MILITARY HERITAGE

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MILITARY HERITAGE • APRIL 2009 Volume 10, No. 5

Battle of Cedar Mountain:
STONEWALL'S CLOSE CALL

Commonwealth Brigade in Korea:
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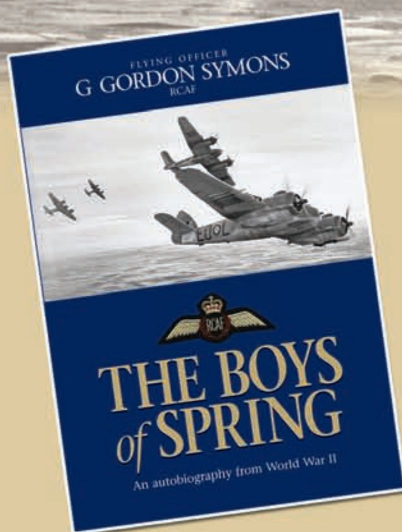

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Spanish painter Francisco de Goya witnessed the horrors of war outside his own window—and captured them forever with his brush.

WHEN FRENCH TROOPS INVADED SPAIN IN THE spring of 1808, one of the most captivated onlookers was neither a soldier nor a diplomat, but a painter—albeit, one of surpassing genius. Francisco Jose de Goya, court artist for King Charles IV, was scarcely a disinterested observer. His livelihood depended on the survival of the Spanish royal family, all but one of whom were safely in exile in France at the time. The remaining royal, 13-year-old Prince Francisco, had been summoned to France by his father, but the youth had wept so bitterly at being forced to leave the palace in Madrid that an angry crowd of onlookers attacked the prince's armed French escort beneath Goya's own windows in the plaza of the Puerta del Sol. In the spontaneous but savage street fight that followed, hundreds of soldiers and civilians were killed, and a popular uprising was born, pitting Spanish patriots and their English allies against the hated French occupiers. The word "guerrilla" quickly entered all three languages.

The 62-year-old Goya was not anti-French. Indeed, he was a longtime member of the *afrancesados*—the pro-French faction of Spain. But the sights he saw on May 2 and 3 outside his apartment seared themselves forever in his memory. The battle on May 2 had been followed by a coldly furious round of retaliatory executions by French firing squads the next day. Anyone caught carrying a weapon or even suspected of taking part in the previous day's battle was placed against a wall and shot. There were no appeals. From these two days sprang the cataclysmic six-year-long Peninsular War. By the time it was over, French emperor Napoleon Bonaparte would have lost a quarter of a million men—100 a day, every day—to the pitiless guerrillas who seemingly fell on every isolated troop convoy or supply train. The French defeat in Spain began Napoleon's long spiral from glory to exile.

Goya continued to function as a painter in the court of Napoleon's brother, Prince Joseph, who had ascended shakily to the Spanish throne. But the war and its attendant horrors remained within him. As soon as the French left Spain in 1814, he went to his easel and painted, in quick succession, *The Colossus, The Second of May,* and *The Third of May*. The first depicts a mute, glowering giant rising over the armies on the Spanish plain—a symbol of Napoleon, the invading French Army, the will of the Spanish people, or war itself. *The Second of May* is an eyewitness view of the fight that took place between the Spanish peasants and the French soldiers outside Goya's home. In the painting, which brilliantly has no central focus, panic-stricken men stab wildly and horses flail about blindly, trapped in a murderous melee that none can escape. In its confusion, brutality, and sheer animal terror, *The Second of May* is history's first realistic, unsentimental painting of war.

The Third of May, perhaps Goya's greatest painting, shows a French firing squad gunning down Spanish civilians. The shooters are impersonal, almost machine-like in their uniformed anonymity. The victims, whose faces are vividly etched, display the full range of human emotions at the moment of death. Some are terrified, some are prayerful, some are stoic—all are transcendent in their humanity. The main figure, a man dressed in a white shirt, kneels before his executioners with his arms upraised in a final gesture of defiance or supplication, almost Christ-like in his suffering (he even has a pierced palm). He represents all the helpless victims of war—his fate is literally out of his hands.

With visionary genius, Goya foretells the horrific cavalcade of civilian deaths that would follow in the ensuing century and a half, culminating in the Jewish holocaust in World War II. A series of 80 drawings he made at the same time, *The Disasters of War,* extends that view, depicting the war as a series of small-scale atrocities—murder, rape, hanging and torture—that add up to an enormous crime against the Spanish people and, by extension, against all humanity. Not surprisingly, Goya kept these gruesome drawings secret, and they were only shown publicly in 1863, 35 years after his death. Beneath one sketch the artist had scrawled: "Yo lo vi (I saw this)." Thanks to his unflinching vision, we still do.

Roy Morris Jr.

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By Arnold Blumberg

The Praetorian Guard, an elite corps of soldiers in the Late Republic, became the most famous and controversial unit in the Imperial Army.

ITS NAME HAS BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH INTRIGUE, CONSPIRACY, betrayal, and assassination. It was responsible for the overthrow, abandonment, or murder of 15 out of the first 48 emperors who governed Rome between 27 BC and AD 305. Its deterioration into a ruthless mercenary force is its most enduring legacy. Yet the original purpose of the Praetorian Guard was far from the brutal history it eventually left behind.

Created by the first emperor of Rome, Augustus, the Guard was designed to protect the monarch and the royal family, thus extending their reign and keeping the army, Senate, and Roman mob in line. The only armed troops allowed to be quartered south of the Rubicon River, Italy's northern boundary, the Guard massed at their citadel, the Castra Praetoria, a potent political as well as military force. Their cooperation would assure stability in the Empire by shielding the emperor from harm, thus making his will supreme and his actions final.

Roman troops in full armor grace this triumphal arch celebrating Rome's conquest of Britain in AD 43.

Library of Congress

The origins of the Praetorian Guard were rooted in a practice common to the armies formed by Republican Rome. Beginning in the third century BC, Roman military commanders created a small body of soldiers to act as their bodyguards. Such units first appeared in the armies raised by the Scipio family in 275 BC. (The Scipio clan would continue to have an important influence on Roman military defense policy and expansion through the first century BC). During the siege of Numantia, which ended in 133 BC, Scipio Aemilianus formed a bodyguard of 500 men, about the size of a normal Roman cohort. This was the largest personal guard ever created for the protection of a Roman general up to that time, a fact that was widely commented upon by contemporary observers.

A Roman general (known as an imperator) would raise a volunteer unit, usually from ordinary legionaries, or in some cases from auxiliary troops recruited from areas outside Rome, which would be specially designated to protect him and his staff while on campaign. These elite units were called praetorian guards (in Latin: *praetoriani*), taking their

name from the general's headquarters tent (*praetoria*) found in every army camp.

Most Roman generals of the Republic and early Principate periods were not just military leaders, but provincial governors as well. This combined position elevated them to the status of proconsul, or *propraetor*. Whatever his actual title, the proconsul would come from the Roman aristocracy following a career involving a succession of roles, some civilian in nature, others connected with the military. As a provincial governor, he combined both civil and military responsibilities, administering the province or leading an army, whatever the situation required. To accomplish his duties, particularly in running the day-to-day operations of an army, the proconsul needed the assistance of an able staff.

The leader's staff (*cohor praetorian*) was composed of two elements. One directed the administration of the army—the quartermasters, engineers, and volunteer aides—while the other directed the fighting men. The latter group constituted a commander's bodyguard. It also acted as his ready reserve during battle, an elite contingent of picked men always at the leader's immediate disposal. Members of this complement included friends and relatives of the general, as well as particularly competent tribunes and centurions who knew how to handle themselves and their troops in a fight.

Often an army commander created a single praetorian cohort combining both administrative and combat functions. This was the case with Julius Caesar, who, during his campaign against the German leader Ariovistus in 58 BC at the start of the Gallic Wars mounted a unit of 900 foot soldiers of his 10th Legion to act as his bodyguard for the duration of the campaign. Lucius Sergius Catiline, during his revolt against the Consul Marcus Cicero in 63-62 BC, had 2,000 veteran centurions and legionaries called the Sullani who acted as his bodyguard and principal strike force. In contrast, while governor of Cilicia in Asia Minor in 52 BC, Marcus Cicero formed two distinct praetorian cohorts: one designed as a combat unit, the other a purely administrative entity.

None of the great political-generals of the Late Republic—Sulla, Marius, Pompey, Catiline, or Caesar—employed praetorian cohorts. Caesar wrote that, while fighting in Spain in 49 BC against Pompey's ally, Marcus Petreius, he had "a praetorian cohort of shield men." But because these shield men were Spanish, not Roman, it was not considered a true praetorian cohort.

