

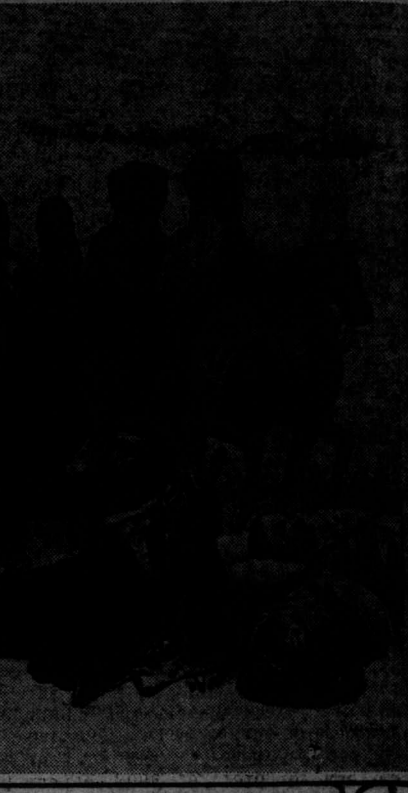
# FAMOUS RETREATS IN WARFARE



Marshal Ney Covering the Retreat From Moscow, 1812. From the Painting by Yves de Venetien.



Sir John Moore, Who Conducted a Masterly Retreat in the Peninsula Campaign and, Although Losing His Life, Brought His Army Safely to the Coast and the Transport.



Napoleon in the Retreat from Moscow, 1812.

By Richard G. Conover.  
Drummer, beat me a low retreat!  
Low, so the foe may not hear your rolling—  
Scattered and rent, in dire defeat,  
Call in our columns from death's dread tolling.  
Grinly his sticks the drummer raised,  
Over the rim they snapped from his bending;  
Out of his eyes the proud fire blazed,  
Gleamings of battle with wrath sparks blending.  
"Never has roll like that," he cried,  
"Come from my drum in all of its beating;  
Sound it I couldn't though I tried—  
Dead are my sticks and I'm past re-treating!"  
—The Drum of Fontenoy.



Xenophon, the Greek General, Who Commanded the Greeks in the Famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand.



The Flight of Charles XII, King of Sweden, After the Battle of Poltava, Where He Fought the Russians.

Marshal Emmanuel de Grouchy, From Napoleon's March to Ligny, Brno and Co. 1815. Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

**M**ore of the German troops reached an attacking position. From a million and a half to two million men took part in the movement. The loss of life, according to reports, was much greater among the attackers than the retreaters—another exception in warfare. Until the history of the war is written after its conclusion, what the losses of each side were cannot be given for use in comparison with other great retreats of history. Nor was the hardships and losses from fatigue estimated to match the other great retreat tragedies. Suffering from lack of food, such as accompanied other great retreats, was no feature of this last and greatest. The orderliness of retreatment was also without parallel. Figuratively the hosts of the Allies backed away slowly, instead of hurrying southward in a near-panic, with a rear guard holding the van of the pursuit until a new zone of safety was reached. It was the retreat stupendous of history.

So, while an army may fall back, or retreat, or change its base, or give ground, if it be not systematically followed or harassed during such movement, then the chronicle of its shift means nothing more than the chronicle of a march. Lee's withdrawal southward after the battle of Gettysburg did not at all approach the calamity of a cavalry forced, pell mell retreat. It was an expeditious retreatment, but far from approximating the panic point at any stage.

An exhaustive search of history is not needed to pick the premier retreat of all time. Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812 stands without a parallel. Nearly 300,000 soldiers, battling under the French colors died of wounds, exposure or lack of food between the months of August and December. In five months Bonaparte's hosts, numbering 563,000 men, shrank more than fifty per cent in a march approximating 1,900 miles, counting advance and retreat. For every milestone passed there was a tragic tally of nearly two hundred dead battlers. For every twenty-four hours death claimed a toll of 2,000 men. Never before or since has retreat or rout exhibited such horror.

