

THE
GREAT SIEGES
OF HISTORY



St Vincent's School,

POONA.

PRIZE

Awarded to Laxaram Krishnaji
for English Narrative
in Class IVth Standard.

J. E. Vicker
Principal of St. Vincent's School.

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PROWESS OF THE CRUSADERS BEFORE ANTIOCH.

THE
GREAT SIEGES OF HISTORY.

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INCLUDING

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**GREAT BATTLES OF THE BRITISH
ARMY.** By CHARLES MACFARLANE.

**GREAT BATTLES OF THE BRITISH
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MEMOIRS OF GREAT COMMANDERS.
By G. P. R. JAMES.

BRITISH HEROES IN FOREIGN WARS.
By JAMES GRANT.

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THE

GREAT SIEGES OF HISTORY.

OF all the collisions between the members of the human race for the furtherance of ambition, the maintenance of liberty, or the assertion of disputed rights, we consider the prominent sieges of history to be the most interesting and instructive. We know of no situation in which the higher virtues have been put to a severer test; in which courage, firmness, endurance, patriotism, fidelity, humanity, have shone with purer and more unmitigated lustre. In the pages we are about to lay before our readers will be found accounts of actions and sufferings of which the uninitiated in history can scarcely suppose their fellow-men to be capable: not brilliant actions of short-lived devotion performed before applauding multitudes, not torments endured with hopes of celestial recompense, but protracted, continuous exertions, amidst privations, disease, famine, and death in every hideous shape, prompted by love of country, or fidelity to a cause honestly embraced.

As throughout nature Providence has pleased to establish an antagonism which carries on the great scheme in harmony, by setting creature against creature, in no instance does man show his vast superiority more strongly over the lower animals than in the defence or attack of his great gregarious abodes. There are numerous animals who, like man, draw up in battle array and dew fields with blood, but none that can bring into play such high qualities as are exhibited in our sieges, from one of a Scotch border tower to Sebastopol. In no case is the difference between reason and instinct more evident. The beaver of to-day constructs

and fortifies his dwelling exactly upon the same plan as the first beaver after creation, whereas the science of fortification and siege has kept equal pace with man's enlightenment. There is no doubt this portion of the art of war attained perfection in the seventeenth century: circumstances of time and place may modify it, but the great principles were then established; the accessories since obtained by scientific discoveries have only added power to the means of destruction, they have not advanced the art itself. We do not hesitate for a moment to say that a Turenne, Condé, Vauban, Marlborough, or Eugene, would vindicate their genius for the great art of war as proudly and successfully at the present time as they did in their own glorious day: when knowledge of any kind has reached a certain point, all the difference is in the men who employ it. The fate of nations at that period depended upon sieges; soldiers of fortune of highly cultivated intellect were engaged in the study and practice of them; and though our readers will find many of these awful contests much more set off with striking incidents and more replete with horrors, they will meet with none so scientifically carried on, both as to defence and attack, as those of the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The historian of sieges has an immense advantage over the chronicler of battles. The commander in a great battle can, after the contest is over, give his own account of his views, manœuvres, expedients, and impulsive perceptions, but no other person engaged can possibly describe anything beyond what occurred at the point to which his own individual exertions were confined. The brave soldier, with his blood warmed by energetic action, his mind excited by a love of honour and fame, and his heart, though true as his sword, throbbing with a natural love of life, through the dun smoke sees nothing but the enemy before him, and thinks of nothing but the means of destroying him. It is his duty to execute, and not to contemplate; and the careful reader of a Gazette can generally give a better description of the battle it announces, than any soldier engaged in it. Physical and material causes out of number combine to produce this fact.

But the history of a siege is a very different affair. A place is attacked scientifically and cautiously, to prevent

discomfiture; it is defended with watchful precaution, to avoid surprises, and loss of husbanded means. Chess is not played with the rash spirit of a Christmas round game. Both parties have leisure to note every event that advances or retards their great object; and if the contest be a protracted one, such calamitous circumstances are sure to arise as will give to it the deepest feeling of human interest. As, in the history of the world, the accounts of its periods of trouble occupy a thousand times more space than its records of peace and prosperity, so sieges, having given birth to more suffering than perhaps any other cause attributable to man alone, we have, in greatest abundance, most appalling descriptions of these frightful struggles, in which human beings seem to have been gathered together into corners to prove all they were capable of performing or enduring. That a great siege is the sublime view of men acting in masses, is proved by two of the most exalted poets of the world having each chosen one as the subject most worthy of his genius. To us humble narrators, Homer's "Siege of Troy" and Tasso's "Siege of Jerusalem" are of inestimable value, as, independently of their poetic beauties, pointing out clearly the different modes of carrying on a siege at periods so remote from each other. Notwithstanding all the splendour bestowed by the presence of gods, demigods, and heroes, Homer's siege is of the most primitive kind. Abortive attacks upon the walls, unsupported by machinery or any attempt at art, not even the palpable one of escalade, together with vain efforts to get into the city, and continual skirmishes and duels with the besieged in their sorties, seem to have comprised all the art of war exercised by the cunning Greeks in this their great early invasion of a foreign territory, or rather of a city, as the expedition to Colchis preceded it by a generation: the sires of Homer's heroes manned the Argo. All the strength of the defenders consisted of the watchful and constant use of spear and shield in repulsing the attacks of the enemy; and their courage was displayed in daily excursions, in war-chariots and on foot, upon the plains surrounding the beleaguered city. In Tasso we see the art of war as it was practised in his time in Europe, and as it has been practised in Asia for several centuries. To avoid an anachronism, there is no

gunpowder; but he employs every other accessory of machinery, towers, and the Greek fire, with missiles of various kinds, unknown to the Homeric age. But we must not allow general remarks to anticipate narration.

To attempt to give even a sketch of all the sieges of history, in addition to involving a great chance of sameness, would require many volumes; we shall therefore confine ourselves to accounts, as intelligible and graphic as we can make them, of such of these great human conflicts as have changed the fate of empires, forwarded or impeded the progress of peoples, or have been illustrated by the actions of men of world-spread celebrity. But, whilst only giving the details of important sieges, we shall not pass by the innumerable interesting incidents with which the accounts of minor sieges abound: it is, indeed, not uncommon to meet, in contests unimportant to the world, with the noblest and most extraordinary acts of devotedness or courage of which individual man is capable.

BACTRA.

A.C. 2134.

In all arts the East has led the van, and has evidently been as far advanced before the Western nations in the great one of fortifying its cities as in most others. The first siege we can obtain any account of is that of Bactra, and we are told it was so fortified by nature and art, that Ninus, at the head of four hundred thousand men, would never have been able to take it, if a stratagem had not been suggested to him by Semiramis, the wife of one of his officers. This account proves that fortifying cities was not then a new invention, for it is not likely that such a degree of perfection could have been attained by a first attempt. Everything in the East seems to have been upon a gigantic scale: the cities were immense in extent, the height of the walls and towers, and the depth and width of the surrounding moats or ditches, almost incredible. And yet, modern research is stamping

the astounding accounts of historians and topographers with the broad seal of truth—everything in the East *was* on a gigantic scale: where human life and human labour, in densely-populated countries, were without restriction at the command of vain and ambitious despots, the Pyramids, the walls of Babylon, and the palaces of Baalbec cease to be miracles.

Ninus, king of Assyria, one of the most ancient of the great disturbers of the peace of mankind called conquerors, was desirous of putting the crown to his glory by the conquest of Bactriana, now Corassan. Nothing in the open country could resist an army of four hundred thousand men; but Bactra, the capital, for a length of time withstood all his endeavours. As the defence of a city consisted in its walls, ditch, and advantages of position only, so the means of attack were correspondingly simple; and we are not surprised at the inhabitants holding out for a time which in modern warfare would be impossible. We are told that the genius of Semiramis conceived a stratagem—what we do not learn—by which the city was at length taken, and her master, in a truly eastern manner, showed his gratitude by seeking a cause for putting her husband to death, and making her his wife. Some accounts do not hesitate to say that the lady, at least as ambitious as Ninus, repaid him by removing him as he had removed her first husband, in order to reign alone.

A I.

A.C. 1451.

As an account falling in most with the spirit of un-inspired history, we select a short description of the taking of Aï by the Israelites, under Joshua.

Whilst night concealed from the inhabitants of Aï all that was passing beneath their walls, Joshua placed a body of troops behind the city, with orders to set fire to it when he should give the signal. At daybreak, Joshua presented himself before Aï, and feigned to attempt an escalade.

The inhabitants appeared upon their walls, and the Israelites, dissembling fear, withdrew from the attack. The inhabitants issued immediately from the city to pursue them, incautiously leaving their gates open. At the given signal the troops in ambush advanced, marched in at the unguarded gates, and set fire to the place. The Canaanites, on perceiving the flames, gave up all as lost, and flying away, were nearly exterminated by their conquerors.

THEBES, IN BEOTIA.

A.C. 1252.

THE history of this famous siege has been rendered immortal by the tragic muse; few of our readers can require to have its details repeated to them. The unfortunate Œdipus, on quitting his kingdom, left it to the government of his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, who agreed to mount the throne alternately. Eteocles, as the elder, reigned first; but, at the termination of his year, he was so enamoured of the power he had tasted, that he violated his oath, and endeavoured to exclude his brother from the throne. Polynices took up arms, and sought on all sides for partisans to assist him against the usurper; Adrastus, king of the Argives, roused all Greece in his favour. The contest was long and sanguinary, and the chief loss fell upon the adherents of Polynices. After many fruitless battles beneath the walls of Thebes, the brothers resolved to terminate their quarrel by a single combat. The two armies were drawn up as witnesses of the fight, and as securities for its fairness. The unnatural enemies entered the prescribed lists, and attacked each other with such deadly animosity, that both fell dead upon the spot. It is feigned that, when their bodies were burnt, the spirit of hatred remained unextinct even in their remains, and that the flames separated as they arose. Their antipathy was preserved in their posterity, breaking out into needless but bloody wars. In such a work as this, principally intended

for the young, it was impossible to pass by so memorable a siege; otherwise, we conceive the whole history of Œdipus and his race to be one of the most unpleasing handed down to us by the Greeks.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 518.

The second siege of this celebrated city is much more satisfactory.

The Lacedæmonians, upon becoming masters of Thebes, made the inhabitants but too sensible of the weight of their yoke. Pelopidas, too noble to submit quietly to slavery, conceived the design of delivering his country; he addressed himself to the banished citizens, and he found them enter freely into his views. Many of his friends in the city were eager to share his enterprise; and one of them, named Charon, offered his house as a retreat for the conspirators. When they had secretly taken the most prudent precautions to insure success, Pelopidas drew near to the city. Before entering it, he held a council, in which it was agreed that all should not depend upon one cast of the dice, but that a small number should try their fortune first. Pelopidas and eleven of his brave companions accepted this perilous commission; they warned Charon of their approach, and proceeded towards Thebes, dressed as sportsmen, followed by hunting-dogs, and carrying in their hands nets and weapons of the chase. Before entering the city, they discarded their hunting appointments, assumed the guise of simple countrymen, and slipped in at various gates, all directing their course to the house of Charon. Philidas, one of the conspirators, that same evening gave a grand entertainment, at which Philip and Archias, the Lacedæmonian governors, were the most honoured guests. When these two were sufficiently warmed with wine to be insensible to anything, but their pleasures, the conspirators proceeded to action, and, dividing themselves into two bodies, commenced by the easy immolation of Philip and Archias. Pelopidas and his party went straight to the house inhabited by Leontidas, one of the tyrants, who, on being roused from his sleep, seized his sword and struck the first conspirator that approached him dead at his feet; but he found a more

successful opponent in Pelopidas: the brave Theban quickly laid the tyrant by the side of his unfortunate compatriot. After this bold attempt, the banished Thebans speedily joined the patriotic little band, and laid siege to the citadel. The Lacedæmonians were soon forced to capitulate; and this memorable enterprise, conceived by the genius of Pelopidas, and executed almost entirely by his own hand, procured the liberty of Thebes. We are sorry we cannot add, that that liberty was secured: the glory or prosperity of Thebes is an anomaly in history, it belongs principally to one generation. Pelopidas was the friend and companion of Epaminondas, with which great man—one of the greatest of all antiquity—the sun of Thebes arose and set.

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 334.

After the celebrated battle of Chæronea, which laid the liberties of Greece at the feet of the ambitious Philip of Macedon, that king placed a garrison in Thebes; but scarcely had the inhabitants learnt the death of Philip, when they arose in mass, and slaughtered the Macedonians. Alexander, the son of Philip, afterwards styled the Great, passed through the Straits of Thermopylæ, rendered immortal by Leonidas and his Spartans, entered Greece, and marched directly towards the revolted city. On the way, he said to those who accompanied him, "Demosthenes in his harangues called me a child when I subdued Illyria; he styled me a giddy youth when I punished the Thessalians: we will now show him, under the walls of Athens, that I am a man grown." His appearance in Bœotia, like the rest of the actions of his life, was carried into effect as soon as decided upon. When he reached the walls of Thebes, he was satisfied with requiring that Phœnix and Prothulus, the principal promoters of the insurrection, should be given up to him. The Thebans, however, insultingly replied by demanding Philotas and Antipater, Alexander's generals and friends; and the young monarch found himself under the painful necessity of proceeding to extremities. Thebes had rendered such services to his father, that he proceeded to the infliction of punishment with great reluctance. A memorable battle ensued, in which the Thebans fought with ardour and

courage ; but, after a protracted struggle, the Macedonians who were left in the citadel, taking the Thebans in the rear, whilst the troops of Alexander charged them in front, they were almost all cut to pieces. Thebes was taken and pillaged. In the sack of this city, a lady of high quality exhibited an instance of courage and virtue too extraordinary to be passed by in silence. A Thracian officer, struck by her beauty, employed violence to satisfy his passion ; and then characteristically proceeded to the indulgence of his avarice, by demanding of her where she had concealed her treasures. The lady, whose name was Timoclea, told him that she had cast them all into a well, which she pointed out to him. Whilst he was leaning over the brink, looking with greedy avidity for the treasure, she suddenly exerted all her strength, pushed him in, and beat him to death with stones. Timoclea was arrested, and led before Alexander ; but, with all his errors, the young Macedonian had too much generosity of character not to be struck by such an action, and he pardoned her. We wish we could say he was equally lenient towards the Thebans ; but the unfortunate city was razed to the ground, and thirty thousand of its inhabitants were sold into slavery.

He here, however, first displayed that love of letters, and veneration for men distinguished in them, which characterized him during his short but brilliant career ; for, amidst the general destruction, he ordered the house in which the lyric poet Pindar was born to be held as sacred as a temple, and, at the same time, sought out and provided for all the descendants of the family of the bard of Thebes.

The history of this city is a remarkable one. Although not ranking so high as Sparta or Athens, it was raised to an equal importance by the courage, talents, and high moral character of one man. Epaminondas is, perhaps, the noblest specimen Greece has handed down to us of the *hero*, in all senses : and to his career was bounded the glory of his native city ; it rose with him, and with him expired.

T R O Y .

A.C. 1184.

THE next siege we meet with is the most celebrated in history or fiction, not so much on its own account, as from its good fortune in having the greatest poet the world has produced as its chronicler. If Homer had not placed this great siege in the regions of fable by his introduction of immortals into the action, it would still be a myth, as is all we know of Greece at the period at which it took place. Hypercritics have, indeed, endeavoured to make over the whole of it to the muses who preside over fiction; but we cannot accede to their decision. There is a vital reality in the characters of Homer, which proves that they did exist and act; a blind old bard might sing the deeds of heroes, and perhaps clothe those deeds with some of the splendour of his genius; but we have no faith in his having created the men, any more than he did the immortals, who belonged to the mythology of his country long before he was born. There is nothing in the "song of Troy divine" that is dissonant with the character of the age; so far to the contrary, we believe the poet has given a more faithful picture of the heroes, and the events connected with them, than any historian has done. Achilles is as perfect from the hands of Homer, as Alexander from the pen of Quintus Curtius or Arian. If we disperse the mist of diablerie which surrounds Macbeth, we shall find him a human character, acted upon by human passions, independently of the witches; and so with Homer's heroes: they are all most essentially real men, notwithstanding the gorgeous mythology that attends them, and act as they would have done without immortal intervention. We have as perfect faith in the history of the siege of Troy, as in most of the pages of what has been termed the "great lie." Independently of the work of genius for ever associated with it, the siege of Troy is a memorable epoch in human annals.

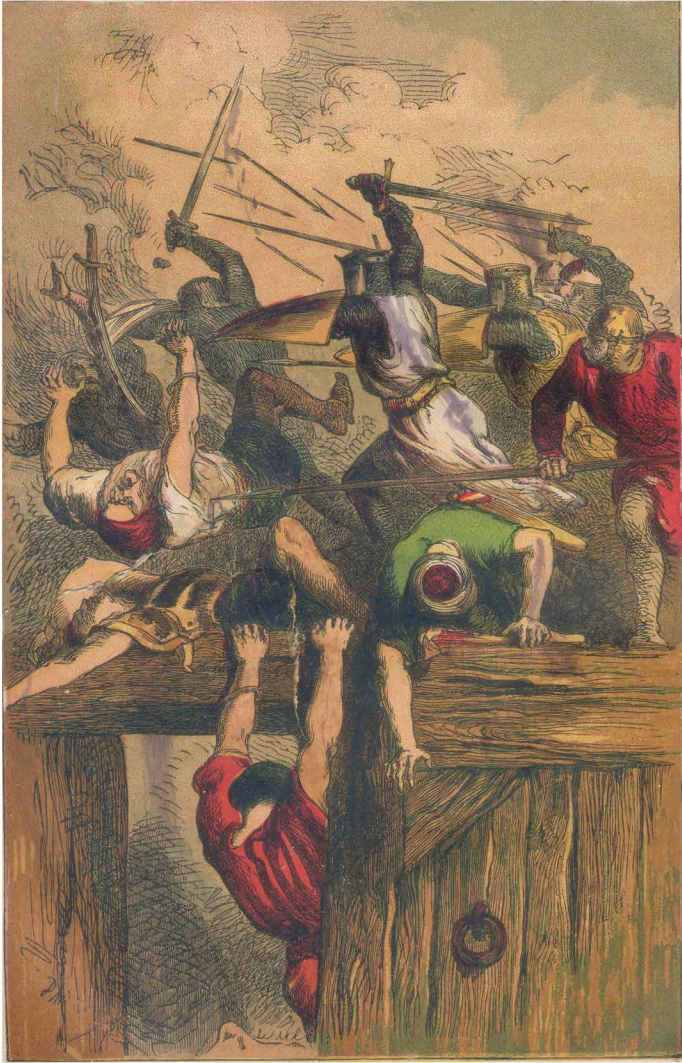
Tyndarus, the ninth king of Lacedæmon, had, by Leda, Castor and Pollux, who were twins, besides Helena, and Clytemnestra the wife of Agamemnon, king of Mycænæ. Having survived his two sons, the twins, he became anxious for a successor, and sought for a suitable husband for his daughter Helena. All the suitors bound themselves by oath to abide by the decision of the lady, who chose Menelaus, king of Sparta. She had not, however, lived above three years with her husband before she was carried off by Alexander or Paris, son of Priam, king of the Trojans. In consequence of this elopement, Menelaus called upon the rulers of the European states of Greece, and more particularly upon those who had been candidates for her hand, to avenge this Asiatic outrage. All answered to the summons, though some, like Ulysses, unwillingly. As every one knows, the siege lasted ten years; which only goes to prove the discordant parts of which the besieging army was composed: had there been union beneath a completely acknowledged head, the city could not have held out so long by many years. But Agamemnon was like Godfrey of Bouillon in the Crusades—he was only a nominal chief, without a particle of real power over the fiery and rude leaders of the troops of adventurers composing the army. This necessity for union is the principal lesson derived by posterity from the siege of Troy; but to the Asiatics of the period it must have been a premonitory warning of what they had to dread from the growing power of the Greeks. Divested of fable, and as many of the contradictions removed as possible, we believe the above to be the most trustworthy account of this celebrated affair—no one would think of going into the details after Homer. According to Bishop Ussher, the most safe chronological guide, the siege of Troy took place 1184 years before the birth of Christ, about the time that Jephtha ruled over the Jews. This last circumstance cannot fail to bring to the minds of our readers the extraordinary fact that the involuntary parental sacrifices of Iphigenia and the “daughter of Jephtha, Judge of Israel,” were contemporary. The period of the war of Troy, standing on the verge between fable and history, is a very useful one to be retained in the memory.

JERUSALEM.

No city in the world has enjoyed so much veneration as well as attention as Jerusalem, and yet no city has been subjected to more violence. Almost held in as much reverence by the Mahometans as the Christians, the possession of the Holy City was equally a devotional object as a territorial one, with the followers of both creeds. Jerusalem has been besieged more than twelve times, and, as in such contests, religion only seems to embitter enmities and enhance cruelties, the state of this otherwise favoured city can have been no object of envy.

FIRST SIEGE, A.C. 1051.

After the death of Joshua, the tribes of Juda and Simeon, having united their forces, marched upon this already important place with a formidable army. They took the lower city, and, faithful to the orders of Moses, slaughtered all who presented themselves to their fury. The upper city, called Sion, checked their victorious progress. The efforts of the Hebrews, during nearly four centuries, failed whilst directed against this citadel. The glory of carrying it was reserved for David. This hero, proclaimed king by all the tribes, wished to signalize his accession to the throne by the capture of Jerusalem; but the Jebusites, who inhabited it, feeling convinced that their city was impregnable, only opposed his army with the blind, the lame, and the crippled. Enraged by this insult, David made them pay dearly for their rude pride. He ordered a general assault; and Joab, mounting the breach at the head of a chosen troop, overthrew the infidels, pursued them to the fortress, entered with them, and opened the gates to the king. David drove out the inhabitants, repaired the walls, strengthened the fortifications, and established his abode in the city, which, from that time, became the capital of the kingdom of the Jews.



SIEGE OF JERUSALEM, GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 976.

In the reign of Rehoboam, the grandson of David, Shishak, king of Egypt, laid siege to Jerusalem, threatening to raze it with the ground if any opposition were offered to his arms. The indignant people were eager to attack the enemy of their religion and their country, but Rehoboam, as cowardly as a warrior as he was imperious as a monarch, opened the gates of his capital to the haughty Egyptian, and quietly witnessed the pillage of it.

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 715.

In the first year of the reign of Ahaz, king of Juda, Rezin, king of Syria, and Pekah, king of Israel, presented themselves in warlike array before Jerusalem. Their design was to dethrone Ahaz and put an end to the dynasty of David! But their ambitious project was checked by the sight of the fortifications, and, after a few vain attempts, they retreated with disgrace.

Some time after, the Holy City was attacked by a much more redoubtable enemy. Sennacherib, king of Assyria, claimed of Hezekiah the tribute which his weak father, Ahaz, had consented to pay; and after having overrun Ethiopia, besieged him in his capital. The fate of Jerusalem seemed pronounced, and the kingdom was about to fall into the power of a haughty and irritated conqueror; but the hand of Providence intervened; a miraculous slaughter of the Assyrians took place in one night, and the army of Sennacherib retreated precipitately.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.C. 603.

Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took Jerusalem by force, and gave it up to pillage. He placed King Joachim in chains, and afterwards released him upon his promising to pay tribute; but that prince soon violated his engagement. Nebuchadnezzar reappeared, Jerusalem was again taken, and Joachim expiated his perfidy and revolt by his death.

The impious Zedekiah, one of his successors, proud of an

alliance contracted with the Egyptians, against the opinion of the prophet Jeremiah, ventured, as Joachim had done, to endeavour to evade the yoke of the Chaldeans. Nebuchadnezzar, upon learning this, marched against him, ravaged Judea, made himself master of the strongest places, and besieged Jerusalem for the third time. The king of Egypt flew to the assistance of his ally; but Nebuchadnezzar met him in open fight, defeated him, and compelled him to seek shelter in the centre of his states. Jerusalem, which had given itself up to a violent, transitory joy, became a prey to new terrors. The king of Babylon renewed the siege, and Zedekiah determined to behave like a man who has everything to gain and nothing to lose. The city was blockaded, the enemy stopped all supplies, and laid waste the country round. An immense population was shut up in the capital, which the circumvallation soon reduced to a frightful state of famine. A single grain of wheat became of incredible value, and water, which an extraordinary drought had rendered scarce, was sold for its weight in gold. A pestilence likewise, no less formidable than the famine, made terrible ravages. The streets were blocked up with dead bodies left without sepulture, whose fetid odour became fatal to the living. Desolation and despair stifled all the feelings of nature; mothers were seen slaughtering their infants, to release them from such calamities, and afterwards expiring upon their bleeding bodies.

The enemy in the mean time pushed on the siege most warmly: the rams never ceased to batter the walls; and vast wooden towers were erected, from the summits of which enormous stones were launched upon the heads of those whom famine and pestilence had spared. But even in this extremity the Jews persisted in their defence; Zedekiah concealing his alarm under a firm countenance, reassuring them by his words, and animating them by his example. The more impetuous the enemy, the more furious became the citizens. They opposed force by force, and art quickly destroyed whatever art devised. Eighteen months passed in this way, without any attention being paid to the voice of Jeremiah, who continued to press the inhabitants to throw open their gates, and by concession disarm the wrath of a power that must in the end overcome them. At length

the enemy effected a great breach, and it became necessary to yield. Zedekiah marched out at a secret gate at the head of the soldiery, but he was overtaken, loaded with chains, and led away into captivity, after witnessing the massacre of his children, and after being deprived of the light of day, which had too long shone upon his sacrileges. The conqueror made his triumphal entrance into Jerusalem; he bore away all the riches of the temple, immolated the greater part of the inhabitants, and led the rest into slavery, after reducing the temple and the principal quarters of the city to ashes. Such was the first destruction of Jerusalem, richly merited by the impiety and vices of its inhabitants, 1,468 years after its foundation by Melchisedech, and nearly five hundred years after David wrested it from the power of the Jebusites.

Many years after, Zerubbabel rebuilt it by permission of Cyrus, king of Persia; Nehemiah reinstated the fortifications. It submitted to Alexander the Great; and after death had carried off that conqueror, withstood several sieges for a time; but these were of trifling importance, though they generally terminated in the plunder of the Temple. This was the state of the Holy City up to the time of the great Pompey.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.C. 63.

The Jews having refused a passage to the Roman army which was marching against Aristobulus, Pompey, highly irritated, set himself down before their capital. The sight of this place, which nature and art appeared to have rendered impregnable, made him, for the first time, doubtful of the good fortune which had so often crowned his exploits. He was in this state of incertitude when the Jews of the city, with that want of true policy which distinguished them in all ages, divided themselves into two factions. The one favourable to the Romans proving to be the stronger, opened the gates to Pompey, whilst the other, consisting of the partisans of Aristobulus, retired to the Temple, to which the Roman general quickly laid siege. He raised vast terraces, upon which he placed balistæ and other machines of war, the continual play of which drove away the defenders of the

walls. But the Jews, whom nothing seemed to astonish, rendered the efforts of the Romans useless by their valour and perseverance. They defended themselves with so much art and intrepidity, that in the course of three months the Romans were only able to take one tower. But at length the vigorous obstinacy of the legions was crowned with its usual success; the Temple was taken by assault, Cornelius Faustus, son of the dictator Sylla, at the head of a brave troop, being the first to enter the breach. All who ventured to show themselves were massacred. Several sacrificers were immolated in the performance of their ministry. All who could escape the fury of the enemy either precipitated themselves from the nearest rocks, or, gathering together their wealth, after setting fire to it, cast themselves into the flames. Twelve thousand Jews perished in this unfortunate instance. Pompey respected the treasures of the Temple, and crowned his victory by forbearance and generosity.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.C. 37.

Herod the Great had been declared king of the Jews by the Romans; but Jerusalem refused to acknowledge him. This prince, aided by Sosius, whom Antony had sent to him with several legions, marched against that city, at the head of a numerous army. He laid siege to it, raised three platforms, which dominated over the towers, poured from their summits a continuous shower of darts, arrows, and stones upon the besieged, and unceasingly battered the ramparts with rams and other machines he had brought with him from Tyre. But the Jews, still intrepid, despised death, and only sought to inflict it upon their assailants. If a wall was destroyed, another arose as if by magic. If a ditch was dug, it was rendered useless by a countermine, and they constantly appeared in the midst of the besiegers when least expected. Thus, without being depressed, either by frequent assaults or by the famine which now made itself cruelly felt, they resisted during five months the united efforts of the Romans and the Jewish partisans of Aristobulus. At length, both the city and the Temple were carried by assault. Then death assumed one of his most

awful characters. The Romans bathed themselves in the blood of an obstinate enemy; and the Jews of the king's party, rejecting every feeling of humanity, immolated to their fury every one of their own nation whom they met in the streets and houses, or even found in the temple. Herod, however, by means of prayers, promises, and menaces, at length obtained a cessation of this horrible butchery, and to prevent the pillaging of the city and the Temple, he generously offered to purchase them of the Romans with his own wealth. This capture of Jerusalem occurred thirty-seven years before Christ, on the very day on which Pompey had carried it by assault twenty seven years before.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 66.

Towards the end of the reign of Nero, in the sixty-sixth year of the Christian era, under the pontificate of Mathias, the son of Theophilus, began the famous war of the Jews against the Romans. The tyranny, the vexations, the sacrileges of the governors were the causes of it. Tired of groaning so long under a foreign yoke, the Jewish nation believed they had no resource left but in despair. Fortune at first appeared favourable to them; the Romans were beaten several times: but Vespasian, whom the Roman emperor had charged with this war, was soon able, by the exercise of skill, prudence, and valour, to attract fortune to his standards, and to keep her there. After having subdued the whole of Palestine, he was preparing to commence the blockade of Jerusalem, when his army recompensed his virtues with the empire. The new emperor assigned to his son Titus the commission of subduing the rebels and laying siege to the capital.

Jerusalem, built upon two very steep mountains, was divided into three parts,—the Upper City, the Lower City, and the Temple, each having its separate fortifications. The Temple was, so to say, the citadel of the two cities. Several thick and very lofty walls rendered access to it impracticable; by the side of it stood a fortress which defended it, called Antonia. A triple wall, which occupied the space of three hundred stadia, surrounded the entire city; the first of these walls was flanked by ninety very lofty and strong

towers; that of the middle had only fourteen, and the ancient one sixty. The noblest of these towers were called Hippicos, Phazael, and Mariamne, and could only possibly be taken by famine. At the northern extremity was, still further, the palace of Herod, which might pass for a strong citadel. It thus became necessary for Titus, to make himself master of Jerusalem, to form several successive sieges; and whatever part the assailants carried, they seemed to leave the strongest untouched. Such was the place which Titus came to attack with soldiers accustomed to war and victory; and, in spite of their valour, it is more than probable he would have failed, if cruel intestine divisions had not marred all the noble efforts of the unfortunate city.

A troop of brigands, headed by Eleazar, of the sacerdotal tribe, whom impunity had allowed to gather together, threw themselves into Jerusalem. These lawless men, who assumed the well-sounding name of the Zealots, profaned the Temple with the greatest crimes, and subjected the citizens to most of the misfortunes of a city taken by assault by a cruel enemy. This faction, as might be expected, however, soon became divided, and turned its arms against itself. A wretch named John of Giscala supplanted Eleazar, and made himself sole chief of the Zealots. The latter, jealous of the authority of his rival, separated himself from him, and, having recovered an interest with a considerable number of partisans, took possession of the interior of the Temple, and thence made attacks upon the troops of John. On another side, Simon, the son of Gioras, whom the people in their despair had called in to their succour, seized upon the supreme authority, and held almost the whole city under his power. These three factions carried on a continual strife with each other, of which the people were always the victims: there was no security in their dwellings, and it was impossible to leave the city, of which the factions held all the means of egress. All who dared to complain or to speak of surrendering to the Romans, were immediately killed; fear stifled speech, and constraint kept even their groans within their own hearts. When Titus had reconnoitred the place, brought up his army, and commenced operations, these tyrants, seeing the danger which threatened them equally, suspended their divisions and united

their forces, with the hope of averting the storm. They made, in rapid succession, several furious sorties, which broke through the ranks of the Romans, and astonished those warlike veterans; but such trifling advantages were not likely to affect such a man as Titus: he made another tour of the city to ascertain upon what point it could be best assailed, and, after his foresight had taken all necessary precautions to insure success, he set his machines to work, ordered the rams to maintain an incessant battery, and commanded a simultaneous attack upon three different sides. With great exertions, and after a contest of fifteen days, he carried the first wall, in spite of the spirited resistance of the besieged. Animated by this success, he ordered the second to be attacked; he directed his rams against a tower which supported it, obliged those who defended it to abandon it, and brought it down in ruins. This fall made him master of the second rampart five days after he had taken the first; but scarcely had he time to congratulate himself upon this advantage, when the besieged fell upon him, penetrated his ranks, caused the veterans to waver, and retook the wall. It became necessary to recommence the attack upon it: it was contested during four days upon many points at once, and the Jews were at length compelled to yield. Titus by no means wished for the destruction of Jerusalem, and with a view of leading the inhabitants back to their duty by intimidation, he made a review of his troops. There has seldom been a spectacle more capable of inspiring terror—the mind cannot contemplate these conquerors of the world passing in review before such a man as Titus, without something like awe. But the seditious Jews, for they seldom deserve a better name, would not listen to any proposals for peace. Being convinced of this, the Roman general divided his army, for the purpose of making two assaults upon the fortress Antonia; he nevertheless, before proceeding to this extremity, made one more effort to bring the rebels to reason. He sent to them the historian Josephus, as more likely than any other person to persuade them, he being a Jew, and having held a considerable rank in his nation. This worthy envoy made them a long and pathetic discourse to induce them to have pity on themselves, the sacred temple, the people, and their country; he pointed

out to them all the evils that would fall upon them if they did not listen to his prudent advice; he recalled to their minds the misfortunes which had overwhelmed their fathers when they had ceased to be faithful to their God, and the miracles which had been worked in their favour when they had observed his commands: he bore witness to the truthfulness of his own feeling by ending his harangue with a flood of tears. The factions, however, only laughed at him and his eloquence; and yet many of his hearers were convinced, and, endeavouring to save themselves, sold all they had for small pieces of gold, which they swallowed for fear the tyrants should rob them of them, and made their way to the Roman ranks. Titus received them with kindness, and permitted them to go whither they wished. As these continued to escape daily, some of the Roman soldiers learned the secret of the concealed gold, and a report prevailed in the camp that the bodies of these fugitives were filled with treasures. They seized some of them, ripped them open, and searched among their entrails for the means of satisfying their abominable cupidity. Two thousand of these miserable wretches perished in this manner. Titus conceived such a horror at this, that he would have punished the perpetrators with death, if their numbers had not exceeded those of their victims. He continued to press the siege closely: after having caused fresh terraces to be erected, to replace those the enemy had destroyed, he held a council with his principal officers: most of them proposed to give a general assault; but Titus, who was not less sparing of the blood of his soldiers than he was prodigal of his own, was of a contrary opinion. The besieged, he said, were destroying one another; what occasion could there be to expose so many brave warriors to the fury of these desperate ruffians? He formed the project of surrounding the place with a wall, which would not allow the Jews to make any more sorties. The work was distributed among all the legions, and was completed in three days. It was then that the miserable factions began for the first time to despair of their safety.

If the troubles without the walls were great, those which consumed the unhappy city were still more terrible. Who can paint, exclaims Josephus, the fearful effects of the famine which devoured these unfortunates? It increased

every day; and the fury of the seditious, more redoubtable than this scourge itself, increased with it. They held no property sacred; everything was torn from the unhappy citizens. A closed door denoted provisions within: they forced it open, and snatched the morsels from the mouths about to swallow them, with brutal violence. They struck down old men; they dragged women by the hair, without regard to either age, sex, or beauty; they spared not lipping innocence. Such as still had any portion of food, shut themselves up in the most secret places of their dwellings, swallowed the grain without crushing it, or glutted themselves with raw flesh, for fear the odour of cooking it should attract the inhuman inquisitors. Fleshless men, or rather phantoms, with dried-up visages and hollow eyes, dragged themselves along to corners, where famine speedily relieved them by death. So great was the number of the dead, that the living had neither strength nor courage to bury them! There were no more tears,—the general calamities had dried up the source of them! No more sighs were heard; hunger had stifled all the feelings of the soul! A famished multitude ran hither and thither, and seized eagerly upon that which would have been rejected by the most unclean animals. At length, a woman, noble and rich, after being despoiled of everything by her own want and the greedy fury of the mob, weary of preparing food for these insatiable brigands, and left herself without a morsel of nourishment, consumed by a devouring hunger, proceeded, in her fury, to the most unheard-of crimes. Stifling in her heart the cry of nature, she tore from her bosom the infant she was supporting with her milk, and, casting upon the innocent babe fierce and terrible glances, “Unhappy little wretch!” exclaimed she, “why wast thou born amidst war, famine, and seditious tumult? Why dost thou still live? What fate awaits thee—servitude? No; famine prevents it; and the implacable tyrants who oppress us are still more to be dreaded than either the one or the other. Die, then! and be food for thy famished mother!” At these words, the maddened parent slaughtered her child, cooked it, ate part of it, and carefully concealed the rest. The mob, attracted by the odour of this abhorrent feast, rushed in from all parts, and threatened to kill the woman if she did not instantly show them the food

she had prepared. "I have saved you a good portion of it," said she, pointing to the mangled remains of her child. At this spectacle, even they recoiled; human for the first time, they remained silent and motionless; they could not believe their eyes. "It is my boy!" cried she; "I killed him: surely you can eat after me. Are you more delicate than a woman, or more tender than a mother? If ferocity has not stifled every scruple within you—if you do hold such food in horror, I will devour the rest myself." Base and degraded as they were, terrified at such a crime, they slunk away from the house, cursing so detestable an action. The report soon spread throughout the city; and every one was as horror-struck as if he himself had perpetrated the frightful deed. All wished for death, and envied those whom famine had carried off without witnessing such a catastrophe. The news reached the Roman camp; and Titus determined to put an end to such crimes by a general assault.

An escalade of the Temple was undertaken, but the besieged repulsed the Romans. The latter set fire to the porticos, and the flames gained the galleries without the Jews making the least attempt to extinguish them. At length the besieged determined to make one last effort, and deliver themselves, if possible, from an enemy who pressed them so closely, or perish with swords in their hand, selling the little life they had left dearly. They made an impetuous sortie from a gate of the Temple, fell upon the Romans, broke through their ranks, and would have driven them to their camp, if Titus, who beheld the combat from the summit of the fortress Antonia, had not flown promptly to the succour of the vanquished. Fresh troops changed the fortune of the day; the Jews were overwhelmed by numbers, and constrained to shut themselves up in the Temple: the prince commanded an assault for the next day. But, at that moment, a soldier, without having received orders for the attempt, and as if moved by a supernatural impulse, prevailed upon a companion in arms to lift him up, and threw a blazing brand into one of the windows of that vast and superb edifice. The fire immediately caught some combustible matter; the Jews perceived it, and uttering loud cries, made strong but useless efforts to stop the conflagration. Titus himself, with his army, hastened to assist in

extinguishing it. The excited soldier only thought of completing his work, and, with another brand, defeated the wishes and endeavours of his general: the flames consumed everything, and this famous temple was reduced to ashes in the second year of the reign of Vespasian. The Romans made a great carnage; but the revolters, by a fresh attack, retarded their destruction for a short time, and took up cantonments in the city, and in the three towers, Hippicos, Phazael, and Mariamne. The conquerors prepared to besiege them, but, at the sight of the machines, the revolters became intimidated, and sought for safety in precipitate flight, leaving the Romans masters of everything: they plundered the city, killed tens of thousands of the inhabitants, and spread flame and destruction in all quarters. Titus was declared emperor, an august title, which he richly merited by his valour and generalship: he entered Jerusalem in triumph, and admired the beauty and solidity of the fortifications, but, with the exception of the three towers, he caused them all to be destroyed. The accounts given by some historians of the numbers of the slain and the prisoners appear to us incredible; one statement avers that there were eleven hundred thousand of the former, and ninety-seven thousand of the latter. John was found concealed in one of the city sewers, and was condemned to perpetual imprisonment by the Romans. Simon was forced to surrender, after a valiant defence; he formed part of the triumph of the victor, and was afterwards publicly executed at Rome. Eleazar, who retired to an untenable fortress, destroyed himself. Jerusalem, which yielded in magnificence to no city of Asia—which Jeremiah styles *the admirable city*, and David esteems *the most glorious and most illustrious city of the East*, was thus, in the seventieth year of the Christian era, razed to the ground, and presented nothing but a heap of stones. The emperor Adrian afterwards destroyed even its ruins, and caused another city to be built, with the name of *Ælia*, from his own, so that there should be nothing left of the ancient Jerusalem. Christians and Jews were equally banished from it; paganism exalted its idols, and Jupiter and Venus had altars upon the tomb of Christ. Amidst such reverses, the city of David was nearly forgotten, when Constantine restored its name, re-

called the faithful, and made it a Christian colony. The length and importance of this siege may be accounted for by the strength of the fortifications. Its founders, says Tacitus, having foreseen that the opposition of their manners to those of other nations would be a source of war, had given great attention to its defences, and, in the early days of the Roman empire, it was one of the strongest places in Asia.

The admirable account given by Josephus of the Roman armies may serve as a lesson to all peoples until the arrival of that happy millennium, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and war shall be no more; that is, when man has completely changed his nature, and has ceased to be governed by his passions.

He says: "Now here we cannot but admire the precaution of the Romans, in providing themselves with such household servants as might not only serve at other times for the common offices of life, but might also be of advantage to them in their wars. And, indeed, if any one does but attend to their military discipline, he will be forced to confess, that their obtaining so large a dominion hath been the acquisition of their valour, and not the bare gift of fortune; for they do not begin to use their weapons first in time of war, nor do they then put their hands first into motion, while they avoided so to do in time of peace; but, as if their weapons did always cling to them, they have never any truce from warlike exercises; nor do they stay till times of war admonish them to use them; for their military exercises differ not at all from the real use of their arms, but every soldier is every day exercised, and that with great diligence, as if it were in time of war, which is the reason why they bear the fatigue of battles so easily; for neither can any disorder remove them from their usual regularity, nor can fear affright them out of it, nor can labour tire them: which firmness of conduct makes them always to overcome those that have not the same firmness; nor would he be mistaken that should call those their exercises unbloody battles, and their battles bloody exercises. Nor can their enemies easily surprise them with the suddenness of their incursions; for, as soon as they have marched into an enemy's land, they do not begin to fight till they have walled their camp about; nor is the defence they

can raise rashly made, or uneven; nor do they all abide in it, nor do those that are in it take their places at random; but if it happens that the ground is uneven, it is first levelled: their camp is four-square by measure, and carpenters are ready in great numbers with their tools, to erect their buildings for them."

Such was the *system* of the great "nation of the sword," differing, perhaps, but little, except in the scale upon which it operated, from that of Sparta. The machines employed by the Romans were the artificial tower, with its drawbridges, catapultæ, balistæ, and rams; the weapons—javelins, darts, arrows, pikes, stones, swords, and daggers, with the shield or buckler.

EIGHTH SIEGE, A.D. 613.

In the reign of Heraclius, a countless host of Persians—fire-worshippers—under the leadership of Sarbar, poured like a torrent upon Palestine, and carried their ravages to the gates of Jerusalem, of which they took possession. Nearly a hundred thousand Christians perished on this occasion: the great eastern inundations of hordes of barbarous conquerors, being always effected by numbers, necessarily produce an amount of carnage in the vanquished which is sometimes staggering to our belief. But the loss most felt by the Christians, was that of the holy cross, which the conqueror carried away with him, in a case sealed with the seal of Zacchariah, then Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Holy Sepulchre and the churches were given up to the flames.

NINTH SIEGE, A.D. 635.

The Roman emperor soon regained possession of the city; but scarcely was it beginning to recover the shock sustained from the fire-worshippers, when it became the prey of a much more powerful race of fanatics. In 635, the Saracens, under the command of Khaled, the most redoubtable general of Arabia, laid siege to it. The first attack lasted ten days, and the Christians defended themselves with heroic courage. During four months, every day brought its sanguinary conflict; but at length, the unfortunate citizens, being without hope of succour, yielded to the perseverance of the Mussul-

mans, and by the means of the Patriarch Sophronius, capitulated with the Caliph Omar in person. The following are the conditions of this treaty, which afterwards served as a model to the Mahometans: "In the name of the All-Merciful God, Omar Ebn-Alkhetlab, to the inhabitants of Ælia (the name given to it by its restorer, Ælius Adrianus). They shall be protected; they shall preserve their lives and their property. Their churches shall not be destroyed, but they shall erect no new ones, either in the city or its territories: they alone shall enjoy the use of them. They shall not prevent Mussulmans from entering them, by day or night; the doors of them shall be open to passers-by and to travellers. If any Mussulman, who may be travelling, should pass through their city, he shall be entertained gratis during three days. They shall not teach the Koran to their children, they shall not speak publicly of their own religion, and shall make no efforts to induce others to embrace it. They shall not prevent their kindred from becoming Mussulmans, if they should be so disposed; they shall show respect to Mussulmans, and shall rise up when they wish to be seated. They shall not be clothed like Mussulmans; they shall not wear the same caps, shoes, or turbans. They shall not part their hair as the Mussulmans do; they shall not speak the same language, or be called by the same names. On horseback, they shall use no saddles; they shall carry no sort of arms, and shall not employ the Arabian language in the inscriptions upon their seals. They shall not sell wine; they shall be distinguished by the same description of clothes, wherever they go, and shall always wear girdles. They shall erect no crosses upon their churches, and they shall not exhibit their crosses or their books publicly in the streets of the Mussulmans. They shall not ring their bells, but shall content themselves with tolling them. They shall never take a domestic who has served a Mussulman." They were obliged to ratify this act of servitude, and to open the gates to the Saracens, who took possession of their conquest.

TENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1099.

We now come to one of the most remarkable sieges of this extraordinary city. In the eleventh century, after a lapse

of four hundred years, during which it had passed from the hands of the Saracens to those of the Seldjouc Turks, Jerusalem, a Mahometan city, was beleaguered by the great band of Christian adventurers who had left Europe for the express purpose of delivering it. This is not the place to dilate upon the subject of the Crusades; it is our business to describe some of the sieges to which they gave rise.

Most readers are acquainted with the calamities of various kinds which the Christians had to endure before they could set an army down beneath the walls of this great object of their enterprise. We shall take our account of this awful struggle from the pages of a highly-accredited historian, satisfied that no effort of our own could make it more interesting or instructive.

With the earliest dawn, on the 10th of June, 1099, the Crusaders ascended the heights of Emmaus. All at once the Holy City lay before them. We can compare the cry of the Crusaders, at this sight, to nothing but that of "Land! land!" uttered by the companions of Columbus when they completed their great discovery. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" was shouted from every lip, but was soon repeated with bated breath and bended knee, when all that belonged to that city recurred to the minds of the brave adventurers. The rear ranks rushed through those that preceded them, to behold the long-desired object, and their war-cry, "God wills it! God wills it!" re-echoed from the Hill of Sion to the Mount of Olives. The horsemen alighted humbly from their steeds, and walked barefoot. Some cast themselves upon their knees, whilst others kissed the earth rendered sacred by the presence of the Saviour. In their transports they passed from joy to sorrow, from sorrow to joy. At one moment they congratulated each other at approaching the great end of their labours; in the next they wept over their sins, over the death of Christ, and over his profaned tomb; but all united in repeating the oath they had so many times made, of delivering the city from the sacrilegious yoke of the Mussulmans.

At the time of the Crusades, Jerusalem formed, as it does now, a square, rather longer than broad, of a league in circumference. It extended over four hills: on the east the Moriah, upon which the mosque of Omar had been built, in

the place of the Temple of Solomon; on the south and west, the Acra, which occupied the whole width of the city; on the north, the Bezetha, or the new city; and on the north-west, the Golgotha, or Calvary, which the Greeks considered the centre of the world, and upon which the Church of the Resurrection was built. In the state in which Jerusalem then was, it had lost much of its strength and extent. Mount Sion no longer rose within its precincts, and dominated over the walls between the south and the west. The three valleys which surrounded its ramparts had been in many places filled up by Adrian, and access to the place was much more difficult, particularly from the north. Jerusalem, however, had had to sustain several sieges whilst under the domination of the Saracens, and its fortifications had not been neglected.

Whilst the Crusaders had been so slowly advancing towards the city, the caliph's lieutenant, Istekhar-Eddaulah, ravaged the neighbouring plains, burnt the villages, filled up or poisoned the cisterns, and made a desert of the spot upon which the Christians were doomed to be given up to all sorts of miseries. He brought in provisions for a long siege, and called upon all Mussulmans to repair to the defence of Jerusalem. Numberless workmen were employed, day and night, in constructing machines of war, raising the fallen walls, and repairing the towers. The garrison of the city amounted to forty thousand men, and twenty thousand inhabitants took up arms.

On the approach of the Christians, some detachments left the city, to observe the march and plans of the enemy. They were repulsed by Baldwin du Bourg and Tancred, the latter hastening from Bethlehem, of which he had just taken possession. After pursuing the fugitives to the gates of the Holy City, he left his companions, and strayed alone to the Mount of Olives, whence he contemplated at leisure the city promised to the arms and devotion of the pilgrims. He was disturbed in his pious contemplations by five Mussulmans, who left the city for the purpose of attacking him. Tancred did not seek to avoid the combat; three Saracens fell beneath his powerful arm, and the other two fled back to Jerusalem. Without hastening or retarding his steps, Tancred rejoined the army, which, in its enthusiasm, was

advancing without order, and descended the heights of Emmaus, singing the words of Isaiah—“*Jerusalem, lift up thine eyes, and behold the liberator who cometh to break thy chains!*”

On the day after their arrival, the Crusaders formed the siege of the place. The Duke of Normandy, the Count of Flanders, and Tancred, encamped upon the north, from the gate of Herod to the gate of Sedar, or St. Stephen. Next to these Flemings, Normans, and Italians, were placed the English, commanded by Edgar Atheling; and the Bretons, led by their duke, Alain Fergent, the Sire de Château Giron, and the Viscount de Dinan. Godfrey, Eustache, and Baldwin du Bourg, established their quarters between the west and the north, around the extent of Calvary, from the gate of Damascus to the gate of Jaffa. The Count of Toulouse planted his camp to the right of Godfrey, between the south and the west; he had next him Raimbard of Orange, William de Montpellier, and Gaston de Béarn: his troops extended at first along the declivity of Sion, but a few days after he erected his tents upon the top of the mountain, at the very spot where Christ celebrated the Passover with his disciples. By these dispositions the Crusaders left free the sides of the city which were defended, on the south by the valley of Gihon, or Siloë, and towards the east by the valley of Josaphat.

Every step around Jerusalem recalled to the pilgrims some remembrance dear to their religion. This territory, so revered by the Christians, had neither valley nor rock which had not a name in sacred history. Everything they saw awakened or warmed their imagination. But that which most inflamed the zeal of the Crusaders for the deliverance of the city, was the arrival among them of a great number of Christians, who, deprived of their property and driven from their houses, came to seek succour and an asylum amidst their brethren of the West. These Christians described the persecutions which the worshippers of Christ had undergone at the hands of the Mussulmans. The women, children, and old men were detained as hostages; all who were able to bear arms were condemned to labour exceeding their strength. The head of the principal hospital for pilgrims, together with a great number of Christians,

had been thrown into prison. The treasures of the churches had been plundered to support the Mussulman soldiery. The patriarch Simeon was gone to Cyprus, to implore the charity of the faithful to save his flock from threatened destruction, if he did not pay the enormous tribute imposed by the oppressors of the Holy City. Every day the Christians of Jerusalem were loaded with fresh outrages; and several times the infidels had formed the project of giving them up to the flames, and completely destroying the Holy Sepulchre, with the Church of the Resurrection. The Christian fugitives, whilst making these doleful recitals to the warlike pilgrims, earnestly exhorted them to attack Jerusalem. In the early days of the siege, an anchorite, who had fixed his retreat upon the Mount of Olives, came to join his entreaties to those of the banished Christians, to persuade the Crusaders to proceed to an immediate assault; he urged his suit in the name of Christ, of whom he declared himself the interpreter. The Crusaders, who had neither ladders nor machines of war, gave themselves up to the counsels of the pious hermit, and believed that their courage and their good swords would suffice to overthrow the ramparts of the Saracens. The leaders, who had seen such prodigies enacted by the valour and enthusiasm of the Christian soldiers, and who had not forgotten the prolonged miseries of the siege of Antioch, yielded without difficulty to the impatience of the army; in addition to which, the sight of Jerusalem had exalted the spirits of the Crusaders, and rendered the least credulous hopeful that God would second their bravery by miracles.

At the first signal, the Christian army advanced in good order towards the ramparts. Never, say historians, was so much ardour witnessed in the soldiers of the Cross; some, serried in close battalions, covered themselves with their bucklers, which formed an impenetrable vault over their heads, and gave their utmost efforts to shake the walls with pikes and hammers; whilst others, ranged in long files, remained at some distance, employing slings and cross-bows to drive away the enemies from the ramparts. Boiling oil and pitch, immense stones and enormous timbers, fell upon the first ranks of the Christians, without stopping their labours. The outward wall had already crumbled

beneath their blows, but the interior wall presented an invincible object. Escalade was the only means left. This bold method was attempted, although they could only find one ladder long enough to reach the top of the walls. The bravest mounted it, and fought hand to hand with the Saracens, who were astonished at such audacity. The Crusaders would most probably have entered Jerusalem that very day, if they had had the necessary war instruments and machines; but the small number who were able to attain the top of the walls could not maintain themselves there. Bravery was useless; Heaven did not accord the miracles promised by the hermit, and the Saracens at length forced the assailants to retreat.

The Christians returned to their camp, deploring their imprudence and their credulity. This first reverse taught them that they could not reckon upon prodigies, and that they must, before they could expect to succeed, construct some machines of war. But it was difficult to procure the necessary wood in a country which presented nothing but barren sand and arid rocks. Several detachments were sent to search for wood in the neighbouring plains. Chance led them to the discovery of some immense beams in the depths of a cavern, and Tancred had them transported to the camp. They demolished all the houses and churches that had escaped the flames; and every stick of wood that the Saracens had not destroyed, was employed in the construction of the machines. Notwithstanding the discoveries, the work did not keep pace with the impatience of the Crusaders, or prevent the evils which threatened the Christian army. The great summer heats commenced at the very time the pilgrims arrived before Jerusalem. A blazing sun, and southern winds laden with the sands of the desert, heated the atmosphere to an intolerable degree. Plants and animals perished; the torrent of Cedron was dried up; all the cisterns around were either choked or poisoned. Beneath a sky of fire, in a burning and arid country, the Christian army soon found itself a prey to all the horrors of thirst.

The fountain of Siloë, which only flowed at intervals, could not suffice for the multitude of pilgrims. A skin of fetid water, fetched three leagues, was worth two silver deniers. Overcome by thirst and heat, the soldiers were

seen digging the soil with their swords, thrusting their hands into the freshly-turned earth, and eagerly carrying the humid particles to their parched lips. During the day, they anxiously looked for night; and during the night, panted for dawn, in the ever-disappointed hope that the return of the one or the other would bring some degree of freshness or some drops of rain. Every morning they were to be seen gluing their burning lips to the marbles which were covered with dew. During the heat of the day the most robust languished under their tents, without having even strength to implore Heaven for relief.

The knights and barons were in no respect exempt from the scourge under which the army suffered; and many of them daily exchanged for water the treasures obtained from the infidels. "The grief of this extreme thirst," says the old translator of William of Tyre, "was not so great for the foot soldiers as for the horsemen; the foot soldier could content himself with a little, but the horseman could only satisfy their horses with copious draughts. As to the beasts of burden, there was no more account taken of them than of so many dead creatures; they were allowed to wander away at will, and died of thirst."

In this state of general misery, the women and children dragged themselves about the country in search of a spring or cooling shades which had no existence. Many of these, wandering too far from the army, fell into the ambuscades of the Saracens, and lost either their lives or their liberty. When a pilgrim discovered a spring or a cistern in a secluded spot, he concealed it from his companions, or forbade their approaching it. Violent quarrels arose in consequence, and it was not uncommon to see the soldiers of the Cross contending, sword in hand, for a little muddy water. The want of water was so insupportable, that famine was scarcely perceived or thought of: the heats of thirst and of the climate made them careless of food.

If the besieged had then made a spirited sortie, they would have easily triumphed over the Crusaders; but the latter were defended by the remembrance of their exploits, and, however great their distress, their name alone still inspired terror among the Saracens. The Mussulmans might, likewise, well believe that their enemies could not

long resist the double scourge of hunger and thirst. In fact, their situation became so dreadful, that the object of their enterprise was lost to their minds; they not only forgot the Holy City, but their God. And then came thoughts of the homes they had left; and many, deserting the colours they had fought so bravely under, fled away to the ports of Palestine and Syria, to watch for an opportunity of returning to Europe.

The leaders were fully aware there was no other remedy for the ills they laboured under but the capture of Jerusalem; but the labours of the siege went on slowly; they had not yet enough wood for the construction of machines; they wanted labourers and the necessary implements. We cannot help being here struck with the difference between an army governed by one strong mind and will, and one under fifty commanders, as this of the Crusaders was. When Titus wanted a wall built round the city, his legions did it in three days; the Crusaders complained of scarcity of labourers for the erection of a few machines. From the first Crusade to the last, this was the cause of failure; every captain was a private adventurer; he acknowledged no sovereign commander, and was at all times governed by what he thought to be his own private interests: there was scarcely ever any unity of view or action.

The wisest and the bravest, in such a critical situation, were beginning to despair of the success of the holy enterprise, when they were cheered by a succour as welcome as it was unexpected. They learned that a Genoese fleet had entered the port of Joppa, laden with provisions and munitions of all kinds. This news spread joy throughout the Christian army; a body of three hundred men left the camp to go and meet the convoy, which Heaven appeared to have sent to the Crusaders in their misery. The detachment, after having beaten the Saracens they met with on their passage, entered the city of Joppa, which had been abandoned by its inhabitants, and was occupied by the Genoese. The Crusaders learnt that the Genoese fleet had been surprised and burnt by that of the Saracens, but that they had had time to secure the provisions, and a great number of implements and tools. All that was saved was safely conveyed to the camp; and it afforded the Crusaders additional

joy to find that the welcome supply was attended by a great number of Genoese engineers and carpenters.

As wood was still short for the construction of the machines, a Syrian conducted the Duke of Normandy and the Count of Flanders to a mountain situated thirty miles from Jerusalem. It was here the Christians found the forest of which Tasso speaks in the "Jerusalem Delivered." The trees of this forest were not forbidden to the axe of the Crusaders, either by the enchantment of Ismen, or the arms of the Saracens: cars drawn by oxen transported it in triumph to the walls of Jerusalem.

All the leaders except Raymond of Toulouse were in want of money to pay for the labours they had commanded. The zeal and charity of the pilgrims came to their relief; many offered all they had left of the booty conquered from the enemy; knights and barons themselves became laborious workmen; all at length were employed—everything in the army was in movement: women, children, and even the sick, shared the labours of the soldiers. Whilst the most robust were occupied in the construction of rams, catapults, and covered galleries, others fetched in skins the water they drew from the fountain of Elperus, on the road to Damascus, or from the rivulet which flowed on the other side of Bethlehem, towards the desert of St. John; some prepared the skins which were to be stretched over the machines to make them proof against fire; whilst others traversed the neighbouring plains and mountains, to collect branches of the olive and fig trees to make hurdles and fascines.

Although the Christians had still much to suffer from thirst and the heat of the climate, the hope of soon seeing an end to their labours gave them strength to support them. The preparations for the assault were pressed on with incredible activity; every day some new formidable machine threatened the ramparts of the Saracens. Their construction was directed by Gaston of Béarn, of whose bravery and skill historians speak loudly. Among these machines were three enormous towers of a new form, each having three stages: the first destined for the workmen who directed the movements of it, and the second and third for the warriors who were to make the assault. These rolling fortresses rose to a greater height than the walls of the

besieged city; on the top was a species of drawbridge, which could be lowered on to the ramparts and form a road into the place.

But these powerful means of attack were not the only ones which were to second the efforts of the Crusaders. The religious enthusiasm which had already performed such prodigies, again lent its influence to augment their ardour and confidence in victory. The clergy, spreading themselves through the quarters, exhorted the pilgrims to penitence and concord. Misery, which always gives birth to complaints and murmurs, had soured their hearts; it had sown divisions between the leaders and the soldiers, who at other times had quarrelled for cities and treasures, but for whom now things the most common had become objects of jealousy and strife. The solitary from the Mount of Olives added his exhortations to those of the clergy; and, addressing the princes and people,—“You who are come,” said he, “from the far regions of the West to worship the God of armies, love each other like brethren, and sanctify yourselves by repentance and good works. If you obey the laws of God, He will render you masters of the holy city; if you resist Him, all His anger will fall upon you.” The solitary advised the Crusaders to make the tour of Jerusalem, invoking the mercy and protection of Heaven.

The pilgrims, persuaded that the gates of the city were not less likely to open to devotion than bravery, listened with docility to the exhortations of the hermit, whose counsel they conceived to be the language of God himself. After a rigorous fast of three days, they left their quarters, in arms, and marched barefooted, with heads uncovered, around the walls of the holy city. They were preceded by their priests clothed in white, bearing the images of saints, and singing psalms and spiritual songs; the ensigns were unfurled, and the drums and trumpets called the echoes from the hills and valleys. It was thus the Hebrews had formerly made the tour of Jericho, whose walls crumbled away at the sound of their instruments.

The Crusaders set out from the valley of Rephram, which is opposite Calvary; they advanced towards the north, and, on entering the valley of Josophat, saluted the tombs of Mary, St. Stephen, and *the first elect of God*. Whilst con-

tinuing their march towards the Mount of Olives, they contemplated with respect the grotto in which Christ shed the sweat of blood, and the spot where the Saviour of the world wept over Jerusalem. When they arrived at the summit of the mountain, the most imposing spectacle presented itself to their eyes: on the east they beheld the plains of Jericho, the shores of the Dead Sea, and the banks of the Jordan; on the west, the holy city lay at their feet, with its territory strewn with sacred ruins: assembled on the very spot whence Christ ascended into Heaven, and where they anxiously looked for the vestiges of his steps, they listened to the exhortations of their priests and bishops. Arnoul de Rohés, chaplain to the Duke of Normandy, addressed them in a pathetic discourse, conjuring them to redouble their zeal and perseverance. In terminating his address, he turned towards Jerusalem: "You behold," said he, "the heritage of Christ defiled by the impious: here is at length the worthy reward of all your labours: these are the places in which God will pardon you all your sins and bless your victories." At the voice of the orator, who pointed to the Church of the Resurrection and the rocks of Calvary ready to receive them, the defenders of the Cross humbled themselves before God, and fixed their looks intensely upon Jerusalem.

As Arnoul pressed them in the name of Christ to pardon injuries and to love one another, Tancred and Raymond, who had long had differences, embraced in the presence of the whole army; the soldiers and other leaders followed their example. The rich promised to assist with their alms the poor and the orphans who bore the cross. All forgot their fatal discords, and swore to remain faithful to the precepts of evangelic charity.

Whilst the Crusaders were thus giving themselves up to transports of devotion and piety, the Saracens assembled upon the ramparts raised high in the air crosses, which they loaded with outrages; they insulted the ceremonies of the Christians by their gestures and clamours. "You hear," exclaimed Peter the hermit, "you hear the menaces and blasphemies of the enemies of the true God; swear to defend Christ, a prisoner and crucified a second time by the infidels. You behold him expiring a second time on Calvary for the

redemption of your sins." At these words, the cenobite was interrupted by the cries and groans of indignation which arose on all parts around him. "Yes, I swear by your piety," continued the orator, "I swear by your arms, the reign of the impious draws near to its end. The army of the Lord has only to appear, and all that vain mass of Mussulmans will fade away like a shadow. To-day full of pride and insolence, to-morrow they will be frozen with terror, and will fall motionless before you, as did the guardians of the sepulchre, who felt their weapons escape from their hands, and sunk dead with fear when an earthquake announced the presence of a God upon Calvary, where you are about to mount to the breach. Yet a few moments, and those towers—the last bulwarks of the infidels—will be the asylum of Christians; those mosques, which rise upon Christian ruins, will serve as temples to the true God, and Jerusalem will once again listen to nothing but the praises of the Lord."

At these last words of Peter, the most lively transports burst from the Crusaders; they embraced again and again, with tears pouring down their embrowned cheeks, exhorting each other to support the evils and fatigues of which they were about to receive the glorious reward. The Christians then came down from the Mount of Olives to return to their camp, and, taking their route towards the south, saluted on their right the tomb of David, and passed close to the Pool of Siloë, where Christ restored sight to the blind; they perceived at a distance the ruins of the palace of Juda, and marched along the declivity of Mount Sion, where other remembrances added to their enthusiasm. Towards evening, the Christian army regained their quarters, repeating the words of the prophet,—"*They of the West shall fear the Lord, and they of the East shall behold His glory.*" When they had re-entered the camp, most of the pilgrims passed the night in prayer; the leaders and the soldiers confessed their sins at the feet of their priests, and received their God, whose promises filled them with confidence and hope.

Whilst matters were going on thus in the camp, the most profound silence reigned around the walls of Jerusalem, only broken by the voices issuing from hour to hour from

the minarets of the mosques, to call the faithful to prayer. The infidels flocked in crowds to their temples to implore the protection of their prophet, and swore by the mysterious stone of Jacob to defend a city, which they called *the house of God*. The besieged and the besiegers were stimulated by the same ardour to fight and shed their blood: the former to preserve Jerusalem, the latter to make the conquest of it. The hatred which animated them was so violent, that, during the whole of the siege, no deputed Mussulman came to the camp of the Christians, and the Christians never once deigned to summon the garrison to surrender. Between such enemies, the shock must be terrible and the victory implacable.

It was resolved, in a council of the leaders, to take advantage of the enthusiasm whilst it was at its height, and execute the assault. As the Saracens displayed a great number of machines on the sides of the city which appeared to be most threatened by the Christians, it was determined to change the dispositions of the siege, and that the principal attack should be directed towards the points where the enemy had made no preparations for defence.

During the night Godfrey removed his quarters to the eastward, towards the gate of Cedar, not far from the valley in which Titus encamped when his soldiers penetrated into the galleries of the temple. The rolling tower, and the other machines of war which the Duke of Lorraine had caused to be built, were transported, with incredible efforts, in front of the walls he wished to attack. Tancred and the two Roberts drew up their machines between the gate of Damascus and the angular tower, which was afterwards called *Tancred's Tower*.

At break of day the Saracens, on beholding these new dispositions, were seized with astonishment and terror. The Crusaders might have taken advantage of the confusion inspired in this change; but upon a steep ground it was difficult to bring their machines close to the walls. Raymond, in particular, who was charged with the attack on the south, found himself separated from the ramparts by a ravine, which it was necessary for him to fill up. He caused it to be proclaimed by a herald that he would pay a denier to every person who would cast three stones into it. A crowd

of people instantly flocked to the aid of the soldiers,—a shower of darts and arrows from the ramparts producing no effect upon the ardour and zeal of the labourers. At length, by the end of the third day, all was completed, and the leaders gave the signal for a general assault.

On Thursday, the 14th of July, 1099, as soon as day appeared, the clarions resounded in the camp of the Christians; all the Crusaders flew to arms; all the machines were put in motion at once; pedereros and mangonnels vomited a shower of stones against the enemy; whilst, protected by the tortoises and covered galleries, the rams were brought up close to the walls. The archers and cross-bowmen kept up a continuous discharge at the ramparts, whilst the bravest, covered with their bucklers, planted ladders in places where the walls appeared most assailable. On the south, the east, and the north of the city, the three rolling towers advanced towards the ramparts, amidst tumultuous noise, and the shouts of the workmen and soldiers. Godfrey appeared upon the highest platform of his wooden fortress, accompanied by his brother Eustache, and Baldwin du Bourg. He animated his men by his example; every javelin he hurled, say the historians of the times, carried death to a Saracen. Raymond, Tancred, the Duke of Normandy, and the Count of Flanders fought amongst their soldiers; the knights and men-at-arms were animated by the same ardour as the principal leaders, and eagerly sought every point where danger threatened most.

Nothing could equal the fury of the first charge of the Christians, but it everywhere met with an obstinate resistance. Arrows, javelins, boiling oil, the Greek fire, and fourteen machines, which the besieged had had time to oppose to those of their enemies, repelled on all sides the attack and the efforts of the assailants. The infidels, issuing by a breach made in their rampart, attempted to burn the machines of the besiegers, and spread disorder throughout the Christian army. Towards the end of the day the towers of Godfrey and Tancred could not be made to move; Raymond's had sunk into ruins. The combat had lasted twelve hours without victory appearing to be at all inclined to favour the Crusaders;—night separated the combatants. The Christians returned to their camp, trembling with rage

and grief; the leaders, particularly the two Roberts, could not console themselves, from the idea *that God had not yet thought them worthy to enter the Holy City, and worship the tomb of his Son.*

The night was passed on both sides in a state of anxious inquietude, each deploring their losses, and trembling at the prospect of fresh ones. The Saracens expected a surprise; the Christians feared that the Saracens would burn the machines they had left at the foot of the ramparts. The besieged were employed in repairing the breaches made in their walls; the besiegers in attempting to put their machines in a state for another attack. The following day brought the same combats and the same dangers as the preceding one. The leaders endeavoured to revive the courage of the Crusaders by their speeches. The priests and bishops went among the tents of the soldiers, announcing the certain succour of Heaven. The Christian army, filled with new confidence in victory, appeared under arms, and advanced in silence towards the points of attack, whilst the clergy walked in procession round the city.

The first shock was impetuous and terrible. The Christians, indignant at the resistance they had met with the day before, fought with fury. The besieged, who had learnt the arrival of an Egyptian army, were animated by the hopes of victory; formidable machines covered their ramparts. Javelins were heard hissing on all sides; stones and large timbers, launched by the Christians and the infidels, met in the air with a fearful crash, and fell upon the assailants. From the height of their towers the Mussulmans incessantly hurled blazing torches and fire-pots. The wooden fortresses of the Christians approached the walls amidst a conflagration which seemed spreading in all directions. The infidels directed most of their efforts against the tower of Godfrey, upon which glittered a cross of gold, the sight of which provoked their fury and their insults. The Duke of Lorraine had seen one of his esquires and several of his soldiers fall by his side; himself a mark for all the arrows and darts of the enemy, he fought on amidst the dead and the wounded, never ceasing to shout encouragement to his companions in arms. The Count of Toulouse, who attacked the city on the south side, opposed all his

machines to those of the Mussulmans; he had to contend with the Emir of Jerusalem, who animated his troops by his words, and showed himself upon the walls, surrounded by the *elite* of the Egyptian soldiery. Towards the north, Tancred and the two Roberts appeared at the head of their battalions. Motionless upon their rolling fortress, they looked impatient to be wielding lance and sword. Already their rams had, upon several points, shaken the wall, behind which the Saracens closed their ranks, and presented themselves as a last rampart to the attack of the Crusaders.

In the midst of the combat, say the historians, two female magicians appeared upon the ramparts of the city, appealing to the elements and the powers of hell. They were not able to avoid the death they invoked upon the Christians, and fell beneath a shower of arrows and stones. Two Egyptian emissaries, who had come from Ascalon to exhort the besieged to defend themselves, were surprised by the Crusaders as they were seeking to obtain entrance into the city. One of them fell, covered with wounds; the other, after having revealed the secret of his mission, was launched, by means of a machine, on to the ramparts where the Saracens were fighting.

The combat had lasted half the day, without the Crusaders being able to entertain any hope of penetrating into the place. All their machines were on fire; they wanted water, but more particularly vinegar, which alone had the power to extinguish the kind of fire launched at them by the besieged. In vain the bravest exposed themselves to the greatest dangers, to prevent the destruction of all the wooden machines and the rams; they fell, buried under the ruins, and the raging flames devoured even their bucklers and their vestments. Many of the most intrepid warriors had found death at the foot of the ramparts; a great number of those mounted on the towers had been placed *kors de combat*; others, covered with sweat and dust, smothered with heat, and staggering under the weight of their armour, began to lose courage. The Saracens, who perceived this, uttered loud cries of joy. In their blasphemies, they reproaching the Christians with adoring a God who was not able to help them. The assailants de-

plored their lot, and, believing themselves abandoned by Christ, remained motionless on the field of battle.

But the combat was about to change its character. All at once the Crusaders beheld, on the Mount of Olives, a horseman, waving his buckler, and giving the Christian army the signal to enter the city. Godfrey and Raymond, who perceived him first, and at the same moment, cried out that St. George was come to the succour of the Christians. The tumult of the fight allowed of neither reflection nor examination, and the sight of the celestial horseman fired the besiegers with fresh ardour. They returned to the charge; even the women, the children, and the sick crowded into the *mêlée*, bringing water, food, and arms, and uniting their efforts with those of the soldiers to get the rolling towers, the dread of the enemy, nearer to the walls. That of Godfrey advanced, amidst a terrible discharge of stones, arrows, and Greek fire, and let fall its drawbridge upon the wall. Fiery darts flew at one and the same time against the machines of the besiegers, and against the sacks of straw and hay, and the bales of wool which covered the inner walls of the city. The wind kindled the fires, and drove the flames full upon the Saracens, who, enveloped in fire and smoke, recoiled at the aspect of the lances and swords of the Christians. Godfrey, preceded by the two brothers Lethalde and Engelbert of Tournay, and followed by Baldwin du Bourg, Eustache, Raimbaud, Créton, Guicher, Bernard de St. Vallier, and Amenjeu d'Albret, broke through the enemy, pursued them, and rushed with them into Jerusalem. The brave men who had fought upon the platform of the tower with their intrepid leader, followed them into the streets, and massacred all they met with on their passage.

At the same time a report was spread in the Christian army, that the holy pontiff Adhémar, and several Crusaders who had died during the siege, had appeared at the head of the assailants, and unfurled the banners of the Cross upon the towers of Jerusalem. Tancred and the two Roberts, animated by this account, made fresh efforts, and threw themselves into the place, accompanied by Hugh de St. Paul, Gerard de Roussillon, Louis de Mousson, Conon and Lambert de Montargis, and Gaston de Béarn. A crowd of

heroes follow them closely; some enter by a half-open breach, others scale the walls with ladders, many spring from the wooden towers. The Mussulmans fly on all sides, and Jerusalem resounds with the victory-cry of the Crusaders, *God wills it! God wills it!* The companions of Godfrey and Tancred hew down the gate of St. Stephen with axes, and the city lies open to the crowd of Crusaders, who press upon each other, and dispute the honour of inflicting the last blow upon the infidels.

Raymond alone met with some resistance. Made aware of the victory of the Christians by the cries of the Mussulmans, the clash of arms, and the tumult from the interior of the city, he roused the courage of his soldiers. These brave men, impatient to join their companions, abandoned their tower and their machines, which they could no longer move. They planted their ladders, and sticking their swords into the walls as steps, they mounted to the ramparts; they were preceded by the Count de Toulouse, Raymond Pelet, the Bishop of Bira, the Count de Die, and William de Sabran. Nothing could now stop them; they dispersed the Saracens, who, with their Emir, flew for refuge to the fortress of David; and soon all the Crusaders in Jerusalem met together, embraced, wept with joy, and gave all their attention to securing their victory.

In the mean time despair had for a moment rallied the bravest of the Saracens; they fell with impetuosity upon the Christians, who were advancing in disorder, bent upon pillage. The latter were beginning to give way before the enemy they had conquered, when Evrard de Preysaie, whose bravery Ralph of Caën has celebrated, revived the courage of his companions, placed himself at their head, and once more carried terror among the infidels. From that moment the Crusaders had no longer an enemy to contend with.

History has remarked that the Christians entered Jerusalem on a Friday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, which was the day and the hour at which Christ expired for the salvation of mankind. This memorable epoch ought to have recalled to their hearts a feeling of mercy; but, irritated by the menaces and long insults of the Saracens, exasperated by the various ills they had undergone during the siege, and the resistance they had met with, even in the city, they

filled the Jerusalem they came to deliver, and which they considered as their future country, with blood and mourning. The carnage was soon general, such as escaped the swords of the soldiers of Godfrey and Tancred, becoming the victims of the Provençals, equally thirsty for blood. The Saracens were indiscriminately massacred in the streets and in their houses; Jerusalem had no asylum for the vanquished; some tried to escape death by precipitating themselves from the ramparts, whilst others ran in crowds to seek refuge in the palaces, the towers, and particularly in the mosques, but nowhere could they escape the murderous pursuit of the Christians.

The Crusaders, masters of the Mosque of Omar, in which the Saracens had defended themselves for a short time, repeated the scenes of carnage which had followed and sullied the conquest of Titus. Foot and horse entered the sacred structure *pêle-mêle* with the vanquished. Amidst the most horrible tumult the place re-echoes with cries and groans of death; the conquerors trampled upon heaps of slain in pursuit of such as endeavoured to escape. Raymond d'Agiles, an eye-witness, says that beneath the portico and in the front court of the Temple the blood ascended to the knees and the bridles of the horses. To paint this terrible spectacle, which war presented twice in the same place, it will suffice to say, in the words of Josephus, that the number of the slain exceeded by far that of the soldiers who immolated them to their vengeance, and that the echoes of the mountains neighbouring the Jordan repeated the groans and cries that issued from the Temple.

The imagination turns with disgust from these horrible pictures, and can scarcely, amid the carnage, contemplate the Christians of Jerusalem whose chains the Crusaders had broken. They crowded from all parts to meet the conquerors; they shared with them the provisions they had been able to keep from the Saracens; and all together were thankful to the God who had crowned the arms of the Christians with such a triumph. The hermit Peter, who, five years before, had promised to arm the West for the deliverance of the Christians of Jerusalem, must have experienced inexpressible delight in witnessing their gra-

titude and joy. They appeared to consider no one among the Crusaders but him; they recalled his words and his promises; it was to him they addressed their songs of praise; it was him they proclaimed their liberator; they related to him all they had suffered during his absence; they could scarcely believe that he stood before them; and, in their enthusiasm, they expressed astonishment that God should have employed one man alone to rouse so many nations and effect such prodigies.

The sight of the brethren they had delivered, no doubt, reminded the pilgrims that they had come for the purpose of worshipping the tomb of Jesus Christ. The pious Godfrey, who had abstained from slaughter as soon as the victory was certain, quitted his companions, and, followed by two attendants, repaired, without arms and barefoot, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The news of this purpose of devotion soon spread through the Christian army, and immediately all fury, all vengeance, were appeased; the Crusaders, stripping off their blood-stained vestments, made Jerusalem resound with their sobs and groans, and, led by the clergy, they marched in a body, barefoot and with uncovered heads, towards the Church of the Resurrection.

When the Christian army was thus assembled upon Calvary, night began to fall; silence reigned in the public places and upon the ramparts; nothing was to be heard in the Holy City but canticles of penitence, and the words of Isaiah, "*You who love Jerusalem, rejoice you with her!*" The Crusaders evinced so much devotion that, according to the remark of a modern historian, it might be thought that these men who had just taken a city by assault, and committed a horrible carnage, really came from a long retreat and a profound meditation upon religious mysteries. These inexplicable contrasts are often remarked in the history of the Crusades. Some writers have fancied they found in them a pretext for an accusation against the Christian religion; others, not less blind or less prejudiced, attempt to excuse the deplorable excesses of fanaticism: the impartial historian is satisfied with relating them, and sighs in silence over the weaknesses of human nature.

Besides, this pious fervour was soon burnt out, and only suspended the scenes of carnage for awhile; policy and

cupidity soon led to fresh horrors, and fanaticism most ably seconded them. All whom humanity or lassitude of carnage had spared, or even some who had been saved in the hopes of a rich ransom, were slaughtered. The Saracens were forced to precipitate themselves from the tops of their houses; they perished by thousands in the flames; they were dragged into the public places, and immolated upon the heaps of slain which already encumbered them. Neither the tears of women, the cries of infants, nor the aspect of the Holy Places, where Christ had pardoned his executioners, had power to soften the irritated conquerors. The carnage was so great, that heaps of bodies were not only seen in the palaces, the temples, and the streets, but were found in the most secluded and solitary places. Such was the delirium of vengeance, cupidity, and fanaticism, that the scenes did not disgust beholders who might be supposed to be impartial: contemporary historians describe them without offering a word of excuse, and throughout their recitals of revolting events, a single expression of horror or pity does not escape them. We, however, cannot pursue the frightful details further. The carnage lasted for a full week, and the Oriental and Latin historians agree in stating that the numbers of Mussulmans slain in Jerusalem amounted to more than seventy thousand! The Jews experienced no more mercy than the Saracens: they took refuge in their synagogue; the Crusaders set fire to the building, and all perished in the flames.

Such was the ever-memorable capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders. The reflections it gives rise to are too numerous, too complicated, and too interesting to be ventured upon in such a work as this; we must be satisfied with having given principally, in the words of an elegant historian, an account of the siege. We perceive the same weapons, the same machines, the same natural objects of offence and defence, that are to be found in other sieges. The terraces of Titus became the rolling towers of the Middle Ages; but the ancient instruments, the ram, catapultæ, and the cross-bow, were still in full force. Although there was a body of English in the army, we hear nothing of their national weapon, the long-bow. Jerusalem, from its situation, was wanting in a moat or ditch; if it had had a

broad one, it would have very much increased the difficulties of the besiegers. Objects in themselves apparently unconnected with the art of war, seem to have been freely made use of; boiling oil, melted pitch, and huge beams were had recourse to by the besieged. We likewise hear of the Greek fire, but there are not so many miracles attached to its effects as in some sieges. The Asiatics despised no natural means of defence that offered themselves; in one of the minor sieges of the Crusades, they adopted a very ingenious and effective mode of annoyance. The country round was famous for the production of honey, and the citizens had vast apiaries. When the ladders were planted, and the Crusaders commenced the assault, the inhabitants brought all the bee-hives they could collect, and precipitated them and their swarms of little armed warriors amidst the assailing host. The effect may be more easily imagined than described.

ELEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1187.

The siege we have last described gave birth to one of the shortest-lived and most troublous monarchies that is to be found in the pages of history. One or two good monarchs are met with in its short annals of eighty-eight years, the rest were either wicked or imbecile, and only hastened the fall which naturally attended its peculiar construction and existence. The state of Jerusalem when the errors of its rulers brought upon it the vengeance of Saladin—perhaps the greatest man that ever figured in the East,—was disgraceful beyond description; the two great principles which really drew the Crusaders from their homes,—*military glory and cupidity*, during the few years of this kingdom upon which all the world was supposed to have its attention fixed,—were in constant operation to precipitate its downfall. The stormy passions, inseparable from a feudal government, had weakened all the resources of the nominal government. The king was a shadow, totally without power: he could neither avenge his own injuries, nor those of either the state or religion. Want of bravery was the only crime he could punish: because cowards found no patrons amongst the barons: they were useless to them, and they were heed-

less of their fate. The king was totally without the first prerogatives of royalty; he had not the power to support justice or make the laws of nations respected: the kingdom was covered with strong castles, whose commanders scarcely acknowledged any fealty to the king; the summits of the mountains were crowned with threatening towers, and the caverns at their feet even were converted into fortresses, in which the barons commanded as masters, and made peace or war at their will. The military orders, given up to profligacy, luxury, and thirst of wealth, were divided among themselves, and frequently shed blood in quarrels that were most fatal to the Christians. Discord prevailed between the clergy of Jerusalem and the knights of the Temple and of St. John; the military orders were not subject to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the clergy, accustomed to give laws to princes, could not endure the haughty independence of these warriors. The Hospitallers built houses in front of the Church of the Resurrection, for the purpose of annoying the clergy, and even went so far as to amuse themselves with shooting arrows at the holy fathers as they entered the church.

The inhabitants and the Crusaders seldom agreed long together; booty being the object of every new-comer, the people were his readiest victims, under the pretence of defending them against the infidels. The maritime cities were divided into ruinous national parties; the barons and knights were weakened by idleness and debauchery, and could only be roused to exertion by the hopes of plunder and booty: the love of glory and the cause of Christ were forgotten. They no longer asked what enemy they were to attack, what ally they were to defend, but what province was to be given up to pillage. Some of the leaders, even in the most perilous circumstances of the state, abandoned their standards, and sold their inaction or their neutrality. Others went so far as even to plunder the Christian provinces, or sell their active services to the Saracens.

Religion had lost all hold upon men's minds, and principally by the immorality of the churchmen. It was said by a respectable historian, that there was scarcely one chaste woman in Jerusalem. The leaders of the Christian colonies and the heads of the church set the example of licentious-

ness; from the throne to the lowest grade of society, all were vitiated, but particularly those who, from their rank or their holy functions, ought to have set an example. A people so degenerated could not be expected to save the kingdom, when attacked by such a man as Saladin.

To repeat the causes which had exasperated this powerful prince would trench too much upon the province of general history; suffice it to say, that the conduct of the Christians was a tissue of weakness, perfidy, and occasional insane rashness; they were under no strong-handed or prudent government, they showed themselves subject to no moral restraints.

Politic, brave, cool, but severe when provoked, Saladin was the last man the Christians should have made an enemy of. Irritated by their total want of good faith, and their perpetual invasions of his territory when they thought he was distant or engaged with other objects, he at length determined to subdue them, and that effectually, by taking their capital city.

After gaining the sanguinary battle of Tiberias, and taking every city in Palestine before which he thought it worth his while to sit down, the victorious Sultan advanced towards Jerusalem. The moment appeared to be come at which this religiously important city must fall again into the power of the Mussulmans, and they implored Mahomet to grant this crowning triumph to the arms of Saladin. After having taken Gaza, and several fortresses in the neighbourhood, the Sultan collected his whole army and surrounded the holy city. A queen in tears, the children of the warriors killed at the battle of Tiberias, a few fugitive soldiers, and some pilgrims recently arrived from the West, were the only guardians of the Holy Sepulchre. A great number of Christian families who had left the devastated provinces of Palestine filled the city; but, far from bringing it any assistance, they only served to augment the trouble and consternation.

When close to the walls, Saladin summoned before him the principal inhabitants, and said to them: "I know, as well as you do, that Jerusalem is the house of God, and I do not wish to profane its sanctity by the effusion of blood: abandon its walls, and I will give up to you a part of my

treasures; I will give you as much land as you can cultivate." "We cannot," they replied, "cede willingly a city in which our God died; still less can we yield it to you." Saladin, irritated by their refusal, swore upon the Koran to level the towers and ramparts of Jerusalem, and to avenge the death of the Mussulmans slaughtered by the companions and the soldiers of Godfrey de Bouillon.

At the moment Saladin was speaking to the deputies, an eclipse of the sun all at once left the heavens in darkness, and appeared to be a sinister presage for the Christians. Nevertheless, the inhabitants, encouraged by the clergy, prepared to defend the city. They had chosen as leader Balaam d'Idelin, who had been present at the battle of Tiberias. This old warrior, whose experience and virtue inspired confidence and respect, immediately set about repairing the fortifications and disciplining the new defenders of Jerusalem. As he wanted officers, he created fifty knights from among the citizens; all the Christians in a condition to fight took up arms, and swore to shed their blood in the cause of Christ. There was no money to defray the expenses of the war, but all means of obtaining it appeared legitimate amidst the danger which threatened the city of God. The churches were spoiled, and the people, terrified at the approach of Saladin, beheld without scandal the precious metal which covered the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre converted into coin.

The standards of Saladin were speedily seen floating over the heights of Emäus; the Mussulman army pitched its camp on the same places as were occupied by the tents of Godfrey, Tancred, and the two Roberts, when they besieged the Holy City. The Christians at first opposed a warm resistance, and made frequent sorties, in which they held in one hand the lance or the sword, and in the other a shovel, with which they threw dust in the eyes of the Saracens. A great number of citizens received the palm of martyrdom, and ascended, say the historians, into the celestial Jerusalem. Many Mussulmans fell under the swords of their adversaries, and went to inhabit the *banks of the river which waters Paradise*.

Saladin, after being encamped some days on the west of the city, directed his attacks on the north, and mined the

ramparts which extend from the gate of Josophat to that of St. Stephen. The bravest of the citizens made a sortie, and endeavoured to destroy the machines and works of the besiegers, encouraging each other by repeating the words of Scripture, — “*A single one of us will put ten infidels to flight; and ten will scatter ten thousand.*” They performed prodigies of valour, but they could not retard the progress of the siege; repulsed by the Saracens, they slowly retired to the city, whither their return brought discouragement and terror. The towers and ramparts seemed ready to fall at the first assault. Despair then seized upon the inhabitants, who saw before them no defence but tears and prayers. Instead of flying to arms, the soldiers ran to the churches; the promise of a hundred pieces of gold could not detain them one night on the threatened ramparts. The clergy made processions through the streets, to invoke the assistance of Heaven; some beat their breasts with stones, others lacerated their bodies with scourges, crying *Mercy! mercy!* Nothing was heard in Jerusalem but groans; “*but our Sir Jesus Christ,*” says an old chronicle, “*would not listen to them; for the luxury and impurity which were in the city did not allow orisons or prayers to mount up before God.*” The despair of the inhabitants inspired them with a thousand contrary projects at once: sometimes they formed the resolution of leaving the city, and seeking a glorious death in the ranks of the infidels: at others, they placed all their hopes in the clemency of Saladin.

Amongst the general trouble and agitation, the Greek and Syrian Christians, and the Melchite Christians, endured with much pain the authority of the Latins, and laid to their charge all the misfortunes of the war. A plot was discovered, in which they had resolved to deliver Jerusalem to the Mussulmans: this discovery increased the general alarm, and determined the principal men of the city to ask a capitulation of Saladin. Accompanied by Baleau d’Ibelin, they went to propose to the Sultan to give up the place upon the conditions he had offered before the siege. But Saladin remembered that he had sworn to take the city by assault, and to put all the inhabitants to the sword: He sent back the deputies without giving them any hope; Baleau d’Ibelin returned to him several times, renewed his

supplications and prayers, but found Saladin still inflexible. One day, when the Christian deputies were conjuring him warmly to accept their capitulation, he turned towards the place, and, pointing to the standards which floated over the walls,—“How can you ask me,” said he, “to grant conditions to a captured city?” Notwithstanding this, the Saracens were repulsed; and Baleau, animated by the advantage obtained by the Christians, replied to the Sultan,—“You see, Jerusalem does not want for defences; if we cannot obtain any mercy from you, we will adopt a terrible resolution, and the excess of our despair shall fill you with fright. Those temples and palaces you are so anxious to conquer shall be destroyed, and all our wealth, which excites the ambition and cupidity of the Saracens, shall be given up to the flames. We will lay level the mosque of Omar, and the mysterious stone of Jacob, the object of your worship, shall be broken and ground into dust. Jerusalem contains five thousand Mussulman prisoners: they shall perish by the sword. We will, with our own hands, slaughter our women and our children, and thus spare them the disgrace of becoming your slaves. When the Holy City shall be nothing but a mass of ruins—one vast tomb, we will leave it, followed by the angry manes of our friends and neighbours; we will leave it, fire and sword in hand; not one of us will gain Paradise, without having sent to Hell ten Mussulmans. We shall thus obtain a glorious death, and shall yield our last breath in calling down upon you the maledictions of the God of Jerusalem.”

This speech produced a great effect upon Saladin, and he invited the deputies to return next day. He consulted the doctors of the law, and they decided that he might accept the proposed capitulation without violating his oath. The conditions were signed on the morrow, in the tent of the Sultan; thus Jerusalem again fell under the domination of the Infidels, after having been eighty-four years in the hands of the Christians. The Latin historians had remarked that the Crusaders had entered Jerusalem on a Friday, at the same hour that Christ had suffered death to expiate the crimes of the human race. The Saracens retook the city on a Friday, the anniversary of the day on which, according to their belief, Mahomet ascended from Jerusalem to Heaven.

This circumstance, which might have induced Saladin to sign the capitulation proposed to him, did not fail to add new splendour to his triumph with the Mussulmans, and caused him to be looked upon as the favourite of the prophet.

All the warriors in Jerusalem obtained permission to retire to Tyre or to Tripoli. The conqueror granted their lives to the inhabitants, and permitted them to purchase their liberty. All Christians, with the exception of Greeks and Syrians, received an order to quit Jerusalem within four days. The ransom was fixed at ten pieces of gold for men, five for women, and two for children. Those who had not the means to purchase their freedom remained slaves.

These conditions had at first been received with joy by the Christians; but when the time arrived for their leaving Jerusalem, their grief at quitting the Holy Places became intense; they watered the tomb of Christ with their tears, and reproached themselves with not having died to defend it; they ran, unconsciously, from Calvary to the various churches they were never to see again, shedding torrents of tears; they embraced each other, weeping, in the streets, and deploring their fatal divisions. Such as could not pay their ransom, and could only leave Jerusalem as the slaves of the Saracens, gave themselves up to the wildest despair. But so great, in these deplorable moments, appeared their attachment to a religion whose precepts in happier times they had completely neglected, that the outrages offered to their worship afflicted them more than their own proper misery. A cross of gold having been torn from the dome of the church of the Templars, and dragged through the streets by the Saracens, all the Christians burst into cries of grief and indignation, and, although disarmed, Jerusalem was on the point of rising against its conquerors.

At last the fatal day arrived on which the Christians were to leave Jerusalem. All the gates of the city were closed, except that of David, through which the Christians were to go out. Saladin, seated upon a lofty throne, saw all the people pass before him. The patriarch, followed by the clergy, appeared the first, bearing the sacred vases, the ornaments of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and treasures of which, says an Arabian author, God alone knows the value. The Queen of Jerusalem, accompanied by the barons and knights,

came next. Saladin respected her grief, and addressed some kind words to her. The Queen was followed by a great number of women, bearing their children in their arms, and uttering the most pitiable cries. Several of them drew near to the throne of Saladin: "You see at your feet," said they, "the wives, the mothers, and the daughters of the warriors you detain prisoners; we are leaving for ever our country, which they have defended with glory; they assisted us in supporting life; losing them we have lost our last hope; if you would deign to restore them to us, they would soften the miseries of our exile, and we should be no longer without a support upon earth." Saladin was touched by their prayers, and promised to mitigate the misfortunes of so many unhappy families. He restored the sons to mothers, and the husbands to wives, who were found among the captives. Many Christians had abandoned their valuable goods and property, in order to bear away upon their shoulders some of their parents weakened by age, and others their friends, the infirm, and the sick. Saladin was affected by this spectacle, and rewarded the virtue and piety of his enemies with gifts and alms; he took pity upon all these unfortunates, and permitted the Hospitallers to remain in the city to tend to the sick, as well as such as serious maladies prevented from moving.

When the Saracens commenced the siege, the Holy City contained more than a hundred thousand Christians. The greater part of them purchased their freedom: Baleau, d'Ibelin, the depository of the treasures destined to defray the expenses of the siege, employed all that was left in the liberation of the citizens. Malec-Adel, the brother of the Sultan, paid the ransom of two thousand captives. Saladin followed his example by setting free great numbers of poor and orphans. There only remained in slavery about fourteen thousand Christians, among whom were four or five thousand children, too young to be aware of the extent of their misfortune, but whose fate the faithful deplored the more, from the probability that these innocent victims of war would be brought up in the idolatry of Mahomet. From this period Jerusalem has remained in the hands of the Mahometans.

We have given these interesting sieges in greater detail.

than we shall be able to afford to most others; but we feel satisfied our readers will be pleased at being made acquainted with as many particulars as possible regarding a city which occupies so prominent a place in the religious and civil history of the world. We were fortunate, likewise, in having an historian* to refer to who had devoted great part of his life and his superior talents to the history of the wars of which the two latter sieges form a part. We have adopted, in the sieges of Jerusalem, the plan we shall follow in other cases; we have given the sieges in one series, thinking that the best way to impress the general history of the places in young minds, as likewise of showing, by something like a consecutive account, the causes of wars, defeats, and successes.

SAMARIA.

SAMARIA, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, and the rival of Jerusalem, sustained several memorable sieges. Adad, King of Syria, entered into Palestine in the reign of Achab, and encamped before the walls of Samaria. He soon reduced the city to the last extremity. Adad, reckoning upon the certainty of conquering the states of Achab, offered that king peace upon the conditions of his giving up his treasures, his wives, and his children. Achab, being without resource, consented to his demands; but on the morrow, Adad having added propositions still more hard, the king resolved to defend himself to the last. At the moment Adad thought victory within his grasp, the footmen of the Prince of Israel advanced, attacked his vanguard, killed many of them, and pursued the rest to the camp. Achab with his troops fell upon the infidels, put them to flight, and enriched himself with their spoils.—A.C. 907.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 906.

The following year Adad returned into Palestine with a more formidable army. Achab marched to meet him, and gave him battle. The Syrians were routed, and lost, it is said, a hundred thousand men. Adad was made prisoner. •

* Michaud's "Hist. des Crusades."

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 891.

In the reign of Joram, the son of Achab, the capital of Israel once more beheld a formidable Syrian army at its gates. This siege was long and celebrated. Adad surrounded the city on all sides; no supplies could be brought in; the public magazines were exhausted, and the famine became so excessive that an ass's head was sold for ninety pieces of silver; and twelve bushels of pigeons' dung, which was used instead of salt, was worth five. Such distress made Joram fear that in their despair the people would open the gates to the enemy. To encourage the soldiers and watch the people, he every day visited the walls and the fortifications. Whilst thus employed, a woman cast herself at his feet. "My lord and my king," said she, uttering fearful cries, "in the name of God, save an unfortunate!" "What would you with me?" replied the monarch; "if the Lord does not save you, think you that I, who am but a simple mortal, can? What have you to say to me?" "Lord, the woman you see with me said: 'Give me your son, and let us eat him to-day; to-morrow we will eat mine.' I killed my son, and we ate him, but this wicked woman, notwithstanding her promise, has concealed her child, and robbed me of the food that is my due." On hearing this horrid recital, the King of Israel tore his vestments, and exposed to the eyes of everybody the hair shirt he wore next his skin. This prince, reduced to despair, threw the cause of so many evils upon Elijah, and wished to put him to death. But the man of God promised him that the next day the abundance should be so great that a measure of pure meal should be sold for less than one sicle, or thirty sols; but the prophet gained no believers. An officer upon whose arm the king was leaning, turned him into ridicule: "If the All-powerful," said he, "were to open the heavens, and shower down provisions, this would not be possible." "You will see," replied Elijah, "but you will enjoy no part of it." Four lepers, who dwelt near the gates of the city, urged on by despair, went to the camp of the Syrians in hopes of meeting with death, but what was their astonishment to find no one there? The enemy, struck by a sudden panic, and thinking they heard the noise of a great army

advancing, had taken to flight, and left everything behind them. The lepers, after having satisfied their hunger, and put aside a great quantity of gold and silver, hastened to announce this happy news to the king. Joram feared it was a trick. At length, after being assured of the flight of the infidels, the people rushed in crowds to the camp, and the word of the prophet was fulfilled in all its circumstances. The king set the officer who had mocked the prophet, at the gate of the city, and the unfortunate man was smothered by the crowd of people, without being able to take a part in the unlooked-for abundance.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.C. 721.

Salmanazar, King of Assyria, learning that Hosea had made himself king of Israel, which country he considered tributary to his power, and wished to shake off the yoke, besieged Samaria, and carried it by assault after a blockade of three years. Hosea was made prisoner, and carried away, with the greater part of his subjects, into Assyria. Thus ended the kingdom of Israel, or of the ten tribes.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.C. 120.

Samaria, however, became again peopled, and continued to dispute precedency with Jerusalem till the government of Hyrcanus, son of Simon Maccabeus. This great sacrificator took it by escalade, after a siege of a year, and completely destroyed the city and fortifications. But Herod the Great rebuilt it, increased its extent considerably, and named it Sebasta, out of compliment to Augustus

ROME.

IN our account of the early sieges of Rome, notwithstanding our conviction that many of the events related of them are apochryphal, we shall adhere to the version which was the delight of our boyhood. We do not believe the ancient history of Rome to be more fabulous than that of other countries. One of the great objects of history is to form character by placing acts of patriotic devotion or private virtue in the most attractive light; and we believe that the firmness of a Mutius Scævola, the devotedness of a Curtius, or even the apologue of Menenius Agrippa, will be more beneficial to the young mind than the bare skeletons left by the scepticism of German historians. We venerate truth, but we have seen and read nothing to convince us that the fine old tales of Livy were not founded upon *something*; and if in their passage to us a colouring has been added to make virtue more attractive and vice more repulsive, let us not reject them because they are too pleasing; the hard world youth have before them will prove quite chilling enough to their better sympathies: let them be allowed to enter it with hearts alive to the good, the great, and the elevating.

FIRST SIEGE, A.C. 747.

From the way in which what is called Rome, as a nation, was got together, it was naturally in a constant state of warfare. The spirit in which it was founded pervaded and ruled over it to its fall: it was at all times a nation of the sword; and when that sword was blunted by having conquered the known world, its conquests all crumbled away: when Rome ceased to be an aggressor, she instantly ceased to be great. Rome, of course, commenced this aggressive career with wars upon her neighbours, a cause for quarrel being quickly and easily found where everything was to be gained and little to be lost. Thus, the rape of the Sabine

women produced the first siege of the nascent city,—a violation not only of the laws of nations, but of the laws of even the rudest state of nature, created its first enemies. The Sabines of Cures, animated by a warm desire for vengeance, presented themselves before Rome; their design was to blockade it, when chance rendered them masters of the citadel by the treachery of Tarpeia. She covenanted, as her reward for betraying the capital, for what they wore on their arms, meaning their ornamental bracelets; but they, disgusted with her action, threw their bucklers upon her and smothered her. After her, the rock from which criminals were precipitated was called the Tarpeian,—a proof that there was at least some foundation for that now disputed legend. The two peoples then came to close action, and victory remained long undecided: the Romans gave way at the first charge, but were rallied by the voice of Romulus, and recommenced the fight with obstinacy and success. The carnage was about to become horrible, when the Sabine women, for whose honour so much blood was being spilt, threw themselves between the combatants, with dishevelled hair, holding in their arms the fruits of their forced marriages, and uttering piercing cries. Their voices, their tears, their supplicating posture, relaxed the fury of the fight, and calmed the animosity of the combatants; the Sabine women became mediators between their relations and their husbands. Peace was made on the condition that the two people should from that time be one, and that the two kings should reign together.

SECOND SIEGE. A.C. 507.

Tarquun the Superb, not being able to recover by artifice the throne from which he had been expelled, sought to employ force. He had the address to interest several neighbouring nations in his cause;—when they had a chance of success, Rome had always plenty of enemies around her. Porsenna, King of Clusium, then the most powerful monarch of Italy, raised a numerous army in his defence, and laid siege to Rome. In an assault, the two consuls were wounded, and the consequently disordered Romans could not withstand their opponents. The Etruscans at-

tacked a bridge, the capture of which must lead to that of the city; but Horatius, surnamed Cocles from having lost an eye, alone opposed himself to the troops of Porsenna, whilst his companions broke down the bridge behind him. When they had completed the work, he threw himself into the Tiber and swam ashore.

The King of Clusium, having failed in his attempt, undertook to reduce the place by famine; but the bold action of a young Roman soon made him change his design. Mutius Scævola, animated by the same spirit that had governed Cocles, was determined to relieve his country from this dreaded enemy. He went to the Clusian camp, disguised as an Etruscan, entered the king's tent, and meeting with that prince's secretary superbly dressed, poniarded him instead of Porsenna. He was arrested, led before the king, and strictly interrogated, whilst the instruments of torture were ostentatiously displayed in his sight. Mutius, with a haughty air, and without being the least intimidated by their menaces, exclaimed, "*I am a Roman; I know how to suffer, I know how to die!*" At the same time, as if he wished to punish the hand which had so ill served him, he held it in the flame of a brazier till it was consumed, looking all the while at Porsenna with a firm and stern glance. "There are thirty of us," said he, "all sworn to rid Rome of her implacable enemy; and all will not make such a mistake as I have." The king, astonished at the intrepid coolness of the young Roman, concluded a treaty of peace, which delivered Rome from the most formidable enemy she had had to encounter. Among the hostages given by the Romans, was Clælia, a Roman maiden, possessed of courage beyond her sex or age. She persuaded her companions to escape by swimming across the Tiber. They succeeded, in spite of the numerous arrows discharged upon them on their passage. The boldness of the action met with high praise in Rome; but they were sent back to Porsenna, that public faith might not be violated. That prince, however, was so much pleased with such virtuous spirit, that he restored the generous maidens to freedom, and made his alliance still more close with a city that could produce heroines as well as heroes. Now all the best incidents of this siege are deemed apochryphal; and yet, who will dare to tell us that the well-authenticated accounts

of the vices of the declining empire are equally instructive and ameliorating? We cannot render minds we are forming too familiar with pictures of the noble and the good, nor keep from them too carefully representations of the wicked and debasing.

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 488.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, exiled from Rome by the seditious Tribunes and by his own indomitable pride, so far forgot all patriotic feelings as to engage the Volscians to make war against his country. Here we beg to draw the attention of our young readers to the very different conduct of Themistocles, his contemporary, under similar circumstances. The Volscians, proud of the assistance of such a distinguished hero, made him their general: he took the field with vengeance in his heart. After a great number of victories, he marched straight to Rome, for the purpose of laying siege to it. So bold a design threw the patricians and the people equally into a state of the greatest alarm. Hatred gave way to fear: deputies were sent to Coriolanus, who received them with all the haughtiness of an enemy determined upon making his will the law. The Roman generals, instead of boldly meeting him in the field, exhorted him to grant them peace; they conjured him to have pity on his country, and forget the injuries offered to him by the populace, who were already sufficiently punished by the evils he had inflicted upon them. But they brought back nothing but the stern reply, "that they must restore to the Volscians all they had taken from them, and grant them the right of citizenship." Other deputies were dismissed in the same manner. The courage of these Romans, so proud and so intrepid, appeared to have passed with Coriolanus over to the side of the Volscians. Obedience to the laws was at an end; military discipline was neglected: they took counsel of nothing but their fear. At length, after many tumultuous deliberations, the ministers of religion were sent to endeavour to bend the will of the angry compatriot. Priests, clothed in their sacred habiliments advanced with mournful steps to the camp of the Volscians, and the most venerable amongst them implored Coriolanus to give peace to his country, and, in the name of the gods, to have compassion on

the Romans, his fellow citizens and brothers: but they found him equally stern and inflexible. When the people saw the holy priests return without success, they indeed supposed the republic lost. They filled the temples, they embraced the altars of the gods, and gathered in clusters about the city, uttering cries and lamentations: Rome presented a picture of profound grief and debasement. Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and Volumnia, his wife, saved their unhappy country. They presented themselves before him, and conjured him by all that he held most sacred, to spare a city which had given him birth, and which still contained his mother, his wife, and his children. His mother was a woman of great spirit,—a Roman, almost a Spartan mother: she had, from his boyhood, stimulated him to the performance of noble and heroic deeds: she might be called the parent of his glory, as well as of his vigorous person. Coriolanus loved his mother tenderly, almost idolized her, and could not resist her tears. He raised the siege, and delivered Rome from the greatest alarm it had ever experienced.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.C. 387.

A colony of Gauls, confined for room in their own country, entered upper Italy, under the command of Brennus, three hundred and eighty-seven years before Christ, and laid siege to Clusium, in Tuscany. Accustomed already to command as a master in Italy, Rome sent three ambassadors to Brennus, to inform him that that city was under the protection of the Roman republic. Offended by the rude reply of the Gauls, the ambassadors retired indignantly, but violated the rights of nations by entering Clusium, and assisting in the defence of it. Brennus, highly irritated, demanded satisfaction, and Rome refused to give it. He marched directly against that already superb city. The two armies met on the banks of the river Allia, within half a league of Rome. The Romans, being the less in numbers, extended their ranks, in order not to be surrounded, and by that means weakened their centre. The Gauls, perceiving this, fell with fury on the cohorts of the centre, broke through them, and attacked the wings, whose

flanks this opening left exposed. Already conquered by the terror inspired by this bold manœuvre, which bespoke a people accustomed to military tactics, the wings of the Roman army took to flight without drawing sword, and the main body, bewildered by the general rout which ensued, took refuge in Veii, instead of regaining Rome, which offered them the nearest asylum. Thousands of Romans fell under the sword of the Gauls; and if these people had marched straight to the city, instead of lingering to share the spoil, the Roman name would have been at an end. They remained three days engaged in distributing the spoil, and these three days saved Rome, whither the fugitives bore the news of the disaster the army and the consuls had sustained. They rendered the republic aware of what it had to expect from the victorious Gauls. The Senate, in the general alarm, took advantage of the time the barbarians employed in rejoicings for their victory. Not finding a sufficient force to defend the city, they threw all the men capable of bearing arms into the Capitol, and sent away all useless mouths; the old men, women, and children took refuge in the nearest cities. There only remained in Rome a few pontiffs and ancient senators, who, not being willing to survive either their country or its glory, generously devoted themselves to death, to appease, according to their belief, the anger of the infernal gods. These venerable men, in order to preserve to the last sigh the marks of a dignity which they believed would expire with them, put on their sacred vestments or their consular robes, placed themselves at the doors of their houses, in their ivory chairs, and awaited with firmness the decree which Destiny was about to pronounce on Rome. Brennus arrived three days after his victory. Surprised at finding the gates open, the walls without defence, and the houses without inhabitants, he suspected some ambush or stratagem. The continued silence and calm at length reassured him. He placed his points of guard; then, whilst spreading his troops through the quarters of the city, the first objects that met his eyes were the venerable old men who had devoted themselves to death. Their splendid habits, their white beards, their air of grandeur and firmness, their silence even, astonished Brennus, and inspired a religious fear in his

army. A Gaul, less touched with this august spectacle and more daring than the rest, ventured to pluck insolently the beard of an ancient senator. The spirited old man dealt him a heavy blow with his ivory staff on the head. The irritated soldier killed the senator, and this became the signal for slaughter; all were massacred in their chairs, and the inhabitants who had not escaped were put to the sword. Brennus attacked the Capitol, but he was repulsed with loss. Despairing of taking it by force, he had recourse to blockade, to reduce it by famine. In order to avenge himself for the resistance offered by the Romans, he set fire to the city; and soon Rome presented nothing but its hills surrounded with smoking ruins.

The Gauls, inflated with their success, believed the whole country to be in a state of terror, and they preserved neither order nor discipline; some wandered about the neighbourhood for the purpose of plunder, whilst others spent both days and nights in drinking. They thought the whole people shut up in the Capitol, but Rome found an avenger in Camillus. This great man, exiled by his ungrateful fellow-citizens, had retired to Ardea. He prevailed upon the young men of that city to follow him. In concert with the magistrates, he marched out on a dark night, fell upon the Gauls stupefied with wine, made a horrible slaughter, and thus raised the depressed courage of his fellow-citizens. They flocked in crowds to his standard, and, looking upon Camillus as their only resource, they chose him as their leader. But he refused to do anything without the order of the Senate and the people shut up in the Capitol. It was almost impossible to gain access to them. A young Roman, however, had the hardihood to undertake this perilous enterprise, and succeeded. Camillus, declared dictator, collected an army of more than forty thousand men, who believed themselves invincible under so able a general.

The Gauls, meanwhile, perceived the traces left by the young man, and Brennus endeavoured, during the night, to surprise the Capitol by the same path. After many efforts, a few succeeded in gaining the summit of the rock, and were already on the point of scaling the walls; the sentinel was asleep, and nothing seemed to oppose them. Some geese, consecrated to Juno, were awakened by the noise

made by the enemy, and began to cry as they do when disturbed. Manlius, a person of consular rank, flew to the spot, encountered the Gauls, and hurled two of them from the rock. The Romans were roused, and the enemy were driven back; most of them either fell or were thrown from the precipice, and very few of the party engaged regained their camp. The sleepy sentinel was precipitated from the Capitol, and Manlius was highly rewarded. Much irritated at his defeat, Brennus pressed the place still more closely, to augment the famine, which had begun to be felt even in his camp, since Camillus had made himself master of the open country. An accommodation was soon proposed; it was agreed that Brennus should receive a thousand pounds weight of gold, on condition of his raising the siege and leaving the lands of the republic. The gold was brought, but when it was to be weighed, the Gauls made use of false weights. The Romans complained of this; but Brennus, laughing at their remonstrances, threw his sword and baldric into the scale, which counterpoised the gold, adding rallery to injustice. "Woe be to the conquered!" said he, in a barbarous tone. At that very moment Camillus reached the capital, and advanced with a strong escort towards the place of conference. Upon learning what had passed, "Take back this gold to the Capitol," said he to the Roman deputies; "and you, Gauls," added he, "retire with your weights and scales; it is with steel only that Romans should redeem their country." The parties soon proceeded to blows; Camillus brought up his troops, and a furious charge ensued. The Romans, maddened by the sight of their ruined country, made incredible efforts. The Gauls could not withstand them; they were broken, and fled on all sides. Brennus rallied them, raised the siege, and encamped a few miles from Rome. Camillus followed him with characteristic ardour, attacked him afresh, and defeated him. Most of the Gauls were either killed on the field of battle, or massacred in detail by the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; so that, it is said, a single one did not remain to carry back to his country the news of their defeat. Thus Rome was saved by the valour and ability of an illustrious exile, who, forgetting the injustice and ingratitude of his country, richly merited the title of *its second founder*.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.C. 211.

This siege, although so short a one as to occupy but little space in our narration, belongs to a very interesting period in the Roman history: it occurred in the course of what are called the Punic wars, which were the contests of two of the most powerful states then in existence, for supremacy. Rome and Carthage were like two suns; they had become too powerful for both to retain their splendour in one hemisphere. They were really the noblest conflicts in which Rome was engaged; there was a rivalry in generals and soldiers worthy of being sustained by the great republic; and though Rome was in the end the conqueror, and her generals were great, it is doubtful whether she can exhibit in her annals so perfect a captain as Hannibal. The Carthaginians suffer, in the opinion of posterity, in another way; the Romans were not only the victors, but the historians; Punic bad faith is proverbial in the Roman language, but we strongly suspect that a Carthaginian Polybius or Livy would have found as many sins against the laws of nations committed by the one party as the other. The man was the painter, and not the lion. Whether it is from want of sympathy with a mere nation of the sword, we know not; but, notwithstanding the great men who illustrated Rome's armies and senate, we cannot help taking part with Hannibal and his countrymen throughout these wars. Much as we like Cato the Censor in other respects, we cannot but view him, with his fogs and his "*delenda est Carthago*," as a spiteful old fellow, whom we should very much have liked to see disappointed.

After various and great successes, of which it is not our business to speak, Hannibal, to terrify the Romans, presented himself before their city. The consuls, who had received orders to watch that the republic should receive no injury, felt it their duty to encounter him. When they were on the point of engaging, a violent storm compelled both parties to retire; and the same thing occurred several times; so that Hannibal, believing that he saw in this event something supernatural, said, according to Livy, that sometimes fortune and sometimes his will was always wanting to make him master of Rome. That which still more surprised

him was, that whilst he was encamped at one of the gates of the city, the Romans sent an army out of one of the other gates into Spain; and that the very field in which he was encamped was sold at the same time, without that circumstance having diminished the value of it. In order to avenge himself, he put up to auction the goldsmiths' shops which were around the most public place in Rome, and then retired.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.C. 87.

War being declared against Mithridates, king of Pontus, was the signal of discord between Marius and Sylla. These two rivals, whose animosity knew no bounds, demanded at the same time the command of the army. Sylla obtained it from the Senate, and immediately went to place himself at the head of his troops. Marius took advantage of his absence, and, with the assistance of the tribune Sulpicius, he so excited the people against the nobles, that Sylla was deprived of his command which was conferred upon him. Sylla, far from obeying the sentence of the people, marched straight to Rome with his army, consisting of forty thousand men. This was the first time, since Coriolanus, that this great city had been besieged by one of its own citizens. Destitute of everything, its only defence being a few soldiers got together in haste by Marius, it did not make a long resistance. Sylla entered as an enemy; the multitude mounted upon the roofs of the houses, armed with anything they could lay hold of, and poured such a shower of stones and tiles upon the heads of his soldiers, that they could not advance. Sylla, forgetful of what he owed to his country and to himself, cried out to his men to set fire to the houses; and, arming himself with a blazing brand; gave them the example. Marius, too weak to contend with his rival, abandoned to him the centre of the empire. The conqueror affected great moderation, prevented the pillage of his country, reformed the government, raised the authority of the Senate upon the ruins of that of the people, put to death Sulpicius, with ten other senators, partisans of his rival, and embarked for Asia.

This second absence replunged Rome into fresh misfortunes; the faction of the people, of which Marius was

the soul, excited by Cinna, took courage again. This consul, having won over some tribunes, caused so much trouble, that he was driven from the city and deprived of the consulate; but he succeeded in gaining to his quarrel a large army encamped in the Campania, and almost all the peoples of Italy. Marius, who had taken refuge in Africa, recrossed the sea, and came to join Cinna; he was immediately declared pro-consul. It was proposed to give him fasces and lictors, but he rejected them: "Such honours," said he, "would not become a banished man." His party held a council, and it was determined to go and attack Rome: Sylla had set them the example.

Rome, always victorious against external enemies, but always weak against domestic attacks, saw herself besieged by four armies, commanded by Marius, Cinna, Sertorius, and Carbo. Masters of all the passages, they subjected the city to famine, and reduced its inhabitants to extremity. Pompeius Strabo came at last, but too late, to the succour of his country with an army. Rome, in a state of consternation, and seeing herself on the verge of ruin, sent deputies to the enemies to invite them to enter the city. A council was held. Marius and Cinna, after having marked out their victims, gave the city up to all the horrors of war. A multitude of virtuous Romans were immolated to the vengeance of the two leaders; Marius inundated his country with the purest blood of the republic. Birth and riches were unpardonable crimes; a nod of this tyrant's head was an order for death. This ferocious and barbarous man, after having exercised the most horrible cruelties, died a short time after this victory, in the middle of Rome itself, of which he had been the preserver and the executioner.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 408.

When we compare the date of the last siege with that of this, and glance over the events which had taken place between them, we feel great surprise that no siege of Rome should have intervened. It would appear that the Eternal City was guarded by some supernatural power, through shocks and changes of empires, from feeling convulsions, of which it really was the centre. Through the period of the

empire, Rome may be said never to have been invaded by a foreign enemy, or by its own children in revolt. The empire changed masters, at times, as a conjurer shifts his balls, and men of all countries occupied its throne; but, in all these revolutions, Rome itself was held sacred.

Alaric, king of the Goths, entered Italy, and advanced towards Rome to lay siege to it. On his route, a pious solitary came to throw himself at his feet, imploring him with tears to spare that city, which had become the centre of the Christian world. "Father," replied the prince, "it is not my will that leads me on; I incessantly hear a voice in my ears, which cries—'On, Alaric, on! and sack Rome!'" He reduced it to the most frightful extremity, by closing every passage for provisions, and by making himself master of the navigation of the Tiber. Pestilence was soon added to famine. Rome was nothing but one vast cemetery: it became necessary to treat with the king of the Goths.

The deputies of Rome declared that the Roman people were willing to accept peace upon reasonable conditions; but rather than its glory should be stained, they would give battle. "Very good!" replied Alaric, with a loud laugh; "it is never so easy to cut the hay as when the grass is thickest!" They were forced to lay aside their ancient pride, and submit to circumstances. The conquerer ordered them to bring to him all the gold, silver, valuable furniture, and foreign slaves that were in the city. "And what will you leave, then, to the inhabitants?" asked the deputies. "Life!" replied Alaric. After long contestations, it was agreed that Rome should pay five thousand pounds weight of gold, thirty thousand pounds weight of silver, four thousand silken tunics, three thousand skins coloured scarlet, three thousand pounds weight of spices, and, as hostages, give up the children of the most noble citizens. When these conditions were complied with, the king of the Goths raised the siege.

EIGHTH SIEGE, A.D. 410.

Two years after, Alaric, constantly provoked to vengeance by the perfidies of the Romans, presented himself again before the Capitol, and besieged Rome very closely. The

siege was long, but very few circumstances relating to it have been preserved. On the 24th of August, the Gothic prince entered the city, of which some traitors had opened the gates to him during the night. Rome was sacked by the furious soldiery; its wealth, its valuable furniture, its public edifices, its temples, its private houses, became the prey of the flames. The blood of the citizens inundated the streets and public places; the women were dishonoured, and then immolated upon the bodies of their slaughtered husbands and fathers; children were destroyed upon the bosoms of their mothers. Heaven seemed to arm itself in concert with the Goths to punish Rome: lightning reduced to dust what the flames had spared.

The Goths, however, respected the churches; these holy places were an inviolable asylum for all who sought refuge in them. An officer having entered a house which served as a depôt for the church of St. Peter, and finding nobody in it but a woman advanced in age, asked her if she had any gold or silver. "I have a great deal," she replied; "I will place it before your eyes." At the same time, she displayed a great number of precious vases. "They belong to St. Peter," said she; "carry away, if you dare, these sacred riches; I cannot prevent you. I abandon them to you; but you must render an account of them to him who is the master of them." The barbarian did not dare to lay an impious hand upon this deposit, and sent to ask the king's orders relative to them. Alaric commanded all the vases to be taken to the basilica of the church of St. Peter; and that that woman, with all the Christians who would join her, should be conducted thither likewise. It was a spectacle as surprising as it was magnificent, to see a long train of soldiers, who, holding in one hand their naked swords, and supporting with the other the precious vases they bore on their heads, marched with a respectful countenance, and as if in triumph, amidst the greatest riot and disorder.

The Christian women signalized their courage in a most striking manner on this melancholy day. A widow, respectable from her age and birth, and who had lived in retirement with an only daughter, whom she brought up in a life of piety, was assailed by a troop of soldiers, who, in a threatening manner, demanded her gold. "I have given it to the

poor," replied she. The angry barbarians rewarded her answer with blows. Insensible to pain, she only implored them not to separate her from her companion, whose beauty she feared might expose her to insults more cruel than death itself. Her appeal was so touching, that the Gothic soldiers conducted them both safely to the basilica of St. Paul.

A young officer, struck with the beauty of a Roman lady, after having made every effort in vain to induce her to comply with his wishes, drew his sword, and pretending that he would cut off her head, inflicted a slight wound, in the hope that she would be overcome by the fear of death; but this noble woman, so far from being terrified at the sight of her own blood, presenting her neck to her enemy, exclaimed,—“Strike again, and strike better!” The sword fell from the hand of the barbarian; he conducted his captive to the church of St. Peter, and commanded the guards to give her up to nobody but her husband. Thus Rome, 1,163 years after its foundation, lost in a single day that splendour which had dazzled the world. It was not, however, destroyed, and was soon re-peopled again; but from that period of humiliation, this queen of cities and of the world became the sport and the prey of the barbarians who sacked it in turn.

After the taking of Naples in 538, Belisarius shut himself up in Rome, and prepared to sustain a siege, if Vitiges would undertake to attack him. The new monarch, at the head of a hundred and fifty thousand men, marched towards the capital of Italy, asking of every one he fell in with on his route, whether Belisarius were still in Rome. “Prince, be satisfied on that point,” replied a priest; “the only part of the military art Belisarius is ignorant of, is flight.” This general had constructed a fort upon a bridge, at a mile from Rome, and had provided it with a sufficient garrison; but these base cowards, seized with fear at the approach of the Goths, took to flight, and dispersed themselves over the Campania. The next day, at dawn, Vitiges crossed the bridge with a great part of his army. As he advanced, he met Belisarius, who, at the head of a thousand horse, had come to reconnoitre; his surprise was excessive at seeing the enemy; but without being daunted by their numbers, he

halted, and received them at the head of his little troop. Here the valour and exploits of Belisarius approach the marvellous: in the hottest of the *mêlée*, the brave leader of the Romans was recognised by some deserters, who cried out from several quarters at once: "At the bay horse, comrades!—aim at the bay horse!" Assailed on all sides, he became a mark for every arrow. Inflamed with a generous courage, he drove off some, overthrew others, and cut down all that impeded his passage. The Romans, seeing the danger of their general, flew to his aid, surrounded him, warded off every blow directed against him, and made him a rampart of their bucklers and their bodies. The terrified Goths turned bridle, and were pursued to their camp; the rest of the army, however, stopped the career of the conquerors, and forced them to fly in their turn to a neighbouring height, where they rallied. The combat was then renewed; and the Romans, too inferior in numbers, would scarcely have effected a retreat, but for the heroic valour of an officer named Valentinus. This new Cocles alone withstood the Gothic cavalry, and gave time to his comrades to regain the city; but the inhabitants shut the gates against them. In vain Belisarius shouted his name, and pressed to be admitted; the inhabitants were persuaded that he had perished in the fight, and could not otherwise recognise his countenance, from the blood and dust which disfigured it; they therefore paid no regard to his orders. In this extremity, Belisarius re-animated his little band, and turned with fury upon the enemy, who were close at his heels. The Goths, imagining that he was at the head of fresh troops from the city, stopped their pursuit, turned their horses' heads, and regained their camp. Belisarius re-entered the city in triumph, where he was received with transports of the most lively joy. Rome believed itself from that time safe from all reverses, beneath the ægis of this intrepid general. In this combat the Goths lost the *élite* of their cavalry.

On the eighteenth day of the siege, at sunrise, the Goths, led on by Vitiges, marched towards the gate Salaria. At the sight of their machines, Belisarius broke into a loud laugh, whilst the inhabitants were frozen with fear. The Goths had reached the bank of the ditch, when the Roman general,

seizing a bow, took aim at a Gothic commander covered with a cuirass, and pierced him quite through the neck. This act was highly applauded by his troops, whose triumph was doubted by a second aim as fortunate as the first. Belisarius then commanded his soldiers to make a general discharge at the oxen which drew the machines. In an instant they were covered and transpierced with an iron shower. The astonished and discomfited Goths were forced to terminate their attack.

Although the attempts of Vitiges seemed generally to fail, he was on the point of taking Rome, to the north of the mole or tomb of Adrian, since called the castle of St. Angelo. It was necessary for the Goths to possess themselves of this place, to cross the Tiber. In spite of the arrows of the Romans, they had applied their ladders and begun to ascend, when the defenders of the mole bethought themselves of breaking off the numerous marble statues with which this monument was ornamented, and rolled the fragments upon the heads of the besiegers, who, beaten from their ladders by these enormous masses, were constrained to abandon their enterprise.

The next day, Belisarius dismissed all useless mouths from the city; he enrolled a great number of artisans; he changed the locks and bolts of the city gates twice a month; and caused instruments to be played upon the walls during the night. A Goth, remarkable for his height and famous for his exploits, covered with his cuirass, and with his helmet on his head, advanced from the ranks opposite the gate Salaria, and setting his back against a tree, kept up a continuous discharge of arrows at the battlements. An immense javelin, launched from a ballist, pierced him through cuirass, body and all, and penetrating half its length into the tree, nailed this redoubtable warrior to it. Although we are arrived at a well-authenticated period of history, we must confess the following account trenches upon the marvellous: but, as we know truth is sometimes more wonderful than fiction, we do not hesitate to repeat it. A Massagete horseman named Chorsamantes, one of Belisarius's guards, accompanied by a few Romans, was pursuing a body of sixty horse on the plains of Nero. His companions having turned rein, in order not to approach too near to the enemy's camp, he continued

the pursuit alone. The Goths, seeing him thus deserted, turned round upon him: he killed the boldest of them, charged the others, and put them to flight. Chorsamantes pursued them to their intrenchments, and, more fortunate than prudent, he regained Rome in safety, and was received with loud acclamations. Some time after, having been wounded in a rencontre, he swore to avenge himself, and kept his word. He went out alone, and made his way to the camp of the Goths. They took him for a deserter; but when they saw him shooting at them, twenty horsemen came out for the purpose of cutting him in pieces. He at first met them with the greatest audacity, and even checked them; but soon, environed on all parts, furious at the aspect of peril, and always the more redoubtable from the numbers of his enemies, he fell, covered with wounds, upon a heap of men and horses he had slain.

In a severe combat which was afterwards fought, the Goths were repulsed with loss. Rutilus, a Roman officer, pierced by a dart, which was half-buried in his head, as if insensible to the pain, continued the pursuit of the enemy. He died the moment the dart was extracted. Another officer, named Azzes, returned from a charge with an arrow sticking close to his right eye. A skilful leech, named Theoclistes, cured him. Tragàn, the commander of a body of troops, whilst endeavouring to break through a battalion of Goths, received an arrow in his eye; the wood broke off at the moment of striking, and fell, but the steel, being quite buried, remained in the wound, without giving Tragàn much pain. Five days afterwards, the steel began to reappear, pierced through the cicatrice, and fell out apparently of itself. Tarmut, a barbarian captain, an ally of the Romans, being left almost alone on the field of battle, was assailed by a crowd of enemies; but, armed with two javelins, he laid at his feet all who ventured to approach him. At length, covered with wounds, he was near sinking from weakness, when he saw his brother Ennes, chief of the Isaurians, approach with a troop of horse, and throw himself between him and his assailants. Reanimated by this unhopèd-for succour, he recovered sufficient strength to gain the city, still armed with his two javelins. He only survived this astonishing effort of courage two days. Such were the

principal exploits during the siege of Rome by Vitiges, who was obliged to raise it, after a year and nine days of useless attempts. Sixty-nine battles were fought, all very bloody, and almost all to the advantage of the Romans: they cost the king of the Goths more than the half of his numerous army. Belisarius had but a small force; Rome might have been taken easily: it had yielded to much weaker armies, but Belisarius was in Rome, and that great general, fertile in resources, was alone worth whole legions.

NINTH SIEGE, A.D. 544.

In the year 544, Totila, king of the Goths, and master of part of Italy, formed the blockade of Rome, and kept the passages so well, that no provisions could be got in, either by land or sea. He stopped the entrance by the Tiber at a place where its bed was narrowest, by means of extraordinarily long beams of timber, laid from one bank to the other, upon which he raised, at the two extremities, towers of wood, which were filled with soldiers. The famine soon became so horrible, that wheat was sold at seven pieces of gold per bushel, which is nearly ninety shillings of our money, and bran at about a quarter of the sum; an ox, taken in a sortie, was sold at an unheard-of price. Fortunate was the man who could fall in with a dead horse, and take undisputed possession of it! Dogs, rats, and the most impure animals, soon became exquisite and eagerly-purchased dainties. Most of the citizens supported themselves upon nettles and wild herbs, which they tore from the foot of the walls and ruined buildings. Rome seemed to be only inhabited by pale, fleshless, livid phantoms, who either fell dead in the streets or killed themselves.

A father of five children, who demanded bread of him with piercing cries, told them to follow him, and for a moment concealing his grief in the depths of his heart, without shedding a tear, without breathing a sigh, he led them on to one of the bridges of the city; there, after enveloping his head in his cloak, he precipitated himself into the Tiber in their presence.

That which was most frightful in this extremity of misery, was the fact that the leaders themselves were the cause of

the public want: they devoured the citizens by their sordid avarice. The immense masses of wheat, which they had been a long time collecting, were only distributed at their weight in gold; and very shortly most of the wealth of Rome was concentrated amongst monsters, worthy of the severest punishment.

Belisarius, whose generous spirit mourned over the misfortunes of Rome, attempted all sorts of means to succour the unfortunate capital. He caused a large number of barks to be constructed, furnished with boarding all round, to protect the soldiers from the arrows of the enemy. These boards were pierced at certain distances, to afford facility for launching their own bolts and arrows. He caused these barks to be laden with great quantities of provisions, placed himself at the head of them, and, leading with some fire-boats, he ascended the Tiber, and set fire to one of the enemy's towers. But his enterprise not being seconded, he could not succeed in throwing provisions into the city; grief at his failure produced a sickness which brought him to the brink of the grave. Some Isaurian soldiers, who guarded the gate *Asinaria*, having slipped along the ramparts in the night by means of a cord, came and offered Totila to give up the city to him. The king having assured himself of their fidelity, and of the possibility of the enterprise, sent with them four of the bravest and strongest Goths, who, having got into the city, opened a gate and admitted the besiegers. Bessus, who commanded in the place, fled away with his troops at the first alarm. In the house of this governor were found heaps of gold and silver, the fruits of his cruel monopolies.

At daybreak the king of the Goths repaired to the church of St. Peter, to return thanks to God for his success. The deacon Pelagius, who awaited him at the entrance of the holy temple, prostrated himself humbly before him, and implored him to save the lives of the inhabitants. Totila, who knew how to pardon as well as to conquer, granted the sacred minister what he asked, and forbade his soldiers, under the strongest penalties, to shed the blood of any one. When this order was given, the Goths had already slain twenty soldiers and sixty citizens. These were the only victims of the brutality of the victors; but if he spared the

lives of the inhabitants, he deprived them of all means to support them. Rome was abandoned to pillage for several days, and nothing was left to the citizens but the bare walls of their houses. Senators, formerly opulent and proud, were seen covered with miserable rags, reduced to beg their bread from door to door, and live upon the alms they received from the barbarians.

Totila was preparing to demolish Rome; he had already levelled a third of the walls, and was about to set fire to the most superb edifices of the city, when he received a letter from Belisarius, which diverted him from his design. "To found cities," said this great man, "to maintain flourishing cities, is to serve society and immortalize ourselves; to overthrow and destroy them, is to declare ourselves the enemies of mankind, and dishonour ourselves for ever. By the agreement of all peoples, the city into which you have entered, in consequence of your victory, is the greatest and most magnificent under heaven. It is not the work of a single man, or a single army. During more than thirteen centuries, a long line of kings, consuls, and emperors have disputed the glory of embellishing it, and the superb edifices it presents to your eyes are so many monuments which consecrate their memories; to destroy them is to outrage the past centuries, of which they eternize the remembrance, and to deprive future ages of a magnificent spectacle. My lord, reflect that fortune must declare itself in favour of you or my master. If you remain the conqueror, how you will regret having destroyed your most splendid conquest! If you should succumb, the treatment you have inflicted upon Rome will serve as a rule by which Justinian will treat you. The eyes of the universe are upon you; it awaits the part you are about to take, to accord you the title which will be for ever attached to the name of Totila." Persuaded by this eloquent appeal, the king of the Goths contented himself with depopulating the city of Rome, in which he did not leave a single inhabitant.

Forty days after the retreat of Totila, Belisarius transported himself to Rome, with the design of re-peopling that famous city, and repairing its ruins. He soon put it in a state to sustain a new siege. Upon learning this, the king of the Goths quickly returned, and during three days made

several attacks upon the city ; but Belisarius repulsed them all, and forced him to retire with great loss.

TENTH SIEGE, A.D. 549.

In 549, Totila, without being discouraged by his defeat, once more laid siege to the capital of Italy. Diogenes, who commanded there, had had wheat sown within the inclosure of the walls, which might have supported the garrison some time. But the city was again betrayed by the Isaurians. The soldiers of that nation, dissatisfied with not having received their pay for some years, and having learnt that their companions had been magnificently rewarded by Totila, resolved to follow their example. They agreed with the king of the Goths to open the gate confided to their guard, which perfidy they executed at the time appointed. Totila caused his trumpets to be sounded at the side opposite to that by which he entered the city. The garrison immediately hastened where the danger seemed most pressing, and by this artifice the Goths met with no resistance. The commander of the Roman cavalry, named Paul of Cilicia, seeing that the city was taken, shut himself up, with four hundred horse, in the mausoleum of Adrian, and took possession of the bridge which leads to the church of St. Peter. He was attacked by the Goths, whose efforts he so warmly repulsed, that Totila determined to reduce his party by famine. This intrepid little band remained a day and a night without taking food, and then determined to die with honour. After taking a last farewell, and embracing each other, they opened the gates with a determination to fall upon the enemy like desperate men, when Totila proposed moderate and honourable conditions to them. They accepted them, and all took arms under his banner. Totila, become master of Rome a second time, restored it to its pristine splendour, and re-established as many of the citizens as could be found.—Narses, the general of the empire, having conquered and killed Totila, retook Rome, which opposed but a feeble resistance.

ELEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1084.

We have seen Rome besieged in its early days, when its walls were of mud ; we have seen it besieged by its own

sous, by the Gauls, by the barbarians; but it was still, as a warlike city, the head of a kingdom, a republic, an empire. We have now to see it besieged in a new character,—as the seat of the head of the Christian world. As if Rome was destined always to be royal, she took the same place with regard to the Church she had occupied as a temporal power; and every reader of history will allow that there has not been much less ambition, strife, and political chicanery in the latter state than in any of the former. From its foundation, Rome has always been Rome, seldom or never at rest, either within itself or with its neighbours.

“The long quarrel of the throne and mitre had been recently kindled by the zeal and ambition of the haughty Gregory VII. Henry III., king of Germany and Italy, and afterwards emperor of the West; and the pope had degraded each other; and each had seated a rival on the temporal or spiritual throne of his antagonist. After the defeat and death of his Swabian rebel, Henry descended into Italy to assume the imperial crown, and to drive from the Vatican the tyrant of the Church. But the Roman people adhered to the cause of Gregory: their resolution was fortified by supplies of men and money from Apulia; and the city was thrice ineffectually besieged by the king of Germany. In the fourth year he corrupted, it is said, with Byzantine gold, the nobles of Rome. The gates, the bridges, and fifty hostages were delivered into his hands; the anti-pope, Clement III., was consecrated in the Lateran; the grateful pontiff crowned his protector in the Vatican, and the emperor fixed his residence in the Capitol, as the successor of Augustus and Charlemagne. The ruins of the Septigonium were still defended by the nephew of Gregory; the pope himself was invested in the castle of St. Angelo, and his last hope was in the courage and fidelity of his Norman vassal. Their friendship had been interrupted by some reciprocal injuries and complaints; but on this pressing occasion, Guiscard was urged by the obligation of his oath, by his interest,—more potent than oaths,—by the love of fame, and his enmity to the two emperors. Unfurling the holy banner, he resolved to fly to the relief of the prince of the apostles; the most numerous of his armies, thirty thousand foot and six thousand horse, was instantly assembled, and

his march from Salerno to Rome was animated by the public applause and the promise of the divine favour. Henry, invincible in sixty-six battles, trembled at his approach; recollecting some indispensable affairs that required his presence in Lombardy, he exhorted the Romans to persevere in their allegiance, and hastily retired, three days before the entrance of the Normans. In less than three years, the son of Tancred of Hauteville enjoyed the glory of delivering the pope, and of compelling the two emperors of the East and West to fly before his victorious arms. But the triumph of Robert was clouded by the calamities of Rome. By the aid of the friends of Gregory, the walls had been perforated or scaled, but the imperial faction was still powerful and active; on the third day the people rose in a furious tumult, and a hasty word of the conqueror, in his defence or revenge, was the signal of fire and pillage. The Saracens of Sicily, the subjects of Roger, and the auxiliaries of his brother, embraced this fair occasion of rifling and profaning the holy city of the Christians; and many thousands of the citizens, in the sight and by the allies of their spiritual father, were exposed to violation, captivity, or death; and a spacious quarter of the city, from the Lateran to the Colosseum, was consumed by the flames, and devoted to perpetual solitude.*

TWELFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1527.

The emperor Charles V., irritated against the pope, Clement VII., his mortal enemy, charged the duke of Bourbon, in 1527, to seek every means in his power to avenge him upon the pontiff. The duke was a renegade Frenchman, of considerable military skill, and a restless disposition. He had quarrelled with his master, Francis I., and was deemed of so much consequence as to be countenanced by Francis's rival, Charles V., and to be intrusted with the highest military command he could confer. The duke was at the head of fourteen thousand men, who loved and adored him, and who swore, Brantôme says, "to follow him wherever he went, were it to the devil." Followed by

* Gibbon.

these troops, he marched towards Rome, and immediately laid siege to it. The soldiers, animated by the desire of pillage, mounted to the assault with incredible energy, Bourbon encouraging them by his example. But as this prince, with characteristic ambition, was endeavouring to be the first upon the ramparts, he was killed by a musket-shot. The fall of the general, so far from relaxing the valour of his soldiers, excited their vengeance; they rushed more fiercely to the assault of the walls, they mowed down their defenders like grass, quickly made themselves masters of Rome, and committed the most frightful ravages.

This superb city, taken so many times by the barbarians, was never pillaged with more fury than it was by the hands of Christians. The Pope took refuge in the castle of St. Angelo, and was besieged with such rancour, that a woman was hung for passing up to him a basket of lettuce by a cord suspended from the castle. Cardinal Pulci, who was shut up with the Pope, made an attempt to escape, which cost him his life. He had scarcely left the castle when he fell from his horse; his foot hung in the stirrup, and the animal dragged him at speed over the bridge of the castle. After being blockaded for a month, and reduced to great want of provisions, the Pope was forced to capitulate with the prince of Orange, who had succeeded the duke of Bourbon in the command of the imperial troops. He agreed to pay four hundred thousand ducats, and to place himself at the disposal of the Emperor. Charles V. affected regret at the detention of the Pontiff.

Eight days before this event, a man dressed as a hermit, of about sixty years of age, went through the streets of Rome, about midnight, sounding a handbell, and pronouncing with a loud voice the following words: "The anger of God will soon fall upon this city!" The Pope obtained nothing from the examination he made of this man; the severest tortures could draw no more from him than this terrifying oracle: "The anger of God will soon fall upon this city!" When the prince of Orange became master of the city, he liberated him from prison, and offered him a considerable sum of money. He, however, refused reward, three days after disappeared, and was never again heard of.

The imperial army left Rome, loaded with a booty of more

than eighteen millions of crowns, every private soldier having an immense sum. The obsequies of the duke of Bourbon were celebrated with great pomp, and his body was conveyed to Gaeta.

THIRTEENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1796—1799.

The temporal power of the popes had long ceased to be an object of jealousy for Christian princes: the small extent of their states, the respect which was entertained for their ministry, and their abstinence from military enterprises, preserved peace in a city which had formerly, and for many centuries, made the world tremble with the terror of its arms. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had satisfied themselves with seizing the Venaisian county, to punish the popes for some affronts offered to their crowns; and the pontiffs, conscious of their weakness, had acknowledged their errors and disavowed the acts of their ministers. But it was not thus when the French revolution broke out. Pius VI., irritated at seeing at once both his annates and the Venaisian county wrested from his hands, entered into the league of the kings against France. In no city were the French more hated than in Rome. Basseville, the French envoy, was massacred in a riot, which the government of the Pope had allowed to be got up with more than suspected negligence. The troops of the Pope were preparing to unite themselves with those of the other powers of Italy, when Buonaparte was seen to enter that country, in 1796, as a conqueror. His victories seemed to foretell the destruction of the Holy See. Republican enthusiasm was awakened on the banks of the Tiber; nothing was talked of but rebuilding the Capitol and founding a new Roman republic.

The French general had conquered the duchy of Urbino, Romagna, and the march of Ancona. The terrified Pope sued for peace: Buonaparte granted him at first a truce, and then a peace. The Pope yielded to the republic the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, which the French had already conquered, and all the shores of the Adriatic Gulf, from the mouths of the Po to Ancona. A month after, the Pope weakly allowed some of his subjects to take up arms, in consequence of a supposed reverse suffered by Buonaparte. The latter

contented himself with chastising some villages of Ferrara, which had excited the revolt. A third time Buonaparte pardoned him, and his pardon was ratified by the French Directory: Joseph Buonaparte was appointed ambassador to Rome. Party spirit was, however, too strong; the apparent moderation of the French could not bring the court of Rome to pacific sentiments. Its hatred against France was kept alive by the queen of Naples, who threw open the ports of the Mediterranean to the English. In addition to this, a long hesitation to acknowledge the Cisalpine republic; then the nomination of General Provera to command the army of the Pope, and a course of proceedings which announced the intention, but which did not give the means, of entering into a fresh war: the French ambassador forced the Pope to declare himself in a positive manner. Everything seemed appeased; there was a calm, but it was such a one as precedes the eruption of a volcano. On the 28th of December, 1797, a fresh seditious movement broke out in Rome; some men assembled round the house of the ambassador, uttering revolutionary cries. Scarcely had they preluded by a few acts of apparent insurrection, when the troops of the Pope came up, dispersed the rioters, and pursued them into the palace of the ambassador, whither their fear had driven them. Joseph Buonaparte insisted upon his residence being respected, and promised to give up the guilty; but he was answered by a shower of balls, by which his windows were broken to pieces. He interposed everywhere between those who struck and those who were stricken. One of his friends, the Adjutant-General Duphot, who was to have married his sister-in-law the next day, was an object of his greatest care; but he was assassinated close to his side: his inanimate body was stabbed by the ruffians in a hundred places: the French had great difficulty in rescuing it from the hands of these furious men. The court of Rome offered the French ambassador all kinds of reparation; but the latter thought it not prudent or dignified to remain longer in a palace which had been so shamefully violated, where he and his whole family had been insulted, and whose floors were still stained with the blood of his friend. Cardinal Doria in vain had recourse to the Spanish ambassador to pacify him: the whole French legation quitted Rome. The Consistory believed, in

this peril, that the court of Naples would keep its word, and would hasten to send its promised succours; but it received nothing but an excuse, to amuse or appease the French government, till the Neapolitan army was on its march. The Directory, however, was inflexible: a month had scarcely passed away when a French army, led by General Alexander Berthier, was at the gates of Rome, and had taken possession of the castle of St. Angelo. On the 17th of February, 1798, the anniversary of the Pope's election, an insurrection broke out in the capital. His palace was invested, but respect checked the insurgents at the entrance. They met with resistance nowhere; they abstained from violence or insult towards the Pope, but they declared Rome free; they claimed for themselves the honour of being of the blood of the Catos and Scipios; and the boasted descendants of Camillus threw open the gates to the Gauls. A deputation arrived at the French camp; General Berthier mounted the steps of the Capitol, and saluted a new Roman republic; but the Romans had no longer the virtues of their fathers; no thing can bear less resemblance to another, than modern Romans do to ancient Romans. Consuls, tribunes, and popular laws, were once more to be seen in Rome; and these decrees wanted nothing but to be applied to a people who entertained a love of the republic. Its reign was short and tempestuous; and the French Directory took no measures calculated to gain the affection of the Romans. The aged Pope was sent to France, but died on the road; the wealth and the master-pieces of art were carried off, the people became dissatisfied, and a fresh insurrection quickly broke out against the men they had so recently hailed as their liberators: they were obliged to be suppressed with the strong hand. Whilst Buonaparte was in Egypt, the king of Naples supposed the time most fit for an outbreak of the Italian states, to liberate themselves from the domination of the French. He marched at the head of seventy thousand Neapolitans, the real command of whom was intrusted to the Austrian general Mack, and entered the Roman territory. The French army which occupied it only consisted of sixteen thousand men, disseminated over all the points. Championnet, who commanded them, thought it best to retire to Upper Italy. The king of Sicily and General Mack entered Rome on the 25th of

November, 1798; Championnet gathered together his army and stood his ground. Mack, after several days of hesitation, ventured to attack him on the other side of the Tiber. The French, though vastly inferior in numbers, repulsed the Neapolitans; in three days, they made eleven thousand prisoners. Mack beheld his columns flying in the greatest disorder; and, being unable to rally them, abandoned the capital of the Christian world, covered himself with the Teverone, and was pursued by the French, who possessed themselves successively of Capua and Naples. This occupation lasted but a short time; the French under Schérer being beaten in Upper Italy, abandoned Naples and Rome, to defend themselves against the Austrians and the Russians. Ferdinand went back to Naples, and occupied Rome till it returned to its obedience to Pius VII.

Rome has since that time been more than once humbled by the French; but as nothing like a siege has taken place, the events of its further history do not fall within our plan.

NINEVEH.

A.C. 747.

WE must now take a retrograde step, and turn our eyes upon a city, the name of which will ever be famous on its own account, and from its connection with the Scriptures. And yet the siege of Nineveh furnishes but few particulars for narration: it is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that, according to the best chronologers, Rome was founded the very year that Nineveh was destroyed.

Sardanapalus, king of Assyria, surpassed all his predecessors in effeminacy, luxury, and cowardice. He never went out of his palace, but spent all his time among his women, dressed and painted in the same manner as they were, and employed, in imitation of them, in the labours of the distaff. His whole glory consisted in his treasures, and all his time was devoted to the indulgence of infamous and criminal pleasures.

Arbaces, governor of Media, having found means to get

into his palace and behold Sardanapalus in the midst of his infamous seraglio, was so disgusted with the idea that so many brave men should be subject to such an effeminate being, that he immediately formed a conspiracy against him. Belesis, governor of Babylon, and several others entered into it. On the rumour of this revolt, the king hid himself in the innermost recesses of his palace. Being afterwards obliged to take the field with some forces his captains had got together, he at first gained three successive victories over the enemy, but was in the end overcome and pursued to the gates of Nineveh. He here shut himself up, convinced that the rebels would never be able to take a city so wonderfully fortified by nature and art, and so abundantly stored with provisions. The siege proved of very great length. It had been declared by an ancient oracle, that Nineveh could never be taken unless the river became an enemy to the city. This buoyed up Sardanapalus, because he looked upon the thing as impossible. But when he saw that the Tigris by a violent inundation had thrown down twenty stadia of the city wall, and by that means opened a passage to the enemy, he understood the meaning of the oracle, and looked upon himself as lost. He resolved, however, to die in such a manner as, in his opinion, would cover the infamy of his scandalous life. He ordered a vast pile of wood to be collected in his palace, and setting fire to it, burnt himself, his women, his eunuchs, and his treasures. Athenæus makes these treasures amount to a thousand myriads of talents of gold, and ten times as many talents of silver (about fourteen hundred millions sterling), which, without reckoning anything else, appears to exceed credibility.

We cannot wonder that the Assyrian empire should fall under such a man; but it was not till after it had passed through various augmentations, diminutions, and revolutions, common to most great states during a course of ages. This empire had subsisted above 1,450 years. Of the ruins of this vast empire were formed three considerable kingdoms: that of the Medes, which Arbaces, the head of the conspiracy, restored to its liberty; that of the Assyrians of Babylon, which was given to Belesis, governor of that city; and that of the Assyrians of Nineveh, whose first king took the name of Ninus the Second.

A hundred years after the death of Sardanapalus, under the reign of Saracus, named Cyndauladanus, Nebopalassar, general of his armies, revolted against him, for the purpose of obtaining his throne. He allied himself with Cyaxares, king of the Medes. Their united forces besieged Saracus in Nineveh; they took the city, killed the monarch, and entirely destroyed that celebrated place, A.C. 648.

AZOTH, OR AZOTUS.

A.C. 670.

As the siege of Azoth, although the longest recorded in history, affords but little matter for relation, we will indulge our young readers with a few of the circumstances which preceded it.

After the death of Tharaca, the last Ethiopian king who reigned in Egypt, the Egyptians, not being able to agree about the succession, were two years in a state of anarchy, during which there were great disorders among them. At last, twelve of the principal noblemen, conspiring together, seized upon the kingdom, and divided it among themselves into as many parts. It was agreed by them that each should govern his own district with equal power and authority, and that no one should attempt to invade or seize the dominions of another. They thought it necessary to make this agreement, and to bind it with the most solemn oaths, to elude the prediction of an oracle, which had foretold that he among them who should offer his libation to Vulcan out of a brazen bowl, should gain the sovereignty of Egypt. They reigned together fifteen years in the utmost harmony: and, to leave a lasting monument of their concord to posterity, they jointly, and at a common expense, built the famous labyrinth, which was a pile of building consisting of twelve large palaces, with as many edifices underground as appeared above it.

One day, as the twelve kings were assisting at a solemn and periodical sacrifice offered in the temple of Vulcan, the priest

having to present each of them a golden bowl for the libation, one was wanting. Upon this Psammetichus, without any design, supplied the place of this bowl with his brazen helmet, of which each wore one, and with it performed the ceremony of the libation. This accident struck the rest of the kings, and recalled to their memory the prediction of the oracle above mentioned. They thought it therefore necessary to secure themselves against his attempts, and, with one consent, banished him into the fenny parts of Egypt.

After Psammetichus had passed several years there, awaiting a favourable opportunity to revenge himself for this affront, a messenger brought him advice that brazen men were landed in Egypt. These were Grecian soldiers, Carians and Ionians, who had been cast upon the coast of Egypt by a storm, and were completely covered with helmets, cuirasses, and other arms of brass. Psammetichus immediately called to mind an oracle which had answered him, that he should be succoured by brazen men from the sea-coast. He did not doubt that the prediction was now fulfilled. He made a league with these strangers; engaged them by great promises to stay with him; privately levied other forces, and put these Greeks at their head. Giving battle to the eleven kings, he defeated them, and remained sole possessor of Egypt.

As this prince owed his success to the Ionians and Carians, he settled them in Egypt, from which all foreigners had been excluded; and by assigning them sufficient lands and fixed revenues, he made them forget their native country. By his order Egyptian children were put under their care, to learn the Greek tongue; and on this occasion, and by this means, the Egyptians began to have a correspondence with the Greeks; and from that era the Egyptian history, which till then had been intermixed with pompous fables, by the artifices of the priests, begins, according to Herodotus, to speak with greater truth and certainty.

As soon as Psammetichus was settled on the throne, he engaged in war against the king of Assyria, on the subject of the boundaries of the two empires. This war was of long continuance. Ever since Syria had been conquered by the Assyrians, Palestine, being the only country that separated

the two kingdoms, was the subject of continual discord, as afterwards it was between the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ. They were eternally contending for it, and it was alternately won by the stronger. Psammetichus, seeing himself the peaceable possessor of all Egypt, and having restored the ancient form of government, thought it high time for him to look to his frontiers, and to secure them against the Assyrians, his neighbours, whose power increased daily. For this purpose he entered Palestine at the head of an army.

Perhaps we are to refer to the beginning of this war an incident related by Diodorus, that the Egyptians, provoked to see the Greeks posted on the right wing by the king himself, in preference to them, quitted his service to the number of upwards of two hundred thousand men, and retired into Ethiopia, where they met with a good settlement.

Be this as it may, Psammetichus entered Palestine, where his career was stopped by Azotus, one of the principal cities of the country, which gave him so much trouble, that he was forced to besiege it twenty-nine years before he could take it. This is the longest siege mentioned in history. This was anciently one of the five capital cities of the Philistines. The Egyptians having seized it some time before, had fortified it with such care that it was their strongest bulwark on that side. Nor could Sennatherib enter Egypt till he had made himself master of this city, which was taken by Tartan, one of his generals. The Assyrians had possessed it hitherto, and it was not till after the long siege just now mentioned that the Egyptians recovered it.

The extraordinary length of this siege ceases to surprise us, when we consider that a siege was nothing but a badly-guarded blockade, where that was expected from lassitude and famine which could not be obtained by either bodily strength, which necessarily failed against stone walls, or by military art, which had not yet learnt how to overthrow them, or even to scale them.

TYRE.

WE now come to the sieges undergone by one of the most interesting cities of antiquity. How many of our youthful associations are connected with this great commercial city—the birthplace of Dido, the city in the labours of whose siege we have accompanied Alexander! And yet it appears to us that there is one reflection belonging to Tyre which should strike an Englishman more forcibly than even his schoolday remembrances of it. Tyre was the greatest commercial city of antiquity, as England is the greatest commercial nation of modern times. It was, as England is, a great entrepôt between two divisions of the world, a situation, whether of Tyre, Thebes, Palmyra, Alexandria, Venice, or England, which more than compensates for barrenness of soil, inconveniences of climate, or many of the evils from which other fortunate countries are exempt. If wealth be man's principal object, a great "*carrying*" country is the place where industry and enterprise are most likely to meet with a reward. But in the extract we are about to make, our readers will see, what all history tells, that no countries are so likely to become luxurious, sensual, and corrupt, as those states which commerce has gorged with wealth. The fate of Tyre is an eloquent lesson to England.

