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so now. Even at Sedan, the French mitrailleuses made sad havoc in the Prussian columns at a distance of 900 yards, that is to say, they were deadly against solid masses, but comparatively harmless against troops in line; and with the present improved Gatlings, all who have given the question their study, must allow that such weapons would be found of the utmost utility in any campaign, and if used at the proper moment, would do much to decide a victory. For defending a bridge, a breach, or for clearing a defile, there is no known weapon to be compared to it, while it is equally efficacious in an attack upon an advancing column of the enemy's troops, or in fact, whenever rapidity and great accuracy of fire is important.

CAMP STORIES.

A MARCH IN KAFFIR-LAND.

It was necessary at an early period of the Kaffir War, when the forces at the command of the Governor were so small, that the troops should be as it were ubiquitous. The enemy being in such vast hordes, it was impossible to do more than maintain the military posts on the border. Even some of these had to be abandoned, and the surrounding country given up to the wicked will of the robbing and murdering Kaffirs, the greatest thieves in the world, whose main object of plunder was cattle, by the capture of which they mostly measured their success.

Creeping about the bush, and keeping themselves nearly always out of sight, these savages were up to every trick of uncivilized warfare. Never openly attacking except when, with overwhelming numbers, they could fall upon a few; they hung about the skirts and rear of our columns on the line of march, and woe to the toil-worn stragglers, or wounded, that came into their power; such they have been known in their barbarous cruelty literally to flay alive.

Amongst other Expeditions set on foot by the energetic Commander was one, organized, of all arms, for the purpose of throwing men and ammunition into the beleaguered Fort Frontier at some distance from King William's Town. This force was composed of a squadron of cavalry, a wing of infantry, about two hundred Fingoes and one light field piece. Under their escort were five waggons loaded with military supplies, consisting of a quantity of cartridges, muskets, carbines, and clothing. Commissariat stores were not needed by those they were to relieve, as it was the height of summer, and the Fort was known to contain plenty of grain and cattle.

Their orders were to proceed with all despatch, but to make somewhat of a detour with a view of inflicting summary punishment on the Kaffir kraals in the neighbourhood of Bedford and Old Goat's Hill. The former of these places had recently been the

scene of the ruthless massacre of some military settlers established there by Government. They had lived for three years on friendly terms with the natives, but no feelings of friendship could suppress the Kaffir lust for blood. At the Old Goat's Hill there was a Missionary Station, which had been pillaged and burnt by rebel Hottentots, the occupants escaping only with bare life.

Having prepared in every way for bush fighting, the Expedition set forth. Their dress, officers and soldiers alike, was a patrol jacket and fustian trousers, dyed the colour of the bush, with the decoction of Mimosa bark. Spare oxen for the waggons, laden lightly for speed, were provided in sufficient numbers to meet all contingencies, and the order of march was formed. First, a troop of cavalry, then two companies, the waggons, the Fingoes and spare oxen, one company, the field gun, one company, and last of all the second troop. Advance and rear guards as well as flanking parties were thrown out as a matter of course, and, to give confidence to the drivers and "foreloopers,"* four men were told off as escort to each waggon.

They had not proceeded far before they became aware that the Kaffirs were on the alert, and dusky scouts were seen perched upon points of vantage on the hills about their route. There was no opposition made on the first day's march; but random and long shots were fired into the bivouac at night without any effect.

On the second day, at the Inthumba drift on the Barouba river, they found that the Kaffirs had rendered the ford impassable for waggons by rolling huge rocks into it, which checked their progress; but by making a slight circuit they crossed a couple of miles lower down. Here was their first casualty; a careless trooper of the rear-guard lingered at the river to let his horse drink, and was shot from the neighbouring bush, into which his body was dragged, with shouts of malicious glee, by the savages. The gun had moved some little distance on the further bank, when a Kaffir, evidently a lesser chief, appeared on the summit of a krantz, or cliff, on the river side just quitted, brandishing his assegai, and waving intelligence to those in the bush beneath him, who were probably stripping the dead man. The artillery officer thought he would, at least, frighten the fellow, who was about six hundred yards off; and in spite of Napoleon's maxim, "*un homme ne vaut pas un coup de canon*," determined to try a shot at him; so he unlimbered, got his piece into "action rear," took a careful aim and fired. Though he did not show it, he was really as much surprised as any one at the effect of his shot, which struck the scout full in the body, and knocked him into an unsavoury heap of sable mortality. That young officer wore an eye-glass, and thenceforth his fame was established among the Kaffirs, who ever afterwards called him "the hawk with three eyes."