But through all the gigantic catastrophe the organization and discipline of the French army was preserved. Sometimes it seemed that there was not even a remnant of army left for preservation or discipline, but out of the mists and the darkness of the snow, entombed steppes, always there came the distant roll of the drum and the faint outlines of the advancing skirmishers. Fight a while, march a mile and fight a while again was the constant programme. Not since the first soldier in the world's history donned a uniform were men required to do, to dare and to endure more than these who marched to the streets of Moscow and Sen back again across the Niemen.

Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia was the outcome of the retreat of the Muscovite ruler, to acknowledge the French Emperor's right to boss the continent of Europe. Bonaparte's famous Continental System was the root of it. This system meant that all countries on the Continent must close their ports to British products and seize all British property and citizens within their borders. It all but ruined Russian commerce and was especially galling to a ruler so imperious and mighty as Alexander. Napoleon's disposition of the Duke of

Oldenburg, the Czar's near relative, also offended him deeply.  
On June 24 and 25, 1807, on a gorgeously canopied and royally appointed barge anchored in the middle of the River Niemen, Napoleon and Alexander agreed upon the Peace of Tilsit. It was supposed that this settlement of the differences between the conqueror and his late adversary would lead to a lasting alliance. Five years later to the day Napoleon crossed the same Niemen at the head of more than half a million troops to invade the realm of his former friend and ally. Alexander had opened his ports to British goods and had spoken his mind about the Duke of Oldenburg business. Alexander should be punished. Napoleon's army of invasion, marshalled on a magnificent scale, crossed the Niemen in five columns. Contrary to a belief that prevails extensively, the great Emperor's troops were not a representative body of French soldiers. There were fighting men from Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Poland, Austria, Prussia and other of the smaller German speaking principalities. In fact, the French formed the smaller part of the huge army. Soldiers came from all over Europe to fight under the banner of Bonaparte because treaties made their countries temporary allies. Great Britain and Sweden were the only friends of Russia, and they gave only scant aid. But at that the Czar did not need them. General "January" and "February" as the rigorous Russian winter was dubbed by a commander, later proved all-sufficient.

The date November 6, 1812, goes down in history as a tragic point in the retreat. That day there was a heavy fall of snow, proclaiming the arrival of the terrible Russian winter. It came weeks earlier than usual and with uncommon severity. This was the moment the fierce Cossacks had waited for. Apparently immune to the rigors of the storm, they dashed out of the darkness, hoarsely shouting their battle cry, shooting and sabring. They cut off stragglers by the hundred. In a single night were frozen to death in the drifts and around the bivouac fires.

But onward the great Napoleon led his men toward the Niemen. Over partial historians declare that he shared the hardships of his troops to a great degree. Once the column he commanded lost the road. Night was coming on and the snow descending heavily. By the light of a huge fire built along the road Bonaparte and his generals scanned their maps again. The column filed past huzzing even in his hunger and peril. "Had we not better halt them before they go further out of their way?" Napoleon was asked.  
"Let them march, even though it be to the equator," answered Bonaparte grimly. "They will die of cold in five

minutes if you stop them."  
Suddenly the great leader called on a general of his engineers for a compass. Holding it close to the fire light, he watched the needle swing to the north. The army had been marching due east, or back toward Moscow again! "Tear up your maps and execute your guides," said the Emperor contemptuously. "In this little needle you have the only solution of distances."  
There were continuous engagements with the Russians, those at Krasnoy and Borsicoff being especially fierce. At the former place the Russians barred the way with 80,000 men under the indefatigable Kutusoff. Napoleon's personal exertions alone saved his army from utter destruction. Ney, who commanded the rear guard, had not yet come up, and the French were overwhelmed outnumbered. This great marshal had engaged the Russians in a furious battle on the Lomina, and, managing to elude their pursuit, crossed the Dnieper on the ice and rejoined Bonaparte at Orca. Every drooping mile from Moscow to the last moment of their marching the soldiers fighting for France lay dead by thousands on the roads—or rather the dismal wastes.

The date November 6, 1812, goes down in history as a tragic point in the retreat. That day there was a heavy fall of snow, proclaiming the arrival of the terrible Russian winter. It came weeks earlier than usual and with uncommon severity. This was the moment the fierce Cossacks had waited for. Apparently immune to the rigors of the storm, they dashed out of the darkness, hoarsely shouting their battle cry, shooting and sabring. They cut off stragglers by the hundred. In a single night were frozen to death in the drifts and around the bivouac fires.