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By Ralph Pickard

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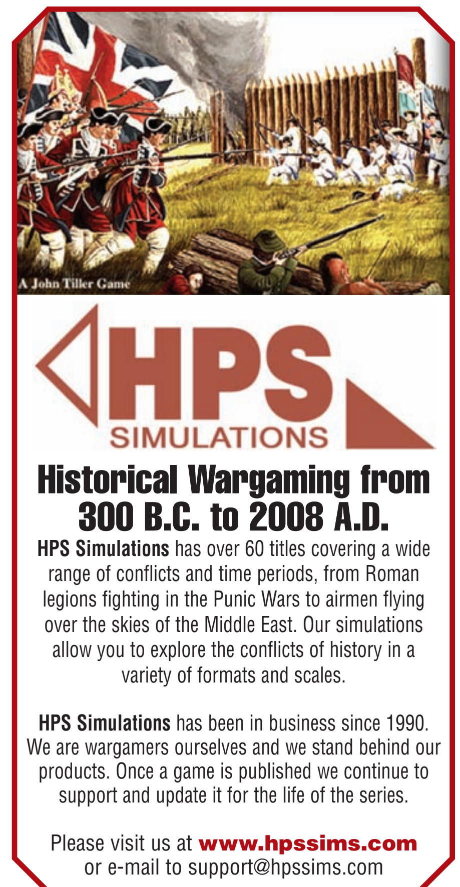

The units used as Praetorian Guards were raised at the start of each campaign. The general would select the most experienced soldiers from his legions. They would be volunteers who were of good health, highly decorated, and usually veterans (*evocati*). Many were men who had finished the standard term of service (in the case of an ordinary legionary or centurion that meant 25 years) but chose to reenlist. As praetorians, they would receive certain benefits not accorded regular troops. Length of duty with the praetorian cohort was 16 years; pay was 50 percent greater than for nonpraetorians. They were also exempted from mundane camp duties and received a greater share of booty. In return for the benefits and rewards, the praetorians were expected to be more than mere parade-ground soldiers or a protective screen for the army commander. Armed with the same weapons as other legionaries—*pelium, gladius,* short dagger, shield, leather body armor, and helmet—they were expected to function as the army's backbone and serve as its shock troops when called upon to be so.

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Praetorian Guards, as usual, are the power behind the throne in Lawrence Alma-Tadema's painting, *Proclaiming Claudius Emperor.*

Praetorian cohorts were never a standardized or formally recognized formation in Roman armies during the murderous civil wars that racked the Republic during its last 100 years. Cornelius Sulla conducted his wars against the Marians in 88 and 83-82 BC without the mention of a bodyguard taking part in any critical battles, although one was certainly present. His campaign in Greece (87-86 BC) against Mithridates of Pontus likewise had no specialized corps of troops personally attached to him. The reign of terror Sulla visited upon his enemies after his final defeat of the Marian party in 82 BC proved a different matter. Under the leadership of Lucius S. Catiline, many of the former opposition were declared traitors to the state and executed. As a trusted member of Sulla's staff and one of the officers of his bodyguard, Catiline became Sulla's chief executioner, using soldiers of the praetorian cohort to hunt down and kill those fatally proscribed.

Sulla's equivalent of the Praetorian Guard were the Sullani, a group of perhaps 3,000 veteran legionaries and centurions picked for their blind obedience and ruthlessness. They fought for Sulla in all his campaigns but were never acknowledged as a separate military unit. Catiline became their leader and used them in punitive expeditions to help consolidate Sulla's power during the years 91 though 80 BC. After Sulla died in 78 BC, Catiline's ambition led him to run for a consulship in 63 BC. This scion of the patrician Sergii clan was beaten by the commoner Marcus T. Cicero. Outraged by his defeat, Catiline raised an army in revolt against the Senate. His best troops were the old Sullani who flocked to his cause under the command of a former centurion, Gaius Manlius.

In January 62 BC, a powerful senatorial army under Marcus Petreius met Catiline's numerically weaker force near the town of Pistoria. Forming in a valley that could not be outflanked by his enemy, Catiline's men engaged Petreius main force. According to Gaius Sallust, legionary commander under Caesar, the Sullani made up the rebel army's center and began to slowly push their enemy back. Fearing defeat, Petreius sent in his reserves, made up of his Praetorian Guard, which he led himself. Petreius was able to rout Catiline's army—except for the Sullani, who stood and fought until they all had fallen. Catiline, seeing his army collapse, charged into the midst of Petreius's soldiers and died fighting.

Soon after Caesar's murder in March 44 BC, Caesar's chief lieutenant, Mark Antony, and Octavian, Caesar's adopted son and heir, prepared to battle their fallen leader's murderers. They raised thousands of men from Caesar's former legions, including a 6,000-man force Antony dubbed his "bodyguard" but never officially listed as one of the regular cohorts raised for the army. In October 44 BC, he recruited a single cohort that he formally designated as his Praetorian Guard. These troops came from legions recently transferred to Italy from Macedonia. Soon they were joined by another sent by his ally, Marcus Lepidus.

The alliance between Antony and Octavian took a heated turn when their newly fashioned armies fought each other in April 43 BC on the marsh and scrubland at Forum Gallorum. It was a grim and bloody fight, with the two praetorian cohorts under Antony coming face-to-face with the single praetorian unit mustered into service by Octavian. The Roman historian Arrian reports that the opposing praetorians, being all veterans, "raised no war cry, since they could not expect to terrify each other, nor did they utter a sound during the fighting they met together in close order, and since neither could dislodge the other they locked together with their swords as if in a wrestling match. No blow missed its mark. There were wounds and slaughter but no cries, only groans. They needed neither admonition nor encouragement, since experience made each man his own general."

After a prolonged contest, Octavian's men were forced to retreat to their camp when Antony's cavalry threatened to surround them. Octavian's praetorians were utterly destroyed. After a further battle between them at Mutina, Antony and Octavian finally got around to dealing with the men who assassinated Caesar. Antony defeated the "liberators" (as the killers of Caesar called themselves) at the Battle of Philippi, in Greece, in 42 BC. Of the 8,000 legionaries who reenlisted with Antony's army, 4,000 were enrolled in his praetorian cohorts, which suffered heavily at Philippi. The balance of the other 4,000 enlistees entered the ranks of

Octavian's praetorian cohorts. These helped make up for the loss of 2,000 praetorians raised by Octavian after Forum Gallorum who were lost at sea when their transports were attacked and sunk in the Adriatic Sea by a fleet commanded by Brutus.

Octavian's newly organized praetorian cohorts proved their worth in containing a breakout by enemy forces at the siege of Perusia in 41-40 BC. Antony was not so fortunate in his 36 BC attempt to invade Parthia. Motivated by a desire to avenge the Roman defeat at the Battle of Carrhae in 53 BC and gain new glory for himself and his men, Antony launched a new campaign that proved to be a disaster. His invading army included at least three praetorian cohorts, many of whom would die of starvation, exposure, or enemy arrows. Antony lost 22,000 men on the Armenian highlands during his subsequent retreat from Parthia, without bringing his enemy to a single conclusive battle.

In early 32 BC, Octavian seized control of Rome and declared war on Antony's ally, Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. Coming to his lover's aid, Antony fielded an army of 23 legions, four of which would man his 500-ship war fleet. Antony had at least two praetorian cohorts. There was also a *cohors speculatorum,* a praetorian-like unit that provided him with close protection and also functioned as spies and executioners.

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Octavian, also known as Augustus, established the Praetorian Guard as a permanent bodyguard in 44 BC.

Confronting Antony were Octavian's 24 legions and a fleet of 400 warships, the latter manned by five praetorian cohorts serving as marines. Commanding his fleet was Marcus Vispanius Agrippa. Unable to bring Octavian to battle on land in northern Greece as he wished, Antony accepted battle on the water. The result was his defeat in the Battle of Actium (September 2, 31 BC). Eleven months later, Octavian landed at Alexandria, Egypt, to find that Antony had committed suicide and his army was ready and willing to transfer their loyalties to him. Culling the best men from Antony's former army, the new ruler of the Roman world established nine cohorts of Praetorian Guards. In 27 BC, upon Octavian's assumption of the purple under the name of Augustus, the praetorian cohorts were formally sworn in as the emperor's Imperial Guard.

For the next three centuries the fortunes of the Praetorian Guard rose and fell with those of their masters. They assassinated several demonstrably evil emperors, including Caligula, Commodus, and Elagabalus, but they generally preferred to stay out of the limelight. At length, during the reign of the co-emperors Diocletian and Maximian (AD 286-305) the praetorian cohorts were dispersed around the empire and their manpower was drastically reduced. In response, the remaining guardsmen proclaimed their own candidate, Maxentius, emperor in AD 306 and fought to the death with him at the Battle of Milvian Bridge six years later. Maxentius's opponent, and the ultimate victor in that contest, Constantine the Great, disbanded the surviving praetorians, sending them to the various corners of the realm. He also demolished the Castra Praetoria, thus forcefully underlining the end of the Praetorian Guard as a formal military entity. □

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By William McPeak

The knife, not the sword, was the first edged weapon developed by primitive man for use in hunting, fighting, and just plain murder.

ABOVE: A 14-century BC gold dagger from the tomb of Tutankhamen.

RIGHT: The soldier in the foreground dispatches an enemy with a dagger during the Byzantines victory over the Saracens.