On the third day the force attacked the rebel Hottentots at

* Leaders at the head of each team of oxen.

Old Goat's Hill, and drove them from the station, killing forty and capturing eight hundred head of cattle; and, fulfilling the requisite, in such a campaign, of passing rapidly from point to point, the commanding officer moved against Bedford on the fourth day. The blackbirds, however, had flown, and driven off all their cattle with them; and so their kraals were burnt, and their granaries of corn and standing crops destroyed, one of the best expedients for bringing the wretches to terms; and, on the fifth day, the column headed for Fort Frontier, now two marches off.

The force had toiled and fought through intense heat, at the rate of twenty-five miles daily, so what wonder that by this time a few of the men came to be knocked up and foot-sore, insomuch that only the fear of being cut off by wild beasts, or the enemy, kept some of the poor fellows up with their comrades. It was decided then that such men as were unable to proceed the last day, should encamp temporarily in as safe a position as could be found, that fifteen sound men and an officer should remain with them, and that they should be picked up on the return to King William's-town by the moiety of the force after these had rested thirty-six hours at Fort Frontier. This arrangement would give the foot-sore soldiers, thirteen in number, three days halt for recovery. Four days' rations and plenty of plaster and bandages were left with them, and the main body went off, reaching the Fort on the sixth evening after having accomplished one hundred and forty-seven miles.

The spot selected for Foot-sore Camp, as it was named, was at the top of a detached eminence, on which stood a mighty rock. The hill sloped gradually and equally down on all sides, and a huge square slab, projecting from one face of the rock, afforded shelter. A spring of fresh water trickling down the hill supplied that essential element to the party of twenty-nine, all told. The first thing to do was to cut away all brushwood within close range, and to form a circle of abattis therewith. This the Kaffirs would certainly attempt to burn in the night, but that was provided against by making the abattis as much as possible of the "wait-a-bit" thorn which is too succulent to take fire. Two sentries were posted by day, and doubled at sunset. According to their custom, the Kaffirs, during the night, fired long shots from the bush but did no mischief.

Next day the subaltern officer mounted the rock, and with his field-glass surveyed the scene, which was truly beautiful; the grass was gemmed with brilliant flowers, the trees and shrubs displayed their vary-coloured blossoms, and as there was no sign whatever of the stealthy foe in the lovely landscape, he determined to take a stroll with his gun for the chance of a shot at a strange covey. He had heard of several who, through such unwise ventures, had lost their lives at the hands of lurking Kaffirs, of whom there might be many in the bush unseen; but how could he remain for

two whole days on that spot with no other excitement than that of admiring the prospect around him; besides, there were no cattle, that bait irresistible, to tempt Kaffirs to stay about the neighbourhood of his small but well-protected band. So off he went alone; making towards the little river at the foot of the hill, where he hoped to secure a couple of flappers; but his thoughts of sport and dinner were rapidly and rudely dispelled by a bullet whizzing past his head, and three naked Kaffirs jumping from their ambush close by. Luckily for him they are, as a rule, bad shots, loading very loosely; but it was a miracle he escaped, for twelve paces is a short range, and he at once proved it so to them. With a dose of small shot from each barrel straight in their faces, he brought down two of them right and left; and the third turned tail and ran, when even with an assegai he might have got the better of a man with a discharged gun only in his hand. It was a warning, however, not to be neglected, and with all speed he returned to the comparatively safe refuge of Foot-sore Camp.

That night the Kaffirs again fired on them, calling out jeeringly to the party, "Ah, ah! now you are like calves in a bog; you have got in and can't get out; we will come to-morrow night in hundreds and put the cold hand on you." An unlucky shot following this derisive shout, laid one poor fellow, a sentry, low; whether his death was owing to chance, or whether the shot was fired by one of the more skilful rebel Hottentots could not be known, but the loss of John Jordan, who had always been a God-fearing, honest and trustworthy soldier, was much lamented. He was buried within the abattis on the following morning, and a large fire lit over his grave to hide its position from the beast of the forest, and from more brutal Kaffirs, who would exhume a corpse for the sake of a brass button, the foul purposes of witchcraft, or the vindictive delight of mutilation. A comrade carved the simple words, "Jordan past," upon the face of the rock which rose above, a grand and lasting monument to his memory.

