enemy's sangars the battalion came to a ravine 1000 feet deep, 400 yards wide, the bottom was thickly wooded, and along its centre ran a swift river, fordable only in places, the side nearest our approach was a sheer precipice, except for two narrow gullies. Each captain led his company down these and across the ravine ; their original position became much altered, and many men became detached ; these were collected by Major Bodé and Captain Moir (Adj't.) and formed by them into a party. The rapidity with which the battalion crossed this formidable obstacle drew the following remark from Sir Redvers Buller to General Smith-Dorrien :

'By Jove ! those Royal Scots are devils to go.'

On reaching the top of the further side of the ravine, the battalion was about 1200 yards from the enemy's sangars. The interval was flat, open, not any cover whatever. The companies opened a heavy fire, and, noticing the artillery had range and were enfilading the enemy's trenches, they commenced to advance across the open. The left found a little cover near a small house, and pushed on rapidly, reached dead ground close to the Boer sangars, and charged ; the Boers fled. The infantry in the meantime constantly pushed forward to envelop, and the whole of the enemy's line gave way. The battalion was reorganised quickly, and followed in pursuit, but a dense fog fell on the mountain, and the advance had to be stopped. The features of the action were the rapid advance of the Royal Scots, and the support afforded the infantry by the artillery. It was undoubtedly owing to this that the battalion, in its advance across the last 1200 yards, escaped casualties. The Boers must have fired at random, fearing the

enfilading shells. Sir Redvers Buller, in orders that night, especially mentioned the battalion for its conduct in the action. The following officers were mentioned in despatches: Major W. Douglas, Major Bodé, Captain and Adjutant A. J. G. Moir.

From Diary of Services of the 1st Battalion the Royal Scots during the Boer War.

XII

THE ROYAL SCOTS AT BERMONDSEY

AT 7 A.M. the column moved and marched on Uitkomst covered by mounted infantry; the left of this screen was attacked by a hundred Boers, and two companies of the battalion were sent to their support. . . . It found Uitkomst evacuated; forty Boers now opened fire on our right. In front was Bermondsey, and suspecting the enemy to be in position there, after leaving two guns and two hundred Royal Scots on Uitkomst, with orders to send on all available infantry as it came up, Douglas pushed on with one and a half companies M.I., two guns, and five and a half companies Royal Scots. One company M.I. was sent to cover the right flank, half a company covered the front. The Bermondsey position consisted of a hill, the top of which was covered with large rocks; the enemy's left rested on a precipice; immediately in front of his position was a deep gully in front of which a line of rocks jutted out at right angles to the enemy's front. In these advanced rocks, which lay on the right of the column's line of advance, Boers were concealed, and they did not disclose themselves until the M.I. scouts were within a few yards of them, when they opened a hot fire from their main and advanced position; the two companies of the battalion forming an advanced guard pushed on.

The field guns came into action at 1600 yards, whilst the machine gun of the battalion was brought to a position where it could enfilade the line of advanced rocks; it was chiefly due to the machine gun that the enemy left his advanced position. The two companies established themselves in a good fire position, with the gully between them and the enemy, whose position was 1400 yards from them. Douglas then sent 2nd Lieutenant Dalmahoy with E Company to turn the Boer right. In spite of the difficult ground, he effected this in a very able, gallant way, and the Boers hastily retired. Lieutenant Dalmahoy, who had been joined by Captain and Adjutant Moir, on his own initiative pushed on after the retreating Boers, and the whole column, which had now been reinforced by the pom-pom, and a half battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, pressed forward. The men of E Company displayed great gallantry by the cool way in which they advanced through the rocks under a brisk fire. They followed along a narrow ridge which led to another kopje, Boschoek, the two being connected with a neck. The ground on this neck was flat and quite open, either side was precipitous. The firing line lay down in the open just short of the neck and about 420 yards from the enemy. The two had entrenching 'implements' amongst them, and, by passing these to each other, each man managed to scrape a small mound in front of him. The pom-pom came into action at 1600 yards, the field guns at 2000 yards, and the Boers retired into the Komati Valley. Captain Moir was wounded in four places, 2nd Lieutenant Dalmahoy in two, Private Sheddou was killed, and Private M'Millan was wounded. Lieutenant Price, Lance-Corporals M'Gill, M'Millan and Fox, and Private Adams showed conspicuous courage, and risked their lives to save others. Corporal Paul, who, after the officers were wounded, showed coolness and judgment in command of the firing line, was promoted Sergeant by Lord Kitchener. Lieutenant Price was recommended for the Victoria

Cross, the other two officers and the Lance-Corporals were mentioned in dispatches. . . . Colonel Douglas received the following telegram from Sir Bindon Blood's Chief Staff Officer : ' The Major-General congratulates you on your success.'

*From Diary of the Services of the 1st Battalion Royal Scots
during the Boer War.*

XIII

IN PRAISE OF THE ROYAL SCOTS

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON issued the following orders on 1st October 1900 :—

' Before leaving Komatipoort for the Rustenburg district, General Ian Hamilton wishes to congratulate his force on the fine work which has been performed by them since they marched out of Belfast on the 3rd of September 1900. During this period they have driven the enemy out of his most formidable selected positions—first, on the main Lydenburg road, where they had barred the progress of the Natal Army ; and secondly, on the heights overlooking Lydenburg itself. They have also encountered and overcome every sort of natural obstacle, and have carried the British flag through tracts of waterless bush, and over ranges of lofty mountains to the most remote frontier of the enemy. All this has been done with so much spirit and so cheerfully, as to excite the general officer commanding's greatest admiration, who will take the first opportunity of informing Lord Roberts of the splendid work done by all ranks under his command.'