WHILE THE SWORD USUALLY COMES TO MIND FIRST WHEN one thinks of edged weapons, it was not actually the first such weapon—the knife was. The earliest form of knife may be more than two million years old, and it consisted of single- or double-edged sharpened mineral and stone pieces used by primitive people to cut up fresh kill and skin its precious hide. As such, the knife was a handheld tool before it became a weapon. The best materials to sharpen (by edge chipping) a knife blade included yellow amber, flint, and quartzite. But these and other materials had the same problem—they tended to break. Other materials, including bone, horn, and wood were also used with varying success. Early on, the knife in whatever form was modified with a sharp point to become a thrusting and stabbing weapon—the dagger—for use in fighting, self-defense, and just plain murder.

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Stone remained a popular blade material even after metals (copper foremost) came on the scene. Bronze (3000 BC) was the only early metal practical for making a long dagger blade, which by then had developed its basic tapered look. In fact, it was bronze that made possible daggers sufficiently long bladed to become, in time, true swords. By 1400 BC, bronze daggers were being cast as a single piece with an integrated metal hilt, although a riveted handle or grip was far more functional. By 1500 BC, plentiful and much harder iron, which had been known for 1,500 years but was difficult to edge-sharpen, began figuring in weapons. It was a great advance for the sword, and the dagger flourished as well, with many special forms and ornate versions developed for ceremony and courtly show. In the Middle and Far East, daggers evolved with various interesting designs—straight, curved, re-curved, and double curved.

About 500 BC, the fighting dagger in Europe began to fade away. The practical knife remained in use, its utility reflected in a blade usually sharpened on one side for cutting. Roman commanders considered the dagger beneath them; the short *gladius,* or sword, ruled. But in the late eighth century, Charlemagne's need for a well-organized feudal army

helped revitalize the dagger as part of standard-issue military equipment. The dagger was to remain for centuries to come the common soldier's secondary weapon.

While peasants were allowed to use the common knife only for eating and self-defense, the dagger as an ornament was found at the side of their social betters, from tradesmen to the rich merchant class and magistrates. By the later 13th century, the noble class rediscovered the dagger as a worthy accoutrement of war, useful as a secondary backup weapon on the battlefield. The reason for a second look at the dagger was the transition to mesh mail and plate armor from primitive loose forms of link and scale mail. It was more difficult to puncture vital spots with a broadsword at a safe distance. If locked in close hand-to-hand, a well-placed dagger could reach those spots much more easily or surprise an opponent and force him to yield for ransom instead of gambling on the chance of combat. The dagger became a legitimate—if not particularly honorable—means of dispatching a mortally wounded opponent.

Meanwhile, early medieval iron daggers continued to evolve with more advanced forging into various grades of steel weapons. The hilt was made up of a cross guard and the handle or grip—the latter of wood, horn, or ivory. The hilt might be cylindrical shaped or as two fitted sides or plates and was built around the narrowed, unworked part, the tang, of the blade for holding (as with the sword). The basic military dagger from AD 1300 into the 17th century was the *quillon* dagger. It had a sharply tapered, flat diamond cross-section blade (six to eight inches) brought to a point and sporting a short, straight cross guard, or *quillon.* Other styles included the gruesomely named kidney dagger and the *baselard,* named for the Swiss town of Basel. Although of usual dagger length, later examples were short swords with a limit of 20 inches, which were used in the 15th and early 16th centuries by Swiss mercenaries. The *baselard* dagger had a distinctive concave, I-shaped hilt of two riveted sections. The blade was more evenly tapered and was used in both military and civilian life. These were popular throughout the 16th century, with ornate and stylish hilts for fancy dress and parade use.

Also dating from AD 1300 was the rondel dagger, a basic style popular in southern Europe to the mid-16th century. It evolved through narrow lenticular, triangular, and diamond cross-section blades (single- and double-edged), all brought to a sharp point and usually a generous foot in length—some as long as 15 or 16

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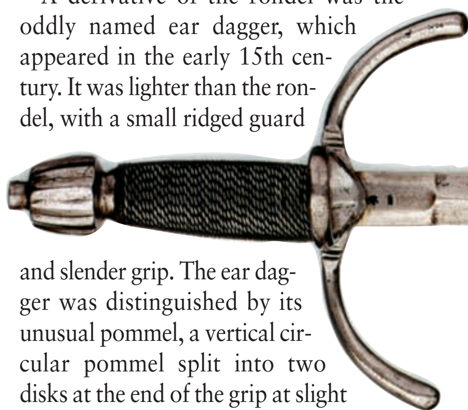
inches. The rondel dagger had a distinctive cylindrical hilt of wood, horn, or ivory with a rounded disk guard and pommel. Simple forms of the rondel were worn by tradesmen as a utility tool, and ornate versions made a fine show at the waist of a wealthy merchant. Its narrow, needlepoint blade served a perfect martial application for finding the chinks in mail and armor. This function was even more apparent in versions featuring a cruciform ice pick-like cross-section blade. In this form, the rondel could pierce lighter armor pieces with a powerful overhand blow.

A derivative of the rondel was the oddly named ear dagger, which appeared in the early 15th century. It was lighter than the rondel, with a small ridged guard and slender grip. The ear dagger was distinguished by its unusual pommel, a vertical circular pommel split into two disks at the end of the grip at slight angles—like ears. The blade was a flat triangular shape tapering to the all-important sharp point. Originally from Moorish Spain, the ear dagger became popular throughout Europe, especially with the noble class. It was one of the weapons of choice for the bravo, or assassin. The short grip allowed the would-be murderer to wedge his thumb between the two ears, providing a more forceful downward stroke at a victim.

Both rondel and ear daggers were the inspiration for the stiletto, the most recognizable early dagger. The stiletto first appeared in the 16th century in Italy, and although of varying relative size, usually sported a six- or seven-inch blade, although some were as short as four inches. The stiletto provided an ease of concealment in a small, completely integrated iron or steel dagger. The hilt had a short cross guard, and the blade was a triangular or quadrangular rod rather than a blade proper, tapered to a needle-like point that was meant for thrusting. The stiletto could be easily hidden for either surprise attack or defense. A lady could carry one hidden in her dress for protection, and it also made a convenient travel eating utensil. Nothing so easily pierced human skin as the stiletto—it was often called the Misericord, or mercy giver, for delivering a quick death blow.

On the battlefield, a larger version of the stiletto was a ready substitute for more conventional daggers, and its extreme slimness could more effectively penetrate mail and find weak points in armor. An interesting variation was its use as measuring instrument—the so-called gunner's or bombardier's stiletto that appeared in the first third of the 17th century. This multipurpose stiletto, often equipped with a wood or a horn grip, had a graduated ruler etched on the triangular blade for measuring cannon bore and shot size. It also served as a plug in the touch hole when loading. As a pick, it was used for piercing cartridges (premeasured paper or cloth packages of gunpowder) before the charge was rammed down the barrel, and it was also used to thrust through the touch hole at the seated powder package to make ignition more efficient. Afterward, it was used to clean away gunpowder residue from the touch hole. And when the capture of a gun was inevitable, artillerymen could spike a cannon by hammering the stiletto blade into the touch hole, after which the remainder of the dagger was broken off.



BELOW: A 16th-century *quillon* dagger. Forward-facing *quillons* are typical of left-handed daggers. BOTTOM: The 16th-century *sinistra* was was designed to catch an opponent's sword blade and wrench it away. It was released with a slide button then expanded into a V-shape.

The dagger as a secondary weapon took on new meaning late in the 15th century. Fighting techniques had changed with the evolution of plate armor. Thrusting swords, sharply tapered to the point, had grown in emphasis throughout the century. The ancient tradition of using a shield with the sword had transformed into the limited use of only a small round shield on the battlefield. In private combat, there was an old tradition of using a cloak in the left hand. Thrusting swords fostered another left-hand weapon, a mail gauntlet used to catch and hold an opponent's sword blade. The use of the dagger in the left hand made for more versatile protection and more effective secondary means of parrying a thrust. Its use with the sword developed rapidly after 1500 with the introduction of a narrower-bladed sword, the rapier, mainly used as a civilian weapon in private combats and duels.

More specialized daggers developed with the increase in dueling combats through the 16th century. This was fed, in turn, by an increasing number of fencing schools and all manner of fighting styles and opinions on weapons. The dueling dagger took on several designs, a basic feature being a blade that grew to about a foot in length. As the sword cross guard became more complicated in order to protect the hand because of more intricate point-and-thrust styles, the dagger cross guard followed to better defend against an opponent's sword by catching and holding the blade whenever possible. In the simplest form, the dagger's *quillon* became longer. A further modification was the bowing of the *quillon* toward the blade. As with the sword, a ring guard perpendicular to the center of the cross guard was added and would later grow into a pierced or solid shell to protect the hand. Although it was more common with sword development, there were also daggers with "arms," half rings or arcs extending from the hilt and *quillon* toward the blade as an added means of parrying.

Along with fighting techniques, the further narrowing of the rapier inspired dagger designs in dramatic variations after the middle of the 16th century. The means to catch an opponent's sword blade passed from dagger hilt to dagger blade. One of these so-called sword catchers was a modified *quillon* dagger with a serrated blade edge, usually small scalloping that formed a better means of catching an opponent's blade and holding it for a return stroke. The blade was sometimes ridged with closely spaced parallel lines and horizontal cuts to make it resis-

tant to an opponent's sword. Yet another was the later 16th century *sinistra* (from the Latin for "left," which was considered unnatural, thus the English language derivative *sinister*). The blade was ingeniously constructed with two edges as separate bladed sections hinged at the base of the central blade by hooked flat springs. At the right moment in a duel, a touch on a slide button on the reverse side of the blade just above the *quillon* released the two sections, which sprang out in a V-shape to catch the opponent's blade and wrench the sword away.