Tyre was built by the Sidonians, two hundred and forty years before the temple of Jerusalem; for this reason it is called by Isaiah "the daughter of Sidon." It soon surpassed its mother city in extent, power, and riches. It was besieged by Shalmaneser, and alone resisted the united fleets of the Assyrians and the Phœnicians, which greatly heightened its pride. Nebuchadnezzar laid siege to Tyre, at the time that Ithobalous was king of that city, but did not take it till thirteen years after. But before it was conquered the inhabitants had retired, with most of their effects, into a neighbouring island, where they built a new city.

The old one was razed to the very foundation, and has since been no more than a village, known by the name of "Palæ Tyrus," or ancient Tyre; but the new city rose to greater power than the former.

Tyre was in the most flourishing condition at the time of Alexander the Great. That city boasted of being the inventor of navigation. The inhabitants, by their skill and industry, made their port the great mart of commerce, and by their courtesy conciliated all who came to it: it was deemed the common city of all nations, and the centre of commerce.

With the exception of Tyre, Syria and Palestine were already subdued by the Macedonians. Upon Alexander's advancing towards it, the Tyrians sent him an embassy, with presents for himself and refreshments for his army. They were willing to have him for their friend, but not for their master; so that when he expressed a wish to enter the city, in order to offer a sacrifice to Hercules, its tutelary god, they refused him admission. This ill suited the haughty spirit of the young conqueror, and he resolved to obtain by force what was refused as a courtesy. The Tyrians, on their side, confident in their wealth and strength, resolved to maintain the position they had assumed. Tyre was at that time situated on an island, about a quarter of a league from the continent; it was surrounded by a strong wall a hundred and fifty feet high, which was washed by the sea. The Carthaginians, who were a colony from Tyre, promised to assist in the contest, which greatly increased the confidence of the Tyrians. The island resounded with warlike preparations; machines were fixed on the ramparts and towers, the young men were armed, and workshops were built for the artificers, of whom there were great numbers in the city. They likewise made great store of iron grapples, to throw on the enemy's works and tear them away; as also cramp-irons, and other instruments invented for the defence of cities.

Alexander had strong reasons for wishing to subdue Tyre. He could not invade Egypt with safety whilst the Persians were masters of the sea; and he could not think of leaving behind a large extent of country, whose inhabitants were but doubtful friends. He likewise was apprehensive of

commotions and intrigues at home whilst he was pursuing Darius. The conquest of Tyre would make the whole of Phœnicia safe, would dispossess Persia of half its navy, and would lay open to him the isle of Cyprus and all Egypt.

It was impossible to approach the city near enough to storm it, without making a causeway from the mainland to the island, and this seemed to be attended with insurmountable difficulties. The little arm of the sea was exposed to the west winds, which sometimes raised such storms as must sweep away any works of art. Besides, the city being surrounded by the waves, and the wall projecting into the sea at the lower part, scaling-ladders or batteries could only be fixed in the ships; and the machines could not be expected to do much execution from unsteady galleys upon tumultuous waves.

Obstacles, however, only increased the determination of Alexander. But as his ships were few and at a distance, he at first attempted to come to an accommodation. He sent heralds to propose a peace; but these the Tyrians killed, contrary to the laws of nations, and threw them from the top of the walls into the sea. Alexander, highly exasperated, immediately set about making a dyke. He found materials in the stones and rubbish of old Tyre; and Mount Libanus, so famous for its cedars, furnished him with piles and other timbers.

No general excelled Alexander in the art of urging his soldiers to any undertaking he wished to be executed, and, under his own personal supervision, the dyke advanced rapidly; the piles were driven with ease into the slime, which served as mortar to the stones, and they were too far from the city to meet with interruption. But as they advanced into deep water, the difficulties of operation became greater, and the workmen were constantly annoyed by the darts and arrows from the walls. Being masters of the sea, the Tyrians attacked the people and injured the works in boats, jeering them with crying, "See what capital beasts of burden these conquering heroes make!" and then asking "whether their master thought himself greater than Neptune; and whether he thought he could prevail over that god?"

But these taunts only inflamed the soldiers; the work went on without delay, and the Tyrians were at length

alarmed at discovering what a vast undertaking the sea had concealed from them: the bold and level surface appeared above the waves, and approached the city. The inhabitants then came in shoals of barks, to annoy the workmen with darts, javelins, and even fire; and the Greeks were forced to stay their labour to defend themselves from the missiles cast from the swiftly-moving boats. Skins and sails were then had recourse to to screen them, and two wooden towers were raised at the head of the bank, to prevent the approach of the enemy.

On the other side the Tyrians made a descent upon the shore, out of view of the camp, landed some soldiers, and cut to pieces the men engaged in carrying the stones; some Arabian peasants likewise killed about thirty Macedonians on Mount Libanus, and took several prisoners. These small losses induced Alexander to divide his troops into separate bodies.

The besieged were not backward in either exertions, inventions, or stratagems. They took a transport vessel, and filling it with vine-branches and other dry materials, they made a large inclosure near the prow, which they filled with sulphur, pitch, and other combustible matters. In the middle of this inclosure they set up two masts, to each of which they fixed two sailyards, whence hung kettles full of oil and other unctuous substances. To raise the prow, they loaded the latter part of the vessel with stones and sand, and putting it out to sea, by means of their galleys towed it towards the towers. They then ignited this ancient fire-ship, the sailors who were in it leaping into the sea and swimming away. The fire quickly caught the towers and the works at the head of the causeway, and the sails, flapping about, threw oil upon the fire, and increased its violence. To prevent the Macedonians from extinguishing the flames, the Tyrians, from their galleys and boats, kept up a continual discharge of darts and burning torches. Several Macedonians were either shot or burnt to death on the causeway, whilst others, throwing down their arms or tools, leaped into the sea. But as they swam, the Tyrians, preferring to have them as prisoners, maimed their hands with clubs and stones, and, after disabling them, carried them off. At the same time the besieged, in their

small boats, beat down the edges of the causeway, tore up the stakes, and burnt the rest of the engines.

But Alexander, unlike Buonaparte, was never discouraged by apparent failures. His exertions to repair the causeway and construct fresh machines quite astonished the enemy. As every general should be during great operations, Alexander was present and superintended every part of the works. The dyke was nearly completed, when an impetuous wind drove the waves with such fury against it, that the cement and all gave way, and the water, rushing between the stones, broke it in the middle. As soon as the great heap of stones which supported the earth was thrown down, the whole sunk at once as into an abyss.

Even Alexander for a moment debated whether he should abandon his enterprise or not; but his indomitable genius prevailed, and the soldiers began a new mole with as much alacrity as if they had but that moment arrived before the city.

Alexander became aware that he could neither complete the causeway nor take the city whilst the Tyrians were masters at sea. He therefore assembled all his galleys before Sidon. The fame of his victory at Issus brought him a considerable accession of naval force; several Asiatic monarchs hastening to pay their court to the conqueror, by supplying him with that of which he stood most in need.

The king, whilst his soldiers were preparing the ships and engines, took some troops of horse and his own regiment of guards, and marched towards a mountain of Arabia, called Antilibanus. His affection for his old tutor Lysimachus, who followed him in this expedition, exposed him to one of those dangers which we often find great men, as well as heroes of romance, running into. Lysimachus was evidently a courtier as well as an able tutor, for he knew his pupil's weak point, and called him Achilles and himself Phœnix. When the king arrived at the foot of the mountain, he leaped from his horse and began to walk. His troops got a considerable distance in advance of him. It became late, but Alexander would not leave his tutor, who was corpulent and short of breath, and was soon, with the exception of a few soldiers, separated from his little army. He was compelled to spend the whole night in this unguarded state very near

to a numerous body of the enemy. His good fortune, however, prevailed,—he passed the night in safety, and coming up with his troops in the morning, he advanced into the country, took all the strong places, either by force or capitulation, and, on the eleventh day returned to Sidon, where he found a welcome reinforcement of four thousand Greeks from Peloponnesus.

The fleet being ready, Alexander, with some chosen soldiers of his guard, embarked and sailed towards Tyre, in order of battle. He himself was on the extremity of the right wing, which extended towards the main ocean, accompanied by the kings of Cyprus and Phœnicia; the left was commanded by Craterus. The Tyrians were at first inclined to give battle, but on beholding the strength of the Grecian line, they thought it best to keep their fleet in port and endeavour to prevent the enemy from entering. When Alexander saw this, he advanced nearer the city, and, finding it impossible to force the port towards Sidon, on account of the narrowness of the entrance and the number of galleys there posted with their prows turned towards the main ocean, he only sunk three of them which lay without, and afterwards came to an anchor with his whole fleet pretty near the mole, where his ships rode in safety.

While all these things were going on, the construction of the mole was prosecuted with great vigour. The workmen threw in whole trees; with all their branches on them, and laid great stones over them; upon these they placed other trees, covering the latter with a kind of unctuous earth, which served instead of mortar. Heaping more trees and stones upon these in the same manner, the whole formed one entire body. This causeway was made wider than the former, so that the towers which were built in the middle would be out of the reach of the darts and arrows discharged by the boats from the sides. The besieged, on the other hand, did all in their power to stop the progress of the work. But nothing was more useful to them than the operations of their divers, who, swimming under water, came unperceived quite up to the bank, and with hooks, drew such branches to them as projected beyond the work, and pulling forward with great strength, forced away everything that was over them. But, notwithstanding

all obstacles, the Macedonian perseverance prevailed, and the dyke was brought to perfection. Military engines of all kinds were placed upon the causeway, in order to shake the walls; and showers of darts, arrows, stones, and burning torches were poured upon the besieged.

Alexander ordered the Cyprian fleet to take its station before the harbour which lay towards Sidon, and that of Phœnicia before the harbour on the side of the causeway facing Egypt, towards the part where his own tent was pitched, and then made preparations for attacking the city on every side. The Tyrians on their part prepared for a vigorous defence. They had erected towers on the parts of the walls next the causeway, of prodigious height and proportionate width, composed of large stones cemented with mortar. The access to any other part was almost as difficult, immense stones being placed along the foot of the wall, to keep the enemy from approaching it. These must be removed; and the Macedonians found the task the more difficult from being unable to stand firmly upon their legs on board the ships. Besides, the Tyrians advanced with covered galleys, and cut the ropes which held the Grecian ships at anchor; so that Alexander was obliged to cover in like manner several vessels of thirty rowers each, and to station these across, to secure the anchors from the attacks of the Tyrian galleys; but the divers cutting the cables of these, the king ordered the anchors to be secured by iron chains. After this, the large stones were drawn away into deep water by cable ropes, where they could do no harm. The foot of the wall being thus cleared, the vessels had very easy access to it, so that the Tyrians were invested on all sides, and attacked by sea and land.

The Macedonians had joined (two-and-two) galleys of four banks of oars, in such a manner that the prows were fastened, and the sterns so far distant from one another as was necessary for the pieces of timber between them to be of proper length. After this, they threw from one stern to the other sailyards, which were fastened together by planks laid across, that the soldiers might stand firmly on that space. The galleys being thus equipped, they rowed towards the city, and shot, under cover, against those who defended the walls, the prows serving them as so many battlements. The

king ordered them to advance about midnight, in order to surround the walls and make a general assault. The Tyrians now gave themselves up for lost, when on a sudden the sky was overspread with such thick clouds as quite took away the faint glimmerings of light which before darted through the gloom. The sea rose by insensible degrees, and the billows, being swelled by the fury of the winds, raised a dreadful storm. The vessels dashed against each other with so much violence, that the cables which fastened them together were either loosened or broken to pieces; the planks, splitting with a horrible crash, carried off the soldiers with them; the tempest was so furious, that it became impossible to steer or manage galleys thus fastened together. The soldier was a hinderance to the sailor, and the sailor to the soldier; and, as frequently happens on such occasions, those took the command whose business it was to obey; fear and anxiety throwing all things into confusion. But the rowers exerted themselves with such vigour, that they succeeded in getting the ships ashore, although in a shattered condition.

At this critical minute, thirty ambassadors arrived from Carthage without bringing any of the succour that had been so boastfully promised by that state. There was, however, some validity in their excuse: they had war at home; the Syracusans were laying waste all Africa, and had pitched their camp not far from the walls of Carthage. The Tyrians, though their hopes were thus frustrated, were not dejected; they only took the wise precaution to send their women and children to Carthage, that they might be in a condition to defend themselves to the last extremity, and bear courageously the worst calamities that could befall them, when they had placed in security that which they held dearest in the world.

There was in the city a brazen statue of Apollo, of enormous size: this colossus had formerly stood in the city of Gela, in Sicily. The Carthaginians having taken it about the year 412 before Christ, had given it by way of present to the city of Tyre, which they always considered as the mother of Carthage. The Tyrians had set it up in their city, and worship was paid to it. During the siege, in consequence of a dream which one of the citizens had, the

Tyrians imagined that Apollo was determined to leave them, and go over to Alexander. Immediately they fastened with a gold chain his statue to the altar of Hercules, to prevent the deity from leaving them.

Some of the Tyrians proposed the restoring of an old sacrifice which had been discontinued many years; this was, that of a child of free-born parents to Saturn. The Carthaginians, who had borrowed their superstitions from the Tyrians, preserved it till the destruction of their city; and had not the old men, who were invested with much authority in Tyre, opposed the design, this cruel custom would have prevailed over every sentiment of humanity.

The Tyrians, finding their city every moment exposed to be taken by storm, resolved to fall upon the Cyprian fleet, which lay at anchor on the side towards Sidon. They took the opportunity to do this when the seamen of Alexander's fleet were dispersed in various directions, and when he himself was withdrawn to his tent pitched on the sea-shore. Accordingly, they came out about noon, with thirteen galleys, all manned with choice soldiers accustomed to sea-fights, and, rowing with all their might, came thundering on the enemy's vessels. Part of them they found empty, and the rest had been manned in great haste. Some of these they sunk, and drove several against the shore, where they were dashed to pieces. The loss would have been still greater, had not Alexander, the instant he heard of the sally, advanced at the head of the whole fleet, with all imaginable despatch, against the Tyrians. They did not, however, await his coming, but withdrew into the harbour, after having lost some of their ships.

And now, the engines being in full play, the city was warmly attacked, and as vigorously defended. The besieged, taught and animated by the imminent danger and the extreme necessity to which they were reduced, invented daily new arts to defend themselves and repulse the enemy. They warded off all the darts discharged from the balistas, by the assistance of turning-wheels, which either broke them to pieces or carried them another way. They deadened the violence of the stones that were hurled at them, by setting up sails and curtains made of soft substances, which easily gave way. To annoy the ships which advanced against

the walls, they fixed cranes, grappling-irons, and scythes to joists or beams; then, straining their catapultas (enormous cross-bows), they laid these great pieces of timber upon them instead of arrows, and shot them off on a sudden at the enemy. These crushed some by their great weight, and the hooks, or pensile scythes, with which they were armed, tore others to pieces, and did considerable damage to the ships. They also had brazen shields, which they drew red-hot out of the fire, and filling them with burning sand, hurled them from the top of the wall upon the enemy. There was nothing the Macedonians so much dreaded as this last invention; for the moment the burning sand got to the flesh through the crevices in the armour, it pierced to the very bone, and stuck so close that there was no pulling it off; so that the soldiers, throwing down their arms, and tearing their clothes to pieces, were exposed naked and defenceless to the shot of the enemy.

Discouraged by this vigorous defence, Alexander debated whether he had not better raise the siege and go into Egypt. His conquests had been obtained quickly, and we can suppose nothing more annoying to a man like "Macedonia's madman" than a protracted siege. We cannot even fancy Buonaparte a good captain at a siege; ambitious men, with views always in advance of their present position, must think every moment lost that detains them before the walls of a fortification. On the other side, Alexander considered it would be a blemish to his reputation, which had done him greater service than his arms, should he leave Tyre behind him as a proof that he was not invincible. He therefore resolved to make a last effort, with a greater number of ships, which he manned with the flower of his army. Accordingly, a second naval engagement was fought, in which the Tyrians, after a contest of great spirit, were obliged to draw off their whole fleet towards the city. The king pursued their rear very closely, but was not able to enter the harbour, being repulsed by arrows shot from the walls: however, he either took or sunk a great number of their ships.

Alexander, after giving both army and fleet two days' rest, made another assault. Both attack and defence were now more vigorous than ever. The courage of the combat-

ants increased with the danger ; and each side, animated by the most powerful motives, fought like lions. Wherever the battering-rams had beaten down any part of the wall, and the bridges were thrown out, instantly the Argyraspides mounted the breach with the utmost valour, being headed by Admetus, one of the bravest officers in the army, who was killed by the thrust of a partisan, as he was encouraging his soldiers. The presence of the king, and especially the example he set, fired his troops with more even than their usual bravery. He himself ascended one of the towers, which was of a prodigious height, and there was exposed to the greatest danger his courage had ever made him hazard : for, being immediately known by his insignia and the richness of his armour, he served as a mark for all the arrows of the enemy. On this occasion he performed wonders ; killing with javelins several of those who defended the wall ; then advancing nearer to them, he forced some with his sword, and others with his shield, either into the city or the sea ; the tower where he fought almost touching the wall. He soon passed on to it, by the assistance of floating bridges ; and, followed by his principal officers, possessed himself of two towers, and the space between them. The battering-rams had already made several breaches ; the fleet had forced the harbour, and some of the Macedonians had seized the towers that were abandoned. The Tyrians, seeing the enemy masters of their rampart, retired towards an open place called the Square of Agenor, and there stood their ground ; but Alexander, marching up with his regiment of body-guards, killed part of them, and obliged the rest to fly. At the same time, the city being taken on the side which lay towards the harbour, the Macedonians made great slaughter, being highly exasperated at the long resistance of the besieged, and the barbarities that had been exercised upon some of their comrades.

The Tyrians, finding themselves overpowered in all quarters, acted as men generally do on such occasions : some ran to the temples, to implore the assistance of their gods ; others, shutting themselves up in their houses, escaped the sword of the victor by a voluntary death ; whilst the brave remainder rushed upon the enemy, resolved to sell their lives at the dearest rate. At first, the citizens resorted to

the customary defence of assaulted cities, and threw stones, bricks, tiles, and everything that came to hand upon the advancing Greeks. The king gave orders to kill all the inhabitants except such as had taken refuge in the temples, and to set fire to every part of Tyre. Although this order was published by sound of trumpet, scarcely a person bearing arms availed himself of the asylum pointed out. The temples were principally filled by the young women and children who had not gone to Carthage: the old men calmly awaited at the doors of their houses the swords of the exasperated soldiery. The Sidonians in Alexander's army, or rather fleet, saved great numbers; for, remembering their common origin, Agenor having founded both Tyre and Sidon, they had been accustomed to consider the Tyrians as compatriots, and did not desert them in their hour of need, though policy had compelled them to assist in bringing it on. They conveyed them privately on board their ships, and gave them a home in Sidon. The extent of the slaughter may be imagined, when we learn that six thousand soldiers were cut to pieces on the ramparts. Of all great conquerors, we are disposed to like Alexander the best; he had so many fine redeeming qualities, and was such a rare combination of the high gifts of valour and wisdom; therefore we write with regret, that on this occasion the savage warrior prevailed over the civilized Greek, and he immolated, by having them nailed to crosses, two thousand men who were left after the soldiers had glutted their revenge. He pardoned the Carthaginian ambassadors, who had come to their ancient metropolis to offer up their annual sacrifice to Hercules. The number of prisoners, who were all sold into slavery, amounted to thirty thousand. Notwithstanding the length and obstinacy of the siege, the loss of the Macedonians was trifling.

Alexander offered a sacrifice to Hercules, and celebrated gymnastic games in honour of the great demigod. He had the golden chains removed from the statue of Apollo, and ordered that worship should thenceforward be offered to him under the name of Philoalexander. The city of Tyre was taken about the end of September, after a seven months' siege.

The fate of Tyre is said to be intimately associated with

the prophecies of Isaiah, and a great historian makes the following remarks, which we are much afraid find illustration in the histories of most great commercial states:—

“One of God’s designs, in the prophecies just now cited, is to give us a just idea of a traffic whose only motive is avarice, and whose fruits are pleasures, vanity, and the corruption of morals. Mankind look upon cities enriched by commerce like that of Tyre (and it is the same by private persons) as happier than any other; as worthy of envy, and as fit, from their liberty, labour, and the success of their application and conduct, as to be proposed as models for the rest to copy after; but God, on the other hand, exhibits them to us under the shameful image of a woman lost to all sense of virtue, whose only view is to seduce and corrupt youth; who only soothes the passions and flatters the senses; who abhors modesty and every sentiment of honour; and who, banishing from her countenance every indication of shame, glories in her ignominy. We are not to infer from this that traffic is sinful in itself; but we should separate from the essential foundation of trade, which is just and lawful, when rightly used, the passions and extravagantly ambitious and selfish views of men, which intermix with it, and pervert the order and the end of it.”

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 313.

It would be imagined that a city so laid waste as Tyre was by Alexander, could not easily or shortly recover strength to contend against any enemy, and yet we find Tyre, only nineteen years after, maintaining itself for fifteen months against Antigonus, one of Alexander’s captains, who had been present at its great siege. But the fugitives from Sidon and other parts, the women and children from Carthage, with, most likely, many enterprising strangers, thought the traditions of Tyre too great and tempting to allow it to be long abandoned; and if not so glorious as it had been, this queen of commercial cities soon became a highly respectable mart, though its trade was reduced within much narrower limits: it had embraced the world; it was now confined to the neighbouring countries, and it had lost the empire of the sea. Seconded by the famous

Demetrius Poliorcetes, his son, Antigonus presented himself before the place with a numerous fleet, which made him master of the sea, and cut the besieged off from supplies of provisions. As the siege was too protracted to accord with the other views of Antigonus, he left the operations under the command of Andronicus, one of his generals, who, by pressing the Tyrians very closely, and by making frequent assaults, obliged them at length to capitulate. This important conquest was made A.C. 313.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 638.

The curse that was said to be upon Tyre was removed after a considerable time: it received the gospel at an early period, and was for ages a flourishing city. Before the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, a place so situated as Tyre was could not fail of being a mart of trade; and as soon as the back of a conqueror, attracted by its wealth, was turned, it was quickly partially re-peopled and its industry revived.

But at length came the great Mussulman eruption; Mahomet and his generals led their triumphant armies through Asia with that astonishing rapidity and success which have ever attended eastern conquests. In the West, a conquest may be compared to a shower, which, insidiously and with time, permeates the soil; in the East, it is a flood or an avalanche, which overwhelms, devastates, and changes everything in a moment.

Whilst the intrepid Amrou was making Syria tremble with the fame of his victories, the perfidious Ioukinna accelerated the triumphs of Mohammedanism by his stratagems. The master of a fleet which had come to the succour of Tripoli, he hoisted the Roman standard, and presented himself before Tyre. His arrival caused much joy, for he was supposed to bring ammunition and troops to put the place in a state of defence. He landed with nine hundred men, and was admitted into the city, but being betrayed by one of his own people, the little band were surrounded and taken prisoners. Their lives were only saved by a new subject of alarm. Jëzid, a Saracen captain, appeared off Tyre with a force of two thousand men. The governor, with his garrison,

went out to meet him, and, whilst the two parties were on the walls, Ioukinna and his soldiers were set at liberty by a Roman, who was looking for an opportunity to win the favour of the Saracens. Ioukinna conveyed the intelligence of his freedom to the soldiers he had left on board the fleet; they joined him, and he informed Jézid of what was going on in Tyre. Jézid not only defeated the governor and his party, but cut off his retreat. The gates were thrown open, and the Saracens, within and without, made a frightful slaughter of the inhabitants. Most of those who escaped embraced Islamism, to avoid death or slavery.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1123.

The Venetians, who for several ages had enjoyed the commerce of the East, and dreaded breaking useful relations with the Mussulmans of Asia, had taken but very little part in the first crusade, or the events which followed it. They awaited the issue of this great enterprise, to associate themselves without peril with the victories of the Christians; but at length, jealous of the advantages which the Genoese and Pisans had obtained in Syria, they became desirous of likewise sharing the spoils of the Mussulmans, and equipped a formidable expedition against the infidels. Their fleet, whilst crossing the Mediterranean, fell in with that of the Genoese returning from the East, attacked it with fury, and put it to flight in great disorder. After having stained the sea with the blood of Christians, the Venetians pursued their route towards the coasts of Palestine, where they met the fleet of the Saracens, which had come out from the ports of Egypt. A furious engagement ensued, in which the Egyptian vessels were dispersed, and covered the waves with their wrecks.

Whilst the Venetians were thus destroying the Mussulman fleet, an army, sent by the caliph from Cairo, was beaten by the Christians under the walls of Jaffa. The doge of Venice, who commanded the fleet, entered the port of Ptolemais (Acre), and was conducted in triumph to Jerusalem. Whilst celebrating the double victory gained over the infidels, it was determined to turn this important expedition to advantage. In a council held in presence of

the regent of Jerusalem and the doge of Venice, it was proposed to besiege the city of Tyre, or that of Ascalon. As opinions were divided, it was determined to consult God, according to the superstitions of the time, and be guided by the expression of his will. Two strips of parchment, upon which were written the names of Tyre and Ascalon, were deposited upon the altar of the Holy Sepulchre: Amidst an immense crowd of spectators, a young orphan advanced towards the altar, took one of the two strips, and it proved to be that of the city of Tyre.

The Venetians, more devoted to the interests of their commerce and their nation than to those of the Christian kingdom, demanded, before they laid siege to Tyre, that they should have a church, a street, a free oven, and a national tribunal in all the cities of Palestine. They demanded still further advantages; among which was one-third of the conquered city. The conquest of Tyre seemed so important, that the regent, the chancellor of the kingdom, and the great vassals of the crown, accepted without hesitation the conditions of the Venetians; in an act, which history has preserved, they engaged not to acknowledge as king of Jerusalem either Baldwin du Bourg, or any other prince who should refuse to subscribe to it.

When they had thus shared by treaty a city they had not yet conquered, they commenced their operations for the siege. The Christian army left Jerusalem, and the Venetian fleet the port of Ptolemais, towards the beginning of spring. The historian of the kingdom of Jerusalem, William of Tyre, was for a long time archbishop of this celebrated commercial city, and he pauses here to describe the ancient wonders of his metropolis. In his recital, at once religious and profane, he invokes by turns the evidence of Isaiah and Virgil; after speaking of King Hiram and the tomb of Origen, he does not disdain to celebrate the memory of Cadmus and the country of Dido. The good archbishop particularly vaunts the industry and the commerce of Tyre, the fertility of its territory, its dyes, so celebrated in all antiquity; its sand, which changed itself into transparent vases, and its sugar-canes, which began to be sought for by all regions of the universe. The city of Tyre, in the time of Baldwin, was no longer that sumptuous city, whose rich merchants, according

to Isaiah, were princes; but it was still considered as the best-peopled and most commercial of the cities of Syria. It stood upon a delightful shore, screened by mountains from the blasts of the north; it had two large moles, which, like long arms, advanced into the sea, to inclose a port to which storm or tempest could find no access. The city of Tyre, which had stood out during more than seven months against the victorious Alexander, was defended on one side by a stormy sea and steep rocks, and on the other by a triple wall, surmounted by high towers.

The doge of Venice at once penetrated into the port, and closed up all issue or access on the side of the sea. The patriarch of Jerusalem, and Pontius, count of Tripoli, regent of the kingdom, commanded the land army; the king, Baldwin du Bourg, being at that time a captive to the Saracens. In the early days of the siege, the Christians and the Mussulmans fought with obstinate ardour, but with equal success; the disunion of the infidels, however, soon powerfully assisted the efforts of the Franks. The caliph of Egypt had yielded half of the place to the sultan of Damascus, in order to engage him to defend it against the Christians. The Turks and the Egyptians were divided amongst themselves, and refused to fight together; the Franks took advantage of these divisions, and daily gained a superiority. After a siege of a few months, the walls crumbled away before the machines of the Christians; provisions began to be short in the place; the Mussulmans were about to capitulate, when discord in turn disunited the Christians, and was on the point of rendering useless the prodigies of valour and all the labours of a long siege.

The land army loudly complained that it had to support alone both battles and fatigues; the horse and foot threatened to remain as motionless under their tents as the Venetians in their ships. To remove the cause of their complaints, the doge of Venice came into the Christian camp with his sailors, armed with their oars, and declared himself ready to mount to the breach. From that time a generous emulation inflamed the zeal and the courage of both soldiers and seamen; and the Mussulmans, being without hope of succour, were obliged to succumb, after a siege of five months and a half. The standards of the king

of Jerusalem and the doge of Venice floated together over the walls of Tyre; the Christians made their triumphal entrance into the city; whilst the inhabitants, according to the terms of the capitulation, with their wives and children, departed from it. On whichever side our sympathies may be, the end of a great siege is a melancholy object of contemplation; nothing can convey a sadder idea to the mind than this compulsory exodus of a people.

The day on which the news of the conquest of Tyre was received at Jerusalem, was a festival for the inhabitants of the Holy City. *Te Deum* and hymns of thanks were chanted, amidst the ringing of bells and the shouts of the people; flags were flying over the towers and ramparts of the city; branches of the olive and wreaths of flowers were hung about the streets and public places; rich stuffs ornamented the outsides of houses and the doors of churches. The old talked about the former splendour of the kingdom of Judah, and the young virgins repeated in chorus the psalms in which the prophets had celebrated the city of Tyre.

The doge of Venice, on returning to the Holy City, was saluted by the acclamations of the people and the clergy. The barons and magnates did all in their power to detain him in Palestine; they even went so far as to offer him Baldwin's crown, some believing that that prince was dead, and others acknowledging no king but at the head of an army and on the field of battle. The doge declined the crown, and, satisfied with the title of prince of Jerusalem, led back his victorious fleet to Italy.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1188.

Tyre is most conspicuously associated with great names; next to having had the glory of checking the career of Alexander for seven months, it may reckon that of having successfully resisted the greatest Saracen general that, perhaps, ever lived.

Whilst a new crusade was being earnestly preached in Europe, Saladin was following up the course of his victories in Palestine. The battle of Tiberias and the capture of Jerusalem had spread so great a terror, that the inhabitants

of the Holy Land were persuaded the army of the Saracens could not be resisted. Amidst general consternation, a single city, that of Tyre, defied all the united forces of the East. Saladin had twice gathered together his fleets and his armies to attack a place of which he so ardently desired the conquest. But all the inhabitants had sworn rather to die than surrender to the Mussulmans; which generous determination was the work of Conrad, who had just arrived in that place, and whom Heaven seemed to have sent to save it.

Conrad, son of the marquis of Montferrat, bore a name celebrated in the West, and the fame of his exploits had preceded him into Asia. In his early youth he had distinguished himself in the war of the Holy See against the emperor of Germany. A passion for glory and a thirst for adventures afterwards led him to Constantinople, where he quelled a sedition which threatened the imperial throne, and, with his own hand, killed the leader of the rebels on the field of battle. The sister of Izaak Angelus and the title of Cæsar were the rewards of his courage and his services; but his restless character would not allow him to enjoy his good fortune in quiet. Amidst peaceful grandeur, roused all at once by the fame of the holy war, he stole away from the tenderness of a bride and the gratitude of an emperor, to fly into Palestine. Conrad landed on the shores of Phœnicia a few days after the battle of Tiberias. Before his arrival, the city of Tyre had named deputies to demand a capitulation of Saladin; his presence revived the general courage, and changed the aspect of affairs. He caused himself to be appointed commander of the city, he widened the ditches, repaired the fortifications; and the inhabitants of Tyre, attacked by sea and land, become all at once invincible warriors, learnt, under his orders, how to repel the fleets and armies of the Saracens.

The old marquis of Montferrat, the father of Conrad, who, for the sake of visiting the Holy Land, had left his peaceful states, was at the battle of Tiberias. Made prisoner by the Mussulmans, he awaited, in the prisons of Damascus, the time when his children would deliver him or purchase his liberty.

Saladin sent for him to his army, and promised the brave

Conrad to restore his father to him, and give him rich possessions in Syria, if he would open the gates of Tyre. He at the same time threatened to place the old marquis de Montferrat in the front of the ranks of the Saracens, and expose him to the arrows of the besieged. Conrad replied with haughtiness, that he despised the presents of infidels, and that the life of his father was less dear to him than the cause of the Christians. He added that nothing should impede his endeavours, and that if the Saracens were barbarous enough to put to death an old man who had surrendered on his parole of honour, he should think it a glory to be descended from a martyr. After this reply the Saracens recommenced their assaults, and the Tyrians defended themselves with firmness and courage. The Hospitallers, the Templars, and most of the bravest warriors left in Palestine, hastened within the walls of Tyre, to share in the honour of so great a defence. Among the Franks who distinguished themselves by their valour, was a Spanish gentleman, known in history by the name of "*The Green Knight*," from the colour of his armour. He alone, say the old chroniclers, repulsed and dispersed whole battalions; he fought several single combats, overthrowing the most intrepid of the Mussulmans, and made the Saracens wonder at and admire his bravery and skill in arms.

There was not a citizen in the place who would not fight; the children, even, were so many soldiers; the women animated the men by their presence and by their words. Upon the waters, at the foot of the ramparts, fresh combats were continually taking place. In all parts the Saracens met with the same Christian heroes who had so often made them tremble.

Despairing of taking the city of Tyre, Saladin resolved to raise the siege, in order to attack Tripoli, and was not more fortunate in that expedition. William, king of Sicily, being informed of the misfortunes of Palestine, had sent succours to the Christians. The great Admiral Margarit, whose talents and victories had obtained for him the name of the King of the Sea and the New Neptune, arrived on the coast of Syria with sixty galleys, three hundred horse and five hundred foot-soldiers. The Sicilian warriors flew to the defence of Tripoli, and, led on by the Green Knight, who

had so distinguished himself at Tyre, forced Saladin to abandon his enterprise.

Thus was Saladin foiled; but the fate of Tyre was only deferred: towards the end of the Crusades, which European passions and interests had made abortive, the Sultan Chalil, after taking and destroying Ptolemaïs, sent one of his emirs with a body of troops to take possession of Tyre; and that city, seized with terror, opened its gates without resistance. The conquerors likewise possessed themselves of Berytus, Sidon, and all the other Christian cities along the coast. These cities, which had not afforded the least succour to Ptolemaïs in the last great struggle, and which believed themselves protected by a truce, beheld their population massacred, dispersed, or led into slavery; the fury of the Mussulmans extended even to the stones; they seemed to wish to destroy the very earth which the Christians had trod upon; their houses, their temples, the monuments of their piety, their valour, their industry,—everything was condemned to perish with them by the sword or by fire.

Such was the character of the wars miscalled Holy; and the impartial student of history is forced to confess, that in all that degrades humanity, such as cruelty, cupidity, ambition, and false glory, the Crusaders at least kept pace with the Mahometans; in bad faith, with regard to treaties, truces, and pledged honour, the Christians by far exceeded the Mussulmans.

SARDIS.

A.C. 502.

AFTER the battle of Thymbra between Cyrus and Crœsus, which was one of the most considerable events in antiquity, as it passed the empire of Asia from the Assyrians of Babylon to the Persians, Cyrus, the conqueror, marched directly upon Sardis, the capital of Lydia. According to Herodotus, Crœsus did not believe that Cyrus meant to shut him up in the city, and therefore marched out to give him battle. He says the Lydians were the bravest people in Asia. Their principal strength consisted in their cavalry; and Cyrus, in order to render this force ineffective, caused his camels to advance against the horse; and the latter animals, having an instinctive dread or dislike for the former, would not face them. The horsemen dismounted and fought on foot; after an obstinate contest, the Lydians were forced to retreat into their capital city, Sardis, which Cyrus immediately besieged, causing his engines to be brought up and his scaling-ladders to be prepared, as if he meant to take it by assault. But this was a feint; he had been made acquainted with a private way into the city by a Persian slave, who had formerly been in the service of the governor, and at night he quietly made himself master of the citadel. At break of day, he entered the city without resistance. Perceiving that the Chaldeans quitted their ranks and began to disperse themselves, his first care was to prevent the city from being plundered. To effect this required nothing less than the perfect ascendancy which Cyrus had obtained over his troops. He informed the citizens that the lives of themselves and their children, with the honour of their women, were perfectly safe, provided they brought him all their gold and silver. This condition they readily complied with, and Crœsus, the proverbially richest man in the world, was one of the first to lay his wealth at the foot of the conqueror.

The siege of Sardis has nothing remarkable in it, except the change of empires which followed it; but there are several anecdotes connected with it, which our young readers would not forgive us for omitting.

When Cyrus had given all proper directions concerning the city, he had a private conversation with the king, of whom he asked what he now thought of the oracle of Delphi, and of the god who presided over it, whom Cræsus held in great veneration. Cræsus acknowledged that he had justly incurred the indignation of that god, by having shown a distrust of the truth of his answers, and by having put him to the trial by an absurd and ridiculous question; and he then added, that he had still no reason to complain of him, for that, having consulted him that he might know what to do in order to lead a happy life, the oracle had given him as answer, that he should enjoy a perfect and lasting happiness when he had come to the knowledge of himself. "For want of this knowledge," said he, "and believing myself, through the excessive praises bestowed upon me, to be something very different from what I am, I accepted the title of generalissimo of the whole army, and unadvisedly engaged in war against a prince infinitely my superior in all respects. But now that I am instructed by my defeat, and begin to know myself, I believe that I am going to be happy; and if you prove favourable to me,—and my fate is in your hands,—I shall certainly be so." Cyrus, touched with compassion at the misfortunes of the king, who was fallen in a moment from so great an elevation, and admiring his equanimity under such a reverse of fortune, treated him with a great deal of clemency and kindness, suffering him to enjoy both the title and authority of king, under the restriction of not having the power to make war; which was, as Cræsus said, relieving him of the great burden of royalty, and leaving him the power of leading a happy life. Thenceforward Cyrus took him with him upon all his expeditions, either out of esteem for him, and to have the benefit of his counsels, or out of policy, and to be more secure of his person. We consider this to have been a sad realization of poor Cræsus's dream of happiness.

There are other wonders connected with this event, about which we can only say that great historians have related

them. For our own parts, we are not so sceptical regarding the remote events of history as some readers and authors are. We see, constantly, matters that must some day belong to history, put in as false a light by the passions and interests of contemporaries, as if they were viewed through the mist of past ages. Again, that which is wonderful is not necessarily untrue. When Marco Paolo returned from his long pilgrimage, his accounts were all received as fables; now, almost all of them prove to be bare truth. We shall never reject a story told by a respectable historian, on account of its being a little miraculous, provided it be amusing, instructive, and elevating, and at the same time a thing with which well-educated youth ought to be acquainted.

The only son Cræsus had living was dumb. This young prince, seeing a soldier about to cut down the king, whom he did not know, with his scimitar, made such a violent effort to save his father's life, that he broke the string which had confined his tongue, and cried out,—“Soldier! spare the life of Cræsus!”

The account of Cyrus's conversation, given above, is from Xenophon's *Cyropædia*; the following, which greatly differs from the circumstances attending it, is from Herodotus.—How are we to choose? The *Cyropædia* is by some writers looked upon as little more than a romance; and Herodotus abounds in apocryphal stories.

Cræsus being a prisoner, was condemned by the conqueror to be burnt alive. Accordingly, the funeral pile was prepared, and the unhappy prince, having been laid thereon, and on the point of execution, recollecting the conversation he had formerly had with Solon, was wofully convinced of the truth of that philosopher's admonition, and in remembrance thereof, cried out three times,—“Solon! Solon! Solon!” Cyrus, who with his court was present, was curious to know why Cræsus pronounced the name of that philosopher with so much vehemence in his extremity. “Mighty king,” replied Cræsus, “when Solon in search of wisdom visited my court, I tried every means to dazzle him, and impress upon him the immense extent of my wealth. When I had displayed it all before him, I asked which man in all his travels he had found the most truly happy, expect-

ing, after what he had seen, he would name me. But he replied, 'One Tellus, a citizen of Athens, a very honest and good man, who, after having lived all his days without indigence, having always seen his country in a flourishing condition, has left children who are universally esteemed, has had the satisfaction of seeing those children's children, and at last died gloriously in fighting for his country.' I was surprised to find that my gold and silver had so little weight; but, supposing I at least might claim the next rank, I asked him, 'Who of all he had seen was most happy after Tellus?' Solon replied,—'Cleobis and Biton, two brothers, of Argos, who had left behind them a perfect pattern of fraternal affection, and of the respect due from children to parents. Upon a solemn festival, when their mother, a priestess of Juno, was to go to the temple, the oxen that were to have drawn her not being ready, the two sons put themselves into the yoke and drew their mother's chariot thither, a distance of five miles. The mothers of the place, ravished with admiration, congratulated the priestess upon having such sons. She, in the transports of her joy and thankfulness, earnestly entreated the goddess to reward her children with the best thing Heaven can bestow. Her prayers were heard. When the sacrifice was over, her two sons fell asleep in the temple, and there died in a soft and sweet slumber. In honour of their piety, the people of Argos consecrated statues to them in the temple of Delphi.' 'What then,' said I, in a tone of discontent, 'you do not reckon me amongst the happy at all?' Solon replied, calmly: 'King of Lydia, the gods have given us Grecians a spirit of moderation and reserve, which has produced amongst us a plain, popular kind of philosophy, accompanied with a certain generous freedom, void of pride or ostentation, and therefore not well suited to the courts of kings. This philosophy, considering what an infinite number of vicissitudes and accidents the life of man is liable to, does not allow us to glory either in any prosperity we enjoy ourselves, or to admire happiness in others, which perhaps may prove only transient or superficial. The life of man seldom exceeds seventy years, which make up in all six thousand two hundred and fifty days, of which no two are exactly alike; so that the time to come is nothing but a series of various

accidents which cannot be foreseen. Therefore, in our opinion, no man can be esteemed happy but he whose happiness the gods continue to the end of his life; as for others, who are perpetually exposed to a thousand dangers, we account their happiness as uncertain as the crown is to a person engaged in battle who has not yet won the victory.”

Upon hearing this, Cyrus reflected upon the uncertainty of sublunary things, and was touched with compassion for the prince's misfortunes. He caused him to be taken from the pile, and treated him as long as he lived with kindness and respect. Thus had Solon the honour of saving the life of one king, and of giving a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 502.

Under the reign of Darius Ochus, the Athenians, seduced by the persuasions of Aristagoras, embarked in an ill-fated expedition against the city of Sardis. We say ill-fated, although they burnt the city, with the exception of the citadel, because this unprovoked attack was the source of all the subsequent wars between Greece and Persia, which produced so many calamities to both countries. The city being principally built of reeds, was soon fired, and as quickly destroyed; but the citadel proved impregnable. The Lydians and Persians, highly exasperated, drove the Athenians and Ionians back to Ephesus, and destroyed many of their ships. Darius being informed of the burning of Sardis, and of the part the Athenians had taken in the affair, resolved from that time to make war upon Greece; and, that he might never forget this resolution, he commanded one of his officers to cry out to him with a loud voice, every night, when he was at supper: “Sire, remember the Athenians!” In the burning of Sardis, a temple of Cybele, the peculiar goddess of that country, was consumed, which was the reason the Persians, in their invasions of Greece, destroyed every sacred edifice that fell in their power.

BABYLON.

A.C. 538.

CYRUS stayed in Asia Minor till he had entirely subdued all the nations that inhabited it, from the Ægean sea to the river Euphrates. Thence he proceeded to Syria and Arabia, which he also subjected. After which he entered Assyria, and advanced towards Babylon, the only city of the East that stood out against him.

The siege of this important place was no easy enterprise. The walls of it were of a prodigious height, and appeared to be inaccessible, without mentioning the immense number of people within them for its defence. The city was said to be stored with sufficient provisions for twenty years. But Cyrus was not a leader to be discouraged by difficulties. Despairing of taking the city by assault, he made the Babylonians believe that he meant to reduce it by famine. To this end, he caused a line of circumvallation to be drawn quite round the city, with a wide and deep ditch, and, that his troops might not be over-fatigued, he divided his army into twelve bodies, and assigned each of them its month for guarding the trenches. The besieged, thinking themselves free from all danger on account of their fortifications and magazines, insulted Cyrus from the top of their walls, and laughed at all his attempts, and all the trouble he gave himself, as so much unprofitable labour.

As soon as the ditch was completed, he began to think seriously of his vast design, which he had communicated to nobody. Providence soon furnished him with as fit an opportunity for this purpose as he could desire. He was informed that a great festival was to be celebrated in the city, and that the Babylonians, on account of that solemnity, would pass the whole night in drinking and debauchery.

Belshazzar, the king, took more interest in this public rejoicing than any other person, and gave a magnificent enter-

tainment to the chief officers of the kingdom and the ladies of the court. When flushed with wine, he ordered the gold and silver vessels which had been taken from the temple of Jerusalem to be brought out; and as an insult to the God of Israel, he, his whole court, and all his concubines, drank out of these sacred vessels. God, who was displeased at such insolence and impiety, at the instant made him sensible whom it was he offended, by a sudden apparition of a hand, writing certain characters upon the wall. The king, terribly surprised and frightened at this vision, immediately sent for all the wise men, diviners and astrologers, that they might read the writing to him, and explain the meaning of it. But they all came in vain, not one of them being able to expound the characters. The obvious reason of this was that the characters were in the Hebrew or Samaritan language, which the Babylonians did not understand. The queen-mother Nitocris, a princess of great merit, coming, upon hearing of this prodigy, into the banqueting-room, endeavoured to compose the mind of the king her son, advising him to send for Daniel, with whose abilities in such matters she was well acquainted, and whom she had employed in the government of the state.

Daniel was therefore immediately sent for, and spoke to the king with the freedom and liberty becoming a prophet. He put him in mind of the dreadful manner in which God had punished the pride of his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar, and the flagrant abuse he made of his power, when he acknowledged no law but his own will, and thought himself empowered to exalt and to abase, to inflict destruction and death, wheresoever he would, only because such was his will and pleasure. "And thou his son," said he to the king, "hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and of gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from him, and this writing was written. And this is the writing

that was written: MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE, God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting: PERES, thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." This interpretation might be expected to increase the consternation of the company; but they found means to dispel their fears, probably from a persuasion that the calamity was not denounced as present or immediate, and that time might furnish them with expedients to avert it. This, however, is certain, that for fear of disturbing the general joy of the present festival, they put off the discussion of serious matters to another time, and sat down again to their banquet, and continued their revellings to a very late hour.

Cyrus, however, well informed of the confusion that was generally occasioned by this festival, both in the palace and the city, had posted a part of his troops on that side where the river entered into the city, and another part on that side where it went out; and had commanded them to enter the city that very night, by marching along the channel of the river as soon as ever they found it fordable. Having given all necessary orders, and exhorted his officers to follow him, by representing to them that he marched under the guidance of the gods, in the evening he made them open the great receptacles or ditches, on both sides of the city, above and below, that the water of the river might run into them. By this means, that part of the Euphrates was, for a time, emptied; and its channel became nearly dry. Then the two bodies of troops, according to their orders, went into the channel, the one commanded by Gobryas, and the other by Gudatas, and advanced without meeting any obstacle. The invisible guide, who had promised to open all the gates to Cyrus, made the general negligence and disorder of that riotous night subservient to his design, by leaving open the gates of brass which were made to shut up the descents from the quays to the river, and which alone, if they had not been left open, were sufficient to defeat the whole enterprise. Thus did these two bodies of troops penetrate into the very heart of the city without any opposition, and meeting together at the royal palace, according to their agreement, surprised the guards, and cut them to pieces. Some of the

company that were within the palace opening the doors to ascertain the cause of the noise they heard without, the soldiers rushed in, and quickly made themselves masters of it. Meeting the king, who came towards them sword in hand, at the head of those that were in the way to succour him, they killed him, and put all that attended him to death. The first thing the conqueror did was to thank the gods for having at last punished that impious king. These words are Xenophon's, and are very worthy of attention, as they so perfectly agree with what the Scriptures have recorded of the impious Belshazzar.

The taking of Babylon put an end to the Babylonian empire, after a duration of two hundred and ten years, from the beginning of the reign of Nabonassur. Thus was the power of that proud city brought low just fifty years after she had destroyed the city of Jerusalem and her temple. And herein were accomplished those predictions which the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel had denounced against her. There is still one more, the most important and the most incredible of them all, and yet the Scripture has set it down in the strongest terms, and marked it out with the greatest exactness; a prediction literally fulfilled in all its points: the proof still actually subsists, is the most easy to be verified, and indeed of a nature not to be contested. What* I mean is the prediction of so total and absolute a ruin of Babylon, that not the least remains or traces should be left of it.

In the first place, Babylon ceased to be a royal city, the kings of Persia choosing to reside elsewhere. They delighted more in Susa, Ecbatana, Persepolis, or any other place, and did themselves destroy a great part of Babylon. We are informed by Strabo and Pliny, that the Macedonians, who succeeded the Persians, did not only neglect it, and forbear to embellish it, or even repair it, but that, moreover, they built Seleucia in the neighbourhood, on purpose to draw away its inhabitants, and cause it to be deserted. Nothing can better explain what the prophet had foretold: "It shall not be inhabited." Its own masters endeavour to make it desolate. The new kings of Persia, who afterwards became

* Rollin.

masters of Babylon, completed the ruin of it by building Ctesiphon, which carried away all the remainder of the inhabitants; so that from the time the curse was pronounced against that city, it seems as if those very persons who ought to have protected it had become its enemies.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 510.

So much connection is generally placed between some of the prophetic writings of the Bible and the destruction of the city of Babylon, that we have deemed it necessary to quote in the preceding siege considerably from an established historian on that point. But we must remember that the Scriptures, though intended for the blessing of mankind, are Hebrew books, and that the Jews of the time of the Prophets principally adduced, could not be expected to speak otherwise than they have done against their masters the Babylonians. That the ruin of this great city was not so sudden or so complete is proved by its being able to sustain the siege of which we are about to speak.

Babylon endured with great impatience the yoke of the Persians, and made a strong effort to break its chains, in the reign of Darius, son of Hystaspes. After four years of secret necessary preparation, the Babylonians raised the standard of revolt and provisioned their city. In order to economize their food, they adopted the barbarous precaution of exterminating all useless mouths; they strangled both the women and the children, only permitting the citizens to preserve such of their wives as they were most attached to, and a single maid-servant. From the height of their walls, the besieged, proud of the strength of their ramparts and their murderous magazines, insulted the Persians in the most opprobrious manner. During eighteen months, every art of war, with the valour of a warlike nation, were vainly employed against the revolted city. Darius was beginning to despair of success, when Zopyrus, one of the greatest nobles of Persia, presented himself before him, covered with blood, and with his nose and ears cut off. "Who has treated you thus?" exclaimed the king. "Yourself, my lord," replied Zopyrus, "and my desire to serve you." He then explained his design to him, and the plan he had formed to

deliver up Babylon to him. Filled with surprise and admiration, Darius gave him liberty to pursue his own course, with a promise to second him. Zopyrus proceeded towards the city, and, on gaining the walls, entreated refuge for one of the victims of the cruelty of Darius, exhibited his wounds, and solicited permission to avenge himself upon an enemy with whose designs he was fully acquainted. His blood and his wounds removed all suspicion; the citizens confided in his word, his courage, and what he termed his misfortunes, and they put him in command of as many troops as he demanded. In the first sortie, he and his band killed a thousand Persians; some days after, two thousand; a third, four thousand strewed the field of battle. Babylon resounded with the praises of Zopyrus; he was termed the preserver of the city. He was made generalissimo of the troops, and the guarding of the walls was intrusted to him. At the time agreed upon, Darius drew close to Babylon; the faithful Zopyrus opened its gates to his master, and placed in his hands a city which he might never have obtained by famine or force. The king loaded Zopyrus with honours, and gave him, for life, the revenue of the city his stratagem had been the means of subduing. When contemplating the physical deficiencies his devotion had created, the grateful monarch was accustomed to say he would rather miss the taking of ten Babylons than permit so faithful a servant to mutilate himself in that manner. In order to prevent similar revolts, great part of the walls were destroyed, and the hundred gates were removed.

Of the importance Babylon retained nearly two hundred years after the above event, we may judge by the splendour of Alexander's triumphal entrance into that city. Babylon was given up to the Macedonian conqueror immediately after the battle of Arbela, without the trouble of drawing a sword. The reputation of his victories gained him many such bloodless conquests. As it is not a siege, it does not come within our plan to relate more concerning the surrender of this city; but we are sure our younger readers will excuse our departure from our course, to describe the above-named triumph.

Alexander entered the city at the head of his whole army, as if he had been marching to a battle. The walls of

Babylon were lined with people, notwithstanding the greatest part of the citizens were gone out to meet him, from the impatience they had to see their new sovereign, whose renown had outstripped his march. Bazophanes, governor of the fortress and guardian of the treasures, strewed the streets with flowers, and raised on both sides of the way silver altars, which smoked not only with frankincense, but the most fragrant perfumes of every kind. Last of all came the presents which were to be made to the king; consisting of herds of cattle, a great many horses, with lions and panthers in iron cages. After these the Magi walked, singing hymns in the manner of their country; then the Chaldeans, accompanied by Babylonian soothsayers and musicians; the latter being accustomed to sing the praises of their kings to their instruments, and the Chaldeans to observe the motions of the planets and the vicissitudes of the seasons. The rear was brought up by the Babylonish cavalry, of which both men and horses were so sumptuous that imagination can scarcely conceive their magnificence. The king commanded the people to walk after his infantry, whilst he, surrounded by his guards, and seated on a chariot, entered the city, and rode to the palace in a kind of triumph. The next day he took a view of all Darius's money and moveables, and divided the immense wealth he found, with a liberal hand, amongst his army; both leaders and the meanest foot-soldiers shared in the rich prize, which only made them the more anxious to follow their great captain to new conquests.

Of the nearly fatal effects of the luxury of Babylon upon Alexander and his army it is not our province to speak.

CORIOLI.

A.C. 493.

ALTHOUGH we cannot undertake to notice every siege of the cities of Italy which assisted the regular but rapid rise of the Roman power, we shall make it a point not to pass by such as have any interesting association attached to them; and what English youth, with a Shakespeare in his father's library, is not familiar with Coriolanus in Corioli?

The Volscians tormented the Romans by continual attacks. In order to punish them, the siege of Corioli was resolved upon. It was one of their strongest places. In a sortie, the besiegers repulsed the Romans, and drove them back to their own camp: Furious at such a defeat, Marcius, a young patrician, with a handful of brave companions, returned to the charge, made the Volscians give way in their turn, penetrated with them into the city, and gave it up to pillage. That was the age when military talents were sure of their reward. After the taking of the city, the consul Cominius, before the whole army, ordered Caius Marcius to take a tenth of the booty, before any division was made of the rest, besides presenting him with a fine horse and noble trappings as a reward for his valour. The army expressed their approval of this by their acclamations; but Marcius, stepping forward, said, "That he accepted of the horse, and was happy in the consul's approbation; but as for the rest, he considered it rather as a pecuniary reward than as a mark of honour, and therefore desired to be excused receiving it, as he was quite satisfied with his proper share of the booty. One favour only in particular I desire," continued he, "and I beg I may be indulged in it. I have a friend among the Volscians, bound with me in the sacred rites of hospitality, who is a man of virtue and honour. He is now among the prisoners, and from easy and opulent circumstances is reduced to servitude. Of the many misfortunes under which

he labours, I should be glad to rescue him from one, which is that of being sold for a slave." His request, of course, was granted, and his friend was liberated. Here we cannot refrain from noting an error in one whom it is our pride to think almost faultless. Whilst giving one of the most faithful delineations of an historical character in Coriolanus that ever was exhibited on a stage, Shakespeare makes him say, when asked for the name of the friend he wished to serve,—

" By Jupiter, forgot.—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.—
Have we no wine here?"

Now, this is not Coriolanus, nor consistent with the hero, who did not forget gratitude in the hour of triumph: he who remembered the friend would not have forgotten his name so lightly. We have seen John Kemble, as he pitched his shield to his armourer, produce great effect by this little speech; but stage effect is a poor compensation for the violation of truth of character.

V E I I.

A.C. 371.

THE Veientes were the most powerful of the twelve peoples who inhabited Etruria. Their capital, Veii, situated on a steep rock, was only twelve miles from Rome; and the inhabitants were, for more than three hundred and fifty years, the most persevering enemies of the growing republic.

The Romans, tired of seeing their projects constantly thwarted by the Veientes, declared war against them, after a truce of twenty years; and in order the better to carry out that great design, resolved to lay siege to their capital. Situated upon a steep rock, abundantly provided with everything, famine alone could reduce it. The task was a long one, but it did not terrify the Romans. It became necessary to defend the soldier from the rigours of winter, and tents



SIEGE OF VEIL.

made of skins were erected, which proved as good as houses to them. This being an innovation, the tribunes of the people opposed it strongly, but a check soon silenced their vain clamours. The Veientes, in a sortie, took the besiegers by surprise, burnt their machines, and destroyed most of their works. All orders of the Romans swore not to leave the camp till the city was taken. The horsemen, whom the republic was bound to supply with horses, offered to find them at their own expense. The senate, only anxious for the glory and interest of the state, charmed with this unanimous zeal, assigned for the first time a pay to the horsemen, and to all the volunteers who would repair to the siege. The works were quickly re-established, with the addition of much more considerable new ones. Rome was beginning to look for the most favourable results, when the hatred of the military tribunes, L. Virginius and M. Sergius, who commanded the army, almost annihilated their hopes. The Capenates and the Falerii, neighbours of the Veientes, armed secretly, and surprised and attacked the camp of the Romans. The two tribunes carried their quarrel so far as to separate and divide the army into two parts. Whilst in this state, the enemy fell upon Sergius. The besieged, in concert with them, made a sortie and attacked him on their side. The astonished Romans fought feebly, and soon sought safety in flight. All were in disorder, and the rout became general. Virginius might have saved his colleague, but he preferred enjoying the spectacle of his defeat. The exasperated senate obliged them both to abdicate their commands; they were brought to trial, and very heavily fined for so great a crime. The Falerii returned to the charge, but they were repulsed with great loss. In the mean time, the siege did not advance, and the efforts of the Roman armies terminated in ravaging the lands of their enemies. The following year, the war was still more unsuccessful. Under vain pretences of religion, the military tribunes, with whom the Romans were dissatisfied, were deposed, and a dictator was chosen, as was the custom on all the pressing emergencies of the republic. M. Furius Camillus, whose rare valour and high capacity had been displayed more than once in command, was raised to this supreme dignity. The presence of this great man soon restored the military disci-

pline, which had been weakened by the disunion of the leaders, and brought good fortune back to the standards of Rome. The city was pressed more closely, and the forts which the besieged had destroyed were reconstructed. Camillus defeated the Falerii and the Capenates, and after that victory, he pushed on the attack with additional ardour. At length, despairing of succeeding by force, he had recourse to sapping and mining. His soldiers, by dint of hard labour, opened for themselves a subterraneous passage into the castle; thence, dispersing themselves about the city, whilst the general amused the besieged by an assault, some charged those who defended the walls, whilst others broke down the gates, and let the army into the place in crowds. The terrified citizens knew not which way to fly; all issues were occupied by their enemies. Some were crushed beneath the ruins of the houses, others were consumed by the flames; the image of death was everywhere. The furious soldiery immolated all that came in their way; nothing was heard but cries and lamentations. The dictator put an end to the carnage, and disarmed the prisoners, but in accordance with his promise, gave the city up to the pillage of his victorious troops. The republic received the news of this victory with transports of the liveliest joy, and all orders of the state vied with each other in doing honour to the triumph of Camillus.—And yet they afterwards banished him.

FALERII.

A.C. 394.

THE Romans and the Falerii were at war. Camillus being named dictator, attacked these people and besieged their capital. Before the circumvallation of the place was completed, a schoolmaster came out of the city and placed all his pupils in the hands of the Romans, as the readiest means of inducing the inhabitants to surrender. The indignant dictator ordered the perfidious master to be stripped, had his hands tied behind him, and, arming the boys with

rods, commanded them to flog the treacherous pedagogue back to the city. Plutarch says that Camillus was much shocked at this action of the schoolmaster, and said to those around them,—“War at best is a savage thing, and wades through a sea of violence and injustice; yet even war itself has its laws, which men of honour will not depart from; nor do they pursue victory so as to avail themselves of acts of villany and baseness. A great general should rely upon his own virtue, and not upon the treachery of others.”

It is said that the magistrates of the place were so affected by the magnanimity of the dictator, that they brought him the keys of the city.

 PLATÆÆ.

A.C. 431.

WHEN we compare the intestine wars of the Greeks with the sweeping conquests of the East, we are struck with the vast disproportion in the numbers of combatants engaged, and we are brought to the conviction that acts of heroism, devotedness, and patriotism seem more common and more brilliant where men are but few, than when they are in great masses. The siege of Plataeæ was carried on on both sides by such a small number of combatants, that the issue might be supposed to have but very little interest; and yet, what a charm there is about everything that relates to Greece! Its feuds are the most important wars in history; its warriors and statesmen the most renowned in the universe, although the territories in question would not equal in revenue those of great English nobles or millionnaires, and the men in fact were not above influential burgesses.

The Peloponnesian war began by the Thebans attacking Plataeæ, a city of Bœotia, in alliance with the Athenians. Some traitors opened the gates to them. The citizens of Plataeæ, attacking them in the night, killed them all, with the exception of two hundred whom they made prisoners. The Athenians being informed of what had taken place at Plataeæ, immediately sent thither both men and provisions. Two or three years after, the Lacedæmonians laid siege to

Platææ, under the command of Archidamus, their king. He began by inclosing the city within a circumvallation formed of great trees, the branches of which were intertwined; then he erected a platform or cavalier to arrange his batteries on, in the hope of soon carrying the place, on account of the small number of the besieged. They were but four hundred, but all determined to die rather than submit to the law of a conqueror. When the Platæans saw the enormous lines begin to rise, they built up a wall of wood upon the top of the walls of the city opposite the platform, in order to maintain a superiority over the besiegers. The crevices in this wall were filled up with wood and bricks taken from the demolition of the neighbouring houses; then they mined the platform. The Lacedæmonians, perceiving this, abandoned that project, and contented themselves with constructing another rampart in the form of a crescent, to serve as a retreat when the first wall should be forced, and to oblige the enemy to undertake a second labour. The besiegers having set up their machines, gave a violent shock to the fortifications. The Platæans used every exertion to weaken the effect of these batteries: they broke the stroke of the ram with cords, which turned aside the blow by seizing the ram by the head and throwing it up by main strength. They made use, likewise, of another artifice,—fastening by the two ends a huge beam with long iron chains which were fixed to two large pieces of wood, which extended on one side and were supported upon the wall; when the machine began to play, they raised this beam, and letting it fall crosswise upon the point of the ram, it broke its force and rendered it harmless. At length the Lacedæmonians, astonished at such a resistance, despaired of forcing the place, and, after having vainly attempted to set fire to it, they converted the siege into a blockade, and surrounded the city with a wall of brick, covered both within and without by a deep ditch, and strengthened at regular distances with high and well-defended towers. During the winter, the besieged, seeing no hopes of succour and being short of provisions, formed the resolution of cutting their way through the enemy's troops; but half of them, confounded at the extent of the peril, lost courage at the moment of undertaking it. The rest, amounting to two hundred and

eighty soldiers, persisted in their design, and had the good fortune to succeed. These intrepid warriors commenced by ascertaining the height of the walls by counting the rows of bricks, which was done at several times and by various persons, to avoid mistake; they then made their ladders in proportion. All precautionary measures being taken, the besieged chose a dark, stormy, and rainy night for their attempt. After having passed the first ditch, they drew near the walls without being discovered. They marched at a short distance from each other, to avoid the clashing of their arms, which were very light, in order to allow them to be more active; and they only wore one shoe, to prevent their slipping in the mud. A great number of them succeeded in mounting the wall, armed only with a cuirass and dagger, but as they were advancing toward the towers, a tile which one of them accidentally threw down, betrayed them. A loud cry was immediately given from the tops of the towers, and the whole camp rushed towards the walls, ignorant, from the darkness of the night, of what could be the matter. Those who remained in the city gave an alarm in another direction, to create a diversion; so that the enemy, in doubt, knew not which way to take. They, however, lighted torches on the side towards Thebes, to show that the danger was in that direction. The inhabitants, to render this signal useless, lighted others at the same time in various places. The Platæans who were upon the walls got possession of the two towers, defended the approach to them with arrows and darts, and thus favoured the passage of their companions. They descended the last, and hastened to the ditch, to pass as the others had done. At this moment, a body of three hundred men came out to meet them. The bold fugitives contrived to elude them, and even killed several: they all reached Athens in safety, with the exception of one archer, who was taken at the side of the ditch. Those who were left in the city defended themselves for a considerable time with courage; but at length, after having endured all the evils of a long siege, exhausted rather than vanquished, they surrendered at discretion. They were slaughtered without pity, and their wives were reduced to slavery. The following year, the city was completely razed to the ground.

BYBLOS.

A.C. 454.

We should have passed by this siege as unimportant, had we not been struck by the great disproportion of the parties engaged, and consequently, by the fact of the superiority of a few brave well-disciplined troops over an unmanageable multitude.

Inarus, a prince of Libya, favoured by the Athenians, proclaimed himself king of Egypt, at the time that country was under the subjection of Artaxerxes Longimanus, king of Persia. Irritated at the revolt, Artaxerxes sent three hundred thousand men to quell it. He gave the command of this army to Megabyzus. Inarus could not resist such an inundation, and he at once abandoned Egypt and shut himself up, with a few of his countrymen and six thousand Athenians, in Byblos, a city of the isle of Prosopitis. This city, surrounded by the waters of the Nile, was constantly revictualled by the Athenians, and for a year and a half the Persians made useless efforts to gain possession of it. Tired of such protracted labours, the Persians formed the plan of turning, by numerous cuttings, the arm of the Nile in which the Athenian fleet lay. They succeeded; and Inarus, terrified at the probable consequences, surrendered upon composition; but the bold bearing of the Athenians, their admirable discipline, and the order of their battalions, made the host of Persians afraid to attack them. They were offered an honourable capitulation; they accepted it, gave up Byblos, and returned to Greece, proud of having been thought invincible by a multitude of barbarians.

ATHENS.

A.C. 480.

DURING the invasion of Xerxes, all the Grecian cities in his passage were subdued or felt the disastrous effects of his vengeance. The Athenians, too proud to submit, and too weak to defend themselves alone by land, sent to consult the oracle at Delphi. The god replied: "*It is only within walls of wood the city will find safety.*" Themistocles persuaded the people that Apollo ordered them to instantly quit their city, and embark on board a good fleet, after having provided places of security for their wives and children. In consequence of this advice, they embarked, after having sent their aged, their women, and their children, to Trœzene, in the Peloponnesus. We cannot imagine a more affecting spectacle than the departure of this fleet; the unfortunate inhabitants kept their eyes, bathed in tears, fixed upon their abandoned homes till distance or darkness rendered them invisible. The very animals shared the common grief, running along the shore, and seeming to call back their masters by their cries. It is said that a dog belonging to Xantippus, the father of Pericles, threw himself into the sea, and swam by the side of his vessel till it reached Salamis, where it sunk exhausted upon the beach and died. This imaginative people erected a monument to this faithful dog, called "The Grave of the Dog." In the mean time, the Persian army entered Athens, forced the citadel, defended to the last by a small number of self-devoted men, and reduced the superb city to ashes.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 404.

After the battle of Platœa, the citizens of Athens returned to their country, and built a superb city upon the ruins of the ancient one. By recovering its splendour, it attracted

the jealousy of its rival Sparta, the capital of Lacedæmonia. This was the commencement of the famous Peloponnesian war. In the twenty-ninth year of this war, Lysander, having conquered the Athenians at Ægospotamos, marched directly against Athens. Though without vessels, without provisions, without hope, the Athenians defended themselves for eight months, and then surrendered, conquered alone by famine. The Spartans disgraced themselves by destroying the walls of the first city of Greece to the sound of musical instruments; and they established a government of thirty tyrants, in order to subdue the spirit of the unfortunate inhabitants.

This servitude did not last long; Athens was delivered from the yoke of the Thirty, by means of five hundred soldiers, raised by a simple Syracusan orator, named Lysias, out of veneration for the common country of eloquence. The expulsion of the thirty tyrants took place the same year that the kings were expelled from Rome.

After being opposed strongly to Philip, and submissive to Alexander, Athens was taken successively by his successors, Antipater, Demetrius, and Antigonus; its wealth being a rich bait for these captains, whose vanity was continually wounded by the haughtiness of the city, which gave rise to aggressions often but little merited.

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 87.

Archelaus, a general of Mithridates, king of Pontus, entered Athens by means of a sophist named Aristion, to whom he gave the principal authority of the place. The Athenians claimed the assistance of the Romans, and Sylla took the matter upon his own hands.

Upon Sylla's arrival in Greece, all the cities opened their gates to him, with the exception of Athens, which, subject to Aristion, was obliged unwillingly to oppose him. When the Roman general entered Attica, he divided his forces into two bodies, the one of which he sent to besiege Aristion, in the city of Athens, and with the other he marched in person to the port Piræus, which was a kind of second city, where Archelaus had shut himself up, relying upon the strength of the place, the walls being sixty feet high, and all of hewn

stone. This had been the work of Pericles, during the Peloponnesian war.

The height of the walls did not amaze Sylla. He employed all kinds of engines in battering them, and made continual assaults. If he would have waited a little, he might have taken the higher city without striking a blow, for it was reduced to the last extremity by famine; but being in haste to return to Rome, where he apprehended changes might happen in his absence, he spared neither danger, attacks, nor expense, to hasten the conclusion of this war. Without enumerating the rest of the warlike stores and equipage, twenty thousand mules were perpetually employed in working the machines alone. Wood falling short, from the great consumption of it in the machines, which were constantly being broken, in consequence of the vast weight they carried, or burnt by the enemy, he did not spare the sacred groves. He cut down the beautiful avenues of the Academy and the Lycæum, and caused the high walls which joined the port to the city to be demolished, for the sake of the ruins, which were useful to him in the works he was carrying on. Having occasion for a great deal of money, both for the expenses of the war, and as a stimulus to the soldiers, he had recourse to the hitherto inviolable treasures of the temples, and caused the finest and most precious gifts, consecrated at Epidamus and Olympia, to be brought thence. He wrote to the Amphyctions, assembled at Delphi, "That they would act wisely in sending him the treasures of the god, because they would be more secure in his hands; and that if he should be obliged to make use of them, he would return the value after the war." At the same time he sent one of his friends, named Caphis, a native of Phocis, to Delphi, to receive all those treasures by weight. When Caphis arrived at Delphi, he was afraid, through reverence for the god, to meddle with the consecrated gifts, and bewailed with tears, in the presence of the Amphyctions, the necessity imposed upon him. Upon which some person there having said that he heard the sound of Apollo's lyre from the interior of the sanctuary, Caphis, whether he really believed it or not, was willing to take advantage of the circumstance to impress Sylla with a religious awe, and wrote him an account of it. Sylla, deriding his simplicity, replied, "That he was sur-

prised he should not comprehend that singing was a sign of joy, and by no means of anger and resentment; and, therefore, he had nothing to do but to take the treasures boldly, and be assured that the god saw him do so with pleasure, and gave them to him himself." Plutarch, on this occasion, notices the difference between the ancient Roman generals and those of the times we now speak of. The former, whom merit alone had raised to office, and who had no other views from their employments but the public good, knew how to make the soldiers respect and obey them, without descending to use low and unworthy methods for that purpose. They commanded troops that were steady, disciplined, and well enured to execute the orders of their generals, without reply or delay. Truly kings, says Plutarch, in the grandeur and nobility of their sentiments, but simple and modest private persons in their train and equipage, they put the state to no other expense, in the discharge of their offices, than was reasonable and necessary, conceiving it more shameful in a captain to flatter his soldiers than to fear his enemies. Things were much changed in the time we now speak of. The Roman generals, abandoned to insatiable ambition and luxury, were obliged to make themselves slaves to their soldiers, and to buy their services by gifts proportioned to their avidity, and often by the toleration and impunity of the greatest crimes.

Sylla was exceedingly anxious about this siege, and was, as we have said, in great want of money. He was desirous of depriving Mithridates of the only city he held in Greece, which might almost be considered as a key to Asia, whither the Romans were eager to follow the king of Pontus. If he returned to Rome without achieving this conquest, he would find Marius and his faction more formidable than ever. He was besides sensibly galled by the keen raillery which Aristion vented every day against him and his wife Metella.

It is difficult to say whether the attack or defence was conducted with the most vigour; for both sides behaved with incredible courage and firmness. The sallies were frequent, and were, in character, almost battles, in which the slaughter was great, and the loss generally not unequal. The besieged were supported by several seasonable reinforcements by sea.

What did them most damage was the secret treachery of two Athenian slaves, who were in the Piræus. These slaves, whether out of affection for the Roman interest, or desirous of providing for their own safety in case the place were taken, wrote upon leaden balls all that was going forward within, and threw them from slings to the Romans; so that, how prudent soever were the measures adopted by Archelaus, none of them succeeded. He resolved to make a general sally; the traitor slung a leaden ball, inscribed, "To-morrow, at such an hour, the fort will attack your works, and the horse your camp." Sylla laid ambushes, and repulsed the besieged with loss. A convoy of provisions, sadly wanted, was to be thrown into the city by night; upon advice, conveyed in the same way, the provisions were intercepted.

Notwithstanding all these disappointments, the Athenians defended themselves bravely. They found means either to burn most of the machines erected against their walls, or, by undermining them, to throw them down, and break them to pieces. The Romans, on their side, behaved with no less vigour. By means of mines, they made a way to the bottom of the walls, under which they hollowed the ground; and having propped the foundation with beams of wood, they afterwards set fire to the props, with a great quantity of pitch, sulphur, and tar. When these beams were burnt, part of the wall fell down with a horrible noise, and a large breach was opened, through which the Romans advanced to the assault. This battle was contested with great obstinacy, but at length the Romans were obliged to retire.

The next day they renewed the attack. The besieged had built a fresh wall during the night, in the form of a crescent, in the place of that which had been destroyed, and the Romans found it impossible to force it.

Sylla, discouraged by so obstinate a defence, resolved to make no more assaults, but to take the place by famine. The city, on the other hand, was at the last extremity. A bushel of barley had been sold for a thousand drachmas (about £25 sterling). The inhabitants did not only eat the grass and roots which they found about the citadel, but the flesh of horses, and the leather of their shoes, which they boiled soft. In the midst of the public misery, the tyrant passed his days and nights in revelling. The senators and

priests went to throw themselves at his feet, imploring him to have pity on the city, and to obtain a capitulation from Sylla; he had them dispersed with a shower of arrows, and in that brutal manner drove them from his presence.

He did not demand a cessation of arms, or send a deputation to Sylla, till reduced to the last extremity. As those deputies made no proposals, and asked nothing of him to the purpose, but ran on in praise of Theseus, Eumelpus, and the exploits of the Athenians against the Medes, Sylla was annoyed by their discourse, and interrupted them by saying:—"Gentlemen orators, you may go back, and keep your rhetorical flourishes for yourselves; for my part, I was not sent to Athens to be made acquainted with your ancient prowess, but to chastise your modern revolt."

During this audience, some spies having entered the city by chance, overheard some old men talking in the Ceramicus, and blaming the tyrant exceedingly for not guarding a part of the wall, which was the only place where the enemy might easily take the city by escalade. At their return to the camp, they related what they had heard to Sylla. The parley had been to no purpose. Sylla did not neglect the intelligence given him. The next night he went in person to take a view of the place, and finding the wall actually accessible, he ordered ladders to be raised against it, began the attack there, and having made himself master of the walls, after a weak resistance, he entered the city. He would not suffer it to be set on fire, but abandoned it to be plundered by the soldiers, who in several houses found human flesh, which had been dressed to be eaten. A dreadful slaughter ensued. The following day all the slaves were sold by auction, and liberty was granted to the citizens who had escaped the swords of the soldiers, but their numbers were but few. Sylla at once besieged the citadel, where Aristion, and those who had taken refuge there, were soon so much reduced by famine that they were forced to surrender. The tyrant, his guards, and all who had been in any office under him, were put to death. Some few days after, Sylla made himself master of the Piræus, and burnt all its fortifications, especially the arsenal, which had been built by Philo, the celebrated architect, and was a wonderful fabric. Archelaus, by means of his fleet, had retired to

Munichia, another port of Attica. To do this commander justice, he deserved to have conquered, for he had failed in neither courage nor skilful exertions during the siege. With his own hand he set fire to one of the Roman galleries, and destroyed all the machines upon it. On another occasion, his soldiers being repulsed, took to flight, and he in vain endeavoured to rally them. He was soon left so completely alone, that he had to be drawn up the wall by ropes. His bravery formed a strong contrast with the cowardice and infamous debaucheries of Aristion.

Sylla restored the Athenians their liberty, but not that consideration generally the companion of power. During several ages Athens was still considered the common country of tasteful knowledge; people went thither for the purpose of instructing themselves in the arts of thinking and speaking correctly. By degrees her talents were extinguished, and her renown was eclipsed. Succumbing by turn to all the barbarians who invaded the Roman empire, she changed masters as often as she saw enemies at her gates. The Turks destroyed what were left of her splendid edifices. Twice the Venetians paid the honours of a siege to Setine, built upon its ruins. After so much destruction and so many sieges, the traveller can scarcely discover the ruins of Athens upon the soil where formerly stood that celebrated city.

SYRACUSE.

A.C. 414.

SYRACUSE was the most flourishing republic of Sicily. That powerful, rich, and populous city, situated on the eastern coast of the island, consisted of five quarters, inclosed within strong walls, and fortified with towers; they formed so many places, and presented nearly the figure of a triangle. Towards the sea, the island of Ortygia contained the citadel, and commanded the two ports: it communicated by a bridge with Achradina, the handsomest and the best fortified of all the quarters. Above Achradina was the quarter of Tyche, and that of Neapolis, separated one from the other by a wall, which, advancing in a point towards the west, terminated at a height named Epipolæ. A vast belt of walls inclosed all these quarters: this wall was defended by two forts,—Euryalus and Labdalon.

In the sixteenth year of the Peloponnesian war, the Segestians, oppressed by the Selenartians, came to implore the assistance of Athens. Never had that republic been so powerful. In accordance with the advice of Alcibiades, the people lent a favourable ear to the prayers of the deputies. They equipped a fleet of a hundred and fifty ships, and gave the command of it to Alcibiades, Nicias, and Lamachus. They set sail for Syracuse, entered the principal port during the night, and landed near Olympia without being perceived. The Syracusans, full of confidence and courage, had resolved to defend themselves to the last. The unexpected appearance of the enemy disconcerted them a little, but they soon threw off this first terror, and drew up in battle array beneath their walls. The signal being given, and each party equally in earnest, the conflict was long and obstinate. A storm intimidated the Syracusans; they gave way, and retired into the city, after a spirited resistance. This check seemed only to reanimate their ardour. They

repaired and augmented the fortifications, and confided the whole military authority to Hermocrates, a man equally illustrious by his valour and his experience.

The Athenians obtained possession of Epipolæ, in spite of the frequent sorties of the besieged, and surrounded the city with a wall of circumvallation. Nicias, by the recall of Alcibiades and the death of Lamachus, who was killed in an action, found himself without colleagues, and sole master of all the operations. Casting aside his habitual tardiness, he brought his fleet into both the ports, and pressed the siege on with energy by sea and land. Syracuse, thus blockaded, was reduced to the last extremity. The despairing citizens were already thinking of surrendering, when Gylippus, a Lacedæmonian captain, sent to their relief with a good body of troops, made his appearance. Hope was again revived, and, in anticipation, they proclaimed the Spartan the father and liberator of Syracuse. This general did not disappoint the expectations of his allies. He sent word to the Athenians that he allowed them five days to evacuate Sicily. Nicias did not condescend to make any reply to such a message, but some of his soldiers asked the herald whether the appearance of a Lacedæmonian cloak and a miserable stick could change the fortunes of armies. Preparations for battle were made on both sides. Fort Labdalon was carried by assault, and all the Athenians who defended it were put to the sword. Every day some skirmish or more serious action occurred, in which Gylippus had always the advantage. Nicias was forced to go into cantonments towards Plemmyrium, in order to protect his baggage and to support his fleet. The Lacedæmonians attacked and carried his forts, and took possession of his baggage, at the same time that the Syracusans obtained a serious advantage over his fleet. Nicias was in a state of perfect consternation; he had informed the Athenians of the miserable state of his army since the landing of the Spartans, and they had promised him succours, but they did not arrive, and his situation became alarming. He was on the point of succumbing to his fate, when an Athenian fleet of seventy-three galleys, commanded by Demosthenes, sailed proudly into port. This general immediately planned and attempted some attacks,

but his temerity cost him dear. He lost a great number of soldiers, and quickly destroyed all the hopes his arrival had created; the Athenians were reduced to greater extremities than ever, and they resolved to raise the siege after risking another naval engagement. Victory still was favourable to the besieged, who deprived their enemies of the means of flight even, by blockading their ships in the greater port. They then turned their thoughts to escape by land; but Hermocrates, being informed of their intention, barred every passage: the unfortunate fugitives, having set out on their march in the night-time, fell into ambuscades laid for them in all directions. They defended themselves in a manner worthy of their name, but, overpowered by numbers, fatigue, and hunger, they were forced to surrender at discretion. They were thrown into the public prisons.

The Syracusan people were brutally elated with victory, and sullied their triumph by the cruelty exercised upon the two Athenian leaders, Nicias and Demosthenes. They were sentenced to be flogged with rods, and then to be executed. The wiser and more prudent Syracusans exceedingly disapproved of this severity, and Hermocrates, the general whose prudence, skill, and valour had brought about the happy issue of the contest, remonstrated strongly with the people; but they were too much excited to listen to him, and would not allow him even to finish his speech. And here we meet with one of those incidents which, removed from common occurrence, render the histories of the two great nations of antiquity so delightful. Just as the noisy crowd silenced their victorious general, an ancient Syracusan, venerable for his great age and his respected character, who in the siege had lost two sons, the only heirs of his name and estate, was borne by his servants to the tribunal, and by his appearance at once procured a profound silence. "You here behold," said he, "an unfortunate father, who has felt, more than any other Syracusan, the fatal effects of this war by the death of two sons, who formed all the consolation and were the only support of my old age. I cannot, indeed, forbear admiring their courage, and rejoicing at their felicity, in sacrificing to their country's welfare a life of which they would one day have been deprived by the common course of nature; but then I cannot but be strongly affected by the

wound which their death has made in my heart, nor forbear hating and detesting the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as the murderers of my children. But, however, I cannot conceal one circumstance, which is, that I am less sensible to my private affliction than to the honour of my country; and I see it ready to expose itself to eternal infamy by the barbarous advice which is now given you. The Athenians, indeed, merit the worst treatment, and every kind of punishment that can be inflicted on them, for so unjustly declaring war against us; but have not the gods, the just avengers of crimes, punished them and avenged us sufficiently? When their generals laid down their arms and surrendered, did they not do this in the confidence of having their lives spared? And if we put them to death, will it be possible for us to avoid the just reproach of having violated the laws of nations, and dishonoured our triumph by the most barbarous cruelty? What! will you suffer your glory to be thus sullied in the face of the whole world, and have it said that a nation who first dedicated a temple in their city to Clemency, found not any in yours? Surely victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city; but the exercising of mercy towards a vanquished enemy, the using of moderation in the greatest prosperity, and fearing to offend the gods by a haughty and insolent pride. You, doubtless, have not forgotten that this Nicias, whose fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cause in the assembly of the Athenians, and employed all his credit and the whole power of his eloquence to dissuade his country from embarking in this war. Should you, therefore, pronounce sentence of death upon this worthy general, would it be a just reward for the zeal he showed for your interest? With regard to myself, death would be less grievous to me than the sight of so horrid an injustice committed by my countrymen and fellow-citizens."

The people seemed moved to compassion by this speech, especially as when the venerable old man first ascended the tribunal, they expected to hear him cry aloud for vengeance on those who had brought his calamities upon him, instead of suing for their pardon. But the enemies of the Athenians having expiated with vehemence upon the unheard-of cruelties which their republic had exercised upon several

cities belonging to their enemies, and even to their ancient allies; the inveteracy which their commanders had shown against Syracuse, and the evils they would have subjected it to had they been victorious; the afflictions and groans of numberless Syracusans who bewailed the death of their children and near relations, whose manes could be appeased no other way than by the blood of their murderers: on these representations, the people returned to their sanguinary resolution. Gylippus used his utmost endeavours, but in vain, to have Nicias and Demosthenes delivered up to him, especially as he had taken them, in order to carry them to Lacedæmon. But his demand was rejected with haughty scorn, and the two generals were put to death. Shameful cruelties were likewise inflicted upon the meaner prisoners.

Such was the issue of this improvident war, set on foot by the influence of the restless ambitious Alcibiades. It lasted two years; and Athens had been led to form great hopes from the result of it. There are few characters young readers are more likely to be led astray in than that of Alcibiades. The instances of his spirit, generosity, personal beauty, and above all, his love for his master Socrates, make more impression upon plastic minds, than what is told of almost any other person in history. But, if he had shining qualities, he was deficient in all that were solid, virtuous, and serviceable to the state. He availed himself of his popularity to carry out his ambition; his apparent generosity was selfishness disguised; his courage was always ill-directed; and, whether we consider such a man as a public character or a private citizen, our young readers may depend upon it, it is one of the most dangerous.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 400.

Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, having declared war against the Carthaginians, obtained several victories over them. But this tyrant was soon punished by the siege which Himilco, the Carthaginian general, laid to Syracuse, with a fleet of two hundred vessels, and an army of a hundred thousand foot and three thousand horse. Dionysius was not in a condition to stop the torrent which threatened him with destruction; but pestilence served him more effectually

than any number of troops could have done: this army and its generals faded away beneath the awful scourge, as it were instantaneously. The tyrant, taking advantage of the miserable state to which disease had reduced the Carthaginians, attacked them with spirit, defeated them without trouble, took or burnt most of their vessels, and made a vast booty.

THIRD SIEGE, A.C. 212.

In the year 212 before Christ, the Syracusans, excited by seditious magistrates, declared war against Rome, breaking the treaties entered into by Hiero II. and the great republic. The consul Marcellus, being in Sicily, advanced towards Syracuse. When near the city, he sent deputies to inform the inhabitants that he came to restore liberty to Syracuse, and not to make war upon it; but he was refused admission to the city. Hippocrates and Epicydes went out to meet him, and having heard his proposals, replied haughtily, that if the Romans intended to besiege their city, they should soon learn the difference between Syracuse and Leontium. Marcellus then determined to besiege the place, — by land on the side of Hexapylum; and by sea on that of the Achradinæ, the walls of which were washed by the waves. He gave Appius the command of the land forces, and reserved that of the fleet for himself. The fleet consisted of sixty galleys of five benches of oars, filled with soldiers, armed with bows, slings, and darts, to scour the walls. There were a great number of other vessels, laden with all sorts of machines usually employed in the sieges of fortified places. The Romans, carrying on their attacks at two different places, the Syracusans were at first in great consternation, apprehensive that nothing could oppose so terrible a power and such mighty efforts. And it had, indeed, been impossible to resist them, but for the assistance of one single man, whose wonderful genius was everything to the Syracusans: this was Archimedes. He had taken care to supply the walls with all things necessary for a good defence. As soon as his machines began to play on the land side, they discharged upon the infantry all sorts of darts, with stones of enormous weight, which flew with so much noise, force, and rapidity, that nothing could withstand their shock.

They beat down and dashed to pieces all before them, and occasioned terrible disorder in the ranks of the besiegers. Marcellus succeeded no better on the side of the sea: Archimedes had disposed his machines in such a manner as to throw darts to any distance. Though the enemy lay far from the city, he reached them by means of his larger and more formidable balistæ and catapultæ. When these overshoot their mark, he had smaller, proportioned to the distance, which put the Romans into such confusion as almost paralyzed their efforts. This was not the greatest danger. Archimedes had placed lofty and strong machines behind the walls, which suddenly letting fall vast beams with an immense weight at the end of them upon a ship, sunk it to the bottom. Besides this, he caused an iron grapple to be let out by a chain, and having caught hold of the head of a ship with this hook, by means of a weight let down within the walls, it was lifted up, set upon the stern, and held so for some time; then, by letting go the chain, either by a wheel or a pulley, it was let fall again with its whole weight either on its head or its side, and thus sunk. At other times, the machines, dragging the ship towards the shore, by cordage and hooks, after having made it whirl about a great while, dashed it to pieces against the points of the rocks which projected under the walls. Galleys, frequently seized and suspended in the air, were whirled about with rapidity, exhibiting a dreadful sight to the spectators, after which, they were let fall into the sea, and sunk to the bottom with their crews.

Marcellus had prepared, at great expense, machines called *sambucæ*, from their resemblance to a musical instrument of that name. He appointed eight galleys of five benches for that purpose, from which the oars were removed, half on the right side and half on the left; these were joined together two-and-two on the sides without oars. This machine consisted of a ladder of the breadth of four feet, which, when erect, was of equal height with the walls. It was laid at length upon the sides of the two galleys joined together, and extended considerably beyond their beaks: upon the masts of these vessels were affixed pulleys and cords. When set to work, the cords were made fast to the extremity of the machine, and men upon the stern drew it up by pulleys;

others at the head assisting in raising it with levers. The galleys afterwards being brought forward to the foot of the walls, the machines were applied to them. The bridge of the *sambuca* was then let down, no doubt after the manner of a drawbridge, upon which the besiegers passed to the walls of the place besieged. This machine had not the expected effect. Whilst it was at a considerable distance from the walls, Archimedes discharged a vast stone upon it, weighing ten quintals,* then a second, and immediately after a third, all of which, striking against it with dreadful force and noise, beat down and broke its supports, and gave the galleys upon which it stood such a shock, that they parted from each other. Marcellus, almost discouraged and at a loss what to do, retired as fast as possible with his galleys, and sent orders to the land forces to do the same. He called also a council of war, in which it was resolved, the next day before dawn, to endeavour to approach close to the walls. They were in hopes, by this means, to shelter themselves from the machines, which, for want of a distance proportioned to their force, would be rendered ineffectual. But Archimedes had provided against all contingencies. He had prepared machines long before, that carried to all distances a proportionate number of darts and ends of beams, which being very short, required less time for preparing them, and in consequence, were more frequently discharged. He had besides made small chasms or loopholes in the walls, at little distances, where he had placed scorpions,† which, not carrying far, wounded those who approached, without being perceived but by their effect. When the Romans had gained the foot of the walls, and thought themselves very well covered, they found they were exposed to an infinite number of darts, or overwhelmed with stones, which fell directly upon their heads, there being no part of the wall which did not continually pour that mortal hail upon them. This obliged them to retire. But they were no sooner removed to some distance, than a new discharge of darts overtook them in their retreat, so that they lost great numbers of

* The quintal was of several kinds: the least weighed 125 lbs., the largest more than 1,200 lbs.

† Scorpions were machines like cross-bows, for the discharge of darts and arrows.

men, and almost all their galleys were disabled or beaten to pieces, without being able to revenge their loss upon their enemies, for Archimedes had placed most of his machines in security behind the walls; so that the Romans, says Plutarch, repulsed by an infinity of wounds, without seeing the place or hand from which they came, seemed to fight in reality against the gods.

Marcellus, though at a loss what to do, and not knowing how to oppose the machines of Archimedes, could not forbear, however, jesting upon them. "Shall we persist," said he, to his workmen and engineers, "in making war with this Briareus of a geometrician, who treats my galleys and sambucæ so rudely? He infinitely exceeds the fabled giants with their hundred hands, in his perpetual and surprising discharge upon us." Marcellus had reason for complaining of Archimedes alone; for the Syracusans were really no more than members of the engines and machines of that great geometrician, who was himself the soul of all their powers and operations. All other arms were unemployed; for the city at that time made use of none, either offensive or defensive, but those of Archimedes. Marcellus, at length observing the Romans to be so much intimidated, that if they saw upon the walls a small cord only or the least piece of wood, they would immediately fly, crying out that Archimedes was going to discharge some dreadful machine upon them, renounced his hopes of being able to make a breach in the walls, gave over his attacks, and turned the siege into a blockade. The Romans perceived that they had no other resource but to reduce the great number of people in the city by famine, and that they must stop every supply, both by sea and land. During the eight months in which they besieged the city, there was no kind of stratagem they did not invent, nor any act of valour they left untried, except, indeed, the assault, which they never ventured to attempt again. So much power has sometimes a single man, or a single science, when rightly applied. Deprive Syracuse of only one old man,—the great strength of the Roman arms must inevitably take the city: his sole presence checks and disconcerts all their designs. We here see what cannot be repeated too often,—how much interest princes have in protecting arts, favouring the learned, or encouraging science

by honourable distinctions and actual rewards, which never ruin or impoverish a state. We say nothing in this place of the birth or nobility of Archimedes; he was not indebted to them for the happiness of his genius and profound knowledge; we consider him only as a learned man, and an excellent geometrician. What a loss would Syracuse have sustained, if, to have saved a small expense and pension, such a man had been abandoned to inaction and obscurity! Hiero was careful not to act in this manner. He knew all the value of our geometrician; and it is no vulgar merit in a prince to understand that of other men. He paid it due honour; he made it useful, and did not stay till occasion or necessity obliged him to do so: it would then have been too late. By a wise foresight, the true character of a great prince and a great minister, in the very arms of peace he provided all that was necessary for supporting a siege, and making war with success, though at that time there was no appearance of anything to be apprehended from the Romans, with whom Syracuse was allied in the strictest friendship. Hence were seen to arise in an instant, as out of the earth, an incredible number of machines of every kind and size, the very sight of which was sufficient to strike armies with terror and confusion. There are amongst those machines some of which we can scarcely conceive the effects, and the reality of which we might be tempted to call in question, if it were allowable to doubt the evidence of writers, such, for instance, as Polybius, an almost contemporary author, who treated of facts entirely recent, and such as were well known to all the world. But how can we refuse to give credit to the uniform consent of Greek and Roman historians, whether friends or enemies, with regard to circumstances of which whole armies were witnesses and experienced the effects, and which had so great an influence on the events of the war? What passed in this siege of Syracuse shows how far the ancients had carried their genius and art in besieging and in supporting sieges. Our artillery, which so perfectly imitates thunder, has not more effect than the machines of Archimedes had, if indeed it has so much. A burning glass is spoken of, by the means of which Archimedes is said to have burnt part of the Roman fleet. That must have been an extraordinary invention; but, as no ancient author

mentions it, it is no doubt a modern tradition without foundation. Burning-glasses were known to antiquity, but not of that kind.*

After Marcellus had resolved to confine himself to the blockade of Syracuse, he left Appius before the place with two-thirds of his army, advanced with the other into the island, and brought over some cities to the Roman interest. At the same time, Himilco, general of the Carthaginians, arrived in Sicily with a great army, in hopes of reconquering it, and expelling the Romans. Hippocrates left Syracuse with ten thousand foot and five hundred horse to join him, and carry on the war in concert against Marcellus; Epi-cydes remained in the city, to command there during the blockade. The fleets of the two states appeared at the same time on the coasts of Sicily; but that of the Carthaginians, seeing itself weaker than the other, was afraid to venture a battle, and soon sailed back to Carthage. Marcellus had continued eight months before Syracuse with Appius, according to Polybius, when the year of his consulship expired.

Marcellus employed a part of the second year of the siege in several expeditions in Sicily. On his return from Agrigentum, upon which he had made an ineffectual attempt, he came up with the army of Hippocrates, which he defeated, killing above eight thousand men. This advantage kept those on their duty who had entertained thoughts of going over to the Carthaginians. After this victory, he turned his attention again towards Syracuse; and having sent off Appius to Rome, who went thither to demand the consulship, he put Q. Crispinus in his place.

In the beginning of the third campaign, Marcellus, almost absolutely despairing of being able to take Syracuse by force, because Archimedes continually opposed him with invincible obstacles, or by famine, because the Carthaginian fleet, which was returned more numerous than before, easily threw in convoys, deliberated whether he should remain before Syracuse, or direct his endeavours against Agrigentum. But before he came to a final determination, he thought it proper to try whether he could not make himself master of Syracuse by some secret intelligence. There were many

* Rollin.

Syracusans in his camp, who had taken refuge there in the beginning of the troubles. A slave of one of these secretly carried on an intrigue in which four score of the principal persons were concerned, who came in companies to consult with him in the camp, concealed in barks, under the nets of fishermen. The conspiracy was on the point of taking effect, when a person named Attalus, through resentment for not having been admitted into it, discovered the whole to Epicycles, who put all the conspirators to death.

This enterprise having thus miscarried, Marcellus found himself in new difficulties. He was filled with grief and shame at the idea of raising a siege which had consumed so much time, and cost the republic so many men and ships. An accident, however, supplied him with a resource, and gave a new life to his hopes. Some Roman vessels had taken one Dæmippus, whom Epicycles had sent to negotiate with Philip, king of Macedon. The Syracusans expressed a great desire to ransom this man, and Marcellus was not averse to it. A place near the port of Trozilus was fixed upon for the conference regarding the amount. As the deputies went thither several times, it came into the mind of a Roman soldier who accompanied them to consider the wall with great attention. After having counted the stones, and examined the measure of each of them, upon a calculation of the height of the wall, he found it to be much lower than it was accounted, and concluded that with ladders of a moderate length it might be easily scaled. Without loss of time, he communicated this to Marcellus, who knew that the general is not always the only shrewd man in an army, and, taking his advice, assured himself, with his own eyes, of the fact. Having caused ladders to be prepared, he took the opportunity of a festival that the Syracusans celebrated for three days in honour of Diana, during which the inhabitants gave themselves up entirely to rejoicings and banquets. At the time of night when he conceived they would be heavy and sleepy after their debauch, he ordered a thousand chosen troops to advance with their ladders towards the wall. When the first had got to the top without disturbing the watch, others followed, encouraged by the boldness and success of their leaders. The Syracusans proved to be either drunk or asleep, and the thousand soldiers soon scaled the

wall. Having thrown down the gate of the Hexapylum, they took possession of the quarter of the city called Epipolæ. It then became no longer time to deceive but to terrify the people. The Syracusans, awakened by the noise, began to rouse themselves and prepare for action. Marcellus ordered all his trumpets to be sounded at once, which so alarmed them that the inhabitants took to flight, believing every quarter of the city to be in the hands of the enemy. The strongest and the best part, however, called Achradina, was not yet taken, being separated by its walls from the rest of the city. Marcellus, at daybreak, entered the new city by the quarter called Tyche. Epicydes, having hastily drawn up some troops, which he had in the isle adjoining Achradina, marched against Marcellus; but finding him stronger than he expected, after a slight skirmish, he fell back, and shut himself up in Achradina. All the Roman captains and officers crowded around Marcellus, to congratulate him upon his success. As to himself, when he had, from an eminence, considered the loftiness, beauty, and extent of the city, he is said to have shed tears, and to have deplored the unhappy condition it was about to experience. He called to mind the two powerful Athenian fleets which had formerly been sunk before this city, and the two numerous armies cut to pieces with the illustrious generals who commanded them: the many wars sustained with so much valour against the Carthaginians; the many tyrants and potent kings, Hiero particularly, whose memory was still recent, who had signalized himself by so many royal virtues, and, still more, by the important services he had rendered the Roman people, whose interests had always been as dear to him as his own. Moved by that reflection, he deemed it incumbent upon him, before he attacked Achradina, to send to the besieged to exhort them to surrender voluntarily, and prevent the ruin of their city. His remonstrances and exhortations had no effect.

To prevent being harassed in his rear, he first attacked a fort called Euryclus, which lay at the bottom of the new town, and commanded the whole country on the land side. After having carried it, and placed therein a strong garrison, he gave all his attention to Achradina. During these proceedings, Hippocrates and Himilco arrived. The first, with

the Sicilians, having placed and fortified his camp near the great harbour, and given the signal to those who were in Achradina, attacked the old Roman camp, in which Crispinus commanded; Epicycles at the same time made a sally upon the posts of Marcellus. Neither of these enterprises was successful. Hippocrates was vigorously repulsed by Crispinus, who pursued him to his intrenchments, and Marcellus obliged Epicycles to shut himself up in Achradina. Being autumn, a plague incidental to the season killed a great many of the inhabitants of the city, and was even more destructive in the Roman and Carthaginian camps. The distemper was not severe at first, but the communication with the infected, and even the care taken of them, served to spread the contagion. Death, and the spectacle of interment, continually presented mournful objects to the eyes of the living: nothing was heard, night or day, but groans and lamentations. At length, the being accustomed to the evil had hardened their hearts to such a degree, that they not only ceased to grieve for the dead; but even neglected to bury them. Nothing was to be seen but dead bodies, by the eyes of those who hourly expected to be the same. The Carthaginians suffered more than either the Romans or Syracusans. Having no place to retire to, their generals, Hippocrates and Himilco, both perished, with almost all their troops. Marcellus, from the first breaking out of the disease, brought his troops into the city, where the roofs and shade were of great service to them; but, notwithstanding, he lost no inconsiderable number of his men.

In the mean time, Bomilcar, who commanded the Carthaginian fleet, and had made a second voyage to Carthage, to bring a new supply, returned with a hundred and thirty ships and seven hundred transports. He was prevented by contrary winds from doubling the Cape of Pachynus. Epicycles, who was afraid that if these winds continued, this fleet might be discouraged, and return to Africa, left Achradina to the care of the generals of the mercenary troops, and went to Bomilcar, whom he persuaded to try the event of a naval battle, as soon as the weather would permit. Marcellus, seeing that the troops of the Sicilians increased every day, and that if he stayed and suffered himself to be shut up in Syracuse, he should be pressed by sea and land,

resolved, though not so strong in ships, to oppose the passage of the Carthaginian fleet. As soon as the high winds abated, Bomilcar stood out to sea, in order to double the cape; but when he saw the Roman ships advancing in good order, on a sudden, on what account is not known, he took to flight, sent orders to the transports to return to Africa, and sought refuge himself in Tarentum. Epicydes, completely disappointed in his great hopes, and apprehensive of returning into a city already half-taken, made all sail for Agrigentum, rather with the design of awaiting the event of the siege than of making any new attempt from that point. When it became known in the camp of the Sicilians that Epicydes had quitted Syracuse, and the Carthaginians Sicily, they sent deputies to Marcellus, after having sounded the disposition of the besieged, to treat upon the conditions on which Syracuse should surrender. It was agreed with unanimity enough on both sides, that what had appertained to the kings should belong to the Romans, and that the Sicilians should retain all the rest, with their laws and liberty. After these preliminaries, they demanded a conference with those to whom Epicydes had intrusted the government in his absence. They told them they had been sent by the army to Marcellus and the inhabitants of Syracuse, in order that all the Sicilians, as well within as without the city, might have the same fate, and that no separate convention might be made. Having been permitted to enter the city and confer with their friends and relations, after having informed them of what they had already agreed with Marcellus, and giving them assurances that their lives would be safe, they persuaded them to begin by removing the three governors Epicydes had left in his place, which was immediately put in execution. After this, having assembled the people, they represented that if the Romans had undertaken the siege of Syracuse, it was out of affection, not enmity, to the Syracusans; that it was not till after they had been apprised of the oppression they suffered from Hippocrates and Epicydes, those ambitious agents of Hannibal, and afterwards of Hieronymus, that they had taken arms, and begun the siege of the city, not to ruin it, but to destroy its tyrants; that, as Hippocrates was dead, Epicydes no longer in Syracuse, his lieutenants were slain, and the Car-

thaginians dispossessed of Sicily, both by sea and land, what reason could the Romans now have for not inclining as much to preserve Syracuse, as if Hiero, the sole example of fidelity towards them, were still alive? That neither the city nor the inhabitants had anything to fear but from themselves, if they let slip the occasion for renewing their amity with the Romans; that they never had so favourable an opportunity as the present, when they were just delivered from the violent government of their tyrants; and that the first use they ought to make of their liberty was to return to their duty.

This discourse was perfectly well received by everybody. It was, however, judged proper to create new magistrates before the nomination of deputies; the latter of whom were chosen from the former. The deputy who spoke in their name, and was instructed solely to use the utmost endeavours that Syracuse might not be destroyed, addressed himself to Marcellus, in a long but sensible speech, laying the whole blame of the war upon Hippocrates and Epicydes. "For the rest," said he, still continuing to address Marcellus, "your interest is as much concerned as ours. The gods have granted you the glory of having taken the finest and most illustrious city possessed by the Greeks. All we have ever achieved worthy of being recorded, either by sea or land, augments and adorns your triumph. Fame is not a sufficiently faithful chronicler to make known the greatness and strength of the city you have taken; posterity can only judge of these by its own eyes. It is necessary that we should be able to show to all travellers, from whatever part of the universe they come, sometimes the trophies we have obtained from the Athenians and Carthaginians, and sometimes those you have acquired from us; and that Syracuse, thus placed for ever under the protection of Marcellus, may be a lasting and an eternal monument of the valour and clemency of him who took and preserved it. It is unjust that the remembrance of Hieronymus should have more weight with you than that of Hiero. The latter was much longer your friend than the former your enemy. Permit me to say, you have experienced the good effects of the amity of Hiero, but the senseless enterprises of Hieronymus have fallen solely upon his own head." The difficulty was

not to obtain what they demanded from Marcellus, but to preserve tranquillity and union amongst those in the city. The deserters, convinced that they should be delivered up to the Romans, inspired the foreign soldiers with the same fear. Both the one and the other having, therefore, taken arms whilst the deputies were still in the camp of Marcellus, they began by cutting the throats of the newly-elected magistrates, and, dispersing themselves on all sides, they put to the sword all they met, and plundered whatever fell in their way. That they might not be without leaders, they appointed six officers; three to command in Achradina and three in the Isle. The tumult being at length appeased, the foreign troops were informed, from all hands, that it was concluded with the Romans that their cause should be entirely distinct from that of the deserters. At the same instant, the deputies who had been sent to Marcellus arrived, and fully undeceived them. Amongst those who commanded in the Isle, there was a Spaniard, named Mericus. Means were found to corrupt him: he gave up the gate near the fountain Arethusa, to soldiers sent by Marcellus in the night to take possession of it. At day-break the next morning, Marcellus made a false attack on the Achradina, to draw all the forces of the citadel, and the Isle adjoining to it, to that side, and to enable some vessels he had prepared to throw troops into the Isle, which would be unguarded. Everything succeeded according to his plan. The soldiers whom those vessels had landed in the Isle, finding almost all the posts abandoned, and the gates by which the garrison of the citadel had marched out against Marcellus still open, they took possession of them after a slight encounter. Marcellus having received advice that he was master of the Isle, and of part of Achradina, and that Mericus, with the body under his command, had joined his troops, ordered a retreat to be sounded, that the treasures of the kings might not be plundered. These did not prove so valuable as was expected.

The deserters having escaped,—a passage being purposely left free for them,—the Syracusans opened all the gates of Achradina to Marcellus, and sent deputies to him with instructions to demand nothing further from him than the preservation of the lives of themselves and their children.

Marcellus having assembled his council and some Syracusans who were in his camp, gave his answer to the deputies in their presence: "That Hiero, for fifty years, had not done the Roman people more good than those who had been masters of Syracuse some years past had intended to do them harm; but that their ill-will had fallen upon their own heads, and they had punished themselves for their violation of treaties in a more severe manner than the Romans could have desired; that he had besieged Syracuse during three years, not that the Roman people might reduce it into slavery, but to prevent the chiefs of the revolters from continuing to hold it under oppression; that he had undergone many fatigues and dangers in so long a siege, but that he thought he had made himself ample amends by the glory of having taken that city, and the satisfaction of having saved it from the entire ruin it seemed to deserve." After having placed a body of troops to secure the treasury, and safeguards in the houses of the Syracusans who had withdrawn to the camp, he abandoned the city to be plundered. It is reported that the riches that were pillaged in Syracuse at this time exceeded all that could have been expected at the taking of Carthage itself. An unhappy accident interrupted the joy of Marcellus, and gave him a very sensible affliction. Archimedes, at a time when all things were in this confusion in Syracuse, shut up in his closet like a man of another world, who has no interest in what is passing in this, was intent upon the study of some geometrical figure, and not only his eyes, but the whole faculties of his soul, were so engaged in this contemplation, that he had neither heard the tumult of the Romans, universally busy in plundering, nor the report of the city's being taken. A soldier suddenly came in upon him, and bade him follow him to Marcellus. Archimedes desired him to stay a minute till he had solved his problem, and finished the demonstration of it. The soldier, who cared for neither the problem nor the demonstration, and was vexed at the delay, which, perhaps, kept him from plunder, drew his sword and killed him. Marcellus was exceedingly afflicted when he heard the news of his death. Not being able to restore him to life, he paid all the honours in his power to his memory. He made a diligent research after

all his relations, treated them with great distinction, and granted them peculiar privileges. He caused the funeral of Archimedes to be performed in the most solemn manner, and ordered a monument to be erected to him among those of the great persons who had most distinguished themselves in Syracuse. There are other accounts of the manner of his death, but all agree that it was accidental, contrary to the wish of Marcellus, and took place immediately after the capture of the city.

Archimedes by his will had desired his relations and friends to put no other epitaph on his tomb, after his death, than a cylinder circumscribed by a sphere; that is to say, a globe, or spherical figure, and to set down at the bottom the proportions which these two solids, the containing and the contained, have to each other. He might have filled up the bases of the columns of his tomb with relievos, whereon the whole history of the siege of Syracuse might have been carved, and himself appeared like another Jupiter, thundering upon the Romans. But he set an infinitely higher value upon the discovery of a geometrical demonstration, than upon all the so much celebrated machines he had invented. Hence he chose rather to do himself honour in the eyes of posterity, by the discovery he had made of the relation of a sphere to a cylinder of the same base and height; which is as two to three.

The Syracusans, who had been in former times so fond of the sciences, did not long retain the esteem and gratitude they owed a man who had done so much honour to their city. Less than a hundred and forty years after, Archimedes was so perfectly forgotten by the citizens, notwithstanding the great services he had done them, that they denied his having been buried at Syracuse. It is Cicero who informs us of this circumstance. At the time he was quæstor in Sicily, his curiosity induced him to make a search after the tomb of Archimedes, a curiosity worthy of a man of Cicero's genius. The Syracusans assured him that his search would be to no purpose, and that there was no such monument amongst them. Cicero pitied their ignorance, which only served to increase his desire of making the discovery. At length, after several fruitless attempts, he perceived, without the gate of the city, facing

Agrigentum, amongst a great number of tombs, a pillar, almost entirely concealed by thorns and brambles, through which he could discern the figure of a sphere and a cylinder. Those who have any taste for antiquities may easily imagine the joy of Cicero upon this occasion. Adopting the words of Archimedes, he exclaimed—"I have found what I looked for." The place was immediately ordered to be cleared, and a passage opened to the column, on which was found the inscription, still legible, though some of the lines were obliterated by time. So that, says Cicero, on finishing this account, the greatest city of Greece, and the most flourishing of old in the study of the sciences, would not have known the treasure it possessed, if a man, born in a country which it considered almost as barbarous, a man of Aspinum, had not discovered for it the tomb of its citizen, so highly distinguished by the force and penetration of his mind. We trust our readers will excuse our having gone into more details in our account of this siege than of most others, but we consider it one of the most interesting of antiquity. We do not often meet with the genius of an Archimedes, or the virtues of a Marcellus, to mitigate the horrors of a siege.

AGRIGENTUM.

A.C. 409.

AMBITION and thirst of plunder having led the Carthaginians into Sicily, their general opened the campaign by laying siege to Agrigentum, an opulent and well-fortified city. In order to construct terraces and causeways, the besiegers destroyed the tombs which environed the city, which sacrilege cost both parties very dear, for the effluvia which escaped the violated graves bred a most destructive pestilence. Thousands of soldiers were carried off daily, and among them Hannibal, the general of the Carthaginians, fell an early victim to the disease. We think we scarcely need remind our young readers that this was not the great Hannibal: they all know how he died. The multitude be-

held, in this affliction, a punishment from the gods for the profanation of the ashes of the dead. To render them again propitious, prayers and offerings were made, and even a young child was sacrificed to Saturn. Notwithstanding these pious vows, famine, a no less redoubtable scourge, was added to the calamities of the besieged, who, without hope and without resources, began to speak of surrendering. The Carthaginians refused to make any terms with them. Only one resource was left to the unfortunate Agrigentines; that of abandoning their city and taking refuge in the neighbouring states. They must either leave their aged and sick to the mercy of a barbarous enemy, or remain and perish all together. Necessity prevailed over humanity; never was exhibited a stronger scene of desolation than of the Agrigentines, so recently happy and wealthy, departing for ever from their homes, abandoning their sick or aged relations, their property, and all they held dear. In their misfortunes they received a friendly welcome from their neighbours, the inhabitants of Gela, whilst the cruel Carthaginians pillaged the city, and massacred every inhabitant who had been left behind.

Agrigentum was one of those cities from which enormous wealth and the easy indulgence in every luxury had banished temperance and morality. The inhabitants were more addicted to drunkenness than any people of Greece. There is a story told of a company of young men who were intoxicated to such a degree as to be convinced by one of their party they were in a ship in distress, and, in compliance with his advice, threw all the splendid furniture of the room out of the windows, to save the vessel from sinking. Almost the only virtue this people had was hospitality.

We cannot dismiss the subject of Agrigentum without reverting to the tyrant Phalaris and his brazen bull. Perillo, a goldsmith, by way of paying his court to Phalaris, a tyrant of Agrigentum, made him a present of a brazen bull of excellent workmanship, hollow within, and so constructed, that the voice of a person shut up in it, sounded exactly like the bellowing of a bull. The artist pointed out to the tyrant what an admirable effect this must produce, were he to shut up a few criminals in it, and make a fire underneath. Phalaris, struck with the horror of this idea, and perhaps curious

to try the experiment, told the goldsmith that he himself was the only person worthy of animating his bull, as he must have studied the notes that made it roar to the greatest advantage, and that it would be unjust to deprive him of any part of the honour of the invention. Upon which, he ordered the goldsmith to be shut up, and a great fire to be kindled round the bull, which immediately began to roar, to the admiration and delight of all Agrigentum. Cicero says this bull was carried to Carthage, at the above taking of Agrigentum, and was restored again by Scipio, after the destruction of the former city. Empedocles, the philosopher, born in Agrigentum, has a memorable saying concerning his fellow-citizens: "That the Agrigentines squandered their money as excessively every day, as if they expected not to live till the morrow; and that they built edifices to live in, as if they fancied they should never die."

In the first Punic war, Agrigentum, of which the Carthaginians had made a place of arms, was taken by the Romans, after a siege of seven months,—A.C. 262.

Some years after, the Carthaginians retook Agrigentum in a few days, and completely razed it to the ground. It was, however, afterwards rebuilt, and is now called Gergenti.

BYZANTIUM.

A.C. 408.

BYZANTIUM is one of those cities of the world that are so admirably placed with regard to natural advantages, that posterity can never too much admire the policy and discernment of their founders. When we say that the Constanziple with which science and late events have made Englishmen so familiar, is the offspring of Byzantium, if not the city itself, we have no cause to dilate further on that head.

The first memorable siege of Byzantium was undertaken by Alcibiades, when the fickle and ungrateful Athenians

had recalled him to the head of their armies. His triumphs were as rapid as his wishes: he prevailed in the Peloponnese, subdued the revolting cities, and laid siege to Byzantium. Alcibiades is another of the commanders we can scarcely fancy at a siege: an eager, sanguine, impetuous man, with ambitious views boiling in his brain, is not at home in such enterprises, whatever may be his talents. Tired of the length of the siege, and despairing of taking Byzantium by force, he had recourse to stratagem. He gave it out that the Athenians recalled him, embarked his army, and set sail. During the night he returned, landed a great part of his soldiers at a distance from the city, and himself appeared, in a menacing position, with his fleet, before the port of Byzantium. The Byzantines rushed to the shore to drive off the fleet, which Alcibiades, by his manœuvres, made them believe was their most imminent danger. In the mean time, the troops landed during the night drew near the walls on the other side, and took possession of the city before the inhabitants were aware even of their approach.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 341.

The Byzantines were in great peril when Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, besieged Perinthus. Byzantium having granted some succours to that city, Philip divided his army, and laid siege to it likewise. The Byzantines were reduced to the last extremity when Phocion came to their assistance. The grateful Perinthians and Byzantines decreed a crown of gold to the people of Athens.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 196.

The emperor Severus, enraged with the Byzantines, laid siege to their city. They defended themselves with great resolution and firmness, and employed all kinds of stratagems to drive off their enemy, but they could not prevent the attacks of famine. Decimated by this horrible calamity, they were constrained to open the gates to the Romans. The conquerors exercised the rights of war in all their rigour; the city was plundered, and most of the citizens were slaughtered.

RHODES.

A.C. 352.

THE beautiful island of Rhodes, with all its delightful mythological associations, its roses and its splendid scenery, has not escaped the horrors of war; it has been besieged several times, and in all instances in connection with great names and great events.

Mausolus, king of Caria, subdued Rhodes. After his death, the Rhodians revolted, and besieged Artemisia, his widow, in Halicarnassus. This king and queen are rendered immortal in the European word *mausoleum*, derived from the splendid monument so called, one of the seven wonders of the world, which she built to his memory. She gave prizes to poets for panegyrics written to commemorate his virtues; but still further did her grief carry her,—she resolved to give him a yet more extraordinary tomb. Having collected his ashes left by the burning of his body, and caused the bones to be beaten in a mortar, she mingled some of the powder every day in her drink, till she had consumed it all, meaning by this to make her own body the sepulchre of her husband. Notwithstanding her active, energetic spirit, her grief proved too strong for her, and she died lamenting him, two years after his decease.

This princess ordered the inhabitants of Halicarnassus to meet the Rhodians with open arms, as if they meant to deliver up their city to them. The deceived Rhodians landed their men, and left their ships empty, for the purpose of entering the place. In the mean time, Artemisia ordered out her own galleys, which seized the fleet of the enemy, and, having thus deprived them of the means of retreat, she surrounded the Rhodians and made a general slaughter of them. This intrepid queen then sailed towards Rhodes. The citizens, perceiving their vessels coming home crowned with flowers, admitted the Carian fleet into their port, amidst

cries and exclamations of joy. Their surprise may be supposed when they recognised their unwelcome visitors. Artemisia insisted upon having the authors of the revolt put to death, and returned home in triumph. We cannot leave this remarkable princess without mentioning the extraordinary part she played in the immortal battle of Salamis. She, from her country, was of course against the Greeks, and, with her vessels, formed part of the fleet of Xerxes. She strongly advised Xerxes to avoid a naval engagement; the Greeks, she said, were more accustomed to the sea than the Persians were, and would have a great advantage upon that element. Although her advice was not listened to, she did her duty so nobly in the fight, that Xerxes exclaimed,—“That if the men appeared like women before the Greeks, the women fought like heroes.” In order to escape the Greeks, who pursued her warmly, she hoisted a Greek flag, and to complete the deception, attacked a Persian vessel commanded by Clamasithymus, king of Calydna, her personal enemy, and sunk it. After this, the Greeks, believing her to be of their party, offered her no more molestation.

SECOND SIEGE.

Demetrius Poliorcetes was commanded by his father, Antigonus, to punish Rhodes, which held the first rank among the Sporades isles. Demetrius presented himself before Rhodes with a numerous fleet; he knew that he was about to contend with skilful warriors, experienced in sea-fights, and possessing more than eight hundred machines of war as redoubtable as his own *helepolis*. Demetrius was an extraordinary character: equally addicted to pleasure and business, he never let the one interfere with the other; if embarked in indulgence, he prided himself upon carrying it further than any other man; but if thoroughly engaged in an affair of state, or prosecution of a war, none of the blandishments of pleasure could turn him aside from the great business in hand.

The Rhodians, who had foreseen the tempest, had applied to all the princes their allies, particularly to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, whom they informed that it was for having favoured his pretensions they were subjected to this invasion. Our

young readers will not fail to observe that Antigonus, the father of Demetrius, and Ptolemy, king of Egypt, were two of Alexander's generals, and were now endeavouring to carry out their master's will, and proving themselves "most deserving of his empire," by tearing it to pieces.

The preparations on each side were immense. Demetrius had a fleet of two hundred ships of war, and more than a hundred and seventy transports, bearing forty thousand men, without including the cavalry and the assistance he received from pirates. He had, likewise, a thousand small vessels, laden with provisions and other accommodations for an army. Rhodes was extremely rich; and the expectation of booty lured vast numbers to the ranks of Demetrius. This prince was celebrated for his skill in attacking fortified places, and for his ingenuity in constructing machines. He brought a great number of the latter with him.

Upon landing, Demetrius took a survey, in order to ascertain the most favourable point for an assault; he likewise ordered the country round to be laid waste on all sides; he cut down the trees and demolished the houses, in the parts adjacent to Rhodes, and employed them as materials to fortify his camp with a triple palisade.

The Rhodians, on their part, prepared for a vigorous defence. All persons in alliance with them, possessed of military merit, threw themselves into the city, for the purpose of gaining honour as well as of serving them; the besieged being as celebrated for their valour and constancy, as the besieger was for his consummate art in attacking fortified places.

After they had dismissed all useless mouths from the city, they found their force to consist of six thousand citizens and a thousand strangers. All slaves who should distinguish themselves were promised the rights of denizens, the public paying their masters the full value for them. It was likewise publicly declared that all who lost their lives in action should be honourably interred; that their parents, wives, and children should be provided for, and their daughters portioned in marriage; and that when their sons should be of an age capable of bearing arms, they should be presented with a complete suit of armour, on the public theatre, at the great solemnity of the Bacchanalia. This

decree inspired all ranks, particularly the wealthy and the makers of war-machines, with incredible zeal.

The besieged sent out three good sailers against a small fleet of sutlers and merchants, laden with provisions for the enemy; they sunk some vessels, burnt others, and carried all prisoners likely to pay a ransom into the city. The Rhodians gained a great deal of money by this, the stipulated prices of prisoners being high.

This siege is said to be the masterpiece of Demetrius, both as to the use of acquired skill and invention. To make himself master of the port and of the towers which defended its entrance, he began his operations by sea. To facilitate his approach to the place he meant to batter, he caused two tortoises to be erected on two flat-bottomed vessels joined together. One of these was more solid and strong than the other, in order to cover the men from the enormous masses which the enemy discharged from their catapultas on the walls: the other was of a lighter structure, and intended to shield the soldiers from the flights of arrows and darts. Two towers of four stories each were erected at the same time; which exceeded in height the towers which defended the entrance to the port, and which were intended to be used in battering the latter with volleys of stones and darts. Each of these towers was placed upon ships strongly bound together.

Demetrius likewise caused a kind of floating barricado to be erected in front of these tortoises and towers, on a long beam of timber, four feet thick, through which stakes, armed at the end with large spikes of iron, were driven. These stakes were disposed horizontally, with their spikes projecting forward, in order to prevent the vessels of the port from shattering the work with their beaks.

He likewise selected some of his largest vessels, on the sides of which he erected a rampart of planks, with little windows easy to be opened. He there placed the best Cretan archers and slingers in his army, and furnished them with an infinite number of bows, small balistas or cross-bows, slings and catapultas, with other engines for shooting, in order to gall the workmen of the city employed in raising and repairing the walls of the port.

The Rhodians, seeing the besiegers turn all their efforts

towards that quarter, were not less industrious to defend it; in order to accomplish which design, they raised two machines upon an adjoining eminence, and formed three others, which they placed in large ships of burden at the mouth of the little haven. A body of archers and slingers was likewise posted on each side of these situations, with a prodigious quantity of stones, darts, and arrows of all kinds. The same orders were also given with respect to the ships of burden in the great port.

When Demetrius was advancing with his ships and all his armament to begin the attack on the ports, such a violent tempest arose as rendered it impossible for him to accomplish any of his designs that day; but the sea growing calm about night, he took advantage of the darkness, and advanced without being perceived by the enemy to the great harbour: he made himself master of a neighbouring eminence, about five hundred paces from the wall, and posted thereon four hundred soldiers, who fortified themselves immediately with strong palisades.

The next morning Demetrius caused his batteries to advance with sound of trumpets and the shouts of his whole army, and they at first produced all the effect he proposed from them. A great number of the besieged were slain in this attack, and several breaches were opened in the mole which covered the port: but they were of little advantage to the besiegers, who were always repulsed by the Rhodians; and after a loss nearly equal on both sides, Demetrius was obliged to retire from the port, with his ships and machines, to be out of the reach of the enemy's arrows.

The besieged, who had learned to their cost what advantage might be taken of the night, caused several fire-ships to sail out of the port during the darkness, in order to burn the tortoises and wooden towers which the enemy had erected: but as, unfortunately, they were not able to force the floating barricado which sheltered them, they were obliged to return into port. The Rhodians lost some of their fire-ships in this expedition, but the mariners saved themselves by swimming.

The next day, the prince ordered a general attack to be made upon the port and the walls of the place, with the sound of trumpets and the shouts of the whole army,

thinking by those means to spread terror among the besieged; but they were so far from being intimidated, that they sustained the attack with incredible vigour, and displayed the same intrepidity for the eight days that it continued: actions of astonishing bravery were performed on both sides during that interval.

Demetrius, taking advantage of the eminence which his troops had seized, gave orders for erecting upon it a battery of several engines, which discharged great stones of a hundred and fifty pounds in weight against the walls and towers, the latter of which tottered with the repeated shocks, and several breaches were soon made in the walls. The troops of Demetrius advanced with spirit to seize the mole which defended the entrance into the port; but as this post was of the utmost importance, the Rhodians spared no pains to repulse the besiegers, who had already made a considerable progress. This they at last effected by a shower of stones and arrows, which they discharged upon their enemies with so much rapidity, and for such a length of time, that the latter were obliged to retire in confusion, after losing a great number of their men.

The ardour of the besiegers was not at all diminished by this repulse, indeed, they appeared more animated than ever against the Rhodians. They began the scalade by the land and sea at the same time, and employed the besieged so effectually, that they scarcely knew to what quarter to run for the defence of the place. The attack was carried on with the utmost fury on all sides, and the besieged defended themselves with the greatest intrepidity. Numbers were thrown from the ladders to the earth, and miserably bruised; several even of the principal officers got to the top of the wall, where they were covered with wounds and taken prisoners; so that Demetrius, notwithstanding all his valour, thought it necessary to retreat, in order to repair his engines, which, with the vessels that bore them, were almost entirely destroyed.

After the prince's retreat, immediate care was taken to bury the dead; the beaks of the ships, with the other spoils that had been taken from the enemy, were carried to the temples, and the workmen were indefatigable in repairing the breaches of the walls.

Demetrius having employed seven days in refitting his ships and repairing his engines, set sail again with a fleet as formidable as the first, and steered with a fair wind directly for the port, which he was most anxious to gain, as he conceived it impracticable to reduce the place till he had made himself master of that. Upon his arrival, he caused a vast quantity of lighted torches, flaming straw, and arrows to be discharged, in order to set fire to the vessels that were riding there, while his engines battered the mole without intermission. The besieged, who expected attacks of this nature, exerted themselves with so much vigour and activity, that they soon extinguished the flames which had seized the vessels.

At the same time they caused three of their largest ships to sail out of the port, under the command of Exaceses, one of their bravest officers, with orders to attack the enemy, employ the utmost efforts to reach the vessels that carried the tortoises and wooden towers, and to charge them in such a manner with the beaks of their own, as might either sink them or disable them. These orders were executed with surprising expedition and address; and the three galleys, after they had broken through the floating barricado, drove their beaks with so much violence into the sides of the enemy's barks, on which the machines were erected, that the water was immediately seen to enter through several openings. Two of them were already sunk, but the third was towed along by the galleys, and joined the main fleet; and, dangerous as it was to attack them in that situation, the Rhodians, through a blind and precipitate ardour, ventured to attempt it. But the inequality was too great to allow them to come off with success; Exaceses, with the officer who commanded under him, and some others, after having fought with all the bravery imaginable, were taken with the galley in which they were; the other two regained the port, after sustaining many dangers, and most of the men also arrived there by swimming.

Unfortunate as the last attack had proved to Demetrius, he was determined to undertake another; and in order to succeed in that design, he commanded a machine of a new invention to be built, of thrice the height and breadth of those he had lately lost. When this was completed, he

caused it to be placed near the port, which he was resolved to force; but at the instant they were preparing to work it, a dreadful tempest arose at sea, and sunk it to the bottom, together with the vessels on which it had been raised.

The besieged, who were careful to improve all opportunities, employed the time afforded them by the tempest in regaining the eminence near the port, which the enemy had carried in the first assault, and where they afterwards fortified themselves. The Rhodians attacked it, and were repulsed several times; but the forces of Demetrius, who defended it, perceiving fresh troops continually pouring upon them, and that it was in vain for them to expect any relief, were obliged at last to surrender themselves prisoners, to the number of four hundred men.

This series of fortunate events was succeeded by the arrival of five hundred men from Cnossus, a city of Crete, to the assistance of the Rhodians, and also of five hundred more, whom Ptolemy sent from Egypt, most of them being Rhodians, who had enlisted themselves amongst the troops of that prince.

Demetrius being extremely mortified to see all his batteries on the side of the harbour rendered ineffectual, resolved to employ them by land, in order to carry the place by assault, or reduce it to the necessity of capitulating. He therefore prepared materials of every kind, and formed a machine called *helepolis*, which was larger than any that had ever been invented before. The basis on which it stood was square, and each of its sides was seventy-five feet wide. The machine itself was an assemblage of large square beams, riveted together with iron; and the whole mass rested upon eight wheels, that were made proportionable with the superstructure. The felloes of the wheels were three feet thick, and were strengthened with large iron plates. In order to facilitate and vary the movements of the *helepolis*, castors were placed under it, so that it could be moved in any direction. From each of the four angles a large column of wood was carried up to the height of about one hundred and fifty feet, inclining towards each other. The machine was composed of nine stories, whose dimensions gradually lessened in the ascent. The first story was supported by forty-three beams, and the last by no more than nine. Three sides of

the machine were plated over with iron, to prevent its being damaged by the fires launched against it from the city. In the front of each story were little windows, whose form and dimensions corresponded with the nature of the arrows that were to be shot from the machine. Over each window was a kind of curtain made of leather, stuffed with wool: this was let down by a machine; and the intention of it was to break the violence of whatever might be discharged against it. Each story had two large staircases, one for the ascent of the men, and the other for their descent.

This machine was moved forward by three thousand four hundred of the most powerful men in the army; but the art with which it was built greatly facilitated the motion.

Demetrius likewise gave directions for the building of a great number of other machines, of different magnitudes and for various purposes; he also employed his seamen in levelling the ground over which his machines had to move, which was a hundred fathoms in length. The number of artisans and labourers employed on these works amounted to nearly thirty thousand men, which enabled them to be completed with astonishing rapidity.

The Rhodians were not indolent during these formidable preparations, but employed their time in raising a counter wall on the tract of ground where Demetrius intended to batter the walls of the city with the helepolis; and for this purpose they demolished the wall which surrounded the theatre, as also several neighbouring houses, and even some temples, having solemnly promised the gods to build magnificent structures for the celebration of their worship after the siege should be raised.

When they learnt that the enemy had quitted the sea, they sent out nine of their best ships of war, divided into three squadrons, commanded by three of their best officers. These returned with a rich prize of some galleys and several smaller vessels, with a great number of prisoners. They had likewise seized a galley richly laden, in which were large quantities of tapestry and other furniture, with a variety of rich robes, sent by Phila as a present to her husband Demetrius, accompanied with letters from her own hand. The Rhodians sent the whole, even the letters, to Ptolemy, which exceedingly exasperated Demetrius. In

this proceeding, says Plutarch, they did not imitate the polite conduct of the Athenians, who, having once seized some of the couriers of Philip, with whom they were at war, opened all the packets but those of Olympias, which they sent to Philip with the seals unbroken. There are some rules of decency and honour which ought to be inviolably observed, even with enemies.

While the ships of the republic were employed in taking the above-named prizes, a great commotion arose in Rhodes respecting the statues of Antigonus and Demetrius, which had been erected to their honour in the city, and till the present war had been held in much respect. Some of the citizens, in a public meeting, expressed a wish to have the statues of princes who had brought so much trouble upon them destroyed; but the people, who were, for a wonder, more moderate on this occasion than their chiefs, would not allow that purpose to be executed. This was prudent and judicious in the Rhodians; much importance was attached to statues in ancient times, and in case the city should be taken, Demetrius would be better pleased to find his and his father's statues still respected.

Demetrius, having tried several mines without effect, from their being all discovered by the watchful activity of the besieged, gave orders and made preparation for a general assault, and the helepolis was moved to a situation whence the city might be battered with most effect. Each story of this formidable building was furnished with catapultas and balistas proportioned in their size to the dimensions of the place. It was likewise supported and fortified, on two of its sides, by four small machines called tortoises, each of which had a covered gallery, to secure those who should either enter the helepolis, or issue out of it to execute orders. On the two other sides was a battering-ram of a prodigious size, consisting of a piece of timber thirty fathoms in length, armed with iron terminating in a point, and as strong as the beak of a galley. These engines were mounted on wheels, and were driven forward to batter the walls during the attack, with incredible force, by nearly a thousand men.

When everything was ready, Demetrius ordered the trumpets to sound and the general assault to be given on all sides, both by sea and land. In the heat of the attack,

and when the walls were already shaken by the battering-rams, ambassadors arrived from the Cnidians, earnestly soliciting Demetrius to suspend the assault, and giving him hopes that they should prevail upon the Rhodians to consent to an honourable capitulation. A suspension of arms was accordingly granted, but the Rhodians refusing to capitulate on the conditions proposed to them, the attack was renewed with so much fury, and all the machines co-operated so effectually, that a large tower, built with square stones, and the wall that flanked it, were battered down. The besieged fought with the utmost bravery in the breach, and repulsed their enemies.

In this conjuncture the vessels which Ptolemy had freighted with three hundred thousand measures of corn and different kinds of pulse, for the Rhodians, arrived very seasonably in the port, notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy's ships which cruised in the neighbourhood to intercept them. A few days after this relief, two other small fleets sailed into the port, one of which was sent by Cassander, with one hundred thousand bushels of barley; the other came from Lysimachus, with four hundred thousand bushels of wheat, and as much barley. This seasonable and abundant supply, which was received when the city began to feel the want of provisions, inspired the besieged with new courage, and they resolved not to surrender till the last extremity.

Whilst in this state of renewed spirits, they attempted to fire the enemy's machines, and with this view, a numerous body of soldiers marched out of the city towards midnight, with torches and flaming brands. These troops advanced to the batteries, and set them on fire, whilst clouds of arrows were poured from the walls to annoy those who endeavoured to extinguish the flames. The besiegers lost great numbers of men on this occasion, from being incapable in the night to see or avoid the volleys of arrows discharged upon them. Several plates of iron happening to fall from the helepolis during the action, the Rhodians advanced with the hopes of setting it on fire; but, as the troops within quenched it with water as fast as the flames were kindled, they could not effect their design. Demetrius, however, alarmed for his machines, caused them to be removed to a distance.

Being curious to know what number of machines the besieged had employed in casting arrows, Demetrius caused all that had been shot from the place in the course of that night to be collected; and when they were counted and a proper computation made, he found that the inhabitants must have more than eight hundred engines of different dimensions, for discharging fires, and about fifteen hundred for arrows. He was struck with consternation at the number, as he had never thought the city could have made such formidable preparations. He buried his dead, gave strict charge with respect to the care of the wounded, and promptly repaired his injured machines.

The besieged took advantage of the temporary absence of the machines to fortify themselves against a fresh attack. To this purpose, they opened a wide and deep ditch behind the breach, to obstruct the passage of the enemy into the city; after which, they raised a substantial wall, in the form of a crescent, along the ditch, which would create still more trouble.

Alive to every expedient, they at the same time detached a squadron of their best sailing ships, which captured a great number of vessels laden with provisions for Demetrius's army. This supply was soon followed by a numerous fleet of small vessels, freighted with corn and other necessaries, sent them by Ptolemy, with fifteen hundred men commanded by Antigonus of Macedonia.

Demetrius, having repaired his machines, caused them all to advance towards the city, when a second embassy arrived from the Athenians, and some other states of Greece, on the same subject as the former, but with as little success. The king, whose imagination was fruitful in expedients, ordered fifteen hundred of his best troops, under the command of Alcimus and Mancius, to enter the breach at midnight, and force the intrenchments behind it. They were then to possess themselves of the parts near the theatre, where, if they could but once make themselves masters, they could maintain their ground. In order to facilitate the execution of so important and dangerous an expedition, and amuse the enemy with false attacks, he at the same time caused all the trumpets to sound a charge, and the city to be attacked on all sides, both by sea and land, that the besieged, finding

employment in all parts, the fifteen hundred men might have an opportunity of forcing the intrenchments which covered the breach, and afterwards of seizing all the advantageous posts about the theatre. This feint had all the success the prince expected from it. The troops having shouted from all quarters, as if they were advancing to a general assault, the detachment commanded by Alcimus entered the breach, and made such a vigorous attack upon those who defended the ditch and the crescent which covered it, that, after they had killed a great number of their enemies and thrown the rest into confusion, they seized the posts adjacent to the theatre, where they maintained themselves.

The alarm was very great in the city, and all the chiefs who commanded there despatched orders to their officers and soldiers, forbidding them to quit their posts or make the least movement whatever. After which, they placed themselves at the head of a chosen body of their own troops, and of those newly arrived from Egypt, and with them poured upon the detachment which had advanced as far as the theatre; but the obscurity of the night rendered it impracticable to dislodge them from the posts they had seized; and the day no sooner appeared, than a universal cry of the besiegers was heard from all quarters, by which they endeavoured to animate those who had entered the place, and inspire them with a resolution to maintain their ground, where they might soon expect succours. This dreadful cry drew floods of tears and dismal groans from the populace, women and children, who concluded all to be inevitably lost. The battle, however, was contested with great vigour near the theatre; and the Macedonians defended their posts with an intrepidity that astonished their enemies, till at last, the Rhodians prevailing by their numbers and perpetual supplies of fresh troops, the detachment, after having seen Alcimus and Mancius slain on the spot, were obliged to submit to superior force, and abandon an advantage it was no longer possible to maintain. Great numbers of them fell on the spot, and the rest were taken prisoners.

The ardour of Demetrius was rather augmented than abated by this check, and he was making the necessary dispositions for a new assault, when he received letters from

his father, Antigonus, by which he was directed to take all possible measures for the conclusion of a peace with the Rhodians. He then wanted some plausible pretext for suspending the siege, and chance furnished him with it. At that very instant, deputies from Ætolia arrived in the camp, to solicit him anew to grant a peace to the Rhodians, to which they found him not so averse as before.

If what Vegetius relates of the helepolis be true,—and, indeed, with a small variation, Vitruvius seems to confirm it,—it might possibly be another motive that contributed not a little to dispose Demetrius to a peace. He was preparing to advance his helepolis against the city, when a Rhodian engineer contrived an expedient to render it utterly useless: he opened a mine under the walls of the city, and continued it to the way over which the tower was to pass toward the walls the next day. The besiegers, not expecting a stratagem of that nature, moved the tower on to the place undermined, which being incapable of supporting so enormous a load, sunk in under the machine, which buried itself so deep in the earth, that it was impossible to draw it out again. This was one inconvenience to which all these formidable machines were obnoxious; and the two authors cited declare that the accident determined Demetrius to raise the siege; and it is at least very probable that it contributed not a little to his taking that resolution.

The Rhodians, on their part, were as desirous of an accommodation as himself, provided it could be effected on reasonable terms. Ptolemy, in promising them fresh succours much more considerable than the former, had earnestly exhorted them not to lose a favourable opportunity, if it should offer itself. Besides which, they were sensible of the extreme necessity of putting an end to a siege which must prove fatal at last. This consideration induced them to listen with pleasure to the proposals made them, and the treaty was concluded soon after, upon the following terms: That the republic of Rhodes and all its citizens should retain the enjoyment of their rights, privileges, and liberty, without being subjected to any power whatever. The alliance they had had with Antigonus was to be confirmed and renewed, with an obligation to take up arms for him in any war in which he should be engaged, provided it was not against

Ptolemy. The city was also to deliver a hundred hostages, to be chosen by Demetrius, for the effectual performance of the stipulated articles. When these hostages were given, the army decamped from before Rhodes, after having besieged it a year.

Demetrius, upon being reconciled with the Rhodians, was desirous, before his departure, to give them a proof of his good feeling, and accordingly made them a present of all the machines of war he had employed in that siege. Considering that Rhodes was an island, and that these cumbersome, unwieldy engines could not have been taken away without great difficulty, we moderns are inclined to think there was not much generosity in the gift; but the result proves we are wrong. The machines were sold for three hundred talents (about three hundred thousand crowns), which the Rhodians employed, with an additional sum of their own, in constructing the famous Colossus, which was reputed one of the seven wonders of the world. It was a statue of the sun, of so stupendous a size, that ships in full sail passed between its legs; the height of it was seventy cubits, or one hundred and five feet, and few men could clasp its thumb within their arms. It was the work of Chares of Lindus, and employed him for the space of twelve years. Sixty-six years after its erection, it was thrown down by an earthquake.

The Rhodians expressed their gratitude to Ptolemy in a most extravagant manner: they planted a grove, built a temple in it to his glory, and paid him divine honours under the title of *Sotor*, the Saviour, by which he is distinguished in history from the other Ptolemies, kings of Egypt.

We cannot leave Rhodes, without a remark or two upon the love Demetrius bore to the arts, and the height to which they appear to have been cultivated in that island.

Rhodes, at the time of the siege, was the residence of a celebrated painter named Protogenes, a native of Caunus, a city of Caria, which was then subject to the Rhodians. The apartment in which he painted was in the suburbs when Demetrius first besieged the city; but neither the presence of the enemy, nor the noise of arms, which perpetually rung in his ears, could induce him to quit his habitation or discontinue his work. Demetrius was surprised at his firmness and persistency, and asked him the cause of it. "It is," re-

plied the painter, "because I am sensible you have declared war against the Rhodians, and not against the arts." Nor was he deceived in this opinion; for Demetrius actually showed himself their protector. He planted a guard round his house, that the artist might enjoy tranquillity, or, at least, be secure from danger; he frequently went to see him work, and was boundless in his admiration of his application and skill.

The masterpiece of this painter was *Jalysus*, an historical piece of a fabulous hero of that name, whom the Rhodians acknowledged as their founder. Protogenes devoted seven years to this picture. When Apelles first saw it, he was so astonished and delighted that he seemed struck dumb: he at length, however, broke out into the warmest commendation: "Prodigious work, indeed! admirable performance! It has not, however, the graces I give my works, and which have raised their reputation to the skies." Pliny says that whilst Protogenes was working at this picture, he practised the most rigid abstinence, in order that the delicacy of his taste and imagination might not be affected by his diet. This picture was carried to Rome, and consecrated in the Temple of Peace, where it remained in the time of Pliny; but it was destroyed at last by fire. Pliny, indeed, pretends that Rhodes was saved by this picture, because, as it hung in the only quarter by which it was possible for Demetrius to take the city, he rather chose to abandon his conquest than expose so precious a monument of art to the danger of being consumed by the flames. This would appear to be carrying his love of painting to a surprising length; but the incidents we are told of the enthusiastic worship of the Greeks for refinement and taste, if they do not convince us of their own identical truth, at least prove to us the extent to which that love must have been felt by a people who could even invent such.

One of the figures of the picture was a dog, much admired by good judges, and which had cost the painter great pains, without his being able to express his idea to his own satisfaction, though pleased with the rest of the work. His wish was to represent the dog panting, and with his mouth foaming, as after a long chase; and yet, with all his skill, he could not content himself: art was more visible than it ought to

be. He was desirous that the foam should not appear to be painted, but actually flowing from the mouth of the dog. He frequently retouched it, and suffered a degree of torture from his anxiety to express the simple effects of nature which he had in his mind. All his attempts were in vain, till, in a fit of rage, and with an imprecation, he threw the sponge. he was accustomed to wipe his palette with at the picture—and chance accomplished what art had not been able to execute.

This painter is censured for being too difficult to be pleased, and for retouching his pictures too frequently. It is certain, that although Apelles almost considered him as his master, and allowed him a number of excellent qualities, yet he condemned in him the defect of not being able to lay down the pencil and consider his work finished. "We ought," says Cicero, "to know how far we should go: and Apelles justly censured some painters for not knowing when to have done."

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1521.

Rhodes, like the rest of Greece, submitted to the empire of the Romans, and, when that had been annihilated by the barbarians, it passed under the yoke of the all-conquering Mahometans. In 1308, Foulques de Villard, grand master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, formed the project of conquering this island, in order to make it the head-quarters of his order. Seconded by several of the sovereigns of Europe, he landed on the isle, beat the Saracens and the Greeks in several encounters, and, after four years of fatigue and danger, made himself master of Rhodes. The knights placed the isle in a formidable state of defence, and, under their auspices, it became happy and flourishing. These precautions were quite necessary, for Greeks, Saracens, and Turks were continually attempting to gain footing in this beautiful place. Mahomet the Second, the great conqueror of Constantinople, wished to besiege it; but his generals were beaten, and he himself died, while proceeding on this expedition. The glory of taking Rhodes was reserved for Soliman the Second, whose troops approached the isle in 1521. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, grand master of the Knights of St. John, reigned there at that time: he was an intrepid, courageous, skilful captain, of great experience, and fertile

in resources. He had, at most, six thousand warriors to oppose to two hundred thousand men. But, like their leader, these warriors were filled with the most heroic valour, and preferred death to slavery. Rhodes was invested, and the trenches were opened out of the reach of the cannon. When the Turks ventured nearer, and erected a battery, their works were speedily destroyed by the artillery of the place. The frequent sorties of the knights filled up their works. The discouragement became so general among the Turks, that Soliman was obliged to show himself to his troops, and animate their operations by his presence.

What had been written to him of the ill-behaviour of his soldiers, and what he learnt of their cowardice on his arrival, determined him to make them appear before him disarmed, and to surround them by the troops he had brought with him. "If I had," said he, in a haughty, contemptuous tone, and casting terrible glances on all around him, "if I had to address soldiers, I would have permitted you to appear before me with your arms; but as I am reduced to the necessity of speaking to wretched slaves, more weak and more timid than women, it is not just that men so base should dishonour the marks of valour. I should like to know if, when you landed in the isle, you flattered yourselves that these crusaders would be still more cowardly than yourselves, and that they would servilely hold out their hands for the irons with which it would please you to load them? To undeceive you, please to learn that in the persons of these knights, we have to fight with the most intrepid among the Christians, and most thirsting for Mussulman blood. It is their courage which has excited ours; in attacking them, I have thought I had met with an enterprise and perils worthy of my valour. Is it to you, then, base and effeminate troops, that I am to look for a conquest; you who fly from an enemy before you have seen him, and who would already have deserted, if the sea which surrounds you had not presented an insurmountable obstacle? Before experiencing such a disgrace, I will inflict such severe justice upon all cowards, that their punishment shall restrain within their duty such as might be tempted to imitate them." Scarcely had Soliman ceased to speak, than the soldiers drew their swords, as if to massacre those of their comrades who had excited the indignation of the

Sultan. These unfortunate wretches, who saw death suspended over their heads, implored with loud cries the mercy of their sultan. Their commander, as agreed upon with him, supported their prayers. "Well," said Soliman to Peri, the general, "I suspend, to your prayers, the punishment of the guilty; it remains for them to find pardon on the bastions and bulwarks of the enemy." This mixture of severity and clemency affected all hearts; the greatest perils appeared to be beneath the valour of the soldiers who had been the most discouraged. Officers and soldiers, to efface the least traces of their murmurs, hastened to signalize themselves under the eye of their master; and that armed multitude, till that time to be little dreaded, became at length most formidable. The soldiers and pioneers pushed on the trenches without relaxation; they worked day and night; the grand master, finding them supported by large detachments, did not think it prudent to continue the sorties, in which he lost more by the death of one knight, than Soliman did by that of fifty janissaries. Thus the infidels, having nothing to fear but from the fire of the place, behaved with so much spirit that they carried their works up to the counter-scarp; and, to render their lines more solid, they covered them without with posts and planks, bound well together. The batteries were then increased, and continued incessantly playing against the city, but without success, for their balls scarcely grazed the parapets of the walls. They were warned of this by a Jew, who served them as a spy in Rhodes. They immediately changed their batteries, which from that time fired more effectively. Seeing that the place might be said to be covered and buried under its fortifications, the Turks resolved to build two cavaliers of a greater height than its works, which should command the city and its boulevards. Soldiers and pioneers, by order of the general, brought, during several days, earth and stones, which they placed between the gates of Spain and Auvergne, opposite to the bastion of Italy. These two points lay open to the cannon of the place: thousands of men perished here; but such losses were deemed nothing. At length two seeming hills appeared to rise up, higher by twelve feet than the walls, and which completely commanded them. The German post was the first attacked. The Turks pointed their

cannon towards the walls, and it was thought impossible they could stand against these destructive machines. The grand master went to the spot, and ordered the wall to be supported within by earth, beams, posts, and fascines; and, as the artillery placed over the gate of his palace, on an elevated spot, bore directly upon the infidels, the Christian cannoniers poured their shot upon them, and knocked to pieces their bastions and their parapets. New ones were obliged to be constructed; the cannon of the city battered them down immediately, whilst the Turkish artillery, on the contrary, badly served and pointed, fired over the walls, without doing any injury. Disheartened by the little effect produced by their batteries, the Sultan's officers transported them against the tower of St. Nicholas. They played upon it with twelve guns; but they had the mortification to see their cannon dismounted and their batteries ruined by those of the tower. To guard against this effect of the skill of the Christian cannoniers, they resolved to fire only by night, and during the day they buried their cannon under the gabions in the sand: on the approach of darkness, they were placed upon the platform. More than five hundred balls were fired against the point of the wall looking towards the west, and brought it down into the ditch. The Turks congratulated themselves upon the success of this nocturnal battery, and felt certain of carrying the fort at the first assault; they were astonished, however, to see behind the ruins a new wall, terraced with its parapets, and bristling with artillery which prevented all approach to it. Soliman caused all the principal bastions of the place to be attacked, and the Ottoman cannon, which battered them day and night during a whole month, did them considerable damage. The numbers of knights and citizens in Rhodes began to diminish fast. They were in want of powder; the grand master caused some to be made, and hopes were entertained that this feeble succour would enable them to hold out for a long time against the Mahometan emperor. Up to this time, the war had only been carried on by artillery; and although that of the Turks, in the multitude of fiery mouths and abundance of powder, was very superior, they were not yet masters of an inch of ground in the bastions or advanced works of the place. The retirades and intrench-

ments dug by the knights, supplied the places of the battered-down walls. These new works could only be taken by assault; and to mount to it, it was necessary to attempt the descent of the ditch, or to fill it up. Soliman having an immense number of pioneers in his army, formed several detachments of them, with orders to throw earth and stones into the ditch. But the knights, by means of casemates, removed, by night, all the rubbish the Turks had brought during the day. Other Turkish pioneers were employed in digging mines in five different places, each one of which led to the bastion opposite to it. Some of these were detected by the vigilance of the famous De Martinengere, to whom is due the invaluable invention of discovering, by means of stretched skins, where mining is being carried on. The Turks had worked with so much address, that the different branches of these mines went from one to another, and all, to produce the greater effect, ended at the same place. Two of these mines sprang, one after the other, under the English bastion. Their explosion was so violent, that they threw down more than six toises of the wall, the ruins of which filled up the ditch. The breach was so large and so easy, that several battalions flew to the assault, with loud cries, sabre in hand. They at once gained the top of the bastion, and planted seven flags, and would have rendered themselves masters of it, if they had not met with a traverse behind it, which stopped them. The knights, recovered from the astonishment caused by the fearful noise of the exploded mine, rushed to the bastion, and charged the Turks with muskets, grenades, and stones.

The grand master, at the moment of the explosion of this volcano, was in a neighbouring church, imploring, at the foot of the altar, the aid of God. He judged, by the horrible noise he heard, that the explosion of the mine would be followed by an assault. He arose at the very moment the priests, to commence the office, were chanting this preliminary prayer—*Deus, in adjutorium meum intende!* (Lord, come to my help!) “I accept the augury,” cried the pious general; and turning towards some knights who accompanied him, “Come, my brothers,” said he, “let us change the sacrifice of our praises into that of our lives, and let us die, if it be necessary, in defence of our holy faith.” As he spoke, pike in

hand, he advanced with a menacing air. He mounted the bastion, met the Turks, and struck down and killed all who came in his way or resisted him. He tore down the enemy's ensigns, and regained the bastion in a moment. Mustapha, Soliman's general, rallied the fugitives and led them back towards the enemy, by dint of blows as well as menaces. He marched forward himself with the greatest audacity. The combat was renewed, and the *mêlée* became bloody. Steel and fire were equally employed on both parts; they slaughtered each other hand to hand, or at a distance, by musket-shots or sword-cuts. They even proceeded to struggle body to body, and the stronger or more adroit killed his enemy with dagger-thrusts. The Turks, at once exposed to arquebusses, stones, grenades, and fire-pots, at length abandoned the breach and turned their backs. In vain their chiefs, by menaces and promises, endeavour to reanimate their valour. They do not listen to him. All fly, all disperse, and Mustapha himself turns unwillingly from the foe, after having lost more than three thousand men. It was with such inveteracy that the superiority was contested up to the 24th of September, when Soliman issued the order for a general assault. At daybreak the Mahometans, divided into four bodies, or rather four armies, advanced on four sides boldly towards the breach, in spite of the thunders which poured from the place, in spite of a deluge of balls, arrows, darts, and stones. Nothing could stop them. The knights crowded to the point of conflict; they repulsed the assailants; they precipitated them from the walls; they overthrew the ladders. The infidels returned to the charge with more impetuosity than ever, but all their efforts were useless: the knights were invincible. The priests, monks, old men, and even the children, all insist upon taking their share of the peril, and at length repulse the enemy. The women do not yield in exertions to the pioneers, or in courage to the soldiers. Many lost their lives in defending their husbands. A Greek woman, exceedingly handsome, the mistress of an officer who commanded in a bastion, and who was just killed, frantic at the death of her lover, and resolved not to outlive him, after having tenderly embraced two young children she had had by him, and imprinted the sign of the cross upon their brow—"It

is better, my children," said she, with the tears streaming from her eyes, "it is better for you to die by my hands than by those of our pitiless enemies, or that you should be reserved for infamous pleasures, more cruel than death." Frantic with grief and rage, she seized a knife, slaughtered them, and threw their bodies into the fire; then clothing herself in the garments of her lover, stained with his blood, with his sabre in her hand, she rushed to the breach, killed the first Turk who opposed her, wounded several others, and died fighting with the bravery of a hero. The ill success of so many assaults rendered Soliman furious. He ordered Mustapha to be shot with arrows, and several other captains would have undergone the same fate if they had not persuaded him that he might still succeed in his undertaking. Incessant combats and attacks were carried on up to the middle of winter. At length the Ottomans triumphed; Rhodes, almost entirely destroyed, had no means of resistance left. Most of the knights had been killed defending the fortifications. The grand master, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, seeing with the deepest grief that all his resources were exhausted, felt that it would be madness to resist longer. He resolved to surrender; but his persuasion that he who makes the first proposals loses an advantage, made him positively determine to wait till the Turks should propose capitulation. His project succeeded. Deceived by the continued brave defence, the Turks were ignorant of the real state of the place, and offered the besiegers more honourable conditions than they might have expected. This famous isle, which had been for nearly three centuries the bulwark of Christianity, was wrested from the hands of its few surviving defenders, the wreck of a society of heroes. As soon as the capitulation was signed, Soliman entered the city for the purpose of expressing to L'Isle-Adam his admiration of his noble defence. After a long conversation the conqueror retired, saying, "Although I came here alone, do not imagine I was without an escort; I had the parole of the grand master and the faith of his knights, a security stronger than a whole army." Soliman did not abuse his victory. He treated the grand master generously; he visited him, pitied him, and consoled him as that last of a race of heroes deserved.

