

# DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE---Historic Battle Scenes

## THE BLOOD-STAINED HILL OF BUSACO.

(Continued from last Saturday)

The great ridge, with its gloomy tree-clad heights and cloven crest, round which the mists hung in sullen vapor, was an ideal position for defence. In its front was a valley forming a natural ditch so deep that the eye could scarcely pierce its depths. The ravine at one point was so narrow that the English and French guns waged duel across it, but on the British side the chasm was almost perpendicular.

From their eyrie perch on September 27, 1810, the English watched Massena's great host coming on. Every eminence sparkled with their bayonets, every road was crowded with their wagons; it seemed not so much the march of an army as the movement of a nation. The vision of "gran Busaco's iron ridge," glittering with bayonets, arrested the march of the French. But Ney, whose military glance was keen and sure, saw that the English arrangements were not yet complete; an unfilled gap, three miles wide, parted the right wing from the left, and he was eager for an immediate attack. Massena, however, was ten miles in the rear. According to Marbot, who has left a spirited account of Busaco, Massena put off the attack till the next day, and thus threw away a great opportunity. In the gloomy depths of the ravine, however, a war of skirmishers broke out, and the musketry rang loudly through the echoing valleys, while the puffs of eddying white smoke rose through the black pines. But night fell, and the moonlight heights above were crowned with the bivouac fires of 100,000 warriors, over whom the serene sky glittered. Presently a bitter wind broke on the mountain summits, and all through the night the soldiers shivered under their keel.

Massena's plan of attack was simple and daring. Ney was to climb the steep front on the English left, and assail the light division under Craufurd. Resnier, with a corps of 10,000 men, was to attack the English left, held by Picton's division. Resnier formed his attack into five columns, while the stars were yet glittering coldly in the morning sky. They had first to plunge into the savage depths of the ravine, and then climb the steep slope leading to the English position. The view of the attack was magnificent. General Merle, who had won fame at Austerlitz, personally led the charge. At a run the columns went down the ravine; at a run, scarcely less swift, they swept up the hostile slope. The guns snorted the volume sky glittered. Presently a bitter wind broke on the crest in a spray of flame, brushed aside a Portuguese regiment in its path like a wisp of straw, and broke on the lines of the third division.

The pressure was too great for even the soft English line to sustain; it too, yielded to the impetuous French part of whom seized the rocks at the highest point of the hill, while another part wheeled to the right, intending to sweep the summit of the sierra. It was an astonishing feat. Only French soldiers, magnificently led and in a mood of victory, could have done it, and only British soldiers, it may be added, whom defeat hardens, could have restored such a reverse.

Picton was in command, and he sent at the French a wing of the 8th, the famous Connaught Rangers, led by Colonel Wallace, an officer in whom Wellington reposed great confidence. Wallace's address was brief and pertinent. "Press them to the muzzle, Connaught Rangers; press on to the rascals. There is no better fighting material in the world than an Irish regiment well led and in a high state of discipline, and this matches regiment with levelled bayonets, man in man, the French with a grim and silent fury there was no denying. Vain was resistance. Marbot says of the Rangers that "their first volley, delivered at fifteen paces, stretched more than 500 men on the ground"; and the threatening gleam of the bayonet followed fiercely on the flame of the musket. The French were borne, shouting, struggling, and fighting desperately, over the crest and down the deep slope to the ravine below. In a whirlwind of dust and fire and clamour went the whole body of furious soldiery into

the valley, leaving a broad track of broken arms and dying men. According to the regimental records of the 8th, a steady minute's sufficed to teach the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz that they must yield to the Rangers of Connaught! "The matchless Rangers reformed triumphantly on the ridge, Wellington galloped up and declared he had never witnessed a more gallant charge. "But a wing of Resnier's attack had formed at right angles across the ridge. It was pressing forward with stern resolution; it swept before it the broken lines within sixty yards of the French muskets, a feat not the least marvellous in a marvellous fight, and then sent them furiously at the English French, who held a strong position amongst the rocks. It is always difficult to disentangle the confusion which marks a great fight. Napoleon says that it was Cameron who formed the line with the 38th under a violent fire, and without returning a shot, ran upon the French grenadiers with the bayonet and hurled them triumphantly over the crest. Picton, on the other hand, declares that it was the light companies of the 74th and the 88th, under Major Smith, an officer of the daring—who fell in the moment of victory—that flung the last French down over the cliff. Who can decide when such experts and actors in the actual scene, differ?

The result, however, as seen from the French side, is clear. The French, Marbot records "found themselves driven in a heap down the deep descent up which they had climbed, and the English lines followed them half-way down firing murderously. At this point we lost a general, 2 colonels, 80 officers, and 700 or 800 men." "The English," he adds in explanation of this fearful loss of life, "were the best marksmen in Europe, the only troops who were perfectly practiced in the use of small arms, whence their firing was far more accurate than that of any other infantry."

