

carriole; and some additional detachments of dragoons having by this time arrived, the whole advanced rapidly upon the flying troops, and penetrated after them into Wurttemberg. On reaching the town, however, they perceived on an eminence, at some distance beyond it, a body of Austrian infantry, consisting of 9 battalions, drawn up in one solid square, and protected on its flanks by artillery and cavalry. It is at all times a bold attempt for cavalry to attack disciplined infantry drawn up to receive them, and unbroken by a previous discharge of artillery; but more especially is this the case should the square, as in the present instance, be protected both by artillery and cavalry.—The French horsemen had, however, learned to think there was nothing they could not accomplish and a charge was instantly made; but although the dragoons displayed the greatest courage, it was found impossible to penetrate the compact mass of the enemy. Exelmans had a horse killed under him, and Colonel Maurepetit fell pierced by a bayonet. Murat, however, soon came up with a strong body of cavalry: the attack was renewed, and the Austrians were seen to give ground. In the meantime, a body of grenadiers came up, and began to occupy a slope of woodland which ran along the rear of the Austrian position. Had the grenadiers arrived a few minutes sooner, probably the whole Austrian force would have been made prisoners; as it was they accomplished their retreat, but not without leaving several pieces of artillery, some standards, and 2,000 prisoners in the hands of the French. Murat wishing to reward the bravery of Exelmans, commissioned him to bear to the Emperor the tidings of the first considerable success gained over the Austrians. The Emperor received the news at Donaunworth; and in order to give greater éclat to the first honor accorded during this campaign, he conferred the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor on this brave young officer in presence of his whole staff. After a few more such spirited engagements as the one I have just described, the Austrians were at length cut off from all means of retreat.—Some detached corps, indeed, attempted to make their escape, with more or less success. The Archduke Ferdinand succeeded in passing the French lines during the night, with six or seven thousand cavalry and a body of infantry; and joined by General Werneuh and his corps, he attempted to escape into Bohemia, thus depriving Mack of 20,000 men. Pursued, however, for several days by Murat at the head of an immense body of horse, Dupont's division and Oudinot's grenadiers, the whole retreating infantry and artillery, and a part of the cavalry, were obliged to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners. The Archduke, saved by the fidelity of a soldier, who gave him his horse, made his escape followed only by two or three thousand horsemen.

The unfortunate Mack, completely hemmed in by the French, was obliged, with what remained to him of his army, that is about 30,000 men, to lay down his arms. On that memorable occasion, Napoleon stood on a slope, at the foot of the Mecklenburg mountains; behind were ranged the French infantry, so as to form a half circle and in front the cavalry were deployed in line, facing the Emperor; Thus forming a sort of amphitheatre through which the Austrians could defile after depositing their arms. The Austrian General advanced the first: grief was depicted in his countenance; and as he presented his sword to Napoleon, he said, "You see before you the unfortunate Mack!" Napoleon received him and his officers with the greatest courtesy, and they took their places on either side of the conqueror. Furious at the humiliation of giving up their arms, the Austrian soldiers flung them away, before they arrived at the place where the Emperor stood; and as they passed by they seemed to regard with the utmost curiosity the terrible conqueror who, by the rapidity of his marches, had surprised and surrounded them in their stronghold.

Napoleon, in one of these stirring addresses he knew so well how to make thus describes his successes—not entirely, be it remarked, without exaggeration:—

"Soldiers!—Of 100,000 men who composed the Austrian strength, 60,000 are our prisoners. I promised you a great battle, but instead we have the results of a great victory, and have only lost 1500 men. Sol-

diers!—This success is due to your confidence in your Emperor;—to your patience in supporting fatigue and privations of every kind—and to your intrepidity. But we have not done; you are impatient to re-commence a second campaign.

"That Russian army which the gold of England has transported from the extremities of the universe still exists; we have yet to deal with it as we have done with the Austrians."

It would be tedious to continue any further the events of this campaign; suffice it to say, that the French army, with Murat and his cavalry and grenadiers leading the way, drove the Russian and Austrian armies before them, till at length, by the ardor and dexterity of Murat, the bridge across the Danube was surprised, and the French cavalry and grenadiers poured into the Capital of the Austrian Empire.

This campaign terminates with the Battle of Austerlitz, when Napoleon gains a decisive victory over the Austro-Russian army, commanded by the two Emperors in person: three Emperors being thus present on the field. The battle of Austerlitz is remarkable for several brilliant cavalry engagements, which, however, I have not time at present to describe to you, but which are well worthy the careful perusal of every one desirous of becoming acquainted with cavalry tactics.

We have spoken so much of Prince Murat, that I am tempted to give you the character of this singular personage, as drawn by Napoleon himself. The following quotation is taken from O'Meara's voice from St. Helena: "Murat, said Napoleon was a most singular character. He loved, I may rather say, he adored me. With me, he was my right arm; without me, he was nothing. Order Murat to attack and destroy 4,000 or 5,000 men, in such a direction, it was done in a moment; leave him to himself, he was an imbecile without judgment. In battle, he was, perhaps, the bravest man in the world: his boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, covered with plumes and glittering with gold; how he escaped was a miracle, for from being so distinguished a mark, every one fired at him—Every day, Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and returned with his sabre dripping with the blood of those he had slain.—He was a Paladin in the field, but in the cabinet destitute of either decision or judgment."

