FAMOUS FAMILIES

THE CAMPBELLS OF ARGYLL

NELSON

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FAMOUS FAMILIES IN BRITISH HISTORY—

THE

CAMPBELLS OF ARGYLL

By HILDA T. SKAE

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——AND SONS——
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THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

1715 A.D.

THE Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!
The Campbells are coming, o-ho!
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Loch-leven!
The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;
Upon the Lomonds I lay;
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three perches play.

Great Argyle he goes before;
He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
With sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum;
The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
With banners rattling in the wind;
The Campbells are coming, o-ho, o-ho!

THE CAMPBELLS OF ARGYLL.

CAMPBELLS OF THE EARLY DAYS.

One of the most ancient of the great families of Scotland, the clan Campbell, has given heroic men and great fighters to our country from the earliest times.

Among the first of whom we read in old stories was Colin Maol Maith, a name which means in English the bald, good Colin. This great chief was highly honoured by Alexander the First of Scotland, who gave him his niece in marriage, and made him Lord of the Isles and Master of the King's Household.

The king was once in the castle of Dunstaffnage with some of his friends. The rebels in the Western Isles, hearing that he had but a small following, came over secretly in their boats, thinking to take him by surprise.

The alarm was given, and when the king looked from the battlements of the castle, the sea all around was black with the boats of the enemy.

"They have me now," said Alexander; "there is no hope of escape."

"My liege," said Colin Maol Maith, "disguise yourself as a countryman and slip out of the castle. I will dress myself in your Grace's clothes, so that they will think you are still here, and we will defend the castle until you reach a place of safety."

Alexander was very unwilling to risk his friend's life, but his followers reminded him that the rebels would be able to do great harm to the country if they had the king in their power. He consented at last, and left the castle in a cowherd's clothing, with one or two friends in the same disguise.

Hardly was he out of sight when the islanders landed and surrounded the castle. The defenders fought very bravely, but were overpowered by force of numbers. With shouts of triumph the wild islanders battered down the gates and rushed into the courtyard. They seized Colin, thinking that they had the king in their power; but when they found out their mistake, they slew the valiant chief in their anger.

All the defenders were put to the sword, but they did not fall unavenged. The king reached a place of safety, and when he heard of the fate of Colin he collected a large following and sailed for the Western Isles. The rebels were defeated in a great battle, and all their leaders were slain.

Colin (Callum) More, or the Great Colin, was noted for prowess while still a youth. He served his king valiantly, and was knighted by Alexander the Third on the field of battle. The Western Highlands are full of stories of his great deeds.

Colin fought on the king's side against the rebellious clan of the MacDougalls, whom he defeated in many battles. In a fight with Ian Barach, or Lame John, chief of the clan, he won a great victory, and pursuing the enemy too fiercely he became separated from his followers. All by himself he forced a pass called Ath Dearg, or the Red Ford, but was slain by the MacDougalls at Ballach-na-scringe, the entrance into Gleninchur, on a spot still marked by a pile of stones called Cairn Challum. The hero was buried at Kilchrennan on Lochaweside, where his grave is still pointed out, and to this day the Duke of Argyll is called The MacCallum More, or Son of the Great Colin.

Sir Niall, eldest son of Colin, was the first to be called MacCallum More, after his father. He was a most valiant warrior, and was created a knight banneret by Alexander the Third.

When Alexander died and Baliol consented to acknowledge King Edward of England as overlord of Scotland, the pride of the MacCallum More was touched. He took the side of the Bruce, and became one of his most trusted friends, being called "the brother of the Bruce."

The chief of the MacFadyens came from Ireland with a great following of Scots, Irish, and English, to help King Edward in the conquest of Scotland. Landing in Cantyre he made his way to Lorne, and was joined by Ian MacDougall, whom Edward had made Lord of Lorne. They might have overrun Scotland had it not been for Sir Niall, who gathered together a small body of men and held the pass on the water of the Awe, that runs out of Lochawe, while he sent a message to summon help from Sir William Wallace.

Sir William was not slow in coming, and battle was given in the Pass of Awe. MacFadyen and his men were defeated and routed, and the chief escaped with a remnant of his following and hid himself in a cave in the face of a rock. Wallace sent Sir Niall in pursuit of the fugitives, and MacFadyen and his men were conquered and put to death. After this Sir Niall became known as the Knight of Lochawe, and the cave is called MacFadyen's Cave to this day.

Meanwhile the MacDougalls had been defeated by Wallace, and in the parliament held at Ardchattan Ian of Lorne was deprived of his titles and his estate given to Duncan MacDougall for his fidelity to the Bruce.

Niall Campbell followed his king through good and evil fortune, and was one of the few loyal adherents present at the crowning of the Bruce at Scone.

"Alas!" said the queen, the Bruce's wife, after the coronation, "we are but kings and queens of May, such as boys crown with flowers and rushes in the summer sports!" The Scots were beaten at Methven, and Bruce and his little court were compelled to take to the heather. It was now Sir Niall's turn to lurk among woods and caves in company with Malcolm of Lennox, Sir James Douglas, and Gilbert Hay, his friends and supporters of the Bruce. With their handful of followers the king and queen wandered among the lochs and mountains, never remaining long in one place, for the MacDougalls of Lorne were their foes, and Edward's men were hot upon their track.

Fleeing through barren glens, or crossing lochs and rivers in leaky boats or by swimming, King Robert was always cheerful, and kept up the spirit of the queen and his companions. He had one or two books with him, and when the wanderers were resting in some cave or around the evening fire he would read aloud stories of the siege of Troy and the deeds of great men of long ago. Sometimes he would trust to his memory, for he had read much, and recite tales from the old romances.

When the king was tired Sir Niall would take up the story or some one would sing to the harp. It was summer-time, and the outdoor life was a happy one in spite of danger. The men hunted, and shot deer and hares with their bows and arrows; and the

ladies cooked the food, and collected green boughs and heather to sleep upon.

Winter approached, and cold winds swept the leaves from the trees. The king was obliged to send Queen Elizabeth and her ladies to Kildrummie Castle in Ayrshire, his one place of strength. The castle was taken ; Nigel Bruce, the king's brother, put to death as a traitor ; and the ladies handed over as prisoners to Edward.

In the following spring King Robert was once more in the heather, in worse plight than before. Sir Niall accompanied him when he was making his way from Tyndrum to Cantyre, pursued by the Lord of Lorne. Still the king was full of hope, and kept up the hearts of his men by telling them how Hannibal crossed the Alps in the time of the Romans.

Sir Niall was sent to the coast to find ships for the king. In stormy weather, with the rivers in full flood and snow still blocking the passes, he forced his way through a country swarming with enemies, and succeeded in obtaining boats for the Bruce's little band of followers. The king sailed for Cantyre, Sir John Menteith, the betrayer of Wallace, at his heels ; and Sir Niall, with his friends Sir Gilbert Hay and Sir Alexander Seton, bound themselves by a solemn oath "to defend with their lives and fortunes the liberties of their country and the rights of Robert Bruce their king against all mortals, French, English, or Scots."

The Knight of Lochawe commanded the loyal vassals who were sent to Argyllshire to subdue the rebellious Lord of Lorne, the Bruce's greatest foe in Scotland. He was given the king's sister, Marjory Bruce, in marriage, and accompanied his sovereign in nearly every battle, until the crowning victory of Bannockburn made his country free.

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The next noted Campbell was Sir Colin Oig, or the young Colin, son of the brave Sir Niall; "he nothing derogated from the valour and loyalty of his father." As a stripling Sir Colin accompanied his uncle King Robert to Ireland. While the Scottish army was marching through a wood, Sir Richard de la Clare, King Edward's commander, laid an ambuscade to surprise the strangers. In order to draw the Bruce's soldiers into the wood he made some of his men leave their shelter and shoot arrows at the Scots, hoping to provoke them into following, when they would be surrounded and slain by the English.

The Bruce, like an experienced warrior, suspecting an ambush, forbade any man of the army to leave the ranks. Young Sir Colin, however, becoming impatient at seeing two men boldly step forward and defy the whole army, broke from the rest and galloped forward to fight both the men. One he killed, and the other fled.

In spite of the youth's bravery King Robert was

very angry at his disobedience. Riding quickly forward he seized his nephew's rein and dealt him such a buffet that Colin nearly fell from his horse.

"Rash boy," cried the Bruce, "knowest thou not that a soldier's first duty is obedience? Come back to the army and show no such bad example to my men!"

Colin was ashamed and sorry when his uncle led him to his place, but he knew how to take a rebuke which he had deserved. He did all he could to win his uncle's approval, and became greatly distinguished in the Bruce's wars. King Robert was pleased with him, and when Ian of Lorne was driven out of the country the brave knight received part of his land as a reward for his gallant behaviour.

When Robert the Bruce died his son David was but a child, and the English invaded Scotland once more. Sir Colin remained faithful to King David, and fought valiantly against the English.

"At that time none in Scotland, excepting children at play, durst avow the Bruce to be king." There were still some true men left, however. The castle of Duntroon had been taken by the English, and was under the guardianship of a false Scot, the Cumming. Robert Stewart and Malcolm Fleming, lurking in Dumbarton, planned to surprise the castle in the absence of the governor, and confided their plan to Sir Colin. That gallant knight levied four hundred of his clan, and, with Stewart and Fleming,

stormed the castle and took it from the English. Afterwards he won back the strong castle of Bute, and after a great deal of fighting Scotland was free once more.

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A noble and valiant knight was Sir Colin of Glenorchy. He was a great traveller, having visited Rome three times, and was made a Knight of Rhodes for taking part in the Crusades.

An old story tells that this Sir Colin had been seven years fighting the Saracens in Palestine when one night he dreamed a strange dream. When he awoke he was greatly troubled, for he could not understand the meaning of the dream.

In the Christian host was a monk, who was reputed to be a very wise man. Sir Colin consulted him, and the monk told the knight to return at once to his native land, as a great trouble threatened him, which only his presence could avert.

Sir Colin set out, and met with many adventures on the way. Weary and footsore he at last reached home, and found that his wife, the Lady Margaret, believed him to be dead. After long persuasion she was just about to marry his neighbour, the Baron MacCorquodale, who had told her that Sir Colin had fallen in the Crusades.

Sir Colin made a plan to prevent the marriage and find out if his wife still loved him. On the day

of the wedding he appeared under the walls of Kilchurn Castle disguised as a beggar.

The servants came and asked him what he wanted.

"To have my hunger satisfied and my thirst quenched," replied the seeming beggar.

They brought him food, which Sir Colin ate; but he refused to drink.

"I will drink only from the hand of the lady of the house," he said.

The servants mocked at his strange whim, but at last they went and told their mistress that there was a strange beggar in the courtyard, a dusty, sunburned fellow, who looked as though he had come a long distance, and refused to drink save from her hands.

Wondering very much, the Lady Margaret thought she would like to see the beggar. Bearing a cup of wine, she came into the courtyard and offered the stranger a drink.

Sir Colin took the cup and drank the contents; then he handed it back with a ring in it which his wife had once given him.

Greatly surprised the Lady Margaret looked at the ring and then at the beggar, and in the tired sunburned face under the pilgrim's cowl she recognized her husband. She went to her servants and told them their master had come home. They hastened to greet their lord, and there was great rejoicing. As a punishment for the untruth he had told, MacCor-

quodale was driven from the castle with all his following, and after that day the Knight of Glenorchy and his lady lived happily to the end of their lives.

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The second Earl of Argyll was a faithful henchman of King James the Fourth, who appointed him Lieutenant of the Isles and Governor of the Castle of Tarbert. In this position he saw much fighting, and rendered good service to the king. He imprisoned Donald Dhu, who called himself Lord of the Isles, and would not obey his sovereign. Argyll secured Donald in a strong castle, but the men of Glencoe rose and released him.

Donald fled into the Macleods' country, and was sheltered by their chief. The king summoned Macleod to deliver up the rebel, and on his refusal the chief was outlawed. The islanders rose in rebellion ; and Argyll, Huntly, the chiefs of Appin, and the MacIans fought on the king's side. Badenoch was ravaged by Donald, who took a terrible vengeance upon his enemies of the clan Chattan. The rebels traitorously sought help from England and Ireland ; and it was only after years of fighting that Donald was taken prisoner by Argyll and confined in Edinburgh Castle, where he lay for forty years.

After the capture of Donald, Argyll and Huntly were made Lords of the Isles, which they ruled until the death of Argyll.

The earl was among those who tried to dissuade the king from making war upon England. James was bent upon fighting, and Argyll followed him into battle like a faithful subject. At Flodden he led the right wing of the army with his brother-in-law the Earl of Lennox. Their Highlanders, galled beyond endurance by the arrows of the English, broke their ranks and rushed impetuously upon the foe, fighting like furies. They were surrounded by an overwhelming number and cut down without mercy.

Argyll and Lennox, deserted by their men, disdained to flee, but held their ground like heroes, and were among the thirteen Scottish earls who were found dead beside the body of their king.

CAMPBELLS OF A LATER TIME.

A VERY gallant soldier was Sir James Campbell of Lawers, a son of the second Earl of Loudoun. He obtained a commission in the Scots Greys, and in the battle of Malplaquet served under Prince Eugene as lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. In arranging the field the prince stationed the Scots Greys at a certain point with orders not to move. The battle was fought with much stubbornness on both sides, and for a time the issue appeared doubtful. Suddenly Campbell thought he saw where a cavalry charge might be of advantage to his side, and hurling his dragoons at the enemy's lines, he cut his way through their ranks and back again.

This unexpected charge threw the enemy into confusion and decided the issue of the day in that quarter. In making it, Campbell had disobeyed the orders of his leader, but Prince Eugene was too great a man to bear a grudge. On the following morning the troops were drawn up, and the prince thanked the gallant officer before the whole army for "exceeding orders."

When George the Second came to the throne, Campbell was appointed governor and constable of Edinburgh Castle. In 1742 war was declared against France, and Campbell accompanied the king to Germany as general in command of the British cavalry. In the battle of Dettingen he greatly distinguished himself. At the head of his troops he charged the Maison du Roi, or household troops of France; broke their ranks; and after the battle was invested a Knight of the Bath by King George in presence of the entire army, British and Hanoverian.

The battle of Fontenoy followed, when Sir James Campbell headed charge after charge against the army of Marshal Saxe. Towards the close of the day his leg was taken off by a cannon-ball. He was carried out of the fight lamenting that he could take no further part in the action; but the veteran, seventy-eight years of age, died while he was being put into a litter. His country has never produced a braver or a more daring soldier.

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John, second Duke of Argyll, was noted both as a soldier and as a statesman. The first duke had wished to make a scholar of his son, but the boy longed for nothing so much as a military life. After a great deal of persuasion he prevailed upon his father to take him to London and introduce him to King William the Third. He told the

king of his desire, and William, who had taken a liking to the bright little fellow, and thought there might be something in him, gave him his first commission when he was fourteen.

A proud boy was John, Marquis of Lorne ; and proving himself a born soldier, brave and energetic, he became a colonel at the age of seventeen. A few years later he was taken by the king on one of his foreign campaigns, and distinguished himself at the siege of Kaiserswerth.

When his father died he succeeded him in command of the Scottish Horse Guards, was invested with the Order of the Thistle, and sworn a Privy Councillor. The young duke was then under twenty-five years of age, and his friends expected great things from him. A writer who knew him says,—

" His family will not lose in his person the great figure they have made for many ages in that kingdom, having all the fine spirit and good sense natural to that family. Few of his years have a better understanding or a more manly temper. He hath seen most of the courts of Europe, is very handsome in his person, fair complexioned, about twenty-five years old."

The same biographer goes on to say that " his want of application in his youth his Grace soon retrieved by reading diligently the best authors."

Two years later the duke was made Lord High

Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament. As he was approaching Edinburgh he was met by a large cavalcade of the most noted personages in the kingdom, who escorted him in triumph to the town.

In the following year he was with Marlborough in all his famous engagements. He was present at the battle of Ramillies, where he showed signal valour; at the siege of Ostend, and at the attack upon Menin, where his troops took possession of the town when it surrendered. For a short time he had to return home, but as soon as his duties were over he hastened back with all speed to the seat of war.

In February 1707, having been appointed colonel of the 3rd Regiment of Foot, or Buffs, he commanded several battalions at the battle of Oudenarde, where his troops were the first to engage the enemy. Holding their position with great resolution against a much larger force, the Buffs under Argyll helped greatly in winning the day. He took part in the siege of Lille, which resulted in a fresh success for British arms; and commanded as major-general at the siege of Ghent, taking possession of the town and citadel in the name of the king.

In April the victorious young duke was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, and commanded under General Schylemberg at the attack upon Tournay, the stronghold being reduced after an assault lasting three days.

The battle of Malplaquet followed upon the 11th of September, when Argyll "behaved with the bravery of youth and the conduct of a general." He displayed extraordinary bravery in dislodging the enemy from their strong position in the woods of Sart—an extremely difficult and dangerous operation. By what seemed a miracle he escaped from the action unhurt, although his clothing was riddled with bullets, which passed through his coat, hat, and periwig.

During the whole of the campaign the duke remained active, and also during that of 1710. He won a reputation nearly as great as that of Marlborough, and his influence over his men was wonderful. They admired his bravery and loved him for the way in which he shared their perils and hardships without a thought for his own safety or comfort.

In 1711 Argyll was appointed ambassador to Charles the Third of Spain, and commander-in-chief of the British forces in that country. He hoped that now his chance had come to do as great things as Marlborough; but when he reached Barcelona he found the British army in distress. Supplies had almost run out, and the men were greatly reduced by losses in the battles which had taken place.