A gleam of humor at this point crosses the grim visage of battle. Picton, on living down in his bivouac the night before the battle, had adorned his head with a picturesque and highly colored nightcap. The sudden attack of the French woke him, and he jumped on cock and cox-hat, and rode to the fighting line, when he personally led the attack which flung the last of Resnier's troops down the ravine. At the moment of the charge he cocked his hat to wave the troops forward; this revealed the domestic head of the Connaught Rangers, and the astonished soldiers beheld their general on flame with warlike fury gesticulating martially in the night! "A great shout of laughter," writes the men as they stopped for a moment to realize the spectacle; then with a tempest of mingled laughter and cheers they flung themselves on the enemy.

Meanwhile Ney had formed his attack on the English left, held by Craufurd and the famous light division. Marbot praises the characteristic tactics of the British in such fights. "After having, as we do," he says, "garnished their front with skirmishers, they post their principal forces out of sight, holding them all the time sufficiently near to the key of the position to be able to attack the enemy the instant they reach it; and this attack, made unexpectedly on assailants who have lost heavily, and think the victory already theirs, succeeds almost invariably." "We had," he adds, "a melancholy experience of this art at Busaco." Craufurd, a soldier of fine skill, made exactly such a disposition of his men. Some rocks at the edge of the ravine formed natural embankments for the English guns under Ross; below them the British were lined out as skirmishers; behind them the German infantry were the only visible troops; but in a fold of the hill, unseen, Craufurd held the 43rd and 52nd regiments drawn up in line.

Ney's attack, as might be expected, was sudden and furious. The English, in the grey dawn, looking down the ravine, saw three huge masses start from the slope. To climb an ascent so steep, veined by skirmishers on either flank, and scoured by the guns which flashed over the edge of the hill came the bear-skins and the gleaming bayonets of the French! General Simon led the attack so fiercely home that he was the first to leap across the English entrenchments, when an infantry soldier, lingering stubbornly after his comrades had fallen back, shot him point-blank through the face. The unfortunate general, when the fight was over, was found lying dead, the redoubt amongst the dying and the dead, with scarcely a human feature left. He recovered, was sent as a prisoner to England, and was afterwards exchanged, but his horrible wound made it impossible for him to serve again.

Craufurd had been watching meanwhile with grim coolness the onward rush of the French. They came storming and exultant, a wave of martial figures, edged with a spray of fire and a tossing fringe of bayonets, over the summit of the hill; when suddenly Craufurd, in a shrill tone, called on his reserves to attack. In an instant there rose, as if out of the ground, before the eyes of the astonished French, the serried lines of the 43rd and 52nd, and what a moment before was empty space was now filled with the frowning visage of battle. The British lines broke into one stern and deep-toned shout, and 1800 bayonets, in one long line of gleaming points, came swiftly down upon the French. To stand against that moving hedge of deadly and level steel was impossible; yet each man in the leading section of the French raised his musket and fired, and two officers and ten soldiers fell before them. Not a Frenchman had missed his mark! They could do no more. "The head of their column," to quote Napier, "was violently thrown back upon the rear, both flanks were overlapped at the same moment by the English wings, and three terrible

discharges at five yards' distance shattered the wavering mass." Before these darting points of flame the pride of the French shattered. Shining victory was converted, in almost the passage of an instant, into bloody defeat; and the warring mass, with ranks broken, and color abandoned, and discipline forgotten, the French were swept into the depth of the ravine out of which they had climbed.

One of the dramatic episodes of the fight at this juncture is that of Captain Jones—known in his regiment as "Jack Jones" of the 62nd. Jones was a French officer, and led his company in the rush on General Simon's column. The French were desperately trying to deploy, a chef-de-bataillon giving the necessary orders with great vehemence. Jones ran ahead of his charging men, outstripping them by a few feet, challenged the French officer with warlike gesture to single combat, and slew him with one fierce thrust before his own troops, and saw the duel and its results, were lifted by it to a mood of victory, and raised a sudden shout of exultation, which swept the French as by a blast of musketry fire.

For hours the battle spluttered and smoldered amongst the skirmishers in the ravines, and some gallant soldier, for example, a French company, with signal audacity, and apparently on its own private impulse, seized a cluster of about one-half a musket shot from the light division, and held it while Craufurd scoured them with the fire of twelve guns. They were only taken at the point of the bayonet by the 43rd. But the battle was practically over, and the English had beaten by sheer fighting, the best troops and officers of the French.