Another class of left-hand daggers was constructed hardy enough to not only catch but break the flexible rapier blade. Among these daggers, the most familiar was the comb, or toothed, dagger, known familiarly as the "sword breaker," which appeared toward the end of the 16th century. Of necessity, the blade was wider—about twice as wide as the usual left-hand dagger—to provide enough integral strength to accommodate the deep, barb-tipped slots cut into the length of either edge. Edge preference was a matter of parrying styles—whether parrying outward and away or inward and down. The essence either way was to trap the sword in one of the slots and with a twist of the wrist lock the blade and wrench it from an opponent's grasp. A forceful enough twist countered by the opponent's own struggle to disengage could even break the upper part of the sword blade. The sword breaker remained in use through the mid-17th century.

In general, all the dueling daggers found their way onto the battlefield, providing their special traits and a possible extra edge to an accomplished swordsman. The typical soldier's dagger was a *quillon* dagger (standard with pikemen and musketeers) on the 16th- and 17th-century battlefield. These were carried on the side opposite from the sword or at the small of the back. After the mid-17th century, the use of a left-hand dagger in single combat fell out of fashion in much of northern Europe, while in southern Europe it continued. However, dueling was still very much in vogue. It continued to be a national pastime—if not a mania—in France, even though it was unlawful and punishable by death.

ABOVE: This ear dagger was made by Diego de Caias in 1530. TOP: This 6th-century BC flint dagger with bone hilt was discovered in central Turkey.

Spain and Italy carried on the design of left-hand daggers; both countries had a traditional fondness for knife and dagger. Cities such as Seville were famous for dueling with the dagger alone. The term *main gauche,* a French term meaning "left hand," applied to any left-hand dagger that appeared at the end of the 16th century and described a shell or sail guard dagger. Its origins were Spanish, but it was made in several variations and popular in Italy as well through most of the 17th century. While the grip and pommel of the hilt remained the same, the dagger blade was usually 16 or more inches in length and had a sharply tapered form—sometimes an extremely narrow blade. In the usual form, an inch of the blade from the hilt formed a trap, two opposing holes or slots at either edge to catch and hold an opposing blade. The *quillon* was longer and straight, and the simple ring guard was replaced with a solid or intricately pierced triangular and thin steel guard covering most of the hilt and the back of the hand. The shape and the curve of the guard back toward the pommel reflected the sail description.

Here was a weapon designed to completely cover the left hand like the small target shield or gauntlet and be more effective in defending against sword strokes. These daggers continued to be used in Spain to the early 18th century. By then, the dagger essentially disappeared from the contemporary military weapon scene. The plug bayonet replaced both the dagger and the pike spear on the battlefield. The dagger would not return in large numbers until World War I, when it reappeared as an off-barrel long bayonet knife and trench knife. In World War II, various daggers were used, including formal Nazi regalia and commando knives. □

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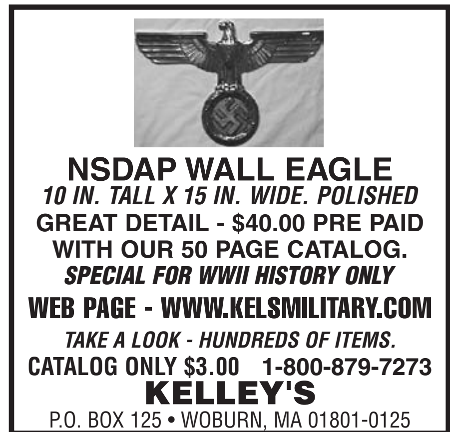

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By John E. Goodwin

Flash-spotting, sound ranging, "overhearing," and other innovative techniques were used to locate enemy positions on the Western Front.

ALL WARS GIVE RISE TO CHANGE AND INNOVATION. IN THE EARLY years of the 20th century, a short but nasty territorial war erupted between Russia and Japan. Both armies were powerful and fought in accordance with then-current military thinking. Weapons and tactics used during the conflict were watched closely by other nations, and the lessons learned there were taken into account during the Great War 10 years later.

A small but significant change in tactics attributed to the Russo-Japanese War was the way in which artillery was used. Traditionally, artillery was deployed to silence enemy guns and disable cavalry by direct fire. This changed when observers realized that smokeless propellants and more powerful guns could fire accurately from hidden positions over longer ranges. Spotters close to the enemy could send back target details by field telephone. The old method of firing over open sights when the gunner could see the enemy in front of him was no longer necessary. European observers of the Russo-Japanese conflict returned home to rethink the training and operational use of artillery in their armies.

When the British Expeditionary Force landed in France in 1914, it quickly discovered that French maps were so small in scale and lacking in detail that they made accurate artillery fire mpossible. The Field Survey Battalions of the Royal Engineers decided, of necessity, to map the entire Western Front, an immense task that nevertheless was completed within the year. The problem of spotting hidden German artillery was unresolved for several months until, in the autumn of 1915, clever officers of the British Third Army used the new maps to work out a procedure for finding hidden enemy batteries. When a gun was fired in daylight, the flame from the muzzle was seen as a bright flash; at

Artillerists load a 4.5-inch howitzer in Richard Jack's painting, *The Battle of Vimy Ridge*. Ranging innovations improved their aim.

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night there was a similar reflection in the sky. If three or four observation posts were spaced two and three miles apart behind the front line and linked by telephone to headquarters, the respective bearings of the muzzle flashes could enable the siting of the enemy battery where the lines intersected.

At first it was difficult to determine whether observers were recording the same gun flash, but a simple, effective device known as a "flash and buzzer board" was designed by an inventive British engineer lieutenant. When the German gun fired, observers simply pressed a telegraphic key and the synchronized bearings plotted at headquarters enabled the target to be passed on to those directing counterbattery fire. By June 1916, the technique called "flash spotting" was firmly established, and the United States Army successfully used the British method when it entered the war a year later. Not only was it highly accurate, but it was also economical, since spotters needed only a telescope and three men in a dugout with about 25 miles of connecting telephone wire.

Early in 1914, the French Army had taken the lead in inventing an alternative method for pinpointing the location of German batteries by the blast of the sound wave created when their guns were fired. This technique, called "sound ranging," was based on the time differences between the the noise of an explosion arriving at different points behind Allied trenches. When a sound wave reached observing stations sited a mile apart behind the front line, an arc could be computed of the different arrival times that effectively placed the enemy gun at its center. The French high command invited the British general staff and the Royal Artillery to join them in experimenting with this new technique, but there was a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the British, who commented disparagingly that "if there was an officer available who was of no use for anything else they would not object to him cooperating."

Eventually, two Royal Artillery officers did join in the French experiments. They were so impressed that they recommended the adoption of the apparatus designed by Lucien Bull, a professor at the Marey Institute in Paris. Two miles behind a five-mile stretch of the British front line, six listening stations with microphones were set up and achieved good results. The sound-ranging apparatus was more expensive and complicated than that used for flash spotting. It involved recording the sound pressure waves onto cinematography film with a device that could isolate the sound of a particular gun through a system of microphones and a jet of air playing on an electirc wire. Besides locating the specific site, the type of gun—whether it was a howitzer, 77mm field gun, or one of higher velocity—could also be determined.

Author's Collection

TOP: The French-made geophone was used to listen in on enemy tunneling activities and troop movements.
ABOVE: An Allied tunnel used during the Battle of Arras, near Vimy Ridge.

The technique of sound ranging used in the British Army was further developed on the battlefield by two academics serving in quite junior positions—Corporal William Sansome Tucker, formerly of the Physics Department of the Imperial College London, who designed a superior microphone for the purpose, and Lieutenant William Lawrence Bragg, an Australian who was already a Nobel Prize winner, who was put in charge of the first unit. Despite initial skepticism by some gunners, the technique gained much respect from the enemy. An order from the German general staff directed: "In consequence of the excellent sound ranging of the English. batteries are forbidden to fire alone when the sector is quiet, especially in the east wind." By May 1917, Tucker had also developed advanced microphones for use in the calibration of artillery muzzle velocities.

By the end of the war, flash-spotting and sound-ranging sections working in collaboration were eventually attached to all the armies fighting in Europe. German sound-ranging devices (*Lichtschallmessen*) never progressed much beyond the stage of primitive ear trumpets. The British systems were eventually incorporated into training manuals used by the Royal Artillery, and the same techniques continued to be used almost unchanged in most theaters up to and during World War II.

"Overhearing" was the quaint name given in 1915 to the practice of listening in to enemy wireless and telephone conversations. In the summer of that year, the French Army discovered that the Germans were listening in to their telephone conversations by using earth circuits (wires stuck in the earth) up to a distance of 300 yards from their front lines. This helped to explain how the Germans always seemed to know when zero hour was set for trench raids and the arrival of relief troops, which coincided with artillery bombardments. Countermeasures included the British invention of the Fullerphone, which used direct current to make land line communications secure This device, too, continued to be used in World War II.