G A Z A.

A.C. 332.

ALEXANDER besieged Gaza, one of the keys of Egypt, for two months. We do not think we should have noticed this siege, had it not been for the strange manner in which Alexander dismissed all the good feelings which so frequently distinguished him, after the conquest. Alexander is one of those great historical personages, who have so many fine redeeming qualities, that we feel inclined to pardon their errors and excuse even their crimes; but in this instance he sunk into a mere brutal and revengeful conqueror. He had an inclination to be compared to Achilles, and he boasted of being the son of Jupiter; but this siege proved that he was not invulnerable, like the former, nor exempt from human accidents, as the offspring of an immortal; he received two wounds in this siege, which perhaps was the cause of his wrath. He treated the inhabitants with the utmost cruelty, putting ten thousand to the sword. Betis, the governor of Gaza, was taken in one of the last assaults. Alexander was either angry or jealous at the courage with which he had seen him face death, and ordered him to appear before his throne: "Wretch!" cried he, "thou shalt not die sword in hand, as thou didst hope; expect to suffer all the torments vengeance can contrive." To imitate Achilles, who dragged the body of Hector three times round the walls of Troy behind his chariot, he ordered the unfortunate Betis to be pierced through the heels, and to be fastened to a chariot, which he drove round the walls of Gaza; thus depriving the brave governor of the little life left by his wounds.

Demetrius lost a great battle on the plains of Gaza, against Ptolemy, one of Alexander's officers, who had made himself king of Egypt,—A.C. 312.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 633.

Amrou, commander of the Saracens, presented himself before Gaza in the year 633 of the Christian era. The governor of the place haughtily asked him, in an interview, what brought him into Syria? "The order of God and of my master," replied Amrou. They soon proceeded to action: the troops of Gaza were cut to pieces; Amrou took the governor prisoner, and Gaza opened its gates to him.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1799.

Gaza was taken by Buonaparte, in his Egyptian expedition; but as there is no striking circumstance to give interest to the siege, we shall content ourselves with recording the fact.

PERSEPOLIS.

A.C. 330.

EVER insatiable of glory, Alexander laid siege to Persepolis, the capital of the Persian empire. At his approach, the inhabitants deserted the city, and fled away into the deserts, and the conqueror entered without the least obstacle. The Macedonian soldiery, greedy of booty, pillaged the city, and destroyed the few inhabitants they met with. But Alexander stopped the carnage, and gave orders that the virtue of the women should be respected. Almost all the treasures and magazines of the Persians were collected in Persepolis, which had been their capital from the time of Cyrus. The amount of wealth is so enormous, that a modern historian is afraid to repeat what the ancients have stated: it appears to be a subject for the imagination rather than of calculation or comparison. So rich a booty gave rise to the idea of celebrating this event by a festival. Tables were spread in the streets; the soldiers gave themselves up to rejoicings and the enjoyment of good cheer, whilst their

prince presided at a grand banquet given to his officers and friends. Thaïs, an Athenian courtesan, the mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterwards king of Egypt, had gained the privilege of being admitted to the royal table by her wit and gaiety, and was accustomed to address the conqueror of Asia with the utmost freedom. When wine had sufficiently warmed the guests, Thaïs exclaimed—"Noble lord! thanks to your invincible courage, Greece is avenged; you are master of Persia, and we are quaffing the wines of Darius in the palace of the Persian kings. The pleasures I enjoy in this superb abode make amends for the fatigues I have endured whilst you subdued Asia. There is only one thing wanting to complete my felicity. Great prince, why will you not permit the women who have had the honour to follow your warriors to make one glorious blaze of the dwelling of Xerxes, the barbarian who burnt and destroyed my country? I should consider myself a thousand times too fortunate if I could myself set fire to it in your presence, and to let it be known to all ages, that a woman in the train of the great Alexander had more nobly avenged Greece than Miltiades or Themistocles had done!" The guests applauded this boastful appeal. The king rose from table with his head crowned with flowers, and seizing a blazing torch, rushed to the execution of the suggested sacrifice. The Macedonians, following the example of their king and Thaïs, spread themselves in all directions with their flaming brands, and soon produced an awful conflagration. But scarcely had the first flame cast its glare around, than Alexander became aware of his folly, and gave earnest orders for the extinguishing of the fire; but it was too late—the palace was consumed.

LACEDÆMON.

A.C. 272.

THE restless, ambitious, insatiable Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, laid siege to Lacedæmon. He arrived in the evening, with all his army, and only postponed the attack till the next day;—this delay saved Sparta. As soon as night came, the Lacedæmonians met to deliberate upon the propriety of sending their wives and daughters to the island of Crete; but the women strongly opposed such a determination. One of them, named Archidamia, entered the senate, sword in hand, and addressing the assembly in the name of all the rest, she proudly demanded why the senators had so bad an opinion of her and her companions, as to imagine they could love or endure life after the ruin of their country.

It was resolved that they should not leave the city. As the men were employed, with vigour and celerity, in digging a trench parallel with the camp of the enemy, to enable them to dispute the approach to the city, the women and girls came to join them, and after having exhorted those who would have to fight, to take repose during the night, they measured the length of the trench, and undertook, as their share, a third part of it, which they finished in the course of the day. This trench was nine feet wide, six deep, and nine hundred long. In all the attacks which took place till Pyrrhus was constrained to raise the siege, these courageous women conducted themselves in a manner worthy of the reputation of their mothers of former days.

A R G O S.

A. C. 272.

THE same ambitious, quarrelsome prince fell upon Argos, at a time when it was divided by the factions of Aristias and Aristippus. The Argives at first sent to Pyrrhus to beg him to evacuate their territories. He promised to do so, but that very same night entered their gates, aided by the treachery of Aristias. A great part of his troops had already spread themselves throughout the city, when an act of imprudence deprived him of his victory and his life. Whoever reads the life of Pyrrhus will observe the importance he always attached to his elephants—engines of war, if we may so call them, introduced for a time into Europe by the conquests of Alexander. He had tried to terrify the Romans with these monstrous animals, but without success. So partial was he to these bulky assistants, that he insisted upon their being brought into Lacedæmon, though the gates were not large enough, or the streets sufficiently wide, to make them at all available. Alarmed by the noise created by the confusion the elephants produced, the Argives flew to arms, and their houses became so many citadels, from which they poured all sorts of missiles down upon the troops of the king of Epirus. The elephants so completely blocked up the way, as to prevent the entrance of fresh troops, and were of more injury to their masters than to the Spartans. Abandoned by his people, Pyrrhus maintained his character for personal valour by the brave manner in which he fought his way through the enemy. An Argive attacked him, and hurled his javelin at him; but the point was blunted by the thickness of his cuirass. The furious prince was about to strike him dead, when the mother of the Argive, who beheld the fight from the roof of her house, threw a tile at Pyrrhus, which, striking him on the head, stretched him senseless on the ground. One of the soldiers of Antigonus coming up,

was rejoiced to find their great enemy in such a state, and immediately cut off his head. His soldiers, deprived of their leader, were soon put to the rout. Thus perished, by the hand of an old woman, a captain famous for his exploits against both Rome and Carthage, and whose victorious arms had made Greece tremble more than once.

MESSINA.

A.C. 264.

THE power of the Romans had struggled during nearly five hundred years against the peoples of Italy; and it was not till after many and severe toils that they succeeded in laying the foundations of an empire which was doomed to embrace nearly the known universe. Rome, mistress of those vast countries which extend from the Rubicon to the southern extremity of Italy, became anxious to carry her conquests abroad. She ventured to attack the forces of Carthage, at that time the most flourishing republic in existence. The union of the Carthaginians with Hiero, king of Syracuse, for the destruction of the Messinians and the siege of Messina, were the pretexts for the first war between these two ambitious republics, whilst the conquest of Sicily was the real object. Messina having placed itself under the protection of Rome, Appius Claudius was ordered to march to the succour of that oppressed city; but a strait of the sea had to be crossed, and the Romans, without maritime experience, had nothing but boats, rudely constructed, very much resembling Indian canoes. Was it possible for such a fleet to resist that of the Carthaginians, well equipped and numerous, besides being accustomed to the domination of the seas? Appius at once perceived his weakness; and yet it was necessary that he should arrive at Messina quickly, as the enemy was pressing it very closely. In this embarrassment, the consul had recourse to an ingenious stratagem: he pretended to endeavour to cross the strait, but seeming to be terrified at the sight of the Carthaginians, he took to flight suddenly, and feigned to abandon the enterprise. The

Carthaginians, fully persuaded that he would not return, but was gone back to Rome, retired, as if there was nothing more to be feared. Appius, taking advantage of this belief, crossed the strait in the night-time, and arrived safely in Sicily. The place at which he landed was close to the camp of the Syracusans; and the consul exhorted his troops to fall at once upon the enemy, promising them an easy victory;—in fact, it proved so. The army of Hiero could not sustain the impetuous shock of the Romans: it fled, and abandoned the entrances of Messina to the conquerors. The consul was received like a liberator from heaven; and the joy of the citizens was the greater, from their having been in utter despair. Appius, taking advantage of his victory, attacked the camp of the Carthaginians; but he was repulsed with some loss, and forced to retreat. He was pursued, which was what he desired and expected; he faced about, and fortune seemed to change with the situation of the place. The Carthaginians could not stand against the courage of the Romans, but took to flight in their turn, after losing many men. And thus Rome commenced the first Punic war.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1282.

Stung almost to madness by the celebrated Sicilian Vespers, Charles of Anjou collected all the troops in his power, set forward on his march, accompanied by an apostolic legate, and invested Messina, which he pressed closely. The unfortunate inhabitants, upon the point of having their city carried by assault, offered to capitulate. They promised to return to their duty, if the monarch would forget the past, and engage not to give to the French either places or magistracy in their city. Charles replied, that he intended to govern as to him should seem best; and that, if they did not promptly submit, they might prepare to be treated in the same manner as they had treated the French. The Messinese, irritated by this disheartening reply, swore that they would rather devour their own children than become slaves for ever. It was in vain that endeavours were made to bring them back to a more prudent line of conduct; the most terrible menaces were equally vain: they would listen to nothing: they declared that it would be better to die like

brave men, than to be given up to the executioner like base malefactors. Old men, women, and children, all took up arms in the common cause. The king continued to press the siege very warmly; but the Messinese, animated by a generous despair, defended themselves with such heroic valour, that they gave Don Pedro of Arragon time to come to their succour. This prince, at the head of a fleet of fifty galleys, which had for admiral Roger Doria, the greatest seaman of his age, advanced into the strait of Messina, for the purpose of carrying off the French fleet, which lay there without defence. Charles, being informed of this project, thought it evident he should be ruined if he continued the siege; so he retreated without obtaining his revenge; but he could not save his vessels, of which the enemy took twenty-nine, and burnt thirty.

This war lasted many years, and was almost always unfortunate for the house of Anjou, which was at length obliged to share Sicily with that of Arragon, and to content itself with Calabria, Apulia, the Terra di Lavoro, and the Abruzzi, under the title of the kingdom of Naples.

We cannot leave the beautiful island of Sicily, where such interesting sieges have detained us so long, without offering our young readers a reflection upon the fate of that earthly paradise. From the shores of the Mediterranean to the summit of Etna, Sicily may be said to produce all that is desirable in most of the climates of the earth, and that almost spontaneously. But it is this spontaneity that we think creates its misfortune: Providence neither favours countries, nor limits its blessings to them, without countervailing checks or advantages. Sicily, from the time of the tyrants of Syracuse, under whom it was at least reckoned for something in the world, has always been under the subjugation of foreigners: successively enslaved by the Romans, the Vandals, the Arabs, the Normans; under the vassalage of the popes, the French, the Germans, and the Spaniards; always hating its masters; revolting against them, without making any efforts worthy of liberty; and continually exciting seditions, only to change its chains;—such is the history of Sicily; and only because it is one of the richest spots in the world—is the granary of the country that owns it—and produces this best of all wealth, as we have said, almost spontaneously. Where

man is not constrained to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow, he degenerates; the worst of passions are engendered by idleness; and from the indulgence of them follows that loss of self-respect which makes him indifferent to liberty, careless of his rights, and the willing victim of the highest bidder to his vices. It is a curious fact, but no less a fact, that the most productive countries in the world are seldom ruled over by the inhabitants indigenous to them.

CORINTH.

A.C. 244.

ANTIGONUS DESON, king of Macedon, had taken possession of the isthmus and citadel of Corinth, which were called the fetters of Greece, because he who was the master of them dominated over that country. Aratus, chief of the Achæans, formed the project of depriving him of this important place; and the following is the manner in which he had the good fortune to succeed. Erginus, an inhabitant of Corinth, having come to Sicyon, formed an intimacy with a well-known banker, a friend of Aratus. In the course of conversation, they happened to speak of the citadel of Corinth, and Erginus said that, going to see his brother Diocles, who was in garrison there, he had remarked, on the steepest side, a little path, cut cross-wise in the rock, which led to a place where the wall was very low. The banker asked him, with a laugh, if he and his brother had a mind to make their fortunes? Erginus guessed what he meant, and promised to sound his brother upon the subject. A few days after he returned, and undertook to conduct Aratus to the spot where the wall was not more than fifteen feet high, and, with his brother, to aid him in the rest of the enterprise. Aratus promised to give them sixty thousand crowns if the affair succeeded; but the money must be deposited with the banker, for the security of the two brothers, and as Aratus had it not, and would not borrow it for fear of betraying his secret, the generous Achæan took the greater part

of his gold and silver plate, with his wife's jewels, and placed them in pledge with the banker, for the whole sum. Several accidents delayed this noble enterprise; but nothing daunted the intrepid defenders of liberty. When all was ready, Aratus ordered his troops to pass the night under arms, and taking with him four hundred picked men, the most part of whom were ignorant of what they were going to do, and who carried ladders with them, he led them straight to the gates of the city, by the side of the walls of the Temple of Juno. It was a beautiful moonlight night, which made them justly fear they should be discovered. Fortunately, there arose on the side towards the sea a thick mist, which covered all the environs of the city, and created a complete darkness. There all the troops sat down, and took off their shoes, in order that they might make less noise in marching, and might ascend the ladders better. In the mean time, Aratus, with seven brave, determined young men, equipped as travellers, slipped into the city without being perceived, and in the first place killed the sentinel and the guards on duty. They then applied their ladders to the walls, and Aratus made a hundred of the most resolute ascend with him, desiring the others to follow as best they could. He drew up the ladders, descended into the city, and, at the head of his troops, marched, full of joy, straight towards the citadel, without being perceived. As they advanced, they met a guard of four men, who carried a light. The shade concealed the adventurers, and, crouching against some walls, they waited for these soldiers, who, on passing before the Achæans, were attacked all at once. Three of them lost their lives; the fourth, wounded by a sword in the head, fled away crying that the enemy was in the city. A moment after, all the trumpets sounded the alarm, and the whole city was roused by the noise. The streets were soon filled with people, who ran hither and thither; and were illuminated by a multitude of flambeaux, which were lighted everywhere, both down in the city, and upon the walls, the ramparts, and the citadel. Aratus, without being dismayed, held on his way, climbing, with difficulty, the steep sides of the rocks, from having missed the path which led to the wall in a winding, circuitous manner. But, as if by a miracle, the clouds passed from before the moon, and revealed to

him the whole labyrinth, till he had gained the bottom of the fortifications. Then, by a similar fortunate chance, the clouds gathered again, and the moon being concealed, replunged both besieged and besiegers into profound darkness. The three hundred soldiers whom Aratus had left without, near the Temple of Juno, having obtained entrance into the city, which they found filled with confusion and tumult, and not being able to find the path their leader had taken, clung close to the foot of a precipice, under the shadow of a great rock which concealed them, and waited in that retired place to see how fortune should dispose of their fate. The general of the Achæans in the mean time was fighting valiantly upon the ramparts of the citadel. They heard the noise of this combat, but could not tell whence it came, from the cries of the warriors being repeated a thousand times by the surrounding echoes. The Macedonians defended themselves with vigour: Archelaus, who commanded for King Antigonus, thought to overwhelm the Achæans by charging them in the rear. He placed himself at the head of a good body of troops, and, with sound of trumpet, marched against Aratus, filing before the three hundred concealed soldiers, without seeing them. The Achæans allowed him to pass on; then, rising all at once, as from an ambuscade in which they had been placed on purpose, they fell upon his party, killed many of them, put the rest to flight, and came to the succour of their general, uttering loud cries of victory. The moon once again shone forth in its splendour, and by favour of its light, the soldiers of Aratus united, and made so vigorous a charge that they drove the enemy from the walls, and when the first rays of the sun gleamed upon the citadel, it was as if to shed glory upon their victory. The Corinthians flocked to the standard of Aratus, who refused to sheath the sword till he had taken prisoners all the soldiers of the king of Macedon, and thus secured both his conquest and the liberty of Corinth.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 145.

The consul Mummius, having succeeded Metellus in the command of the Roman troops, prosecuted the war against the Achæans with much vigour, and in order to subdue

them by one great effort, he laid siege to Corinth. This city, in addition to its advantageous situation and its natural strength, was defended by a numerous garrison, composed of experienced and determined soldiers. These troops, perceiving that a corps-de-garde was negligently kept, made a sudden sortie, attacked it vigorously, killed a great many, and pursued the rest to their camp. This trifling success singularly inflamed the courage of these warriors, but it became fatal to them; for Dicæus, their leader, having rashly given battle to the Romans, who feigned to dread his forces, fell into an ambush laid by the consul, was beaten, took to flight, and lost the greater part of his men. After this rout, the inhabitants lost all hopes of defending themselves. Without counsel, without a leader, without courage, without concert, no citizen put himself forward to rally the wrecks of the defeat, to make a show of resistance, and oblige the conqueror, who wished to terminate the war quickly, to grant them tolerable conditions. All the Achæans, and most of the Corinthians, abandoned, during the night, their unfortunate country, and sought refuge in other lands. Mummius entered the city without resistance, and gave it up to pillage. The furious and greedy soldiery immolated all who stood in the way of the sword, and bore away everything that could feed their avarice. Women and children were sold by auction, like flocks of sheep. Statues, pictures, valuable furniture, all the superb ornaments of this opulent city, were sent to adorn the proud capital of the universe. The towers and walls were levelled with the ground; all the houses were set fire to, and during several days the whole city was nothing but one vast conflagration. It is pretended, but perhaps without foundation, that the gold, silver, and brass melted together in this fire, formed a new and precious metal, whose name became proverbial as Corinthian brass. It was in obedience to his masters, and not for his private interest, that the conqueror acted in this manner. Mummius was as disinterested a man as he was a great captain. To his virtues he joined that warlike simplicity so common among the Romans of his time, who made it their glory to be ignorant of the arts of refinement, or indeed of anything which did not relate to the great arts of defending their country or fighting to promote its glory. He employed trustworthy

persons to transport several pictures and statues of the most excellent masters to Rome. Had they been lost or injured, nothing could have replaced them; and yet the consul, whilst recommending care to be taken of them, said very seriously that if these things were damaged, others must be found in their place, and at the expense of those who undertook to convey them!

The Achæan league was buried under the ruins of Corinth; and Rome, always inexorable towards obstinate courage, which preferred dangerous liberty to tranquil servitude, reduced the whole of Achaia to a province.

T A R E N T U M.

A.C. 212.

SOME years after the entrance of Hannibal into Italy, the Tarentines, an inconstant, fickle people, believing Rome without resources, opened their gates to the Carthaginians; but they could not force the citadel, which was held by a Roman garrison. These soldiers kept the enemy at bay for a length of time. Rome, having regained its superiority, turned its attention to Tarentum, and resolved to punish it for its infidelity. The consul Q. Fabius laid siege to it, and found means to terminate his important enterprise very speedily. Hannibal had placed in the city a body of Brutians, the commander of whom was passionately in love with a woman whose brother served in the army of the consul. This brother, with the consent of his general, threw himself into Tarentum, and, aided by the caresses of his sister, gained the confidence of the officer. In a party of pleasure, he prevailed upon him to deliver up to the Romans the quarter of the city intrusted to his guard. When measures were ready, the soldier made his escape and informed Fabius of his success. The consul gave the concerted signal to the Romans who defended the citadel, and to the Brutians, and placed himself, with a chosen body of

troops, immediately opposite the place agreed upon. The noise of trumpets and of loud cries issued at the same moment from the citadel, the port, and the vessels at anchor. The consul, concealed at his post, maintained a profound silence. The general officer who guarded the quarter of the city near which Fabius was in ambush, seeing all quiet, thought he had nothing to fear, and flew towards the side whence the tumult came. The consul perceiving this, planted his ladders against that part of the wall where the Brutian cohorts were posted, and entered quietly into the city. He broke down the nearest gate, which gave access to more troops, and advanced towards the public place. The besieged defended themselves there for some time; but, overwhelmed by numbers, they were obliged to disperse. A great carnage ensued. Tarentum was pillaged; and, it is said, eighty-seven thousand pounds weight of gold rewarded the victors. Fabius had the wisdom to be satisfied with the money and rich moveables; with the exception of a single brazen statue from the hand of Lysippus, he let the statues and pictures remain, using this memorable expression: "Let us leave the voluptuous Tarentines their angry gods, whom they have so ill served." Had all Roman generals followed the example of Fabius, and left objects of luxury and indulgence to the peoples they had corrupted, Rome would not, in its turn, have fallen a victim to sensuality and the corruption employed to support it.

TUNIS.

A.C. 334.

THE mercenaries employed by Carthage for its defence not receiving their pay, revolted, to the number of a hundred thousand, and took possession of Tunis, of which they made a place of arms. During three years they had great advantages over the Carthaginians, and several times appeared before the gates of Carthage, with a threat of besieging it. At length Amilcar Barca was placed at the head of the troops of the republic; and this general surprised the

army of the rebels, and besieged them in their camp. The famine soon became so terrible, that they were constrained to eat each other. After having suffered for a long time, they gave up their leaders, who were put to death. Amilcar afterwards marched straight to Tunis, where the rest of the rebels were, under the command of a seditious chief named Mathos. Tunis was carried, all the rebels were killed, and Mathos, their leader, terminated by a shameful death a life stained by barbarous cruelties.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1159.

Abdoulmoumen had rendered himself redoubtable by his victories, and the whole of northern Africa trembled before this terrible and fortunate leader. Tunis alone was free; it seemed to brave the conqueror, who threatened its ramparts. The Arab monarch was anxious to subdue this proud city. As, in order to approach it, it was necessary to cross vast deserts, he gathered together great masses of corn, which he caused to be buried in wells upon the route he was to take. He left Morocco at the head of a hundred thousand men, and summoned the governor to surrender. This nobleman, faithful to the king of Sicily, his master, replied by a vigorous sortie, in which the barbarians were repulsed. This first success announced a continuation of triumphs; but, in the night, seventeen of the principal inhabitants escaped from the city, and offered to open the gates to Abdoulmoumen. This infamous treachery rendered that prince master of a place which might have defied all his efforts.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1270.

The numberless disasters which accompanied the first expedition of Louis IX. against the infidels had not at all abated the ardour of that monarch, and he never laid down the cross after his return from Palestine. The sad news which he daily received from thence only served to inflame his zeal the more; and at length, in 1270, he resolved to make fresh efforts to liberate the Holy City, and the unfortunate Christians it contained, from the yoke of the Mussulmans. Most of his nobles were eager to accompany

their prince, the faithful Joinville being almost the only one who refused to share the perils of his good lord and master. He said, in full assembly, that the last Crusade had ruined him; and that the king could not be advised to undertake this new expedition, without his councillors incurring mortal sin. The good seneschal was so weak and debilitated, that he could not bear the weight of his harness or get on horseback. The French army, consisting of sixty thousand men, embarked at Aigues-Mortes, on the first of July. They steered towards the coast of Barbary, where they soon arrived.

On the western coast of Africa, opposite Sicily, is a peninsula, whose circumference is about forty-two miles. This peninsula advances into the sea between two gulfs, of which the one on the west offers a commodious port. The other, between the east and the south, communicates by a canal with a lake which extends three leagues into the land, and which modern geographers call the Gouletta. It was there that stood the great rival of Rome, spreading itself to the two shores of the sea. The conquests of the Romans, the ravages even of the Vandals, had not utterly destroyed the once proud city of Carthage; but in the seventh century, after being invaded and desolated by the Saracens, it became little more than a heap of ruins; a hamlet upon the port, called Marsa, a tower on the point of the cape, a tolerably strong castle upon the hill of Byrsa,—this was all that remained of that city whose power dominated so long over the Mediterranean and the coasts of Asia and Africa, and contended in three wars with Rome for empire and glory.

At five leagues' distance from this remarkable site, towards the south-east, a little beyond the Gouletta, stands Tunis, a place so ancient that Scipio made himself master of it before he attacked Carthage. At the time of Louis' invasion, Tunis was one of the most flourishing cities of Africa. It contained ten thousand houses and three large faubourgs; the spoils of nations, the produce of an immense commerce had enriched it, and all that the art of fortification could invent, had been employed in defending the access to it.

At the sight of the Christian fleet, the inhabitants of the

coast of Africa were seized with terror, and all who dwelt on the Carthage coast fled away either towards the mountains or Tunis, abandoning several vessels in the port. The officer sent by the king to reconnoitre, reported that there was no living being on the strand or in the port, and that no time was to be lost. But the king was made over-prudent by the remembrance of past disasters, and it was determined not to land till the morrow.

The next day, at dawn, the coast appeared covered with Saracens, most of them on horseback. This did not at all delay the landing of the Crusaders: at the approach of the Christians, instead of opposing them, the multitude of Saracens disappeared, which, for the former, was a most fortunate circumstance, for, according to an eye-witness, they were in such disorder that a hundred men might have stopped the whole army.

When the army had landed, it was drawn up in order of battle, and according to the laws of war, a herald read with a loud voice a proclamation by which the conquerors took possession of the territory. Louis himself had drawn up this proclamation, which began with these words: "Je vous dis le ban de notre Seigneur Jésus Christ, et de Louis, roi de France, son sergent."

The baggage, provisions, and munitions of war were landed. A vast inclosure was marked out, and the tents were pitched. Whilst employed in the ditches and intrenchments, to defend the army from a surprise, a party was sent to take possession of the tower at the point of the cape. The next day five hundred sailors planted the standard of the lilies upon the castle of Carthage. The hamlet of Marsa, which was close to the castle, falling at the same time into the hands of the Crusaders, they sent their women and children thither, and the army remained under canvas.

Louis IX. had formed a strange idea that he could convert the inhabitants of Tunis; but this pious illusion soon faded away. The Mussulman prince replied to his proposal, that he would come and meet him at the head of a hundred thousand men, and would ask baptism of him on the field of battle; the Moorish king added, that he had arrested all the Christians residing in his states, and that every one

should be massacred if the Christian army dared to insult his capital.

These bravadoes had no effect upon Louis; the Moors inspired no terrors, and did not conceal their own fears at the sight of the Crusaders. Never venturing to face their enemy, their bands, sometimes scattered, hovered about the Christian army, seeking to surprise wanderers from the camp; and sometimes united, they fell upon the advanced posts, launched a few arrows, just exhibited their naked swords, and then relied upon the swiftness of their horses for safety. They often had recourse to treachery: three of them came to the Christian camp, and said they wished to embrace the Christian faith; and a hundred others followed them, expressing the same intention. They were received with open arms; but, watching their opportunity, they fell, sword in hand, upon some unguarded Frenchmen; but upon the alarm being given, were surrounded, and most of them killed. The three first comers threw themselves on their knees and implored the compassion of the chiefs. The contempt such enemies were held in obtained their pardon, and they were kicked out of the camp.

Rendered bold by the inactivity of the Christian army, the Mussulmans at length presented themselves several times in the plains. Nothing would have been more easy than to attack and conquer them, but Louis had resolved to await the arrival of his brother, Charles of Anjou, before he began the war: a fatal resolution, that ruined everything. The Sicilian monarch, who had principally promoted this ill-starred expedition, was doomed to complete by his delay the evil he had commenced by his counsels.

So much time being afforded them, the Mussulmans flocked from all parts of Africa to defend the cause of Islamism. Thus the army of the Moors became formidable; but it was not this crowd of Saracens that the Crusaders had most to fear. Other dangers, other misfortunes threatened them: the army wanted water; they had none but salt provisions; the soldiers could not support the climate of Africa; winds prevailed, which, coming from the torrid zone, appeared to be accompanied by a devouring flame. The Saracens on the neighbouring mountains stirred up the sand with certain instruments, and the hot dust fell in

clouds upon the plain where the Christians were encamped. At length dysentery, the malady of hot climates, attacked them, and the plague, which seemed to spring up of itself from the burning soil, spread its contagion among them.

The men were under arms night and day, not to defend themselves against an enemy who always ran away, but to avoid surprises. Most of the Crusaders sunk under the awful combination of fatigue, famine, and sickness. Some of the most renowned warriors of France fell a prey to the one or the other. They could not bury the dead; the ditches of the camp were filled with carcasses, thrown in *pêle-mêle*, which added to the corruption of the air and the spectacle of the general desolation.

Information was brought that the king of Sicily was about to embark with his army. This gave great joy, but did not mitigate the evils. The heats became insupportable; want of water, bad food, the diseases, and chagrin at being shut up in a camp without being allowed to fight, completed the discouragement of both soldiers and leaders. Louis endeavoured to animate them by his words and his example, but he himself was seized with the dysentery. His sons, Prince Philip, the duke de Nevers, and the king of Navarre, with the legate, all experienced the effects of the contagion. The duke de Nevers, who was much beloved by the king, was so dangerously ill that he was transported on ship-board. Louis was constantly asking news of his son, but his attendants preserved a mournful silence. At length it was announced to the king that his son was dead, and, notwithstanding his piety and resignation, he was deeply affected. A short time after the Pope's legate died, much regretted by the clergy and the soldiers of the cross, who looked upon him as their spiritual father.

In spite of his sufferings, in spite of his griefs, Louis was constantly engaged in the care of his army. He issued his orders as long as he had strength, dividing his time between the duties of a Christian and those of a monarch. At length the fever increased; no longer able to attend to the wants of the army, or even to exercises of piety, he had a crucifix placed before him, and in silence implored the aid of Him who had suffered for mankind.

The whole army was in mourning; the commonest soldiers



DEATH OF LOUIS THE NINTH OF FRANCE.

received about in tears; the prayers of all were offered up for the preservation of so good a king. After giving most pious and salutary advice to his son Philip, both as a man and a king, and after taking an affectionate leave of his family, this good, religious, and exemplary man, but most mistaken monarch, expired at three o'clock in the evening of the 25th of August, 1270.

On the very day of the death of Louis IX., his brother, the duke of Anjou, landed with his army near Carthage. The trumpets and instruments of war resounded on the beach, but a solemn silence prevailed in the camp, and no one went to meet the Sicilians, whom they had looked for with so much impatience. Sad presentiments took possession of Charles; he preceded his army, flew to the tent of his brother, and found his body stretched upon its bed of ashes. Charles prostrated himself at his feet, which he bathed with his tears, calling upon him sometimes as his brother, sometimes as his lord. He remained in this attitude a long while, without heeding any of the persons who surrounded him, constantly addressing Louis as if he were living, and reproaching himself in accents of despair for not having heard, for not having imbibed the last words of the most affectionate of brothers, of the best of kings.

The death of Louis restored the confidence of the Saracens; they took the mourning they observed in the camp for discouragement, and flattered themselves with an approaching triumph over their enemies. But their hopes were of very short existence. During the sickness of Philip, now king, Charles of Anjou took the command of the army, and renewed the war with spirit. The soldiers he had brought with him were eager for battle, the diseases became less violent, and the Crusaders, so long confined to their camp, revived at the idea of the perils of war. Several battles were fought round the Lake of Gouletta, which it was necessary for them to possess before they could invest Tunis. The Moors, who only a few days before had threatened the Christians with extermination or slavery, could not stand for a moment the shock of the Christian chivalry; not unfrequently the arbalisters were sufficient to disperse innumerable multitudes. Horrible howlings, the noise of drums and other loud instruments, announced their ap-

proach; clouds of dust, pouring down from the neighbouring heights, announced their retreat and concealed their flight. In two rencontres, however, they were caught, and left a great number of dead on the field. Another time their camp was seized and plundered. The sovereign of Tunis could not depend upon his army for the defence of his states, and he himself gave no example of bravery or conduct to his soldiers. He remained constantly in subterranean grottos, to escape at once from the burning rays of the sun and the perils of the fight. Pressed by his fears, he saw no safety but in peace, and resolved to purchase it, if at the expense of all his treasures. His ambassadors came to the camp several times, charged with proposals, and were directed particularly to endeavour to seduce the king of Sicily. The Tunisian monarch was cunning and fortunate in this idea; venality was the weak side of Charles, and the other Crusaders were not immaculate in that respect. After much debating in the Christian council, a truce for ten years was signed, on the 31st of October, between the leaders of the crusade and the king of Tunis. All prisoners were to be restored on both sides, and all the Christians previously in chains were to be set at liberty. The sovereign of Tunis engaged not to require of the Franks any of the duties imposed in his kingdom upon foreign commerce. The treaty granted all Christians the faculty of residing in the states of Tunis, with permission to build churches, and even preach their faith. The Mussulman prince was to pay an annual tribute of forty thousand golden crowns to the king of Sicily, and two hundred and ten thousand ounces of gold for the expenses of the war to the leaders of the Christian army.

This was all in favour of the king of Sicily, and loud murmurs soon arose in the army. But what must have been the feelings of a real hero when he came amongst them? By an agreement with Louis, Edward of England was to take part in this expedition, and arrived in the camp only a few days after the signing of the truce, with the Crusaders of England and Scotland. The French and Sicilians were prodigal in their demonstrations of welcome and respect, and received him with great honours; but when he learnt they had made such a disgraceful peace, he retired

in his tent, and refused to be present at any of the councils of the Christian leaders.

The Crusaders became impatient to leave this arid and unhealthy soil, and the army embarked for Sicily. But as if this expedition was doomed to be unfortunate, a violent tempest overtook the fleet when about to enter the port of Trapani. Eighteen large ships and four thousand Crusaders were submerged, and perished in the waves. Most of the leaders lost their arms, their horses, and their equipments. But as the crowning misfortune, and as if to point out the will of Heaven in the case, the whole of the money paid by the king of Tunis went to the bottom.

Of all this vaunted expedition, Edward of England was the only leader who kept his word and followed up his purpose. He went to Palestine in the spring, and, as every reader of history knows, distinguished himself there greatly. Edward I., when prince, may be said to have been the last Crusader of royal rank who appeared in Palestine. Here let me remark an inadvertency I was about to commit; I wrote Edward, prince of Wales, whereas his son, Edward of Caernarvon, was the first eldest son of our kings who bore that title. This is a common error with us. Shakspeare calls Louis, the father of Louis IX., dauphin when prince, whereas that title did not belong to the sons of French monarchs till more than a hundred years after Louis' invasion of England.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1535.

Muley-Hassan, king of Tunis, driven from his states by Barbarossa, the terror of the Mediterranean, came to implore the aid of Charles V. That prince, touched by the prayers of the Barbary monarch, swore to replace him on his throne. He assembled a fleet of three hundred ships, on board of which were twenty-five thousand foot and two thousand horse, set sail from Cagliari, and arrived at Porto-Farina, formerly Utica. As that port was not very secure, the fleet again weighed anchor, and brought to within cannon-shot of the Gouletta. The whole Christian army landed without the least opposition on the part of the Mussulmans. The generals pitched their tents between

Carthage and the Water Tower, and surrounded it with wide deep lines, fortified with redoubts. This was the exact spot on which Louis IX. had formerly placed his camp. The trenches were opened, and three batteries were raised against the fortress. Whilst the place was being cannonaded by land, the galleys advanced by turns and delivered their broadsides; the grand caique of Malta and a Portuguese galleon destroyed a part of the fortifications and dismounted the batteries of the town. The place being open in several places, it was determined to carry it by the sword. The Christians mounted to the assault, forced the breaches, gained the bulwarks and the top of the tower, and took possession of them. Chasse-Diable, and Sinan the Jew, leaders of the defenders of the Gouletta, being unable to resist the imperial conquerors, retired into Tunis, where their arrival spread terror and despair. The emperor entered this fortress, followed by Muley-Hassan, to whom he said, "This is the door by which you will re-enter your states."

Barbarossa was terrified at the successes of Charles V. With the Gouletta he lost eighty-seven galleys, and more than three hundred pieces of bronze ordnance, inclosed in that citadel. He held a council with the Turks, and pointed out to them the dangers to which they were exposed. They had two enemies equally to fear,—the inhabitants and the Arabs, who detested their domination; the twenty-five thousand Christian slaves in Tunis must necessarily be expected to revolt, and open the gates to the Spaniards. With regard to these slaves, he declared he was resolved to put them all to death. Sinan the Jew represented to Barbarossa that he would render himself odious to all nations; that he would lose the ransom of the most considerable of the slaves, and that he must not have recourse to such a cruel measure till the last extremity. Barbarossa consented to suspend the horrible project he had formed; but he had the slaves loaded with fresh chains, shut them up in the castle, and placed under them a number of barrels of gunpowder. He passed the rest of the night in an agony of fear and hope, and in expectation of the day which was to decide his fate. He left Tunis the next morning, at the head of eighty thousand men, and encamped in a plain a full league from the city. The two armies were soon in

face of each other. The Arabs at first attacked the Christians with great spirit; but scarcely had they sustained the first discharge of the artillery, than they broke their ranks, and drew with them the Moors, and even the Turks. Barbarossa did his utmost to rally them, but they were deaf to his voice, and only took counsel of the terror with which they were seized. Barbarossa, trembling with rage, sounded a retreat, rallied the fugitives, and passed the night under arms beneath the walls of the city. Whilst he was deliberating if he should go again and offer battle to the Christians, or shut himself up in Tunis, some Turks came to inform him that the slaves had broken their chains, and had made themselves masters of the castle. Barbarossa hastened thither, and was met by musket-shots and a shower of stones. Transported with fury, he cried out that all was lost, as the slaves were masters of the castle and of his treasures. He immediately left Tunis at the head of a body of Turks, and contrived to place himself in safety.

The emperor was ignorant of this revolution; on approaching Tunis, he was informed of it by some Moors. In an instant the imperialists dispersed themselves throughout the city, massacred all who came in their way, carried off all the women and children that were reserved for slavery, and abandoned themselves to all the excesses which accompany cruelty, avarice, and lubricity. The booty was so considerable, that there was not a single soldier who did not make his fortune. It is said that more than two hundred thousand persons perished in the sack of this unfortunate city; some expired under the sword of the conqueror; others, thinking to avoid death by flight, met with it in the burning sands of the deserts, where they died consumed by heat and thirst.

The emperor, master of Tunis, re-established Muley-Hassan on his throne; but that unfortunate prince did not enjoy it long. Muly Hamed, his eldest son, tore the diadem from his head; Hamed himself was deposed by his uncle Abdou-melek, afterwards recalled by his subjects. After having gone through these various changes, he reigned peaceably till the year 1570, when Ualachali, dey of Algiers, one of the successors of Barbarossa, took possession of the kingdom of Tunis, which became nothing but a nest of pirates.

CARTHAGENA.

A.C. 216.

THE younger Scipio, charged with the prosecution of the war in Spain, after the death of his father and his uncle, evinced, from the early age of twenty-four, the wisdom and prudence of a consummate captain. Anxious to weaken Carthage, he undertook the siege of Carthagenā, one of its most important colonies. This strong city served the Carthaginians at once as magazine, arsenal, and entrepôt; they kept within its walls the hostages which answered for the fidelity of Spain. Scipio made all his preparations during the winter; in the spring, he blockaded Carthagenā with his fleet, at the same time that he invested it by land. On the day following, the armies, both by land and sea, commenced hostilities. Scipio ordered his soldiers to mount to the assault; and they executed his orders with ardour and celerity. Mago, the brother of Hannibal, who commanded in the place, had but a thousand soldiers, and thought himself lost. He armed the citizens, picked out two thousand of the best, and made a sortie. Victory was for a long time doubtful; but the Carthaginians were driven back within their walls. This first defeat would have produced the most complete discouragement in Carthagenā, if the Romans had not been forced, by the height of the walls, to abandon the escalade and sound a retreat. This untoward circumstance restored hopes of succour to the besieged; but they were not unacquainted with the activity of Scipio. Whilst the sea was at ebb, he placed five hundred men with ladders along the lake where the walls of Carthagenā were lowest; he surrounded these walls with fresh troops, and exhorted them to fight like Romans. The ladders were applied, and the soldiers shortly filled the whole extent of the walls. The besieged, although astonished, kept a good face everywhere, and defended themselves with courage. The sea retired,

and left the lake everywhere fordable. This phenomenon seemed a marvel to the Romans; they hastened to climb the walls of Carthage, destitute on that point of defenders, and penetrated into the city without meeting an obstacle. The confused Carthaginians rushed to the citadel, and the Romans entered with them. Mago and his troops surrendered to Scipio, and the city was given up to pillage. During this scene of horror, a young person of exquisite beauty was brought to Scipio; her graces attracted the eyes and admiration of all who were present. Scipio inquired what were her origin and family; and he learnt that she was affianced to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians, who loved her exceedingly.

He immediately sent for that prince, together with the parents of the young beauty. As soon as Allucius arrived, Scipio took him on one side, and said: "We are both young; which circumstance enables me to speak more freely to you. My people who brought your affianced wife to me, told me that you loved her tenderly; and her great beauty leaves me no room to doubt that you do. Thereupon, reflecting that if, like you, I were about to form an engagement, and were not entirely occupied with the affairs of my country, I should wish that so honourable and legitimate a purpose should find favour; and I am extremely happy in the present conjuncture, to be able to render you such a service. She whom you are about to espouse has been among us as if she had been in the house of her father and mother; I have preserved her so as to make her a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require for this inestimable gift is, that you should become the friend of the Roman people. If you deem me a man of worth, if I have appeared so to the people of this province, be assured that there are in Rome many far better than I, and that there does not exist upon the earth a nation you ought more to dread as an enemy or court as a friend than mine." Allucius, penetrated with joy and gratitude, kissed the hands of Scipio, and implored the gods to bless him for such purity and kindness. Scipio then sent for the parents of the lady, who had brought a large sum of money for her ransom. When they found that he had restored her without a ransom, they conjured him to accept of that sum as a present, and declared

that that fresh favour would heighten their joy and satisfy their gratitude. Scipio could not resist their earnest entreaties: he accepted the gift, and ordered it to be laid at his feet. Then, addressing Allucius, he said: "I add this sum to the dowry you are to receive of your father-in-law, and beg you to accept it as a nuptial present." The young prince, charmed with the virtue and generosity of Scipio, published throughout his province the praises of so magnanimous a conqueror. He said that a young hero had come into Spain, who resembled the gods; for he subdued all, more by the splendour of his virtues and his benefits, than by the power of his arms. Having made levies in the country he governed, he returned to Scipio some days after, with fourteen hundred horsemen. To render the evidence of his gratitude more durable, Allucius caused the noble action of Scipio to be inscribed upon a silver shield, and presented it to him,—a gift more glorious than any triumph!

U T I C A.

A.C. 203.

WHAT immortality do great men confer upon places by noble actions! A vessel sailing along the northern coasts of Africa, the curious traveller asks the name of a port, and he is told it is Biserta. The information creates no sensation, till, turning to his hand-book, he finds that that which is now Biserta, was Utica! Then, mark the change! Scipio, Cato, yea, even Joseph Addison, if he be an Englishman, all rush upon his mind at once, and he would stop the ship in her course, if it were possible, to allow him to contemplate at leisure a spot rendered sacred by heroism, patriotism, and genius!

Scipio Africanus having entered upon the country dominated over by the Carthaginians, turned all his attention towards Utica, with the purpose of making a place of arms of it advantageous to his ulterior plans; he attacked it at once, both by land and sea. Carthage exerted itself ear-

nestly to save a city which might be said to protect the capital of its empire. Asdrubal raised a numerous body of troops, and Syphax, king of Numidia, fixed his camp within sight of that of the Roman general. The rival of Rome flattered itself with the hope of soon putting Scipio to flight; but that skilful captain quickly dispersed these smiling expectations. He at once conceived the great project of burning both camps; and this was the happy manner in which he executed it. He amused Syphax with proposals for an accommodation. A crowd of Roman officers disguised as slaves went with the deputies into the enemy's camps, to observe the entrances and the places of issue, and to ascertain what sort of watch was kept day and night. After having taken measures and precautions according to the information thus gained, he silently attacked the intrenchments of the king of Numidia, in the obscurity of the night, and the soldiers set fire to the barracks, covered with mats, reeds, and dry wood. The whole camp appeared to be in a blaze; and the Numidians and Carthaginians, thinking the fire the effect of accident, were more intent at first upon extinguishing it than upon defending themselves. Scipio attacked the lines of Asdrubal, whilst the flames were consuming those of Syphax. The enemies who were occupied in suppressing the fire, were put to the sword; forty thousand men were left dead upon the spot, and seven thousand were reserved for slavery. The news of this defeat spread consternation amongst the Carthaginians. Asdrubal and Syphax raised fresh troops, whilst the Roman general pressed the siege of Utica. This second army obliged him to suspend his attacks; but another victory, more glorious than the first, maintained the reputation of the Roman general. Carthage, in despair, recalled Hannibal,—its only and last resource. The arrival of this great man entirely suspended the siege of Utica; but his defeat by Scipio terminated the war.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 46.

Cæsar, conqueror at Thapsus, pursued Scipio into Utica, and invested it. This city would not have fallen an easy conquest, if Cato, who had shut himself up in it, together with most of the senators opposed to tyranny, had found in

all hearts a courage and a patriotism equal to his own. In vain this noble Roman endeavoured to awaken in those around him the sublime sentiments which had animated the early citizens of Rome; in vain he went through the streets to calm the alarms of the people,—the dread of the conqueror closed all ears against his exhortations: love of country had given place to love of life. Despairing then of defending Rome by defending Utica, he gave his whole care to the preservation of the senators, the companions of his misfortunes, whom the inhabitants wished to give up to Cæsar. When he had taken all the necessary precautions, he prepared to terminate his days in a manner worthy of himself. Some of his friends exhorted him to have recourse to the clemency of the dictator. “He who is conquered,” said he, “may servilely flatter the hand which has subdued him. Cato is invincible; he acknowledges neither master nor conqueror.” He then assembled his friends, and, after a long conversation upon the state of affairs, he strictly forbade his son ever to take any part in the government. “You cannot do so,” said he, “in a manner worthy of the name you bear; and to do it in any other way, would be to cover yourself with eternal ignominy.” He then took a bath, and whilst in it, remembered Statilius, his friend, who had refused to escape with the other senators. He had charged the philosopher Apollonius to persuade him to save himself. “Have you succeeded with Statilius,” said he,—“can he have gone without bidding me farewell?” “He! no,” replied the philosopher; “he is intractable: he declares he will positively remain here, and imitate you in everything.” “It will soon,” replied Cato, with a smile, “be seen how that will be.” After his bath, he gave a magnificent banquet to all his friends and the magistrates of Utica. They sat long at table, and the conversation was animated, lively, and learned, chiefly turning upon points of moral philosophy. Demetrius, a Peripatetic philosopher, undertook to refute, after the principles of his sect, the two Stoic paradoxes: “The wise alone are free; all the vicious are slaves.” But Cato replied to him with a fire, a vehemence, and in a tone of voice which betrayed his intentions, and changed the suspicions his friends had entertained into certainty. All at once, a dismal silence prevailed; sadness was painted in

every countenance, and no one durst venture to raise his tear-dewed eyes towards Cato. This tender friend perceived the effect his rigid philosophy had produced; he changed the subject, and, to drive away melancholy ideas, he spoke of those who had just left them, showing the anxious inquietude he experienced respecting them. After the repast, he walked about for some time, according to his usual custom, and then retired to his apartment. There he spoke more affectionately than he had before done, to his son and his friends, which revived and strengthened the idea they had conceived of his determination. When he went into his inner chamber, he threw himself upon the bed, and meditated for a long time upon Plato's dialogue on the immortality of the soul. He had already read a considerable part of it, when, turning his eyes upon his bolster, he perceived that his sword was not in its customary place; his son had had it removed whilst they were at supper. Cato called to a slave, and asked him what had become of his sword. The slave made no answer, and his master resumed his reading. A few minutes after, he made the same question, without any eagerness or warmth, but like a man who has no particular desire. At last, when he had finished his reading, seeing that nobody seemed disposed to obey him, he called all his slaves, one after the other, and in the tone of a master, said that he insisted upon having his sword; he even went so far as to give one of them so violent a blow, that he made his hand bloody. "What!" cried he, indignantly, "what! are my son and my people conspiring to deliver me up to my enemy, without arms and without defence?" At this moment, his son, coming into the apartment with his friends, burst into tears. He threw himself at his feet, he embraced his knees, and conjured him to depart from his purpose. Cato, angry at seeing his son in such an attitude of supplication, and darting at him glances denoting displeasure,—“Since when,” cried he, “am I fallen into imbecility, to make it necessary for my son to be my curator? I am treated like an insane man; I am not allowed to dispose of my own person; I am to be disarmed too! Brave and generous son, why do you not chain up your father till Cæsar arrives, so that that enemy of his country may find him destitute of defence? Do I stand in need of a sword, if I wished to deprive myself of life? Could

I not hold my breath? could I not dash my head against the wall? If a man really wish for death, there are a thousand ways of obtaining it." A young slave then brought him back his sword. Cato drew it, examined it, and finding that the point was quite straight and sharp, he exclaimed,— "Now, then, I am my own master." He laid down his sword, took up his book, and read it through again from beginning to end; he then fell into so profound a sleep, that the anxious friends who listened at the door heard him snore; but the fatal moment approached. Cato called for his freed-man, and asked him if all was quiet; and when he was assured that it was, he threw himself upon the bed as if to take his repose for the night; but the moment he was left alone, he plunged the sword into his body a little below the breast. The blow did not kill him at once; he struggled a little, and fell off the bed on to the ground. At the noise of his fall, his people rushed in, and, as he still breathed, his surgeon bound up the wound. But the instant he recovered his senses, he tore away the bandages, and with them dragged out his bowels, and expired. "Oh, Cato!" cried Cæsar, when he heard of his noble end, "I envy thee the glory of thy death, since thou hast envied me that of sparing thy life." And he entered triumphantly into Utica.

Without entering into the question of suicide in general, or that which would lead to a much longer digression than we can afford,—the strange mania for self-destruction which possessed the Romans of this age,—we cannot help observing that this celebrated death of Cato reads more like a dramatic scene than a reality. Why, if his son and his friends had been in earnest, when they knew of his intention, they ought to have bound him, hand and foot, and never have left him alone a minute. The man's mind was weakened with trouble, and he ought to have been treated like a maniac. Such is the modern, or common sense view of the case; but the noblest of the Romans thought far otherwise. Stoicism, the favourite philosophy of the day, taught them to despise life without honour and freedom; and there must have been something exalted in this creed, for, whilst we constantly find great public men, for public reasons, laying violent hands upon themselves, we do not learn that the practice extended to persons affected by disappointed passions, or

suffering under private calamities. We called it a mania—when we glance at this one point of history, it can be called nothing else: Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Cleopatra, Porcia, all playing in one short scene of the great drama; all contemporaries, and acted upon, in some way, by each other, all destroyed themselves, and all without a common-sense reason for doing so.

ABYDOS.

A.C. 201.

WE now come to a siege which, from being unconnected with any rise or fall of empires, or being made or resisted by any extraordinary personages, may be passed by without particular notice by many readers of history; and yet what horrors are crowded into this short scene; what a picture it presents for human nature to shudder at!

Philip, king of Macedon, father of Perseus, who proved last monarch of that country, was at war with the Rhodians. The inhabitants of Abydos made common cause with that commercial people, who often came to visit the shores of the Dardanelles. Philip was successful in his passage through Thrace and the Chersonesus, where many cities surrendered to his arms, but Abydos shut its gates against him, and prepared for a bold resistance. We need not, in our time, go into any description of the situation of this city: the East is now more familiar to the inhabitants of central England than Cornwall or the isles of Scotland. But Abydos was of more importance in the days of Philip than now; the Dardanelles may still be of consequence as keys to the straits, but this was then a wealthy commercial city and entrepôt. Nothing of what is usually practised in such warlike proceedings was omitted in this siege. No place was ever defended with more bravery; but this bravery, in the end, degenerated into brutality and fury. Confiding in their own strength, the Abydenians repulsed the first attacks of the Macedonians with the greatest vigour. On

the side next the sea, the machines no sooner came forward than they were immediately either dismantled by the balistæ or consumed by fire. Even the ships on which they were mounted were in danger, and were saved with difficulty. On the land side they also defended themselves for some time with great courage, and did not despair even of defeating the enemy. But, finding that the outer wall was sapped, and that the Macedonians were carrying their mines under the inner one, they sent deputies to Philip, offering to surrender upon the following terms:—That such forces as had been sent to them by the Rhodians and King Attalus should return to their respective sovereigns, under his safe conduct; and that all free citizens should retire whithersoever they pleased, with the clothes they had then on. Philip answered coolly, that the Abydenians had only to choose whether they would surrender at discretion, or continue to defend themselves bravely. This report being made by the deputies, the besieged, in transports of despair, assembled to debate what was best to be done. They came to the following resolutions:—First, that the slaves should be all set free, to animate them to defend the city; secondly, that all the women should be shut up in the Temple of Diana, and all the children, with their nurses, in the Gymnasium; that they should bring into the great square all the gold and silver in the city, and carry all the rest of the valuable effects to the vessels of the Rhodians and the Cyziceniens. These resolutions having passed unanimously, another assembly was called, in which they chose fifty of the wisest and most ancient of the citizens, but who at the same time had vigour enough left to execute what might be determined on; and they were made to take an oath, in presence of all the inhabitants, that the instant they saw the enemy master of the inner wall, they would kill the women and children, set fire to the galleys laden with their effects, and throw into the sea all their gold and silver, which they had heaped together: then, sending for their priests, they took an oath either to conquer or die, sword in hand; and, after having sacrificed the victims, they obliged the priests and priestesses to pronounce before the altar the greatest curses on those who should break their oath. This being done, they left off countermining, and resolved, the instant the wall should fall,

to fly to the breach, and to fight till the last. Accordingly, the inward wall tumbling down, the besieged, true to the oath they had taken, fought in the breach with such unparalleled bravery, that, though Philip had perpetually sustained with fresh soldiers those who had mounted to the assault, yet, when night separated the combatants, he was still doubtful with regard to the success of the siege. Such Abydenians as marched first to the breach, over heaps of slain, fought with fury, and not only made use of their swords and javelins, but after their arms were broken to pieces, or forced out of their hands, they rushed headlong upon the Macedonians, knocked some down, and broke the long spears of others, and with the pieces struck their faces and such parts of their bodies as were uncovered, till they made them absolutely despair of the event. When night put an end to the slaughter, the breach was quite covered with the dead bodies of the Abydenians; and those who had escaped were so overwhelmed with fatigue, and had received so many wounds, that they could hardly support themselves. Things being come to this dreadful extremity, two of the principal citizens, being unable to bring themselves to execute the awful task they had undertaken, and which now came before them as a horrid reality, agreed that, to save their wives and children, they should send to Philip by daybreak all their priests and priestesses, clothed in their pontifical habits, to implore his mercy, and open the gates to him. Accordingly, next morning, the city was surrendered to Philip, whilst the greatest part of the Abydenians who survived vented millions of imprecations against their two fellow-citizens, but more particularly against the priests and priestesses for delivering up to the enemy those whom themselves had devoted to death with the most solemn oaths. Philip marched into the city, and seized, without opposition, all the rich effects which the Abydenians had collected together. But now he beheld a spectacle which might have terrified even an ambitious monarch or a conqueror. Among these ill-fated citizens, whom despair had made furious and distracted, some were smothering their wives and children, and others stabbing them with their own hands; some were running after them to strangle them, others were plunging them into wells, whilst again others were precipitating them from the tops

of houses; in a word, death appeared in all its variety of terrors. Philip, penetrated with horror and grief at this spectacle, stopped the soldiers, who were eager to plunder, and published the strange declaration that he would allow three days to all who were resolved to lay violent hands on themselves. He was in hopes that in that interval they would change their determination: but their resolution was fixed. They thought it would be degenerating from those who had lost their lives in defending their country, if they should survive them. The individuals of every family killed one another, and none escaped this murderous sacrifice but a few whose hands were tied, or were otherwise kept, by force, from destroying themselves. And Philip, during the three days, satisfied his ideas of humanity by refraining from plundering the city he saw burning, and by beholding a people destroy each other, whom he might have saved with a word!

CREMONA.

A.C. 200.

A NUMEROUS army of Gauls laid siege to Cremona. The prætor Lucius Furius marched to the succour of the allies of the Romans, in the absence of the consul. He gave battle the moment he arrived. The Gauls fought bravely, but at length took to flight, and retired in disorder to their camp. The Romans followed them thither, attacked the camp, and took it. Out of thirty-five thousand combatants, scarcely six thousand were saved. Eighty standards and two hundred chariots filled with booty were the trophies and the ornaments of this triumph. Amilcar, a Carthaginian general, who had joined the barbarians, fell in this engagement, together with three of the most distinguished Gaulish leaders.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 69.

Vespasian was just raised to the empire, but he still had to tear the diadem from the brow of the barbarous Vitellius,

and maintain the choice of the legions with the sword. The new emperor sent Primus, one of his lieutenants, and a very skilful general, against the tyrant of Rome. After several advantages, Primus attacked two legions posted before Cremona. The Roman legions fought against each other like the most determined enemies. Primus was near losing the battle; but his courage rallied his troops when on the point of giving way, he brought them back to the charge, and gained a complete victory. His army was eager to enter Cremona, but was prevented by the arrival of six legions of the opposite party. A fresh nocturnal combat instantly ensued between the victorious soldiers and their newly-arrived enemies. Success was doubtful; in the obscurity of night, address and courage were equally useless; they slaughtered each other indiscriminately,—their blows fell as frequently upon their friends as upon their foes. At length, however, the moon shed her beams over the bloody scene, and gave a more certain direction to the fury of the combatants; the troops of Primus had this friendly light at their backs. In this situation, the legions opposed to them, deceived by the shade, aimed their arrows badly, and shot them short of the mark. Primus profiting by this advantage, encouraged his soldiers, redoubled his exertions, and added the prudence of a consummate captain to the bravery of an enterprising soldier. Nothing could resist him; his enemies fled before him; and Primus was victor a second time. This carnage was signalized by one of those tragical events which are only met with in civil wars: a son killed his own father without knowing him; he recognised him as he was expiring, and, transported with grief, he gave himself up to despair, cursing the war which had made him an involuntary parricide. The victorious troops were indefatigable; believing that nothing was done till all was done, they attacked and carried the camp which surrounded Cremona. This place must have fallen into their hands, and the inhabitants surrendered, in the hopes of meriting some clemency by a prompt and voluntary submission; but they were deceived—the greedy legions would not be disappointed of their booty. Cremona was pillaged, its walls were razed, its citizens were slaughtered, its edifices were burnt, and the city was almost entirely destroyed by troops which ought

to have respected the ancient allies of the Roman people and the citizens of the same empire.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1702.

Cremona was besieged in 1702, by Prince Eugene. Marshal de Villeroi was at the time within the walls. Son of the governor of Louis XIV., Villeroi had always enjoyed the favour of the monarch. He was of very imposing and agreeable person, exceedingly brave, a worthy man, magnificent in everything he undertook—but no general. He was a courtier, and Louis and Madame de Maintenon had the weakness to send him against some of the best generals the world ever saw. Prince Eugene, who had beaten him at Chiari, still maintained his superiority over him. At length, in the depth of winter, whilst the marshal was one day comfortably asleep in Cremona, a city sufficiently strong, and provided with a good garrison, he was awakened by a discharge of musketry; he arose in all haste, and was quickly on horseback. The first thing he met was a squadron of the enemy, by whom he was in an instant brought to the ground. A German officer, judging by his uniform that he was a general, made him his prisoner. As soon as he was on his feet he whispered to the officer, "I am the Marshal de Villeroi; I will give you ten thousand pistoles, and the command of a regiment, if you will conduct me to the citadel." "I have for a long time," replied the officer, "served the emperor, my master, and I will not begin betraying him to-day." He led him to the most remote *corps-de-garde*. The Marquis de Crenan, a lieutenant-general, was mortally wounded close to the marshal. Villeroi, a prisoner, showed great regret at not being free, and declared that he envied him his fate. He was immediately taken out of the city, without knowing what was going on there.

Prince Eugene was already in Cremona. A priest, named Cassoli, the *prevôt* of Sainte-Marie-la-Neuve, had introduced the Germans by a sewer. Four hundred soldiers, by means of this sewer, had gained the house of the priest, and had immediately killed the guards of two of the gates. Prince Eugene then entered with four thousand men. And all

this had been done without the Spanish governor having the least suspicion, and before Marshal de Villeroi was awake. The secrecy, order, diligence, and all the possible precautions which distinguish an able commander, had secured the success of the enterprise. The Spanish governor showed himself in the streets at the head of a few soldiers, but was speedily killed by a musket-shot. All the general officers were either killed or taken, with the exception of the Count de Revel and the Marquis de Praslin. And yet the prudence of Prince Eugène was confounded. The Chevalier d'Entragues was that day to review, in the city, the royal regiment of the marine, of which he was colonel. These soldiers were already assembled at one extremity of the city, precisely at the moment Prince Eugene entered by the other. D'Entragues began by hastily scouring through the streets with his soldiers, and resisting all the Germans he met with, which gave time for the rest of the garrison to come up. Officers and soldiers, *pêle-mêle*, some badly armed, and some half-naked, without commanders, without order, filled the streets and public places, fought in confusion, or intrenched themselves from street to street, or from place to place. Two Irish regiments, which formed part of the garrison, stopped the efforts of the Imperialists. Never was city surprised with more art and prudence, and never was one better defended by courage and promptness. The garrison consisted of five thousand men; Prince Eugene had not introduced more than four thousand. A large detachment of his army was expected to arrive by the bridge over the Po; his measures were well taken, but another event deranged them all. The bridge over the Po, badly guarded by a hundred French soldiers, was to be seized by the German cuirassiers. At the instant Prince Eugene entered the city, it became necessary that as the cuirassiers had entered by the southern gate, near to the sewer, they should go out of Cremona immediately at the north, by the gate of the Po, and should hasten to the bridge. They went thither, but the guide who conducted them was killed by a musket-shot from a window, and the cuirassiers mistook one street for another, which made their passage much longer. In this short interval the Irish threw themselves into the gate of the Po, and fought and repulsed the cuirassiers. This

resistance at first perplexed Prince Eugene. He sent Macdonald, one of their compatriots, to them, who had been the first man that entered the city. "Sir," said he, addressing the commanding officer, "Prince Eugene has sent me here to say, that if you are willing to change your party, and come over to that of the Imperialists, he will promise you better pay and more considerable pensions than you have in the French service. The affection I bear for all persons of my nation, and for you, sir, in particular, obliges me to exhort you to accept the offers I make you from this general; if you refuse, I do not see how you are to escape certain destruction. With the exception of your solitary post, we are masters of the whole city; and this is why his highness only waits for my return to attack you with the greatest part of his forces, and cut you to pieces." "Sir," replied the commander, "if his highness waits your return to attack us and cut us to pieces, he is not likely to do so very quickly; for I arrest you as a prisoner, not considering you the envoy of a great general, but as a suborner. It is by such conduct we would merit the esteem of the prince who sent you, and not by a treachery unworthy of a man of honour." At these words the combat was renewed with fresh fury. Eugene finding Macdonald did not return, at once comprehended that he was arrested; and being unwilling to resort to force, he conceived another stratagem to make them lay down their arms. He went to Marshal Villeroi: "You have passed through the city, monsieur," said he, "and you must have remarked that we are masters of it. There are still some of your tirailleurs firing from the ramparts; if that continues, they will oblige me to put them all to the sword: order them to surrender." The marshal easily perceived that the prince's affairs were not going on so well as he could wish, and only coolly replied—"I have the misfortune not to be at liberty, and therefore can order nothing." Eugene made a fresh attempt upon the Irish, who still opposed a wall of fire and steel to the Germans. The Baron de Freiburg was charged with this attack. Mahoney, commanding a battalion of Dillon, seized the bridle of this officer's horse, exclaiming, "Good quarter for M. de Freiburg." But the latter, looking at him with contempt, replied, "This is not a day for clemency; do

your duty, and I will do mine." He spoke, and a discharge of musketry stretched him dead on the pavement. The Marquis de Praslin, during this engagement, broke down the bridge over the Po, so that the Germans could not obtain the succours they looked for, and the city was saved. Prince Eugene, after fighting all day, being still master of the gate by which he had entered, at length retired, taking with him Marshal Villeroi and several officers prisoners, but having missed Cremona. His activity and prudence had given him the place, but the valour of the Irish and the French prevented his keeping it.

In the revolutionary war, Cremona was three times an object of attack and defence, but had no siege sufficiently interesting to claim a place in our pages.

C A R T H A G E .

A.C. 146.

THE siege of Carthage seemed to seal the fate of that great and ambitious republic. Whilst we have had to record so many sieges of Rome, we have only one to describe of her great rival, and that closed the career of that rival. Proud, wealthy, and, as the Romans would add, *false* Carthage, was never annoyed by the invasion of her capital, till Rome had so risen in the ascendant that Carthage must necessarily sink: and then she did sink, like a tropical sun, without twilight. Whether it is with the great captain, Hannibal, or with the powerful nation to which he did so much honour, that our sympathies are attached, we cannot say, but we acknowledge to feeling a greater interest for the Carthaginians throughout all the Punic wars than we do for the Romans. Besides, Carthage has no native historians, it was blotted from the map of nations, and we have reason to receive with suspicion much that the Latin, or even the Greek writers—for Carthage was generally at variance with Greece—may say on the subject of "*Punica fides*."

Before we commence this memorable siege, it will be well to give our readers a short account of what Carthage was at this period. At the beginning of the war, Carthage contained seven hundred thousand inhabitants. It stood at the bottom of a gulf, surrounded by the sea, and in the form of a peninsula, whose neck,—that is, the isthmus which joined it to the continent,—was twenty-five stadia, or a league and a quarter, in breadth. The peninsula was three hundred and sixty stadia, or eighteen leagues round. On the west side there projected from it a long strip of land, half a stadium, or twelve fathoms, broad, which, advancing into the sea, divided it from a morass, and was fenced on all sides with rocks and a single wall. On the south side, towards the continent, where stood the citadel called Byrsa, the city was surrounded with a triple wall thirty cubits high, exclusive of the parapets and towers, with which it was flanked all round at equal distances, each interval being fourscore fathoms. Every tower was four stories high, and the stalls but two; they were arched, and in the lower part were stalls to hold three hundred elephants, with their fodder; and over these were stables for four thousand horses, and lofts for their food. There likewise was room enough to lodge twenty thousand foot and four thousand horse. All these were contained within the walls alone. In one place only the walls were weak and low, and that was a neglected angle, which began at the neck of land above mentioned, and extended as far as the harbours, which were on the west side. Of these there were two, which communicated with each other, but had only one entrance, seventy feet broad, shut up with chains: the first was appropriated to the merchants, and had several distinct habitations for the seamen; the second, or inner harbour, was for ships of war, in the midst of which stood an island, called Cothon, lined, as the harbours were, with large quays, in which were distinct receptacles for sheltering from the weather two hundred and twenty ships. Over these were magazines or storehouses, wherein was lodged everything necessary for arming and equipping fleets. The entrance to each of these receptacles was adorned with two marble pillars of the Ionic order; so that both the harbour and the island represented on each side two magnificent galleries.

In the island was the admiral's palace; and as it stood opposite to the mouth of the harbour, he could thence discover whatever was doing at sea, though no one could see what was being transacted in the inward parts of the harbour. The merchants, in like manner, had no prospect of the men-of-war, the two ports being separated by a double wall, each having a particular gate that led to the city, without passing through the other harbour. So that Carthage may be divided into three parts: the harbour, which was double, and was called Cothon, from the little island of that name; the citadel, named Byrsa; and the city properly so called, where the inhabitants dwelt, which lay round the citadel, and was called Megara.

The existence of Carthage constantly reminded the Romans of the fatal days of Cannæ and Thrasymenus; Rome dreaded to see her rival rise again from the state of humiliation to which her arms had reduced her. To free themselves from all apprehension for the future, the senate determined to annihilate Carthage, and sent thither a formidable army, under the command of the two consuls. In this circumstance, we find one of the most striking instances of political expediency overpowering the sense of justice in a great mind. Cato the Censor, a wise, good, and just man, was the principal promoter of this infamous infraction of the rights of nations and humanity. To judge of Cato by all the other parts of his character, we might as well expect to see Fénelon presiding over an *auto-da-fê*, as to find the great censor constantly urging the necessity for the destruction of Carthage.

At the approach of the Romans, the Carthaginians sent out deputies to offer to give up to the great republic, themselves and all that belonged to them. Hannibal, it is true, had long been dead; but one would think his very remembrance would have stimulated such a populous nation to some show of resistance to the tyranny of a people they had more than once beaten. Hostages and all their arms were demanded as proofs of their submission. This severe order was complied with: a long train of chariots arrived at the Roman camp, bearing an immense quantity of arms and machines of war. The most respectable old men of the senate of Carthage, with the most venerable priests, followed this melan-

choly *cortège*, to endeavour to excite compassion. "I praise your promptitude," said Censorinus, one of the consuls; "and the senate now commands you to leave Carthage, which it is determined to destroy, and to remove your abode whithersoever it may please you, provided it be four leagues from the seashore." This was a clap of thunder for the deputies. In vain they endeavoured to soften the Romans by their prayers and tears; they were forced to carry this terrible reply back to Carthage. At this news, despair and rage possessed the citizens, and it was resolved to sacrifice everything for the defence of their country. Asdrubal had the command of the troops, and every expedition was employed to fabricate new arms and machines. Temples, palaces, and all public places became so many workshops; men, women, children, and the aged worked in them day and night. Grave historians say that hemp for the manufacture of ropes being deficient, the women cut off their hair and supplied a substitute in abundance. But we consider this to be one of the pleasing "lies" of history. If we calculate how many of our fair damsels must be shorn of this their principal ornament to make one cable, we may judge of the probability of the story. During two years, the Romans made but little progress; they even experienced several checks and losses. It seemed to require another Scipio to terminate the wars in which the heroes of his family had been so successful. No name is more honoured in Roman history than that of Scipio; and our young readers must be particularly careful not to confound the various persons who bore it with one another; for there were many Romans, and most of them of superior character, who were honoured with it. The real family name was Cornelius, and the addition Scipio was what we should now call a sobriquet, or nickname, given to the first so called for serving as a staff to his blind father; Scipio being the Latin for a walking-stick. Many boasted names and titles have a less honourable source. This Scipio was, of course, not the conqueror of Hannibal; he is therefore termed Scipio Africanus the younger. He was the son of the great Paulus Æmilius, the conqueror of Perseus, and was adopted by the son of the first Scipio Africanus, and called Scipio Æmilianus, according to the laws of adoption. The two families, by

marriages and adoptions, were almost one. Scipio Africanus the younger is one of the finest characters of antiquity; and if the reputation of Polybius the historian were not fully established for its truthfulness, we might almost suspect the picture we have of it to be too favourable. But really great historical characters escape from the charge of partiality in their biographers by means of their actions; history tells us how they affected the periods at which they lived, and either bears out or contradicts the record of the individuals. Where there are several persons in remote history of one name, their conspicuous actions are not unfrequently all given to one. There were many Hercules, but all their labours are laid upon the broad shoulders of one of them: so with the Scipios: the younger Africanus is such a favourite with ancient writers, that modern readers sometimes confound him with his senior of that name. We shall only observe, that though quite capable of such an action, it was not he who restored Allucius his beautiful bride.

Scipio, being proclaimed consul, immediately took the command of the army before Carthage. He found everything in disorder; discipline was relaxed, and luxury of every kind was indulged in. These evils were his first care; but these he speedily cured by the best of all possible means,—the example of his own attention to his duties, and his temperate mode of living.

As soon as that first of military requisites, discipline, was re-established, he at once proceeded to action. Having ordered his troops to provide themselves with axes, levers, and scaling-ladders, he led them, in the dead of the night and without noise, to the district of the city called Megara, where, commanding them to give a sudden and general shout, he commenced the attack with great vigour. Not expecting a night assault, the Carthaginians were at first in the utmost terror; they, however, defended themselves so courageously, that Scipio could not carry out his escalade; but, perceiving a tower that was forsaken, and which stood very near the city walls, he detached thither a party of intrepid and active soldiers, who, by the help of pontoons, got from the tower on to the walls, and thence into Megara, the gates of which they broke down. Scipio entered it immediately after, and drove the enemy out of that post. Terrified at this unex-

pected assault, and imagining that the whole city was taken, they fled into the citadel, whither they were followed even by those forces that were encamped without the city, who abandoned their camp to the Romans, and were glad to find a place of safety.

At daybreak, Asdrubal, perceiving the ignominious defeat of his troops, in order to be revenged upon the Romans and to deprive the inhabitants of all hopes of accommodation and pardon, brought all the Roman prisoners he had taken, upon the walls, in sight of both armies. There he put them to the most exquisite tortures, plucking out their eyes, cutting off their noses, ears, and fingers; tearing their skin from their bodies with iron rakes or harrows, and then threw them from the top of the battlements. Such inhumanity filled the Carthaginians even with horror; he, however, did not spare them, but murdered many senators who had ventured to oppose his cruelty and tyranny. This was a worthy descendant of the Carthaginians who in the first Punic war tortured Regulus.

Scipio, finding himself master of the isthmus, burnt the camp the enemy had deserted, and built a new one for his troops. It was of a square form, surrounded with strong and deep intrenchments, and fenced with large palisades; on the side which faced the Carthaginians, he built a wall twelve feet high, flanked at proper distances with towers and redoubts; and on the middle tower he erected a very high wooden fort, whence everything could be seen that was going on in the city. This wall was equal to the whole breadth of the isthmus,—that is, twenty-five stadia. The enemy, who were within bow-shot of it, employed their utmost efforts to put a stop to this work; but as the whole army were engaged in it night and day without intermission, it was finished in twenty-four days. Scipio reaped a double advantage from this work: first, his forces were lodged more safely and commodiously; secondly, he cut off all supplies of provisions from the besieged, to whom none could now be brought but by sea, which was attended with many difficulties, arising from the frequency of tempests and the good guard kept by the Roman fleet. This proved one of the chief causes of the famine which raged soon after in the city. Besides, Asdrubal distributed the corn that was

brought only among the thirty thousand men who served under him, caring little what became of the rest of the inhabitants.

To complete their distress for provisions, Scipio attempted to stop up the mouths of the haven by a mole, beginning at the neck of land which was near the harbour. The besieged at first looked upon this attempt as ridiculous, and amused themselves with laughing at and insulting the workmen; but at last, seeing them make an astonishing progress every day, they began to be afraid, and to adopt measures to defeat the undertaking. Every one, even the women and children, went to work, but so privately, that all that Scipio could learn from the prisoners was, that they had heard a great noise in the harbour, but did not know the cause of it. At length, all things being ready, the Carthaginians opened on a sudden a new outlet on the other side of the haven, and appeared at sea, with a numerous fleet built with the old materials found in their magazines. It is generally allowed that, had they attacked the Roman fleet directly, they must infallibly have taken it; because, as no such attempt was expected and every man was elsewhere employed, the Carthaginians would have found it without rowers, soldiers, or officers. But the ruin of Carthage, says the historian, was decreed. Having offered a kind of bravado to the Romans, they returned into the harbour.

Two days after, they brought forward their ships with an intention of fighting in good earnest, but found the enemy ready for them. This battle was to determine the fate of both parties. The conflict was long and obstinate, each exerting themselves to the utmost,—the one to save their country, now reduced to the last extremity, and the other to complete their victory. During the fight, the Carthaginian brigantines, running along under the large Roman ships, broke to pieces sometimes their sterns, and at other times their rudders and oars; and when briskly attacked, retreated with surprising swiftness, and returned as quickly to the charge. At last, after the two armies had fought with equal success till sunset, the Carthaginians thought proper to retire; not that they believed themselves overcome, but in order to begin the fight again on the morrow. Part of their ships not being able to run swiftly enough into the harbour,

because the mouth of it was too narrow, took shelter under a very spacious terrace, which had been thrown up against the walls to unload goods, on the side of which a small rampart had been raised during the war, to prevent the enemy from possessing themselves of it. Here the fight was again renewed with more vigour than ever, and lasted till late at night. The Carthaginians suffered very much, and the few ships that got off sailed for refuge to the city. As soon as morning dawned, Scipio attacked the terrace and carried it, though with much difficulty; after which, he made a lodgment there, fortified himself on it, and built a brick wall close to those of the city, and of the same height. When it was finished, he commanded four thousand men to get on the top of it, and to discharge a perpetual shower of darts and arrows upon the enemy, which did great execution, because the two walls being of equal height, almost every missile took effect. Thus ended this campaign.

During the winter quarters, Scipio endeavoured to overpower the enemy's troops without the city, who very much harassed the convoys that brought his provisions, and protected such as were sent to the besieged. With this purpose, he attacked a neighbouring fort called Nopheris, in which they were accustomed to shelter themselves. In the last action an immense number of soldiers, and peasants who had been enlisted, were cut to pieces, and the fort was carried with great difficulty, after a siege of two-and-twenty days. The capture of this fort was followed by the surrender of almost all the strongholds in Africa, and contributed very much to the taking of Carthage itself, into which, from that time, it was almost impossible to bring any provisions.

Early in the spring, Scipio attacked, at one and the same time, the harbour called Cothon, and the citadel. Having possessed himself of the wall which surrounded this port, he threw himself into the great square of the city that was near it, whence was an ascent to the citadel, up three streets, on each side of which were houses, from the tops whereof a shower of darts was discharged upon the Romans, who were obliged, before they could advance further, to force the houses they first came to, and post themselves in them, in order to dislodge thence the enemy who fought from the

neighbouring houses. This combat, which was carried on from the tops and from every part of the houses, continued six days, during which a dreadful slaughter was made. To clear the streets and make way for the troops, the Romans dragged aside, with hooks, the bodies of such of the inhabitants as had been slain, or precipitated from the tops of the houses, and threw them into pits, the greater part of them being still alive and panting. In this toil, which lasted six days and as many nights, the soldiers were relieved from time to time by fresh ones, Scipio being the only person who did not appear to take rest; he was in all places, and at all hours, scarcely allowing himself time to take food enough to support nature.

There was every reason to believe that the siege would last much longer, and occasion a still greater effusion of blood. But on the seventh day there appeared a company of men in the posture and habit of supplicants, who desired no other conditions than that the Romans would please to spare the lives of all those who should be willing to leave the citadel; which request was granted, only excepting the deserters. Accordingly, there came out fifty thousand men and women, who were sent into the fields under a strong guard. The deserters, who were about nine hundred, finding they would not be allowed quarter, fortified themselves in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, with *Asdrubal*, his wife, and two children; where, though their numbers were so small, they might have held out a long time, because the temple stood on a very high hill, upon rocks, and the ascent was by sixty steps. But, at last, exhausted by hunger and watching, oppressed with fear, and seeing their destruction at hand, they lost all patience; and abandoning the lower part of the temple, they retired to the uppermost story, resolved not to quit it but with their lives.

In the mean time, *Asdrubal*, being desirous of saving his own life, came down privately to *Scipio*, bearing an olive branch in his hand, and threw himself at his feet. *Scipio* exhibited him immediately to the deserters, who, transported with rage and fury at the sight, vented frightful imprecations against him, and set fire to the temple. Whilst it was kindling, we are told that *Asdrubal's* wife, dressing herself as splendidly as possible, and placing herself with her two

children in sight of Scipio, addressed him with a loud voice: "I call not down," said she, "curses upon thy head, O Roman! for thou only takest the privilege allowed thee by the laws of war: but may the gods of Carthage, and thou in concert with them, punish, according to his deserts, the false wretch who has betrayed his country, his gods, his wife, his children!" Then, addressing herself to Asdrubal, "Perfidious wretch!" said she, "thou basest of men! this fire will presently consume both me and my children; but as to thee, unworthy general of Carthage, go—adorn the gay triumph of thy conqueror—suffer, in the sight of all Rome, the tortures thou so justly deservest." She had no sooner pronounced these words than she seized her children, and, cutting their throats, threw them into the flames, and afterwards rushed into them herself—in which she was imitated by the deserters.

When Scipio saw this famous city, which had been so flourishing for seven hundred years; and might have been compared to the greatest empires, on account of the extent of its dominions both by sea and land; its mighty armies; its fleets, elephants, and riches; while the Carthaginians were even superior to other nations by their courage and greatness of soul; as, notwithstanding their being deprived of arms and ships, they had sustained, for three whole years, all the hardships and calamities of a long siege; seeing, I say, the city entirely ruined, historians relate that he could not refuse his tears to the unhappy fate of Carthage. He reflected that cities, nations, and empires are liable to revolution no less than private men; that the like sad fate had befallen Troy, anciently so powerful; and, in later times, the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, whose dominions were once of so great an extent; and very recently, the Macedonians, whose empire had been so glorious throughout the world. Full of these mournful ideas, he repeated the following verses from Homer:—

"The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam's powers, and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."—POPE.

Thereby denouncing the future destiny of Rome, as he him-

self confessed to Polybius, who desired Scipio to explain himself on that occasion.*

The fate of Carthage was similar to that of most empires or states that have grown inordinately wealthy, either by conquest or commerce: indulgence follows wealth, and luxury, sensuality, and vice follow indulgence. To support these requires more than that which attained them; to industry succeeds corruption—and then, good-night!

Carthage being taken, Scipio gave the plunder of it (the gold, silver, statues, and other offerings, which should be found in the temples, excepted) to his soldiers for some days. He afterwards bestowed several military rewards on them, as well as on the officers, two of whom, Tiberius Gracchus and Caius Tannius, had particularly distinguished themselves: they had been the first to scale the walls. After this, adorning a small ship, an excellent sailer, with the spoils of the enemy, he sent it to Rome with the news of the victory.

TOULOUSE.

A.C. 106.

IN the year of Rome 646, Cepio, a man so covetous of wealth as to think both peculation and sacrilege justifiable in the pursuit of it, was sent into Transalpine Gaul. This general commenced his operations by attacking Tolosa, now Toulouse. The Roman garrison had been placed in irons. Cepio was admitted by treachery into the city, which he delivered up to pillage. Nothing was spared, sacred or profane; all became the prey of the soldiery. It is said that the consul's share of the booty amounted to nearly two millions sterling, principally taken from the temples. It is to be remembered, when we feel astonished at this amount of wealth, that Tolosa was an ancient and very flourishing city, by its position connected with Greece, and sharing considerably in the Mediterranean trade. Notwithstanding its favourable position for commerce, during the last eight

* Rollin.

hundred years, Toulouse has been more celebrated for its love of the arts and its patronage of the Belles Lettres than for its industrial or trading enterprise. Historians held out the sacrilegious plunder of Cepio as a lesson to other conquerors; for they say he was punished in a striking manner: the Romans were defeated everywhere, and the life of Cepio proved such a continuous series of disasters, that when a man was unfortunate, it became a proverb to say he had "Aurum Tolosanum" (he was possessed of Toulouse gold).

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1217.

The next siege of Toulouse is connected with one of the blackest pages in human history, the horrid war, or crusade as it is termed, against the Albigeois. The licentiousness of the clergy and the barefaced venality and ambition of the hierarchy led people to look with jealousy at the doctrines by which these men supported their influence; and the consequence necessarily was, that many seceded from the Church, and formed sects, or shades of belief, according to their intelligence, or perhaps passions. This, in fact, was the commencement of the Reformation, which, though kept under by the power of the Church, silently but unceasingly worked its way, till the ostentatious extravagance of Leo X. and the exasperated genius of Luther, nearly three hundred years after, brought it to a head. The rich provinces of the south of France were the first melancholy scenes of the series of persecutions, under the name of a religion of peace, which have since, in wars, assassinations, and *autos-da-fê*, in dungeons and inquisitions, tortures and the stake, disgraced humanity.

Raymond, count of Toulouse, was the richest prince in Europe when Innocent III. set on the dogs of rapine, by preaching a crusade against him and his beautiful country. In the crusades to the Holy Land many more had been attracted by the fabulous accounts of the riches of the East, than by any care about the redemption of the holy places, so, in this European crusade, the wealth of Toulouse was the principal incentive to the adventurers who flocked to the plunder. At that period, individual enterprise was perhaps stronger than at any other: a prince of Lorraine had

become king of Jerusalem ; a high-sounding title, though barren of everything but care : a few Norman knights had made themselves masters of Sicily and of part of the south of Italy : William of Normandy, and his wonderful success, were not forgotten ; so that, directly there was a chance of territorial plunder, particularly under the sanction of the Church, the unscrupulous, restless, needy spirits of the age were all roused to action, and eager to obtain the first prize. One of the worst of this class, Simon de Montfort, was the leader of this infamous league. A French author describing him, says, " he would have been the hero of his age, if he had not been *ambitious, barbarous, perfidious, and revengeful.*" Plutarch would never have introduced the word *hero*, as in any way compatible with such a character. And here we take leave to warn our young readers against the partiality they may conceive for Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who figured in the reign of our Henry III., from reading a pleasing tale by Mr. James. His De Montfort is a fiction, the real man was of the same character as his father ; he was an adventurer, and his quarry was England, as Toulouse had been that of his predecessor.

In vain Count Raymond, the sovereign of the unfortunate Albigeois, endeavoured to defend them ; he was crushed beneath the same anathema, and was obliged to fly before De Montfort. Subdued, a wanderer, and a proscribed heretic, the count was reduced to the most deplorable condition, and abandoned Toulouse to the conqueror. The Toulousians gave up their city very unwillingly. Suffering under the odious yoke, they recalled their ancient master. Montfort, informed of this revolution, hastened to the scene of action, came to the walls, and endeavoured to enter by the Nalbonnais Castle. But he there found intrepid warriors and impregnable fortifications. Finding his first attack, from which he had expected much, fail, he commenced the siege in form ; he fought several bloody battles, made many terrible assaults, and spared neither fatigue nor stratagem for more than four months. But he made himself master of the place by means of a horrible piece of treachery, devised and executed by Bishop Foulquet. The latter proposed to all the inhabitants, in the name of the God of peace, to go forth and meet De Montfort, for the purpose of coming to

terms. That atrocious commander received them at the head of his knights, and made prisoners of most of them. The war, however, continued with various success, and Toulouse was again in the hands of the inhabitants. Whilst besieging it, this scourge was removed by a death he merited. An enormous stone, cast from a mangonel, and aimed by a woman, struck him senseless to the earth. He was borne to his tent, and expired almost immediately. Thus, like Pyrrhus, perished the ever infamous Simon de Montfort, by an ignoble missile, launched by a woman.

Count Raymond, who was very aged, shortly after died, *and the priests refused his body sepulture*: his coffin remained for many years outside the door of a church. His toleration was his principal crime in the eyes of his clerical persecutors; a great part of his misfortunes may be attributed to the weakness of his character, but far more to the attractions held out to unscrupulous adventurers by his wealth. When we come to the siege of Béziers, we shall again have to turn to this horrible page of history.

S I N O P E .

A.C. 71.

THERE is very little to relate of this siege; but the interest it has acquired by a recent melancholy event, and the contrast between Lucullus and the emperor of Russia, entitle it to a notice.

Irritated by the presumption and vanity of Tigranes, who refused to give up his father-in-law Mithridates, after Lucullus had conquered him, the Roman consul marched into Pontus, and took its cities as fast as he came to them. Among these was Sinope, known to classical readers as the birthplace and residence of the Cynic Diogenes, and of which Mithridates, king of Pontus, had made his capital. Lucullus easily made himself master of the place; he treated the inhabitants with the greatest humanity, restoring them, the moment the Roman power was acknowledged, their liberty and their civic privileges.

P A R I S.

A.C. 52.

WE now come to treat of one of the most conspicuous cities the world has ever seen. Upon opening such a subject, we feel strongly tempted to dilate upon all that belongs to this great city; but our business is with sieges, and we shall find enough of them to fill more than the space allotted to us.

Julius Cæsar had made the conquest of a part of Gaul, and Labienus, his lieutenant, keeping along the banks of the Seine, determined to take possession of Lutetia, the capital of the Parisians. It was not then the vast city which astonishes by its extent, its population, its wealth, its luxury, and its pleasures. Confined to that which is now called L'Île du Palais, or Le Cité, it then presented nothing to the eye but a collection of rustic cabins; but its situation, in the middle of a river; its natural fortifications, which made the approach to it difficult and dangerous, with the well-known valour of its inhabitants, who preferred death to slavery, rendered it quite worthy of the efforts of the Romans. At the report of their approach, all the neighbouring peoples assembled in arms, under the orders of a distinguished personage, named Camulogenes. Notwithstanding his extreme old age, he knew and practised all the duties of a great captain. He at first avoided a pitched battle, in order to give his troops, who were much more courageous than disciplined, time to be formed. He took every advantage of his knowledge of the ground to make himself master of favourable opportunities. There was at that time upon the left bank of the Seine, above Lutetia, a large marsh, whose waters flowed into the river, of which he made a rampart. Labienus endeavoured to force him, but was repulsed; he might, indeed, have lost all his legions there, had he not made a speedy retreat. Irri-

tated at this check, the Roman general fell upon Melun, whose inhabitants were in the army of Camulogenes, sacked that hamlet, crossed the Seine there, and following the right bank of the river, presented himself again before Lutetia. The Gaulish general, in order to prevent his taking the city and fortifying himself in it, set fire to it, and destroyed the bridges. Protected by the marsh, he remained in his camp opposite to the Romans, from whom he was separated by the river. In the mean time the nations who peopled the frontiers of the Parisii took up arms, for the purpose of overwhelming the Romans at once. Labienus had brought fifty large boats with him from Melun. At nightfall he despatched them, with orders to descend the river as silently as possible till they came below Lutetia, nearly at the spot where now stands the village of Anteuil, and to wait there without making the least movement. His design was to cross the Seine at that place. In order to deceive the Gauls, he sent towards the confluence of the Seine and the Maine five cohorts, who had charge of all the baggage, and were attended by some barks, filled with sailors. These soldiers marched with as much noise as possible, and the rowers struck the water with all their strength, in order to attract the attention of the Gauls. This stratagem was successful, and the Parisians had no idea of the movement of Labienus, until at daybreak they perceived that general advancing towards them on their side of the river. They were immediately in motion, and rushed forward to meet the Romans. The battle was fought in the plain where now stand the villages of Issi and Vaugirard. It was warm and obstinate. The Gauls fought with a courage worthy of greater success. Camulogenes set them the example; though bent beneath the weight of years, this hero appeared, in the midst of his warriors, to regain all the vigour of youth; he was ever found at the post of danger, and threw himself fearlessly into the thickest of the *mêlée*. This first defender of Parisian liberty met with the death great men desire; he expired fighting for his country, amidst a heap of dead which his arm had immolated. The victory of the Romans was complete, and Labienus derived much glory from his achievement.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 885.

From that time Lutetia, or Paris, became a famous city. Rome brought thither its intelligence and its errors, its wisdom and its vices, its wealth and its luxury, its laws and its abuses. But the Parisians, formerly so simple and so brave, changed all at once into sages, lost with their rustic virtue that intense love of liberty which had animated them. During nearly nine centuries they were no longer known than by the different masters they submitted to, and by the consideration they enjoyed among the peoples of Gaul. They were the head of them. Paris was the centre of the Roman dominions in that part of the empire; the Roman governors resided there. Emperors even preferred Lutetia to the most brilliant cities; Julian the Apostate, who embellished it with monuments, never called it anything but his "dear Lutetia." When Clovis had laid the foundation of the French monarchy, Paris became the capital of his states. Under the reign of this prince and his successors, its extent was so enlarged as to comprise all the space contained between the two arms of the Seine. The irruptions of the barbarians rendered the fortification of it necessary. No entrance could be had to it but by two bridges: each of these was defended by a strong tower, situated nearly where the great and little Châtelet have since been built. In 885 the importance of these precautions was recognised; a swarm of Normans, eager for booty and thirsting for blood, besieged Paris, which they had often before uselessly attacked. Their army consisted of forty thousand men, and more than seven hundred boats covered the Seine for two leagues; fire-ships, towers, cavaliers, all the machines invented for the destruction of cities, were employed by these barbarians. They gave six assaults. The Parisians received them with the greatest courage, were animated by the example of the Count Eudes, whose great qualities afterwards raised him to the throne of the Franks, and by the exhortations of Bishop Gauzlin. This prelate, with helm on head, a quiver at his back, and an axe at his girdle, fought in the breach, within sight of a cross he had planted upon the rampart. He met with death whilst immolating a host of

enemies. Anseric, who succeeded him upon the episcopal seat, inherited his courage and his love of his country. He continued to lead the besieged, ably seconded by Ebolo, the nephew of Gauzlin. This intrepid abbot spread astonishment and terror wherever he directed his arms, nature having endowed him with prodigious strength. In the second assault he rushed to the breach, armed with a javelin which looked like a great spit, with which he pierced the Normans, crying out to his compatriots, "Take these to the kitchen, they are all ready spitted." At length, after eighteen months of successful efforts, the barbarians made a last attempt; they came in crowds to the foot of the walls; they were not expected, and many had already gained the parapets, and were crying victory. At that moment a soldier of moderate height, but of extraordinary valour, named Gerbaut, followed only by five men as brave as himself, killed the first, hurled the others into the ditch, snatched up the ladders, and saved the city. Charles le Gros, who had made but little effort to succour his faithful subjects, treated with the Normans, and induced them to retire, upon promising to pay them seven hundred pounds' weight of silver in the course of a few months. This cowardly composition, made by a king at the head of an army, excited the general disgust of the Franks. He allowed the Normans to pillage his finest provinces. He was deposed at the diet of Tibur, in 888, and died the same year in indigence, deserted by everybody.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1411.

Paris became in after-ages the sanguinary theatre of civil wars, which, under the reign of weak princes, desolated the kingdom. These unhappy times commenced under the pusillanimous administration of Charles VI. The hatreds which divided the nobles broke out openly: France was divided into two factions, almost equally powerful,—that of the duke of Orleans, which was called the *Armagnacs*; and that of the duke of Burgundy, called the *Burgundians*. Almost all the Parisians were of the latter party. The first wore, as a distinctive mark, a white cross at right angles; the second, a red cross oblique, called the cross of St. An-

draw. These two parties soon made cruel war upon each other. The Armagnacs marched towards Paris, the hopes of plundering that great city exciting the ardour and cupidity of the troops. Everything yielded to their first efforts: at their approach, most of the garrisons distributed in the neighbouring places sought safety in flight. St. Denis was the only city that defended itself for a few days. Jean de Châlons, prince of Orange, commanded in the place; the fear of its being carried by assault obliged him to capitulate; he marched out with his garrison, under a promise of not bearing arms for four years. The treachery of Colonel De Paysieux rendered the Orléanais masters of St. Cloud, and of the passage of the Seine above Paris. That city, entirely closed in on the north side, already experienced a scarcity of provisions; the troops spread about the environs daily perpetrated the most horrid cruelties. Houses of pleasure, villages, fields of corn, were all on fire; massacres and violences of every kind, the most horrible sacrileges, the most guilty excesses, were the sports of these pitiless destroyers. Among these brigands was Montagu, archbishop of Sens, who, instead of a mitre, wore a bassinet; for a dalmatique, a habergeon; for a chasuble, a steel gorget; and instead of a cross, carried an axe. Nevertheless, with the danger without, the fury of the Parisians increased daily, excited above all by the fanaticism of the priests of the capital. All the pulpits resounded with declamations against the Armagnacs. The besiegers were excommunicated. The Orléanais, in reply to this anathema, struck the duke of Burgundy and his adherents with excommunication. The archbishop of Sens, the bishops of Paris, Orléans, and Chartres, with several doctors of this age of ignorance, had dictated this dreaded decree. It was thus they sported with religion to justify the horrors committed on both sides. Every festival, the curés of Paris interrupted the sacrifice of the mass, to renew the thunders launched against the Armagnacs; they even made a difficulty of administering baptism to the children of those they believed favourable to that party. People did not dare to appear in the streets without the red scarf and the cross of St. Andrew. Priests wore them at the altar; the church pictures were decked with them; not even children newly born were exempt from displaying this

distinctive mark of the dominant faction. They carried the madness so far as to make the sign of the cross according to the form of the crucifixion of St. Andrew. The people murmured at being shut up within the walls, whilst the enemy triumphed at their gates; seditious cries announced that they wanted to fight; and it became necessary to obey this blinded populace. The count de St. Paul and the prévôt Des Essarts, at the head of a detachment of Parisians, badly armed and without order, made a sortie by the gate of St. Denis; they were beaten, although six times more numerous than their adversaries, and precipitately re-entered the city by the gate St. Honoré, after having lost four hundred of their men. This humiliating disgrace completed the despair of the vanquished: in a transport of rage, they made a second sortie from the other side of the city. Goi, one of the officers of militia, led them to the castle of Wicestre (now Bicêtre), a pleasure-house, which the duke de Berry prided himself with having ornamented with all the embellishments the art of that age could furnish. As no troops appeared to stop these contemptible warriors, they gave free way to the madness which governed them: the gates of this palace were broken open; they plundered the valuable furniture; they even took away the glass windows, which were then an object of luxury reserved for the houses of the great. This brutal expedition was crowned by the firing of the building. Among the inestimable loss caused by the conflagration, persons of taste particularly regretted a chronological series of the portraits of the kings of France of the third race, most of them original.

Whilst both parties were giving themselves up to these horrible excesses, the duke of Burgundy formed the idea of delivering the capital. This prince, at the head of his own troops, and a few companies of English headed by the earl of Arundel, crossed the Seine at the bridge of Melun, where three thousand Parisians awaited him, and made his *entrée* into Paris, surrounded by fifteen thousand horsemen. The streets, filled with an innumerable multitude, resounded with acclamations; all were eager to load him with honours and to evince their gratitude. Amidst their transports of joy, however, the Parisians beheld with much pain squadrons of English mixed with the French troops. Secretly indig-

nant at seeing the conservation of the capital, the security of the king, and the safety of the state, committed to the suspicious protection of a rival nation, not one of them would give lodging to these foreigners, who were obliged to pass the night upon their horses. The next day they were distributed with much trouble among the bourgeois, and principally among those whose attachment was doubtful. The appearance of everything was changed by the arrival of the Burgundian prince. The numbers of the Orléanais diminished daily; in the frequent sorties that were made, they hardly sufficed to guard their posts, till at length St. Cloud, the most important of them, was carried by assault. In this affair they lost nine hundred of their best soldiers, whilst only twenty of the Burgundians were killed. The duke of Orléans lost all hopes of entering Paris: his army was melting away; winter was coming on; and he had nothing left but a disgraceful retreat. He called a council of war, in which the necessity for raising the blockade was acknowledged by all. On the very evening of the day of the taking of St. Cloud, the Orléanais army loaded themselves with all the booty they could carry away, they pillaged the treasures of the queen, deposited for safety in the abbey of St. Denis, which they had till that time respected, crossed the Seine, and marched without halting to Etampes. Information of this nocturnal retreat was not conveyed to Paris till it was too late to pursue them.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1429.

Paris, which since the invasion of the English had been a prey to their tyranny, did not dare to declare in favour of Charles VII., who had just been crowned at Rheims. The king attempted to enter the capital, followed by his whole army. All the small neighbouring places vied with each other in their eagerness to receive him. He took possession of St. Denis, and occupied the posts of La Chapelle, Aubervilliers, and Montmartre. His generals, confiding in the intelligence they maintained with some in the city, resolved to attempt an assault on Sunday, 8th of September, 1429. They approached the gate of St. Denis with the design of persuading the English that they meant to attack the capital

at that point; at the same time, a considerable detachment presented itself before an intrenchment which the enemy had raised before the rampart of the hog-market, upon which is built the quarter now called La Butte-Saint-Roch. The boulevard was carried at once. Whilst the English, led by the bishop of Théroutanne, L'Île-Adam, Crequi, and Bonnevall, were hastening thither, numerous voices shouted out in various quarters of Paris, for the purpose of terrifying the people,—“All is lost! all is lost! The royalists are masters of the city! Let every one look to himself!” This *ruse* produced the effect the English had expected: the people, in a state of consternation, precipitately sought refuge in their houses, and delivered the English from the suspicions they had conceived. In the mean time the royalists, finding the people made no movement in their favour, judged it prudent to retreat. Joan of Arc, who had joined the party in order to animate the French by her presence, accustomed by her successes never to recede, would not consent to give up the affair; she persisted in wishing to fill up the ditch filled with water, of which she did not at all know the depth. She was crying aloud for fascines to be brought to her, when she was wounded by an arrow from a cross-bow, in the thigh. Obligated by the pain of the wound and the quantity of blood she lost to recline behind the shelter of a little eminence, she remained there till evening, when the duke of Alençon was compelled to force her to return to St. Denis. Charles, conceiving the capture of Paris impossible, thought it best to retreat: his army decamped, and took the road to Lagni-sur-Marne, which had declared for him.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1465.

The duke de Berry, brother of Louis XI., at the age of sixteen escaped from the court, and joined the duke of Brittany, for the purpose of exciting a revolution which might prove favourable to him. The princes of the blood and the nobles, who waited for some outbreak to make war against the king, immediately issued manifestoes, in which they invited the noblesse, and all good citizens, “to take up arms, to obtain relief for the poor distressed people.” This specious pretext procured for this union of rebels the name

of "The League for the Public Good." The princes soon found themselves at the head of a pretty considerable army; and in order to commence by something brilliant, capable of giving credit to the revolt, after having gained several small places, they resolved to make a general assault upon the capital. But Paris was too well fortified to make the success of such an enterprise at all probable. The count de Charolais, the head of the leagued troops, drew up his soldiers in order of battle within sight of the ramparts. He believed this display would disconcert the zeal and fidelity of the inhabitants; but nothing could shake them. The marshal De Rohan made a sortie, and did not return until he had skirmished long and successfully. Some days after, the enemy attacked the faubourg Saint Lazare, the barriers of which were upon the point of being forced, when the citizen-militia coming up, courageously repulsed the rebels, who, harassed at the same time by the artillery from the ramparts, retired in disorder.

The battle of Montlhéry suspended for a time the project of the princes. But scarcely was that celebrated contest decided, than the count de Charolais made fresh attempts upon the capital. Our readers will the better understand the hardihood and persistency of the count's attacks, when reminded that he was the son of the duke of Burgundy, and was afterwards known as "Charles the Bold." As the royalists were masters of St. Cloud and Charenton, the leader of the enemy's troops caused bridges of boats and casks tied together to be hastily constructed, upon which his army crossed the Seine at various times. He thus inclosed within a half-circle all the northern part of the environs of Paris, extending from St. Cloud to Charenton, of which he took possession without much trouble. Louis XI. and his troops were encamped on the southern side. The loss of Charenton might have intercepted the supply of provisions to the capital, but such prudent measures had been taken, that during the whole of the siege no deficiency in food was felt. The princes at first had recourse to negotiations, but they proved useless; and both sides renewed hostilities, which were warm and frequent. Sorties were made every day, and these combats generally terminated in favour of the king's troops. The honour of

this was principally due to the fair sex of the capital: "For the warriors," says Philip de Commines, "beheld the ladies at all times; giving them a desire to show their prowess in their sight." The enemy had placed their advanced posts at Bercy, which was then called "La Grange-aux-Merciers." They were obliged to abandon them, and retire to Conflans, the head-quarters of the count de Charolais. The royal army occupied the opposite bank of the Seine. Several batteries, which defended the access to it, were erected there. The leagued princes undertook to throw a bridge of boats across the river, opposite the Port-à-l'Anglais. The king immediately constructed a bulwark, from which artillery, incessantly hurling its mortal thunders, prevented them from advancing. At the same time, a Norman archer, whose name history ought to have preserved, threw himself into the Seine, and contrived to reach the head of the bridge, of which he cut the cables that fastened it to the shore, and abandoned it to the current. This series of ill-fortune induced the League general to resume the interrupted negotiations, and at length, after numerous contentions and delays, a treaty of peace was concluded at Conflans, which delivered Paris from its besiegers. The capital signified its joy by brilliant festivals. The king, to reward its fidelity, confirmed all its privileges: he honoured with his presence a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, at which many citizens and their wives were admitted to the table of the monarch, with the princes and nobles.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1589—1594.

The flame of civil wars, of which Francis II. had beheld the first sparks, had set all France in a blaze during the minority of Charles IX. Religion was the motive of these wars among the people, and the pretext among the great. The queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, who joined to the most boundless ambition the artful policy of her country, had more than once hazarded the safety of the kingdom to preserve her authority; arming the Catholics against the Protestants, and the Guises against the Bourbons, that they might destroy each other. In this age of troubles, the great, who had become too powerful, were factious and for-

midable; and the French, animated by that party fury which a false zeal inspires, were, for the most part, fanatics and barbarians. Passions or interests armed every hand: one-half of the nation made war against the other half. The greatest cities were taken, retaken, and sacked, in turn. Prisoners of war were put to death in a manner till that time unheard of. The churches were reduced to ashes by the Reformers, the temples by the Catholics. Poisonings and assassinations were looked upon as only the legitimate vengeance of clever enemies. The crowning horror of all these excesses was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On that ever-execrable day, a young king of twenty-three commanded, in cool blood, the death of more than a million of his subjects, and himself set the example of murder. Charles IX. did not long survive this abuse of sovereign power. Henry III. quitted furtively the throne of Poland, to return to his country and plunge it once more into troubles. Of the two brothers, notwithstanding what we have said of Charles IX., Henry III. was the worse: there is no more detestable character in history than this prince, who rather resembles a Heliogabalus or a Commodus, than a king of chivalric France: in the great massacre he had been, if possible, more active than his brother.

He found in his states two dominant parties; that of the Reformers, reviving from its ashes, more violent than ever, and having at its head Henry the Great, then king of Navarre; and that of the League, a powerful faction, formed by the princes of the house of Guise, encouraged by the popes, fomented by Philip II. of Spain, whose dangerous policy procured him the name of the Demon of the South, increasing every day by the artifices of the monks, under the veil of zeal for the Catholic religion, but whose principal aim was rebellion. Its leader was the duke of Guise, surnamed le Balafré, from a scar on his cheek, a prince of a brilliant reputation, and who, having more shining qualities than good ones, seemed, in this season of confusion, born to change the destinies of France. Henry III., who perhaps might have crushed both these parties by a judicious exercise of the regal power, absolutely strengthened them by his own weakness. He thought to exhibit a great feat

of policy by declaring himself the head of the League; whereas he only proved himself the slave of it. He was forced to make war for the interests of the duke de Guise, whose object was to dethrone him, against the king of Navarre, his brother-in-law and presumptive heir, who only wished to re-establish him in all the rights of his rank. Some successes against the Reformers carried the credit of the too-powerful Balafre to its height. This prince, inflated with his own glory, and strong in the weakness of the king, came to Paris in opposition to the royal command. Then arrived the celebrated day of the *barricades*, in which the people defeated the guards of Henry, and obliged him himself to fly from his capital. Guise did still more; he forced the king to hold the States-General of the kingdom at Blois, and took his measures so well, that he was near sharing the royal authority, with the consent of the representatives of the nation, and with an appearance of the most respectable formalities. Roused by a danger so pressing, Henry III. caused this redoubtable enemy, and the cardinal de Lorraine, his brother, still more violent and ambitious than the duke, to be assassinated at the castle of Blois. That which happened to the Protestant party after the St. Bartholomew, now happened to the League; the death of the leaders reanimated the faction. On all parts the Leaguers threw off the mask. Paris closed its gates: nothing was thought or talked of but vengeance. Henry III. was considered as the assassin of the defenders of religion, as an odious, insupportable tyrant, and not as a king who had punished too audacious subjects. The king, pressed on all sides, was at length obliged to seek a reconciliation with Henry of Navarre; in the course of 1589 these two princes encamped in conjunction before Paris.

We cannot describe without a groan the excesses to which the capital gave itself up on learning the death of the duke de Guise: the shops closed, the people in crowds in the streets, arms in hand, seeking everywhere the duke d'Aumale, to place him at the head of the League, knocking down the king's arms wherever met with, and imprisoning every one suspected of fidelity to him. A kind of vertigo or spirit of fury took possession of all the citizens without exception; they willingly allowed themselves to be dragged

into the most detestable rebellion. The churches were hung with mourning, and the depositaries of the Word of God proclaimed aloud the martyrdom of the Balafre and his brother. "Those unworthy ministers," says an historian of the time, "only mounted the pulpit to put forth, instead of the Scriptures, a series of bitter insults against the sovereign, and by the vomitings of an iliad of maledictions, they increased the fury of revolt. The people never came out from their infamous sermons without their brain being on fire, their feet prepared for running, and their hands for fighting, like so many wild beasts, against all who did not wear the badge of the League. The colporteurs of the palace cried nothing but an execration of the life of Henry III., the self-called king. They said that France was sick, and that she could never be cured without giving her a draught of French blood."

The leaders of the sedition sought, however, to colour the public excesses with some specious pretexts. They caused a request to be presented to the faculty of Theology at Paris, in which it was said "that the princes of the house of Lorraine had always deserved well of the Catholic church during their lives, and that, being protectors of the faith, the king had put them to death; that the monarch must be declared to have forfeited his crown, and his subjects be released from their fidelity; that that prince was a hypocrite, a favourer of heresy, a persecutor of the Church, having bathed his hands in the blood of a cardinal, without respect to his person or his sacred character." The Sorbonne, on the 7th of January, issued a decree, which allowed and even ordered all that this request stated. Lefebvre the dean, and several other doctors, refused to sign this abominable sentence; but the majority prevailed, and gave it all the authority that was desired. The principal Leaguers, armed with this fatal document, tried to lay the foundations of an authority, which the same caprice which gave it to them might deprive them of an instant after. The heads of the sixteen quarters of Paris, all scoundrels, and for the most part the issue of low families, were revered like so many sovereigns. These monsters governed Paris; they were its oracles, and put in motion the arms of all the rebels. They also determined to have the Parliament. Bussy le Clere,

governor of the Bastille, who had been a master-at-arms, took upon himself the task of ordering that august company to enregister the decree of the Sorbonne. On the 16th of January he entered the assembly of French senators with fifty of his satellites, and, pistol in hand, presented to them a request, or rather an order, no longer to recognise the royal house. The refusal being unanimous, he selected the most conspicuous and led them away at once to the Bastille, where the barbarous manner in which he treated them procured him the sobriquet of "Grand Penitentiary of the Parliament."

Very shortly, the duke de Mayenne, brother and heir to the power of the duke de Guise, arrived in Paris with a reinforcement of troops. This prince, intrepid and intelligent, but indolent, was still employed in placing the capital in a state of defence, when the two kings of France and Navarre appeared at its gates with an army of forty thousand men. Henry III. took possession of the bridge of St. Cloud, and formed the blockade of the faubourg St. Honoré and the whole quarter of the Louvre as far as the river; the king of Navarre, on the other side, besieged the faubourg St. Marceau to that of St. Germain. The consternation and the fury of the Parisians were extreme when they found themselves surrounded in this manner by the royal troops. The priests recommenced their seditious declamations; to strike the vulgar, they caused little figures of wax to be made, representing the two monarchs, which they placed upon the altar during mass, and pricked them with knives. All priests carried arms, and mounted guard with the other citizens. But this aimless and blind fury could not have protected the capital from the just anger of the king, had it not been prevented by the most infamous of crimes. Jacques Clement, a priest and Dominican, devoted himself, as he said, to the task of killing the tyrant. He communicated his project to the doctors, the Jesuits, the leaders of the League, and the principals of the Sixteen; all encouraged him, all promised him the greatest dignities, if he survived this generous action; and if he became a martyr to it, a place in Heaven, above the apostles. On the 31st of July he went to St. Cloud, where the king's quarters were. He was arrested by the sieur de Coublan, and conducted to the procureur-général

De la Guesle. This magistrate introduced him the next day into the king's apartment. With a simple and respectful air he presented the king an intercepted letter to the president De Harley. The monarch having read it, and being separated from the Dominican by La Guesle, asked him if he had nothing else to say to him. "I have many important things to reveal to the king," replied Clement, "but I can only do it in a whisper to his own ear." "Speak out!" cried the procureur-général two or three times, as he began to mistrust the good father. "Speak aloud, and before me; there is no one here in whom the king has not confidence." Henry then told him to approach. The villain obeyed, and instead of communicating secrets, plunged a knife, expressly forged for the purpose, into his bowels, and left it sticking in the wound. The astonished king immediately drew out the knife, and springing upon the assassin, stabbed him in the forehead. La Guesle put the finishing stroke with his sword. His body was thrown out at the window, torn in pieces, burnt, and his ashes cast into the Seine.

In proportion as this parricide spread consternation in the army, so did it give cause of triumph to the Parisians. A relation of the martyrdom of Brother Jacques Clement was printed; he was canonized, and lauded at Rome from the very pulpit in which the funeral oration of Henry III. ought to have been pronounced. The object was by such means to incite fresh assassinations. The king died of his wound on the 2nd of August, at two o'clock in the morning; and Henry of Bourbon, king of Navarre, whom he had proclaimed his successor as he was dying, was acknowledged by a part of the army, and by all who deserved the name of Frenchmen. The new monarch was obliged to interrupt the attacks upon Paris to disperse the different armies of the League; and it was not till after he had rendered himself master of the places which served as magazines to the capital, that he formed the blockade of it with less than twenty thousand men. He commenced by attacking the faubourgs: his army, divided into ten bodies, attacked ten different quarters of Paris. In order to witness the operations, he placed himself in the abbey of Montmartre, and at midnight gave the signal. The artillery was immediately heard to roar on both sides. "There is nobody," says

Sully, "who would not have supposed that that immense city was about to perish by fire, or by an infinite number of mines ignited in its entrails; there perhaps never was a spectacle more capable of inspiring horror. Dense masses of smoke, through which pierced at intervals sparks or long trains of flame, shrouded all the surface of that sort of world which, by the vicissitudes of light and darkness, appeared either plunged in black night or covered with a sea of fire. The roar of the artillery, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, added everything to this scene that can be imagined that is terrifying; and the natural horror of night redoubled it still more. This lasted two whole hours, and ended by the reduction of all the faubourgs, even of that of St. Antoine, though, from its extent, it was obliged to be attacked from a great distance."

The king's success did not relax the mad courage and the blind fury of the Parisians; the leaders set the same springs to work that had been employed the preceding year: sacrilegious sermons, the confirmation of the Sorbonne, and the excommunication of the king.

As soon as Henry IV. had closed all the issues from the city, provisions began to fail, and more than two hundred thousand persons of all conditions were reduced to the most awful extremity, but without losing any of that factious ardour which had seized all minds. To animate the people still further, a kind of regiment of ecclesiastics was formed, to the number of thirteen hundred; they appeared on the bridge of Notre Dame in battle-array, and made a general review, which was called the Procession of the League. The leaders carried in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a halbert, the rest having all sorts of arms.

The Pope's legate, by his presence, approved of a proceeding at once so extraordinary and so laughable; but one of these new soldiers, who was no doubt ignorant that his arquebuss was loaded with ball, wishing to salute the legate in his carriage, fired into it, and killed his almoner. The legate, in consequence of this accident, made as speedy a retreat as possible; but the people exclaimed that it was a great blessing for the almoner to be killed in such a holy cause. Such was the frightful persuasion of this populace, whom impunity had rendered formidible. They believed

themselves invincible under the orders of the duke de Nemours, a skilful, courageous, and prudent general, whom the duke de Mayenne, his brother, had left in Paris during his absence; they were backed by three or four thousand good troops, and by several nobles of high courage. They every day skirmished against the royal army, or fought small battles; the Chevalier d'Aumale, of the blood of Lorraine, being always at the head of their sorties, and imparting his impetuous valour to his followers. Henry IV. satisfied himself with repulsing these attacks, convinced that famine would soon open the gates of the capital to him.

In fact, this terrible scourge began to make rapid progress; there was neither wheat, barley, nor oats left; more than fifty thousand persons had already died of want; the sad remains of this numerous population, nobles, plebeians, rich or poor, languidly crawled through the streets to seek for and devour the grass and weeds that grew in them. Mules, horses, cats, dogs, all the domestic animals,—even beasts that are reckoned unclean,—served for food. The leather of shoes was sold for its weight in gold; it was boiled and devoured in secret, for fear some wretch, stronger and more hungry, should tear it from the mouth of the purchaser. Mothers were seen feeding upon the flesh of their children, and miserable beings flew like vultures upon a newly-dead body that had fallen in the streets. The Spanish ambassador to the League advised that bread should be made of the ground bones of the dead, and his plan was eagerly adopted; but this shocking aliment cost the lives of most of those who partook of it. In this general desolation, the priests and monks enjoyed the comforts of abundance; on visiting their abodes, there was generally enough for the present discovered, and, in many instances, a good provision for the future. At length the leaders of the League, to appease the people, who now never ceased crying, "Bread or peace!" charged the bishop of Paris and the archbishop of Lyons with proposals to the king. "I am no dissembler," said the monarch, "I speak plainly and without deceit what I think. I should be wrong if I told you I did not wish for a general peace; I do wish for it, I ardently desire it, that I may have the power of enlarging and settling the limits of my kingdom. For a battle I would give a finger, for a general

peace I would give two. I love my city of Paris; it is my eldest daughter; I am jealous of her. I am anxious to confer upon her more good, more kindness, more pity than she could ask of me; but I desire that she should owe them to me and to my clemency, and not to the duke de Mayenne or the king of Spain. When you ask me to defer the capitulation and surrender of Paris till a universal peace, which cannot take place till after many journeys, backwards and forwards, you ask for a thing highly prejudicial to my city of Paris, which cannot wait so long. So many persons have already died of hunger, that if a further delay of ten or twelve days took place, vast numbers must die, which would be a great pity (*une étrange pitié*). I am the father of my people, and I am like the mother of old before Solomon, I would almost prefer having no Paris at all to having it ruined and dissipated by the death of so many Parisians. You, Monsieur le Cardinal, ought to have pity on them; they are your flock. I am not a remarkably good theologian; but I know enough of divinity to be able to tell you that God is not pleased that you should treat thus the poor people he has consigned to you. How can you hope to convert me to your religion, if you set so little store by the safety and lives of your flock? It is giving me but a poor proof of your holiness; I am but little edified by it."

Of all the monarchs that ever lived, we like to hear Henry IV. of France speak. His words come forth with that unstudied frankness which proves that they flow from a manly heart and a right mind. He had his faults—what human creature has not? but neither the annals of France nor England describe a king with whom we would rather have sat in council; have followed his white *panache* in the battle-field; have crossed the hand of friendship, or chatted in a lady's bower, than with the good, valiant, and witty Béarnais. We verily think that delightful word of the French language, *bonhomie*, was coined to express the character of Henry IV.

"Such," says the historian, "were the words and sentiments of this generous prince; the evils which oppressed his people penetrated his compassionate and tender heart. He could not endure the idea," says Sully, "of seeing that city, of which Providence had destined him the empire, become

one vast cemetery; he held out his hands to all he could secretly assist, and shut his eyes upon the supplies of provisions which his officers and soldiers frequently stole in, whether out of compassion for relations or friends, or for the sake of the heavy prices they made the citizens pay for them."

He could have carried Paris by the sword; and his soldiers, the Huguenots in particular, demanded that favour of him with loud cries; but he resisted all their entreaties. The duke de Nemours having turned out a vast number of useless mouths, the council advised the king to refuse them a passage. Henry, deeply affected by their melancholy fate, gave orders to let them go where they liked.

"I am not astonished," said he, "that the chiefs of the League, or the Spaniards, should have so little compassion on these poor people, they are but their tyrants; but as for me, I am their father and their king, and I cannot behold them without being moved to my inward heart." But he was deceived, if he thought these kindnesses would make any impression upon the Parisians. They availed themselves of his benevolence, without ceasing to regard him as the author of all the public calamities; and when, a short time after, the prince of Parma and the duke de Mayenne, at the head of an army, obliged him to pause in his enterprise, they insulted him who had only raised the siege because he was too sensible to the misfortunes of the besieged.

Paris persisted in its revolt to the month of March, 1594; when the duke de Brissac, who had joined the League because Henry III had told him that he was good for nothing, either by land or sea, negotiated with Henry IV. and opened the gates of Paris to him, for the reward of the baton of a marshal of France. Henry IV. made his *entrée*, which only cost the lives of a small body of lansquenets, and of two or three citizens, who endeavoured to induce the people to take up arms against a king who was willing to treat them as a father.

Of the policy or propriety of Henry's changing his religion, to insure the peaceful possession of his throne, it is not our province to speak.

When Brissac had thrown open the gates, Henry's troops marched in in silence, keeping close and careful order, and

took possession of the squares, public places, and great thoroughfares. After the prévôt des marchands and De Brissac had presented the keys to him, he advanced at the head of a large troop of the nobility, with lances lowered: his march was a triumph, and, from that day, he considered himself among the Parisians, as in the midst of his children. "Let them alone!" cried he, to those who wished to drive back the crowd; "let them alone! they want to see a king." His clemency extended to all classes, even to his worst enemies, the fanatical preachers. The Spanish garrison quitted Paris the day of his *entrée*, with the honours of war; Philip's ministers departing with them. The king placed himself at a window to see them pass, and when they were at a distance, he laughingly cried to them: "Make my compliments to your master, gentlemen, but don't come back any more." He received the Bastille by capitulation, welcomed the repentant and submissive Sorbonne, and joined to the parliament of Paris the magistrates of the parliament he had established at Châlons and Tours.

The ridiculous yet bloody war of the Fronde, though it maddened and for a time half-starved the Parisians, and although its two parties were headed by a Condé and a Turenne, does not furnish us with a regular siege.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1814.

When the inordinate ambition of Buonaparte, and, still more, his misfortunes in Russia, had banded all Europe against him, Paris may be said to have again experienced a short siege.

When Napoleon opened the campaign on the 25th of January, he confided the command of the capital to his brother Joseph. His enemies were numerous and powerful. The English advanced on the south; a hundred and fifty thousand men, under Schwartzberg, poured into France by way of Switzerland; a large army of Prussians, commanded by Blücher, arrived from Frankfort; and a hundred thousand Swedes and Germans penetrated into Belgium, under Bernadotte. Here was work cut out for even the genius of a Hannibal; and Buonaparte seemed to be duly roused by the perils which surrounded him. He redoubled



HENRY THE FOURTH ENTERS HIS CAPITAL.

his activity and energy, and never had his strategic calculations been more skilful. He was near destroying the two most formidable armies of his enemies by isolating them, and attacking them by turns. But Buonaparte's successes became fatal to him, by inspiring him with too much confidence: he would not listen to the proposals of the allies for France to return within her ancient limits, and revoked the powers he had given to the duke of Vicenza to conclude a peace at Châtillon. Wherever he did not command in person, the allies triumphed: the English entered Bordeaux, which declared for the Bourbons; the Austrians occupied Lyons; and the united armies marched towards Paris. Napoleon then subscribed to the demands of the Congress; but it was too late: the conferences were broken up. Joseph received orders to defend Paris to the last extremity; the emperor depended upon him, and conceived the almost wildly brave project of cutting off the retreat of the allies, by marching rapidly behind them to St. Dizier. By this march he lost precious time; but by it, if he had been seconded, Napoleon might have saved his crown. The two grand armies of the allies had effected their junction, and drew near to the capital. To secure the success of the emperor's manœuvres, it ought to have been defended till his arrival; but timid councillors surrounded the regent, Maria Louisa, and persuaded her to retire to the Loire. In vain Talleyrand and Montalivet expressed a courageous opinion, and represented to the empress that the safety of France was in Paris: fear alone was listened to; Maria Louisa quitted the capital, and transported the regency to Blois. In the mean time Napoleon approached Paris by forced marches; but it was no longer time: Marshals Marmont and Mortier, on the 30th of March, fought a desperate battle under the walls of the city with forces very inferior to the allies. Ignorant of the emperor's proximity, Joseph gave orders for a capitulation; he abandoned his post, and set out for Orléans. On the 31st of March, the allies entered Paris. Napoleon was hastening to the defence of his capital, when, on the 1st of April, he received this terrible news; he immediately fell back upon Fontainebleau, where his army took up a position. There he learnt that the senate, till that time guilty of so much servility and adulation towards him, had pro-

claimed him a tyrant, and that, guided by Talleyrand, it had declared Napoleon deposed from the throne, the hereditary right of his family abolished, and the French people and the army liberated from their oath of fidelity to him.

The capitulation of 1814, and the celebrated day of the Barricades, July, 1830, do not come under the head of sieges.

RIMINI.

A.C. 49.

CÆSAR, forgetting his virtues in order to sacrifice everything to his ambition, prepared to march against his country. But this was not done without a mental struggle. When he arrived on the banks of the Rubicon, he was a prey to a thousand conflicting thoughts; he stopped all at once, and turning to his friends, said: "We have it still in our power to retract; but if we cross this rivulet, the enterprise must be carried out by force of arms." According to Suetonius, there appeared at that moment a man of extraordinary height, playing upon a rustic flute, and the soldiers flocked round him to listen to him. This wonderful man, seizing a trumpet, applied it to his mouth, and sounding a charge, crossed the river. This was most likely a *ruse* of Cæsar's to encourage his troops; be that as it may, he immediately cried out,—“Forward! let us go whither the voice of the gods and the injustice of our enemies call us;—the die is cast!” And he crossed the Rubicon. The short siege and the capture of Rimini were the consequences of this determination, followed by the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, which annihilated the liberties of Rome.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 538.

Vitigès, king of the Ostrogoths, appeared before Rimini, and laid siege to it. He brought towards the walls an enormous tower, at the top of which was a large drawbridge, to

be let down when within reach of the parapets. The inhabitants were in a terrible fright; but the commander rendered the tower useless by having the ditch widened during the night; and by a spirited and unexpected attack upon the enemy's camp, he raised as much dread among them as the machine had created in Rimini. Some of the bravest of the Goths fell in this sortie, and their leader turned the siege into a blockade. The arrival of Belisarius compelled him to abandon the enterprise altogether.

MARSEILLES.

A.C. 49.

THE inhabitants of Marseilles being under great obligations to Pompey, were not willing to open their gates to Cæsar. Irritated by this affront, Cæsar laid siege to their city. It was long, because that great general did not at first conduct it in person; but as soon as he presented himself before the place, it surrendered. The conqueror was satisfied with disarming the citizens, and ordering them to bring to him all the money in the public treasury.

SECOND SIEGE, A.C. 310.

Notwithstanding his repeated abdications, Maximian Hercules was again anxious for power, and, for the third time, to remount the throne of the Cæsars. In order to engage the Gauls to declare in his favour, he caused a report of the death of Constantine to be circulated. This report had not time to be accredited, for Constantine, at the head of a numerous army, presented himself before Marseilles, into which place Maximian had retired. He at once led on an assault, and would have taken the city if his ladders had not proved too short. Several soldiers, however, succeeded in gaining the top of the walls, but the emperor, to spare the blood of the troops and of the inhabitants, sounded a retreat. Maximian appeared upon the walls; Constantine drew near

to them, and represented to the ex-emperor the injustice and futility of his proceedings. Whilst the old man was pouring forth invectives, some of the inhabitants, unknown to him, opened one of the gates, and admitted the soldiers of Constantine. They seized Maximian, led him before the emperor, and terminated this short and foolish war.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1544.

The constable De Bourbon, wishing by his services to merit the favour of Charles V., to whom that perfidious prince had sold himself, undertook the siege of Marseilles. "Three cannon-shot," said he, "will so astonish the good citizens, that they will come with halters round their necks to present me the keys." But, far from surrendering, the Marseillaise swore to defend themselves to the last extremity. The women took part in the most painful labours of the defence; their ardour was so great, that the countermines which they dug on the side of the attack were called, to perpetuate the memory of the fact, "The Ladies' Trench." A cannon-ball, fired from the city, killed two gentlemen, and a priest who was celebrating mass. The constable De Bourbon, attracted by the noise created by this accident, hastened to the spot, and asked what was the cause of the tumult. The marquis de Pescaira, his rival, coolly replied,—"It is only the consuls of Marseilles, Monsieur, who have brought us the keys." Bourbon well deserved this railery, for they had already been forty days before a place which he had boasted would surrender as soon as he appeared. Rendered furious by the cannon-ball and the joke, he gave orders for the fire of the artillery to be doubled, and soon a breach was made sufficient for an assault. The engineers who were sent to reconnoitre reported that there was behind it a deep ditch, filled with combustibles, and defended by a great number of soldiers. Pescaira gave a description of it to the council of war, and added, maliciously,—“You see, gentlemen, that the Marseillaise keep a well-spread table, in order to entertain properly all who have any desire to visit them; if you have any inclination to sup in Paradise, go there, in heaven's name; but, for my part, I don't feel disposed to go thither yet. We should do much better, I think, to return

to Italy, where the French may be before us.* The hatred in which the constable De Bourbon was held caused this advice to be approved of. Francis I. came to the relief of the city with an army of forty thousand men. Instructed in the school of misfortune, he obstinately refused to give the Imperialists battle, and contented himself with depriving them of all means of subsistence. His army destroyed all the mills: that of D'Aubagne was the only one left. Francis I. was convinced that the retreat of his enemy was inevitable if this mill were destroyed, and he ordered Barbesieux, who commanded in Marseilles, to undertake it. This general thought the thing impossible, because the post was so well guarded and so near to the Imperialists. Montluc, young, enterprising, and full of resources, thought that, with courage, secrecy, and diligence, it was possible to succeed. Barbesieux laughed at what he called a fanfaronnade; but as it was only at the risk of a hundred and twenty men, he gave his consent. Everything succeeded; the mill was forced and destroyed; and the detachment came off unhurt. This little expedition had a singular influence over the fate of Marseilles. Deprived of provisions, the Imperialists quickly retired, and the constable had the double disgrace of failing against a place whilst fighting against his prince and his country.

ALEXANDRIA.

A.C. 46.

THE conqueror of Darius, wishing to raise a monument to his own glory, resolved to build a new city in Egypt, which should become the centre of the commerce of the world, and the capital of his vast empire. He named it Alexandria. This was likewise part of the wise policy of Alexander; either he, or some of the sages who attended him, were excellent judges of situation for a city, and he preferred leaving such a monument behind him to any other. He laid the foundation of, if he did not build, many cities in the course of his conquests; and this was not the only one called Alexandria. The happily-selected situation of this city, not far from the Mediterranean and the Nile, in the centre of Egypt, then renowned for its commercial relations with India and the oriental coasts of Africa, soon rendered it worthy of its high destiny. Under Ptolemy, son of Lagus, one of his lieutenants, who had become his successor in the kingdom of Egypt, Alexandria soon astonished the world by its population and its riches. The Romans, extending their conquests, became first the protectors, then the masters of Egypt. Antiochus, king of Syria, wished to oppress the children of Ptolemy Philopater, and to take possession of Egypt; the Roman people, offended at this proceeding, sent Popilius Lænus to summon the king of Syria to immediately evacuate the states of a king, their ally. He came up with Antiochus as he was besieging Alexandria, and ordered him to evacuate Egypt immediately. As soon as he saw the Roman ambassador, Antiochus saluted him with much respect, but made no direct reply to his demand. Popilius went straight up to him, and tracing a circle around the king in the sand, "Prince," said he, "I must have an answer to the will of the Roman people before you leave that circle." Astonished at this noble pride,

Antiochus replied that he was ready to obey. Thus Egypt was delivered from war. Respect for the Roman name alone gave it, for this once, peace, and preserved it its sovereigns.

After having defeated Pompey, Cæsar entered Alexandria, to endeavour to regulate the affairs of Egypt, then embroiled by the ambition of Cleopatra. During his abode there, Achilles, minister of King Ptolemy, disgusted at his proceedings, raised an army of twenty thousand disciplined Egyptian troops, and offered battle to the great dictator. Cæsar had only three thousand foot and eight thousand horse. Without giving a moment's consideration to his weakness, and relying entirely on his constant good fortune, he made a sortie from Alexandria, where the Egyptians besieged him, and drove them to a distance from the walls. He fought several battles with the same results, but, weakened in the end by his own successes,—for, though victorious, he in each conflict necessarily lost some men,—he ceased to be the conqueror. It was in the course of this war that the celebrated Alexandrian library was burnt, the collecting of which had been the work of many kings, and consisted of more than four hundred thousand volumes. It was likewise after a contest in which he had been worsted, that he had to swim for his life, which he did with one hand, holding, it is said, his "Commentaries" in the other. Cæsar did not escape the fascinations of Cleopatra: as she did by all who came within the circle of her machinations, she made him subservient to her ambitious views: she had one son by him, named Cæsarion, afterwards sacrificed to the jealousy of Augustus. After passing through many dangers, he received succour, and was triumphant; he defeated the Egyptians, under their king Ptolemy Bacchus, who drowned himself in the Nile.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 260.

Under Gallus, Alexandria, whose population amounted to three hundred thousand freemen, and as many slaves, became the theatre of a frightful civil war, which lasted twelve years. All communication was cut off between the different parts of that unfortunate city; every street was inundated

with blood; the major part of the better sort of houses were converted into citadels, and these horrible disorders were not appeased till after most of the inhabitants had perished by the sword, pestilence, or famine.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 611.

Chosroës, eleventh king of Persia, after having conquered Syria, Palestine, and the greater part of Asia, attacked Egypt, surprised Pelusium, and advanced as far as Alexandria without obstacle. The city might certainly have been supported by its fleet, but the archbishop and prefect had employed all the vessels in carrying themselves and their enormous wealth to a place of safety in the isle of Cyprus. Chosroës entered this second city of the Greek empire in triumph, and found in it almost incalculable riches. Heraclius sued for peace, which Chosroës granted, but only with a view of preparing for a fresh war. This recommenced in 627. The haughty Chosroës was conquered; his own son caused him to be killed, and restored to the emperor Heraclius all his father's conquests. Thus Egypt returned, but for a very short time, under the Roman domination.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 640.

Mahomet, who was destined to subdue, by his arms and his religion, half the globe as then known, had made himself master of Arabia. His successors thought it their duty to extend his opinions and his conquests. Amron, the lieutenant of the caliph Omar, took possession of Palestine, and entered Egypt. He employed thirty days in the siege of Pelusium, and then advanced to the ruins of Heliopolis. Thence he proceeded to ancient Memphis, called the Widow of her Kings, after she was eclipsed by her rival Alexandria: her palaces and temples were sinking into ruins. The two banks of the Nile, here three thousand feet wide, were united by two bridges of sixty-three boats, connected by the little isle of Ronda, standing in the middle of the river, and covered with gardens and delightful habitations. At the eastern extremity of the bridge was the city of Babylon, and the camp of a Roman legion defended the passage of

the river and the second city of Egypt. Amrou laid siege to this fortress, which might be considered as a part of Memphis. After a siege of seven months, the place was carried by assault. The Greeks, on retiring from Upper Egypt, occupied all the important places of the Delta, but were driven out of them in twenty-two days by Amrou. At length Amrou commenced the siege of Alexandria. This first commercial city in the world was abundantly supplied with all the means of defence and subsistence: the sea was always open to it. If Heraclius could have been roused from his lethargy, considerable reinforcements might have been sent to support the besieged. Alexandria itself furnished excellent means of defence; the two great sides of the long square which it forms being covered by the sea and the lake Mareotis, the fronts of attack were narrow, and easily defended. Amrou, however, never ceased to excite the courage of the besiegers by sending them fresh reinforcements daily. The Egyptians at the same time, tired of the domination of the Greeks, and believing they should be better treated by new masters, devoted themselves to the service of Amrou. The Saracens fought like lions. In every conflict the scimitar and the banner of Amrou were in the first rank; he made all the reconnoissances of the place with his own eyes, and planned all the attacks. Approaching one day, accompanied only by a single slave and one of his principal officers, too near the walls, he was taken prisoner, and conducted to the presence of the prefect of Egypt. This magistrate, on examining his haughty countenance and hearing his audacious language, at first entertained a suspicion, which became a certainty, that it was Amrou he had fortunately become possessed of, and ordered him to be beheaded. This order was about to be executed, when the slave, who understood Greek, gave him a box on the ear, and told him that he, one of the meanest of Mussulmans, ought to know how to behave more respectfully to his superiors. This extraordinary act of presence of mind saved the life of Amrou. The Turkish officer, taking his cue from the slave, then said that they were sent by their general to demand an interview, and that if it could be granted the next day, and the Romans would make any reasonable proposals, he had no doubt peace might be brought about.

The governor was the dupe of this story. The prefect, being now persuaded that Amrou was no more than a simple soldier, revoked his order, and sent back the Mussulmans, who had come, he believed, with pacific dispositions. The Romans were soon made aware of their folly by the cries of joy of the Mussulmans at the safe return of their brave general. Instead of coming to the peaceful appointment next day, Amrou appeared with all his troops at the foot of the wall, and commenced the labours of the siege. Heraclius then sent him an ambassador, to prevail upon him to leave Egypt, upon very advantageous conditions. Amrou, who was superintending the construction of machines to batter the great tower, surveyed the envoy with surprise and contempt. After listening to him in profound silence, "Dost thou see," said he, "that column which stands before us? We will leave Egypt when thou hast swallowed it." On the instant he commanded an attack upon the tower, and his soldiers entered it, in spite of the brave resistance of the Romans. The governor, however, sent up such strong reinforcements, that the Mussulmans were driven for the time from the tower they were so anxious to obtain. During fourteen months, every day was marked by combats or attacks upon the intrenchments. At length Amrou gave a general assault, and his troops responded so well to his expectations and generalship, that the Christians were beaten in all quarters, and abandoned the place. The Turks lost twenty-five thousand men before Alexandria. At the moment of their entry into the city, the inhabitants, to escape their barbarities, endeavoured to gain their vessels and get out to sea. Amrou pursued them, leaving only troops enough in Alexandria for a common guard. Informed of this circumstance, the Romans re-entered the port, surprised the city, and massacred the Mussulmans. On learning this, Amrou returned, found the Romans masters of the citadel, attacked them, and forced them, after a sanguinary conflict. Such as escaped death then abandoned to its barbarous conquerors this powerful city, the magazine of Constantinople, which it fed, and the centre of the commerce of the East with Europe. Egypt submitted to the conqueror. "I have taken," said Amrou, in his despatch to the caliph, "the great city of the West; it is impossible for me to describe

to you all its riches, all its magnificence; I shall content myself with telling you that it contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres, twelve thousand shops for vegetables and fruits, and forty thousand tributary Jews. The city was taken by force, without either treaty or capitulation, and the Mussulmans are impatient to gather the fruits of their victories." The commander of the faithful rejected with firmness all ideas of pillage, and ordered his lieutenant to preserve Alexandria and its wealth for the use and propagation of Islamism. Amrou asked him if he must equally respect the famous library of Serapeon, containing more than five hundred thousand volumes, the only archives of the learning of the ancient Egyptians, and of the progress of human knowledge up to the invasion of the Mussulmans. To this the caliph replied: "Either that which the books of which thou speakest contain, agrees with the Koran, or it does not agree. If it agrees with it, the Koran suffices; if it does not agree, they are pernicious: burn them." Amrou obeyed with regret. During six months the fragments of these books served to heat the baths of Alexandria. This irreparable loss deprived the human race of a mass of useful knowledge, dried up an abundant source of improvement, and contributed greatly to the spreading of the darkness and ignorance in which Europe was plunged for six hundred years.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.C. 645.

Alexandria was tranquil under the government of its conqueror, but after the death of Omar, Amrou was recalled. The Greek emperors feeling keenly the loss of Egypt, took advantage of this circumstance to make a descent upon its coasts. At the sight of their ancient compatriots, the Alexandrians rose, took up arms, drove out the infidels, and opened their gates to the Greeks. Amrou, being informed of this revolt, returned from Libya, chastised Alexandria, and drove the Christians from its walls. Persuaded that such an example would be sufficient to restrain the Egyptians, he again set out for Tripoli; but the Greeks returned once more, and took possession of the port and the city of Alexandria. Amrou, exceedingly irritated, came back; but

he had sworn, this time, to dismantle this indocile city. He kept his word; he protected the Alexandrians as much as he could from the fury of the soldiery; but he razed the walls, diminished its extent, and left the inhabitants to exist amidst the ruins of their country.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1171.

Egypt belonged for three centuries to the Fatimite caliphs; but this race degenerated: divided among themselves for the possession of power, one of its two branches had the imprudence to call in the sultan of Damascus to its aid. After several battles, the latter was the conqueror, but he kept his conquest for himself. Saladin, his son, became, in 1171, sultan of Egypt. The descendants of this great man were, in their turn, displaced by the Mamelukes and their beys, a singular kind of militia, continually recruited by slaves from Mount Caucasus; themselves choosing their sultans, as the prætorian guards had done, and, like them, disposing of power. Egypt was conquered by the Ottomans. Selim I. contented himself with weakening, for the time, the influence of the Mamelukes; but, always ambitious, they resumed, by degrees, their authority under his weak successors, and only left the Ottoman Porte a shadow of power in the provinces over which they tyrannized.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1799.

Buonaparte, imitating Alexander, with a view of clearing a passage from Egypt to the possession of India, embarked with a large force, and after having treacherously obtained Malta, appeared off Alexandria. It is rather a singular circumstance, that more than a century before this expedition took place, Leibnitz, a German philosopher, addressed a long and interesting document to Louis XIV., pointing out to him the great advantages that would result to France from the conquest of Egypt. This document was still in existence, and it is believed that it assisted in inducing Buonaparte to leave his European conquests and achieve something extraordinary in the East. His career in Egypt was successful, and, among other places, he took Alexandria,

our present subject; but there was nothing in the details of the short siege of it interesting enough to stop us. Nelson's defeat of his fleet, and his check by Sir Sidney Smith, at Acre, sent the great conqueror of the age back again to his country, with a far smaller crop of laurels than he had anticipated.

LYONS.

A. D. 197.

ALBINUS, a Roman general, revolted against the emperor Severus, and encamped his rebel troops near Lyons. The emperor marched against him, and the battle commenced the instant the armies came in sight of each other. The conflict was terrible, but Albinus was conquered, and forced to take refuge in Lyons. The conquerors followed him thither, and plundered and ravaged the city. Albinus, finding all was lost, plunged his sword into his own body; but as he was not dead when the adverse party took Lyons, they enjoyed the savage satisfaction of cutting off the head of a man who could not have lived an hour.

SECOND SIEGE, A. D. 1793.

The majority of the Lyonnais had witnessed the revolution of the 10th of August with great regret. Devoted to commerce and the arts, Lyons must necessarily have preferred a stable and tranquil government to the storms of a revolution. Political agitations, the emigration of the nobles, the proscriptions of the rich, were at every instant drying up the springs of its commerce, paralyzing its industry, and deteriorating the products of its manufactures. When private interests were thus injured, it could not be expected that the Lyonnais should feel much revolutionary ardour; they were certain to follow the ideas of the most moderate party. The Convention was recognised, the Republic proclaimed; but the rich trembled at the opening of the clubs;

they were terrified at seeing municipal powers pass into the hands of proletaires; their minds revolted at hearing propositions for murder and carnage, the reward of their generosity in paying a loan of many millions. Their horror for the men who oppressed them was soon displaced by a desire for vengeance. Two parties declared themselves in Lyons: that of the Municipals, supported by the *Montagne*; and that of the Sections, composed of pure republicans and disguised royalists. Both sides assembled, and both spoke of preparations for defence and of measures for attack. Each party designated its enemies, watched its partisans, exaggerated its injuries and causes of alarm; minds were heated, and hearts divided. People became accustomed to consider as irreconcilable enemies all who did not embrace the opinions of the party they had espoused. The storm, which had been growling for a length of time, burst forth on the 29th of May, 1793. Two commissioners from the Convention were sitting with Châlier at the municipality; they had made a place of arms of it. On their side, the Sectionaries had gathered together all their columns. There were three attempts at accommodation, but they all failed through the perfidy of Châlier. A battalion of the Lyonnais approached the municipality, sent for under the pretence of conciliation. The signal for carnage was given; Châlier ordered a discharge of artillery and musketry. The unfortunate Lyonnais were obliged to abandon the bodies of their friends; the whole city was in arms. Two columns left the Place de Bellecourt, and besieged the Hôtel de Ville, defended by eighteen hundred men and two pieces of cannon; the besiegers did not amount to two thousand. The combat lasted two hours; the Hôtel de Ville was carried. The Lyonnais had in their power the men who appeared to have meditated their ruin. There was still more carnage after the victory; the soldiers were obliged to defend their prisoners against the fury of the people. Among them were the two commissioners from the Convention; but liberty was soon restored to them, on condition of their giving an honest account of the provocations which had brought on the combat. These representatives, four days after, notwithstanding a favourable account had been given, described the Lyonnais to the Convention as rebels, and demanded vengeance for the national

representation having been unacknowledged, degraded, and insulted in their persons. In the mean time, the Lyonnais had chosen fresh magistrates, and these had created a commission to try the prisoners made in the contest on the 29th of May. Châlier was condemned to death; the rest were spared, and kept as hostages. The Lyonnais endeavoured at this moment to prove their love for their country, by concurring with all their power for the defence of the frontiers. Kellermann, the general of the army of the Alps, demanded of this city some pieces of artillery and articles of provisions. Although threatened with a siege, the Lyonnais were moved by the wants of the very soldiers who were soon to be employed against them. Kellermann was so affected by such kindness, that he became their constant intercessor, but one that was never listened to. Two untoward events then happened which accelerated the misfortunes of the Lyonnais. The moderate party had been crushed in the Convention by the 31st of May. Marseilles sent an army to the succour of Lyons, on the very day when treachery, conducted with great art, had given Toulon up to the English. It was feared, for a moment, that the whole south of France would detach itself from the north, and that Lyons would make common cause with Marseilles and Toulon, and all give themselves up to foreigners. Kellermann despatched Carteau against the Marseillais, with a body of troops very inferior in numbers to theirs, but which was to be recruited *en route*, with the national guards and the volunteers of the country. Carteau followed the left bank of the Rhône, secured the bridge of St. Esprit and Avignon, met the Marseillais army at Salon, and afterwards at Septèmes, where he entirely defeated them. The succours expected from the south by the Lyonnais were thus annihilated. Lyons made some efforts at conciliation; a deputy replied to them in these words: "Rebels, confess your crime, open your gates, show yourselves obedient, be disarmed, and prove yourselves, by your repentance, worthy of the clemency of the Convention." The Lyonnais had no faith in this clemency, and could not avert the storm: the siege was resolved upon. Kellermann, then called from the army of the Alps, brought, with much regret, the greater part of it to act against the second city of France. The rivalry and jealousy of the

neighbouring cities, with the obedience of the country to the orders of the Convention, soon augmented this army; sixty thousand men surrounded Lyons, of which fifteen thousand were disciplined troops. The besiegers received a hundred pieces of cannon, which were served by skilful gunners. Kellermann, according to the system of the time, had with him two commissioners from the Convention, Dubois-Craucé and Gauthier. During civil troubles, party animosities are more ardent in councils than in camps; the rigour of political principles there yields more easily to the generous sentiments which a military life establishes reciprocally between soldier and soldier. Kellermann endeavoured for a long time to bend the inflexibility of the commissioners; he could not succeed. In the mean time, the Lyonnais never ceased to express their devotion to the National Convention; they accepted the constitution of 1793 in primary assemblies, they celebrated the anniversary of the 10th of August, burnt all feudal titles, and invited Kellermann to be present at that fête. They kept up with him a regular correspondence, although they refused to hold any with the Conventional commissioners; they sought to reunite themselves with the neighbouring departments; but terror had combined all the inhabitants against them. At length, on receiving the last propositions of the Conventional deputies, which were equivalent to surrendering themselves at discretion, they replied: "Citizens, representatives of the people, your propositions are still more atrocious than your conduct; we await you; you will not reach us but over heaps of slain, or the cause of liberty and the republic will triumph." From that time all hope of accommodation vanished; the parties prepared for attack and defence. Warlike enthusiasm fired every heart in Lyons; the young man who would not have devoted himself to all the dangers of the good cause, would have been expelled from his family as well as from the city. Women appeared upon the breach; a public military chest was formed. The insufficiency of the current coin was covered by the notes of the principal merchants; a considerable quantity of provisions of all kinds was brought in, at great expense, but by no means abundant enough for so immense a population. Lyons, situated at the confluence of the Saône and the Rhône, is dominated on the north by the heights

which cover a part of its faubourgs; an engineer named Chennelette traced a plan for redoubts over all this front: they were erected with astonishing celerity. The houses were embattlemented, batteries were built, artillery was cast, powder was manufactured; everything denoted a determination for a vigorous resistance. All who held in Lyons either administrative or military posts, knew that there existed no capitulation for them; and they prepared for defence to the death.

The part of the city situated on the south was occupied by the rich commercial houses; the Rhône covered all this front; but, on the opposite side, the bank is uncovered; the buildings, badly protected by the batteries erected on the quay of the Rhône, were left exposed to the destructive fire which the besiegers would soon direct against them. The *corps d'armée* of the Centre, commanded by Kellermann, formed the principal attack to the east of the isthmus, between the union of the Rhône and the Saône, at the faubourg of La Croix-Rousse. On the north, the quarter of Fouvières, comprised in the great creek formed by the course of the waters of the Saône, was attacked by the faubourg of Vaise. Another attack at the confluence of the two rivers confined the besieged within the lands newly recovered from the waters by the engineer Purache. The besieging troops were established in the villages of Oullins and Sainte-Fol. In the latter days of the siege, the approaches came up to the point of the isthmus, and the batteries of the besiegers cut off all that part of the city from the inhabitants. On the south, upon the left bank of the Rhône, which defended that front, batteries for bombs and firing red-hot shot were placed. Lyons had armed about twenty-five thousand men, commanded by Prëcy, an old soldier, Virieu, an ex-constituent, and Nervo. The civil and administrative authorities, who necessarily took a great part in the resolutions formed, and even in the operations, were not admitted entirely into the secrets of the military leaders, and the threads of the correspondences which were maintained out of the city were not in their hands: there the insurrection was combined with the movements of the enemies' armies in Savoy. It was proposed that the Prussians and Austrians should drive the French

from the lines of Weisseberg, whilst a *corps d'armée*, commanded by the prince de Condé, should surprise Huninguen, cross Franche-Comté without stopping for sieges, and should advance towards Lyons. But the ill-success of the preceding year had made these powers circumspect upon such bold questions. This movement failed, as did another, which was to originate in an auxiliary gathering of emigrants, got together in Switzerland. The Helvetic body persisted in its neutrality, and refused to allow the passage of these troops. The Lyonnais had taken up important military positions; their posts advanced considerably beyond the extent of the city, so as to favour their communications with Montbrison and Saint-Etienne, whence they drew their provisions. They occupied the bridge of Oullins, at a league from Lyons, with the heights of Sainte-Foi and those of La Croix-Rousse.

It was with great reluctance that the national battalions gathered around Lyons and turned their arms against their fellow-citizens. In the first council of war assembled at the commencement of the siege, all voices inclined towards conciliation, and were against force and violence. The representative commissioners, armed with the decree of the National Convention, were obliged to exert all the preponderance of their terrible authority. General Kellermann told them in writing, that, whilst deferring to their requisition, he charged himself with no responsibility. The siege was rather a surrounding attack, than a system carried through according to the rules of art. The Lyonnais, to protect their houses from the fire of the besiegers, had carried their exterior works very far out; they had taken advantage of every building for placing posts and cannon. All these posts were daily attacked, defended, taken, disputed, and retaken. In these combats in detail, the losses were equal, the success balanced, and the results nothing. The persistency of the Lyonnais leaders was supported by the hope and expectation of a powerful diversion, to be effected by the Piedmontese army. This army, by a general movement upon its whole front, had descended from the mountains which separate Savoy from Piedmont, and had effected an invasion in Faussigny, Tarantasia, and Mauritta. The army of the Alps being weakened, had retired. Lyons might hope to be some day relieved by the approach of a

foreign army. The situation of the French army in Savoy became so embarrassing, that Kellermann was obliged to leave the conducting of the siege to General Du Muy. A few days sufficed for repulsing the Piedmontese. The Convention at this time ordered that Lyons should be set fire to. During several days and nights, the batteries of the three attacks, east, north, and south, poured upon the city a deluge of fire; bombs and red-hot balls carried fire and destruction into all quarters; the public establishments and the beautiful houses of Bellecourt were either battered down by balls or consumed by fire; the quarter of Saint-Clair was the first exposed to the conflagration. Every one was on the watch; all were united in Lyons to endeavour to stop the progress of it. A general cry of horror and indignation arose when the arsenal was seen to be on fire. More than a hundred houses were consumed; magazines of munitions and forage became the prey of the flames. This disaster appeared to be not the effect of the bombs, but the crime of some base incendiary. During the bombardment, traitors gave signals to point out the best places at which to aim. We tremble to relate an instance of a new species of crime. A man bearing the title of a representative of the people, caused bombs to be showered upon the Hôtel-Dieu,—of all the hospitals in France, the one which was perhaps the best conducted. In this asylum, the wounded belonging to the city, and those who were taken prisoners, received equal attention,—a touching lesson of humanity for the Conventional commissioners, who never failed to have all the rebels shot who fell into their hands. The Lyonnais could not believe that there was premeditation in this fire. They hoisted a black flag over the hospital; but instead of averting the bombs, this signal seemed only to attract them. At this period, the besieged began to be sensible of the horrors of famine, their connection with Le Forez being then cut off. The mills having been destroyed by the bombardment, the women proposed that all the barley or wheat bread should be reserved for the combatants, whilst they should be satisfied with half a pound of oaten bread delivered to them daily. Very soon everything eatable was exhausted. Reduced to this cruel extremity, the besieged thought to gain relief by sending from their walls all the persons useless for

the defence of the city. A colleague of Dubois-Cranée committed an act of inhumanity scarcely credible: his own sister, an inhabitant of Lyons, came to the camp of the besiegers, exhausted by hunger and followed by her family. "Let her go back," cried the Conventional commissioner,—"let her go back and ask the rebels for bread!"