True to his promise, the commanding officer, having reinforced Fort Frontier with half his force, arrived at Foot-sore Camp that evening and bivouacked there. With empty waggons in which any who absolutely required it could have a lift, he took, next morning, the direct route to King William's-town, which he reached in two days, after a most successfully conducted expedition; not to rest long, however, for in that harassing warfare, his ability and activity, and his men's pluck and endurance were called upon, and made manifest, in many other enterprises in the depths of the South African Bush.

A ROLLING STONE.

A bold adventurous young fellow joined the —th Dragoons at the Cape during the Kaffir War, and had some sharp experiences both of battle and sport while he remained in that part of the

world. The younger son in a good old county family, Clarence Marcel, with a younger son's inheritance, had enough to live on comfortably in a profession, but not enough on which to enjoy life without one. He had begun early in the Navy, and distinguished himself as a boy by leaping overboard, with his short sword on, to save the life of a fellow midshipman. Tiring of the sea, he elected to make a fresh start in the Army; but still would stick to the royal blue for the colour of his uniform, and soon after joining the above regiment, his high spirited and mettlesome qualities were quickly recognised. In a contest like that going on in Kaffir-land such a character was certain to be appreciated.

It was on the occasion of a sweeping incursion into the enemy's territory to recapture and drive in some large herds of cattle, which the Kaffirs had accumulated by raids at various times on the Colony, that Clarence earned his first meed of military praise. The cavalry detachment, with which he was doing duty, having dispersed to collect the oxen, scattered over the face of the country, was suddenly surprised, and nearly surrounded, by large bodies of Kaffir horsemen, many of whom were armed with carbines. The intention of these savages, who, to give them their due, moved in capital order and evidently under good discipline, was to attack the British cavalry in detail, and intercept them in their efforts to drive off the recovered plunder. In rear of one of the parties of Englishmen rode Clarence Marcel and a troop sergeant-major. The Kaffirs, with loud shouts of anticipated success, advanced at full speed, as soon as they perceived that their presence was discovered, and at their first headlong onset the sergeant-major was shot, and fell from his horse, which rushed away riderless to join its companions. Clarence instantly jumped off his charger, a Colt's revolver in his hand, and, without the loss of a moment, lifted the wounded man into the saddle, in spite of the poor fellow's protest, and entreaties that he would look to himself: "Never mind me, Sir, I am a dead man, save yourself." "Do as you are bid," was the young officer's terse reply, as he fired at the foremost Kaffir, who immediately pulled up and hurled his knobkerry, or short loaded stick, at him. The knobkerry struck the revolver with such force as to knock the chamber cylinder clean away, and render the pistol useless; but the first shot had lamed the Kaffir's horse. Holding the stirrup-leather and urging on his charger, Clarence ran by his side, and though a score pursued and many shots followed him, he succeeded in overtaking the rear-guard, and placing the wounded sergeant-major, who ultimately recovered, in safety.

A somewhat similar occurrence took place, subsequently, when the —th Dragoons again had orders to drive in a large number of cattle, several thousand head, that had been captured about eight miles from the camp. The regiment being dispersed on this duty, Clarence Marcel and some other officers, with a party of about

forty men, were sadly harassed by the Kaffirs who swooped down in hordes upon them, killing many horses and several men. No sooner, however, was a horse shot down than the rider was taken up by a comrade, and when succour reached them every horse left in the party was carrying double.