But onward the great Napoleon led his men toward the Niemen. Over partial historians declare that he shared the hardships of his troops to a great degree. Once the column he commanded lost the road. Night was coming on and the snow descending heavily. By the light of a huge fire built along the road Bonaparte and his generals scanned their maps again. The column filed past huzzing even in his hunger and peril. "Had we not better halt them before they go further out of their way?" Napoleon was asked.  
"Let them march, even though it be to the equator," answered Bonaparte grimly. "They will die of cold in five

minutes if you stop them."  
Suddenly the great leader called on a general of his engineers for a compass. Holding it close to the fire light, he watched the needle swing to the north. The army had been marching due east, or back toward Moscow again! "Tear up your maps and execute your guides," said the Emperor contemptuously. "In this little needle you have the only solution of distances."  
There were continuous engagements with the Russians, those at Krasnoy and Borsicoff being especially fierce. At the former place the Russians barred the way with 80,000 men under the indefatigable Kutusoff. Napoleon's personal exertions alone saved his army from utter destruction. Ney, who commanded the rear guard, had not yet come up, and the French were overwhelmed outnumbered. This great marshal had engaged the Russians in a furious battle on the Lomina, and, managing to elude their pursuit, crossed the Dnieper on the ice and rejoined Bonaparte at Orca. Every drooping mile from Moscow to the last moment of their marching the soldiers fighting for France lay dead by thousands on the roads—or rather the dismal wastes.

The date November 6, 1812, goes down in history as a tragic point in the retreat. That day there was a heavy fall of snow, proclaiming the arrival of the terrible Russian winter. It came weeks earlier than usual and with uncommon severity. This was the moment the fierce Cossacks had waited for. Apparently immune to the rigors of the storm, they dashed out of the darkness, hoarsely shouting their battle cry, shooting and sabring. They cut off stragglers by the hundred. In a single night were frozen to death in the drifts and around the bivouac fires.

But onward the great Napoleon led his men toward the Niemen. Over partial historians declare that he shared the hardships of his troops to a great degree. Once the column he commanded lost the road. Night was coming on and the snow descending heavily. By the light of a huge fire built along the road Bonaparte and his generals scanned their maps again. The column filed past huzzing even in his hunger and peril. "Had we not better halt them before they go further out of their way?" Napoleon was asked.  
"Let them march, even though it be to the equator," answered Bonaparte grimly. "They will die of cold in five

minutes if you stop them."  
Suddenly the great leader called on a general of his engineers for a compass. Holding it close to the fire light, he watched the needle swing to the north. The army had been marching due east, or back toward Moscow again! "Tear up your maps and execute your guides," said the Emperor contemptuously. "In this little needle you have the only solution of distances."  
There were continuous engagements with the Russians, those at Krasnoy and Borsicoff being especially fierce. At the former place the Russians barred the way with 80,000 men under the indefatigable Kutusoff. Napoleon's personal exertions alone saved his army from utter destruction. Ney, who commanded the rear guard, had not yet come up, and the French were overwhelmed outnumbered. This great marshal had engaged the Russians in a furious battle on the Lomina, and, managing to elude their pursuit, crossed the Dnieper on the ice and rejoined Bonaparte at Orca. Every drooping mile from Moscow to the last moment of their marching the soldiers fighting for France lay dead by thousands on the roads—or rather the dismal wastes.

The date November 6, 1812, goes down in history as a tragic point in the retreat. That day there was a heavy fall of snow, proclaiming the arrival of the terrible Russian winter. It came weeks earlier than usual and with uncommon severity. This was the moment the fierce Cossacks had waited for. Apparently immune to the rigors of the storm, they dashed out of the darkness, hoarsely shouting their battle cry, shooting and sabring. They cut off stragglers by the hundred. In a single night were frozen to death in the drifts and around the bivouac fires.