The reiterated efforts of the besiegers rendered them masters of La Croix-Rousse, which dominates over the city very closely. Fresh requisitions had collected new battalions of national guards in the department of the Saône. An army was formed of these, which pressed the works at the point of the isthmus towards Oullins and Sainte-Foi. These reinforcements placed the army in a condition to attempt a general attack in open day upon the two fronts of the west and the south. The besiegers gained possession of the two quarters of the Point Perrache and the Brotteaux, and set fire to them before they retired. At this period also, the Lyonnais lost all hopes of receiving succours from the Piedmontese; General Kellermann had succeeded, by skilful manœuvres, in driving them back over Mont-Cenis. This advantage decided the fate of Lyons; the Conventional commissioners conveyed the news into the city with a proclamation. The public misfortunes, the sufferings from famine, the fatigues of the service, the carelessness of the people in a quarrel in which the leaders were the only persons threatened, together with lassitude, had changed the minds of the multitude. The sections of Lyons assembled; they insisted upon hearing the reading of the proclamation; and named commissioners to enter into negotiations. The leaders of the enterprise felt that it was time to yield. Prêcy and Virieu, accompanied by three thousand men, whom necessity or the just fear for the future attached to them, marched out by the gate of Vaise. Their purpose was, to keep along the banks of the Saône for a time, to cross it at Riontier, and to advance towards the frontiers of Switzerland through the department of L'Ain. But the Conventionalists were aware of this project: The weak remains of the Lyonnais army at first met with but few obstacles; but they were soon pursued by large bodies of cavalry: their retreat became a disorderly flight; they threw themselves into the thickest woods; instead of rejoicing in their silence,

the sound of the tocsin came upon their ears from all parts, and that was for them the tocsin of death. Countrymen, armed with forks and scythes, surrounded every issue of the forests, waited for, and massacred men already conquered by hunger and despair. The column led by M. de Virieu was entirely destroyed, and not more than fifty or sixty escaped of that of Pr cy. The next day, the 9th of October, the republican army took possession of all the abandoned posts of Lyons, which city it entered without opposition. The Convention decreed that the walls and public buildings should be destroyed, and the name of the city changed to *Ville Affranchie*. Of three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight of the insurgents, as they were called, who were brought to trial on account of this siege, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two were either shot or beheaded. In 1794, however, on the destruction of the faction of the Jacobins, the Convention decreed that the city should resume its ancient name, and that measures should be taken to restore its manufactures and commerce. In 1795, the friends of those who were so wantonly put to death in 1793, revenged their fate by a general massacre of the judges of the revolutionary tribunal, and of all the Jacobins who were then confined in the prisons of Lyons.

PALMYRA.

A.D. 273.

PALMYRA, with its transitory splendour, and its total annihilation, its association with two extraordinary men,—Longinus and Odenathus, and perhaps a still more extraordinary woman,—Zenobia, has been the subject of the poet's song, the theme of the historian, and a source of deep reflection for the statesman or the philosopher. The history of Palmyra is a short but highly interesting episode in the annals of mankind, illustrated, in the course of a very few years, by the valour and ability of Odenathus, the wisdom and cultivated taste of Longinus, and the splendid beauty, great talents, and masculine mind of Zenobia. As it is said the sun of the glory of Thebes rose and set with Epaminondas, so the splendour of Palmyra is so connected with the name of Zenobia, that they seem to us to have been entirely co-existent; we look at the nascent prosperity of Palmyra before her birth, as a preparation for her future fortune; and we contemplate the vast ruins of the city as so many monuments remaining undestroyed to perpetuate her memory. No great city was ever so completely identified with a person as Palmyra with Zenobia.

Of the siege itself, even Gibbon has given but a meagre account; and yet, what reader would have pardoned us, if we had neglected to notice the fall of the gorgeous capital of the Queen of the East?

Palmyra was one of those great commercial entrepôts which became important by natural position. Before the great maritime discoveries, an oasis in the deserts which divided the East from the West, as soon as commerce began to flourish, or the power of the West to desire the luxuries of the East, was certain to be wealthy if the industry of the inhabitants responded to its natural advantages. The destruction of the temples of Palmyra might be due to the

cruel vengeance of Aurelian; but the neglect of the commercial position is owing to the rise of Venice and other trading nations, in the middle ages, and the great maritime and scientific discoveries of modern times.

As we cannot hope to improve upon the great author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," we shall give most of this short siege in his own words.

"After the victories of Trajan, the little republic, grown wealthy by its commerce, sunk peaceably into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate, though honourable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and porticos of Grecian architecture, whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travellers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendour on their country, and Palmyra, for a while, stood forth the rival of Rome; but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory.

"Modern Europe has produced several women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; but if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valour. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of dark complexion (for in speaking of ladies, such things are not trifles), her teeth were of pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered with the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious; her understanding was strengthened and adorned by study; she was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Logginus.

“ This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardour the wild beasts of the desert—lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardour of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundation of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor; and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

“ After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city Emessa, in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason, and his favourite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion, of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle; and, though admonished of his error, repeated the same freedom. As a monarch, and as a sportsman, Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse, a mark of ignominy, and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement.

“ The offence was soon forgotten, but the punishment was remembered; and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

“ With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels, Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. By the death of Odenathus, the authority was at an end which the senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals who was sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the petty passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet, on every proper occasion, she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighbouring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia dreaded her enmity and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that, while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the empire in the East. The conduct, however, of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity; nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

“ When Aurelianus passed over into Asia, against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the provinces of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a treacherous citizen. The

generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage of the soldiers: a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius, the philosopher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who, from necessity rather than choice, had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrenian queen. The unexpected mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and, as far as the gates of Emessa, the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

“Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation, had she indolently permitted the emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles; so similar in almost every circumstance, that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other, except by observing that the first was fought near Antioch, and the second near Emessa. In both, the queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted, for the most part, of light archers and of heavy cavalry, clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the mean time, when they had exhausted their quivers, remaining without protection against a closer onset, exposed their naked sides to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valour had been severally tried in the Alemannic war. After the defeat of Emessa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect another army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of

her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and her life should be the same.

“In his march over the sandy desert between Emessa and Palmyra, the emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers, who watched the moment of surprise, and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more difficult and important, and the emperor, who with incessant vigour pressed the attacks in person, was himself wounded with a dart. ‘The Roman people,’ says Aurelian, in an original letter, speak ‘with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three balistæ, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favourable to all my undertakings.’ Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods and of the events of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation; to the queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

“The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope that famine would soon compel the emperor to repass the desert; and by the reasonable expectation that the kings of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in defence of their most natural ally. But fortune, and the perseverance of Aurelian, overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the councils of Persia, and the inconsiderable succours that attempted to relieve Palmyra, were easily intercepted, either by the arms or the liberality of the emperor. From every part of Syria, a succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus, with his victorious troops, from the conquest of Egypt. It was then

that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor. Her capital soon after surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emessa, and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

“When the Syrian queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her how she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome? The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness. ‘Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign.’ But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamours of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution; she forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed as her model; and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included amongst the perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the queen who betrayed, or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends.

“Returning from the conquest of the East, Aurelian had already crossed the straits which divide Europe from Asia,

when he was provoked by the intelligence that the Palmyrenians had massacred the governor and garrison which he had left among them, and again erected the standard of revolt. Without a moment's deliberation, he once more turned his face towards Syria. Antioch was alarmed by his rapid approach, and the helpless city of Palmyra felt the irresistible weight of his resentment. We have a letter of Aurelian himself, in which he acknowledges that old men, women, children, and peasants had been involved in that dreadful execution, which should have been confined to armed rebellion; and although his principal concern seems directed to the re-establishment of a temple of the Sun, he discovers some pity for the Palmyrenians, to whom he grants the permission of rebuilding and inhabiting their city. But it is easier to destroy than to restore. The seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length a miserable village. The present citizens of Palmyra, consisting of thirty or forty families, have erected their mud cottages within the spacious court of a magnificent temple.

“Since the foundation of Rome, no general had more nobly deserved a triumph than Aurelian, nor was a triumph ever celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the North, the East, and the South. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusements of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were exposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth,—of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph,—Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar

inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowds of captives, was fixed upon the Queen of the East and the emperor Tetricus. The latter, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trousers, a saffron tunic, and a robe of purple. The beautiful figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded, on foot, the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn on this memorable occasion either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army closed the solemn procession. Unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude swelled the acclamations of the multitude; but the satisfaction of the senate was clouded by the appearance of Tetricus; nor could they suppress a rising murmur that the haughty emperor should thus expose to public ignominy the person of a Roman and a magistrate.

“The triumph over, Aurelian behaved generously to his beautiful and royal captive. He presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur or Tivoli, above twenty miles from the capital; the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not extinct in the fifth century.”

M I L A N .

A.D. 338.

URAIAS, nephew of Vitiges, besieged Milan in 338. That city, then a magnificent one, was esteemed the second of the West. With the assistance of ten thousand Franks, furnished by Theodebert, king of Austrasia, Uraias pressed the siege warmly during six months. The Goths, masters of the city, delivered it up to pillage, made the garrison prisoners, put the inhabitants to the sword, and carried off the women into captivity.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1139.

In this year the inhabitants of Milan revolted against Frederick Barbarossa. The angry emperor immediately laid siege to that city. The cruel conqueror drove out all the inhabitants, razed the most beautiful of the edifices with the ground, demolished the gates, its triumphal arches, its baths, its most magnificent houses, and sowed salt upon its ruins, to denote that it should never be rebuilt. His cruel design was disappointed; Milan soon arose again from her ashes.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1499.

During the wars of the French in the Milanese, in the reign of Louis XII., the Chevalier Bayard fell in with an Italian party in the neighbourhood of Milan, and attacked it warmly. On his arriving at the gates of Milan, a French gendarme cried out to him with a loud voice, "Turn, man-at-arms, turn!" Bayard, transported by the desire of conquering, was deaf to these repeated cries, and entered the city at full gallop, as if, says an historian, he meant to take that capital alone. Soldiers, people, even women, fell upon him. Cajazzo, whom his valour astonished, ordered

his men-at-arms to cover him from these assaults, and made him his prisoner. He took him to his own house, and afterwards to sup with the duke of Milan. Ludovic, who had witnessed the extraordinary feats of the Chevalier from his palace windows, spoke of the brave Frenchman with great admiration, and with a view of ascertaining his character, conversed freely with him. "My brave gentleman," said the duke, "what brought you hither?" "The desire of conquering, my lord," replied Bayard. "And pray did you think of taking Milan alone?" "No," rejoined the knight, "but I reckoned upon being followed by my companions." "They and you together," said Ludovic, "could not do it." "Well," said Bayard, with his characteristic frankness, "I must admit they are wiser than I have been; they are free, and I am a prisoner, although to one of the bravest and most generous of men." The prince then asked him, with an air of disdain, "What is the strength of the French army?" "For our parts," replied Bayard, "we never think of counting our enemies; but what I can assure you is, that my master's soldiers are all picked men, before whom yours will have no chance." Ludovic, very much piqued, replied that effects gave a very different idea of his troops, and that a battle would soon proclaim both his right and their courage. "Would to God," cried Bayard, "that it were to-morrow, and I were free!" "You are free," replied the prince; "I like your frankness and your courage, and, to the first benefit, I beg to add whatever you desire." Bayard, penetrated with so much kindness, threw himself on his knees before the duke, and begged him to pardon, in favour of his duty, all that might have appeared too bold in his speech. He then requested to have his horse and his arms, and returned to the French camp, to give a highly favourable account of the generosity of Ludovic.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1706.

Prince Eugene had made himself master of Milan, but he could not be sure of keeping it without occupying the citadel. The marquis de la Florida was the governor of it. Prince Eugene summoned him to surrender, at the same time threatening to grant no quarter if he did not capitulate

within four-and-twenty hours. "I have defended twenty-four places for my masters, the kings of Spain," replied the governor, "and I have made up my mind to be killed on the breach of the twenty-fifth." This bold reply, which was known to be the expression of a strong mind, caused the prince to renounce the project of attacking the castle by force, and he was satisfied with blockading it.

Milan was besieged by the king of Sardinia in 1733, by Don Philip of Spain in 1745, by Buonaparte in 1796, by Suwarrow in 1799, and by Buonaparte in 1800; but there is nothing interesting in the details of any of these sieges.

T O U R N A I .

A. D. 438.

TOWARDS the middle of the fifth century, Clodio, first of the race of Merovingian kings of the Franks in Gaul, entered Belgium, surprised the Roman troops, defeated them, and laid siege to Tournai, even then a powerful city. But it could not withstand the conqueror long; he took it, and gave it up to pillage.

SECOND SIEGE, A. D. 1340.

After the naval victory gained by Edward III. of England, near Ecluse, that prince presented himself before Tournai. French authors say his army amounted to a hundred and twenty thousand men, which appears an immense number for that period; but Edward was assisted by so many Belgians, and other nations at feud with France, that his forces were great, though principally composed of foreigners. Proud of his strength, he feared no obstacles. But Godemar Dufay, the governor of the city, had prepared for a long defence, and Edward's plans being known, Dufay had a numerous and well-disciplined garrison. He was likewise assured of the good-will of the inhabitants, and

was seconded by the *élite* of the chivalry of France. Philip VI. soon came himself to animate his brave subjects, and with several battalions, encamped between Lille and Douay. As soon as he began operations, Edward became aware of the rashness of his enterprise; and he sent a challenge to the French king to fight him in single combat, a hundred against a hundred, or in a general battle. This letter was addressed to Philip de Valois, without any other title. Philip replied, "A letter has been brought to our camp, addressed to Philip de Valois, in which letter were several requests which you make to the said Philip de Valois. As it is not for us, we do not reply to it; but we take advantage of the coming of your herald to remind you that you are our liegeman; that by attacking us, and raising the cities of Flanders against their count and against us, their sovereign and yours, you commit an act of rebellion, perjury, and felony, and for which, with the help of God, we hope to subdue you and to punish you. Besides, you propose a duel on very unequal terms; you offer to hazard your own person only against both the kingdom of France and the person of its king. If you will increase the stake, and put also the kingdom of England on the issue of that duel, we will, though the terms would be then very unequal, willingly accept of the challenge." All this was intended, no doubt, to stimulate the troops on both sides; we do not believe that either of these royal heroes was in earnest. Both sides were tired of the contest, after a siege of about twelve weeks. The inhabitants grew short of provisions, and Edward's forces decreased daily by death and desertion. In this situation, they listened to the friendly intercession of Joan, countess dowager of Hainault; a truce was concluded, and Tournai was saved.

Dazzled with the glories of Crecy and Poitiers, we English are accustomed to be too proud of the reign of Edward III., that "mighty victor, mighty lord;" whereas few events in our history produced more or longer-endured misery to two great countries than Edward's unjust claim to the crown of France: unjust, because it was in opposition to the laws of that country, by which all such cases must be settled. This calamitous war lasted a hundred years, and, we have no doubt, by the enmity being thus carried down from father

to son, created that unnatural antipathy between two neighbouring nations which is now so happily being removed by their being united in a good and holy cause. For our part, we never take up the thin strip of a sword, which is all time has left of the weapon of this hero, without reflecting on the evil he did and prepared, and turning, with the poet, to his "funeral couch, with not one to grace his obsequies!"

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1513.

Henry VIII., king of England, in his famous expedition into France, attacked Terouanne, a town situated on the frontiers of Picardy. This siege is chiefly remarkable for the manner in which Fontrailles, a French officer, contrived to bring in a supply of provisions and ammunition. Henry and his nobles, together with the emperor Maximilian, who was with the English army, carried on the siege so languidly, that the town was more in danger from famine than from its foes. The above-named officer appeared at the head of eight hundred horsemen, each of whom carried a sack of gunpowder behind him and two quarters of bacon. With this small force he made a sudden irruption into the English camp, and advanced to the fosse of the town, where each horseman threw down his burden. They immediately returned at the gallop, and were so fortunate as again to break through the English, and to suffer little or no loss. But the English had soon their revenge. The famous battle of Guinegate shortly followed, in which the French made such good use of their spurs, and in which the pride of their chivalry, Bayard, Bussy d'Amboise, Clermont, Imbrecourt, and others were taken prisoners. After this defeat, Henry made the mistake of returning to the siege of so inconsiderable a town as Terouanne. The place capitulated, and he demolished the fortifications. The army then advanced against Tournai.

This city, by its ancient charters, was exempt from the burden of a garrison, and when Louis XII. sent to ask them if they needed troops to defend their city, they made this boastful and silly reply: "Tournai est tourné, et jamais n'a tourné, et encore ne tournera. Si les Anglais viennent, ils trouveront à qui parler"—(Tournay is turned, and never

has turned, and, still further, never will turn. If the English come, they will find somebody to speak to). And so the burgesses undertook the defence themselves. But the fate of Terouanne alarmed them, and in a very short time the place was surrendered. Over its gates was engraved this proud motto: "Tu n'as jamais perdu ta virginité." Never having been taken, it was what is called a maiden city; which honour it now lost. One of our countrymen, who was always anxiously looking out for personal advantages, derived benefit from this capture. The bishop of Tournai was lately dead; and although a new bishop was elected, he was not installed; so the king bestowed the administration of the see upon his favourite, Wolsey, and put him in immediate possession of the revenues.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1581.

At this date Tournai was besieged by Spanish forces under the command of the prince of Parma. The Seigneur d'Etréel commanded in the city, but his garrison was weak. The citizens, for the most part Protestants, were obliged to perform the duties of soldiers. The Spanish general invested the place, and formed the attack on the side where the ditch is dry, opposite the longest of the curtains, between the gates of St. Martin and of Valenciennes, which was defended by a salient ravelin and a large platform. As soon as the trenches were opened, three batteries were established against these three works. The besieged kept up a warm fire from the tops of the bulwarks, and signalized themselves by some vigorous sorties. The Princess d'Epinoi, the wife of the governor, who filled with distinction the place of her husband, inflamed their ardour, and acquitted herself with incredible energy of all the functions of a most vigilant commander. The prince of Parma made all haste to terminate the approaches, in order to get at the body of the place. It required but few days to carry the trenches to a great length. His batteries played furiously. He debouched in the fosse; it being dry, he carried, without trouble, the mine up to the wall, which, by both sapping and mining was speedily brought down. The defenders of Tournai, redoubling their ardour, opposed fresh barriers to

the Spanish impetuosity, and presented themselves wherever the danger was most imminent. At the end of a few days, the breach was found large enough to give an assault. It was given. The resistance and the attack were equally murderous. In the midst of the combatants the Princess d'Epinoi was particularly conspicuous. Nothing could resist the power of her arm. Flying in the face of peril and death, she continued to cry to the soldiers: "It is I; it is the wife of your governor who marches at your head, and braves death for the service of her country. Follow my example. I would rather quit life than the breach!" She spoke, and rushed amidst the carnage. She was wounded in the arm. The sight of her blood only animates her: she redoubles her efforts; all fly, all disperse before her. The besieged, zealous to imitate her, eagerly follow her, and fight with such ardour, that the Spaniards are repulsed and retreat, after having lost a vast number of men. The hopes of prompt succour alone supported the citizens of Tournai; but as soon as they found their expectations frustrated, they perceived it was impossible to defend themselves longer, and resolved to surrender. On the 29th of November, the garrison was permitted to march out, with its arms and its baggage. The city redeemed itself from pillage; and the intrepid Amazon who had so bravely defended it, left Tournai, with her arm still in a scarf, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the royal army, and, in some sort, with all the appearance of a glorious triumph.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1667.

No monarch ever went to war more wantonly and unnecessarily than Louis XIV. Inflated with vanity and self-love, intoxicated with flattery, he seemed to look upon military glory as the only thing wanting to his fame and his happiness. But never did monarch receive a much stronger rebuke from an overruling Providence! He was taught that the prosperity of nations is not to be trifled with for the gratification of one man's pride; and the wars he undertook so rashly and wickedly proved to be the sources of misery to which his arrogant self-sufficiency would have led him to believe he could not be subjected.

In 1666, Louis XIV. lost his mother, Anne of Austria; Philip IV., her father, had died the preceding year. When Louis married Maria Theresa, that princess had formally renounced all right of succession to Spain or the Austrian dominions; but Louis, now heedless of this renunciation, immediately laid claim to Flanders, to the exclusion of Charles II., the minor son of Philip IV. The pretence he assigned was, that the queen's dowry not having been paid, her renunciation was null and void, and he invoked a custom of Brabant, by which eldest daughters inherited in preference to younger sons. He supported these claims by a numerous army; won over the emperor Leopold, by giving him hopes he might share the spoils of Charles II., and took the field at the head of his household. Turenne commanded under him; Vauban, and his minister Louvois, accompanied him. We have often, when contemplating this siege of Tournai, wondered what Louis could really think of himself—what he imagined his position actually was in the scale of humanity. He proceeded to the infliction of war upon an unoffending people—of war, the direst evil we know or can fancy,—with all the “pride, pomp, and circumstance” of a barbarous Eastern despot. Darius, when he met Alexander, was scarcely surrounded with so much splendour, and perhaps not so many indulgent comforts, and, what is still more striking, did not in the eyes of his people so completely violate all that the civilized world deems moral or worthy of being an example. He was accompanied by his queen and his then adored mistress, the fascinating Montespan, with whom he lived in a state of double adultery. His court was with him in all its splendour; he had his historian to record the exploits of his generals and his armies, and his poets to sing his praises and attribute every success to his divine presence. Here was a beleaguered town, suffering all the horrors of a siege, with almost the certainty of being taken; there was an army appearing to invade the rights of another nation in mere wantonness, indulging in voluptuous vice, and, in contrast with the town, passing its nights in festivity, song, music, and dancing; vice and cruelty, pleasure and suffering, throwing each other into the strongest relief.

* Louis' army consisted of thirty-five thousand men. It was on this occasion that the minister Louvois introduced

the improvement of supporting armies by magazines. Whatever siege the king undertook, to whichever side he directed his arms, supplies of all kinds were ready, the lodgings of the troops were provided, and the marches regulated. The king had only to present himself before the cities of Flanders to subdue them: he entered Charleroi as he would have entered Paris; Bergues-Saint-Veux, Ath, Furnes, Armentière, and Coutrai, opened their gates at the approach of the French battalions. Tournai showed signs of resistance. It was besieged in form, the artillery brought to bear upon it, and two days after the trenches had been opened it capitulated. The citadel was then closely pressed, and that likewise surrendered on the morrow. The conqueror had both city and citadel fortified; and Mégrigni made the latter, of which he was governor, one of the best places in Europe.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1745.

Louis XV. opened the campaign against the Allies with great spirit. Marshal Saxe laid siege to Tournai, which was defended by a Dutch garrison, and supported by an English army under the duke of Cumberland. De Saxe was so ill as to be obliged to go through his duties in a litter; but he had posted his army admirably. On the 11th of May the Allies commenced the attack, and De Saxe prepared to meet them. The English, Austrians, and Dutch amounted to a number very nearly equal to the French. After a long resultless cannonade, the English advanced to endeavour to carry the village of Fontency, in front of De Saxe's centre, and succeeded so well, that the battle was supposed to be lost, and the king was advised to retreat; but he refused, and the Marshal guaranteed the victory. De Saxe saw the English were ill supported by their allies. After a terrible slaughter by his judiciously-placed artillery, the French cavalry came up, and determined the fate of day. The English left nine thousand men on the field, and Tournai was taken.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1794.

At the commencement of the campaign of 1794, General Pichegru made every possible effort to approach Tournai

and besiege it in regular form, but all in vain; he, on every occasion, had to contend with troops superior to his own, beneath its walls. When, however, he had gained several victories, and the Imperialists had been conquered at Fleurus, the allies withdrew from Tournai, which fell into the hands of the French. It was not by causing men to be massacred before places that the French made their conquests, but by beating the enemy in the open field. This campaign suffices to convince military men of the vices of the ancient tactics, which began by laying sieges and sacrificed so many men in the trenches. A well-fortified place is impregnable whilst defended by a good army; but there is no fortress that can hold out, when the troops which ought to defend it are beaten. In the revolutionary wars, the French only besieged the cities that were absolutely necessary to assure the position of their armies. The king of Prussia alone formed a just idea of this new manner of making war. In 1794, he wrote to the emperor of Austria: "It is impossible to save your territories from invasion; the French have fresh armies continually springing up; and, do not deceive yourself, their generals have a good kind of tactics, which disconcerts ours and always puts it at fault." The above passage is certainly from a French author, but it contains much truth.

ORLEANS.

A.D. 451.

ATTILA, king of the Huns, entered Gaul in 451, with fire and sword, followed by a countless host of barbarians. After spreading everywhere terror, death, and carnage, he appeared before Orleans. The only defence of this city consisted in the valour of its people and the active zeal of Saint-Agnan, its bishop. Before the Huns had crossed the Seine, he hastened to raise the walls on that side, he collected as much provision as possible, flew to Arles to press the Roman general *Ætius* to succour Orleans, and then shut himself up within its walls, determined to perish with his flock if the Romans did not second their courage. The Huns arrived and attacked the part of the city situated on the right bank of the Loire, with fury. They reiterated their assaults, they multiplied their efforts, whilst Agnan, having employed all human means, was prostrate at the foot of the altar, imploring the All-Powerful. Heaven appeared to listen to his prayers; a tempestuous rain, which lasted three days, interrupted the attacks. When it had ceased, the barbarians recommenced their assaults, broke down the gates, and were already rushing into the city, when the Roman trumpets were heard. *Ætius* and Theodoric entered Orleans from the other side of the Loire at the same instant that Attila entered by the opposite gate. The Huns, imagining they were conquerors, dispersed themselves in the wild disorder of pillage, through the streets and houses. The barbarians were stopped, surrounded, pursued, and massacred in all directions. In vain Agnan endeavoured to excite pity for these ferocious men; their character was too well known: they gave none; they met with none. Attila, conquered at the moment he thought himself victorious, retired, darting upon the prey which had escaped him, furious but powerless glances of disappointment and rage.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1429.

We come now to an interesting siege, one connected with many stirring associations for both French and English readers. The miserable condition into which France had fallen at the period of the unjust invasion of our Henry V., can scarcely be conceived. An insane king, ambitious grasping princes, bold, poor, and selfish nobles, all conspired to oppress a sunken and degraded people. With us, Henry V. has a false amiability thrown round his character; except in his bravery and shrewd sense, the historical Henry V. has not much resemblance to the heroic, gay, dissipated but good-natured, Hal of Shakespeare. He and his English rendered themselves hateful to the French, whom they treated as a conquered nation. The early death of Henry made matters still worse. His brother Bedford, with Talbot, Salisbury, and other eminent leaders, upheld the English cause in France for many years, and with occasional success; but the one great directing will and power was gone; where there are many, however able they may be, disunions will take place, and even a good cause will fail. For Englishmen who are proud of the valour and ability of their heroes of all ages, the page now before us is a melancholy one to turn over. Better knights never laid lance in rest; wiser and more prudent men never met in council, than some of the leaders in these ill-starred wars; and yet all seem to be striving against fate, and that fate was that their cause was unjust.

At the period of this siege, the two great actors in the late events, Henry V. of England and Charles VI. of France, were dead. Henry's son was an infant; Charles's was still worse: the infant was under the good tutelage of his brave and good uncles, whilst Charles's son, for a long time called only the dauphin, was a weak, dissipated, indolent youth, a willing prey to mistresses and favourites. By the treaty of Troyes, signed by Henry V. and Charles VI., the crown belonged to Henry VI.; but the bulk of the French nation deemed such a compulsory engagement binding upon no one, and all eagerly waited the opportunity for throwing off the odious foreign yoke.

For a long time the council of the king of England, to

assist in ruining the party of Charles VII., disinherited, as they said, by the treaty of Troyes, had fixed their eyes upon Orleans; but numberless considerations had retarded the siege of that city. At length, on the 8th of October, 1428, ten thousand English approached to reconnoitre the environs of the place, after having rapidly conquered Château-Neuf, Rambouillet, Bétancourt, Rochefort, and all the neighbouring places. Gaucourt, the governor of the city, made a vigorous sortie, and repulsed the enemy. They went and sacked some more places, and on the 12th of the same month reappeared before Orleans, on the side of the Sologne. The garrison was weak, but it had as leaders intrepid warriors, the Gaucourts, the Dunois, the Lahires, the Xaintrailles, a crowd of noblesse of that name and that merit, who all inspired the lowest soldiers with the heroic valour which animated them. The inhabitants even, resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their city rather than submit to a foreign yoke, had become so many heroes. The women partook of this martial ardour, and devoted themselves enthusiastically to the service of their country.

The *tête du pont*, on the side of the Sologne, was defended by a fortress called *Les Tourelles*, in front of which a bulwark had been commenced. It was by this intrenchment the earl of Salisbury, the general of the English army, made his first attacks. The faubourgs, set fire to on the approach of the enemy, were not yet entirely consumed. This barrier stopped them at first, but they soon elevated a bastille upon the ruins of the convent of the Augustines, and erected batteries, which kept up a constant discharge against the walls of the city, the Tourelles, and the boulevard, of which they wished to make themselves masters. The cannon made a large breach, and it was resolved to mount it sword in hand. On the 21st of October, the trumpets sounded the signal, and, as if by one motion, the warriors planted their ladders at the foot of the ramparts. They sprang up with incredible intrepidity; but they were received with a firmness equal to it, and both sides fought with the same fury. National hatred and a desire for vengeance added to the natural desire to conquer. Whilst the besieged hurled their foes into the fosses, launched fire-pots, rolled stones of an enormous size upon them, encircled them with rings of

red-hot iron, poured torrents of boiling oil, and burning ashes, the women of the city, not less active, in the words of a chronicler, "brought them everything that could assist in the defence; and to refresh their great labour, bread, wine, meats, fruits, and vinegar, with white towels to wipe them. Some were seen, during the assault, repulsing the English with lance-thrusts from the entrance to the boulevard, and beating them down into the fosses." Such a furious resistance disconcerted Salisbury; he sounded a retreat, and ordered a mine to be instantly commenced. It was soon finished, and they were preparing to spring it. The besieged perceived it, and despairing of maintaining a post threatened on all sides, they set fire to it, in the sight of the English, and retired into the fortress of the Tourelles. To defend this for a short time, they raised a new boulevard on the bridge even, of which they destroyed two arches. Notwithstanding all this, they could not long withstand the multiplied efforts of the English. The fort of the Tourelles was carried, and that advantageous post offered the besiegers a commodious and redoubtable position. The Orléannais then directed all their batteries against that part of their city for which they had so boldly fought. The enemy, on their side, neglected no means to maintain it, and both exhausted, in attack or defence, all the resources the most heroic valour could furnish.

It was then the middle of autumn. Salisbury foreseeing that the siege would be long, resolved to encircle the place with a belt of many forts, which, placed at regular distances, would render the entrance of succours or convoys next to impossible. To draw up his plan according to the situation of the city, he repaired to the Tourelles, from whence a view could be obtained of the whole environs of Orleans. He was earnestly employed on this examination, when a cannon-ball carried away one of his eyes and half of his face. After having exhorted the principal officers to continue the siege according to the plan he had traced for them, he was transported to Meun, where he soon after died. The earl of Suffolk, the lord Pole his brother, Talbot, Glansdale, and other leaders, were clothed with his authority; and these captains, full of respect for their general, continued their operations according to the instructions he had given them.

Every day the besiegers and the besieged received reinforcements. The garrison, which at first scarcely amounted to twelve hundred men, was now composed of three thousand combatants; and the English army, which at the commencement only reckoned ten thousand warriors, was increased to twenty-three thousand soldiers, who thought themselves invincible. The city, which had been attacked on the side of the Sologne alone, was now invested almost entirely on that of the Beauce. Opposite to the principal avenues of Orleans were erected six large bastilles, which communicated with each other by sixty less considerable redoubts, constructed in the intervals. It was impossible to enter the place without passing under the artillery of the forts. More than once the French leaders forced the quarters of the enemy's army to introduce convoys. The rigour of the season did not at all interrupt the works. Only on Christmas-day the English proposed a suspension of arms, and begged the besieged to send them some musicians, to celebrate that great festival with proper solemnity. The generals made each other presents. The earl of Suffolk sent the bastard of Orleans some refreshments in exchange for a plush robe which he had given him. Up to the beginning of Lent, nothing remarkable took place. Having desolated the country round, the English began to be in want of provisions. In the early part of February, the duke of Bedford sent a convoy, escorted by two thousand five hundred men, under the conduct of the brave Fastolfe. The count de Clermont having collected nearly three thousand soldiers, to whom he added a detachment of the garrison of Orleans, resolved to carry off this convoy. He came up with the English at Rouvray, a village of the Beauce. Fastolfe* halted, made an intrenchment of the waggons which contained the provisions, and only left two issues, at one of which he placed his archers. The French army, more courageous than prudent, wished that same night to force this intrench-

* Following Hale and Holinshed, Shakespeare has made Fastolfe a coward, and, it is supposed, borrowed from him the name for his inimicable Falstaff. But the historical Fastolfe vindicated his good name, and was restored to his honours. Dr. Heylin, in his "St. George for England," says, "without doubt, this Sir John Fastolfe was a valiant and wise captain."

ment, with an impetuosity that has often proved fatal to their countrymen. The French insisted upon fighting on horseback; the Scots would only fight on foot. This deficiency of discipline produced the effect that might have been expected. After an obstinate conflict, the English were conquerors. A hundred and twenty nobles of high rank were left dead upon the field; and the other leaders returned to the city, quite crest-fallen, with scarcely five hundred followers. This battle was called "La journée des harengs," because the convoy conducted by Fastolfe consisted principally of barrels filled with this fish, which, being broken by the French artillery, their savoury contents were strewed over the field of battle.

In proportion with the triumph of the English in this little battle was the depression of the feeble and voluptuous Charles, then lying encamped at Chinon. Despairing of his fortunes, the timid monarch deliberated whether he had not better seek refuge in Dauphiny. It was his own opinion, and his servile counsellors concurred in it. He was already about to carry this resolution into effect, when two heroines roused the courage of the prince from its effeminate slumbers. The queen, a princess above her sex and her rank, and the fair Agnes * Sorel, employed the influence their charms had over him to detain the king, who could but blush to think he had less magnanimity than his wife or his mistress.

In the mean time Orleans seemed daily sinking into the last extremity. The besieged could no longer look for relief to a prince who was in no condition to assist them, and who, indeed, scarcely preserved a shadow of royalty. There only remained one chance of saving the city, and that was to place it in sequestration in the hands of the duke of Burgundy. The envoys, among whom was Xaintrailles, went at once to the duke, who agreed to the proposal, and came with them to Paris, with the design of persuading the duke of Bedford to accept it. But the regent replied that he

* All the world knows the famous quatrain composed by Francis I. upon this action of the fair Agnes:—

"Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérites,
La cause étant de France reconvrer,
Que ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrer,
Clause Nonnain, ou bien dévôt Hermite."

would only treat with the city upon the condition of its surrender to the English. This intelligence roused the indignation and revived the courage of the Orléannais; they resolved to defend themselves to the last breath.

Whilst terrified France looked for nothing but the blow which was to consummate its ruin, that Invincible Power which sometimes seems to attach the greatest events to the most apparently weak causes, prepared her an avenger. A girl, of about seventeen years of age, was strongly persuaded that God destined her to be the preserver of her country. Our readers will please to observe we speak of La Pucelle according to the opinion entertained of her by the French of her own day, because it was that opinion which produced the revolution which astonishes us: if the majority of the French nation had not had faith in the mission of Joan of Arc, the miracle would not have been effected. Born near the banks of the Meuse, at Dom-Remy, a village of Lorraine, her poor but honest parents had given her an education conformable to the simplicity of her situation. Jeanne d'Arc, or, as we call her, Joan of Arc, had from her childhood been brought up with a horror for the English; she constantly made it the subject of her prayers that the monarchy should be delivered from the eternal enemies who tyrannized over it. Her zeal becoming more ardent with her years, at thirteen she had trances, in which she declared she had conversed with St. Michael, St. Marguerite, and St. Catherine, who told her that God had appointed her to drive out the English and bring about the coronation of the dauphin. With this enthusiasm she possessed all the virtues of which a simple mind is susceptible: innocence, piety, candour, generosity, and courage. Her rustic life had strengthened her naturally robust frame; she had the exterior, and even the natural graces of her sex, without experiencing the infirmities which characterize the weakness of it.

After several years of revelations, Joan, urged more and more by that inward voice which excited her to arm for her country, formed the resolution of presenting herself to Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, a small city of the neighbourhood:—"Master captain," said she, "know that God has for some time past often given me to know, and has commanded me to go to the *gentil dauphin*, who ought,

it is true, to be king of France, and that he should place under me men-at-arms, and that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and lead him to be crowned at Reims." The astonished Baudricourt supposed her to be mad, and wanted to have her exorcised by the curé of the place. Joan continued to urge him for six months, and at length the governor, subdued by her importunities, armed her at all points, gave her in charge to two gentlemen with their servants, and dismissed her, saying, "Go, come of it what may!" Towards the end of February she arrived at Chinon, where the dauphin then was. It was precisely the moment when the vacillating Charles appeared to be sinking under the weight of his ill fortune.* She announced herself at the court of the monarch. During two days it was deliberated whether she should be heard or not; but at length curiosity prevailed, and she was admitted. The king, without any mark of superior dignity, mingled with the crowd of courtiers, on purpose to prove her. Joan distinguished him, pointed him out, and in spite of the cries "You are mistaken! you are mistaken!" continued to exclaim, "*That is he! that is he!*" They all admire her noble boldness; they surround her, and gaze on her with astonished looks. Charles himself cannot explain what passes in his heart at the aspect of this unknown girl: "Gentil dauphin," said the heroine, without being the least disconcerted, "my name is *Jeanne la Pucelle*. The King of Heaven has sent me to succour you; if you will please to give me men of war, by divine grace and force of arms I will raise the siege of Orleans, and will lead you to Reims to be crowned, in spite of all your enemies. This is what the King of Heaven has ordered me to tell you, and it is His will that the English should return to their own country, and leave you peaceful in yours, as being the only true and legitimate heir of it; that if you make this offering to God, He will make you much greater and more flourishing than your predecessors have ever been; and He will take it ill of the English if they do not retire."

* This circumstance seems to authorize the opinion of those who pretend that La Pucelle was nothing more than a shrewd, clever girl, whom Dunois employed to excite the wavering courage of the king's followers, and detain the monarch himself. Shakespeare makes Dunois introduce her to the king.



JOAN OF ARC ADDRESSING THE KING.

Thus spoke La Pucelle; the fire of her words, the *naïveté* of her manner, her simple but precise replies, everything convinced. The king caused her to be examined by matrons, by theologians, and by his parliament. Yoland of Arragon, queen of Sicily, accompanied by the ladies De Gaucourt, De Tiénes, and several others of the first distinction, visited Joan, and pronounced her to be as pure as she had described herself. The theologians, after many interrogations, decided that she was inspired. The parliament of Poitiers, after the most scrupulous observations, required that she should manifest the truth of her revelations by some prodigy. "I did not come to Poitiers," she haughtily replied, "to perform miracles; but conduct me to Orleans, and I will give you certain signs of my mission." This firm reply so astonished her judges, that all with one voice declared that this heavenly instrument which the All-Powerful had sent to their country ought to be instantly employed. Charles ordered a splendid and complete suit of armour to be made for her, gave her a standard, squires, pages, an intendant, a chaplain, and a train becoming the state of a great warlike leader. The new Amazon placed herself at the head of a considerable convoy destined for Orleans; and her warriors soon felt themselves inspired with her enthusiasm. She set out, followed by Marshal De Boussac, Gilles de Rais, the admiral De Couland, Ambroise de Loté, and Lahire, and arrived on the 29th of April within sight of the place. Dunois came to meet her; he begged her to satisfy the desire the inhabitants had to behold their liberator: she yielded to his entreaties, and she entered the city as if in triumph. A thousand cries of joy were heard; at that moment the Orléannais believed themselves invincible, and in fact were so. Everything was changed; the English, to that day conquerors, trembled at the name of Joan of Arc; they as firmly believed her to be a sorceress as the French believed her to be celestially inspired. "English," wrote the heroine to them, "you who have no right to this kingdom of France, God commands you by me, Jeanne la Pucelle, to abandon your forts and to retire." The couriers were arrested, and no reply was made to this awful summons but insults. Joan, outraged but dreaded, now prepared to prove her mission. On Wednesday, the 4th of May, she selected a body of troops,

and, filled with an ardour more than human, she precipitated herself upon the enemy's forts, and carried them after an assault of four hours. She then thought of gaining possession of the boulevard and fort of the Tourelles, where the *elite* of the English were cantoned, under the orders of the celebrated Glandsdale. After having made her dispositions during the night, she gave the signal as the first rays of day appeared. The ready troops follow her, mount with her to the breach, fight with ardour, press, pierce through, and overthrow the English, who, nevertheless, defend themselves with great courage. The French were on the point of carrying all before them, when Joan, wounded in the neck, was obliged to retire to put a dressing to her wound. Her absence extinguished the courage of the assailants; the soldiers missed the warlike illusion which rendered them victorious. Each began to desire to place himself in safety: even Dunois judged it most prudent to do so. All at once La Pucelle reappears! She rushes to the foot of the fort, and there plants her standard. Her intrepidity passes into all hearts; the efforts of her followers are redoubled, their fatigues and fears are forgotten, the English fly, the boulevard is carried!

On the morrow the vanquished English draw up in order of battle on the side of La Beauce; the French, still led on, still animated by their heroine, present themselves in the same order, resolved to fight, although inferior in numbers. But their enemies, till that time so proud and so terrible, did not dare to stand before them; they precipitately retreated, leaving behind them their sick, their baggage, their provisions, their artillery, and nearly five thousand dead. Thus, contrary to all hopes and expectations, the city of Orleans was relieved on the 8th of May, 1419. Public gratitude exhausted itself, so to say, to prove to Joan of Arc how deeply the greatness of her benefits was felt; the king ennobled her, with her father, her three brothers, and all her posterity. A statue was erected to her on the bridge of the city she had saved, and, to eternize the memory of this fortunate event, a festival was established, which is still celebrated every year on the 8th of May. At this festival an eulogy is pronounced on Joan of Arc, who, from the period of the raising of the siege, has been styled the Maid

of Orleans. During the troubles of the Revolution, ignorant and barbarous men overthrew, in Orleans, the statue of a heroine who had preserved their city from the yoke of the English, and roused the spirit in France which shortly afterwards expelled the invaders from their soil; it was, however, reinstated by Buonaparte, during his consulship, on which occasion he did not forget to introduce a pungent reflection upon his and Joan's enemies, the English.

The momentary gratitude was such as we have above described it; but what was the conduct of the king she had saved, when she became a captive? After she had fulfilled her mission, and effected the consecration of the king at Reims, she wished to retire, "to be taken back," as she said, "to her father and mother, and keep their sheep and tend to their cattle." But Charles's captains had found the value of the enthusiasm she created, and refused to let her go. She, however, never was again as she had been; if she had had any faith in the divinity of her mission, with its completion it was gone. She was wounded at the siege of Paris, and was afterwards taken prisoner. As no Englishman can speak of her death without a blush, we will pass over that in humbled silence; but what shall we say for her king, who owed her so much, who heard of her imprisonment and death with the utmost indifference, and did not make the least effort to save her, or mitigate the horrors of her punishment? It was twenty-five years before he bethought himself of doing her memory justice: but Charles VII. was then a very different man from what he had been when he was so deeply indebted to Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc is one of those remarkable characters who have achieved miracles by working upon the current superstitions of the times they lived in. To what a degree they were superstitious, we may judge by the one instance of the duchess of Gloucester, the wife of the king's uncle, being tried and punished to the full extent the court durst venture, for dabbling in witchcraft. Acknowledging the immense benefit Joan's efforts produced, and at the same time admitting the spirit and intelligence with which she carried out her plans, when we look at the pretence under which she operated, we are made sceptical, as we are in all such cases, of the first moving cause. In fact, we think it much

more probable that the keen-witted Dunois should have trained a bold, shrewd girl to impose upon a weak young king and a superstitious people, than for an instant to imagine there was anything supernatural in her mission, or even that she devised a scheme entirely herself. Shakespeare generally follows the chronicles pretty faithfully; and the manner in which Dunois introduces her to the notice of the king is very suspicious. We do not take Shakespeare's view of her character, but we are quite as much at variance with those poets who throw a veil of perfection and sickly sentimentality over it. In our opinion, Joan is a person who almost unwittingly effected wonders; neither she nor Dunois contemplated the extent of the good she did for France. Had she appeared under any banner but that of superstition, we should not have said a word against the faith that is placed in her; but no student of history should allow that pretence to pass without the closest investigation. As a high-spirited, intelligent, persevering, patriotic woman, she has much of our admiration, but as the inspired Maid of Orleans, she has none.

Her intervention was critically timed. The nobles were beginning to be ashamed of allowing a foreign power to dominate over the fair fields of France; the patience of the people under an oppressive yoke was exhausted; the English leaders, brave and wise as they were, were many and divided, under a minor king of weak character even when a man. In addition to these causes all beginning to operate favourably for France, Charles VII. was becoming of an age to perceive his legitimate course, and if he had not shaken off the trammels of sloth and pleasure, occasionally showed some little scintillations of what he afterwards became. When paying tribute to the memory of Joan of Arc as the regenerator of France, the French should not forget another remarkable woman to whom they are indebted: Agnes Sorel employed no magic but beauty and good sense, and yet the rousing of the king to a sense of his duty was as much due to her as the rousing of the people was due to Joan.

P A V I A.

A.D. 476.

ORESTES having undertaken to dethrone Nepos, the emperor of the West, raised an army, merely showed himself, and the weak monarch abandoned the diadem. The fortunate rebel encircled the head of his son Romulus Augustulus with it. The Roman empire of the West was in its last period of decay. Odoacer, at the head of an army of Goths, Heruli, Scyrri, and Thuringians, came to give it the last blow, and to reign over its vast wreck. Terror and confusion preceded him. All fled, all dispersed at his approach. The plains were deserted, the cities opened their gates to him. Orestes, too weak to withstand him, shut himself up in Pavia. Odoacer pursued him thither, carried the city by storm, made a frightful carnage, and set fire to the churches and houses. Orestes was taken and decapitated on the 28th of August, 476, the very day on which, one year before, he had dragged Nepos from his throne. Augustulus, abandoned by everybody, stripped himself of his dangerous dignity, and delivered up the purple to his conqueror, who, out of compassion for his age, left him his life, with a pension of six thousand golden pence, that is, about three thousand three hundred pounds sterling. Thus disappeared the empire of the West, after having subsisted five hundred and six years from the battle of Actium, and twelve hundred and twenty-nine from the foundation of Rome. Scarcely was its fall perceived, scarcely a look was fixed upon its last moments; it might be compared to an old man who dies of caducity.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 572.

Alboin, king of the Lombards, entered Italy for the purpose of founding a state. Pavia alone ventured to oppose

him. The new conqueror laid siege to it; and that city, after a vigorous resistance of three years, reduced to the last extremity, was forced to surrender at discretion. The conqueror, exasperated by the obstinacy of the defence, had resolved to put all the inhabitants to the sword, but their submission disarmed his vengeance. He entered Pavia, not as a conqueror, but as a pacific king; forbade murder, violation, or pillage, and made that important place the capital of his new empire.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 774.

Two centuries of profound peace had rendered Pavia one of the most flourishing cities of the universe, when it beheld the standards of Didier, king of the Lombards, floating at its gates. This grasping prince, jealous of the power of Pope Adrian, sacked every place belonging to the Pontiff. The holy father fulminated horrible excommunications; but these arms were too weak to stop the usurper, and the Pope had recourse to Charlemagne. That monarch crossed the Alps, combated the enemies of the court of Rome, and made such a carnage of them, that the field of battle took the name of *the Plain of the Dead*. Didier sought refuge in Pavia. He had provided that capital with everything necessary for a long resistance. Charlemagne blockaded it, and left the command of his troops to his uncle Bernard; he then took the road to Rome, where he was received as the liberator of the Holy See. After having made a sojourn there, he returned to his army before Pavia, and pressed the siege so vigorously, that it opened its gates after an heroic defence of six months. Didier, his wife and children, were made prisoners and banished to Liége. Thus finished the kingdom of the Lombards, which had subsisted two hundred and six years. Charlemagne added to the titles of Emperor of the Franks and Patrician of the Romans, that of King of the Lombards

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1524.

Francis I. of France, after a brilliant campaign, in which he drove back the Imperialists from Provence to the Milanese, very unwisely employed his army in sieges, instead

of pursuing his enemies with vigour to the other side of the Carnic Alps. Accumulating errors, he weakened an army of forty thousand men by dividing it; detaching from it a body of ten thousand soldiers upon an expedition into the kingdom of Naples. He thus left his enemy time to recover, and to remain master, by means of the armies he was able to raise in Germany and Naples. After having taken Milan, he commenced the siege of Pavia. That city, well fortified, had for governor Antonio de Leva, a great captain, commanding a numerous and warlike garrison. The French monarch attacked the place with vigour, but he evinced indecision in his points of attack. The siege was protracted; Pavia was reduced to extremity; the garrison mutinied more than once for want of pay; the governor was even in dread of seeing the city delivered up to the French by his unruly troops; but his genius, equally firm and fertile in resources, contrived to keep them to their duty. Lannoi, viceroy of Naples for Charles V., was informed of the distress of Pavia. The taking of that place might complete the disbanding of the Imperial troops for want of money and subsistence; he felt that this was the moment to venture to attack his enemy, and to attempt an action, hazardous without doubt, but which might re-establish the affairs of Charles V. in Italy. He set out then, accompanied by the marquis de Pescara and the constable De Bourbon. At his approach, the French monarch called a council; prudence would have commanded him to avoid an engagement, to raise the siege, and to refresh and enlarge his army: "Sire," said La Trémouille to him, "the true honour in war is to succeed. A defeat can never be justified by a battle; you risk your army, your person, and your kingdom, and you risk nothing by raising the siege." The monarch was deaf to the counsels of wisdom; his romantic spirit fancied that his honour would be compromised. The admiral Bonnevet promised so to dispose his troops that he should conquer his enemies, that the Imperialists should not dare to attack him, and that Pavia should fall into his hands. The king followed this fatal and pernicious advice. The troops were nearly equal in numbers on both sides, each reckoning about thirty thousand men. The Imperialists first fell upon the rear-guard of the French, placed at the castle and in the park of Mirabel. They

expected to carry it if the king did not come to its assistance; and, if he did come, they should make him lose the advantage of the position in which he was fortified. What Lannoi anticipated, happened. Scarcely did the French monarch perceive the danger of his brother-in-law the duke of Alençon, who commanded the rear-guard, than, impatient to signalize himself, he rushed forward at the head of his cavalry, and fell upon the Imperialists. His artillery, placed with much skill by Gaillon de Genouillac, and served with great spirit, fired at first with such success, that every volley carried away a file. The Spanish infantry, being unable to resist this terrible fire, precipitately broke their ranks, to seek shelter, in great disorder, in a hollow way. Such a brilliant commencement dazzled Francis; he forgot that he owed all his success to his artillery, believed himself already the conqueror, and came out from his lines. This inconsiderate movement placed the prince between his own artillery and the fugitives, and rendered his cannon useless. The face of the battle was changed in a moment; the vice-roy advanced with the gendarmerie and a body of arquebusiers; the king was pressed on all sides. The French gendarmerie did not, in this battle, sustain its ancient reputation; it was beaten and almost destroyed by two thousand Biscayans, of astonishing agility, who, separating by platoons of ten, twenty, or thirty men, attacked it with inconceivable celerity and address. They were seen, all at once, making a discharge, disappearing at the moment they should be in turn attacked, and re-appearing unexpectedly, again to disappear. It is said that Antonio de Leva had, for some time, trained these arquebusiers to fight thus in platoons, between the squadrons of the Spanish cavalry, and that he had borrowed the manœuvre from the Greeks. A stratagem of Pescara's contributed still further to the success of the day. This general having approached the enemy's camp a little before the commencement of the battle, returned to his own to announce that the king of France had just published in his army a prohibition, under a capital punishment, to grant quarter to any Spaniard. This information, although false, produced so strong an impression upon his troops, that almost all the Imperialists swore to spare the life of no Frenchman, and to die sooner than surrender. This oath

rendered the Spaniard equally invincible in fight, and ferocious after victory. The French monarch sustained the powerful charges of the enemy like a hero. Francis of Lorraine, and Richard De la Pole, the last heir of the house of Suffolk, endeavoured, with some companies of lansquenets, to disengage him; but they were killed, and the soldiers instantly turned their backs. Bonnevet perished fighting, and was regretted by nobody. Louis de la Trémouille shared the same fate; nearly nine thousand warriors, all gentlemen, were left lifeless on the field of battle. The *mêlée* was terrible around the king. Left almost alone in the midst of a host of enemies, he inspired terror in all who ventured to approach him. He had already immolated five of his assailants, when his horse was killed, the monarch fell, and a rush was made to seize him. Springing up, he recovered himself, and killed two more Spaniards. At this moment, Molac de Kercado, first gentleman of the chamber, perceived the peril of his master, and dispersed or killed all who stood in the way of his zeal. He placed himself before his exhausted sovereign, protected him with his sword, and checked the savage impetuosity of the Spanish soldiery; but Kercado fell whilst defending the king, who refused to surrender to anybody but the viceroy of Naples: "Monsieur de Lannoi," said he, "there is the sword of a king who deserves consideration, since, before parting with it, he has employed it in shedding the blood of several of your people, and who is not made prisoner by cowardice, but by a reverse of fortune." Lannoi fell on his knees, received the arms of the king with respect, and kissed his hand, whilst presenting him with another sword, saying, "I beg your majesty to accept of mine, which has spared the blood of many of your subjects. It is not becoming in an officer of the emperor to behold a king disarmed, although a prisoner." Francis was conducted, after the action, across the field of battle, to the place he was to be confined in. The Imperialists made him observe that all his Swiss guards had fallen in their ranks, and that they lay dead close to one another. "If all my troops had done their duty," said he, much affected by this spectacle, "as well as these brave fellows, I should not be your prisoner, but you would be mine." Francis announced this defeat to his mother in the energetic

words: "Madame, all is lost but honour." Whilst the king's wounds were being dressed, a Spanish soldier, approaching him respectfully, said: "Knowing we should have a battle, Sire, I cast a golden bullet, which I destined for your majesty, and six silver ones, for the principal officers of your army. The six have been used, but yours, is left, because I could not find the opportunity I watched for. I implore you, Sire, to accept of it, and to keep it to form part of your ransom." The king took it, thanked the Spaniard, and praised his intelligence and generosity. The emperor issued a decree, by which he forbade any rejoicings on account of the victory; but this moderation was only apparent. Francis was taken to Madrid. Charles assembled a council to consider how the captive king ought to be treated. "As your brother and your friend," replied the bishop of Osma; "he must be restored to liberty, without any other condition than that of becoming your ally." Charles did not follow this wise counsel; he behaved towards the king like a Corsair with a rich prisoner. Francis recovered his liberty thirteen months after, by an onerous treaty, in which he gave up his claims to the Milanese, Genoa, and Asti. He was also to have ceded his rights to the duchy of Burgundy, but when Lannoi came to demand that province in the name of the emperor, Francis, as his only reply, required him to be present at an audience of the deputies of Burgundy, who told the king that he had not the power to dismember a province of the French monarchy. Francis I. preserving a continual desire to avenge himself for the disgrace before Pavia, entered into all the leagues that were formed against Charles V. The emperor derived but little advantage from this event, the most decisive and glorious of his reign. A modern writer has discovered the reason of this. Money constitutes the sinews of war, and the emperor could not pay his troops. He assembled the Cortes of Castille at Madrid, and all orders refused him assistance: the clergy, because they had no power to dispose of the goods consecrated to religion; the nobility would have derogated from their privilege, if they had paid a tribute; and the third estate, because, not having yet had it in their power to pay a gratuitous gift which had been demanded of them of four hundred thousand ducats, it was impossible for them to

furnish fresh sums. The emperor, although very much dissatisfied, pretended to find these reasons good, although they defeated all his designs.—Napoleon, with that jealousy which he always professed to have for the honour of France, when master of Spain, caused the unfortunate king, his victim, to restore the sword and armour of Francis I., which were preserved at Madrid as a monument of this victory.

Pavia experienced something approaching to sieges in 1655, 1733, and 1745, but they furnish no details worth relating. In 1796, likewise, it was captured, without any trouble, by Buonaparte, who took the opportunity for uttering one of his glorious fanfaronnades: "If the blood of a single Frenchman," said he, "had been shed, I would have caused a column to be erected over the ruins of the city, upon which should have been inscribed—**HERE STOOD THE CITY OF PAVIA!**"

RAVENNA.

A.D. 488.

THEODORIC besieged Odoacer in Ravenna, but, too weak to carry the city by force, he resolved to reduce it by famine. Ravenna, being well supplied with provisions, and its port being accessible to light barks, the siege was protracted to two years and a half. Odoacer made frequent sorties by night, and never returned without having signaled his courage. Theodoric, master of all the neighbouring country, at length succeeded in closing the port. Famine then began to be sensibly felt; a bushel of wheat was worth six pieces of gold (more than three pounds sterling); and the inhabitants were reduced to the extremity of eating everything that could be converted into aliment. Odoacer, obliged to treat with his rival, contented himself with sharing with Theodoric the title of king. On the 5th of March, 491, the king of the Goths entered Ravenna. Such was, in Italy, the foundation of the kingdom of the Ostrogoths, which only subsisted sixty years. Odoacer was treated for some time with all the respect due to his dignity,

but that prince, worthy of a better fate, was massacred soon after, with his son Silænes, by Theodoric himself, in the midst of a banquet.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 540.

Belisarius, after having deprived Vitiges of the greater part of the places which that prince possessed in Italy, besieged him in Ravenna, which he soon reduced to a state of famine. It was here Belisarius was so near losing his life by an arrow, which was intercepted by a devoted follower, who sacrificed himself to save his master. The city was on the point of surrendering, when two senators arrived from Constantinople, charged with a message from Justinian to his victorious general, directing him to make peace with the king of the Goths. Belisarius was indignant at being thus deprived of the honour of conquering Italy. Under different pretexs he amused the senators, and pressed the siege more closely. Belisarius is one of the fine characters of history upon whom the young imagination loves to dwell. He was of the stamp of Plutarch's heroes; he was brave, magnanimous, good; and after being eminently successful, was as eminently unfortunate, not from any falling off in himself, but from his master's weakness and ingratitude. Such being our feeling for Belisarius, we experience regret in being told that, in his eagerness to take Ravenna, he condescended to practices we think unworthy of such a man: he poisoned the waters; circulated, by means of miscreants, reports in Ravenna disadvantageous to Vitiges; and contrived to have the city granaries set on fire by an incendiary. These may come within the line of the proverb, "All is fair in war;" but there is nothing heroic in them; they would have become Justinian better than his really great general. The Goths, believing themselves betrayed by their prince, offered not only to give up the city, but even proposed to Belisarius to become their king. Although this extraordinary man might have accepted the crown without dishonour, he only affected to listen to it that he might the more speedily terminate the war. Ambassadors came from Vitiges with offers of surrendering on any terms he would please to impose. Belisarius entered Ravenna, secured the person of Vitiges, and sent him and his treasures to the emperor.

A N T I O C H.

ANTIOCH, now Anthakia, was a celebrated city, the capital of Syria. It was seated on the river Orontes, now called Assi, fifteen miles east of the Mediterranean, and forty miles south-west of Aleppo. We have been thus particular, because Antioch is not only a conspicuous city in the history of the early Christian church, but because it has undergone some of the most remarkable sieges to be found in this volume.

FIRST SIEGE, A.D. 540.

Chosroës, king of Persia, having spread terror and dismay throughout Syria by the capture of Sour (ancient Tyre) and other places, presented himself before Antioch. The attack and defence were equally warm and terrible in their results. The besieged surrendered, after having exhausted all their resources, and admitted the Persians within their walls. The confusion was horrible in this populous and unfortunate city. Men, women, and children crowded over each other to escape the murderous sword of the conqueror; the streets could not afford passage wide enough for the multitude. The soldiers of the garrison, mingled with the fugitives, overthrew the unhappy citizens, trampled them under their horses' feet, and crushed them to death in their own city and by their own troops. The conquerors, spread throughout all the quarters, indulged in a license almost unheard of even in such scenes: they pillaged and sacked the houses; they pulled down and burnt all the public edifices; they profaned and plundered the churches; they insulted and violated the virgins consecrated to God; and the maidens and women whose virtue they outraged were immolated before the eyes of their husbands and parents. Chosroës himself animated his troops to the carnage, and excited them to plunder. He took possession of the gold and silver vases of the great church, and sent into Persia all the valuable statues, rare

pictures, and precious objects that decorated that superb city. When despoiled of all its ornaments and deprived of its wealth, he ordered it to be reduced to ashes. This cruel order was so punctually obeyed, that only one single quarter escaped the flames. Thus was for the first time destroyed, in the month of June, 540, a city which, by its size, wealth, and population, rivalled Rome and Constantinople. Such of the inhabitants as escaped the sword of the conqueror were by him reduced to slavery, and sold by public auction in Persia.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 638.

Antioch, however, soon arose again from its ruins, under the protection of the emperors of the West. Great and well-situated cities are not easily destroyed past recovery. Antioch became once more rich and populous; but it seemed to be its fate to succumb to the attacks of barbarians. It was again besieged about a hundred years after the above-stated catastrophe, by the Saracens, before the eyes of Prince Constantine, son of the emperor Heraclius. The infidels approached a bridge at a short distance from Antioch, called the Bridge of Iron. Two towers, each furnished with three hundred soldiers, were intrusted with the defence of it. These degenerate Romans surrendered their posts to the enemy; Constantine, in despair, could trust neither the courage nor the fidelity of his troops. Very unlike the Romans of the days of Pyrrhus, who would have thought themselves dishonoured by taking advantage of a crime, this prince resorted to the baseness of assassination as the surest means of averting the storm which threatened Antioch. He hoped to terminate the war by assassinating the caliph who directed the enterprises of the Saracens. An assassin was sent to Medina. Trembling at the sight of Omar, the wretch confessed his intentions, and the name of the person who employed him. Omar, so far from losing his life, acquired the honour of pardoning the man who attempted it: the Christian prince acquired the disgrace of having attempted a crime, and failed in it. The two armies encamped near Antioch. A general, named Nestorius, commanded the Romans: endowed with the valour of a soldier, he for a moment forgot that his life belongs to his army,

and challenged the bravest of the Mussulmans to single combat. Dames, who had acquired the reputation of being invincible at the siege of Aleppo, presented himself. His horse stumbling whilst he was engaged with his enemy, Dames was seized and conveyed a prisoner to the tent of the challenger. Nestorius, proud of this chance victory, was desirous of a fresh triumph. He offered a second challenge, which was accepted by Dehac. The two champions fought for a long time with equal success; when, exhausted by fatigue, and their horses being jaded and breathless, they separated to recruit their strength. During the second conflict, Dames, having deceived the slaves who guarded him, contrived to escape, and rejoined his comrades. A few days after, the two armies engaged, and the Romans were cut to pieces after a severe and bloody battle. A fresh perfidy of Youckinna, formerly governor of Aleppo, contributed greatly to the defeat of the Romans. This traitor guarded in Antioch Derar and two hundred other Mussulman prisoners. At the moment of the combat, he set them at liberty, joined them to the troop he commanded, and ranged himself under the standard of Mahomet. At the sight of these new enemies, the Roman legions lost all courage; they fancied the whole population of Antioch was pouring out upon them. The field of battle was strewed with dead. The inhabitants of Antioch, finding themselves without resource, capitulated; to avoid being pillaged, they paid the conqueror three hundred thousand pieces of gold, amounting to about one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling,—a sum which seems to us incredibly small from such a city so circumstanced. Abou-Obéidah entered Antioch on the 21st of August. As he dreaded for his soldiers the pleasures of this voluptuous city more than he feared the Roman armies, he only allowed them to remain there three days.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1097.

After a disastrous march, in which they had met with many unexpected accidents and reverses, as well as triumphs, the great army of the Crusaders, under Godfrey of Bouillon and his chivalrous companions, advanced towards Antioch.

As we have seen in a former siege, the approach to this great city of the East was guarded by a bridge over the Orontes, on which were placed two towers covered with iron. But nothing could resist the van led by the duke of Normandy: the Normans soon took the bridge and passed the river. Terror was spread amongst the Mussulmans, who all flocked to the city as a place of refuge. The whole Christian army drew up in battle-array, with trumpets sounding and ensigns flying, and then encamped within a mile of Antioch.

The aspect of this city, so celebrated in the annals of Christianity, revived the religious enthusiasm of the Crusaders. It was within the walls of Antioch that the disciples of Christ had first assumed the name of Christians, and that the apostle Peter was named the first pastor of the nascent church. Antioch was as much celebrated in the annals of the Roman empire as in those of the church. The magnificence of its buildings, and its having been the abode of several emperors, had acquired for it the name of the Queen of the East. Its situation in a pleasant and fertile country was, in all ages, attractive to foreigners. Within two leagues, on the west, was a lake abounding in fish, which communicated with the Orontes; on the south were the faubourg and the fountain of Daphne, so celebrated in pagan poetry. Not far from it arose the mountain of Orontes, covered with gardens and houses of pleasure; and on the north was another mountain, sometimes called the Black Mountain, on account of its forests, and sometimes the Water Mountain, on account of its numerous springs. The river Orontes flowed at the foot of the ramparts of Antioch, on the western side, and paid its tribute to the sea three or four leagues from the city.

The walls inclosed four hills, separated by a torrent, which threw itself into the river. Upon the western hill was built a very strong citadel, which dominated the city. The ramparts of Antioch, which were as solid as a rock, were three leagues in circumference, and along them were built no less than three hundred and sixty strong towers. Broad ditches, the river Orontes, and marshes, still further protected the inhabitants of Antioch, and prevented all access to the city. At the approach of the Christians, most

of the inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces and cities sought refuge in Antioch, with their families and their property. Accien, the grandson of Malek-Schah, who had obtained the sovereignty of the city, had shut himself up in it with twenty thousand foot and seven thousand horse.

The siege of Antioch presented so many obstacles and dangers, that the Crusaders deliberated whether they ought in prudence to undertake it. The first who spoke in the council thought it would be rash to commence a siege at the approach of winter. They did not at all dread the arms of the Saracens, but rains, frosts, storms, disease, and famine. They advised the Crusaders to wait for the succours promised by Alexius, and the return of the spring, by which time the army would have repaired its losses, and would have received under its standards fresh reinforcements from the West. This advice was listened to very impatiently by most of the leaders, who insisted upon the necessity of taking advantage of the terror experienced by the Mussulmans. They should have, they said, the caliph of Bagdad and the king of Persia both upon them: delay would strengthen the enemy's army more than it would theirs; they wanted no Greeks to assist them; and as to a little rain and cold, it was an insult to the soldiers of Christ to suppose they could not bear them!—why it was like comparing them to birds of passage, who fly away and hide themselves at the coming of winter! What need have they to fear famine and want? Had not the Crusaders, till that time, made war provide for itself? Victory had always supplied the wants of the Christians, and abundance awaited them in the city of Antioch, which would speedily open its gates.

This speech prevailed with the most eager and the most brave, and those who were of a different opinion were silenced by the fear of being accused of timidity. Godfrey and the legate, Adhemar, were both in favour of immediate attack. The council decreed that the siege of Antioch should be immediately commenced, and that same day the whole Christian army advanced to the walls. Now, our readers, in contemplating the army of the Crusaders, must not suppose that, like any other army so joined, there was any spirit of unity in it. It was assembled on various principles:

a few, and very few, were brought so far on their way to Jerusalem by a purely religious motive; many, like Robert of Normandy, were seduced by a wild chivalric love of adventure, and a thirst for that military renown which was so great an object with the age; but the bulk of this host were men who had cast their all in an expedition which promised unbounded wealth—the leaders looked for dominions and states, the soldiers for booty. They had, literally, emigrated; their desire was to establish themselves in the fabulously-represented rich countries of the East, and they had neither hope nor intention to revisit Europe. There was no acknowledged leader to direct proceedings or to check want of discipline. We have an idea that Godfrey of Bouillon was the leader; but in no point of fact was he so; the leaders were all governed by their own interests; and if Godfrey had thwarted those of Bohemond, Raymond de St. Gilles, Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders, or any other chief of rank, they would have paid no more attention to his authority than to that of one of his horse-boys. From this want of unity in the body, and unity of purpose, arose almost all the disasters of the Crusades, of which silly and wicked enterprises the reader will find an excellent epitome in the account of this interesting siege. As we said at the commencement of this work, the camp of the Crusaders before Antioch was exactly like that of the Greeks before Troy; and, strange to say, great resemblances might be traced in the characters of the leaders, from Agamemnon and Godfrey, Achilles and Tancred, Ulysses and Bohemond, to Thersites and Barthélemi, the discoverer of the lance.

Bohemond and Tancred took their posts at the east, opposite the gate of St. Paul, to the right of the Italians, the Normans, the Britons, the Flemings, and the French, commanded by the two Roberts; the count de Vermandois and the count de Chartres encamped towards the north, before the gate of the Dog; the count de Toulouse, the bishop of Puy, and the duke of Lorraine, with their troops, occupied the space from the gate of the Dog to the spot where the Orontes, turning towards the west, approaches the walls of Antioch. The Crusaders neglected to cover the southern part, defended by the mountain of Orontes, as they likewise did the western side of the city, which the river defended.

and by which the besieged could make sorties or receive succours.

The Turks shut themselves up close within their walls ; all was quiet, all was silent. The Crusaders attributed this to terror, and heedlessly spread themselves over the delightful country, enjoying all the sweets of its climate and productions. Abundance of provisions, the beautiful sky of Syria, the fountain and groves of Daphne, famous in all antiquity for the worship of Venus and Adonis, soon made them lose sight of the Holy Land, and bred license and corruption among the soldiers of Christ.

Whilst thus forgetful of discipline, as well as of their purpose, they were attacked by the garrison of Antioch, which surprised them, some lounging luxuriously in their camp, and others wandering about the country. All whom the hopes of pillage or the love of pleasure had seduced into the neighbouring villages and orchards, met with slavery or death. Young Alberon, archdeacon of Metz, son of Conrad, count of Lunebourg, paid with his life for indulging in amusements very little in accordance with the austerity of his profession. He was found by the Turks, stretched upon the grass, playing at dice with a Syrian courtesan. Two strokes of the sabre removed the heads of the players, which were pitched into the camp of the Crusaders, with those of a great number of Christians. The latter deplored their fault, and swore to avenge themselves.

The desire of repairing one error led them into another. They resolved to scale the walls of Antioch, before they had provided themselves with either ladders or machines of war. Vengeance and fanaticism animated both leaders and soldiers, but they could make no impression upon the walls of the city, or disturb the security of its inhabitants. Several other assaults proved equally useless. Experience, for whose lessons they always paid so dearly, taught them that they must invest the place, and prevent the arrival of any foreign succour.

They established a bridge of boats across the Orontes, and passed over some troops towards the western side of the city. All methods were had recourse to to check the sorties of the enemy ; sometimes fortresses of wood were erected close to the ramparts, sometimes they planted balistæ, which

launched large stones at the besieged. To close the gate of the Dog they were obliged to heap large beams, stones, and pieces of rock against it. At the same time they intrenched their camps, and took every precaution against surprise from the Saracens.

The blockade of the city was now their object ; but, as in all such cases, the tediousness of a siege did not accord with the impatience of warriors with an ulterior object in view. On their arrival before Antioch, they thought they should never again know want, and they wasted in a few days provisions for several months ; they thought about nothing but meeting the enemy in the field of battle, and, confident of victory, they neither provided against the rigours of winter nor against a fast-approaching want of provisions.

The latter was not long in arriving. As soon as winter set in, the unfortunate Crusaders found themselves a prey to all sorts of calamities. Torrents of rain fell every day, and the plains, which had recently been so delightful, were almost covered with water. The camp, particularly in the valley, was submerged several times ; tempests and rains carried away the pavilions and tents ; humidity relaxed the bows ; rust gnawed the lances and swords. Most of the soldiers were left destitute of clothes. Contagious complaints carried off men and animals. Rains, cold, famine, and epidemics made such ravages, that, according to William of Tyre, the Crusaders wanted time and space to bury their dead.

Amidst the general distress, Bohemond and the duke of Normandy were charged with the task of scouring the country in search of provisions. In the course of their incursions they beat several detachments of the Saracens, and returned to the camp with considerable booty. The provisions they brought, however, could not long supply a numerous army. Fresh incursions were made every day, and every day they became less fortunate. All the countries of Upper Syria had been ravaged by the Turks and the Christians. The Crusaders on these parties often put the Saracens to flight ; but victory, which was almost always their only resource in the moment of want, could not bring back abundance into the camp. As a completion of their misery, all communication with Constantinople was cut off ;

the Pisan and Genoese fleets no longer coasted along the shores occupied by the Christians. The port of St. Simeon, situated at three leagues from Antioch, now saw no vessel arrive from Greece or the West. The Flemish pirates who had taken the cross at Tarsus, after gaining possession of Laodicea, had been surprised by the Greeks, and several weeks before had been made prisoners. The most melancholy future threatened the Christians; they talked of nothing but the losses they had experienced, and the evils which hung over them; every day the most afflicting news was spread through the army.

It was related that the son of Sweno, king of Denmark, who had taken the cross, and who was leading to the holy war fifteen hundred knights, had been surprised by the Turks whilst advancing rapidly across the defiles of Cappadocia. Attacked by an enemy superior in numbers, he had defended himself during a whole day, without being able, by his courage or the axes of his warriors, to repulse the attack of the infidels. Florine, daughter of Eudes I., duke of Burgundy, who accompanied the Danish hero, and to whom he was to be married after the taking of Jerusalem, had valiantly fought by his side. Transpierced by seven arrows, and fighting still, she was endeavouring, with Sweno, to open for herself a passage to the mountains, when they were overwhelmed by their enemies. They fell together upon the field of battle, after having seen all their knights and faithful servants perish around them. "Such was the news brought to the Christian camp," says William of Tyre, "full of sadness and grief, and with which, more than before, were the hearts of all oppressed."

Famine and disease increased; the Syrians who brought provisions were so extortionate in their prices, that the common soldiers could not purchase any. And not the smallest of their griefs was the daily, almost hourly loss of companions, countrymen, partakers of toils and dangers, to whom a common lot and object had endeared them. Desertion was soon added to the other evils. Most of the army began to lose all hope of reaching the Holy City or even of subduing Antioch; and some went to seek an asylum under Baldwin, in Mesopotamia, whilst others stole away to the cities of Cilicia, subject to the Christians.

The duke of Normandy retired to Laodicea, and did not return until he had been thrice summoned by the army, in the name of the religion of Christ. Tactius, the general of Alexius, left the camp with his troops, promising to return with reinforcements and provisions. His departure was not regretted, and no hopes were built upon his promises. The desertion became common even with the most brave and the most zealous; not only did the stout warrior, the viscount de Melun, whose use of the axe in battle had gained him the name of "the carpenter," turn his back upon famine and his suffering comrades, but even the devotion of Peter the Hermit, the great cause of this monstrous removal of the West to the East, was not proof against the misery all endured, and he fled away secretly. This desertion, says a chronicler, caused great scandal among the Christians, "and did not astonish them less than if the stars had fallen from the heavens." But the indefatigable Tancred, the truest knight of all the Crusades, pursued them, and brought back both the carpenter and the hermit. Peter was bitterly reproached, and was compelled to swear on the Gospel never to repeat his offence.

But Peter might have urged a better plea than fear for his flight: the Christian camp was the resort of all the vices. "Strange and inconceivable spectacle," says an eye-witness, "beneath the tents of the deliverers of Sion, were strangely grouped famine and voluptuousness, impure love, a mad passion for play, and all the excesses of debauchery mingled with the most horrid images of death." The pilgrims seemed so debased by their misfortunes as to disdain the consolations of piety and virtue. The clergy exerted themselves, and punishments were devised; but of what use could these prove, when many of the priesthood were as guilty as the soldiers, and when those who ought to have carried out the inflictions of the law, themselves hourly merited them?

Syrian spies, likewise, stole into the camp, who circulated in the neighbouring cities exaggerated accounts of the distress, the despair, and the vices of the Christians. In order to deliver the army from this annoyance, Bohemond, whom Mr. Gibbon too favourably styles the Ulysses of the Crusades, devised a plan fit even to disgust barbarians. He commanded some Turks, who were his prisoners, to be

brought to him. These he ordered to be immediately executed, and their bodies to be roasted over a large fire, like meat preparing for the supper of himself and his people; directing it to be answered, if any one asked what was the cause of the preparations and the smell: "The princes and governors of the camp have decreed in council that, from this day forward, all Turks or spies found in the camp shall, in this manner, be forced to make meat of their bodies, as well for the princes as the army." Bohemond's servants followed his instructions, and the strangers in the camp were soon attracted by the report and the stench to the prince of Tarentum's quarters. "When they saw what was going on," says an ancient author, "they were marvellously terrified, and fled away to circulate through Syria an account of the cannibalism of the Christians." Bohemond's plan, however, succeeded; no more spies were seen in the camp.

The bishop of Puy carried into execution, about the same time, a *ruse* of a much more agreeable nature. He caused the neighbouring lands to be ploughed and sown with corn, not only for the benefit of the army, but to prove to the Saracens that they had no intention of abandoning the siege.

Winter at length departed; the contagious diseases abated, the princes and monasteries of Armenia sent in provisions; with the departure of famine hope revived, and, strange to say, all these ameliorations were looked upon as the fruits of their own amendments!

Ambassadors from Egypt then made their appearance, and the Crusaders had recourse to all sorts of expedients to impose upon their visitors. Their most splendid habiliments, their most costly arms were exhibited, and the nobles and knights displayed their skill and courage in jousts and tournaments, and their graces in the dance—behind lingered want and privations; in the eyes of the strangers all was joy and festivity. The Egyptians professed great friendship for the Crusaders, with admiration of their military virtues: their master made vast promises, and said they had liberty to enter the Holy City, provided they went without arms, and only staid one month. If the Crusaders submitted to these conditions, the caliph of Egypt would be their firmest support; but if they scorned his friendship, the peoples of Ethiopia and Egypt, all who inhabit Asia and Africa, from

the Strait of Gades to the gates of Bagdad, would rise at the voice of the legitimate vicar of the Prophet, and show the warriors of the West the power of their arms.

To this speech a spirited reply was instantly made, rejecting all Mussulman favours, expressing a reliance upon God for the delivery of the holy places, of which, they said, the Christians were determined to be the guardians and the masters: "Go, and tell him who sent you, that the Christians encamped before Antioch neither fear the peoples of Ethiopia, Egypt, nor Bagdad, and that they only form alliances with powers which respect the laws of justice and the standard of Christ."

This was the sentiment of the Crusaders; but they, nevertheless, did not entirely reject alliance with the caliph. They sent deputies and presents back with the ambassadors.

Scarcely had they departed, when the Christians gained a fresh victory over the Turks. The sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, with the emirs of Cæsarea, Emessa, and Hierapolis had raised an army of twenty thousand horse, to succour Antioch. This army was already approaching the city, when it was stopped and cut to pieces by Bohemond and the count de St. Gilles, who had gone out to meet it. The Turks lost two thousand men and a thousand horses; and the city of Harem, in which they endeavoured to find safety, likewise fell into the hands of the Christians. At the moment the Egyptian ambassadors were embarking at Port St. Simeon, four camels brought them the heads and the spoils of two hundred Mussulmans. The conquerors threw two hundred other heads into the city of Antioch, the garison of which was anxiously looking out for succours. A number of heads were also stuck on pikes round the walls. This they did in revenge for some gross insults the Saracens had lavished upon an image of the Virgin which had fallen into their hands.

The Crusaders had soon occasion to display their valour in a much more perilous and sanguinary combat. A fleet of Genoese and Pisans entered the port of St. Simeon; this caused the greatest joy, and the soldiers rushed in crowds towards the port, to get news from Europe and obtain necessaries and provisions. As they returned, laden with what they had acquired, and mostly unarmed, they were attacked

by a body of four thousand Saracens, who laid wait for them on their passage. In vain Bohemond, the count de St. Gilles, and Bishop Adhemar hastened to their assistance; the Christians could not sustain the shock of the infidels, and retreated in great disorder.

The report of this defeat soon reached the camp, and Godfrey immediately summoned all to arms. Followed by his brother Eustace, the two Roberts and the count de Vermandois, he crossed the Orontes, and went in pursuit of the pursuers. When he came up with the Saracens, he shouted to his companions "to follow his example," and fell, sword in hand, upon the ranks of the Mussulmans. Accustomed to distant fight, and to employ the bow and arrow, these could not stand against the sword and the lance of the Crusaders: they took to flight, some towards the mountains, and some towards the city. Accien, who, from the towers of his palace, had beheld the victorious attack of the Crusaders, sent a numerous detachment to assist his flying troops. He accompanied them to the gate of the bridge, which he caused to be shut after them, telling them it should not be re-opened till they had gained the victory.

This fresh body of Saracens was quickly beaten in its turn. The Turks had no other hope but that of regaining the city; but Godfrey had placed himself upon an eminence between the fugitives and the gates. It was there the carnage began; the Christians were animated by their victory, the Saracens by their despair and the cries of the inhabitants assembled on the ramparts. Nothing can paint the tumult of this fresh combat. The clash of arms and the shouts of the soldiers drowned the voices of the commanders; they fought hand to hand, in perfect disorder, whilst clouds of dust hung over the field of battle. Chance directed the blows of both the conquerors and the conquered; the Saracens pressed upon each other, and embarrassed their own flight. The confusion was so great that many Crusaders were killed by their companions in arms. A vast number of Saracens fell beneath the swords of the Christians, almost without resistance; more than two thousand were drowned in the Orontes. "The old men of Antioch," says William of Tyre, "who contemplated this sanguinary catastrophe from the top of their walls, lamented that they had lived so long; and women,

witnesses of the death of their sons, wept that they had ever been mothers." The slaughter lasted the whole day, and it was not till towards evening that Accien allowed the gates to be opened to the miserable remains of his troops.

The leaders and soldiers of the Christian army had performed prodigies of valour. Bohemond, Raymond, Tancred, Adhemar, Baldwin du Bourg, and Eustace had constantly shown themselves at the head of their warriors. The whole army concurred in admiration of the marvellous lance-thrusts and feats of arms of the count de Vermandois and the two Roberts. Robert of Normandy maintained, alone, a conflict with an infidel chief at the head of his people. With one blow of his sabre he split his head to the shoulder, and laid him at his feet, exclaiming: "I devote thy impure soul to the powers of hell!" "Tancred," says Ralph of Caen, "distinguished himself among the most intrepid of the knights. In the heat of the *mêlée*, the Christian hero, as modest as he was brave, made his squire swear not to reveal the exploits of which he was a witness." Godfrey, who in this battle had displayed the skill of a great captain, likewise signalized his bravery and strength by actions which history and poetry have celebrated. No armour could resist his trenchant blade; lances, casques, and cuirasses flew in splinters beneath its stroke. A Saracen of surpassing stature singled him out in the *mêlée*, and, at his first blow, shivered Godfrey's buckler to pieces. Indignant at this audacity, Godfrey raised himself in his stirrups, rushed upon his enemy, and dealt him so terrible a blow on the shoulder, that he split his body into two parts, "the first of which," say the historians, "fell to the earth, and the other was carried by his horse into the city, to the horror and consternation of the inhabitants."

Notwithstanding these prodigious exploits, the Christians sustained a considerable loss. Whilst celebrating the valour of the Crusaders, contemporary history is astonished at the multitude of martyrs whom the Saracens sent to heaven, and who, on arriving in the abode of the blessed with crowns upon their heads and palms in their hands, addressed God in these words: "Why have you not defended our blood, which has flowed for you this day?"

The Saracens passed the night in burying their dead near a mosque without the walls. Their sad duty performed, they

retired. The Christians, however, knew that the Mussulmans never despoiled the bodies of their countrymen before they inhumed them, and flocked in crowds to the plunder of them. They tore up the bodies, and stripped them of the arms and clothes with which they were covered. They then returned to exhibit to their fellows in the camp the silk stuffs, bucklers, lances, javelins, and rich swords found in the graves. This spectacle did not in the least disgust the knights and barons. The day after the battle, among the spoils of the vanquished, they contemplated with pleasure fifteen hundred heads separated from their trunks, which were paraded in triumph through the army, and reminded them of their victory and of the loss of the infidels.

All these heads cast into the Orontes with the bodies of the Mussulmans who the preceding day had been drowned in the river, went to convey the news of the victory to the Genoese and Pisans at Port St. Simeon.

The leaders now thought of nothing but taking advantage of the terror with which they had inspired the Mussulmans. Masters of the cemetery, they pulled down the mosque, and employed the stones, even of the tombs, to build a fortress before the gate of the bridge by which the besieged made their sorties. Raymond, who had been accused of want of zeal for the holy war, constructed this fort and took charge of the perilous post. It was proposed to raise a new fortress near the first, and as none of the leaders came forward to erect it, Tancred offered his services,—a generous and loyal knight; he had nothing left but his sword and his renown. He asked his companions for money, and undertook the danger of the enterprise. All were eager to second his courageous devotion; the works he directed were soon finished; and from that time the besieged were closely shut up within the inclosure of their walls.

The Crusaders having thus blockaded the city, seized the Syrians who had been accustomed to bring provisions to Antioch, and only spared their lives upon their swearing to supply the Christian army. Learning that Accien had sent away a great many of his horses to a valley some leagues from the city, they repaired thither by by-roads, and gained possession of the rich booty. Two thousand horses

and as many mules were led in triumph to the Christian camp.

Many of the Genoese and Pisans were skilful engineers, and they were employed in directing the labours of the siege. Machines of war were built, and Antioch was threatened on all sides. Whilst despair supplied the place of courage with the Saracens, zeal and emulation increased among the Crusaders; many whom want or fear had driven away, returned to their standards, and sought every opportunity of wiping out the disgrace of their desertion. The besiegers no longer thought of repose, and breathed nothing but fight. The women seconded the valour of the warriors; some fought by their sides in the ranks, whilst others supplied them with food and munitions when they were engaged. The children even formed bands, and went through their military exercises. The inhabitants of Antioch opposed their children to those of the Christians, and several times these young combatants engaged in the presence of the besiegers and the besieged, who took an interest in the fight, and animated their party by voice and gesture when they appeared to give way.

There was formed at the same time another militia, much more formidable to the Saracens. The mendicants and vagabonds who followed the army were employed in the labours of the siege, under the orders of a captain, who took the title of *Truand* King, or King of the Beggars. They received pay from the general chest; and as soon as they were in a condition to purchase arms and clothes, the king denied them as his subjects, and made them enter into one of the corps of the army. This measure, whilst removing the vagabonds from their dangerous idleness, made useful auxiliaries of them. As they were accused of violating graves and feeding on human flesh, they inspired great horror and fear among the infidels, who fled away at their approach.

Antioch was so warmly pressed, and the garrison had so little means of defence, that the Crusaders expected every day to be masters of it. Accien demanded a truce, and promised to surrender if not speedily succoured. The Crusaders, always full of blind confidence, had the imprudence to accept the proposals of the governor. As soon as they had made a truce with the Saracens, the leaders of the army,

who seldom agreed anywhere but in the field of battle, and whom danger even could not always unite, were on the point of declaring war among themselves.

Baldwin, prince of Edessa, had sent some magnificent presents to Godfrey, the two Roberts, the count de Vermandois, and the counts of Blois and Chartres; he had distributed sums of money to the whole army; but in bestowing his largesses, he had purposely left out Bohemond and his soldiers. This was quite enough to create a division. Whilst the Christian army was loud in the praises of the liberality of Baldwin, the prince of Tarentum and his warriors breathed nothing but complaints and murmurs.

At the same time, a richly ornamented tent, which an Armenian prince destined for Godfrey, and which, falling into the hands of Pancratius, was sent to Bohemond, became a fresh subject of trouble and discord. Godfrey haughtily claimed the present which had been intended for him; Bohemond refused to give it up. Both parties proceeded to abuse and threats; they were eager to have recourse to arms, and Christian blood was about to flow in a contemptible quarrel. But at length the prince of Tarentum, abandoned by the greater part of the army and conquered by the prayers of his friends, surrendered the tent to his rival, consoling his vexation with the hope that the chance of war would soon bestow upon him a much richer booty.

Whilst these quarrels occupied the Christian army, the inhabitants of Antioch received reinforcements and prepared for a fresh resistance. When they had obtained all they stood in need of, they broke the truce and recommenced the war with all the advantages a foolishly-granted peace had given them.

Antioch, after a seven months' siege, would have escaped the hands of the Christians, if cunning, policy, and ambition had not done more for their cause than patience and valour had been able to do. Bohemond, whom the hopes of bettering his fortunes had drawn into the crusade, was always on the watch to realize his projects. The success of Baldwin had roused his jealousy, and pursued him even in his sleep. He ventured to cast his eyes upon Antioch, and was sufficiently favoured by circumstances to find a man who had it

in his power to place that city in his hands. This man, who was named *Phirous*, was the son of an Armenian, a maker of cuirasses. Of a restless, uneasy character, he was constantly in hopes of changing his condition. He had abjured the Christian religion in a spirit of inconstancy and with the expectation of advancing his fortune. He was endowed with wonderful coolness, with unconquerable audacity, and was always ready to do that for money which could scarcely be expected from the most ardent fanaticism. To satisfy his ambition and avarice, nothing appeared unjust or impossible. Being active, cunning, and insinuating, he had obtained the confidence of Accien, who admitted him to his counsels. The prince of Antioch had confided the command of three of his principal towers to him. He at first defended them with zeal, but without any advantage to his fortune: he grew weary of a sterile fidelity as soon as he was brought to think that treachery might be more profitable to him.

In the intervals between the battles he had had frequent opportunities of seeing the prince of Tarentum. These two men divined each other's character at first sight, and were not long in coming to an understanding. Phirous complained of the outrages he had received from the Mussulmans; he lamented having abandoned the religion of Christ, and wept over the persecutions the Christians of Antioch endured. There required no more than this to make such a man as the prince of Tarentum acquainted with the secret thoughts of the renegade. He commended his remorse, approved of his sentiments, and made him most magnificent promises. Then Phirous opened his heart to him. They swore a mutual and inviolable attachment, and promised to keep up an active correspondence. They afterwards saw each other several times, but always with the greatest secrecy. At every interview, Bohemond told Phirous that the fate of the Crusaders was in his hands, and that it only remained with himself to obtain an immense recompense from them. On his side, Phirous protested that he had a great desire to serve the Crusaders, whom he looked upon as his brothers; and to assure the prince of Tarentum of his fidelity, or to excuse his treachery, he said that Christ had appeared to him and advised him to give Antioch up to the

Christians. Bohemond had no need of a similar protestation. He had no trouble in believing what he wished for with so much ardour; and when he had agreed with Phirous upon the means by which the projects they had a long time meditated should be executed, he called an assembly of the principal leaders of the Christian army. He dwelt with great warmth upon the evils which to that period had desolated the Crusaders, and the yet greater evils with which they were still threatened. He added that a powerful army was advancing to the succour of Antioch; that they could not retreat without shame and danger; and that there was no safety for the Christians but in the conquest of the city. The place, it was true, was defended by inexpugnable ramparts; but they must be aware that all victories are not gained by arms or in the field of battle; that those which were obtained by address were neither the least important nor the least glorious. They who could not be conquered might be seduced, and enemies might be overcome by an adroit and generous enterprise. Among the inhabitants of Antioch, widely differing in morals and religion, opposite in interests, there must be some to be found who would be accessible to baits of gold or to brilliant promises. It concerned a service of such importance to the Christian army, that all sorts of attempts were justifiable. The possession even of Antioch itself did not appear to him to be too much to hold out as a reward to him who should be skilful or fortunate enough to throw open the gates to the Crusaders.

Bohemond did not explain himself more clearly, but several of the leaders, who, perhaps, entertained the same views, easily fathomed his meaning. Raymond, in particular, spoke strongly against the artful insinuations of the prince of Tarentum. "We are all," said he, "brothers and companions in arms, and it would be unjust, that after having all run the same risk, one alone should gather the fruit of our labours. As for myself," added he, casting a look of anger and contempt at Bohemond, "I have not traversed so many countries, and braved so many perils; I have not been prodigal of my blood, my soldiers, and my treasures, to pay with the price of our conquests some gross artifice, some disgraceful stratagem, the invention of which should be left to women." As none of the Crusaders were

actuated by a more palpable ambition, or by meaner or more sordid views than Bohemond of Tarentum and Raymond of Toulouse, they were upon all occasions at variance, and by their wrangling laid their characters open to the whole army. Raymond's vehement words produced all the effect that might be expected among warriors accustomed to conquer by arms, and who valued no advantage that was not purchased by bravery. Most of the leaders rejected Bohemond's proposals, and joined their railleries to those of Raymond. Bohemond, with his Ulyssian tact, did his best to conceal his vexation and malice. He left the council with a smile on his lip, perfectly satisfied that necessity would soon bring the Crusaders to his opinion.

He made it his first business to spread, by means of emissaries, the most alarming reports throughout the camp. Some of the leaders went out to reconnoitre, and to learn if there were any foundation for these rumours. They speedily returned, announcing the approach of Kerbogha, sultan of Mossoul, with an army of two hundred thousand men. This army, which had threatened Edessa and ravaged Mesopotamia, was within seven days' march of Antioch. At this account the fears of the Crusaders were redoubled. Bohemond went among the ranks, exaggerating the peril; he affected more distress and terror than the rest, but in his heart he rejoiced at the idea of soon seeing his hopes accomplished. The leaders again assembled to deliberate upon the measures that ought to be taken under such perilous circumstances. Two opinions divided the council. Some proposed that they should raise the siege, and go and meet the Saracens; others, that the army should be divided into two bodies, one of which should march against Kerbogha, and the other remain in charge of the camp. This last advice was about to prevail, when Bohemond demanded permission to speak. He had not much difficulty in demonstrating the difficulties of both plans. If they raised the siege, they would be placed between the garrison of Antioch and a formidable army. If they continued the blockade, and half the army only went to meet Kerbogha, they would certainly risk a double defeat. "The greatest perils," added the prince of Tarentum, "surround us. Time presses; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late to act; to-morrow we

shall have lost the fruit of all our labours and all our victories. But no, I cannot think so ; God, who has conducted us hither, will not permit that we should have fought in his cause in vain. He will save the Christian army, he will lead us to the tomb of His Son. If you will listen to the proposal I am about to make to you, to-morrow the standard of the cross shall float over the walls of Antioch, and we shall march in triumph to Jerusalem."

On finishing these words, Bohemond exhibited the letters of Phirous, in which he promised to surrender the three towers he commanded. Phirous declared that he was ready to fulfil his promises, but that he would have nothing to do with any one but the prince of Tarentum. He required, as the price of his services, that Bohemond should remain master of Antioch. The Italian prince affirmed that he had already given considerable sums to Phirous ; that he alone had obtained his confidence, and that a reciprocal confidence was the surest guarantee of success in so difficult an enterprise. "As to the rest," added he, "if a better means of saving the army can be found, I am ready to approve of it, and will willingly renounce my share of a conquest upon which the safety of all the Crusaders depends."

The peril daily became greater ; it was disgraceful to fly, imprudent to fight, and dangerous to temporize. Fear put all the interests of rivalry to silence. The greater the opposition the leaders had at first shown to the proposals of Bohemond, the more abundant did they now find the reasons for adopting them. A divided conquest was no conquest ; besides, a partition of Antioch might give birth to a thousand differences in the army, and lead to its ruin. They only gave away that which they did not possess, and they gave it to secure the lives of the Christians. Better one should profit by the labours of all, than that all should perish out of opposition to the good fortune of one. Besides, the taking of Antioch was not the great object of the Crusade ; they had taken arms to deliver Jerusalem. Every delay was contrary to what religion hoped for from its soldiers, and to what the West expected from its bravest knights. All the leaders, except the inflexible Raymond, united in granting the principality of Antioch to Bohemond, and conjured him to press the execution of his project.

The moment he left the council, Bohemond informed Phirous of what had taken place, and the latter sent him his son as a hostage. The execution of the plan was fixed for the next day. To leave the garrison of Antioch in the greater security, the Christians were to quit their camp and direct their march towards the route by which Kerbogha's army was expected, and were to return to the walls of Antioch during the night. The next day, at dawn, the troops received orders to prepare for their departure; they left the camp a few hours before nightfall, with trumpets sounding and ensigns flying, and after a short march retraced their steps, and came in silence towards Antioch. At a signal given by the prince of Tarentum, they halted in a valley west of the city, near the tower of the Three Sisters, commanded by Phirous. It was there that the secret of the great enterprise which was to open the gates to them was revealed to the Christian army.

These deeply-laid plans, however, were very near failing. At the moment the army left the camp, a report was circulated in Antioch that a plot was on foot. The Christians and newly-converted Mussulmans were suspected, and the name of Phirous was heard coupled with accusations of keeping up an intelligence with the besiegers. He was obliged to appear before Accien, who interrogated him sternly, with his eyes fixed upon him, to read his purpose in his countenance: but Phirous dispersed all suspicions by his self-possession. He himself proposed measures for detecting the traitors, if there were any; and advised his master to change the commanders of the principal towers. This advice was highly approved of, and Accien said he would follow it the next day. At the same time orders were issued to place all the Christians in the city in chains during the darkness of night. The renegade was then sent to his post, loaded with praises for his exactitude and fidelity. As night approached, everything appeared tranquil in Antioch, and Phirous, thinking his danger was over, awaited the Crusaders in the tower he had engaged to surrender.

As his brother commanded a tower next to his, he went to him, and endeavoured to draw him into the plot. "Brother," said he, "you know that the Crusaders are gone to meet Kerbogha. When I reflect upon the miseries

they have endured, and upon the death which threatens them, I cannot help entertaining a kind of pity for them. You are not ignorant that the Christian inhabitants of Antioch, after having suffered all sorts of outrages, are to be massacred by the orders of Accien. I cannot help pitying them, nor can I forget that we were born of the same religion, and were formerly brethren." These words did not produce the effect Phirous expected. "I am astonished," replied his brother, "that you should pity men who ought to inspire you with nothing but horror. Before the Crusaders arrived before Antioch, we were loaded with blessings. We have since passed our lives amidst dangers and alarms. May all the ills they have brought us recoil upon themselves! As for the Christians residing among us, don't you know that they are almost all traitors, and only wish to deliver us to the swords of our enemies?" At these words he cast a threatening glance upon Phirous. The renegade saw that he was at least suspected. He acknowledged no brother in the man who refused to be his accomplice, and, as his only reply, plunged his dagger into his heart.

The decisive moment arrived. The night was dark, and a storm which had risen, considerably augmented the obscurity. The wind, which shook the roofs of the houses, together with the incessant peals of thunder, prevented the soldiers from hearing any noise round the ramparts. The sky looked inflamed towards the west, and the sight of a comet, which appeared above the horizon, seemed to announce to the superstitious minds of the Crusaders the moment destined for the destruction of the infidels. They awaited the signal with impatience. A Lombard, named Payen, sent by Bohemond, ascended the tower by a ladder of leather. Phirous received him, told him all was prepared, and, to convince him of his fidelity, pointed to the dead body of his brother. Whilst they were talking, an officer of the garrison came to visit the posts. He presented himself with a lantern before the tower. Phirous, without showing the least fear, concealed Bohemond's messenger, and went forward to meet the officer. He received praises for his vigilance, and then hastened to send back Payen. The Lombard rejoined his comrades, and conjured Bohemond, on the part of Phirous, not to lose a moment.

But all at once a panic seized the soldiers: at the moment of execution, they perceived the full extent of the danger. Not one came forward to mount the ladder. In vain Godfrey and the prince of Tarentum employed by turns promises and threats: both leaders and soldiers remained motionless. Bohemond then ascended by a rope ladder, with the hope that his example would be followed by some of the bravest; but nobody felt it his duty to meet the risk. He arrived alone on the tower, where Phirous reproached him warmly for his tardiness. Bohemond redescended in haste, and told the soldiers all was ready to receive them. His words, but still more his example, at length revived the courage of the men. Sixty Crusaders prepared for the escalade. Encouraged by one Foulcher of Chartres, whom the historian of Tancred compares to an eagle conducting his young ones and flying at their head, they seized the ladder of leather and ascended the tower. Among these sixty was the count of Flanders, with many of the principal leaders. Sixty others soon followed the steps of the first, and these were followed by such numbers, and so precipitately, that the parapet to which the ladder was fastened gave way, and fell with a crash into the ditch. Those who were near the summit of the walls fell upon the lances and swords of their companions. All was confusion and disorder among the assailants; the leaders of the enterprise nevertheless looked on with a tranquil eye. Phirous, over the bloody body of his brother, embraced his new companions, gave up to their swords another brother who was with him, and put them in possession of the three towers confided to his command. Seven other towers soon fell into their hands. Phirous then called upon all the Christian army to advance; he fastened a fresh ladder to the rampart, by which the most impatient ascended, and pointed out to others a gate they could break in, and by which they entered the city in crowds.

Godfrey, Raymond, and the count of Normandy were soon in the streets of Antioch with their battalions. All the trumpets were sounded, and the four hills of the city resounded with the terrible cry, "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*" At the first report of the tumult, the Christian inhabitants of Antioch believed their last hour to be come, and that the Mussulmans were about to cut their throats.

The latter, half-asleep, crawled from their houses to inquire the cause of the noise they heard, and died without knowing who were the traitors, or by what hand they were struck. Some, when aware of the danger, fled towards the mountain upon which the citadel was built; whilst others rushed out at the gates of the city. All who could not fly fell beneath the swords of the conquerors.

Notwithstanding the confusion, Bohemond did not fail to take possession of Antioch; and when day appeared, his red flag was seen floating over one of the highest towers of the city. At sight of this, the Crusaders left in charge of the camp uttered loud shouts of joy, and flocked to the city to partake of the new conquest. The slaughter of the Mussulmans was pursued with fury. The Christians, who had suffered much, exhibited their chains to their liberators, and increased their thirst for blood: the public places were covered with dead bodies, and blood flowed down all the streets. Every house and thing that was not marked with a cross was the object of their fury; all who did not pronounce the name of Christ were massacred without mercy.

In a single night, more than ten thousand of the inhabitants of Antioch perished; many who attempted to escape were brought back to either death or slavery. Accien, finding he was betrayed, and not daring to place confidence in any of his officers, resolved to fly towards Mesopotamia, and meet Kerbogha. After leaving the gates, he was proceeding without any escort, through forests and over mountains, when he fell in with some Armenian woodcutters. These men recognised the prince of Antioch, and as he was without a train, and bore upon his countenance the marks of depression and grief, they judged the city must be taken. One of them went up to him, snatched his sword from him, and plunged it into his heart. His head was brought to the new masters of Antioch, and Phirous was able to contemplate without fear the features of him who, the evening before, might have commanded his death. After having received great wealth as the reward of his treachery, the renegade re-embraced the Christianity he had abandoned, and followed the Crusaders to Jerusalem. Two years after, his ambition not being satisfied, he returned to the religion of Mahomet, and died abhorred by both Mussulmans and

Christians, whose cause he had by turns embraced and betrayed.

When tired of slaughter, the Christians turned their attention towards the citadel; but that, being situated upon an almost inaccessible mountain, set their efforts at defiance. They satisfied themselves with surrounding it with machines of war and soldiers, and proceeded to indulge in all the intoxication inspired by their victory. The pillage of Antioch yielded immense treasures; and, although provisions did not abound, they gave themselves up to intemperance and debauchery.

These things took place in the early part of June, 1098; the siege had commenced in the month of October, the preceding year. After this success, for we cannot call it a victory, three days quickly passed away in rejoicings and festivity; but the fourth was a day of fear and of mourning.

A formidable army of Saracens approached Antioch. All the powers of the East were roused by the successes of the Christians, and Asia Minor seemed to be in arms to repel the attack of Europe. Kerbogha, sultan of Mossoul, commanded the Mussulman forces. This formidable leader had gained great experience in civil wars. Despising the Christians and confident in himself, the true model of the fierce Circassian celebrated by Tasso, he already considered himself the liberator of Asia. Three sultans, the governor of Jerusalem, and twenty-eight emirs, marched in his train. Animated by the thirst of vengeance, the Mussulman soldiers swore by their prophet to exterminate the Christians; and, three days after the taking of Antioch, the army of Kerbogha pitched their tents upon the banks of the Orontes. Their approach was announced to the Christians by the appearance of three hundred horsemen, who came under the walls to reconnoitre. Anxiety and alarm instantly succeeded to joy and excess; for they at once perceived that they had not provisions for a siege. Troops were sent to forage in all directions, but as the territory of Antioch had been ravaged for several months, they returned, to the consternation of their comrades, almost empty-handed. The moment the infidels arrived, they attacked the advanced posts of the Crusaders. In these early combats, the Christians had to lament the loss of some of their bravest

warriors. Bohemond was wounded in a sortie. In vain Tancred and Godfrey performed prodigies of valour; the Mussulmans drove the Christians into the city, in which they were now, in their turn, besieged.

Placed between the vast Mussulman army and the garrison of the citadel, the position of the Crusaders was awful. Kerbogha took possession of the port of St. Simeon, so that no provisions could reach them by sea, and famine very quickly began to exercise cruel ravages upon the besieged.

At the very commencement of the siege, the commonest necessaries were worth their weight in gold. A moderate-sized loaf was worth a byzant, an egg as much as six Lucchese deniers; a pound-weight of silver was given for the head of an ox, of a horse, or of an ass. Godfrey gave fifteen silver marks for a lean camel, and three marks for a goat, which, at other times, would have been disdained by the meanest soldier of his army. Our readers will not fail to observe that these prices did not only bespeak the scarcity of provisions, they announced the abundance of money;—the army was rich with the late plunder of the city. After having slaughtered most of their horses, they were obliged to have recourse to unclean animals. The soldiers and the poor who followed the army lived upon leaves and roots; some even went so far as to devour the leather of their bucklers and shoes: the most destitute exhumed the bodies of the Saracens, and, to support their wretched existence, disputed his prey with Death. In this frightful distress, agonized mothers could no longer support their children, and with them died of despair and hunger. Princes and knights, whose pride had been most conspicuous, were debased to the asking of charity. The count of Flanders went about the streets and to the houses of Antioch, begging for the grossest food, and which he frequently could not obtain. More than one leader sold his equipments and his arms to purchase food for a single day. As long as the duke of Lorraine had anything eatable left, he shared it with his companions; at length he made the sacrifice of his last war-horse, and was, like the other Crusaders, reduced to the most cruel necessity.

Many of the Crusaders endeavoured to fly from a city which presented nothing but the image and the prospect of

death; some fled towards the sea, through a thousand dangers; others cast themselves amongst the Mussulmans, where they purchased a morsel of bread by abandonment of Christ and his religion. The soldiers lost courage at seeing the count de Melun fly, for the second time: he could brave any dangers in the field of battle, but he could not endure hunger and misery. His desertion was preceded by that of the count de Blois, who bore the standard of the Crusaders, and presided in council. He had quitted the army two days before the taking of Antioch; and when he learnt the arrival of Kerbogha, marched towards Constantinople. The deserters escaped during the darkness of night. Sometimes they precipitated themselves into the ditches of the city, at the risk of their lives; and others slipped down the rampart with the aid of ropes. The Christians found themselves every day abandoned by a great number of their companions; which added to their despair. Heaven was invoked against these cowards; God was implored that in another life they might share the punishment of the traitor Judas. The ignominious epithet of *rope-dancers* was affixed to their names, and devoted them to the scorn of their contemporaries. William of Tyre refuses to name any of these fugitives, as he considers them razed from the Book of Life. The ill-wishes of the Christians directed against these fugitives were but too completely fulfilled; most of them perished of want, and the rest were killed by the Saracens.

Stephen, count of Chartres, more fortunate than his companions, arrived safely at the camp of Alexius, who was advancing at the head of an army towards Antioch. To excuse his desertion, he did not fail to paint in the darkest colours the ills and perils of the Christians, and to make it evident by his recital that God had abandoned the cause of the Christians. The despair of some Latin pilgrims who followed the army of the Greeks was so violent, that it inspired them with horrible blasphemies. They demanded with groans why the true God had permitted the destruction of His people? why He had allowed to fall into the hands of His enemies those who came to deliver the tomb of His Son? Nothing was heard among the Latin Crusaders but these strange speeches; the most violent in his despair being Gny, the brother of Bohemond. In the excess of his grief,

he blasphemed more than any of the rest, and said he could not understand the mysteries of Providence, which betrayed the cause of the Christians.

The emperor Alexius, who had advanced as far as Philomelum, terrified at all he heard, did not dare to continue his march towards Antioch. He thought, says Anna Comnena, that it would be rash to endeavour to succour a city whose fortifications had been ruined by a long siege, and had no defenders but soldiers reduced to the lowest misery. Alexius still further reflected, adds the same historian, upon the indiscretion and the inconstancy of the Franks, upon their manner of making war without either art or rules; upon the imprudence with which, after having conquered their enemies, they allowed themselves to be surprised by the very people they had conquered. He thought likewise of the difficulty he should have in making his arrival known to the Crusaders, and of the still greater difficulty of agreeing with their leaders respecting the measures to be taken in order to save them.

All these motives were one-sidedly reasonable. Alexius hated the Crusaders quite as much as he did the Turks, and no doubt rejoiced to see them destroy each other. He returned towards Constantinople, dragging in his train half the inhabitants of the countries he passed through, they being afraid of being left to the mercy of the Mussulmans.

The news of this retreat completed the despair of the Christians: hope was gone; deaths increased awfully; their enfeebled hands could scarcely wield the lance or the sword; they had neither the strength to defend their lives nor to bury the dead. Amidst such frightful misery, no more tears were seen to flow, no more groans were heard, the silence was as complete in Antioch as if it had been perpetual night, or that no one was left in it. The Crusaders were abandoned even by the courage of despair. The last feeling of nature, love of life, became fainter in their hearts every day; they dreaded to meet each other in the public places, and remained concealed in the interior of their houses, which they looked upon as their tombs.

The towers and ramparts were almost without defence. Bohemond, as lord of the place, in vain endeavoured by words and exertions to keep up the courage of the Cru-

saders; the summons of the serjeant-at-arms, or the trumpet-call, was equally unresponded to. Whilst the army without and the garrison of the citadel within renewed their assaults daily, the Christian warriors remained motionless in their dwellings. In order to rouse them, Bohemond set fire to several quarters of the city, destroying, as a pompous poet said, churches and palaces built with the cedar of Lebanon, in which shone marble from the Atlas, crystal from Tyre, brass from Cyprus, lead from Amathonte, and steel from England. The barons, unable to command the obedience of their soldiers, had not the strength to set them an example. And then came the melancholy reflections of home! They thought of their families, their castles, the wealth, the comforts they had abandoned to carry on this unfortunate war; they could not comprehend how such reverses should happen to them, and that the enemies of Christ should triumph, and almost, says William of Tyre, accused God of ingratitude for having rejected so many sacrifices made to the glory of His Son.

They offered to give up the city, upon being permitted to return to their country; but Kerbogha would listen to nothing but unconditional surrender, which implied all the horrors of barbarous revenge. The European invasion of Asia was such an extraordinary event, that the Saracens, perhaps wisely, deemed a severe lesson necessary. If the Roman Catholics of France were to invade England out of reverence for St. Thomas of Canterbury, we should not think such madmen deserving of much mercy.

But some of the leaders, who knew how the minds of many of the Crusaders had been worked upon to undertake the enterprise, had recourse in this extreme distress to similar motives of action: they industriously circulated accounts of visions and supernatural revelations, all pointing to a happy issue.

In order to realize the promises of Heaven, a priest of the diocese of Marseilles, named Pierre Barthélemi, appeared before the council of the leaders, for the purpose of revealing an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been repeated three times whilst he was asleep. The holy apostle had said to him,—“Go to the church of my brother Peter, at Antioch: near the high altar you will find, on digging the earth, the

iron of the lance which pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days, that instrument of eternal salvation shall be manifested to His disciples: that mystic iron, borne at the head of the army, will effect the delivery of the Christians and pierce the hearts of the infidels."

Adhemar, Raymond, and the other leaders affected to believe this tale. The report of it was soon spread throughout the army. The soldiers said solemnly to each other, that nothing was impossible to the God of the Christians; they likewise believed that the glory of Christ was interested in their safety, and that God ought to perform miracles to save his disciples and defenders. During three days the Christian army prepared itself by fasting and prayer for the discovery of this holy lance.

On the morning of the third day, twelve Crusaders chosen from amongst the most respectable of the clergy and knights, repaired to the great church of Antioch, accompanied by a vast number of labourers provided with the necessary tools. They began to dig the ground under the high altar; the greatest silence prevailed in the church; every instant the spectators expected to behold the glittering of the miraculous iron. The whole army, assembled outside the closed doors, awaited impatiently the result of the search. The diggers had worked during several hours, and had thrown out the earth to the depth of twelve feet, without the appearance of any lance. Night came on, and nothing was discovered; and yet the impatience of the Crusaders seemed to be increased rather than diminished by disappointment. The labourers rested for a while, and then in the darkness of the night resumed their operations. Whilst the twelve witnesses were bent in prayer round the hole, Barthélemi leaped into it, and in a very short time reappeared with the sacred iron in his hand. Our readers will smile at this poor trick; but let them glance at the superstitions of the period, and they will be satisfied that historians have not deceived them with respect to this lance or its miraculous effects. A cry of joy was uttered by all present; it was repeated by the anxious army at the doors, and soon resounded through every quarter of the city. The iron to which so many hopes were attached, was exhibited in triumph to the Crusaders; it appeared to them a celestial weapon with which God him-

self would disperse His enemies. Enthusiasm gave fresh life to the Crusaders, and seemed to restore strength to the soldiers. The horrors of the famine were forgotten; the numbers of their enemies were despised: the most pusillanimous thirsted for the blood of the Saracens; and all demanded with loud cries to be led out to battle.

The leaders of the army who had thus excited the enthusiasm of the soldiers were too prudent to let it slumber. They sent deputies to the Saracens to offer them either a single combat or a general engagement. Peter the Hermit, who had, in the lance-scene, evinced more exaltation than any one, was selected for this embassy. Although received with contempt in the camp of the infidels, he spoke with none the less haughtiness and pride: "The princes assembled in Antioch," said he to the Saracen leaders, "have sent me to you, to demand justice. These provinces, marked with the blood of martyrs, have belonged to Christian peoples, and as all Christian peoples are brothers, we are come into Asia to avenge the outrages of those who are persecuted, and to defend the heritage of Christ and his disciples. Heaven has allowed the cities of Syria to fall for a time into the power of infidels, as a chastisement for the offences of his people; but learn that the vengeance of the Most High is at length appeased; learn that the tears and repentance of the Christians have wrested the sword from the hand of divine justice, and that the God of armies is risen to combat for us. Nevertheless, we still consent to speak of peace; I conjure you, in the name of the all-powerful God, to abandon the territories of Antioch, and return into your own country. The Christians promise you, by my voice, not to interrupt your retreat. We will put up vows that the true God may touch your hearts, and show you the truth of our faith. If Heaven deigns to listen to us, how delightful it will be to us to give you the name of brethren, and to conclude with you a durable peace! But if you are unwilling to receive either the advantages of peace or the blessings of the Christian religion, let the fate of arms decide the justice of our cause. As the Christians do not wish to be surprised, and as they are incapable of stealing a victory, they offer you the choice of the battle."

On finishing these words, Peter fixed his eyes upon the

countenance of the leader of the Saracens: "Choose," said he, "the bravest of thy army, and let them fight with a similar number of the Crusaders; fight thyself with one of the Christian princes, or give the signal for a general battle. Whichever be thy choice, thou shalt soon learn what thy enemies are, and shalt know who is the God we serve."

Kerbogha, who was acquainted with the situation of the Christians, but who knew nothing of the kind of succour they had received in their distress, was extremely surprised at such language. He remained for some time mute with astonishment and rage; but at length recovering himself: "Return," cried he to Peter, "return to those that sent thee, and tell them that the conquered receive conditions, and do not dictate them. Miserable vagabonds, attenuated wretches, phantoms can inspire fear in none but women. The warriors of Asia are not to be terrified with words. The Christians shall soon learn that the land we tread on belongs to us. Nevertheless, I am desirous of showing them some pity, and if they will acknowledge Mahomet, I may be able to forget that the city, ravaged by hunger, is already in my power; I may leave it in their power, and give them clothes, food, women—all they stand in need of; for the Koran commands us to pardon those who submit to its laws. Tell thy companions to be quick, and profit to-day by my clemency; to-morrow they shall not leave Antioch but by the sword. They will then see if their crucified God, who could not save himself from the cross, can save them from the fate which is prepared for them."

This speech was warmly applauded by the Saracens, whose fanaticism it rekindled. Peter wanted to reply, but the sultan of Mossoul, laying his hand upon his sabre, commanded the miserable mendicants, who united insolence to blindness, to be driven out of his camp. The Christian deputies retired in haste, and several times ran great risk of their lives in passing through the army of the infidels. On his return to Antioch, Peter gave the assembled princes and barons an account of his mission; and they prepared for the great contest. The heralds-at-arms visited the various quarters of the city, and the impatient valour of the Crusaders was promised battle on the ensuing day.

The priests and bishops exhorted the Christians to render

themselves worthy of fighting in the cause of Christ: the whole army passed the night in prayer and acts of devotion. Injuries were forgiven, alms were bestowed; all the churches were filled with warriors, humbling themselves before God, and asking absolution for their sins. The evening before, a considerable quantity of provisions had been discovered, and this unexpected abundance was looked upon as a kind of miracle. The Crusaders repaired their strength by a frugal repast: towards midnight, all the bread and flour that remained in Antioch served for the sacrifice of the mass. A hundred thousand warriors approached the tribunal of penitence, and received, with all the marks of piety, what they believed to be the God for whom they had taken up arms.

At length day appeared; it was the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. The gates of Antioch were thrown open, and the Christian army marched out, divided into twelve bodies, which reminded them of the twelve apostles. Hugh the Great, although weakened by a long illness, appeared in the foremost ranks, bearing the standard of the Church. All the princes, knights, and barons were at the head of their men-at-arms. The count of Toulouse was the only leader not in the ranks; detained in Antioch, in consequence of a wound, he was charged with keeping the garrison in check whilst the battle was fought.

Raymond of Agiles, one of the historians of the Crusade, bore the holy lance, and exhibited it to the soldiers. Bishop Adhemar marched by his side, announcing to the Crusaders the assistance of the heavenly legions which God had promised them. A part of the clergy advanced in procession at the head of the army, singing the martial psalm: "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be dispersed." The bishops and priests who remained in Antioch, surrounded by the women and children, from the heights of the ramparts, blessed the arms of the Crusaders, and raising their hands towards heaven, prayed the Lord to save His people, and confound the pride of his enemies. The banks of the Orontes and the neighbouring mountains seemed to reply to these invocations, and resounded with the war-cry of the Crusaders, *Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*

Amidst this concert of acclamations and prayers the Christian army advanced into the plain. To consider only

the state to which it was reduced, it had rather the appearance of a vanquished army than of one which was marching to victory. A great number of the Crusaders were almost without clothes. Most of the knights and barons marched on foot. Some were mounted on asses, and some on camels; and, which is worthy of note on such a day, Godfrey Bouillon was obliged to borrow a horse of the count of Toulouse. In the ranks were sickly attenuated men, marching with difficulty, and only supported by the hope of either conquering or dying in the cause of Christ.

All the plains near Antioch were covered with Mussulman battalions. The Saracens had divided their army into fifteen bodies, arranged in *échelons*. In the midst of all these bodies, that of Kerbogha looked like an inaccessible mountain. The Saracen general, who had no expectation of a battle, at first supposed that the Christians were coming to implore his clemency. A black flag, hoisted on the citadel of Antioch, which was the signal agreed upon to announce the resolution of the Crusaders, soon convinced him that he had not to deal with supplicants. Two thousand men of his army, who guarded the bridge of Antioch, were cut to pieces by the count de Vermandois. The fugitives carried terror to the tent of their general, who was playing at chess at the time. Roused from his false security, Kerbogha ordered the head of a deserter, who had announced to him the speedy surrender of the Christians, to be struck off, and prepared for battle.

On leaving Antioch, the Christian army advanced westward, towards the point where the mountains approach the Orontes. Drawn up in battle-array on a vast space where the mountains formed a half-circle around them, and secured them from surprise, their line extended into the plain a league from the city. Hugh, the two Roberts, the count de Belesme, and the count of Hainault placed themselves at the head of the left wing; Godfrey was on the right wing, supported by Eustache, Baldwin du Bourg, Tancred, Renaud de Toul, and Erard de Puyset. Adhemar was in the centre, with Gaston de Béarn, the count de Die, Raimbaut of Orange, William of Montpellier, and Amenjeu d'Albret. Bohemond commanded a body of reserve, ready to fly to any point where the Christians should require help. When

Kerbogha saw the dispositions of the Christians, he ordered the sultans of Nicea, Damascus, and Aleppo to make the tour of the mountain, and afterwards reascend the Orontes, so as to place themselves between the Christian army and the city of Antioch. He at the same time drew up his army, to receive the Christians and repulse their attack. He placed his troops partly on the heights, partly in the plain. His right wing was commanded by the emir of Jerusalem, and his left by one of the sons of Accien. For himself, he remained upon a lofty hill, to give his orders, and watch the movements of the two armies.

At the moment the battle began, Kerbogha was seized with fear, and he sent to the Christian princes to propose a combat between a given number on each side, to prevent the general carnage. But this offer, which he had rejected the day before, was not likely to be adopted by the leaders of an army full of ardour and confident of victory. The Christians did not doubt that Heaven would declare for them, and this persuasion must render them invincible. In their enthusiasm they looked upon the most natural events as prodigies which announced the triumph of their arms. A ball of fire, which the evening before had passed over Antioch, and burst over the Saracen camp, appeared to them a certain forerunner of victory. As they left Antioch, a slight rain refreshed the hot air of the season and the climate, and appeared in their eyes a fresh proof of the favour of Heaven. A strong wind, which added speed to their javelins and impeded those of the enemy, was for them like the wind of celestial anger, raised to disperse the infidels. Animated by these persuasions, the Christian army was impatient for the fight. They marched towards the enemy in perfect order: a profound silence prevailed, broken alone by the voices of the commanders, the hymns of the priests, and the exhortations of Adhemar.

All at once the Saracens commenced the attack; they discharged a shower of arrows, and rushed upon the Christians, uttering barbarous howlings. In spite of their impetuous charge, their right wing was quickly repulsed and broken by the Christians. Godfrey met with greater resistance in their left wing; he, however, succeeded in shaking it, and throwing their ranks into disorder. At the

moment the troops of Kerbogha began to give way, the sultan of Nicea, who had made the tour of the mountain and returned along the banks of the Orontes, fell upon the rear of the Christians with such impetuosity as to threaten the destruction of the body of reserve under Bohemond. The Crusaders, who fought on foot, could not stand against the first charge of the Saracen cavalry. Hugh the Great, when warned of the danger of Bohemond, abandoned the pursuit of the fugitives and flew to the succour of the reserve. Then the fight was renewed with fresh fury. Kilidj-Arslan, who had to avenge the disgrace of several defeats, as well as the loss of his states, fought like a lion at the head of his troops. A squadron of three thousand Saracen horsemen, all bristling with steel, and armed with clubs, carried disorder and terror into the ranks of the Christians. The standard of the count de Vermandois was borne off and retaken, covered with the blood of Crusaders and infidels. Godfrey and Tancred, who flew to the aid of Hugh and Bohemond, signalized their strength and courage by the death of many Mussulmans. The sultan of Nicea, whom no reverse could subdue, still sustained the shock of the Christians. In the heat of the fight he caused lighted flax to be cast among the heath and dried grass which covered the plain. A conflagration quickly ensued, which encircled the Christians with volumes of fire and smoke. Their ranks were for a moment broken, and they paid no attention to the voices of their leaders. The sultan of Nicea was about to gather the fruit of his stratagem, and victory was on the point of escaping from the hand of the Christians.

At that moment, say the historians, a squadron was seen coming down from the mountains. It was preceded by three horsemen clothed in white, and covered with shining arms: "Behold!" shouted Bishop Adhemar, "behold the celestial succour that was promised you. Heaven declares for the Christians; the holy martyrs, George, Demetrius, and Theodore, are come to fight for us." Immediately all eyes were turned towards the celestial legion. A new ardour took possession of the hearts of the Crusaders, who were persuaded that God himself was come to their succour; the war-cry *Dieu le veut* was shouted with as much vigour

as at the commencement of the battle. The women and children animated the warriors by their acclamations from the battlements; and the priests continued to pray and sing aloud their hymns and sacred songs of encouragement to the host.

Every Crusader became a hero; nothing could resist their impetuous shock. In a moment the Saracens were shaken everywhere, and only fought in wild disorder. They made an effort to rally on the other side of a torrent, and again on an elevated spot, whence their clarions and trumpets resounded; but the count de Vermandois attacked them in this last intrenchment, and quickly put them to the rout. There was shortly no safety for them but in flight. The banks of the Orontes, the woods, the plains, the mountains, were covered with fugitives, who abandoned their arms and their baggage.

Kerbogha, who had prematurely announced the defeat of the Christians to the caliph of Bagdad and the sultan of Persia, fled with all speed towards the Euphrates, escorted by a small number of his most faithful soldiers. Several emirs had fled before the end of the battle. Tancred and some others, mounted upon the horses of the conquered, pursued till nightfall the sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, the emir of Jerusalem, and the dispersed wreck of the Saracen army. The conquerors set fire to the intrenchments, behind which the enemy's infantry had taken refuge. A great number of Mussulmans perished there in the flames.

According to many contemporary historians, the infidels left a hundred thousand dead on the field of battle. Four thousand Crusaders lost their lives on this glorious day, and were placed in the list of martyrs.

The Christians found abundance in the tents of their enemies; fifteen thousand camels and a vast number of horses fell into their hands. In the camp of the Saracens, where they passed the night, they admired at leisure the luxury of the Orientals, and examined with surprise the tent of the king of Mossoul, in all parts of which glittered gold and precious stones, and which, divided into long streets, flanked by high towers, resembled a fortified city. They employed several days in carrying into Antioch the

spoils of the conquered. The booty was immense, and every soldier found himself richer than when he left Europe.

The Saracen army was composed of newly-raised troops, from nations generally at feud one with another; and of the twenty-eight emirs who accompanied Kerbogha, scarcely any two were disposed to act in concert, or acknowledge the authority of one leader. On the contrary, strange to say, the most perfect union prevailed on that day among the Christians.

When the danger was past, the holy lance, which had given so much confidence to the Crusaders during the battle, lost all its miraculous influence, and no longer enjoyed their veneration. As it remained in the hands of the count of Toulouse and the Provençals, to whom it at first attracted a great number of offerings, the other nations were unwilling to leave them the advantage of a miracle which augmented their consideration and wealth. Some time after, when the Christians had undergone new disasters, the subject of the holy lance was brought before the army by either sceptics or rivals, and Barthélemi was urged on by friends and foes, as well as by his own vanity, to undergo the ordeal of fire to prove his truth and the authenticity of the miracle. This resolution satisfied the army, and all the pilgrims were con-voked to be witnesses of the judgment of Heaven. On the day fixed, which happened to be Good-Friday, a funeral pile was constructed of olive-branches in the centre of a vast plain. Most of the Crusaders were assembled, and every-thing was prepared for the redoubtable trial. The flame had already risen to the height of twenty cubits, when Barthélemi appeared, accompanied by the priests, who advanced in silence, barefoot, and clothed in their sacerdotal habits. Covered with a simple tunic only, the priest of Marseilles carried the holy lance, surrounded with floating streamers. When he had arrived within a few paces of the pile, one of the principal clergy, in a loud voice, pronounced these words: "If this man has seen Jesus Christ face to face, and if the Apostle Andrew has revealed to him the holy lance, may he pass safe and sound through the flames; if, on the contrary, he is guilty of falsehood, may he be burnt, together with the lance which he bears in his hands."

At these words all present reverently bowed, and responded as with one voice, "The will of God be done!" Barthélemi threw himself on his knees, called Heaven to witness the truth of what he said, and recommending himself to the prayers of the priests and bishops, he rushed through the pile, where an opening of about two feet wide had been left for his passage. For a moment all lost sight of him. Several of the pilgrims began to weep, when he was seen to issue on the opposite side to that on which he had entered. He was immediately surrounded and pressed upon by a numberless crowd, who cried "Miracle," and contended for the honour of touching his garment. But Barthélemi was covered with mortal wounds; he was carried in a dying state to the tent of the count of Toulouse, where he expired a few days after, protesting his innocence and his veracity. He was buried on the spot where the pile had stood. Raymond de St. Gilles and the Provençals persisted in looking upon him as an apostle and a martyr; but most of the pilgrims were satisfied with the *judgment of God*, and the miraculous lance ceased to work prodigies.

We have taken this account principally from Michaud, the elegant author of the "History of the Crusades," and Gibbon; and we do not fear incurring the censure of our readers for giving it so much in detail, it being, in our opinion, the most interesting siege in all history.

N A P L E S.

MORTALLY chagrined at not being able to charm Ulysses to his destruction, the siren Parthenope drowned herself from pure spite; she was buried on the spot where Naples now stands, and gave her name to that city, one of the most beautifully situated in the world. Naples has undergone a great many sieges,—so many, that of some we shall be able to give but a very short notice.

FIRST SIEGE, A.D. 536.

Belisarius besieged Naples. That city, admirably situated, was defended by good ramparts and a numerous garrison. Its inhabitants had resolved to perish rather than surrender, and for twenty days all the assaults of the Roman general were in vain. He was about to abandon the enterprise, when a happy chance offered him the success he had ceased to hope for. An Isaurian soldier was curious to see the structure of an aqueduct which Belisarius had caused to be cut off at a considerable distance from the city, and there found a rock pierced with a channel large enough to allow water to flow through it, but not sufficiently wide to enable a man to pass. He thought that by enlarging this channel it would be possible to gain entrance into the city, and hastened to inform his general of the discovery. Belisarius secretly charged some Isaurians with the task, which they performed in a few hours, making a passage for an armed man. Belisarius, with his usual humanity, anxious to save life, had an interview with one of the principal citizens, and in vain endeavoured to persuade him to escape the cruelty of the soldiery by a surrender. Reduced to employ force, the Roman general selected that evening a body of four hundred men, completely armed, and as soon as it was dark led them, each being provided with a lantern, towards the aqueduct. They were preceded by two trumpets, which were to be sounded as soon as they were in the place.

Belisarius ordered the ladders to be ready for an escalade at the same time, all the troops being under arms. When the detachment had entered the aqueduct, the greater part of them were seized with a panic, and retraced their steps, in spite of the efforts of their conductors to urge them on. Belisarius had them replaced by two hundred of the bravest men of his army, when the others, ashamed of their cowardice, followed close upon their heels. The aqueduct, covered by a brick vault, penetrated far into the city; and the soldiers, without knowing it, were already beneath the streets of Naples, when they arrived at the mouth of the channel, in a basin, whose sides were high and impracticable to armed men. Their embarrassment was extreme; more continued coming, and there was not sufficient room for them in so small a place. One of the soldiers, more active and bold than the rest, took off his arms, climbed to the top, and found himself in the miserable ruins of an old building, inhabited by an old woman: he threatened to kill her if she opened her mouth. He then threw a cord down, the end of which he fastened to an olive-tree, and by this species of ladder the band of soldiers gained the top of the basin two hours before day. They advanced towards the wall on the northern side, surprised the guards of two towers, and put them to the sword. Masters of this part of the wall, they gave the signal agreed upon with the trumpets, and Belisarius immediately had the ladders planted. They were found to be too short; but he ordered two to be tied together, and by that means reached the parapets. The Romans spread themselves through the city, where they met with little resistance. The soldiers gave themselves up to blind indiscriminate cruelty. Belisarius succeeded at length in putting a stop to this frightful course, by threatening some and entreating others. After having abandoned the booty to them as a recompense for their valour, he re-established quiet in the city, and caused children to be restored to their parents, and wives to their husbands.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 543.

Totila laid siege to Naples. To intimidate the garrison, the king of the Goths caused Demetrius, the Roman general,

taken prisoner in a convoy, to be led close to the walls, loaded with chains and a cord about his neck, and compelled him to cry aloud to the besieged, that the emperor was not in a condition to send them any succours. This speech, but still more the famine which raged in the city, induced the Neapolitans to surrender.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 818.

Sicon, prince of Beneventum, declared war against the Neapolitans, and after a long siege, reduced them to the rank of tributaries.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1253.

Naples had yielded itself up to the Pope, upon which, the emperor Conrad laid siege to it, and shortly brought it back to a sense of its duty.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1381.

Pope Urban VI. having excommunicated Joan, the first queen of Naples, intrusted the execution of the sentence to Charles de Duras, whom that queen, a few years before, had declared her legitimate heir. This prince appeared at the gates of Naples, in which city he had many partisans. A great number of the inhabitants came over the walls to bring refreshments to his troops, by whom he learnt that the city was divided into three factions, the most powerful of which demanded him for king. Two Neopolitan knights serving in Charles's army, took a novel means of obtaining entrance to a besieged city. It had always been deemed that the sea formed a sufficient defence at what was called the Gate Conciara, and it was neither closed nor guarded. The knights, under the guidance of some deserters, swam close under the ramparts and entered the open gate without obstruction. They then advanced into the market-place, crying aloud, "Long live Charles Duras and Pope Urban!" Followed by the populace, they opened the market gate and admitted Charles and his army. The next day he laid siege to the castle, in which the queen had taken refuge. Joan, reduced to the

last extremity by famine, having no vessel in which to escape, and no resource but in her husband, Otho of Brunswick, who was made prisoner by Charles, was obliged to surrender.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1442.

Alphonso, king of Arragon, the implacable enemy of René of Anjou, who was a kind of titular king of Naples, laid siege to the capital of that country. This René is a character somewhat associated with our national historical recollections, being the father of Margaret of Anjou, one of the most remarkable of our queens. Alphonso was pressing the siege warmly, when a mason, named Anello, informed him that he was acquainted with an aqueduct by which it would be possible to penetrate to a house close to the gate of Capua; and if a number of soldiers and officers were introduced into that house, they could easily render themselves masters of that gate. The king determined to make the attempt, and appointed two companies of infantry for the service. Anello, stimulated by the hope of a great reward, placed himself at their head and conducted them to the *regard* (opening) of the aqueduct, more than a mile from the city. They proceeded in single files, with large lanterns, and armed with crossbows and partizans. Whilst Alphonso drew nearer to the walls to watch the event of this expedition, Anello and his troop followed the aqueduct till it brought them to the house of a tailor, near the gate of St. Sophia, where they issued by means of a dry well, to the amount of forty. Not daring to force the guard, they were compelled to terrify the wife and daughter of the owner of the house, in order to keep them quiet. Whilst they were so engaged, the tailor came home, and, surprised at seeing his house filled with soldiers, he turned sharply round and ran out, exclaiming, "The enemies are in the city!" The forty adventurers then, judging they could no longer hesitate, attacked the guard of the gate of St. Sophia; but they met with such resistance, that René had time to come up, when he killed part of them and forced the rest to retreat. Alphonso, not seeing the signal agreed upon, imagined that the enterprise had failed, and was returning to his camp, when he heard the noise of a conflict carried on in the city, and retraced his steps towards the

walls. René had reinforced the guard and placed the gate of St. Sophia in safety; but three hundred Genoese charged with the defence of that of St. Januarius, abandoned their post the moment they heard the enemy was in the city. A gentleman named Marino Spezzicaso, a partisan of the house of Arragon, threw down several cords from the walls, by means of which, Pierre de Cardonna, general of the army of Alphonso, climbed up the walls, and was soon followed by a great number of his bravest men. Whilst he was traversing the streets, shouting the war-cry of Arragon, he met an officer named Brancazzo, going on horseback to join King René. He stopped him, made him prisoner, took from him his horse, and mounting it, led on a party of Arragonese to attack René. That prince, on beholding him, believed that the enemy really had possession of the city, and, listening to nothing but the dictates of his courage, he attacked the advancing troop and put them to flight. But they soon rallied and returned to the charge. René, obliged to give way to numbers, opened with his sword a passage for himself to the New Castle. So the king of Arragon made himself master of Naples by means of an aqueduct, as Belisarius had done when he took it from the Goths, ten centuries before. René, being without hope or resources, embarked for Provence, whilst Alphonso entered Naples in triumph, in imitation of the ancient Romans—in a chariot drawn by four white horses. All paid homage to his good fortune and his valour, and the kingdom of Naples was reunited to that of Sicily, from which it had been separated a hundred and sixty years.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A.D. 1503.

Ferdinand, king of Castille and Arragon, having, in contempt of treaties of the most solemn kind, invaded the part of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily that belonged to France, charged his great captain Gonsalvo with the siege of the capital of that state. At the approach of the Spaniards, the French, who placed no confidence in the inhabitants, retreated to the fortresses of the Château-neuf and the Œuf. Gonsalvo attacked the first of these, and it made a vigorous resistance. The garrison had resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of the place rather than surrender; and

without doubt the Spanish general would have failed in his enterprise if he had only employed ordinary means. But he had in his army a soldier called Peter of Navarre, from the name of his country, who opened the gates and destroyed the ramparts of the castle by the help of a new species of thunder, if we may so term it. This soldier, a very intelligent man, had been, in 1487, with an expedition in which the Genoese employed, but without success, those terrible volcanoes called *mines*. He examined the *fourneau* of one of these mines, and observed that the want of effect in this invention did not arise from any fault in the art, but from that of the workmen, who had not taken their dimensions correctly. He perfected this secret, and communicated it to Gonsalvo, who begged him to put it to the test. Peter of Navarre took his measures so well, that his mine had all the effect he could expect; he then pierced several others, which succeeded with such precision that the New Castle was blown up, and all its defenders were either cut to pieces or buried under the ruins of the walls. The governor of the castle of the Ceuif, a brave gentleman from Auvergne named Chavagnac, were not discouraged by the melancholy fate of his compatriots; he was in vain summoned to surrender: he replied that nothing more glorious could happen to him than to die for his master, with his sword in his hand. Peter then commenced some fresh mines, which were sprung with the same terrible consequences as the former: the walls crushed the greater part of the soldiers, and the rest perished in sight of a Genoese fleet which came to their succour.

EIGHTH SIEGE, A.D. 1557.

The greatest captains have often been reproached with avoiding engagements. Their firmness in despising the railleries of the multitude and the scoffing opinions of their rivals, have in almost all cases placed the seal upon their reputations. Francis, duke of Guise, at the head of a French army and some troops furnished by Pope Paul IV., undertook the conquest of Naples. This general, too skilful not to be certain that the expedition could not succeed if it were not begun with some complete advantage, did all in his

power to bring the Spaniards to a general action: he offered them so many favourable opportunities, that their officers could not pardon their leader, the duke of Alva, for neglecting them. The duke called a council of war, in which he said, in an animated yet haughty tone,—“I have always prayed God, gentlemen, to inspire my soldiers with a determined firmness and a fiery courage, so that, without fearing or reasoning, they would rush headlong to meet death, and expose themselves to any dangers when commanded to do so. But I ask other qualities of officers: much prudence and great phlegm, to moderate the impetuosity of the soldiers—that is the way by which they attain the rank of great captains. I will not conceal from you that I have been displeased with your ardour, because I have thought it immoderate and opposed to reason. To point out to you the occasions on which a great general should give battle, I will tell you it is when his object is to succour a strong place reduced to extremity, which may form the security of a province; when he knows that the enemy must receive succours which will render them his superior, or even his equal; when, at the beginning of a war, it is desirable to give reputation to his arms, to strengthen the fidelity of wavering subjects, retain allies, and prevent covert enemies from declaring themselves; when fortune not discontinuing to favour us, our enemies are in such consternation that they dare not stand before us; and lastly, when, pressed by famine and disease, and hemmed in on all sides, we must either conquer or die.

“A great captain will never hazard a considerable action if he is not sure of drawing great advantages from it, or unless he is forced into it: tell us what the dangers are which surround us, or what fruit our country can derive from the loss of our lives or of our blood? Suppose we are victorious over the duke of Guise, and the French are cut to pieces, what shall we be the better for it? Is it that the cities of the dominions of the Pope will be united to those of Philip? Is it that the baggage of the French will enrich us? If, on the contrary, the always uncertain fate of arms should prove to be against us, what misfortunes would not our rashness bring upon us? Do not, then, let us trouble ourselves about conquering Guise; he is flying

before us. Could a murderous battle procure us anything more solid or more glorious? We gain a complete victory, without shedding a drop of blood. Our name alone serves as a defence and a rampart to all Italy.

“If this manner of making war did not appear to me suited to circumstances, I should remember what I did in Saxony; I would cross the greatest rivers, I would not shrink from wetting my feet with the sea: but whilst I find victory in the retreat of my enemy, I will remain faithful to my maxims, and will endeavour to combat your audacity and rashness. In a word, I will not risk a kingdom against a cassock of cloth of gold, which is all Guise can lose.”

The conjectures of the Spanish general were all verified. The French expedition had the most fatal issue.

It may be said that this speech contains the history of no siege; but Fabius Maximus was no less admirable than Scipio; and he who consumes his enemy in vain enterprises, is not a less able general than he who annihilates him in a battle. Military men will find more instruction in the motives which determined the duke of Alva not to risk a battle, than they would by the description of a siege.

Since the commencement of the French revolution, Naples has been the scene of several important political events, and has more than once succumbed to the power of the French; but as there has been no regular siege, these do not come within the scope of our plan.

E D E S S A.

A.D. 503.

THE inhabitants of Edessa have, or rather had, a legend that Christ promised their king Abgarus that their city should never be taken. This gave them such confidence, that they on all occasions braved the most formidable enemies. In 503 of the Christian era, Cavadez, king of Persia, approached Edessa at the head of an army. The confidence of the inhabitants was so little shaken by the appearance of this formidable host, that they left their gates wide open during a whole day, and, such is the influence of superstition, the Persians did not make the least attempt to violate the prohibition. It is related that, on this occasion, children even went to the camp of the Persians, and insulted them with impunity. Cavadez proposed an accommodation; but without effect. This prince was preparing his batteries, when the inhabitants made so furious an assault upon him, that, without losing a single man, they repulsed his army with great slaughter. Ashamed of his defeat, the great king regained his dominions at quickest speed.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 544.

Chosroës, son of the above king, presented himself before Edessa, but without any better success. Upon the point of abandoning his enterprise, he made it known, by a herald, that he meant to sell all the prisoners he had taken at Antioch. The whole city of Edessa, animated by the zealous and active charity which religion inspires, was in a state of eager impatience to redeem these unhappy victims of war. Every one wished to contribute in proportion to, or even beyond their fortune, to this pious purpose. Each person carried his offering to the great church, which was speedily

filled with treasures of various kinds. Courtesans from their vices, honest peasants from their labours, if they had but a goat or a sheep, contributed cheerfully to the liberation of their fellow Christians. This generous emulation produced a sufficient ransom for all the prisoners. But, as is too often the case, this wealth, collected for holy purposes, became so great as to attract the cupidity of Buzes, who commanded the city for the emperor Justinian: when it was collected, he appropriated the whole to himself, and Chosroës took his prisoners to a better market.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 549.

Four years after, this prince again laid siege to Edessa, and attacked it vigorously. But the besieged made a sortie, in which, it is said, an officer named Arget killed, with his own hand, twenty-seven of the enemy, and in which Chosroës was repulsed. He then commenced, out of reach of the city missiles, a platform, with the purpose of carrying it up to the walls. The sight of this terrible work induced the inhabitants to have recourse to prayer. The physician Stephen endeavoured to bend the haughty monarch: "Great lord," said he, "humanity marks the character of good kings. Victories and conquests will procure you other titles, but kindnesses alone will secure you the name dearest to your own age, and most honourable in the eyes of posterity. If there is a city in the world which ought to experience the effects of that kindness, it is that which you now threaten to destroy. Edessa gave me birth. I restored life to your father; I preserved and watched over your infancy. Alas! when I advised the immortal Cavadez to place you on his throne, and to deprive your brothers of it, I was then preparing the ruin of my own country! Blind mortals, we are often the artisans of our own misfortunes! If you remember my services, I ask of you a recompense which will be not less advantageous to you than to my compatriots. By leaving them their lives, you spare yourself the reproach of cruelty." This well-timed and pathetic discourse produced very little effect upon Chosroës; he made such hard propositions, that the besieged fell back upon their courage and their resources. They destroyed

the point of the terrace, by digging a chamber under it, and filling it with the most combustible wood, steeped in oil of cedar, sulphur, and bitumen; fire was easily set to this, and the following night, columns of fire were seen bursting from different parts of the platform. At the same time, the Romans, the better to deceive the enemy, threw upon it a number of fire-pots and ignited torches. The Persians, not suspecting there was any other cause for the fire, came in crowds from their camp to extinguish it, and were received with showers of missiles from the walls. Chosroës himself came to the scene of action, and was the first to discover that the conflagration was in the entrails of his platform. He ordered the whole army to throw earth upon the top, to stifle the flames, and water to extinguish them; but all in vain: when vent was stopped at one place, a hundred more passages were opened in others, the water thrown upon the sulphur and bitumen augmenting the violence of the burning. In the midst of the confusion, the garrison made a happy and vigorous sortie, producing great slaughter among the Persians. At length the flames burst from all parts, and the work was abandoned.

Six days after, Chosroës ordered the walls to be scaled, early in the morning; but, after a severe contest, the Persians were repulsed, and obliged to abandon their ladders, which were drawn up over the walls by the besieged, amidst triumphant laughter. On the same day at noon, the Persians attacked one of the gates; but the garrison, the peasants who had retired to the city, with the inhabitants, made a sortie from the gate attacked, and again repulsed their enemies. At length, the king of Persia, enraged at this noble resistance, resolved upon a general assault. The citizens crowded to defend their walls; every human being in Edessa became a soldier; women, children, and old men, were all eager to share the labours of the combatants, or to furnish them with arms and refreshments. The Persians gave way; Chosroës forced them back to the walls with threats and blows; but, notwithstanding his efforts, they yielded to the brave efforts of the besieged. Foaming with vexation and rage, Chosroës regained his camp, and soon after returned to his own states. During this furious attack, an immense elephant, bearing upon his back a lofty tower,

filled with archers, advanced towards the wall like a terrible machine, from the top of which poured a continuous shower of darts and arrows. There was great chance of the wall being escaladed at this spot, when a Roman soldier took it into his head to suspend a pig by a cord, and dangle it before the elephant. This animal appeared amazed at the horrible noise made by the suspended pig; he at first looked at it earnestly, and then, turning his back, retreated in such haste as to place his master's troops in danger.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1097.

Although the means by which Edessa fell into the hands of one of the Crusaders may not be, correctly speaking, a siege, the circumstances are too interesting to be passed by in silence.

Of all the Crusaders, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, was one of the bravest, but at the same time the most intractable. In fact, he had the honesty to confess what many of his comrades really felt, but were ashamed to admit; he came into Asia to make his fortune, and he lost no opportunity for effecting that great purpose.

Seduced by the attractive picture drawn of the provinces upon the banks of the Euphrates, by Pancratius, an ambitious, restless Armenian prince, Baldwin, soon after the siege of Nicea, abandoned the main army of the Crusaders, and may literally be said to *have gone to seek his fortune* at the head of fifteen hundred foot and two hundred horse, all attracted by the hopes of plunder. He was the more free for this undertaking, from having just lost his wife Gundehilde, who had accompanied him to the Crusade. He witnessed the magnificent obsequies bestowed upon her by his fellow-adventurers, and then departed, unregretted, on his expedition.

The cities of Turbessel and Ravendel were the first places that opened their gates to the fortunate adventurer. These conquests soon produced a division between Baldwin and Pancratius, both being actuated by the same ambitious projects; but this quarrel did not stop the march of the brother of Godfrey a moment. The Crusader opposed open unhesitating force to cunning; he told Pancratius, if he presumed

to be his rival, he should at once treat him as an enemy; and thus banished the disappointed Armenian from the theatre of his victories. Baldwin stood in need of neither guide nor help in a country whose inhabitants all came out to hail and meet him. His fame preceded his march; and his exploits were canvassed in Edessa long before he drew near to its walls.

This city, the metropolis of Mesopotamia, and so celebrated in the history of the primitive church, having escaped the invasions of the Turks and Persians, became the place of refuge for all the neighbouring Christians, who brought their wealth thither for security. A Greek prince, of the name of Theodore, sent by the emperor of Constantinople, was governor at the time, and maintained his position by paying tribute to the Saracens. The approach and the victories of the Crusaders produced a great sensation in Edessa. The people united with the governor in calling Baldwin to their aid. The bishop and twelve of the principal inhabitants were deputed to meet the European adventurer. They spoke to him of the wealth of Mesopotamia, of the devotion of their fellow-citizens to the cause of Christ, and conjured him to save a Christian city from the domination of the infidels. Baldwin easily yielded to their entreaties, and set forward on his march to cross the Euphrates.

He had the good fortune to escape the Turks, who laid wait for him, and without drawing a sword, arrived safely in the territories of Edessa. Having left garrisons in the places which had surrendered to him, when he came near to this great object of his ambition, he had really with him no more than a body of a hundred horsemen. As he approached the city, the whole population came out to meet him, bearing olive-branches, and singing triumphant hymns. It was a singular spectacle to behold such a small number of warriors surrounded by an immense multitude, imploring their support, and proclaiming them their liberators. They were received with so much enthusiasm, that the prince or governor took umbrage at it, and began to see in them enemies much more dangerous than the Saracens. To attach their leader to himself, and to engage him to support his authority, he offered him vast wealth. But the ambitious Baldwin, whether he expected to obtain more from the

affection of the people and the good fortune of his arms, or whether he considered it disgraceful to be in the pay of a petty foreign prince, refused the governor's offers with contempt; he even threatened to leave the city to its fate. The inhabitants, to prevent his departure, assembled in a tumultuous manner, and conjured him with loud cries to remain amongst them; the governor himself made fresh efforts to detain the Crusaders and interest them in their cause. Baldwin gave them all clearly to understand that he would never be at the trouble of defending states that were not his own; and the prince of Edessa, who was old and childless, determined to adopt him as his son, and to designate him as his successor. The ceremony of adoption was gone through in the presence of the Crusaders and the inhabitants. According to the custom of the East, the Greek prince caused Baldwin to pass between his shirt and his naked flesh, giving him a kiss, in token of alliance and parentage. The old wife of the governor repeated the same ceremony, and from that time Baldwin, considered as their son and heir, neglected nothing for the defence of a city which was to belong to him.

An Armenian prince coming to the aid of Edessa, Baldwin, seconded by this useful auxiliary, with his own horsemen and Theodore's troops, thought himself in a condition to take the field against the Turks. He was at first successful, but, whilst his men were engaged in plunder, they were attacked, and obliged to return to Edessa, where their appearance spread consternation.

As a loser is never welcome, Baldwin and Theodore began now to quarrel. But the people were all in favour of the new prince, and after several disgraceful plots and tumults, the Edessans hurled their old governor from the battlements, dragged his bleeding body through the streets, rejoicing over the murder of an old man as if they had gained a victory over the infidels.

Although Baldwin affected to be passive in this horrid business, he did not fail to seize the advantages that accrued to him in consequence of it. He was proclaimed master and liberator of Edessa. Seated on a bloody throne, and dreading the inconstant humour of the people, he soon inspired as much fear among his subjects as among his

enemies. But his firmness of character overcame domestic seditions, and his prudence, tact, and valour speedily extended his dominions. He purchased the city of Samoata with the treasures of his predecessor, and took several other cities by force of arms. As fortune favoured him in everything, the loss even of his wife assisted his projects of aggrandizement. He married the niece of an Armenian prince, and, by this alliance, extended his possessions to Mount Taurus. All Mesopotamia, with the two shores of the Euphrates, acknowledged his authority, and Asia beheld a Frank knight reigning without obstacle over the richest provinces of the ancient kingdom of Assyria.

K A I B A R .

A.D. 682.

REMARKABLE characters give consequence to insignificant places; Richard Cœur de Lion, who had filled two continents with his fame, was killed at the siege of a paltry castle, and the name of Chaluze is preserved in history. But Kaibar, a city of Arabia, is associated with, and saved from oblivion by, the name of even a greater man than Richard.

The Jews spread throughout Arabia attempted to cross the ambitious projects of Mahomet. They took up arms, and shut themselves up in the strongly fortified city of Kaibar. Although he had beaten them several times, Mahomet knew that he must not lose his *prestige*, and at once marched to attack them. Kaibar was carried, but the conquest proved fatal to the conqueror. He lodged at the house of one of the principal inhabitants, whose daughter, named Zainab, gave him for supper a poisoned shoulder of mutton. Mahomet vomited the meat; but such was the activity of the poison that from that moment he became a valetudinarian: he died from the effects of the poison three years after. When questioned as to what could lead her to the commission of such a crime, Zainab coolly replied, "I

wished to know if Mahomet were really a prophet." Notwithstanding such a death would discredit the holiness of his mission, the followers of Mahomet do not deny this poisoning.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

A.D. 559.

THE majesty of the Roman people no longer commanded the respect of the universe, the valour of its legions no longer spread terror among the barbarians, in the time of Justinian. A king of the Huns, named Zabergan, ventured to advance, in 559, to the very walls of Constantinople, and to threaten the imperial city with pillage. There was but a feeble garrison within its ramparts, but in the moment of terror it was remembered that they possessed Belisarius. That great man was instantly dragged from the obscurity in which he languished. Called upon to drive from the walls of the capital the dangers by which it was surrounded, he resumed his genius, his activity, and his valour; no one could perceive that years had cooled his ardour. His first care was to surround his camp with a wide ditch, to protect it from the insults of the Huns, and to deceive them with regard to the number of his troops by lighting fires in all parts of the plain. There was only one passage by which the Huns could reach Constantinople, and that was through a hollow way, bordered on each side by a thick forest. Belisarius began by lining the two sides of this defile with two hundred archers; he then advanced at the head of three hundred soldiers, trained to conquer under his orders. He was followed by the rest of his troops, who were ordered to utter loud cries, and to drag along the ground large branches of trees, so as to raise vast clouds of dust round them. Everything succeeded; the barbarians, charged in flank, blinded by the dust which the wind blew in their eyes, terrified by the cries of the Romans, and the noise of their arms, and

attacked in front with vigour by Belisarius and his chosen band, took to flight without striking a blow. This horde of barbarians hastily departed, to carry the evils of plunder, fire, and death elsewhere.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 670.

Whilst Heraclius was absent, combating the Persians, the khan of the Abares appeared before Constantinople. For once the inhabitants of that magnificent city evinced bravery, and rendered the efforts of the khan useless. He regained his deserts, after having witnessed the destruction of the greater part of his troops.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 672.

Tezid, son of the caliph Moavias, proved no less unfortunate in his expedition against Constantinople. His naval force was entirely destroyed, and that loss compelled him to raise the siege. Among the Mussulmans who signalized their courage in this expedition, was the captain Abou Aïoub, one of the companions of Mahomet in the battles of Bedra and Ohod. He was buried at the foot of the walls of the city. His tomb is the place at which the Ottoman emperors are girded with the sword.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1203.