You all remember the gallant feat of arms performed by the light cavalry brigade, led on by Lord Cardigan, at Balaklava; useless because unsupported, but showing the extraordinary valour and irresistible force of the British sabre.

To the cavalry no opportunity of distinction had yet occurred; at the Alma the allied horse took little or no part; and on the occasion to which we now allude the heavy brigade alone, had been engaged, and had, among the earlier part of the day, won laurels, by defeating a much superior force of Russian horsemen. A noble emulation was felt by men and officers of the light brigade; and this feeling was naturally enough participated in by a brave officer of Hussars, Captain Nolan, attached to the Quarter Master General's staff, and in that capacity entrusted with orders for Lord Lucan, the commander of the British cavalry; and which, in a mistaken but noble zeal, he misunderstood or misinterpreted. I will give you an account of what followed, as related by the graphic pen of the Times' correspondent:—

"When Lord Lucan received the order from Capt. Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, 'Where are we to advance to?' Capt. Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians and said, 'There are the enemy, and there are the guns, Sir, before them; it is your duty to take them,' or words to that effect, according to the statement made since his death. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. The only support our light cavalry had, was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns were far in the rear and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven our Light Ca-

valry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the number of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done more than that we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Col. Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate rencontre. With carnage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mixed with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants turned a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

"Captain Nolan was killed by the first shot fired, as he rode in front of the Hussars, cheering them on. Lord Lucan was slightly wounded.

"While this affair was going on, the French cavalry made a most brilliant charge at the battery on our left, which was firing on our men, and cut down the gunners; but they could not get off the guns without support, and had to retreat, with the loss of two Captains and fifty men killed and wounded, out of a little force of 200 Chasseurs."

A gallant Canadian gentleman, then a subaltern in the 11th Hussars, took a distinguished part in this desperate and heroic charge of the light brigade.—I allude to Lieut. Dunn, lately, most deservedly recommended, by the Governor General, to a majority in the Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment. Officer and manned,

almost exclusively by natives of this country, I hope the 100th will soon have an opportunity of proving that the good old stock has not degenerated in Canada.

Although the heroic charge at Balaklava led to no results, as regarded the fate of the day; and from the needless sacrifice of so many brave fellows, must forever be a subject of regret; it at all events affords a brilliant proof of what cavalry is capable of accomplishing, when skill and valor combine to direct its movements.

The rapidity of this arm is a great protection to it; when advancing to the charge it has little to fear from artillery, not yet from the fire of musket or rifle; except, in the case, when charging a line of infantry sufficiently brave and disciplined, coolly to reserve its fire till the horsemen are "au bout portait," and then, to take a cool and steady aim: in such circumstances the fire of infantry is of course very destructive.

At Balaklava, however, the attack was not made against a line of infantry, but on a battery of artillery, situated a mile and a half off; the attacking force having twice to run the gauntlet of all this distance, under a tremendous cross fire of artillery and rifles: one battery bore on its right, another on its left; and as the horsemen approached the guns they were advancing to attack; they rained also an oblique fire from the rear, and were thus surrounded as they galloped onwards by a complete circle of fire.

The brigade, it is true, returned a mere skeleton of its former self; but it is clear that had a body of infantry attempted such a mad feat, they could never even have reached the battery, which the light cavalry succeeded in capturing.

It has often been a question, whether cavalry could overthrow infantry?

I confess I think the greater proportion of examples, particularly since infantry tactics has reached its present high state of perfection, go to prove that steady and resolute foot, formed in square, can hold its own against any charge of cavalry. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo, the French Cuirassiers, although a braver and finer cavalry never existed, failed, after repeated efforts, to break the ranks of the sturdy British infantry; at the battle of the Pyramids, 7,000 Mameluke horsemen bore down on the French squares, with the utmost bravery, but in vain.

On the other hand, the utter destruction of infantry is generally the result; when, by shifful manœuvres, hidden by natural objects, or concealed by the smoke of the battle field, cavalry suddenly falls on the rear or flank of devoted foot, while occupied in making a formation, or distracted by the fire of the enemy. Such opportunities frequently occur; and it is then that a skilful general of horse seizes the decisive moment, and descends on his prey with the speed of the whirlwind.

At the battle of Albuera, General Stewart finding that the enemy could not be shaken by the fire of his brigade, ordered a charge with the bayonet; but while deploying for that purpose, three regiments of French cavalry, concealed by a mist, rushed suddenly and unexpectedly on the rear of the British. The 31st and 66th regiments, the Buffs, and the 2nd battalion of the 46th were instantly pierced through, and almost all slain or driven forward into the enemy's lines and made prisoners.

The English commander, Lord Beresford, only escaped by his great personal courage and strength. Separated from assistance, he was attacked by a lancer, who made a thrust at him with his weapon, which Beresford succeeded in parrying, and then dashed his assailant to the ground.

Another example, of the formidable force of cavalry, occurred at Waterloo, when a French column under Ney, disordered by the fire of Pack's brigade, was completely overthrown by the charge of Gen. Ponsonby's cavalry, which, concealed behind a hedge, approached at the decisive moment, and rushed impetuously upon the French: two thousand prisoners were taken; and by cutting the traces of the artillery horses, and otherwise disabling them, 80 pieces of cannon were rendered useless for the remainder of the day.

But yet more decisive results were gained by the charge of Vivian's cavalry against the flank of Napoleon's Old Guard, which was engaged, in front and on the reverse flank by British infantry, consisting of the Guards and troops of the line,