It was not until 1917 that monitoring stations were set up to enforce security over the airways. By the end of the war, all combatant armies had developed sophisticated methods for interpreting information obtained by listening to enemy transmissions, particularly the locations of individual divisions and artillery strengths. In the final years of the war, analysis of German wireless traffic enabled the British and American armies to pinpoint the movements of over 50 percent of all German divisions.

While the sound made by guns was being used to find enemy artillery on the battlefield, other devices were being developed to find out what he was up to underneath the trenches on the Western Front. By the end of 1914, German engineers had begun to dig tunnels under British front lines with the intention of exploding mines and enabling their troops to advance during the ensuing confusion. It was not long before both sides were tunneling furiously. At first, most tunnels were less than 20 feet deep, but as the war continued, the depth and length of the more important tunnels increased, some up to 100 feet below the surface.

By 1916, the British had 25,000 men actively engaged in tunneling. In one sector, it was possible to walk along a continuous underground gallery for several miles in front of the trenches. Tunneling not only provided the opportunity to excavate mines and blow up trenches, but it

also enabled troops to be brought up to the front under cover for a surprise assault. A constant fear of both sides was the extent to which their own position was being mined with explosives. Listening galleries, pushed out ahead of the main mining tunnels, were dug to give advance warning of enemy tunneling activity. At first, no specially designed listening equipment was available—as in medieval siege warfare, all the defenders could do was listen. A man with good hearing crouching at the bottom of a hole three feet deep was reckoned to be able to hear the sound of digging 20 to 40 feet away. Crude listening aids included biscuit tins sunk below the surface and short sticks with a single vibrating-wire earpiece of the type often used to find water leaks.

Eventually, French scientists at the Sorbonne in Paris invented the geophone, which was to be widely used in the British and French armies. Two wooden discs filled with mercury and faced with mica were fitted with nipples and attached to a stethoscope. By moving each disc across the tunnel floor until the sound of enemy digging was balanced in both ears, a trained operator could fix a bearing. The British Army used the geophone for determining the direction of sounds from the enemy and a device from the American Western Electric Mining Company for calculating how far away the sound was. Depending on the nature of the ground and the sounds (talking, shoveling, or pick work, for example) enemy activity could be accurately assessed up to 300 feet, allowing troops to be withdrawn before a mine was exploded. In 1917, British General Sir Hubert Plummer told his staff before 19 of the 21mines beneath Messines Ridge were exploded: "Gentlemen, we may not make history tomorrow, but we shall certainly change geography."

Mining beneath the trenches was a quite hazardous feature of the Great War, and even today there are thought to be five fully charged lost mines containing 166,000 pounds of explosives remaining under old French battlefields. There is even a volunteer group of civil engineers dedicated to exploring and mapping old mines beneath the former Western Front.

Devices using sound were also employed for the first time during World War I to detect the direction of hostile aircraft. At first the problem seemed insolvable, and truly effective countermeasures—especially at night—were not developed until the invention of radar for guns, searchlights, and planes in World War II. However, in 1916, bombing attacks on the front line of the Western Front along the Maricourt Plateau on the Somme were becoming a serious nuisance. Attacks by zeppelins on mainland England had begun the year before, and the government was worried about their effect on civilian morale. Experiments with early acoustic and lighting devices met with varying degrees of success. Then a research team at the Ministry of Inventions and Munitions in London was established to look at all aspects of air defense. The team was headed by a mathematician, A.V. Hill, who devised a pattern-sound locator using pairs of wooden conical horns mounted on a frame. An observer using a stethoscope balanced the sound of engines in each ear to obtain a bearing to direct searchlights onto enemy aircraft.

Paul Glazzard

Paul Russon

ABOVE: Listening ears near Greatstone-on-Sea, Kent, monitored enemy bombers. TOP: A WWI-era acoustic dish at Kilnsea, East Riding, Yorkshire.

Other scientists followed different lines of inquiry. Professor Thomas Mather of the London City and Guild Engineering College tested an idea inspired by French engineers. It involved building a circular bowl, or dish, of curved concrete wall structures to magnify and trap the sound from approaching aircraft. The War Office was initially interested but subsequently withdrew its support and there the matter rested until now-Major William S. Tucker, who earlier had invented a successful hot-wire microphone for artillery calibration, obtained War Office funding to research the development of long-range detection of aircraft for the protection of the English coastline against air attack. After reviewing all the known information on the subject and examining several experimental mirrors, Tucker oversaw the construction of several different shapes of acoustic mirrors along the Kentish coast. All involved monolithic concrete structures varying in size from 15 to 200 feet, with a listener equipped with a microphone standing in front of a concrete bowl-shaped dish to pick up the sound of approaching aircraft. Results of the tests were hardly impressive; aircraft were detected only up to 10 miles away, and detection was subject to weather and wind noise.

Attempts to use searchlights on the battlefield to illuminate enemy positions were quickly abandoned since they attracted enemy gunfire. Lights were mounted experimentally on kite balloons for observation, but the wobbling of the platforms made them useless. Using a searchlight beam to pick up enemy planes at night was largely ineffective, although the result was blamed on limitations of equipment and poor cooperation with antiaircraft gunners. In England, searchlight units were used more successfully against the slower-moving zeppelins, but proved useless against planes. Eventually, projectors were given a 13-foot-long arm that enabled the operator to see the target in the beam without being blinded. The Germans were wary of using searchlights to defend their homeland, quickly realizing that the lights led enemy bombers to the very area they were attempting to defend.

In the autumn of 1915. Frederick Lanchester, a successful British car and aircraft designer, came up with an idea to flood the skies in eastern and southern England with a belt of light against which hostile aircraft could be seen by gunners and fighter planes while the ground below was left in darkness. The lights were to be mounted on towers up to 100 feet high, with their beams inclined upward to reflect off the clouds. There was to be one tower for each three miles of area to be lit. Representatives from the American firm Edison and Swan were consulted, and a full-scale experiment was carried out in Wiltshire in July 1917. The results were not successful, partly due to the unpredictable English weather and the increasing the altitude at which planes were beginning to fly.

All that was known scientifically about the characteristics of sound and light was used in World War I to advantage the combatants, even though the application for warlike use was in its infancy. To some extent, the experience gained was useful when World War II broke out. Flash spotting and sound ranging continued to be used in all theaters without much change in technique. With improvements in wireless and communication technology, "overhearing" became radio interception, and the resultant code-breaking and intelligence analysis contributed enormously to the advance knowledge of enemy intentions. □

By Brian Bell

A diverse array of colorful police helmets awaits headgear enthusiasts who collect relatively inexpensive Third Reich militaria.

Author's Collection

ABOVE: A German policeman wears the M1935 combat helmet. BELOW: SS General and Police Chief Kurt Daluege reviews troops in Luxembourg, 1940. RIGHT: A Beaded M1935 Luftschutzpolizei helmet.

A CHALLENGING BUT REWARDING PURSUIT FOR COLLECTORS OF World War II headgear is the acquisition of authentic helmets worn by military and civilian organizations of the Third Reich. Over the last two decades, widespread growth of the specialized hobby has resulted in sharply increasing prices and a plethora of fake or altered examples. Despite growing interest in Third Reich items, little attention has been given to the variety of helmets worn by Nazi police organizations. A diverse array of helmet types was worn by the German Order Police (Ordnungspolizei), one of the most complex paramilitary organizations under Adolf Hitler's rule.

In the years prior to World War II, a combination of state, national government, military, and political organizations gave rise to a multitude of police formations throughout Germany. During these formative years, many police units were created with the intent of secretly training men to serve in the military under the disguise of uniformed police. Under this method, Germany was able to train military personnel without directly adhering to restrictions outlined by the Treaty of Versailles. When Hitler assumed full power in 1934, he sought to integrate all police units under the authority of the National Socialist Party.

The Order Police came into existence in the summer of 1936, when the German Interior Ministry decreed that all German police forces were to be absorbed into the infamous SS (Schutzstaffel) under the leadership of Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler. With integrated cooperation and overlapping responsibilities, the Order Police were responsible for law enforcement within the boundaries of greater Germany. This would eventually include all occupied territories conquered by the German armed forces, beginning with the invasion of Poland in September 1939. German police were divided into three primary organizations: the regular police (Ordnungspolizei), the security police (Sicherheitspolizei), and the criminal police (Kriminalpolizei). Regular law enforcement was provided by the

Order Police, while the Security Police consisted of the secret state police (Gestapo) and the security service (Sicherheitsdienst). Initially, members of the Criminal Police were police detectives who investigated violent crimes, but their brief soon expanded to investigating those believed to be subversive in nature.

In 1939, Himmler combined the various police units into a single office—the Reichssicherheitshauptamt (RSHA). The RSHA was a subsidary organization of the SS that dealt with all enemies of Nazi Germany, including civilians deemed "undesirable" by National Socialist doctrine. While not universally true of all policemen, many German police helped to enforce National

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LEFT: The left and right sides of M1933 civic model helmet worn by the Schutzpolizei. RIGHT: This lightweight parade helmet was produced for senior officers.