The great siege of Constantinople by the Latin Crusaders is one of the most tempting subjects to dilate upon that history affords. After casting a retrospective glance at this city, or rather this empire, for, as Paris is said to be France, so was Constantinople the empire of the East; and contemplating its glories and disasters, from its foundation upon Byzantium, by Constantine, to its capture by Mahomet II., of all the events connected with it, its siege and plunder by a handful of Christian knights is one of the most extraordinary and interesting. But to relate all the particulars of this siege would require a volume, and we, alas! can only afford a few pages to it. In this predicament we turn from Michaud, who tells the tale admirably, to the quite as ele-

gant but more brief account of Gibbon, to whose words; or nearly so, we shall confine ourselves.

Europe had taken up the cross for the fifth time: the forces destined to act against the infidels were upon the point of embarking for the Holy Land, when young Alexius, son of Isaac Angelus, the emperor of Constantinople, came to implore the succour of the Christian princes in favour of his father. An ambitious brother had dethroned him, deprived him of sight, and then confined him in a loathsome prison. Touched by his prayers, but *still more by the advantages he offered*, the Crusaders set sail for Constantinople. Although this Crusade was got up by a pope, and professed to be for the relief of Jerusalem, it was more honest in the public exposition of its views than any other. After studying the history of these most amazing expeditions deeply, we are come to a conviction that real religion had but a very small share in them: they were something like the voyages of the Spanish adventurers to Columbus's newly-discovered world; the latter, likewise, went under the auspices of a pope, and always hoisted the standard of the cross upon taking possession of a previously unknown land, and to which they had no earthly claim:—the Crusades were capital means for keeping up the influence of the popes, and the fanatics they disseminated through society; but with the princes, barons, and knights, they were nothing but expeditions in search of fortune. That we may include safely the great military orders in this, is proved by the wealth they amassed.

But this fifth Crusade was an adventure commenced by needy and ambitious men, into which the Venetians entered with all the astuteness of usurious money-lenders. Every one feels an interest in fine old Dandolo, but even his chivalric character suffers by the recollection constantly present to the mind, of the motives which brought his noble qualities into action. This Crusade is one of the most instructive passages of history. The real objects of the Crusaders being made apparent by their conduct when success was obtained, we need not hesitate to say that it was framed with a view to wrong; being carried out by men of courage and ability, it succeeded even beyond their hopes: but what was the consequence? There was no principle of good in it; and

that which had begun so grandly came to a most "lame and impotent conclusion." It proved one of the shortest-lived great revolutions in the annals of mankind.

"In relating the invasion of a great empire, it may seem strange that I have not described the obstacles which should have checked the progress of the strangers. The Greeks, in truth, were an unwarlike people; but they were rich, industrious, and subject to the will of a single man,—had that man been capable of fear when his enemies were at a distance, or of courage when they approached his person. The first rumours of his nephew's alliance with the French and Venetians were despised by the usurper; his flatterers persuaded him that in this contempt he was bold and sincere, and each evening, on the close of the banquet, he thrice discomfited the barbarians of the West. These barbarians had been justly terrified by the report of his naval power; and the sixteen hundred fishing-boats of Constantinople could have manned a fleet to sink them in the Adriatic, or stop their entrance in the mouth of the Hellespont. But all force may be annihilated by the negligence of a prince or the venality of his ministers. The great duke, or admiral, made a scandalous, almost a public, auction of the sails, the masts, and the rigging; the royal forests were reserved for the more important purposes of the chase; and the trees, says Nicetas, were guarded by the eunuchs, like the groves of religious worship. From his dream of pride Alexius was awakened by the siege of Zara, and the rapid advances of the Latins; as soon as he saw the danger was real, he thought it inevitable, and his vain presumption was lost in abject despondency and despair. He suffered these contemptible barbarians to pitch their tents within sight of his palace, and his apprehensions were thinly disguised by the pomp and menace of a suppliant embassy. The sovereign of the Romans was astonished (his ambassadors were instructed to say) at the hostile appearance of the strangers. If these pilgrims were sincere in their views for the deliverance of Jerusalem, his voice must applaud and his treasures should assist their pious design; but should they dare to invade the sanctuary of empire, their numbers, were they ten times more considerable, should not protect them from his just resentment. The answer of the doge and barons

was simple and magnanimous. 'In the cause of honour and justice,' they said, 'we despise the usurper of Greece, his threats, and his offers. *Our* friendship and *his* allegiance are due to the lawful heir, to the young prince who is seated among us, and to his father, the emperor Isaac, who has been deprived of his sceptre, his freedom, and his eyes, by the crime of an ungrateful brother. Let that brother confess his guilt and implore forgiveness, and we ourselves will intercede, that he may be permitted to live in affluence and security. But let him not insult us by a second message: our reply will be made in arms, in the palace of Constantinople.'

"On the tenth day of their encampment at Scutari, the Crusaders prepared themselves as soldiers and as Catholics for the passage of the Bosphorus. Perilous indeed was the adventure: the stream was broad and rapid; in a calm, the current of the Euxine might drive down the liquid and unextinguishable fire of the Greeks; and the opposite shores of Europe were defended by seventy thousand horse and foot in formidable array. On this memorable day, which happened to be bright and pleasant, the Latins were distributed in six battles or divisions: the first, or vanguard, was led by the count of Flanders, one of the most powerful of the Christian princes in the skill and numbers of his cross-bows. The four successive battles of the French were commanded by his brother Henry, the counts of St. Pol and Blois, and Matthew of Montmorency, the last of whom was honoured by the voluntary service of the marshal and nobles of Champagne. The sixth division, the rear-guard and reserve of the army, was conducted by the marquis of Montferrat, at the head of the Germans and Lombards. The chargers, saddled, with their long caparisons dragging on the ground, were embarked in the flat *palanders*, and the knights stood by the side of their horses in complete armour, their helmets laced and their lances in their hands. Their numerous train of serjeants and archers occupied the transports, and each transport was towed by the strength and swiftness of a galley. The six divisions traversed the Bosphorus without encountering an enemy or an obstacle; to land the foremost, was the wish; to conquer or die, was the resolution of every division and of every soldier. Jealous of the pre-eminence of danger, the knights in their heavy

armour leaped into the sea when it rose as high as their girdle; the serjeants and archers were animated by their valour; and the squires, letting down the drawbridges of the *palanders*, led the horses to the shore. Before the squadrons could mount and form and couch their lances, the seventy thousand Greeks had vanished from their sight; the timid Alexius gave the example to his troops; and it was only by the plunder of the rich pavilions that the Latins were informed they fought against an emperor. In the first consternation of the flying enemy, they resolved by a double attack to open the entrance of the harbour. The tower of Galata, in the suburb of Pera, was attacked and stormed by the French, while the Venetians assumed the more difficult task of forcing the boom, or chain, that was stretched from that tower to the Byzantine shore. After some fruitless attempts, their intrepid perseverance prevailed; twenty ships of war, the relics of the Grecian navy, were either sunk or taken; the enormous and massy links of iron were cut asunder by the shears or broken by the weight of the galleys; and the Venetian fleet, safe and triumphant, rode at anchor in the port of Constantinople. By these daring achievements, a remnant of twenty thousand Latins preluded the astounding attempt of besieging a capital containing above four hundred thousand inhabitants, able, though not willing, to bear arms in defence of their country. Such an account would, indeed, suppose a population of near two millions; but whatever abatement may be required in the numbers of the Greeks, the *belief* of these numbers will equally exalt the fearless spirit of their assailants.

“In the choice of attack, the French and Venetians were divided by their habits of life and warfare. The latter affirmed with truth, that Constantinople was most accessible on the side of the sea and the harbour; the former might assert with honour, that they had long enough trusted their lives and fortunes to a frail bark and a precarious element, and loudly demanded a trial of knighthood, a firm ground, and a close onset, either on foot or horseback. After a prudent compromise of employing the two nations by sea and land in the service best suited to their character, the fleet covering the army, they both proceeded from the entrance to the extremity of the harbour. The stone bridge of the river

was hastily repaired; and the six battles of the French formed their encampment against the front of the capital, the basis of the triangle which runs about four miles from the port to the Propontis. On the edge of a broad ditch at the foot of a lofty rampart, they had leisure to contemplate the difficulties of their enterprise. The gates to the right and left of their narrow camp poured forth frequent sallies of cavalry and light infantry, which cut off their stragglers, swept the country of provisions, sounded the alarm five or six times in the course of each day, and compelled them to plant a palisade and sink an intrenchment for their immediate safety. In the supplies and convoys, the Venetians had been too sparing, or the Franks too voracious; the usual complaints of hunger and scarcity were heard, and perhaps felt; their stock of flour would be exhausted in three weeks; and their disgust of salt meat tempted them to taste the flesh of their horses. The trembling usurper was supported by Theodore Lascaris, his son-in-law, a valiant youth, who aspired to save and rule his country. The Greeks, regardless of that country, were awakened to the defence of their religion; but their firmest hope was in the strength and spirit of the Varangian guards of Danes and English, as they are named by the writers of the times. After ten days' incessant labour, the ground was levelled, the ditch filled, the approaches of the besiegers were regularly made, and two hundred and fifty engines of assault exercised their various powers to clear the ramparts, to batter the walls, and to sap the foundations. On the first appearance of a breach, the scaling-ladders were applied; the numbers that defended the vantage-ground repulsed and oppressed the venturous Latins; but they admired the resolution of fifteen knights and serjeants, who, having gained the ascent, maintained their position till they were hurled down or made prisoners by the imperial guards. On the side of the harbour, the naval attack was more successfully conducted by the Venetians; and that industrious people employed every resource that was known and practised before the invention of gunpowder. A double line, three bowshots in front, was formed by the galleys and ships; and the swift motion of the former was supported by the weight and loftiness of the latter, whose decks, and poops, and turrets were the plat-

forms of military engines, that discharged their shot over the heads of the first line. The soldiers who leaped from the galleys on shore, immediately planted and ascended their scaling-ladders, while the large ships, advancing more slowly into the intervals and lowering a drawbridge, opened a way through the air from their masts to the rampart. In the midst of the conflict, the doge, a venerable and conspicuous form, stood aloft in complete armour, on the prow of his galley. The great standard of St. Mark was displayed before him; his threats, promises, and exhortations urged the diligence of the rowers; his vessel was the first that struck, and Dandolo was the first warrior on the shore. The nations admired the magnanimity of the blind old man, without reflecting that his age and infirmities diminished the price of life and enhanced the value of immortal glory. On a sudden, by an invisible hand (for the standard-bearer was probably slain), the banner of the republic was fixed on the rampart; twenty-five towers were rapidly occupied; and, by the cruel expedient of fire, the Greeks were driven from the adjacent quarter. The doge had despatched the intelligence of his success, when he was checked by the danger of his confederates. Nobly declaring that he would rather die with the pilgrims than gain a victory by their destruction, Dandolo relinquished his advantage, recalled his troops, and hastened to the scene of action. He found the six weary *battles* of the Franks encompassed by sixty squadrons of the Greek cavalry, the least of which was more numerous than the largest of their divisions. Shame and despair had provoked Alexius to the last effort of a general sally; but he was awed by the firm order and manly aspect of the Latins; and after skirmishing at a distance, withdrew his troops in the close of the evening. The silence or tumult of the night exasperated his fears; and the timid usurper, collecting a treasure of ten thousand pounds of gold, basely deserted his wife, his people, and his fortune; threw himself into a bark, stole through the Bosphorus, and landed in shameful safety in an obscure harbour of Thrace. As soon as they were apprised of his flight, the Greek nobles sought pardon and peace in the dungeon where the blind Isaac expected each hour the visit of the executioner. Again saved and exalted by the vicissitudes of fortune, the captive, in his imperial

robes, was replaced on the throne and surrounded with prostrate slaves, whose real terror and affected joy he was incapable of discerning. At the dawn of day, hostilities were suspended; and the Latin chiefs were surprised by a message from the lawful and reigning emperor, who was impatient to embrace his son and reward his generous deliverers.

“But these generous deliverers were unwilling to release their hostage till they had obtained from his father the payment, or, at least, the promise of their recompense. They chose four ambassadors,—Montmorency, our historian Villehardouin, and two Venetians, to congratulate the emperor. The gates were thrown open on their approach, the streets on both sides were lined with the battle-axes of the Danish and English guard; the presence-chamber glittered with gold and jewels—the false substitutes of virtue and power. By the side of the blind Isaac was seated his wife, the sister of the king of Hungary; and by her appearance, the noble matrons of Greece were drawn from their domestic retirement, and mingled with the circle of senators and soldiers. The Latins, by the mouth of Villehardouin, spoke like men conscious of their merits, but who respected the work of their own hands; and the emperor clearly understood that his son’s engagements with Venice and the pilgrims must be ratified without hesitation or delay. Withdrawing into a private chamber with the empress, a chamberlain, an interpreter, and the four ambassadors, the father of young Alexius inquired with some anxiety into the nature of his stipulations. The submission of the Eastern empire to the pope; the succour of the Holy Land; and a present contribution of two hundred thousand marks of silver. ‘These conditions are weighty,’ was his prudent reply: ‘they are hard to accept and difficult to perform. But no conditions can exceed the measure of your services and deserts.’ After this satisfactory assurance, the barons mounted on horseback and introduced the heir of Constantinople to the city and palace. His youth and marvellous adventures engaged every heart in his favour; and Alexius was solemnly crowned with his father in the dome of St. Sophia. In the first days of his reign, the people, already blessed with the restoration of plenty and peace, were delighted by the joyful catastrophe of the tragedy; and the discontent of the nobles,

their regrets and their fears, were covered by the polished surface of pleasure and loyalty. The mixture of two discordant nations in the same capital might have been pregnant with mischief and danger; and the suburb of Galata, or Pera, was assigned for the quarters of the Franks and the Venetians. But the liberty of trade and familiar intercourse was allowed between the friendly nations; and each day the pilgrims were tempted by devotion or curiosity to visit the churches and palaces of Constantinople. Their rude minds, insensible perhaps of the finer arts, were astonished by the magnificent scenery; and the poverty of their native towns enhanced the populousness and riches of the first metropolis of Christendom. Descending from his state, young Alexius was prompted by interest and gratitude to repeat his frequent and familiar visits to his Latin allies; and in the freedom of the table, the gay petulance of the French sometimes forgot the emperor of the East. In their most serious conferences, it was agreed that the reunion of the two churches must be the result of patience and time; but avarice was less tractable than zeal; and a large sum was instantly disbursed to appease the wants and silence the importunity of the Crusaders. Alexius was alarmed by the approaching hour of their departure; their absence might have relieved him from the engagement he was yet incapable of performing; but his friends would have left him naked and alone, to the caprice and prejudice of a perfidious nation. He wished to bribe their stay, the delay of a year, by undertaking to defray their expense, and to satisfy in their name the freight of the Venetian vessels. The offer was agitated in the council of the barons, and after a repetition of their debates and scruples, a majority of votes again acquiesced in the advice of the doge and the prayer of the young emperor. At the price of sixteen hundred pounds of gold, he prevailed on the marquis of Montferrat to lead him with an army round the provinces of Europe, to establish his authority and pursue his uncle, while Constantinople was awed by the presence of Baldwin and his confederates of France and Flanders. The expedition was successful; the blind emperor exulted in the success of his arms, and listened to the predictions of his flatterers that the same Providence which had raised him from the dungeon to the throne would heal his gout, restore

his sight, and watch over the long prosperity of his reign. Yet the mind of the suspicious old man was tormented by the rising glories of his son; nor could his pride conceal from his envy, that whilst his own name was pronounced in faint and reluctant acclamations, the royal youth was the theme of spontaneous and universal praise.

“By the recent invasion the Greeks were awakened from a dream of nine centuries, from the vain presumption that the capital of the Roman empire was impregnable to foreign arms. The strangers of the West had violated the city, and bestowed the sceptre of Constantine; their imperial clients soon became as unpopular as themselves; the well-known vices of Isaac were rendered still more contemptible by his infirmities, and the young Alexius was hated as an apostate, who had renounced the manners and religion of his country. His secret covenant with the Latins was divulged or suspected; the people, and especially the clergy, were devoutly attached to their faith and superstition; and every convent and every shop resounded with the danger of the Church and the tyranny of the Pope. An empty treasury could ill supply the demands of regal luxury and foreign extortion; the Greeks refused to avert, by a general tax, the impending evils of servitude and pillage; the oppression of the rich excited a more dangerous and personal resentment; and if the emperor melted the plate, and despoiled the images of the sanctuary, he seemed to justify the complaints of heresy and sacrilege. During the absence of Marquis Boniface and his imperial pupil, Constantinople was visited with a calamity which might be justly imputed to the zeal and indiscretion of the Flemish pilgrims. In one of their visits to the city, they were scandalized by the aspect of a mosch, or synagogue, in which one God was worshipped without a partner or a son. Their effectual mode of controversy was to attack the infidels with the sword, and their habitations with fire; but the infidels, and some Christian neighbours, presumed to defend their lives and properties; and the flames which bigotry had kindled consumed the most orthodox and innocent structures. During eight days and nights the conflagration spread above a league in front, from the harbour to the Propontis, over the thickest and most populous regions of the city. It is not

easy to count the stately palaces and churches that were reduced to a smoking ruin, to value the merchandise that perished in the trading streets, or to number the families that were involved in the common destruction. By this outrage, which the doge and barons in vain affected to disclaim, the name of the Latins became still more unpopular, and the colony of that nation, above fifteen thousand persons, consulted their safety in a hasty retreat from the city to the protection of their standard in the suburb of Pera. The emperor returned in triumph; but the firmest and most dexterous policy would have been insufficient to steer him through the tempest which overwhelmed the person and government of that unhappy youth. His own inclinations and his father's advice attached him to his benefactors; but Alexius hesitated between gratitude and patriotism, between the fear of his subjects and of his allies. By his feeble and fluctuating conduct he lost the esteem and confidence of both; and while he invited the marquis of Montferrat to occupy the palace, he suffered the nobles to conspire and the people to arm for the deliverance of their country. Regardless of his painful situation, the Latin chiefs repeated their demands, resented his delays, suspected his intentions, and exacted a decisive answer of peace or war. The haughty summons was delivered by three French knights and three Venetian deputies, who girded on their swords, mounted their horses, pierced through the angry multitude, and entered with a fearless countenance the palace and presence of the Greek emperor. In a peremptory tone they recapitulated their services and his engagements, and boldly declared that unless their just claims were fully and immediately satisfied, they should no longer hold him either as a sovereign or a friend. After this defiance, the first that had ever wounded an imperial ear, they departed, without betraying any symptoms of fear; but their escape from a servile palace and a furious city astonished the ambassadors themselves, and their return to the camp was the signal of mutual hostility.

“ Among the Greeks all authority and wisdom were overborne by the impetuous multitude, who mistook their rage for valour, their numbers for strength, and their fanaticism for the support and inspiration of Heaven. In the eyes of

both nations Alexius was false and contemptible: the base and spurious race of the Angeli was rejected with clamorous disdain; and the people of Constantinople encompassed the senate, to demand at their hands a more worthy emperor. To every senator, conspicuous by his birth or dignity, they successively presented the purple,—by each senator the deadly garment was repulsed; the contest lasted three days, and we may learn from the historian Nicetas, one of the members of the assembly, that fear and weakness were the guardians of their loyalty. A phantom, who vanished in oblivion, was forcibly proclaimed by the crowd; but the author of the tumult and the leader of the war was a prince of the house of Ducas, and his common appellation of Alexius must be discriminated by the epithet of Mourzoufle, which in the vulgar idiom expressed the close junction of his black and shaggy eyebrows. At once a patriot and a courtier, the perfidious Mourzoufle, who was not destitute of cunning and courage, opposed the Latins both in speech and action, inflamed the passions and prejudices of the Greeks, and insinuated himself into the confidence and favour of Alexius, who trusted him with the office of great chamberlain, and tinged his buskins with the colours of royalty. At the dead of night he rushed into the bed-chamber with an affrighted aspect, exclaiming that the palace was attacked by the people and betrayed by the guards. Starting from his couch, the unsuspecting prince threw himself into the arms of his enemy, who had contrived his escape by a private staircase. But that staircase terminated in a prison. Alexius was seized, stripped, and loaded with chains, and after tasting some days the bitterness of death, he was poisoned, or strangled, or beaten with clubs, at the command or in the presence of the tyrant. The emperor Isaac Angelus soon followed his son to the grave, and Mourzoufle, perhaps, might spare the superfluous crime of hastening the extinction of impotence and blindness.

“The death of the emperors and the usurpation of Mourzoufle had changed the nature of the quarrel. It was no longer the disagreement of allies who overvalued their services, or neglected their obligations; the French and Venetians forgot their complaints against Alexius, dropped a tear on the untimely fate of their companion, and swore revenge

against the perfidious nation which had crowned his assassin. Yet the prudent doge was still inclined to negotiate; he demanded as a debt, a subsidy, or a fine, fifty thousand pounds of gold,—about two millions sterling; nor would the conference have been abruptly broken, if the zeal or policy of Mourzoufle had not refused to sacrifice the Greek church to the safety of the state. Amidst the invectives of his foreign and domestic enemies, we may discover that he was not unworthy of the character which he had assumed, of the public champion. The second siege of Constantinople was far more laborious than the first; the treasury was replenished, and discipline was restored by a severe inquisition into the abuses of the former reign; and Mourzoufle, an iron mace in his hand, visiting the posts, and affecting the port and aspect of a warrior, was an object of terror to his soldiers, at least, and to his kinsmen. Before and after the death of Alexius, the Greeks made two vigorous and well-conducted attempts to burn the navy in the harbour; but the skill and courage of the Venetians repulsed the fire-ships; and the vagrant flames wasted themselves without injury in the sea. In a nocturnal sally, the Greek emperor was vanquished by Henry, brother of the count of Flanders; the advantages of number and surprise aggravated the shame of his defeat; his buckler was found on the field of battle; and the imperial standard, a divine image of the Virgin, was presented as a trophy and a relic to the Cistercian monks, the disciples of St. Bernard. Near three months, without excepting the holy season of Lent, were consumed in skirmishes and preparations, before the Latins were ready or resolved for a general attack. The land fortifications had been found impregnable; and the Venetian pilots represented that on the shore of the Propontis the anchorage was unsafe, and the ships must be driven by the current far away to the straits of the Hellespont; a prospect not unpleasing to the reluctant pilgrims, who sought every opportunity of breaking the army. From the harbour, therefore, the assault was determined by the assailants, and expected by the besieged; and the emperor had placed his scarlet pavilions on a neighbouring height, to direct and animate the efforts of his troops. A fearless spectator, whose mind could entertain the idea of pomp and pleasure, might have admired the long

array of two embattled armies, which extended above half a league, the one on the ships and galleys, the other on the walls and towers raised above the ordinary level by several stages of wooden turrets. Their first fury was spent in the discharge of darts, stones, and fire from the engines; but the water was deep; the French were bold; the Venetians were skilful; they approached the walls; and a desperate conflict of swords, spears, and battle-axes was fought on the trembling bridges that grappled the floating to the stable batteries. In more than a hundred places the assault was urged, and the defence was sustained, till the superiority of ground and numbers finally prevailed, and the Latin trumpets sounded a retreat. On the ensuing days the attack was renewed with equal vigour, and a similar event; and in the night the doge and the barons held a council, apprehensive only for the public danger; not a voice pronounced the words of escape or treaty; and each warrior, according to his temper, embraced the hope of victory, or the assurance of a glorious death. By the experience of the former siege the Greeks were instructed, but the Latins were animated; and the knowledge that Constantinople might be taken was of more avail than the local precautions which that knowledge had inspired for its defence. In the third assault, two ships were linked together, to double their strength; a strong north wind drove them on the shore; the bishops of Troyes and Soissons led the van; and the auspicious names of the *Pilgrim* and the *Paradise* resounded along the line. The episcopal banners were displayed on the walls; a hundred marks of silver had been promised to the first adventurers; and if their reward was intercepted by death, their names have been immortalized by fame. Four towers were scaled; three gates were burst open, and the French knights, who might tremble on the waves, felt themselves invincible on horseback, on the solid ground. Shall I relate that the thousands who guarded the emperor's person fled on the approach and before the lance of a single warrior? Their ignominious flight is attested by their countryman Nicetas: an army of phantoms marched with the French hero, and he was magnified to a giant in the eyes of the Greeks. While the fugitives deserted their posts and cast away their arms, the Latins entered the city under the banners of their

leaders: the streets and gates opened for their passage; and either design or accident kindled a third conflagration, which consumed in a few hours the measure of three of the largest cities of France. In the close of the evening, the barons checked their troops and fortified their stations; they were awed by the extent and populousness of the capital, which might yet require the labour of a month, if the churches and palaces were conscious of their internal strength. But in the morning, a suppliant procession, with crosses and images, announced the submission of the Greeks, and deprecated the wrath of the conquerors; the usurper escaped through the Golden gate: the palaces of Blachernæ and Boucoleon were occupied by the count of Flanders and the marquis of Montferrat; and the empire, which still bore the name of Constantine, and the title of Roman, was subverted by the arms of the Latin pilgrims."

We have not space, nor perhaps is it our province, to detail the awful results to Constantinople of this success of the barbarians, for such, notwithstanding our prejudices in favour of the western warriors, were the daring band who had, like pirates, made themselves masters of this magnificent city. No fact in history is better proved than the state of ignorant vandalism of the *pilgrims*, as the great historian so falsely or ironically calls them. By whatever means they had been gathered together, for whatever purposes they might be intended, or whatever vile passions they gratified, Constantinople, when taken by the Franks and the Venetians, was the most glorious emporium of objects of high art and fine taste the world had ever seen. With the conquerors nothing was valuable but money, and to obtain this all was sacrificed: precious works of art were melted for the sake of the metals they were made of; others were mutilated to facilitate division, and numberless others were destroyed in hopes of finding treasures concealed within them. No building was held sacred that would pay for the demolition; no object remained in the place with which it was naturally associated, if it was of the smallest value elsewhere. We read with horror of the destruction of great cities and holy places by the followers of Mahomet: no Mussulmans ever exceeded in barbarous ignorance or cruel cupidity the band of adventurers who plundered the treasures of ages in the

sack of Constantinople. Great historians have run riot in the descriptions of these treasures; and so interesting are they, that it is with the utmost reluctance we turn from them without further notice. "Behold!" cries the justly exasperated historian Nicetas, "behold what you have done! contemplate your exploits! you who term the Greeks vile, and the Saracens barbarous! These barbarians have never behaved towards your compatriots in this manner. They have neither violated the women of the Latins, nor devoured their riches, nor stained the holy sepulchre with horror and carnage. You boasting talkers, you display the cross upon your shoulders, and you, at all times, are ready to trample it under foot for a little paltry gold and silver." Tired rather than satisfied with plunder, the conquerors proceeded to the election of an emperor: Baldwin I. was crowned in the year 1204. This new domination only lasted fifty-seven years, under the name of the empire of the Latins. Under Baldwin II., brother of Robert de Courtenay, the Greeks revolted, drove out the Franks in 1261, and gave themselves and the throne to Michael Palæologus, whose posterity reigned up to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1453.

We come now to what some historians have termed the greatest event of a period the most surprisingly conspicuous in the history of mankind. We agree with them that the subversion of the Christian empire of Constantinople by the Turks was a *great* event, but not the *greatest*: the invention of printing, the discovery of America, and the commencement of the Reformation belong to the same half-century; and either of these we conceive to be of much more importance than whether Constantinople should be under such degraded Christians as the Greeks, or be subjected to the worshippers of the Prophet of Mecca.

Constantinople no longer preserved anything but the proud remembrance of its ancient splendour. In that capital, once so flourishing and so respected, there still breathed an immense population; but that multitude, without force or without courage, seemed only to be waiting to crouch willingly under the strong hand that might be held forth to

enchain them. Frivolous acquirements, agreeable arts, preferred by indolence and effeminacy to the exercise of essential duties or useful labours, had annihilated love of country, and dried up the springs of life of this unfortunate empire. They wrote and they disputed: questions of philosophy and theological quarrels were the sole concerns of the lazy citizens, who had never stood in such pressing need of providing for their own safety. Instead of being the heart of an empire, the walls of Constantinople had become frontiers; it had no dominions beyond them. The enemy appeared at their gates: during the eight hundred years that Mahometanism had progressed, the city had often been threatened, and in vain; but the harvest was now ripe, the time was come, and the sickle, in the hands of Mahomet II., was employed in earnest workmanlike fashion. He began by constructing the castle of the Dardanelles on the Bosphorus. Constantine Palæologus, who then reigned, in vain was anxious to prevent this: his own subjects thwarted his correct views; their presumption equalled their blindness; they boasted that they could destroy that fortress the moment it was any annoyance to them. Constantine is an exemplification of the proverb, that it is not the last step of a journey that creates the fatigue, nor the last ruler of an empire that brings about its ruin: few of the predecessors of the emperor had better qualities than he displayed in circumstances of great emergency; and had they all been like him, those circumstances would never have occurred. The subversion of the empire was not due to the doctrines of Mahomet or the valour of their followers—it was an internal decay, produced by the vices and weaknesses of ages.

Five or six thousand men, taken from the very dregs of the people, composed the national force, which was augmented by a few European troops, under Justinian, a Genoese. These were the only resource of a city inhabited by men incapable of defending themselves, and who trusted entirely to a few mercenary strangers, who still deigned to protect them. All the Greeks individually boasted of their country and its fame; and yet not one of them would have sacrificed to its welfare his pleasures, his luxuries, his comforts, or his opinions. Threatened by the most frightful of misfortunes, they awaited the fatal blow with an insensible

stupidity, like the animals who still continue feeding at the foot of the altar which is about to be stained with their blood. The emperor tried to induce them to contribute a portion of their riches to the defence of the state: but he could obtain nothing. In times of prosperity, princes had levied tributes destined solely to swell their treasury or to be wasted in superfluities. The people, plundered without occasion, had unfortunately learnt to confound the abuse of authority with the real wants of a government. As long as the supreme power could make itself respected, it dared to require all: it was no longer feared—everything was denied to it. In this case the solitary virtue of Constantine was powerless—the corruption was deep and universal—a Hercules could not have cleansed the Augæan stable; and, though endowed with many good qualities, Constantine was not a Hercules. Palæologus and his courtiers favoured, at least in appearance, the union of the two churches of the East and West. The holy father promised to send some galleys and troops. The Greeks still further flattered themselves that the exhortations of the pontiff would prevail upon the Christian princes to undertake a crusade: that was their last hope. Cardinal Isidore came to Constantinople as legate from the Holy See. He celebrated divine service in the church of St. Sophia, according to the liturgy of Rome. This threw the whole city into a state of alarm. The people flocked in crowds to the retreat of the monk Gennadius, to consult with him what was to be done. The solitary affixed his reply to the door of his cell. He declared in this document that the agreement drawn up at Florence was not orthodox. He at the same time announced the greatest misfortunes to those who should adopt the *impious* reconciliation of the Greeks with the Latins. Immediately the devotees, the nuns who were under the direction of Gennadius, the abbots, the priests, the citizens, the soldiers—for the contagion spread to all orders—joined in one unanimous anathema! The church of St. Sophia was considered a defiled place. Communication with the Latins ceased: they would prefer, they said, to see the turban of Mahomet displayed, to the appearance of the Roman purple, or the cardinal's hat.

But now the sultan, having employed two years in prepa-

rations, marched towards Constantinople at the head of an army of four hundred thousand men. This fearful multitude was composed, for the most part, of newly-conquered nations, which he dragged after him. Out of all these he had not more than thirty thousand horse and sixty thousand foot of disciplined troops. The rest were nothing but a collection of slaves, torn by force from the places of their birth, without arms and almost naked, who were obliged to be driven to the combat by strokes of the whip or the scimitar. In all battles they were placed in front, in order to fatigue the enemy with the shedding of blood : the regular reserved troops were then to take advantage of their exhaustion ; in sieges they served as fascines, to fill up ditches. Such was the manner of fighting with the Turks, so that when they came in contact with the Christians, it was generally remarked they had the disadvantage at the commencement of a battle, but won it at last.

Whilst Mahomet was investing Constantinople by land, his fleet, consisting of two hundred and fifty sail, advanced to the Dardanelles. This prodigious number of vessels could not, however, prevent four ships from the isle of Chio, after having fought for a whole day against the united strength of the Ottoman, and killed a thousand of their men, from entering the port of Constantinople, and there landing a few troops and some provisions. Enormous iron chains barred the entrance of the Turkish ships. It is affirmed that Mahomet, to surmount this obstacle, had recourse to an expedient till that time unheard of, and which has never been repeated since : he transported by land eighty galleys in the course of one night, and at day-break launched them into the interior of the basin of the port, before the eyes of the besieged, terrified and astonished at this extraordinary spectacle. The manner in which this transportation was effected, which savours of the marvellous, proves to what an extent the conqueror carried his despotism, and could overcome difficulty by his mere will. The vessels were drawn, by means of machines and human arms, along planks thoroughly greased, which covered a space of road two leagues in length. The sultan had at his command the most skilful engineers of Europe and Asia. The progress of these vessels offered a most curious exhi-

bition. They were commanded by pilots, had their sails unfurled as if upon the sea, and advanced over a hilly piece of ground, by the light of torches and flambeaux, and to the sound of trumpets and clarions, without the Genoese, who inhabited Galata, daring to offer any opposition to the passage. The Greeks, fully occupied in guarding their ramparts, had no suspicion of the design of the enemy. They could not comprehend what could be the object or the cause of all the tumult that was heard during the whole night from the sea-shore, till at dawn they beheld the Mussulman standards flying in their port.

A Hungarian, who had not been able to procure employment among the Greeks, founded for Mahomet some pieces of artillery that would carry balls weighing two hundred pounds. A modern author judiciously observes that each of these balls would have required nearly a hundred pounds of powder, of which only a fifteenth part would have taken fire at the moment of the explosion. These enormous pieces of ordnance appeared more formidable than they really were. The use of artillery fired by gunpowder was not more than a hundred years old; and, with a true Eastern imagination, Mahomet II. wished to have the largest and most powerful cannon that had ever been made. He was satisfied with the answer to the first question he put to the Hungarian artist. "Am I able to cast a cannon capable of throwing a ball or stone of sufficient size to batter the walls of Constantinople?"—"I am not ignorant of their strength, but were they more solid than those of Babylon, I could oppose an engine of superior power: the position and management of that engine must be left to your engineers." On this assurance a foundry was established at Adrianople. An enormous piece of ordnance was produced within three months; its bore was twelve palms, and it was capable of throwing a ball or stone weighing six hundred pounds. It was tried in a vacant place before the new palace of Adrianople; but notice of its being fired was obliged to be published on the preceding day, to prevent the effects of astonishment and fear. The explosion is said to have been heard over a circuit of a hundred furlongs; the ball was cast by the gunpowder above a mile, and when it fell it buried itself a fathom deep in the ground. To convey this cannon,

thirty waggons were linked together, and it was drawn by a team of sixty horses: two hundred men walked by the sides of it, to poise it and keep it steady; two hundred and fifty men went before, to level the way and repair the bridges; and it required two months to draw it a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

The Turks, masters of the port, established batteries on the side next the sea, whilst the army pressed the city on the land side. They employed trenches, mines, and countermines. The besieged, who defended themselves with some spirit at first, repaired the breaches with incredible diligence. They even made some successful sorties. The hopes of being succoured by Huniades supported them for some time. Mahomet began to relax in his efforts; it is even said that he had thoughts of raising the siege. At length, however, he resolved to make one more attempt. Before he proceeded to the general assault, he proposed to Constantine to leave him the Peloponnesus, upon condition of his giving up the imperial city. He was anxious, he said, to prevent the destruction of Constantinople. The emperor replied he would rather be buried beneath the ruins of his capital. Both Christians and Mahometans prepared themselves, by fast and prayer, for the action of that morrow which was to decide the fate of the two empires. It was the 29th of May. On the evening before, Mahomet gave notice that he should abandon the plunder of the city to his soldiers, only strictly commanding that they should not set fire to any of the edifices.

The besieged from their walls contemplated with terror the numbers of the enemy about to assail them. The disproportion was so great, that every Christian calculated he should have to combat fifty or sixty Turks. The sultan commenced the attack about three o'clock in the morning, by sending to the assault thirty thousand of his worst troops, in order to fatigue the besieged, and that the heaped-up bodies of this multitude might fill the ditches, and render access to the parapets the more easy. The stick and the scimitar were necessary to compel this forlorn hope to march: they all perished. At sunrise Mahomet ordered the trumpets to sound a fresh signal; the artillery thundered from all quarters, and quickly drove away all who had

appeared on the walls. The Janissaries rushed to the breach, uttering horrible cries. Mahomet rode behind his troops upon a superb charger, in order to make them march forward with the greater celerity. Never was greater courage exhibited: the first Janissary who mounted the walls of Constantinople was to be made a pacha, and be loaded with wealth. Some climbed over the ruins of the walls, through a shower of arrows, darts, stones, and fire-balls. Standing on the tops of their ladders, others fought with the besieged, who repulsed them with their pikes, whilst others raised themselves upon the shoulders of their comrades to get to the breach. The whole city was busied in succouring its brave defenders; women, children, and old men brought them stones, joists, and bars of red-hot iron to launch at the Turks. The cannons, directed to the points where the Turks were thickest, all at once opened their ranks, and the Ottomans, who already touched the summit of the walls, were hurled into the ditches. For two hours they fought thus, with a fury equal to the danger of the besieged and the value of the city to be conquered; a cloud of arrows, dust, and smoke shrouded the combatants. Thirty Janissaries at length succeeded in mounting the walls, and killed and overthrew all who came in their way: they were soon followed by a crowd of daring comrades, animated by their example. In an instant the air resounded with cries of victory: the Turks had penetrated to the port. Zagan Pacha, who commanded the attack there, reproached the sailors with being less brave than the land troops. Encouraged by the success of the Janissaries, they made one more furious charge upon the Greeks. The latter wavered in their resistance; the sailors gained possession of a tower, and hoisted the standard of the crescent, whilst other Turks hewed an opening with their axes at several of the city gates, through which the rest of the army poured in crowds. Constantine, accompanied by a few of his guards and some faithful servants, threw himself, sword in hand, into the thickest of the Ottoman battalions. Less afflicted by the loss of his crown than by the terror of being loaded with irons and led in triumph through Asia, he continued fighting bravely, when a Turk cut off the half of his face with a stroke of his scimitar, and gave him the death he

was seeking. With him fell the empire of the East, which had existed eleven hundred and forty-three years. One Constantine had founded it; another of the same name, not less brave but less fortunate, saw it perish. Mahomet caused his body to be sought for, and rendered it all the honours due to the sovereign of a great empire. More than forty thousand men were killed in this day's conflict, and more than sixty thousand loaded with chains. Neither age nor sex, nor object ever so holy, was respected during three days in this unfortunate city; palaces, cloisters, sacred edifices, and private houses, were stained with the blood of their wretched inhabitants, and disgraced by all the crimes that barbarism, cruelty, and lust could devise. At the end of three days, order and discipline succeeded to carnage. Mahomet restored liberty to many of his captives, sent them back to their houses, promised them his protection, and engaged them to continue to cultivate the arts and commerce in a city he had chosen as the capital of his empire. This great event happened in the year 768 of the Hegira, and in the year of Christ 1453; in the reign of Charles VII. of France, and of Henry VI. of England.

A.D. 1807.

The course of the Mahometan conquests, and the spread of their religion, constitute one of the great events of the history of our globe. In about eight hundred years the disciples of the humble prophet had subdued or extended their influence over great part of Asia and the north of Africa, and had now not only gained a footing in Europe, but had taken its greatest capital. But here their great tide of success seems to have stopped; it was their culminating point. They have made partial conquests since; but, altogether, not so much as was achieved by Mahomet II.

WEINSBERG.

A.D. 1138.

OUR only motive for noticing this unimportant siege is a desire of relieving the attention of the reader, too long fixed to perils of "the imminent deadly breach," by an amusing anecdote.

In the year 1138, the duke of Wittemberg warmly

opposed the election of Conrad III., who was proclaimed emperor; and when the new monarch had assumed the diadem, he refused to acknowledge him, and shut himself up in the little city of Weinsberg. The angry emperor immediately laid siege to the place: the garrison resisted his attacks with manly bravery, and only yielded to force and greatly superior numbers. The conqueror, at first, determined to submit all to fire and sword; but he relented in favour of the women, to whom he granted permission to depart, each carrying with her as much as she was able of what she most valued in the world. The wife of the duke took advantage of this indulgence to save the life of her husband. She mounted him upon her shoulders, and all the women of the city followed her example. When Conrad saw them going out loaded with this precious burden, and with the duchess at their head, he could not maintain either his gravity or his anger against such a spectacle: he pardoned the men for the sake of the women, and the city was saved.

L I S B O N .

A.D. 1147.

ALPHONSO, a prince of the house of Burgundy, having assumed the title of king of Portugal, felt that he could not truly be considered monarch of that country while his capital remained in the hands of the Saracens. Too weak to undertake the conquest himself, he made a religious crusade of it, and English and Flemings, who had embarked for the Holy Land, were induced by the prospect of greater wealth without going so far to attain it, to take up his cause. The great historian of the Crusades attributes this dereliction to a religious feeling, which operated as well in Portugal as in Palestine. We have no hesitation in agreeing that the Crusaders were acted upon in both countries by similar motives; in this case, it was too transparent to be possibly mistaken. The new auxiliaries covered the sea

with their vessels, and blockaded the city, whilst Alphonso besieged it by land with an army much more brave than numerous. During five months, several assaults were given and sanguinary battles were fought. Willing to make one last and great attempt, Alphonso drew up his soldiers in order of battle before the place, and, making his dispositions for a general attack, said to them: "Warriors, I am about to lead you to glory; dare to conquer, and you will triumph. Advance boldly through stones, arrows, and fire; brave death, and nothing can resist your courage. Hasten, my friends, hasten to enrich yourselves with the spoils of the Arabs. You, warriors of the Cross, whom Heaven has sent, God will bless your arms; noble pay and rich possessions will be the reward of your valour." He had scarcely finished speaking, when all the soldiers rushed to the walls; scrambling over one another up and over the ruins. Alphonso nobly supported the title of their leader; the besieged vainly opposed force to force, the Christians drove them in, in all quarters, and broke down the gate called Alfama. In a moment they were spread through the city; they massacred all found with arms in their hands, pillaged the wealth of the infidels, and planted the prince's standard upon all the towers. The capture of Lisbon soon rendered Alphonso king of all Portugal.

DAMASCUS.

A.D. 634.

THE Saracens attacked Damascus, with the hopes of a speedy capture, but the inhabitants made a brave resistance. The garrison was with difficulty restrained within the walls. At the moment the troops of the emperor Heraclius came to the succour of the city, two brothers, commanders of Damascus, made a vigorous sortie, pillaged the rear-guard of the Saracens, and carried off their women. The most

important prisoner was Caulah, sister of Derar, one of the early heroes of Mahometanism, whose fanatical zeal produced such miraculous triumphs. Dazzled by the charms of his prize, Peter, one of the commanders of Damascus, wished to treat her as a conquered captive; but Caulah repulsed him with contempt. As if by a pre-concerted movement, she and her companions in misfortune seized the tent-poles, and ranging themselves back to back, refused to go to Damascus. Whilst hesitating to fight with women, though thus armed and resolute, Caled, *the sword of God*, came up, charged the Romans and made a horrible carnage: the army of Heraclius was defeated at Ainadin. Caled reappeared before Damascus, carried it by assault, and all the inhabitants were given up to indiscriminate slaughter. When Heraclius learned the fall of Damascus, he exclaimed, "Farewell to Syria!"

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1149.

Being compelled by the interest they inspire, to give at considerable length several of the sieges in which the Crusaders were engaged, we cannot spare room for more than a notice of that of Damascus, referring our readers for details, which will repay the research, to the pages of Michaud and Gibbon.

Louis VII., king of France, in company with Conrad III., emperor of Germany, who had led armies from Europe for the recovery of the Holy Land, laid siege to Damascus, one of the most delightfully situated and splendid cities in the world. By its populousness and wealth, Damascus excited the envy of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Tripoli, which were in the hands of the Christians, and probably affected their commerce. But it was neither the religion of the inhabitants nor the beauty of its position that tempted the Crusaders; it was enough for them to know that it was one of the richest cities of the East: nothing so soon induced a knight of the Cross to buckle on his spurs and take his lance, as the prospect of the plunder of an Oriental city. Damascus was well fortified on the east and on the south; but on the north, a multitude of gardens, inclosed with hedges and canals, formed its principal bulwark. And let:

not our readers smile at such a fortification; when every one of the innumerable hedges formed admirable ambuscades, and when every one of the thousands of trees was filled with archers instead of birds, the Crusaders found these gardens no "bed of roses." It was these places, cut through by a vast number of sinuous paths, in which the Crusaders had to make their first assaults; and it required five days to carry all the positions, which were defended with the greatest firmness by the Saracens. They would have taken Damascus, if their usual enemy, Discord, had not prevailed among the Crusaders: like the bear-hunters of the fabulist, they quarrelled for the sovereignty of the city before they had taken it. By the perfidious advice of the Syrian barons, they abandoned the attack on the northern side, to make others on the east and the south. The Saracens immediately repossessed themselves of the gardens, which was the only point on which the city was weak: Damascus was missed, and the Crusaders disgracefully raised the siege.

ST. JEAN D'ACRE, OR PTOLEMAIS.

A.D. 1191.

THE ill success of the first Crusades appeared to redouble the zeal of the Christians for the recovery of the Holy Land. Great misfortunes had attended many of the enterprises, but vast numbers had been enriched by the plunder of magnificent cities, and some of the leaders had acquired territorial possessions. Rome, whose policy it was to keep up the fanaticism, did all in its power to promote these wicked, senseless expeditions, and never ceased calling the attention of Europe to Jerusalem defiled by the infidels, and its holy places profaned. These touching pictures, accompanied by numerous promises of indulgence, had a prodigious effect: France and England for a moment laid aside their quarrels; and their kings, Philip and Richard, levied armies for the delivery of the Holy Land. This was the golden age for

ambitious popes and greedy princes or adventurers. Whether Celestine urged Cœur de Lion to undertake a mad expedition to the East, or Innocent III. hounded on Simon de Montfort to his massacre and plunder of the Albigeois, the motives were the same—thirst of power and influence in the pontiffs, and solid gain of wealth in their tools.

Followed by their numerous battalions, accompanied by their most powerful vassals, the two kings embarked and met at Messina. The artful Tancred, king of Sicily, nearly succeeded in his attempt to embroil the two monarchs; but a religious moderation quieted the nascent storm. The French directed their course towards St. Jean d'Acre, which city, having an excellent port, was equally necessary to the Christians to preserve Tyre and Tripoli, as it was to the Saracens to secure a communication between Egypt and Syria. For more than two years, Guy of Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, had besieged this important place with forces much less numerous than were employed in defending it. With an army increased by torrents of Crusaders, with which the West constantly inundated the East, and the wreck of the army of the emperor Frederick, Guy ventured to march against Saladin, who was advancing to succour Acre. Never had the Christian legions evinced more ardour; the combat was bloody, but the success doubtful. Each claimed the honour of the victory; but certainly the loss was least on the part of the Crusaders; they resumed the siege, and the besieged continued to defend themselves with the same vigour, when Philip Augustus arrived in the camp. His presence added greatly to the hopes of the besiegers: the walls of Acre were fast falling beneath the attacks of its numerous assailants; the victorious soldiers would speedily have achieved the long-delayed conquest, if the king of the French had not checked their courage out of courtesy for the English monarch: he thus lost the great opportunity of which the infidels made good use; they repaired their breaches; and with the strength of their walls their spirits revived also. At length Richard arrived, dragging in his train, bound in chains of silver, Isaac Comnenus, king, or as he ostentatiously styled himself, emperor of Cyprus, which island he had conquered during his voyage. A happy harmony presided over the first proceedings of the kings of

France and England, who shared by turns both honour and danger. The army calculated upon seeing Acre yield to the first general assault. When the French monarch attacked the city, Richard mounted the trenches. On the following day the king of England conducted the assault, and Philip in his turn provided for the safety of the besiegers. The emulation which prevailed between the two nations and their kings produced extraordinary acts of valour.

Ptolemaïs, or Acre, saw indeed beneath its walls all the illustrious captains and warriors that Europe could then boast, and that in an age excelling most others in chivalric bravery. The tents of the Franks covered a vast plain, and their army presented a noble aspect. A spectator, on glancing his eye along the shore at the towers of Acre and the camp of the Christians, in which they had built houses and traced streets, traversed incessantly by an immense crowd, might have imagined he saw two rival cities which were at war with each other. Each nation had its separate quarter, and so many languages were spoken by the Crusaders, that the Mussulmans could not find interpreters enough to enable them to understand the prisoners. In this confused multitude, each people had a different character, different manners, and different arms; but at the signal of battle, all were animated with the same zeal and the same ardour. The presence of the two monarchs had re-established discipline, and Acre must soon have surrendered, if discord, that eternal enemy of the Christians, had not entered their camp with Richard.

Conrad of Montferrat and Guy de Lusignan both claimed the poor honour of being king of Jerusalem; and the kings of England and France took opposite sides; indeed, it was impossible for the headstrong self-willed Richard and the astute politic Philip to remain long friends in the same camp. Whenever Philip took the field, Richard played Achilles, and sulked in his tent. The besieged had never more than one of the monarchs to contend with at a time; and the Christian army really became less redoubtable for its accession of strength. Amidst their disputes, both monarchs fell dangerously ill; and their hatred and suspicion were so great, that each accused the other with having made an attempt upon his life. As Saladin sent them refresh-

ments and physicians, and as they addressed frequent messages to him, each monarch reproached the other with keeping up an impious understanding with the Saracens.

They, however, began to be convinced that such dissensions jeopardized the safety of the army and the interests of the cause; the Jerusalem monarchy was amicably arranged, and the siege was resumed with fresh vigour. But the besieged had taken advantage of the respite granted to them by the Christian cabals, and had strengthened their fortifications. The besiegers were astonished at the opposition they met with. We should have told our readers that Saladin, with a numerous army, was on the heights above Acre; so that the Christians were between the two fires of his forces and the garrison of the city. Whenever the Crusaders attacked Acre, Saladin made a skirmishing dash at their camp. Many battles were fought at the foot of the hills; but on the two occasions of general assaults on the city, the Christians were obliged to return precipitately to defend their tents.

But time must exhaust the resources of a city so strongly beleaguered: the walls began to crumble under incessant attacks, and war, famine, and disease weakened the garrison; there were not soldiers enough to defend the walls and move about the cumbrous machines; the place wanted provisions, munitions of war, and Greek fire. The troops and the people began to murmur against Saladin and the emirs; and the commander of the garrison at length proposed a capitulation to Philip Augustus; but he swore by the God of the Christians that he would not spare a single inhabitant of Ptolemais if the Mussulmans did not restore all the cities that had fallen into their power since the battle of Tiberias.

Irritated by this determination, the chief of the emirs retired, saying that he and his companions would rather bury themselves beneath the ruins of the city than listen to such terms, and that they would defend Acre *as a lion defends his blood-stained lair*. On his return into the place, he communicated his courage, or rather his despair, to every heart. When the Christians resumed their assaults, they were repulsed with a vigour that astonished them. "The tumultuous waves of the Franks," says an Arabian author,

“rolled towards the place with the rapidity of a torrent; they mounted the half-ruined walls as wild goats ascend the steepest rocks, whilst the Saracens precipitated themselves upon the besiegers like stones detached from the summits of mountains.” In one general assault a Florentine knight of the family of Buonaguisi, followed by a few of his men, fought his way into one of the towers of the infidels, and got possession of the Mussulman banner that floated from it. Overpowered by numbers and forced to retreat, he returned to the camp, bearing off the flag he had so heroically won. In the same assault, Alberic Clement, the first marshal of France of whom history makes mention, scaled the ramparts, and, sword in hand, penetrated into the city, where he found a glorious death. Stephen, count of Blois, and several knights were burnt by the Greek fire, the boiling oil, the melted lead, and heated sand which the besiegers poured down upon all who approached the walls.

The obstinate ardour of the Mussulmans was sustained during several days; but as they received no succour, many emirs, at length despairing of the safety of Ptolemais, threw themselves by night into a bark, to seek an asylum in the camp of Saladin, preferring to encounter the anger of the sultan to perishing by the swords of the Christians. This desertion, and the contemplation of their ruined towers, filled the Mussulmans with terror. Whilst pigeons and divers constantly announced to Saladin the horrible distresses of the besieged, the latter came to the resolution of leaving the city by night, and braving every peril to join the Saracen army. But their project being discovered by the Christians, they blocked up and guarded every passage by which the enemy could possibly escape. The emirs, the soldiers, and the inhabitants then became convinced that they had no hope but in the mercy of the Christian leaders, and promised, if they would grant them liberty and life, to give up sixteen hundred prisoners, together with the wood of the true cross. By the capitulation, they engaged to pay two hundred thousand byzants of gold, and the garrison, with the entire population, were to remain hostages for the execution of the treaty.

A Mussulman soldier was sent from the city to announce to Saladin that the garrison had been forced to capitulate.

The sultan, who was preparing to make a last effort to save the place, learnt the news with deep regret. He summoned a council to know if they approved of the capitulation; but scarcely were the principal emirs assembled in his tent, when they saw the standards of the Crusaders floating over the walls of Ptolemaïs.

The terms of the capitulation remained unexecuted; Saladin, under various pretexts, deferring the payments. Richard, irritated by a delay which appeared to him a breach of faith, revenged himself upon his prisoners. Without pity for disarmed enemies, or regard for the Christians he exposed to sanguinary reprisals, he massacred five thousand Mussulmans before the city they had so bravely defended, and within sight of Saladin, who shared the disgrace of this barbarity by thus abandoning his bravest and most faithful warriors.

Such was the conclusion of this famous siege, which lasted nearly three years, in which the Crusaders shed more blood and exhibited more bravery than ought to have sufficed for the subjugation of the whole of Asia. More than a hundred skirmishes and nine great battles were fought before the walls of the city; several flourishing armies came to recruit armies nearly annihilated, and were in their turn replaced by fresh armies. The bravest nobility of Europe perished in this siege, swept away by sword or disease.

In this war, both sides exhibited their fanaticism to the utmost extent; bishops and imams equally promising remission of sins and crowns of martyrdom. Whilst the king of Jerusalem caused the book of the Evangelists to be borne before him, Saladin would often pause on the field of battle to offer up a prayer, or read a chapter from the Koran. The Franks and the Christians mutually accused each other of ignorance of the true God, and of outraging him by their ceremonies. The Christians rushed upon their enemies, shouting *Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!* and the Saracens as loudly responded by their war-cry of *Islam! Islam!*

As it has been our constant wish to scatter a few flowers among the melancholy scenes it is our task to paint, we cannot omit a celebrated story connected with the siege of Acre.

Among the bravest of the French knights was the all-

accomplished Raoul de Coucy. He tenderly loved the fair Gabrielle de Vergy, and was by her as warmly loved in return. Fearing to augment the torments which his mistress underwent from the jealousy of her husband, the Seigneur Dufaiël, De Coucy enrolled himself among the heroes of the Cross. Mortally wounded before Acre, he called his faithful squire to his side, and charged him to convey to the lady Dufaiël, a letter from his own hand, together with the jewels he had received from her. On the point of death, he likewise made him promise, under the bond of an oath, to bear his heart to the lady for whom alone it had ever breathed a sigh. Raoul being dead, his faithful squire set out to execute his last wishes: he crossed the seas, and reached Vermandois, never, for a moment, abandoning the care of his precious but sad charge. Arriving in the neighbourhood of the castle of Dufaiël it was his ill fortune to meet with its stern master, the jealous tyrant of Gabrielle, by whom he was immediately recognised. When closely interrogated, he described the death of Raoul, and supposing with that all jealousy must be at an end, told him likewise of the subject of his mission. Dufaiël eagerly seized the fatal deposit; transported with jealousy, he returned to the castle, and caused the heart of the unfortunate De Coucy to be served up to his lady in a dish of hashed meat. She ate of it. "That dish," said he, with a bitter smile, "must appear very delicious to you, for it is the heart of your lover." At the same time he threw upon the table the box, the letter, and the jewels. At the sight of these, the lady Dufaiël, convinced of the death of her lover, and of the cruelty of her husband, fainted, and only recovered to swear that that food should be her last. A prey to the deepest despair, continually bathed in tears, she persistently refused all aliment: in a very few days, grief completed the sacrifice. Devoured by remorse, it is said that the barbarous Dufaiël survived her but a short time.

After the siege, Philip's patience was exhausted by the haughty assumption, and his envy excited by the heroic exploits of Richard, and he returned to France, leaving a body of troops under the command of his rival. We will not venture into the wide field of Cœur de Lion's miraculous feats on this scene of action. Two of the greatest heroes of history, Richard and Saladin, were matched against each

other, and, notwithstanding the superior sagacity and self-command of Saladin, Richard's extraordinary courage, strength, and prowess maintained for him the character of the bravest soldier of the age. But with all his valour and exertions, he failed in the ostensible object of his enterprise: circumstances of a various but imperative nature prevented his reaching Jerusalem; he reluctantly turned his back upon it, when within three leagues of it, and returned to Europe, after concluding a truce with Saladin *for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours.*

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1799.

Buonaparte, being informed of the coalition of the Ottomans and the English to drive the French out of Egypt, thought to be beforehand with them by carrying the war into Syria. After taking Gaza and Jaffa, and gaining an advantage over the Turks, on the 18th of March he arrived before Acre. But the fortifications had been recently repaired, under the direction of Sir Sidney Smith, the English commodore, and a French engineer named Phélypeaux. These fortifications consisted of curtains flanked with square towers; the munitions were principally supplied by the English ships. Thus Buonaparte was not only opposed to Turks but to British sailors, led by one of those naval heroes who so gloriously illustrated this war. Ahmet-Djezzar Pasha was governor of Acre, a man addicted to cruelty, and inspired with an inveterate hatred for the French. The Turks easily allowed themselves to be shut up in the place, confident of receiving constant supplies from their English friends. The French were encamped upon an isolated height, extending a league and a half to Cape Blanc. They found abundant provisions in Nazareth and its neighbourhood. On the 10th of March the trenches were opened at five hundred toises from the body of the place; and, by the 28th, the breach-batteries and counter-batteries were ready. For want of siege artillery, field artillery was employed; in one day, the French succeeded in making an opening in the tower of attack; they had at the same time pushed on a mine branch, to blow up the counterscarp. The mine was sprung, and the French felt satisfied of its success. The

troops earnestly desired to be led to the assault. They judged the breach would be similar to one in which they had been successful at Jaffa; but scarcely had they rushed upon it, than they found themselves stopped by a fosse fifteen feet wide, backed by a good counterscarp. They planted their ladders against it; the head of the grenadiers had already descended; the breach was still eight feet from them; some ladders were placed there. Adjutant Maily mounted first, but was struck dead by a ball. The fire of the place was terrible; a simple tunnel had been formed upon the glacis; the counterscarp was not touched; it impeded the French, and forced a party of grenadiers intended to support the first assailants to retreat. Adjutant-Generals Escale and Langier were killed. A momentary panic seized the besieged, and they were flying towards the port; but they as suddenly rallied and returned to the breach. From the top of the tower, they poured down upon the besiegers stones, grenades, and all sorts of inflammable matters. The French grenadiers regained their *boyaux*, foaming with rage. The taking of Jaffa had led the French into a deceptive contempt for these kinds of fortifications. They treated as a mere field affair a siege which required all the resources of art. At least so say the French authorities; Sir Sidney Smith's biographer, whilst doing perfect justice to the bravery and efforts of the French, says that the fortifications, though made the most of by Phélypeaux and Sir Sidney, were in a very bad condition. Emboldened by this first success, the Turks made several sorties, in which the loss was great on both sides; that of the French, being, however, sensibly increased by the death of their best engineer, Detroyes. Djezzar made a sortie on the 7th of April; he marched in three columns; at the head of each were English sailors and marines, and all the batteries were served by cannoniers of that nation. The French then perceived what was the object of the sortie; the English wished to gain possession of the first posts and the advanced works. Instantly, a fire so well kept up was opened upon them from the *places d'armes* and the counterscarp, that all who had advanced were either killed or wounded. The centre column exhibited more firmness. It had been ordered to obtain possession of the entrance to the mine. The commanding officer, Captain

Atfield, was shot whilst boldly leading on his men. The English accounts say that the failure in this assault was owing to the impetuosity, noise, and want of discipline of the Turks. The English and Turks returned to the town without having gained their object. The reverses of the parallels remained covered by the English and their allies.

“Though hostilities were carried on with such vigour and apparent rancour in the trenches and on the breach, yet there were frequent suspensions of operations, and the distinguished French generals, on such occasions, derived much pleasure from visiting Sir Sidney on board the *Tigre*. On one of these occasions, and after the besieging party had made some progress, Generals Kleber and Junot were, with Sir Sidney Smith, walking the quarter-deck of the *Tigre*, in a very amiable mood of sociability, one on each side the English commander.

“After a few turns in silence, Junot, regarding the battered fortifications that lay before him, and they being dwindled by distance into much insignificance, thus broke out in the spirit of false prophecy:—

“‘Commodore, mark my words! three days hence, by this very hour, the French tricolour shall be flying on the remains of that miserable town.’

“Sir Sidney very quickly replied: ‘My good general, before you shall have that town, I will blow it and you to Jericho.’

“‘*Bien obligé,*’ observed Kleber, ‘very much obliged, indeed; it will be all in our way to India.’

“‘With all my heart!’ rejoined Sir Sidney; ‘I shall be most happy to assist you, Buonaparte, and your whole army, forward in that style; and we will commence as soon as you please.’

“The offer, though so kindly made, was neither accepted nor replied to.”*

Buonaparte had been absent for a time on a successful excursioun against some of the small neighbouring cities. He learnt, on his return, that Contre-amiral Pérée had landed at Jaffa three pieces of twenty-four pounds, and six of eighteen, with munitions, which was the first siege artillery he had

* Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith.

received. He hoped with this to advance this so unexpectedly difficult attack. On the 24th of April, the mine destined to blow up the tower of attack was finished, and the batteries began to batter Acre: fire was set to the mine, but a *souterrain*, which was near the tower, diminishing the resistance, a part of the effect was lost, and only a single side of the tower was blown up, leaving it as difficult to climb as before. Buonaparte, however, ordered thirty picked men to effect a lodgment. The grenadiers gained the ruins of the first stage, but the enemy, who occupied the superior stages, poured upon them such showers of combustible matter as compelled them to retreat. A second attack, made the next day, had no better success. The French lost General Cafarelli, one of their most distinguished leaders.

The ardour of the besieged and the besiegers was equal; and the Turks prudently and gratefully availed themselves of the intelligence of the English engineers, to augment their means of defence. They every day received provisions and ammunition from the English ships, and, on all trying occasions, were materially assisted by bands of sailors, led by enterprising officers.

The inhabitants, likewise, were willing and useful accessories in carrying on the works: The French, on the contrary, were obliged to husband the lives of their men, whose numbers were daily lessened by the plague, that cruel scourge of the East, and the burning sun of the climate.

Almost all the front pieces of attack of the besieged were dismantled; to defend himself, Djezzar built a place of arms in front of his right, and a second was established on his left, opposite to his palace. By favour of their fire and of the musketry, these works flanked the breach and the tower advantageously. Four pieces of eighteen were placed *en batterie*. On the 2nd of April, their fire was directed against the breach, to extend the demolition of it. That evening, twenty grenadiers were commanded to gain a lodgment there; but the enemy, profiting by the *boyau* established in the fosse, fusilladed the breach crosswise. Want of powder by the 5th of April began to relax the fire of the French: which, of course, redoubled the courage and efforts of the besieged: they worked incessantly at the sapping, their object being to cut off the communication of the besiegers

with a new mine. Buonaparte ordered four companies of grenadiers, at ten o'clock in the evening, to throw themselves into the outworks of Acre. The besieged were surprised, and many were slaughtered; the French gained possession of the works, and three of the cannon were spiked; but the incessant, well-directed fire from the ramparts rendered it impossible for them to stay long enough to entirely destroy them. The garrison regained the works immediately afterwards. At the end of two days, the Turks succeeded in giving vent to a fresh mine, destined to blow up the counterscarp established upon a breach of the curtain. Two assaults given on the 5th and 6th of May were equally fruitless. On the 7th, the French heard of the arrival of a convoy of powder at Gaza. Buonaparte gave orders to batter in breach the curtain on the right of the tower of breach, and the breach itself. The curtain fell, and offered a practicable opening. Buonaparte seized the advantage, and ordered an immediate assault. Lannes' division rushed to the breach and gained possession of it; two hundred men were already in the place; but the general's orders were not executed with sufficient *ensemble*: the besieged, issuing from their outer places of arms, filed into the fosses right and left, and succeeded in establishing a cross-fire upon the breach. Not having been dislodged from the second tower dominating the left, they kept up a warm fusillade, and launched all sorts of inflammable matter upon the French. The troops who were scaling began to hesitate; they stopped; indecision appeared in their ranks; and they ceased to rush into the streets with the impetuosity they evinced after gaining the breach. The fire of the houses, of the barricades, of the streets, of Djezzar's palace, which took in front and crosswise those who descended from the breach and those who entered the city, occasioned a retrograde movement among the troops that had entered the place and did not find themselves supported. They abandoned, behind the rampart, two pieces of cannon and two mortars, of which they had gained possession: the retrograde movement was soon communicated to the whole column. General Lannes succeeded in stopping it, and bringing the column forward again. The *guides à pied*, who were in reserve, rushed to the breach, where both parties fought hand to hand,

with reciprocal animosity. The Turks and English regained their position at the crown of the breach. The effect of the first impulse, the French soldiers' principal chance of victory, was gone; General Lannes was severely wounded, and General Rambaud had been killed in the city: the Turks had had time to rally. At this moment, the besieged received a considerable reinforcement of troops from the isle of Rhodes: they were landed, and at once joined in the contest: they fought from dawn till night; and all the advantage being on the side of the besieged, the French found it necessary to retreat.

The next day, the fire from the batteries continued. Buonaparte repaired, at two o'clock in the morning, to the breach, and ordered a fresh attack. The *éclaireurs*, the grenadiers, and the carbiniers mounted to the breach, surprised the enemy's posts, and slaughtered numbers; but they were stopped by fresh interior intrenchments, and forced to retire. The fire from the batteries continued all the day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the grenadiers of the twenty-fourth solicited and obtained the honour of mounting first to the assault. These brave men marched coolly to the wall; but a first, second, and third line of defence had been established, which could not be forced without fresh dispositions. Retreat was again sounded. The French had in these assaults two hundred killed and five hundred wounded; they greatly regretted the brave General Bon, who was killed at the head of the grenadiers. This is principally the French account of these two important days: let us hear what Sir Sidney Smith says of them in his well-written despatch to Lord Nelson:—

“ We have been in one continued battle ever since the beginning of the siege, interrupted only at short intervals by the excessive fatigue of every individual on both sides. We have been long anxiously looking for a reinforcement, without which we could not expect to be able to keep the place so long as we have. The delay in its arrival being occasioned by Hassan Bey's having originally had orders to join me in Egypt, I was obliged to be very peremptory in the repetition of my orders for him to join me here; it was not, however, till the evening of the day before yesterday, the fifty-first day of the siege, that his fleet of corvettes and transports

made its appearance. The approach of this additional strength was the signal to Buonaparte for a most vigorous and persevering assault, in hopes to get possession of the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark.

“The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold; our flanking fire afloat was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulments and traverses of sufficient thickness to protect them from it. The guns that could be worked to the greatest advantage were a French brass eighteen-pounder, in the Lighthouse castle, manned from the *Theseus*, under the direction of Mr. Scroder, master’s mate; and the last-mounted twenty-four pounder in the north ravelin, manned from the *Tigre*, under the direction of Mr. Jones, midshipman. These guns being within grape distance of the head of the attacking column, added to the Turkish musketry, did great execution. The *Tigre*’s two sixty-eight-pound carronades, mounted on two dergmes lying in the mole, and worked under the direction of Mr. Bray, carpenter of the *Tigre* (one of the bravest and most intelligent men I ever served with), threw shells into the centre of this column with evident effect, and checked it considerably. Still, however, the enemy gained ground, and made a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower, the upper part being entirely battered down, and the ruins in the ditch forming the ascent by which they mounted: daylight showed us the French standard on the outer angle of the tower. The fire of the besiegers was much slackened in comparison with that of the besiegers, and our flanking fire was become of less effect, the enemy having covered themselves in this lodgment and the approach to it by two traverses across the ditch, which they had constructed under the fire that had been opposed to them during the whole night, and which were now seen, composed of sand-bags and the bodies of their dead built in with them, their bayonets only being visible above them. Hassan Bey’s troops were in the boats, though, as yet, but halfway on shore. This was a most critical point of the contest, and an effort was necessary to preserve the place for a short time till their arrival.

“I accordingly landed the boats at the mole, and took the

crews up to the breach, armed with pikes. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such a reinforcement at such a time, is not to be described.

“ Many fugitives returned with us to the breach, which we found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missile weapons were heavy stones, which, striking the assailants on the head, overthrew the foremost down the slope and impeded the progress of the rest. A succession, however, ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the two parties serving as a breastwork to both; the muzzles of their muskets touching, and the spear-heads of their standards locked. Djezzar Pasha, hearing the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to the ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket-cartridges with his own hand. The energetic old man, coming behind us, pulled us down with violence, saying, if any harm happened to his English friends, all was lost. This amicable contest as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot, and thus time was gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan's troops. I had now to combat the pasha's repugnance to admitting any troops but his Albanians into the garden of his seraglio, which had become a very important place, as occupying the *terreplein* of the rampart. There were about two hundred of the original thousand Albanians left alive. This was no time for debate, and I overruled his objection by introducing the Chifflick regiment of one thousand men, armed with bayonets, disciplined after the European method under Sultan Selim's own eye, and placed by his imperial majesty's express command at my disposal. The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and there being consequently enough to defend the breach, I proposed to the pasha to get rid of the object of his jealousy, by opening his gates to let them make a sally and take the assailants in flank. He readily complied; and I gave directions to the colonel to get possession of the enemy's third parallel or nearest trench, and there fortify himself by shifting the parapet outwards. This order being clearly understood, the gates were opened and the Turks

rushed out; but they were not equal to such a movement, and were driven back to the town with loss. Mr. Bray, however, as usual, protected the town gate efficaciously with grape from the sixtyeight-pounders. The sortie had this good effect, that it obliged the enemy to expose themselves above their parapets, so that our flanking fires brought down numbers of them and drew their force from the breach, so that the small number remaining on the lodgment were killed or dispersed by our few remaining hand-grenades, thrown by Mr. Savage, midshipman of the Theseus. The enemy began a new breach, by an incessant fire directed to the southward of the lodgment, every shot knocking down whole sheets of wall, much less solid than that of the tower, on which they had expended so much time and ammunition. The group of generals and aides-de-camp, which the shells from the sixtyeight-pounders had frequently dispersed, was now reassembled on Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount. Buonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semi-circle; his gesticulations indicated a renewal of attack, and his despatching an aide-de-camp showed that he waited only for a reinforcement. I gave directions for Hassan Bey's ships to take their station in the shoal water to the southward, and made the Tigre's signal to weigh and join the Theseus to the northward. A little before sunset, a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with a solemn step. The pasha's idea was not to defend the breach this time, but rather to let a certain number of the enemy in, and then close with them according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the pasha's garden, where, in a very few minutes, the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. The rest retreated precipitately; and the commanding officer, who was seen manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, and whom we have since learnt to be General Lannes, was carried off wounded by a musket-shot. General Rombaud was killed. Much confusion arose in the town from the actual entry of the enemy, it having been impossible, nay impolitic, to give previous information to everybody of the mode of defence adopted, lest the enemy should

come to a knowledge of it by means of their numerous spies.

"The English uniform, which had served as a rallying-point for the old garrison wherever it appeared, was now, in the dusk, mistaken for French, the newly-arrived Turks not distinguishing between one hat and another in the crowd; and thus many a severe blow of a sabre was parried by our officers, among which Colonel Douglas, Mr. Ives, and Mr. Jones had nearly lost their lives as they were forcing their way through a torrent of fugitives. Calm was restored by the pasha's exertions, aided by Mr. Trotte, just arrived with Hassan-Bey; and thus the contest of twenty-five hours ended, both parties being so fatigued as to be unable to move.

"Buonaparte will, no doubt, renew the attack, the breach being, as above described, perfectly practicable for fifty men abreast; indeed the town is not, nor ever has been, defensible, according to the rules of art; but according to every other rule it must and shall be defended: not that it is in itself worth defending, but we feel that it is by this small breach Buonaparte means to march to other conquests. It is on the issue of this contest that depends the opinion of the multitudes of spectators on the surrounding hills, who wait only to see how it ends, to join the victor; and with such a reinforcement for the execution of his known projects, Constantinople, and even Vienna, must feel the shock.

"Be assured, my lord, the magnitude of our obligations does but increase the energy of our efforts in the attempt to discharge our duty; and though we may, and probably shall be overpowered, I can venture to say that the French army will be so much further weakened before it prevails, as to be little able to profit by its dear-bought victory.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"W. SIDNEY SMITH."

"*Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson.*"

Sir Sidney Smith was well aware of the nature of this contest. Acre was of no consequence in itself; but the opinion of the Syrians was of incalculable importance.

They were already so prepossessed with the irresistibility of the French forces, that all efforts of defence had been paralyzed. Had it not been for the stimulating influence of British courage, Buonaparte would have met with no opposition, and he and his generals would have been wholly unimpeded in whatever plans of conquest, personal aggrandizement, or political vengeance, they might have concerted.

Buonaparte was dreadfully annoyed at this check ; he was, perhaps, of all great generals on record, the one least qualified for a siege. In the heat of his vexation he called for the most cruel sacrifices on the part of his brave followers.

But we return to this singular siege, and still more singular defence. The gallant antagonist of the future emperor was fully aware of the advantage he had gained, and well knew how to improve it. Rightly judging that the prejudice in favour of the invincibility of the French must be considerably shaken by the late events, and by the fatal check that was given to the advancement of their arms, Sir Sidney wrote a circular letter to the princes and chiefs of Mount Lebanon, and to the shiiks of the Druses, exhorting them to do their duty to their sovereign by intercepting the supplies of the enemy. This proceeding had all the success that might be expected. Two ambassadors were sent to the commodore, informing him that measures had been taken to cut off the supplies till that time furnished to the French camp ; and eighty French prisoners, who had been captured in the defence of their convoys, were placed at the disposal of the British.

Thus the French had scarcely a choice left but to mount the breach. Accordingly General Kleber's division was ordered from the fords of the Jordan, where it had been successfully opposed to the army of Damascus, to take its turn in an attempt that had already cost the lives of the flower of the French troops, with more than two-thirds of their officers. But on the arrival of General Kleber and his army, other employment was found for them.

In the sally before mentioned, made by the Chufflick regiment, it had shown a want of steadiness in the presence of the enemy, and was in consequence censured. The commandant, Soliman Aga, being ordered by Sir Sidney Smith to obtain possession of the enemy's third parallel, availed himself of this opportunity to retrieve the lost honour of

his regiment, and the next night carried his orders into execution with so much ardour and resolution, that he not only effected the service he was sent on, but established the reputation of his corps. The third parallel was gained; but the gallant Turk, wishing to elevate the character of his regiment still more, attacked the second trench, but not with the same success, as he lost some standards. He however retained possession of the works long enough to spike four of the guns and do them other mischief.

On Kleber's arrival, therefore, instead of mounting the breach, he was ordered to recover these works, which, after a furious contest of three hours, and much loss of life, was effected. Notwithstanding this very limited success, the advantage evidently remained on the side of the besieged. Indeed, the resistance displayed damped the zeal of the French troops so seriously, that they could not be again brought to the breach:

We gladly avail ourselves of Sir Sidney Smith's despatch to conclude this remarkable siege.

"After this failure the French grenadiers absolutely refused to mount the breach any more over the putrid bodies of their unburied companions, sacrificed in former attacks by Buonaparte's impatience and precipitation, which led him to commit such palpable errors as even seamen could take advantage of. He seemed to have no principle of action but that of pressing forward; and appeared to stick at nothing to obtain the object of his ambition, although it must be evident to everybody else, that even if he had succeeded in taking the town, the fire of the shipping must drive him out of it again in a short time: however, the knowledge the garrison had of the inhuman massacre at Jaffa rendered them desperate in their personal defence. Two attempts to assassinate me in the town having failed, recourse was had to a most flagrant breach of the laws of honour and war. A flag of truce was sent into the town by the hand of an Arab dervish, with a letter to the pasha, proposing a cessation of arms, for the purpose of burying the dead bodies, the stench from which became intolerable. It was natural we should gladly listen to this proposition, and that we should consequently be off our guard during the conference. While the answer was under consideration,

a volley of shot and shells on a sudden announced an assault, which, however, the garrison was ready to receive; and the assailants only contributed to increase the number of the dead bodies in question, to the eternal disgrace of the general who thus disloyally sacrificed them. Subordination was now at an end; and all hopes of success having vanished, the enemy had no alternative left but a precipitate retreat, which was put in execution in the night between the 20th and 21st instant. The battering-train of artillery (except the carriages, which were burnt) is now in our hands, amounting to twenty-three pieces. The howitzers and medium twelve-pounders, originally conveyed by land with much difficulty, and successfully employed to make the first breach, were embarked in the country vessels at Jaffa, to be conveyed coastwise, together with the worst among the two thousand wounded, which embarrassed the march of the army. This operation was to be expected; I took care, therefore, to be between Jaffa and Damietta before the French could get as far as the former place. The vessels being turned to sea without seamen to navigate them, and the wounded being in want of every necessary, even water and provisions, they steered straight to his majesty's ships, in full confidence of receiving the succours of humanity; in which they were not disappointed. I have sent them on to Damietta, where they will receive such further aid as their situation requires, and which it was out of my power to give to so many. Their expressions of gratitude to us were mingled with execrations on the name of their general, who had, as they said, exposed them to peril unnecessarily. Two thousand cavalry are just despatched to harass the French rear, and I am in hopes to overtake their van in time to profit by their disorder."

A perusal of this siege redounds very little to the honour of the great French general: he was beaten fairly at every point, and on every occasion, by a seaman. Sir Sidney was never taken by surprise or defeated in open fight. The sailor joined to the ardour characteristic of his profession, a coolness and foresight worthy of the greatest captain; the French general exhibited none of the talents of a superior tactician; his conduct was impetuous and headstrong; he was evidently annoyed at

receiving a check where he did not expect it, and was weak enough to show it by his actions: he was irritated by the obstacle, but took the worst possible measures to remove it.

Buonaparte told O'Meara, at St. Helena: "Sir Sidney dispersed proclamations among the troops, which certainly shook some of them; and I, in consequence, published an order stating that he was *mad*, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after he sent, by a lieutenant or midshipman, a flag of truce, with a challenge to meet me at some place which he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent back intimation that when he sent Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man." This little anecdote is quite characteristic of Buonaparte and Sir Sidney; the wild chivalry of the sailor being not more striking than the *fanfaronnade* of the future emperor. As we have done frequently before, we will enliven our account of "perils i' the deadly breach" with an anecdote. The following is from the "Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith."

"The seamen of the squadron took each their turn for the military service on the walls of Acre. One of them had observed, in his spell ashore, the body of a French general, splendid in his uniform, that lay exposed in the very centre of the ditch. This dwelt on the mind of the honest, though—the truth must be told—somewhat obtuse-minded tar. Indeed he had never shown himself remarkable for either intellect or activity, and held no higher office in the ship than a waister. Yet, by some unexplained mental process, the fate and the unburied corpse of the French general had fixed themselves so strongly in his imagination, that he was determined, at all risks, to give his glittering dead opponent the rites of sepulture. The next day, though out of his turn, he asked and obtained permission to take his spell on the walls. Nothing divided the hostile intrenchments but this same ditch, and so closely placed were the foes to each other, that a moderate whisper could be easily heard from one embankment to the other. Nothing appeared above these embankments but a serried line of bayonets; for if a hat, or a head, or anything tangible appeared on either side, it was saluted with a volley of perforating-balls. It was about noon, and

the respective hostile lines were preserving a dead silence, anxiously watching for the opportunity of a shot at each other. Our seaman, who, without informing any one of his intention, had provided himself with a spade and pickaxe, suddenly broke the ominous silence by shouting out, in a stentorian voice, 'Mounsiere, a-hoy! 'vast heaving there a bit, will ye? and belay over all with your poppers for a spell.' And then he showed his broad unmeaning face over the lines. Two hundred muskets were immediately pointed at him; but seeing him with only the implements of digging, and not exactly understanding his demand for a parley, the French forbore to fire. Jack very leisurely then scrambled over the intrenchment into the ditch, the muzzles of the enemy's muskets still following his every motion. All this did not the least disturb his *sang-froid*; but going up to the French general, he took his measure in quite a business-like manner, and dug a very decent grave alongside the defunct. When this was finished, shaking what was so lately a French general very cordially and affectionately by the hand, he reverently placed him in his impromptu grave, then shovelled the earth upon and made all smooth above him. When all was properly completed, he made his best sailor's bow and footscrape to the French, shouldered his implements of burial, and climbed over into his own quarters with the same imperturbability that had marked his previous appearance. This he did amidst the cheers of both parties.

"Now our friend the waister seemed to think he had done nothing extraordinary, and only remarked that he should sleep well. A few days after, another gaudily-decorated French general came on board the *Tigre*, on some matters of negotiation, which, when completed, he anxiously desired to see the interrer of his late comrade. The meeting took place, and Jack was highly praised for his heroism in a long speech, not one word of which, though interpreted to him, could he comprehend. Money was then offered him, which at first he did not like to take; but he at length satisfied his scruples by telling the French officer he should be happy to do the same thing for him as he had done for his brother general—for nothing. The French general begged to be excused; and thus ended the interview."

D O V E R.

A.D. 1216.

WE only introduce this little siege on account of a particular circumstance attending it. Whilst the English invasions of France have been more than one, and the sieges and captures of her cities numerous, Dover we believe to be the only English city that has been besieged by the French. We of course except the Conquest, because we do not consider William of Normandy a Frenchman at all: the Normans, or Northmen, were a race of the most successful adventurers of that age, and, not much more than a hundred years before their expedition to England, had gained, in an almost similar manner, an establishment in a remote province of France.

The English barons, disgusted with the levity and tyranny of John, very inconsiderately offered the crown of England to Louis, son of Philip Augustus, and heir to the kingdom of France. This prince, who did not want for spirit, in spite of the anathemas of the court of Rome, under the protection of which the weak John had placed himself, embarked with an army on board a fleet of seven hundred vessels, landed at Sandwich, and took possession of the county of Kent, with the exception of Dover. This place was well provided against an attack, and was governed by Hubert du Bourg, an intrepid and skilful soldier. Louis being unable to overcome his firm resistance, had recourse to more seductive advances, offering him a considerable bribe; but to his honour, Du Bourg repulsed it more indignantly and quite as firmly as he had resisted his arms. The French were obliged to raise the siege.

“ This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.”

B A G D A D.

A.D. 1638.

AMURATH IV. had twice besieged Bagdad,—in 1625 and 1634; twice his generals had been compelled disgracefully to raise the siege, when the sultan, in 1638, determined to punish a city which had so roused his anger. During thirty days his artillery thundered against its ramparts. Cannon, steel, and fire spread desolation within the walls; assault upon assault was given. The grand seignor appeared, scimitar in hand, striking down such of his own men as even advanced slowly. He killed the vizier Mahommed, who appeared to him not sufficiently eager to court danger. At length the city was carried. Thirty thousand unarmed Persians were slaughtered before the eyes of the cruel conqueror. This savage prince was about to exterminate all the inhabitants of Bagdad, when a musician threw himself at his feet, and spoke as follows: “Sublime emperor! will you permit so divine an art as that of music to perish this day with me, with Schah-Culi, your slave? Ah! preserve, by preserving me, a divine art of which I have not yet discovered all the beauties.” This speech made the sultan laugh, and casting a favourable look upon the artist, he permitted him to prove his talents. Schah-Culi immediately took up a *scheydor*, a kind of six-stringed harp, and adapting his voice to the sounds of that instrument, he sang the tragic capture of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The sultan at first appeared astonished; fury was depicted in his countenance: he fancied himself amidst his warriors, animating the combatants, and leading them to victory. All at once the artist touched another chord: by plaintive and affecting sounds he subdued the heart of the implacable conqueror: the haughty sultan melted into tears; his stern heart was, for the first time, accessible to pity: he shudders at the barbarous orders he

had given to immolate so many thousand victims; he revokes them, and puts a stop to the carnage. Overcome by the charms of music, he restored liberty to the compatriots of Schah-Culi, attached the musician to his personal service, and loaded him with benefits.

C A S S E L.

A.D. 1528.

PHILIP of Valois, scarcely seated on his own throne, turned his arms towards Flanders, to assist the count in subduing his rebellious subjects. His noble army consisted of thirty thousand men, among whom were fourteen thousand gendarmes. Philip marched straight towards the city of Cassel, and laid siege to it. The rebel army, much less numerous than the French, was composed entirely of infantry: they were fishermen, peasants, and artisans. A small dealer in fish, named Colin Zannequin, was at their head, a bold, daring man, in whom audacity and cunning made up for deficiency in military experience. Such was the singular champion opposed to the king of France; such were the troops destined to contend with the proudest nobility of Europe: and this ignoble assemblage was very near destroying the haughty battalions which held them in rather too much contempt. Never was any army more determined or more insolent in its bearing than these newly-made soldiers, encamped and intrenched within sight of Cassel, upon an eminence very difficult of access. They had the audacity to hoist upon one of the towers of the city a kind of standard, upon which was painted a cock, with this inscription:—

“Quand ce coq chanté aura,
Le roi Cassel conquérera.”

[When this cock shall have crowed, the king shall conquer Cassel.]

Zannequin conceived a project which might, if successful, have proved of great importance. In his character of a dealer in fish, he went every day, with reckless confidence,

to exercise his trade in the royal camp. He sold his fish at a moderate price, in order to get a footing, and afford him an opportunity of seeing what was going on. He found that they sat a long time at table, that they gambled a great deal, that they danced, and they slept in the afternoon. In short, such negligent guard appeared to be kept, that the audacious Fleming conceived the design of carrying off the king and all his quarter. On the 23rd of August, 1528, about two o'clock in the afternoon, at the time when he knew the French were taking their daily nap, he divided his troops into three bodies, ordered one to march quietly to the quarter of the king of Bohemia, the second to advance in silence against the *battle* commanded by the count of Hainault, whilst he placed himself at the head of the third. He entered the camp without shouting the war-cry, which was at that time always done before commencing a battle, and penetrated nearly to the king's tent, where too good a watch was not kept. When they appeared, they were supposed to be a reinforcement just arrived, and Renaud Delor, a noble cavalier, came towards them with a smile, saying it was not polite to disturb their friends' slumbers. He was answered by a javelin through his heart. This proved the signal for fight. The Flemings drew their swords and slaughtered all they met. The alarm was soon spread through the French camp; loud cries announced the danger, and all flew to arms. The king was roused by a Dominican, his confessor. He laughed at the worthy father, telling him that fear disturbed his imagination; but Miles de Noyer, who bore the oriflamme, soon rushed in, confirming the news, and entreating the king to arm. But there was neither squire nor knight to assist his majesty, and the duty was performed by the clerks of his chapel. He sprang upon his war-horse, and marched straight against the assailants. Miles de Noyer stopped him, advising him to wait till his troops should be sufficiently increased to turn the Flemings, and afterwards take them in flank. This brave and prudent knight then raised the royal standard on a point from which it could be seen at a great distance. At this signal, the cavalry drew up around their prince. The Flemings were surrounded, broken, and then cut to pieces. Of sixteen thousand men, who composed this army, not one gave ground,

but not one escaped. The French lost but few in the action: armour was then very complete, and the ill-protected Flemings had but little chance against the French chivalry. The other rebel battalions dispersed immediately. Cassel was taken, razed to the ground, and reduced to ashes. After having restored peace, Philip returned to his own dominions, saying to the count of Flanders: "Be more prudent and more humane, and you will have fewer rebels." This was certainly a well-merited reproof; but it came very ill from such a man as Philip of Valois.

ROMORANTIN.

A.D. 1356.

HOWEVER insignificant in itself, this siege commands a place in our record, as being the first in which cannon were employed. Our country's favourite hero, the Black Prince, having entered Sologne with hostile intentions, laid siege to Romorantin. The English were repulsed in their first assault; but were not disheartened. They continued their attacks, but still in vain, till some engineers advised an experiment to be made with the newly-discovered gunpowder. They planted some batteries of cannon so as to enable them to throw into the place a number of inflammable missiles. By this means they set fire to some buildings in the lower court of the castle. The conflagration soon extended to one of the towers. The besieged were then constrained to surrender to the conqueror, and were made prisoners of war. This is the first time that mention is made in history of artillery being employed for besieging places. It was ten years after the battle of Crecy, at which, it is said, cannon were first used in the field.

LA ROCHELLE.

A.D. 1372.

THE English having made themselves masters of La Rochelle, the inhabitants of that important city did not endure the yoke without impatience. They were only restrained by their fear of the military who garrisoned the castle, which dominated over both the port and the city. Jean Candorier, mayor of La Rochelle, proposed gaining possession of it by a stratagem. "We shall easily do so, and to our honour," said he, "for Philip Monsel (the English commander) is not over cunning." Candorier invited Monsel to dine with him, and took the opportunity of showing him an order which desired him, in his quality of mayor, to review the garrison and the armed burgesses. This order was a fiction. The English commander, like most warriors of the time, could neither read nor write. Candorier showed the order so openly, and read it with a confidence that might have imposed upon any one. On the day appointed for the review, Monsel marched all his garrison out of the castle, with the exception of about twelve men. Scarcely had he passed the fortifications, than a body of armed citizens, placed in ambuscade behind an old wall, got between him and the citadel, whilst a body of two hundred men met him, in good order, in front. The English, finding themselves surrounded, yielded at discretion. The inhabitants then summoned the few left in the citadel to place it immediately in their power. Their number was so small that they complied without hesitation. Charles V. rewarded the Rochellois with great privileges.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1573.

During the various religious wars in France, the Reformers had no more formidable rampart or place of refuge than La Rochelle. Readers not well acquainted with French history,

and accustomed to look upon France as one kingdom ruled by a despotic king, can form no idea of the real state of that country quite up to the middle of the reign of Louis XIV. In all the provinces of France there were strongly fortified cities, mostly attached to the governments of these provinces. It was the object of princes of the blood and of the high nobles to obtain a government; after that, upon receiving offence at court, or taking umbrage at even an imaginary insult, they would retire to their fortified city, and set even royalty at defiance. La Rochelle, Sedan, and some other cities, were the great rallying-points of the Huguenots, and, in them, the power of the monarchs was merely nominal. In 1573, they were besieged in La Rochelle by the duke of Anjou, afterwards the infamous Henry III., the most inveterate enemy they ever had to encounter. The massacre of St. Bartholomew has fixed an indelible stain upon the reign of Charles IX.; but more of its horrors were due to this, his successor, than to him. Henry of Anjou was more after Catherine de Medici's own heart than her second son Charles. This prince could boast of having in his army the flower of the French nobility. In the course of eight months they gave nine general assaults, and formed more than twenty useless attacks. An English fleet endeavoured to throw succours into the city, but it was repulsed, and forced to renounce the enterprise. The Rochellois, notwithstanding, continued to signalize their valour by the most intrepid resistance. The duke of Anjou, returning from visiting a mine, passed by a place within gun-shot of the city. A soldier, recognising him, took a deliberate aim at him, and would have ridded the world of a monster, but for the intervention of his squire, Hubert Devins, who, seeing the danger of the prince, rushed forward, and received the ball instead of him. He was cured of his wound, and lived a long time to enjoy the glory of such an action. Upon the duke being chosen king of Poland, a general assault was given; but it succeeded no better than its predecessors. The prince, who had already lost more than twenty-four thousand men, then resolved to terminate the siege by making peace. The conduct of the royalists during the siege was the height of extravagance, injustice, and ferocity: "They sported there with the lives of men," says Matthieu the historian; "and I

have heard those say who were near the duke of Anjou, that to pass away the time, when they were at a loss what to do, they sent soldiers to the breach." It is not to be wondered at that an enterprise so conducted should have had a bad end, and that the Rochellois, pretending to submit, to save the honour of the court, should have really remained masters of their city. Near the counterscarp, there was a mill, called Labrande, of which Captain Normand had obtained the proprietorship, upon condition that he should have it guarded. He thought at first of fortifying it; but finding he could not put it in a state of defence, he satisfied himself with keeping a few soldiers in it in the daytime, who retired at night, with the exception of one sentinel. Strozzi, one of the Catholic generals, who fancied he could derive some advantage from this mill, fixed upon a moonlight night to attack it with a detachment and two culverins. A soldier from the Isle of Rhé, named Barbot, sole defender of this bad post, stood his ground, fired, with incredible celerity, many arquebuse-shots at the assailants, and, by varying the inflexions of his voice, made them believe that he had a considerable number of comrades. Captain Normand kept encouraging him from the top of a cavalier, speaking as if there were an entire company in the mill, and telling them to hold out bravely, and they should soon have assistance. Barbot's artillery being exhausted, he came forward and demanded quarter for himself and his comrades; and, the defence having been so respectable, it was granted. He immediately laid down his arms, and revealed the whole garrison in his own person. Strozzi, enraged at what he ought to have thought heroic, wanted to have him hung for his act of gallantry; but Biron, who was more moderate, satisfied himself with condemning him to the galleys. These men prided themselves upon fighting in a religious cause, and in civilized times: the pagans of old Greece or Rome would not have punished such a man at all. The soldier was fortunate enough to escape by flight a punishment he did not deserve.*

* This anecdote is evidently the foundation of an amusing scene in Dumas' "Three Musketeers," and proves the truth of the proverb, "that truth is even more strange than fiction."

THIRD SIEGE. A.D. 1627.

We come now to the most important siege of La Rochelle, a siege which is likewise the great event of the life of so remarkable a man as the Cardinal de Richelieu. Of all the actions of this able, selfish, cruel minister, his policy in subduing the Huguenots is, perhaps, the most defensible. The Huguenots were not only what they pretended to be, a religious party,—they were a political party; and many men carried on their schemes of rebellion or aggrandizement under the shadow of their standard, who cared nothing for religion of any kind. That this is the case in all religious wars we are willing to admit, but it was particularly so in France in the reign of Louis XIII. Louis himself was superstitious enough; as most weak men are; but it would have puzzled the Sorbonne itself to have told what was the *heart religion* of Louis' minister.

Cardinal de Richelieu, who governed France and its king, being very desirous to signalize his ministry by the conquest of La Rochelle, ordered the siege of it to be prepared. In the year 1627, an army of twenty-three thousand men, with Louis XIII. at their head, presented itself before this last asylum of the Protestants. The warlike cardinal conducted all the operations in the name of the king. The city was vast, well fortified, well situated, provided with numerous artillery, full of munitions of all kinds, and defended by inhabitants animated by religious zeal. They elected as mayor, governor, and general of their city, Jean Guiton, a man of great firmness and valour. He was scarcely clothed with these important but perilous dignities, than he assembled the inhabitants, and drawing a poniard, said: "I will be your mayor, since you insist upon my being so, but only upon condition that I may be permitted to plunge this poniard into the heart of the first man who shall speak of surrendering. I consent that it shall be employed in the same manner upon me, if I should propose to capitulate; and I require that this poniard shall remain for that purpose upon the table of the chamber in which we assemble." Richelieu in the mean time continued his works for the blockade of the place. A circumvallation of three leagues was formed, protected by thirteen forts, flanked with redoubts, and bristling

with artillery. But the great object was to close the ports, in order to exclude succour. Piles were sunk to embarrass the entrance; a chain of immense force was stretched across the mouth: but all these means proved useless. At length the cardinal resolved to make a dyke. We beg our readers to remember that whenever a grand national operation is successful, the king or minister under whom it is effected is almost sure to have the credit of it, although, perhaps, perfectly innocent of any idea of the kind. This, we have reason to believe, was the fact with respect to Richelieu and his famous dyke, which might have been planned by any soldier in the army. It will not bear a comparison with Alexander's dyke at the siege of Tyre. Everybody, as is usual in such cases, exclaimed against the project as absurd. Louis Métézeau and Jean Tiriot alone ventured to undertake the execution of it, and they were kindly set down by their contemporaries as madmen. It was necessary to form a canal of seven hundred and forty toises in width, in a place where the current of the sea was very strong. Long posts were sunk in the sea, at twelve feet distance from each other, from the point of Coreille to Fort Louis: other posts, quite as strong, connected them crosswise. Immense dry stones were thrown into the intervals, to which the slime and mud acted as cement. This dyke was so elevated, that in the highest tides the soldiers were dry upon it; its thickness was proof against cannon. It was, towards the bottom, about twelve toises wide, and only about four at the top, so that it resembled a glacis. At each extremity a fort was built; an opening was left in the middle to allow passage for the tides; but, in order to prevent the enemy's vessels from entering by this opening, forty vessels, filled with hewn stones, were sunk, and a vast number of huge piles were driven. This great and wonderful work, which required the incessant labour of six months, was defended by several batteries erected on firm ground, and by two hundred vessels of all sizes, well armed, which lined the shore. The advantage of this dyke was soon perceived: La Rochelle, which till then had received all its munitions and provisions by sea, became destitute in a very short time. The English made two attempts to deliver or revictual the place, but were obliged to renounce their undertaking. After a year's

blockade, the Rochellois, for some time reduced to subsist upon grass, herbs, and shell-fish, began to be carried off in great numbers by famine. Twelve thousand men had already perished; whole houses were filled with dead bodies. One day the mayor met a person attenuated by famine. "He has but one breath of life left," said some one to him. "Are you surprised at that?" replied he; "you and I must soon come to that, if we are not relieved." "But," added another, "hunger carries off so many daily, that we shall soon have no inhabitants left." "Well," rejoined the brave old man, "never mind, so long as there is one left to keep the gates shut." Such was what Catholic historians call the *obstinacy*, and Protestant ones the *firmness*, of the commander of the Rochellois and his soldiers. Although scarcely able to carry their muskets, they preferred death to surrendering. They really had "but one breath of life left," when, on the 28th of October, 1628, they were compelled to capitulate. The royal troops took possession on the 30th, and on the 1st of November the king made his public entrance. The fortifications were demolished, the ditches filled up, the inhabitants disarmed and made taxable; *echevinage* and the corporation of the city were abolished for ever. For nearly two hundred years, La Rochelle had scarcely acknowledged any sovereigns but its magistrates. This conquest cost Louis forty millions of francs, but not so many lives as might have been expected.

It is impossible to give an account of the siege of La Rochelle in a work like this, proportioned to the means at command; with half what we have at hand, we could compose a volume. But this very abundance removes the necessity for our going into detail: there are so many interesting accounts of it before the public, that a longer one from us is not required. Whilst Richelieu, Buckingham, and Louis XIII.; whilst the religious wars between Catholics and Huguenots, shall occupy—we were going to say *stain*—the page of history, the siege of La Rochelle must be familiar to most readers.

CASSOVIA.

A.D. 1389.

THE city of Cassovia, in Lower Hungary, was often the theatre of the exploits of the Germans and the Turks, after the entrance of the latter into Europe. In 1389, Amurath I. conquered in these plains the Hungarians, the Wallachians, the Dalmatians, and the Triballian confederates. After a long and sanguinary battle, the sultan went to survey the dead, and walked over the field of carnage. When he had for some time contemplated these sad trophies of his success—"I am astonished," said he to his grand vizier, who accompanied him, "to see only young beardless men among these dead, and not one old man."

"It is that that has given us the victory," replied the vizier; "youth only listens to the wild fire which animates it, and comes to perish at your feet; old age is more tranquil and prudent."

"But that which still more surprises me," said the grand seignor, "is, that I have triumphed. I dreamt last night that an unknown enemy's hand pierced my side. Nevertheless, thanks to God! thanks to His Prophet! I triumph, and I live!"

He had scarcely pronounced these words when a Triballian soldier, concealed among the dead, sprang up in a rage and plunged his dagger into the sultan's bowels. The murderer was instantly cut to pieces. The proud sultan saw his dream accomplished: a conqueror in thirty battles. He expired two hours after, from the stroke of this assassin.

T R O Y E S.

A. D. 1429.

THE Maid of Orleans had announced that her mission was confined to two objects,—the deliverance of Orleans and the consecration of the king at Reims. After having gloriously fulfilled her first promise, she employed the ascendancy she had acquired to execute the second. Although the city of Reims, and all the country from Chinon, where the king then resided, was in the power of the English, the French set forward on their march, with an army of twelve thousand men. All the cities in their route opened their gates to them, with the exception of Troyes, which endeavoured to arrest their progress. A council of war being called, Joan confidently assured them that, within three days, the king should be received in Troyes.

“Say seven days, Joan,” cried the archbishop of Reims, “say seven, Joan; and we shall be right glad to see your prediction fulfilled.”

“Before three days are over,” exclaimed the Maid, “I tell you the king will be master of Troyes.”

They prepared for the attack. Joan appeared before the ramparts, advanced to the edge of the fosses, planted her banner, and called aloud for fascines to fill them up. Terror instantly seized the besieged; they believed their city taken, although there was yet no breach. They capitulated; and Charles entered triumphantly into that city where, eight years before, his ruin had been contemplated by excluding him from the throne. After the reduction of Troyes, Reims was eager to receive the monarch, who repaired thither on the 27th of July, 1429, and was consecrated the next day.

When this august ceremony was completed, Joan advanced towards the king, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and throwing herself at his feet, held his knees embraced for some time; then, checking her emotion, she said,—“At

last, gentle king, I have fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Reims to receive your worthy consecration, by showing that you are king, and are he to whom the kingdom belongs."

She then supplicated him to permit her to return to her native village; but she was still too useful to him to allow her to depart: he entreated her, he even forced her to continue her services. She yielded to his commands, and experienced nothing but misfortunes afterwards.

BELGRADE.

A.D. 1439.

At the confluence of the Danube and the Save stands the city of Belgrade, the capital of Servia; its advantageous situation upon a hill, the excellence of its port, the strength of its castles; the soundness of its ramparts, caused it for a long time to be considered one of the best bulwarks of Hungary against Turkey; whilst its position and its wealth made it a continual object of desire for the Ottoman monarchs. The first sultan who attacked it was Amurath II. Followed by the flower of his armies, he crossed the Danube in 1439, halted before Belgrade, and thundered against it, night and day, from cannons throwing balls of a hundred pounds weight. In the first attacks the grand seignor battered down a great part of the fortifications, but nothing could intimidate the inhabitants, who were resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their city rather than surrender; they presented themselves firmly at every breach, and repulsed the Mussulmans with arquebuses and arrows. For several days the Turks did not dare to approach the ramparts; but at length one of their best captains having placed himself at the head of the troops, succeeded in gaining the edge of the ditch; from this advantageous position he drove in the besieged, pursued them through the breach, and gave a vigorous assault; the Turks spread themselves through the city, and believed themselves masters. But all at once the inhabitants rallied in despair, fell upon

the Turks close-handed, and killed the greater part of them. Discouraged by this reverse, Amurath raised the siege and returned to his own dominions.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1455.

Sixteen years after, Mahomet II. was anxious to crown his exploits by the capture of Belgrade; he invested it by land with an army of four hundred thousand men, at the same time that his fleet blockaded it upon the Danube. Ladislaus, king of Hungary, was encamped on the other side of the river with a numerous army. Being convinced that he should lose Belgrade if he did not in some way get rid of the Turkish galleys, he embarked the *élite* of his troops on a vast number of large boats, and fell upon the Turks with such fury that he took twenty of their ships, sunk others, and put the rest to flight. This victory reopened his communication with Belgrade, and he sent in the celebrated John Corvin, known under the name of Huniades. This general was seconded by John Capestran, a Cordelier, sent into Hungary by the Pope, to preach a crusade. This monk appeared at the head of all the sorties, a crucifix in his hand, inducing the warriors to perish rather than give way, by constantly displaying to them the crown of martyrdom suspended over their heads, if they fell by the hands of the infidels. His words and example destroyed all fear, and the troops he led always returned victorious. But the Mussulman artillery had made a large breach; Mahomet commanded an assault, led his troops to the edge of the ditch, carried it, and rushed into the city without meeting with much resistance. Thus were both parties situated, just as in the former siege. This calm was a *ruse* of Huniades. To surprise the Ottomans in the midst of their fancied triumph, he drew up his troops upon a retired part of the city; at the first sound of the trumpet the garrison of the citadel had orders to join those who, by his direction, had abandoned the breach. The signal was given, and the Hungarians poured from all quarters. The Turks, attacked in front, in rear, in flank, knew not which way to turn; some perished in their astonishment, without offering any defence; others precipitated themselves into the ditches,

and a small number succeeded in escaping through the breach. In vain Mahomet endeavoured to rally them; his obstinate valour was constrained to give way; the conqueror of Constantinople was forced to raise the siege of Belgrade shamefully, after losing an eye and his noble army. Huniades survived this triumph but a short time; he quickly died of his wounds.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1521.

So many useless efforts we might think would have for ever discouraged the haughty Ottomans; but the more necessary for them the conquest of Belgrade became, the more it excited their ambition. Soliman II. once more directed the Turkish arms against the city, in 1521; he at first had it blockaded by his generals, and then repaired to the scene of action, to animate his troops by his presence. During six weeks the walls were mined, a continual fire of artillery was kept up, and every day furious assaults were given. At length the exhausted garrison was forced to surrender, and on the 20th of August, 1521, Belgrade became a Turkish city.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1688.

The Porte held peaceable possession of Belgrade for nearly two hundred years, when the elector of Bavaria, who had become general of the Hungarian armies under the emperor Leopold, began by beating the Turks, who disputed the passage of the Save with him, and pursued them up to the walls of Belgrade, to which place he laid siege on the 30th of July, 1688. After a constant cannonade of twenty-five days, the walls were opened in several places, and the commander was summoned to surrender. Upon his refusal, the signal for a general assault was given, at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th of September, and five different breaches were attacked at the same time. At half-past ten all the corps rallied to the cry of Emmanuel! (God is with us); the Germans fell upon the Turks with such fury, that the latter gave way and retreated before them. The combat was terrible; the whole garrison, composed of nine thousand

determined and warlike men, united their efforts to check the progress of the Christians; those who had fled, rallied upon the breaches and fought with desperation. The Imperialists began to waver, and yielded the victory step by step. The elector perceiving this, flew to their head, followed by Prince Eugene, sword in hand: "My children, follow us!" shouted the elector, "we must conquer or die!" The Germans return to the fight; Eugene mounts first to the breach, at the head of the bravest. A Janissary splits his helmet with a stroke of his sabre; the prince turns round calmly, runs his enemy through, and resumes the fight. The garrison is driven from the ramparts, and the assailants penetrate into the city; the Turks endeavour to retreat to the castle, but in great confusion; the Germans, who are pursuing them, enter with them. The combat rages with more fury than ever; the elector is wounded by an arrow in the cheek. Danger redoubles his courage; no enemy can stand against him, and soon his victory is complete. Blood inundates Belgrade; neither age nor sex is respected; the garrison is put to the sword; five thousand Janissaries become the victims of the angry conqueror.—The Germans lost about four thousand men, but the army found motives for consolation in an immense booty.

In this siege we see a prince, who was to become one of the greatest generals the world has known, displaying the character of a cool and brave swordsman. Eugene did not flesh his maiden sword in this siege, but it took place early in his career.

Voltaire claims Eugene as a Frenchman, although his father, the count de Soissons, was the son of Charles Emanuel, duke of Savoy, and his mother was an Italian, one of the notorious nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. But as he was born in Paris in 1663, and his father was settled in France, we suppose we must yield the honour to that country. But France set very little store by him in his youth: he was first known as the Chevalier de Cavignan; he next assumed *le petit collet*, and was styled *the Abbé de Sarcis*. It is said that he asked the king for a regiment, and that Louis' refusal was accompanied with reproaches. Being unable to succeed in his darling view in France, he went to serve the emperor against the Turks, in 1683. The

two princes de Conti joined him in 1685. Louis XIV. then commanded them all to return; but the Abbé de Savoie was the only one who refused to do so, simply saying he had renounced France. When the king heard this, he said to his courtiers, "Don't you think I have made a great loss?" And the courtiers replied that the Abbé de Savoie would always be a wild fellow, incapable of anything. They judged him by some youthful extravagances, which should rarely be taken as proofs of what a man may be. Voltaire's character of him is so just, that we cannot refrain from repeating it. "This prince, too much despised by the court of France, was born with the qualities which make a hero in war, and a great man in peace; a lofty and just mind, possessed of necessary courage both in the field and in the cabinet. He committed faults, as what generals have not? but they were concealed by the number of his great actions. He shook the grandeur of Louis XIV. and the power of the Ottoman; he governed the empire; and, in the course of his victories and his ministry, showed an equal contempt for pomp and wealth. He even cultivated letters, and protected them at the court of Vienna, as much as was in his power."

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1690.

This famous conquest spread joy throughout the empire; but scarcely had Leopold taken possession of Belgrade than it was torn from him again. The grand vizier, Mustapha Coprogli, presented himself before that city with an army, which its valour, its zeal, and its exploits had rendered formidable: he commenced by blockading it. Learning that the Imperialists were coming to its aid, he opened the trenches with half of his army, and destined the other to dispute the passage of the Save with the Germans: this strategic position was very critical. The grand vizier, uncertain of success, awaited some event capable of forwarding his plans. For eight days the artillery had thundered against the place, without any considerable effect, when a bomb fell upon a tower which served as a powder-magazine, and blew it up, together with all the neighbouring houses, and part of the walls. The Turks immediately exclaimed that God had declared himself by this miracle;

and no longer doubting of his assistance, they flew to the breach before the garrison had had time to repair the damage. Although surprised, they resisted a long time with great valour; but overwhelmed by numbers, having killed many Turks, the garrison retired on the 8th of October, by the Danube, to the amount of seven or eight hundred men, commanded by General D'Ospremont and the duke de Croi. Six thousand soldiers, who could not make their escape, were massacred by the Turks; most of the inhabitants shared the same fate, and the barbarians did not discontinue their cruelty till wearied with slaughter.

This disgrace astonished the court of Vienna, without depriving it of hope; the duke de Croi appeared suddenly, in 1694, under the walls of Belgrade, from which place the Turkish army was absent. His batteries were placed in a short time; his artillery and mines were so vigorously worked, that in eight days he had reduced all the advanced works to ashes, when the grand vizier made his appearance with a powerful army; the siege was raised perforce, and the conquest was reserved for Prince Eugene.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1717.

On the 8th of June, Prince Eugene, who had become the terror of Europe and Asia by a series of triumphs, approached Belgrade with an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. Several French princes accompanied him, solely for the purpose of learning the art of sieges under so great a captain. On the 16th the army encamped on the heights of Visnitza, and the next day all the baggage arrived, in spite of a cloud of Tartars who scoured the country. The count de Palfi was directed to invest the place.

Two days after, Eugene himself made a grand reconnaissance. When scarcely at a quarter of a league from the camp, twelve hundred Turks fell upon his escort. A Musulman officer recognised him, drew near to him, and followed him, pistol in hand. He had already penetrated through two ranks, when he paid for his temerity with his life. The Turks proving too weak to take advantage of the occasion, were soon dispersed, and left the prince to continue

his operations. Continual discharges of artillery from the Turkish galleys and saiks which covered the Danube, impeded the works of the besiegers, at the same time that this flotilla prevented the complete blockade of Belgrade. Eugene ordered it to be destroyed. A long and obstinate combat ensued on the river; but the Ottomans were conquered, and left the Germans masters of the navigation. The city now was completely invested. Lines of circumvallation and countervallation completed the system of attack and defence. To connect his operations, the prince threw bridges over the Save and the Danube; but they lasted only a short time; being carried away by a violent storm. The Turks endeavoured to profit by this accident to disturb the quarters which were momentarily separated from the main army, and attacked the redoubts of the Hessians, who defended themselves with great courage. The first assault upon the body of the place was not very successful; the prince had charged Colonel De Merci to carry the advanced works on the side of the river, where the approaches were tolerably easy and the fortifications not very redoubtable. At the moment of obeying his instructions, Colonel De Merci was struck with apoplexy, and was carried back to the camp. The prince was unwilling to trust this delicate mission to any other hands, and took it upon himself. He succeeded, but he incurred extreme danger: three balls passed between him and the prince of Dombes, who accompanied him: their hissing was so violent as to startle their horses. On the 22nd of July, all the batteries directed against the city were completed: they were unmasked all at once. The garrison, consisting of twenty thousand men, responded to the fire with much spirit; but their pieces were soon dismounted, and they were constrained to remain quiet spectators of the devastation caused by the enemy's cannon. All at once, there appeared on the neighbouring heights more than a hundred thousand Turks, marching in good order: this was the army of the grand vizier. Prince Eugene was now in exactly the same situation as Cæsar at the siege of Aliso; he blockaded Belgrade, but he was himself blockaded by all the Ottoman forces, collected for the defence of that place. Surrounded by land on all sides, he would have been lost if his trenches had been forced. The Turks raised several

batteries, which began to play upon the besiegers on the 2nd of August. In the night between the 14th and 15th, they opened a trench opposite to the centre of the Imperialists, and pushed their works to within a hundred paces of the lines of the Christian army. To prevent the attack upon his intrenchments by attacking the intrenchments of the Turks, was following the example of Cæsar. Prince Eugene decided upon doing so. In the centre of his army he placed the infantry, under the command of Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg; on the two wings he arrayed his cavalry; in two lines, behind these bodies, were regiments of infantry, to support them. The reserve remained in the trenches, under the orders of the count de Seckendorf, and the *garde du camp* was confided to the valour of General Vrard. To deceive the Ottoman army, Belgrade was bombarded vigorously during the whole evening of the 16th, the fire only ceasing at midnight. At one o'clock, the report of three bombs was heard: this was the signal for marching. The first line immediately moved forward in silence, and advanced towards the *flèche** of the intrenchments by the light of the moon. Suddenly a thick fog arose, the right of this line missed its way, and fell into one of the enemy's *boyaux* (branch of a trench). But confusion had seized the Turks, and they began to fly: the Janissaries, however, rallied them, and the fight commenced. The error of the Germans had separated them from the centre; and the Mussulmans threw themselves into the interval, in spite of the efforts of Prince Eugene, whose operations were defeated by the fog. During several hours they fought at hazard, in profound darkness. At length, however, the cloud dispersed, and, with the return of light, the general became aware of the danger his army was in. He flew to its aid, and charged the Mussulmans at the head of his volunteers; the Turks resisted bravely, and the battle was sanguinary; Eugene was slightly wounded by a sabre-stroke: but, fighting under the eyes of their general, his soldiers became heroes; they attacked, overthrew, and crushed every obstacle opposed to their valour. In an instant the Turks abandoned the centre.

* A small work composed of two sides, which is raised opposite the salient angles or *retrants* of the covered way, at the extremity of its glacis.

The Bavarian infantry now signalized their courage: led on by a French officer, named La Colonie, they cleared the ditches, ravines, and parapets, surmounted every obstacle, overtook the Turks, charged and broke their battalions, pursued them from trench to trench, and took possession of a battery of eighteen guns defended by twenty thousand Janissaries and four thousand Turks: their intrepidity secured the triumph of the Imperialists. By eleven o'clock in the morning, the Turks, broken and beaten on all sides, took to flight, leaving thirteen thousand dead upon the field of battle, five thousand wounded, and as many prisoners. This victory cost the Germans more than three thousand men; but it procured them an immense booty; a hundred and thirty guns, with all the munitions and provisions of the Ottomans, who lost fifty-two colours, nine horse-tails, and four trumpets. On the morrow, the governor of Belgrade hoisted the white flag: he was permitted to march out without arms or munitions. The conquerors found in the city two hundred cannons and sixty-eight mortars.

SEVENTH SIEGE, A. D. 1739.

Experience has shown that all the armies which have gone to any distance from the Danube, in the wars of Hungary, have been unfortunate, because, at the same time, they have left their means of subsistence behind them. The thirst for command which tormented the Austrian generals in 1739, made them forgetful of these old war maxims. The Imperial army, scattered about in all directions, was formidable nowhere. Multiplied contradictory orders augmented the uncertainty of their generals, and, every day, gave rise to fresh errors among them. General Oliver Wallis replaced, upon this dangerous theatre, Koenigsheck, created grand master of the empress's household. Very little flattered by this command, General Wallis wrote to the king of Prussia, upon his nomination: "The emperor has confided to me the command of his army: the first who conducted it before me is in prison; he whom I immediately succeed has been made eunuch of the seraglio; my only chance is to lose my head at the end of the campaign." The Imperial army, sixty thousand strong, assembled near Belgrade. That of the

Turks was twice as numerous. Wallis marched against the enemy without having made the least disposition. He attacked the Janissaries with his cavalry, in a hollow way : whilst his horse defiled in this passage, they could not defend themselves against the Janissaries posted among the vines and in the hedges, near the village of Grotska ; his cavalry was beaten in this defile before his infantry could come up. The latter were led to slaughter with the same imprudence, the Turks firing upon them at their pleasure, and in safety. The Imperialists retreated with the decline of day, having sustained a loss of twenty thousand men. If the Turks had pursued them, Wallis and his whole army must have been destroyed. Stupified with this disgrace, Wallis continued to heap error upon error. Although joined by General Neuperg, with a large detachment, he did not think himself in safety till within the trenches of Belgrade. Pursued thither by the grand vizier, he again abandoned this city to the Turks, and recrossed the Danube. The emperor, discouraged by these losses, ordered Marshal Neuperg to treat for peace. It cost the Austrian monarch the kingdom of Servia, and Belgrade. Oliver Wallis was not much mistaken in his prognostics : he was imprisoned in the fortress of Brünn, and Marshal Neuperg, although much less culpable, in the fortress of Gratz.

EIGHTH SIEGE, A.D. 1789.

It is the fate of an important fortress, situated on the extreme frontier of powerful and warlike states, to be always exposed to the first blows struck in great quarrels. Belgrade fell again, in 1789, into the hands of the Austrians, commanded by Marshal Laudon.

Restored to the Turks by Austria, in 1791, this city became, in 1798, the theatre of war between the Mussulmans and the rebel Servians, who, disputing the possession of it, fought even in the faubourgs.

CASTILLON.

A.D. 1452.

HOWEVER unimportant this siege may look in the "great history," we cannot refrain from giving it, as the scene of the "last fight" of one of the bravest and most esteemed heroes that do honour to our annals.

The army of Charles VII. of France, on the 13th of July, 1452, laid siege to Castillon, a little city of Perigord, on the Dordogne, ten leagues from Bordeaux, then in the occupation of the English. Marshals Lohéac and Jalognes had the conducting of it; Jean Biereau, grand master of the artillery, commanded seven hundred cannoniers. This place, surrounded by lines of circumvallation and an entrenched camp, was brought to bay, when the brave English general Talbot came to its aid. He at once put to flight a body of free-archers. Seduced by this easy success, he marched straight to the intrenchments of the French camp. Its fortifications astonished him, without abating his courage: he gave the assault. During two hours, he braved all the efforts and the murderous fire of the French,—at eighty years of age, he fought with all the ardour of youth: the English gave way; twice he brought them back to the charge, and twice he was repulsed. A fresh French corps came up, fell upon the rear-guard of the English, and overwhelmed it.

In vain Talbot, sword in hand, covered with blood and dust, rode through the ranks, animating his men by his words and his example. His war-horse, struck down by a culverin, encumbered him in his fall. He was on the point of expiring, when his son flew to his assistance. "Retire!" cried the generous old man, "reserve your young days for a more useful occasion. I die fighting for my country; live, my son, to serve it."

After uttering these words, he expired. His son, the

young Lord Lisle, fell a few minutes after, whilst endeavouring to avenge his death. The English fled; and Castillon surrendered the next day.

“ Thus perished Talbot, whom the English of that day called their Achilles. He had, it is true, the valour of one: he was not only brave, but an excellent negotiator, a faithful subject, a sincere friend, and a generous enemy.”

And this eulogy is written by a Frenchman! So pleased were we with it, that we abstained from calling in Shakespeare, who has immortalized this last scene of the gallant Talbot and his son. When will Frenchmen do equal justice to Nelson and Wellington? When perhaps they have been dead as long as Talbot has.

L I E G E.

A.D. 1468.

WE offer this siege to our young readers as a sort of illustration of one of Sir Walter Scott's best novels. Sir Walter has dealt freely with historical characters; he has made most of them effective, but has not always adhered quite faithfully either to men or events. But no novelist,—and we should have said no dramatist, if a bust of Shakespeare had not been looking down upon us,—ever sketched an historical character so happily as he has done that of Louis XI.;—it is Louis himself! with all his pettinesses, shrewdness, superstition, and duplicity.

Louis XI. had raised the Liégeois against their suzerain, the duke of Burgundy. In an over-cunning attempt at policy, Louis had placed himself in the hands of the bold Burgundian, who, irritated by the outbreak at Liége, compelled the imprudent monarch to hoist the cross of St. Andrew, the ensign of the house of Burgundy, and lead his army against the Liégeois, whose revolt he had excited. Made aware of the storm about to break over their ramparts, the inhabitants prepared for a vigorous defence. Although reduced to a feeble garrison of six hundred men, the burghesses determined to withstand with courage the efforts of

an enemy who had sworn to ruin them. The duke of Burgundy opened the trenches, and took up his lodging in one of the faubourgs. The besieged, in a vigorous sortie, killed eight hundred Burgundians, and put the rest of their infantry to flight. Wild, provost of Liège, who had led on this attack, died of his wounds: the loss was irreparable,—no one could replace him. The duke of Burgundy and the king came up. They lodged in houses in the faubourgs, and ordered many useless attacks and assaults. Several days passed without any event of consequence. During this short repose, the Liégeois meditated carrying off the king and the duke by surprise. In the darkness and silence of night, the Liégeois marched, led by the owners of the houses in which the princes were lodged. A hollow way cut through a rock covered their march. They killed some sentinels, arrived at the lodgings without being discovered, and stopped at a pavilion in which dwelt the count du Perche, son of the duke d'Alençon. They missed the decisive moment. The two princes were awakened and put upon their guard. Three hundred men-at-arms were round them instantly. The tumult was horrible. The clash of arms, the uncertainty of the cause of the peril, the darkness, and the cries of the combatants, augmented the confusion of this frightful *mêlée*. The Liégeois, conscious of the smallness of their numbers, and feeling they must succumb, fought like lions at bay: they perished, but sold their lives dearly. The king and the duke of Burgundy met in the street, at the head of their guards; their presence removed mutual suspicions. They separated, after felicitating each other upon their good fortune and intrepidity upon so perilous an occasion. This fruitless attempt only increased the rage of the irritable duke: he ordered an assault for the 30th of October. At the given signal, towards daybreak, forty thousand men advanced to the foot of the battlements, to the sound of warlike instruments. Nobody appeared upon the walls to defend them; the inhabitants had fled; women, children, and old men awaited in consternation and silence the evils it would please their implacable conqueror to pour upon them. The Burgundians entered without resistance. The poor remains of the population took refuge in the churches from the fury of the soldiery. The duke triumphed: but what triumph

could satisfy his brutal nature? Priests were immolated at the foot of the altar; sacred virgins, dragged from their asylums, were violated and then massacred; soldiers went from house to house with the lighted torch and naked sword in their hands; they vented their fury upon defenceless women and children; plunder was the least of their crimes. The unfortunate fugitives perished in the woods of hunger and destitution, or were pitilessly massacred; prisoners, too poor to pay their ransom, were precipitated into the waters of the Meuse. The city, when changed into a desert, presenting no animated creature upon which the barbarous conqueror could exercise his cruel vengeance, he directed his resentment against inanimate objects. Four thousand men of the country of Limbourg were commanded to set fire to the public edifices, and to demolish all that the flames had not devoured. Liége soon became one heap of melancholy ruins.

And this was Charles the Bold, or rather, as *téméraire* is better translated, "the Rash!" to whom, as the impersonation of brute courage, I dare say the Burgundians have raised statues, as we have raised one to Richard L., just such another hero, who slaughtered his five thousand Saracen captives before Acre! An intelligent foreigner said: "You propose a statue to Richard L.: you have one of George IV.; where is Alfred's?"

BEAUVAIS.

A.D. 1472.

THIS siege brings the same actors on the stage, and we are principally induced to offer it to our readers by the circumstance of the detestable homicide meeting in it with a reverse, and that partly occasioned by women.

Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, was engaged in an inveterate war with Louis XI. Learning there was but a weak garrison in Beauvais, he marched towards that city, with the expectation of entering it without opposition; and so it proved with the faubourgs, and the Burgundians

thought themselves masters of the place ; but the citizens, the moment they were aware of their danger, closed their gates, and took their posts on the walls like men. Not only these: the women and maidens insisted upon taking part in this honourable defence. Led by Joan Hachette, they ranged themselves on the parts of the walls the least protected ; and one of these heroines even obtained an enemy's standard, and bore it in triumph into the city. The principal attack of the besiegers was directed against the gate of Bresle: the cannon had already beaten it in ; the breach was open, and the city would have been taken, if the inhabitants had not heaped together on the spot an immense mass of fagots and combustible matters. The flames of this pile proved an efficient check to the Burgundians. The assault began at eight o'clock in the morning, and was still raging, when, towards the decline of day, a noble body of troops was seen entering by the Paris gate. These brave fellows, having marched fourteen leagues without halting, gave their horses and equipments to the care of the women and girls, and flew to those parts of the walls where the fight was hottest. The besiegers, though numbering eighty thousand, could not resist the united valour of the garrison and the new comers ; they soon wavered, and at length fled to their camp in disorder. More defenders arrived by daybreak ; the citizens received them as liberators ; they spread tables for them in the streets and public places, cheered them with refreshments, and afterwards accompanied them to the walls. The duke of Burgundy then perceived, but too late, a great error he had committed. Instead of investing Beauvais with a numerous army, he had attacked it on one side only : succours and convoys arrived from all parts. The duke himself began to experience the horrors of famine ; the French, scouring the country, intercepted his convoys. Everything announced a fruitless enterprise ; but he resolved, before raising the siege, to attempt a general assault. The besieged, under the orders of Marshal De Rouault, prepared to receive him. The marshal wanted to relieve La Roche-Tesson and Fontenailles ; but as they had arrived first, and had established themselves at the gate of Bresle, which was the post of danger, they complained of removal as of an affront, and obtained permission to

retain a post they had kept night and day. The trumpets sounded, the cannon roared, the Burgundians advanced, fire and sword in hand; they planted their ladders, mounted the breaches, and attacked the besieged: the latter received them with firmness; they precipitated them, they crushed them, or beat them back from their walls. Raging like a wild bull, Charles rallied his soldiers and led them back to the assault; but they were again repulsed, with greater loss than before. How willingly we may suppose, Charles sounded a retreat. Had it not been for the excessive precaution of some of the burgesses, his army must have been entirely destroyed: they had walled up the gates on the side next the Burgundians, which impeded the sortie. Charles raised the siege on the 10th of July. Louis XI. rewarded the valour and fidelity of the inhabitants by an exemption from imposts. As the women had exhibited most ardour in defence of Beauvais, he ordered that they should take precedence of the men in the fête which was celebrated every year, on the 10th of July, in honour of their deliverance from the power of a man known to be a sanguinary conqueror.

GRENADE.

A.D. 1491.

FERDINAND V., king of Arragon, besieged Boabdil, the last king of the Moors of Grenada, in his capital, with an army of fifty thousand men. Grenada, surrounded by a double wall, fortified by one thousand and thirty towers, had two citadels, one of which served as a palace for the king. An army of thirty thousand Moors was within the walls; it had an immense and warlike population, and magnificent stores of munitions and provisions seemed to render it impregnable. Ferdinand did not attack Grenada according to the usual system of sieges; he employed neither lines, nor trenches, nor artillery: he surrounded his own camp with walls and works. His sole aim was to starve the enemy, and make himself master of all the passages; he rooted up

the trees, he burnt the houses, and in a moment changed a delightful territory into a dry and arid desert. The garrison endeavoured to make sorties, but it was overwhelmed by numbers, and always proved unfortunate. The Saracens flattered themselves that the rigours of winter would oblige the Christians to depart; but their hopes were disappointed. Ferdinand's camp became a fortified city, furnished with solid fire-proof houses. The Moors saw with grief that nothing could discourage the Castilians. The rigours of famine began to be felt, and cold augmented both public and private misery. In this extremity it was determined to treat with Ferdinand, and they consented to surrender, if not relieved within sixty days. Scarcely had the Moorish king signed the treaty than he repented of it; the thoughts of descending from his throne plunged him into the deepest grief, and yet he did not dare to retract, so great were the evils that surrounded him. His army could not endure the idea of submitting to the Christians, and the inhabitants incessantly implored the assistance of God and of Mahomet. Suddenly an Alfaique excited the people to revolt; at his voice twenty thousand men took arms. Boabdil required all his eloquence to restore order; he pointed out to them, with tears in his eyes, that if they preferred life to a certain death, they were bound by the stern necessity of observing the capitulation. The sedition was appeased, but the public despair was so great, that the king of the Moors, dreading to see it renewed, hastened to surrender all his forts, and to repair to the camp of the conqueror. Thus, after a duration of seven hundred and sixty-two years, terminated the domination of the Moors in Spain.

VIENNA.

VIENNA, from its geographical position and its political importance, has been subjected to several sieges, and yet has occasionally, like Rome, sometimes escaped those fearful visitations when it might have expected them.

FIRST SIEGE, A.D. 1529.

After having subdued Asia, Soliman II. determined to make Europe tremble by the terrors of his constantly victorious arms. In 1529 this redoubtable conqueror entered Hungary with fire and sword; he pillaged, ravaged, and destroyed everything in his passage, and marched over these melancholy ruins to lay siege to Vienna, the capital of Austria and of the whole Western empire, since the house of Austria was said to occupy the throne of Charlemagne. The Ottoman army was immense, and was composed of the brave Janissaries who had just subdued Persia. But Vienna contained within its walls both warlike citizens and intrepid soldiers. The sultan commenced his operations by mining the walls. This immense labour was frequently interrupted by the counter-mines of the besieged; but at length some of these concealed volcanoes burst forth all at once, and threw down a great part of the walls. In an instant the Viennese, men, women, and children, flew to construct a new rampart; and when the infidels came to the assault, they were surprised to find themselves stopped, at a few paces from the breach, by this barrier, which twenty pieces of cannon and tens of thousands of defenders rendered impregnable. They then turned their attention to another side, where there had been only time to intrench with palisades. At this point the bodies of the inhabitants served as bulwarks. The combat here was terrible; rivers of blood and heaps of slain rolled beneath the steps of the warriors. Twice the Turks were repulsed with loss; twice the sultan

and his officers rallied them and led them back against the enemy, and twice were they on the point of carrying the city. During four hours they fought and immolated each other, without being able to imagine to which side victory would be favourable. At length the thunders which were incessantly launched from all quarters of the place crushed whole ranks of the infidels, and the invincible courage of the inhabitants drove off an enemy who had more than once shouted clamorous cries of victory. This first check only seemed to inflame the valour of the Turks; on the 12th of October, Soliman harangued them, and gave orders for a general assault. They were preparing for it during a great part of the night; and on the 13th, at break of day, all the bodies of the Turkish army advanced in good order, armed, some with blazing torches, others with muskets, arrows, and axes, and a great number with ladders, and all sorts of machines to force or to get over the walls. But they were expected: the Austrians had placed on the walls all their artillery, all their mortars, and all their soldiers. The city was attacked on more than twenty points at once, and from every one the infidels were obliged to retreat with great loss and disgrace. The fight lasted for twelve hours, without either side thinking of food or rest, and night alone put an end to the fearful slaughter. Soliman, in despair, sounded a retreat: he had vainly consumed forty days before Vienna, and had lost more than forty thousand men in his different assaults upon that city. As a crowning misfortune, snows, frosts, and tempests made still greater havoc with his army than the enemy had done. Even Soliman the Great, the invincible Soliman, could not overcome these obstacles—he raised the siege, and Vienna was saved.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1683.

The grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, charged with the humiliation of the empire and Leopold its master, advanced towards the capital of the states of that prince with terrible preparations. Very unlike what we have seen in the former siege, at the approach of the enemy's legions the emperor quitted Vienna, with two empresses, his mother-in-law and his wife, with the archdukes and archduchesses, and sixty

thousand inhabitants. The country round exhibited nothing but fugitives, equipages, carts laden with goods, the laggard of all which became the prey of the Tartars, who pillaged, ravaged, burnt, slaughtered, and led them away into slavery. On the 7th of July, 1683, the city was invested, and all Europe tremblingly watched the issue of this famous enterprise.

Vienna, bathed by the Danube on the north, was fortified by twelve great bastions in the remainder of its inclosure. The curtains were covered by good half-moons, without any other outworks; the ditch was partly filled with water, and partly dry, and the counterscarp was much neglected. The side of the city which was bathed by the river had no defence but strong walls, flanked by large towers, the whole well terraced. In a plain of three leagues, environed by a circle of mountains, the vizier fixed his camp, which he had the audacity to leave undefended, except with lines of circumvallation and countervallation. Everything was in abundance in the camp—money, munitions of war, and provisions of all sorts. The different quarters boasted pachas as magnificent as kings, and this magnificence was effaced by that of the vizier; to use the phrase of an historian, “he swam in luxury.” The court of a grand vizier generally consists of two thousand officers and domestics; Mustapha had double that number. His park, that is to say, the inclosure of his tents, was as large as the besieged city. The richest stuffs, gold and precious stones, were there contrasted with the polished steel of arms. There were baths, gardens, fountains, and rare animals, as well for the convenience as the amusement of the general, whose effeminacy and frivolity did not in the least relax the operations of the siege. His artillery, composed of three hundred pieces of cannon, was not the less formidable; and the bravery of the Janissaries was not at all enervated by the example of their leader.

The count de Staremberg, a man perfect in the art of war, the governor of Vienna, had set fire to the faubourgs, and to save the citizens, he had destroyed their buildings. He had a garrison estimated at sixteen thousand men, but which in reality consisted of about eleven thousand at most. The citizens and the university were armed; the students mounted guard, and had a physician for their major. Starem-

berg's second in command was the count de Capliers, the emperor's commissary-general, one of those men whom knowledge, vigilance, and activity point out as fit for the highest posts.

The approaches to Vienna were easy. The trenches were opened on the 14th of July, in the faubourg of St. Ulric, at fifty paces from the counterscarp; the attack was directed against the bastion of the court, and that of Lebb. Two days only advanced the works as far as the counterscarp, where the ditch was dry. The duke of Lorraine, who had posted himself in the isle of Leopoldstadt, using every exertion to preserve there a communication with the city, then found himself obliged to retreat by the bridges he had thrown over the Danube, and which he broke down behind him. The country houses, of which the island was full, then lodged the Turks. This proceeding has been considered a great mistake; but if it was one, the duke thoroughly repaired it by his behaviour during the whole siege. With an army which never amounted to thirty thousand men, he covered Hungary, Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia; he protected Vienna; he checked Tekeli; and he stopped the progress of more than forty thousand Turks and Tartars, who scoured and devastated the country.

But he could not prevent the infidels from carrying on the siege with vigour. With the Turks, there were daily mounds raised, works advanced, new batteries, and a fire which augmented every instant; with the Austrians, it was, in an equal degree, a display of the most intrepid valour and firm resistance. Staremburg, who at the first approaches had been wounded by a fragment of stone struck off from the curtain by a ball, though only half-cured, animated the whole defence by his looks, his actions, and his humanity. He treated all his soldiers like brothers; he praised and recompensed all distinguished actions; and, not content with being with them during the day, he passed the night upon a mattress in the *corps de garde* of the emperor's palace, which adjoined a bastion of the court comprised in the attack. By the 22nd of July, the besiegers were at the palisade, which was only defended by the sword. They were so near, that they grappled each other across the pikes in death-struggles. The count de Daun, a general officer of distinguished merit,

had scythes fastened to long poles, which destroyed a vast number of the infidels, but which could not diminish the presumptuous confidence which animated them. So certain were they of victory, that they came forward to make bravadoes similar to those of which we read in ancient wars. A champion of extraordinary stature advanced with a threatening air, insulting with both voice and sabre. A Christian soldier, unable to endure this affront, sprang out to encounter him: he at first was wounded, but quickly wounded and disarmed his enemy, cut off his head with his own scimitar, and found fifty gold pieces stitched up in his vest. One would suppose that this brave fellow would be rewarded; not so: he remained a private soldier, and his name, which the Romans would have consecrated in the *fasti* of history, is not even known to us. The besieged, who beheld the action from the top of the ramparts, drew a good augury from it; it redoubled their constancy and courage.

The enemy did not obtain possession of the counterscarp before the 7th of August, after twenty-three days' fighting, with a great effusion of blood on both sides. The count de Serini, nephew of the famous Serini whom Leopold had brought to the scaffold, had retarded the taking of this work by a thousand actions of bravery. There was no sortie in which he was not conspicuous. His ardour on one occasion prevented his feeling that he had received an arrow in his shoulder. The Turks had come to the descent of the ditch; no people equal them in turning up the ground. The depth of their work was astonishing: the earth they threw out was carried to the height of nine feet, surmounted by planks and posts in the form of floors, beneath which they worked in safety. Their trenches differ from those of Europeans in shape: they are cuttings in the form of a crescent, which cover one another, preserving a communication like the scales of fish, which conceal a labyrinth from whence they fire without inconveniencing those who are in front, and whence it is almost impossible to dislodge them. When the Janissaries had once entered them, they scarcely ever left them. Their fire became progressively more active, whilst that of the besieged relaxed: the latter began to husband their powder, and grenades were short. The baron de Kielmansegge invented a powder-mill and clay grenades,

which proved of great service. Industry employed all its resources; but the hope of holding out much longer began to diminish. The enemy's mines, the continual attacks, the diminishing garrison, the nearly exhausted munitions and provisions, everything conspired to create the greatest anxiety; and not content with so many real evils, they invented imaginary ones. A report was spread that traitors were working subterranean passages by which to introduce the infidels. Every one was commanded to keep watch in his cellar; and this increase of fatigue completed the weakness of the defenders of Vienna, by robbing them of their necessary rest. Others spoke confidently of incendiaries hired to second the Turks. A young man found in a church which had just been set fire to, although most likely innocent, was torn to pieces, by the people. But the Turkish artillery was more to be dreaded than all these phantoms. The inhabitants were incessantly employed in extinguishing the fires which the bombs and red-hot balls kindled in the city, whilst the outworks were falling in one continued crash. The half-moon had already suffered greatly; the ramparts presented in all parts vast breaches; and, but for the invincible courage of the inhabitants and the soldiers, Vienna must have been taken.

In this extremity, Leopold turned his eyes towards Poland. John Sobieski, the terror of the Ottomans, and perhaps the only sovereign of his age who was a great captain, was supplicated to come to the assistance of the empire and the whole Christian world. This monarch instantly responded to the summons by marching thither at the head of twenty-five thousand men. He traversed two hundred leagues of country, and on the 5th of September he crossed the bridge of Tulln with his army, five leagues above Vienna. The Polish cavalry was remarkable for its horses, uniform, and noble bearing. It might be said that they were equipped at the expense of the infantry: among the latter, there was one battalion extremely ill-clothed. Prince Lubomirski advised the king, for the honour of the country, to order them to pass in the night. Sobieski judged otherwise; and when that troop was on the bridge, he said to the spectators,—"Look well at them; that is an invincible troop of men, who have taken an oath never to wear any clothes but those

of the enemy. In the last war they were all clothed in the Turkish fashion." "If these words did not clothe them, they cuirassed them," pleasantly observes the Abbé Cayer, whose account we follow.

The Poles, after crossing the bridge, extended themselves to the right, exposed during twenty-four hours to being cut to pieces, if Kara Mustapha had taken due advantage of their position. On the 7th, all the German troops joined their allies, and the army was then found to amount to about seventy-four thousand men. There were four sovereign princes among them,—John Sobieski of Poland, Maximilian Emanuel, elector of Bavaria, John George III., elector of Saxony, and Charles V., duke of Lorraine; and twenty-six princes of sovereign houses.

Vienna was driven to bay. The Turks and diseases carried off, as if in concert, both officers and soldiers. Almost all the leaders had disappeared; the warrior, exhausted by fatigue and want of good food, dragged himself to the breach; and he whom the fire of the enemy spared, expired with languor and debility. The people, who had at first undertaken the labours of the siege with such eagerness, now dreamt of no other defence but prayer. They filled the churches, into which bombs and cannon-balls constantly brought terror and death. On the 22nd of August, it appeared certain that they could not hold out more than three days, if the Turks gave a general assault. From that melancholy period, one mine seemed to precipitate itself upon another. The half-moon was taken; breaches of from eighteen to twenty toises laid open the two bastions and the curtain; soldiers served instead of walls. A mine was advancing under the emperor's palace, already beaten to pieces with bombs, and close to the bastion of the court. Other mines, like snakes, were winding about in all directions; several were discovered; but the Austrian miners were timid, and could not be persuaded to go under ground when once they had heard the enemy at work there. The artillery was no longer able to respond, most of the cannons being either broken or dismounted. Staremberg scarcely preserved a ray of hope, or rather, he did not longer dare to hope; and the general who at the commencement of the siege had said, "I will only surrender the place with the last drop of my blood," wrote to the duke

of Lorraine in this critical moment: "No more time to be lost, monseigneur—no more time to be lost." Even the most rapid activity would have been of no avail, but for the stupid inaction of the grand vizier, who, for the sake of the riches with which he thought Vienna filled, waited in the expectation of its surrendering by capitulation. Such was his blindness, that he was ignorant of the preparations of the Christians when they were upon the point of overwhelming him.

When about to march, Sobieski gave out the following order of battle, written with his own hand: "The *corps de bataille* shall be composed of the imperial troops, to whom we will join the regiment of cavalry of the Marshal De la Cour, the Chevalier Lubomirski, and four or five squadrons of our gendarmes, in the place of whom some dragoons or other German troops shall be given. This corps shall be commanded by M. the duke of Lorraine.

"The Polish army will occupy the right wing, which will be commanded by the grand-general Jublonowski, and the other generals of that nation.

"The troops of MM. the electors of Bavaria and Saxony shall form the left wing, to whom we will give also some squadrons of our gendarmes and of our other Polish cavalry, in the place of whom they will give us some dragoons or some infantry.

"The cannons shall be divided; and in case MM. the electors have not enough, M. the duke of Lorraine will furnish them with some.

"The troops of the circles of the empire will extend along the Danube, with the left wing falling back a little on their right; and that for two reasons: the first, to alarm the enemy with the fear of being charged in flank; and the second, to be within reach of throwing succours into the city, in case we should not be able to drive the enemy as soon as we could wish. M. the prince of Waldeck will command this corps.

"The first line will consist entirely of infantry, with cannons, followed closely by a line of cavalry. If these two lines were mixed, they would doubtless embarrass each other in the passages of the defiles, woods, and mountains. But as soon as they shall be on the plain, the cavalry will

take its posts in the intervals of the battalions, which will be arranged with this view, particularly our gendarmes, who will charge first.

“If we were to put all our armies in three lines only, it would require more than a German league and a half, which would not be to our advantage; and we should be obliged to cross the little river Vien, which must be our right wing: it is for this reason we must make four lines; and this fourth shall serve as a body of reserve.

“For the greater security of the infantry against the first charge of the Turkish cavalry, which is always impetuous, it will be desirable to employ *spanchéraïstres*, or *chevaux de frise*, but very light, for convenience of carriage, and at every halt place them in front of the battalions.

“I beg all the messieurs the generals, that as fast as the armies shall descend from the last mountain, as they shall enter the plain, every one will take its post as it is set down in this present order.”

There were but five leagues between them and the Turks, from whom they were separated by that chain of mountains which surrounded the vast plain on which they were encamped. Two routes presented themselves: one by the more elevated part; the other, by the side where the summit, sinking, became more practicable. The first was fixed upon: it was true it was the more difficult, but it was the shorter. On the 9th of September all the troops moved forward. The Germans, after many attempts to bring up their cannon, gave the matter up in despair, and left them in the plain. The Poles had more spirit and perseverance. By manual strength and address they contrived to get over twenty-eight pieces, and these alone were used on the day of battle. This march, bristling with difficulties, lasted three days. At length they approached the last mountain, called Calemburg. There was yet plenty of time for the vizier to repair his faults: he had only to take possession of this height, and mark the defiles, and he would have stopped the Christian army. But he did not do so; and it was at this moment that the Janissaries, indignant at so many blunders, exclaimed: “Come on, come on, ye infidels! The sight of your hats alone will put us to flight.”

This summit of Calemburg, still left free, discovered to

the Christians, an hour before nightfall, both the innumerable hosts of the Turks and Tartars, and the smoking ruins of Vienna. Signals incontinently informed the besieged of the succour at hand. We must have suffered all the dangers and miseries of a long siege, and have felt ourselves, our wives, and our children doomed to the sword of a victor, or slavery in a barbarous country, to have an idea of the joy the city experienced. Sobieski, after having examined all the positions of the vizier, said to the German generals, "That man is very badly encamped; he is an ignorant fellow: we shall beat him." The cannon, on both sides, played the prelude to the grand scene of the morrow. It was the 12th of September. Two hours before dawn, the king, the duke of Lorraine, and several other generals, performed a religious duty, very little practised in our time,—they received the communion; whilst the Mussulmans were crying to the only and solitary God of Abraham, *Allah! Allah!*

At sunrise, the Christian army descended with slow and measured steps, closing their ranks, rolling their cannon before them, and halting at every thirty or forty paces to fire and reload. This front widened, and took more depth as the space became greater. The Turks were in the greatest astonishment. The khan of the Tartars drew the vizier's attention to the lances ornamented with banderoles of the Polish gendarmerie, and said, "The king is at their head!"—and terror seized upon the heart of Kara Mustapha. Immediately, after having commanded the Tartars to put all their captives to death, to the amount of thirty thousand, he ordered half of his army to march towards the mountain, whilst the other half approached the walls of the city, to give a general assault. But the besieged had resumed their courage. The hope, and even the certainty of victory, had rendered them invincible.

The Christians continued to descend, and the Turks moved upwards. The action commenced. The first line of the Imperialists, all infantry, charged with so much impetuosity, that it gave place for a line of cavalry, which took part in the intervals of the battalions. The king, the princes, and the generals gained the head, and fought, sometimes with the cavalry and sometimes with the infantry. The two other

lines urged the first on warmly, protected by the fire of the artillery, which was incessant and very near. The field of the first shock, between the plain and the mountain, was intersected with vineyards, heights, and small valleys. The enemy having left their cannon at the beginning of the vineyards, suffered greatly from those of the Christians. The combatants, spread over this unequal ground, fought with inveteracy up to mid-day. At length the infidels, taken in flank, and driven from hill to hill, retired into the plain, lining their camp.

During the heat of the *mêlée*, all the bodies of the Christian army having fought sometimes on the heights, and sometimes in the valleys, they had necessarily doubled over each other, and deranged the order of battle. A short time was given to re-establish it; and the plain became the theatre of a triumph which posterity will always feel difficulty in believing. Seventy thousand men boldly attacked more than two hundred thousand! In the Turkish army, the pacha of Diarbeker commanded the right wing, the pacha of Buda the left. The vizier was in the centre, having by his side the aga of the Janissaries and the general of the Spahis. The two armies remained motionless for some time, the Christians in silence, whilst the Turks and Tartars emulated the clarions with their cries. At length Sobieski gave the signal, and, sabre in hand, the Polish cavalry charged straight upon the vizier in the centre. They broke through the front ranks, they even pierced through the numerous squadrons which surrounded Mustapha. The Spahis disputed the victory; but all the others,—the Wallachians, the Moldavians, the Transylvanians, the Tartars, and even the Janissaries, fought without spirit. In vain the Ottoman general endeavoured to revive confidence: they despised him and disregarded his words. He addressed himself to the pacha of Buda, and to other chiefs, but their only reply was desponding silence. "And thou!" cried he then to the Tartar prince, "wilt not thou assist me?" The khan saw no safety but in flight. The Spahis were making their last efforts: the Polish cavalry opened and dispersed them. The vizier then turned his back, and spread consternation by his flight. The discouragement extended to the wings, which all the bodies of the Christian army pressed at once.

Terror deprived of both reflection and strength this immense multitude of men, who ought, in an open plain like that they fought on, to have completely enveloped and crushed their enemy. But all dispersed, and all disappeared, as if by magic; that vast camp, which the eye could not measure, resembled a frightful desert. Night stopped the victorious progress of the Christians, who remained upon the field of battle till daybreak. At six o'clock in the morning, the enemy's camp was given up to the soldiery, whose cupidity was at first suspended by a horrible spectacle; mothers lay stretched about in all directions, with their throats cut, many of them with their infants still clinging to their breasts. These women were not like those who follow Christian armies—courtesans, as fatal to health as to morals; these were wives, whom the Turks preferred sacrificing thus to exposing them to becoming the victims of unbridled conquerors. They had spared a great part of the children. Five or six hundred of these little innocent victims of war were collected by the bishop of Newstadt, and were fed and brought up in the Christian religion. The Germans and the Poles were greatly enriched by the spoils of the Mussulmans. It was upon this occasion the king wrote to the queen, his wife: "The grand vizier has made me his heir, and I have found in his tents to the value of many millions of ducats. So you will not have to say of me as the Tartar wives say when they see their husbands return empty-handed: 'You are not men, you come home without booty.'" Thus, without much bloodshed, the valour and skill of John Sobieski saved Vienna, the empire, and religion. In fact, if Vienna had been taken, as at Constantinople, churches would have been changed into mosques, and nobody can say where Mahometanism, which already was spread over so much of the globe, might have ended. Staremberg came, immediately after the victory, to salute the preserver and liberator of Vienna, into which city the hero entered over ruins, but amidst the acclamations of the people. His horse could scarcely pierce through the crowd who prostrated themselves before him, who would kiss his feet, calling him their father, their avenger, the greatest of monarchs. Leopold seemed to be forgotten—they only saw Sobieski.

But, alas for the gratitude of peoples! Poland, whose king thus successfully interfered between Mahometanism and Christianity, to the shame of the European powers is no longer a nation! The great error of its constitution, which made the monarchy elective, created feuds, of which three powerful neighbouring countries took advantage. Poland was, by degrees, partitioned amongst them, and Austria, which owed it so much, was one of the most eager and greedy of the plunderers.

A L G I E R S .

A. D. 1541.

THE never-ending piracies of Algiers had for centuries made this city or state the object of the hatred of all Christian princes, and the dread of all Christian peoples. The opinion entertained by Europeans of the pirates of Algiers can be compared to nothing but that inculcated of the demons of another world. Among the most daring, ambitious, and successful of this race of marauders was Barbarossa: he aspired to something above the character of a "salt-water thief," and intruded upon the lands as well as the vessels and subjects of his opposite neighbour, Charles I. of Spain, and V. of Germany.

The emperor was politic as well as brave; he watched for an opportunity of avenging himself with safety; and he thought he had found this when he learnt that the emperor of the corsairs was gone to Constantinople. A volume written upon the power of Barbarossa could not display it so eloquently as the circumstance of the monarch, possessed of more extensive territories in Europe than had been held by one man since the time of Charlemagne, being obliged to wait till this Cacus was absent from his den before he would venture to assail it. Charles prided himself upon being a brave knight, but this was a wide departure from the laws of chivalry, which commanded all who acknowledged them to send due notice to an enemy of an intended hostile attack.

This absence appeared to Charles a favourable opportunity for attempting the subjugation or destruction of Algiers. It was the autumn of 1541, the season of storms at sea and of diseases and plagues on the coast of Africa. Ambitious princes do not often benefit by the study of history; they think their own genius or their own power can overcome obstacles that have been fatal to others; otherwise Charles might have learnt what would be the issue of his enterprise by turning to the melancholy story of the death of Louis IX. of France. Neither did he want for prudent advice from living counsellors. The great seaman Admiral Doria, who was likewise an excellent general, and of approved valour, when consulted by the emperor on the subject, said: "*Let me persuade you from this enterprise; for, par Dieu, if we go thither, we shall all perish.*" But Charles was never easily turned aside from a favourite project by good advice, and he replied: "*Twenty-two years of empire for me, and seventy-two years of life for you, ought to be sufficient to make us both die content.*" A few days after this advice had been asked and refused, the emperor and his army embarked; and upon their landing in Africa, were immediately assailed by the diseases and subjected to the famine that had been predicted. Before they commenced the attack, an eloquent and politic gentleman was sent to the old eunuch Hasem, who commanded in the absence of Barbarossa, to endeavour to intimidate him, and, if that could not be effected, to corrupt him. But this trustworthy governor replied, that "*it was very foolish to attempt to give advice to an enemy, but it would be still more foolish for the enemy to attend to that advice when it was given.*" These dispositions reduced the emperor to the necessity of attacking the place in form. The defence of the Algerines was firm and vigorous; and their valour, assisted by frightful tempests, compelled the emperor to raise a siege in which his army was perishing with famine and misery. When he returned to Europe, Charles V. instantly sent Aretin a gold chain of the value of a hundred ducats, to engage him to be silent on the subject of his disaster. "*This,*" said Aretin, "*is but a poor present for such an enormous piece of folly.*" Aretin, who should inform our young readers, was an Italian writer, who by some bold satires directed against princes and other conspi-

uous characters, had elevated himself to the position of a kind of European censor. As in most such cases, the persons attacked really gave importance to satires which, if they had been left alone, like other bubbles, would have burst very innocuously. But the speculation answered: potentates vied with each other in throwing sops to this Cerberus, whose own life as a man, like, we fear, that of most other satirists, was as obnoxious to censure as any of those he unscrupulously attacked.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1682.

Although the following short passage cannot be said to relate to a siege, yet as it concerns the introduction of an *arm* employed in sieges, particularly such as are maritime, it becomes our duty to repeat it.

Louis XIV., ever anxious to extend what he and his nation called his *glory*, turned his attention to the sea. He saw what the Dutch, Portuguese, Spaniards, and English were doing; he knew what Venice, Genoa, and other Italian states had done on that element; and he deemed it inconsistent with that universal fame to which he aspired, to neglect this wide field of enterprise. With her coasts, and her possessions on so many seas, France is legitimately a naval power, and Colbert was not a minister to leave natural advantages unemployed. When the reader of history pauses at this period of the reign of Louis XIV., and contemplates his grandeur,—we may say true grandeur,—the principal thing he must be struck with is the astonishing influence of one great master mind. When Mazarin died, he bequeathed Colbert to Louis XIV., and never did dying minister bestow a richer treasure upon his master: the portion of their ill-got wealth, which Richelieu and Mazarin left to Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., as an indemnity for the rest, was nothing when compared with a bequest which we strongly suspect the cunning Italian would not have ventured to make a gift whilst living: he might avail himself of Colbert's talents, and take the credit of their efforts, but he would not have proposed that he should assume the place while he lived, which he knew it was for the king's interest he should occupy when he was gone. The date standing at the head of this

passage is only one year before the death of Colbert, and of the decline of all that was great in the reign of Louis XIV. Mazarin died in 1661, Colbert in 1683; and in these twenty-two years alone, out of a reign of more than seventy, did Louis XIV. earn any part of the proud title which is claimed for him.