An incident, illustrative of the audacity of the Kaffirs, which would be laughable but for the fatal results, occurred when the troop to which Clarence belonged was acting with a small force of infantry. The horses were picketed, and the men bivouacked within the ruined *enceinte* of an old mud fort; and the infantry mounted a guard on the outside of the crumbling walls. The sentry was pacing up and down on his post, when, about eleven o'clock at night, some eight or ten pigs were noticed sidling up towards the fire, grunting and squeaking the while. The men threw billets of wood and faggot sticks at them for amusement, upon which they grunted and ran off into the brushwood. This happened repeatedly until all the men, except the sentry, lay down under their blankets, and slept. The pigs continued to approach the fire stealthily as before, and, when the sentry's back was turned, suddenly jumped up and killed him and one of the sleeping guard, besides wounding two others. The pigs were really Kaffirs, who had sustained the character so effectively for their purpose; and before any steps could be taken for their punishment, they were off and away to be no more seen.

When peace was restored by the submission of the Kaffir chiefs, the —th Dragoons were ordered home to England, but Clarence Marcel had no mind to return yet to civilization, and "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall;" so he sold out and set forth on an expedition in quest of big game in Zulu-land.

Arriving at the Tuzela, on the Natal frontier, the first thing to do was to provide himself with some trusty native followers of experience in the chase, and with knowledge of the haunts and habits of the wild animals of the country. Observing one day a remarkably fine powerful Zulu, whose back and chest were scored with very peculiar marks, he enquired into the cause of the scars, and learned that the man had been seized by an immense alligator when crossing the White Umphaloo, a broad river in the neighbourhood of St. Lucia Bay. The monster, on closing his fearful teeth upon him, dived, and, with a view to the full enjoyment of a meal, carried him on shore to a shady and secluded spot where, no doubt, the brute had been accustomed to pic-nic. Here, in misguided confidence, he rashly dropped his prize, intending, perhaps, to commence operations on some specially tender part; but the active Zulu did not lose his chance; his legs being fortunately uninjured, no sooner did he find himself freed than he made off with a bound, leaving the alligator, so far as he was concerned, supperless and lamenting. This man, Clarence took into his ser-

vice under the style and title of "Crimped Cod," and found in him an invaluable henchman.

Nor was it long before he himself had the narrowest escape of becoming an alligator's prey, when lying out one fine moonlight night, waiting for sea-cow, on the bank of a river. The spot, on which he had pitched for his nocturnal watch, sloped abruptly to the stream, and there, having put his rifle down by his side, he succumbed to the lulling influences of the murmuring waters and fell asleep. Presently he was recalled to consciousness by feeling himself slowly and involuntarily descending the steep bank. The phenomenon was quickly and horribly explained when he saw that an enormous alligator had got him by the boot, and was gently backing with him into the river. Not a second was to be lost; his rifle was already almost out of reach, when instinctively he snatched and cocked it. Ramming the muzzle past his foot into the huge reptile's jaws he pulled both triggers, and, at the very edge of the water, was released, with a parting crunch to his ankle that for many weeks prevented his exposing himself as alligator bait.

Once, when following a wounded buffalo, he stepped on the folds of a black mamba, and only just avoided the bite of that deadly serpent, seven feet long, by springing high, straddle-legged, into the air, as it darted its fangs at him, the vindictive head grazing his knee.

On a certain 12th of August, the anniversary of St. Grouse, Clarence Marcel and a friend of his made a strange bag indeed. His companion happened, on the evening of the 11th, to stroll out, from a newly pitched camp, with only a single-barrel large bore rifle, loaded, but with no spare ammunition in his pocket. Before he had proceeded far on the plain, he observed three white rhinoceroses lying down; a bull, cow and calf. Running in upon them he put them up, and selecting the cow, as having the longest horn, gave her his only bullet behind the shoulder. She staggered away and fell about fifty yards off, and the bull and calf stayed by her, the former looking very vicious—so he determined, as night was coming on, to leave his game where it lay, three quarters of a mile from camp, though he knew he should be laughed at by Clarence for not at least bringing in the tail of the slain cow. At daybreak on the 12th they both sallied forth to look up the dead rhinoceros, alongside of which they saw, as they approached, what seemed at first to be jackals, but presently they discovered that three magnificent lions were tearing at the ears of the old cow, and rending the carcase of the calf which they had pulled down. Each taking his own mark, the two sportsmen fired simultaneously, and Clarence's ball crushed into a lion's head, entering above one eye, and passing to the brain; nevertheless the splendid beast was able to turn and disappear in some tall Guinea grass thirty or forty yards off. Into this the