In the fierceness of actual fighting, Busaco has never been surpassed, and seldom did the warring masses of the hostile lines straggle together on that fatal September 27. The melee at such points was too close for either side to fire; the men fought with fists or with the butt-end of their muskets. From the rush which swept Resnier's men down the slope, the French were hurled back, and a volley splashed red with blood. The firing was so fierce that Wellington, with his whole staff, dismounted. Napier, however—one of the famous fighting trio of that name, who afterwards conquered Scinde—fiercely refused to be driven back, and covered his red uniform with a cloak. "This is the uniform of my regiment," he said, "and in it I will show, or I will die." He carried past Lord Wellington, and a great shout of laughter broke through his torn mouth. "I could not die at a moment!" Of such stuff were the men who fought under Wellington in the Peninsula.

OF NELSON AND THE NILE  
"Britanna presides, and a cluster of towers along the steep; Her march is o'er the mountain waves. Here home is on the deep. No towers along the steep; She quails the floods below, As they roar on the shore. When the stormy winds do blow; When the fiery light is long, And the stormy winds do blow."

The meteor flag of England still yare in the air, and the 17th danger's troubled night depart. Then, then, ye ocean warriors, ur ye winds, ye waves, flow To the fame of your name. When the storm has ceased to blow; When the fiery light is heard no more, And the storm has ceased to blow. —Campbell.

Aboukir Bay resembles nothing so much as a volcanic crater, the Egyptian panicle. A crescent-shaped bay, patchy with shoals, stretching from the Rosetta mouth of the Nile to Aboukir, and from the Mediterranean waters, two horns of land six miles apart, that to the north projecting farthest and forming a low island; this ninety-eight years ago, was the scene of what might almost be described as the greatest sea-fight in history.

On the evening of August 1, 1798, thirteen English battleships lay drawn up in a single line parallel with the shore, and as close to it as the sandbanks permitted. The head ship was almost ten miles to the shoal which, running out at right angles to the shore, forms Aboukir Island. The next of each succeeding ship was exactly 3000 yards from the stern of the ship before it, and, allowing for one or two gaps, each ship was bound by a great cable to its neighbor. It was a thread of heavy guns. The line was not exactly straight; it formed a very obtuse angle, the projecting point at the centre being formed by the Orient, the biggest warship at that moment afloat, a giant of 120 guns.

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tion, it has a fringe of gunboats and frigates, while a battery of mortars on the island guarded, as with a sword of fire, the gap betwixt the headmost ship and the island. This great fleet had conveyed Napoleon, with 26,000 troops crowded into 400 transports, from France, had captured Malta on the voyage, and three weeks before had safely landed Napoleon and his soldiers in Egypt. The French admiral, Bruys, knew that Nelson was coming furiously in his tracks, and after a consultation with all his captains he had drawn up his ships in the order which we have described, a position he believed to be unassailable. And at three o'clock on the afternoon of August 1, 1798, his look-outs were eagerly watching the white topsails showing above the lee line, the van of Nelson's fleet.

Napoleon had kept the secret of his Egyptian expedition well, and the great Toulon fleet, with its swarm of transports, had vanished, and Nelson, moreover, was lying in a carefully chosen position in a dangerous bay, of which his enemies possessed no chart, and the head of his line was protected by a powerful shore battery. Nothing in this great fight is more dramatic than the swiftness and vengeance of Nelson's attack. He simply leaped upon his enemy at eight o'clock, and in a few minutes the van of the British fleet was miles off in the offing, but Nelson did not wait for them. In the long pursuit he had assembled his captains repeatedly in his cabin, and discussed every possible manner of attacking the French fleet. If he found the fleet as he guessed, drawn up in battle-line close-in-shore and anchored, his plan was to place one of his ships on the bows, another on the quarter, of the headmost French ship in succession.

It has been debated who actually evolved the idea of rounding the head of the French line and attacking on both faces. One version is that Foley, in the Goliath, who led the British line, owed the suggestion to a keen-eyed midly who pointed out that the anchor buoy of the headmost French ship was at such a distance from the ship itself as to prove there was no room to pass. By the weight of evidence seems to prove that Nelson himself, as he rounded Aboukir Island, and scammed with fierce and questioning vision Bruys' formation, with that swiftness of glance in

which he almost rivalled Napoleon, saw his chance in the gap between the leading French ship and the shore. "Were a French ship can swing," he held, "an English ship can either sail or anchor." And he determined to double on the French line and attack on both faces at once. He explained his plan to Berry, his captain, who in his delight exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no 'if' in the case," said Nelson; "that we shall succeed is certain; who will live to tell the story is a very different question."

Bruys had calculated that the English fleet must come down perpendicular to his centre, and each ship in the process be raked by a line of fire a mile and a half long; but the momentum of the English ships rounded the island they tackled, hugged the shore, and swept through the gap between the leading vessel and the land. The British ships were so close to each other that Nelson, speaking from his own quarter deck, was able to ask Hood in the Zealous, if he thought they had water enough to round the French line. Hood replied that he no chart, but would lead and soundings as he went.