Under the auspices of Colbert, Louis had a hundred ships of the line built, and engaged sixty thousand sailors. Although he restrained as much as possible these rude men by stringent laws, he did not think it prudent to let them remain idle in port. His squadrons, commanded by Duquesne, swept the seas infested by the pirates of Algiers and Tunis. To punish Algiers, he employed a new invention. This fatal but admirable means of destruction was that of *bomb-vessels*, with which maritime cities may be reduced to ashes. There was a young man named Bernard Renaud, known by the name of *Little Renaud*, who, without having served, had become, by the influence of genius, an excellent shipbuilder. Colbert, who always knew how to discern and employ merit wherever he found it, had often consulted him upon naval affairs, even in the king's presence. It was by the cares and from the intelligence of Renaud that a better plan of shipbuilding was shortly adopted. He ventured to propose in council to have Algiers bombarded by a fleet. Till that time no idea was entertained that bomb-mortars could be placed upon anything but solid ground. This proposition appeared ridiculous, and Renaud met with all the contradictions and raileries that every inventor must expect; but his firmness, and that eloquence which men properly impressed with their inventions generally have, made the king determine to permit a trial of this novelty. Renaud had some vessels constructed, smaller than usual, but stronger with regard to wood, without upper decks, but with a false deck at the bottom of the hold, upon which hollows were built for the reception of mortars. He set sail with this preparation, under the orders of old Duquesne, who was charged with the enterprise, but who anticipated no success from it. But Duquesne and the Algerines were equally astonished at the effects of these bombs; a large part of the city was quickly battered to pieces and consumed by them.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1683.

Although punished, Algiers soon renewed its brigandages, and Louis XIV. repeated his chastisement on the 30th of the following June. Algiers, after being twice bombarded, sent deputies to ask pardon and sue for peace. They restored all their Christian slaves to liberty, and—which is the severest punishment for corsairs—paid a large sum of money. When D'Amfreville, a naval captain, came to Algiers to deliver all the Christian slaves, in the name of the king of France, there were among them many Englishmen, who, after they were on board, persisted in telling D'Amfreville that it was out of consideration for the king of England they were set at liberty. The French captain called back the Algerines, and replacing the English on shore, said, "These people insist upon it that they are set free in the name of their king; that being the case, my king cannot take the liberty of offering them his protection: I restore them to you, and it is for you to show what respect you owe to the king of England." The weakness of the government of Charles II., and the respect in which most nations then held Louis XIV., are both made evident by this anecdote.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1689.

Six years after, Marshal D'Etrées once again bombarded Algiers, always unfaithful to its treaties, and still supporting a fearful power by robbery and rapine. Ten thousand bombs ruined this retreat of corsairs despising the laws of nations; six of their vessels were sunk in the port. They were thus taught to respect the French flag, and the liberty of the seas for great powers; but they did not cease to pillage with impunity the subjects of weak states, without bombs or vessels of war to make themselves feared.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1816.

Although the bombardment of Algiers by a naval force can scarcely be termed a siege, as a conclusion to the above history, a mention of that which took place under Lord Exmouth is necessary.

Exasperated by many acts of wanton cruelty and daring piracy on the part of the dey of Algiers, the greatest naval country took into its hands the chastisement the corsairs so richly deserved. With a comparatively small force with what even great commanders had deemed necessary for the undertaking, Lord Exmouth, by the most judicious management, seconded by the skill and bravery of his officers and men, in one short day brought these sanguinary marauders to an expression of repentance, if not a feeling of it. A treaty of peace was signed, under a salute of twenty-one guns, on the following conditions, which had been dictated by the Prince Regent of England:—

“1. The abolition for ever of Christian slavery.

“2. The delivery to the admiral’s flag of all slaves in the dominions of the dey, to whatever nation they may belong, at noon to-morrow.

“3. To deliver, also to the British admiral’s flag, all money received by him for the redemption of slaves since the commencement of this year, at noon also to-morrow.

“4. Reparation has been made to the British consul for all losses he may have sustained in consequence of his confinement.

“5. The dey has made a public apology, in presence of his ministers and officers, and begged pardon of the consul, in terms dictated by the captain of the *Queen Charlotte*.”

The killed and wounded in this great settling-day between civilization and barbarism, amounted to between 6,000 and 7,000 on the part of the Algerines, and to 141 killed and 742 wounded on the side of the British and Dutch.

The bombardment of Algiers is deemed important as a military experiment, proving the efficacy of ship artillery against stone fortifications; but the distance, and the nature of the sea, must never be forgotten in such calculations: the season was the most favourable possible as regarded the weather, and Lord Exmouth was enabled to bring his vessels within fifty yards of the Mole, into which he poured his destructive thunders. If Cronstadt had been as favourably circumstanced in these respects as Algiers, we feel confident Sir Charles Napier would not have come “bootless home.”

The operations of the French, in their war of conquest in Algiers, do not come within the scope of our plan.

VALENCIENNES.

A.D. 1557.

PHILIP II., king of Spain, son and successor to the emperor Charles V., who from the depths of his cabinet, like another Tiberius, shook all Europe with his often cruel policy, wishing to stop the rapid progress of Lutheranism in the provinces of Flanders, put weapons into the hands of executioners, and endeavoured to establish the Inquisition in those happy and tranquil countries. This barbarous tribunal, conforming so little with Scriptural precepts and mildness, disgusted the Flemings, and gave birth to that famous confederation, at the head of which was William of Nassau, surnamed the Taciturn, prince of Orange. All the confederates were clothed in grey, wore upon their caps little wooden porringers, and round their necks a medal, upon one side of which was the portrait of the king, and on the reverse a *wallet* suspended from two hands, crossed and pressed together in sign of faith, with this inscription: "*Faithful to the king and to the wallet.*" This was in allusion to the name of beggars, which the count of Barlemont had given them. They exhibited themselves in this guise before Marguerite of Austria, duchess of Parma and gouvernante of the Netherlands. They presented, in a manner sufficiently humble, a petition to this princess, in which they asked for liberty of conscience, and the revocation of the edict which established the Holy Office. An answer to these prayers was eluded, and the yoke of the Protestants, and even of the Catholics, was made so intolerably heavy, that the people in all parts prepared for revolt. The inhabitants of Valenciennes were the first to raise the standard; they were almost all Huguenots, and had intimate connections with what are called the heretics of France. The gouvernante charged the seigneur de Noircarnes, commanding in Hainault, to establish a sufficient

garrison in Valenciennes to restrain the audacity of the burgesses. Noircarmes preferred employing mildness; before he approached the walls of the city, he agreed to undertake nothing, if the public exercise of heresy were proscribed. The people consented to this, but retracted the moment after. Noircarmes presenting himself at the gates, for the purpose of entering the city and completing the agreement, one of the populace had the temerity to shut the gates in his face, and to drive him from them by a discharge of arquebuses. Valenciennes was then declared to be in a state of rebellion, and its siege was commanded. The news soon spread. Some French Huguenots immediately flew to the aid of the proscribed city, and these were soon followed by three thousand foot and a few horse, got together in the nearest cantons of Flanders. These troops, provided with several pieces of cannon, advanced under the orders of John Soreas, who had assembled them. Noircarmes immediately got together a few companies of infantry, with some horse, and set forward to combat this rash and inexperienced body of soldiers. Their defeat was the work of a moment: Soreas perished in the action, and his followers were massacred. Some in vain attempted to find refuge in Tournay; the peasants of the neighbourhood pursued and dispersed them. Noircarmes, animated by this success, after having subdued Tournay, advanced towards Valenciennes. The rebels, still obstinate, rejected all his propositions with disdain, and he was therefore forced to think seriously of besieging the city. He quickly established a formidable battery, which destroyed the ramparts, and spread terror and despair among the besieged. They had expected powerful assistance, but, frustrated in their hopes, their courage was changed into consternation, and after several rude attacks they surrendered at discretion. Noircarmes imposed such laws as the gouvernante dictated. The submission of Valenciennes for a time depressed the spirits of the confederates, and the vigorous government of Marguerite seemed to prognosticate obedience; but the glorious results of these beginnings are of the best and most instructive pages of history.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1667.

One of the greatest military exploits of Louis XIV. was the conquest of Valenciennes. Since the wars which had procured liberty for Holland, the possessors of that city had neglected nothing to render it impregnable. The project of the French monarch was considered as the height of temerity. In the first place, it was necessary to gain possession of two half-moons on the right and on the left. Behind these half-moons was a grand crown-work, palisaded, frased (strengthened with pointed stakes), and surrounded by a fosse intersected by many traverses. In this crown-work there was yet a second, well covered and surrounded with another fosse. After these had been mastered, there was an arm of the Scheld to be crossed; this being done, a fresh work was encountered, called a *pâté*; behind this *pâté* flowed the great stream of the Scheld, deep and rapid, which served as a fosse between the *pâté* and the wall; and this wall was supported by large ramparts. All these works were covered with cannon. A garrison of nearly four thousand men, a great quantity of munitions of war and provisions, the hatred of the citizens for the French and their affection for their Spanish governor, seemed to promise a long and firm resistance. At the head of a formidable army, Louis XIV. advanced, seconded by his brother and the marshals Humières, Schomberg, Feuillade, Luxembourg, and Lorges. The celebrated Vauban directed all the operations. On the 9th of March, 1677, they opened the trenches. A few days after, the king called a council upon the best means of attacking the outworks with greatest regard to the lives of the soldiers. Vauban proposed to assault them in open day; but all the marshals exclaimed strongly against such a plan: Louvois condemned it, and yet Vauban held firm to his opinion, with the confidence of a man perfectly understanding all he advanced. "You wish," said he, "to spare the blood of your soldiers, and this will be best effected by fighting in the daylight, without confusion and without tumult, without fear of one part of our men firing upon another, as too frequently happens. Our object is to surprise the enemy; and they are always in expectation of an attack by night: we shall indeed surprise them when

they will be fatigued by watching all night, and they will not be in a condition to resist our fresh troops. Add to this, there may be men among our soldiers who have but little courage, and night will favour their timidity; whereas, during the day, the eye of the master inspires valour and elevates men, particularly the French, above themselves." The king yielded to the reasoning of Vauban, in opposition to his minister Louvois and five marshals of France.

On the evening of the 16th, the two companies of musketeers, a hundred grenadiers of the king's household, a battalion of the guards, and one of the regiment of Picardy, were commanded to be in readiness, and on the 17th, at nine o'clock in the morning, these warriors marched to the attack of the crown-work, after having overcome the two advanced half-moons. Nothing seemed able to resist them: they mounted the intrenchments in all directions; they seized them; they effected a lodgment. This was all that had been required or hoped for in this attack; but the valour of the musketeers was warmed, and could not be checked. There was across the small arm of the Scheld, a bridge, which communicated with the *pâté*. The passage over this bridge was closed by a barrier of immense pieces of pointed timber, with a wicket in the middle, through which only one man could pass at a time. Whilst one party of the musketeers was endeavouring to force the wicket, the rest climbed over the barrier, and in spite of pikes and musketry, leaped down on the other side, sword in hand. The enemy, surprised by this extraordinary feat, abandoned the defence of the wicket. The musketeers pursued them, and on reaching the *pâté*, attacked it with great fury, and carried it in spite of its defenders; but the cannon of the ramparts now threatened destruction to the conquerors. The grey musketeers perceived a little door; they broke it in, and discovered a private staircase constructed in the thickness of the wall; they rushed up this narrow passage and arrived at the top of the *pâté*. They there remarked another door, which gave entrance to a gallery built over the great canal of the Scheld. They broke that in; they gained the ramparts, and intrenched themselves. They then turned against the city the cannon they found there, and, sheltered from their thunders, descended into the place with the fugitives. They pursued

them from intrenchment to intrenchment, from street to street; and they triumphed before the king could have imagined the first work they attacked was taken. But this was not the most astonishing part of this marvellous affair. It was probable that young musketeers, carried away by the ardour of success, should rush blindly upon the troops and the citizens—that they would perish, or that the city would be plundered; but these warriors, scarcely adolescent, led by a cornet named Moissac and a quarter-master named Labarre, formed behind some waggons, and whilst the troops, which came in crowds, were forming leisurely, other musketeers got possession of some neighbouring houses, in order to protect by their fire those who defended the bridge with incredible bravery. They were three times charged by the cavalry of the garrison; but notwithstanding the smallness of their numbers, they maintained all they had won. The infantry endeavoured to take them in rear, but they there encountered the greater part of the black musketeers and the grenadiers of the king's household, who repulsed them vigorously. The citizens were astonished; the city council assembled. They entered into a parley with Moissac, who received and gave hostages. Deputies were sent to the king; and all this was done without confusion, without tumult, and without the commission of a fault of any kind. The city was obliged to submit without capitulation. The king made the garrison prisoners of war, and entered Valenciennes, to his own great surprise, as master. This conquest only cost him forty men. "I do not know," says Larrey, "if history furnishes many examples of an action so sharp and prompt, and at the same time so fortunate, and of the capture, in so short a time and with so little loss for the conquerors, of a great and strong city which wanted nothing for its defence. The whole looks like a miracle; and all was attributed to the fortunate rashness of the musketeers." "It was fortunate," adds M. de St. Foix, "because coolness and prudence completed that which impetuous courage had begun. Everything in this affair is characteristic of true valour, that valour which elevates man above himself, and which often makes him triumph against all probability, and in spite of the evident danger into which he seems to precipitate himself."

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1793.

In this siege the English have an interest, the duke of York, second son of George III., having had the command of the besiegers.

The allies, having taken Condé in the month of April, directed their forces against Valenciennes. General Ferrand commanded in the place, with a garrison of nine thousand men. To favour the siege, the allies posted an army of observation in the plains of Hérin, in front of the city, a strong force on the other side of Valenciennes, and a third between Lille and Tournay. At the moment that city was invested, these faubourgs were attacked; that named Marli was set fire to on the 24th of May, and taken the day following. The allies opened the attack very close to the place. The duke of York summoned the city on the 14th of June. The governor replied: "The garrison and myself will sooner bury ourselves beneath the ruins than surrender the city." The bombardment instantly commenced. When the Tournay side was in ashes, the allies transported their bombs to the south-west, and then the conflagration became general; there seemed to be no wish entertained to preserve either the walls or fortifications. An opinion was general in the city, that destruction rather than conquest was the object of the allies, and despair became more tenacious than courage. During the conflagration, the fire caught the arsenal, which blew up. Treachery was suspected, and the sub-director of the artillery, Monestier, destroyed himself. The object of this was to raise the inhabitants, which it succeeded in doing; but order was quickly restored by the two representative commissioners. The works of the besiegers came up to the walls by the 21st of July. A breach was made in the bastion called the Huguenots, and a first assault upon the covered way was repulsed. There was a second on the 26th, whilst the allies, with another body of ten thousand men, assaulted in a different point, in which they gained possession of an advanced work, which was blown up by three mines. The fire drove them from the ramparts, and the work was retaken; but a panic seized upon the garrison, they became deaf to the voices of their officers, rushed *pêle-mêle* into the city, and nothing could bring them back to the

advanced work, which had been retaken and abandoned by both parties. At this time, the duke of York addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants and the soldiers, whilst he sent a second to the municipality and the general. From that moment the disorder was irreparable; the assembled inhabitants, supported by the soldiers, compelled the council of war to enter into a capitulation: it was signed on the 28th of July. The companies of the cannoniers of Douai and Valenciennes alone took no part in this riot: they had served with distinction. The allies lost a great many men in the sieges of Condé, Cateau Cambresis, and Valenciennes.

LEYDEN.

A.D. 1574.

We offer as long a sketch of the siege of Leyden as our limits will allow, this being a portion of history to which we always turn with pleasure: the emancipation of the Netherlands from the domination of Spain is one of the most noble efforts in the annals of mankind.

The cruelties of the duke of Alva had alienated every heart in Holland from the court of Spain, and had left none but harsh means to his successor, Don Louis, of retaining the provinces in their allegiance. Being desirous of distinguishing his accession to power by a bold stroke, he sent Francis Valdes to besiege Leyden. The environs of this city, intersected in all directions by canals, presented incredible difficulties to the making of the approaches. Our readers will perceive this the more clearly when we state that it had eight gates, fifty islands, and one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly built of freestone. The rapid waters of the Rhine, which bathe its walls, assist in rendering Leyden impregnable. Valdes had already been frequently repulsed in his attacks, when Count Louis, entering Flanders, brought him a formidable army. Valdes then once more presented himself before Leyden, and regularly blockaded it. The Hollanders, having fortified all the passages capable of retarding the progress of the enemy, strengthened with troops

the village of Alful, which was built upon a canal, whose sluices could stop or suspend the course of the waters; a sanguinary battle was necessary to make himself master of this point. Possessed of the neighbouring fortifications, the Spanish general pressed Leyden very closely. Having a belief that there was no garrison, the Spaniards threw letters into the place, to persuade the inhabitants to surrender: they received an answer over the walls, "that they must not expect anything of the kind as long as they could hear the dogs of Leyden bark." Resolved to defend their country to the last extremity, the besieged made a furious sortie, and attacked the garrison of the fort of Lamene; but their impetuosity could not resist the numbers of the Spaniards, and they were obliged to return to their walls. This check did not in the least diminish their courage; they repaired the walls of Leyden, and exhausted the resources of art to create defences. Jean Vanderdoës, a poet known in literature by the name of *Janus Douza*, commanded in the city; and, notwithstanding his possession of talents so opposite to such a task, performed his difficult duties admirably. He animated and supported his fellow-citizens amidst pressing dangers. Notwithstanding his cares, there was a moment of dissatisfaction. The people, in a seditious manner, demanded food of their leaders; the governor answered coolly, "that it was perfectly indifferent to him whether he died by their hands or those of the Spaniards; that if his flesh would satisfy them, they were welcome to tear him to pieces and eat him." These words overwhelmed the murmurers with confusion. The Seigneur de Ligne, governor of Harlem, exhorted them to submit to the conditions offered by the king of Spain; but the inhabitants replied: "We know that the project of the Spaniards is to subdue Leyden by famine; but we are not afraid of that. When we have consumed all our provisions, we will eat our left arms and defend ourselves with the right against our tyrants; death is a thousand times preferable to their odious despotism." After this declaration, a paper currency was fabricated, with this inscription: "*For Liberty.*" This currency was faithfully exchanged for money when the siege was terminated. But famine made frightful ravages; and, if not promptly succoured, Leyden must succumb. The States of Holland assembled, and after

long and earnest deliberation, it was resolved to inundate the province. In the beginning of August, two dykes of the Meuse and the Yssel were cut, between Rotterdam and Gonda. In an instant, the smiling fields in the neighbourhood of Delft, Gonda, Rotterdam, and Leyden were covered with water. The Spaniards were astonished, but their forts secured them, and the place remained besieged. The Hollanders were anxious at least to take advantage of the waters to convey provisions into Leyden; they constructed boats in the shape of galleys, with oars, so that they might the more easily force passages, and attack the forts of the Spaniards. The Dutch admiral Boizot endeavoured to break through the blockade and convey provisions into Leyden, but the waters were not sufficiently high, except in the rivers and lakes, which were well guarded, and he could not approach the city. The Dutch waited with impatience for the high tides, upon which the deliverance of the province seemed to depend. Whilst the Spaniards were constantly employed in securing their redoubts from inundation, by closing up all their issues with earth and hay, the overflowing ocean came rushing in in all its power, swept away these feeble barriers, and made the environs of Leyden one vast sea. The Hollanders immediately set sail; a fleet of a hundred and fifty vessels, laden with provisions, advanced in the best order, and surmounted every obstacle. The terrified Spaniards retired to places of safety, but, in spite of all their celerity, they could not evacuate their redoubts without losing a great number of people. Driven from their fortifications by the waters, and pursued by the enemy, some were massacred, and the rest swallowed up by the waves. Strada relates that a Spanish captain was seized by his clothes, with long hooks, and made a prisoner, and thrown into a bark. This bold man took advantage of the crew being engaged, sprang up, seized a halbert, killed three of the Dutch soldiers, forced the others to save themselves by swimming, and regained his companions, with the bark and the provisions it contained. The Spaniards lost fifteen hundred men in this retreat from the waters. Leyden enjoyed the satisfaction of being delivered from present dangers, but this was sadly embittered by the recollection of having lost six thousand citizens by famine and misery, during the blockade.

LIVRON.

A.D. 1574.

WE present this little siege as a monument of the feeling entertained towards the infamous Catherine de Medici and her darling son, Henry III., by many communities in France.

When Henry III. left Poland as a fugitive, to occupy the throne made vacant by the death of Charles IX., he created Roger de St. Lary-Bellegarde, one of his minions, a marshal of France. A short time after his promotion, the new general was repulsed in three assaults which he made upon Livron, a small Huguenot fortified place in Dauphiny, although he attacked it with a good army, and it was defended but by a few inhabitants. The women of the city thought him so contemptible, that, to insult him, they plied their distaffs on the breach. Henry, who passed near the city, stopped for a few hours, to display his valour. The besieged, on learning his arrival, made a general discharge of their artillery, which they followed by continual hissings and bootings, accompanied by cutting raileries against the monarch and the queen his mother. "Ha! ha! you massacrer! you shall not poniard us in our beds, as you did the admiral! Bring us a few of your laced, ruffled, and perfumed minions; let them come and look at our women; they will see if they look like a prey to be easily taken!" Henry ordered a fresh assault to be made, but it was repulsed by the women only, and the siege was raised shortly after this disgraceful defeat.

CAHORS.

A.D. 1580.

OF the numerous sieges on both sides which marked the struggle of Henry IV. of France for his crown, we have selected that of Cahors as best displaying the character of that hero and the men and times he lived in.

Henry IV., whilst king of Navarre, resolved to gain possession of Cahors. That city is surrounded on all sides by the river Lot, which serves it as a fosse. It had a garrison of two thousand men, and Vesins, its governor, was a soldier of acknowledged valour and great experience. Its citizens, always armed, were never off their guard. Henry assembled his council of war, composed of valiant and tried captains, and all pronounced the enterprise hazardous. Their representations were useless. "Everything is possible to me," said he, "with men as brave as those I consult." On the 5th of May, he set out from Montauban, in excessively hot weather, and arrived in the middle of the night within a quarter of a league of Cahors. His troops there quenched their thirst at a fountain which flowed under a nursery of young walnut-trees. Twelve soldiers marched forward for the purpose of fastening a petard to the gates of the city. Fifty men, commanded by Captain Saint Martin, followed them closely; Roquilaure came next, with forty gentlemen and sixty soldiers; and after them, Henry of Navarre, with nine hundred men. Twelve hundred arquebusiers, in six platoons, closed the march. There were three gates to be forced. The petard attached to the first made so small an opening, that it was necessary to enlarge it with axes. The first passed through with difficulty; but the soldiers who followed them had time to file through in sufficiently great numbers. A furious storm which raged at the time did not permit the inhabitants to distinguish between the noise of the thunder and the report of the petards, which had broken

down their gates. Henry's soldiers, on first entering the city, met with forty men and two hundred arquebusiers, almost naked. The baron de Salignac cut them to pieces, and advanced into Cahors; but he was stopped in his march by the inhabitants, who, from the tops of the houses, hurled stones, tiles, pieces of wood, and other missiles upon the heads of his soldiers. In the mean time, the king of Navarre entered Cahors by another gate, with which the petard had succeeded better. At length day appeared, persons and objects were distinguishable, and all either rushed to the attack or stood firm in defence of the place. In all the streets it became necessary to force barricades and repulse a garrison much more numerous than the besiegers. Henry commanded and fought everywhere at the same time; his valour shrunk from no danger, though the blows of all the enemies seemed to be directed against him. He broke two partisans, and his armour was pierced in twenty places. This terrible combat lasted five days and five nights. The besieged, in full expectation of assistance, said not a word about surrendering. The assailants, fatigued with the weight of their armour and the excessive heat, maintained their posts with the intrepid courage their leader knew how to inspire. On the fourth day they learnt that the succours promised to the city were drawing near. At this news, his captains assembled round Henry, and conjured him to secure a retreat before the enemy could reach Cahors. Henry, too courageous to know what fear meant, and heedless of the pain caused by his wounds, replied, with that coolness which inspires confidence: "It is decreed above what is to become of me on this occasion. Remember that my retreat from this city without having taken it, will be the retreat of my life from my body. My honour is too deeply pledged to allow me to act otherwise; therefore, only speak to me of fighting, conquering, or dying." Reanimated by these words, his soldiers made fresh efforts; and fortune seconded the efforts of the brave Béarnais. He received a reinforcement of a hundred horse and five hundred arquebusiers; he secured his posts in the interior, and marched out to meet the approaching enemy. He repulsed them; and on his return to the city, the inhabitants having lost all hope, laid down their arms. There were but few killed in Henry's



ANECDOTE OF VESIUS AND REGNIER.

army, but many wounded. The brave and virtuous Vesins had perished early in the contest; he had a short time before done himself great honour, by an act of rare generosity. His bravery, degenerating sometimes into ferocity, had made him numerous enemies; among these was a gentleman named Régnier, of a mild and polished character. Their neighbours and friends had exerted themselves in vain to reconcile them. Régnier was a Huguenot, and Vesins a Catholic. Whilst the cities of France were being stained with the blood of Huguenots, Régnier retired to Cahors for safety. But the king had made Vesins governor of that city, and Régnier was living in daily expectation of being sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemy, when his door was broken open, and he saw Vesins, with a drawn sword in his hand, and with the appearance of furious rage, enter, followed by two armed soldiers. Régnier, believing his death certain, fell upon his knees and implored the mercy of Heaven. Vesins in a menacing voice ordered him to get up, follow him, and mount a horse that was standing at the door. Régnier left the city with his enemy, who conducted him as far as *Guienne* without stopping and without speaking a single word to him. They arrived together at the château of Régnier, where Vesins, without alighting from his horse, said to him: "I had it in my power, as thou mayst see, to profit by the opportunity I have been so long in search of; but I should have been ashamed to avenge myself thus on a man so brave as thou art; the peril must be equal when our quarrel is settled; and it is on that account I have spared thy life. Thou shalt always find me as disposed to terminate our differences in a manner suitable to gentlemen, as thou hast found me prompt to deliver thee from an inevitable death." "I have no longer, my dear Vesins," replied Régnier, "either resolution, strength, or courage against you. Your kindness has extinguished the heat of my enmity: it is destroyed by your generosity, which I can never forget. I will henceforward follow you whithersoever you go; I will be always ready to employ in your service the life you have given me, and the little bravery you attribute to me." Régnier wished to embrace his benefactor; but Vesins, preserving all the asperity of his character, said: "It is thy business to see whether thou art my friend or my enemy; I only

saved thy life to put thee in a condition to make a choice." Without waiting for a reply, he put spurs to his horse, leaving Régnier, stupified with this strange adventure, to wonder at the greatness of soul and generosity of him whom he had considered as his most cruel enemy.

MAESTRICHT.

MAESTRICHT, a city of the Netherlands, about four miles in circumference, seated on the Meuse, opposite Wyck, with which it communicates by a stone bridge, was looked upon as one of the strongest fortified places in Europe, and, from the importance of its position, has endured several remarkable sieges.

FIRST SIEGE, A.D. 1576.

The inhabitants of Maestricht, in concert with their German garrison, drove out the Spaniards in 1576. Their intention was to unite themselves with the Dutch, who had shaken off the yoke of Spain. Vargas, the general of Philip II., hastened to endeavour to regain possession of the place; of which he had the greater hopes from being still master of Wyck. The conquered, humiliated by a disgrace of which they were the more sensible from its having arisen out of their own negligence, were eager to repair their fault by instantly taking back what they had lost. As they saw no other obstacle to their doing so but some pieces of cannon placed upon the bridge which unites the two cities, they formed, to avoid this danger, a most extraordinary resolution. They placed before them all the women of Wyck. Provided with this rampart, they advanced over the bridge, and, covered with these singular bucklers, they fired boldly and safely upon the citizens, who, not being able to defend themselves without shooting their relations, or at least the women of their party, quitted their post, took refuge in their houses, and abandoned the field of battle to the Spaniards, who thus remastered the city without receiving a single wound.

But Maestricht again revolted, and freed itself from the Spanish yoke.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1579.

Three years after the first revolt, this place was invested by the celebrated prince of Parma, governor of Flanders. This general, having secured his quarters and encamped in face of Maestricht, directed a numerous park of artillery against it. Mondragone was charged with the blockade on the side of Wyck. In a short time the circumvallation was secured; and, simultaneously, the Meuse was closed, both below and above the city, by two bridges of boats, sufficiently solid to deprive the enemy of all chance of entrance to the place by water. These bridges served at the same time as means of communication to the army spread over both banks of the river. The trenches were opened. The garrison, being small, could not risk many sorties, but they made some with success. Two attacks were formed: one at the Brussels gate, and the other opposite the curtain which was between the gate of Hoxter and that of the Cross. When the trenches were sufficiently advanced, Hierges set his batteries playing. The Spaniards had already arrived at the counterscarp, and were endeavouring to debouch in the fosse, to fill it promptly and second the operations of the artillery. The Brussels gate was defended by a good ravelin and a large cavalier, which impeded the progress of the besiegers greatly. It was battered by some pieces of large cannon; but the audacity of the besieged seemed to increase with their peril. The Spaniards on their part redoubled their efforts; their ardour was indefatigable; they emulated each other in braving dangers. Within the walls, the citizens and the countrymen who had there sought refuge, vied with the most practised soldiers in intrepidity. The women themselves became redoubtable warriors: three companies of them were formed, one of which was employed at the counter-mines, and the others did garrison duty. They appeared on the ramparts by the side of the bravest soldiers; they cheerfully shared the painful labours of the pioneers, and entered warmly into the repairs of old fortifications, or the erection of new ones. The besiegers, however, remained masters of the fosse, and the breach appeared sufficiently practicable for an assault to be attempted. A signal was given for one; but the Spaniards, after making

the most courageous efforts, were constrained to retire with loss. The fire of the batteries increased; the works were perfected; all sorts of means were employed to prevent the enemy from repairing the breaches made in the ramparts of the city. A second assault was prepared. To weaken the resistance of the Flemings by dividing it, it was resolved to give the assault at the two attacks. The trumpets sounded; they rushed to the breaches; the parties met; the contest began; one side impetuously attacking, the other as firmly defending: victory remained doubtful; Herle, in the Spanish ranks, and Tappin, the celebrated defender of Maestricht, performing prodigies of valour. It was a hand-to-hand fight,—pike to pike, and sword to sword. Some barrels of powder caught fire, and blew up; in an instant the ground was covered with mutilated bodies. The combat ceased, and the besiegers were obliged to retreat, without having been able to gain possession of the breach. This fruitless attempt cost the Spaniards very dear. But the greater part of the garrison had perished upon the walls, and the remainder were in want of everything. Disease, fatigue, watching, and famine, made awful ravages. No more confidence could be placed in the succours promised by the prince of Orange; and the inhabitants, determined to die rather than surrender, had no resource but their bravery. The ravelin which covered the Brussels gate annoying the besiegers greatly, the prince of Parma determined to make himself master of it. He ordered some fresh mines, and on the 24th of June succeeded in winning it. The prince, profiting by this advantage, caused the large cavalier constructed at this point to be raised much higher, and turned the fire against the place. The besieged, being without repose and finding safety nowhere, began to despair of holding out, without, however, being at all willing to subscribe to the honourable capitulation offered them by the prince. That general fell sick; the siege appeared to suffer by the circumstance, and the attacks became weaker. In consequence of this, the exhausted citizens relaxed in their vigilance. The prince, who from his bed was still watchful, learnt how matters stood, and immediately ordered an assault. On the morning of the day designed for this last effort, a soldier having crept through an ill-repaired breach, found no

one on the walls but some sentinels buried in sleep. He informed the general of this. The troops were commanded to follow him: the breach was mounted, and the city taken. The carnage was so frightful, that scarcely four hundred persons were spared. The life of the brave Tappin, the governor of Maestricht, was however saved, out of respect for his character. The besiegers lost two thousand five hundred men; but a booty of a million of crowns of gold, and the conquest of an important city, compensated for their fatigues and perils.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1632.

In 1632 Maestricht was reduced by the prince of Orange, and was confirmed to the Dutch in 1648.

FOURTH SIEGE, A.D. 1673.

On the 10th of June, Louis XIV. appeared before Maestricht with an army of forty thousand men. This place, esteemed one of the keys of the Netherlands and the United Provinces, was defended by a garrison of five thousand men, and by an intrepid governor, named Farjoux, a Frenchman by birth, but in the service of Holland. On the 17th the trenches were opened, and five batteries were directed against the city. Vauban, who in this siege first distinguished himself, employed the parallels invented by some Italian engineers in the service of the Turks, before Candia. He added places of arms in the trenches, to draw up troops in battle order, and the better to rally them in the event of sorties. Louis proved himself, in this famous expedition, more particular and laborious than he had ever been. By his example he accustomed a nation till that time accused of having nothing but a brilliant courage which fatigue easily exhausted, to patience in labour and endurance in protracted operations. As long as the siege lasted, he was up the whole night, from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. After having ordered everything he thought necessary for the attack, he retired to his tent to take some repose till dinner-time. On leaving table, he mounted on horseback to make the tour of the lines and visit the quarters: in consequence of this, the companions of his labours went to the assaults and performed their duties in

the most exemplary manner. The most furious assault was that of the 24th of June, and was made at the counterscarp of the Tongres gate; in it the French and the Dutch were by turns conquerors and conquered, whilst disputing an advanced half-moon. The first company of musketeers was commanded to fall upon this half-moon, whilst the second precipitated itself upon the palisades between that post and the horn-work. "The signal was given," says M. de Saint-Foix; "they marched, and in spite of the vigorous resistance of the enemy, in spite of the fire of the *fourneaux* which were sprung, and the terrible reports of the grenades which were incessantly cast among them, these works were carried almost at the same moment." Four bloody conflicts were necessary; and they only triumphed in the last, after losing many men. Night separated the combatants. The action of the morrow was still more warm and murderous; it was believed that the lodgments were secured, and the musketeers had returned to the camp. The enemy sprang a *fournéau*, which the French had not discovered, in the half-moon: there was reason to think it was not the only one. Farjoux, who had placed himself at the head of the best troops of his garrison, profiting by this moment of alarm, entered the work and drove out the French soldiers. The musketeers were ordered to take it again, and they did retake it. In an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, fifty-three musketeers were wounded and thirty-seven killed, with the famous count d'Artagnan, commander of the first company. "The musketeers who returned from this fight," says Pelisson, "had all their swords blooded up to the guards, and bent and notched with the blows they had given." So many repeated and terrible attacks destroyed the defenders of Maestricht without weakening the courage of the survivors. Farjoux in particular was determined to hold out to the last minute; he preferred a glorious death to life at the hands of a conqueror, and he formed the resolution of making one more attempt. A mine was dug, and set fire to with too much precipitation; the soldiers of Farjoux were blown up by it instead of the French. This accident so completely disconcerted the besieged, that even their bold governor was forced to think of composition. They were satisfied, on the 29th of June, with a favourable

capitulation. The remains of the garrison retired with the honours of war, and the inhabitants retained their privileges. This conquest cost France nearly eight thousand men; the besieged lost more than three thousand.

FIFTH SIEGE, A.D. 1676.

Louis XIV., aware of the importance of his victory, placed in the city a garrison of six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. Three years after, the prince of Orange laid siege to Maestricht with an army of twenty-five thousand men, whilst the duke of Villa-Hermosa on one side, and the count de Waldeck on the other, intrenched in advantageous posts, watched the operations of the French, and held themselves in readiness to prevent their succouring the besieged. The count de Calvo commanded in Maestricht, in the absence of Marshal d'Estrades, the governor. This officer was a Catalan, in the service of France; the king had not a braver soldier; but as he had all his life served in the cavalry, he was thought to be more in his place at the head of a squadron of horse than of a garrison. As soon as the place was invested, he assembled the principal officers: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have served all my life as a cavalry officer, and have very little acquaintance with the defence of cities. All that I know is that I will never surrender. Concert among you the means of an obstinate and insurmountable resistance, and I will undertake to have them executed with as much vigour as celerity." The frankness of the commander won all hearts, and the confidence he placed in his subalterns elevated and expanded their minds. There was established, without pride, mistrust, or jealousy, a communication of ideas which saved the city, and which places the name of Calvo among the few that will descend to posterity.

Calvo made a vigorous and considerable sortie, the commencement of which was fortunate. The prince of Orange, informed of what was going on in the trenches, flew to the succour of his people with the greatest courage, drove back the French with the sword to their gates, and being wounded in the arm, exclaimed to those who had fought without spirit, "This is the way you should act, gentlemen! It is you who have caused the wound for which you appear to enter-

tain so much regret." Calvo first introduced the use of back-handled scythes; his soldiers, armed with these in the sorties, killed three men at a stroke. The trenches were opened on the 19th of July, and the batteries were erected on the 22nd: during eight days the firing never ceased. At length a large breach was made in the Dauphin bastion, and an assault was ordered for the 30th. It was terrible, but proved useless. The Dutch retired with loss. The next day the prince of Orange ordered a second attack, still more sanguinary and quite as unsuccessful. A suspension of arms was then entered into to bury the dead. Not at all discouraged, the prince gave a third assault, and succeeded in gaining the bastion. Scarcely had he gained a lodgment, when the French sprang two mines, the bursting of which they followed up by a furious sortie: they were, however, repulsed, and the work remained in the hands of the Dutch. Some days after they took another bastion, and drew near to the counterscarp. Whilst the Hollanders were preparing to pour their thunders upon this part of the fortifications, the powder and grenades of the besieged were suddenly set fire to. Taking advantage of the consequent disorder, the enemy gained possession of the counterscarp: they then prepared to attack the horn-work. Twice they gave the assault, and twice they were driven back with loss. The dragoons and the cavalry having dismounted to sustain the infantry, discouraged by so many repulses, a third effort was made. It was so terrible that the covered way was choked with dead bodies, and the blood of the slaughtered discoloured the waters of the fosse. But the assailants were forced to regain their former posts, after having lost a host of soldiers.

But now news was brought that Marshal Schomberg was hastening to the succour of the place, and the prince of Orange, having already lost twelve thousand men, did not think it prudent to wait for him. He decamped in the night of the 26th of August, after forty days of open trenches, and, to make the more haste, embarked thirty pieces of cannon, five hundred wounded, and a great quantity of munitions on the Meuse. At daybreak, the garrison perceiving the retreat of the Dutch, pursued them, and took some prisoners.

SIXTH SIEGE, A.D. 1748.

"Peace is in Maestricht," said the Marshal de Saxe. It was with preparations for this siege that the campaign of 1748 commenced. It was necessary to secure all the passages, to force an army to retreat, to render it powerless for action, to deceive the enemy, and leave his own troops in ignorance of his secret. Marshal Saxe succeeded in all this; he only communicated his views to M. de Cremille; he made the allies believe that his object was Buda, and he went, at the head of twenty-five thousand men, to conduct a convoy to Bergen-op-Zoom, feigning to turn his back towards Maestricht. Three divisions advanced upon Tirlemont, Tongres, and Luxembourg; and at length all four took their route towards Maestricht. The enemy quitted their posts precipitately, abandoned immense magazines, and knew nothing of the designs of the count de Saxe until it was too late to oppose them. The city was invested, without a possibility of any succour being introduced. The siege was pushed on with vigour. The baron d'Aylva, the governor, and the count de Marshal commanding the Austrian garrison, displayed in vain all their skill to dispute the ground, and drive back the besiegers. They were on the point of submitting to the conqueror, when a courier, despatched by the duke of Cumberland, came to announce the cessation of hostilities, and to confirm the saying of Marshal Saxe with which we commenced this article.

There is scarcely a siege on record which does not convey a lesson to students in the military art, even to experienced generals, and above all to kings or ministers directing a war—the lesson in this is secrecy before the attempt: had Maurice de Saxe told all the world what was the object of his preparations, he might as well have attempted to besiege the moon as Maestricht.

Maestricht was besieged in vain by the French, under Meranda, in 1793, but yielded to the troops of that country, commanded by Kleber, in 1794, after eleven days of open trenches.

ANTWERP.

THE great commercial city of Antwerp has been several times subjected to sieges, of two of which only we think it necessary to offer any details.

FIRST SIEGE, A.D. 1583.

The Netherlands, tired of the Spanish domination, made the false step of getting rid of one evil by adopting another quite as bad, and elected as their sovereign Francis of France, who, known as the duke d'Alençon, had recently assumed the title of duke d'Anjou. The worthy brother of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—the son of Catherine de Medici—the duke of Anjou, might have been thought the last prince to be selected for the purpose of reigning over a people so situated as the Netherlanders were; but France was the enemy of Spain, was the most powerful neighbour they had, and the wily Catherine and wicked Henry III. were liberal in their promises.

Very little satisfied with the name of leader and a limited authority, the duke of Anjou soon made an effort to throw off the yoke of the States, and to reign as monarch. His first design was to gain possession of the citadel of Antwerp. On the 17th of January, 1583, he left his palace early in the morning, followed by several Frenchmen on horseback, and passed out of the city, by the gate of St. James. He had scarcely left the city, when those who accompanied him pretended to quarrel among themselves, and fall sword in hand upon the *corps de garde*, the soldiers of which they massacred, or put to flight, and, at the same time, seized upon that gate. All the citizens of that quarter hastened to the spot, whilst the French took possession of the Emperor's gate, and of the curtain which was between those two entrances. The troops who had been left in the city, ran through the streets, exclaiming: "The city is won! the

city is won! Vive la Messe! Vive la Messe!" which was their rallying cry. Fifteen ensigns of foot and ten cornets of horse came to their assistance. The Swiss were approaching likewise. But an accident they might have prevented, disconcerted the enterprise. They had forgotten to take possession of the portcullis of the St. James gate; and the citizens, on perceiving this omission, rushed to the top of it, let it down, and thus impeded the entrance of the French. The whole people took up arms, every man became a soldier. The enraged citizens combined instantly to drive out an enemy who aimed at their property and their lives. So much in earnest were they, that they took the money from their purses, and moulded or cut it into bullets with their teeth, and loaded their guns with it. The women disputed with the men the glory of defending their country. The disconcerted French were surrounded, pursued, and completely routed. In vain the duke endeavoured to withdraw them from the rage of the Flemings: they were all killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Fifteen hundred were left on the field of battle; among whom were persons of the most illustrious houses in France: the Flemings did not lose a hundred men.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1585.

This is considered one of the most remarkable sieges of modern times, from its cause, the parties concerned, the events, and the result.

The prince of Parma presented himself, in 1585, before Antwerp, at the head of a powerful army. His operations commenced by the attack of the forts of Lillo and Liestens-toech, constructed by the Dutch upon the banks of the Scheld. The Italians conceived a stratagem which very much facilitated the capture of this last fort. They got together a large number of waggons, loaded with green hay, to which they set fire. The wind carried the smoke directly towards the fort. Smothered and stifled by this cloud, the garrison were constrained to draw a little on one side, and the besiegers taking advantage of this short absence, mounted the ramparts, and carried the place. The prince was not so fortunate at Lillo. Mondragone, not having attacked it briskly enough, allowed a reinforcement to enter,

by which six weeks and two thousand men were lost. This enterprise was abandoned, and the Spaniards contented themselves with masking the fort on the land side, and stopping the excursions of the troops who were shut up in it. The duke next undertook to close the Scheld. In the month of September, he built two forts, opposite each other; furnished them with artillery, and then began the construction of a bridge, in appearance a chimerical project, but upon which the success of the siege depended. The Spanish general dug a broad and deep canal, two leagues in length, to facilitate the transport of materials; this was called the *Parma Canal*. To animate the labourers, the prince fixed his quarters in the village of Beversen. The count de Mansfeld, lieutenant-general, commanded on the Brabant side, and was encamped at Stabrock. Mondragone was intrenched on the banks of the river, opposite Lillo, where he held the enemy in check. On all parts forts were built, to secure the dykes, and prevent the Dutch from inundating the country; communication between the city and the neighbouring places was completely cut off, as was all means of its receiving succour by the Scheld. The marquis de Roubais was charged with the construction of the bridge. He exhibited so much activity in this important work, that a speedy completion of it was hoped for.

The besieged, terrified at the progress of the Spaniards, were a prey to the most serious inquietudes. In this wealthy place, every one trembled for his property, and yet could see no means of escaping the storm which growled over their heads. The firmest hearts were shaken. It was given out that they would no longer sustain a siege which must cost so much blood and treasure. Roused by this, Sainte-Aldegonde, the mayor of Antwerp, ventured, though alone, to combat this resolution. In speeches of fire he revived the fallen courage of his fellow-citizens, he inspired them with republican sentiments, and induced them to swear, with a common voice, an eternal renunciation of the yoke of Philip of Spain. An edict forbade, under pain of death, the least approach to accommodation with the royalists. The greatest ardour was evinced for the defence of their country. To prolong the means of resistance, provisions were distributed very economically, and every preparation that could be

devised was made to thwart the construction of the fatal bridge which was to reduce Antwerp.

To prevent or retard this work, and destroy what was done, several singular vessels were employed, which were to be filled with fireworks. The redoubts the prince had built on the banks of the river, interfered with the cruises of the Antwerp frigates; a vessel of enormous size was constructed, provided with large guns, for the purpose of attacking them. This immense mass in some sort resembled a floating fortress. The besieged conceived such magnificent hopes from this vessel, that they named it *The End of the War*; a boastful title, of which the skill and activity of the prince of Parma made the vanity known.

Already the staccadoes, which formed the butments of each end of the bridge, approached completion, in spite of the efforts of the citizens, who gave unceasingly brave and sanguinary battle. In one of these conflicts, Roubais took Teligny prisoner, a captain equally brave and skilful. The count of Hohenloe was named in his place. This able officer did everything possible, both by land and on the Scheld, to impede the operations of the besiegers. But, notwithstanding all his efforts, they at length succeeded in procuring a sufficient number of vessels to close the river in the middle of its course; and, on the 25th of February, 1585, the bridge was entirely finished.

The spot for this famous bridge was chosen between the villages of Ordam and Calloo, because the bed of the river was narrower there than at any other part. Its course made a marked elbow, which would prevent the vessels of the enemy from sailing full upon the bridge. On commencing it they had driven, on each side of the Scheld, long rows of large piles, which were continued as far as the depth of the river would permit. They were joined together transversely, and in all their length, with very strong and solid pieces of wood: this formed what they called *staccadoes*: that of Calloo was two hundred feet long, and that of Ordam nine hundred. The space left between them was twelve hundred and fifty feet. Upon each of these was formed a kind of place of arms, capable of containing a body of troops sufficient to defend it, and to protect the vessels which were to continue the bridge. These were lined by a

parapet, from which the soldiers, protected from the shots of the enemy, could annoy them with their fire. The two forts constructed at the two *têtes du pont*, that is to say, at the extremity of the staccadoes, on the land side, protected the two flanks of them; for this purpose they were furnished with a numerous artillery. Batteries also were established in the places of arms. To these precautions was added that of bristling, on both sides, the staccadoes with large posts, terminating in sharp iron points. They protruded a considerable distance; and great piles, driven into the bed of the river, held them fast just above the water. It was proposed by this to keep off the enemy's vessels, and weaken their attacks. When the staccadoes were completed, the vessels were brought up that were intended to close the remainder of the course of the Scheld in the deepest and widest part. Thirty-two barks, sixty feet long and twelve feet wide, were selected for this purpose; they were placed at twenty-two feet from each other; they were fixed in their positions by two good anchors each, and were fastened together by a great number of strong chains. Each bark was manned by thirty soldiers and four sailors, and armed with two cannon at the extremities. The total number of cannon distributed over the staccadoes and the bridge amounted to ninety-seven. The bridge likewise was protected by an outward defence, in order to secure it from surprise. It was known that the garrison were preparing fire-ships, with which they meant to assail the bridge. It was likewise feared that the armed vessels in the besieged city might attack it from above, at the same time that the ships of the confederates might attempt it from below. To secure it from this double danger, some large rafts were made with a great number of masts solidly fastened together, which were set afloat in the width of the bridge, and presented a sort of rampart or large parapet to the enemy. This immense work, which was two miles four hundred feet in length, required for its construction seven months of incessant fatigue and application. The engineers who had the direction of it were named Jean Baptiste Plato and Prosperce Barrochio. It was the latter who formed the idea of the rafts which covered the bridge. The duke of Parma, to reward them for their labours, made them

a present of all the materials, after the capture of Antwerp.

The city, however, neglected nothing that might impede or destroy this astonishing undertaking. It retained in its service a celebrated Italian engineer, named Frederic Giambelli, a native of Mantua. It was he who invented and brought into play those destructive vessels since known by the name of *infernal machines*. They were built of very thick and solidly-joined timbers, among which were constructed chambers for mines, proportioned to their size. These were formed of good bricks and mortar, and required but one light to set fire to the powder with which they were filled. These terrible vessels were loaded with blocks of stone, bullets of different calibres, in short, with all sorts of materials of great weight, heaped together as closely as possible, in order that the effect of the mine might be increased by the resistance opposed to it. Giambelli employed more than eight months in getting everything ready. The large vessel of which we have before spoken was not so soon completed. It was a ship with two very lofty decks: the under one was armed with several large and small cannon; the upper was a large place of arms, whereon were a number of troops, who from the elevation of that deck could keep up a warm fire of musketry. This enormous vessel had but two large masts of equal size, placed at the two extremities, and of nearly the same shape. To facilitate its approach to the redoubts constructed by the royalists upon the banks of the river, it was quite flat, and only sunk into the water in proportion to its weight, being kept afloat upon a vast raft of enormous beams, supported by empty barrels. Such were the means to which the inhabitants of Antwerp had recourse to keep open the navigation of the Scheld. They had placed all their hopes in them. The confederates were expected to aid their endeavours. A great number of armed vessels awaited near Lillo the effects of the infernal machines, with the view of acting at the same time. They attempted to recapture the fort of Liestenstoech, and succeeded.

On the 4th of April at length appeared on the river the two redoubtable machines called *Fortune* and *Hope*, followed by some smaller vessels. They were left to the tide,

and, having nobody on board, they floated, abandoned to themselves, and were carried by the reflux. Scarcely were they in motion, than there burst from them a column of fire, which, after having burnt for a few instants, appeared to sink and be extinguished. The spectators were astonished. All at once one of the smaller vessels blew up, when at a considerable distance from the bridge, and produced no other effect than a cloud of thick smoke. All that were constructed in the same manner proved equally abortive. There was nothing to be feared but from the two large vessels, which insensibly drew nearer to their object. The first, the *Fortune*, ran upon the left bank of the river, burst with a horrible crash, destroying the garrison of a neighbouring redoubt and a number of soldiers dispersed about the environs. However serious was the effect of this, that of the *Hope* promised to be more terrific, and, in fact, caused considerable damage. This vessel had been guided to the point of union of one of the staccadoes and the barks which formed the bridge. It was at this spot it blew up. The air remained for a long time darkened; the shock experienced by the earth extended miles round; the Scheld rushed from its bed, and threw its foaming waters over the neighbouring country; the bodies of the miserable victims to this explosion were so mutilated as to preserve no resemblance to the human figure. The vast mass of stones and instruments of death which were hurled abroad by this frightful volcano, falling in all directions, a great number of unfortunates were killed, wounded, or bruised in the most cruel manner. Five hundred royalists perished, and thousands were either lamed or dangerously hurt. The death of the marquis de Roubais was the crowning incident of this fatal day. The damage sustained by the bridge was not so great as was at first feared; but the disorder was so great, that if the enemy had attacked the work at that moment, all would have been lost. They were quite ignorant of the effect of their own machine; and the good face put upon the affair by the besiegers led them to believe that the bridge had sustained but little injury.

The citizens of Antwerp had now no hope but in the large vessel which they had named *The End of the War*. It was put to work. This vast castle drew near to one of the

redoubts built on the banks of the river, on the Brabant side. The men on board commenced a brisk fire: they amounted to more than a thousand; they supported the effects of the lower cannon by a continual discharge of musketry; they landed for the purpose of attacking a redoubt; but in this they failed. The fort braved their batteries, and their assaults proved useless. On the other side, their enormous vessel was so knocked about by the artillery of the redoubt, that they had much difficulty in repairing it, and rendering it capable of being employed again. A second attempt was as unfortunate as the first; and all the efforts made afterwards, either to carry the works or break down the bridge, proved equally fruitless. The most memorable of the combats fought on these occasions was that of the counter-dyke. The field of battle was only seventeen feet wide. The townspeople were desirous of carrying it, at any price. Animated by the example and exhortations of Sainte-Aldegonde and the count of Hohenloe, they more than once repulsed the royalists, and believed themselves masters of the object of their generous efforts. But, overwhelmed by the number of their enemies, rather than conquered, they yielded their triumph, and retreated within the walls of their city, having lost two thousand five hundred men and thirty ships. After this bloody victory, which had cost him more than a thousand men, the prince of Parma took from the besieged all the neighbouring posts that belonged to them, and shut them up closely in their city. Despair was then at its height; the citizens had no other prospect but the horrors of starvation from famine, which began to be not only dreaded but felt, or the painful necessity of yielding to the conqueror. The people assembled, and openly opposed the leaders who wished to continue the defence; and it became necessary to enter into negotiations. Deputies were sent to the prince of Parma to arrange the articles of surrender. Sainte-Aldegonde, who was at their head, protracted for two months, under various pretexts, the conclusion of the treaty, believing by this skilful delay he should give time for the succours he expected to come up. At length, on the 17th of August, 1585, the capitulation was signed. The conqueror then made his public entrance into the city, with all the pomp of a triumph.

Mounted on a superb courser, in complete armour, he marched amidst bodies of cavalry and infantry, which opened and closed this brilliant procession. Like other conquerors, though he had obtained a sanguinary victory over a city which was in arms for freedom of action and opinion, he ended his triumph by offering up thanks to the God of Battles, who holds defeat and victory in his hands.

M A L T A .

A.D. 1565.

AFTER the conquest of Rhodes by Soliman II., its knights retired to the island of Malta, which asylum was granted to them by the emperor Charles V. In the hands of this military order, Malta soon became the strong bulwark of Christendom. The Mahometans were deeply interested in taking this island, but more particularly in subduing its defenders. Dragut laid siege to it in 1565, with an army of more than thirty thousand men. Several assaults were given, which the knights sustained with their usual bravery, and the Ottoman general met with his death. Mustapha Pacha, who succeeded him, attacked Fort St. Elmo, the smallest of the city, with great impetuosity. One of the knights, Abel de Bridiers de la Gardampe, received a shot which struck him to the earth. He said to some of his comrades, who offered to carry him to a place of safety to have his wound dressed, "Do not consider me among the living; your cares will be much better bestowed in defending our brethren." He then dragged himself as far as the chapel, and having recommended himself to God, expired at the foot of the altar. The knights who defended St. Elmo having made an heroic defence, proposed to abandon it, and were more intent on that purpose than pleased the governor De la Valette. Such a determination damaged all his plans, and he, somewhat ostentatiously, made some fresh levies to take the place of those who thought of abandoning their post. The enthusiasm became general, and all the Maltese

were desirous of enrolling themselves. The knights in the fort were much chagrined at this; the embarrassment of their situation was increased by a letter from De la Valette, who wrote to them with much sternness and hauteur, that he willingly gave them their dismissal; that for one knight who appeared discouraged by the greatness of the danger, ten intrepid soldiers presented themselves, who earnestly asked to brave it; and that he was about to send this fresh garrison to take their post. "*Return to the convent, my brethren,*" added he, "*you will be more in safety there; and, on our part, we shall be more at ease concerning the preservation of an important place, upon which depends the salvation of the isle and of our whole order.*" The knights felt very sensibly the contempt with which they were treated. They could not conceal from themselves that by giving up the place to recruits they should be covered with shame. "How," said they to each other, "shall we support the sight of the grand master, and the reproaches of our brethren, if the new garrison should be fortunate enough to maintain itself in its post? What spot on the earth could we then find to conceal our shame and our grief?" The natural result of this reflection was to meet death rather than be replaced by this militia, or to abandon the fort to the Turks. Although the grand master foresaw, and even prepared for this repentance, he at first would not be softened by it. The knights, terrified at seeing their supplications rejected, asked pardon in the most submissive terms, and caused their prayers to be seconded by worthy men in full possession of his confidence. He at last affected to be appeased, and consented that these brave knights should perish on the breach. It is probable that to the address of De la Valette on this occasion the preservation of Malta was due. This fort held out so long, that the pacha could not refrain from saying, as he entered it, "What will the father do, if the son, who is so small, has cost us so many brave soldiers?" From that time he saw that the conquest of Malta was impossible, and turned his thoughts to retreating with credit. To intimidate the knights, he hung the bodies of all of the order whom he found among the dead, and more particularly those who had a faint breath of life left. He ordered them to be opened, their hearts to be

taken out, their bodies to be cut into quarters, to be clothed in their *soubrevestes*, and, after being fastened to planks, to be cast into the sea. These mutilated bodies were carried into the city by the waves. The grand master, Jean de la Valette, could not restrain his tears. Animated by a just but useless indignation, he employed reprisals, and cut the throats of all his Turkish prisoners, commanding their bloody heads to be thrown into the camp of their compatriots. The preservation of Malta covered the knights with glory.

VACHTENDONCK.

A.D. 1588.

THIS little city, at a small distance from Venloo, but whose advantages of situation, in a country that could be flooded, and the fortifications which the Dutch had added to its natural defences, rendered its capture difficult, was besieged by the Spaniards, under the command of Pierre Ernest de Mansfeld. Its weak garrison made a noble resistance. Nevertheless, the works of the Spaniards advanced so rapidly, the fire of the batteries, and the sapping and mining were so effective, that on the 3rd of December the besieged capitulated. The reason for our noticing this siege, is the circumstance that it was the first time bombs were used; they had been invented a short time before, by a man of Venloo, a maker of artificial fireworks. The garrison and the citizens, terrified at these globes of fire, which crushed their houses and set fire to everything around them, made but a feeble resistance after they had seen their effects. This destructive arm has been perfected with time, and gave birth to grenades, pot-grenades, and many other murderous machines.

O S T E N D .

A.D. 1601—1604.

THIS celebrated siege, undertaken by the Spaniards, lasted three years and seventy-eight days, and, up to the moment of its termination, doubts were entertained of their success. The besieged, constantly succoured both by sea and land, were unable to tire out the courage and patience of the besiegers, who pushed on their attacks without relaxation, amidst the greatest obstacles. It would be difficult to count the number of batteries they erected, the assaults they made, or the mines they sprung. The last were so frequent, that they might be said to work more beneath the earth than upon its surface. All the resources of art were exhausted in the attack and defence. Machines were invented. The earth and the ocean by turns favoured the two parties, seconding and destroying alternately the works of the Spaniards and the Dutch, who advanced no work upon the land which the sea did not appear to hasten to destroy. This siege cost the Dutch more than seventy thousand men, and more than ten millions of French money. Their adversary likewise lost immensely. The slaughter was terrible on both sides. Both parties were more eager to inflict death upon their enemies than to save their own lives. At length the besieged, after having seen nine commanders perish successively, did not abandon the little heap of ruins on which they had concentrated themselves, and which they contested foot by foot, until it seemed to disappear from under them: an honourable capitulation was granted. The enemy was surprised to see march from untenable ruins more than four thousand vigorous soldiers, whom the abundance they had lived in during the whole siege had kept in the best health. In addition to a numerous artillery, a prodigious quantity of provisions and munitions was found in the city. The archduke, who had begun this celebrated expedition, with the infant his wife, had the curiosity to go and view the

melancholy remains of Ostend. They found nothing but a shapeless heap of ruins, and could trace no vestige of the besieged place. Spinola, who had taken it, was loaded with honours and elevated to the highest dignities. The Dutch, who during the siege had taken Rhenberg, Grave, and Ecluse, very easily consoled themselves for their loss; and to mark by a public monument that they thought they had received full amends, had a medal struck, with the inscription, *Jehova plus dederat quam perdidimus* :—God has given us more than we have lost.

In a work like this it would be impossible to pass by such a siege as that of Ostend, but at the same time it is equally impossible for us to do the subject justice: the interesting details of this siege would fill a volume.

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

A. D. 1585.

THIS celebrated fortified place has been several times besieged. The Spaniards attacked it in 1585, when it was defended by Morgan, an intelligent and brave English captain. The duke of Parma, knowing all the difficulties of the undertaking, thought to abridge them by attempting to win over two English officers, who passed for being not very delicate. These two soldiers discovered the duke's proposals to their commander, who ordered them to carry on the negotiations. They went into the enemy's camp; and a detachment of four thousand men was intrusted to their guidance, to take possession of the place. They marched at the head of them, between two soldiers, who had orders to poniard them if they were treacherous, or if they did not introduce them into the citadel. They did, in fact, introduce them; but scarcely had forty men passed through the gate, when the portcullis was let down. The Spaniards who were within Bergen-op-Zoom did not dare to kill their guides, whilst the artillery of the place opened its thunders upon the detachment under the walls. The dishonour and the defeat of this day both fell to the Spaniards, who, degenerating from Castilian valour, were taken in their own snare.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1622.

The court of Madrid had placed at the head of sixty thousand men the famous Spinola. This general, to carry out the intentions of his master, entered the territories of Holland, and presented himself before Bergen-op-Zoom. The Spaniards took their posts, erected their batteries, thundered against the ramparts, gave many assaults, and caused the timid among the besieged to tremble; but the prince of Orange having thrown in succours, the besiegers retired on the 2nd of October, with the loss of ten thousand men, after two months of useless efforts, leaving Bergen-op-Zoom her glorious title of a *Maiden City*.

THIRD SIEGE, A.D. 1747.

During more than a century this *Maiden* remained intact, but in October, 1747, she was deprived of the proud title by the illustrious and impetuous Lowendahl. In order not to lose the fruits of the memorable day of Lanfeld, Louis XV. commanded the siege of this important place. In describing it, we will avail ourselves of the words of Voltaire:—

“Siege was laid to Bergen-op-Zoom, a place esteemed impregnable, less because the celebrated and ingenious Cohorn had there displayed all his art, than from its being constantly supplied with all it could want by the Scheld, which forms an arm of the sea behind it. In addition to these defences and a numerous garrison, there were lines near the fortifications, and in those lines a body of troops, which might at any moment assist the city. Of all the sieges ever undertaken, this was, perhaps, the most difficult. The count de Lowendahl, who had already taken a part of Dutch Brabant, was charged with this enterprise. The allies and the French, the besieged and the besiegers, were all equally of opinion that the undertaking would fail: Lowendahl was almost the only person who reckoned upon success. The allies neglected nothing: the garrison was reinforced; succours, provisions, and munitions, were thrown in from the Scheld; the artillery was well served; the besieged made frequent sorties; the troops from the lines were constant in their attacks, and mines were sprung in several

places. The diseases to which the besiegers were subjected, from being encamped in an unhealthy spot, materially seconded the resistance of the city. These contagious maladies placed more than twenty thousand men *hors de combat*; but that deficiency was soon filled up.

“At length, after three weeks of open trenches, the count de Lowendahl made it apparent that there are occasions on which the rules of art may be exceeded. The breaches were not yet practicable. There were three works scarcely commenced,—the raveline of Edem and two bastions, one of which was called the Cohorn, and the other the Pucelle. The general determined to give the assault at all these three points at the same time, and to carry the city.

“The French, in pitched battles, often meet with their equals, and sometimes with their masters in military discipline; but they have none in those bold strokes and rapid enterprises, in which impetuosity, agility, and ardour overcome all obstacles. The troops were ordered to assemble in profound silence, towards the middle of the night: the besieged imagined themselves in perfect safety. The French descend into the fosses, and go straight to the three breaches; twelve grenadiers only render themselves masters of the fort of Edem, kill all who attempt to defend themselves, and compel the terrified remainder to lay down their arms. The bastions of La Pucelle and Cohorn are assailed and carried with the same spirit. The troops mount in crowds. Everything is carried; they push on to the ramparts, and there form: they then enter the city with fixed bayonets. The marquis de Luzeac seizes the port gate; the commander of the fortress of this port surrenders to him at discretion: all the other forts do the same. The aged baron de Cromstron, who commanded in the city, flies away towards the lines. The prince of Hesse-Philipstadt endeavours to make some resistance in the streets with two regiments, one Scotch and the other Swiss; but they are cut to pieces. The remainder of the garrison flies towards the lines, and carries terror to the body to which they look for protection. All fly; arms, provisions, and baggage, everything is abandoned: the city is given up as legitimate plunder to the conquering soldiers. A seizure was made, in the name of the king, of seventeen large vessels lying in the port, laden with munitions of all

kinds, and provisions, which the cities of Holland had sent to the besieged. Upon the chests which contained them there was printed in large characters, **TO THE INVINCIBLE GARRISON OF BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.** Louis XV., on learning the news of this event, made the count de Lowendahl a marshal of France. The surprise of London was great, but the consternation of the United Provinces was extreme. The army of the allies was discouraged."

The count de Lowendahl, in the letter he wrote the day after the capture to Marshal de Saxe, estimated his loss at four hundred men only, and that of the enemy at five thousand.

MAGDEBURG.

A.D. 1631.

THE city of Magdeburg, capital of a duchy of the same name in Lower Saxony, had entered into an alliance with Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and had granted him a passage over its bridge of the Elbe, by which the Imperialists were driven from the flat country. But the Austrian general Tilly returned, and blockaded the place very closely. The electors of Brandenburg and Saxony, disapproving of the conduct of the inhabitants of Magdeburg, resolved to maintain their connection with the emperor, and to assemble their *arrière-ban*, to oppose the king of Sweden. Tilly left some troops to continue the blockade, and marched with the bulk of his forces to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he joined Torquato-Conti; he then crossed the electorate to attack the Swedes, who were making progress in Mecklenburg. But the fortune of Gustavus Adolphus had an ascendancy over that of the imperial general. The king of Sweden left Mecklenburg, crossed the Oder, took Lanesberg and Frankfort, and then turned suddenly towards Berlin, for the purpose of succouring Magdeburg, which Tilly was now besieging in person. Gustavus Adolphus advanced beyond Potsdam, and the Imperialists, who held Brandenburg and Rathenau, fell back, at his approach, upon the

army which was besieging Magdeburg. The elector of Saxony refused to grant the Swedes a passage over the bridge of the Elbe, at Wittemberg, which prevented Gustavus from succouring the city of Magdeburg, as he had intended.

This unfortunate city, which neither Tilly nor Wallenstein had been able to take by force, at length succumbed to stratagem. The Imperialists had entered into a negotiation with the Magdeburgers, by the intervention of the Hanseatic cities; and they pretended during these conferences not to fire upon the city. The Magdeburgers, at the same time credulous and negligent, slumbered in this apparent security; the citizens who had kept watch upon the ramparts, retired, in great numbers, towards morning, to their own houses. Pappenheim, who directed the siege, and who had advanced his attacks up to the counterscarp of the fosse, perceived this circumstance, and took advantage of it. He made his dispositions one morning, when there were but few people on the ramparts; he gave four assaults at once, and made himself master of them, without meeting with much resistance. At the same time, the Croats, who lay near the Elbe, whose bed was then low, proceeded along it, without departing far from its banks, and took the works on the opposite side. As soon as Tilly was master of the cannons of the rampart, he directed them in such a manner as to sweep the streets, and the numbers of the Imperialists increasing every minute, all the efforts the inhabitants could make became useless. Thus was this city, one of the most ancient and flourishing of Germany, taken when it least expected it, and barbarously given up three consecutive days to pillage. All that the unbridled license of a soldiery can invent when there is no check upon its fury; all that the most ferocious cruelty inspires men with, when blind rage takes possession of their senses, was perpetrated by the Imperialists in this desolated city. The soldiers, in troops, with arms in their hands, rushed tumultuously through the streets, massacring indifferently old men, women, and children, those who attempted to defend themselves, and those who made not the least resistance: the houses were pillaged and sacked, the streets were inundated with blood and covered with dead bodies; nothing was seen but heaps of

corpses, some still palpitating, lying in perfect nakedness; the cries of the murdered and the shouts of their murderers mingled in the air, and inspired horror and disgust. In this cruel butchery perished nearly all the citizens: only fourteen hundred were saved. These had shut themselves up in the dome, and obtained their pardon of Tilly. To massacres, very naturally succeeded conflagrations; the flames arose from all parts, and in a few hours, private houses and public edifices only formed one heap of ashes. It seems scarcely credible, but only one hundred and forty houses were left standing of this noble city. Twelve hundred maidens, it is said, drowned themselves to avoid dishonour. All Germany, friends as well as enemies, pitied the fate of this city, and deplored the melancholy extirpation of its inhabitants. The cruelty of the Imperialists created the more horror, from history presenting but few examples of such shocking inhumanity.

TURIN.

A.D. 1706.

LOUIS XIV. having recalled the duke of Vendôme from Italy, to place him at the head of the troops in Flanders, substituted for him the duke de la Feuillade, the son of the famous marshal who erected a statue to his king in the Place des Victoires. Some few attacks had been already made upon Turin. La Feuillade continued them with an army of forty-six squadrons and a hundred battalions. He hoped to take this city, and, as his reward, looked for a marshal's baton. The minister Chamillard, his father-in-law, who was very partial to him, spared no means to assure him the victory. "The imagination," says Voltaire, "is terrified at the preparations for this siege. Readers not accustomed to enter into these matters, will perhaps be glad to find here of what these immense and useless preparations consisted.

"A hundred and forty pieces of cannon were brought up, and it is to be observed that each mounted cannon costs

about two thousand crowns.* There were a hundred and ten thousand cannon-balls, a hundred and six thousand cartridges of one fashion, and three hundred thousand of another, twenty-one thousand bombs, twenty-seven thousand seven hundred grenades, fifteen thousand sacks of earth, thirty thousand pioneering instruments, and twelve hundred thousand pounds of powder. Add to these munitions lead, iron, and tin, cordage, everything required by miners, such as sulphur, saltpetre, and tools of all kinds. It is certain that the cost of all these preparations for destruction would suffice for the foundation and the prosperity of a numerous colony. Every siege of a great city requires equally enormous expenses, and yet when a ruined village at home stands in need of repair, it is neglected.

“The duke de la Feuillade, full of ardour and activity, more capable than most persons of enterprises which only demand courage, but incapable of such as require skill, thought, and time, pressed on the siege against all rules. The Marshal de Vauban, the only general, perhaps, who loved the state better than himself, had proposed to the duke de la Feuillade to come and direct the siege as an engineer, and to serve in his army as a volunteer; but the haughty De la Feuillade took the offers of Vauban for pride concealed under the mask of modesty. He was weak enough to be piqued because the best engineer in Europe offered to give him advice. He wrote, in a letter which I have seen: ‘I hope to take Turin à la Cohorn.’”

“This Cohorn was the Vauban of the allies—a good engineer, a good general, who had more than once taken places fortified by Vauban. After writing such a letter, Turin ought to have been taken. But, having attacked it by the citadel, which was the strongest side, and not having surrounded the whole city, succours and provisions had free entrance. The duke of Savoy could come out when he pleased; and the more impetuosity the duke de la Feuillade exhibited in his reiterated and fruitless attacks, the longer the siege seemed protracted. The duke of Savoy left the city with some troops of cavalry, for the purpose of deceiving De la Feuillade. The latter abandoned the siege

* We insert this for an opportunity of comparing the expenses in two ages: Turin, in 1706, and Sebastopol, in 1854-55.

to run after the prince, who, being better acquainted with the country, escaped the pursuit. La Feuillade missed the duke of Savoy, and the siege stood still during his absence.

“In the mean time, after the departure of the duke de Vendôme, the duke of Orleans, nephew to the king, came to take the command of the troops of observation. He could not prevent Prince Eugene from joining the duke of Savoy near Asti. This junction compelled him to unite with the duke de la Feuillade, and to enter the camp before Turin. There were but two parts to take; that of waiting for Prince Eugene in the lines of circumvallation, or that of going to meet him while he was still in the neighbourhood of Vegliana. The duke of Orleans called a council of war, composed of Marsin, who lost the battle of Hochstet, La Feuillade, Albergotti, St. Frémont, and other lieutenant-generals. ‘Gentlemen,’ said the prince to them, ‘if we remain in our lines, we shall lose the battle. Our circumvallation is five leagues in extent; we are not able to line all our intrenchments. You see here the regiment of the marine, which is not more than two men’s height: there you may see places entirely unmanned. The Dora, which passes through our camp, will prevent our troops from rendering each other prompt assistance. When Frenchmen wait to be attacked, they lose the greatest of their advantages,—that impetuosity and those first moments of ardour which so often decide the fate of battles. Take my word, we must march to meet the enemy.’ The resolution was agreed to, when Marsin drew from his pocket an order of the king’s, by which it was commanded that, in the event of action being proposed, his opinion was to be deferred to; and his opinion was, that they should remain in the lines. The duke of Orleans saw that he had only been sent to the army as a prince of the blood, and not as a general; and, forced to follow the counsel of the marshal, he made all necessary preparations for the battle, which was fought on the 7th of September.

“The enemy appeared to wish to form several attacks at once. Their movements threw the whole French camp into a state of uncertainty. The duke of Orleans desired one thing; Marsin and Feuillade another: they disputed and argued, but they decided upon nothing. At length

they allowed the enemy to cross the Dora. They advanced with eight columns of twenty-five men deep: they must instantly be opposed by battalions equally deep. Albergotti, placed far from the army, upon the mountain of the Capuchins, had with him twenty thousand men, and had in face nothing but some militia, who did not dare attack him. He was asked for twelve thousand men: he replied that he could not spare them, and gave specious reasons for his refusal. He was listened to, and time was lost. Prince Eugene attacked the intrenchments, and, at the end of two hours, forced them. The duke of Orleans, who exposed himself with all the bravery of the heroes of his blood, having received a dangerous wound in the arm, had retired to have it dressed. He was scarcely in the hands of the surgeon, when he was informed that all was lost, that the enemy were masters of the camp, and that the rout was general. Immediate flight was necessary. The lines, the trenches, were abandoned, and the army dispersed. All the baggage, provisions, munitions, and the military chest fell into the hands of the conqueror. Marshal de Marsin, wounded in the thigh, was made prisoner. A surgeon in the service of the duke of Savoy amputated the limb, and he died a few minutes after the operation. The Chevalier Methuen, the English ambassador to the duke of Savoy, the most frank, generous, and brave man his country ever employed in an embassy, had upon all occasions fought at the side of that prince: he saw the Marshal de Marsin taken, and was a witness of his last moments. He told me that Marsin said these very words, 'At least believe, monsieur, that it was against my advice that we remained in our lines.' These words appeared to contradict formally what had passed in the council of war; and they were nevertheless true: Marshal de Marsin, on taking leave at Versailles, had represented to the king that the enemy must be met, in case they appeared for the purpose of succouring Turin; but Chamillard, intimidated by preceding defeats, had caused it to be decided that they ought to wait and not offer battle; and this order, given at Versailles, was the cause of sixty thousand men being defeated and dispersed."

This defeat, which cost nine or ten thousand men killed

or made prisoners, was still more fatal to France by its consequences; for it brought on the loss of Modena, Mantua, Milan, Piedmont, and in the end, of the kingdom of Naples.

A R R A S.

A. D. 1654.

Two of the most illustrious generals, not only of France but of the world, were opposed to each other before Arras. The great Condé had allowed party feeling so far to prevail over his sense of duty as to lead him not only to deprive his country of his services, but to turn them against it. It is rather a remarkable fact, that one of the generals of whom France has most to boast, earned his brightest laurels when in arms against her. When his son was desirous of having the history of his father painted in the gallery of Chantilly, he found himself at a loss on account of the above-mentioned circumstance. In order to avoid being quite silent on these subjects, he ordered the muse of history to be portrayed holding a book, upon the back of which was written, *Life of the Prince de Condé*. This muse was tearing leaves from the book and throwing them on the ground, and on the leaves appeared,—“ Succour of Cambrai,” “ Succour of Valenciennes,” “ Retreat from before Arras;” in short, all the great actions of Condé during his sojourn in the Low Countries,—actions which would have been worthy of the highest praise, if the hero who performed them had worn another scarf.

Condé proposed to the Spanish court to besiege Arras, to avenge itself for the siege of Stenay. Arras contained a garrison of little more than two thousand men; the army of the archduke Leopold consisted of thirty-two thousand men, Italians, Lorrains, Flemings, Spaniards, and discontented Frenchmen. Alarmed at this enterprise, Mazarin had recourse to Turenne, and an army of fourteen thousand men was sent under his command to succour Arras. Six hundred determined Frenchmen broke through the enemy's lines, and

threw themselves into the place before the Spaniards had completed their intrenchments. The army of Turenne, too weak to venture to contend with the superior forces of the enemy in an open country, awaited some time at Peronne for the necessary provisions. Turenne's first object was to starve his enemy, and to occupy a position, the strength of which might render his army respectable. His camp was at first at Monchi-le-Preux, upon a height which commanded a valley, watered on one side by the Scarpe, and on the other by the Cogel. From this point he intercepted the enemy's communication with Douai, Bouchain, and Valenciennes; the marquis de Beauvais, sent to Bapaume, prevented their receiving anything from Cambrai. Two thousand men, posted towards Lens, intercepted the passage of Lille, whilst Lilleboane, with fifteen hundred men, was to scour the country and block up the roads of Aire and Saint-Omer. The Spanish army, thus inclosed, might have been forced by famine to raise the siege, if it had been possible to stop up the road of Saint-Pol; but that could not be accomplished. The Spaniards opened their trenches on the 14th of July; the besieged defended their ground so completely foot by foot, that they had only lost a single horn-work at the end of a month; still more, they had cost the besiegers two thousand men. Marshal d'Hocquincourt, having entered Stenay, came to reinforce the viscount before Arras. On his route he took Saint-Pol, and carried off a detachment of five hundred men from the abbey of Saint-Eloi. Turenne, who had been to meet him with fifteen squadrons, made on his return a reconnaissance upon all the enemy's lines to the north: they were of two toises in width, and ten feet in depth; in front was a fosse, nine feet wide and six feet deep. Twelve rows of *trous de loup*, placed chequerwise, were between the intrenchments and the *avant-fossé*; little palisades of a foot and a half high were planted in the intervals of these, to prevent the approach of cavalry. The Spaniards, commanded by the count de Fuensaldagne, occupied the north of these long lines, on the road to Lens; the prince de Condé was on the opposite side with the French. The archduke, with the Germans and the Flemings, extended to the east, from the road of Cambrai to the Scarpe; Don Ferdinand de Solis completed the investment from the west to

the south, with Italians and Lorrains. In a second reconnaissance, the marshal went so close to the quarters of Fuensaldagne, that some of his officers represented to him that he would expose himself to an almost certain defeat if the Spaniards availed themselves of the opportunity offered. "Oh! there is nothing to fear," said Turenne; "they will employ more time in consulting and holding council than it will take me to examine their lines." He was right: the Spaniards did not put themselves in motion till he was out of sight. Terrified by these formidable lines, none of the French generals dared attempt to succour Arras; Turenne alone maintained that certainly some weak point would be found if they were attacked by night; he often conversed with his officers on the conduct to be observed on entering intrenchments, and upon the means of overcoming all the obstacles that art can oppose to valour. The court were of the opinion of Turenne, and gave orders for an attack on the 24th of August.

The principal effort was to be made against the quarter of Don Ferdinand de Solis, and on the part nearest to that of Fuensaldagne: these points had been considered as the weakest or the most remote from the prince de Condé, whose activity and talents they dreaded, and from the French, whose vivacity and vigilance were likewise formidable. To divert the attention of the enemy and divide their forces, false attacks were to be made at the same time: one on the quarter of the prince de Condé, another upon the most distant part of the camp of Fuensaldagne, and the third upon the lines of the prince of Lorraine. At sunset, the armies crossed the Scarpe upon four bridges, the soldiers being provided with hurdles and fascines. The march was conducted with good order and in profound silence; its precision was such, that the troops arrived exactly at the time appointed for forming a junction with Marshal d'Hocquincourt. Without waiting for him, marshals Turenne and De la Ferté marched directly to the lines, from which they were distant half a league: favoured by a dark night, in which the moon only appeared at intervals, and lighted only by the fires of the matches of the musketeers, they marched till within a hundred paces of their works, without the enemy's having the least suspicion of the enterprise. Here the report of

three cannon gave the alarm; and a row of cresset-lights appeared all along the lines of circumvallation. The Italians were still preparing for fight, when the foot of Turenne's first line had already passed the *avant-fossé*, covered the *puits* * or wells, and pulled up the palisades. Meeting with little resistance, the French easily gained the second fosse, some troops even leaped over it before it was entirely filled up with the fascines. Fiscia, a captain of the regiment of Turenne, planted the colour of his company upon the parapet; so much courage and good fortune were requisite to keep up the spirits of the rest of the troops. In the darkness they were afraid to advance; but at the cry of "Vive Turenne!" all were animated with equal ardour. Five battalions broke in at several points at the same time, and cleared the way for the cavalry. Marshal de la Ferté had not been so fortunate on the quarter of the Spaniards; his soldiers, repulsed, only penetrated the lines by favour of the large gaps made by Turenne's troops. As for Marshal d'Hocquincourt, arriving towards the end of the night in the midst of the enemy's consternation, he easily made himself a passage. Forced in almost all directions, the Italians and the Lorrains abandoned their posts, and, flying into the other quarters, carried disorder and terror wherever they went.

At daybreak the prince de Condé, crossing the quarter of the archduke, advised him to retreat. To protect this movement, Condé marched with the cavalry to meet the French, and check their victorious impetuosity. He at first gained a not very difficult advantage over those engaged in pillage, and then beat the Marshal de la Ferté, who had imprudently descended from a height; but he did not dare to pursue him. The marshal had been replaced upon that height by a considerable body of troops. At seeing this, Condé took possession of a neighbouring elevation, to wait for his infantry. His intention was then to attack the column which appeared upon the height. Marshal Turenne had there fortified himself. Some artillery and fresh troops had joined him at this respectable post. Condé led his troops to the attack, but his soldiers were stopped by the fire of Turenne's cannon: in spite of all his efforts, the

* Holes dug in front of a circumvallation, or other intrenchment, as a trap for cavalry.

prince was obliged to fall back. A sortie of the garrison of Arras made him hasten his retrograde movement the more; Condé and Turenne, in face of each other, divined who their opponent was by his manœuvres. The prudent Turenne did not pursue Condé; the marquis de Bellefonds, not so wise, attacked his rear-guard at the passage of the Scarpe, and was repulsed with loss. Still formidable in the midst of a reverse, Condé left his intrenchments, like a general quitting a camp he is tired of occupying, rallied his scattered troops, and retired to Cambrai, always presenting a bold and redoubtable front to his enemies. His fine retreat, in which he covered the conquered Spaniards, formed a striking contrast with the shameful flight of the archduke and the count de Fuensaldagne, who escaped with a few squadrons through some French baggage-waggons. Turenne lost but few men, but he was wounded; the loss of the Spaniards amounted to three thousand men, sixty-three cannon, two thousand horses, two thousand waggons, and all the equipages of the army. To recompense the eminent services rendered to the Spaniards by the prince de Condé, the king of Spain wrote to him in the following words:—"My cousin, I was told that all was lost, but your highness has saved everything." The glory of Turenne was at its height; nevertheless a priest, intoxicated with power, dared for a time to rob him of the honours of his triumph: Mazarin caused all the success of this day to be attributed to himself by an infant monarch, whom he led by the hand. At that time people feigned to believe him, but now posterity avenges Turenne, and he enjoys the glory due to him.

Buonaparte had no faith in retreats; he said a general's only business was to conquer. His error, as a great captain, is proved by his history; he never knew how to retreat, and the consequence was St. Helena. In this siege we behold Condé's retreat very little inferior in glory to Turenne's victory.

VERCHÈRES.

A.D. 1697.

ALTHOUGH this cannot be termed a siege, still, being of the nature of one, and very extraordinary in its circumstances, we cannot resist giving it to our readers.

Mademoiselle de Verchères, little more than fifteen years of age, was walking on the banks of the St. Lawrence, when she heard the hissing of bullets, and beheld a party of Iroquois on the point of surrounding her. She fled at her best speed, and they pursued her; she threw herself into the fort, shut the gates, and gave the alarm. She heard the cries of the terrified women, and fearing they would impede rather than assist the defence, she shut them up in a secure place. A single soldier was on duty in the fort. She flew to join him, put on a hat and a uniform coat, armed herself with a musket, showed herself on the walls, and fired on the Iroquois. She then affected a loud manly voice, pretended to have a numerous troop under her command, and flew from sentry-box to sentry-box, as if to distribute the posts. Warming with her work, the heroine then loaded a cannon, and discharged it herself. This spread terror among the Iroquois; it at the same time warned the garrisons of the neighbouring forts to be on the defensive, and quickly the banks of the river resounded with the roar of artillery.

Thus this young person saved the fort of Verchères, and, perhaps, the whole colony. This courage, hereditary in her family, seemed to be transmitted to the women as well as to the men. Her mother, two years before, had displayed the same intrepidity. The place had been invested by the Iroquois at a time when the garrison was absent. There were only three soldiers, who were all killed. When Madame de Verchères saw the last fall, while defending herself like a brave man, in a redoubt fifty paces from the fort, she armed

herself in haste, advanced alone along the covered way, gained the redoubt before the enemy could scale it, fired at them, and at every shot brought down an assailant. They were astonished and terrified, and were on the point of flying before a woman, when the approach of a body of French completed their dispersion.

Thus we see as much courage and presence of mind may be displayed in a siege in which there is only one defender, as if numerous hosts were engaged.

STRALSUND.

A.D. 1713.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden, when he had taken refuge in Turkey, after being beaten by Peter of Russia, at length exhausted the obstinacy which had detained him so long at Demirtocka, meditating on means to excite the Ottoman Porte against his great rival, passed all at once, with characteristic energy, from excessive inactivity to equally excessive exertion. He set out from Demirtocka with prodigious speed, crossed the hereditary states of the emperor, Franconia and Mecklenburg, on horseback, and arrived at Stralsund when least expected. His first proceeding was to protest against the sequestration of the city of Stettin. He hastened to declare that, not having made any convention, he was not obliged to recognise that which his generals had done in his absence to place Pomerania and Stettin in a state of sequestration. With a character so obstinate as that of this prince, no other argument could be employed but force. Frederick William, king of Prussia, declared that he would not allow the Swedes to enter Saxony, and immediately joined the league of the Russians, Saxons, and Hanoverians. In order to force, with the strong hand, the king of Sweden to hold his engagements, he ordered a body of Prussian troops to advance close to Stettin. Charles XII. took possession of Anclam, Wolgaste, and Gripswalde, in which were Prussian garrisons; nevertheless, with a slight

show of prudence, he dismissed the Prussian troops without violence. At the commencement of the following campaign, the Swedes dislodged the Prussians from the isle of Usedom, and made prisoners of a detachment of five hundred men. By this act of hostility they broke the neutrality of the Prussians, and became the aggressors. Frederick William, jealous of Charles's glory, and irritated at this proceeding, declared war against Sweden. Twenty thousand Prussians joined the Saxons and the Danes in Pomerania. Europe then beheld two kings, in person, besieging another shut up in Stralsund; but this king was Charles XII., fighting at the head of fifteen thousand warlike Swedes, loving to idolatry the heroism of their prince. Besides, his great reputation and the prejudices of the universe fought in his favour. In the army of the allies, the king of Prussia examined the plans, decided upon the operations, and persuaded the Danes to adopt his views. The king of Denmark, a bad soldier, and not at all military in his tastes, had only come to Stralsund in the hope of seeing Charles XII. humiliated. Under these two kings the prince of Anhalt was the soul of all the military enterprises. "He was," says the king of Prussia, in his Memoirs, "a man of a violent and obstinate character, who, with the valour of a hero, had the experience of the finest campaigns of Prince Eugene. His manners were ferocious, his ambition boundless; deeply versed in the art of sieges, a fortunate soldier, a bad citizen, he was capable of all the enterprises of both Marius and Sylla, if fortune had seconded his ambition." This army laid siege to Stralsund, a city on the shores of the Baltic, the Swedish fleet being able to supply it constantly with provisions, munitions, and troops. Its situation is strong; an impracticable marsh defends two-thirds of its circumference; the only side by which it is accessible is furnished by a good intrenchment, which from the north extends to the sea-shore, and touches on the marsh towards the east. In this intrenchment were encamped twelve thousand Swedes, with Charles XII. at their head. The besiegers removed successively all the obstacles opposed to them. The first point was to drive away the Swedish fleet from the coasts of Pomerania, in order to deprive the Swedes of the succours they might receive by

sea. Nevertheless the king of Denmark was unwilling to risk an action with a squadron he had on those coasts. All the influence of the king of Prussia was required to persuade him of the necessity for such a contest. The two kings were spectators of the action, which took place at a short distance from the shore, and threw the sea open to the allies. The Prussians afterwards drove the Swedes from the isle of Usedom, and took the fort of Pennamende at the point of the sword. They shortly afterwards prepared to attack the intrenchments. A Prussian officer singularly facilitated this undertaking, the most difficult and most dangerous of the whole siege. Being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he knew that the arm of the sea which washes the intrenchments was neither deep nor muddy; he sounded it by night, and found that it was possible to ford it, to turn this post by its left, and thus take the Swedes in flank and rear. This project was successfully executed. They attacked them by night; whilst one Prussian corps marched straight to the intrenchments, another passed along the sea-shore, and were in the Swedish camp before they were perceived. The surprise of an unexpected attack, the confusion natural to a night affair, and, above all, the numbers of the body which fell upon their flanks, threw them quickly into a state of rout: they abandoned their intrenchments, and sought refuge in the city. Enraged at being deserted by his own troops, Charles would have continued to fight alone. His generals dragged him from the scene of action, and had much difficulty in saving him from the hands of the allies; all who did not promptly gain Stralsund were either killed or made prisoners. The numbers taken in this attack amounted to more than four hundred men. The more closely to press the city, it became necessary for the allies to render themselves masters of the isle of Rugen, whence the besieged could likewise obtain succours. The prince of Anhalt, at the head of twenty thousand men, crossed in transports the space which divides Pomerania. This fleet kept the same order of battle the troops observed on the land. They pretended to land on the eastern coast, but turning suddenly to the left, the prince of Anhalt disembarked his troops at the port of Strezow, where the enemy did not expect him. He posted himself in a quarter of a

circle, so that his two wings leant upon the sea, and during the whole day caused intrenchments to be dug, fortified by *chevaux de frise*. His disposition was such, that two lines of infantry supported his intrenchment. His cavalry formed the third, with the exception of six squadrons which he had posted without the lines, in order to be able to fall upon the left flank of those who might attack him on that side. Charles XII., deceived by the prince of Anhalt's feint, could not arrive in time to oppose the disembarkation. Aware of the importance of this isle, he advanced by night upon the Prussians, although he had but four thousand men. He marched at the head of his infantry, which he led to the very edge of the ditch, assisting to pull up the *chevaux de frise* which bordered it with his own hands; he was slightly wounded in this attack, and General Dureng was killed at his side. The inequality of numbers, the darkness of the night, the six Prussian squadrons, but still more than all the king's wound, made the Swedes lose the fruits of their valour. Fortune had turned her back upon that nation; everything seemed to tend to its decline. The king retired to have his wound dressed; his discomfited troops fled. The next day twelve hundred Swedes were made prisoners at Lafich-Schanz, and the isle of Rugen was entirely occupied by the allies. After this misfortune Charles XII. returned to Stralsund. That city was almost reduced to extremity. The besiegers having gained the counterscarp, had already begun to construct their gallery upon the principal fosse. It was the character of the king of Sweden to bear up firmly against reverses; he endeavoured to withstand his ill-fortune, and was able to preserve an inexpressible *sang-froid* under all circumstances. The citizens, far from murmuring, filled with admiration for their master, whose exertions, sobriety, and courage astonished them, had all become soldiers under him. One day, when the king was dictating letters for Sweden to a secretary, a bomb fell upon the house, penetrated the roof, and burst close to the king's apartment. At the noise of the bomb and the crash of the house, which seemed falling about their ears, the pen fell from the hand of the secretary. "What's the matter?" said the king, with a tranquil air; "why don't you write on?" "Oh, sire, the bomb!"

“Well,” rejoined the king, “what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on!” When he saw the breach open, he wanted to defend it in person, the besiegers threatening to give a general assault. His generals threw themselves at his feet to conjure him not to risk his life so uselessly. Seeing their prayers had no effect, they pointed out to him the danger to which he exposed himself of falling into the hands of his enemies. This apprehension at length made him determine to abandon the city. He embarked in a light boat, in which he passed, favoured by the darkness, through the Danish fleet which blockaded Stralsund, and gained with much trouble one of his own vessels, which conveyed him to Sweden. Fourteen years before, he had left this city as a conqueror about to subdue the world; he returned thither a fugitive, pursued by his enemies, despoiled of his finest provinces, and abandoned by his army. As soon as the king was gone, the garrison of Stralsund capitulated, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

FREDERIKSHALL.

A.D. 1718.

CHARLES XII. being desirous, for the second time, of making the conquest of Norway, laid siege to Frederikshall, an important place, situated at the mouth of the river Tistendall, near the Channel of Denmark. It was in the month of December, 1718. The winter was severe, and the cold killed a number of soldiers. The works, nevertheless, advanced quickly, and the city was soon pressed very closely.

“On the 11th of December,” says Voltaire, “the king went, at nine o'clock in the evening, to visit the trenches, and not finding the parallels advanced to his mind, he appeared much dissatisfied. M. Mégrél, a French engineer, who conducted the siege, assured him that the place would be taken in eight days. ‘We shall see,’ said the king, and continued his examination of the works, in company with

the engineer. He stopped at a place where the *boyau* made an angle with the parallel. He knelt down upon the interior talus, and, resting his elbows upon the parapet, he remained for some time watching the labourers, who were continuing the trenches by star-light."

Almost half the person of the king was exposed to a battery of cannon pointed at the right angle, where he was, and which was firing cartridges. At this moment his officers saw him fall upon the parapet, breathing a heavy sigh. They rushed towards him, but Charles XII. was no more. A ball, weighing half a pound, had struck him on the temple, and had made a hole in which three fingers could be introduced. When dying, he had had the strength to place, as by a natural movement, his hand upon the guard of his sword. Mégreil, an indifferent and singular man, was content with saying, as he surveyed the lifeless monarch: "*We may retire, the piece is played out.*" To keep the knowledge of this misfortune from the troops, until the prince of Hesse, Charles's brother-in-law, should be informed of it, his body was enveloped in a grey mantle, with a wig and hat upon his head. In this disguise, the king was conveyed away, under the name of Captain Carlsberg.

SCHWEIDNITZ.

A.D. 1761.

As one of our principal objects is to lay before young military students sieges in which masters of the art of war have been engaged, we cannot pass by two of this city, both containing lessons worthy of being remembered.

The capture of Schweidnitz offers a fresh proof that no precaution is unnecessary in war. The smallest negligence in the service of places contiguous to the enemy, is most frequently punished by unexpected reverses. Five hundred prisoners were negligently guarded in the fortress of Schweidnitz. Amongst them was a Major Rocca, a clever Italian partisan. This major formed the idea of placing the fortress in which he was confined in the hands of the

Austrians. He had the address to insinuate himself so completely into the good graces of the commander, that he had liberty to walk among all the works, to become acquainted with the places of all the sentinels and of all the *corps-de-garde*; he frequently saw the Austrians, prisoners like himself, intrigued in the city, and regularly informed General Laudon of all he saw, perceived, or imagined, that would facilitate the surprise of Schweidnitz. According to these instructions, the general drew up his plan of attack, which he executed in the night between the 30th of September and the 1st of October. He distributed twenty battalions in four attacks, one upon the Breslau gate, another upon the Striegau gate, the third upon the fort of Boeckendorff, and the fourth upon the Water fort. M. de Zastrow, governor of Schweidnitz, having some suspicions of the enemy's intentions, called his garrison to arms about the middle of the night, and spread them about the works; but he committed the faults of not giving his officers instructions how to act, of not sending cavalry to a certain distance on the look-out, and of not discharging fire-bombs to throw a light upon the approach of the enemy. The Austrians advanced to the palisades, without being discovered. There were only twelve cannon fired upon them, and the musketry was so weak that it did them no harm. The guard of the Striegau gate was surprised, and they penetrated thence through the works. During this confusion, the Austrian prisoners threw off the mask, took possession of the interior gate of the city, threw it open to the enemy's advancing troops, and made themselves masters of the whole place. The only person who held out was the commander of the Water fort; but his resistance was useless. Such an unexpected misfortune changed all the plans of the king of Prussia, who could only, during the remainder of this campaign, defend, against a superior enemy, the fortresses and territories he had left.

SECOND SIEGE, A.D. 1762.

The principal object of the next campaign was, for the king of Prussia, the recapture of Schweidnitz. Frederick had not one man more than was requisite for the execution

of this important enterprise. Seventy thousand Austrians composed the army of Marshal Daun and the corps of Laudon, Hadduck, Brentano, De Beck, and Ellershausen. The Prussian army was not inferior, but troops must be detached from it for the siege, of which M. de Tauziern had the direction. He invested the place on the 4th of August, and opened the trenches on the 7th; they commenced at Briqueterie, and turned towards Warben, to embrace the polygon of Jauernick, upon which the principal attack was directed. M. de Guasco made a sortie, but it did not answer his expectations; the Prussian dragoons beating the Austrians back into the place. The king of Prussia thought that Laudon, in order to succour the place, would take the route of Sibelberg, Warther, and Langen-Brelau; he went, therefore, to place himself at Pfaffendorff, whilst he caused the post of Peila to be taken by the prince of Bevern. Everything happened as the king of Prussia had foreseen. Marshal Daun took the route of Langen-Brelau, attacked the Prussians at Peila, was beaten and retreated. The check experienced by Marshal Daun gave M. de Guasco a bad augury of the fate of the place, and he made an attempt to obtain an advantageous capitulation, with a free departure for his garrison. The king of Prussia refused to comply, because it would have been a capital error to allow ten thousand men to march out of a city, of which, with a little patience, he should render himself master; the Prussian army would be weakened at least by four thousand men necessary to garrison Schweidnitz, and the Prussian strength would be lessened to the amount of fourteen thousand men. The king of Prussia repaired in person, on the 20th of September, before Schweidnitz, in order to push on the works with more vigour. Lefebvre, the chief engineer, was opposed to Gribeauvel, esteemed one of the first men of the age for the defence of places. Lefebvre was soon outwitted by the activity of the French engineer, who countermined his mines and thwarted all his plans. Frederick was obliged to take the details of the siege upon himself; the third parallel was lengthened; a battery in breach was placed there; ricochets were there established against Briqueterie, with another battery upon Kuhberg; and the works of the Austrians were taken in rear. Some branches of the mines

of the besieged were likewise sprung. The garrison made two sorties, and dislodged the Prussians from a crowned tunnel, from which they wished to debouch by fresh branches. These manœuvres prolonged the duration of the siege, because they rendered a subterranean war necessary. All the cannon of the place were, however, either *évasés* * or dismantled; provisions were beginning to be scarce, and the enemy would have been compelled to surrender on that account, if a bomb, falling in front of the powder-magazine of Jauernick, had not set fire to it, knocked down a part of that fort, and killed three hundred Austrian grenadiers. This accident, which laid the place open, obliged M. de Guasco to beat a parley; he surrendered himself and his garrison prisoners of war, on the 9th of October, and they were marched away into Prussia.

The palpable lessons in these two sieges are—in the first, the imprudence of the governor in granting opportunities for treachery in prisoners; and in the second, the consummate prudence of the king of Prussia in not allowing the garrison to march out free, for the sake of quickly terminating the siege.

I S M A I L.

A.D. 1790.

THIS siege is particularly interesting at the present moment, from the same parties being engaged in a war arising from the same motives as those which led to this sanguinary and memorable contest.

The position of Ismail, situated upon the Danube, in Bessarabia, tempted the court of St. Petersburg, then at war with the Turks, to endeavour to make the conquest of it. This was one of the most important cities of the Turkish empire in its European provinces. It had a numerous population, and a garrison of forty-three thousand men, commanded by Auduslu Pacha, one of the best of the Ottoman generals. Provisions and munitions were abundant, and its

* Rendered too wide at the mouth.

artillery powerful. Its walls, having a circuit of a mile from one bank of the Danube to the other, were from three to four toises high; at their feet was a fosse from seven to eight toises deep; they were crowned by pieces of large calibre. Between the polygons of Bender and Brock, there was a *fausse-braie*, near a cavalier, capable of containing many thousand soldiers. The water side was strongly defended by batteries making a horizontal fire. At the beginning of November, 1790, General Sudowitsch, with several bodies of troops, made the approaches upon Ismail, whilst Admiral Ribas blockaded it with a flotilla of a hundred row-boats. They obtained some advantages at sea, but the rigours of the winter obliged Sudowitsch to raise the siege. When informed of this, the court of St. Petersburg, accustomed to find no difficulty insurmountable, ordered Field-marshal Potemkin to return immediately before Ismail and take possession of it. The marshal felt all the difficulties of the undertaking, but he obeyed. Arrived upon the Pruth, he detached Lieutenant-General Potemkin with orders to bury himself under the ruins of Ismail; but his efforts were not more successful than those of Sudowitsch. Suwarrow then came up with a regiment of infantry, a thousand Arnauts, and two hundred Cossacks. The land army consisted of twenty-eight thousand men, of whom near one-half were Cossacks. The first care was to exercise these irregular troops in the manœuvres of an assault. Many days were employed in reconnaissances, in order that the general officers might be well acquainted with the posts they were to attack. When all the observations necessary had been made, batteries were raised, to lead the Turks to believe that they were preparing to make a regular siege, and not to carry Ismail by assault. On the 9th of December, Suwarrow sent the seraskier a letter from Prince Potemkin, to persuade him to surrender. The seraskier replied that he advised the Russians to retire, if they were unwilling to experience absolute want in an advanced season, and perish with famine and misery before a place amply provided with everything. Suwarrow, the next day, sent another note to the seraskier, in which he announced to him, that if he did not hoist the white flag that very day, the place should be taken by assault and the whole garrison be put to the sword. Many

Turks were inclined to surrender; but the seraskier was resolved to risk everything, and made no reply. Suwarrow immediately assembled a council of war, and spoke as follows to his troops: " Brave warriors, remember to-day all your victories, and continue to prove that nothing can resist the arms of Russians. The affair in hand is not one that can be deferred, but it concerns an important place, the possession of which will decide the glory of the campaign, and which the proud Ottomans consider impregnable. Twice already has the Russian army laid siege to Ismail, and twice has it retreated from it. There only remains for us, as the third attempt, to conquer or to die with glory." This speech inflamed the ardour of his soldiers, and an assault was decided upon. Suwarrow received a courier from Prince Potemkin, recommending him not to risk an assault if he was not sure of succeeding. Suwarrow replied in these few lines: " My plan is settled. The Russian army has already been twice at the gates of Ismail; it would be disgraceful for it to retire a third time." Some Cossacks deserted in the evening, and informed the Ottomans of the approaching attack. The principal part of the garrison remained all night upon the ramparts. To make the Turks believe they were short of powder, the Russians fired but little during the night which preceded the assault. All measures being taken, by four o'clock in the morning the columns were formed: there were six on the land side and three upon the Danube. The Cossacks destined to mount to the assault were all on foot, and their lances had almost all been reduced to five feet in length, to render them more useful in the *mélée*. The first column by water, commanded by General Islenief, consisted of two battalions of grenadiers, one battalion of chasseurs, and two thousand five hundred Cossacks. They had on board their shallops a hundred and thirty pieces of cannon. The second column had the same number of boats and cannon. In the third, and in the reserve, were two hundred and thirty-seven pieces of cannon, divided among a great number of barks, flat-bottomed boats, and floating batteries. Among the troops embarked were the prince de Ligni, the colonel duke de Richelieu, and the count de Langeron. A circumstance is remembered in which the count de Langeron, an emigrant, exhibited to the haughty Potem-

kin, the czarina's favourite, a pride worthy of a Frenchman. Langeron, as an emigrant, was talking with him about the troubles which agitated France. "Colonel," said he, "your compatriots are mad; I should require nothing but my grooms to bring them to reason." Langeron could not suffer his nation to thus spoken of, and replied haughtily,— "Prince, I do not think that you and all your army could do it."

The weather, which had been fine and serene during the night, grew cloudy towards daybreak, and a thick fog enveloped the horizon till nine o'clock. All the columns marched in silence. At the aspect of the walls, the whole army halted in consternation. Suwarrow exclaimed to those who were near him, "You see those walls; they are very high; but the empress commands us to take possession of them." He then suddenly fell upon his knees, arose, and marched to the assault, followed by all his army. The Turks did not fire a shot till the Russians were within three or four hundred paces of them, but then saluted them with a shower of *mitrailles*, which did them great injury. They however approached the fosse, in which there was in several places water up to the shoulders, threw in their fascines, planted their ladders against the ramparts, many parts of which were so high that they were obliged to tie two together, although every one was five toises long. As in some places the besiegers did not find this expedient quick enough, they assisted each other with as much vivacity as address, and climbed up the ramparts with the aid of their bayonets. The arquebusiers fired from the edge of the fosse upon the Turks who defended the ramparts, to prevent them from beating back the assailants. The second column, commanded by the Marshal de Lasçi, arrived first, but was not assisted with sufficient energy by the first and third. The first had had to overcome a great difficulty: it had met with a chain of strong palisades, which extended to the banks of the Danube. The grenadiers, who were at the extremity of the palisades, rushed against them, one after the other, to turn them; and those most distant from that spot jumped over them. Another fosse was yet to be got over before they reached the ramparts. The Russian grenadiers took possession of the first bastion, and attacked without order the

cavalier which was between that work and the second; but in doing so, they lost many men. Kutusow, who had taken the two left polygons on the side of the left bank of the Danube, would have arrived upon the rampart at the same time as the second column, if he had not been obliged to send assistance to the fourth and fifth columns, which had met with a vigorous resistance. The fosse was full of water at the place where these columns were obliged to cross; the men, being up to their middles, soaked their long Cossack clothes, and had great trouble in disengaging themselves from them. They mounted the ladders, but when they came to the ramparts, they could not maintain themselves there; the two columns were thrown back at the same time. They were separated by the gate of Bender; eight or ten thousand Turks made a sortie from that gate, uttering frightful war-cries. Among these were a great number of women armed with poniards. The besieged charged all at once, in all parts; the infantry of the reserve came to the rescue, and made way with their bayonets; the Cossacks, finding themselves supported, repulsed the Turks. Such as could not gain the bridge to re-enter Ismail, were cut in pieces or smothered in the fosse. The Russians then made a fresh effort, surmounted all resistance, and established themselves upon the rampart of the bastion which was assigned to them. Kutusow, however, remarked that the two battalions of reserve, although masters of the rampart, could not yet hold out against the enemy; he in consequence sent them a battalion of chasseurs, who enabled them to keep their position. Every bastion having a powder-magazine under the rampart, the conquerors immediately established a strong guard there, in order that the enemy might not be able to set fire to it and blow up the troops. There consequently followed slight actions between the besiegers and the besieged, who still continued to endeavour to introduce themselves there, but they could not succeed; so that no accident happened. Day began to appear, and every one could ascertain his position, which, till that time, had only been indicated by the different war-cries of the two nations. Whilst the Turkish infantry was fighting in the fosses near the Bender gate, a numerous body of cavalry fell upon the camp of the besiegers, where the Cossacks received them

with so much vigour, that scarcely any of them returned, and the Bender gate fell into the hands of the Russians.

Whilst the land columns were marching against Ismaïl, other columns were formed upon the Danube. The first, composed of a hundred boats, manned by troops, prepared to make a descent, advanced in two lines, keeping up a continual fire; the second line, consisting of brigantines, floating batteries, double shallops, and *lançons*, followed it. The fire became still more warm as these two lines approached each other. The Turks had on the water side a work of small height, but great strength, furnished with eighty-three cannon of large calibre, fifteen mortars, and a howitzer of six hundred pounds of balls. The fire of the mortars of the second line covered the cannonade of the first; when they had arrived at some hundreds of paces from the shore, the second line divided, and placed itself on the two wings of the first; in this fashion it formed a half-circle. Both sides kept up a warm fire of *mitrailles*, and the combat lasted an hour. But as it was still night, some Russian battalions only suffered, without any vessel being sunk. About seven in the morning the total descent was effected. The Turks had abandoned the few vessels they had left. The resistance was brave and persistent, particularly on this side, which was defended by more than ten thousand Turks. The greater part of these were put to the sword, the rest saved themselves in the *chanas*, or houses solidly built with stone.

At eight o'clock, the Russians were masters of the ramparts on the water side, as well as on that of the land. A terrible conflict then commenced in the interior of the city, in the streets and public places, to which the inhabitants came from all parts. There were skirmishes beyond number, both sides fighting with equal inveteracy. The Turks defended themselves with desperation, maintaining an incessant fire from the windows, particularly in the narrow streets. The Russians swept the larger ones with the fire of twenty field-pieces, to which the Turks, having no cannon but in their *chanas*, could not respond. There were two thousand Turks in the first *chana* that was attacked: they made great havoc among the Russians with their artillery. Suwarrow ordered it to be taken, and it was escalated, in spite of a

determined resistance, and, for the first time, during the day some hundreds of prisoners were made; the unfortunate Auduslu Pacha had taken refuge in a still more considerable chana. The combat there lasted more than two hours; cannon were required to batter in the gate. Two thousand of the best Janissaries defended themselves in this place with all the rage of despair; but the Russian grenadiers rushed in the moment there was an opening, with advanced bayonets, and all were cut to pieces, with the exception of a very few hundred prisoners: the pacha was of this number. He came out into the open place; a chasseur perceiving a rich poniard in his girdle, thought it his duty to take it from him. As several Turks still had arms, a Janissary, who was near the seraskier, endeavouring to repulse the chasseur with his sabre, wounded a captain of chasseurs in the face. The Russians instantly charged their bayonets upon all that remained: they massacred the greater part, the brave seraskier being of the number: scarcely a hundred men of his immediate train escaped. Petty conflicts still continued in every place capable of the slightest defence; every post was carried at a heavy expense of blood. The terrible resistance made by the Turks was more like frantic rage than the opposition of trained soldiers; the women even fearlessly encountered the Russians, armed with poniards and other weapons. All the Russian commanders faced danger with heroic courage, and their soldiers as bravely seconded them; the *mêlée* lasted ten entire hours, without the Russians in the least heeding the superiority of the Turks in number. The city was given up to pillage; thirty-three thousand Ottomans there perished in one day! and ten thousand were made prisoners! A single man had saved himself in a fortified house; he was slightly wounded, but contrived to drop from a window into the Danube, where he was fortunate enough to meet with a plank, by means of which he gained the opposite shore. This man carried the vizier the news of the loss of Ismail; there were no less than six sultans among the dead. The Russians lost fifteen thousand men. Suwarrow wrote Prince Potemkin these few words: "*The Russian flag floats over the ramparts of Ismail.*" He was equally laconic to the empress Catherine II. "*Madame, the haughty Ismail is at your feet.*" The booty of this city was valued

at ten millions of piastres. Inaccessible to every interested view, Suwarrow, according to his custom, abstained from sharing any part of it; satisfied with the harvest of glory he had reaped, he disdained wealth. But he did not, in a similar spirit, respect the rights of humanity; the massacre of thirty-three thousand men in one day, with the murder of women, children, and unarmed soldiers, procured him the name of *Muley* Ismail, in allusion to the barbarous emperor of Morocco, who had borne that name. The empress of Russia caused a medal to be struck to perpetuate the memory of this important conquest. A year after, Ismail, which had cost so much blood, was restored to the Turks as a guarantee of the peace between the two powers—and forty-eight thousand human beings had been slaughtered, and countless women and children had perished or been rendered miserable, to secure the conquest of it!

“ O, but man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep !”

B O M M E L.

A.D. 1599.

IF this siege were not interesting on account of its forming part of the noble struggle which rescued the Netherlands from the domination of the Spaniards, it would command our notice from being the time and place when one of the great scientific operations of war was first brought into use.

The Spaniards having penetrated, in 1599, into the island of Bommel, formed by the Wahal, in the duchy of Gueldres, hastened to lay siege to the capital city of that island. Prince Maurice came to its succour, with the greater part of his army. He encamped on the opposite bank of the Wahal, reinforced the garrison with a thousand men, and, with great rapidity, threw two bridges over the river, above and below the besieged city; the first, destined for the infantry, was

but a collection of little barks; but the second, for the cavalry, was composed of large pontoons, and was wide enough for the passage of two chariots abreast. Having completed this operation, he ordered three thousand infantry and four hundred horse, whom he charged most particularly with the defence of Bommel, to cross over into the island. This place being too small for such a numerous garrison, it was lodged without, and immediately covered itself with a good intrenchment, well flanked with redoubts, and defended by a wide ditch. This intrenchment furnished the first model of what has since been called the *covered way*.^{*} This happy invention contributed much to the failure of the Spanish expedition. They had not yet perfected their intrenchments, when the Dutch artillery, established on the banks of the Wahal, the fire of the armed barks, and that of the place, thundered all at once against their ramparts. The Spaniards, however, after many efforts, succeeded in sheltering themselves from this multiplied tempest; they raised good intrenchments, they placed cannon in battery, and began to assail in earnest both the city and the intrenched camp. The besieged did not oppose a less number of works or less courage to the Spanish attacks. Towards the end of May, the garrison of Bommel fell all at once upon every one of the enemy's quarters; it might have been supposed that they came to fight a regular battle, and not to clear out trenches or overthrow works. Both sides fought with the greatest resolution; but at length the resistance of the Spaniards disheartened the Dutch, and they retreated after a contest

* "This excellent manner of defending places is practised thus," says Grotius in his description of this siege: "when a city which dreads a siege has many soldiers, the fortifications are carried outwards to a distance, to stop the progress of the enemy. By this means those who are shut up have a longer time to defend themselves, and still further, the internal parts of the place remain longer in safety. Thus then the prince of Orange gave orders that, before the boulevards of Bommel, others should be made, and then still others, which should be inclosed with a fosse of water, as well as the preceding ones, so that in the end, all that was capable of defence should be further surrounded by a parapet."—*Annals of Grotius*. This, then, is the origin of the multiplication of the exterior works of places of war and of the covered way, to which Grotius gives the name of parapet. Engineers have since made it their study that all fortifications should sustain one another, and might be, at the same time, sustained by the body of the place.

of three hours. They returned to the charge the following night, persuaded that they should surprise the besiegers. They succeeded in the first moments; but the Spaniards having recovered themselves, the Dutch were obliged to abandon their attack. Three days after, they perseveringly made fresh efforts, which proved likewise unfortunate. Fatigued with their endeavours to overcome so many obstacles and such obstinate enemies, the Spaniards, finding they made no considerable progress, determined to raise the siege towards the end of June, after having lost two thousand men.

BARCELONA.

A.D. 1705.

HOWEVER unimportant it may appear in the vast page of history, no English account of sieges can be complete without a notice of that of Barcelona, in which he who may be called the last of our knights maintained so nobly that British good faith which we claim as our proudest characteristic.

In 1705, the earl of Peterborough commanded the army of the Archduke Charles, competitor with Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV., in conjunction with the prince of Darmstadt. The siege was dragged on to a great length, and Peterborough was thinking of re-embarking his English soldiers, when he learnt that the prince of Darmstadt had been killed in carrying the intrenchments which covered Mount Joire and the city. A few days after, a bomb burst in the fort over the powder-magazine; the fort was taken, and the city consented to capitulate. The viceroy was conferring with Peterborough at the city gates, and the articles were not yet signed, when, on a sudden, cries and screams of distress were heard in the city: "You are betraying us!" exclaimed the viceroy; "we are capitulating loyally, and there are your English, who have entered the city by the ramparts, slaughtering, pillaging, and violating." "You are mistaken," replied Peterborough, "it must be the troops of the prince of Darmstadt. There is only one

means of saving your city ; let me enter the place at once with my English ; I will make all quiet, and will then return to the gate, to complete the capitulation." The tone with which he spoke this convinced the Spanish governor of his good faith, and he was allowed to enter Barcelona with his officers. As he expected, he found the Germans and Catalans sacking the houses of the principal citizens ; he made them abandon their prey, and drove them out. Among the victims about to be sacrificed to the lust of the soldiery was the duchess of Popoli ; he extricated her from the hands of the ruffians, and restored her to her husband. When the tumult was appeased, he returned to the gate and terminated the capitulation, offering a fine example of observance of his word given to a conquered enemy.

Lord Peterborough was certainly more an eccentric man than a great one, and yet, like Don Quixote's, many of his eccentricities had a strong leaning to the side of greatness. Plutarch would have made a fine story of the above anecdote ; it belongs to the character of the real hero, of whom, though abounding in great soldiers, modern history contains so few.

To show the importance of such a trait to the reputation of a nation, we have only to observe with what high praise the historians of other countries mention this act, of simple good faith.

GIBRALTAR.

A. D. 1779—1783.

As in the history of mankind there are some persons so remarkable and universally known as to make a notice of them almost a work of supererogation, so there are events, which, from the interest they have excited, and the consequences that have attended them, demand, in a work of this description, a much less detailed account than others of less importance : they have created deep and widely-spread excitement during their enactment, and have produced historians worthy to commemorate them. And such is the siege of Gibraltar. This stupendous rock has now

remained in the hands of the British one hundred and fifty years! We can only judge of the anomaly of this circumstance by bringing it home by comparison. Suppose the Spaniards, in their zeal for religion, had determined to seize upon the rocky point of the Land's End, in Cornwall, or the Isle of Anglesea, in Wales, to facilitate their intercourse with Catholic Ireland, this would have been with them quite as legitimate an object as our trade with the Levant is to us. And yet we hold it, in spite of all the hostile efforts of the Spaniards to retake it; and what is still more strange, in spite of treaties of peace, at which such chance acquisitions are generally restored to the right owner. In the same manner the British held Calais, a French town, from the reign of Edward III., 1346, to that of Henry II. of France and Mary of England, when it was taken by surprise by the duke of Guise in 1557. As may be naturally supposed, the proud Spaniards have not quietly submitted to such a disgrace as that of having an inseparable portion of their country held by a foreign and frequently rival power: they have made several efforts to regain it, the most conspicuous of which comes within the scope of this work.

But, as we said above, the history of this siege has been so well written and is so generally known, that Drinkwater has placed it in the same position as Homer has that of Troy;—we could not pass it by, but yet we are not called upon to be particular in our account of it: the world does not stand in need of our history; it has one, better than any we could produce. Gibraltar was one of the fruits of the War of Succession: England took up arms to keep a Bourbon from the throne of Spain, and, during the conflict, an enterprising admiral, Sir George Rooke, added this gem to her crown. There are politicians who think the retention more a point of honour than a real advantage, but such discussions are not within our limits.

* The war of 1762 did not present a favourable opportunity for retaking Gibraltar; Chatham was too vigorous a minister to allow a chance of such a loss; but England being at war with her colonies and with France, encouraged Spain, in 1779, to come to a rupture with her, for the well-understood purpose of attempting the great object of the national wish.

That this was so, was rendered plain by preparations to cut off the African supplies of provisions to the rock, before war had actually taken place.

Gibraltar is situated in Andalusia, the most southern province of Spain. The rock is seven miles in circumference, running out into the sea in the form of a promontory of more than three miles in length, and is joined to the continent by an isthmus of low sand. The promontory, or rock, at the foot of which stands the town, is upwards of one thousand three hundred feet in height, and appears to have been formerly surrounded by the sea. The breadth of the isthmus at the foot of the rock is about nine hundred yards, but grows much wider as it approaches the country. Across this isthmus, at about a mile's distance from the garrison, the Spaniards have drawn up a fortified line, extending one thousand seven hundred yards, and embracing both shores, with a strong fort of masonry at each end. That both parties, under such extraordinary circumstances, should exhaust art in their means of defence, and be always on the watch against surprise, we may readily imagine; but what gives the garrison a great advantage in this respect is its commanding height, from which it can see everything that approaches it, by either land or sea. Thus in the whole of this long siege, they appear to have been able to ascertain all that was going on in the enemy's camp, and to descry every hostile vessel in time to be prepared for it.

Until we come to the great *finale*, this siege was little more than a blockade, and that imperfect. And yet, with the exception of the "Iliad," we know of none that is so interesting. Drinkwater's account has exactly the same charm as Robinson Crusoe's journal; the events are so minute, and brought so completely home to the apprehension of the reader by the plain and graphic style of the author, that you forget it is an awful reality, and enjoy it as you would a fiction. But such a narrative we cannot adopt into our pages: to transfer it wholly would be dishonest towards a fine work; to garble it would not redound to our credit.

When the re-capture of this member of their own country was undertaken, as there was much difficulty, there was proportionate glory in the enterprise, and the eyes of all Europe were turned towards the Herculean straits. Every exertion

was made by Spain—neither labour, money, nor blood was spared. The valour of her troops was ably directed by her generals, and persistently exercised through length of time and difficulties of obstacles enough to cool the ardour of the most devoted partisans. But in addition to the immense advantage of situation, upon a lofty impregnable rock, open to almost constant succour by sea, the British garrison had the still further good fortune of being commanded by a governor most admirably suited to the post. As you read the details of this memorable siege, you cannot help being struck with the idea that General Elliott's government was a parental one. Never-flinching courage, sleepless watchfulness, consummate prudence, and far-discerning foresight, were joined in him to a kindness of heart and an urbanity of manners, that made all he required from the troops and officers he was placed over a labour of love. And yet his *bonhomie* did not overcome his judgment; though never severe, he was never falsely indulgent; he could punish when he was called upon to do so for the public good, as readily, though not as willingly, as he could encourage merit or devotedness by promotion or reward. It may be asserted that Elliott was never so placed as to display the genius of a great commander: but this we deny. In a difficult, isolated position, he was in no instance at a loss; no danger approached him that he was not prepared to meet, and no opportunity for gaining an advantage offered itself that he did not seize.

The two points were,—for the English, the rock, town, and fortress of Gibraltar; for the Spaniards and French, Algeziras, a town situated on the other side of the bay, five and a half miles from Gibraltar. Algeziras had been a city of great importance, and in the middle of the fourteenth century was wrested by Alonzo XI., king of Castile, from the hands of the Moors. This appears to have been a kind of crusade, and one in which the English chivalry took a prominent part; John of Gaunt, and the earls of Derby, Leicester, Salisbury, and Lincoln, all being present. It is likewise said that cannon were first used by the Moors in this siege against their assailants, and were adopted by the English, two years after, at the battle of Crecy, from observing the powerful effects of them. The Spaniards had

the great advantage of being masters of the country behind and around them; and though the English had a small naval force in their port, they never had sufficient to prevent constant annoyances from the gun and bomb-boats of Algeziras. Many an anticipated succour, in a vessel which was viewed with delight from the rock, was cut off by the Spanish boats, and carried into Algeziras before the eyes of the disappointed garrison.

With the commencement of the war in 1779, the siege of Gibraltar may be said to have begun. It was, in truth, but an imperfect blockade, but it subjected the garrison to all the watchfulness, labour, and preparation of a real siege. The Spaniards were actively employed in fortifying all their best points; they encamped before the garrison, and erected additional batteries in their lines, but still did not fire upon the town or fort. General Elliott, however, found their proceedings so unmistakable in their purpose, and knowing that war had been declared, he saluted them at their works with a few rounds of shot.

This took place on the 5th of July, 1799; and from that date to the 26th of November, 1781, the siege or blockade was one continuance of mutual attempts at annoyance, interspersed with occasional want of provisions and attacks of the scurvy on the part of the garrison, frequent boat-assaults, always attended with repulses, on the side of the allies; with a strange but perpetual desertion of individuals from both garrison and army. But at the last-named period the enemy had constructed such formidable batteries, and appeared to be approaching so inconveniently near, that General Elliott determined upon the bold expedient of a sortie. This was effected with his usual prudence, foresight, and spirit. As soon as the gates were shut, and the evening-gun fired, a considerable detachment was ordered to assemble on the Red Sands, at midnight, with devils, fire-fagots, and working implements, to make a sortie on the enemy's batteries; the general and other officers to be employed were in the mean time convened, and, *lest some matters might have escaped him in the multiplicity of arrangements, the governor desired every person to propose, without restraint, whatever would, in his or their opinion, further promote the success of the enterpriss.* We place the last passage in

italics, as a lesson to self-sufficient commanders: no captain ever more completely performed the duties intrusted to him by his country, and yet he was never averse to receiving advice from the lowest of his staff. On a subsequent occasion an important use of red-hot shot was suggested to him, by Lieutenant-General Boyd, his second in command, and, without the least of the paltry jealousy some superiors would have felt, he not only openly adopted the idea, but intrusted the execution of it to his friend who had thought of it.

“The detachment being formed in three lines, the right column in the rear and the left in front, tools for demolishing the works were delivered to the workmen, and the following directions for their destination were communicated to the principal officers:—‘The right column to lead and march through Forbes’s barrier for the extremity of the parallel, keeping the eastern fence of the gardens close on their left. The centre immediately to follow, marching through Bay-side barrier, and directing their route through the gardens for the mortar-batteries. The left column to bring up the rear, marching along the strand for the gun-batteries. No person to advance before the front unless ordered by the officer commanding the column: and the most profound silence to be observed, as the success of the enterprise may depend thereon. The 12th and Hardenberg’s regiments to form in front of the works, as assaulting corps, and are to detach to the right and left, as occasion may require. The reserve to take post on the furthest gardens. When the works are carried, the attacking troops are to take up their ground in the following manner:—The grenadiers of Reden’s and La Motte’s behind the parallel; the 39th and 73rd flank companies along the front of the fourth branch; and the 72nd grenadiers and light infantry with their right to the fourth branch and left to the beach.’

“The force consisted of ninety-nine officers, one hundred and forty-seven subalterns, and two thousand and thirty-four rank and file.

“By the time the destination of the columns was made known to the different officers, and other arrangements had taken place, the morning of the 27th was far advanced; and as the moon had then nearly finished her nightly course,

the detachment, about a quarter before three o'clock, began its march by files from the right of the rear line to the attack. Although nothing could exceed the silence and attention of the troops, the enemy's advanced sentries discovered the right column before they passed Forbes's barrier, and after challenging fired upon them. Lieutenant-Colonel Hugo, commanding this column, finding they were alarmed, immediately formed the attacking corps, and pushed on at a brisk pace for the extremity of the parallel; there, finding no opposition, he took possession, and the pioneers began to dismantle the works. Part of Hardenberg's regiment, which was attached to this column, mistook the route of the grenadiers, owing to the darkness of the morning; and in pursuing their own, found themselves, before they discovered their error, in front of the St. Carlos battery. In this dilemma no other alternative offered but pressing forward, which they gallantly did, after receiving the enemy's fire. Upon mounting the parapet, the enemy precipitately retreated, and with great difficulty they descended the stupendous work, forming with their left to the tower. They were thus situated, when Lieutenant-Colonel Duchenhause, at the head of the 39th flank companies, entered the St. Carlos battery, and naturally mistaking them for his opponents, fired, and wounded several. Further mischief was, however, prevented by the countersign; and the Hanoverians joined the remainder of the corps, which now formed *en potence* in front of the parallel. The 73rd flank companies were equally successful in their attacks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Trigge, with the grenadiers and light company of the 72nd regiment, carried the gun-batteries with great gallantry. The ardour of the assailants was irresistible. The enemy on every side gave way, abandoning in an instant, and with the utmost precipitation, those works which had cost them so much expense, and employed so many months to perfect.

“When our troops had taken possession, the attacking corps formed agreeably to their orders, to repel any attack which the enemy might make to prevent the destruction of the works, whilst the 12th regiment took post in front of the St. Carlos battery, to sustain the western attack; and the reserve, under Major Maxwell, drew up in the further gar-

dens. The exertions of the workmen and artillery were wonderful. The batteries were soon in a state for the fire-fagots to operate, and the flames spread with astonishing rapidity into every part. The columns of fire and smoke which rolled from the works beautifully illuminated the troops and neighbouring objects, forming altogether a *coup d'œil* from the rock, not possible to be described.

“ In an hour, the object of the sortie was fully effected; and trains being laid to the magazines, Brigadier Ross ordered the advanced corps to withdraw, and the sustaining regiments to cover their retreat; but by some oversight, the barrier at Forbes's was locked after the flank companies had returned; which might have proved of serious consequence to Hardenberg's regiment, as they were from that circumstance under the necessity of following the 12th regiment through Bay-side barrier.

“ Several small quantities of powder took fire whilst the detachment was on its retreat; and just as the rear had got within the garrison, the principal magazine blew up with a tremendous explosion, throwing up vast pieces of timber, which, falling into the flames, added to the general conflagration. Although the enemy must have been early alarmed, not the smallest effort was made to save or avenge their works. The fugitives seemed to communicate a panic to the whole; and instead of annoying the English troops from the flanking forts, their artillery directed a ridiculous fire towards the town and our upper batteries, whence we continued a warm and well-served discharge of round shot on their forts and barrier. Only two officers and sixteen privates were taken prisoners, and, so little opposition being made, very few were killed in the works.

“ Thus was this important attack executed beyond the most sanguine expectations of every one. The event challenges greater admiration, when we reflect that the batteries were distant near three-quarters of a mile from the garrison, and only within a few hundred yards of a besieging enemy's lines, mounting one hundred and thirty-five pieces of heavy artillery. The detachment had only four privates killed, and one officer and twenty-four privates wounded. The ordnance spiked in the enemy's works amounted to ten thirteen-inch mortars and eighteen twenty-six pounders. Although sub-

ject to the little derangements naturally attending on a night attack, not one musket, working-tool, or other instrument, was left behind."

Such is Captain Drinkwater's account of a spirited and successful action of which he was an eye-witness. The French historians of the siege say that the British could not stand against the fire of the batteries, and retreated. This is one of the innumerable contradictions to truth offered by French authors whenever the military honour of their country is concerned. They always forget that their contemporaries and posterity will judge which party was victor in a conflict, by the results. Victor Hugo *poetically* said, that Buonaparte was never conquered: *at Moscow it was fire—at Waterloo it was fate.* Readers of history are nevertheless convinced of the reality of the two defeats, by the events which followed them.

The affair had now been so prolonged, and had excited so much attention throughout Europe, that the Spaniards and French began to think it a point of honour to subdue this general on his rock; and the duke de Crillon, accompanied by the eminent French engineer D'Arçon, and followed by an army of thirty thousand men, came to Algeziras. Immediately upon his arrival, D'Arçon changed the mode of attack: it had been previously mostly confined to the land side of the rock; he, most unfortunately for the cause he served, directed almost all his offensive efforts from the sea, and yet by no means neglecting his fortifications. General Elliott's principal *extraordinary* preparation consisted in grates and various apparatus for heating shot, as he found red-hot balls by far the most efficient instrument of destruction he could employ. But he was too watchful and prudent a commander to let this engross all his attention: in addition to constant labours at the works, he ordered holes to be blasted in the rocks, nearly on a level with the water, from which he could pour showers of stones and other missiles upon his assailants. He likewise had a number of gun-boats built; and, having received supplies and reinforcements from the British fleet under Lord Hood, he felt himself in a condition to cope with his powerful enemies. Determined to have no idle hands, even the serjeants and drummers were armed with muskets; and musicians, who had before been exempted

from duty, had to exchange their instruments for firelocks and shovels. The strength of the garrison with the marine brigade, including officers, amounted to seven thousand five hundred men.

The comte d'Artois and the duke de Bourbon joined the Spanish and French armies; after whose arrival many civilities passed between the besieging camp and the garrison. The French general sent presents of game, fruit, vegetables, and ice, to the governor, accompanied by a letter breathing the highest respect and admiration for his courage, talents, and firmness. Here again is the beautiful simplicity, combined with military virtues, displayed in the character of Elliott; he might be imagined an ancient Roman rather than a modern soldier of fortune. He accepts the presents with a courtesy due to the kindness with which they were offered; but requests they may not be repeated, as it is his pride and pleasure to live as plainly as the humblest soldier in his army.

After a good deal of sharp preliminary sparring on both sides, the awful conflict came on. In our account of this, we shall mostly adhere to the very words of the historian of the siege, convinced that no other can lay it so plainly and yet so interestingly before our readers.

“In the evening of the 7th of September, a little before midnight, two large lights appeared on the shore of the Orange-grove battery, and at the same time, two similar fires were seen behind Fort St. Philip; whence, if a line was produced, it would to appearance have intersected the former about eight hundred or nine hundred yards to the north-west of the old mole head. These unusual signals made many conjecture that the enemy were sounding in that quarter. A few rounds were accordingly fired at intervals in that direction from the north bastion.

“By the morning of the 8th, the preparations in the department of the artillery, under General Boyd's direction, were completed, and the success of the attack in a great measure depending upon embracing the favourable moment, it was no longer deferred. At seven o'clock, the town-guards being relieved, the firing commenced from all the northern batteries which bore upon the western part of the parallel, and was supported through the day with admirable precision

and vivacity. The effect of the red-hot shot and carcasses exceeded our most sanguine expectations. In a few hours, the Mahon battery of six guns, with the battery of two guns on its flank, and great part of the adjoining parallel, were on fire, and the flames, notwithstanding the enemy's exertions to extinguish them, burnt so rapidly, that the whole of these works before night were consumed. The St. Carlos and St. Martin batteries, however, on this occasion, escaped the fate they had formerly experienced, but they were so much damaged, that the greater part was taken down.

"For near an hour, the enemy continued silent spectators of our cannonade. About eight, they fired a few guns from the St. Martin battery, and between nine and ten returned our fire from Fort St. Philip and Barbara, with the seven-gun battery in the lines, and soon after, from eight new mortar-batteries in the parallel. This tardiness in returning our fire in some degree we attributed to the works being confused with materials, and some of the batteries being deficient in ammunition. It might, however, be owing to want of discretionary orders, as an officer of rank was observed to enter the lines about the time when their cannonade became general; a reinforcement also marched down from the camp.

"The astonishing bravery displayed by the enemy in their repeated attempts to extinguish the flames, could not fail to attract the particular notice and admiration of the besieged. Urged on most probably by emulation, they performed prodigies of valour, so that their loss, under so well-directed a fire, must have been very considerable. The French brigade had one hundred and forty killed and wounded, and the Spanish casualties most likely bore an equal proportion. About four o'clock in the afternoon the cannonade abated on both sides, and the enemy soon after were totally silent, though the garrison continued its usual fire. The British had two or three killed and several wounded. Lieutenant Boag, of the artillery, and Ensign Gordon, of the 58th regiment, were of the latter number. The former officer had been wounded before; on this occasion, he was pointing a gun from Hanover battery in the lines, when a shell fell in the battery. He had scarcely time to throw himself down in an embrasure, when the shell burst, and fired the gun.

under the muzzle of which he lay. The report immediately deprived him of hearing, and it was some time before he recovered a tolerable use of that faculty. Major Martin, of the same corps, had likewise a very fortunate escape from a twenty-six pounder, which shot away the cock of his hat close to the crown. This anecdote is inserted because it is commonly believed that if a cannon-ball of large diameter passes so near the head of a person, the wind of it is generally fatal. The major was considerably stunned by the passage of the shot, but experienced little further injury. In the forenoon of the 8th, two more ships of the line removed to the Orange-grove, followed some time afterwards by twenty-two gun and mortar boats; and in the evening, one of the French men-of-war joined them from Algeziras. In the course of the day, a number of troops were embarked on board such of the battering-ships as were finished; and at night, the garrison artillery replaced the ammunition in the expense magazines, which had been used to such good purpose in the morning.

“This unexpected insult undoubtedly precipitated the duke’s measures; and, by provoking him to the attack before the preparations in the other departments were ready to combine with him in a general and powerful effort against the garrison, served greatly to frustrate the enterprise. Apprehensive probably, that, elated by their good fortune, they might renew their attempts finally to destroy the land-works which had escaped, the duke determined to avoid the blow, which might be so dangerous in its consequences, by opening his batteries, even in their unfinished state. Actuated most probably by these motives, the embrasures of the new batteries were unmasked during the night of the 8th; and the succeeding morning at daybreak, the garrison were surprised to find every appearance in their works for firing upon them. Two rockets from the forts in the lines were the signals to begin; and the cannonade commenced at half-past five o’clock, with a volley of about sixty shells from all their mortar batteries in the parallel, succeeded by a general discharge of their cannon, amounting in the whole to about one hundred and seventy pieces of ordnance, all of large calibre. Their firing was powerful, and entirely directed against the works of the besieged, but

was not, after the first round, altogether so tremendous and destructive as might have been expected from such a train of artillery. At intervals, from ten to twenty shells were in the air at the same moment, but their effects were not equal to the numbers expended. The town, southward of the King's bastion, was little affected; but the northern front, and line-wall, leading from the Grand Parade to the North bastion, were exceedingly warm; and the lines and Landport were greatly annoyed by the shells from the howitzers, which were distributed in various parts of their parallel; Montague's and Orange's bastions seemed to be the centre of the enemy's cross-fire, whilst the line-wall in their vicinity and to the southward was taken *à revers* by the shot which passed over the lines from the sixty-four-gun battery.

“Not imagining, from the rough appearance of the enemy's works, that they could possibly retaliate so soon, the guards and pickets of the north end of the garrison were for some time exposed, and some casualties occurred; but they soon discovered whence they were chiefly annoyed, and consequently became more cautious. Lieutenant Wharton, of the 73rd regiment, was dangerously wounded at Landport.

“Whilst the land batteries were thus pouring forth their vengeance upon the northern front, nine line-of-battle ships, including those under the French flag, got under way from the Orange-grove, and passing along the sea-line, discharged several broadsides at the garrison, and particularly at a settee which had just arrived under their guns from Algiers. When this squadron had got round Europa Point, they suddenly wore, and returning along the Europa, Bosnia, and New Mole battery, commenced a regular and heavy fire upon the garrison. The marine brigade and artillery returned the salute till they passed, when the men-of-war wore and returned to the eastward. About the same time that the enemy were thus amusing the garrison at the southward, fifteen gun and mortar boats approached the town, and continued their fire for some time; but the artillery giving them a warm reception from the King's bastion, two of them were towed off with precipitation, and the rest retired in great disorder. One was thought to be very considerably damaged, and some imagined that her gun was thrown overboard to save her from sinking.

“This mode of attacking on all sides exactly corresponded with what the garrison had heard was the plan of M. d'Arçon. He hoped, probably, to confound and overwhelm them, by presenting destruction under such various forms, and by the enormous quantity of fire which he poured in upon the garrison. The governor, however, did not approve of his troops being thus subjected to be harassed at his pleasure, and resolved, if possible, to put a stop to the sea attacks. For this purpose the furnaces and grates for heating shot, at the New Mole, were ordered to be lighted, and some new arrangements took place in the ordnance upon Windmill-hill. Towards dusk the enemy abated in the fire from their cannon, increasing, however, in the expenditure of shells, which being generally fired with short fuses, broke in the air. This practice seemed well calculated for the purposes in view. In the day they could observe with greater certainty the effect of their shot, and alter as circumstances directed; the firing at night must unavoidably be less depended upon: shells were therefore burst over the heads of the workmen of the besieged, to prevent them, if possible, from repairing at night the damage received in the day. Nevertheless it did not obstruct the duties in the department of the engineers, and the artillery were not hindered from further completing the expense magazine with ammunition. The 97th regiment* was now so far recovered as for some time to assist in the fatigue duties of the garrison; and this day the officers, with one hundred men, were added to the general roster. The town guards were likewise ordered to assemble in Southport ditch.

“The enemy's men-of-war, as General Elliott had expected, repeated their attack very early in the morning of the 10th. Each ship carried a light at her mizen-peak; but they did not appear near enough to produce much effect. They were received with a well-supported fire, and the next morning one of them was to be observed at Algeziras, with her bowsprit unshipped. The remaining eight renewed their cannonade about nine in the forenoon, and killed two of the marine brigade, and wounded a serjeant of artillery and two

* It had arrived some months before from England; but most of the men had been sick.

other men. After they had passed as before, they wore ship, apparently with an intention of continuing their visits; but suddenly put about, hauled their wind, and anchored off the Orange-grove. The governor was afterwards informed that the discovery of a red-hot shot on board one of the ships was the immediate cause of this hasty manœuvre.

"The enemy continued their firing from the isthmus, recommencing at morning gun-fire on the 10th from their gun-batteries. At seven o'clock, including the expenditure on the eighth, they had discharged 5,227 shot and 2,302 shells, exclusive of the number fired by the men-of-war and mortar-boats. The garrison, on the contrary, took no further notice of them than to return a few rounds from the terrace batteries at their working parties, who were repairing the damage done on the 8th, and completing the rest of the works. In the course of the day the *Brilliant* and *Porcupine* frigates were scuttled by the navy in the New Mole; and at night the engineers, with a working party, cleared the lines of rubbish, and restored those traverses which had been demolished. At night the enemy's fire was under the same regulation as the preceding evening.

"The next morning, when the garrison guards were being relieved, a signal was made at the town, near the quarry, under the Queen of Spain's Chair, and the enemy's cannonade became excessively brisk: fortunately few casualties occurred. Their firing, when this object ceased to engage them, seemed to be principally directed against the obstructions at Landport, and in that part of the garrison. Many of the palisades in the covered way were destroyed, and the *chevaux-de-frise* considerably injured; artificers were, however, constantly detached to repair those breaches, so that the whole were kept in a better state than might be expected. In the afternoon the garrison began to conclude that the attack with the battering-ships was no longer to be deferred. Several detachments of soldiers embarked from the camp, and others were standing on the neighbouring eminences, which, with the appearance in the evening of signals like those which had been observed on the night of the 7th, led the besieged to believe that every preparation was complete; and the wind at that time blowing gently in the bay, from the north-west, favoured the conjecture.

Landport and Waterport guards were immediately reinforced, the furnaces and grates for heating shot were lighted, and the artillery ordered to man the batteries.

“Thus prepared, the garrison waited their approach, for it seemed to be the general opinion that the battering-ships would advance and be moored in the night, that they might be less exposed to annoyance in this duty, and open together, with greater effect, at daybreak. Attention was, however, called off from the bay to the land side, where the enemy had set fire to the barriers of Bay-side and Forbes’s, and the whole of those palisades to the water’s edge were instantly involved in flames. The northern guards and pickets were immediately under arms, and a smart discharge of musketry was directed upon several parties, which, by the light of the fire, were discovered in the meadows. The enemy increasing their bombardment, and nothing new happening in consequence of the conflagration, the pickets and guards were remanded under cover, but the artillery continued upon the batteries. The garrison had scarcely recovered from this alarm, before the gun and mortar boats, with the bomb-ketches, began to bombard the northern front, taking their station off the King’s bastion, extending towards Fort St. Philip. They commenced about an hour after midnight, and their fire, added to that of the land-batteries, exceedingly annoyed Waterport and the vicinity. The out-pickets were again under arms, but providentially the British loss was trifling. The garrison returned a few rounds from the sea-line, but still disregarded the batteries on the isthmus, excepting when their workmen appeared, or were thought to be employed. Major Lewis, commandant of the artillery, was unfortunately amongst the wounded; but, however meritorious an officer, his second supplied his place admirably during his confinement.

“When the gunboats retired, nothing new occurred till the morning of the 12th: the enemy’s fire continued to be supported at the average of four thousand rounds in the twenty-four hours. About eight o’clock reports were received from Europa guard that a large fleet had appeared in the Straits from the westward. The wind was brisk, and there was scarcely time to form any opinion concerning them ere they approached the bay, and proved to be the combined

fleets of France and Spain ; consisting of seven three-deckers, and thirty-one ships of two decks ; with three frigates, and a number of xebèques, bomb-ketches, and hospital-ships, the whole under the command of ten admirals and a broad pendant. In the afternoon they were at anchor in the bay, between the Orange-grove and Algeziras.

“This great accumulation of force could not fail to surprise, if not alarm the garrison. It appeared as if the enemy meant, previous to their final efforts, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by displaying before them a more powerful armament than had probably ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including three inferior two-deckers, ten battering-ships, deemed perfect in design and esteemed invincible, carrying two hundred and twelve guns ; innumerable frigates, xebèques, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men : these were assembled in the bay. On the land side were most stupendous and strong batteries and works, mounting two hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an army of near 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general, of the highest reputation, and animated with the immediate presence of two princes of the royal blood of France, with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. Such a naval and military spectacle is scarcely to be equalled in the annals of war. From such a combination of power, and favourable concurrent circumstances, it was natural enough that the Spanish nation should anticipate the most glorious consequences. Indeed, their confidence in the effect to be produced by the battering-ships passed all bounds ; and, in the enthusiasm excited by the magnitude of their preparations, it was thought highly criminal even to whisper a doubt of success.

“In drawing these flattering conclusions, the enemy, however, seemed entirely to have overlooked the nature of that force which was opposed to them ; for though the garrison scarcely consisted of 7,000 effective men, including the marine brigade, they forgot that they were now veterans in this service, had been a long time habituated to the effects of artillery, and were prepared by degrees for the arduous conflict that awaited them. They were, at the same time,

commanded by officers of approved courage, prudence, and ability, eminent for all the accomplishments of their profession, and in whom they had unbounded confidence. Their spirits, too, were not a little elevated by the success attending the recent practice of firing red-hot shell, which, in this attack, they hoped would enable them to bring their labours to a period, and relieve them from the tedious cruelty of another vexatious blockade.

“In the morning of the 12th the governor reinforced the pickets of the line; nine of which, in future, were stationed in town, and distributed as follows: two at Waterport, two at Landport, two in the lines, and the remaining three in the picket-yard, with the field officer of the town district. The other picket of the line was continued at the southward.

“In the evening, about dusk, a number of men were observed to embark from the Orange-grove, on board the battering-ships; which, with the presence of the combined fleet, and the wind blowing favourably, induced the garrison to conclude that the important and long-meditated attack was not now to be deferred.

“The enemy’s cannonade was continued, almost on the same scale as the preceding days, during the night of the 12th. The next morning it was observed the combined fleet had made some new arrangements in their position or moorings, and that the remaining two battering-ships had joined the others at the Orange-grove, where their whole attacking force seemed to be now assembled. About a quarter before seven o’clock some motions were observed amongst their shipping; and soon after the battering-ships got under way, with a gentle breeze from the north-west, standing to the southward, to clear the men-of-war, and were attended by a number of boats. As the English naval officers were of opinion that the battering-ships would be brought before the garrison in the night, few suspected that their present manœuvres were preparatory to their commencing the attack; but, observing a crowd of spectators on the beach, near Point Mala, and upon the neighbouring eminences, and the ships edging down towards the garrison, the governor thought it would be imprudent any longer to doubt it. The town-batteries were accordingly manned, and the grates and furnaces for heating shot ordered to be lighted.

“ Thus prepared for their reception, the garrison had leisure to notice the enemy’s evolutions. The ten battering-ships, after leaving the men-of-war, wore to the north, and a little past nine o’clock bore down in admirable order for their several stations; the admiral, in a two-decker, mooring about 900 yards off the King’s bastion, the others successively taking their places to the right and left of the flagship in a masterly manner, the most distant being about 1,100 or 1,200 yards from the garrison. The British artillery allowed the enemy every reasonable advantage, in permitting them without molestation to choose their distance; but as soon as the first ship dropped her anchors, which was about a quarter before ten o’clock, that instant the British fire commenced. The enemy were completely moored in a little more than ten minutes, and their cannonade then became, in a high degree, tremendous. The showers of shot and shells which were now directed from their land-batteries, the battering-ships, and, on the other hand, from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a scene of which perhaps neither the pen nor the pencil can furnish a competent idea. It is sufficient to say that *upwards of four hundred* pieces of the heaviest artillery were playing at the same moment: an instance which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of those wonderful engines of destruction.

“ After some hours’ cannonade, the battering-ships were found to be no less formidable than they had been represented. The heaviest shells often rebounded from their tops, whilst the thirty-two-pound shot seemed incapable of making any visible impression upon their hulls. The garrison frequently flattered themselves they were on fire; but no sooner did the smoke appear, than, with the most persevering intrepidity, men were observed applying water from their engines within to those places whence the smoke issued. These circumstances, with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave the garrison reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided as from the recent success against their land-batteries had been fondly expected. Even the artillery themselves, at this period, had their doubts of the effect of the red-hot shot, which began to be used about twelve, but were not general till between one

and two o'clock. To show the spirit in which the defence was carried on, the men jocularly called the supplies of red-hot shot, obtained by making fires of wood in the corners of old buildings, 'batches of roasted potatoes for the dons and monsieurs.'"

"The enemy's cannon at the commencement were too much elevated; but about noon their firing was powerful and well-directed. The garrison casualties then became numerous, particularly on those batteries north of the King's bastion, which were warmly assailed by the enemy's flanking and reverse fire from the land. Though so vexatiously annoyed from the isthmus, the garrison artillery totally disregarded their opponents in that quarter, directing their sole attention to the battering-ships, the furious and spirited opposition of which served to excite their people to more animated exertions. A fire more tremendous, if possible, than ever, was therefore poured down from the rock; incessant showers of hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every description, flew from all quarters; and, as the masts of several of the ships were shot away and the rigging of all was in great confusion, hopes of a favourable and speedy decision began to revive in the garrison.

"About noon, their mortar-boats and bomb-ketches attempted to second the attack from the battering-ships, but the wind having changed to the south-west and blowing a smart breeze with a heavy swell, they were prevented taking a part in the action. The same reason also hindered the British gun-boats from flanking the battering-ships from the southward.

"For some hours the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as scarcely to admit any appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. The wonderful construction of the ships seemed to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the face of things began to change considerably: the smoke which had been observed to issue from the upper part of the flag-ship appeared to prevail, notwithstanding the constant application of water, and the admiral's second was perceived to be in the same condition. Confusion was now apparent on board several of the vessels, and by the evening the cannonade was considerably abated: about seven or

eight o'clock it almost totally ceased, excepting from one or two ships to the northward, which from their distance had suffered little injury.

When their firing began to slacken, various signals were made from the southernmost ships, and as the evening advanced, many rockets were thrown up, to inform their friends, as afterwards learned, of their extreme danger and distress. These signals were immediately answered, and several boats were seen to row round the disabled ships. The garrison artillery at this period caused dreadful havoc amongst them. An indistinct clamour with lamentable cries and groans proceeded, during the short intervals of cessation, from all quarters; and a little before midnight, a wreck floated in under the townline-wall, upon which were twelve men, who only, out of threescore which were on board their launch, had escaped. These circumstances convinced the garrison that they had gained an advantage over the enemy; yet they did not conceive that the victory was so complete as the succeeding morning evinced. The British firing therefore was continued, though with less vivacity; but as the artillery from such a hard-fought day, exposed to the intense heat of a warm sun, in addition to the harassing duties of the preceding night, were much fatigued, and as it was impossible to foresee what new objects might demand their service the following day, the governor, about six in the evening, when the enemy's fire abated, permitted the majority of the officers and men to be relieved by a picket of a hundred men from the marine brigade, under the command of Lieutenant Trentham; and officers and non-commissioned officers of the artillery were stationed in the different batteries, to direct the sailors in the mode of firing the hot shot.

“About an hour after midnight, the battering-ship which had suffered the greatest injury, and which had been frequently on fire the preceding day, was completely in flames, and by two o'clock in the morning of the 14th, she appeared as one continued blaze from stem to stern. The ship to the southward of her was also on fire, but did not burn with so much rapidity. The light thrown out on all sides by the flames enabled the artillery to point the guns with the utmost precision, whilst the rock and neighbouring objects

were highly illuminated, forming with the constant flashes of the cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and terror. Between three and four o'clock, six other of the battering-ships indicated the efficacy of the red-hot shot; and the approaching day now promised the British garrison one of the completest defensive victories on record.

“Brigadier Curtis, who was encamped with his brigade at Europa, being informed that the enemy's ships were in flames, and that the calmness of the sea would permit his gun-boats to act, marched about three o'clock a.m. with a detachment to the New Mole; and, drawing up his twelve boats in such a manner as to flank the battering-ships, compelled their boats to abandon them. As the day approached and the garrison fire abated, the brigadier advanced and captured two launches filled with men. These boats attempted to escape, but a shot killing and wounding several men on board one of them, both surrendered, and were conducted to Ragged Staff. The brigadier being informed by the prisoners that many men were through necessity left by their friends on board the ships, he generously determined to rescue them. Some of these infatuated wretches nevertheless, it is said, refused at first the deliverance offered to them, preferring the death before them to being put to the sword, as they were taught to believe they should be if they submitted to the British. Being left, however, some moments to the horrors of their fate, they beckoned the boats to return, and resigned themselves to the clemency of their conquerors.

“Whilst the navy were thus humanely relieving their distressed enemy, the flames reached the magazine of one of the battering-ships to the northward, and it blew up about five o'clock, with a dreadful explosion. In a quarter of an hour after, another in the centre of the line met with a similar fate. The wreck from the latter spread to a vast extent, and involved the British gun-boats in the most imminent danger; one was sunk, but the crew were saved. A hole was forced through the bottom of the brigadier's boat, his coxswain was killed, and the strokesman wounded, and for some time the crew were obscured in the cloud of smoke. After this very fortunate escape, it was deemed prudent to withdraw towards the garrison, to avoid the peril arising from the blowing up of the remaining ships. The brigadier,

however, visited two other ships on his return, and landed nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and thirty-four soldiers and seamen, all Spaniards, which, with one officer and eleven Frenchmen, who had floated in the preceding evening, made the total number saved amount to three hundred and fifty-seven. Many of the prisoners were severely, and some of them dreadfully wounded. On being brought ashore, they were instantly conveyed to the garrison hospital, and every remedy was administered necessary for their different cases." This is one of the brightest pages in the history of British warfare; so striking indeed, that even the enemies were eager to announce to the world what they owed to the humanity of the garrison; both French and Spanish writers are at least as warm in praise of Sir Roger Curtis's noble exertions on this occasion, as the English historian of the siege.

"During the time that the marine brigade were encountering every danger in their endeavours to save an enemy from perishing, the batteries on the isthmus, which had ceased the preceding evening, most likely from want of ammunition, and which had opened again upon the garrison on the morning of the 14th, maintained a warm fire upon the town, which killed and wounded several men, and three or four shells burst in the air over the very spot where their countrymen were landed. This ungenerous proceeding could not escape the observation of the spectators in their camp, and orders were probably sent to the lines for the batteries to cease, as they were silent about ten o'clock.

"Notwithstanding the efforts of the marine brigade in relieving the terrified victims from the burning ships, many unfortunate men could not be saved. The scene at this time exhibited was as affecting as that which had been presented in the act of hostility had been terrible and tremendous. Men crying from amidst the flames for pity and assistance; others on board those ships where the fire had made little progress, imploring relief with the most expressive gestures and signs of despair; whilst several, equally exposed to the dangers of the opposite element, trusted themselves on various parts of the wreck to the chance of paddling themselves to the shore. A filucca belonging to the enemy approached from the Orange-grove, probably with the inten-

tion of relieving these unfortunate persons; but, jealous of her motives, the garrison suspected that she came to set fire to one of the battering-ships, which appeared but little injured, and obliged her to retire. Of the six ships which were still in flames, three blew up before eleven o'clock; the other three burned to the water's edge, the magazines being wetted by the enemy before the principal officers quitted the ships. The admiral's flag was on board one of the latter, and was consumed with the vessel. The remaining two battering-ships, it was hoped, might be saved as glorious trophies; but one of them unexpectedly burst out in flames, and in a short time blew up with a terrible report; and Captain Gibson representing it as impracticable to preserve the other, it was burnt in the afternoon under his direction. Thus the navy put a finishing hand to this signal defensive victory.