But onward the great Napoleon led his men toward the Niemen. Over partial historians declare that he shared the hardships of his troops to a great degree. Once the column he commanded lost the road. Night was coming on and the snow descending heavily. By the light of a huge fire built along the road Bonaparte and his generals scanned their maps again. The column filed past huzzing even in his hunger and peril. "Had we not better halt them before they go further out of their way?" Napoleon was asked.  
"Let them march, even though it be to the equator," answered Bonaparte grimly. "They will die of cold in five

minutes if you stop them."  
Suddenly the great leader called on a general of his engineers for a compass. Holding it close to the fire light, he watched the needle swing to the north. The army had been marching due east, or back toward Moscow again! "Tear up your maps and execute your guides," said the Emperor contemptuously. "In this little needle you have the only solution of distances."  
There were continuous engagements with the Russians, those at Krasnoy and Borsicoff being especially fierce. At the former place the Russians barred the way with 80,000 men under the indefatigable Kutusoff. Napoleon's personal exertions alone saved his army from utter destruction. Ney, who commanded the rear guard, had not yet come up, and the French were overwhelmed outnumbered. This great marshal had engaged the Russians in a furious battle on the Lomina, and, managing to elude their pursuit, crossed the Dnieper on the ice and rejoined Bonaparte at Orca. Every drooping mile from Moscow to the last moment of their marching the soldiers fighting for France lay dead by thousands on the roads—or rather the dismal wastes.

The date November 6, 1812, goes down in history as a tragic point in the retreat. That day there was a heavy fall of snow, proclaiming the arrival of the terrible Russian winter. It came weeks earlier than usual and with uncommon severity. This was the moment the fierce Cossacks had waited for. Apparently immune to the rigors of the storm, they dashed out of the darkness, hoarsely shouting their battle cry, shooting and sabring. They cut off stragglers by the hundred. In a single night were frozen to death in the drifts and around the bivouac fires.

But onward the great Napoleon led his men toward the Niemen. Over partial historians declare that he shared the hardships of his troops to a great degree. Once the column he commanded lost the road. Night was coming on and the snow descending heavily. By the light of a huge fire built along the road Bonaparte and his generals scanned their maps again. The column filed past huzzing even in his hunger and peril. "Had we not better halt them before they go further out of their way?" Napoleon was asked.  
"Let them march, even though it be to the equator," answered Bonaparte grimly. "They will die of cold in five

stantly pursued and harassed them. Their constant necessity was the division of their force for relief as van and rear guards, so that the rear attacks of the pursuing Persians might be adequately met and repelled.  
The discipline and valor of the retreating Greeks were of such a high grade that the historian relates that never once were they compelled to halt their march.  
This famous retreat is declared to have occupied 215 days. Decimated and almost on the point of giving up hope of escaping the Persians or of ever seeing their homes again, the little army came to a mountain to the south of Trapezus and beheld the wide expanse of the Buxine or Black Sea. The troops in advance burst into a great cry of "The sea! The sea!" and the despairing thousands coming on took it up and passed it down the line. Their hardships were not all over, but they knew where they were and henceforward marched for a certainty toward distant Greece.

One of the great retreats of history was a consequence of a naval battle during the Hellespont, September 20, B. C. 480. The Greeks had defeated the Persians under Xerxes, who had invaded Greece with upward of a million soldiers—some accounts have it two millions. As soon as the Greek sea victory was assured Xerxes began his march back to Persia. The remnants of the Persian fleet were ordered to the Hellespont to guard the bridges. Reaching Thessaly in forced march, Xerxes left Mardonius with a command to oppose the Greek pursuit and hurried toward the sea. His stores were exhausted and vast numbers of his troops died from famine and fatigue as the way. At the Hellespont he found his bridges destroyed by a storm, so that his mighty army was obliged to cross the Straits in ships. Food was obtained at Abydos, but the hungry troops ate so ravenously that large numbers died from scourging. Even on the other side of the Hellespont the soldiers of Xerxes were hurriedly marched as they could be seen were on their heels. As they fled, but months after the Persian landing had set out from Ebydr, he entered the capital of that province again with barely a third of his magnificent host.