The duke had been promised both money and reinforcements; but he sent message after message home and no help came. Bitterly disappointed,

Argyll had to raise money to feed his starving troops, and was obliged at last to retire to Minorca without striking a blow.

After the peace Argyll was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, governor of Edinburgh Castle, and governor of Minorca; but he was still extremely angry at the treatment which he had received in Spain. He quarrelled with the queen's ministers, and was dismissed from the command of the Scottish Horse Guards, and deprived of the governorship of Edinburgh Castle and of Minorca.

When Queen Anne died, George the First raised Argyll to great honours. In the following year the first Jacobite rebellion broke out in Scotland, and the duke was sent to put down the rising. It was a hard task for him, for he had to fight against his own countrymen; but he behaved with great humanity as well as firmness. When he reached Scotland he found King George's party quite unprepared, with danger threatening on all sides. Argyll at once went to Edinburgh and put the defences of the city in order; then he pushed on towards Stirling, where the government forces numbered only eighteen hundred and forty men.

Making Stirling his headquarters, Argyll gathered reinforcements from Glasgow and other towns, and remained there in a strong position to prevent the Earl of Mar and his Highland Jacobites from

joining the insurgents in the Lowlands and in England.

The Jacobites gathered in force at Haddington and prepared to make a dash upon Edinburgh ; but the Lord Provost sent a messenger post haste to the Duke of Argyll, and called out the train-bands and volunteers for the protection of the city.

Immediately upon the arrival of the messenger the duke sent for all the horses in the countryside and mounted two hundred foot soldiers upon them ; then he summoned three hundred picked dragoons, and placing himself at their head, made a forced march on Edinburgh. He arrived just in time, for the relief party entered the West Port as the insurgents were approaching the eastern gate.

Finding themselves foiled, the Highlanders set off towards Leith, where they barricaded themselves within the half-ruined citadel left by Oliver Cromwell ; seized the cannon from the vessels in the harbour, and prepared for a desperate defence. The following day was spent in defying the duke, who was without cannon for an attack. He retired to Edinburgh to collect guns ; but the insurgents, seeing that the attempt was hopeless, left the fortress during the night, and made their way towards Seaton.

Messages arrived informing the duke that Mar had broken up his camp in Perth, and was on the way to force the passage at Stirling with his whole army. Argyll set off in haste, but found that the

movement was a feint to draw him away from the Jacobite operations in Edinburgh.

Some weeks were spent in suspense, Argyll meanwhile keeping himself fully informed of the movements of the enemy; then on the 11th of November Mar advanced towards Stirling.

Argyll immediately crossed the bridge with his forces, which amounted to three thousand five hundred men, while the insurgents numbered about nine thousand. Marching rapidly forward, he reached the heights above Dunblane just as the advance guard of the enemy was nearing Sheriffmuir, an elevated table-land on the lower slopes of the Ochils.

The night was bitterly cold, and both armies remained under arms on opposite heights, the Highlanders sleeping in the open air in their plaids.

At dawn on the following morning the insurgents drew themselves up in line of battle on an eminence. Seeing the strong position taken up by the Duke of Argyll the Earl of Mar assembled his officers, chiefs, and men, made them a stirring speech, reminding them of the wrongs suffered by the Stuarts, and the enmity of their clans towards England, and ended with the question "Fight or not?"

"Fight!" was the reply which burst from the entire army; and with triumphant cries the wild Highlanders swept down upon the followers of Argyll. Seeing that the Earl of Mar's design was to avail himself of his larger numbers, the duke drew

off his forces, and led them up a slope on the opposite side of the moor.

The combatants were now among hills which hid the one army from the other. The left of each became detached from the right, and when the left wing of the Royalists met the impetuous charge of the Highlanders both sides fell into confusion.

Sir John MacLean, a Jacobite and chief of his clan, placed himself at the head of his men, and said with a loud voice, "Gentlemen, this is a day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands MacCallum More for King George; here stands MacLean for King James. God bless MacLean and King James! Charge!"

The response was a wild rush of the Highlanders, which was received with a heavy fire by the Royalist troops. The chief of Clan Ranald fell, but Glengarry started forward with a shout of "Revenge!" rallied his followers; and the left of Argyll's army, hopelessly outnumbered, was soon flying towards Dunblane pursued by the Highlanders, who gave no quarter.

Meanwhile, the duke's cool courage was enabling his followers to withstand the shock of the Highlanders' assault on the left and centre. The steady fire of the Hanoverians caused the ranks of the insurgents to waver, and the duke left them no time to recover. Observing that a morass upon which the insurgents had counted for protection on the

right side was frozen hard, he ordered General Cathcart to cross it with a body of cavalry and charge them in the flank. The movement was successful, and the left of the Jacobite army took refuge in a headlong flight, the Earl of Mar being among the defeated party.

Placing himself at the head of his cavalry, the duke pursued the fugitives towards the river Allan. Several times they rallied ; but the steady onset of the Royalist cavalry broke their resistance, and the rout was complete.

Returning from the pursuit, the duke found the victorious right division of Mar's forces drawn up on a hill. Each side shouted defiance to the other, but neither had strength left to renew the attack, and darkness closed in upon what was left of the two armies. Both sides had sustained great losses, and both claimed the victory, the right of each having been victorious while the left was defeated. But all the advantages of the fight remained with Argyll, whose skilful management had saved the small force under his command from being wiped out by the greatly superior body of insurgents. When rallied with having obtained a partial victory he replied, still panting with his exertions,—

"If it wasna weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

On the following morning he expected to have to renew the battle, but on approaching the enemy's camp he found it deserted, the insurgents having

drawn off towards Perth during the night. Their losses had been very great, and their ranks became much thinned by desertion. Argyll's watchfulness prevented them from joining their friends in England, and when news came of the defeat of the Jacobites in England Mar was inclined to ask for terms.

Argyll's great wish was to avoid further bloodshed among his own countrymen. He was as kind as he was brave, and during the Highlanders' flight he had tried to spare them as much as possible. He offered quarter to all, and when he saw King George's cavalry cutting down the gallant "lads" he cried out, "Oh spare the poor blue bonnets!"

He wrote to the government for power to make peace; but no answer came. The Highlanders were greatly offended, and Mar's forces declared that they would go on fighting. The Chevalier, whom they considered their rightful king, reached Scotland soon afterwards, and was received in Perth with royal honours.

Argyll's next step was to order the English war vessels in the Firth of Forth to attack Mar's garrison in the castle of Burntisland. The fortress surrendered, and the royal troops took possession of the greater part of Fifeshire, which had been a stronghold of the insurgents. Six thousand Dutch auxiliaries under the Earl of Cadogan joined the camp at

Stirling, and the northward march was begun on January 21.

A hard frost, followed by a heavy fall of snow, made travelling slow and difficult. The duke collected two thousand countrymen to clear the ground; and the insurgents having laid waste the country between Perth and Stirling, the troops were ordered to carry provisions for twelve days. On reaching Auchterarder they found that the village had been burned by order of the Chevalier, and the troops bivouacked that night among the ruined walls, with the snow lying three feet deep around them. The last day of January had arrived when the army crossed the river Earn and advanced to within eight miles of Perth.

The alarm was given in the insurgents' quarters, and the leaders began to disagree. The Highlanders were all for fortifying the town, and making what defence they could against the much stronger force of Argyll.

"Do?" cried a Highlander, at the bare suggestion that the garrison was too weak to fight; "what shall we do? Let us do that which we were called to arms for, and which certainly was not to run away. Why did the king come here? Was it to see his subjects butchered like dogs without striking a blow for their lives and honour?" Some one said that the Chevalier was not safe with so small an army. "Let him trust his safety to us," replied the High-

lander; "if he is willing to die like a prince, he will see that there are ten thousand men in Scotland willing to die with him."

But it was found that there were neither provisions nor ammunition in Perth for a siege, and that the Duke of Argyll had men enough to blockade the town and take possession of all the surrounding country, while the defenders would be caught like rats in a trap. The Jacobites resolved to abandon the town, and two days after the approach of Argyll the army crossed the Tay on the ice, after throwing all the artillery into the river.

The king's troops took possession of Perth; but the cold was so intense and the weather so stormy that it was impossible to set out in pursuit of the rebels, who reached Montrose without being molested. They were preparing to defend the city, when to their amazement the Chevalier, accompanied by the Earl of Mar and Lord Drummond, entered a vessel which was in the harbour, and set sail for France. General Gordon broke the news to the army, and led the men to Aberdeen, with the forces of the Duke of Argyll hot on their heels.

The duke was too kind-hearted to harass the brave men who had risked everything for the man whom they believed to be their rightful king, and the insurgents were allowed to disperse. Bodies of men were sent through the Highlands to restore order, and Argyll returned to Edinburgh, where he

was entertained at a public banquet, the magistrates not having forgotten how he had defended the city in the autumn.

From Edinburgh he went to London, where he was graciously received by George the First; but soon afterwards, to the astonishment of his friends, he was suddenly deprived of all his honours.

In Scotland the indignation was great. Lockhart of Carnwath tried to win the duke to the Jacobite cause, but Argyll replied only by a dignified silence.

After two years he was restored to favour, and his great services rewarded by his being created Duke of Greenwich. Afterwards he became a field-marshal, and made himself still more popular in Scotland by defending the city of Edinburgh against the riots of a mob.

He was appointed master-general of the ordnance, colonel of the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and commander-in-chief of all the forces; but shortly afterwards he resigned, having again been treated unjustly by the government.

From this time he lived in retirement, and the Chevalier, hoping to win his great adversary at last to his cause, sent him a letter addressed in his own hand. But Argyll, although offended, was too honourable to take part in any underhand dealings. He made no reply, and sent the letter to the government.

On the 7th of October 1743 the great duke

died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. With regard to his appearance and character, one of his friends has written that he was endowed "with everything calculated to attract and chain the eye—personal beauty and an expressive countenance; a commanding air and the most engaging gracefulness of manner. He was warm-hearted, frank, honourable, and magnanimous, but fiery-tempered, rash, ambitious, haughty, and impatient of control."

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Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Campbell of Fonab served with distinction in his great clansman's regiment in the French wars, and was made a captain for his brave conduct in the battle of D'Ottignies.

Some time afterwards he was in command of a small body of Highlanders helping to defend the fortress of Dixmunde, under a Danish governor. The enemy were in great strength, and after a siege of twenty-four hours, finding the garrison were getting the worst of it, the governor thought it was no use resisting any longer.

"What," cried Campbell; "give in while we have a round of shot or a sound man left? Think what an example it will be to the others if we yield without showing fight. What will they think of us in his Majesty's army and among the allies? We shall be remembered as cowards as long as men tell each other of the great war with France!"

But the governor thought it would be a useless

waste of life to continue, and nothing that Campbell could say could induce him to change his mind.

"I would hold out as long as I could fire a shot," cried Campbell when he saw that he could not prevail. "That is not a Scotsman's way of fighting." And he left the council, angry and ashamed, to tell his countrymen that the governor was going to capitulate.

A chorus of anger and dismay went up from the Highlanders when the news was announced.

"The governor gives in while the men can still fight!" they cried; "we would pepper the French until we dropped before we would yield."

Fierce looks were darted towards the governor's quarters and bitter words were spoken as the men discussed the question in low, angry tones.

"It is not we who give in," cried a stout Highlander at last. "Scotsmen are not cowards. *We* don't capitulate. Let the governor do as he likes!"

Then when some one came out to lower the flag which floated over the ramparts, the Scots made a rush for their own standard.

"The Scottish flag shall never fall into the hands of the enemy," cried the foremost one.

"That it shall not," replied the others; and they tore down the colours, which they rent in pieces before throwing them on the ground.

When the garrison left the fort the Scots marched out in a compact body, holding themselves erect,

and looking at the victors with defiance. Campbell said nothing, but felt secretly proud of the spirit of his Gaelic lads.

Years later he was sent to the Isthmus of Darien to aid the Scots who had established a little colony there.

When his ship reached port he found his countrymen in a sorry plight. The Spaniards had insisted upon treating the settlers as pirates, and were threatening them by land and sea. To crown their miseries fever was raging among them, and there was hardly one but had fallen a victim.

Something had to be done quickly, or the little colony would be wiped out. The new councillor collected two hundred settlers—all who had strength to walk—and with these and about forty Indians he set out to meet the Spaniards. Two or three days the little force marched, crossing a mountain range and making their way through virgin forest; until at last, at a place called Toubocanti, they came upon the enemy, about sixteen hundred in number, in a strongly fortified position.

Campbell ordered a charge, and so vigorous was the attack of the colonists that the enemy were dislodged and put to flight with a loss of two hundred, including the leader. The losses among the Scots were twenty killed and forty wounded, Campbell himself having received a ball in the shoulder.

Regardless of their hurts, the survivors set out

upon a triumphant march back to the colony. In a few days they came in sight of the town ; but what was their dismay when they saw five Spanish men-of-war in the harbour !

" We're just in time," said Campbell ; " we may save the poor fellows yet." The troops set off at a quick march, and found their countrymen paralyzed with terror. What could a handful of sick and exhausted men do against five warships with crews complete ?

A council of war was called, and our clansman was disgusted when the settlers made up their minds to capitulate. He stormed, argued, implored, and even charged them with cowardice; but it was all in vain. Sickness and starvation had broken their spirit, and in any case resistance was all but hopeless.

" *I* don't surrender," said Campbell ; and he strode angrily from the council chamber.

Honourable terms were granted to all save Campbell. His fate would probably have been a Spanish prison; but he escaped into the forest with a few companions pluckier than the rest.

Marvellous adventures befell them as they made their way through league upon league of unknown country, where savage Indians and wild animals were the only living inhabitants. Shaggy, uncouth figures they had become by the time the perilous journey was over, and months after their escape

they reached New York, whence they sailed for Scotland.

In his native land Alexander Campbell received a warm welcome. A gold medal was struck in his honour, and he became known as "the hero of Darien."

AN INTREPID TRAVELLER; AND HOW A CLANSMAN SAVED INDIA.

DONALD CAMPBELL of Barbreck, a retired Indian officer, wanted some fresh adventures, and started upon a journey overland to the East. He passed through many towns and countries of Europe, and through Alexandria, Aleppo, and other cities which were less known at that time than to-day; but it was when he reached Bagdad that the most interesting part of his journey began.

Reaching that city in the charge of a Tartar guide, he took boat down the Tigris to Bussora, passing through a dreary stretch of country infested by robbers. Several attacks were made upon him, but for the most part the brigands fled in consternation when the boatmen fired a shot or two. A more serious attempt occurred one night when the travellers, in passing a creek, saw several boats issuing in good order, trusting to the darkness to enable them to take the stranger vessel by surprise. In the hope of driving them off, several shots were fired over their heads, upon which the robbers set

up shrill cries and rowed quickly towards the vessel, trying to intimidate the voyagers with shouts and noise. Taking aim, the members of the expedition fired a volley, when the robbers fled in confusion, and losing command of their boats, narrowly escaped being swamped. There was a tremendous shouting and turmoil, but the boats sheered off at last, and the voyagers were not again molested.

After ten days of travel Bussora was reached, and Campbell took a passage in a date boat bound for Muscat, hoping to be landed at Bombay. The boat sprang a leak, and had to run into Bushire, where the voyager was hospitably received by the East India Company's resident. It was found that the Persian Gulf was swarming with French privateers, so Donald had to wait until the passage was cleared and a British vessel started for Bombay. After a short stay in that city Campbell embarked on a Portuguese vessel for Goa, whence he took ship for Madras.

Scarcely had the vessel reached the open sea than the passengers discovered to their dismay that the ship was overloaded and hardly seaworthy. When they were nineteen days out from Goa they ran into the monsoon. The sky became dark at noonday; thunder pealed and lightning flashed; then a hurricane arose, and after two days the vessel became unmanageable, and the crew, consisting chiefly of Portuguese and Lascars, fell into a panic. Wave after

wave broke over the vessel; the masts were carried overboard; and she lay at the mercy of the wind and waves. The pumps became unworkable, and the vessel was heeling over to larboard when land was sighted, and it was found that the ship was drifting towards it. She grounded some distance from shore, and several of the crew tried to save themselves by swimming. Campbell was carried ashore clinging to a piece of wreckage, but lost consciousness after being washed up on the beach.

On recovering from his swoon he found himself surrounded by natives, at the sight of whom he almost wished himself in the ocean again. Among them were some soldiers in the uniform of Hyder Ali, the most notorious foe of the British, and he knew that he had the worst possible treatment to expect on falling into his hands.

The half-drowned and exhausted Scotsman was taken prisoner, together with the Lascars who had saved themselves from the wreck, and carried to a village some miles off, where he was confined for the night in a small enclosure, half ruined and open to the weather. The wind blew with violence, and torrents of rain added to the misery of the prisoner, who was crowded with the Lascars in a narrow space without room to lie down. Thirst caused them the greatest torments, but no relief was given until about four in the morning, when some cold rice was thrown

in for the prisoners to eat, with some water brought from a muddy hole.

On the following day Campbell was removed to a hut, where to his surprise he was joined by his fellow-passenger, Hall, who told him that only the two British and fourteen Lascars had been saved from the wreck.

Four more days were spent in the hut, exposed to wind and rain, the only food of the prisoners being a little rice which an old woman threw into their cell. Then they were driven with the Lascars for a long distance, spending eight hours on foot each day, exposed alternately to blistering heat and torrential rain. During the halts the unlucky prisoners had to wait outside in the sun while their drivers dined or slept in the shade.