other two lions also withdrew, both hit; one mortally through the neck by Clarence's companion, and the other struck in some doubtful part by his own second barrel. They at once proceeded to look for the wounded lions, and cautiously advancing and pushing aside the thick grass, twelve feet high, came upon one quite dead, having literally scented him out by the strong odour—of real menagerie flavour—which he emitted. Dragged off by the attendant Zulus, he was laid by the rhinoceroses, and search for the second hard-bit lion was continued. This one too they hunted up at last by smell, but he was further in the grass, and had fallen and died in a narrow ravine. Ropes were made fast to him, and the Zulus set to work to haul up the great animal, as large as a small ox, out of the deep hollow, the two Englishmen getting down, without their weapons, to give an auxiliary hoist with their shoulders. Suddenly there was a loud cry from the Zulus above, "umbubi, umbubi;" (lion, lion) and they all skedadled, except one, letting the suspended monster fall on their employers, rolling over like ninepins to the bottom of the gully, into which also tumbled "Crimped Cod," who alone had held on to the tackling. Fortunately they were not crushed beneath the weight of the defunct lion, and, jumping up merrily, they recalled the runaways, and made another more successful effort to retrieve the spoil. Whether or not the third lion had appeared to the Zulus on the top of the bank they could never really ascertain. It might have gone hard with them, unarmed in the ravine, if he had attacked. A curious coincidence then came to light. Two lions, a cow and a calf rhinoceros, represented their "bag;" and they were admiring the skins and horns as the grand creatures lay side by side.

"Why, how is this?" said Clarence to his friend, "you must have fired a second barrel at the rhinoceros cow last night; here is another bullet-hole in her flank."

This was of course denied as impossible, and the ball was cut out. It proved to be that with which the lion last found had been shot. A steel-tipped conical bullet, it had passed through the one beast and lodged in the other. Suppressing, therefore, the fact that the latter was already dead—killed by himself previously—Clarence's comrade might have said that he had shot a lion and a rhinoceros with one and the same cartridge.

After a year of royal sport, poor Clarence took passage in a steamer from Durban to Cape Town, with six large cases of trophies of the chase, wherewith he hoped his elder brother's baronial halls should be adorned; but off Cape Agullas, in a fog, the vessel struck on the fatal Birkenhead rock, and his hard won spoils went down with her; the passengers and crew reaching the shore safely in the boats with nothing but what they stood in.

During the war with Russia, Clarence Marcel did tough work, as a commander of Irregular Horse, on the Danube; and when that

was over, he obtained an appointment in the Consular service. This he soon relinquished, for the outbreak of the great Civil War in America offered attractions not to be resisted, and there it was that he met his gallant end. The last of his brave deeds was by no means the least.

It was after a disastrous defeat that a corps of Confederate Cavalry, in which Clarence held the rank of Major, had to take part in covering the retreat of the beaten army. Coming with some of his men upon three brass nine-pounder field guns, which had been abandoned by the artillerymen in their flight, he cast about for means of saving them from the hands of the Federals. The guns were drawn up close to the bank of a river across which lay the line of retreat. A neighbouring bridge was choked with masses of troops in hurried tumultuous march; so that to carry the field pieces off by the road was out of the question. By good luck, amongst the scattered contents of a broken down waggon, he espied a coil of stout rope. Reeving one end of this securely to the trail of a gun carriage, and retaining the other, he and his men plunged their horses into the river, which had shelving banks and a gravelly bed; but was about thirty yards wide, and deep in the middle channel. Gaining the opposite side they dismounted, and hauled the gun to them through the water. Clarence then swam his horse back, and made fast the rope to another gun which was similarly secured. Returning again for the third, he left it to his troopers on the further shore to complete the salvage, and galloped away himself to another part of the field where the cavalry were engaged with the Federal horsemen who had violently assaulted the rear-guard. Joining with them in a crashing charge against the pursuing columns, he faced his doom, and "foremost fighting, fell." Clarence Marcel was a "rolling stone," and gathered no moss in his journeys here; but never did braver, truer, or more generous heart than his beat under the belt of a soldier.

He perished in the danger that he loved.

THE BOY.