A remarkable retreat that has been but meagrely chronicled is that of Marshal Grouchy after the battle of Waterloo. He was at Ligny, eight miles from Mont St Jean, when he heard that Wellington had won the great victory. He decided to retreat to the village of Ninivort, Dinant and Ouffez. It was necessary to make great haste in order to escape General Thielmann of the Allies, and possibly Blucher. The retreat began at half past eleven on the morning of June 19, 1815, or the day after Waterloo. Grouchy reached Namur at four o'clock in the afternoon, and his main body bivouacked later at Trepail, six miles beyond Gembloux. Pajol formed the rear guard and protected the retreat. The operation was effected without firing a shot. The next day Vandamme withdrew his troops from Namur too soon. It was necessary there to defend the fortress against the attacks of the Prussians, while Grouchy's main army reached Dinant. The following day, June 21, the Prussian frontier was reached, and by evening the entire army was collected in safety under the guns of Givet. The march had been called one of the most astonishing retreats of modern military history. It was the more remarkable in that Grouchy did not resign and decide to surrender his 33,000 soldiers and 110 guns when he learned that his great captain had lost a battle. He was the retreat of Sir John Moore, in which he lost his life at the moment of success, but always had a praised place in history. Napoleon had entered Moscow in triumph, and Austrian troubles demanded his attention, never home. He turned eyes to Marshal Soult, the task of driving Moore east of the Ebro. Moore was in the vicinity of Burgos when he heard that Soult's vastly superior force was marching against him. On January 16, 1808, Soult caught up with Moore near Coruena, at which point the English awaited their military transports. Moore arranged his fighting line, the retreat was given, and finally all of his army was safely removed to the vessels.

It is necessary to a evidence of all prisoners there is a change in the view of the future. At the same time it must be confessed that as no sign that their view is really held by the enemy, there been any change in a lack of morale among the troops.  
"The highways of

While it is necessary to a evidence of all prisoners there is a change in the view of the future. At the same time it must be confessed that as no sign that their view is really held by the enemy, there been any change in a lack of morale among the troops.  
"The highways of

While it is necessary to a evidence of all prisoners there is a change in the view of the future. At the same time it must be confessed that as no sign that their view is really held by the enemy, there been any change in a lack of morale among the troops.  
"The highways of

LAST EDITION

FORTY-FOURTH

## RUSSIAN REPORT

### Germans Los Guns—One Pressure on Czar's Troop

PETROGRAD, via London, 5, 6:25 a.m.—The most dramatic of the fighting about Lodz, it is reported here, occurred between Tuszyn and Brzeziny east of Lodz. Heavy German guns had penetrated to Tuszyn, surrounded and obliged to fly away to Brzeziny to unite main body. The Russian counter-attack after counter-attack prevented the junction, but the cut a passage at the point of contact, for a distance of fifteen miles.  
This battle is called the and most pitiless fight of Ninety per cent. of the German officers were put out of action many regiments had less than a hundred men left. The fighting lasted thirty-six hours. The German ranks, but their comrades forward over their bodies and ed themselves against the Russian.

**SITUATION OUTLINE**  
PETROGRAD, via London, 7 a.m.—The heaviest fighting in the vicinity of Lodz during the last days has occurred in the manoeuvring for the possession of Laska, fifteen miles south of Lodz.  
On the Szczercow line, fifteen to twenty miles long, Warta, the fighting appears to have been reinforced and that it ed the gap between their right and the isolated body which is striving to turn the Russian.

The German defence on the eastern front in East Prussia, is reported to be as follows:  
**PRESS BUREAU CHANGES ALONE**

[By Special Wire to the Press Bureau]  
LONDON, Dec. 5.—11:45 a.m.—The press bureau to-day issued a long and interesting report on the military operations during the last three days from November 29, inclusive. This summarized as follows:  
"General activity is along the English front, with men pressing the attack in the against the Indian troops have been extending their front, and press in close with the enemy. There is some shelling the rear of line south of the Lys, but of annoyance diminishes the whole front. Sniping, is carried on almost everywhere. There seems to be little of the Germans are employing either willingly or unwillingly, and civilians have been seen and shot while engaged work."

"While it is necessary to a evidence of all prisoners there is a change in the view of the future. At the same time it must be confessed that as no sign that their view is really held by the enemy, there been any change in a lack of morale among the troops.  
"The highways of

Two movements have lately near Pont-a-Mousson both of which may have an bearing on the future of war. From somewhere near Mousson which every day get for a few German sh French bombarded at the eight miles, the town of just beyond Pagny-sur-M nine miles short of Metz.