After giving an account of themselves to some officials connected with the government, the march was resumed under the same conditions, the natives pricking the Englishmen with their bayonets when they flagged. At two in the morning, after several days of march, Hydernagur was reached, the capital of the native state of Bednore. The prisoners were made to wait outside until their judges should be ready. As the sun rose the day became very hot, but they were kept standing in the glare of sunshine without food or shelter until the opening of the audience of the jemadar, or governor, at six o'clock in the evening.

A crowd collected, and stared at the white men with curiosity. Among the bystanders Campbell was surprised to observe some who appeared greatly perturbed, and were gazing at him with wonder and concern. Their faces seemed familiar, and gradually it dawned upon him that they were soldiers from the troop of native cavalry which he had once commanded. The poor fellows were prisoners at large with Hyder, and were eyeing their old commander with looks signifying that they were grieved at his plight, and would gladly help him if it were possible.

At six o'clock the audience began, but the prisoners had to wait an hour while the governor considered native cases without once casting a glance in their direction. When the natives were dismissed, the governor, whose name was Hyat Sahib, ordered the prisoners to prostrate themselves before him. The Lascars obeyed, but the Englishmen contented themselves with salaaming.

The jemadar asked Campbell a number of questions about England and the East India Company, which he answered with caution, feeling certain that the governor was trying to extract information to be used against his country. Hyat then began boasting of the power of Hyder Ali, and to tell stories of his successes against the British, most of which Campbell did not believe. Then suddenly, having heard from one of the Sepoys that the Scotsman had

been an officer and came of a distinguished family, Hyat's tone changed. He invited the prisoner to take a seat, paid him many compliments, and hinted that his having fallen into his hands might prove the most fortunate event of his life.

As he left the governor's presence, Campbell wondered very much what could be the meaning of this sudden civility. His consternation may be imagined when he heard his guards congratulating him upon his good fortune, and found that he was about to be "honoured" with a command in Hyder's army!

To fight against his own country with her most deadly foe was a thing no British officer could do, whatever might happen.

That evening a supper was sent to Campbell from the jemadar's own table, and he and Hall were separated from the Lascars, and imprisoned in a hut by themselves. They were still carefully watched, and surrounded by a strong guard, which was changed every week.

A few days later Hyat sent once more for his captive, made him many gifts, and told him that a flattering proposal was about to be made to him, when his position would become a most enviable one.

The same evening another high official sent for the Scotsman, and after praising the greatness and generosity of Hyder Ali, announced that the sultan had placed him in command of five thousand men

in his own army—an honour, the chief added, which it was impossible to decline.

Campbell's worst fears were realized. The offer was an insult, and he explained very firmly and courteously to the official his reasons for being unable to accept it.

The jemadar listened with patience, but when Campbell had finished speaking he said in a significant tone that he had little doubt that means would be found to overcome his guest's unwillingness.

Campbell was taken back to his prison, where he told Hall what had taken place, and both agreed that he was likely to meet with cruel persecution. The Scotsman replied that nothing would induce him to disgrace his country by becoming a traitor; and he resolved to endure whatever might happen.

On the following day he was sent for again, and the governor asked him if he had duly considered Hyder Ali's magnificent offer and the consequences of a refusal. To this Campbell made a dignified reply, showing the impossibility of his taking service with the enemy of his own country.

Every argument and threat was used by the governor, who sent for Campbell day after day, and tried to shake his resolution. After some weeks of this treatment he tried the effect of hunger, but his prisoner still held out.

Months passed, and the lot of the prisoners only became worse. Their jailers brought them continual

reports of Hyder's successes against the British, which they felt sure were invented to dishearten them. Campbell was forming plans to escape with some of the men of his old regiment, when of a sudden he and Hall were put in irons. This cruelty was too much for Hall. He died, and his companion was left alone among the natives.

His situation appeared desperate, when suddenly he heard of the death of Hyder Ali, and found that the troops were preparing for some warlike expedition. Campbell was set free from his irons as well as a native prisoner with whom he had become friendly, and after a few days a messenger came from the jemadar, who was with the soldiers on the frontier, desiring that the Englishman might be sent to him.

In high spirits Campbell set out, hoping that this might mean freedom, or at least an improvement in his condition. On the way the cavalcade met a young chief whom Campbell had seen several times in Hydernagur, where he had attended the jemadar's audiences. On recognizing him the young man leaped from his horse in great agitation, and turning to Campbell's guards ordered them to retire, and he would be answerable for the consequences. The men hesitated, but the order was repeated, upon which they ran off.

The native then told Campbell that he knew him and pitied his plight, but had been unable to interfere. He was the son of the nabob who had

once received kindness from Campbell's father, and he would willingly do the brave Scotsman a service. He told him that the British had won a victory over Hyder's troops, and were in possession of the frontier passes. Here the youth broke off, and for a moment was unable to speak.

"Alas, sir," he said at last, "this day I heard Hyat Sahib give orders to bring you before him, in order that he might revenge himself for the defeat of his countrymen by putting you to death."

Campbell was greatly alarmed, but the prince added, "And now, how happy I am to be able to show my gratitude by rescuing you. Come with me, and I will take you to my father, with whom you will be safe."

They set off, but had only gone a little way when they were startled by hearing the sound of music, which proved to be from the band of Hyat's troops returning from the front.

The prince was deeply disappointed, but told Campbell that he must fly at once, as he was unable to protect him. Pointing out a path in the forest, he told him that by following it he would fall in with the British army.

Campbell struck into the path, but after walking for a little while it occurred to him that now had had come the chance of doing his country a service.

Hyder Ali was dead, and his son, Tippoo Sahib, who succeeded him, was the enemy of Hyat. Under

the new reign Hyat Sahib was no longer safe, and Campbell resolved to return to Hydernagur and try to induce him to make terms with the British.

He found Hyat looking extremely crestfallen. "Well, sir," he said on seeing the Scotsman, "you have heard that your fellow-countrymen are in possession of the Ghauts, and you know that, according to our custom, I am now justified in treating you with the utmost severity. In consideration of your family, however, and because I happen to have a liking for you, I will allow you to escape. Fly without delay; haste you; begone." With that he waved his hand and looked another way—a signal for the Scotsman to depart.

Campbell thanked him, but said that before leaving he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. The jemadar seemed surprised, and Campbell said he would like to give him some advice, as he, Hyat, had now everything to fear from Tippoo Sahib, who would be sure to take some revenge upon him in return for his former enmity.

Hyat was extremely dejected.

"It is true," he said; then he looked at the speaker with a sad curiosity. "But of what use can your advice be to me now?" he asked.

Campbell praised the generosity and kindness of the British, and leading the governor on by skilful arguments, advised him to yield himself to the victorious general, who would know how to

treat a brave man. The jemadar at first looked surprised, then nodded his head thoughtfully, and after considering for a little while he told Campbell that he might go to the British general and ask for terms of surrender.

"If you do not return before daybreak to-morrow," he said, "I will set fire to the town with all the stores and the powder magazine. Six thousand horse and a thousand foot soldiers are now on their way from Seringapatam; I will tell them to hasten if you do not come. If Tippoo once meets the English army in the open field, he will give them cause to repent of their rashness."

Giving his word that he would be back by the appointed time, Campbell set off on horseback, accompanied by a native interpreter. The British army was soon reached. The Englishman knew the password, and was taken by a sentry to the general's tent.

The general was asleep, and his native servant was at first afraid to admit the newcomer, whose wild appearance frightened him. Unshaven and uncombed, the unfortunate captive had neither cap nor stockings, and was clothed only in a ragged shirt and breeches, with his feet thrust in a pair of Indian slippers. At last the Hindu ceased to utter exclamations of astonishment, and led the way to his master. The meeting caused great surprise, both to the visitor and his host, Campbell recognizing in the conqueror his old friend General Matthews, while

the latter was much surprised at meeting Campbell, whom he knew to be a prisoner of Hyder Ali, but whom he had not expected to see in his tent. He received Hyat's message with great satisfaction, and in less than an hour after his arrival Campbell set out in the general's palanquin carrying General Matthews' terms of surrender.

The jemadar read the message and seemed pleased, but asked for four or five days to consider. Delay might be fatal; so, taking advantage of the confusion which reigned in the city, Campbell collected his old soldiers, posted them at all the gates, the powder magazine, and other important points, and set off to meet the general, who had pushed on with his advance guard. He conducted him to Hyat's presence while the governor was still undecided, and terms being quickly arranged the British flag was hoisted over the city.

Campbell had gained a province for Britain, but his adventures were not yet over. He was sent with dispatches to Madras and Bengal, and continued his journey through Travancore, Trichinopoly, and other places.

During the journey he received very sad news of his friend General Matthews. Success had made the old soldier less vigilant, and, taking advantage of his neglect, Tippoo had reconquered Bednore and put the garrison of Hydernagur to the sword, forcing the general to take poison in prison.

Campbell took ship at Negapatam, but the vessel on which he sailed was captured by a French frigate near Fort St. George.

Campbell escaped, only to set out upon further travels, and was so little discouraged by the perils he had undergone as to take a trip to China before setting out to return to his own country, which he reached after a voyage of five months, having been absent for four years and five days.

JOHN CAMPBELL OF STONEFIELD.

The eldest of the seven sons of a distinguished Scottish judge, John Campbell of Stonefield began his military service in the American War of Independence. When peace was made he returned to England, and was soon afterwards sent out to India in command of the Seaforth Highlanders. On arriving at Bombay he found that he had been appointed to the 2nd Battalion of the 42nd Highlanders or Black Watch. The 42nd joined a body of troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie Humberstone, and were sent into the interior to attack an important fortress in the territory of Hyder Ali. Several small forts were taken on the way, but the large one proved to be much stronger than had been expected; and having heard that Tippoo Sahib was on his way with a large army to relieve it, Colonel Humberstone was obliged to retreat.

He withdrew to a small fort in possession of the British; then hearing that Tippoo's army was pressing forward in great numbers, he retreated towards Paniané after first blowing up several native strong-

holds. Advance guards of the enemy harassed the soldiers on their march, but the retreat was covered by Major Campbell, who had a horse killed under him. The officer in command reported that it was entirely owing to the soldierly conduct of the major that the natives were held at bay and the expedition enabled to reach Paniané in safety.

Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod now assumed command of the British, who were reduced by sickness and fighting to three hundred and eighty Europeans and two thousand two hundred Sepoys. The position they occupied was a strong one, and the defenders were endeavouring to strengthen it by field-works when they were surrounded by a force of ten thousand cavalry and forty thousand infantry, including two corps of Europeans under the French general Lally.

On the 29th of November Lally advanced at the head of his European troops, directing his attack against the post occupied by the Highlanders. There was a sharp contest, which was well maintained on both sides; but the Highlanders, making charge after charge with the bayonet, drove back the enemy, who were entirely defeated and dispersed.

The action was mentioned in these terms in General Orders:—". . . this little army, attacked, on ground not nearly fortified, by very superior numbers skilfully disposed and regularly led on. They had nothing to depend on but their native

valour, their discipline, and the conduct of the officers; these were nobly exerted, and the event has been answerable. The intrepidity with which Major Campbell and the Highlanders repeatedly charged the enemy was most honourable to their character."

The gallant 42nd lost three sergeants and nineteen rank and file, while three officers and thirty-three men were wounded.

After this defeat Tippoo retreated towards Seringapatam, having heard rumours of the death of his father. The post being no longer molested, Colonel Macleod was sent with his battalion to join Brigadier-General Matthews, who was invading Hyder's provinces in the interior. The two forces met and marched towards Bednore, being followed and harassed on the way by flying parties of the enemy. Strong field-works had been erected on the slopes of the mountains which they had to ascend. Seven of these forts in succession were stormed and taken by the 42nd, who "attacked the positions with the bayonet, and, pursuing like Highlanders, were in the breastwork before the enemy were aware of it." Four hundred of the defenders were bayoneted, and the others driven back into the forts.

The principal redoubt, Hyder Gurr, was discovered on the summit of a lofty precipice, with a dry ditch in front and twenty pieces of cannon threatening the invaders. On the face of the

mountain were seven batteries on terraces, one above the other ; and large trees had been cut down and so placed as to prevent the approach of the troops except on parts exposed to the fire of the guns. Major Campbell gave the word ; and the lower defences of the stronghold were attacked with such spirit by the Highlanders that the enemy were completely terrorized, and fled from the strong position during the night. All resistance for the time being was at an end, and Bednore was taken possession of by the British.

In February the Highlanders under Major Campbell attacked and carried the fort of Annanpore with great loss to the defenders, the cost to the British being trifling. On the following day Major Campbell thanked his little army for their spirited behaviour, and on the 28th of February again led his men against two small forts, which they reduced.

While there news came of the entire defeat of General Matthews and his army, and the Highlanders were sent to join the scattered remnant of the defeated forces at Mangalore.

His superior officer having been recalled, Major Campbell was promoted lieutenant-colonel, and placed in charge of the troops at Mangalore. Emboldened by his successes, Tippoo advanced towards the town, sending on an advance guard of four thousand horse and foot and several field guns. The force halted in a position about twelve miles distant from the place,

and Colonel Campbell resolved to take them by surprise. Making a midnight march, he reached the enemy's camp while they were asleep; attacked and completely defeated them. Four field pieces fell into his hands, as well as a hundred and eighty draught bullocks—a most valuable prize, the entire country being in the hands of the enemy.

On the 19th May Tippoo's vanguard arrived, and by the 23rd the little garrison was surrounded by an army of not less than a hundred and forty thousand men, including two bodies of European soldiers under General Lally and Colonel Cossigny. The Sultan himself was with this formidable force, which was accompanied by a hundred pieces of artillery.

The siege which followed is one of the most remarkable achievements of the British army, the troops in Mangalore amounting only to eighteen hundred and eighty-three men, of which some three or four hundred were British soldiers, the rest being sepoys or native infantry. The supplies were insufficient, and the garrison were short of every necessity for withstanding a siege. The defences being incomplete, the handful of men had to be on the alert day and night to prevent Tippoo's huge force from swarming in at one of a thousand weak points.

Early in the siege a small outpost, defended by some sepoys, about a mile distant from the place,

was almost surrounded by the enemy. An attack being made upon the small body, the 43rd, with a corps of sepoys, made all speed to their assistance, but arrived only in time to witness their defeat, and the troops had literally to cut their way back to the walls of the fortress.

Attack after attack followed, the natives being supported by their French allies, but every assault was repelled. Besides cannon-ball, the enemy threw into the city immense stones, which were fired from enormous mortars. Large breaches were made in the walls, leaving the besieged exposed to the enemy's marksmen when they tried to fire their cannon. The houses were laid in ruins, and having no means of rebuilding them, the garrison were without shelter when the monsoon set in. Sickness prevailed, and the men were in want of food, clothing, medicine, and the commonest necessities of life.

Colonel Campbell encouraged the defenders by word and example, checking all complaints, relieving their distresses as far as was possible, and inspiring them with courage to continue. The losses of the enemy were greater at each successive assault, and after the siege had lasted about two and a half months, a truce was made through the intervention of the French envoys.

This splendid defence had filled Tippoo with admiration for his gallant antagonist. During the truce he invited Colonel Campbell and several of his

officers to an audience in his tent. All the enemies sat down together to a splendid feast, and their host paid them many compliments upon their bravery. He greatly admired the Highland uniform of his Scottish guests, and, after entertaining the whole party with great hospitality, presented the colonel with an Arabian charger and sabre.

Some days later the enemy sprang a mine while the flag of truce was still flying, and hostilities immediately recommenced. The provisions of the garrison were almost exhausted when some troop-ships arrived in the bay, conveying General Macleod and a reinforcement for the defenders. Some provisions were conveyed into the city, but an armistice being in force, the general retired to Tillycherry with all his men. Another reinforcement arrived in November, but after the troops had begun to disembark, the defenders had the bitter disappointment of seeing them return to the ships and sail away.

Repeated disappointments were telling terribly upon the men, who were reduced by wounds and sickness to nearly half their number. Many of the sepoys had become blind, and others were so reduced by starvation and sickness that they fell down while shouldering their firelocks. "The troops were eating horses, frogs, dogs, crows, catfish, etc., etc.," and enduring privations of every kind; they had no hope of relief, and did not know the whereabouts of the rest of the British forces.

In the circumstances Colonel Campbell called a council of war, and it was agreed that to hold out any longer would be a mere useless sacrifice of life. The besieged surrendered upon condition that the small remnant of the garrison should be allowed to proceed to Bombay; and, after nine months of a most courageous and stubborn resistance, the little force left Mangalore with all the honours of war.

This wonderful defence was of the greatest importance to the British at that time. By keeping all Tippoo's forces in one place, the small garrison prevented him from attacking in any other part of the empire, which he would certainly have done had he been free.

The defence of Mangalore was the one bright spot in the campaign against Hyder Ali. In his "Views of the British Interests in India" Colonel Fullerton says: "We now arrive at the most interesting moment of the war; the garrison of Mangalore, under its inestimable commander, Colonel Campbell, had made a defence that has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. With a handful of men, worn out by famine, he resisted for many months a formidable force under Tippoo Sultan. The whole power of the Prince, assisted by the science of the French auxiliaries, could not force a breach that had long been laid open, and he was repulsed in every attempt to take it by storm."