Socialist ideals among the civilian population in Nazi Germany and occupied countries.

As the largest of all police organizations in Germany, the Order Police oversaw and administered the activities of a number of organizations supporting the war effort on the home front. Some of these organizations fell under the direct control of the Order Police. These included the water protection police, municipal police, rural police, fire protection police, air civil defense police, traffic police, factory police, postal police, railway police, technical emergency corps, radio police, and the health, building, and commerce police.

Like most paramilitary organizations in Nazi Germany, policemen assigned to Order Police units wore steel helmets as protective headgear. The variety of helmets worn by German police differed in style and function depending on the organization's task and responsibilities. Helmets could be those designed for light or medium duty, or even the familiar German combat-style helmet when increased protection was called for. The number of helmet types manufactured for police use was extensive. Despite differences in helmet styles, regulations generally called for standard paint finishes and insignia to better associate the wearer with a particular office.

One helmet that was used more widely than others was also the first to be designed and produced during the Third Reich. A lightweight metal helmet for civilian police went into production in 1934. These helmets carried the universal designation "M1934" regardless of manufacturer variations. Today, this headgear is often referred to by collectors as the "civic model M34" helmet. (The term "civic" stems from postwar collector terminology used to distinguish the lightweight helmets from those issued to the military.)

Many M34 variations were manufactured in an assortment of styles—all based on the same elementary design. The most common differences among helmet styles can be found in design features such as the shape of the visor, the angle where the visor meets the temples, the number of rivets used to hold the leather liner in place, and the location and style of the air vents. Most helmets had the manufacturer's name stamped into the shell, but many police helmets did not receive any markings at all. The standard M34 helmet was factory finished in a smooth-satin black paint. Regardless of the manufacturer, almost all police helmets bore the twin insignia of the German police. The type of insignia and placement location became increasingly standardized as time passed.

In addition to the M34 helmet, many police organizations utilized reissued World War I-era German and Austrian trench helmets. In some cases, these heavier helmets were commercially reproduced in lighter-weight versions that bore a similar appearance to their World War I counterparts. For police units that operated within rear areas behind front lines, the standard combat helmet in the familiar M35, M40, and M42 patterns was commonly used. These helmets

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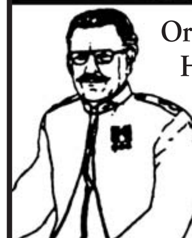

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bore the typical field gray (Schiffergrau) paint finishes universal to German Amy, Navy, and Waffen-SS helmets.

Prior to January 1934, independent police groups existed within the various states that composed the greater part of the German nation. These groups held the responsibility for police duty in cities and townships in the provincial territories of the German Reich. On April 23, 1934, a new insignia was introduced on State Police (Landespolizei) helmets. This took the form of a large, white mobile swastika and the national tricolored shield of Germany. Helmets were typically painted a light- to medium-green color, but many were also painted satin black. Changes in color and decal combinations among police units were a result of the transition of the Landespolizei to national control.

With the advent of National Socialism, police organizations came under the direct control of the SS. Himmler's intention was to take control of all police organizations in order to manage national security issues in the Third Reich. Prior to this time, the State Police were independently responsible for overseeing police-related activities within their own state. There were 15 different independent State Police groups until all were integrated into the Order Police on July 28, 1936. As Prussia's minister of the interior, Hermann Göring played an integral role in the early formation of the Landespolizei based on the formation of the Prussian police. The Prussian Landespolizeigruppe was the model by which all other Landespolizei groups were organized prior to incorporation into the Order Police. State Police groups were trained as military units and were often used to enforce National Socialist Party doctrine.

Although associated with the Nazis, some police officers were not members of the National Socialist Party. The depressed economic state within Germany during the mid-1930s reduced the amount of state support that most police forces were allotted. As a result, many police members were slowly drawn into the National Socialist movement for the mere sake of obtaining much needed funding, support, and equipment to do their jobs.

The Protection Police (Schutzpolizei) was a branch of the Order Police that was responsible for law enforcement within municipal cities and townships with populations greater than 2,000. Prior to 1934, protection police were organized as separate authorities in each land or state within Weimar Germany. Schutzpolizei units were generally housed in barracks and trained in military and police protocol. The type of helmet most often worn by the Protection Police was the satin black M34 bearing two decals. These helmets were worn for both ceremonial purposes and hazardous duty. In some cases, police officers also wore satin-finished, medium-gray helmets bearing the standard insignia. It was not uncommon, however, for units to utilize the earlier World War I model helmets of both German and Austrian manufacture. Although combat helmets were generally reserved for field operations, a large number of M35, M40, and M42 combat helmets were also available for the Protection Police when needed.

The M1942 double-decal helmet was the last version issued to combat police units.

Helmets worn by the Protection Police underwent significant changes during the course of a few years. Initially, the insignia took the form of a thin white swastika and a tilted black-and-white Prussian shield. The Prussian shield was initially used by police units organized by Göring while he was in control of the Prussian government. This insignia was later used by other police units as they were centralized under Prussian authority within the larger German Reich. When the black, white, and red national colors of Germany were authorized in 1934, the Prussian shield was replaced with a tilted tricolored shield. The swastika was then updated and made thicker. In 1934, the tricolored shield was modified once again to the same design introduced for wear on all military helmets.

When all police units were organized under the Order Police in 1936, the insignia was once again changed to a standard police eagle and the National Socialist Party decal. Initially, the eagle decal had no border, but many police units later

adopted a version with a silver border. The decal with border initially was intended for use only on firemen's helmets, but the silver border around the shield's edge proved helpful in making the insignia more visible when placed on black-painted helmets. During these many transitions, it was common for some police units to make application mistakes when placing insignia on their helmets. As a result, an occasional helmet can be found where the swastika and national shield are on the opposite side from stated regulations. In addition, some police helmets had the tri-colored decal placed vertically rather than at an angle.

The Luftschutzpolizei (Air Civil Defence Police) was the civil protection service in charge of air raid defense and rescue. Air Civil Defense Police were issued M35, M40, and M42 combat helmets with a protruding bead running around the midline of the helmet shell. This protrusion was formed in the shell at the time of manufacture to denote that the helmet had imperfections that rendered it unusable for regular combat duty. Luftschutzpolizei helmets were initially painted a satin dark blue. Later, this color was changed to a matte blue-gray paint. Helmets were equipped with one of the many civic model liners common to other non-military helmets.

Other than the insignia, the M1935 combat police helmet was identical to those used by the Wehrmacht.

Most of the helmets were adorned with standard police insignia; however, some late-pattern helmets bore no insignia whatsoever. Early-model helmets possessed the unbordered police eagle decal on the left side, with the National Socialist Party decal on the right. This was due in part to the fact that many of the beaded M35 helmets were initially issued to the Security and Assistance Service (Sicherheits und Hilfdienst) prior to the creation of the Luftschutzpolizei in 1942. Later, many of these helmets were repainted and redecaled with the updated bordered police eagle decal on the left side and the National Socialist Party decal on the right. Some of the helmets used by the Air Civil Defense Police were in fact standard Luftschutz helmets bearing the winged emblem of the Air Protection Warning Service over the visor. As time permitted, many of these helmets were also repainted and redecaled to conform to updated police regulations.

For those interested in diversifying their headgear collections, authentic examples of German police helmets are still readily obtainable at reasonable prices. Today's avid collector can gain a jump on market prices and increase the potential value of a collection by securing examples of these and the many other helmets worn by Nazi police organizations. At least for the present, standard civic model police helmets in above-average condition are valued between $300 and $400, a sum that is considerably less than that for other combat model helmets from the same era. □

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DISMAL BRITISH *Retreat to* CORUNNA

Cut off from his base in Portugal by the quick-marching troops of Napoleon Bonaparte, British General Sir John Moore began an arduous three-week-long retreat to Corunna, on the Spanish coast. The French harried him every step of the way.

BY ERIC NIDEROST

IT WAS DECEMBER 1808, and the French Army was struggling though the 4,500-foot Sierra de Guadarrama Mountains in central Spain. Even the most seasoned veterans could not recall such hardships. Heavy snowstorms blinded them, and howling winds chilled them to the bone. The snow finally abated, only to be replaced by sleet and pelting rain that turned the tortuous mountain tracks into muddy quagmires. Soldiers marched knee-deep in mud, literally mired in misery, their exertions so great that they were drenched in sweat despite the bitter cold. They were driven on by the iron will of one man, Napoleon Bonaparte. The French emperor was determined to destroy the 25,000-man British Army under General Sir John Moore. Fired by an implacable hatred of Great Britain, Napoleon refused to accept any delays in the pursuit of his elusive foe.