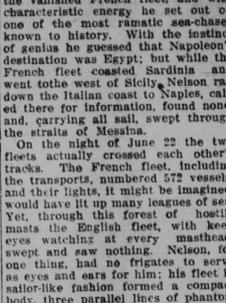
Feeling. "Wife—Do you remember, Tom, how we used to meet each other here at this statue before we were married?" "Husband—Yes; there's another fool waiting now."

Good Reason. "Professor—Why do college men misspell so often?" "Because they pay more attention to the miss than they do to the spell."—Ohio Sundaal.

Real All The Way. "Star Actor—I must insist, Mr. Stager, on having real food in the banquet scene."

Manager—"Very well, then; if you insist on that you will be supplied with real poison in the death scene."

These are the biscuits that vanish fast behind busy little milk teeth. Puffs and rolls, snags, waffles, cakes and crumpets—for all your goodies—Five Roses.



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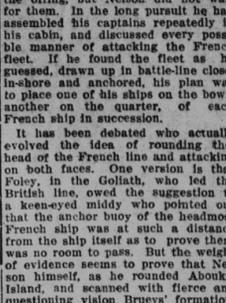


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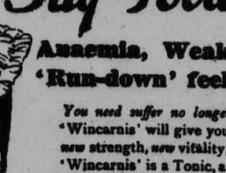
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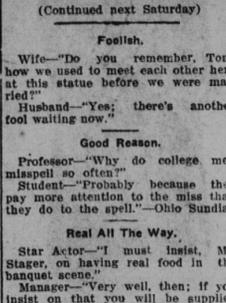


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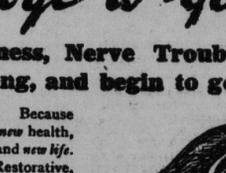
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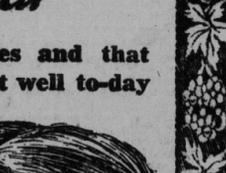
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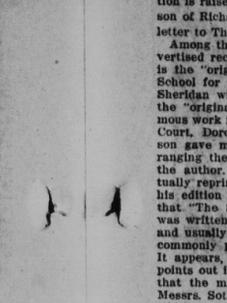


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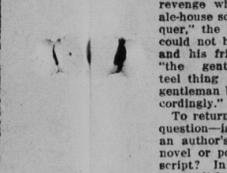
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IS... AUTHOR'S... Descendant of F... ley Raises... Point... POETS APT... MANY 'O... A Difficult Probl... mine Exactly... Original Man... Play or Novel... (From the Lon... What exactly is t... script of a play? Th... ion is raised by t... son of Richard Brins... letter to The Times... Among the items v... ertised recently by... is the 'original man... School for Scandal.'... Sheridan wishes if... the 'original manus... mous work is at his... Court, Dorchester... son gave much time... ranging the survivin... the author. They h... tually reprinted by... his edition of Sheri... That the School fo... was written, differs... usually for the mo... commonly printed a... It appears, as Mr... points out in the let... they had manuscript... Messrs. Sotheby is... which was submitted... of plays, William Ch... Thereby hangs a... worth recalling, is... House of Commons... years after the even... was shocked by the... seph Surface, and... for the play. It wa... lord's personal in... Lord Chamberlain—... of Hertford, and gra... eray's Lord Stoyon... was granted on the... first night. We are... to think of the t... taste as much thro... our own age in ma... taste. Those who ha... to Sterne by his r... will readily acknow... "Sentimental Journa... be published thro... without some expun... difficult to realize... poraries of Sterne a... possibly have hing... Teazle screen, whil... the candle scene in... sion of "Madame... ses the censor. One... arguments against a... censorship is that I... us in delightful bi... tencies of this kind... only follows the de... we have also to re... amusing scene with... Goldsmith's "Good-n... good as anything of... ing—was hissed off... first-night audience... and had to be omit... presentations in or... play—a fact for whi... revenge when he i... alchouse scene of "... quier." The censor... could not bear "any... and his friend who... "the scented thi... feel thing any tim... gentlemen. Fees in a... cordially... To return, however... question—is it just... an author's fact or... or poem as a scri... script? In a strict... course it is not—the... original, though the... Sentimental Journa... days before every d... his hard-working so... the labor of repr... which have been o... obviously boasts th... seldom occurred in... of six quartos. Sha... fortably bear "any... ght," said his first... ed with that easin... scarce received from... papers." The censor... Shakespeare's pri... manuscripts have t... in the rough handli... than stage... Lyrical poets are... leave many 'origina... hind them—and, to... often impossible to... in the most origina... dence. There are tw... one is, that the ave... laborious to copy; a... poets have far more... habit of sending a... in manuscript. Burd... more than onc... love-song do duty f... lady—he was "an... game." The result... graph collector in t... From the point o... dent literature... exhibition