Another writer says: "The defence of Colberg,

in Pomerania, by Major Heiden and his small garrison, and that of Mangalore, in the East Indies, by Colonel Campbell and the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Highlanders, now the 73rd Regiment, we conceive are as noble examples as any in history."

The hero of this great achievement was entirely worn out by his exertions. He left his regiment on the 9th of February, and went to Bombay; but he was past all hope of recovery, and died on the last day of February 1784, in the thirty-first year of his age.

AGAINST THE STARS AND STRIPES.

A BRAVE and distinguished clansman, Archibald Campbell was born at Inverneil, and at the age of eighteen became a captain in the Highland regiment raised by Simon Fraser for service in America. He served under Wolfe in Canada, and was wounded at the taking of Quebec.

At the close of the war the Highlanders were disbanded, and the young officer served for some years in India, rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the 42nd Highlanders or Black Watch.

On the breaking out of the American War of Independence, Simon Fraser again raised a Highland regiment, and appointed Archibald Campbell Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Battalion. When the troops arrived, Boston was in the hands of the rebels, and no warning having been received, the transport *Annabel* and her consort the *George* with Colonel Campbell on board sailed right into the harbour. Three American privateers full of armed men sailed up, and the British, thinking them friendly boats or perhaps pilots, did not try to repulse them until

the rebels attempted to board the *George*. Both ships then fired a broadside, which the enemy returned, and the fight went on with hardly a pause from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon. Other vessels sailed up and joined the privateers, and the *George*, being hard pressed, made towards the shore. An American battery opened fire on her as she approached, showing the newcomers that the place was in the hands of the enemy. The *Annabel* ran aground, and seeing her helpless, the three schooners surrounded the *George*, and ordered her to strike sail. The seamen, exhausted after nine hours of fighting, were ready to do so ; but every single officer and soldier on board declared that he would rather die than yield. The action was renewed, and continued until, every shot being spent and the rudder disabled, the *George* grounded under a battery. With six vessels attacking her, the position was a hopeless one, and her inmates were compelled to surrender.

The brave soldiers were made prisoners, and sent to different parts of the country. For two years Colonel Campbell was in American jails, but at last was exchanged and sent in command of an expedition to Georgia.

Many of the inhabitants of the province still remained loyal, and the object of the expedition was to occupy the town of Savannah in order to afford them support. The British troops embarked at

Sandy Hook in November, and it was not until a month later that they reached the mouth of the Savannah River after a stormy passage, and landed a short distance below the town.

Seeing an advance guard of the enemy in readiness, Captain Cameron pushed forward with a body of light infantry to the attack. The party was received by a volley which killed the young officer and three of his men ; then the others charged and drove the Americans back.

Only about half of the men had disembarked, but Colonel Campbell hurried forward to avenge the disaster. The enemy's troops were about half a mile from the town, their right wing being protected by a thickly-wooded morass, and the left by rice swamps, while in front flowed a muddy rivulet.

Having discovered a path leading through the morass, Campbell determined to attack.

"They think we'll advance to the left," observed one of the officers, glancing towards the foe.

The colonel chuckled. "Let us cherish that opinion in them," he said.

Only two guns had been landed, and he ordered them to be concealed until it should be time to use them. Then he sent a body of light infantry towards the enemy's right, with the Highlanders to support them. Their instructions were to advance until they were concealed by a hollow, and then turn quietly

and approach the Americans by the path through the morass.

Meanwhile the colonel ordered the troops in front to make a feint to draw off the enemy's attention from the flanking party.

The Americans opened fire, which was exactly what was wanted.

"Let them continue to amuse themselves," said the colonel; and the enemy went on firing without hurting any one until the light infantry appeared unexpectedly beside them, followed by the Highlanders.

The guns were then run forward, and the enemy, attacked in two directions at once, were completely taken by surprise and fled in confusion.

The losses on their side were a hundred killed, with five hundred prisoners and wounded, while four killed and five wounded was all the price the British paid for the possession of a very important place with forty-five pieces of cannon as well as stores and shipping.

This achievement was followed by the occupation of Augusta, a town in the interior, after which the whole province submitted. Colonel Campbell remained in charge until the arrival of General Prevost, who gave orders to evacuate Augusta, and made other changes which discouraged the loyalists, and lost many of the advantages gained by the British. Disheartened by seeing his work undone,

Colonel Campbell returned in the following year to England, where the fame of his exploits had preceded him, and soon afterwards he was appointed Governor-General of Jamaica.

In this position he rendered important services to his country. The British were meeting with reverses in America, and the French made use of the opportunity to try to seize the British West Indian islands. Tobago, St. Eustache, St. Kitts, and Montserrat fell; but Campbell raised bodies of black troops to assist the British garrison at Jamaica, and by his unwearied vigilance held the French at bay so that they dared not attack the island.

Not only did Colonel Campbell successfully defend Jamaica, but he was able to send men and supplies to the assistance of the British in America. When Admiral Rodney came with a fleet to the West Indies, Campbell gave some of his best soldiers to serve as marines on board the ships, and in this way contributed greatly to the admiral's victory over the Count de Grasse.

On his return to England he was invested a Knight of the Bath, and appointed governor and commander-in-chief of Madras. After some years in India, Sir Archibald was on his way to perform fresh services to his country, when he caught a chill from which he never recovered. He died in March 1791, and was buried in Westminster

Abbey, where a monument was erected to the man who had done his duty well.

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The son of a distinguished soldier, Alexander Campbell of Monzie joined the 42nd or Royal Highland regiment in 1769, and afterwards exchanged to the 62nd Foot. He first saw service in Ireland; then his regiment was sent to Canada for the relief of Quebec. For this service the 62nd arrived too late, but our hero took an active part in the campaign which drove the Americans from Canada.

In the following year the young officer accompanied General Burgoyne in his advance upon New York by the Hudson River. At Bemus Hill the small force of five thousand British came face to face with twenty thousand Americans strongly posted upon the heights. The attack began on the 19th of September, when the immensely outnumbered little body of British fought with a heroism which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. For four hours the brigade to which the 62nd belonged fought most valiantly, holding their own against repeated attacks of the enemy. The little band made charge after charge with the bayonet, but all their efforts seemed to make no impression, fresh bodies of men always coming up to take the place of those who had fallen.

At close of day nearly half of Campbell's brigade

had been killed or wounded, while of his own regiment hardly sixty men remained upon their feet. A few hundred yards of the hillside had been won, but no amount of bravery could avert disaster.

The American army increased daily, and, after a fortnight's resistance, the British were overborne and driven back by sheer weight of numbers. Burgoyne drew off towards Saratoga, his tired forces being followed and harassed by the enemy. Reinforcements were to have been sent under Sir Henry Clinton, but day after day passed and no help came. A messenger sent by Sir Henry was captured, and no news arriving, Burgoyne felt that the situation was hopeless. The men were exhausted and starving, ammunition ran out, and on the 17th of October the general was compelled to surrender. The brave resistance made by the British was so much admired by the enemy that they allowed the little remnant of an army to leave the city with all the honours of war.

Campbell was made prisoner with the rest, but was shortly afterwards exchanged. Being promoted major in the 1st Light Infantry Battalion, he made two campaigns in America, and afterwards joined the Argyll Highlanders in Nova Scotia. While on this duty he took part in one of the most heroic deeds of the war.

Penobscot in Massachusetts was at that time a lonely place with very few inhabitants, where a little

settlement of refugees remained true to the British. They were constantly threatened by the enemy, and General Maclean, Commander of the Forces in Nova Scotia, set out with Major Campbell and about six hundred men to build a fort which would protect them.

Before the fort was nearly completed, the small garrison was startled to observe several ships sailing into the bay. Glasses were seized, and the newcomers proved to be fully armed transports from Boston. Officers and men looked at each other, and the faces became graver and graver as ship after ship sailed in until there were nineteen in view, their decks black with men.

A formidable force to send against a little body of six hundred men in a half-built fort !

" I'll kill a few Yankees before I'm made prisoner again," muttered Major Campbell, staring gloomily at the foe.

" Men," said the general, " we'll fight them. Highlanders are not going to let themselves be taken ! "

" That we're not, sir," replied the men, fired with the brave spirit of their leader. Preparations were hastily made, while the ships landed troops to the number of three thousand, with guns and ammunition ; and the enemy were received with rounds of firing.

It seemed impossible to believe that the place

could be held by a handful of men with no proper defences, and the Americans were inclined to make fun of the attempt. Before many hours were over, they thought, they would be returning to Boston with a nice haul of six hundred prisoners.

The fun changed to earnest, however, when they found it impossible to break into the fort. Time after time they charged, thinking to batter down the crazy walls, but were driven back by the desperate bravery of the Highlanders.

For a fortnight the little garrison continued to make the most stubborn resistance, holding the three thousand men at bay. At the end of that time the situation was becoming serious. Ammunition was growing scarce, and the American vessels held supplies to last for months. "Let us hold out until the last round is gone," said the general; "help may come." And sure enough, on the fourteenth day of the siege, when things were beginning to look hopeless, a British fleet sailed into the bay.

Loud cheers went up from the little garrison, and a sea-fight began which ended in the defeat of the Americans. Spreading their torn sails they made for Boston, considerably reduced in number.

For his gallant conduct in the defence Major Campbell was mentioned in dispatches. The fort having been rebuilt, he was left in command of the garrison until the close of the war, when he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of his old regiment.

Several years were spent in different parts of Scotland and Ireland, and when war broke out with France Colonel Campbell was with the 3rd Guards in the Netherlands. He was constantly in action, and took part in the siege of Lincelles, when the Guards distinguished themselves by storming a strongly-fortified position held by an overwhelmingly superior force of the enemy. The "honour" which the Guards received for this action has been carried on their colours ever since.

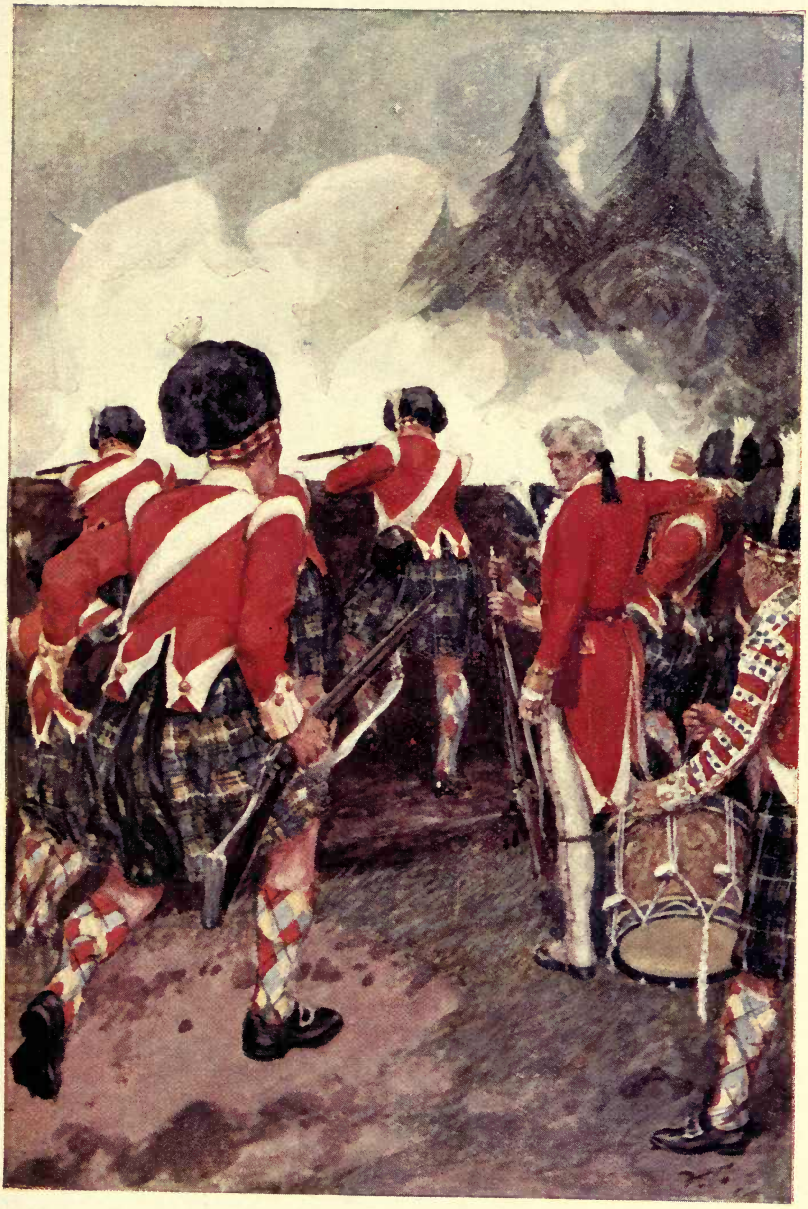
During the Irish rebellion Colonel Campbell commanded the forces in Louth, and drove back a landing of the French under General Humbert. For his services he was raised to the rank of a general, and he passed the later years of his life in honourable retirement.

TWO BOLD ADMIRALS.

Rear-Admiral Donald Campbell came of a race of fighters. One brother was in the navy, and two lost their lives serving their country in the army.

As a middy under Captain Western of the *Scorpion*, Donald met with exciting adventures in the West Indies. Much fighting was going on between the British and French fleets, and the boy found many opportunities of distinguishing himself in the capture, one after the other, of the French privateer *La Victoire* and some smaller vessels. On being transferred to the flagship of Rear-Admiral Parker he was less fortunate, the attack upon Leogane, in the island of Santo Domingo, being repulsed, although after splendid fighting on the part of the British.

In the *Russell*, under Captain Trollope, he took part in the battle of Camperdown, and came in for some of the hottest fighting in the whole war. The broadsides poured upon their enemies by the Dutch were tremendous, and the *Russell* was badly damaged. The brilliant victory, however, more than made up



to the winning party for their hurts and the dangers undergone, and the middies in their quarters afterwards were fully as keen as the commanders in discussing the events of the fight and the probable amount of the prize money.

Another stirring experience came to Donald when he was serving on the Irish station on board the *Galatea*, the flagship of Admiral Byng.

The Spanish letter-of-marque *El Pensee* was known to be cruising in these waters with no good intention toward the British ; and the instructions were to keep watch upon her movements and capture her if possible.

One dark and stormy night in winter, a row of lights right ahead showed the whereabouts of the Spanish vessel. The night was pitch black, with great guns blowing. Any attempt to capture the Spaniard would be full of danger and likely to fail ; yet the opportunity might never occur again.

The admiral mustered officers and crew and asked who would volunteer.

Donald Campbell stood forward at once. "I thought so," muttered the admiral to himself after a glance at the youth's spirited countenance. "Who will accompany Lieutenant Campbell ? " he asked aloud.

Six men offered themselves, encouraged by the plucky example of the officer.

"Good," said the admiral ; "push off quietly, my

lads, and take her by surprise." A few other instructions were added, and the adventurers stepped silently into a boat which was held ready by their comrades. The work was one of no little difficulty and danger, the wind blowing a gale and the pitching and rolling of the vessel making it hard to steady the boat. A false step, and any one falling into the raging waters would be swept beyond hope of rescue.

The boat was swung from the booms and lowered slowly and carefully over the side. In a short time its occupants were among the dark foam-crested waves. No lights were allowed, and they had to make their way to the dark hull which they saw dimly looming ahead when their craft was tossed for a moment to the crest of some billow.

The men rowed with all their might, blinded, buffeted, storm-tossed ; and a fine spirit of daring filled each one among them. Not a word could be exchanged, for the wind tore every sound out of their mouths and bore it shrieking over the watery waste.

Slowly, toiling at the oars and straining every muscle, the little crew brought their craft nearer and nearer. At last they were close under the hull, trying to steady the boat and prevent her from being washed against the side of the larger vessel.

Lieutenant Campbell rose to his feet. "Now," he said, taking a leap from the swaying boat.

The men divined rather than heard the signal. The lieutenant caught a chain dangling from the vessel's side, found foothold somehow, and vanished in the darkness. One after the other the men followed and appeared on the deck of the privateer, to the great astonishment of the Spaniards, twenty in number. After making some show of fight they surrendered, the darkness and the gale causing them to think that the party was more numerous than it really was.

When the success of the endeavour became known on board the *Galatea*, Admiral Byng uttered a few words of approval. His mode of rewarding the leader was to single him out for the honour of taking charge of the captured vessel.

"The most disagreeable job I ever had in my life," Donald used to say when relating the adventure; for the Spanish crew spent the time in quarrelling, each accusing his fellow of being the chief cause of the Britons' easy triumph. Fights were not infrequent, and Donald heaved a sigh of relief when his troublesome duty was ended.

Being appointed first lieutenant on the frigate *Carysfoot*—Captains George Mundy and Robert Fanshawe—our hero had another exciting adventure off the coast of Norway. A French letter-of-marque having been discovered hovering about, the crew of

the *Carysfoot* took to their boats one dark night, surrounded and captured her, and brought her home in triumph.

Not long afterwards Donald was sent to the West Indies in charge of a large convoy, and found the opportunity for another daring deed. While stationed in Tobago he was cruising about the islands, when he espied two French merchantmen lying close under the batteries of Barcelona on the Caraccas coast.

Donald thought it would be a fine blow to the French if he could capture the vessels. The danger of the undertaking made him particularly wish to do it; and he determined to make the attempt. In a little schooner, accompanied by the sloop *Curieux*, he sailed right under the batteries, boarded the ships and carried them off regardless of the shots fired by the Barcelona garrison, who were only just recovering from their surprise.