XIV

THE SCOTTISH YEOMANRY AT BOTHAVILLE

By Trooper A. S. Orr

VERY early on the morning of 6th November [1900] we were all astir, expecting, however, only a long march. . . . A grand surprise awaited our troops. Behind a farm, on the top of a gentle rise, lay the whole of De Wet's force, numbering about a thousand men, with guns and a large convoy. . . . A volley from Major Leam's men roused them all to action. . . .

Our gunners, when the shooting began, galloped up to within four hundred yards of the Boers, and at once came under a heavy fire. Two guns unlimbered behind the main farm building, which had been seized and was still held by a few men of the advance guard, and the other gun galloped off to the left. Colonel Le Gallais and his staff, with Major Ross, rode up to view the situation from the farm. Entering the house, Major Ross went to a window overlooking the Boer position, where he offered a splendid target to the Boers. A volley from them shattered the glass and woodwork, and the gallant Major fell severely wounded. Colonel Le Gallais entering a few seconds later met with the same fate. . . .

The Boers now attacked with great vigour. Some crept forward among the grass to short range, while others, moving about on their horses, galloped in here and there to find a weak spot. The ground was so flat that good shooting was difficult, and it allowed the Boers to get closer with impunity. The situation was fast becoming serious. Our numbers were so small in comparison with the Boers that we could not be very sparing with our fire, and the ammunition was running dangerously short. . . .

About half-past eight, to our great relief, an orderly turned up with 1200 rounds of ammunition in his food-bag, and half an hour later Knox and De

Lisle arrived on the scene with reinforcements. With their help the Boers were driven from the flanks, and those at the farm surrounded. Preparations were made for a bayonet charge, but at 10.30 the white flag went up. Not a man stirred till the Boers came out and laid down their arms; then great cheering all round the laagar announced that the surrender had taken place. . . .

Great praise was given to all the units of Le Gallais's force engaged that day, and many individual men got special mention. Amongst them was our grand old doctor (Surgeon-Major Naismith, D.S.O.), who seemed to bear a charmed life while attending to the wounded at the farm. We gave him three cheers when we heard of it at Kroonstad, and he showed himself then, as always, ready with a neat speech. 'Thank you, my lads, thank you!' he said; 'I am proud of it for the honour to your company, for the honour to the Scottish Yeomanry.'

Scottish Yeomanry in South Africa.

XV

SCOTLAND : THE WORLD MOTHER

By Wilfred Campbell

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
Mother of half the world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands
Or Orient jungle or Western fen.

And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,
Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
Or, wrapt in wide-world honour, sleep.

By Egypt's sands or Western wave,
She kens her latest heroes rest,
With Scotland's honour o'er each grave,
And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home—her mother love
Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their
graves,
Where Arthur's eastle looms above,
Or Strathy storms or Solway raves;

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends
In olden love of clouds and dew;
Where Trossachs unto Stirling sends
Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where the miles of heather sweep,
Her dust of legend in his breast,
'Neath aged Dryburgh's aisle and keep
Her wizard Walter takes his rest.

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,
More loved than any singer loved
By heart of man amid those rare
High souls the world hath tried and
proved;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue
Wherever Scotsmen greet together
And, far out alien scenes among,
Go mad at the glint of a sprig of
heather.

And he, her latest wayward child,
Her Louis of the magie pen,
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,
Far, far, alas, from misted glen;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,
Beyond all common poet's whim;—
In dreams the whaups are calling low,
In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none
E'er drew the blade of daring forth,
Her Colin under Indian sun,
Her Donald of the fighting north.

Or he, her greatest hero, he
Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus' sands,
Grave Gordon, mightiest of those free
Great captains of her fighting bands.

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,
Who stormed the fort or ploughed
the main,
To free the wave or win the shore,
She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide
By purpling peak and reeling foam;
From western ridge or Orient side,
She calls them home, she calls them
home.

And far, from east to western sea,
The answering word comes back to
her:

'Our hands were slack, our hopes were
free,

We answered to the blood astir;

'The life by kelpie loch was dull,
The homeward slothful work was done,
We followed where the world was full,
To dree the weird our fates had
spun.

'We built the brig, we reared the town,
We spanned the earth with lightning
gleam,
We ploughed, we fought, 'mid smile and
frown,
Where all the world's four corners
teem.

'But under all the surge of life,
The mad race-fight for mastery,
Though foremost in the surgent strife,
Our hearts went back, went back to
thee.'

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and
slow,
And the Scotsman's thought is hard
to ken,
But through all the yearnings of men
that go,
His heart is the heart of the northern
glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,
And the humming pipes of the squirl-
ing din,
And his love is the love of the shieling
door,
And the smell of the smoking peat
within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood
Is crossed with the strain that holds
him fast,

'Mid the world's great ill and the world's
great good

He yearns to the Mother of men at last.

For there's something strong and some-
thing true

In the wind where the sprig of heather
is blown,

And something great in the blood so blue
That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,
For there's never a toil in a far countrie
But a Scotsman tackles it hard and
fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their
songs,

He weaves their creeds with an iron
twist,

And, making of laws or righting of
wrongs,

He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
This Mother of half a world's great
men,

And out of the heart of her haunted
lands

She calls her children home again.

And, over the glens and the wild sea
floors,

She peers so still as she counts her
cost,

With the whaups low-calling over the
moors:

'Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath
lost!'