"During the hottest period of the cannonade the governor was present on the King's bastion, whilst Lieutenant-General Boyd took his station upon the South bastion, animating the garrison by their presence.

"Whilst the enemy were cool and their ships had received little damage, their principal objects were the King's bastion, and the line-wall north of Orange's bastion. Their largest ships, which were about 1,400 tons burden, were stationed off the former, in order to silence that important battery, whilst a breach was attempted by the rest in a curtain extending from the latter to Montague's bastion. The prisoners informed the garrison, that if a breach had been effected, their grenadiers were to have stormed the garrison under cover of the combined fleets. The private men complained bitterly of their officers for describing the battering-ships as invulnerable, and for promising that they were to be seconded by ten sail of the line, and all the gun and mortar boats. They further said that they had been taught to believe that the garrison would not be able to discharge many rounds of hot balls; their astonishment, therefore, was inconceivable when they discovered that they fired them with the same precision and vivacity as cold shot. The enemy's loss, including the prisoners, could not be less than two thousand men. The casualties of the garrison, on the contrary, were so trifling, that it will appear almost incredi-

ble that such a quantity of fire, in almost all its destructive modes of action, should not have produced more effect. They amounted to one officer, two subalterns, and thirteen privates killed, and to five officers and sixty-three privates wounded!

“An annoying and vindictive firing was kept up occasionally by the besiegers, and warmly responded to by the garrison, but from the 15th of September the siege was little more than a badly-kept blockade. On the 2nd of February the governor received a note from the duke de Crillon, informing him that preliminaries of a general peace had been signed in January. He had likewise the supreme satisfaction to learn that the garrison of Gibraltar, for which he and his gallant garrison had fought so bravely and persistently, was to remain in the hands of Great Britain.

“General Elliott was made a knight of the Bath, the Parliament settled a handsome pension on him for life, and on his return home in 1787, he was raised to the British peerage by the title of Baron Heathfield, of Gibraltar. The gallant and humane Brigadier Curtis received the most appropriate honour of knighthood, as a reward for his truly chivalric conduct. General Boyd was created a knight of the Bath, and General Green distinguished by a baronetcy. The thanks of both houses of Parliament were voted to the generals, officers, and privates who had served on this glorious occasion.”

In our account of this most remarkable siege of modern times, we have unhesitatingly made free with Captain Drinkwater's admirable narrative. Whilst compiling this work, the reading of that book has been the most pleasing part of our labours, and on closing it we exclaimed, “This is almost as fully entitled to a place in every military student's library, as Dibdin's Songs in that of every sailor.”

SERINGAPATAM.

A.D. 1799.

It is not our business here to discuss the means by which the English empire in India has been obtained, nor have we

even space to detail the circumstances which led to the subjugation of Mysore, under Tippoo Saib, the last of its kings: our affair is with sieges only.

Two English armies directed their course towards Seringapatam, the capital of the kingdom of Mysore. General Harris crossed the Cauvery on the 31st of March, and established himself at two miles from the south-west of that city; he there waited for General Stuart, who joined him seven days after with a body of troops detached from the army of Madras. Confident in the strength of the works which surround the island in which Seringapatam is situated, Tippoo Saib made no effort to oppose this junction. The works were furnished with four hundred pieces of cannon, and constructed with the greatest care. For some time he satisfied himself with defending his outworks. The resistance of the sultan, on this point, was as short as it was useless. General Stuart made the Indian troops fall back to within eight hundred toises of the western angle of the place, and carried an intrenchment which separated him from General Harris, so that Seringapatam was completely invested, and the first parallel was immediately opened. Battery on breach was commenced on the 1st of May; by the 4th it was deemed practicable. Four regiments were selected to mount to the breach. General Harris, the more to surprise the sultan, deferred giving the signal till the moment of the greatest heat, in the middle of the day. The English troops and the sepoy grenadiers marched out of the trenches, crossed the pebbly bed of the Cauvery under a murderous fire, and mounted to the breaches effected in the *fausse-braye* and the rampart. The combat was bloody and obstinate. Tippoo Saib, taken by surprise, and rendered desperate by the fear of loss of empire and life, faced death wherever the greatest peril threatened: he perished in the *mêlée*, together with his principal officers. All the fortifications were carried, but the children of the sultan still defended themselves in the palace, which contained his family, his wives, and his treasures. General Harris promised safety and protection to the inhabitants of the palace, and they surrendered immediately. The body of Tippoo was sought for, and found beneath a heap of slain, near one of the gates; he was recognised by his family, and deposited

in the tomb of his father, Hyder Ali. The treasures of his palace were distributed among the victorious army. After the taking of Seringapatam, Tippoo's children, his relations, and the princes engaged in alliance with him, submitted. This brilliant operation rendered the English absolute masters of the peninsula of India.

SARAGOSSA.

A.D. 1809.

ALTHOUGH, like the most trivial accident of life, every small siege which occurred in the memorable Peninsular war had, doubtless, its bearing upon the general result, we can afford room only for the most prominent. The siege of every place remains, to all time, an interesting epoch in its own annals, but the student of history only pauses at such conflicts of the kind as have been distinguished by the presence of great captains, have been brought about by remarkable circumstances or revolutions, or have led to consequences important to nations or to mankind in general. We have another cause, likewise, for not dwelling upon the Spanish sieges; they have been laid before the public so admirably, that to go into their details after Sir William Napier, would not only be a work of supererogation, but would lead to a comparison in which we could but suffer.

After glancing over the vast number of sieges that have been the subjects of our attention, we cannot but consider that of Saragossa to be one of the most anomalous. A strongly-fortified city, admirably placed, was filled to overflowing with a population enthusiastic in the cause, and with thirty thousand cannoniers, and a body of peasants, sappers, miners, and navigators from the canal-works, contained a mass of fifty thousand combatants. In addition to this, many, if not most of the houses were fire-proof; and there were innumerable large buildings, such as convents and churches, that were all capable of being fortified, and supplying defences in detail against an enemy who might penetrate into the interior. They had abundance of pro-

visions, and all the munitions of war,—even its sinews, money,—that could be required in a long protracted siege. But above all this was the *cause*; every man might be said to be a volunteer, fighting for all he held dearest in life. “Doors and windows were built up, house-fronts loopholed, internal communication opened, streets trenched and crossed by earthen ramparts mounted with cannon, and every strong building was a fortification: there was no weak point, there could be none, in a city which was all fortress, where the space covered by houses was the measure of the ramparts.” So, and admirably, says Sir William Napier; but in one so well read in the history of sieges as he must be, this is saying a great deal. For our part, we think there is no fortification in which genius equal to that of the constructor, backed by courage, vigilance, and enterprise, cannot find a weak point. Look back at the impregnable Valenciennes, taken by a *coup-de-main* in a few hours, from the discovery of an imprudently-constructed door.

But what marks the siege of Saragossa so distinctly from all others, is the small number of the besieging army. To invest a large city, so garrisoned and provided, the French had but thirty-five thousand men, and were only able to complete their investment in a thin indefensible manner. In addition to the siege, they were compelled to be perpetually on the watch, as the whole country around was against them, and Palafox's brother, Lazan, hovered about with a body of troops, to throw in when occasion offered.

In reading the details of the siege, we meet with little or no defection, because defection was punished with the utmost severity; the garrison having only the “choice of the enemy in front of their dwellings, and the gibbet behind them.” The public enthusiasm was kept up by processions, sham miracles, false manifestoes, indeed everything that could work upon a superstitious, excited people; and yet from the beginning the progress of the French was steady, and almost unbroken. They had certainly vicissitudes; in such a conflict how could it be otherwise? They even became dispirited for a moment, by fatigue and the prospect of the obstacles before them; but we do not think that Lasnès had ever a doubt of ultimately obeying Napoleon's commands, by taking the city. It certainly was a great

triumph of seasoned disciplined soldiery, conducted by courage and skill in their commanders, over a much superior force, surrounded by all the defences art and nature could furnish. As soldiers, we think the taking of Saragossa highly to the honour of the French.

Napoleon was very desirous of the capture of Saragossa, which is looked upon as the bulwark of the eastern provinces of Spain; and his preparations for effecting it were those of a general and a politician. But Lasnes, to whom he had assigned the command, fell sick; Moncey and Ney committed strategic errors, and his purpose was at least delayed. This gave the Spanish leaders time to prepare likewise, and they did not neglect it. In the sieges of cities, when people are earnest in their defence, they do not confine themselves to the operations of art, or even the weapons of war; they think everything a legitimate instrument that can protect themselves or annoy the enemy: thus we see in one the citizens hurling their beehives, with their swarms of stinging insects, upon their invaders; and in another, one of the greatest, but at the same time the most senseless of the world's disturbers, killed by a tile thrown by an old woman. So with the inhabitants of Saragossa: while paying due attention to their military works, they took advantage of everything that could be converted to the one great purpose in hand.

The only unpardonable error was that of Palafox; although zealous in all ways at the commencement of the contest, when the French had made serious way into the heart of the city, he seems to have abandoned his post, and to have passed his time in intemperance and debauchery.

Like men made wise by practice in their cruel trade, the French generals did not move till they were quite prepared with not only magazines but hospitals; they knew such a game could not be played without losses and accidents; and there is no greater encouragement to the soldier marching into battle than an undoubting conviction that if wounded he shall be taken care of;—the sight of the hospital is as cheering to him as that of the provision-store.

On the 20th of December they advanced, and on the 21st attacked Monte Terrore, deluding the besieged by the show of one column, while another crossed the canal, under the

aqueduct, and passing beneath the city and the fort, entered the latter in the rear. With a third column they attacked the grand sluice. The Spaniards were forced to retreat; which so exasperated the populace and their leaders, that the captain, who had been thus the first to retreat, was with difficulty saved from the effects of their indignation.

While this assault was being made, General Gazan made a simultaneous attempt upon the suburb, in which he put from three to four hundred men *hors de combat*. He, however, did not do all he might have done, which cheered the Spaniards.

By the 24th the city was invested, and every French general was at his post; Lacoste directing the operations, as chief engineer. He instituted one false and two real attacks; and on the 29th the trenches were opened. According to custom, the place was summoned, and the terms previously offered by Napoleon were repeated; it being added that Madrid had surrendered. To this Palafox haughtily replied, "If Madrid has surrendered, Madrid has been sold. Saragossa will neither be sold nor surrender." This was accepting the challenge, and the French ordered three attacks to be made.

On the 31st the besieged made a sally, which would have been a complete failure but for a small advantage gained by a body of their cavalry. Palafox, perhaps justifiably, magnified this into a victory in his manifesto: he had not only to lead his compatriots, but to keep up their enthusiasm: his great opponent, Buonaparte, was a past master in this part of his craft.

On the 1st of January the besieged made a serious assault upon Gazan, whom they seemed to consider weak, and, to mask their design, sent out skirmishing parties: the great affair was a failure, while the skirmishers gathered a few laurels.

A change took place in the French generals; Moncey went to Madrid, and Junot succeeded him. The very thin investment was completed by a line of circumvallation, to supply the want of numbers.

The Spaniards had looked for the destruction of their enemies to the diseases usually produced by the wet period; but it this year proved a very dry season, and the French

were enabled to proceed with their works in comparative secrecy, by the prevalence of dense morning fogs. On the 10th the city was bombarded with so much effect that the Spaniards withdrew their guns from the convent of San Joseph. The latter attempted a sally at midnight, but, though bravely executed, it proved unsuccessful: they lost one hundred men out of two hundred engaged.

The batteries having made a practicable breach, the French resolved upon an attack on the 11th. After much hard fighting, the convent of San Joseph was stormed, and some of the *élite*, as in the door at Valenciennes, finding a bridge, entered by the rear, while their comrades were storming the front. The French lost but few men, and made a considerable advance.

The operations on the 15th were still in favour of the French; the Spaniards cut the bridge of Santa Engracia, and sprung a mine; but it proved harmless. The progress of the French was steady and scientific, and the inhabitants were confined to the city.

In this aspect of affairs the Spanish leaders published a flaming account of the emperor being defeated; and, amidst music and shouts, named the marshals who had fallen in the battle. They likewise asserted that Palafox's brother was devastating France: "but," says Sir William Napier, "however improbable, this all met with credence; the invention of the leaders being scarcely able to keep pace with the credulity of their followers." The French were not without their difficulties; all the country was in a state of insurrection against the king they wished to impose upon the Spanish nation, and they began to be sensible of the want of provisions. The generals were also said not to accord in their views; discipline was relaxed, and the soldiers were reported to feel their zeal diminished. But we can scarcely imagine that there were any serious obstacles, when we look to the result.

Another strange circumstance is, that while the Spaniards obtained supplies of troops, the French could not bring up a division without its being harassed by the insurgents. Lazan, Palafox's brother, was very active in his annoyances.

Lasnes, now recovered from his illness, resumed the command, and soon made it appear that the French had a

captain at their head. In an attempt to silence a battery, Mariano Galendo gained much honour but no advantage, for he missed his object, lost his men, and was himself taken prisoner.

The operations continued to be all gradually in favour of the French; the walls began to fall, and the breaches were many and wide. On the 29th, a formidable body marched from the trenches to the walls; and though driven back by a heavy fire from the inner intrenchments, they kept their lodgment and connected it with the trenches.

A division of Poles in the French army now made a most successful assault, which stimulated the men in the trenches to make a wild effort to get into the city; but they were stopped by grape and a severe fire from the houses. The French lost six hundred men; but they never seemed to move without advance.

Thus the walls of Saragossa were brought to the ground; "but," as Sir William Napier eloquently says, "Saragossa remained erect, and as the broken girdle fell from the heroic city, the besiegers started at the aspect of her naked strength." The defences of art had failed and were gone, but the people and the spirit that animated them were still in full vitality. As if to denote that science was not the principle to be now relied on, the chief engineers on both sides were simultaneously slain.

When we revert to the manner in which the town was internally fortified, we may suppose the nature of the warfare carried on, when besieged and besiegers were mingled in the desperate conflicts of house and street fighting: all the confusion and all the horrors that the most powerful imagination can conceive, were to be found in this doomed city; and, as yet, neither side blenched; the Spaniards fought as desperately for their hearths and their homes, as the French contended bravely for victory and honour.

The people seemed animated by the very frenzy of despair; and Lasnes, convinced that his comparatively small army could not expect success against such numbers, and so excited, resolved to depend upon the slow but certain process of the mine.

Each day now is nothing but a repetition of fighting for

every house, and sweeping the great thoroughfares with artillery. We endeavour to follow the contests, and account for the results, but we cannot; all seem struggling, and that bravely: the French are little more than half the number of the Spaniards; the latter are in their own place, of which they know every nook and corner; they are seconded by their women, and are stimulated by everything that can act upon the generous part of the nature of man;—and yet, at every nightfall, the French have made progress.

The French found that by the usual allowance of powder for their mines they destroyed the buildings, and left no walls to shelter their own soldiers; they therefore lessened the quantity. Their adversaries perceiving this, saturated the timbers of their buildings with resin and pitch, and setting fire to those that could not be maintained, raised a burning barrier to their progress.

And now came on the horrors of devastation; the city was crumbling before the French fire and above their mines in all parts; the noises of artillery, crashing houses, shouts, shrieks, and groans of anguish, were mingled in awful sublimity. The Cosso, or great public walk, was the principal object of attack and defence for several days; by immense mines and constant firing, the French at length succeeded in obtaining this; and they then continued their underground ramifications in the most surprising manner. It was at this point of the siege the spirit of the French began to flag: fifty days' incessant labour and fighting had exhausted, for a moment, their boiling courage; they were dying ingloriously, like rats, in subterraneous trenches. This is not the scene for the French soldier:—he likes broad day, the eyes of man upon him, and an obstacle that can be overcome by one brave effort. They began to reflect upon the disparity of numbers, and to ask each other who ever heard of thirty-five thousand men besieging fifty thousand?

But Lasnes knew the stimulant that was wanted. A harvest of glory in promise was sufficient; and whilst excited by the prospect, he led them on the 18th of February to a grand assault.

During this assault, mines containing three thousand pounds of powder were sprung, and amidst the crash of

falling buildings, fifty guns thundered upon the suburb and the bridge over the Ebro, and made a large practicable breach in the convent of St. Lazar. This was taken, the passage of the bridge was intercepted, and awful havoc was made among the troops. Gazan forced two thousand men to surrender, and took possession of the Spanish works.

This being followed by another attack and by the devastating explosion of sixteen hundred pounds of powder, the besieged began to tremble. Palafox sent an aide-de-camp to demand, in addition to certain terms before offered by the French commander, that the garrison should be allowed to join the Spanish armies, with a fixed number of covered carriages. As might have been expected, Lasnes rejected these proposals, and the firing continued; but the hour of surrender was come. A little more sharp firing and the explosion of another mine or two, together with the dread of others, completed the consternation.

But to increase the horrors of the situation of the people, pestilence of a fearful kind arose from the manner in which the women, children, and aged inhabitants were crowded into cellars lighted by oil. The closeness of the atmosphere, with bad and unusual diet, produced diseases that assailed both the strong and the weak; the daily deaths were from four to five hundred. Sixteen thousand shells were thrown during the siege, and forty-five thousand pounds of powder had been exploded in the mines; forty thousand persons had perished!

Palafox was sick, and most of the other leaders were either dead or disabled. According to French writers, the place surrendered at discretion; but the Spanish authors assert that Lasnes granted the following terms, the name of Ferdinand VII. being omitted from the instrument:—"The garrison to march out with the honours of war, to be considered prisoners, and sent to France; the officers to retain their swords, baggage, and horses, the men their knapsacks. Persons of either class willing to serve under Joseph, to be immediately enrolled in the ranks; the peasants to be sent to their homes; property and religion to be guaranteed."

There was much dissension in the city about these terms; but the Junta took prompt measures to give up the walls near the castle, and, in the words of Sir William Napier,

“ on the 21st of February, from twelve to fifteen thousand sickly beings, having laid down their arms, which they could now scarcely handle, this cruel and memorable siege terminated.”

In this siege we have had recourse principally to Sir William Napier; indeed, to what other source could we look with so much confidence? We only regret that we did not feel at liberty to copy his account literally. His is the graphic description of a man who not only conscientiously relates the history of the events, but proves that he professionally understands all he speaks of. He is like Xenophon describing the immortal retreat of the ten thousand. There is only one thing in which we cannot agree with him. Being a soldier, he perhaps has a leaning to all who have distinguished themselves in his profession, and on that account, gives frequent and strong praise to Buonaparte. Now we cannot join him to anything like the extent of his admiration for that extraordinary adventurer. When the wings of victory fanned his standard, he was glorious and triumphant; but in reverses, he showed himself deficient in what has been the pride of the greatest generals. Condé's retreat from Arras was one of the proudest feats of his military career. As a piece of generalship, Moreau's famous retreat is equal to any one of Buonaparte's victories.

B A D A J O S.

A. D. 1811.

THE Peninsular sieges in which the English were concerned are principally useful as lessons to statesmen, and consequently to the people who support these statesmen. The siege of Badajos failed, although a Wellington superintended it; but, as Sir William Napier justly says, “ it was not strange that it did fail; for the British government sent an engineer corps into the field so ill-provided, that all the officers' bravery and zeal could not render it efficient. The very tools used, especially those from the storekeeper-general's department, were unfit for work; the captured French cutting instruments were eagerly sought for in preference,

and when the soldiers' lives and the honour of England's arms were at stake, English cutlery would not bear comparison with French." This account has been published many years; all whose business it was to read it and profit by the lesson have had ample time; and yet, in what respect does it differ from the same culpable error—we were going to say, but must substitute criminal jobbery—with regard to the war munitions of the Crimea?

Though ardently wishing for the capture of Badajos, Wellington knew he had not that great necessary in all sieges, time, to effect it regularly. If he laid siege to it in form, the French would be able to bring assistance that would render his endeavours nugatory; he could not command more than twenty days; with bad guns, deficient stores, and no regular corps of sappers and miners; as General Picton wittily and keenly observed, "Lord Wellington sued Badajos *in formâ pauperis*." Reckoning all the deficiencies, regular approaches could not be ventured upon, and attacks upon the castle and Fort Cristoval were adopted instead; and these were to take place at the same time. A battering-train was very quickly got ready, consisting of thirty twenty-four-pounders, four sixteen-pounders, and twelve eight and ten-inch howitzers converted into mortars by being placed on trucks; these, with six iron Portuguese guns, made fifty-two pieces; and of British and Portuguese gunners there were collected six hundred. But even these were inefficient; for many of the guns were nearly useless from age; the gunners were inexperienced, and there was no time to teach them their craft.

On the 24th of May, Haston's division, consisting of five thousand men, invested San Cristoval.

Phillipon, who, under the direction of Soult, governed in the town, took every precaution necessary; and the townsmen joined their efforts to those of the garrison to forward the works of defence.

Ground being broken for a false attack upon Pardileras on the 29th, the next night a parallel of eleven hundred yards was sunk against the castle, without the workmen being observed by the enemy; the same night another parallel, of four hundred and fifty yards from San Cristoval, and seven hundred from the bridge-head, was opened; one

breaching and two counter mines were raised on this line, to prevent sallies by the bridge from the fort.

The attack against the castle proceeded favourably, but the soil and the situation rendered that of Cristoval slow and attended with loss: it was not finished before the night of the 1st of June. It was much impeded by some well-directed mortars from the garrison, which, strange to say, were stopped by Phillipon, from the mistaken idea that he was throwing their fire away.

On the night of the 2nd, however, the battery against San Cristoval began, and after the guns and men had got into practice, much mischief was done to the castle. On the 4th, the garrison added the fire of several guns to their artillery, and some of the besiegers' were silenced.

The contest was kept up with tolerable spirit till two breaches were made in San Cristoval; and one of them appearing practicable, an assault was ordered, assisted by a diversion in another quarter.

The stormers reached the glacis and descended the ditch without being discovered; but they found the obstacles insurmountable, and the forlorn hope was about to retire before committing themselves to serious injury, when the main body, annoyed by a flank fire from the town, followed them into the ditch with their ladders. But the ladders proved too short, and the defence from within was so firm, that immediate retreat was necessary, and that attended with considerable loss.

The errors in this attack are subjects of military discussion; but we have not space to enter into them. The French acted with great skill and activity in clearing away ruins, presenting every obstacle that could be thought of, natural as well as scientific, and by the judicious disposition of well-armed men. Succours being at hand, a second attack was thought advisable, if any hopes could be entertained of the capture of the place. This time, things were better managed; but on the other side, Phillipon made adequate preparations to meet them.

But this attack proved no more fortunate than the former. It was led with infinite spirit by Major M'Geechy, who fell early. The French seem to have laughed at the affair, as they jeeringly called to the men in the ditch to come on.

But barrels of powder rolled down among them, with the addition of shells and musketry, proved worse than their jeers. All went wrong: the troops quarrelled for the ladders, though not many of them could be reared; confusion ensued; and the enemy naturally took advantage of it: those who ascended the ladders were met with the bayonet; the ladders themselves were overturned; and a murderous fire was poured upon the unfortunate mass in the ditch. Soult's approach rendered further attempts impossible; and the siege was converted into a blockade.

Sir William Napier's remarks are very severe upon this siege. In addition to what we have before quoted, he says: "This siege, in which four hundred men and officers fell, violated all rules. The working parties were too weak, the guns and stores too few, the points of attack ill-chosen; the defences were untouched by counter-fire, and the breaching-batteries were too distant for the bad guns; howitzers on trucks were poor substitutes for mortars, and the sap was not practised. Lastly, the assaults were made before the glacis had been crowned and a musketry-fire established against the breach."

SECOND ENGLISH SIEGE, A.D. 1812.

Lord Wellington having collected his troops in the Alentejo, marched against Badajos, and commenced the siege on the 16th of March, 1812.

On the 29th, previous to the opening of the breaching-batteries, the enemy made a sortie upon the Portuguese troops under General Hamilton, who invested the place on the right of the Guadiana; but they were immediately repulsed with some loss.

On the 31st, the English began to fire upon the face of the bastion to the south-west of the angle of the fort of Trinidad, and upon the flank of the bastion Santa Maria, with twenty-six pieces of artillery formed in two batteries in the second parallel. The fire of the batteries was constant and tremendous from the 31st to the evening of April 3rd, not less than sixty-four shots per minute being thrown. On the 4th of April, a battery of six pieces was opened upon the ravelin of St. Roque.

On the evening of the 5th, the breaches were declared practicable; but as the enemy appeared to be making most formidable preparations to repel any assault, Lord Wellington determined to wait till the third breach was also practicable. This being deemed to be so by the evening of the 6th, it was resolved to storm the place without an hour's delay.

The arrangements made for this purpose were as follows: The third division under General Picton was directed to attack the castle by escalade, while the guards in the trenches, which were furnished from the fourth division, should attack the ravelin of St. Roque, on the left of the castle. The fourth division, under Major-General Colville, and the light division, under Colonel Bernard, were ordered to attack the breaches in the bastions of Trinidad and Santa Maria. Major-General Walker, with his brigade, was to make a false attack upon the fort of Pardileras and other works on the banks of the Guadiana; and General Power, with the Portuguese troops under his command, had orders to attack the *tête-du-pont* and fort of San Cristoval on the right of that river.

The attack commenced exactly at ten o'clock at night. The breaches were attacked in the most gallant manner by the fourth and light divisions, who got almost to the covered way before they were perceived by the enemy. But General Phillipon had brought the bravest of his troops to that point, and every obstacle that the shortness of the time would admit of was opposed to their advance; and notwithstanding the most determined and almost desperate efforts which were made by the British to overcome these obstacles, they were three times repulsed, and were unable to effect an entry by the breaches. Many a gallant man fell a victim to his bravery, and success had almost become hopeless, when the commander was informed that General Picton was in possession of the castle.

This cheering information soon spread through the ranks, and the allied troops returned to the charge with an impetuosity that nothing could oppose, and in ten minutes more they were in possession of the place. General Walker succeeded in his attack upon the Pardileras, which was taken possession of by the 15th Portuguese infantry, under Colonel

de Regoa, and the 8th Caçadores, under Major Hill. General Walker also forced the barrier on the Olevença road, and entering the covered way on the left of the bastion of St. Vincent, he descended into the ditch, and scaled the face of the bastion. Phillipon fled with a few troops to the fort of San Cristoval, but at the break of the following day he surrendered the fort and garrison.

We have here set down the prominent facts of this siege with the brevity our space commands; but if we had the opportunity for going into the details enjoyed by the elegant historian of the Peninsular war, what a world of stirring instances of devotion, bravery, and suffering we should have to relate!

Although we are bound to hold the work of a contemporary sacred, we cannot resist offering a picture of the horrors of war, given by one evidently, on other occasions, fond and proud of his profession. At the close of this siege, Sir William Napier says:—

“ Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnishes the lustre of the soldier’s heroism. All indeed were not alike; hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders, here all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled: the wounded men were *then* looked to, and the dead disposed of!

“ Five thousand men fell in this short siege—three thousand five hundred in the assault—in a space of less than a hundred square yards!

“ When the extent of the night’s havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.”

CIUDAD RODRIGO.

A.D. 1812.

THE allied army under Lord Wellington remained in cantonments till the 7th of January, waiting for the arrival of the artillery; the light divisions being advanced in front, observing the enemy's movements.

The battering-train having reached Almeida on the 8th, Lord Wellington commenced the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo. Before this place could be even approached, it was necessary to take or destroy a palisadoed redoubt, which had been erected on the hill of St. Francisco, as also three fortified convents connected with that work. This operation was given to Major-General Crawford, who, as soon as it was dark, sent Colonel Colborne, of the 52nd, with a detachment of the light division, to take the fort. The attack was ably conducted by Colonel Colborne; it was stormed in gallant style, two captains and forty-seven men being made prisoners. Captain Mein, of the 52nd, who led the storming party, was severely wounded, but the British loss was trifling. In consequence of this success, the army broke ground the same night, within six hundred yards of the city, notwithstanding that the enemy held the fortified convents.

On the 14th of January, Lord Wellington opened his fire from twenty-two pieces of ordnance, which formed three batteries in the first parallel. On the night of that day, likewise, the approach was opened with the second parallel, and the besiegers were established in it, within a hundred and fifty yards of the walls of the place. This operation was rendered secure on the right, by General Sir Thomas Graham having surprised the enemy's detachment in the convent of Santa Cruz, and General Colville equally secured it on the left by getting possession of the convent of St. Francisco.

January 15th, 16th, and 17th were spent in completing the second parallel and the approaches to it, and in erecting

a battery in the neighbourhood of the convent of St. Francisco, which opened on the 18th. By the 18th the breaches in the *fausse-braie* wall, and in the body of the place, effected by the batteries in the first parallel, were considered practicable, as was also a breach in the suburbs of St. Francisco, which had been made by the batteries opened on the 15th. Marmont was now, to all appearance, advancing with a powerful force from Salamanca, for the purpose of raising the siege; Lord Wellington therefore saw that no time was to be lost, and accordingly determined to make an instant attempt on the city by storm.

The third and light divisions were fixed upon for this important service, as they happened to be the troops on duty that day, the army taking the duties of the trenches by divisions during the siege. They were formed into five columns. The two right, conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Toole, of the 2nd Portuguese Caçadores, and Major Ridge, of the 5th regiment, were destined to protect the advance of the third column, which was composed of General M'Kinnon's brigade, to the top of the breach in the *fausse-braie* wall. The fourth column was composed of the 43rd and 52nd, and part of the 95th regiments, and was directed by General Crawford. This was destined to attack the breach on the left, in the suburbs of St. Francisco, and to cover the left of the attack at the principal breach by the troops of the third division, under General Picton. General Pack's Portuguese brigade, which formed the fifth column, was directed to make a false attack upon the south face of the fort. Besides these columns, the 94th regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, was ordered to descend into the ditch on the right of General M'Kinnon's column, for the purpose of protecting it against the obstacles which it was supposed the enemy would construct to oppose its progress to the principal breach in the *fausse-braie* wall.

The assault was made according to these arrangements. Major Ridge with his column escalated the *fausse-braie* wall, and stormed the principal breach in the main body of the place, together with the 94th regiment, which had moved along the ditch, and had stormed the breach of the *fausse-braie* wall in the front of General M'Kinnon's brigade, so

that it not only covered the advance of that brigade, but even preceded it in the attack. Generals Crawford and Vandeleur, with the troops on the left, were equally forward in their movements, and in less than half an hour from the commencement of the attack, the city was in possession of the allies. General Paek converted his false attack into a real one. The Portuguese troops scaled the walls in every direction; and the advanced-guard, under Major Lynch, followed the enemy's troops from the advanced works into the *fausse-braié*, where they made prisoners of all that opposed them.

Major-General M'Kinnon was blown up by the explosion of one of the enemy's mines near the breach. General Crawford received a mortal wound while leading on his division; and Major Napier, one of the bravest men in the army, lost an arm. M'Kinnon had been a schoolfellow of Buonaparte.

The value of this capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was very great. 1st. It erected a wall, and a very strong one, against any new invasion of the Portuguese frontier. 2nd. It was so much gained towards clearing the country between the Douro and the Tagus. 3rd. It intercepted the communication of the enemy between the north and south of Spain, and thereby rendered the operations of their armies in the north, and their army in the south, two distinct lines, having the allied army between them. 4th. It paved the way for the siege of Badajos. 5th. It greatly raised the credit and popularity of the allied cause.

This siege only lasted twelve days. The allies lost twelve hundred men and ninety officers; among the latter of whom was one who appears to have been a general favourite, for it was said, "Three generals and seventy other officers had fallen, yet the soldiers fresh from the strife only talked of Hardyman:" he was a captain of the 45th.

It is lamentable to hear the historian of the Peninsular war attach the same blame to the allied troops in this siege as we have mentioned in that of Badajos. "Disgraceful," he says, "were the excesses of the allied troops: the Spanish people were allies and friends, unarmed and helpless, yet all these claims were disregarded. 'The soldiers were not to be controlled.' That excuse will not suffice. Colonel Macleod,

of the 43rd, a young man of most energetic spirit, placed guards at the breach, and constrained his regiment to keep its ranks for a long time after the disorder commenced; but as no previous general measures had been taken, and no organized efforts made by higher authorities, the men were finally carried away in the increasing tumult." This is a severe but just censure upon "the higher authorities." We know that the British common soldier is taken from the lowest ranks of society, but we cannot agree that cold-blooded cruelty is a distinguishing characteristic even of these classes; we believe the British people to be averse to cruel triumph over a fallen enemy, and we should rather attribute the excesses complained of to the partisan portion of the army: civil warfare is generally the most inveterate. The Spaniards were most likely to be cruel towards their compatriots; few people are more inveterate when their passions are roused.

For this achievement Lord Wellington was created duke of Ciudad Rodrigo by the Spaniards, earl of Wellington by the English, and marquis of Torres Vedras by the Portuguese.

THE CASTLE OF BURGOS.

A.D. 1812.

THIS is a small fortress, but an important siege, filled with incident and instruction.

On the morning of the 18th of September, the army was in front of Burgos, and may be said to have commenced a siege, in which the historians of the different nations, without any just imputation upon their truth, may each claim for their country the palm of active courage and patient firmness. The town was as bravely defended as it was bravely assailed, and the ardent and persevering enterprise of the attack was met by corresponding vigour and vigilance in the defence.

Burgos is the capital of Old Castile, and was the cradle of the Castilian kings and monarchy. It is memorable for the noble stand which it repeatedly made against the Saracens. After the retreat of Massena, it was considered

a critical and dangerous point, and its fortifications were repaired. The ruins of the castle were very strong, being stone, and of deep foundation, situated, besides, on the brow of a hill, commanding the river Arlanzon, on which the town stands, and the roads on both sides of it. These ruins were repaired, and strengthened by additional earthworks. Beyond the hill on which the castle is situated is another eminence, called St. Michael's Hill, on which a hornwork was erected. Adjoining the castle was a church, which was converted into a fort. The above works were included within three distinct lines of circumvallation, which were so carried and connected as to form an oblong square, and each to defend and support without endangering (in the event of being itself lost) the others. The garrison consisted of more than two thousand men.

As Burgos is on the north side of the Arlanzon, whilst the allied army was on the south, and as the castle commanded both the river and the roads, Wellington had some difficulty in preparing the passage, and the remainder of the day of the 18th was employed in making the necessary arrangements. On the following day this operation was effected. The outworks of the hill of St. Michael were immediately seized, and the troops posted close to the hornwork. At night the hornwork was itself attacked and carried, and thus the whole of St. Michael's Hill was obtained. This hill was, however, a mere outwork to the main fortress, inasmuch as the possession of it only brought the allies in front of the outermost of the three lines, behind which were the castle and body of the work.

The possession of this eminence afforded the allies a better knowledge of the defences of the fort, with a commanding view of some of the works. The besieged evinced neither tardiness nor want of skill; they had demolished, in an incredibly short time, the houses which interfered with their line of defence. They had raised ramparts of earth and biscuit-barrels, and constructed fleches and redans to cover the batteries and sally-gates. These works, considering the materials and the pressure of the time, were so solid and accurate as to command the general praise of the British engineers, whilst the Portuguese regarded them with astonishment: a proof of the value of the knowledge

of field-work, as it then existed in the French army, when almost every soldier could assist the artillery, and take his share in the work of attack and defence in sieges. It is observed by a writer of the time, "We must confess that the patience of the English privates was more exemplary than their dexterity."

From the 19th to the 22nd of September, the allies were employed in raising their own works upon St. Michael's Hill, in front of the exterior line of the enemy, and more particularly in fortifying and completing the hornwork, of which they had possessed themselves. Everything being ready on the evening of the 22nd, it was resolved to give the first regular assault. Accordingly, at the hour of eleven at night, the storming body was moved forward in two columns: the one, consisting of Portuguese, to the south-west flank of the castle; and the other of British, under Major Laurie, to the front. The plan of the attack was, that the Portuguese should engage and occupy the eminence on the above-mentioned flank, while Major Laurie's party should escalade the parapet in front.

The Portuguese, who were to begin the attack, commenced with much spirit. They were opposed to a deep ditch and a lofty parapet on the opposite side, and therefore had to descend into the one and fight their way up the other. It may be necessary to state to the uninitiated, that the shelving side of the ditch which adjoins the parapet is technically termed the scarp, and the opposite side of the ditch (the side nearest an advancing enemy) the counterscarp. They were stopped at the very edge of the descent into this ditch; their attack, therefore, as a diversion, became nugatory, and failed in the first instance.

In the meanwhile, the party in front, under Major Laurie, having seen the Portuguese commence, advanced with the most determined bravery to the escalade, and having the same works in opposition to them as the Portuguese, in an instant reached the head of the counterscarp, and in another instant descended it, cleared the palisades at the bottom, and planted their ladders to the parapet. The first assailants penetrated to the top of the parapet, and a fierce contest took place both there and in the bottom of the ditch. The assault was repelled with as much spirit as it was made

and the ditch and scarp were covered with dead of both parties. Amongst these was the gallant leader himself, Major Laurie.

This gallantry, however, was rendered useless by the total failure of the Portuguese division. After much severe fighting, therefore, and a great consequent loss, the party was withdrawn,—an affair in itself of great peril and difficulty, as their ardour had carried them nearly into the lines. It was a matter of congratulation that the whole party had escaped being made prisoners. The total British and Portuguese loss on this occasion was not short of four hundred killed and wounded.

It would be of little professional instruction, and of less general interest, to follow the details of an irregular, and therefore inartificial siege, from day to day; we shall therefore confine ourselves to the attacks. Of those, during the whole siege, there were five; two we have already described.

After the failure of the storm on the 22nd, a mine was directed under the same exterior line. It was exploded in the midnight of the 29th, and a breach, erroneously deemed practicable, effected in the parapet. A storming party was immediately advanced, and at the same moment, for the purpose of diversion, a strong column was directed in front of the town. The storming party unluckily missed its way, and thereby the affair failed.

Between the following day and the 4th of October, another mine was conducted near to the same point, and the former breach was improved by fire from the batteries. This mine was exploded in the afternoon of the 4th, and the result was a second practicable breach. These two breaches were immediately stormed by the second battalion of the twenty-fourth, divided into two parties, under Captain Hedderwick and Lieutenants Holmes and Fraser. This assault was completely successful, and the allies were thus established within the exterior line of the castle. The loss was severe, but not beyond the value of the service.

The enemy, however, did not leave the allies in tranquil possession of this position: they made two vigorous sallies to interrupt the works against the second line, and continued their operations for the same purpose with very little

intermission. A breach was effected, and a mine was in progress; but from want of siege materials, particularly of a battering train, the advances were slow, and it became obvious that success was doubtful. There were only three eighteen-pounders, and no materials or instruments but what were made upon the spot. We must in candour admit that no blame could be justly attached to any one, as these privations were necessary circumstances of the enterprise. The siege of Burgos was an expeditionary operation, and at no point, either of the march of the army towards it or during the time occupied in the siege, could the marquis of Wellington have taken a train with him, or have sent for it and waited for its arrival. There were in fact two trains on the Spanish frontier,—the one at Ciudad Rodrigo, and another at Badajos; but the nature of the operations, the distance, and the roads, rendered them totally immovable. A question has here been put—why, then, did the marquis undertake this siege; and did not the result disappoint his calculations? To this there are several answers. First. Upon the forward march and assembling of the enemy on the Douro, it became necessary for him to repel them; and his march and pursuit for this purpose brought him in front of Burgos. Second. There was nothing in the external character of the castle and works of Burgos to justify the expectation of a long defence: the body of the castle, as reported by the engineers, was a repaired ruin, and the outworks were fieldworks of earth. If the apparatus of attack was incomplete, so likewise was that of defence. In a word, both the attack and defence were of the same expeditionary character and means. Third. The language of the private correspondence of the army was substantially as follows, and contains a full answer to this and all similar objections:—That the value of the place and the army being there, rendered it indispensable to make an effort to acquire it; that the marquis had hopes of effecting this acquisition, but certainly no assured expectation; that the event might therefore disappoint his wishes, but not deceive him; that the very character of the defence, gallant as it was, was such as to encourage the continuance of the attack; such advantage being so *nearly* gained and so narrowly eluded, as if gained, would have been necessarily followed by the capture

of the place. The garrison, moreover, were without water, and suffered great severities by having to bivouac in narrow quarters.*

On the morning of the 18th of October, a breach having been effected and a mine having been prepared under the church of St. Roman, it was resolved that the mine should be exploded the same evening, and that upon such explosion, the breach should be stormed and the line (the second line) escaladed. Accordingly, at the appointed time in the evening, the attacking party was divided into three columns: the one under Lieutenant-Colonel Browne, composed of Spanish and Portuguese, were to attack the church; the second party, composed of a detachment of the German legion, under Major Wurmb, were to storm the breach; whilst the third party, composed of the guards, were to escalade the line. At this moment the mine blew up, and, being the appointed signal, the parties at once rushed forward to their assigned points.

The explosion of the mine carried away the whole of the wall which defended that point, and Lieutenant-Colonel Browne succeeded in lodging his party on the ruins and outworks. The enemy retreated to a second parapet behind the church, over the heads of the advancing assailants. This occasioned much loss and confusion; and a flank fire of the enemy coming in aid, compelled the lieutenant-colonel to suffer the retreat of his men, and to content himself with saving them from disorder.

In the mean time, Major Wurmb had directed his party against the breach. The distinguished gallantry of this assault merited a more successful result. The breach was carried in an instant, and a considerable number of the party in the same moment got into the body of the place. But here began the conflict. The enemy opened upon them such a destructive fire, both from the third line and the body of the castle, and brought down upon them such superior numbers, that, after the loss of their gallant leader and a great proportion of their force, they were compelled to retire, and almost in the moment of victory to evacuate what they had so bravely gained.

The third party, the guards, experienced a similar success

* *The Royal Military Chronicle.*

in the commencement, and a similar disappointment in the result. They succeeded in escalating the line, but were compelled to retire before the superiority of numbers and the fire of the enemy. In his official despatch, dated Cabeçon, 26th of October, 1812, the marquis of Wellington thus writes:—

“It is impossible to represent in adequate terms my sense of the conduct of the guards and German legion upon this occasion; and I am quite satisfied, that if it had been possible to maintain the posts which they had gained with so much gallantry, these troops would have maintained them. Some of the men stormed even the third line, and even one of them was killed in one of the embrasures of the parapet.”

The army of Portugal and the army of the North, for they were so near each other as to constitute one army, had not suffered this siege to go on without some attempts to interrupt it; they had now, however, attained a strength and importance that demand our attention.

These two armies were stationed on the high road from Burgos to Miranda on the Ebro, a continuance of the great French road from Madrid, through Burgos to Bayonne. From Burgos to Miranda on the Ebro is forty English miles. Above the village of Monasterio, on that side of it furthest from Burgos, was a range of hills, which was the position of the British outposts. The army of Portugal was in the neighbourhood of Bribiesca; and the army of the North, under General Cafferilli, had its head-quarters at Pancorvo.

The principal attempts of these armies were on the 13th and 18th of October. On the former of these days, General Macune, who was in command of the French at Bribiesca, moved forward a considerable body of infantry and cavalry against the posts of the allies at Monasterio, but was repulsed as well by the posts themselves as by a detachment of the German legion.

On the 18th, the army of Portugal, having been previously strongly reinforced by the arrival of levies from France, re-advanced against the said posts, and possessed themselves of the hills and town. It now, therefore, became necessary to lead the army against them, and accordingly, with the exception of that portion of it required for the siege, the marquis assembled the troops, and placed the allied army on

some heights between Burgos and Quentana. This movement was made on the 19th of October. The enemy assembled their army at Monasterio on the same day. On the following evening, the 20th, they moved a force of nearly ten thousand men to drive in the outposts at Quentana, and which, according to order, withdrew as they approached. The marquis had now recourse to a flank movement; the result gave him an advantage; upon seeing which, the enemy again fell back upon Monasterio.

And this mæuvre, indeed, was the last operation of the siege of Burgos, for on the following day, the 21st, a letter from Sir B. Hill reported such a state of affairs upon the Tagus, that the marquis found it to be an act of necessity immediately to raise the siege, and to fall back upon the Douro. Accordingly, the siege was raised the same night, and the army was in march on the following morning.

ST. SEBASTIAN.

A.D. 1813.

ON the retreat of the French army after its defeat at Vittoria, Marshal Jourdan threw a garrison into St. Sebastian of between three and four thousand men, and the place was immediately afterwards invested by the Spaniards. In the beginning of July, the fifth division of the army, with two Portuguese brigades, making a force of from 9,000 to 10,000 men, arrived before it to form the siege, which was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham.

A proportion of artillery, consisting of twenty-four pounders, with 1,500 rounds of ammunition per gun, six eight-inch howitzers, with 1,000, and four ten-inch mortars, with 500 rounds, and four sixty-eight-pounders, with a proportion of shells, were in ships at Los Passages; and with the army there were six eighteen-pounders: this quantity of artillery was deemed adequate to the attack of the place.

The town of St. Sebastian is built on a peninsula running nearly east and west; the northern side being washed by the river Urumea, the southern by the sea. The front

defences, which cross the isthmus towards the land, are a double line of works, with the usual counterscarp, covered way, and glacis; but the works running lengthwise of the peninsula are only a single line, and, trusting to the water in their front to render them inaccessible, they are built without any cover; and the northern line is quite exposed, from the top to the bottom, to a range of hills on the right bank of the river, at a distance of six or seven hundred yards from it. These walls being uncovered, appears an unaccountable oversight, as the Urumea, for some hours before and after low water, is fordable, and the tide recedes so much, that for the same period there is a considerable dry space along the left bank of the river, by which troops can march to the foot of the wall.

Marshal Berwick, when he attacked St. Sebastian in 1719, aware of this circumstance, threw up batteries on those hills to break the town wall, and, whilst that was being effected, he pushed on approaches along the isthmus, and established himself on the covered way of the land front: as is but too frequently the case, as soon as the breach was practicable, the governor capitulated for the town, and the duke obliged him and the garrison to retire into the castle. It was now proposed to follow the same mode of attack, and as a preliminary, the garrison were to be driven from a post they occupied about seven or eight hundred yards in advance of the town, formed by the convent of St. Bartolomeo and a redoubt then in progress; and from a small circular work, which they made with casks on the causeway, four eighteen-pounders and two howitzers were put in battery for that purpose.

The operations against the town were commenced by the erection of batteries on the hills to the north of the Urumea, for twenty twenty-four-pounders, four eight-inch howitzers, four ten-inch mortars, and four sixty-eight-pounder carronades; the guns to breach the sea-wall between the two towers, the carronades to be used with shells only, and the mortars to be directed against the land front and castle.

On the 14th of July, the first two batteries opened on the convent of St. Bartolomeo.

15th of July.—A false attack was made on the convent of St. Bartolomeo, to ascertain if the enemy intended

obstinately to defend it, which the troops carrying further than was ordered, they were obliged to retire with some loss.

17th of July.—The end of the convent having been entirely beaten down, the ninth regiment and a Portuguese brigade assaulted and carried it with little difficulty.

Two more batteries for the eighteen-pounders and the two howitzers were thrown up in the night, in a situation to enfilade and take in reverse the defences of the town.

On the night of the 18th of July the suburbs of St. Martin, which the enemy had burned, were occupied: they, however, continued to hold the circular redoubt.

Night between the 19th and 20th of July.—Approaches were struck out to the right and left of St. Martin.

On the 20th of July all the batteries opened.

In the night between the 20th and 21st of July, early in the evening, the enemy abandoned the circular redoubt: a working party of seven hundred men had been prepared to open a parallel across the isthmus, but the night proving extremely dark, tempestuous, and rainy, the men dispersed among the ruined buildings of St. Martin, and not more than two hundred could be collected together; therefore only about one-third of the parallel and the right approach to it were opened.

On the 21st of July, Sir Thomas Graham sent a flag of truce with a summons to the governor, but he would not receive it.

In the night between the 21st and 22nd of July, the left communication and the remainder of the parallel across the isthmus were opened; the parallel near its left crossed a drain level with the ground, four feet high and three feet wide, through which ran a pipe to convey water into the town. Lieutenant Reid ventured to explore it, and at the end of 230 yards, he found it closed by a door in the counterscarp, opposite to the face of the right demi-bastion of the hornwork; as the ditch was narrow, it was thought that by forming a mine at this extremity of the drain, the explosion would throw earth sufficient against the escarpe, only twenty-four feet high, to form a road over it; eight feet at the end of the aqueduct was therefore stopped with filled sand-bags, and thirty barrels of powder, of ninety pounds

each, were lodged against it, and a *saucisson* led to the mouth of the drain.

On the 23rd of July the breach between the two towers, about one hundred feet in length, being considered practicable, the fire of all the guns was concentrated on a part of the wall to its left to effect a second breach, and by evening, that also was considered practicable on a front of thirty feet. At the same time, the four ten-inch mortars and the sixty-eight-pounder carronades were turned on the defences and on the houses in rear of the breach, to prevent the enemy working to form an obstacle to them.

The breaches were to have been stormed at daylight on the 24th, at which time the tide was out, and the troops were formed in readiness; but the houses at the back of the breach being on fire, it was supposed they would prevent the advance of the troops when they had gained the summit, and in consequence the order was countermanded.

The next night a trench was opened in advance of the parallel, to contain a firing party on the hornwork, during the assault.

The assault was ordered to take place at daylight on the 25th; the storming party, about 2,000 men, were to assemble in the trenches, and the explosion of the mine was to be the signal to advance.

The distance of the uncovered approach, from the trenches to the breach, was about three hundred yards, in face of an extensive front of works, over very difficult ground, consisting of rocks covered with sea-weed, and intermediate pools of water; the fire of the place was yet entire, and the breach was flanked by two towers, which, though considerably injured, were still occupied.

At five A.M. the mine was sprung, and destroyed a considerable length of the counterscarp and glacis, and created so much astonishment in the enemy posted on the works near to it, that they abandoned them for the moment, and the advance of the storming party reached the breach before any great fire was brought to bear on them: on their attempting to ascend the breach, the enemy opened so heavy a fire, and threw down such a number of shells, &c., from the towers on the flanks, and from the summit of the breaches, that the men began to waver, and in a short time

the assaulting party had returned into the trenches, with the loss of nearly one hundred killed and four hundred wounded.

The advanced guard, with Lieutenant Jones, who led them, were made prisoners on the breach; of the other engineers, Captain Lewis was severely wounded, and Lieutenant Machell was killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. Fletcher was wounded at the same time in the trenches.

This assault does not appear to have failed from want of exertion, but from the fire of the place being left entire, and from the great distance at which the covered approaches were from the breach; the troops were stated in the *Gazette* to have done their duty, but that it was beyond the power of gallantry to overcome the difficulties opposed to them.

On this failure being reported to Lord Wellington, he came over from Lesaca, and decided upon renewing the same mode of attack, but on a much more extended scale, as soon as sufficient guns and ammunition should arrive from England; the augmentation to the attack was to extend the breach on the left to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of the main front, and from batteries to be established on the left of the attack, to continue it round the whole of its face, and to the end of the high curtain above it.

On the 27th of July, at seven a.m., the enemy made a sortie, to feel the guard of the trenches; they surprised it, and entering the parallel at the left, swept it to the right, carrying into the place two hundred prisoners. In consequence of this loss, the guard was concentrated in a small portion of the left of the parallel, and the right of the trenches was only occasionally patrolled.

On the 28th of July, Marshal Soult attacked Lord Wellington, in the hope of relieving Pampeluna, and the result of the action not being known to Sir Thomas Graham, he, on the 29th, embarked all the artillery and stores at Los Passages, and sent the transports to sea; the siege was therefore converted into a blockade, the guard continuing to hold the trenches.

August 3rd, the enemy surprised a patrol in the parallel, and made it prisoners.

On the 6th the guns and stores were re-landed at Los

Passages, and on the 18th the additional artillery and ammunition arrived from England.

On the 24th the entire of the trenches was again occupied, and the siege recommenced.

On the left, two additional batteries for thirteen guns, to breach the face of the left demi-bastion and the curtain above it, at seven hundred yards' distance, were commenced, and on the right, cover was begun for seven additional howitzers, four sixty-eight-pounder carronades, twenty-one twenty-four-pounders, and sixteen mortars, being forty-eight pieces of ordnance, in addition to the thirty-two put in battery for the previous operation.

At midnight the enemy made a sortie, entered the advanced part of the trenches, and carried confusion into the parallel; in attempting, however, to sweep along its right, they were checked by a part of the guard of the trenches, and obliged to retire, carrying off with them about twelve prisoners.

At eight A.M. of the 26th of August, the batteries opened. On the isthmus, the thirteen guns were directed to breach the left demi-bastion of the main front, and the end of the curtain in continuation of the old breach, and the face of the left demi-bastion of the hornwork, which were all seen in a line, one above the other.

The fire of the batteries on the right was directed to breach the two towers, one on each flank of the old breach, and to continue that breach to the salient angle of the demi-bastion, and to breach the end of the curtain above it.

Two shafts were sunk to form galleries, to prevent the enemy mining under the advanced part of the trenches. In the night between the 26th and the 27th, the two last-erected batteries being at a long distance to breach, and not seeing the foot of the escarpes, cover was made for four of the guns in a preferable situation.

A party of two hundred men was landed this night on the high rocky island of Sta Clara, and made prisoners of the enemy's guard on it, consisting of an officer and twenty-four men.

In the night between the 27th and 28th of August, the enemy made a sortie; but, profiting by past experience, such precautions had been taken of posting sentinels, &c., and

the men were so prepared to stand to their arms, that they were immediately repulsed, without effecting the slightest mischief.

On the 29th of August a battery opened on the face of the demi-bastion of the main front; the eighteen-pounders and the howitzers were turned on the enemy's batteries, and several mortars and the carronades at the right attack were directed to the same object, and in the course of the day the enemy's fire was nearly subdued. It was afterwards ascertained that they lost many men, particularly by the spherical case-shot, which they endeavoured to imitate, by firing common shells filled with small balls, and bursting them over the heads of the troops, but without any effect.

The breaches appearing good and practicable on the 30th, it was deemed time to prepare the necessary debouches for the troops: at the advanced sap on the right, to break through the sea-wall, which was of masonry, four feet thick and ten feet above the level of high water, three shafts were commenced, the first close at the back of the wall, the second twenty-five feet from the wall, and the third forty feet from the second: they were sunk eight feet below the surface of the ground, and a small return made to contain the powder; they were then each loaded with five hundred and forty pounds of powder.

At two A.M. the next morning, the three mines were sprung, and blew the wall completely down. The diameters of the entonnoirs were about thirty feet; they were immediately connected, and by ten A.M. formed a good passage out for troops, and accomplished the original object of securing all the works in their rear from the effects of any galleries the enemy might have run out to form mines in that direction. At the time of low water, about eleven A.M., the columns for the assault moved out of the trenches by the openings in front of the battery, and in a few minutes after the advance of the forlorn hope, the enemy exploded two mines, which blew down part of the sea-line wall; but as the troops were not in very close order, nor very near the wall, their loss was not great.

From the Mirador and Battery del Principe, on the castle, a fire of grape and shells was opened on the column, and continued during the time they were disputing the

breach. The main curtain, even to the end breached, was strongly occupied by grenadiers, and the left branch of the hornwork was well manned, and from thence a heavy fire was maintained on the breach, a great part of which was exposed to it; but the tower of Amozquita, on the left of the breach, fortunately for the besieged, was not manned.

Up the end of the curtain, the breach was accessible quite to the *terreplein*; but the enemy's situation there was commanding, and the ascent was much exposed to the fire of the hornwork.

At the back of the whole of the rest of the breach was a perpendicular fall, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth, under which were the ruins of the houses which joined on to the back of the breach; and here and there was left an end wall of the houses, by which alone it was possible to descend. A line of retrenchment carried along the nearest standing parallel walls, was strongly occupied by the enemy, and which entirely swept the confined summit of the breach.

The storming parties advanced to the breach, and there remained on the side of it without being able to crown the top, from the heavy fire from the intrenched ruins within. Many desperate efforts were made to gain it, without effect, particularly up to the curtain; but the enemy maintained that post firmly. Fresh troops were sent on successively, as fast as they could be filed out of the trenches, with laudable perseverance; and the Portuguese, in two detachments, forded the river Urumea, near its mouth, in a very handsome style, under a heavy fire of grape and musketry.

The breach was now covered with troops remaining in the same unfavourable situation, and unable to gain the summit. Upwards of two hours of continued exertion had elapsed, when, by a happy chance, a quantity of combustibles exploded within the breach, and the French began to waver; the assailants made fresh efforts; the ravelin and left branch of the hornwork were abandoned by the enemy; the retrenchment within the breach was soon after deserted by them; and the men by degrees got over the ruins and gained the curtain.

The troops, being now assembled in great numbers on the breach, pushed into the town; the garrison, dispirited at its great loss, and intimidated at the perseverance shown in

sending fresh men, was quickly driven from all its entrenchments, except the convent of St. Teresa, into the castle.

From the superior height of the curtain, the artillery in the batteries on the right of the Urumea were able to keep up a fire on that part during the assault, without injury to the troops at the foot of the breach, and being extremely well served, it occasioned a severe loss to the enemy, and probably caused the explosion which led to the final success of the assault.

The assailants had upwards of five hundred killed and fifteen hundred wounded; of the garrison, besides the actual killed and wounded during the assault, seven hundred were made prisoners in the town. Of the engineers, Lieutenant-colonel Sir R. Fletcher, Captains Rhodes and Collyer, were killed; and Lieutenant-colonel Burgoyne, and Lieutenants Barry and Marshall, were wounded.

As soon as the town was carried, a communication was made from the left of the parallel to the salient angle of the ditch of the ravelin, through the counterscarp, which was blown in, and so into the town by the great gate; and preparations were made to reduce the castle.

The plan for the attack was to erect batteries on the works of the town, and breach some of the main points of the castle defences, as the battery de la Reyna, the Mirador, and the keep, as well as the thin loop-holed walls connecting them.

On the 2nd of September, a new battery for seventeen guns was commenced, occupying the whole terreplein of the hornwork, and another for three guns on the left of the cask redoubt.

A discussion for surrender was entered into with General Rey, but he broke it off.

By the 4th of September, the town, which caught fire soon after the assault, from the quantity of ammunition and combustibles of all sorts scattered about, was nearly consumed, and the fire became a great impediment to carrying the approaches forward.

Up to the 7th, the enemy had fired but very little since the assault; and by this evening, the roofs of the unburnt houses and steeples had been prepared for musketry, to open at the time of the assault on the castle.

On the 8th, at ten a.m., all the batteries opened on the

castle; viz.,—from the left of the attack:—No. 7, with three twenty-four pounders, against the Mirador; No. 8, with three eighteen-pounders, against the lower defences; No. 9, with seventeen twenty-four pounders, against the Mirador and battery de la Reyna; island, with two twenty-four pounders and one eight-inch howitzer, to sweep the back of the castle. From the right of the attack, thirty-three pieces of ordnance against the castle generally. The fire was extremely powerful and well-directed, ploughing up every part of the confined space of the castle. The enemy kept concealed chiefly in little narrow trenches, which they had made along the front of the heights, but they evidently lost many men. About twelve, a white flag was hoisted, and the garrison surrendered prisoners of war. Their numbers had been reduced to 80 officers and 1,756 men, of whom, 23 officers and 512 men were in the hospital.

The loss of the besiegers during the attack was,—53 officers and 898 men killed; 150 officers and 2,340 men wounded; 7 officers and 332 men missing.

There were used at this siege 2,726 gabions, 1,476 eight-foot fascines, and 20,000 sand-bags.

The expenditure of ammunition during the siege was,—

Round shot	{ 24-pounders . . .	43,367	} 52,670
	{ 18-pounders . . .	9,303	
Grape shot	{ 24-pounders . . .	2,094	} 2,094
	{ 24-pounders . . .	1,930	
Spherical shells	{ 18-pounders . . .	150	} 4,278
	{ 8-inch . . .	2,198	
Common shells	{ 10-inch . . .	3,755	} 11,521
	{ 8-inch . . .	7,766	
Total shot and shells . . .			70,563
Powder, whole barrels, 90 lbs. each . . .			5,579 *

SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

A.D. 1830.

THIS siege, although it took place at a distance of fifteen years from its cause, was the result of one of the many political errors of the treaty of Vienna. Nothing could be more unwise and short-sighted than to expect a peaceful union between Belgium and Holland, and particularly of so strict a nature as that union in some of its features was composed. Although near neighbours, the Belgians and the Dutch are widely different: different in language, institutions, blood, and traditions. The union likewise, instead of being cemented by conciliation, was rendered galling by oppressive enactments; the monarch reigning over both countries was the king of Holland, and the proceedings of the courts of law were commanded to be carried on in the language of that country, so that Belgium appeared more like a conquered province than a willing partner in a union brought about for the benefit of both. If the union of England with Scotland had been carried on upon the principle of the one we are speaking of, the animosities and heart-burnings would never have subsided; we have had two invasions or rebellions, as it is, in which that country has taken part against us, although we form part of the same island. The Belgians have more of the character of the French or the Germans than of the Dutch; they are as industrious, ingenious, and mercantile as the Dutch; but they are more chivalric in their traditions; which feeling is kept alive by their splendid mediæval monuments, by their noble history, and by the Catholic religion; and, however science, and the progress of general knowledge, may soften down the asperities which separate neighbouring peoples, no nation, capable of good, willingly parts from its traditions. In short, the Belgians were not a people to sink willingly into a secondary estate, particularly under the Dutch, with whom they felt

themselves perfectly able to dispute the question, and were ripe for insurrection, if so it can be called, when the French revolution of 1830 set the minds of all Europeans labouring under real or fancied wrong in a state of ferment. The Belgians rose *en masse*; one place after another fell into the hands of the provisional government; Prince Frederick was shamefully and unaccountably repulsed from Brussels; and little remained to the house of Nassau, except the splendidly fortified city of Antwerp.

Disheartened and disgusted by the failure of his brother, the prince of Orange—who acted for his father, King William—hastened to Antwerp. He threw himself with honest energy into the cause, in the hope of maintaining the sway of his house over Belgium, and, at the same time, of serving the Belgians and responding to their views. He affected to act for himself, and offered to become their independent ruler; but it was evident that he was governed by orders from the Hague, and that the command of the army was still in the hands of his brother Frederick and General Chassé. An ill-timed royal proclamation and summons of the Dutch to arms, which designated the southern provinces *rebels*, completed the want of confidence in the prince, and rendered all his efforts nugatory—even his proclamation to place himself at the head of the movement. The provisional government contemptuously rejected all acknowledgment of authority in the Dutch—they, the people, were, they said, at the head of their own movement, and they wanted no other. Treated with scorn by the Belgians, crossed in his views of conciliation by his father, and his authority disputed by General Chassé, the prince, with a bleeding heart, was compelled to abandon all hope, and bade adieu to the Belgian provinces in a short but affecting address. Chassé placed Antwerp in a state of siege on the 24th of October.

On the 22nd of October, the patriots, forming an irregular body of about five thousand men, with sixteen guns, had commenced a simultaneous movement upon the line occupied by the royal troops, who were about seven thousand strong, with forty pieces of artillery. On the 25th the insurgent army arrived under the walls of Antwerp, and some hard fighting took place in the suburbs. The strength of the place would, however, have set them at defiance; but, on

the following day, the populace, by a sudden movement within the city, overpowered and disarmed some of the Dutch posts. On the 27th this internal contest was renewed: the populace succeeded in carrying one of the gates; it was immediately thrown open, and the insurgent army poured into the city, accompanied by a commissioner of the provisional government, who had been sent from Brussels to instal the new authorities. General Chassé, instead of risking his diminished garrison in street-warfare, retired into the citadel, the guns of which gave him the command of the town. The insurgents were not ignorant of this, and a convention was agreed to, by which both parties bound themselves to remain quiet. Scarcely, however, had the convention been signed, when the insurgents, in open violation of it, attacked the important post of the arsenal, forcing one of its gates by cannon-shot. This act of treachery left General Chassé no alternative; he was bound to do his duty, and defend his men. The citadel and the frigates in the harbour opened a cannonade upon the town. "An awful and simultaneous roar of artillery now fell on the ears of the affrighted inhabitants. In an instant the citadel, forts, and fleet hurled forth their converging thunder. An iron deluge rained upon the city-walls, and clattered among the buildings. Showers of shells, bombs, and carcasses were heard, cracking, bursting, and bellowing around the venerable towers of St. Michael; the uproar of their explosion being multiplied by the echoes of the cathedral. Walls, roofs, and floors fell, crushed beneath the resistless weight of projectiles, which sought their victims in the very cellars, confounding mangled bodies and ruined edifices in one mutilated and confused heap. Ere long, dark columns of smoke and jets of flame were seen to rise. The arsenal and entrepôt were fired. The obscurity of the night soon gave way to a red and glaring lustre, that converted the dark vault of heaven into a fiery canopy, whose lurid reflection announced the fearful catastrophe to the distance of many leagues.

"The terror and stupefaction of the inhabitants baffles description. Some concealed themselves in their vaults and cellars; others rushed wildly through the streets, shrieking and bewildered. Such as had horses or vehicles, no matter

of what kind, gathered together their valuables, and hastily fled into the country. Others, intent only on saving life, darted through the gates on foot, and sought refuge in the neighbouring fields. Old men, fair women, and young children,—rich and poor, the hale and the sick, were seen flying in frantic disorder. The flames having gained the prison, there was no time to remove its inmates. The doors were therefore thrown open, and nearly two hundred convicts were let loose; *but none had the heart to plunder.* Terror, confusion, and despair reigned paramount. Weeping women and children clung for succour to men who could afford them no relief or consolation. Some died of fright, others lost their senses. Groans, screams, and prayers were heard between the pauses of the thunder, intermingled with maledictions on the destroyer, and curses on the revolution. In a few hours, however, all that had power to move, or were not transfixed with terror, had fled into the country. The roads were covered with fugitives of all ages and sexes, who, with tearful eyes, turned to gaze on their devoted homes. The darkness of the night, awfully relieved by the red glare of the flames, the hissing and roaring of the destructive element, the thunder of the cannon, the rattling of shot and falling of timbers, the frantic screams of women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying,—all united to fix an impression of horror on the mind, not to be effaced by time or space.”*

The siege of Antwerp being such an event as was happily rare, during the last forty years, it has excited much attention, and we have given the above extract to meet the expectations of our readers; but we cannot help suspecting that the historian has sacrificed something to a little *fine writing* (in itself not good). We have reason to think the damage did not amount to near so much as such a portentous account would imply. The bombarding produced its horrors, no doubt; but we must not forget that this scene fell far short of others of the same kind; man's brutal passions did not disfigure it—the soldier's murderous sword, guided by revenge, lust, or cupidity, was not there.

The inhabitants and insurgents, terrified at the unex-

* The Belgic Revolution, by Charles White, Esq.

pected severity of General Chassé, sent a deputation at dawn to treat with him, and it was agreed that affairs should remain exactly as they were, until the general question should be definitively settled. Chassé has been generally and deservedly blamed for having inflicted such a punishment upon a large, wealthy, commercial city like Antwerp, for the frantic extravagances of an excited populace: the bombardment, perhaps, did not in one case injure the parties who had provoked his anger.

The kingdom of the United Netherlands had been created by Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France, and when it was found that the parties could not cohere, they felt called upon to look after the work of their own hands. Belgium had nobly obtained its own independence; to have coerced a reunion would most likely have brought on a serious war, several of the powers having, too plainly, views of a self-interested nature. Belgium was, therefore, by general consent, erected into an independent kingdom, under Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg; the Dutch immediately withdrew their troops from that country, and the inhabitants of Antwerp were relieved from the presence of a foreign garrison in their citadel.

SEBASTOPOL.

A.D. 1854—1855.

WE now come to the siege which, if not the most important it has been our task to describe, must be the most interesting to our readers. No siege has ever been conducted under similar circumstances. Such have been the facilities of communication, and so effective and intelligent the means employed for collecting information, that the siege of Sebastopol may be said to have been carried on in the presence of the whole civilized world. It has been a living and an exciting panorama. When our ancestors, the Crusaders, were before Antioch or Jerusalem, their relations at home had no opportunity for mourning losses or celebrating triumphs, till time, by throwing all into distance, had weakened the pain or the joy of the intelligence received; whereas, in this case, there is no half-forgotten friend, no changed or decayed interests: all is moving, associated with us, and affecting us, as if the events were passing within the boundaries of our own seas.

May we not, then, ask, without entertaining less commiseration for the sufferings, or admiration for the deeds of the parties engaged, whether this circumstance does not heighten, or even, in a degree, exaggerate the effect of the events? The siege of Sebastopol is extraordinary and important in all ways; but the readers of this volume will find instances of deeper and more protracted suffering, and greater sacrifice of human life, than have been experienced there. Soliman II. lost 40,000 men in four days before Vienna! The want of water before Jerusalem produced infinitely more misery than the excess of it in the Crimea; and the allies have never experienced anything like real scarcity of food. No siege has ever been placed before the world in such vivid, such affecting colours. As a poem, the "Iliad" is doubtless pre-eminent above all such histories; but divest it, or the "Jerusalem Delivered," of their poetry

and their superhuman agencies, and they will bear no comparison with Mr. Russell's extraordinary (I was about to use a much stronger word) correspondence with the *Times*: physically and mentally, no man could have been better calculated for the task he undertook. Collected in a volume, his letters will pass down to posterity in company with "Drinkwater's Gibraltar," the only work we remember that is worthy of the association.

With his graphic pictures fresh in the minds of every one, it is discouraging to attempt an account of this noble struggle, but as the "Great Sieges of History" would be incomplete without it, we must do as we did with that of Gibraltar, sketch slightly the early scenes, dwell principally upon the great catastrophe, drawing largely and gratefully upon a better historian than ourselves; and asserting occasionally our privilege of commenting upon what passes.

The first thing in this great expedition that strikes a reflective mind, is the facility of transport. Thought naturally travels back to the days when an army from Western Europe, on its way to Constantinople, was diminished by hundreds of thousands in the mere transit. Compare the march of Peter the Hermit, Walter the Penniless, and their countless hosts, with the passage of the gallant allies to nearly the same scene of action—want, fatigue, harassing enemies, and death,—with privations and inconveniences only felt from habitual ease and indulgence. But, perhaps, this very circumstance enhances the cheerfulness and courage with which the armies have encountered and passed through dangers and difficulties to which their previous life had not at all broken them in. Never, we believe, did an army better preserve its spirits; a gleam of sunshine, a scintillation of success, could always restore the Englishman's hearty laugh, the Irishman's humorous joke, the Scotchman's sly, sniggering jeer, whilst not even weather or enemies could silence the music or the gaiety of the French.

Next to the consideration of the troops and the voyage, our attention is drawn to the *matériel* with which they were to work. Although the expedition was long debated, and at last delayed till too late a period of the year, we are forced to the painful conviction that the *authorities* at home threw this great stake without due forethought or know-

ledge. Their acquaintance with what they had to contend with was very imperfect, and their inattention to the probable wants of the troops and the defectiveness of many of the arms and implements were disgraceful; but this was soon remedied by our noble *fourth estate*: without "our correspondent," Sebastopol would have proved even worse than a Walcheren.

On the 14th of September, the English and French hosts had become "an army of occupation" in the Crimea; the English troops amounting to 27,000, of which number not more than 1,000 were horse. And here, within four-and-twenty hours, the defects of the commissariat and the deficiencies of the medical staff were painfully felt. The disembarkation was effected with comparative ease, only attended with the usual confusion of such affairs, seasoned with the fun and spirits of the sailors, accustomed to paddle in the surf. On the 18th the armies proceeded towards the great point of their destination, and then, for the first time for five hundred years, the peoples of the two most enlightened, and in all ways most conspicuous nations of the world, marched side by side against a common enemy. The result was worthy of the union—the battle of the Alma was won, with a loss of 3,000 men, notwithstanding the vast superiority in numbers of the Russian cavalry. But we must confine ourselves to the siege; and we are not sorry to shun the description of a battle, as we quite agree with Mr. Russell, that "the writer is not yet born who can describe with vividness and force, so as to bring the details before the reader, the events of even the slightest skirmish." Amidst alerts and skirmishes, whilst being awfully thinned daily by cholera, the allies marched upon and took possession of Balaklava. From this place they had a good sight of Sebastopol; and here, like Richard I., who got within a short distance of Jerusalem, but was unable to enter it, Marshal St. Arnaud, who commanded the French army, was obliged, by sickness, to leave for France, his goal in view.

The armies then prepared for besieging Sebastopol in due form. An opinion, almost amounting to a general one prevails, that the allies ought to have taken advantage of the panic created among the Russians by their defeat upon

the Alma, and have immediately proceeded against Sebastopol. We will not presume to say they certainly ought to have done so, but the calamities of the winter proved greater than any losses they would have sustained by such a spirited attack; and when we glance back at the *captains* of whom it has been "our hint to speak," we do not see one who would not have made the bold attempt. The allied generals seemed to forget that whilst they were making preparations, they were affording opportunities for the enemy to effect much greater, because the latter were at home.

On the night of the 10th of October the British troops broke ground before Sebastopol, fifteen days after they had by a brilliant and daring march on Balaklava obtained a magnificent position on the heights which envelope Sebastopol on the south side, from the sea to the Tchernaya. And here again the advantage of being *at home* was evident; the Russians immediately commenced a severe and destructive fire, whilst the allies were not in a state to respond by a single gun before the 17th. On that day, however, they began with spirit. The besiegers soon found that the city was a very different place from what they had expected, and that they had to deal with brave, active, and persevering enemies, always on the watch to take advantage, and evidently commanded by skilful and enterprising officers. All ideas of a *coup de main* were over: they had before them a siege which would test every quality they possessed, either as men or soldiers.

The usual routine of extensive sieges went on, sometimes one side having the advantage, sometimes the other; the scene being occasionally varied by splendid attacks of the shipping. But, although the works of the allies gradually advanced, no decisive advantage was gained: the Russians knew the vast superiority of earth-works over every species of fortification, and were indefatigable with the mattock and spade. Towards the end of the month a great diminution in the numbers of the troops began to be felt; there was a steady drain, in one way or another, of from forty to fifty men a day. And in this awful state they had great cause of complaint of want of most necessaries, and particularly of the badness of the fuses, so important for their projectiles.

Unless ours were a volume instead of a chapter, it would be impossible to follow the daily occurring interest of this struggle. In no siege have the opponents been better matched: failures, from accident, want of skill, or disparity of numbers, were frequent on both sides; but no instance of treachery, or deficiency of courage and endurance, disgraced either besieged or besiegers: the triumph will be the greater from being achieved over a brave, energetic, and indefatigable enemy. But, whilst viewing with heartfelt admiration and gratitude the almost superhuman exertions and exploits of the allied troops, a sad conviction creeps into the mind that these efforts were not always judiciously directed; that there was a deadening paucity of that military genius in the leaders, to which such gallant hearts would so nobly have responded if it had existed. A disciplined soldier is little more than a machine; in all battles his exertions are necessarily confined to his own immediate small sphere of action, and therefore all the courage, all the devotion that man is capable of, must lose their due effect if the general's head do not well guide the soldier's arm. Another chilling reflection likewise arises on reviewing the contest: the Russians have been, *at least*, quite as well commanded as the allies; and a despotic ruler has provided better for the comforts of his tools than a representative government has for those of the brave soldiers who were fighting for its principle.

By no instance, in the course of this siege, is the want of that indescribable something called genius more evident than in that glorious but lamentable day of the action of Balaklava. The firmness of the brave Scots, who stood "shoulder to shoulder," unshaken by such a charge as infantry have seldom sustained—the charge of the heavy brigade, worthy of the guards who once received the command to "up and at 'em"—were eclipsed by the desperate onslaught of the light cavalry, which has secured immortality to the brave devotedness of British soldiers. But why were these invaluable lives sacrificed? Why, when every one of such men was worth a host, were these heroes "hounded" on to death, as a spectacle before two armies? The fault was not in the brave men, it was not in their officers; but, as fault there was, it must have been some-

where. We can fancy a Murat, the first *sabreur* in Europe, in the place of Lord Cardigan; we can believe that with the eye and judgment of a general, relying on his reputation, he might have refused to perform such a palpable and wanton sacrifice; but Lord Cardigan had not the reputation of a Murat to fall back upon; he is a rich nobleman, commanding a regiment for his amusement, and not a soldier of fortune who has gained his rank by his meritorious deeds. With the same spirit with which he would have accepted a personal challenge he led on his men to the charge; but that is not the spirit to which the fate of nations should be intrusted in the battle-field: great captains have not unfrequently obtained honour by remonstrance against rash orders, and sometimes by disobeying them altogether. But, whether the fault of the charge lies with Captain Nolan, Lord Lucan, or Lord Cardigan, we never can conceive how the order for it could have emanated from a general who was so placed as to have the position to be attacked, with its defences and defenders, all before his eyes as in a panorama! Whispers had permeated the armies that our light cavalry had not maintained the character it upon all occasions assumed; such feelings are common in large hosts, but no general should consent for the sake of jealous rumours to sacrifice one of the most efficient arms under his command.

Lamentable as was this affair, the day of Balaklava was, on the whole, advantageous to the besiegers; the purpose of the enemy to remove us from a most eligible position was defeated, and they had such "a taste of our quality" as taught them to respect, if not to fear us. The worst result was the awful diminution of a force in which we were before but too weak: of our brave cavalry, 387 were killed, wounded, or missing; and of horses, 520.

Very strangely, the Russians claimed as a great victory their taking of the guns of the redoubts from the poor terrified Turks; and, in their pride of heart, made, the next day, an attack, with 5,000 men, upon our right flank; but they were repulsed by the division under Sir De Lacy Evans, with the loss of 500 men.

The work in the trenches now became very trying to the men. From the first, the British army was deficient in numbers for such an undertaking. Severe labour, change

of climate, unusual exposure exhausted them. The French, from their numbers, made more progress in the works, and our men were overtaken by an endeavour to keep pace with them. The guns, too, became shaky, from continual use. In this arm the Russians excelled us: their guns could bear much more frequent firing, from the excellence of the iron of which they are composed.

This is the first war in which the rifle has been employed to any extent, but its merits became so fully appreciated, that we have no doubt it will be generally adopted, and the soldier, instead of firing at random, will be trained so as to throw no ball away.

One feature of the Russian character has been very prominent in this great struggle—a brutal want of humanity. They partake of the attribute of their eastern origin, in the little value they attach to the lives of their own troops, provided they gain their end; and they have no particle of mercy for a fallen foe. In the *mêlée*, arising from the rash Balaklava charge, they hurled the bolts of their artillery, indiscriminately on friends and enemies; and, after all contests, it was their invariable habit to bayonet the wounded French and English.

By the 30th of October, the position of the allies was rendered very much worse by the closing in upon them of the Russians in their rear. They might be said to be as much besieged in their lines as their enemies were in Sebastopol. But the sea is the Englishman's constant source of comfort and relief; the port of Balaklava was theirs, and the sea on that side was free to them. The Russians removed every combustible part from their houses and buildings, so that, with the exception of flesh and blood, the allies had nothing to fire against but stone walls and mounds of earth. The most keen and active deer-stalker or chamois-hunter could not be more cunningly and anxiously on the watch for a shot than were the whole bodies of riflemen in both armies during the long siege. Great skill was likewise acquired in gunnery; a shot, a shell, or a rocket seemed sometimes to drop, like magic, *à point nommé*.

But now, as winter approached, the troops became sensible of the miseries of their situation, and of the culpable neglect of those who ought to have provided for their com-

forts. Things, which in England would have been cast to the dunghill, became valuable, and were sold at absurd prices: a tattered rug, 50s.; a pot of meat, 15s.; a sponge, 25s.; a half worn-out currycomb and brush, 20s.!

With bad weather, sickness, of course, increased, affecting equally French, English, and Turks; and, until the matter was forced upon the *authorities* at home by the Press, was not duly attended to. But what is still more strange, men there, upon the spot, were deaf to this imperative duty, and the eloquent *Times* correspondent says: "The authorities generally treat the medical officers with cool disrespect and indifference." There is no portion of this siege that will descend to posterity on the page of history with more honour to us as a people than that displaying the ready and earnest sympathy felt by most classes at home for our suffering compatriots: the public voice thundered in the ears of officials, and forced them to their duty; individual charity, individual exertion, were instantly put forth; and woman! constant to her character of "a ministering angel," forsook the home of comfort, and the bed of down, for the contaminated atmosphere of a military hospital, and attendance by the wounded soldier's couch. We care not what may be the high-sounding title of the general who shall achieve the conquest of the Crimea, it will pale beside that of Miss Nightingale, the leader of the Sisters of Mercy.

At this period of the siege, spies, of a bold and artful kind, occasionally made their appearance in the allied camps. If the commanders had read our siege of Antioch, they might have followed the example of Bohemond: he roasted the bodies of some dead prisoners, and made it understood that the Crusaders served all spies in that manner; he cleared his camp of that dangerous kind of vermin, against whom, we must say, the allies were not sufficiently watchful. How eloquently does a passage of Mr. Russell's account of the 4th of November bear out our frequently-expressed conviction of the incapacity of the leaders! He says: "Whenever I look at the enemy's outworks, I think of the Woolwich butt. What good have we done by all this powder? Very little. A few guns judiciously placed, when we first came here, might have saved us incredible toil and labour, because

they would have rendered it all but impossible for the Russians to cast up such entrenchments and works as they have done before the open and perfectly unprotected entrance to Sebastopol. Here has been our great, our irremediable error." And when we look at the bitter consequences of that error, what can we say of the commanders by whom it was committed? In all ethics there is nothing so fallacious and injurious as the constantly-quoted "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" it is deceptive as to the dead, it is disheartening to the good, and encouraging to the bad of the living. Lord Raglan was an amiable gentleman, well-versed, we dare say, in the routine of office; but by no means fit to head such an enterprise against such an enemy. But was not all the English policy, at starting, of this do-nothing character?

Of the same complexion was the disregard to Sir De Lacy Evans' repeated representation of the insecurity of the position of the flank of the second division. But if the British general was deaf, the Russian commander was not blind, and this led to the attack which brought on the glorious battle of Inkermann—glorious to our brave troops, but certainly not creditable to the precaution of their commander. The Russian generals, on the contrary, seem to have exercised vast skill and discrimination. A great captain not only considers the battle itself in his plans, he provides for success by his preparations, and secures comparative safety in the event of defeat. Bonaparte's tactics in that respect were his ruin: he said a general should think of nothing but conquering—so that whenever he was beaten, he never knew how to make a retreat. The Russian plans of attack were as perfect as possible, and nothing but the indomitable courage of our troops could have prevented their carrying into effect their threat of compelling us to raise the siege and driving us into the sea. Well-laid plans, brave men, in overwhelming numbers, immense artillery, superstition and brandy, with the presence of royalty, were all put in force against British strength, devotedness and courage,—and all failed. "The Battle of Inkermann," says its historian, "admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of

despairing rallies, of desperate assaults,—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy in the use of the bayonet, so rudely assailed in this fight, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France." The Russians fought with desperation, constantly bayonetting the wounded as they fell. They had orders, likewise, to aim at every mounted officer—thence the death of generals Cathcart and Strangways, and the number of killed and wounded officers of rank: Sir George Brown was among the latter.

The battle was won—but what again says the historian? "A heavy responsibility rests on those whose neglect enables the enemy to attack us where we were least prepared for it, and whose indifference led them to despise precautions which, taken in time, might have saved us many valuable lives, and have trebled the loss of the enemy, had they been bold enough to have assaulted us behind intrenchments. We have nothing to rejoice over, and almost everything to deplore, in the battle of Inkermann. We have defeated the enemy indeed, but have not advanced one step nearer towards the citadel of Sebastopol. We have abashed, humiliated, and utterly routed an enemy strong in numbers, in fanaticism, and in dogged resolute courage, and animated by the presence of a son of him whom they deem God's vicegerent on earth; but we have suffered a fearful loss, and we are not in a position to part with one man." In this grand struggle 45,000 Russians were engaged, and their artillery was relieved no less than four times. The Minié rifle performed wonders on this day.

Sir De Lacy Evans was very unwell on board ship, but revived at the din of battle. He got on shore, and rode up to the front. And there, when the fight was over, he stood lamenting for the loss sustained by his division. One of his aides-de-camp was killed, another wounded; of his two brigadiers, Pennefather had a narrow escape, and Adams was wounded:—"and there lay the spot, the weakness of which the general had so often represented! It was enough to make him sad!"

The siege of Sebastopol reminds us of the adventures of one of Dibdin's sailors—

“By and bye came a hurricane, I didn't much like that,
Next a battle, which made many a poor sailor lie flat;”

only the events are reversed. While the glories and the misfortunes of the 5th of November were still tossing in the minds or grieving the hearts of the allies, they were visited by a terrific hurricane, which gave them a complete foretaste of what they were to undergo during the winter. We would fain give our readers an extract of the sufferings endured by the armies; but, alas! we *condensers* are obliged to be satisfied with serving up dry facts,—we are not allowed space for anything that is interesting. And yet, in this case, we have nothing but our own dull labour to regret, as the exciting story is familiar to every Englishman or woman. We take this opportunity of begging our readers to place our omission of the various incidents of the siege to the same account: they would fill a volume, as sorties, attacks, bombardments, shelling, and rocket-flying were constantly going on:—but we are confined to a few pages. The sufferings of the men overworked in the trenches were extreme; and, sorry are we to say, the neglect of the “authorities” still continued as reprehensible as ever. But the presents from their *home* friends began to arrive, and the relief from the “*Times* fund” was extensive.

At the end of September the siege was practically suspended. All the troops had to do was to defend the trenches at night, and return shot for shot whenever the enemy fired; the Russians, in the meanwhile, taking advantage of every temporary lull to increase their internal defences.

“Rain and misery everywhere—the fortifications of Sebastopol strengthened—privations of the army—scarcity of food—impassability of the roads—disasters the results of apathy and mismanagement—indescribable horrors of the town and hospitals of Balaklava—the camp a wilderness of mud—pictures of dirt and woe—the Slough of Despond—misery effaces the distinctions of rank—painful reflections—mortality among the Turks—mode of burial—attempted surprises and skirmishes—dismal prospects.” Such are the heads of two chapters of the historian we follow,—and what more can we add to them? Are they not sufficiently

eloquent? Do they not tell the story completely? And among all this, winter set in with severity: they had no means of getting up the huts sent them; it was as much as every man could do to provide his food. Some of the warm clothing sent from England went down in the *Prince*, some was burnt in a ship at Constantinople, and lighters full of warm great-coats for the men were left to be saturated with wet in the port of Balaklava, because no one would receive them without orders. Such an army, and in such a situation, was to be left to die of misery from "etiquette" and "service regulations." "No one would take responsibility upon himself, if it were to save the lives of hundreds."

With Christmas came little Christmas cheer or Christmas merriment—neither Christmas-boxes nor New Year's gifts. They went from England, but the army did not receive them at the appointed season or in the hour of need. Whilst friends were despatching more than warm wishes to the Crimea, the "ill-fated army was melting away—dissolved in rain. On the 2nd of January, there were 3,500 sick in the British army before Sebastopol, and it is not too much to say that their illness was, for the most part, caused by hard work in bad weather, and by exposure to wet without any adequate protection." The Russians not only opened their new year on the 12th of January with the usual ringing of bells and other gaieties, but with a tremendous cannonade and a spirited sortie. They were, however, expected, and were vigorously repulsed and driven back close to the town; so close, indeed, that had the allies been in sufficient force upon the point, they might have entered with them.

At this inclement season the Cossacks, in sheepskin coats and fur caps, mounted on their rough, wiry ponies, with deal lances and coarse iron tips, were much better able to keep their piquet-watch than our cavalry. Though brilliant in their charges throughout the campaign, our cavalry certainly played a more subordinate part than was expected of them. Before the introduction of railway travelling, we used to think the English, as a nation, the best horsemen in the world, though we never thought our military seat comparable with a Yorkshire seat; but this is an irrelevant question—beyond the famous charges, our cavalry are certainly not prominent in this great year's campaign.

On the 19th of January, the historian of the war makes this striking remark: "Except Lord Raglan, Lord Lucan, and Sir R. England, not one of our generals now remain of those who came out here originally: the changes among our brigadiers and colonels have been almost as great—all the rest have been removed from the army by wounds, sickness, or death—and so it is of the men." What an eloquent and sorrowful comment is this upon the severity of the service! Would that we could say that was the only cause! Did we indulge in a description of the horrors of hospital and camp, we should leave no room for the glorious triumph.

The superior resources of the French, as regarded numbers, began now to be felt; ground was gradually relinquished to them, and the front, which it cost the British so much strength and health to maintain, was necessarily abandoned to the more numerous and less exhausted army. The French received reinforcements continually, whilst we, alas! were not dwindling, but being swept away: the grave and the hospital swallowed our brave men by thousands—between the 1st of December and the 20th of January 8,000 sick and wounded men were sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard!—from the battle of Inkermann to this period, 1,000 men of the brigade of guards had been "expended, absorbed, used up, and were no more seen!"

Every night was enlivened with a skirmish, and with sharp-shooting behind the parapets, and in the broken ground between the lines. The Russians, throughout, had plenty of men, with a superabundance of *matériel*—we have not space for a hundredth part of the cannonades, bombardments, fusillades, sharp-shooting, sorties, and all kinds of annoyances kept up by the enemy: in justice, it must be said, that no place was ever more earnestly, actively, and bravely defended. With the exception of a few instances of ferocious brutality, the Russians have proved an enemy worthy of our best and most valiant exertions.

Towards the middle of February, the earthworks on both sides had been so nearly perfected, that even the bombardment from mortars of great size produced but little apparent effect. The Russian force, in rear of the allies, was now estimated at 35,000 men: the allies were completely be-

sieged; but "the sea, the sea" did not allow its brave rulers to perish.

At this time Lord Lucan was recalled; upon which circumstance we will not venture a comment, for fear of being seduced into a long discussion.

As soon as the 21st of February, the allies became aware of the immense labours being carried on by the Russians in the north division of the city, on the other side of the harbour. There were not less than 3,000 men employed in the works, and the correspondent of the *Times* then foretold the exact purpose for which they were preparing: they were securing themselves a place of retreat. They received almost boundless supplies, without the allies being apparently able to hinder them.

This siege was not unmarked by some of those occasional intercourses which teach men that, although opposed in deadly strife, they are human creatures. Now and then an hour's truce, for the purpose of burying the dead, brought Russian officers out of the town, and civilities were exchanged. But there was certainly something *rusé* in the demeanour of these gentlemen, and doubtless the most observant were selected for the *duty*. There was nothing of that heartiness of mutual respect which has, upon similar occasions, distinguished French and English officers.

The railway, between Balaklava and the camp, now began to be in operation, and was a source of intense wonderment to the Cossack piquets.

The rifle-pits, which are no novelty in siege warfare, next became the objects of constant struggle. They were simple excavations in the ground, in front and to the right and left of the Malakoff tower, about six hundred yards from the works of the allies. They were faced round with sand-bags, loop-holed for rifles, and banked up with earth thrown from the pits. They were, in fact, little forts or redoubts, to act against the besiegers, armed with rifles instead of cannon. Each could contain ten men, and there were six of them. They were so well protected and covered by the nature of the ground, that neither English rifleman nor French sharpshooter could touch them. Some of the severest fighting of the siege took place for the possession of these pits, which were peculiar objects of French interest, as being in front

of their lines. On the 22nd of March our brave allies obtained three of these important holes, and immediately commenced a sharp fusilade against the Mamelon and Round Tower, from the sandbags.

Towards the end of March, a happy change was effected for the besiegers: food became plentiful, and camp comforts were even superabundant; the officers were absolutely oppressed by the *woolly* kindnesses of their fair countrywomen, particularly as the ground was covered with crocuses and hyacinths, and the weather began to "wax warm."

On the 9th of April, the long-expected second bombardment was opened simultaneously by the allies upon the defences of Sebastopol, amidst wind and torrents of rain, with an atmosphere so thick, that even the flashes of the guns were invisible. They were warmly responded to by the Russians.—Repeated complaints of the fuses of the British. By the 18th, however, the fire slackened on both sides: each seemed glad to avail themselves of a little respite.

On the 19th, a *grande reconnaissance* was made by the Turkish forces, assisted by the English and French. It was a picturesque march, answered all the intended purpose, and was a great relief to the monotony of the siege. Contests were daily and nightly taking place, each worthy of being made episodes in a great poem. "Deeds of derring-do," of firm courage and devotion, were enacted in numbers by officers and men: the contest on both sides was truly "a strife of heroes;" but it must be left to the bards of future ages.

In these awful circumstances, the British army had again to complain of the *authorities*, whilst *funds* and individuals were sending stores of comforts they did not now want: the brave fellows were badly off for shells and fuses:—"there were no fuses for such shells as they had, and plenty of fuses for such shells as they had not."

The French lines were now within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon, and our advanced parallel inclined towards the Round Tower. The progress was steady, but it was dearly bought: the Russians contested every inch of ground bravely.

The abortive Kertch expedition took place early in May, and was said to result in nothing, from orders unfortunately received from Paris. The chagrin of Sir Edmund Lyons was so great as to produce illness. When this great siege shall take its due place in the page of history, bright will be the renown of this noble specimen of a British sailor. But for Sir Edmund Lyons, we might look throughout this war in vain for the successors to our Blakes and Nelsons—for the commanders of the true arm of our nation. Jack,—immortal Jack! has well maintained his character for dauntless courage, kindness of heart, devotedness, and whimsicality; but what is become of the race that used to lead him through "the battle and the breeze?"—with the exception of Sir Edmund Lyons, echo answers, "Where?" All honour to him!—a grateful people's honour!

The Russian night-attacks were more frequent, but they were, in all cases, repulsed with loss, although well planned and bravely carried out. The principal disadvantage to the British arose from the havoc made among their best soldiers; the bravest would go to the front, and were the first victims. Races and cricket matches were got up—but, after a few trials, died out. The gallant troops tried all they could to keep up their spirits; but the real game going on was too serious.

On the 16th of May the allies were delighted by a welcome reinforcement. The Sardinian troops began to arrive; and, in addition to the gratification derived from such a circumstance, they were surprised by their warlike and splendid appearance. It was something new to the weather-beaten warriors, to see troops so newly and handsomely equipped.

By the middle of this month the army became sensible of a deficiency which we, who are fresh from the study of Eastern sieges, had always dreaded: they were short of water, and that for an army of men and horses is a calamity a thousand times worse than a deluge of rain. They were put to some inconvenience; but Artesian wells, and supplies from the fleet, prevented the want from being severely felt.

On the 22nd of May started the second expedition to Kertch, which was attended with complete success. The command of the British contingent was intrusted to Sir

George Brown, Sir Edmund Lyons leading the naval forces. All was glorious, all was easy, and all appeared well conducted. The forts were forced, the magazines were exploded by the Russians themselves; but all their guns, with a prodigious quantity of corn, grain, munitions of war, naval stores and military equipments, fell into the hands of the allies. This triumph was stained by great excesses, but these were attributed to Tartars, Turks, merchant-seamen, and others of the usual followers of such expeditions: the French and English regular troops claim to be exonerated from this stain,—we hope justly.

A squadron was sent into the Sea of Azoff, the success of which was signal. Within four days they destroyed 245 Russian vessels employed in carrying provisions to the Russian army in the Crimea, many of them large, and fully equipped and laden. Magazines were destroyed containing more than seven million rations. Arabat was bombarded, and the powder-magazine blown up. At Kerch the enemy destroyed upwards of 4,000,000 lbs. of corn and 500,000 lbs. of flour. These articles should be all remembered when we are summing up the immense sacrifices Russia has made in this war.

An expedition to Anapa was planned and prepared; but the Russians, very perplexingly, saved us the trouble. They, on most occasions, carry out the system they adopted in their war with Buonaparte: they prefer destroying their own cities and stores to allowing their enemies the honour of doing it. "We have inflicted great ruin on the enemy, but they have emulated our best efforts in destroying their own settlements."

After these events there was a lull—the siege seemed to stand still. There was a little occasional fighting, but the French were constantly advancing their works. The Russians seemed particularly idle, as regarded us, and yet it could be seen that they were assiduously employed in strengthening and provisioning the fortress on the north side.

This quiet, however, was soon over. On the 6th of June, for the third time, the fire of the allies was opened along the whole range of positions; the thunders of 157 British guns and mortars, and above 300 on the side of the French

awakened the echoes, and hurled their bolts against Sebastopol. "Like greyhounds in the slips," the two armies, who felt their strength, were eager and anxious for the decisive struggle. The advantages gained by the fleet, wonderfully increased the confidence of the troops.

On the 7th of June, our brave attack upon the Quarries came off, and our heroic allies, the French, made their immortal capture of the Mamelon. The British succeeded in taking and retaining the Quarries, but had to sustain six attacks of the Russians, who fought not only bravely, but with desperation. We wish we could afford space for the details of the taking of the Mamelon by the French, as nothing but details can do it justice; but we must content ourselves with saying, that complete as the success was, never was success more richly deserved. We doubt whether history can furnish a more exciting scene than the conflict for this important post; great was the glory, but dear the price paid for it! Had we had a larger body in reserve, it was the general opinion that the Redan would have shared the fate of the Quarries. When we recollect what this fortress cost us on the memorable 8th of September, we have additional cause to lament the miserable want of generalship so often occurring in this siege. The men were equal to anything, but there was no military star of genius to lead them on. The loss, on all sides, was very great. The next day the Russians solicited a truce, to bury the dead. This truce disappointed the troops, as it was believed both the Redan and the Malakoff Tower might have been captured. It is not unlikely that there was more policy than humanity in the Russian request, for, before the truce of a few hours was ended, these posts were strongly reinforced. The French immediately made every exertion to fortify their acquisition; but the retention of the Mamelon and the Quarry, though exceedingly important, was not a very easy matter. The Russians were, perhaps, more aware of their value than we were. A flag of truce came out of the harbour to request the allied commanders not to fire on certain ships, as they were converted into hospitals. This, although complied with, was by many thought to be a ruse to save the ships.

On the 18th was made the unsuccessful attack upon the Malakoff and Redan. This was preceded by a hail of shot

and shells to an amazing amount, beneath which the Russian fire grew weak and wild. The French obtained possession of the Malakoff, but were unable to hold it. This was a disastrous affair, producing heavy loss and depression of spirits. Let those who idly talk of war, and over their libations sing of its triumphs and victories, study the picture given by the wonderfully-graphic correspondent of the *Times* of the effects of this bravely-carried-out attempt—to think of them is sufficient to penetrate the hardest heart: we cannot dwell upon them.

This was followed by a kind of tacit suspension of hostilities—both sides were “supped full with horrors;” humanity resumed its empire, and mournful thoughts and bitter reflections displaced the madness of strife and visions of glory.

It has been our painful task, in the course of our short narrative, whilst with pride attempting to do justice to the bravery of our gallant troops, to comment severely upon the conduct of their leaders. There is an incident related which took place after the unsuccessful attack upon the Malakoff, that appears to us a perfect epitome of the whole conduct of the war, and which our national feeling would not allow us to repeat, if there were not mixed with it high honour, as well as imbecility. The taking of the Cemetery was the only trophy of the great attack, and that, if properly followed up, might have been of incalculable advantage; the cost of it was dear in brave hearts and strong arms. Mr. Russell does not hesitate to say: “And this we should have abandoned from the *timidity* of one of our generals. It was left to a general of division to say what should be done with the Cemetery, *and he gave orders to abandon it.* On the following morning, Lieutenant Donnelly, an officer of engineers, hears, to his extreme surprise, that the position for which we had paid so dearly was not in our possession. He appreciated its value; he saw that the Russians had not yet advanced to reoccupy it. With the utmost zeal and energy he set to work among the officers of the trenches, and begged and borrowed some thirty men, with whom he crept down into the Cemetery just before the flag of truce was hoisted. As soon as the armistice began, the Russians flocked down to the Cemetery, which they

supposed to be undefended, but, to their great surprise, they found our thirty men posted there as sentries, who warned them back, and in the evening the party was strengthened, and we are now constructing most valuable works and batteries there." Far; far be it from us to harbour a thought or utter a wish inimical to free institutions or representative governments, but there are times when the will of one strong mind will work more nobly than official routine: Mahomet II. would have reversed matters here—the general and the lieutenant would have changed places.

The apparent rest, but real secret activity of both parties, was at first painfully broken in the British camp by the death of General Estcourt, the Adjutant-general of the army, which was quickly followed by that of the Commander-in-chief. Lord Raglan was too old, and too little accustomed to field-work and anxiety of mind to sustain the post he was placed in. Forty years' life of a British nobleman, in an official situation, could not have prepared him for a struggle which would have taxed the energies of his master in his prime. Kind-hearted, amiable and gentlemanly, we believe him to have been, but these were scarcely the qualities to be pitted against Russian ambition, artifices, energies, and dogged courage, or to enable him, at an advanced age, to contend with a climate, exposure, fatigue, and privations to which he had never been accustomed. Lord Raglan must have been more conscious than anybody else of his unfitness for the trying post he occupied: the better the man the more likely was he to suffer from this feeling. It was the failure at the Malakoff, more than disease, that terminated the career of one of whom we can speak with more pride as an English gentleman than as a great English general.

But the great end began to approach; it had been bought dearly, but it loomed above the horizon. Supplies of men and material were constantly arriving in the Allied camp, nor can it be said that their powerful enemy relaxed his efforts in these respects; but, however protected by earthworks, walls cannot endure battering for ever. With their hosts of sappers, the French made daily approaches to mining the principal fortifications, and in July, the Russian commander became so aware of the peril of his situation, that

he informed his Government he could not hold the city much longer. The Court of St. Petersburg appeared to be desperate rather than prudently firm, and ordered the rash assault to be made on the lines of the Tchernaya, in the hope of compelling the allies to raise the siege, and of once more regaining Balaklava. We have had cause to wonder, throughout the siege, at the number of guns and the abundance of all kinds of warlike munitions that were at the command of the Russians. But the capture of Sebastopol has greatly diminished this feeling; for that city may be thought to have been constantly receiving stores in order to carry out the project of taking Constantinople, ever since it was conceived by Peter, and cherished by Catherine II. Instead of a fortified city at the remote boundary of a great empire, it was like the metropolitan arsenal of that empire. The Russians then put forth their energies in one more desperate attack. But the position was too strong and too well defended. The battle of the Tchernaya was entirely in favour of the allies; not only physically but morally, for their prestige of victory was well supported; the Russians were forced to retire back to the heights on either side of Mackenzie's farm.

The next fortnight Prince Gortschakoff may be said to have devoted to providing for the safety of his army. He had great reason to fear the next bombardment would be fatal; he established a means of communication between the battered ruins of the South side of Sebastopol and that North side upon which so much labour and time had been expended; he built a strong raft-bridge across the harbour, threw up earthworks along the cliff to protect it, and drew his army together in compact lines between the sea and the heights of Mackenzie.

On the 5th of September the awful catastrophe was entered upon. All was preparation with both besiegers and besieged; the former girding up their loins for the great struggle, the latter doing all that could be done to meet it manfully. General Pellissier had had a long interview with General Simpson the preceding day, in which, no doubt, the plan of attack was settled.

The French began by exploding three *fougasses* (small mines, shaped like wells), to blow in the counterscarp and

serve as a signal to their men. "Instantly, from the sea to the Dockyard-creek there seemed to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, curling, rich, white smoke, as though the earth had been suddenly rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes." This iron storm made awful havoc on the works and in the city; in its terrible course it "swept the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core." "Such a volley," says the historian and eye-witness, "was probably never before uttered since the cannon found its voice." It paralysed the Russians, and was well described by their General as *un feu d'enfer* (an infernal or hellish fire); the batteries were not prepared to respond to such a destructive and appalling attack. But it was no temporary spirt with the French; they kept to their guns with astonishing energy, rapidity, and strength, filling the very air with the murderous hail poured upon the enemy; there were more than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, playing incessantly on the hostile lines. The stone walls were like houses of card before this tempest, but the huge mounds of earth seemed quietly to engulf all the missiles that could be hurled against them. For a short time the Russians were either so astonished or unprepared, that they made no reply; but at length recovering, their artillerymen went to work. Mr. Russell says, "They fired slowly and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder;" but the immense stores of the "villainous saltpetre" found in Sebastopol, prove that could not have been the cause of their slackness. As such a circumstance was sure to act upon generous natures, the Russian reply only animated the French to additional exertions; their shot flew along the lines of the defences and bounded among the houses with incredible rapidity. During this magnificently-awful scene the British, in their siege-train or in their famous Naval Brigade, were satisfied with pounding away, at their usual pace, at the Malakoff and Redan, but certainly rendered their brave allies some assistance by their shell practice from the Creek to the Redan. The want of unanimity in the attacks is unintelligible: in this last chapter of the great work in the carrying out of which we had been so energetic, and which had

cost us so much, we seemed doomed not to have our share of honour; although we were fully prepared, in every way, to support it creditably. The French commander, with characteristic warmth, perhaps, confident in his numbers and means, thought best to begin alone; and yet this conclusion scarcely agrees with the excellent understanding and regard to each other's reputation which had subsisted between the two armies. Unfortunately our General Jones, who directed the siege works, was laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism.

The Russian works began to display a most dilapidated appearance. They had been finished off in an almost ornamental style, but they now looked ragged; the parapets were pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures were considerably injured. After two hours and a half of furious firing, the French suddenly ceased, to cool their guns and rest the men. This moment of peace the poor Russians employed in repairing, as fast as they could, their damaged works; but their gunners took "heart of grace," and opened an attack upon our sailors' battery and "the crow's nest." With another explosion of fougasses, the French resumed operations with a still fiercer fire than before, and continued it till twelve o'clock at noon, by which time the Russians had only a few guns to reply with. The English from their camp could see them, in great agitation, sending men across the bridge and back again, and at nine o'clock a powerful body of infantry crossed over, in expectation of the attack of the allies; other troops were afterwards brought back, evidently from the same fear. From twelve till five the firing was slack; but then it seemed to revive with greater fury from the comparative lull, and never ceased pouring in shot and shell till half-past seven, when all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, with the darkness, opened with shell against the whole line of defences. We can fancy the sight now beheld can be compared to nothing but a tropical thunder-storm, or to one of those autumnal spectacles of aërolites, which astronomers and meteorologists describe so vividly. "There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air—not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated with their

explosion." The British had gained great skill in their practice, and every shell seemed to fall exactly *à point nommé*. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At five o'clock, in the evening, a frigate in the second line, near the north side, was perceived to be on fire. These ships had been a great source of annoyance to the allies; and the rising flames were hailed with shouts and congratulations. The cause of this conflagration was doubtful. The burning vessel was not only an object of interest, it was a splendid spectacle.

All night a steady fire was kept up to prevent the Russians repairing their damages. Orders were sent to the English batteries to open next morning with dawn; but, alas! they were limited to fifty rounds each.—Why, oh! why was this?—At half-past five A.M. the whole of the batteries, from Quarantine to Inkermann, opened with one grand crash. As before, the Russians were comparatively silent. The cannonade was continued for about the same period as the preceding day. Several gallant officers had fallen on the 5th. The attention of the Russians seemed more than ever directed to the north side; but they kept large masses of men in the town. The bombardment continued all night.

With the rising of the sun the cannonade was resumed. A council of generals was held at head-quarters; the sick were cleared out of the field-hospitals; and it was confidently whispered that the assault would take place next day at twelve o'clock. The fire was kept up with the same intensity all day. About three o'clock a two-decker was set on fire, and burnt all night. Vessels near her were towed away by a steamer to the dock-yard harbour, but the lines of men-of-war remained untouched. Flames broke out behind the *Bedan* in the afternoon. The bombardment was renewed at night-fall. A Sardinian corps was marched up to reinforce the French. About eleven p.m. a heavy explosion was heard in the town. The men intended for the assault were ordered to take forty-eight hours' provision, cooked, with them into the trenches — all was preparation, and feverish anxiety prevailed, even in the stoutest hearts.

It has been observed that the Russians generally indulged

in a *siesta* at twelve o'clock, and that hour was fixed upon for the assault; but the intended surprise was considerably lessened by the British general ordering the cavalry regiment up to the front. This injudicious movement evidently excited the suspicions of the Russians, who, besides, must have expected the extraordinary cannonade and bombardment were the precursors of a general assault.

General Pellissier during the night collected about 30,000 men in and about the Mamelon, who were reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians. It was arranged that the French were to attack the Malakoff and Little Redan about noon, and that the British were to attack the Redan at the same time. At half-past ten the second division and the light division of the English were moved down to the trenches, and placed in the advanced parallels as quietly as possible. About the same time, General Simpson moved down to the second parallel of the Green Hill Battery.

The French had brought their sap close to the Malakoff, and, at a few minutes before twelve, issued in masses from their *place d'armes*, swarmed up the face of the Malakoff, and passed through the embrasures like thought. From their proximity, they had but seven metres to cross to reach their enemy. Column after column poured through the embrasures, and scarcely had the head of their column cleared the ditch when their tricolor floated over the Korniloff Bastion. The French had evidently taken the Russians by surprise, but they soon recovered themselves, and fought manfully to expel the intruders. Glorious was the struggle made by the French to hold their prey; and, fortunately, they were commanded by a general who understood the importance of the acquisition, and did not desert them. While the main body of the French attacked the Malakoff, another division was to attack the Redan of Careening Bay, and a third was to march against the Curtain, which unites these extreme points. General Bosquet commanded a strong division, to support these. The English were to attack the Great Redan, by scaling it at its salient. General Salles, strengthened by a body of Sardinians, was to make a lodgment in the town, if circumstances permitted. Admirals Lyons and Bruat were likewise expected to make a powerful diversion, but the state of the sea prevented their leaving



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their anchorage. The English and French mortar-boats, however, did good service.

After a terrible hand-to-hand struggle, McMahon's division succeeded in making a footing in front of the Malakoff, notwithstanding the storm of projectiles poured upon them by the Russians. The Redan of Careening Bay, after having been occupied, was obliged to be evacuated, in consequence of being exposed to a cross fire, and the fire of the steamers. . But another French division held a portion of the Curtain, and McMahon's division kept gaining ground in the Malakoff, *General Bosquet pouring in reserves, by the order of General Pelissier.*

The Malakoff being the principal object, when the French general perceived that it was safe, he gave the signal agreed upon to General Simpson to attack the Redan. Why General Simpson should thus have abandoned the British share in the great triumph, we are at a loss to guess. In every toil and danger of the war, the English had taken more than their part, because they had not sufficient numbers to keep pace with their brave allies in the works, and their men had been obliged to work double. From the closeness of their trenches to the Malakoff, from the immense numbers of men they poured in at once and continued to supply, the conquest of the Malakoff was not so severe and trying a task as the British attack upon the Redan, although, from the magnitude of the fort, the cost of life was enormous.

Convinced that the capture of the Malakoff was all that was to be wished, the French general would not allow a further waste of good men to be made, by persisting in the other attacks by his troops.

But the Malakoff was not yet safe: General Bosquet was struck by a large fragment of a shell, and was obliged to give his command to General Dulac. A powder magazine in the curtain, near the Malakoff, blew up, and serious consequences were apprehended.

Hoping to profit by the accident, the Russians advanced in dense masses, and in three columns, and attacked the centre, left, and right of the Malakoff. But they were prepared for within the work. McMahon had troops he could depend on; and after, as their own general says, six des-

perate attempts, the Russians were compelled to beat a retreat. From that moment they relinquished any offensive attack: the Malakoff was taken, past fear of recapture. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon.—A few short sentences thus tell the result of the contest for this key of the fortifications; but the fact can only be duly appreciated by reflecting that *seven thousand* brave men were sacrificed in it on the part of the French, and as many, no doubt, on the part of the enemy. War and its horrors were never duly painted till they came under the eye of Mr. Russell; his picture of the hospital of St. Paul throws all the terrific scenes of Dante into shade.

We now proceed to a portion of our story in which Englishmen, we are grieved to the heart to say, can take no pride. Never did an army go through the fatigues and dangers of a campaign with more courage, more devotion, more firmness, or more patient endurance; and at the last to be cut off from partaking of the great honour of the closing triumph, is disheartening to their future endeavours, and a source of deep regret to their countrymen at home.

At a few minutes past twelve the British left the fifth parallel. The enemy's musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which they had to pass over two hundred yards, from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large portion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with the exception of acting Brigadier-general Windham, and Captains Eyers, Lewis, and Maude: the rest had been struck down by the volleys of grape and rifle balls which swept the flanks of the work towards the salient. As they came nearer, the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without much trouble: it was torn to pieces by our shot; the men stepped over and through it with ease. The light division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is about fifteen feet deep. The escalade party proceeded to plant their ladders, but they were found too short!—had they not been so, they would not have been of much use, as there were but six or seven brought to the place. In ancient times, when men only fought hand to hand, seven ladders have achieved wonders; but where all

who mounted could be swept off by musketry, such a number was useless. But the gallant officers set their men the example of leaping into the ditch, scrambling up the other side, and thence getting on to the parapet with little opposition; whilst the Russians who were in front ran back, and opened a fire upon them from behind the traverses and breastworks. When upon the parapet, strange and new it is to say, the soldiers seemed bewildered; their gallant officers cheered them on, coaxed them on, but instead of following them, they persisted in firing, loading and firing! The officers began to fall fast. The small party of the 90th, much diminished, went on gallantly towards the breastwork, but they were too weak to force it, and joined the men of other regiments, who were keeping up a brisk fire upon the Russians from behind the traverses. Colonel Windham had got into the Redan with the storming party of the light division, below the salient on the proper left face, but all his exertions were as futile as those of the gallant officers of the 90th, 91st, and the supporting regiments.

As the light division rushed out in the front, they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery, and other pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which thinned them grievously before they could reach the salient or apex of the work they were to assault. The columns of the second division issuing out of the fifth parallel, rushed up immediately after the light division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure was in flames, but running on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and of each others' hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was one of the first men in on this side. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and the breastwork retreated behind the latter, and got from behind the traverses to its protection. From this place they poured in a thick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the light division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan; and the British, with an infatuation

which all officers deplore, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing behind the traverses, loaded and fired as quickly as they could, producing little effect, as the Russians were all covered by the breastwork. Groups of riflemen likewise kept up a galling fire from behind the lower traverses, near the base of the Redan. As soon as the alarm of the attack was spread, the Russians came rushing up from the barracks, and increased the intensity of the fire, from which the English were dropping fast, and increasing the confidence of the enemy by their immobility. In vain their officers by word and deed encouraged them on; they were impressed with an idea that the Redan was mined, and that if they advanced they should be blown up: and yet many of them acted in a manner worthy of the men of the Alma and Inkermann. But what availed these few?—they were swept down by the enemy's fire the moment they advanced to the front. In the same manner, the courage of the officers only made them a mark for the Russian fire, and they fell as soon as they advanced. All was confusion, regiments were confounded, and men refused to obey any but their own officers. We are at a loss to account for the conduct of Colonel Windham, it was that of a hero,—indeed, he is the British hero of the day; but he must have seen that with such a handful of men his efforts were unavailing: he gathered together one little band after another, only to have them swept down by the enemy's guns: his own escape was miraculous. The men kept up a smart fire from behind the lower parts of the inner parapet, but no persuasion or commands could induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. Whilst our men were thus being terrifically thinned, the Russians gained reinforcements, not only from the town but from the Malakoff, which had now been abandoned to the French. But Colonel Windham did not blench; he sent three times to Sir E. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, to beg him to send up supports, in some order of formation; but none of his messengers reached the general in safety: all were wounded and disabled. Supports were sent, but they came in disorder from the fire they had to pass through, and they were in such small numbers, that they appeared only to be sent to feed the slaughter. Seemingly rendered

careless of life, the colonel passed from one dangerous position to another, exposed to a close fire, and, wonderful to relate, untouched, but he found the same confusion everywhere—all firing away at the enemy from behind anything that could screen them, but all refusing to charge. He, at length, got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but as they did not, as he appeared to do, “bear a charmed life,” they were no sooner out than they were swept away like chaff: the officers, as conspicuous by their courage as their dress, going down first. This carnage lasted an hour. The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham went once more back across the open space to the left, to make another attempt to retrieve the day. In his progress he had to pass through the fire of his own men and the incessant volleys of the Russians, but he still was safe. Within the inner parapet of the left, he found the men becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion, to make room for a fieldpiece. Colonel Windham exclaimed to the soldiers who were firing over the parapet, “As you are so fond of firing, why don’t you shoot that Russian?” They fired a volley, but all missed him; and soon the fieldpiece began to play on the salient with grape. Finding no time was to be lost, and seeing nothing of his messengers, Colonel Windham determined to go himself in quest of supports. “I *must* go to the general for supports,” said he to Captain Crealock, of the 90th, who happened to be near him. “But, mind that it be known why I went, in case I am killed.” He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel, through a storm of grape and rifle-bullets in safety. Sir Edward Codrington asked him, if he really thought he could do any good with such supports as he could afford him, and said he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. “Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation, the Redan is ours,” was the ready reply of this truly British soldier; but the game was ended: as he spoke, the men were seen in full flight from the Redan, by every means of egress, followed by the Russians, who not only bayoneted them, and shot them down with musketry, but even threw stones and grape-shot at them. Large

masses of Russians, supported by grape from several field-pieces, had poured upon the broken, confused parties of the British, and crushed them as if beneath an avalanche. When it came to this point, their native courage revived, and they had recourse to their national weapon. The struggle was desperate, but, from the numbers of the Russians, necessarily short. Officers, only armed with swords, had little chance in such a *mêlée*; they fell like heroes amidst the gallant part of their men. The pursuing Russians were soon forced to retire by the fire of the English batteries and riflemen, and, under the cover of that, many escaped to the approaches. General Pelissier, on becoming aware of the failure of the English attack, sent over to General Simpson to ask if he meant to renew it; but the British Commander-in-Chief is reported to have said that he did not feel in a condition to do so. The reserve was certainly strong enough to have returned to the attack, and General Simpson talked of making it the next morning; but the Russians saved him the trouble.

The French had a long and severe contest in the rear of the Malakoff, but, although they failed in the other two attacks, they nobly maintained their footing in their grand prize.

When the siege of Sebastopol becomes a subject of remote history, we have no doubt that it will be viewed in this light:—The Malakoff Tower was known to be the key to the place, and the capture of it was the principal object with the allies. The French being by far in greatest numbers, were alone able to undertake this capture, the British army not being in a condition to sustain such a drain as the attempt was sure to produce. But, "to make assurance doubly sure," diversions were necessary, and it was agreed that the British should attack the Redan, whilst the French attacked the Little Redan and the Curtain. These last will all be supposed to be mere diversions, and that they fully answered their purpose.—Now, whether the allied generals had thus laid their plans, we will not presume to say; but such is a very fair assumption. But Englishmen will ask, Why were so many of our brave countrymen made *enfants perdus* in an attack that, from beginning to end, was so mismanaged as never to have a chance of success? To which

The reply will be: Your loss has certainly been grievous; but remember, it was a common cause, and, in this attempt, which brought about such glorious results, where you had 2,447 men placed *hors de combat*, your brave allies had 7,000. There is another circumstance that gives countenance to this idea. In all Oriental warfare, it has been the practice to place the worst troops in the van; they were flogged up with whips, and pricked up with lances to meet the enemy, whom they were supposed to fatigue and exhaust before the *élite* of the army engaged. Now, though General Simpson sent in the Bedan regiments of nominally great experience and tried courage, he really sent in the rawest part of his army; for these regiments had been so thinned by the campaign as to contain very few of the men who came out in them: the Guards, the Highlanders, the third and fourth divisions were untouched. But whether they served as *enfants perdus*, or were lost in what was meant to be a successful attack, the friends of those who fell in this disastrous affair must console themselves in their grief by reflecting that no honour is lost—the means, and the method of employing those means, appear to have been quite inadequate to the object in view.

However great was the triumph of the French, they never dreamt that it would be so speedily followed by such important consequences.

At eight o'clock, the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, after having placed combustibles in every house, with a view of making a second Moscow of Sebastopol. With great art, the commander kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as if he meant to endeavour to regain the Malakoff. Before two o'clock in the morning the fleet had been scuttled and sunk. About two o'clock flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town, and to spread gradually over the principal buildings. At four, explosion followed upon explosion, and the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up; the magnificence of the scene being heightened by the bursting of the numberless shells contained in the magazines. During all this time, the Russian infantry proceeded in a steady, uninterrupted march over the bridge to the north side; so that by six o'clock the last battalion had passed over: the south

side of Sebastopol was thus evacuated, and left to its persevering and brave conquerors.

In his retreat, the Russian general, Prince Gortschakoff, maintained the character for generalship he had so fully earned in his defence of Sebastopol. As the place was no longer tenable against the troops and artillery brought against it, nothing could be better than his arrangements for the safety of his army. He fought till the place crumbled away beneath him, and then made a judicious retreat with a very small loss of men. The amount of stores found in the town, after such a contest, seems almost incredible,—the capture of 4,000 cannon is a thing unheard of in the history of war.

And here this remarkable siege virtually terminated. For no serious attempt was ever made upon the northern side of Sebastopol: and, beyond a naval expedition to Kinburn, and a successful cavalry action near Eupatoria, the allied forces were henceforth engaged in no affair of importance during their continuance in the Crimea. All concerned were, in fact, getting tired of the war. On the part of the allies, it was felt that enough had been done for their purpose; that civilization had so far triumphed over the encroachments of barbarism; and that the hereditary schemes of the house of Romanoff had encountered such a check, as must for many years retard their further development. Russia, too, desired nothing better than an honourable occasion for sheathing her sword; and such an opportunity was shortly afforded by the capitulation of Kars (on the 27th of November, 1855), after a glorious defence, organized by British officers. The news of this event was almost immediately followed by a practical cessation of hostilities. Towards the end of February following, a peace conference was opened at Paris; and, on the 30th of March, 1856, a treaty of peace was signed in the same capital amidst universal satisfaction.

D E L H I.

A. D. 1857.

THE never-to-be-forgotten "*Revolt of the Bengal Army*" marks the year 1857; and volumes have been written, with a view to elucidate the causes of that astounding outbreak. But we shall confine ourselves to a detail of facts. It is well known that, the long-gathering discontents first exploded, in the form of an armed insurrection, at Meerut. Here, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 10th, the 3rd Bengal light cavalry, with the 11th and 20th regiments native infantry, threw off their allegiance to the British Government, set fire to the native portion of the cantonment, murdered several of their European officers, released all the prisoners in gaol (many of whom were sepoy's under sentence for mutinous conduct), and, having accomplished all the mischief practicable within a brief period of time, proceeded on the road to Delhi, only thirty-eight miles distant. No serious pursuit was instituted.

The mutineers did not reckon without their host in at once repairing to the old focus of intrigue and rebellion, the imperial city of Delhi. That city contained the largest arsenal in Upper India. There too was the palace of the Mogul, a sort of political *Mecca* in the eyes of every Indian Mussulman. The titular emperor was here still permitted to exercise a shadowy royalty, and to await any convenient occasion for throwing off the slight restraints imposed on him by British supremacy. The neighbouring cantonment was, as usual, occupied exclusively by native troops; the brigade, consisting of the 38th light infantry, 54th native infantry, 74th native infantry, and a nine-pounder field battery, manned by native gunners. These corps all readily fraternized with the newcomers, whose arrival (on the morning of the 11th May), was not unexpected. Treachery was everywhere at work. The 54th native infantry, being ordered to oppose the mutineers at the bridge

of boats on the Jumna, marched with apparent cheerfulness; but, on falling in with the head of the insurgent column, basely suffered their officers to be massacred by the light cavalry troopers. The other regiments gradually disappeared; and at about four p.m. the artillerymen in charge of the flag-staff battery (situated on an eminence overlooking cantonments) threatened to turn their guns upon Brigadier Graves and the survivors of the European population, who were assembled there at his desire. All were now necessitated to shift for themselves, the brigadier himself being the last man to quit his post. Thus neither in the city nor in the cantonments did the mutineers meet with any check,—saving such loss as they may have sustained by the explosion of the small-arms magazine (within the walls), which was judiciously blown up, when no longer defensible, after being held for several hours by Lieutenant Willoughby and eight officers of the magazine staff. And now the rebels, having it all their own way, proceeded to celebrate the downfall of the Feringee rule by a wholesale massacre of Europeans, including Christians of whatever race or description. The aged king, who had forthwith placed himself at the head of the movement, did not hesitate to countenance these atrocities; having even volunteered to betray many unfortunate fugitives, whom he might have saved with a word. But, vengeance having been glutted,—or no more victims being forthcoming,—it next became necessary to organize some kind of government. This was, therefore, effected, apparently under rulers selected from among the native cavalry, who, it may be remarked, throughout assumed pre-eminence over the other arms of the service. The first idea of the mutineers seems to have been the defence of the city. Notwithstanding the partial destruction of the arsenal, they had still almost boundless means. Their ammunition throughout the siege never failed for an hour. They had plenty of money, and they expected immense accessions of strength from a universal rising of their brethren in arms. Supplies of every kind were also abundant, and this state of things would continue so long as the rebels held command of the Jumna. Thus favourably situated, the mutineer garrison awaited in perfect confidence the approach of any force that might be

brought against them. Their own numbers at this period may be estimated at something under 4,000 men, of whom about 300 belonged to the cavalry, and only 80 or 90 to the artillery branch. Successive fresh arrivals gradually swelled the muster-roll; but it is not likely that the total of regular troops congregated within the walls at any time exceeded (even if it reached) 23,000 men of all arms. The proportion of artillerymen continued to be very small throughout the succeeding operations. Yet the want of trained gunners was never perceptible on the side of the garrison. The king, however, had a small corps of artillery in his private pay; and the mistaken economy which, during some years, led the British Government to instruct a certain portion of each sepoy regiment in the management of great guns, was no doubt to thank for supplying all further deficiencies.

The command-in-chief of the Indian armies was held, at this important juncture, by General the Hon. George Anson; and, whatever may have been this officer's qualifications for so responsible a post, it would be the height of injustice to deny that he acted both promptly and vigorously on receiving intelligence of the events which we have briefly narrated. General Anson was at Simla when the news reached him; and his dispositions thereupon were instantaneous. The European infantry regiments stationed in the Hills, were put under orders to march on the 12th May,—only two days after the Meerut outbreak; and, on the third day after the capture of Delhi, General Anson himself reached Umballa. A siege-train had, in the mean while, been ordered from Phillour on the Sutlej, and various subsidiary arrangements were now completed. Striking off, as useless, all native troops of the regular army, there was at Umballa, on the 17th May, a force of 1,800 European infantry, 450 cavalry, and 12 light guns. Half of these were pushed forward at once; but there was very little carriage available, and no immediate means of obtaining more. Still the force was urged on; and the Commander-in-Chief reached Kurnaul on the 25th May; where, however, he died of cholera on the 27th. General Reed (at that time in the Punjab) now succeeded, as senior officer, to the post of Provincial Commander-in-Chief; but

the immediate command of the Delhi field-force remained with Sir H. Barnard, who arrived at Kurnaul on the night prior to General Anson's death. The new leader was an old soldier, and one also fresh from Crimean experiences; but, at the same time, destitute of original military genius, and an entire stranger to Indian warfare. Yet he yielded to none in personal courage; and, throughout the brief remainder of his career, exhibited an activity scarcely to have been expected from his worn-out frame. Sir Henry lost no time in taking the field; and on the 1st June commenced his march towards Delhi, preceded by the detachment which, as before mentioned, had already moved in advance under Brigadier Hallifax. A column from Meerut, under Brigadier Wilson, commandant of the Bengal artillery, had already opened the campaign. On the day of General Anson's decease, this force, consisting of 450 men and officers of the 60th royal rifles, with 200 of the 6th dragoon guards (carabineers), a field-battery, and a half-troop of horse artillery, left Meerut, and took the high road to the imperial city. Three days afterwards they encountered a formidable body of the mutineers, strongly posted at the village of Ghazee-ood-deen-Nuggur, near the suspension-bridge across the Hindun. The enemy at once opened fire with some heavy guns, but their artillerymen, being much annoyed by the rifles, fired with greater rapidity than precision. After a brief cannonading on both sides, the British infantry advanced at the double, and carried the enemy's position in the most gallant style. Their principal loss was occasioned by the blowing up of an ammunition wagon. On the following afternoon the insurgents again approached in great force, and took up a position on a high ridge in front of the bridge, and about a mile from the advanced pickets. From this point they commenced a harmless fire, which was speedily responded to by the British artillery. In little more than two hours the enemy's fire sensibly slackened, upon which the rifles advanced to the charge and soon crowned the ridge. The mutineers, however, were already in full retreat, and their opponents too much exhausted by the heat to pursue them any further. During the night of the 7th of June, Brigadier Wilson, having crossed the Jumna at Bhagput, effected

junction with the Umballa force, under General Barnard, at Alipore, eleven miles from Delhi, on the trunk, or Kur-naul, road. The siege-train had already joined on the day previous. The united force now consisted of:—16 horse-artillery guns and 6 horse-battery guns—all served by Europeans; her Majesty's 9th lancers; two squadrons 6th carabineers; six companies 60th rifles; 1st Bengal fusiliers; six companies 2nd Bengal fusiliers; head-quarters of the Sirmoor battalion, Goorkhas; and a portion of the sappers and miners, which had not mutinied—about 150 men. Thus, in round numbers, there were 600 cavalry, 2,400 infantry, and 22 field-guns. The siege-train, consisting of eight 18-pounder guns, four 8-inch howitzers, four 8-inch mortars, and twelve 5½-inch mortars, had attached to it a weak company of European artillery (4th of 6th battalion), and 100 European artillery recruits. Several native regiments and detachments, that could no longer be depended upon, had been judiciously banished on pretence of sending them to watch over the safety of particular localities which the rebels were expected to visit.

The little army, constituted as above, resumed its march towards Delhi at one a.m. of the 8th June, and arrived ere daybreak in front of a strong position occupied by the enemy at Badlee-ki-Serai, four miles from the imperial city. The insurgents were here attacked at dawn, and driven from their intrenchments, after a sharp contest, with a loss of twenty guns. This affair, which lasted three quarters of an hour, cost the lives of Colonel Chester, adjutant-general of the Bengal army, and of about fifty men. But, although the troops were much exhausted, it was resolved to push on the force, now divided into two columns—the one advancing by the main trunk road, the other proceeding to the left through the cantonments. General Barnard led in person the column to the left, and soon found that the enemy had posted himself strongly on the ridge over the cantonments, with his guns in position. Finding himself under their fire, a rapid flank movement was made to the left, so as to secure the shelter of the cantonments. The enemy's guns once more proving formidable, were captured by a gallant dash of the 60th rifles and 2nd fusiliers, supported by the horse artillery, when the position was carried. The com-

manding officer now proceeded to make those dispositions of which the general character remained unaltered during the continuance of the siege.

The camp was ordered to be pitched on the cantonment parade-ground facing the lines, and with its rear protected by the canal cut, which could only be crossed by bridges at certain points. A mound on the right of camp offered an advantageous post for a picquet on that flank, which was much exposed to attacks from the Subzee Mundeel suburb. Cavalry picquets on the left flank patrolled to the river, while the ridge in front of the position was held by the Sirmoor battalion and two companies 60th rifles at Hindoo Rao's house on the right; a picquet of infantry at the Flag-staff Tower in front of the left of camp; and an infantry picquet at a mosque, midway between Hindoo Rao's house and the flag-staff. The heavy guns were ordered to be brought up to Hindoo Rao's, preparatory to being put into battery; and it was also found necessary to have two light guns on each of the three picquets just detailed. The rocky eminence, henceforth occupied by the British outposts and batteries, runs nearly east and west; being distant, from the landward face of the city, on an average 1,200, but in some parts 1,500, yards. The principal gates looking in this direction are the Cashmere, Lahore, Moree, and Cabul; the first of which faced the left, as the last-named corresponded to the right, of the British line of picquets. The descent towards Delhi is at first precipitous; but this soon subsides into a gentle slope, terminating in the right bank of the Jumna, along which the city itself extends for a considerable space. The fortifications, as subsisting at the period of which we treat, were very complete and in perfect repair,—although not technically strong. They consisted of a lofty curtain wall, flanked by numerous bastions, capable of sustaining heavy ordnance, with a deep ditch and regular *glacis*. But the real strength of the place, under present circumstances, lay in its own immense internal resources, and in the manifest weakness of the besieging force. Indeed, the very term "besieging" is a misnomer, as applied to Sir H. Barnard's little army, on its encampment before a town the defences of which were nearly seven miles about.

The British loss in killed, wounded, and missing, throughout the tedious struggles of the 8th June, amounted to 185 officers and men, and sixty-three horses. But a most substantial advantage was gained in the capture of thirteen guns:—viz., one 8-inch howitzer, two 24-pounders, two 18-pounders, and eight 9-pounder field-pieces. The loss of the mutineers was estimated at between three and four hundred; but the garrison was now daily reinforced from distant stations. Sir Henry Barnard's small force also received, at this juncture, a valuable accession of strength. On the morning of the 9th June, the Punjab "Guide Corps," consisting of three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry (rifles), marched into camp under command of Captain Daly. This distinguished body of men had marched at the hottest season of the year from Murdan, on the Peshawur frontier, to Delhi, a distance of 580 miles in twenty-two days; and though the infantry portion were occasionally assisted with camels or ponies on the line of road, the marching was a surprising feat even for cavalry. That same afternoon the mutineers, who had cannonaded at intervals during the day, moved out of the city and threatened the position on the ridge, making a sharp attack on its right at Hindoo Rao's house. The Guides moved up in support, and the insurgents were driven back into the city with considerable loss. On the other side Lieut. Quentin Batty, commandant of the Guide cavalry, an enthusiastic, gallant soldier, was mortally wounded, and expired shortly afterwards. His last words, addressed to a sorrowing comrade, are admirably characteristic of the spirit that animated the whole body of British troops in front of Delhi:—"Well, old fellow, it's come to the good old saying with me at last, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*'" The corps of Guides, so forward on this first occasion, continued to render most conspicuous service throughout the siege.

On the 10th, 11th, and 12th, the rebel garrison returned to the assault; and were again repulsed, as on the 9th of June. The affair of the 12th was the most serious. A large body of the mutineer infantry, having ambushed among the ravines in Sir T. Metcalfe's grounds, between the Flagstaff Tower and the river, soon after daylight made a sudden and vigorous onset on the picquet at the

tower, consisting of two horse-artillery guns and a detachment 75th foot. They gained the summit of the ridge on the left of the tower; but reinforcements moved rapidly in support of the picquet, and the insurgents were driven off and pursued some way. To avoid a recurrence of anything of the kind, a large picquet was sent to occupy Sir T. Metcalfe's ruined house close to the river, and thus render it almost impossible for the enemy to pass round on that side. Sir T. Metcalfe's house indeed would have been previously occupied had it not been for the difficulty of providing a relief for the picquets; and, after all, it sometimes was impossible to carry out the daily relief. Such a fact is, in itself, a sufficient demonstration that Sir H. Barnard's present means were wholly insufficient for a regular and formal siege. But the general was from all quarters urged "to take Delhi," by those who ought to have been somewhat better acquainted with his real position; and under this pressure from without, it was now resolved to hazard a *coup de main*. There was considerable risk in the attempt, for not more than 1,700 or 1,800 infantry were available for the assault, and there was every reason to anticipate a prolonged struggle in the city, and in capturing the palace; during which time the camp, with all its sick and wounded, stores, followers, &c., would be but very weakly guarded. According to the plan proposed, two gates were to be blown in with powder-bags, by which two columns should effect a separate entrance; and, in pursuance of this design, troops were actually moving down to the assault on the morning of the 13th June. But at the last moment, owing to some misconception of orders, the advance of the columns was delayed, until approaching daylight forbade all hope of the attack being made with any prospect of success. The intended arrangements thus fell to the ground; and the idea of a *coup de main*, though subsequently revived, was not again seriously entertained.

The position at Hindoo Rao's was at this time confided to Major Reid, of the Sirmoor (Goorkha) battalion, who established his corps in the large house which gave its name to the whole ridge. At first he had only his own battalion and two companies of the 60th rifles, but after a time the Guide infantry were added, and on an "alarm" he was

reinforced by two more companies 60th rifles. He had the protection of all the heavy batteries throughout the siege; during which this officer never quitted the ridge save to attack the enemy below it, and never once visited the camp until carried to it wounded on the day of the final assault. The frequency of the sorties, indeed, left little room for repose. On the 15th of June, the enemy, observing the low state of the Jumna, made a smart attempt to turn the left flank of the British position, availing themselves of the sands under the high river-bank beyond the Metcalfe picquet. This attack was eventually repulsed, with heavy loss to the assailants, by the party of her Majesty's 75th foot on duty. The 17th of June opened with a more than usually severe cannonade, the apparent object being to divert attention from a battery the enemy were busily constructing on a rising ground (in the direction of a large walled enclosure called the 'Bedgah'), which, if completed, would enfilade the entire position along the picquet ridge. Sir H. Barnard resolved at once to drive the insurgents from the ground they were taking up before their battery could be established, and to destroy the works that had been commenced. Two columns were therefore, at about four p.m., detached on this duty. Of these, the right column under Major H. Tombs (horse artillery), moved from camp towards the enemy's left. It consisted of four guns of his own troop, thirty Guide cavalry, twenty sappers and miners, two companies of her Majesty's 60th rifles, and four companies 1st fusiliers; while Major Reid moved from Hindoo Rao's towards Kis-sengunge and the enemy's right, with four companies 60th rifles and the Sirmoor battalion. Both columns were completely successful, and each defeated and drove off considerable bodies of mutineers. Major Tombs captured and brought in a 9-pounder gun: and Major Reid, besides destroying a battery, burned the village in which it was situated, a magazine (evidently made by sappers) and the gates of three Serais. In this affair, the troops employed sustained but little loss. Major Tombs was, however, slightly wounded, and had two horses shot: making five horses shot under him, from the outset of the campaign up to this date.

On the 19th of June, a serious action was fought, which lasted from sunrise to sunset. At one time a detached column of the insurgents very nearly succeeded in getting to the rear of the British position; and horse, foot, and artillery were for a while mixed together in inextricable confusion. Finally, however, the dogged resolution of the men, and the brilliant courage of the regimental officers, as usual, supplied the deficiency of military science on the part of their leaders, and the enemy was repulsed at every point. Further attempts to gain the rear of the besieging army were frustrated, by the destruction of two bridges leading over the canal in that direction. A battery for two 18-pounders was also constructed behind the camp and armed; close to which the rear picquets of cavalry and infantry were posted. At daylight on the 23rd (the centenary of Plassy) the rebels again sallied forth in considerable numbers, and, under cover of gardens and detached buildings, made a furious attack upon the outlying picquets. Nor was it without a severe struggle that they were eventually driven back, leaving several hundred dead behind them. Similar attacks took place on the 27th and 30th, but were repulsed with less difficulty.

Some reinforcements had in the mean time reached camp; and between the 26th of June and the 3rd of July the following troops joined:—viz. European and native detachments of horse artillery, with four guns; a detail of European reserve artillery from Lahore; a detachment of newly-raised (Sikh) sappers and artillery; a squadron of Punjab cavalry; the head-quarters of her Majesty's 8th and 61st foot, and the 1st Punjab rifles. So that, deducting sick and wounded sent away to Meerut and Umballa, the effective force before Delhi might now amount in round numbers to about 6,600 men of all arms.

But the garrison had been also strongly reinforced from time to time, as already intimated. For, since the commencement of the revolt, there had been numerous arrivals of unarmed sepoys (their deficiencies were easily supplied), and of organized detachments, companies, and entire regiments. The Nusseerabad brigade had also come in, having formed a principal portion of the insurgent force engaged on the 19th June. It was during the 1st and

2nd July that the Rohilcund mutineers arrived at Delhi, marching across the bridge of boats within full view of the spectators who had taken post on the ridge in front of the camp. They were a formidable reinforcement, consisting of the whole of No. 15 horse-battery, two 6-pounder post-guns from Shahjehanpore, the 8th irregular cavalry, 18th, 28th, 29th, and 68th native infantry. Subsequently to this important junction, the only reinforcements of strength greater than a regiment that reached Delhi, were the Jhansi troops, consisting of half No. 18 light field-battery, a wing 12th regiment native infantry, and the 14th irregular cavalry; and late in July the Neemuch brigade, consisting of a native troop of horse-artillery, a wing 1st light cavalry, the 72nd native infantry, 7th infantry regiment Gwalior contingent, and the cavalry and infantry of the Kotah contingent. Arrivals on a small scale were, however, constant up to the middle of August; by which time the rebel garrison had probably attained its maximum, already estimated at 23,000 regularly disciplined troops. Many thousands more had doubtless hastened to their appointed rendezvous; but the balance will be sufficiently accounted for by the heavy casualties that must have occurred,—coupled with the undoubted facts, that numbers of those who arrived within sight of the walls never entered the city; and that many others were continually departing, whose affection to the cause was doubtful, or who had achieved their main object in making up a private purse, the proceeds of plunder.

The periodical rains had set in towards the end of the previous month; but this circumstance did not, at first, seem to interfere with the restless activity of the rebel garrison. Again, on the 3rd July, a large force, consisting of the newly-arrived mutineers from Bareilly and the Rohilcund stations, came out with guns and elephants, and attempted to get in rear of the camp, by making a *détour* round the village of Alipore. But this was rather a demonstration than a real attack: for they retreated almost without fighting, so soon as the British troops could be got under arms. On the 9th and 14th, under the auspices of a newly-appointed chief (the "Bareilly general," late a subadar of artillery), the enemy made a more determined stand, and

are represented to have lost 1,000 of their number in killed and wounded. These severe lessons appear to have taught them caution, or perhaps their movements were restrained by the increasing violence of the showers that now prevailed. The defenders of the ridge also suffered, in their turn, for excessive temerity in the sortie of the 14th above mentioned. For, having on that occasion pursued their scattered assailants within range of small-arms from the ramparts, their recklessness did not pass unpunished. The total loss in killed and wounded was 208 of all ranks. Amongst the officers wounded on this day was Colonel Chamberlain, the new adjutant-general of the Bengal army, being the seventh time he had been hit in action.

But in the mean time, Sir Henry Barnard, having been attacked with cholera on the morning of the 5th July, had expired the same afternoon, much regretted by the whole force under his command, and most deeply so by those who knew him best. He was not, indeed, a great general: yet a meritorious officer, and well versed in the duties of his profession. Brave, kind-hearted, and hospitable, it may be doubted whether he ever had an enemy. Cholera then, as ever, was present in the camp, and the death of any one excited no surprise; but no doubt Sir Henry Barnard's attack was due in a great degree to his unsparing exposure of himself to the sun at all hours of the day, and to intense mental anxiety. His indeed had been a most trying position. Arrived for the first time in India, on assuming command of the Sirhind division, in April, he found the whole of the native troops (to whose characters and peculiarities he was of course an utter stranger) in a most discontented and unsatisfactory state; and a few weeks placed him at the head of a weak force, called upon to take Delhi, and to crush the great strength of the mutineers there concentrated! Had he not felt anxiety he would not have been human, and he as truly died of causes purely arising out of the mutiny as any soldier who fell in battle against the insurgents.

General Reed, who, as Provincial Commander-in-Chief, was of necessity senior to the deceased, had been present from the commencement of the operations before Delhi;—but, saving in the way of counsel and advice, when sought for, had abstained from all interference. This officer now

assumed command; but his health, before very feeble, had by this time completely broken down, and change of climate was imperative. On the 17th July, therefore, the newly-installed chief made over his authority to Brigadier Archdale Wilson, of the Bengal artillery, and himself retired to Simla. Along with the Delhi command, General Reed also, in anticipation of Government sanction, conferred upon his successor the rank of brigadier-general. This was a necessary measure; for (in his substantive grade of colonel) Brigadier Wilson was not the senior officer present with the troops before Delhi. Thus far the siege cannot be said to have made much progress. But now it was confidently believed, that, by the end of August, the arrival of a fresh and more powerful siege-train, together with large reinforcements from the Punjab, would warrant a recourse to more active measures. Much also was expected from some changes in the engineer department, the command of which had recently devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel R. Baird Smith, from Roorkee; whilst it was felt that, as a professional and practical artillerist, no better selection could have been made than that of Brigadier-General Wilson, to superintend the further operations contemplated.

Fresh sorties were made by the enemy on the 18th and 20th, but were repulsed without much difficulty. On the 23rd July, however, the Bareilly "General Sahib" (as he was called) made another attempt—this time in great force, with field-pieces, and under cover of a heavy fire from the ramparts—to pierce the British left between the mosque and Metcalfe picquets. But, being suddenly taken in flank by a column under Brigadier Showers, the enemy was discomfited more easily than usual: insomuch that the guns he brought out escaped capture only by the rapidity with which they were withdrawn. These were the last assaults upon the advanced position that occasioned the besiegers any material annoyance. The attack upon the left, just recorded, had proved an entire failure; whilst on the right of the picquet line, the engineers had, by incessant exertions, cleared away the old buildings, walls, and gardens which gave cover to the enemy in front of the British outposts about the Subzee-mundee suburb. The breastworks, connecting these picquets with the crest of the ridge, near

Hindoo Rao's house, were now thoroughly completed ; and the men on duty were henceforth exposed to no more than a distant, and comparatively harmless, fire. A considerable number of field-guns (taken from the enemy) had also been added to the defences on the ridge ; all of which, with the aid of the newly-raised Sikh artillerymen, it was found possible to man. Subsequently to the 23rd July nothing occurred for several days, beyond the usual artillery fire on either side, and skirmishing at the outposts. But on the 31st of that month a force consisting of several thousand men, with ten field-guns and three mortars, moved out of the city and along the Rhotuck road, with the intention of making a temporary bridge (for which purpose they took timbers) across the Nujufghur Jheel cut, and so get in rear of the British camp ; a move which, if successfully carried out, would have caused the besiegers much inconvenience. However, their proceedings were closely watched, and a movable column was held in readiness to march at once against them under Major Coke, should they get over the cut ; after which they had to cross a flooded country almost impassable for guns for some miles, and then the canal itself, before they could come on the trunk road, the only part of the country where troops could at this season move with ease. The Kumaon battalion (Goorkhas), only some 400 strong, happened,—as possibly the rebel leaders well knew,—to be that very day at Rhye, two marches distant, with a large supply of ammunition and treasure. Instructions were now sent out to the officer in charge, to march straight into camp the same night ; and Major Coke's column moved out to Alipore, in order to form an additional escort for the last march. The entire convoy thus reached headquarters in the morning under a drenching rain ; and Major Coke's force was again ordered to be held in immediate readiness for further service. By the afternoon of the 1st August, the mutineers had nearly completed a bridge at Bussye, when a flood came down and swept it away, the timber frame-work being carried past the British camp. They then returned towards Delhi ; a large body of infantry moving from the city to meet them at the same time. When the two bodies met, they turned through the Kissengunge suburb, and attacked the right of

the besiegers' position on the ridge. This was about sunset, and all night long the roar of musketry and artillery was incessant. Again and again they came close up to the breastworks, but were always repulsed by the fire of small-arms, aided, when practicable, by grape. Some light mortars, too, played with effect upon the masses below the ridge; but it was not till ten a.m. of the 2nd that their efforts began to cease, and they did not altogether retire until four p.m. The British troops were admirably steady, and being well protected by breastworks and never showing save when the enemy came close up, their loss was trifling.

On the 6th of August (the great Mahomedan festival of the Bukree-Eed * having intervened) the mutineers again came out in force; and from that day until the 13th incessant skirmishing prevailed, but with little loss to the besiegers, who were now restrained under shelter as much as possible. In fact, from the date of General Wilson's succeeding to the command, it was observed, that, under precisely similar circumstances, the British casualties were uniformly less than before. On the morning of the 12th, Brigadier Showers performed a gallant exploit in capturing a four-gun battery outside the Cashmere Gate, which played upon the picquet at Metcalfe House. This important service, however, was not effected without a loss of 113 men and officers killed and wounded: amongst the latter of whom were Brigadier Showers himself, and Major Coke,—both severely hit. About the same date another battery was destroyed, which was being constructed so as to rake the besiegers' position: and a powder-magazine exploded in the city, killing several hundred people. It was about this time, also, that an unsuccessful attempt was made to destroy the bridge of boats over the Jumna, which the rise of the stream had failed to carry away. But this disappointment was forgotten in the arrival of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, one of the most dashing officers in the Indian armies. His opportune junction strengthened the force before Delhi by the accession of 1,264 British bayonets, a company of European artillery, two Sikh regiments, a

* In commemoration of Abraham's offering up his son—not Isaac, but (according to the Koran) *Ishmael*—the progenitor of the Mussulman race.

body of Mooltan horse, and five heavy guns, with supplies of ammunition, stores, money, &c. The army under General Wilson was now little short of 10,000 men, one-half of whom were Europeans; but, as there were still more than 1,500 sick and upwards of 300 wounded in camp (notwithstanding several hundreds despatched to Umballa), the total effective force was about 8,000 men of all arms. And we may as well here mention, that the ultimate effective strength attained by the besieging army was 9,866 men of all arms, as appears by an official return bearing date the 11th September, 1857, only three days before the final assault. But at this latter period, the sick and wounded in camp numbered together no less than 3,074. The Cashmere Contingent, 2,200 strong (with four guns), and the Rajah of Jheend's troops, in number several hundreds, are not included in the foregoing calculations.

The beginning of the end was now at hand: and of this the rebel garrison appear to have been so far aware, that they resolved upon a grand attempt to delay the approaching crisis. In accordance with this determination, a body of about 7,000 mutineers, with eighteen field-pieces, moved out of Delhi during the 24th of August: their avowed purpose being to intercept the heavy guns, now ascertained to be on their way down from Ferozepore with a very slender escort. The fact of this expedition being shortly known in camp, Brigadier-General Nicholson was detached at daybreak, on the 25th, with instructions to overtake the rebels and bring them to action. His own force was composed of sixteen horse-artillery guns, under Major Tombs, with Captains Remington and Blunt; thirty sappers, under Lieutenant Geneste; a squadron of 9th lancers, under Lieutenant Sarel; a squadron of Guide cavalry, under Captain Sanford; a squadron of 2nd Punjab cavalry, under Lieutenant Nicholson; 200 Mooltanees horse, under Lieutenant Lind; 420 men of her Majesty's 61st foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey; the 1st Bengal fusiliers (380 men), under Major Jacob; 1st Punjab rifles (400), under Lieutenant Lumsden; 2nd Punjab infantry (400), under Captain Green.

The difficulties of the route were great: the line of march being away from the trunk road; and before reaching

Naugloee, nine miles from camp, two heavy swamps had to be crossed. But at this point intelligence was received of the enemy's movements, and the troops immediately pushed on towards Nujufghur. Here, after a toilsome march of eighteen miles in all, they found themselves in presence of the rebels: who occupied a position, extending for about a mile and three quarters, between the Nujufghur canal bridge and the town of Nujufghur. The strongest point of the insurgents' position was an old serai on their left, in which were four guns, and they had nine more between the serai and the bridge. By five p.m. Nicholson had forded the canal, and, at the head of the 61st foot and 1st fusiliers, advanced to the attack in line, under a sharp fire of musketry and field-pieces. A troop of horse-artillery formed on either flank, and, galloping forward, opened fire on the serai. At the same time the infantry advanced: and, rushing forward with a British cheer, captured the building with its four guns, doing great execution among the defenders. The enemy, beaten hence, retreated towards the canal-bridge, several other guns being taken *en route*. They again attempted to make a stand at the bridge, but were speedily broken by a well-directed fire of artillery, and four more guns were taken here. In the mean time, the town of Nujufghur had been cleared by the 2nd Punjab infantry. It was found, however, that a village in rear was still held by an isolated party. The Punjab rifles were therefore sent to take it: but met with a very obstinate resistance, their gallant young commander being killed; the village was evacuated by the enemy during the night. The troops bivouacked on the field without food, having been marching or fighting all day, and during the night the sappers mined and blew up the Nujufghur bridge. It being discovered next day that the enemy had altogether abandoned his original design, and was in full march towards Delhi, the expedition, thus completely successful, returned to camp in triumph, with thirteen captured guns, on the evening of the 26th of August. The casualties, in this smart little episode, amounted to two officers and twenty-three men killed; with two officers and sixty-eight men wounded.

On the 3rd of September, the long-looked-for siege-train

began to make its appearance. The Jheend Rajah's troops (hitherto most usefully employed in keeping open the communication with Kurnaul) came in on the 7th; and the Cashmere Contingent arrived on the 8th; by which time all possible reinforcements had been received that could reasonably have been expected. The defensive attitude, so long enforced upon the British commanders, was now to be exchanged for a more decided line of operations. Of this fact the enemy seemed to be well aware, for they were evidently much disheartened. Yet it would appear as if their leaders entertained no precise conceptions of the time, manner, or direction of the attack, which they nevertheless felt to be impending. Thus, on the evening of the 7th of September, the old Custom-house on the river's bank and Ludlow Castle were occupied by the besiegers; and, the enemy's outpost having been withdrawn from the corresponding flank, in ignorance of what was proceeding, a battery (No. 1), distant but 630 yards from the Moree bastion, of ten heavy guns (six 18 and four 24-pounders, with 300 rounds of ammunition for each) was completed and armed without firing a shot.

During the nights of the 9th and 10th of September, No. 2 battery was completed and partially armed, but not yet unmasked. It was in two portions. One immediately in front of Ludlow Castle for nine 24-pounders to open a breach in the curtain between the Cashmere and Water Bastions, immediately to the left of the former, and to knock off the parapet to the right and left for some distance, so as to give no cover to musketry. The other portion, some 200 yards to the right, consisting of seven 8-inch howitzers and two 18-pounders, was to aid the first portion, and work with it for the same end. No. 3 battery was also commenced on the left, and No. 4 battery, for ten heavy mortars, completed in the Koodsee Bagh, but not yet unmasked. During the nights of the 10th and 11th, No. 2 battery was strengthened, armed, and unmasked, and No. 3 battery completed. This last was made within 180 yards of the Water Bastion, behind a small ruined house in the Custom-house compound, and under such a fire of musketry as few batteries have ever been exposed to. It was for six 18-pounders, which were to open a second breach

in the Water Bastion. The enemy were, however, no longer inactive, when once awake to what was going on. They set diligently to work, and made an advanced trench parallel to the left attack, and within 350 yards of it. From this position they maintained a very hot fire of musketry during the remainder of the siege. They had also contrived to bring out some field-pieces and one heavy gun on the right flank of the besiegers' position; and the enfilading fire kept up from these caused considerable annoyance. There had been constant firing from the ridge batteries since the 8th. But on the 11th of September, as pre-arranged, a furious cannonade and bombardment commenced from the newly-established batteries. The ball was opened by a salvo from the nine 24-pounders in front of Ludlow Castle, which brought down the wall in huge fragments, and clearly showed what effect such a fire might be expected to produce after a few hours. The Cashmere bastion attempted to reply, but was quickly silenced; and both portions of No. 2 were now worked in fine style, knocking the bastion and adjacent curtains to pieces. No. 3, however, did not commence fire till the following day, when the full power of breaching artillery was shown, and the continuous roar of fifty guns and mortars, pouring shot and shell on the devoted city, warned the enemy that his and the avenger's time had at length come. Night and day, until the morning of the 14th, was this overwhelming fire continued. But the enemy did not yet decline the contest. Though unable to work a gun from any of the three bastions that were so fiercely assailed, they nevertheless stuck to their guns in the open, which partially enfiladed the left attack; they got a gun to bear from a hole broken open in the long curtain wall; they sent rockets from one of their Martello towers, and they maintained a perfect storm of musketry from their advanced trench and from the city-walls. On the night of the 13th the engineers stole down and examined the breaches near the Cashmere and Water Bastions, and both being reported practicable, orders for the assault were at once issued, to take place at daybreak the following morning.