Acting commander of the *Lily*, he was cruising off the coast of South America when the *Leander* hove in sight with the rebel general Miranda on board. The *Lily* at once gave chase, and after an exciting pursuit came up with the *Leander*. The fight was short but sharp, and at its close Donald went on board the captured vessel and received the sword of the general.

While he was still in West Indian waters General Miranda succeeded in making his escape, and once

more sailed south to stir up a revolt. The *Lily* was sent in chase. Miranda was taken prisoner, and Donald received the thanks of the governor, council, and merchants of Trinidad.

His next appointment was to the command of the *Pert*. Off the coast of Margarita the vessel was caught in a hurricane. Her masts went by the board ; she drifted, and in spite of every effort made by officers and crew, struck upon a rock. The breakers dashing over her soon made the *Pert* a complete wreck ; twelve of the crew were swept from the rigging and drowned, and the rest saved themselves with difficulty.

For this misadventure Captain Donald was court-martialled, but was honourably acquitted of all blame. Appointed to the command of the *Rosalind*, he defended the trade of Trinidad and conveyed the mail and specie from Jamaica to England.

Service in defending the fisheries of Labrador and the shores of Newfoundland was his next duty, when he watched the French like a true British bull-dog. When peace was made Donald Campbell became a rear-admiral, and served in home waters; but he never ceased to regret the days of hard work and peril when he met with such grand adventures fighting the enemies of his country.

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Another brave family was that of Colonel John Campbell of Melfort in Perthshire. Five sons

distinguished themselves as soldiers, and Patrick rendered important services to his country in the navy. Born in 1773, he became a lieutenant at the age of twenty-one, and five years later, being in command of the *Dart* sloop of war, twenty guns and a hundred and thirty men, he assisted at the capture of four armed vessels.

In July of the following year, a squadron of French frigates being sighted in Dunkirk roads, Captain Inman of the *Andromache* was sent with Patrick Campbell of the *Dart*, two gun-brigs, and four fire-ships, to capture or destroy the vessels.

Taking advantage of a dark night, Patrick ran the gauntlet of the whole squadron. As the *Dart* passed she was hailed in French, the speaker desiring to know what part she came from.

"De Bordeaux," replied Patrick promptly.

"What is that convoy right astern?" was the next question.

"*Je ne sais pas*," answered Patrick; and he sailed right into the enemy's fleet without a shot being fired. When the *Dart* reached the innermost vessel but one, the French crew, taking the alarm, opened fire, to which she responded with a double-shotted broadside of her 32-pounder carronades. She then passed on and boarded the innermost vessel, the *Désirée* frigate of thirty-eight guns and three hundred men, running her bowsprit between the foremast and forestay of the vessel. The first

lieutenant, James M'Dermeit, then rushed on to the forecastle of the *Désirée*, followed by a division of seamen and marines, and in a few minutes the vessel was carried, but not before the lieutenant was severely wounded in the arm.

"We have her," he shouted across to the *Dart;* "but come if you can; these beggars look like showing fight."

Patrick replied by swinging his vessel alongside the *Désirée*, and the second lieutenant sprang on board with another division of men.

A desperate resistance was made by the French, who rallied at the after hatchway; but they were completely repulsed, and getting the frigate under sail, the second lieutenant carried her out of action.

The fire-ships were then sent among the other frigates, which escaped by running themselves ashore, while the smaller British craft cannonaded the French gunboats. The entire fleet was thus thrown out of action at a cost to the British of only six killed and wounded, while the loss to the enemy was more than a hundred on the *Désirée* alone.

This exploit, which Lord St. Vincent declared to have been one of the finest instances of gallantry on record, won for Patrick Campbell his post rank and appointment to the *Ariadne* frigate.

Before the campaign of Trafalgar he was in command of the *Doris*, one of a squadron watching the French coast under Sir Thomas Graves. The

French fleet was at Rochelle, and their admiral had just received sailing orders when Graves found it necessary to put into Quiberon Bay to water, leaving Patrick Campbell to keep watch with the *Doris*.

Running into Rochelle Bay, Patrick found the French busy with preparations for setting sail. Crowding on canvas, he had hardly left the bay when he encountered the *Felix*, one of Graves' squadron, who informed him of the admiral's whereabouts. Campbell immediately sped northward, leaving the *Felix* on guard.

Two days later the French squadron put out of port—one three-decker, two seventy-fours, and five cruisers. The watchful *Felix* shadowed them all day, then left them under cover of night and ran for Quiberon.

In the distance the *Doris* had also sighted the French fleet, and crowding on sail, to the serious damage of her rigging, reached Quiberon only to find that the English had sailed.

Hearing that the fleet was in the direction of Belle Ile, Patrick Campbell tried to bear out of the bay, but ran his vessel upon a sunken rock. All night the men worked at the pumps, and in the morning the *Doris* was afloat once more.

Up came her plucky consort, reporting the enemy's position.

Patrick grew desperate. A south-westerly gale was rising, and Graves was certain to take refuge in

Quiberon Bay, where he would be bottled up while the enemy sailed past unmolested.

Crowding on sail, Patrick tried to bring his vessel out of harbour, but she was too badly damaged. Fresh leaks sprang; the gale twisted her about like a plaything; and Campbell, chafing with impatience, was obliged to anchor. Two days later the *Doris* foundered, and had to be abandoned, her officers and crew being taken off and received on board the *Tonnant.*

But Patrick's misadventures were not yet at an end. Some days later he was on his way with Captain Jervis to visit the admiral in his flag-ship, when the boat upset and his friend was drowned, Campbell risking his own life in the endeavour to save him.

His next service was in the Mediterranean, when Patrick Campbell, in command of the *Unité*, captured several privateers, and landing his crew, stormed and destroyed the batteries of Languille.

In 1815, the year in which he was made a C.B., he commanded a company of seamen on shore at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope.

For his services Patrick Campbell was made a K.C.B. and vice-admiral. He was a man of extraordinary bravery as well as kindness and humanity, and his old friend and chief, Lord St. Vincent, used to call him "the little man with the big heart."

FOES OF BONAPARTE.

A YOUNGER brother of Sir Patrick's was Colin, a boy of an extremely adventurous disposition. So eager was young Colin for a seafaring life that at the age of sixteen he ran away from Perth Academy, where he was at school, and made his way alone to London. The journey occupied several weeks, and his adventures on the way were innumerable. In spite of hardships he pushed on, and, arriving in London, made his way to the docks, where he managed to have himself entered as seaman on board a vessel bound for the West Indies.

The life was rougher than he had expected, and had it not been for the feeling of adventure he might have found himself, once or twice, wishing that he were at home again.

Kingston was reached at last, and our hero was eager to go ashore and see all the new scenes. Wandering in the fruit market one day, he came face to face with his brother Patrick, then a middy on H.M.S. *Blonde*.

It is hard to say which of the brothers was the more astonished.

"You, Colin!" cried Patrick at last; "how did you get here?"

"Came on board the *Sally*," replied the youngster, jerking his elbow in the direction of the harbour.

"The *Sally*," echoed his brother, with a glance towards the assemblage of shipping in the bay; "and who sent you on board of her?"

"No one," replied Colin, looking rather uncomfortable; "I ran away."

"Ran away!" shouted Patrick; "you young idiot, do you mean to say father and mother don't know where you are?"

Colin reddened guiltily, remembering that he had not sent news to his parents.

He was silent.

"Look here," said Patrick sternly, "just you come with me, and we'll see what can be done. No nonsense now!"

Colin was strongly inclined to resist, but he knew that Pat usually got his own way. So it was now, and the meeting ended in the youngster following his brother to the *Blonde*, where he was made to tell his story to Patrick's superior officers.

These gentlemen listened with some curiosity, smiled sternly, and entered the lad on the ship's books, making him work his passage home.

News having been sent to his parents, his reception on reaching Perthshire went off better than might have been expected. His experiences had

not daunted the young adventurer in the least, and he never ceased urging his parents to allow him to go to sea again. They let him have his way, and at the age of seventeen he became a midshipman on board the *Earl of Chesterfield*. Some adventurous voyages followed, and then Colin exchanged the navy for the army, his first commission being in his uncle's regiment, the Breadalbane Fencibles.

At the age of twenty-three he was serving in the West Indies as brigade major, and three years later he exchanged into the 78th Highlanders, and accompanied his regiment to India. There the 78th joined the army of General Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, and proceeded upon an expedition against the Maharajah Scindia and the Rajah of Nagpore, who were giving trouble.

Several forts, held by rebel chiefs, were reduced; and in August of the same year Lieutenant Campbell was in one of the companies ordered to storm the fortress of Ahmednuggur in the Deccan, one of the strongest fortresses in India. The place was besieged for two days; and on the second day, determined that the British should not be beaten, Colin put himself at the head of a party, and tried to carry it by escalade.

In the very thick of the assault he contrived to struggle to the top of the high wall of the inner fortress.

"There's a plucky young fellow," said Wellesley

to himself, watching the fight. "Good heavens, how they thrust at him! they're pushing him off—ah, he's down! He must be killed; there's a brave officer gone!"

But the next minute, to his relief, he saw the young fellow swarming up the ladder once more, comparatively little injured.

Wellesley watched with interest as Lieutenant Campbell succeeded in getting within the fort, followed by a rush of men. Once inside he managed to form up his company in perfect order, and held the enemy in check until the others forced their way to his assistance. Entering the town, Wellesley recognized the young officer by the blood-stained handkerchief which bound his head, and was greatly struck by his plucky conduct throughout the fight.

When all was over, the general inquired the name of the brave officer, whom until then he had not even known by sight; and on the following morning, very early, Lieutenant Campbell was greatly surprised at being sent for by Wellesley.

"The general wishes to see me," he repeated, raising himself on one elbow and staring at the messenger; "what can that be for?"

He began to wonder which of his misdeeds had come to the chief's ears, and was more than surprised, on entering the general's tent, at being commended for his bravery, and appointed brigade major on Wellesley's own staff. This was the beginning of

a friendship which lasted throughout the life of Colin Campbell, who was often reminded by the duke that the first time he had ever seen him was "in the air."

In September 1803 he was with his chief at the battle of Assaye, where he behaved with great gallantry. Two horses were killed under him, and he was carried from the field severely wounded. In the same battle he lost one of his brave soldier-brothers, Lorne. "He was twice wounded in the leg," wrote Colin, "but persisted in going on. He at last, I believe, poor fellow, fainted, and was left behind when the troops were returning, being picked up by the cavalry." General Wellesley mentioned the gallant conduct of both brothers in dispatches.

Colin Campbell followed Wellesley throughout the Deccan campaign, distinguishing himself in the battle of Argaum and the storming of Guzzalgum. On the departure of his old chief, now Sir Arthur Wellesley, for England, he was appointed aide-de-camp to his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley.

Three years later he was serving under Sir Arthur in Denmark, and behaved with conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Kioge, being thanked by his chief in General Orders after the action. The expedition to Portugal followed; and Colin Campbell was chosen by Sir Arthur to carry home dispatches announcing the victory of Roliça on the 17th of August. Camp-

bell embarked, but the vessel was wind-bound, and on the 24th, hearing a cannonade in the distance, he became convinced that the enemy was attacking our position at Vimiera. "I'm not going to stay here doing nothing," he cried ; and left the ship at once, made his way to the field of battle, and joined in the fight. The British carried the day, and when he returned to his ship the young officer carried with him an account of both victories. For those services he was appointed major of the 70th Regiment.

Numerous actions followed in the Peninsula, where Major Campbell continued to distinguish himself. After nine general actions, followed by the siege and storming of Badajos, he received a cross and six clasps.

In 1814 Major Campbell was promoted to the rank of colonel, and in the following year was still serving under his old chief in the Netherlands. He followed the Duke of Wellington through Quatre Bras, and at Waterloo had a horse killed under him. After the Hundred Days he entered Paris with the allied army in triumph, and when peace was made he became a K.C.B. and Knight Commander of the Portuguese military order of the Tower and Sword. From his sovereign he received eleven medals, and among foreign orders bestowed upon him were those of Maria Theresa of Austria, Knight of St. George of Russia, and Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria.

In his later years Sir Colin served his country as governor of Nova Scotia, and afterwards of Ceylon. When he was in the latter island, his faithful friend the Duke of Wellington wrote: "We are both getting old; God knows if we shall ever meet again. Happen what may, I shall never forget our first meeting under the walls of Ahmednuggur."

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A nephew of the gallant Sir Archibald Campbell of Inverneil, James Campbell showed the true fighting spirit. At the age of seventeen he received his commission, and by the time he was twenty had served through the two last campaigns of the American War of Independence. At the conclusion of peace he was promoted to the rank of captain, and joined the 73rd in India, where he acted as aide-de-camp to his uncle, Sir Archibald.

Captain James went through three years of hard fighting in Lord Cornwallis's campaign against Tippoo Sahib, and at the end of the war received his majority. For several years he served in the Mediterranean, taking part in every action and winning a reputation as a brave and capable soldier, and his opportunity came when the British were holding Sicily against Napoleon's forces.

The army in Sicily was under the command of General Stuart, while the enemy were gathering in great force in Calabria. The coast was well watched by the English sentinels, and the enemy

dared not attempt a landing. For two months the armies remained facing each other across the narrow passage. The British began to dread the long nights which were approaching, and to wonder whether it would be possible to continue this untiring watchfulness all through the winter.

At last the time of trial came. During the night of the 17th of September 1810, General Cavaignac managed to convey two battalions of Corsicans and four of Neapolitans—between three and four thousand men in all—secretly across the Straits of Messina. The landing was instantly detected by the British patrols; by a quarter-past four in the morning the news had reached headquarters, and Major-General Campbell galloped down to assume command of his troops. The dawning light showed that Murat's soldiers were taking ship along the whole length of the straits from Pezzo to Scylla. Guided by the sound of firing, General Campbell galloped towards Mili, where he found two companies of German auxiliaries engaged in preventing the landing of the French, a battalion of the German Legion supporting them in the rear.

Daylight revealed forty large vessels farther to the south, and a body of infantry pushing on towards the cliffs.

"They're going to fall upon our main body," shouted Campbell. "Send up troops to occupy all the passes."

This was done. The firing soon attracted the notice of the peasants, who came to join the defenders. A galling fire was poured upon the enemy, whose advance was checked. A forward movement of the British drove them back towards the boats, seeing which Campbell sent a whole company upon them; and the French rushed to their boats and pushed off, followed by a heavy fire. Two hundred of their number who were left behind, being surrounded, threw down their arms and begged for mercy, while the eight hundred and fifty men who had reached the hill had no alternative but to surrender. The military flotilla pursued the boats and captured four of them, and the attack upon Sicily was completely frustrated. Forty-three officers and more than a thousand men were taken prisoners in this brilliant achievement, which was performed at the cost of three wounded on the side of the British.

For his services Major Campbell was made a lieutenant-general, and in 1814 he was ordered to take possession of the Ionian Islands. The French governor resisted the demand, and refused to hand over the government; but General Campbell threatened to open fire, and the Frenchman was forced to yield. For two years General Campbell remained in the islands as governor and commander-in-chief; then he returned to England, and was rewarded with a baronetcy.

Colin Campbell, son of John Campbell of the Citadel, entered the army at seventeen, and began active service in the American War of Independence. At the age of twenty-nine he was a major, and when in New York he married the daughter of Colonel Grey Johnstone, a sturdy Loyalist who lost most of his property by taking the king's side in the quarrel with the mother country.

When war broke out with France, Major Campbell's regiment was dispatched to the West Indies, where he saw some years of hard fighting, and distinguished himself under Sir Charles Grey.

His true opportunity came when he was sent to Ireland with his regiment. In 1798 nearly the whole country broke out into rebellion. Napoleon Bonaparte, who was not in the least interested in the Irish for themselves, stirred up discontent, with the idea of using the country as a base for an invasion of England. French fleets hovered around, and the malcontents were encouraged to believe that the time had come to rise for the independence of their country. Lord Camden wrote to the English Government, "A landing, even of a small body of French, will set the country in a blaze, and I think neither our force nor our staff equal to the very difficult circumstances they will have to encounter."

The fighting for some months was very fierce, and lawless deeds were committed on both sides.

Towns and villages were set on fire, and prisoners were massacred by the insurgents.

In this crisis Colin Campbell proved himself a born leader, and was successful in putting down every attempt at rebellion in his part of the country.

Lord Cornwallis was sent over as commander-in-chief, and gradually the regular troops gained the mastery. At Vinegar Hill the rebel forces were crushed after a desperate struggle, in which the enemy lost five or six hundred men against less than one hundred on the part of the Loyalists.

In this battle Colin Campbell rendered signal service. A small body of French, who landed a few weeks later, were insufficiently supported by the rebels, and Colin served under Lord Cornwallis when the little band was surrounded at Ballinamuck, and compelled to surrender after a short but determined struggle. The crushing out of the rebellion probably saved Ireland for the United Kingdom.

Having been promoted to the rank of major-general, Campbell was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar. In this position he rendered his country important services during the most critical time of the war. The town was occupied by about twelve thousand souls—Spaniards, French, Moors, and others who could not be trusted—and merchandise was stored there to the value of about two millions sterling. A bombardment would soon have destroyed the place, and opposite was the island of Ceuta, garri-

soned by disloyal troops and galley-slaves. The works were neglected, and the island was at the mercy of any body of French troops that could cross the straits.