Deponent doth not set forth his name. It might perhaps be arrived at by a close study of the Army List, or by a glimpse at the docket on his last commission; if a paternal Government, which carefully and at once levied the stamp duty thereon, had as yet rendered to him that mysterious document. Unofficially, and indeed semi-officially, for years and years, he has been known only as "The Boy;" and many of his Club compeers have but a hazy notion to this day regarding his patronymic. Said the Colonel to the Adjutant in the Regimental Orderly Room at a sweltering station in the West Indies: "Oh yes, we must let 'the Boy' go, and have his little trip in Canada, though we shall all be sorry to lose him. Forward his application, without delay, for leave of absence pending the appearance of his exchange in the Gazette. I see the Regiment

he wishes to join is under orders for Burmah; and should fancy he will not be much better off in that pestiferous country, in the matter of either climate or quarters than we are here."

Poor Colonel! how little did he think that the Boy's leave would be the last granted to an officer in *his* reign; or conceive what sort of girl the Boy would leave behind him. So, when the steamer for Halifax arrived, the Boy went on board, to select a cabin and make final arrangements for the voyage. The first thing he saw on deck was the corpse of a female, covered with a sheet; and, on enquiry, was told that a lady from the Brazils had died the day before of a "calentura;" that it was a sporadic case, and the fever not contagious, as was proved by the vessel having got pratique; otherwise he would not have been allowed aboard. The next day the steamer left, the woman having been interred in the cemetery, and her clothes, made up into a bundle, thrown overboard.

Two months afterwards the Boy had tidings, by letter, of the tragedy that ensued, and the danger he had escaped. The dead woman's clothes had been washed ashore at a part of the island where an old married soldier was permitted to reside, in charge of a vegetable garden, from which occasional supplies were furnished to the officers' mess. This man's wife had picked up the saturated bundle, and, after well washing them, took the articles into wear. In a week she was the first victim of one of the most fearful epidemics of yellow fever ever recorded; during the course of which in the ill-fated corps the Boy had so recently quitted, there perished no less than seven officers amongst whom was the Colonel, and 250 men; besides women and children. An officer and thirteen men were buried one day in the same grave. A man might follow a comrade to the tomb to-day, and to-morrow his comrades would follow him.

Ah! who that has not seen and suffered; who that has not passed through the terrible ordeal, can realize the protracted horror of such a time? Universal depression is spread abroad, acting variously on individuals according to their temperament. Many cast the feeling aside with reckless ribaldry; a few face it with stern composure; some are stricken with nervous dread. For these last there is the least hope. The courageous spirit *may* yield to the insidious malady; the timid one *must*. A campaign where no medal is won; no glory gained: and yet how much harder to go through with than battle or storm, in which the blood is up, and all thought of peril far from the mind; in which men smite, and are smitten, with the dilated eye and compressed lip of fierce excitement, smiling even at the stroke of death. As the band strikes up a lively quick-step when the funeral party turn their backs upon the soldier's last resting-place; so let us away—away from the ghastly crowd of new made sepulchres, in a field where no sword could be drawn against the foe that slaughtered. Honourably they fell in the paths of Duty; with saddened memories let us away.

"Garçon, apportez moi un vin-blanc cordonnier." The Boy had met an old *pal* at Halifax, and they were proceeding up the St. Lawrence in a steamer, the steward of which was a French Canadian.

"I am thirsty," exclaimed the pal, "but I can't ask for what I want in parley voo lingo."

"What will you have?" answered the Boy, "I was high up in the French class under old Cambrière, what shall it be?"

"Sherry cobbler," said the pal.

"All right," quoth the Boy, boldly, "Garçon, apportez un vin-blanc cordonnier."

"A white wine shoe-maker," as may be imagined, suggested only the obscurity of an enigma, beyond the depth of the provincial steward; who, however, at once brought the beverage when asked for it in English. What an advantage it was for the Boy to have studied French at the Military College. Well, he was not so bad as the soldier's wife at Beljaum, in the Southern Mahratta country, who went into the bazaar to buy a sheep's head; and begun her marketing with the question, "Kitne bujje* for the sheep's topi," that is, in the vernacular—if it had any meaning at all—"What o'clock for the sheep's (this in English) hat?" And because the wretched native could not comprehend that the price of the delicacy was the object of enquiry, she raised her brawny arm and knocked him down. Stupid hog! not to understand his own language.