To set an example for his men, Napoleon led the way, followed by his ever-faithful chief of staff, Marshal Louis Berthier, staff officers, and a small escort of mounted chasseurs from the Imperial Guard. The winds were so fierce and the ice so slippery that it was almost impossible to stay mounted on a horse. The emperor himself stubbornly tried to ride for a time, only to tumble ingloriously from the saddle. From that point on, chastened but still indefatigable, he trudged along on foot. At one point, Napoleon encountered men of the 2nd Division, part of Marshal Claude Victor's I Corps. Normally, Bonaparte was idolized by his men, showered with shouts of "Vive L'Empereur!" when he appeared in their midst. Now, however, the worn, frost-rimmed faces showed nothing but hatred and contempt. They roundly cursed Napoleon as the author of their miseries, raining down fearful oaths on his head. Not content with mere maledictions, some in the ranks called out to

Wracked by wintry weather, demoralized British soldiers trudge the snow in artist Richard Bevis's painting, *Retreat to Corunna.*

The Art Archive/HarperCollins Publishers

comrades to end their misery by shooting Napoleon on the spot.

The emperor heard the threats but ignored them—nothing was going to interfere with his ongoing vendetta against "perfidious Albion." The Peninsular Campaign in Spain and Portugal was an outgrowth of his hatred of Great Britain, the only major power still standing in the way of his domination of Europe. Prevented from invading the British Isles by Admiral Horatio Nelson's destruction of the Franco-Spanish fleet at Trafalgar in 1805, Napoleon resorted to economic warfare. A so-called Continental System was created that represented, in effect, a massive trade embargo of British goods. Napoleon hoped that Great Britain, "that nation of shopkeepers," would soon be brought to heel if all European commerce was cut off. But Portugal, a longtime British ally, refused to join the system, triggering a series of events that led to the current campaign. Napoleon ordered an invasion of Portugal in 1807 that was initially successful thanks to Spanish acquiescence. But the emperor's genius was compromised by a growing arrogance and sense of invincibility. He decided to meddle in Spanish affairs by forcing King Charles IV and his heir, Prince Ferdinand, to renounce the throne in favor of Napoleon's brother, Joseph.

The Spanish people rose in a great surge of patriotic fury. On May 2, 1808, the citizens of Madrid revolted against occupying French troops. The Dos de Mayo uprising was bloodily crushed with mass executions, but the revolt could not be contained and soon convulsed all of Spain. Local defense committees, or juntas, sprang up to organize the rebellion. A few weeks later an event occurred that destroyed the myth of French invincibility forever. On July 21, General Pierre

The Art Archive/Musée du Chateau de Versailles/Gianni Dagli Orti

The French Army, personally commanded by Napoleon, crosses the rugged Sierra de Guadarrama Mountains in December 1808. RIGHT: General Sir John Moore.

Dupont was trapped by Spanish forces and forced to capitulate. Some 13,000 French troops became prisoners, pouring still more oil on the fires of Spanish rebellion. The French eventually abandoned Madrid and fell back behind the Ebro River.

The British government saw an opportunity in Napoleon's mounting troubles in Spain. The Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, Viscount Castlereagh, was a prime mover in a new policy that called for direct British intervention on the Continent. Up to this time, the formidable British Army had been frittered away on abortive attempts to seize enemy colonies, attempts that proved costly in money and lives. The army was a highly trained and professional force, but relatively small in numbers when compared to Napoleon's Grande Armee. While it could not confront Napoleon's might single-handedly, it could render valuable assistance to its new Iberian allies.

British troops landed in Portugal in August 1808, the first time that redcoats had been on the European mainland in over a decade. Sir Arthur Wellesley, a relatively little-known but experienced general, won a significant victory at Vimeiro on August 21 against French forces under General Andoche Junot. Unfortunately for the British, Wellesley was not the most senior officer in Portugal. General Sir Hew Dalrymple was the man in charge, an older, overly cautious commander more at home in the office than on the battlefield. "Dowager" Dalrymple's caution was seconded by General Sir Harry Burrard, who had ignored Wellesley's pleas to follow up the victory at Vimeiro with a dash to capture Lisbon. Instead, the British negotiated the Convention of Cintra, which allowed Junot to evacuate Portugal and return to France. Under the agreed-upon terms, some 26,000 French troops, their equipment, and even their looted spoils would be transported home via British ships.

Wellesley knew the Convention of Cintra gave the enemy a kind of diplomatic victory over the British, but he was junior to the other generals and had no choice in the matter. Dalrymple, Burrard, and Wellesley all signed the convention document, the latter with great reluctance. When the terms became known, the signing created a political firestorm in England. French evacuation was one thing, but to transport enemy troops and their booty back home on British ships was adding insult to injury. All three generals were recalled to face a government enquiry.

With the departure of Dalrymple, Burrard, and Wellesley, command of the British Army in Portugal—some 30,000 men—devolved upon a new general on the scene, General Sir John Moore. The 47-year-old Moore was known as an innovator in the development of light infantry. Moore took care of his men and believed a soldier could serve faithfully and well without the draconian punishments so common at the time. He was one of the few officers who did not believe in routinely flogging men to enforce obedience and discipline. His appointment greatly strengthened army morale.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

Portugal was free of French control, but Napoleon was not done with the Iberian Peninsula. The emperor was enraged at what he considered the bungling of his lieutenants and decided to go there in person to straighten things out. To that end, thousands of battle-hardened French veterans in Germany and else-

where began a long and arduous trek to Spain. The Spanish had sown the wind—now they were about to reap the whirlwind.

In September, Moore was ordered to take 20,000 men and advance into Spain "to cooperate with Spanish armies in the expulsion of the French from that Kingdom." To assist in that effort, some 15,000 reinforcements under General David Baird were already at sea en route to Corunna in the northwestern corner of Spain. Once on Spanish soil, Baird was directed to rendezvous with Moore in the vicinity of Valladolid. The combined force would then make a concerted effort to render aid to Spanish allies. Moore obeyed the directives with alacrity, but soon bogged down in a logistical nightmare of epic proportions. The army lacked the necessary vehicles for the transportation of its light baggage, military stores, and other equipment and supplies.

Wagons, horses, and oxen were supposed to come from the Portuguese, but initially the British had no money to pay for such assistance. It took time to sort things out and plan for the coming campaign. It was hard to get adequate intelligence from the Spanish, who were more interested in squabbling among themselves than in fighting for a common cause. Spanish power was dangerously fragmented, making it almost impossible to plan a unified strategy. On paper there were several Spanish armies in the field, but the quality of the troops varied greatly. Some were good soldiers, others merely uniformed rabble. To make matters worse, the Spanish officer corps was riddled with incompetents and fossilized relics from another generation.

There were a few relatively bright spots in the gloom. General Joachim Blake (his ancestors were Irish) had the makings of a competent if not overly brilliant commander. General Pedro Surada, Marques de la Romana, was also a good soldier, efficient and courageous, but was probably at his best when supporting someone else. Independent command was another matter. The Supreme Junta nominally controlled the destiny of Spain, but local and regional juntas were for all practical purposes autonomous. Half a dozen Spanish armies were holding the Ebro River line, but only three were of any substantial size. Blake's 43,000-man Army of Galicia held the right, General Francisco Castanos's Army of the Center held place with 30,000 men, and the left was anchored by General Jose Palafox's 43,000-man Army of Aragon. There was no central commander, however, to give the Spanish defenders unity and purpose.

Moore finally left Lisbon for Spain on October 27. Iberian roads were notoriously poor, and Moore's expedition was dogged from the start by shortages of transport and supply. Bad planning and advice further hampered British operations. Moore's staff insisted, with the concurrence of local guides, that the road to Coimbra was unsuitable for guns and heavy transport. Moore accepted the verdict and split his command. The red-coated infantry would march to Spain via the Coimbra road, while the guns, transport vehicles, and cavalry under General John Hope would take a more circuitous 380-mile route through Elvas, Badajos, Talavera, and Escurial. This meant that the artillery and cavalry had to travel 130 miles farther than their infantry comrades.

In the meantime, Baird was having his own troubles. His transports arrived off Corunna on October 13, but Spanish authorities refused permission to land until October 26. It was hard on the redcoats, who were increasingly seasick and packed like sardines into transport holds. The landing contretemps was just the beginning of Baird's problems. Spanish authorities gave him lavish promises of support each day, but provided nothing. Baird needed carts for transportation of supplies, but none was forthcoming. Finally the Spanish relented, but only if their putative allies would pay prices that bordered on extortion. The British had no choice—they paid.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

General Lord Henry Paget, Marquis of Angelsey.

Baird finally left Corunna to rendezvous with Moore, but it was clear from the outset that his progress would be painfully slow. Moore was also experiencing continued difficulties. Autumn rains began to fall, and thousands of marching feet pummeled and churned the wet dirt into a glutinous muck. Local guides were indifferent, untrustworthy, or just plain ignorant. Marching columns probed their way through Portugal and into Spain by means of sending their own scouting officers ahead on horseback.

By November 11, Moore's main column had crossed the border into Spain. They continued on to the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, where the redcoats received a warm and tumultuous welcome. Cries of "Viva los Ingleses!" filled the air, and cannon salutes were fired from the ramparts. Moore and his 20,000 men reached Salamanca on November 13. The great university city was to be his new concentration point because Burgos, the original rendezvous, was in French hands. The next two weeks found Moore ensconced in Salamanca, waiting for Hope and Baird to join him. He had little choice, because he badly needed the cavalry, guns, and reinforcements his two subordinates would supply. There was also another concern—lack of reliable intelligence. The Supreme Junta urged the British forward, but the Spanish were vague when it came to discussing what was happening in the rest of the country. The British general knew that Napoleon was personally in Spain, but little else filtered through.