Campbell saw the danger, and also that if the enemy could gain possession of the place, they could use it as a base for obtaining supplies from Barbary.

He wrote urgent letters home, and after some delay an English garrison was posted in Ceuta, and reinforcements were sent for the defence of Gibraltar. Campbell drove French foragers from Tarifa and garrisoned that town, which Marshal Soult might have used as a port for bringing supplies from Morocco.

These important measures were not carried through without difficulty. Frequently the governor came into collision with the Duke of Wellington, who sent to requisition the garrison which Campbell thought it necessary to maintain in Gibraltar. It was not until much later that the duke found that Campbell had been wise as well as brave, and then he did him full justice.

Marshal Soult wrote that the taking of Tarifa would be "more hurtful to the English and to the defenders of Cadiz than the taking of Alicante, or even Badajos, where I cannot go without first securing my left and taking Tarifa."

Seven hundred Spanish and nearly two thousand British were in the fortress when the siege took place.

A spirited defence was made, and such volleys of fire were poured down upon the attacking party that they were obliged to retreat. The French dead strewed the slopes in front of the rampart, and a heavy storm completed the work the British bullets had begun. Tarifa was saved at the cost of about one hundred and fifty of the besieged, while the loss to the enemy approached a thousand men.

Campbell's representations were not always received with the attention they deserved. General Lacy had been sent with a body of troops to help the Serranos, or armed peasants, of the Ronda, who had risen under two British officers from Gibraltar. Campbell happened to be aware of the weak position of the French garrison in Malaga, where they were cooped up in the citadel—an ancient Moorish castle, dependent for its water-supply upon the town. The French were only two thousand strong, with twelve guns; whereas in Malaga there were twenty thousand men, ready to rise in support of the British, and capable of bearing arms. General Campbell offered to reinforce Lacy from the Gibraltar garrison if he would attack Malaga; but Lacy asked instead for eight hundred men to carry out some movements of his own. The men were sent, but the general's tactics proved unsuccessful: he was cut off from Gibraltar, and the opportunity was lost.

General Campbell died before his countrymen could see the results of his wise foresight and devo-

tion to duty. His loyal support had prepared the way for his country's triumph, and he deserves the gratitude which has been rendered to his memory.

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The eldest son of the Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar, Guy Campbell, entered the army at an early age. His first experiences of warfare were gained in Ireland, where he served under his father, following him through all his engagements during the rebellion.

After a year's service in Canada, Guy was promoted to be captain of the 6th Regiment and dispatched to the Peninsula. The 6th was present, under Wellesley, at the battles of Roliça and Vimiera, and then formed part of Sir John Moore's expedition into Spain.

This was the darkest time for the British forces in Spain. More than three hundred thousand of Bonaparte's troops were in the Peninsula, and the Portuguese did not rise, as was expected, to support the armies sent by England to their help. Difficulties of every kind beset Moore: there was no money to pay the troops, and the Portuguese in the army were discontented and insubordinate. Marching and countermarching on bad roads exhausted the men, and repeated disappointment disheartened them.

Sir John had decided to retreat to Portugal when a message came begging him to advance to the defence

of Madrid. Moore responded by a wonderful march, and had arrived within two hours of the enemy when a letter was brought showing that Madrid had already fallen, that Bonaparte himself was in the city, and that the French had cut off the line of retreat into Portugal.

The British were in a terrible position. If they were unable to retire upon Vigo or Corunna they were lost.

The skill and patience of the officers were taxed to the utmost in the endeavour to convey the men through two hundred and fifty miles of difficult country in mid-winter while harassed by the enemy, who were in hot pursuit. Snow-covered mountains were crossed; bridges broken down after the troops had passed; and seven engagements were fought with the advance guard of Marshal Soult's army. More than once the guides lost their way in storms of wind and blinding sleet. Men and animals fell down on the way, exhausted with cold and hunger, and perished in the snow.

At length the exhausted and dispirited army reached Corunna, only to discover that the English fleet had not arrived, having been detained at Vigo by stress of weather.

Five days passed, and the French were collecting in force when the transports hove in sight. The work of embarkation was beginning when Marshal Soult ordered an attack. All day the British held

the enemy at bay, but the defence cost the life of Sir John Moore.

The French had been driven back, and with heroic bravery the remaining officers conveyed the troops and baggage on board the transports during the night. They sailed next morning, and an army was saved for England.

In all these operations Captain Campbell had borne his part with the best, and he was rewarded with further opportunities of serving his country. Having been promoted major, he once more accompanied his regiment to the Pyrenees, where the 6th formed part of Barnes' Brigade. Campbell was present at the hard-fought battle of Vittoria in the Pyrenees, where his regiment was in the hottest of the fight. During a fierce cannonade the colonel fell, severely wounded, and Campbell had to assume command of the 6th. Stubborn fighting continued all day, but gradually the British gained the mastery. The French fought with desperate valour, but fresh troops flung themselves upon their ranks ; the defeat became a rout, and when darkness fell King Joseph's army was in full flight, leaving stores, guns, and treasure to fall into the hands of the British.

The next opportunity of the 6th under Campbell was when Barnes' Brigade took a distinguished part in the battle of Sorauren, or the Pyrenees, which was fought among the rocks and precipices of the mountains.

On the 2nd of August the French under Marshal Clausel, and the British troops under Wellington, were again facing each other at Echallar. The enemy, six thousand in number, occupied a strong position on the heights, when Barnes' Brigade, arriving in advance of the rest, immediately attacked Marshal Clausel's division. A tremendous fire was poured from the heights, but the fifteen hundred men climbed the steep and rocky slope in the face of the rain of bullets, and drove the enemy, still fighting desperately, to a ridge on the other side of the pass. Evening was coming on, but the sounds of the retreat under Clausel and the firing of the victorious pursuers roused the weary troops under Colonel Barnard to a magnificent attack upon another position. They were successful; and the day ended in a complete victory for the allies.

In this battle Guy Campbell was severely wounded, but his gallant conduct caused him to be singled out for promotion. Three weeks after the battle of Echallar he became a lieutenant-colonel, and at the close of the war received a gold medal for the battle of the Pyrenees, and was made a C.B. He served at the battle of Waterloo, and in 1815 was created a baronet as a reward for the important services rendered by himself and his father, who had died a year previously.

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A brave soldier and a wise administrator was Neil

Campbell. As a mere lad he held the position of commanding officer in the Caicos or Turks Islands, and was publicly thanked by the inhabitants for his services.

On returning to England he joined the newly formed Rifle Corps. A strong and active man, he was particularly fleet of foot; so also was his great friend Sir John Moore, and it is related that in a race run by the two at Shorncliffe the victory fell to Campbell.

After some years of service in England and Jamaica, Neil was sent to the West Indies, where the English and French were fighting for the mastery of the islands. He distinguished himself at Martinique, the Saintes Islands, and Guadeloupe. His gallant conduct was favourably noticed, and on his return home he was sent to Portugal with strong recommendations to Marshal Beresford, who was in command of the British forces in that country. As colonel of a regiment of Portuguese he rendered splendid service at the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, and distinguished himself at the battle of Salamanca, but was wounded, and obliged to return home before the end of the war.

His next service was under Lord Cathcart, British Minister to Russia, and Military Commissioner with the Russian army in Poland. Campbell was not content to be merely a civilian, but served as a soldier under the Russian general Wittgenstein, and took

every opportunity of fighting the French. In the battle of Fère-Champenoise, fought on March 24, 1814, he headed a charge of Russian cavalry. The encounter was a fierce one, and in the thick of the fight one of the Cossacks on his own side mistook the Scottish officer for a French one, and attacked and wounded him severely. A few days later the allies entered Paris, and Campbell was raised to the rank of colonel, while the Tsar acknowledged his services by making him a knight of three Russian orders. In the same year he was made a C.B., and knighted by the king.

The next step in Campbell's adventurous career was to be sent to accompany the Emperor Napoleon to Elba. The emperor always loved a good fighter, and he took a fancy to the brave Scotsman who had fought so long and determinedly against him. At Napoleon's request Campbell promised to remain with him; but taking advantage of the temporary absence of his Scottish guardian, the prisoner contrived to make good his escape.

The Hundred Days followed, and Campbell was once more in the field as the enemy of Napoleon, serving as major in his old regiment. He took part in the battle of Waterloo, and afterwards headed the column which carried the Valenciennes gate at the storming of Cambrai.

Peace followed, and the fate of the African traveller Mungo Park roused Neil Campbell's keen

interest. He made a journey through the wilds in the hope of discovering some trace of the traveller, but met with no success.

Although growing an elderly man, Sir Neil loved an active career as much as ever. He applied for a staff appointment, and the first to fall vacant was the governorship of Sierra Leone. His family begged him not to risk his life in that deadly climate; but in the month of May 1826 he arrived on the scene of his new labours. He had overestimated his strength, and fell a victim to fever in August 1827, being only a little over fifty years of age.

MAKERS OF EMPIRE.

THE son of a soldier, Archibald Campbell belonged to the family of the Campbells of Glenlyon in Perthshire. When almost a boy he managed to raise twenty stout Highlanders for the army, and was rewarded with a commission. A few weeks later he sailed for India, where he made three campaigns under Sir Robert Abercromby.

On the outbreak of the Second Mysore War, Archibald Campbell was made brigade major of the Bombay Division, and took part in the battle of Sudaseer. At the second siege of Seringapatam the young officer's gallant conduct attracted the attention of Wellesley, who remembered him at two important periods of his career.

Rapid promotion followed, and the young soldier was anxious to follow up his successes in India, but his health had broken down. He was obliged to return to England, but through Wellesley's influence he was given a command at home, and spent several years in the United Kingdom.

On the breaking out of Napoleon's wars in the Peninsula, Campbell, who was then with the 71st

Highland Light Infantry, was sent to Portugal, in charge of the 1st Battalion of his regiment. He was present at the battles of Roliça and Vimiera, and accompanied Sir John Moore during the advance into Portugal and the retreat upon Corunna.

Wellesley once more proving his friend, Campbell returned to Portugal as one of the officers selected to assist Marshal Beresford. Showing himself clever and capable, he was appointed to the command of the 6th Regiment, and bore a distinguished part in the battle of Busaco. Further promotion was his reward, and as brigadier-general in command of the 6th and 18th Portuguese regiments he rendered conspicuous services at Arrago des Molinos and also at Albuera.

The Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword was conferred upon Colonel Campbell, and his brigade was sent to the Pyrenees as a division under the command of General Hill. At the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Nivelle, and the Nive he distinguished himself by his bravery and skill. His services were mentioned in dispatches, and at the declaration of peace he was rewarded with a knighthood, a colonelcy, and a gold cross with one clasp. He was appointed aide-de-camp to the prince regent, and became a K.C.B.

The Burmese campaign of 1824–1826 brought this gallant soldier still higher opportunities of distinction. The Burmese had been making un-

provoked attacks upon the frontier of Bengal. Complaints were sent to the king, who replied only by a contemptuous silence. The British Government changed its tone, and sent first warnings and then threats; but still no notice was taken, and it became necessary to teach the insolent ruler a lesson.

War was declared, and Sir Archibald, being in command of the 38th at Berhampore in India, was sent with about 11,500 men, including four British regiments, to Rangoon.

As the fleet sailed up the river, beacons were lighted on the shores to warn the inhabitants, and bonfires flaming on all the heights carried the news into the interior of the country. The ships had to sail close by the wooded banks, and a sharp look-out was kept, the invaders fearing an ambush. Nothing was done, however, by the natives, save to fire a few harmless shots from one or two huts on the shore. By midday the fleet arrived at Rangoon, and anchored close to the King's Wharf; but still no resistance was made. In spite of the threats which had been exchanged, the Burmese seemed to have thought no foreigners would dare to invade their country, and when the war-vessels really did appear they were stupefied with surprise and terror.

On the shore the British saw some natives standing by the guns of a battery, hesitating and apparently afraid to fire. The orders and threats of some

men who stood beside them, and who appeared to be leaders, at last induced them to venture; but the broadside poured in return from the British vessels silenced every gun in the town.

The natives fled, and when the invaders landed they found Rangoon completely deserted. The houses of the British and American residents were empty, and a terrible fear seized the white men lest they might have been massacred.

Sir Archibald ordered search parties to explore the country in every direction; and all night bodies of soldiers and bluejackets patrolled the forests. At dawn a shout went up from one of the parties—the unfortunate white men had been found chained hand and foot in a half-ruined hut. They had been taken prisoners, ill-treated, and sentenced to death for refusing to give information regarding the movements of the British. When the town was bombarded their guards had dragged them for several miles into the forest, and then left them.

The captives were brought back to the town, where Sir Archibald found himself in a great difficulty.

It had been hoped that the presence of a fleet would terrify the king into yielding. No means had been given to the army for an advance into the interior; and now the leader found himself enclosed with all his forces in a deserted town, while the people of the country had as little idea as ever of giving in.

All around the city the country was laid waste. No provisions were to be found, the houses and gardens of the poor people having been destroyed, while their cattle were driven into the interior.

Still more alarming was the discovery that the enemy were gathering in hosts in the jungle which surrounded the British encampment. The king, a mysterious, dreaded potentate, who lived in Ava, and was seldom seen by his subjects, had issued a proclamation; and men were advancing upon Rangoon from every part of the country. The Irrawaddy was covered with boats, and troops of warriors were making their way silently and secretly through the forests. A cordon was being formed around the British, who could neither see their enemies nor form any idea of their number.

Towards the end of the month, the Burmans having become bold enough to make stockades within a rifle shot of the British position, Sir Archibald moved out with a small body of troops and two field-guns to reconnoitre. The soldiers marched cheerfully through stockades abandoned by the enemy, and through rice-fields flooded with torrents of rain. Smoke was seen at last rising behind the villages of Yanghoo and Joazoang. The alarm was given by the inhabitants, and bodies of men were seen moving rapidly about. Generals on horseback galloped to and fro, forming their troops into position for defending the narrow gorge through which

the British were passing. A heavy fire was poured from the heights, and the muskets of the British being soaked with rain they rushed impetuously forward; both sides closed, and there was a short but fierce struggle. The natives fought with fury, rushing upon the bayonets with their heads down, but were driven back, leaving four hundred dead on the field.

Finding that the main body of the enemy were busy fortifying themselves in the village of Kemmandine, a few miles from Rangoon, Sir Archibald ordered preparations to be made for attacking. The troops were nearly ready to start when a war-boat was announced, bearing two chiefs who had come to confer with the British general. The ambassadors were shown into Sir Archibald's tent, and began inquiring why the white men were making war upon their country. They tried to persuade the general that all they wanted was peace; but as they were unable to promise that their king would listen to the grievances of our Indian allies, Sir Archibald saw that they were only trying to gain time.

He refused to grant a delay even of a few days; and the envoys took their departure with many compliments, but with contemptuous smiles upon their faces. The boatmen were as defiant as their masters, singing in chorus as they rowed back to their war-boat: "Oh, what a happy king have we!"

Before daybreak on the following morning the British troops were on their way, and a stockade which opened fire was breached and carried. Two hundred of the enemy were slain in the defence, and among them was found the dead body of one of the chiefs who had come to Sir Archibald's tent.

The march began again, and soon, rounding the corner of a hill, the British came in view of the great Kemmandine stockade, an immensely strong fortification on a steep slope. Attacks in the rear harassed the troops, and some harm was done by native sharpshooters perched unseen in the forest.

It was too late to do anything that night, and the men rested where they were. The rain came down in torrents, and they had no shelter. All night they remained in the open, listening to the noises with which the men in the fort were trying to terrify them. On the following morning a few shells fired into the stockade so alarmed the defenders that they fled, and the troops took possession.

In a short time the Burmans recovered from their panic. A great chief, Sykia Wongee, was sent from Ava by the king with orders to "drive the audacious and rebel strangers into the sea." Once more the British felt that the jungle all around was full of an unseen multitude who observed all their movements. Smoke began to arise from the Burman encampment, and the sound of noisy preparations showed that an attack was shortly to be expected.

Sir Archibald fortified the Great Shoe Dagon Pagoda outside the town, and when the enemy issued from the jungle they were received by a sharp firing which caused them to retreat.

Sykia Wongee was recalled in disgrace, and a still higher chief, Soomba Wongee, was sent by the king to expel the "wild foreigners."

The new commander established his army in the most inaccessible parts of the forest, and began such a system of guerilla warfare that the British commander found it necessary to bring him to an open battle. The English vessels, which had sailed up the Irrawaddy, lost no time in pushing across the river; the troops attacked by land, and there was a sharp fight.

So confident had the Burmans been of victory that the chief Soomba Wongee, who was sitting down to dinner in the fortress when the advance of the British was announced, calmly sent orders to the garrison to "drive the audacious strangers away." The sound of firing, however, soon convinced him of the seriousness of the situation: he rushed out, and placing himself at the head of his troops, fought with the courage of despair, until a backward rush of the defenders showed him that the day was hopelessly lost. The rout of the Burman army in Kemmandine was complete, Soomba Wongee being among the killed. The rainy season put an end for the time being to further opera-

tions on the part of the British, who retired to Rangoon.

The King of Burmah, who had believed that the British would be easily repelled, had now seen the defeat of one noted chief after another. He began to think the invaders would take some beating. After the defeat of Soomba Wongee he recalled the ablest of his generals, Maha Bandoola, who was waiting on the frontier with an army to invade India. This chief undertook not only to drive the British from his country, but after their defeat to lead his army to the capital of British India and take possession of Bengal.