But we must pass over the Canadian trip, and the overland route, and get on to the war in Burmah, which broke out directly after the Boy's exchange was effected, and before he had joined his new Regiment. The prospect of good Indian pay and plentiful rupees had allured him to the East, with the hope of making up for past unthrift, how delighted then must he have been to find that these were to be supplemented by field batta, and the piquant seasoning of a campaign. The Burmese preparations for war had been made on a very extensive scale, and they seemed determined to fight it out: attributing to timidity all overtures from us for a peaceful settlement of the dispute, and rejecting our demands of redress for insults and cruelties to British subjects.

The ancient prophecy that the dismemberment of their Empire should follow the advent, in the Irawaddy, of vessels without sails or rowers was disregarded; or, possibly, its fulfilment was considered to have been accomplished in the war of 1824-26 in which the terror of the Burmese was so excited by the little steam packet "Diana;" and when Tenasserim and its provinces were ceded to us. A powerful squadron of steamers now co-operated with the land forces, and the blue-jackets shared in most of the actions that took place. The troops had been housed at Rangoon and Martaban during the rains, but, the monsoon over, it was determined, towards the end of September, to push forward.

An advanced post of only 400 men had been imprudently

* Literally, "How many strokes?" referring to beat of gong.

stationed at Tongmang, sixty miles off. They had been sent there to protect the inhabitants, who were friendly to us, from ill-treatment by the Burmese army, the main body of which was not far away. Consequently this detachment was cut off from their communications; convoys were intercepted; and, finally, the place was invested by the Burmese, 8,000 strong; who harassed the little garrison day and night. A force was at once detailed for their relief, consisting of 150 seamen from the men-of-war, and 300 troops. The Boy, on arrival in Burmah, had been quartered on board one of Her Majesty's steamships with some men, indeed many of the troops had passed the rainy season afloat, partly for sanitary reasons, and partly from want of accommodation on shore. He had become intimate with his messmates, amongst whom he was also "the Boy;" and the fortune of war ordered that he should go on the above expedition with his naval friends. The force, on approaching Tougmang, was landed from the boats; and skirmishers were forthwith thrown out; but the Burmese were too many for them; and they were obliged to retire before overwhelming numbers with the loss of five men, who were immediately beheaded by the exulting enemy. The boat in which the Boy had been conveyed to the verge of the unequal conflict was fitted with a rocket tube, fixed by a stand to the gunwale, and it was most desirable that this apparatus should be made use of against the pursuing swarms of Burmese; but, unfortunately, the tube could not be brought to bear in the right direction, as the view was impeded by the deep bank under whose shelter the boat lay. No sooner was the Boy aware of this, on the retreat to the boats, than he begged the naval officer to give him a rocket, and, calling a sailor to follow him with lighted fuze, rushed to an eminence, and there, holding the rocket tight in his hands, had it fired from his very grasp; and with so much presence of mind did he do this, that he particularly noticed the light breeze blowing across the line of his fire, and carefully pointed the missile *down wind*. That he would be severely scorched in this performance was certain, and it was wonderful how soon he recovered from it—in time indeed to be present with one of two strong columns which advanced subsequently from Rangoon, and forced a passage, through the Burmese, to the relief of Tongmang.

The whole division then moved up the Irawaddy to the attack of Phangoo, upon the defences of which the ships opened fire as soon as they came abreast of them. These consisted of a long stockade on the right bank, a breastwork of solid masonry at a salient point on the river, and guns in every position of advantage on both sides. Under the fire of the navy the troops were landed, and marched upon the Great Fish Pagoda. There was an open space of 800 yards around the Pagoda, and this the stormers crossed, steadily, under a heavy fire from the enemy crowding the walls. When the steps were reached a rush was made, and the Burmese fled, being met by fire from the steamers as they ran. On the capture of the

Pagoda, Phangoo was evacuated by the enemy, and occupied by our people. By the fall of this place the country so far was cleared of Burmese troops on the right bank of the Irawaddy; but they still held the left bank, and were established in force at Goshyr, only six miles from Phangoo. From this they were quickly expelled, and so the war went on, a repetition of attacking and taking one stockade after another, until the Burmese authorities virtually gave in.