In anticipation of the event, General Wilson had previously issued a well-timed and judiciously-worded order; in

which, while desiring that no mercy should be shown to armed insurgents, he implored the British soldier not to disgrace himself by emulating a barbarous foe, in the slaughter or ill-usage of women and children. The arrangements for the assault were now issued. There were four columns of attack, and a fifth of reserve:—

First column, Brigadier General Nicholson; her Majesty's 75th regiment (300 men, Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert); 1st Bengal fusiliers (250 men, Major Jacob); 2nd Punjaub infantry (450 men, Captain Green). To storm the breach near the Cashmere Bastion, and escalate the face of the bastion. Engineer officers attached, Lieutenants Medley, Lang, and Bingham.

Second column, Brigadier Jones, C. B.; her Majesty's 8th regiment (250 men, Lieutenant-Colonel Greathed); 2nd Bengal fusiliers (250 men, Captain Boyd); 4th Sikh infantry (250 men, Captain Rothney). To storm the breach in the Water Bastion. Engineer officers attached, Lieutenants Greathed, Hovenden, and Pemberton.

Third column, Colonel Campbell; her Majesty's 52nd regiment (200 men, Major Vigors); Kumaon battalion (250 men, Captain Ramsay); 1st Punjab infantry (500 men, Lieutenant Nicholson). To assault by the Cashmere Gate after it should be blown open. Engineer officers attached, Lieutenants Home, Salkeld, and Tandy.

Fourth column, Major Reid; European and native picquets; Sirmoor battalion; Guides infantry; 860 men in all; besides the Cashmere Contingent—strength unreported. To attack the suburb Kissengunge and enter the Lahore Gate. Engineer officers attached, Lieutenants Maunsell and Tennant.

Fifth column, Brigadier Longfield; her Majesty's 61st foot (250 men, Lieutenant-Colonel Deacon); 4th Punjab infantry (450 men, Captain Wilde); Wing Belooch battalion (300 men, Lieutenant-Colonel Farquhar); Jheend auxiliaries (300 men, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunsford). The reserve. Engineer officers attached, Lieutenants Ward and Thackeray.

At four a.m. the different columns fell in and were marched to their respective places, the heads of Nos. 1, 2, and 3

columns being kept concealed until the moment for the actual assault should arrive. The signal was to be the advance of the rifles to the front to cover the assaulting columns. When all was ready, General Nicholson, whose excellent arrangements elicited universal admiration, gave the signal; and the rifles dashed to the front with a cheer, extending along and skirmishing through the low jungle, which at this point reaches to within fifty yards of the ditch. At the same moment the heads of Nos. 1 and 2 columns emerged from their covert, and advanced steadily towards the breach. The siege-batteries had maintained a tremendous fire up to the moment of the advance of the troops, and not a gun could the enemy bring to bear on the storming columns; but no sooner did these emerge into the open than a perfect hail-storm of bullets met them from the front and both flanks, and officers and men fell fast on the crest of the glacis. For ten minutes it was impossible to get the ladders down into the ditch to ascend the escarp; but the determination of the British soldiers carried all before it, and the recreant mutineers declined to meet the charge of the British bayonet. With a shout and a rush the breaches were both won, and the enemy fled in confusion. Meanwhile the explosion party advanced in front of the 3rd column straight upon the Cashmere Gate. This little band of heroes (for they were no less) had to advance in broad daylight to the gateway. In the very teeth of a hot fire of musketry from above and through the gateway and on both flanks, the powder-bags were coolly laid and adjusted, but Lieutenant Salkeld was by this time *hors de combat* with two bullets in him. Sergeant Carmichael then attempted to fire the hose, but was shot dead. Sergeant Burgess next tried and succeeded, but paid for the daring act with his life. Sergeant Smith, thinking that Burgess too had failed, ran forward, but seeing the train alight, had just time to throw himself into the ditch, and escape the effects of the explosion. With a loud crash the gateway was blown in, and through it the 3rd column rushed to the assault, and entered the town just as the other columns had won the breaches. General Wilson bestowed the Victoria Cross on Lieutenants

Home and Salkeld,* on Sergeant Smith, and on a brave man of her Majesty's 52nd, who stood by Lieutenant Salkeld to the last and bound up his wounds.

General Nicholson now formed up his troops at the Main-guard, inside the Cashmere Gate, and proceeded to clear the ramparts as far as Moree Bastion. It was in advancing from this point towards the Lahore Gate that the brave leader of the storm received the wound which, a few days afterwards, put a period to his existence.† All attempts to take the Burn Bastion and Lahore Gate for the present failed. The attack of the 4th column also proved unsuccessful, chiefly owing to a misadventure of the Cashmere Contingent. But, in the mean time, the whole line of works from the Water Bastion to the Cabul Gate,—including the Cashmere and Moree gates and bastions,—was now in full possession of the besiegers. The enemy, whom it had been desired to drive from all points simultaneously, still held the Lahore and other bastions, the palace, Selimghur, the magazine, and chief part of the city. But no attempt was made by them to recover the important positions they had lost. Indeed, it would seem as if the mutineers who still remained within the walls were chiefly such as, feeling their case to be desperate, had resolved on selling their lives as dearly as possible. Others had apparently determined to try their fortune elsewhere. Thus, the whole of the cavalry left the city on the previous evening, and marched southwards; whilst on the morning of the assault a large body of infantry effected an orderly retreat in an easterly direction over the bridge of boats: upon which the besiegers could not, as yet, bring any of their artillery to bear. But wherever it could be employed effectually, the British fire was never allowed to slacken.

* Neither of these gallant officers survived long. Lieutenant Home was blown up, on the 1st of October following, by the premature explosion of a mine in destroying the fort of Malagurh. Lieutenant Salkeld, who lost an arm and had his thigh broken on the occasion described in the text, died of his wounds, after lingering for many days.

† John Nicholson was barely thirty-eight years old at the time of his lamented death. It is not too much to say, that in him the Indian Government lost one of its most faithful and devoted servants, and that his country was deprived of as able a man and gallant a soldier as she anywhere numbered among her sons.

The number of casualties on the part of the assailants had been 327, from the date of opening batteries up to the moment of assault. The loss on the 14th September was heavy—amounting to 66 officers and 1,104 men, killed and wounded.

On the 16th, the magazine was taken by assault, through a breach on the college side of the wall. The enemy had six heavy guns, loaded with grape, facing the entrance, but the onslaught was too sudden to permit them to be fired. On the morning of the 17th, the bank-house was captured, giving, for the first time, complete command of the bridge and palace. The same day, the Jumma Musjid was stormed with but little difficulty, and by this time above 200 pieces of ordnance had been captured. The Burn Bastion, with six guns and one mortar, was taken on the morning of the 19th without loss; and the following morning the Lahore Gate also yielded. The Ajmere Gate and outworks around it had ceased firing, and were supposed to be deserted. They were occupied immediately afterwards without opposition. A heavy mortar fire was meanwhile kept up uninterruptedly on the portion of the city still held by the enemy, and, as it appeared afterwards, with the most destructive effect. Post after post was carried in the course of the day, and by five p.m. on the 20th the whole city, palace, and suburbs were recovered. The enemy's camp still remained standing outside, but apparently empty. It was occupied next morning, when nearly the whole of their baggage was found to have been left behind them. The bridge of boats and the river were now under the command of the British guns, so as to prevent further escape in this direction. A scene of carnage and desolation was presented by the guilty and devoted city. Women with children, rushing about in wild distraction everywhere, were in all cases protected. The rebels had shown no mercy—they looked for and they met with none.

And thus ended this most singular episode in the military history whether of ancient or modern times. The victory was at last achieved, however costly* the price; British supremacy

* The total number of killed and wounded in the Delhi field force—from the commencement of the operations in the neighbourhood of Delhi

once more reigned in Delhi; the palace of the Moguls was occupied by the conquerors; and the famous Dewan-i-Khas* reverberated with their cheers, as they drank to the health of Queen Victoria, the virtual successor to all that the House of Timour had now definitively forfeited.

The fate of that large portion of the mutineer garrison, whose present escape was unavoidable, belongs to the history of the revolt at large. But we may conclude, by briefly stating that the perfidious king of Delhi, who fled from his palace on the day of the storm, did not long remain at large. He was discovered at Humayoon's tomb, on the morning of the 22nd of September, and made prisoner by Captain Hodson, at the head of a party of horse. Age and imbecility would hardly have saved the ex-Mogul; but his life was spared in consideration of certain engagements, which (rather against the wish of the Indian government) had been entered into by Mr. Colvin, late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. The titular monarch was, however, brought to trial for his offences against the paramount power, as a revolted subject, which in fact he was; and perpetual imprisonment, in exile, was his just doom. Many other members of the royal family, who had held commands in the rebel force, were more or less summarily executed. The fortifications of Delhi were ordered to be destroyed; and instructions were given for the removal from so dangerous a locality of the vast military stores accumulated within the walls.

on the 30th of May, 1857, up to the complete re-occupation of the city on the 20th of September—is returned at 3,837 of all ranks.

* "The private Hall of Audience." This is the apartment whose cornice bears, in gilt letters on a white marble ground, the well-known Persian inscription:—

"Ugur Firdousi ba-róo-i-zameen ust,
Ameen ust, ameen ust, ameen ust!"

"If there be a heaven on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here!"

L U C K N O W.

A.D. 1857—1858.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the causes of the great Bengal mutiny, it is quite certain that the annexation of Oude by the British government, effected in the early part of 1856, was a main source of discontent. The Bengal army had, for many years, been recruited almost exclusively from the superabundant population of the now extinct kingdom; so that, in the absence of other explanation, patriotism might be naturally assigned as the instigating principle of those who disliked, or resented, the new arrangements. But, in so far as the sepoy is concerned, truth compels us to say, that love of country had little, if any, influence with him; love of self was more akin to his ideas. The sepoy had no affection for the British rule; having dwelt long enough under its shadow to acquire an instinctive horror of stamps, taxes, cumbrous forms of civil procedure, and expensive justice. Thus, although willing enough to serve the Indian Government in an honourable capacity, he steadily declined to constitute himself a British subject; never settled down in the British provinces; but, on the completion of his service, retired into Oude, and there invested his savings in land. Under such circumstances, the seizure of Oude—accompanied, as it was, with divers innovations upon the old laws, customs, and tenures of the land—brought the new rulers into direct collision with the whole sepoy tribe, upon extremely delicate points. Privileges and immunities, heretofore sanctioned by usage, were now in jeopardy; and exaggerated apprehensions prevailed of fresh burthens and restrictions in prospect. The very class of natives who, up to this time, had ever appeared most indifferent to reports of missionary enterprise, conversions, and the like, were now fully prepared to swallow, with implicit credulity, the wildest and most inconsistent

fables. Nay, it can hardly be matter of doubt that the great majority of the sepoys really believed in the existence of a conspiracy on the part of their rulers, to make them all Christians, either by force or fraud.

With these considerations in view, it can scarcely be a matter of surprise that Oude should become the focus of discontent now fast ripening into avowed rebellion. Lucknow, the capital and seat of government, had been ever known as a very hot-bed of intrigue; and here the agents of the dispossessed royal family had for some time past been unsparing in their endeavours to win over the sepoys of the line. Nor had these efforts been unavailing; for ere the first quarter of the year 1857 had well expired, the native troops were on the brink of open revolt. During the entire month of April their conduct was extremely suspicious. Nocturnal gatherings of the soldiery were known to be of frequent occurrence, and incendiary fires were a common and natural result. Fortunately, however, the chief commissioner in Oude (who had but recently assumed office) was Sir Henry Lawrence, a man whom no consideration could deter from acting with vigour and decision. He was, perhaps, the ablest man in all India; and had brought to bear upon his labours all the experience accumulated during the several years that he was engaged in consolidating the government, and developing the resources, of that splendid acquisition, the Punjab.

Lawrence was fully alive to the perils of his situation; and the knowledge served to strengthen his resolve that the first overt act of rebellion should be visited with instant and commensurate punishment. Nor was he long in want of an opportunity for carrying out this determination. The occupation of Oude by the British authorities had been effected, in the first instance, with so little difficulty, that the absence of all apparent opposition no doubt tended to inspire false confidence, and create a feeling of self-security that could not be otherwise than dangerous. Thus, amongst other hasty dispositions, the better-disciplined portions of the ex-king's rabble army had been rather indiscriminately transferred to the ranks of a newly-organized levy, entitled the "Oude Irregular Force." Nay, in some instances, whole regiments had been made over bodily; and such was

the case of a corps which was now known as the 7th Oude infantry. This body of men was, as might have been expected, a step in disaffection ahead of the regulars; and, on the 3rd of May, an intercepted letter (brought to the chief commissioner by some faithful sepoy of the regular brigade) revealed their mutinous intentions. Almost at the same instant, intelligence was brought that the 7th infantry had already gone the length of insulting and threatening their officers. No time then was to be lost. Sir Henry, without a moment's delay, ordered out H.M.'s 32nd foot, the 13th, 48th, and 71st native infantry, the 7th cavalry, and a battery of eight guns, manned by Europeans, and proceeded to the lines of the mutineers, distant about seven miles. Darkness had fallen ere he arrived; but so prompt had been his movements, that the 7th Oudeans were taken quite unawares. In presence of a force so imposing, they had no resource but that of instantly obeying the order given them to form up in front of their own lines. The infantry and cavalry then took post on either flank, while the guns were stationed, at grape distance, in front. The 7th were now directed to "ground arms;" and at the same moment, whether by chance or previous concert, the artillerymen lighted their port-fires,—a demonstration which caused intense dismay amongst the already subdued mutineers. They hastily threw down their weapons, with loud entreaties "not to fire!" That same night, all the ring-leaders in this conspiracy were arrested and imprisoned, pending trial.

Thus easily were the first efforts of the mutineers defeated at Lucknow; but the snake, though scotched, was not killed—and of this the chief commissioner was well aware. He had, however, gained time; and now prepared to encounter the worst that might occur. It soon transpired that nearly all the 71st, and the great majority of the 13th and 48th regiments native infantry, together with the 7th light cavalry, were in league with the mutineers. Thus an outbreak might be momentarily expected. But some days before its actual occurrence, Sir Henry Lawrence had received information that the revolt would take place, between eight and nine p.m., on Saturday the 30th May; and on that evening accordingly, as nine o'clock sounded, the

anticipated signal was given by a discharge of fire-arms in the lines of the 71st native infantry.

Brigadier Handscomb was soon after killed by a shot from the 71st lines, up to which he had ridden quite close, in hopes that his presence and speech might have the effect of bringing the mutineers to reason. The cantonment shortly became a blaze of fire; and as it was not deemed prudent to move the guns for fear of the mutineers finding their way into the city, the only means of checking them was by sending detachments of irregular cavalry through the lines. Sharp firing took place frequently between the sowars and the mutineers, without much effect, however, on either side. This state of affairs lasted until two o'clock in the morning, when the fires began to abate, and two guns were moved up to each gate of the (cantonment) Residency,—which, being guarded by a havildar's guard from the 13th, and some troopers, had escaped conflagration. At four a.m. the rebels had reached the 7th cavalry lines, at Moodkeepore, which they set on fire, and then returned to cantonments, where Sir Henry had prepared to meet them. Leaving a company of Europeans, some guns, and a squadron of irregulars, on the encamping ground, he marched towards them with two guns, the rest of the Europeans (200 in number), the 7th light cavalry, and a handful of each of the irregular cavalry regiments, Daly's, Gall's, and Hardinge's. His force, as he came along the native lines, was increased by men from the 71st, 13th, and 48th regiments, who had not joined the insurgents, amounting in all to about 500 men. The 7th light cavalry were sent on in advance; but on nearing the rebels, a portion went over to them. The insurgents then retreated, and by the time the artillery had debouched from the lines, they were a thousand yards off, so that they could be only dealt with by round shot. One was sent at them, when they immediately turned and fled, followed as quickly as possible by the artillery and the Europeans. These latter halted beyond Moodkeepore; but the rebels were chased by the cavalry as far as Buxee-talao, some ten miles off, and there scattered in all directions. Only two or three mutineers were killed; but sixty were taken prisoners. Sir Henry Lawrence fully intended to follow them up again; but it was reported, on excellent authority, that an insurrec-

tion would certainly take place that night in the city; and his force was too small to enable him to follow the mutineers, and also take necessary precautions for the defence of the city.

In the mean time, at every out-station the troops had mutinied; British authority was everywhere subverted; and the chief commissioner (now also senior military officer, with the rank of Brigadier-General in Oude), was eventually shut up in the Residency and adjacent buildings,—his garrison numbering barely 500 European troops, together with such few of the native soldiery as still remained faithful. Yet, even now, the unflinching severity with which Sir H. Lawrence was known to punish all mutineers that fell into his hands, made the insurgents shy of approaching his position, until they could assail it in overwhelming numbers. The stricter investment of the Residency was precipitated by a mischance, which must now be described.

On the evening of the 29th June, reports (apparently reliable, but, as was subsequently thought, intended to deceive) reached Sir Henry Lawrence, that the rebels, in no very considerable force, would march against Lucknow upon the following morning, from Chinhut, a village eight miles distant, on the road to Fyzabad. The chief commissioner hereupon determined to make a strong *reconnaissance* in that direction, with the view of meeting the enemy, and drawing him into action at a disadvantage, either on his entrance into the city, or at a certain bridge across the Kokrail, which is a small stream intersecting the Fyzabad road about half-way between Lucknow and Chinhut. The force destined for this service moved out accordingly at six a.m. on the 30th June, and was composed as follows:—

Artillery.—Four 9-pounder field guns of the Bengal artillery, manned by Europeans; four ditto of No. 2 Oude field battery; two ditto of No. 3 ditto; an 8-inch howitzer.

Cavalry.—Troop of volunteer cavalry, 35 strong; 120 troopers of the detachments belonging to the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd regiments of Oude irregular cavalry.

Infantry.—300 her Majesty's 32nd, 150 13th native infantry, 60 48th native infantry, 20 71st native infantry (Sikhs).

The troops, misled by the probably treacherous reports of wayfarers, who stated that there were few or no men between Lucknow and Chinhut, proceeded somewhat further than had been originally intended, and suddenly fell in with the enemy, who had up to that time eluded the vigilance of the advanced guard by concealing themselves behind a long line of trees, in overwhelming numbers. The European force and howitzer, with the native infantry, held the foe in check for some time. But the Oude artillerymen and drivers were traitors. They overturned the guns into ditches, cut the traces of their horses, and abandoned them, regardless of the remonstrances and exertions of their own officers, and of those of Sir Henry Lawrence's staff, headed by the brigadier-general in person, who himself drew his sword upon these rebels. The ill-fated detachment was now outflanked on both sides, by a superior artillery and overpowering infantry, with cavalry gradually moving round on its rear. Three guns, through the treachery of the gunners, had been already captured by the enemy. The ordnance-ammunition was all expended, the heat was fearful, and the retreat, which necessarily ensued, was rendered yet more disastrous by the want of a sufficient body of horse to protect the British rear. Lieut.-Col. Case, who commanded her Majesty's 32nd foot that day, was among the slain; and, in that regiment alone, the casualties amounted to three officers and 116 men, out of only 300 who went into action. After this sad affair, offensive undertakings on the part of the garrison were at an end. The Residency was, in fact, almost immediately invested by the rebels, flushed with success, and greatly augmented in numbers. The siege had now fairly commenced; and it may perhaps tend to a better understanding of what follows, if we here venture on a brief enumeration of the chief localities, to which occasional reference must be made.

Lucknow is advantageously situated on the right or southern bank of the river Goomtee, which thus forms the city's northern boundary. On the south, its suburbs are skirted for about two miles by a canal, the space between which and the river varies in breadth from one mile on the east, to about one mile and a half on the west side of the

town. The fort called Muchee Bhawn* occupies the western extremity of the position described. This post gives entire command of the two principal bridges on the Goomtee, one of which is built of stone, the other being an iron suspension-bridge imported from England by a former king of Oude. About half a mile further eastward, stands the Residency, with the numerous adjacent dwellings that formed its outposts during the siege. Eastward, again, of the Residency, are a number of large buildings, mostly surrounded by extensive enclosures. Of these, the most noteworthy are the Chutter-Munzil Palace, King's Palace, and Kaiserbagh attached, the Shah-Munzil, Motee Mahal, or Pearl Palace, mess-house, barracks, &c. The most eastward, and therefore most distant from the Residency, of all these positions, is a fortified inclosure called Secunderbagh. In a south-easterly direction, across the already mentioned canal, lie the Dilkhoosha park and palace, and La Martinière, a large school for Christian children, maintained on funds bequeathed by General Claude Martine. La Martinière is situated at the junction of the canal with the Goomtee, and the Dilkhoosha park adjoins it. The Alumbagh (a walled country residence of the late king), so often to be mentioned, stands due south of the Residency, and upwards of three miles distant from it, on the road to Cawnpore.

The Muchee Bhawn had been some time previously selected by Sir Henry Lawrence as a site for his magazine; and judging that so commanding a position could not fail of exercising a great moral influence over the city, he in the first instance proceeded to strengthen the fort. When, however, the extent of the revolt, and the necessity of being prepared to resist an attack in force became more apparent,—the inadequacy of the Muchee Bhawn as a fortified position became equally clear. Neither were there sufficient hands to man both it and the Residency. Having, therefore, upon full consideration, recognized the defects of the fort,—both with reference to defensive measures, and also

* *Muchee Bhawn*,—the *Fish House*; so called from a device over the gateway.

in regard to its capacity for sheltering the troops and large Christian community,—Sir Henry made up his mind to abandon it on the investment of the city by the enemy. This resolution was taken on the 11th of June, and the Residency defences were thenceforward proceeded with in earnest. Up to this period, the chief engineer was doubtful as to the extent of the force he had to shelter within the line of defences, or to man the works; but now he could form a definite plan, and he lost no time in forming a connected line of defensive works round the buildings he thought it necessary to occupy. The Residency enclosure was first protected by a line of parapet and ditch across it; a strong battery, since named the “Redan,” was constructed in a corner of the garden, which furnished a command over the iron bridge. A battery (called the “Cawnpore”) was constructed at the opposite point of the position, enfilading the Cawnpore road, and was originally designed chiefly as a barrier to the approach of mutineers from Cawnpore. Other heavy and light guns, more or less protected by parapets, were placed in various positions intermediate to the above-mentioned principal batteries; and the general line round the position was continued from battery to battery, and from house to house,* by abattis (in lanes), and by parapets and ditches, or stockades. Outside the line of works there was also much to be done. In almost every quarter there were masses of building that extended up to within a few feet of the defences; and it was necessary to effect their removal as fast as means permitted. But the demolition was still far from complete, when the affair of Chinhut brought the enemy at once upon the garrison; and the besieged had to close their gates with, in many places, only the width of a narrow street between themselves and the besiegers. The houses that remained were constantly occupied by the rebels, and formed secure starting-points for their mines; the same shelter also

* The dwellings of the official persons and others, grouped round the Residency enclosure, formed outposts, which were distinguished by the name of the actual or late occupant. Thus we hear of “Gubbins’,” “Ommanney’s,” “Anderson’s,” “Jones’,” “Johannes’,” “Sago’s,” &c.

enabling them to keep up a fire of musketry by day or night, which did far more execution than round shot.

The enemy, as already mentioned, proceeded to invest the place immediately on the return of the force from Chinhut, on the 30th June. The Muchee Bhawn was still held by British troops, though the treasure, and greater portions of the munitions and stores, had been previously removed to the Residency; and it now became an object of primary importance to withdraw the garrison without loss. A telegraphic message was communicated to Lieutenant Innes, the engineer officer, to the effect that the powder in the magazine, about 200 barrels, was to be used in blowing up the fort, and that the garrison was to leave at midnight on the 1st July. This order was carried out with perfect success, and the troops thus withdrawn marched in at the Residency gates without loss. But the garrison was now destined to suffer a severe calamity. On the 2nd of July, an 8-inch shell burst in the room in the Residency in which Sir H. Lawrence was sitting. The missile exploded between him and Mr. Couper, his official secretary: close to both, but without injury to either. The whole of his staff implored Sir Henry to take up other quarters, as the Residency had then become the special target for the round shot and shell of the enemy. This, however, he jestingly declined to do, observing that another shell would certainly never be pitched into that small room. But Providence had ordained otherwise, for on the very next day he was mortally wounded by the fragment of another shell, which burst in the same room, exactly at the same spot.

Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed Colonel Inglis, of her Majesty's 32nd regiment, to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of chief commissioner. He lingered in great agony till the morning of the 4th of July, when he expired, and the government was thereby deprived of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier. Few men have ever possessed, to the same extent, the power which he enjoyed, of winning the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, and thus insuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the state which he served.

The much-lamented death of Sir Henry was quickly followed by that of his successor, Major J. S. Banks, an able and respected officer. Whilst examining a critical outpost, on the 21st of July, the officiating chief commissioner received a bullet through his head, and expired on the instant. Meantime the besiegers were never inactive. Sir Henry Lawrence had desired that the holy places should be as far as possible spared, since their over-hasty destruction might precipitate an outbreak. Thus, in addition to the private buildings already mentioned, various mosques were now occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, and no quarter of the Residency was safe from them. The sick and wounded lying in the banqueting-hall, transformed into an hospital, were killed. Women and children were shot dead in rooms deemed impenetrable. From twenty to twenty-five guns, some of them of large calibre, were planted all around the post, some of them within fifty yards, in places where it was impossible to reply to them. The assailants speedily covered themselves with earthworks and barricades so strong as to be impenetrable to musketry. They were not only too near for shells, but a trench, eight feet deep, was dug by them in rear of each gun, where the gunners were effectually protected, showing their heads only for an instant, when in the act of loading. For three weeks was this frightful fire of musketry and cannon maintained unceasingly, day and night. At ten a.m. on the 20th of July the insurgents assembled in great force all around the position, and exploded a heavy mine inside the outer line of defences. Though close to the Redan, which it was apparently intended to destroy, the approaches had been misdirected, and the explosion consequently did no harm. As soon as the smoke cleared away, an attempt was made, under cover of a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry, to storm; it was gallantly repelled, the enemy suffering severely. Succeeding attacks, of lesser moment, were equally repelled, when the insurgents fell back on an incessant cannonade and fusilade, which scarcely ever intermitted.

Their under-ground manœuvres were equally incessant, but these were repeatedly foiled by the activity of the garrison in countermining. On the 18th of August a mine was sprung in front of the Sikh lines, and on this occasion with

effect. Three officers were blown into the air, reaching the ground, strange to tell, but little injured; eleven of the garrison were buried under the ruins. The explosion was followed by a general assault; but it was feeble, compared to some of those which had preceded it, and was repulsed without difficulty.

On the 5th of September, the rebels made another and more general attack, prefaced, as usual, by the explosion of mines. An uncompleted one, near the Brigade Mess, proved innocuous; another, close to Sago's outpost, had fortunately been constructed on a miscalculation of the distance; and a third, near Gubbins' battery, did no mischief. The enemy, however, advanced boldly enough towards the Brigade Mess; but the splendid rifle practice of the officers who garrisoned that building soon caused their assailants to retreat, leaving upwards of a hundred corpses behind them. Their next assault was directed against the Bailey-guard, on the southern side of the Residency enclosure. Here they opened a tremendous fire of round shot; but, their guns being silenced by those of the garrison, a few rounds of grape served to repel the threatened attack with considerable loss to the besiegers. The attempts on Innes', the Bhoosa-guard, Gubbins', Sago's, and the Financial out-posts were equally unsuccessful. From this time the insurgents seemed to lose heart; for, weak as the garrison was known to be, their resistance still continued to evince a determination as resolute as that displayed in the outset. Undermanned, without organized supplies of provisions or ammunition, or any regular form of defences, the Residency contained a multitude of women and children, such as to occasion unceasing anxiety for their fate, after the fearful examples of Cawnpore, Meerut, and Delhi. The most untiring vigilance was required in watching and blowing up mines, before they were ready. Four of the enemy's subterraneous advances towards important positions were countermined and exploded; eighty of the besiegers on one occasion, and twenty on another, having thus been blown into the air. The whole of the officers and men were for eighty-seven days on duty day and night. There were at one time not so many artillerymen as guns. In addition to their incessant military duties, they were

nightly employed in repairing the defences and burying dead animals, and in carrying ammunition and supplies from one point to another; labours and hardships in which all shared alike. The insurgents, also, aggravated these inevitable annoyances, by their habit of creating false alarms at night; having no other object in view than to disturb and harass the besieged. Cholera, small-pox, and other forms of sickness, were superadded to the ordinary risks of war. Poverty of diet, want of proper medicines, and the absence of suitable accommodation, combined with excessive toil, produced eruptive diseases and diarrhœa in all ranks of the garrison. But the mortality amongst the women, and still more amongst the children, was lamentably great. Yet, under all these complicated sufferings, the enemy never so much as gained one single foot of ground within the straggling and imperfectly-fortified position. The effective strength of the defenders had been sadly reduced by casualties, and a very large proportion of officers had fallen. Major Anderson, the chief engineer, died on the 11th of August, of dysentery, rendered fatal by anxiety of mind and over-exertion in the performance of his duties. His active and able successor, Captain Fulton, was killed by a round shot on the 14th of September; after which date Captain J. C. Anderson, of the Madras engineers, succeeded to the important post thus again vacated. But the relief,—the mere expectation of which had so long contributed to buoy up the spirits of Brigadier Inglis and his devoted garrison,—that relief so long looked for in vain, was now really approaching.

About the middle of July, after a series of brilliant exploits by the way, that gallant officer, Brigadier-General Havelock, had succeeded in chasing the murderous Nana Sahib out of Cawnpore; and had in some degree avenged the atrocities, of which that station had been recently the scene. Havelock was here joined by the no less distinguished Neill (of the Madras fusiliers), who also was just promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, in acknowledgment of his great services at Allahabad and elsewhere. It was now arranged that Neill should undertake the restoration of order at Cawnpore, whilst Havelock addressed his energies to the relief of Lucknow. The latter officer ac-

cordingly crossed the Ganges towards the end of the month; and, advancing into Oude, encountered, on the 29th July, a strong body of insurgents posted at Onao, a small town flanked by morasses, with the further defence of fifteen guns, and houses loop-holed for musketry. The place was, nevertheless, carried at the bayonet's point; but, in order to dispose of the sick and wounded, together with the captured ordnance, a retrograde movement became imperative. On the 4th August, however, the general, having in the mean time obtained some reinforcements from Cawnpore, again advanced on the Lucknow road, as far as Bussarutgunje. But here, learning that a large hostile force, very strong in artillery and cavalry, had beset his path, and that, moreover, he would have to force several hostile villages, besides crossing a deep torrent in face of immensely superior numbers, the gallant leader was, however reluctantly, for the second time compelled to fall back upon Cawnpore. And here again, fresh causes of delay conspired to frustrate the general's immediate purpose. Nana Sahib was once more in force near Bhithoor, and until his levies should be dispersed, it would be impossible to denude Cawnpore of its garrison. On the 16th of August, therefore, Havelock once more marched out, with 1,300 men and fourteen guns, to attack the enemy; whom he defeated, and drove from a strong position with very heavy loss. Bhithoor, the Nana's residence, was also taken and destroyed. The British casualties were few; but the result of this victory was a harassing retrograde movement upon Cawnpore, the ranks daily thinned by choiera. Further offensive operations were obviously out of the question with the very limited number of troops at command, whilst the entire distance of about forty-five miles between Cawnpore and Lucknow was beset by many thousands of rebels. General Havelock, in short, found that he could do no more than await the reinforcements expected under Sir James Outram, who (like himself, fresh from the lately-concluded Persian campaign) had resumed the office formerly held by him, of chief commissioner in Oude, together with chief military command in the united divisions of Cawnpore and Dinapore.

In the mean time, hampered and retarded by events over

which he had no control, it was not until the 1st of September that Outram reached Allahabad with about 1,700 men. Hence, slightly reinforced, he continued his march towards Cawnpore, and entered that station on the 12th of the same month. Here Sir James (falling back upon his civil *status* as chief commissioner) generously intimated his intention of leaving to the gallant Havelock the conduct of the impending military operations in Oude. And now, indeed, it was imperative that no further time should be lost. On the 16th of September, a bridge of boats was begun to be thrown across the Ganges at Cawnpore, and on the 19th, General Havelock's whole force, consisting of 2,700 men and seventeen guns, once more entered the Oude territory. In a skirmish which ensued, the enemy lost two guns and retreated in haste. Two days afterwards, the British force captured five field-pieces and two battery-guns, at a village called Mungarwar. Two of the light pieces were taken by a brilliant charge of volunteer cavalry, led on by Sir James Outram in person, and upwards of a hundred of the enemy were sabred in their flight. On that and the following day, the generals pushed on by forced marches; and on the morning of the 25th the relieving army hewed their way through the opposing masses of the insurgents, and that same evening entered the Residency. A very slight interval of delay might have rendered all their labours fruitless. The dilapidated state of the defences was beheld by the new comers with amazement at their having been so long maintained. But the event most dreaded by the garrison was the defection of the native troops. These, indeed, had as yet behaved nobly; but it was certain that they were losing heart; and it might well be doubted whether their fidelity would not give way under prolonged hardship; coupled with the temptations to which they were at all times exposed. Their desertion would have compelled the instant abandonment of all the outposts, which with diminished numbers could not possibly be held; and the Residency itself, thus stripped of its exterior defences, must have been rendered untenable in a few hours. The loss of the besieged had up to this period been more than 400 (Europeans alone) killed, and dead of wounds or disease. Between 500 and 600 fighting men

(Europeans and natives) survived; but the women and children were twice as many in number. The operations of the relieving force on the 25th of September cost them about 550 officers and men in killed, wounded, and missing. The heroic Neill's career closed that day.*

And now that the Residency had been gained, it was still necessary to dislodge the enemy from various positions from which he continued to keep up a fire alike upon the relievers and the relieved. A series of entrenched batteries had therefore to be carried in succession. This service was effected on the 26th of September, but not without a further loss of more than 400 officers and men disabled, including seven officers killed. Brigadier Cooper, who commanded the relieving force of artillery, was among the slain. At this point, the incidents of the original leaguer may be held to terminate; and the events which immediately follow are properly referable to

THE SECOND SIEGE, OF 1857.

The operations under Generals Outram and Havelock had thus to a certain extent been completely successful. They had succoured the besieged garrison at its utmost need: but that all-important point had not been gained without heavy sacrifices. Their loss, as we have already seen, was not much under 1,000 men *hors de combat* on the two days of the 25th and 26th September. The sick of the relieving force, and all men wounded in previous engagements, had been left in a strong position at the Alumbagh, protected by a division under Major Sibley of the 64th foot. The former garrison, under Inglis, continued in its old quarters; where also the presence of Outram and Havelock's main body added greatly to the strength of the defenders, enabling them to extend their position with much advantage, and to undertake offensive operations hitherto impracticable. But the Alumbagh remained

* This gallant soldier fell a victim to his zeal for the service. He had actually arrived within the Residency entrenchments, when, hearing that some of the heavy guns behind were in jeopardy, he galloped back to lend his aid. A bullet struck him in the head almost immediately, causing instantaneous death.

totally isolated. The enemy swarmed on all sides, and the relievers were now, in fact, themselves besieged, until Sir Colin Campbell (lately arrived in India as Commander-in-Chief) should make his appearance at the head of a much larger body of troops. They had, however, beyond doubt, thus far acted for the best. Such a prudential measure as that of waiting for a stronger force would have defeated its object. The place would have been relieved when none were left alive within it. The best course to take was the one taken. The hazard was immense, but the decision and energy of the British commanders happily insured a favourable result. It was intended to return at once after the relief of Lucknow, with the rescued garrison, to Cawnpore; but the difficulty of removing the women and children—most of whom were miserably weak, through bad food, hardship, and anxiety—was too great, and it was considered advisable not to make the attempt. Nothing therefore remained, but to make the best of their position until the Commander-in-Chief's arrival. One of the first measures taken was to secure possession of the Tehree Kothee, Furrad Buksh, and Chutter Munzil palaces, all situated on the river side, facing north. This was an immense advantage to the besieged. For the enemy's fire had been particularly fatal from that direction, and one of his strongest batteries had been established in the same quarter. Before the close of September, several vigorous sorties also took place: the result of which was the capture of many guns, the demolition of buildings which gave cover to the besiegers, and the destruction of several hitherto undiscovered mines. On the 2nd October, a strong position on the left front of the Cawnpore battery was stormed, with trifling loss, by a party under command of Colonel Napier, on which occasion three guns were taken, and burst by the engineers. Nor were defensive operations neglected. At the Residency, where Brigadier Inglis commanded, a large number of camp followers having been placed at the disposal of the garrison engineer (Captain J. C. Anderson, already mentioned), extensive repairs and improvements were effected with great rapidity. General Havelock's head-quarters were at the newly-acquired range of palaces; and here the efforts of his chief engineer, Captain Crom-

melin, were in constant requisition to foil the enemy's attempts at mining. With this object no less than twenty-one shafts were sunk, aggregating 209 feet in depth, and 5,291 feet of gallery were excavated. The besiegers, on their side, advanced twenty mines against the palaces and out-posts. Of these, five were exploded by them: but three out of the five caused no loss of life, and two were absolutely harmless; seven were blown in; and out of the rest the enemy were driven, under Captain Crommelin's superintendence, abandoning their galleries to the besieged. On one occasion only (October 6th) the enemy succeeded so far as to enter the palaces in considerable numbers; but they were speedily repulsed, with a loss estimated at 450 men killed and wounded. Thus a line of gardens, courts, and dwelling-houses without fortified *enceinte*, without flanking defences, and closely connected with the city, was for eight weeks held against a constant fire of musketry from loopholed walls and windows, within thirty yards of the defenders' position, and from the summits of lofty buildings; while round shot and grape were plied, at distances varying from 70 to 500 yards. The relieving force was able, besides, to secure the garrison within the entrenchments from all molestation from the side of the Cawnpore road, on which three strong positions were maintained. The command of the iron bridge also kept musketry fire at a distance, and occasioned infinite annoyance to the enemy. Old defences were repaired, and new batteries for thirteen guns erected; and the second siege, with the increased garrison, seems scarcely to have been surpassed in suffering, in endurance and in heroism by the first. During its continuance, twenty-three officers were killed, and twenty-two died from wounds or disease.

A telegraphic communication (by means of signal-flags) had been all along kept up with the detached force at Alumbagh, where, towards the end of October, reinforcements began to congregate. The first arrival consisted of 700 men, with four guns, escorting a large convoy of provisions. On the 3rd of November, a column from the Delhi field force made its appearance, under Brigadier Hope Grant; who also brought with him 2,000 camels and 500 cart-loads of supplies. Sir Colin Campbell himself left Cawn-

pore on the 9th, where he had been waiting some days, whilst the troops and baggage pushed on, and joined Brigadier Grant's camp the same evening. Active operations commenced on the 12th. The Commander-in-Chief had now with him the Naval Brigade under Captain Peel, with eight heavy guns, ten guns of the Bengal horse-artillery, six of a horse field-battery, a heavy field-battery of the royal artillery, detachments of the Bengal sappers and miners, her Majesty's 9th lancers, detachments of the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Punjab cavalry, with Hodson's horse, her Majesty's 8th, 53rd, 75th, and 93rd, and the 2nd and 4th Punjab infantry—a probable total of 3,400, of whom 700 were cavalry; a slight force enough for so serious a service. Artillery details, however, to the number of 600 or 700 men, joined two days later. On the 13th, Sir Colin Campbell advanced to the banks of the canal, dispersing the rebels who approached him, and capturing all their guns. On the 15th, the rebels, after a running fight of a couple of hours, were driven from the Dilkhoosha and La Martinière. They shortly after rallied, however, and made an attack on the British position, when a severe repulse was sustained by them. Artillery was in the main relied on, needless exposure of the infantry being wisely avoided. On the 16th, the canal was crossed which separates Alumbagh from Lucknow; and the chief advanced on Secunderbagh, which was carried after a severe struggle—Havelock's garrison at this point co-operating zealously and effectively with the relieving columns. The insurgents suffered terribly.

Another strong post being thus secured, Captain Peel, with the Naval Brigade, accompanied by a field-battery and some mortars, pushed forward to a domed mosque called Shah Nudjuff. It was surrounded by a walled enclosure, carefully loopholed. The entrance was covered by a regular work of masonry, the top of the building crowned by a parapet. It was obstinately defended by the enemy, against a heavy cannonade of three hours' duration. Peel's guns, covered by a withering fire from the Highlanders, were ultimately pushed within a few yards of the wall, he conducting them very much as if he had been laying his ship, the *Shannon*, alongside an enemy's frigate. The action

was one pronounced unexampled in the annals of war. This closed the operations of the day, in reference to which the veteran Commander-in-Chief,—than whom few men had seen harder service,—declared that he never witnessed more severe fighting. Early on the morning of the 17th, communications were opened to the left rear of the barracks, towards the canal. The enemy made their last stand at the mess-house and Motee Mahal adjoining. The former of these, a very strong position, was taken at three p.m., the latter about dusk. The Observatory, otherwise called Banks's House, was next stormed by a party of Sikhs; and the occupation of some intervening buildings insured a complete communication between the new entrenchments of the garrison and the posts already in possession of the relieving troops. Sir Colin Campbell's advance having been made upon a *route** previously transmitted to him by Sir James Outram, the chief had consequently derived much advantage from the active aid which the garrison were able to render him, particularly in all the latter operations. The total return of killed and wounded was 467 of all ranks. Out of this number, ten officers were killed and thirty-three wounded, including Sir Colin himself, who received a slight hurt; but many of the wounded soldiers, and two officers, were mortally injured.

The Commander-in-Chief, who was met by Outram and Havelock, on the evening of the 17th November, had now completed the first portion of his immediate task; but that which remained to be executed was a business of no small delicacy. The second siege was raised, but the garrison was still to be brought off. With this design in hand, the British leader continued during the next three days to hold the whole country, from the Dilkhoosha to the gates of the Residency, secured with a view of extricating the garrison, and not exposing it to the chance of even a stray musket-shot—an object aspired after from the first. The whole force

* It would, at this point, be hardly fair to omit mentioning the gallant conduct of Mr. James Kavanagh (one of the garrison), who, at the imminent risk of his life, ventured forth disguised as a native, in order to join the Commander-in-Chief and act as his guide. Mr. Kavanagh reached the camp in safety, after encountering great perils, and ably fulfilled his subsequent duty.

being thus one vast outlying picket, was constantly exposed to the enemy's fire; but such was the vigilance and intelligence exhibited, and so heartily did all ranks co-operate, that the affair was conducted to a triumphant issue, exactly on the plan originally proposed. On the 20th, the Commander-in-Chief opened a fire on the Kaiserbagh, which was breached in three places by Captain Peel. The enemy, having suffered much, and being under the belief that an immediate assault was intended, thought of nothing else; so that the garrison withdrew unsuspected through the British picquets at midnight on the 22nd. The whole of the ladies, with their families, the sick, the wounded, the treasure, the ordnance, stores, and state prisoners, having been quietly removed during the preceding days, Sir James Outram now burst the guns not worth carrying away, and so quitted the Residency. The whole was so admirably managed, that the enemy never dreamt of the fact, but continued to fire on the entrenchments, for hours after the garrison had left them. Each exterior line came gradually retiring through its supports, till nothing remained but the last line of infantry and guns, with which the chief was ready to crush the enemy. The rest of the force withdrew with equal order, and the whole had reached Dilkhoosha, where the stores and provisions were left, about four o'clock in the morning of the 23rd. All was now accomplished; and accomplished in a manner that speaks volumes in affirmation of Sir Colin Campbell's military genius. We find that, as nothing was left unprovided for, so nothing failed; no trophy was left behind for the enemy to boast of, for no portion of public property was abandoned; and, above all things, we are called upon to admire the general's strict determination to avoid any needless sacrifice of lives too precious to be lightly ventured.

The Residency garrison was now at last not only relieved, but honourably extricated from its perilous position: and we need only further state, that, after reaching Cawnpore, the non-military survivors were for greater security transferred to Allahabad, and thence ultimately forwarded to the seat of government at Calcutta.

THE THIRD SIEGE, 1858.

Notwithstanding his late brilliant exploits, Sir Colin Campbell was yet far from strong enough to effect the dispersion of the rebels at Lucknow: and other matters demanded his earliest attention. He therefore at once resolved on withdrawing his force, and did so in perfect order and without molestation. A strong division, however, was left behind, under command of Sir James Outram, which occupied an entrenched position at the Alumbagh. Here, on the 25th of November, a martyr to the fatigues and anxieties under which he had so long nobly borne up, died the brave Sir Henry Havelock,* whose memory will be imperishably associated with the relief of Lucknow. He was happy, at least, in having lived to see the completion of the good work which he himself had so gloriously laboured to promote.

The Commander-in-Chief was again at Cawnpore by the end of November, and found there a state of affairs that rendered his presence eminently desirable. But the details of these matters lies not within our province. Suffice it to say, that, after restoring order and public confidence in the neighbourhood of Cawnpore, Sir Colin left that station on the 24th of December; and after defeating a large body of insurgents by the way, arrived on the 2nd of January, 1858, at Futtehghur (Furruckabad), whence the enemy fled in confusion, leaving guns, stores, and baggage behind them. It was no part of the cautious leader's intentions to invade either Oude or Rohilcund from this point, however apparently convenient for attacking either district. His first and foremost object, before attempting anything against the rebel swarm that thronged Lucknow, was to make the surest provisions for defending the line of the Ganges between the hills and Allahabad. Such precaution was essentially necessary, to prevent the main body of the insurgents, if dispersed at Lucknow, from finding their way back into the scarcely tranquillized British territories, or hastily re-

* His patent of Baronety bore date November 26; and being, consequently, a dead letter, was renewed in favour of the eldest son, with remainder to the others.

crossing the Doab, and thus penetrating into Bundelcund and Central India. Cawnpore was the really appointed rendezvous of the entire force, that was destined to re-enter Oude under the chief's personal command. But a large portion of the troops was yet on the way to join: nor would any advance take place before the arrival of a very comprehensive siege-train, that had been ordered down from Agra. Thus, pending a certain inevitable delay, no more suitable spot than Futteghur could have been selected, from whence to superintend and control the requisite preliminary operations. Brigadier-General Chamberlain was now about advancing from Lahore with a force there organized to act against Bareilly; Colonel M'Causland had a brigade at Almora and Nynce Tal; Major Coke commanded another at Roorkee. There was already a strong division cantoned at Meerut, and a suitable post was now established at Futteghur. The confluence of the Ramgunga and Ganges, in the vicinity of Kanouje, was strictly watched; Bhithoor was occupied; and below Cawnpore, again, the like arrangements had been previously completed. The Nepaulese General Jhung Bahadoor, at the head of his Goorkha battalions, had re-taken Goruckpore, and was preparing to march upon Oude from the eastward; whilst, in the Benares district, Brigadier-General Franks was equally ready to advance from the south, having under him a compact and highly-efficient force.

Having arranged everything to his satisfaction, the Commander-in-Chief quitted Futteghur, and again reached Cawnpore early in February. He paid a flying visit to Lord Canning (Governor-General of India), who had just established his head-quarters at Allahabad; and thence immediately returned to await the arrival of the Agra convoy,—the whole *matériel* of which reached in safety by the 23rd February. Brigades were now despatched in advance, and Sir Colin Campbell himself broke up from Cawnpore on the 2nd of March, and proceeded to the Alumbagh. This position had been maintained by Outram, with much skill and eminent success, during Sir Colin's absence. Five times had his entrenchments been attacked by the insurgents in considerable force; and as often had they been repulsed with great loss of men and guns,—the defenders

suffering but slightly. The last of these assaults took place on the 25th February. The Commander-in-Chief now fixed his head-quarters at Dilkhoosha, and was joined by Brigadier-General Franks, whose advance had been marked by a series of brilliant and highly-important successes over two of the principal leaders in the Oude insurrection. Franks out-manceuvred both these commanders, beat them separately whilst seeking to form a junction, dispersed their levies, and captured their artillery. Jung Bahadoor's division also crossed the Gogra, and took up the position assigned to it before Lucknow. The assembled army might now amount to 40,000 men, of whom nearly one-half were Europeans. But following up his former policy, the Chief had determined on economizing, as far as possible, the lives of those under his authority; and for the more effectual carrying out of this purpose, an unusually large proportion of artillery swelled his already imposing array. Sir Archdale Wilson, of Delhi, who had been specially summoned to command in this branch of the service, found at his disposal not less than 250 pieces of ordnance, many of them being of the largest calibre. And, although the enemy had been doing much to strengthen the defences of the town, both in earth-works and masonry, it was evident that these must very shortly crumble under the fire to be opened on them.

Active operations were commenced, under the Commander-in-Chief's immediate superintendence, on the 6th of March. Sir James Outram that day crossed the Goomtee, below Lucknow, with 6,000 men, and thirty guns. He was attacked on the other side, but repulsed the enemy. This movement, coupled with some dispositions of minor importance, completed the arrangements for an attack; and by the 8th all was in readiness. On the 9th of March, General Outram succeeded in turning the enemy's main line of defences, by an enfilading fire; and La Martinière was stormed by a division under Sir Edward Lugard. On the 10th, Sir Colin Campbell captured the Observatory, and subsequently took up a position in front of that building. Sir James Outram, still on the left bank of the river, was at the same time pushing on his advances, though meeting with an obstinate resistance. The British casualties, up to this date, inclusive, were not much in excess of 100 killed and

wounded. On the 11th, the Begum's Palace was stormed by the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders; and Sir James Outram, recrossing the Goomtee, occupied the buildings in front of the palace. On the 13th of March, a sap was run up to the Imambarra, which is close to the walled inclosure of the Kaiserbagh. On the 14th, the Imambarra was stormed, and the troops, following close on the retiring enemy, entered the Kaiserbagh with them. The contest lasted until three o'clock p.m., by which time Sir Colin Campbell was in full possession of the Kaiserbagh. On the 15th, the enemy, after the fall of the Kaiserbagh, having commenced their flight from the city, Brigadier Campbell, with a brigade of cavalry and horse artillery, was despatched in pursuit. Sir Hope Grant also advanced to Seetapoor, on the direct road to Rohilcund, with 1,000 sabres, to intercept the fugitives who might be forced in that direction by Brigadier Campbell.

On the 16th, the bridges were secured, and the troops advanced, and occupied the Muchee Bawn and Great Imambarra. Large bodies of the enemy crossed the stone bridge, before the attack was commenced by Sir J. Outram. The resistance was slight compared with that of the previous day. A Goorkha division had seized the enemy's position in front of Alumbagh during the night. Numbers of armed and unarmed men evacuated the city by the outlets; they passed to the north, making for Rohilcund, which province was still almost entirely in the hands of the insurgents. As many as 50,000 were supposed to have thus escaped; but with their ultimate fate the present narrative has no concern. About 2,000 of the rebels fell during the brief siege, and 117 guns were captured. The loss of the besiegers was trifling in comparison with the magnitude of the results achieved. The city was entirely cleared of the insurgent garrison by the 19th of March; and the townspeople and villagers of the neighbourhood, finding themselves protected, began to resume their ordinary avocations. Thus again had Sir Colin Campbell accomplished his exact purpose, by strict adherence to a preconceived scheme of action. He succeeded even in the difficult point of directing the flight of the rebels (it being impossible to bar their escape), by leaving open the door through which it was most convenient that they should make their *exit*: for we have already noticed

the precautions adopted to prevent the tide of fugitives from inundating the districts under British rule.

Thus ended the three notable leaguers of Lucknow, in the course of which the belligerents so curiously played alternate parts. The Residency sieges must go down to all posterity as monuments of British valour and endurance, whilst the relieving operations and final expugnation of the rebels by Sir Colin Campbell will be regarded as the induction of a new era in the British military system.

SIEGES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

A.D. 1861 to A.D. 1865.

THE commencement in 1861 of the great civil war between the Northern and the Southern States of the American Union was an event of the most momentous description in the world's history. The election of Abraham Lincoln as President seemed to bring the long jealousies and disagreements between North and South to a crisis. Commercial policy and differences of industry and production leading to declared inequalities in the imposition of taxes and duties, and, above all, an irreconcilable opposition on the subject of slavery, led at last to open rupture, and the defiant determination of the South to separate themselves from the Union and establish a government of their own. For this purpose they elected Jefferson Davis as President; and occasion was quickly given for a declaration of hostilities and such attacks and reprisals as hurried the whole country into a civil conflict unparalleled in its character. The great extent and the enormous resources of America, the wonderful invention of her people, the mineral and other wealth that is at her disposal, and the tremendous energy of the national character, made the conflict a gigantic one. Vast engines of war were manufactured with surprising quickness and ingenuity. Means of attack and defence hitherto untried were swiftly adopted, and all kinds of terrible machinery and numberless adaptations of destructive force were made to bear part, especially in the naval and land operations of the sieges of some places that were important positions in the contest.

The first great Federal (or Northern) success in the conquest of a position was at the siege of New Orleans by Commander Farragut on the 24th of April, 1862. In February, General Burnside had taken the island of Roanoke, held by a Confederate garrison, on the coast of North

Carolina; and in the same month General Grant captured Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, and, almost directly afterwards, Fort Donnelson, on the river Cumberland. General Pope, too, took an island fort on the Mississippi, but had failed to make any impression on the great stronghold of Vicksburg. The capture of New Orleans, therefore, was by far the most brilliant exploit of the year, and was a severe blow to the Confederates.

The place was defended by two forts—Fort Jackson and Fort Philip—occupying positions on opposite sides of the river below the city. And to these defences was added a great bar thrown across the stream, and consisting of a mass of sunken vessels, tremendous booms, and a tangle of chains. A dozen effective gunboats also defended the forts, supporting them in their continuous fire on an approaching enemy. The Federal fleet consisted of 46 steam sloops and gunboats, carrying 286 guns and 25 mortars; and after a cannonade which lasted for more than four days, the gunboats fairly forced their way past Fort Jackson, and came in front of the city, where it was open to the river. The Confederate forces then retreated, and the city surrendered at discretion.

In September, 1862, President Lincoln published a proclamation declaring the establishment of freedom and the abolition of slavery in America.

In 1863 two expeditions were organized by the North, one for the sailing of a naval armament to take Charleston, and another by General Banks operating from New Orleans, and General Sherman from Memphis, to open the river Mississippi. The naval force was under Admiral Ingraham, and reached the harbour of Charleston at the beginning of February, when an attempt was made to force the passage by night, while the moon was shining brightly. The ships, however, were met by the ironclad steamers and rams of the Confederates, and so injured that they were compelled to escape to the open sea.

An attempt to take Vicksburg by assault had failed. An immense flotilla had carried General Sherman's army of 40,000 men down the Mississippi from Memphis, but they were repulsed with great slaughter. Another attempt was then determined on by Commodore Farragut, who

forced his fleet past Fort Hudson, and prepared to attack Vicksburg on the south. With the loss of some of his vessels he succeeded in reaching the Red River by the middle of April. Here he opened communication with Admiral Porter's flotilla, which was operating against the place from the river. A large Federal force was marched to the right bank below Vicksburg; the Confederate works at Grand Gulf were bombarded and occupied, and the Federal army conveyed across the river gained a firm footing in Mississippi. Upon the fate of Vicksburg the whole interest of the struggle at that time seemed to be concentrated. It had held out so long that the Confederates thought it was impregnable. In front, a belt of marshland, 200 yards wide, stretched for three miles along the Mississippi to the foot of the precipitous hill on which the terraced city stood. Every terrace, and the summit of every slope, was covered with batteries, and from the south of the Yazoo river the approaches were hardly less formidable. A series of ravines formed by winter torrents constituted so many outworks for the town, which engineering skill had enabled the garrison to convert into strong positions. An attempt to reduce the place was made by cutting the "level" of the Yazoo river, so as to inundate the whole country in the rear of Vicksburg, and enable the Federal force to float up their light transports to intercept communication between Vicksburg and Jackson, and cut off the supplies of the garrison. The dykes, by which the vast stream of the Mississippi was kept from overflowing its banks, had been cut also, and 5,000 square miles of territory were overflowed. After a series of fearful conflicts in the rear of the town, General Grant completed the investment of Vicksburg by land on the 18th of May; while the Federal flotilla of Admiral Porter bombarded it from the river in front. Day and night a tremendous fire was kept up against it during the greater part of the forty-eight days for which the siege lasted. The Confederates could not relieve it, no supplies could get through the Federal lines, and the brave garrison, under General Pemberton, as well as the inhabitants—ladies and children—underwent severe sufferings. The bombardment was so fearful that they were compelled to leave their homes and live in excavations in

the sides of the hills and cliffs, where they slept on the damp floors and ate their scanty rations of bacon, pea bread, and, at last, of mules' flesh, as best they could. This was a terrible ordeal for the luxurious Southern ladies, whose mode of life had been of the easiest and most refined description. Several persons were killed in the streets. Thirteen-inch shells came down constantly, and every street was partially in ruins, while a large portion of the town was burnt. Many of the buildings containing the sick and wounded were within the range of the fire, and flags of truce were only granted for the purpose of burying the dead. On the thirty-fifth day provisions began to be very scarce, and the hope of relief was dying out. The flesh of mules and of dogs was the best meat commonly procurable; bean meal was made into bread and corn meal into coffee. On the 4th of July Vicksburg capitulated. The garrison consisted of less than 15,000 men, and the total number of inhabitants was about 30,000.

Charleston had yet to be subdued, however, and a third attack against it was organized during the summer, under General Gilmore. The natural defences of Charleston harbour are Sullivan Island and Morris Island. The main ship channel runs at about an equal distance between them, and every vessel passing into the harbour is exposed to a cross fire from their batteries. At the apex of an obtuse-angled triangle, of which a line drawn from the nearest points of the two islands would be the base, is a shoal or mud bank, on which stands Fort Sumter. This fortress was raised on an artificial foundation of refuse stone from quarries in the neighbourhood, and was intended for three tiers of guns, the two lower tiers being casemated. It commands the northern and southern channels, so as to block the passage into the harbour. Against this fort a tremendous cannonade was kept up both by sea and land, and its guns were eventually dismounted by the heavy fire from the Whitworth and Parrott guns, which rained shot and shell upon the devoted garrison without intermission. The power of the Federal land artillery and the fire from their ironclads was enormous, and was all the time constantly sustained, but General Beauregard, who commanded the Confederate garrison, refused to surrender

Fort Sumter and to evacuate Morris Island. General Gilmore demanded that this should be done, adding that the destruction of the fort was a matter of certainty, and threatening that if his demand should be persistently refused he would commence the bombardment of Charleston itself. Against this General Beauregard protested, and at the same time refused to capitulate; whereupon some Parrott shells were thrown into the town, and the firing was continued for two or three hours, though, strange to say, nobody was killed. Fort Sumter continued to resist until it was a heap of ruins, and after the Federal forces had gained possession of Morris Island, with the Gregg and Cummings Point batteries, from which they were able more effectually to bombard Charleston itself. Up to the end of the year the fort held out, and the next year still saw Charleston besieged, but not taken, when General Beauregard left the command of the garrison to help the now desperate fortunes of the Confederates in the open field.

It was not till just before the close of the war in 1865 that Charleston yielded to the force of events. Fort Sumter—a heap of ruins—still protected its garrison, who, concealed like rabbits in a burrow, defended it against the awful storm of shot and shell that swept over it. It was useless, however, for Charleston to hold out when General Sherman had made his victorious march after leaving Atlanta, and when Grant, at Wilmington, was ready to join his forces. On the 17th of February, 1865, the city capitulated; on the 18th a magazine exploded, and 200 people were killed. When Sherman marched in, he took 200 pieces of cannon, and found a great part of the city on fire.

With the end of the siege of Charleston there soon came the end of the great civil war, and the final victory of the North, followed by the reunion, which has made America a great State, invincible in her undivided strength.

THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY IN 1870.

SIEGES OF STRASBURG, METZ, AND PARIS.

August, 1870, to March, 1871.

THE declaration of war between France and Germany in July, 1870, was, in its immediate effects, one of the most terrible events in the history of Europe. Its more remote effects have not yet become matter of history; but the fearful scenes of anarchy and bloodshed which reduced Paris to a continued state of siege, and made the most brilliant and the gayest capital of the world a city of ruin and desolation, followed the war, without being altogether the direct consequences of it. It may truly be said that the perversity and vain-glory which so quickly brought about the invasion of France by the Prussian and German legions, were also instrumental in producing that wild revolutionary madness that knew neither law nor order, and made necessary a second siege of Paris by Frenchmen at Versailles, after the retirement of the foreign army which had taken the city by a siege, of which we shall now give some account.

Before the German armies invested the capital of France, several desperate battles were fought, in which the French sustained a series of disastrous defeats. The principal and final one of these was the battle of Sedan, after which the Emperor Napoleon III. surrendered as a prisoner of war, and was sent to the Château of Wilhelmshöhe, in Germany; while, after the capitulation of Sedan

itself, his beaten army was made captive, and sent away in detachments to other parts of Germany, to the number of 80,000. Several scattered troops of French soldiers, amounting to 14,000, had already retired to Belgium, where they laid down their arms. The total loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was 140,000, with 480 cannon and 70 mitrailleuses taken, and 10,000 horses killed or riderless.

Before giving a short account of the three great sieges of this terrible war, it will be well to ask the reader to refer to a map, in order to see what were the positions of the various fortresses which were successively the scenes of the conflict.

It must be remembered that, though the declaration of hostilities was by France against Prussia only, the remaining German States almost at once took part in it for the defence of the whole country; so that Baden, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Bavaria sent their contingents to make the great army that was at once ready, and, as was afterwards proved, had long been ready, to bid defiance to the intended invasion of the Rhine-land by the French army under Napoleon III.

That French army when on a peace footing, as it was in October, 1869, numbered 365,179 men in France, about 64,000 in Algeria, and 5,252 in occupation of Rome. In prospect of the war in 1870 the numbers had been increased to 658,000 men, including the Reserve force, while the Gardes Mobiles and other contingent regiments would have made the number about 1,200,000, with 150,000 horses, and 1,362 field and siege guns.

The Prussian forces consisted of 1,366,356 infantry, 165,454 cavalry, and 3,460 guns; and to these were added from the South German States, 170,000 men and 370 guns. The German army continued to increase, however. Fresh battalions were constantly formed; the Landwehr (as the great militia forces of the country are called) were already trained soldiers, and were drafted to join the regular regiments, so that, before the end of the war, one of the greatest armies ever seen had invested all that part of France which was necessary to preserve a line of occupation from the Rhine and to lay siege to Paris.

The number of men included in the first army that

advanced into France was 570,000, consisting of 192 battalions, 164 squadrons, and 110 batteries, with 660 guns. These were divided into three distinct forces. The army of the Saar, or the First Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, who was afterwards sent back to a command in Posen, consisted of the Westphalian and the Rhenish corps and the 4th or Brandenburg division of cavalry—its 50 battalions and 40 squadrons, with 31 batteries of field artillery, with 186 guns—altogether 70,000 men. The second, or “Army of the Rhine,” commanded by Prince Frederic Charles, formed the centre of the Prussian line, and consisted of East Prussians, Pomeranians, men of Brandenburg and Magdeburg, Slesvig-Holsteiners, Saxons, and the Hesse-Darmstadt division, and the divisions from the garrison of Mayence—altogether 250,000 men and 660 guns. The third was the Crown Prince’s army, or the Army of the South, and consisted of the Guards, the Posen, Silesian, Hesse, and Nassau corps, with the Wurttemberg, Baden, and Bavarian contingents—250,000 men with 660 guns.

These figures, of course, do not include the immense numbers of reserves which were coming up in line, but only the total strength of the three German armies which occupied France in August, 1870.

The boundary-line of France and Germany—Belgium and Luxembourg being neutral—was from Basle to Sierck. The Rhine, parting France from the grand duchy of Baden on the right bank, formed the division between France and Germany as far as Lauterbourg; on the left bank, very near to the great federal fortress of Rastadt. The line then turned in a north-west direction till it reached Sierck, on the river Moselle.

STRASBURG,

WHICH was formerly the capital of the half-German province of Alsace, and, while it belonged to France, was the chief town of the department of the Lower Rhine, was defended by 500 cannon, and contained 82,000 inhabitants. It stands upon the stream of the Ill, about a mile and a half from the great river of which it is so distinguished a fortress, and is intersected with numerous channels of water. In describing the condition of Strasburg previously to the siege, a writer says :—

“Louis XIV., in 1681—always unscrupulous in his ambition—got possession of Strasburg, which was then a free Imperial town, by an unexpected foray upon it during a time of peace. It was the ambition of France even then to extend her Rhenish frontier and push Germany further back. Vauban instantly set to work to secure the conquest by strengthening what was weak and increasing what was already strong. He built a pentagonal fortress, or citadel of five bastions, besides five sluice-houses, whose outer works extend to the arm of the Rhine. He gave this stronghold—which will hold 1,750 men—the motto, ‘*Servat et observat.*’ He also constructed large sluices at the spot where the Ill enters the town, so as to lay the whole country round, between the Rhine and the Ill, under water, in case of need. On the side of the *Porte-des-Mines*, which could not be inundated, the glacis was mined. The arsenal contains—or did before the present war—arms and equipments for nearly 400,000 men, and it has also 952 cannon, including the 550 required for the ramparts and for the citadel. To all these resources of the semi-German town, facing the duchy of Baden, we must add a cannon-foundry, which every year produces 300 pieces of artillery of various calibres, and boasts one furnace that will contain 26,400 kilogrammes. The town, as a military centre, also pos-

sesses eight barracks, sufficient for the accommodation of 10,000 men; a military hospital, built for 1,200 or 1,800 beds, and used since 1814 as a military hospital school. The stronghold is also the seat of a regimental school of artillery, under the command of a general. It is impossible for the traveller to forget, when in Strasburg, that the town is an important fortress, for all the seven gates are shut in winter at eight, and in summer at ten o'clock, though diligences are allowed to enter later, as well as travellers by post or steamboat.

"The choicest promenades of Strasburg are beyond the enceinte. The two finest are called the Contades and the Robertsau. The latter is composed of huge lawns, intersected by walks designed by Le Notre, Louis XIV.'s great gardener; of a splendid orangery (1,200 trees), where the Empress Josephine lodged in 1806 and 1809; of an English garden, a suspension-bridge that leads to the Isle of Wacken, and of a smiling and coquettish village.

"But the wonder and delight of Strasburg is the cathedral, one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. Founded by Clovis in 510, reconstructed by Pepin and Charlemagne, destroyed by lightning in 1007, it was rebuilt, in 1015, by Erwin de Steinbach, and finished, in 1413, by Jean Hultze, of Cologne, after the tower had been 424 years incomplete. According to tradition, 10,000 workmen toiled at the holy work for the good of their souls, 'all for love, and nothing for reward.' An epitome of Gothic art, this cathedral contains specimens of every style, from the Byzantine upwards. That noble spire, according to the best guide-books, rises 468 feet above the pavement; that is, twenty-four feet higher than the Great Pyramid, and sixty-four feet higher than St. Paul's, the body of the church itself being higher than the towers of York Minster. The view from this network of stone repays the giddiest person. Beyond the dull red roofs and the high-roofed and many-windowed houses, spreads the whole country of the Rhine and Black Forest, and on the side of France you see the Vosges mountains. The triple portal is peculiarly fine, and is in itself a world of quaint statues and bas-reliefs. The middle arch is adorned with no less than fourteen statues of the Old Testament prophets; on the right arch are the

Ten Virgins, and on the left the Virgins treading underfoot the Seven Capital Sins. In the Revolution these carvings were destroyed, and the great brass doors melted down into money, but they have been restored with a most reverential care. The choir is plain and simple Romanesque, but the nave is the choicest Early Decorated German Gothic. The town's special treasures are the fine stained windows of the fourteenth century, recently restored, the vast marigold windows, and the famous astronomical clock, one of the wonders of Europe, comprising a perpetual calendar, a planetarium on the Copernican system, and shows the hour, the day of the week, the month of the year. It was made in 1571, and, after standing still for fifty-six years (a good rest), was repaired in 1842 by a mechanician of the town. This part of the cathedral is supported by a single pillar of great symmetry, and above the Gothic cornice appears the effigy of Erwin de Steinbach, the architect of this vast building, whose tombstone was discovered in 1855, in a humble little court behind the chapel of St. John."

There are some other fine churches in Strasburg, and a great public library of 100,000 volumes, which contains a number of priceless books and manuscripts.

THE SIEGE.

Strasburg was invested by the Baden division of the German army between the 11th and the 17th of August, the defence of the city by the French garrison having been intrusted to General Urich. On the 14th of August, Lieutenant-General von Werder had taken command of the siege corps, with a large German force, which, it is said, was afterwards increased till it amounted to 70,000 men. The French troops within the city were about 10,000, including Gardes Mobiles; so that, from the first, their position became difficult, since the investing force was large enough to keep them from breaking through and to cut off their chances of supply. Lieutenant-General von Decker and Major-General von Mertens were respectively appointed commander of the artillery, and engineer of the siege.

Major-General von Mertens is the same officer who fortified Dresden and Kiel. After the arrival of a reinforcement of two Prussian divisions, the fortress was closely surrounded. On the 21st of August an attempt was made to hasten the surrender of the place by bombardment; but it was not kept up, and on the 27th it was discontinued. In the night of the 29th the first parallel was opened against the north-western front of the fortress, at a distance varying from 600 to 800 paces from the walls. In the night of the 31st the approaches to the second parallel were dug, and, in the ensuing night, the second parallel itself, distant from 300 to 400 paces from the fortress. Those same nights every effort was made to construct the siege batteries, which were finished with the utmost rapidity. Up to the 9th of September ninety-eight rifled guns and forty mortars were placed in position against the attacked front, which almost entirely silenced the enemy's artillery. Besides these, a detachment of Baden artillery fired from Kehl from thirty-two rifled pieces and eight mortars on the citadel, which, after the reduction of the town, might be used as a last refuge by the garrison. In the nights between September 9th and 11th the approaches to the third parallel were laid. In the night of the 11th the greater part of the third parallel was made, the advances were pushed forward step by step, and some outworks were captured.

The end was then inevitable, for famine was killing the men within. The whole city was starving, and the soldiers were unable to fight from weakness, even if there had been any hope of a desperate resistance.

For some days previously to the 4th of September, heavier guns had been placed in position and new batteries were prepared; and though, on the 3rd, the French endeavoured to make a sally in force, and actually arrived at the third parallel and drove the German troops out of the trenches, they were forced back again after a hand-to-hand engagement, and had to retreat to the city between a cross fire from the batteries, which opened on them as they passed through the gate. That night the bombardment was very severe, and it continued during the following day, the principal fire having been brought to bear upon the portion of the works adjoining the station of the railway to Paris. A

spectator during the bombardment says: "The fire of the German artillerymen was much better sustained than that of the French; the former poured a continuous stream of cannon-balls and shells into the fortifications. At intervals the French replied by a simultaneous fire, continuing it for several minutes together, and then pausing, as if to concentrate their energies for another combined effort."

On the 27th the city capitulated, General Urich being incited to cease the defence at the demand of the starving and suffering inhabitants.

Seventeen thousand men, including National Guards, and 450 officers, laid down their arms on the morning of the 28th, and the gates were occupied by German soldiers. There were above 1,100 cannons taken with the city, besides a large sum of money belonging to the Government, munitions, and considerable stores. To the great satisfaction of every one, including, of course, the German victors, the cathedral and its celebrated clock had been but slightly injured.

The following graphic account of a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who entered the city and witnessed the capitulation, is valuable as a narrative of the aspect of the city and its suburbs immediately after the bombardment had ceased:—

"At six o'clock on Thursday morning, September 29th, I was on my way towards Strasburg. Passing through Schiltigheim, I saw tokens in every quarter of the severity of the fire from the fortifications. Hardly a house was untouched. A large number had been burned to the ground, and many were converted into piles of ruins by the explosion of shells. The direct road to Strasburg was crossed by the parallels, and it was necessary to walk along the first parallel nearly a mile before coming to the pathway along which access to the city was alone possible. The destruction at the Austerlitz railway-station, lying outside the city, was thorough. Shortly after the siege began, this station was captured by the besiegers. Near this place more than one severe fight occurred when the garrison made a sortie. The fire from one of the mortar batteries was concentrated upon this station, and the numerous carriages which once stood on

the line had been converted into heaps of charred wood and twisted iron. On approaching the Porte Saverne, I saw countless marks indicating the severity of the fire which the besiegers had directed towards this spot. Between this and the Porte de Pierre the walls have been breached in two places. After I had passed through the gate, the spectacle of destruction which I witnessed was one I shall not soon forget. On the right, as far as I could see, the whole quarter was a pile of rubbish. There were few marks of fire. Cannon-shot and shells had reduced house after house into their original elements. When the space between Temple Bar and Carey Street, on which the new Law Courts are to be erected, was being cleared of houses, the appearance presented was not dissimilar; but there was this difference, that in the case of the houses removed from that site there were signs of regularity in the midst of the destruction, the walls were systematically removed, whereas in Strasburg the ruined houses were literally piles of rubbish, and unless I had known that houses had once covered the spot, I should not have supposed that the rubbish had ever taken the form of shapely dwellings. In front of nearly every shop-window were sloping planks arranged with a view to ward off falling shot. All the openings made to admit air and light into the cellars were covered with a mass of earth and straw. In some cases the straw had evidently been taken from the most offensive, though not the least useful, part of the farmyard. The deprivation of light and air and the presence of noisome smells which those who occupied the cellars must have had to endure must have been, not only a severe trial, but also most detrimental to health. One house standing at a corner was propped up, lest it should topple over. A cannon-ball had swept a large piece out of the corner, and had cut through one of the beams which supported the two upper floors. On reaching the Place Kleber, one of the largest and finest open spaces in Strasburg, the signs of destruction were most striking. The handsome building which filled the north-eastern side of the square, and in which was a valuable museum of ancient and modern works of art, is now represented by empty walls. Nearly every house has been pierced with shot or shell. The hotel in

which I write this, the well-known Maison Rouge, has been struck more than once. Being one of the first civilians who arrived here, I succeeded in getting one of the few rooms which the German officers had not taken possession of. Wishing to breakfast, I called for the bill of fare. It was as long and elaborate as usual. I came to the conclusion that, although the city had been severely injured by the bombardment, the inhabitants had been able to procure not only the necessaries, but also the luxuries of life. But I was soon undeceived. The bill of fare was a relic of pre-siege days. I could get beef or ham or *paté de foie gras*. Towards the end of the siege, when provisions became very scarce, *paté de foie gras* was one of the most common articles of food. Large stores of it, intended for exportation, had accumulated. Coffee and wine could be had in abundance, but milk was unprocurable, and butter could not be purchased under five francs the pound. I had not been many hours in Strasburg before a change took place in all these respects. Carts laden with vegetables entered the city. Butter was again placed on the table. It was announced that milk would be obtainable on the morrow.

“I lost no time in visiting all the points of interest, and the cathedral among the first. To all external appearance it is uninjured. The spire is as attractive a spectacle as ever, but it has been struck in more places than one. The cross on its summit appears to have been touched by a projectile: it leans to one side. Some of the ornamental work has been carried away, and in one of the side towers a portion of the stone stair has been destroyed. The outer roof of the nave has been burned, the windows have here and there been pierced with balls; but the famous clock has escaped destruction, and the cathedral is, on the whole, in excellent condition. To this place the German soldiers hastened as soon as they got here. They ascended the tower, they explored the interior. The officers were as eager as the men not only to see the renowned cathedral, but also to learn the truth as to the damage done to it. All with whom I conversed expressed their satisfaction at the comparative unimportance of the injury inflicted. They would have lamented the destruction of the cathedral quite as sincerely as the Strasburgers themselves. It is the belief

of the latter that the destruction of the cathedral was one of the designs of the besiegers. More than one German artillery officer assured me that orders were daily given not only to spare the city, but also carefully to avoid firing in such a way as would either damage or endanger the cathedral. Other public buildings, however, have not escaped. The prefecture, the theatre, and the church, whereof the world-renowned library formed a part, are now represented by bare walls.

“From the Porte de Pierre to the Porte Nationale, a distance of half a mile, hardly a single wall is standing of the hundreds of houses which formerly covered this space. Here and there a single house was still erect. I entered one of them. Shells had passed through the walls or had fallen through the roof. Some had exploded as they entered, and had converted the interior into a wreck. Fragments of curtains, of broken glass or crockery, of bedding, books, and furniture were curiously intermingled with bricks, plaster, and wood. In one corner a few newspapers had escaped destruction. They had probably been lying on the table when the projectile which had done the damage entered the house and exploded. The last was dated September 8th. An old Dutch clock remained against the half-ruined wall: the hands pointed to a quarter to nine. As the clock had evidently been injured by falling stones and plaster, this probably indicates the hour at which the occurrence took place. The fire from the besieging batteries being always most severe at night and very trifling in the morning, it is probable that this particular house was rendered uninhabitable at a quarter to nine on the night of September 8th. This is a mere matter of speculation; but it is not at all doubtful as to the tastes of the occupant of the upper rooms. These had been filled with a collection of stuffed birds and preserved insects. A ball, or a fragment of a shell, had passed through a case of butterflies, and had destroyed some, without injuring the pins with which they were pierced. The birds were lying about in shapeless heaps. Here lay a quantity of feathers, there a number of beaks and legs. Several were untouched. The proprietor of the house said that the collection belonged to a lodger, who had spent upwards of fifteen years in making

it. The proprietor of the house took his own misfortunes very philosophically. He fully expected to be reimbursed for the loss he had sustained. So long as he was paid, it mattered not to him whether Strasburg remained in the hands of the Germans or passed again into those of the French. Others to whom I talked indulged in a different strain. While lamenting the injuries inflicted, they were confident that the end had not arrived. They looked forward to a second bombardment. They were convinced that the French would soon drive out the Germans and recapture the city. For this belief they could assign no other reason than that France had done great things in 1793, and would repeat her former achievements. This is an opinion which appears to be accepted by all Frenchmen as if it were an article of faith. But I have observed that those who talk the most about 1793 do not show any alacrity in sacrificing themselves now, although the emergency is as great as it then was. Where the heroes of 1870 are to be discovered I know not. It is also noteworthy that those who are ready to foretell what France will yet perform are not less ready to admit that the French army was composed of bad materials, as well as commanded by incapable officers. Prior to the battle of Weissenburg the regiments who encamped near Strasburg manifested an entire want of discipline. The soldiers plundered the inhabitants of the surrounding villages; they begged for money in the streets of Strasburg, and they threatened to take by force that which was refused them. It is difficult to discover any reason for hoping that any army which may be formed in France will be at all superior to that which acted so badly and has been beaten so thoroughly.

“When I made a round of the walls I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the officer who commanded the battery which effected the breach. He was curious to witness the results of his own handiwork. The one breach is the bastion numbered 11; the other is bastion 12. Both these points face the lunettes which were captured a week ago. The breach in the bastion 12 was chiefly made by vertical fire; the other was the result of direct fire. The breach in bastion 11 was the more important of the two: it was about 200 feet wide at the

top. Another twenty-four hours of heavy firing would have completed all that the besiegers intended to do before delivering the assault. Indeed, everything was ready. The materials wherewith to bridge the moat were collected at Bischeim. The soldiers had been ordered to hold themselves ready to move forward at a moment's notice. That the place would have been captured is certain; but that the loss of life would have been great is certain also. It is fortunate that the end has been less bloody than was anticipated. Governor Urich and the garrison have distinguished themselves by the bravery of their defence; and that the Germans have shown how skilfully they can lay siege to a powerful fortress, no one can dispute.

“With one deplorable exception, the inhabitants of Strasburg have treated their conquerors with great consideration. On September 29th three soldiers were shot in a by-street near the cathedral. The assassins fled. One of them was pursued by some citizens who witnessed the deed. He took refuge in the Café de Commerce. There he was detained till the German soldiers arrived. The citizens who were present specially called their attention to the fact that not only did they repudiate all complicity with the murderers, but that they had done their utmost to hinder their escape. As soon as General Werder heard the tidings, he ordered the city to pay a heavy contribution, and he threatened to treat the inhabitants with the greatest rigour, and to humiliate them by making a triumphal entry into their city with his whole army. However, when the mayor represented that the blame could not fairly be placed on the inhabitants, and when he was convinced that the act was entirely the work of isolated ruffians, he cancelled the orders he had given, and relieved the city from paying the enormous contribution of four millions of francs.”

OPERATIONS OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN ARMIES NEAR METZ.

THE head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon were at Nancy, a town on the Grand Trunk Railway from Paris to Strasburg, with a branch line from Nancy to the great French fortress of Metz, and thence to the smaller one of

Thionville, and so on to Luxemburg. Another line went through Saarbruck to the Rhine, near Mannheim. The Prussian defensive position was beyond the river Saar, at the apex of an angle, sketched by lines from Saarbruck, Saarlouis, and Saarburg, to Mayence and Coblentz. The nearest forts were at Saarlouis and Saarbruck, where the French frontier was otherwise quite open. The river Saar crosses the frontier near its rise at Sarreguemines, in France, and flows through Saarbruck, Saarlouis, and Merzig to the Moselle, which empties itself into the Rhine. Between Strasburg and Saarbruck were about 350,000 French soldiers. The high road between France and Germany was barred from Dunkirk to the Moselle at Sierck, by the interposition of neutral states. On the Upper Rhine was Strasburg, a fortified city on the French side, with Kehl on the opposite northern, or German bank. These two towns were connected by a bridge across the river; but the Prussians destroyed the abutment on the German shore, and so rendered it useless for the passage of troops, and shortly afterwards began to invest the city previously to a regular siege of this important fortification, the possession of which had always been a matter of jealous dispute between the two nations.

On the 2nd of August the French troops assumed the offensive by crossing the frontier at Saarbruck, where the Prussians were intrenched. General Frossard commenced an attack on the camp. The Prussians retired; but the loss was small, and the number of men engaged made it little more than a skirmish. The Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial were both present. The next day the Crown Prince of Germany attacked the division of the French army under General Abel Douay, a portion of the *corps d'armée* commanded by General MacMahon at Weissenburg, an ancient German city, one of the ten free towns of Alsace. The general was killed, and, after a stubborn resistance, the French were defeated. Above 1,000 prisoners, many of them Turcos and Zouaves from Algeria, were taken.

After this success the Crown Prince pushed on, and on the 6th attacked Marshal MacMahon at Freischwiller, a little town north of Woerth. The French were driven

from their position, and were forced to retreat, after making an ineffectual stand at Reichshoffen. The loss on both sides was severe, but the French *corps d'armée* was completely routed, though they had fought with great bravery and determination. The battle (now known as the battle of Woerth) was fought on the 7th, and was one of the most terrible conflicts of the war. The French lost 5,000 men, and 6,000 were taken prisoners, the army of General MacMahon leaving their baggage behind them in their retreat, together with several guns. The Germans lost between 3,000 and 4,000 men.

Meanwhile Prince Frederick Charles, with his second army—the Army of the Rhine—was advancing, and gained a victory at Spicheren, on the west of Saarbruck, where General von Goeben carried the position of the French troops under General Frossard. The French army was then retiring along its whole line in retreat to the interior. The Third German Army, with the King at its head, was advancing to join the two other great divisions.

On Sunday, the 14th of August, it was declared that the Emperor Napoleon had resigned the entire command of the French army to General Bazaine, who at once prepared to retreat towards Châlons, where France was collecting her strength to resist the invader, that General MacMahon might unite all her forces to make a stand against the three united German armies, and to risk a great battle in order to prevent the enemy from marching on Paris.

The object of the German armies, continuing to cooperate after the engagements which drew them on towards the great French encampment outside the walls of the vast fortress of Metz, was to cut off the retreat of the army under Bazaine, and so prevent it from reaching Châlons to join MacMahon. To do this they must force it to retreat within Metz, and then shut it up by regularly laying siege to that stronghold—leaving a large force for this purpose—while the rest of their armies continued their march towards Paris. In order to accomplish this, a severe and desperate fight took place at a spot between Metz and Verdun. About 2,000 French were captured, and several generals were killed on both sides. The French lines were then driven back, the pursuit extending even to the glacis of the

outworks of the fortress. The fighting was most severe at Vionville, on the southern high road, about four English miles from Roncourt and ten from Metz. This battle, or rather series of terrible and bloody encounters, began on the 16th at Pange, went on at Mars-la-Tour, where it lasted twelve hours, and concluded, on the 18th (when the Germans were assembled in force), with the battle of Gravelotte,—one of the most awful conflicts ever recounted in history.

Thus Bazaine and his army were forced into Metz, and it was necessary for MacMahon and the Emperor to stay their retreat in order to relieve him. A junction between the two armies was considered essential. This junction the Germans were determined to prevent. Napoleon moved from Rheims towards Metz, along the northern frontier of France, intending to fight his way eastward, or to pass without a battle at all. The Germans swung round the left wing of their army with enormous energy and swiftness, brought up their centre sharply into line, and pinned the French against the Belgian frontier in the little fortress of Sedan, a town on the Meuse, about eleven miles E.S.E. of Mezières, defended by a strong citadel.

On the evening of the 31st of August, the great German armies had taken up their positions, and began with an attack on Bazeilles, which was taken, house by house, and utterly wrecked. The engagement lasted all day before the troops were opposite Sedan. Over fields and wooded hills and through villages, the circle of the German army closed in; and on the 1st of September the great battle was begun by the Bavarians, under General von der Tann, in the valley of the Meuse. The Crown Prince's troops were on a hill at Donchery; the rest of the corps engaged at different points, to complete the circle of investment. There was no escape for the French army; and, after a tremendous conflict, the Emperor himself surrendered as a prisoner, and the whole army, with its generals, was captive to the conquerors, and had to lay down its arms. After this great victory, the main body of the Germans prepared to follow that portion of the army of the Crown Prince which was already on its march towards Châlons, and thence to Paris.

On the 4th of September the Crown Prince was leaving Donchery: the chain of fortresses in Alsace was left behind as soon as Phalsbourg had been passed; then came an easy stage to the open city of Nancy. The army received strong reinforcements, and turned the fortress of Toul both to the north and south, advancing upon the Marne with wonderful swiftness—the roads cumbered with heavy columns of all arms of the service, and masses of men moving ceaselessly forward. Thus the Third Army was in position along the road between Nancy and Paris—viz. towards the south.

The French troops under Bazaine were still shut up and watched by the First German Army, and a portion of the Second Army, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, left for the purpose of carrying on

THE SIEGE OF METZ.

THE position of Metz is one of the most favourable that a great stronghold can occupy; and as it was not only the most important fortification of France, but was so placed as to be a continual menace to Germany, its reduction became essential to the ultimate success of the Prussian victories. What Mayence was to Germany, Metz was to France: it was the permanent defence of the country between the river Meuse and the Rhine, being situated at the junction of the two streams, where the main communications cross, and commanding both banks. It was always regarded as almost impregnable, and its investment was considered to be a work of the utmost difficulty, because of the necessity for constructing and maintaining bridges above and below it, while the forces within the citadel, or occupying the outer circle of works, could keep up a constant attack on any enemy attempting to pass it.

The town, beautifully situated and remarkably healthy, is traversed by the Moselle, which, after washing the western portion, makes a bend and enters in a fine stream, which is crossed by fifteen bridges. The river Seille also enters Metz on the south, diverging into two branches, one

of which flows between the ramparts, while the other runs through the town. This abundant supply of water becomes an important element in the defence of the great fortress, which is, in fact, a series of fortifications one within another. The town has nine gates, each with its draw-bridge, and the *enceinte* was planned by the great Vauban, and continued by Marshal Belleisle. In front of the *enceinte* are what are called the double crown-works, at Moselle and Bellecroix, which were constructed by Cormontaigne, who, being one of the greatest masters of the art of fortification, regarded these as his principal work. Improving upon Vauban's system, he carried out to a great distance a two-faced wedge-shaped work, and from this a fire could be directed upon an enemy while approaching the *glacis*, or foot of a bastion. The double crown was surrounded by a triple ditch, filled with water; and there is a great redoubt so contrived that the water may be let in all round it, so as to convert it into an island. The defences of Metz, however, were not confined to the fortress. There are exterior forts, which made it a great intrenchment. Having cleared the numberless gates, portcullises, and bridges, the visitor arrived at three intrenched camps. The forts of St. Quentin had each sixty guns, casemates, bomb-proof barracks, and ditches fifteen feet deep, and they stood on the top of a hill which commanded for miles the broad and fertile valley on which Metz stood. The scene was one of pastoral beauty, and suggested the plenty of peace rather than the opportunity for war. But the guns of the fort could fire on an enemy advancing up the valley to attack the town, while a conquered army could find protection in the same valley, protected by the guns of the forts on one side and on the other by the town. It was as a retreat for beaten legions that this was designed, and it was for that purpose that the army of Bazaine retreated to its intrenchments after the battles of Woerth and Weissenburg, still more after the more terrible victory of Gravelotte, followed by the defeat at Sedan.

But the French troops found themselves not only protected but imprisoned in the tremendous fortifications, in which a great German army kept them confined, so that

they should not break through and attempt to deliver Paris from the other two armies that were marching to lay siege to it. So completely was Bazaine hemmed in, that for many days a large reward was offered to any one who could succeed in taking him a message and bringing back his reply. One man nearly performed the feat; but was taken and shot by the Germans at the last moment.

Bazaine at Metz, and General Uhrich at Strasburg, were engaged in defending strongholds; but the fortunes of France depended on the former general getting out with his army to engage the enemy before they reached Châlons. This the German besiegers were determined to prevent; so that 180,000 to 200,000 persons were shut up within the fortified zone surrounding the great citadel, into which no supplies could be introduced to provide for the enormous consumption necessary to sustain the army, the cattle, and the inhabitants. For some time messages were sent and received in bottles floated up or down the Moselle; but this simple device was soon discovered and frustrated. It was then attempted to make use of balloons; but these, too, were mostly discovered, and the contents of the despatches made known to the German commanders, while, even if they had reached Paris, there was no army of relief to send to rescue the captives. On the contrary, the captive army was itself necessary to defend Paris against the inevitable results of the great operations which the ever-increasing German army was preparing for the subjugation of France. Such balloon messages as were discovered represented Metz to be in a state of complete preparation for a prolonged siege; and one, containing 5,000 letters, which was found at Neufchâtel on the 16th of September, conveyed the intelligence that the besieged had plenty of provisions, that Marshal Bazaine had been victorious in the battles of August, and that there was no doubt he would cut his way through the investing forces when the time arrived.

The time never did arrive. We now know that in the battles of August, the French, bravely and even desperately as they fought, were always defeated; and when Marshal Bazaine at last capitulated, the well-fed German soldiers who entered Metz gave up their own rations to the starving

enemy and to the inhabitants; since, though it was rumoured that considerable stores of provisions existed here and there in the town, the whole population was in extreme want, and the soldiery were nearly dead for lack of proper nourishment.

At the time of the German operations and during the siege, the inner fortifications surrounded the town completely, except at one gap to the southward, which was covered efficiently by the branch of the Moselle dividing the islands of Saulay and St. Simphorien. On the north of another island (de Chambière), higher up were two important forts on the inner line. On the south were the Redoubt du Pate to the east, and the Lunette d'Arçon to the west. On the further side of the river was Fort Moselle, an enormous work enclosing magazines and arsenals. To the south of it was a long line of fortifications, crossing the Moselle from the bastion of the island of Saulay. In front of the eastern defences loomed the great double crown-work of Belle Croix, Cormontaigne's masterpiece; to the south of that, Fort Gisors, which was a minor detached fortification, completing the circuit of that double line of defences by which Metz was surrounded.

But beyond these, the whole environs of the city were defended by chains of fortifications. A road led to Bouzonville, and opposite that was the great fort of St. Julien, with its glacis, two English miles from Metz, towards the north-east, while a little to the south-east was the monastery and wood of Grimont, the monastery converted into a military station. A mile and a half south from St. Julien was Fort Bottes, a great earthwork,—a defence thrown up to connect St. Julien and Fort Quelen on the south. About a mile from that place was the village of Belle Croix, with guns and earthwork defences; and a mile and a half from Les Bottes and as far from Metz was Fort Quelen, dominating the main road to Strasburg and the adjoining flat country as far as the vicinity of Mercy-le-Haut. Westward and towards the south was Fort St. Privat, about two miles from Metz, commanding the valley of the Moselle, the road from Nancy, and the railway lines which converged behind it. And leaving it, to the south-west of the town, was the Moselle again; while in an upward

direction, due north, was the great hump on the top of which was St. Quentin, the greatest outwork of Metz, and a complete fortress itself, almost impregnable, even if all its neighbours had been taken. It dominated the country to the south, the south-west, west, and north-west; but it was most menacing towards the east, where it defended the inner fortifications. North-west of it, on the top of the bluff, a mile off, was Fort Flappeville, or Les Carrières, open on the west, but preventing an enemy from holding the top of the high ground. Due north from Metz, about two miles, standing in the middle of the plain, with the Thionville railway on the west and the Moselle on the east, lay St. Eloy, the last and not the least important of the vast series of outworks.

These details, though they may not be very interesting, will show what an enormous stronghold the Germans had to besiege, and may be useful in pointing to the utter defeat of the French by prompt strategy, and an immense, well-organized, and admirably-equipped army. Carefully as the siege was commenced, it would seem that its first object was rather to keep Bazaine's force shut up than to attempt to carry the place. Indeed, the latter would have been almost impossible, and would probably only have been attempted if the French could have held out at Metz until Paris itself was taken, when the entire German forces of artillery would have concentrated against the great fortress. It cannot be doubted that Bazaine and his officers knew the case was hopeless. Their only chance was to cut their way out, with their army, through the German lines; but this seems never to have been attempted with vigour, though there were numerous sorties and some desperate fighting. They stayed in the great fortified trap into which they were driven till want, mutiny, and hopelessness of achieving any good result, led them to capitulate.

The German troops were regularly placed for a siege, however. The Seventh Army Corps held the line of environment on the east side of the Moselle, in the villages of Magny Peltoy and Mercy-la-Haut, with their foreposts and *feldwachts* thrown forward. The First Army Corps extended to several villages, in a line that was within range of the great guns of St. Julien. The first line occupied a con-

tinuous intrenchment running right round Metz, all the villages being fortified, and roughly but completely placed in a state of defence, the fieldwatches and advanced posts occupying gardens and detached buildings, and ready for meeting a sortie of the enemy at any moment. At first Bazaine's army did not enter the town of Metz, but encamped on the slopes of the fortifications either of the town or of the outlying strongholds in the intervening country, or in the various villages in French possession. It would take too great a space to describe the various combats and skirmishes, some of them desperate enough, which ensued when an attempt was made at a sortie. They were but partial efforts, and the German forces were always able to repulse them.

The following graphic account of the able correspondent to the *Daily News* London newspaper will be read with interest as a narrative of one of the most desperate of these sorties, and its defeat by the German troops:—

“About one o'clock I was sitting at lunch with two staff officers in an arbour in General Kümner's garden, when the guns of the Prussian batteries by Sennecourt began to give tongue. ‘Only a few Frenchmen loafing round Ladonchamps,’ observed one of the officers. ‘There will be nothing serious to-day; there is too much mist in the valley.’ Certainly it seemed as if he must be right. When I was on the heights at Sennecourt I could not see the villages in the valley below, nor the cathedral of Metz. Our constant landmark next to St. Quentin was utterly invisible. But the roar of the guns grew louder and louder, and then came first one great boom, and then another, from the big guns lying behind, at Freneourt. The officers fidgeted, but still would not own that anything was the matter. But their nonchalance gave way when an aide-de-camp came up at the gallop, spreading the alarm everywhere as he went, and dashing on to the general's quarters for instructions to guide the front. In five minutes more we were all in the saddle, and, after a short gallop, were looking out on the scene of action from the fringe of the wood in front of the Châteaux of Brioux and Amelange. That the reader may understand the tactics of Bazaine and

the manner in which they were foiled, it will be necessary to give a brief description of the ground. From Metz to Mezières there is a long trough, with a flat bottom, the alluvial margin of the Moselle. This tract is about four English miles wide. Across this bottom, at the narrowest part thus formed, lies a series of villages—the two Tapes and St. Remy, with Maxe and Ladonchamps respectively slightly to the east and west front. More or less, there were Prussian troops in all these. Bazaine had laid his scheme with great art. Covered by the dense fog, he had made his dispositions with such adroitness that when it lifted, a little past one, his arrangements were already all but complete. In the first instance, he directed a strong assault on Ladonchamps. The landwehr outpost held the place as if they were 10,000 instead of 100 men, and the French sent their infantry swarming into it while their artillery played upon it. ‘Only an attempt to reoccupy Ladonchamps,’ quoth a friend of the staff, as he lighted a fresh cigar; ‘the guns will teach them the folly of that, and we can back to our harbour.’ Certainly it seemed, if any argument could be convincing, that the Prussian artillery must be so. The white spurts of smoke were visible all round the valley. On the right front the batteries at Sennecourt were hard at work, and also others nearer us on the flat, while the great guns at Frenecourt were sending shells at a low range right over Ladonchamps in among the advancing French. Then, on our left, at Amelange, two other batteries were maintaining a semi-cross fire; and from the bluffs on the other side of the Moselle, between Olgy and Malroy, the Prussian field artillery were also roaring. The attack on Ladonchamps was a diversion. Suddenly the villages of Grandes and Petites Tapes, of St. Remy and Maxe, were overwhelmed by a cataract of Frenchmen. The 59th Landwehr, in St. Remy, would not fall back, as it should have done in common prudence, but stood up there in the street till the French, having played upon it with their artillery, and rained upon it chassepot and mitrailleuse bullets, finally pushed backwards the shattered remnant on to the *chaussée* by dint of sheer numbers. The fusilier battalion of the 58th occupied Grandes Tapes, and it occupies Grandes Tapes now, but the occupation consists of the dead

and the wounded. The battalion would not give ground, and may be said to have been annihilated as it stood, the men with their backs to the wall and their faces to the foe. The other battalions of the same regiment suffered terribly. So far, then, Bazaine had succeeded. He had reoccupied the chain of villages athwart the valley, and had got a few batteries of artillery out to their front to reply to the Prussian fire. But the *status quo* he neither wished to nor could retain. The Prussian artillery, throwing its projectiles from three sides of the parallelogram, interfered with the comfortable realization of the latter conception. As regarded the former, it seemed clear that Bazaine would not have done what he had if he did not contemplate something more. That something I have not the remotest doubt was a sortie to establish connections with Thionville. His tactics were well conceived. From St. Remy and the two Tapes he kept the Prussian fire engrossed, both musketry and artillery. He sent forward from Grandes Tapes great swarms of tirailleurs, who fared extremely ill at the hands of the landwehr men. But, besides this, he massed a great number of men. There must have been nearly 30,000 in all on the bank of the Moselle under cover of the houses of Maxe, and he sent them forward to cut through the Prussian environment where it was weakest, close to the river. The moment was a critical one. The landwehr had all been sent forward against the villages, with the exception of one brigade that was in reserve. But the 10th Army Corps had been crossing the pontoon bridge, and massing between the river and Amelange. Their General, Von Voights, was in command of the day's operations, and he gave the order for several regiments to advance. It was a sight never to be forgotten. First came the fusiliers, extending at a rapid run into skirmishing order, and covering the whole plain with their long thin lines. Then the dense columns of companies of the Grenadiers, the bands playing and the colours unfurled—unwonted sight. But all the work was not left for the infantry to do. The artillery left the villages alone, and concentrated their fire on the advancing columns of the French by the Moselle. Bazaine is singularly weak in field artillery, and the only reply was from the sullen sides of St. Julien or from the

ramparts of St. Eloy. But the mitrailleuse venomously sounded its angry whirr, making the skirmishers recoil nervously as they crossed the line of fire, and tearing chasms in the fronts of the solid masses of which they were the forerunners. The artillery and the skirmishers were enough for the French. The dense columns staggered and then broke. Through my glass I could see a continuous *saute qui peut* into the village of Maxe. But when they had once got stone and lime between them and the Prussians, the French were obstinate and would go no further. In vain the Prussian artillery fired on the villages, advancing closer and closer in alternate order of batteries, with a precision and rapidity that could not have been exceeded on Woolwich Common. That obstinate battery in front of Grandes Tapes would not cease, and the French tirailleurs still lined the *chaussée* in its front. By this time it was nearly four o'clock. A gallant captain of cavalry pulled up as he galloped past me to swear at the French for spoiling his dinner, which had been ordered for four. Alas! the captain will want no more dinners. He had not gone a hundred yards to my right when a shell from St. Julien fell and burst right before him, and blew himself and his horse into fragments. The same shell disturbed a hare, which bounced from its form and scampered across the battle-field right in a line with the gun-fire. The landwehr men roared at the sight, amid the dropping chassepots; and, but for the restraint of the officer, I believe that several would have quitted the shelter of the intrenchments to go in chase. As we stood in this suspense a staff officer galloped along the front line with orders for a general advance to take the villages by storm. The advance, he told me, was to consist of four brigades of the landwehr, with two brigades of the 10th Army Corps supporting. In a few minutes more the command came sounding along the line, and the men sprang from their cover and went forward with that steady quick-step so characteristic of the Prussian marching. The shells from the battery in front of Grandes Tapes tore through the line, the mitrailleuse and chassepot bullets poured against it their leaden hail; but still the landwehr, silent and stern, went steadily to the front. I have been under fire many times, but I never knew a more furious fire than

that to which the centre of this line was exposed. General von Brandenstein, commanding the third brigade of the landwehr, was shot down as he rode close to me, and several of his staff were wounded. At length the intrenchments were reached, behind which were lying the shattered remnants of the 59th and 58th Landwehr. The fraternization consisted in the cry of 'Hurrah, Preussen!' and then 'Vorwärts—immer vorwärts,' and the line threw itself to its front in a run. The gunners from the battery, brave men and stubborn, had barely time to run round the corner before the landwehr were upon them. The guns they left perforce. In the villages the French made a last stand, but it had been better for them that they had run away at first. The landwehr, with less of the conventional warrior in them than the line, are not so much inclined to give quarter as are the professional soldiers. With many a Frenchman the shrift consisted of a bayonet-thrust. They fought like demons in the narrow ways of the villages, and used the mitrailleuses with rare judgment and effect. But then there came the steady, inexorable stride forward of the landwehr, the bayonet lent force with that huge thigh and back power which is the leading characteristic in an athletic sense of the Prussian physique, and the villages were cleared of all save victors, dead, and wounded."

The alertness and completeness of the Prussian forepost system was the great feature of the German army. At night the field-watch went forward to the post occupied during the day by the farthest outlying sentry, where it divided into small pickets, leaving a strong body of men in the centre, the front, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, being continually traversed by cavalry patrols, who frequently rode in among the sleeping advance-posts of the Frenchmen. Then there would be a pistol-shot, an irregular firing of rifles, the German Uhlans would dash back to their supports, and the sharp conflict would subside. The Prussians seem to have obtained pretty accurate information of the position of the French troops; and deserters from Metz, as well as the Prussian prisoners who were sent back by Bazaine, soon began to report that the soldiers were living on horse flesh, and had neither rice, flour, nor salt, in any quantity.

Notwithstanding these representations, it was believed that in the great stronghold was the hope of deliverance for France. Reports were constantly promulgated that provisions there were plentiful. Bazaine was supposed to have some deep design; and even when it became evident that the troops were starving, and when great numbers of them actually began to mutiny against being kept there for slow destruction, shut up by an enemy against whom they were never led in any great attempt, the people of Paris were sanguine in the opinion that the great citadel would hold out. Strasburg had succumbed; Phalsbourg, Bitsche, and Toul might be surrendered; but it was impossible to take Metz. It might have been almost impossible to take it by siege or by assault. It is doubtful whether the Germans would have tried so to take it, when, by patience, they could have all France besides; but, at all events, no such result was anticipated by the generals who knew what was the condition of affairs inside. The operations were on a great scale enough. Vast guns and weighty ammunition were brought to bear on the fortresses, and the returning fire was tremendous; but beneath it all, the end was coming, when the army of Bazaine must give up their weapons, and yield a place the people of which soon learnt to welcome the conquerors, who came with supplies of food and took orderly possession, without unnecessary bloodshed and without the usual brutality of a victorious army. Metz was not taken by siege, but its army was conquered by the organization of their foes, which made it hopeless to stand out longer in the face of death.

On the 27th of October Marshal Bazaine capitulated, with 180,000 prisoners, including 20,000 sick and wounded. Negotiations to this end had been commenced some days before. The King and the Crown Prince had already invested Paris, and had made their head-quarters at Versailles. The great army that besieged the capital was growing larger by continued reinforcements from Germany, whence immense quantities of provisions, guns, and ammunition were brought constantly.

The cause of France seemed almost hopeless. Metz could not be held much longer; and, at noon on the 26th of October, Marshal Bazaine sent an autograph letter to

Prince Frederic Charles, asking for another conference. One had already been held at Frescati, and it would seem that messengers were sent to the King at Versailles, and had brought back instructions as to the terms of capitulation. Two German generals, General Stiehle, chief of the staff of the Second Army, and Count Wartensleben, chief of the staff of the First Army, met the French commissioners, and after a warm discussion, which lasted three hours, the terms of the surrender were agreed to.

The first difficulty was concerning the officers keeping their side-arms, on which Marshal Bazaine insisted. The point was finally referred to the King, and conceded by his Majesty in a despatch received at three a.m. on the 27th. By agreement, the conference was resumed early the same morning, and it lasted until eight o'clock at night, when the capitulation was signed for the absolute surrender of Metz and all its fortifications, armaments, stores, and munitions, and for the surrender, on the same conditions as were arranged at Sedan, of the garrison and the whole of Bazaine's army, consisting of three marshals of France, sixty-six generals, 6,000 officers, and 173,000 troops.

The Germans were astounded at this result—an army and fortress capitulating to an investing army larger than itself by only a small fraction. The French commissioners were Marshal Bazaine's chief of the staff, General Jarras; and Colonel Fay and Major Samuele on the part of the commander of the fortress. On the 28th, Major Sandkuhl, chief of the Engineers of the 2nd Corps, was to enter, by stipulation, at ten a.m., to withdraw the mines from under the forts, preparatory to the safe entry of the 7th Corps, which was to remain to guard the city and prisoners, while the remainder of the First Army were immediately to depart for Paris and the South, where Prince Frederic Charles was to have Lyons for his head-quarters. At one o'clock the French army were to lay down their arms. All this was postponed for twenty-four hours, in consequence of the backwardness of the French authorities, arising out of internal disorders.

At ten o'clock a.m. on the 29th the forts were taken possession of by the artillery of the 7th Corps. At one o'clock the third division, which was to depart southwest-

ward immediately after the fourth, was reviewed by the Prince—the display being a brilliant pageant—on the Nancy and Metz road, near Tourtebride. Thereupon the Imperial Guard, the élite of the French army, marched out of Metz with their arms, and laid them down at Frescati, while passing in review before the Prince. This honour was accorded to the Imperial Guard alone, all the rest of the troops having deposited their arms in the Metz arsenals, and then marched into their cantonments outside the town, to await their transfer to Germany. The Imperial Guard were received by the Prussian troops with respectful dignity, and not a jeering word was heard, nor an indecently-exultant look seen. But previously, at the other review, the cheering was loud and persistent.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the French companies which still mounted guard at the various gates in the city and at the depôts and arsenals, were relieved by the Prussians, two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry having entered the town. The German military governor, General von Zastrow, commander of the 7th Corps, took possession of the government of the city and fortress.

The following account of one who was present at the siege and during the capitulation, will be interesting as a narrative of what actually took place afterwards :—

“ According to the statement of General von Zastrow, who held the Bois de Vaux on the morning of August 19th, Bazaine could then have avoided being shut up in Metz. After he was there he could, according to Metz statements, have readily made a sortie and rejoined M'Mahon far more easily than M'Mahon could have rejoined him. After most of his cavalry and artillery horses had been eaten up, this, of course, was more difficult; but still his movements are said to have lacked determination, and even to have been frivolous in the last two sorties. These facts are put down to the account of a *complot* with the Regency, according to which his army was to try to remain *in statu quo* until the conclusion of the war in Western France, and then become available, with Prussian consent, for Bonapartist purposes, Bazaine himself expecting, in that case, to be the governor of the Prince Imperial and the virtual Regent. Nearly all

the people of Metz seemed to believe this, and many of the most influential have admitted so to me. During the whole of the investment Bazaine has never been seen in the camp except on extraordinary occasions; never at all in the ambulances, which are partly constructed in the numerous railroad carriages on the Place Royale, and hardly ever in the city. The civil authorities had to find him at St. Martin. He would not once appear at the mairie. He rarely, if ever, said a word to encourage the troops. Canrobert sometimes cheered their patience a little, and then they would cry, 'Vive Canrobert!' 'A bas Bazaine!' Towards the last he dared not, it is said, for fear of assassination, show himself to his own men. And the terribly relaxed discipline was assuredly the cause of the hasty surrender at a time when there was still another week's rations for everybody on hand. On the morning of the 29th five soldiers lay dead of starvation at Montigny, while the Staff still indulged in luxurious meals, and four days' rations were given to the entire army that morning, while they had received none for two days previously. No beef or pork had been obtainable at any price for a week; but on that morning, before anything had arrived in the town, the shops had plenty. This is adduced as proof of the charge current in the town, that speculators had seized much food, and that a rational system of apportionment, such as existed during the last ten days, if introduced at first, and combined with stringent requisitions, would have prevented much waste, and enabled the fortress to hold out a month longer. The Staff used to feed their horses on bread at first. Recently prices had advanced to the following maximum:—Sugar, per lb., 30 francs; salt, 15 francs; one ham, 300 francs; one potato, 45 centimes; one onion, 60 centimes. A little pig caught near Gravelotte was sold, it is said, for 748 francs.

"For the last five weeks the amputations have been performed without chloroform or ether, and the wounds dressed without carbolic acid. There are more than 19,000 sick and wounded, and 35,000 persons have died in the town alone during the siege, the greater part from lack of proper care. The prevailing diseases are variole, spotted typhus, and dysentery. Scurvy has not prevailed, though even the sick have for more than three weeks received their horse-

steaks and horse-broths without salt. The reported discovery of a saline spring at St. Julien was a hoax, got up by putting salt into a spring to encourage the army.

“When the surrender became known, the people were furious. The National Guard refused to lay down their arms, and on the 29th, in the afternoon, a dragoon captain appeared at the head of a body of troops, who swore they would sooner die than yield; while Albert Collignon, editor of an ultra-Democratic daily paper, the *Journal de Metz*, rode about on a white horse, firing a pistol, and exhorting them to sally out and seek death or victory, to escape the impending shame. He was followed by a lady singing the ‘Marseillaise,’ which produced terrible excitement. The doors of the cathedral were burst open, and tocsin and funeral bell rung nearly all night. When General Coffinière appeared to pacify them, three pistol-shots were fired at him. Finally, by the aid of two line regiments, he quietly dispersed the mob. But all night the sounds of grief, indignation, and terror were kept up. Respectable women ran about the streets tearing their hair, and flinging their bonnets and laces under their feet, wildly crying aloud, ‘What will become of our children?’ Soldiers, drunk and sober, tumbled hither and thither in irregular groups, with their caps off and their sabres broken, crying, sobbing, and weeping like children, ‘O poor Metz! once the proudest of cities. What a misfortune! What an unheard-of catastrophe! We have been sold! All is lost! It is all up with France!’ and so on. The civil functionaries asked each other across the streets, ‘Who will be our master? Who will govern us? Where shall we go, so that we may not see the ruin that has come upon the nation?’

“Yesterday I was closeted with the Maire and City Council for two hours, while they detained me as the first stranger who had entered the town. They asked me all manner of questions—some really childish—in their agitation, uncertainty, and terror. ‘What would the Prussians do? How would they do it? How would they have to be met?’ They asked if their already empty larders would still have to nourish the troops, and whether they would be personally maltreated in the event of inability to furnish the objects demanded.

"They were relieved immediately by hearing that a thousand waggons were ready at Courcelles to bring provisions thither; and also that there are funds in London waiting to be applied to their relief, in response to the appeals of the maires of Briey and other communes, published in the British and American journals some weeks since. The entire army besieging Metz voluntarily gave up their bread rations yesterday to feed their French captives. This deeply touched the people of Metz, and did much to relieve their fears.

"At noon a Prussian railway inspector made the journey from Ars to the Union station, situated one mile south of Metz by rail, and to-day perfect railway communication exists between Saarbruck, Metz, and Nancy. The road was little injured.

Only a few German prisoners were found in Metz. The French had not kept those they took when able to return them. On leaving Metz last night I noticed on the faces of all the German soldiers an unmistakable look of quiet satisfaction, nothing more. Of the French officers and soldiers who swarmed all over the place, not one, even when intoxicated, which was surprisingly rare, bore any other expression than that of the deepest sadness and of proud defiance. The latter expression, however, was rare, and was seen chiefly in the younger officers. I am informed that the French loss in killed in the various affairs since August 18th, added to the deaths from sickness in town, were 12,000. Bazaine himself declined the generous proposal of the Prince to let all the troops lay down their arms outside the works in view of their victors, instead of laying them down in the arsenal. He could not guarantee their behaviour in such a case. The Imperial Guard alone had preserved their discipline well enough to be deemed worthy of the trust of passing in armed review. The inhabitants never ceased to hope until the last for the arrival of Bourbaki's army from Lille; but the troops within the last few weeks would no longer be deceived, as they got better information through the German outposts. Hence their demoralization, due largely to hunger, was bitterly and openly complained of by their officers.

"At four yesterday afternoon Bazaine passed through.

Ars, on his way to Wilhelmshöhe, in a close carriage, marked with his name, and escorted by several officers of his staff on horseback. The women of the village had heard of his arrival, and awaited him with exclamations of 'Traitor!' 'Coward!' 'Sneak!' 'Thief!' &c. 'Where are our husbands whom you have betrayed? Give us back our children whom you have sold!' They then attacked the carriage, and broke the windows with their fists, and would have lynched him but for the intervention of the Prussian gendarmes. Three days ago, when I sent the first news of the capitulation, I told everybody on my way of the astounding reality, of which they had heard faint rumours so many weeks. The German officers on detached posts actually hugged me, much against my will, as I was in haste, while the French people uttered curses on *ces brigands*. There are still many people who cannot believe what has occurred. They are convinced that Metz must absolutely have provisions for ten, fifteen, nay, twenty years. Yet the civilians' rations in Metz—too ample, as many proved by what they had left—were 400 grammes of bread daily, the troops 150 to 200, and 750 of horse. The general impression in the country now is that France exists no longer. They credit Paris with less resisting force than Metz. More reflecting people, however, believe that the war will not end till after the fall of Paris."

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

THE main body of the German army not engaged in the sieges of Metz, Strasburg, and the minor fortresses, had marched onward towards Paris. There was no French army between them and Châlons, where the new and undisciplined levies were soon called upon to enter the defences of the capital, and made no opposition. On Monday, the 5th of September, the Germans entered Rheims, under General Möring, without resistance. Rheims is a hundred miles from Paris, by way of Soissons. On the 10th, a camp

of 5,000 to 6,000 Germans was formed at Clermont-les-Fermes, and the citadel of Laon was surrendered, though, either by accident or treachery, the magazine was afterwards blown up. By the 11th, the town of Soissons was summoned to surrender, and the troops were approaching in force at Crecy and Noisy, while the neighbourhood of Meaux was also threatened, each of these places being only about twenty miles from Paris. The King was then at Rheims, in order to give time for the troops to come up. It was expected that by the 14th, 400,000 men would enter the environs of Paris.

On the 14th Colmar was occupied, 30,000 Prussians were reported at Crepy in Valois, and Mulhouse was taken possession of by German troops, who were supposed to be seeking a fresh line of march to Paris, to be followed by another force which had just crossed the Rhine to join the invading army. By the 17th the railway line was cut between Paris and Chantilly, and the Seine had been crossed with fifty cannons. The head-quarters were at Meaux.

It was also announced that 100,000 Prussians of the army of the Crown Prince were concentrated around Nogent-sur-Marne, waiting for the arrival of other troops at different points assigned by General von Moltke. The plan of the General-in-Chief, it was thought, would be to block up Paris by a simultaneous movement of all his *corps d'armée*, and to throw the troops of his right wing towards Normandy for the supply of provisions. The principal bodies of troops, it was ascertained, advanced, *viâ* Lagny and Joinville-de-Pont, where they had crossed the Marne. The heights of Chenevières, the extreme point of the little peninsula of St. Maur, are eight miles from the fortifications of Paris, with a full view of the city. Nogent-sur-Marne is within a mile of one of the forts of Paris, which is named after it.

At Villeneuve, the Germans were within five miles of Paris, and fourteen of Versailles. They were working their way round by Sceaux, Sèvres, and St. Cloud, and a telegram stated that they were already in the wood of Clamart-sous-Meudon.

The wood of Clamart was only two miles from Fort

d'Issy: it appears to have been one of the woods which was fired by the French, but refused to burn. The most famous of the forts about Paris was evacuated without firing a shot. Vincennes, a military post, an artillery school, an arsenal, a dépôt for artillery, and a State prison, was not thought capable of defence. The allies besieged it in 1815, but, defended by Daumneuil, it made a successful resistance. Since then it has been strengthened. Louis Philippe built a number of new casemates, and on the eastern side added an entirely new fort, which, however, has not prevented its abandonment at the first alarm. With the exception of the Bois de Boulogne that of Vincennes lies nearest to Paris of all the woods about the city. The approach to it is, however, guarded to a certain extent by Fort de Nogent, and the redoubts behind St. Maur.

On the 19th the railway line of Rouen and Havre was cut by the Prussians at about fourteen miles from Paris, thus isolating the capital and completing the preliminary operations of the siege. On the previous day some trifling engagements had taken place in the direction of Fort Ivry and the plains of Chatillon. The Prussians had crossed the Seine at Choisy-le-Roi, and the Crown Prince was at Fontainebleau. On the 20th an engagement took place at Villejuif and Montrouge, in which the corps of General Vinoy was defeated, with the capture by the Germans of seven guns and 2,000 prisoners. The French positions at Pierreville were abandoned. The 5th Prussian and the 2nd Bavarian Corps, after crossing the Seine at Villeneuve-St.-Georges, was attacked by three divisions of General Vinoy on the heights of Sceaux, who was, however, driven back behind the forts in Paris, which was invested on the 19th by the Germans under the Crown Prince, on the line of Versailles to Vincennes. The complete investment, by the advance of all the corps, was effected on the same day.

On the 16th of September the Crown Prince had advanced his head-quarters from Montmirail to Coulommiers, a distance of twenty-four miles towards Paris. While from Rheims the advance of the troops under the King of Prussia was continuous, and the investment of the villages, roads, bridges, and towns, thorough and complete, no important opposition being offered after the affair of

Sceaux. Everywhere the approaches to Paris were repaired for the passage of the troops, and the steady advance continued. On the 19th Paris was closed in as follows:—Fourth Corps opposite St. Denis, Twelfth supporting it; then following from east to south the Guard, and Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh Corps. The western arc of 120 degrees, protected by the Seine doublings, was held by cavalry.

A week later, the Crown Prince had pushed on, and was actually established at Versailles, where the King joined him early in October. The magnificent palace was made a hospital for the wounded, the Prince's quarters being at a house at some distance. Versailles stands at about equal distances between Fort d'Issy and Mont Valérien, a very strong fort placed on commanding heights outside the continuous *enceinte*.

The positions of the corps forming the army investing Paris were, at the end of September, nearly as follows. Starting from the right wing of the Crown Prince's army, was the Würtemberg contingent, having its head-quarters at La Lande. On the left, the Eleventh Army Corps, composed of regiments from Hesse and Nassau. The Sixth Army Corps, composed of Silesians, was posted near Chevilly and Choisy-le-Roi. It was supported by the First Bavarian Army Corps, under General Von der Tann, which acted as a general reserve to the army south of the Seine. In front of the First Bavarian Army Corps, and touching the left of Von Tümpling's (the Sixth Corps), were the 2nd Bavarians, under Von Hartmann, which had previously defeated Ducrot. The right of the Fifth Army Corps, composed of Poseners, touched the left of the Bavarians, and occupied Bougival and Versailles. The Crown Prince of Saxony's force, called the Army of the Marne, lay with Von Alvensleben's Fourth Army Corps of Thuringians on the height in front of St. Brie, the Guards in the centre before Boissy, and the Twelfth Army Corps (Saxons) were posted from their flank in front of Le Vert Galant, and joining the Würtembergers near La Lande, from which we set out. The cavalry, it will be understood, filled up the intervals, and kept up the investment by their constant movements.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

THE Marne throughout its whole course, the Seine from its source to Montereau, that portion of the plateau of Langres comprised between the sources of these rivers, and the Seine from Montereau to Paris, form a long semi-circular strip of country, from thirty-eight to fifty miles in breadth, rather hilly towards the east, and intersected by the Aube, but opening up towards the west in a great dreary and naked plateau, only traversed by brooks. In this plateau, the separation of the Marne from the Seine is effected by a series of low hills, the chief issues of which are occupied by Villenoix, Sezanne, Pont St. Prix, and Etoges. To the east of this line the country is flat and uniform, consisting of a heavy, cold, uncultivable soil, with a scanty and poverty-stricken population; to the west of this line we find a strong, fertile, clay soil, and a more comfortable and more numerous population.

This district is crossed by four longitudinal roads—1. From Paris to Strasburg by Meaux, Château Thierry, Epernay, and Châlons, now skirted by a railway. This was the route taken by Blucher's army in its march on Paris. 2. From Paris to Châlons by Meaux, Ferté-sous-Jouarre, Montmirail, and Champaubert. This was the route taken by Blucher in his first march in 1814, when his army was destroyed by Napoleon in the battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, Château Thierry, and Vauchamps. 3. From Paris to Vitry by Lagny, Coulommiers, Ferté Gaucher, Sezanne, and Fère Champenoise. This was the route taken by the allies in 1814, in their last march on Paris, when they defeated, at Fère Champenoise and Ferté Gaucher, the corps of Marmont and Mortier. 4. From Paris to Nogent-sur-Seine by Brie Comte Robert, Mormans, Nangis, and Provins. This was the route taken by Schwarzenberg's army in its first march on Paris, when it was beaten by Napoleon at Mormans, Nangis, and Montereau. These four roads, at all times good and practicable, are intersected by four cross-roads, which were very bad in 1814:—1. From Châlons to Troyes by Arcis. 2. From Epernay to

Troyes by Vertus, Fère Champenoise, and Plancy. 3. From Epernay to Nogent by Montmirail, Sezanne, and Villenoze. This was the route taken by Napoleon in 1814 to compass the destruction of Blucher's army at the battles of Montmirail, Champaubert, and Vauchamps. 4. From Ferté-sous-Jouarre to Melun by Coulommiers and Guignes, partly followed by Napoleon, when he went to beat Schwarzenberg's army at Mormans, Nangis, and Montereau.

The city of Paris, situated between the confluents of the Mame, the Oise, and the Seine, in the midst of a wide plain, is divided into two unequal parts by the river, from 200 feet to 300 feet in breadth, which runs from east to west, forming an arc of a circle. On the right bank of the Seine, the height of which is about 80 feet above the level of the sea, rise the hills of Montmartre, 394 feet in height; of Belleville, 311 feet in height; of Ménilmontant, and of Charonne. On the left bank are the heights of Mont Valérien, 495 feet; of St. Cloud, 306 feet; of Sèvres, Meudon, and Issy. The northern portion of Paris is the largest. Twenty-one bridges keep up the communications. The form of the city may be compared to an ellipse, somewhat flattened on the right side, the longer axis of which is about nine miles.

Since 1841, under the reign of Louis Philippe and the Ministry of M. Thiers, Paris has been fortified. An immediate capture of the town, like that of 1814 and 1815 by the Allies, had become an impossibility. The systematic reconstruction of the interior of the city which Napoleon III. caused to be executed by the Prefect of the Seine, M. Haussmann, was regarded as completing the works of fortification. The fortifications of Paris consist of a surrounding wall, fortified, formed of a military road, a rampart, ditches, and a glacis. Eighty-five bastions, all nearly of the same shape, and other advanced points, were intended to cover the outer extent of the moats, which can be filled with the waters of the Seine. The escarpment is lined with a wall which is covered by the glacis. The military road inside is paved. Near to this, and frequently parallel to it, is the line which joins all the railway lines running into Paris and their eight termini. Sixty-six gates, close to which are

placed the Bureaux de Douane, are pierced in the fortifications. Outside the surrounding wall, and at a distance of about half a league, are seventeen detached forts, some of which, including Vincennes, were taken by the besiegers, and are united partially by redoubts and intrenchments to the walls. These were intended to keep an enemy out of bombarding distance, and were most important to cover an army manœuvring between the body of the place and the forts: for when these defences were projected, it was never anticipated the army of France would surrender to the invader. The average distance of these forts is about 2,170 yards from the body of the place and from each other. There are, so to speak, five groups of these forts—one group about St. Denis, consisting of three forts; then the fort of Aubervilliers, on the Maubeuge road; then four forts surrounding the heights of Montreuil, with their right on the Marne. Then come forts Falsauderie and Grevelles, united by an earthen rampart of strong profile. The two forts occupy a loop formed by the Marne in advance of Charenton and a little above the junction of the Marne and Seine. On the south of Paris are five forts, each closing a road. On the west, on a conical hill on the left bank of the Seine, is Fort Valérien, by far the strongest in that quarter. It is built on a pentagon, with sides of from 380 to 440 yards in length. The conical top of the hill on which it is situated comes up in the centre, towering over everything, and serves as a gigantic natural parapet or traverse. There is on the top of the cone a plateau, which is surrounded by an earthen parapet. Inside this there were bomb-proof barracks. There were seventy-six heavy guns and a battery of mitrailleuses on its ramparts, and a garrison of 1,500 Gardes Mobiles and 700 sailors. Some of the guns had a calibre of $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The western line of outside defence is naturally very easy, for the Seine, flowing in the direction of the north and north-east, turns towards St. Denis by St. Cloud, Boulogne, Suresnes, Puteaux, Courbevoie, Neuilly, Asnières, Clichy, and St. Ouen, places on the banks of the river. Between it and the town is the celebrated Bois de Boulogne. On the line indicated five bridges crossed the Seine, and near the station of Asnières, on the left bank, the

railways from Dieppe, Normandy, St. Germain, and Versailles (right bank) unite and cross the river by a common bridge. The single fort of Mont Valérien, situate 415 feet above the Seine, and from which there is a magnificent view of Paris—commands the whole of this space. A paved road joins Mont Valérien with the Bois de Boulogne, by the bridge of Suresnes.

The south side of Paris was the one least defended by fortifications, and accordingly attempts were made to repair the deficiency by the addition of field-works. The Prussian *Staats Anzeiger* stated that not only were the southern forts under the fire of guns placed on the heights held by the Germans, but that the southern portions of Paris were also within their range. The most important of these southern forts—Fort Bicêtre, near the stream of Bièvre, is in the form of a pentagon, the outer bastion being the largest.

The smaller forts very much resemble each other, and have four or five fronts of from 325 to 330 yards in length. Some have loopholed walls on the top of the escarp. They have covered ways, *tenaillés*, opposite the entrances and re-entering places of arms. They are well supplied with casemates, whose embrasures open on to the ditch. Some have advanced works and even important outworks. The armament of these forts consisted in great measure of 80-pounder guns. The garrison consisted of Gardes Mobiles and sailors. In many cases, neighbouring spurs were occupied with strong earthworks that look into adjoining hollows which could not be searched by the fire of the forts.

The line of circumference that would have joined the exterior forts was twenty-six miles, or twelve and a half hours' march.

Every commanding and strategic point around and in Paris was made use of—redoubts were thrown up, and places, cleared all round for range. The spots chosen were chiefly those formerly sought by tourists and sightseers for a good view of Paris and its environs; such as the Observatory at the top of the hill in the Parc de St. Cloud, which so many visitors will recollect as commanding such a splendid view of Paris; also the elevation upon which the

manufactory of Sèvres was built, and which commanded a bend of the river; another redoubt was at the hill of Courbevoie, where formerly stood a statue of Napoleon; it is at the end of the Avenue de Neuilly, a little way over the bridge, and must have been noticed by all visitors to the Bois de Boulogne; it was a connecting-link between the Fort Mont Valérien and the Fort Gennevilliers, which, with gunboats on the double bend of the river, were meant to render that part of Paris unapproachable, and to prevent any attempt to take Paris in the rear, or even to cut its communications with the west. The interior of the town was also rendered formidable; the hill of Montmartre was bristling with cannon, and a balloon was held captive at one base of the hill in the Place St. Pierre. But apart from all this, at each gate of the city, besides the drawbridge and ditch, there was an outside bastion thrown up some hundred yards from the gate, outside of which bastion was, first, a palisade and earthwork; next, a plankwork road, furnished with spikes and nails.

With the defeat at Sedan and the surrender of Napoleon III. as a prisoner of war, the Imperial Ministry was at an end, and a Republic was proclaimed with a Provisional Government, named the "Government of the National Defence," of which M. Jules Favre was the Minister of Foreign Affairs and General Trochu the President, with full power to control the defence, which was entirely intrusted to him.

At the commencement of the siege there were under arms within the line of the forts 80,000 regular soldiers, 20,000 gendarmes and other civil officers, 120,000 of the new battalions of National Guards, 18,000 Parisian Gardes Mobiles, 180,000 provincial Mobiles, and 20,000 sailors and marines; to which were added 50,000 provincial Mobiles who shortly afterwards entered Paris.

According to the census of 1866, Paris contained 90,000 houses and 1,825,274 inhabitants.

Thus, during the last weeks of September and the early part of October, 1870, the great German army of investment had drawn round the French capital, and prepared to commence a terrible bombardment in case the Parisians should refuse to capitulate.

It would be almost impossible to describe the details of the frequent sorties made by the French troops, sheltered by their outlying fortifications. They were almost always repulsed; and for many weeks the hope, and even the belief, that an army was being formed on the Loire to come to their relief, and do battle with the Germans outside Paris, sustained the courage of the people and kept the defenders of the fortifications buoyant with expectation. Nothing could be done, however. The bodies of raw and undisciplined troops which were led against the Germans or the Bavarians at other places were unable to cope with the organized forces sent against them.

In many instances the soldiers suspected their commanders, and became mutinous. Everywhere there were charges of treachery made against the generals of the Empire. Amiens and Rouen, the ancient capitals of Picardy and Normandy, were both taken before the end of November. Fortress after fortress, in various parts of the country, capitulated.

The Army of the North was beaten, the Garibaldian legion was repulsed, and afterwards shattered; and the so-called Army of the Loire defeated near Orleans by the troops of the "Red Prince"—Prince Frederic Charles.

On the last day of November, General Ducrot made a great sortie from Paris with a large number of men, but without being able to break the enemy's line or to hold any important position. Whenever the French made an effort, they were afterwards compelled to retire, and, meantime, the German investment was drawing closer and closer to the fortifications of Paris, and the heavy batteries beginning to play on the outskirts.

The attitude of the people inside the French capital was brave, and exhibited a determination to endure much before they would consent to capitulate. Provisions ran short, although the utmost care was taken of such supplies as could be obtained. Drovers of cattle had been placed in the Bois de Boulogne, and provisions (brought in before the completion of the investment, when the villagers of the surrounding district sought refuge in the capital) were stored, and their consumption regulated by instruction of the Government. A large number of the population were

almost on famine diet, and, as the time went on, rats, dogs, cats, and any kinds of eatable material, were among the frequent articles of diet, while bread, of the very coarsest kind, became so scarce, that it was with difficulty procured in sufficient quantity to satisfy hunger, even for a single meal. Horseflesh was among the luxuries of the most privileged among the lower class, and horse-beef rations were served to the Mobiles. The greater number of the workmen were, of course, among the defenders, and these had rations served out to them, while their families were also provided with a certain quantity of food. Vegetables became so scarce that parties would go out beyond the forts in order to dig the half-decayed potatoes from the fields, although they were exposed to the fire of the Prussian guns.

The French artillery played on the Prussian foreposts, and among the injury done was the destruction of the Palace of St. Cloud by the firing of the French, who at first fancied that the royal head-quarters were there.

So passed the Christmas of 1870—the Prussian and German besiegers well fed, and with communications open to the Rhine, so that supplies could constantly reach them; the French, beleaguered in their beautiful capital, suffering from want of food, and with a kind of desperation, in place of the hope of aid from without, that had previously sustained them.

In January they evacuated Mount Avron to the Germans, who had concentrated an attack upon it, and the bombardment had commenced in a storm of shot and shell which burst over a portion of Paris. In two days the Prussian batteries are said to have thrown 2,000 projectiles.

Of course, large numbers of people had left Paris at the beginning of the siege, and the city was so completely blockaded that it became isolated, no one being able to pass the German lines except by some desperate chance, or by special favour of the Prussian commander. Balloons were frequently despatched with letters, which, if they reached French territory unoccupied by the Germans, were sent to their destination. Gambetta, an energetic advocate of the Republic, went out to stimulate the people of the provinces

to rise against the invader. He reached Tours, where a kind of external provisional Government of Defence was formed. The only communication was by balloons or carrier-pigeons. In the latter case, letters microscopically photographed were sent by the birds, and the photographs, greatly magnified by means of powerful glasses, could be read when they reached their destination. The bombardment was carried on almost without intermission, and the shells reached to the populous parts of Paris, where many people were killed in the streets. After a disastrous sortie, on the 19th of January, wherein the French were beaten back with great loss, there began to arise rumours of capitulation. Defence was becoming altogether hopeless, and it would be better to yield than to court the actual destruction of the capital. Faidherbe, with his French external army, had been defeated at St. Quentin; Bourbaki was retreating further and further from pursuing German forces. The great sortie, regarded as a sort of forlorn hope, had resulted in complete failure. It was, as we have said, executed on the 19th of January, with a great force of at least 100,000 men; Line, Mobiles, and National Guards taking part in it, supported by 300 guns. The aim of General Trochu—who commanded in person, committing the governorship of Paris temporarily to General Le Flô—was to occupy the line of heights extending from Garches to Buzenval and Jonchere. Paris had been led to expect that this great outbreak would certainly be successful, and the people gave up the day to waiting and watching for the issue. Every eminence that gave a chance of a view of the country towards St. Cloud was occupied with spectators, and the avenues leading from the Arch of Triumph to Boulogne, Courbevoie, and the northern suburb, were thronged with quiet but excited groups, in which women and children predominated, expecting the return of the orderlies who might bring word how the fight went, or of the ambulances that might bring back their victims. On the evening of Thursday General Trochu left the Louvre for the citadel of Mont Valérien. The operations were intrusted to three different corps d'armée, under the commands respectfully of Generals Vinoy, Belle-marre, and Ducrot, all of whom spent the night at Mont Valérien. To Vinoy was confided the conduct of the attack

on the left, which was to be directed on Montretout; to Bellemarre that on the centre, starting from Courbevoie to the right rear from Mont Valérien, as seen from Paris; and to Ducrot that on the right, towards Rueil. The line of front did not extend four English miles across. The morning of the 19th was darkened by a thick fog. The advance had been arranged to commence at six, but, owing to unavoidable delays from this cause, and the unexpected opposition to the march of the column of the right, it was retarded for several hours longer. The troops carried four days' provisions. An eye-witness states that the men looked haggard when they went out, but their officers were fine-spirited men. The French pushed on until they came to positions where they were shot down in heaps by the Prussians, safe behind their trenches. A Parisian law-student belonging to the 116th National Guards declares that the Prussians did not show their heads over the line of a work against which his corps was sent, but to fire or *make grimaces* at the French. "The only one I saw was a fellow that put his fingers to his nose for me." Ducrot appears to have been unable to take up his position at the appointed time. His troops were afoot at three in the morning but the road by which they had to pass—that by Nanterre and Rueil—was swept by a Prussian battery at the quarries of St. Denis as with a besom. They could not face the fire; and, although their passage was ultimately finally secured by a cuirassed locomotive sent on by the St. Germain line, the delay had marred the operation. The German reserves and artillery had time to come up, and their guns overpowered those of the French. The first report, issued by General Trochu at ten a.m., dwelt on the difficulties of the enterprise. It said that the work of concentration had been very difficult and laborious during a dark night, and that a delay of two hours of the right column had taken place. A long and vigorous combat had raged round the redoubt of Montretout. The Bellemarre column had penetrated into the park of Buzenval, and occupied the château and heights of Buzenval. At six General Trochu reported that the battle had lasted since morning, extending from Montretout to the left, to the ravine of Celle St. Cloud to the right. General Vinoy, to the left, held Montretout,

and was fighting. At Garches, Generals Bellemarre and Ducrot had attacked the platform of La Bergerie, and had been fighting for some hours at the Château du Buzenval; but at half-past six the sortie had failed. Next day the French retired within Paris.

It was stated in a telegram from Versailles that the German losses were 39 officers and 616 men; and that the estimated loss of the French was 6,000, of which 1,000 dead were left on the field.

M. Jules Favre had already been attempting to negotiate with the King of Prussia—by that time acknowledged as Emperor of Germany—a title which had been offered to him on behalf of the whole nation, and which he had accepted. On the 28th of January these negotiations resulted in an agreement to surrender Paris, the capitulation to be preceded by an armistice by land and sea.

The armistice was to begin in Paris at once, and in the departments in three days, and to expire on the 19th of February, at noon. The line of demarcation which was settled, cut through the departments of Calvados and Orne, leaving the departments of Sarthe, Indre-et-Loire, Loir-et-Cher, Loiret, Yonne, and the country which lies north-east, besides the Pas de Calais and Nord, in German occupation. A decision as to the armistice relative to the Côte d'Or, Doubs, Jura, and Belfort, was reserved. Up to that time the military operations in that part of France, including the siege of Belfort, were to be continued. Sea forces were to be included in the armistice, the meridian of Dunkirk to form the line of demarcation during the interval between the conclusion of the armistice and the recommencement of hostilities. The prisoners and prizes made were to be restored. Elections for an Assembly to decide upon war or peace were to be held, Bordeaux being fixed upon as the place of meeting. All the forts around Paris were to surrender at once; the *enceinte* to be disarmed. The Line, Marines, and Mobile Guards were to be prisoners of war, except 12,000 for maintaining public order. The prisoners of war were to remain during the armistice within the walls of the capital, after they had laid down their arms. The National Guards and gendarmes were to keep their arms for the preservation of order, and all corps of Francs-

tireurs were to be disbanded. The Germans were, as much as lay in their power, to facilitate the task of the French commissariat for revictualling Paris. In order to leave Paris, the permission of the French authorities must necessarily be accompanied by the German *visa*. Public property was not to be removed during the armistice. All German prisoners of war were immediately to be exchanged against a proportionate number of French prisoners; also captains of vessels and others, as well as civilian prisoners on both sides.

Immediate preparations were made for revictualling Paris, and large quantities of medicines, comforts, and provisions were at once sent from England, to be gratuitously distributed to the starved and suffering people.

Of course the armistice and the negotiations for the capitulation of Paris were but preliminary to further negotiations for the conclusion of peace. These were several times nearly broken off, and it was feared that the bombardment might again be commenced; but at length the peace was agreed to, and sorrowfully enough the following terms were accepted by the French Assembly at Bordeaux, whither the Government had been removed under the Presidency of M. Thiers:—

“1. France renounces in favour of the German Empire the following rights:—The fifth part of Lorraine, including Metz and Thionville, and Alsace less Belfort.

“2. France will pay the sum of five milliards of francs, of which one milliard is to be paid in 1871, and the remaining four milliards by instalments extending over three years.

“3. The German troops will begin to evacuate the French territory as soon as the treaty is ratified. They will then evacuate the interior of Paris and some departments lying in the western region. The evacuation of the other departments will take place gradually after payment of the first milliard, and proportionately to the payment of the other four milliards.

“Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid on the amount remaining due from the date of the ratification of the treaty.

"4. The German troops will not levy any requisitions in the departments occupied by them, but will be maintained at the cost of France.

"5. A delay will be granted to the inhabitants of the territories annexed to choose between the two nationalities.

"6. Prisoners of war will be immediately set at liberty.

"7. Negotiations for a definitive treaty of peace will be opened at Brussels after the ratification of the treaty.

"8. The administration of the departments occupied by the German troops will be intrusted to the French officials, but under the control of the chiefs of the German corps of occupation.

"9. The present treaty confers upon the Germans no rights whatever in the portion of territories not occupied.

"10. The treaty will have to be ratified by the National Assembly of France."

The entry of the German troops into Paris took place on Wednesday, the 1st of March. In accordance with the announcement already made, the leading journals did not appear. There were but few people in the streets, all the shops were closed, and the windows were shut. The aspect of the city is described as most gloomy and mournful. Up to mid-day no disturbances had been reported. The demeanour of the people of Paris is said to have been very dignified and admirable. The advanced body of German troops which entered the Champs Elysées consisted of from 3,000 to 4,000 men. Their appearance was very fine and soldier-like. A double line of sentinels prevented the people from passing the limits respectively assigned to the French and German troops. Paris was not so agitated on the previous day as it had been on the Monday, and the more moderate portion of the population did all in their power to allay the excitement. There was, however, a great deal of excitement in several districts.

The special correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphed the following account of what he saw on the morning of the day on which the Prussians entered:—

"The Prussians are in Paris at last. The first made his appearance at the Arc de Triomphe at a quarter to nine

this morning. He took possession in the usual Prussian manner. One Uhlán came first, then two or more. In a minute or two others followed. My special Uhlán of this forenoon is a grand, big man, mounted upon a superb brown horse. He is in advance of some comrades, six or seven riding abreast. They are coming up the Avenue of the Grand Army, and are apparently not in a hurry. My Uhlán gives a look about, gazes up at the Triumphal Arch, trots his steed around it, as if looking for the way under it, and, apparently, not clear how he is to pass beneath the grand arch, turns his horse's head, and gallops back to his friends. The group presses forward, and at the Arc de Triomphe the same manœuvre is repeated. Their disappointment at being balked of their desire to pass under it like conquering heroes is too manifest not to be very noticeable; but, putting the best face (a somewhat wry one) upon a clear case of *nón possumus*, they gallop off, full tear, down the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and soon disappear. At a considerable distance in their rear comes a dense black mass. We hear the shrill notes of the fife, with a drum accompaniment. This is the advanced guard of the 30,000 conquering heroes who are coming to occupy the city which famine has surrendered into their hands.

“The space around the foot of the arch has been throughout the siege a favourite popular resort. From this site a good view of Mont Valérien is obtained, and it commands the entire Avenue of the Grand Army. At most times, therefore, considerable groups assemble here; but this morning they were extremely thin, and composed chiefly of boys, a very few women, and about fifty men, having the appearance of artisans on their way to their daily labour. Not a shout was raised by them—not a gesture escaped them—when the Uhlans appeared; but when these seemed to be seeking a way of passing beneath the arch, one of the group exclaimed, ‘Ah, mais, fichez-vous-en,’ which, being interpreted into similar class vernacular, means, ‘Don't you wish you may get it? Just try it on.’

“As I desired to witness as much as possible of the entry from the Place de la Concorde, and to inspect the left bank of the Seine, with a view to ascertain what military

precautions had been taken by the French authorities, I hurried across the Champs Elysées, making my way over the Pont des Invalides to the esplanade bearing the same name. The line was guarded by the gendarmerie. In the square in front of the Hôtel des Invalides were sailors, troops of the Line, and Mobiles grouped about, apparently awaiting instructions. The officers were astounded to learn that the Prussians had already entered; and nothing short of a positive assurance to this effect, upon the faith and honour of an eye-witness, convinced them of the fact. We stood chatting with a little knot of them for the space of, perhaps, five minutes, endeavouring to ascertain their views as to any probability of a collision. Before we quitted them we perceived that the intelligence of which we were the first reporters was rapidly spreading. In less than five minutes it had passed from mouth to mouth all through the assembled military. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs we found strongly guarded by the gendarmerie, who also occupied the courtyard of the Chamber of Deputies and the Pont de la Concorde. At the foot of this bridge, on the Champs Elysées side, we came upon a double barricade, consisting of empty artillery caissons, interlaced and placed transversely, each some ten paces from the other. Across the Quay of the Tuileries, at the point surmounted by that eccentric quadruped called 'Le Lion bon Enfant,' the good-natured lion who smiles benignly from the summit of his pedestal upon the passer-by, there was another similar obstacle.

“ Crossing the Place de la Concorde, we notice that the gates of the Tuileries are closed. Some thirty soldiers are inquisitively peeping through the iron rails, like civilized animals in a cage, at my Uhlans, who have by this time reached the end of the Champs Elysées and taken up their station, three on each side, close under the group of statuary known as the Horses of Marly. I observe that the face of the statues representing the cities of France are veiled with black cloth bordered with white. Strasburg is grim with faded *immortelle* garlands. The pretty group some time ago placed in front of her, illustrative of her heroic defence by General Ubrich, has been removed. At the top of the Rue de Rivoli, abutting upon the Rue St.

Florentin, there is another barricade similarly constructed to the others. Across the top of the Rue Royale there is yet another. Beyond there the Prussians may not pass. On the Place de la Concorde are some fifty persons, perhaps even more. They are lost in the midst of that vast space. A couple of Uhlans have been galloping about reconnoitring the position. They have had a look at the bridge; at the amiable lion; they have seen that the Tuileries are closed; that the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Royale are closed against them. Their impression certainly is that they are to occupy the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. So, too, thought everybody in Paris, for so it had been announced.

“They are convinced of their error when they attempt to turn into the Rue Bussy d’Anglas, where a cordon of sentinels, soldiers of the Line, is drawn up. The Uhlans turn tail to rejoin their friends in the Grand Avenue. On their passage sundry blackguards, who are enjoying what coolness there is in this muggy morning, conjointly with a short pipe, take the pipes from their mouths in order to give free course to a volley of epithets not at all complimentary to the Uhlans, supplemented by shouts of derision and cries of ‘Vive la République!’ The few people on the place take up the cry. The Uhlans turn their heads, but take no heed. Not so the National Guards at the top of the Rue Royale. One of the officers calls a few of his men together, as though for the purpose of operating a clearance. When the Uhlans appear, the blackguards in the crowd resume their late performance; but a quick movement of the Uhlans towards the place puts the temporary occupants to flight. The loud-voiced blackguards are the first to push away helter-skelter, their eyes showing defiance, their feet the white feather very conspicuously. The Uhlans appear amused.

“Their demonstration is not a hostile one. They have come only to take up certain positions assigned to them. They are followed by others, who proceed to do the same. The detachment is presently sprinkled all over the Place, at its commanding points. Attracted by the sound of fife and drums, undeterred by the patriotic reproaches of the captain of the National Guard already referred to,

who wondered how I could be out to-day witnessing the enemy's triumph, when every good citizen ought to be at home, I made for the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

"Beyond the Palais de l'Industrie I came up with the first batch of the conquering heroes. Their triumphal entry was not graced at the spot where I stood by many vanquished patriots. One was a woman of very doubtful aspect. Another witness was an elderly gentleman, in a very snuffy coat decorated with much that ought not to have been there. He looked with an air of blank indifference. I think he must have snuffed out all natural sentiment. His cry was, 'And to think I have seen these brutes come into our Paris for the third time. Ah! it is enough to make one mad.' The ancient gentleman added for my information that he had belonged to the relic of the old Imperial Guards, distinguished as the Brigands of the Loire. I did not offer any remark to his observation. When a gentleman tells you his blood is up to the raging point, it is best not to exasperate his feelings by the smallest remark. I concentrated my attention, therefore, upon the conquering heroes. There they were, boldly marching down the Champs Elysées, in the midst of that Paris which Trochu declared its Governor would never surrender, which he did not surrender until he was no longer its Governor. There they were, and I could see them, hear them, touch them if I chose; even smell them in spite of choice, if to leeward, for their boots had been freshly blackened with train-oil. A fine body of men they are, belonging—I am told by a citizen, who is very positive, that they are Bavarians—to the 11th Corps, but who is contradicted with much authority by another citizen, equally positive, who affirms them to be real live Prussians proper. Here a third citizen chimes in, asserting to us all that they are Pomeranians or Poseners, but neither Prussians nor Bavarians. Amidst so many opinions, I begin to doubt of their nationality, until I remember they belong to the new Emperor of Germany; and I therefore specially conclude, under any circumstances, they are Germans. On they come, first a squadron of cavalry—the horses frisky, the men strong and proud riders; next, a band of fifers and drummers; but the drums are odd-looking instruments, and have no resonance—not good, honest, bass-voiced drums,

but hybrids between a double tambourine, less the tinkling brass, and a kettledrum with the bulbous end cut off. The tune is not lively, but the time is perfect, and acts upon the sympathetic system of the conquering heroes, for they walk the time—one, two—with metronomic accuracy, striking their heel into the ground at every step, as though, when they put their foot down, they meant it to be firmly set. They are wonderfully got up for the occasion. Their big boots freshly greased; their spiked helmets brilliant as rottenstone and elbow-grease can make them; their accoutrements furbished up; their faces clean and brilliant with soap and health. Their bold bearing as genuine conquering heroes produce a marked impression upon the gazers. They look as though they had profited immensely by living on the fat of France. They move as if by machinery. Seeing how regularly they march, I am inclined to believe in the existence of some mysterious connection between their anatomy and the band of fifers and drummers. They, too, are a piece of clockwork. Both crowd up at the same time; both are bound to go together, and are wound up together. Habit has become so natural that, were neither wound up, each would go on quite as well without, from the mere force of habit. The officers, in their way, seem quite as mechanical. They live and have their being upon the same principle of accuracy of movement. Stiff in saddle and stiff in speech, they are obeying stiffly. One of them shouts 'Halt!' Not a man budge. They are stopped instantaneously.

"I compute the number of the advanced guard of the conquering heroes at about two thousand. I leave them in the middle of the Champs Elysées, taking a rest and waiting for their comrades, whose shining helmets are now just visible in the far distance. I make for the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, by the Avenue de Marigny. On reaching the corner of the Rue d'Elysée, the street which runs parallel with the Avenue only on the eastern side of the palace, there was a slight commotion. Four Uhlans have come up, and they want to pass into the prohibited quarter. The cordon of sentinels stops the way. The captain on duty takes off his kepi. But his left hand does not quit the pocket of his trousers, and waves back the

Uhlans, who either do not understand or are not inclined to do so, and push forward. A fresh demonstration with his kepi by our captain, followed by another more pronounced forward movement by the Uhlans. This time, however, they were met by a lowering of the bayonets on the part of the sentinels. This time the manifestation was understood. Our Uhlans turn their horses' heads and go back the way they came. The captain informs me that the troops have instructions to prevent at all risks the passage of the Prussians beyond their strict limits. I learn from him that the troops hold the line from the Rue Royale and the Faubourg St. Honoré, straight away to the gate or barrier of the Ternea. Thus the Prussians are strictly confined to the Champs Elysées."

The victorious troops thus occupied the city temporarily, as a sign of conquest; but their occupation was accompanied by no signs of brutal triumph, of insult to an unfortunate foe, nor of violence and oppression in any shape. In two or three days the last remaining picket of the occupying force was withdrawn; and, though the terms of peace were severe, and the victorious Prussians drove a hard pecuniary and territorial bargain, no unnecessary harshness was observed in enforcing the agreement, and eventually a considerable reduction was made in the amount of the indemnity, on the understanding that a large proportion of it should be paid during a shorter period than that originally named.

With the German occupation of Paris ended one of the most extraordinary and one of the most important of the great sieges of history.

The French National Assembly, of which M. Thiers was appointed President, was elected in February, after the signing of the treaty of peace and the German occupation of Paris. The Assembly met first at Bordeaux, and on the German evacuation it was determined to continue the sittings at Versailles. By the first week in March, however, the National Guards, whom Count von Bismarck had advised the French Government to disarm, showed symptoms of disaffection and occupied Montmartre in a hostile attitude.

This was the beginning of a complete insurrection in Paris on the part of the Communists and Socialists, who at once inaugurated a reign of terror, formed a Central Committee of Government, and determined to hold Paris, shooting several persons who endeavoured to protest, and denouncing many others, who were at once put in prison. Paris was once more in a state of siege, and the Government at Versailles were compelled to enrol a fresh army and assemble all the available troops, in order to operate against the insurgents.

In this second siege of Paris, though it lasted only for a short time, the firing kept up on the city by the beleaguering forces of the Government troops was incessant, and the damage done to the city far exceeded that effected by the Germans. Many fine public buildings, as well as private houses, were shattered with shot and shell, and the people took refuge in cellars, not only from the tremendous bombardment, but from the savage onslaughts of the rioters, the ranks of whom contained the lowest orders of the worst quarters of Paris, whose business was pillage and destruction. Churches, public buildings, and private dwellings, were alike the scene of their lawless riot; and it seemed as though Paris itself would be erased from the map of Europe, so long was the assault delayed which would give the National Assembly the victory. One of the last acts of the Commune, before the troops entered the city from Versailles, was to destroy the Column of Vendôme; but there was no real Government, and the insurgents—riotous, drunken, and utterly without regular order—could maintain no discipline, so that the ramparts were neglected, the Versailles army could push on to the gates, and Paris was at last entered with but little bloodshed.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th of May, the troops of the Assembly took possession of the gates at St. Cloud, near Point du Jour; and at Montrouge, the insurgents having been swept from the bastions by the powerful artillery which had previously silenced their batteries at St. Cloud, the gate was battered down, when General Douay threw himself upon the breach with his troops, followed by the corps of Generals Ladmirault and Clinchant. This was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and Captain Treves, with

300 sailors, held possession of the gate. Not a rifle was fired, not a man killed or wounded. The insurgents had retired altogether, and the members of the Commune were occupied with their own efforts to escape.

The generals who entered at St. Cloud marched through Passy to the Arc de Triomphe, while those who went in at Montrouge reached the vicinity of the Champ de Mars and the Invalides, opening communications at once with their allies on the north bank of the river. Only a small portion of Paris was still in the hands of the insurgents, who made a desperate stand, but were rapidly made to succumb to an attack no less desperate. Then began a terrible system of revenge by the agents and adherents of the defeated Communists, who entered houses and public buildings and poured petroleum on the floors or in the cellars, afterwards setting fire to shavings and wood which had previously been placed there. The damage done added greatly to that which was already the result of the successive sieges. The number of executions increased daily, and not for some time was this last frenzied attempt of the insurgents baffled. It left the French capital blotched and scarred with ruins, amidst which invaluable public property and works of art that cannot be replaced were destroyed to no purpose, while the Archbishop (Monseigneur Darboy) and forty of the clergy, seized and held as hostages by the Commune, were among the numerous victims executed by the insurgents.

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