The courage of the Burmans was restored when this renowned general arrived. Maha Bandoola set out from Ava with the largest and best-armed force the Burman court had ever sent into the field. Seven hundred Cassay horse and a train of artillery accompanied the expedition, with a body of spearmen, splendid fighters, armed with long spears and short swords, which gave them the advantage even over firearms and bayonets. To make victory more certain, the king sent with the troops a body of "invulnerables" skilled in devil dances and in the use of spells and charms. These oddities tried to strike terror into the foe by performing the most extraordinary antics accompanied by discordant music and singing, but only succeeded in convulsing the army with laughter.

The first warning which the British force received of the approach of the Burmans was the blaze of fire-rafts which were drifting down the river. On the 30th of November the besieging force was in the forest before the Shoe Dagon Pagoda, where the British had established their strongest point of defence. Clouds of smoke rising through the trees soon showed that the enemy had halted for a bivouac. During the night the entire army advanced through the trees, the defenders being aware of the slow and almost silent movement of an immense body of men to the very edge of the jungle, where they halted in readiness for an attack next morning.

At dawn a tremendous firing in the direction of Kemmandine and the shouts of seamen showed that the combat had begun. Pouring out from the trees the Burman columns approached from all sides until the pagoda was surrounded, except on the small portion immediately overlooking the river. The enemy then proceeded to establish themselves in earthworks, into which they vanished as though by magic, leaving no sign of human presence except the occasional movement from point to point of some general under his great gilt umbrella.

The British troops were sent forward. The hot fire which burst from the trenches was useless to check their advance; they forced a passage, drove the enemy from their cover; and the Burmans retired with loss. The fighting continued all day, and at

night the weary defenders had scarcely gone to rest when a blaze in the distance showed them that the enemy were sending several enormous fire-rafts floating down the river. The alarm was given to Sir Archibald, who came out of his tent and looked at the flames, which lighted up the sky and the surrounding country.

Those standing near heard him utter an exclamation ; then the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon showed that the seamen in the men-of-war were quite prepared.

Almost at the same moment an attack was made by land; but the garrison was ready, and succeeded in repelling a desperate onslaught. As the foe retreated, the silence in the naval station showed that the fight there too had come to an end, and the darkness made it certain that the fire-rafts were destroyed. The bluejackets had behaved with the utmost intrepidity, grappling the flaming rafts from their boats and dragging them past the shipping, or casting them ashore on the beach; and the fleet of two hundred war-boats which followed was dispersed.

For several days the British were harassed. Any one who showed his head above the ramparts was saluted by a dozen muskets, and when there was nothing better to do, the besiegers amused themselves by trying to bring down the Union Jack which waved above one of the temples in the city.

Sir Archibald felt it was time for energetic measures, and on the 5th of December two attacking columns were sent out under Major Sale and Major Walker, supported by part of the naval flotilla and some boats under Captain Chads. The enemy made a spirited resistance, and Major Walker and a number of his men fell in the first attack. The men rallied, and the Burmans were driven from trench to trench at the point of the bayonet, and took refuge at last in flight.

On the 7th a determined effort was made. A tremendous cannonade was poured upon the besiegers, and the troops descended upon the Burmans at different points. The enemy appeared at first to be paralyzed by this strong attack; then they recovered, and tried to repel the British. But Sir Archibald ordered a fresh charge, and the Burmans were driven into the forest and dispersed. For some time they were pursued, but the victors were at last obliged to desist from sheer weariness. In the enemy's camp were found scaling ladders and everything in readiness for storming the pagoda, the Burmans having felt certain of winning.

In the evening the British set out to occupy the enemy's position, which was done almost without firing a shot. The spirit of the Burmans was broken, and during the whole of the following day troops of them were to be seen crossing the plain which led to Donabew.

His troops had been beaten in the field, but pride and the fear of the king's anger made Maha Bandoola try the most desperate means of driving out the invaders. He set his army to dig trenches all round Rangoon, and build stockades of huge trees from the forest, until the city was completely surrounded by fortifications. The chief then established communications with the natives who had taken refuge within the British lines. Messengers came and went by stealth, and in a short time the city was full of spies.

The general ordered redoubled precautions to be taken, but the enemy were too crafty.

At midnight on the 11th of December the cry of "Fire!" was raised. Maha's spies had fired the town in several places, and a high wind was driving the flames with great rapidity from house to house and from street to street.

Sir Archibald posted troops to repel the attack which was expected, and every available man was set to fight the flames. After two hours of hard work the fire was extinguished, but not before more than half the city lay in ruins.

Towards the close of the rainy season the British were joined by the 49th Regiment and two brigades of sepoys. Leaving Rangoon on the 11th of February 1825, the army marched along the banks of the Irrawaddy towards Prome, an advance party, under Brigadier-General Cotton, being sent up the

river in boats. On the 7th of March, a cannonade was heard by the land column coming from up-stream, showing that Cotton's brigades were engaged with the enemy.

The men pressed forward, and at two o'clock the firing ceased. Rumours that Donabew had fallen raised their spirits to the highest pitch of expectation.

What was their disappointment when a messenger arrived with tidings that the attack had failed, and that Brigadier-General Cotton and his troops were in danger from a large body of the enemy.

To help their comrades the men would have to cross the Irrawaddy, which was wide and rapid at this part, and there were only a few canoes and rafts available. Sir Archibald gave orders to make more rafts; and the men, who would do anything for their leader, laboured day and night. By the fifth day every man of the army and all the ammunition and supplies were on the other side of the river.

News having been brought that the chief Lee Wongee was encamped at a little distance, Sir Archibald hoped to fall upon him by surprise. A night march was made, but the alarm had been given. Beacons flaming on every hill announced the approach of the British, and the natives fled into the jungle.

On the 25th the army came in sight of Donabew, where the enemy were entrenched behind

strong fortifications a mile in length. The place was assaulted by land and water for six days, the enemy fighting bravely; but on the morning of the seventh day, when the British were preparing to renew the attack, they found to their astonishment that the fort was empty.

Two Lascars, who had been taken prisoners, came running to tell them that Maha Bandoola had been killed the day before, and his followers, stricken by panic, had all fled into the jungle.

Prome was reached on May 5th, and Sir Archibald made the town his headquarters for the rainy season. Ambassadors were sent by the king to treat for peace, but the terms could not be accepted.

On hearing of Sir Archibald's refusal, the court of Burmah made mighty preparations. An immense army was collected, and ordered to "surround and attack the rebel strangers on all sides." An enormous force descended upon the city, led by the highest chiefs and accompanied by women of rank, who rode among the troops and encouraged them to fight. A letter sent to the king announced that not one of the strangers would be allowed to escape; all would be killed, destroyed, and annihilated.

Three weeks of desperate fighting followed, by land and water; but at last the foe was dislodged, and fled to the woods in confusion.

Continuing their march towards Melloon the

British found the line of advance laid waste. Villages were in ruins, and the troops appeared to be traversing a desert whence all mankind had fled. They travelled a distance of a hundred and forty miles without meeting one single human being or being able to obtain a day's supplies from a country once abounding in cattle.

Melloon was reached at last, and the first object which attracted the eyes of the British was a gorgeous pagoda which had just been erected to Bandoola. As the British approached, the Burman troops ceased their work upon the defences, and stood in groups gazing at the redcoats. After some firing a truce was made, and once more envoys arrived from the King of Burmah. Campbell soon discovered, however, that the messengers were only endeavouring to gain time, and upon the expiry of the armistice the town was stormed. The natives made but a poor defence ; the storming party carried all before them, and one time a handful of gallant fellows were to be seen driving a dense multitude of ten to fifteen thousand men before them.

A fresh advance was made on the 25th of January 1826, but one evening the general was surprised to see in his tent an American missionary, Dr. Price, with his assistant, Mr. Sandford. These two gentlemen had been taken prisoner by the Burmans, and were sent on parole to try to induce the general to make terms of peace. The plight of the poor envoys was

pitiable in the extreme: their clothing was in rags, and they had not been allowed to cut their hair or beards for months. Sir Archibald did his best for their comfort, and sent them back on the following day with a letter for the king.

A last effort was made by the Burman king to drive the invaders from his country. Messages were sent to all the strong men of his dominion, and an army was formed entitled "The Retrievers of the King's Glory." The general put in command of those forces was a savage warrior entitled Nee Woon Breen, whose name has been rendered as the "Prince of Darkness" or "The Lord of the Setting Sun." This redoubtable body set out with much warlike display, but was completely routed at the first encounter, and "The Lord of the Setting Sun" returned to Ava with tidings of his defeat.

By this time the British achievements had so terrified the king that he made an unconditional surrender. Dr. Price and Mr. Sandford were set at liberty, and entered the British camp with the news. A treaty of peace was signed on the 26th of February 1829, Rangoon being made an open port.

Sir Archibald's splendid achievement roused the greatest enthusiasm both in England and in India. The victorious general was thanked by the Governor-General, Lord Amherst, and the court of directors awarded him a gold medal, and an income of £1,000 a year.

For three years the old soldier governed the provinces which his success had won, and then he returned to England in ill-health, being received with the highest honours. In 1831 he was created a baronet with special arms, and the privilege by royal licence of bearing the motto "Ava." He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, a position which he held for five years; but failing health caused him to refuse further honours, and he died in October 1843.

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A distinguished member of the clan, Sir John Campbell was born at Kingsburgh, in the island of Skye. Entering the service of the East India Company, he became a lieutenant, and afterwards a captain, in the 41st Madras Native Infantry. His first opportunity of distinguishing himself occurred during an insurrection of the hill tribes of the ancient kingdom of Orissa. The 41st Madras was sent to quell the disturbance, and the major dying at a critical time, Captain Campbell assumed the command, and held the position with the utmost bravery until the arrival of reinforcements.

When the Goomsoor War broke out Captain Campbell was attached to the force sent out under Sir Henry Taylor, and took part in two years of hard fighting against the rajah and the wild tribes of the Khonds.

The campaign, our clansman says in his interest-

ing account of the expedition, was one of unexampled severity. "We had no knowledge of the country, were frequently cut off from all supplies, and suffered fearfully from the pestilential nature of the climate. Hardship, peril, and privation were the lot of all who took part in this second Goomsoor War. The casualties from the bows and arrows of the Khonds were not very great; but on one or two occasions they came in force upon weak detachments of our troops who had lost themselves in the unknown mountain defiles, and then no mercy was shown—they hacked them to pieces. We lost in this way two European officers, who were accompanying a small escort down a narrow mountain pass, where they were surrounded by the Khonds and slaughtered."

The rajah, hunted from place to place, died at last in a little mountain fortress, his principal supporter, the Dora Bissaye, was taken prisoner, and the whole country became British territory.

It was necessary to civilize the wild, ignorant people, and teach them to live quietly under British rule. No man living had so much knowledge of the hill tribes as Captain Campbell, and at the end of the war he was sent to bring the newly-conquered country into order.

The task was a terribly difficult one. The religion of the people taught them to sacrifice human beings to the cruel and savage gods they believed in, and it was the first duty of the new governor to put down

this cruel practice, and also the barbarous custom of destroying girl babies.

Captain Campbell set out upon his duties with a stout heart. The natives he found very fierce and difficult to deal with. They were great hunters, and lived in villages perched like eagles' nests among the rocks. To reach them the governor and his companions had to scramble up hillsides which were almost inaccessible, and it was impossible to foretell what would be their reception when they reached the top.

Difficulty and danger only made John Campbell the more eager for success. He made friends of a few of the more intelligent natives, taught them humane ideas, and sent them among the villages to carry the message to their fellow-countrymen. A noted chief, Sam Bissaye, became his friend, and helped him.

After a few months of travelling and teaching, the governor thought it was time to bring the chiefs together. He summoned them all to a meeting, and made them a great speech.

He spoke of the barbarity and wickedness of human sacrifice, and said that long ago, even in England, the people had offered human victims to their gods. "We know better now," he said; "a better religion has taught us that our God is not pleased by deeds of cruelty. Since then we have grown happy and prosperous, and we wish all the

people living under our rule to be the same. I command you return this day fortnight and bring with you all the poor slaves whom you were about to sacrifice to your gods."

Sitting all around the governor, in a little valley among the hills, the chiefs listened with the greatest interest; and when he had finished his speech they promised to do as he bade them.

Time passed, and the Englishmen wondered whether the savages would keep their word. On the appointed day they were ready at the meeting-place, and were overjoyed to see the natives come pouring in, every chief being present, and bringing with them nearly a hundred men, women, and even little children, who had been destined for sacrifice.

After speeches and compliments had been made, the chiefs took the oath in the following fashion. Seated upon tiger skins, and holding in their hands a little earth, rice, and water, they repeated the words: "May the earth refuse its produce, and rice choke me, water drown me, and tiger devour me and my children, if I break the oath which I now take for myself and my people, to abstain for ever from the sacrifice of human beings." Campbell's sword was then passed round as a token of amity, and the Khond assemblage was dissolved.

For four years Captain Campbell remained in Orissa, exercising a marvellous influence over the natives. He lived among them, saw them every day

and hour, joined their hunting parties, and judged their quarrels. Often when he was away upon a tiger hunt with his native friends he passed the night like themselves, sleeping under a tree or on a heap of straw, and he gained their confidence in every way. His regiment being ordered upon active service, he accompanied it to China, where he won promotion and a C.B. Disturbances having broken out in Orissa, John Campbell was sent once more to try his influence. Peace was restored without difficulty or bloodshed, and Colonel Campbell received the thanks of the governor-general.

To his great joy he discovered that during his absence not one of the natives had relapsed into the practice of human sacrifice, and not a single girl baby had been destroyed. In defiance of difficulties he set out to explore every part of the country under his charge. Having heard that a hundred and seventy victims were about to be sacrificed by the wild tribes of Boad, he crossed into that district. The inhabitants fled to the forests, taking their victims with them, but were run to earth at last. During the expedition every nook and corner was visited of a frightful country reeking with fever, where no European had ever yet penetrated. The camp suffered severely, rain, fires, and fever doing their worst for the expedition, and numbers had to be sent to the low country to recruit.

Cost what it might, the work must be done, and

the sadly diminished little party struggled on, its leader having the satisfaction of seeing mothers bringing to him children whose lives had been saved through his courage and endurance.

Chima Kimedy was the next province to be visited—a most wild and savage country. The governor issued a proclamation that human sacrifice would be put down at all costs, and by force if necessary; and two hundred victims were rescued.

This triumph cost Colonel Campbell and the members of his expedition much suffering from fever and sickness, but they were encouraged by receiving the thanks of the governor-general in council.

Scarcely were they on their feet again when the governor led them through unexplored country to Lumbargam. For eleven days they travelled through rice fields flooded with rain; then they cut their way through the jungle. When they came upon the natives at last the tribes were in a state of wild excitement, believing that the British had come to exact punishment for three murders which had been committed some time before. Three hundred armed savages came down upon the camp yelling like demons, and the jungle was full of an unseen number uttering cries of encouragement. Nothing but cool courage could have saved the few Europeans and their followers from destruction.

"Stand firm, and give it to them," said the colonel; and the small group of men formed them-

selves into a compact body and faced their assailants. The attacking party paused, and a resolute advance of the British drove them off.

A few shots were fired among them, and the natives fled in a panic. Their pursuers chased them over the mountains until they were lost in the deep jungle of the dells on the other side. In a few days all submitted, declaring that they might as well fight against the sun as against the white men who had such terrible weapons of thunder and lightning.

On another expedition Colonel Campbell found the natives determined to fight. They refused to hold parley, and boasted that they would make a *meriah* (human sacrifice) of the English chief himself if he would not quit the country.

The warriors assembled to the sound of horns, and came pouring down from the jungle. The British sent a volley of shots among them, checked their advance, and the natives fled, their villages being burned by the friendly Khonds who were with the expedition.

Colonel Campbell succeeded in stamping out the sacrifice of human life, but years of hard work and fatiguing travel had undermined his health, and he was obliged to resign his position. *The Friend of India* wrote when he left: "In eighteen years a worse crime than any known in Europe has been eradicated. Twelve hundred and sixty human beings have been preserved from a horrible death, and a district as

large as Wales has been raised a whole grade in the career of civilization.

"Colonel Campbell has been concerned in these operations from the first. His firm gentleness has made them successful to the end. Had he destroyed in battle the number he has saved from immolation, he would have received honours which should not be denied only because of his modest appreciation of his own success."

Queen Victoria bestowed the order of the Star of India upon this modest, courageous, and truly great man, who was made a general, and spent the last years of his life in retirement.

A GRAND OLD SOLDIER.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE.

Colin Campbell, one of the bravest soldiers and most distinguished generals of modern times, was born in Glasgow, and was the son of a carpenter named John Macliver and Agnes, his wife, who was a Campbell of Islay. Colin was educated by his mother's brother, Colonel John Campbell, who sent him to a good school, and when the boy was old enough, took him to the Duke of York to apply for a commission in the army.

"What, another of the clan!" cried the duke; and a note was made of the lad's name as Colin Campbell.

"No; Macliver," the boy was about to say, when his uncle checked him.

"Leave it as it is, my lad," he said; "Campbell is a good name to fight under;" and Colin Campbell he accordingly became. At the age of fifteen and a half he entered the army as an ensign, and sailed at once to join Sir Arthur Wellesley's force in Portugal, coming under fire for the first time at the battle of Vimiera.

At the beginning of the fight the captain of the boy's company showed him a kindness which he never forgot, and about which he used to tell his friends when he had become one of the most famous soldiers living.