Some parts, however, of the country continued to be infested by a lawless banditti, to whom were joined large numbers of the defeated Burmese soldiery. One body of these, estimated at about 6,000, occupied a very formidable stronghold, and were commanded by the notorious robber chief Talapraan, who of course acted under covert sanction and encouragement from the Lord of the Golden Foot. Twice had these "irregulars" succeeded in repelling our attacks, made by soldiers and sailors combined, and inflicted heavy losses on us. Their defensive position was an admirable one. A stockade, of which the main wall was constructed of young teak trees, six inches in diameter, driven close together into the ground, leaving about fourteen feet of timber above the level of the soil. These were secured together at the top, where embrasure-like openings were left. Within, a solid mass of earth, well rammed, rose at an angle of forty-five degrees to three feet from the top, and inside the enclosure were the barrack houses of the Burmese. The position extended for about one thousand yards at the head of a stream, and parallel to its course. Its rear was covered by the impenetrable marsh in which the stream took its rise; its flanks were shrouded by impervious jungle. The front face only was exposed, and that was protected by a deep ditch, fourteen feet wide, beyond which sharp bamboo spikes, called *commachees*, were thickly and firmly planted, pointing outwards, and mostly concealed by brushwood and long grass. A powerful masked battery swept this front, and an elevated watch-tower enabled the defenders to keep a good look-out against attack. So elate with their previous successes was this Burmese scratch garrison, that, after the manner of their predecessors of nearly thirty years before, they dubbed themselves "Invincibles," and "Retrievers of Glory."

Accounts with the Burmese regular army being nearly settled, it was necessary that the Dacoit chief, and his followers, should be fallen upon by a force of such strength as would ensure their rout and dispersion. Accordingly a strong column was despatched on this service. It was divided into two wings, which day by day, alternately, took up the position of advance and rear guards; and, so dense was the forest, the former had to add the severe labour of making a road to its other duties. The Boy was with his Regiment in the right wing, on the third day that wing was leading when, after a march of some three miles, they came on a lesser advanced stockade, which they stormed and bivouacked in for the night. Next day the left

wing took the lead, and, while struggling over the rough ground, were brought to a standstill by a brisk fire, in their front, from a breastwork, covered by an abattis; the whole being obscured by the smoke of fires, lit by the enemy to hide their movements. In spite of this they were driven out, and pursued for a mile; when the troops were halted within three miles of Talapraan's main position. On the fifth day it was again the turn of the right wing to advance to the front, which they did along a path admitting only two abreast. The Sappers and Miners worked hard to widen the path, for the passage of the guns, and continued to do so, under a heavy fire from the stockade, until the battery was brought up to effect a breach. This accomplished, the assault was given, and the fastness was in our hands; though dearly paid for by the loss of 115 officers and men, killed and wounded. The Boy was among the latter; one of the invisible bamboo stakes having pierced his leg with a jagged ugly gash, and put him "hors de combat." While lying helpless near the ditch he overlooked the greater part of the fight, and could not help being amused when he now and then saw a Burmese levant into the jungle with some unhappy Briton's hand or arm. If they were able to chop off one of these, as the English soldier seized the woodwork of the stockade, they would hastily carry away the severed limb, under a firm conviction that the skill of our surgeons was capable of uniting it again without fail to the maimed body. Not long after this came the notification of Peace, and the annexation of Pegu; so the Boy lost little by being sent home in April, invalided for his wound.

His next campaign was the matrimonial one. He accompanied an aunt, with whom he was on playfully affectionate terms, to a ball in London; and took her down to the supper-room. Espying there a magnificent dish of strawberries, he laid hands on a swollen monster, and turned round suddenly, with the intention of popping it into his aunt's mouth. Great was his surprise to find he had performed this piece of "legerdemain" upon a remarkably pretty, but utterly unknown stranger, whose white teeth, and lips as red as the fruit, nevertheless intuitively closed on the luscious mouthful. The first sense of awkwardness gave way to merriment; merriment was followed by introduction; and introduction by "the Lancers"—he was not equal to a *round* dance yet. In due course lovemaking succeeded dancing, and marriage both.

The Boy is now high up in the professional tree military, and has boys of his own—very fine boys too—each of whom, under the above circumstances ought to be personally marked, somewhere or other, with a natal impression of the causal strawberry.