The youngest officer in the field, Colin was called forward by his captain, who took him by the hand and led him to the front, walking up and down with him in view of the enemy's artillery, which had opened fire. This was done to give the boy confidence, and when he thought he had succeeded he let go Colin's hand and told him to join his company.

"It was the greatest kindness that could have been shown me at the time," the brave general wrote to a friend long afterwards; "and through life I have felt grateful for it."

Afterwards the lad was sent with Sir John Moore's troops to Spain, and took part in the terrible retreat on Corunna. In those days of danger and hardship Colin bore himself with great courage. Boy though he was, he helped with the sick and weary, and never uttered a complaint even when reduced to marching barefoot over the frozen ground, the soles of his boots having been completely worn away.

His next experience of service was in the expedition to Walcheren, where he caught a fever which troubled him for thirty years. "Walcheren was with me every season," he said, when speaking of

the attacks of illness which often made it very hard for him to perform his duties.

Returning to Spain in 1809, the young officer, who had been promoted lieutenant, was in command of two companies at the battle of Barossa. Still a mere boy, his gallant conduct attracted the notice of General Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, who became his lifelong friend.

For two years he served with the Spanish army, and returned to his regiment in time to join in the defence of Tarifa under his namesake, General Sir Colin Campbell. The battle of Vittoria followed, when Colin won further distinction; and in July 1813 he was serving at the siege of San Sebastian. On the 17th he led the right wing of his regiment in an attack upon the fortified convent of San Bartolemé, his gallant conduct being reported in dispatches.

On the night of the 24th he headed a forlorn hope in the endeavour to storm the fortress. The night was dark, and the rocks the attacking party had to cross were slippery with seaweed. A high wind drove the smoke and flames from some burning houses full in their faces, and harassed them as much as the shot and shell poured down upon them by the defenders. Two officers were killed in the attack, and the storming party fell into confusion. Then Colin Campbell made a desperate effort, but it was too late.

"It was in vain," writes Napier, "that Lieutenant

Campbell, breaking through the tumultuous crowd with the survivors of his chosen detachment, mounted the ruins; twice he ascended, twice he was wounded, and all round him died." The endeavour failed, and at daylight a truce was made for both sides to carry off their wounded.

All that the hero wrote in his journal about the action was the single word "Storm!" but Sir Thomas Graham recommended him for promotion as a reward for his gallant conduct, and he was gazetted to a company in the 60th Rifles.

Before leaving his old regiment Campbell found an opportunity for an adventure which showed his high spirit but brought him into trouble. While still in hospital with his wounds he left his quarters without the doctor's permission, found his way to Bidassoa, and headed the night attack of his regiment on the French batteries on the other side of the river. Once more he was severely wounded, and on the following day was sent for by his colonel and sternly reprimanded for leaving hospital without the doctor's orders. But for his gallant behaviour, Colonel Cameron said, his disobedience would have been reported at headquarters, and he might consider himself fortunate to have got off so lightly.

The injuries received by the young officer rendered it necessary for him to return to England, and on his recovery he joined his new regiment in Nova Scotia. At the age of twenty-one he was

a captain, having fought his way to that rank in five years.

Varied experience was gained in America, Gibraltar, the West Indies, and other parts of the world. Colin Campbell took part in the battles of Bladenburg and New Orleans, and was active in quelling the insurrection of slaves in Demarara.

A friend in Barbadoes lent him the money to purchase his majority, and in the following year he returned to England, where his early exploits were not forgotten. Major Campbell was promoted to an unattached lieutenant-colonelcy; but he was still a poor man, and made himself still poorer by his generosity towards his family. For three years he begged in vain for the command of a regiment, and was appointed at last to the 98th. His splendid management of the men won the admiration of General Sir Charles Napier, who became his friend for life.

Active service was what Colonel Campbell longed for, and he gained his desire when the 98th was sent to reinforce Sir Hugh Gough's forces in the Chinese War. He took a distinguished part in the attack upon Chin-Kang-Foo and other actions, and his services in the campaign were mentioned in dispatches. For four years after the peace he remained in command of the troops at Chusan, and before leaving received a letter of thanks from the Chinese inhabitants. "You, the Honourable Briga-

dier," they wrote, "took up your residence at Chusan in the twenty-third year of Taon Kwang, and whilst observing and maintaining the treaty, you behaved with the utmost kindness and the greatest liberality towards our own people, and restrained by laws and regulations the military of your honourable country." On his return he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and made a C.B. and aide-de-camp to the queen, being shortly afterwards raised to the rank of brigadier-general.

Colin Campbell's next opportunity for distinguishing himself arose when he was sent to India in command of the brigade at Lahore. In the second Sikh war he rendered splendid services. At Ramnuggur he saved the British cavalry from destruction. At the battle of Chillianwalla he marched his men up a hill and fell upon the enemy by a flanking movement, throwing them into confusion, and turning a threatened defeat into a victory. Wellington declared that the troops under Campbell had performed one of the most brilliant exploits that had ever been achieved by a British regiment.

At the victory of the British troops at Goojerat he commanded the right wing and headed the pursuit, a hundred and fifty-eight guns falling into his hands. "Brigadier Campbell," Lord Gough reported, "with the steady coolness and military precision for which he is so conspicuous, carried everything before him." For this service he was created a K.C.B., and

received the thanks of Parliament and of the East India Company. During Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert's chase of the Afghans, Colonel Campbell accompanied the expedition in charge of a brigade. In the following year he was serving under Napier as brigadier-general in charge of a frontier division at Peshawur. He could now support his family in comfort, and his great wish was to return to his own country. "I am growing old, and only fit for retirement," he wrote in his journal; but many years of hard service still lay before the distinguished soldier.

Yielding to the urgent entreaties of Lord Dalhousie and Sir Charles Napier he remained at his post. In 1850 he forced the Kohat Pass, and dispersed the wild tribes which had held the country in terror. Two years later he was brilliantly successful in a campaign against the Mohmunds, inflicting a crushing defeat upon their leader and compelling their submission. Afterwards he set out against the Swats, and after several engagements his little force of two thousand five hundred men defeated an army of six thousand at Iskakote; but the government refused to allow him the necessary reinforcements to follow up his victory. Bitterly disappointed, Sir Colin Campbell returned to Peshawur and resigned his command, returning to England in March 1853.

Although already sixty-six years of age, Sir Colin Campbell was only at the beginning of his distinguished career. In 1854 war broke out in the Crimea, and

the commander-in-chief appointed General Campbell commander of the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 42nd or Black Watch, the 79th, and the 93rd Highlanders. The Scotsmen arrived in time to take part in the battle of Alma. Before the action began Sir Colin Campbell rode up to their ranks and gave his troops a few instructions. "Now, men," he said in conclusion, "the army will watch us; make me proud of the Highland Brigade."

Leading his men steadily he advanced against the redoubt which had been retaken by the enemy. There was a stubborn fight, and at the critical moment, when his troops appeared to falter, Sir Colin reanimated his men by the words "Highlanders *never* retire!" His horse was shot under him, but the Highlanders fought like demons. Before the fury of the kilted men the Russians gave way, and the battle was won by the Highland Brigade.

Lord Raglan came up afterwards and shook Colin Campbell's hand without being able to speak. The men cheered loudly, and in presence of them all the general asked a great favour of the commander-in-chief—leave to wear the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign.

At Balaclava the Highland troops were deserted by a supporting body of Turks at the moment of the advance of the main body of Russian cavalry. Riding along the ranks Sir Colin said, "Remember,

there is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand." And the men responded by saying cheerily, "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, we'll do that!"

The four squadrons of Russian cavalry were advancing when the Highlanders suddenly appeared on the top of a hillock, two deep—"a thin red line topped with a line of steel."

"Prepare to receive cavalry," was all that Sir Colin said; and a volley of musketry checked the enemy, although without doing much damage. The Russians imagined that they must be falling into an ambush; and a second volley from the Highlanders broke their ranks and put them to flight. This action was one of the most gallant deeds in modern warfare.

Being appointed to the command of the 3rd Division, Sir Colin did his utmost for the comfort of the army during the long and trying winter that followed. He was frequently thanked by Lord Raglan, and received the distinction of G.C.B. in 1855. At the storming of the Redan he commanded a reserve, but on its being proposed that he should serve under Codrington, his junior, who had never seen a shot fired until the battle of Alma, the veteran resigned.

He returned to England; but the queen pleaded with him in person, and the old soldier's anger disappeared.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I will serve under a

corporal rather than make a difficulty," and he went back to the Crimea until peace was made.

On his return home he was received with much enthusiasm, being made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. Lazarus, and a Knight of the First Class of the Order of the Medijie. From his native city he received a sword of honour, and in accepting it he expressed a hope that the Highland Brigade would not be forgotten, as he owed his honours to having been its commander.

On the 11th of July 1857 came the news of the outbreak of the Sepoy Mutiny and the death of General Anson, the commander-in-chief in India. Lord Palmerston immediately sent for Sir Colin and offered him the post, which he accepted.

"How soon can you set out?" asked Lord Palmerston.

"In twenty-four hours," was the reply; and Sir Colin sailed the next day. In August he reached Calcutta, and found things at their worst. Nearly the whole of India was in a state of rebellion, either open or ready to burst forth upon the smallest provocation. Delhi was in the hands of the mutineers; the British garrison in Agra was cut off, and their countrymen did not know how the brave defenders fared. Terrible anxiety was felt about Lucknow, where a tiny force was having hard work to keep the rebels at bay, and protect a number of

women and children and sick people in the Residency. The enemy were making mines under the city, and many lives were lost in trying to prevent them from making use of the underground passages.

Everything depended upon prompt action, but neither troops nor stores were ready for the new commander-in-chief. Two months were spent by Sir Colin in "organizing victory." Lord Elgin having sent to Calcutta some troops intended for the China expedition, Sir Colin dispatched them to Cawnpore, then just relieved by General Havelock, who had pushed on to Lucknow. On the 22nd of September news came of the fall of Delhi; and on the 7th of October Sir Colin started for Cawnpore, which was reached on the 3rd of November. Six days were spent in strengthening the defences; then leaving General Windham in charge of Cawnpore, Sir Colin started, with four thousand seven hundred men and thirty-two guns, for Lucknow. By this time General Havelock had reached the city, and was helping Sir James Outram to defend the Residency against an overwhelming number of rebels.

Beyond Cawnpore Campbell was joined by General Hope Grant's force, and some picked men from the Delhi garrison.

On the following morning he was surprised by receiving a visit, in his tent, from a tall man in native dress, who proved to be an Englishman from the besieged garrison. In this disguise Thomas

Kavanagh had made his way from the Residency through the enemy's lines to convey to Sir Colin important information from General Outram. After receiving this brave man's messages the general determined to advance on the following day, and ordered an inspection of all the troops under his command. On the parade ground his heart leaped with joy at seeing his favourite 93rd Highlanders, who greeted their old chief with a perfect roar of cheering, showing that under him they would go anywhere and dare anything.

At sunrise the next day the march began, and in the evening the small garrison holding out in the Alumbagh was relieved. A sharp attack made by the rebels on the British vanguard was repulsed, with loss of all the enemy's guns, and the fortress was made the centre of operations.

The British army had now to make its way to the Residency and rescue the women and children who were in danger. The city was of great extent, held by a numerous army of rebels, who occupied every part; every street was defended, and nearly every house loopholed and converted into a fortress. To march through the city would have been to expose the troops to a fire which would have destroyed half the army.

Colin Campbell laid his plans carefully and determined to make a circuit. The 75th, exhausted by marching, was left at the Alumbagh, and fresh

troops taken from the garrison. Sir Colin ordered the men to march without baggage, and to carry supplies for three days. The Dilkusha Park was carried after a fight lasting for two hours; then the Martinière was taken. On the following morning the Secunder Bagh was attacked. This was a plantation with a square enclosure of strong masonry loop-holed all round, and a village about a hundred yards distant, strongly fortified, and occupied by a numerous body of mutineers. For two and a half hours the firing continued, and the Secunder Bagh was carried at last by a magnificent rush of the 93rd Highlanders, who entered through a breach in the wall. Every inch of the building was contested; the enemy fought with the courage of despair; and when at last our men sheathed their swords more than two thousand rebel corpses lay heaped upon the ground.

On the same afternoon Sir Colin discovered that it was necessary to carry the fortified mosque of the Shah Najif. This was the most critical action of the whole campaign, success being uncertain and failure meaning ruin. For three hours the battle raged, the fate of the Indian Empire depending on the taking of the mosque. About four in the afternoon the enemy brought a heavy gun to bear upon Peel's batteries on the opposite side of the river, silencing one of his pieces.

"The men were falling fast," says one who took part in the action; "even Peel's usually bright face

became grave and anxious. Sir Colin sat on his white horse, exposed to the whole storm of shot, looking intently on the Shah Najif, which was wreathed in volumes of smoke from the burning buildings in its front, but sparkled all over with the bright flash of small arms. It was now apparent that the crisis of the battle had come. Our heavy artillery could not subdue the fire of the Shah Najif; we could not even hold permanently our present advanced position under it. But retreat to us there was none . . . Outram and Havelock and Inglis with our women and children were in front, and England's honour was pledged to bring them scatheless out of the fiery furnace."

Collecting the 93rd about him Sir Colin spoke to them. Without concealing the danger he told them that the Shah Najif *must be taken;* the artillery could not bring its fire under, so they must win it by the bayonet, and he himself would go with them.

The 93rd "rolled on in one vast wave," their general with his sword drawn riding at their head. Supported by the Royal Artillery and Peel's guns, they fought like demons; but the steep walls of the mosque towered above them, fire flashing from the loopholes, and without a breach through which to get at the enemy. The Highlanders went down fast, and even Sir Colin's face was becoming anxious, when a deed of desperate bravery was done. A body of men under Adrian Hope forced their way through a narrow opening in the walls; they threw open the

gates, the garrison fled, and an action almost unexampled in war closed in a triumph for the British.

There only now remained some small buildings which had to be carried. Early in the morning Sir Colin ordered an attack upon the mess-house, a large building occupied by the enemy, and defended by a ditch and a loopholed mud wall. After four hours of desperate fighting the fortification was carried ; but before the action was over Outram and Havelock came over from the beleaguered garrison to meet and thank Sir Colin.

Almost more difficult than the relief of the gallant little force in Lucknow was the work of removing four hundred women and children, and more than a thousand sick and wounded, from the Residency in face of the enemy's fire. Miles of the route had to be held by armed men, and the enemy's forts had to be silenced.

Another daring plan was made by Sir Colin Campbell. He caused a vigorous cannonade to be opened upon the Kaisar Bagh or King's Palace, which was still occupied by the enemy in great force. The rebels resolved to defend the palace, and their attention being withdrawn the British established a line of posts strong enough to resist attack. During the night the women, children, and invalids left the Residency, followed by the garrison, with Sir Colin and a body of soldiers bringing up the rear. In the

morning the Dilkusha Palace was reached in safety, the rebels having been so completely deceived by Sir Colin's ruse that the fire which they opened upon the Residency was continued for several hours after the place had been evacuated.

After one or two days' journey on the route towards Cawnpore a heavy cannonade was heard in the direction of that city. Mile after mile was passed, and the sound of firing became more distinct, but no news could be obtained. At noonday a native brought a letter to the effect that Cawnpore was besieged by an overwhelming force; that unless affairs took a more favourable turn General Windham and his troops would have to take refuge in the entrenchments; and the defenders hoped that the commander-in-chief would press forward to their assistance with the utmost speed.

Galloping forward Sir Colin reached the river by nightfall, only to see in the distance a blaze which showed that the enemy were in possession and had fired the city, and that the stores and transports, intended for the use of the women and children and invalids, were destroyed.

To this emergency the brave general proved himself equal. The women, children, and non-combatants were safely embarked in steamers for Calcutta; and this difficult and dangerous operation having been performed, Sir Colin took the field with his men. A crushing defeat was inflicted upon the

rebels, who were pursued for nearly fourteen miles from the city, leaving their guns and ammunition in the hands of the British.

The winter was spent in minor operations, and in March 1858 Sir Colin set out with an army of twenty-five thousand men against the rebels in Lucknow. The siege began on the 2nd of March; the Sepoys fought with the courage of despair, but all the fortified places were attacked and carried one after another. On the 19th a combined attack was made on the city itself, which was stormed and given up to plunder, the rebels fleeing in every direction.

Operations in Oudh and Rohilkund were successful, and in a few weeks General Campbell had re-established British supremacy in the north of India.

Broken in health he could fight no longer, but his services had prepared the way for the final reconquest of India. Before the year was out he was able to write home that "the resistance of a hundred and fifty thousand armed men has been subdued with very moderate loss to Her Majesty's troops, and the most marvellous forbearance towards the misguided enemy . . . the last remnant of the mutineers and insurgents has been hopelessly driven across the mountains which form the barrier between the Kingdom of Nepal and Her Majesty's Empire of Hindustan."

Among the rewards which were showered upon

him he valued none more highly than his appointment to the colonelcy of the 93rd Highlanders. He was raised to the peerage, but not possessing a foot of land of his own from which to take his title, he became Baron Clyde of Clydesdale, from the river on whose banks he had been born. Failing health made it impossible for him to remain in India, and his departure was followed by the regret of many of its inhabitants.

Fresh honours were heaped upon him in England, but he found his greatest happiness in the esteem of the people and the love of his own family, for whom he had done so much. On the 14th of August 1863 the great soldier died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, amid the mourning of the entire nation.

THE END.


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