While Moore waited, the Spanish seemed to stumble from disaster to disaster. Blake, in some ways the best of a bad lot, was defeated at Espinosa on November 10-11, but he managed somehow to escape destruction. The Army of Galicia was scattered, though some 10,000 men managed to stay with the colors. Marshal Nicolas Soult's II Corps took Burgos and pressed on, trying to catch Blake and the remnants of his army. Soult pounced on Blake at Reynosa, but managed only to defeat the Spaniard's rear guard and his baggage train. Blake escaped, but he was finished as a fighting force. Spanish resistance was collapsing like a house of cards.

Moore was still at Salamanca, waiting for Baird and Hope to join him before resuming the offensive. When he finally received word of the Spanish rout at Tudela, he decided it was time for the

Library of Congress

Marshal Louis Berthier, left, reports on the British advance to Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte at Chamartin.

British Army to extricate itself from an increasingly perilous situation. Moore made preparations to retreat, but then changed his mind when new intelligence reached him. The French were threatening Madrid, and the Spanish were ready to resist. Moore also got a letter from General La Romana, who assured him that he was marshaling the remnants of Blake's defeated forces for another offensive.

The belated arrival of Hope and the army's artillery and cavalry on December 4 tipped the scales in favor of a renewed British effort. Moore was becoming more bellicose, but his enthusiasm was tempered by a hard-headed realism. "If the bubble bursts and Madrid falls, we shall have to run for it," he warned. The bubble soon burst—Napoleon took Madrid on December 4, although Moore was not aware of the fact for several days. On December 11, 22,500 British infantry, 2,500 cavalry, and 66 guns departed Salamanca and headed northeast. Moore's decision was bold, but based on false assumptions. He thought that Madrid was holding out and that Napoleon had no more than 80,000 troops at his disposal. In reality, the Grand Armee had some 250,000 troops operating on the peninsula.

Moore finally got the news that Madrid had fallen, but he was not deterred from his course. The British marched on, and Moore's resolve was strengthened by a stroke of good fortune: a French courier who possessed some vital information was captured. The British general finally realized the danger he was in—Napoleon's troop dispositions were revealed—but he also knew there were opportunities for an offensive. Soult's II Corps was scattered and only 100 miles away. If Moore could rapidly march north toward Sahagun, he might catch the unsuspecting Soult in the flank and heavily defeat him. If he could destroy the II Corps, Moore could threaten the vital French lines of communication along the Madrid-Burgos-Bayonne highway. Madrid might have fallen, but Moore's action might well disrupt French plans and upset Napoleon's timetable for the conquest.

Napoleon had known since at least November 21 that there was a British army in Spain, but he concentrated his efforts on defeating the Spanish armies, taking Madrid and restoring his brother Joseph to his shaky throne. By early December, the emperor was busy trying to modernize and reform Spain's antiquated government, issuing a flurry of orders that abolished such institutions as the Spanish Inquisition. Napoleon assumed that the British were in full retreat to Portugal, and he gave them little thought. On December 20, Moore and Baird linked up at Mayorga; the British expeditionary force was finally united. Chances seemed good for a surprise victory since Soult was still unaware of the British advance.

It was bitterly cold and snow blanketed the ground, but British cavalry commander General Lord Henry Paget and his men mounted up at around 2 AM on the morning of December 21 and headed for Sahagun, where some of Soult's cavalry was known to be posted. The British horsemen managed to overwhelm the French cavalry pickets outside of town, but one or two Gallic troopers escaped to give warning.

Seeing this, Paget ordered his subordinate General John Slade to take the 10th Hussars and attack the town directly. While French attention was distracted, Paget planned to sweep around Sahagun and trap them. But Slade was slow in obeying his orders, allowing the French to exit the town unmolested. The pompous general had delayed the attack while he regaled his men with a long-winded and wholly unnecessary speech.

Dawn broke and the French cavalry—the 8th Dragoons and 1st Provisional Chasseurs—sighted Paget and the 15th Hussars just to the south. Thinking them to be Spanish cavalry, the

French horsemen were utterly contemptuous of the new threat. Paget decided to charge at once, a decision his men greeted with a sense of relief. The cold was so intense that the troopers were wearing their pelisses, rather than having them slung over their left shoulders, and many were wearing cloaks on top of that.

Paget and the 15th Hussars went forward at the gallop, quickly covering the 400 yards between themselves and the enemy. The half-frozen British troopers had trouble holding their reins and sabers with cold-numbed fingers, but the charge was successful. The French lines were broken and the survivors scattered. When the action ended, some 157 Frenchmen had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. British losses stood at 14. It was a significant little victory, but the French were now alerted that the British were in the area. Moore brought the rest of the army up to Sahagun that same day, and allowed his men two days of much-needed rest. As it turned out, the halt was a nearly fatal delay.

On December 23, Moore learned that Napoleon, now fully aware of the British presence, was marching against him with all the force he could muster. There was no other alternative but to retreat to avoid being trapped and annihilated. The main body of redcoats would retreat to Corunna, some 200 miles away, over frigid mountain roads that bore little resemblance to conventional thoroughfares. The rank and file received the news with mixed emotions. They had not yet engaged in a battle of any major consequence, and the few minor clashes with the enemy had been victories. Many of the troops resented what seemed to them a cowardly withdrawal. Baird's men were the most disgruntled—they had landed at Corunna, and now they would have to retrace their steps.

The march was chaotic from the very beginning. Heavily loaded commissary and baggage wagons lumbered along, pulled up tortuous mountain tracks by oxen and mules already near exhaustion. The animals soon started to falter and die. Some perished naturally, while others were spared a lingering death by a merciful bullet. The men were not in much better shape. Rifleman Benjamin Harris of the 95th Rifles later recalled that in the beginning of the retreat they marched for four days and nights without a moment's rest. Such an ordeal was bound to have an effect on even the toughest old soldier, and many of the newer recruits began to stagger and fall. Sometimes they rose again, sometimes they did not, but usually no one came to their aid.

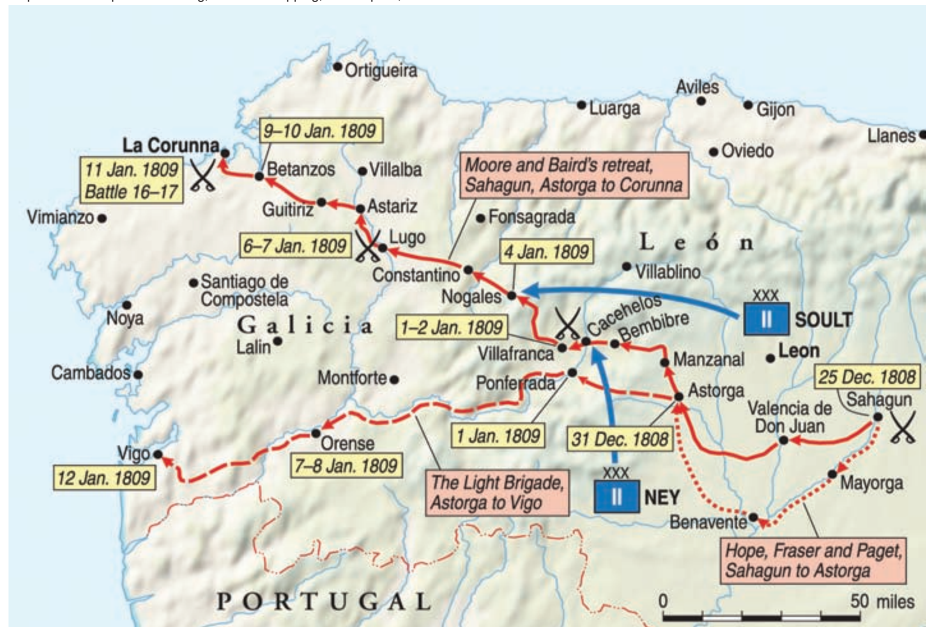
The agonizing trek continued with scarcely a pause. Moore's army had seen little fighting, but had marched hundreds of miles even before the retreat was ordered. Uniforms and equipment, already showing wear and tear, began to disintegrate under the ever-worsening conditions. Felt shakos were so weather-beaten that they assumed strange, lopsided shapes, and once-immaculate red or green tunics became torn and filthy.

When the British did manage to sleep in a Spanish peasant hovel, they arose the next morning to find their uniforms swarming with vermin. Above all, the men's shoes wore out, forcing many of them to trudge barefoot through viscous muck or frost-tinged trails. Harris was soon barefoot, and the constant marching pushed his sturdy constitution to its limits. "My feet were sore and bleeding," he later remembered, "and the sinews of my legs ached as if they would burst." Heavy rain, snow, and sleet alternated, soaking every soldier to the skin. What food the redcoats had in their haversacks was quickly consumed, and a gnawing hunger added to their growing miseries.

The British rear guard, mainly cavalry, managed to keep order and discipline, perhaps because the French were at their heels. At Benevente, near the flooded Esla River, there was a clash with some of Napoleon's elite mounted chasseurs of the Imperial Guard. On December 29, the emperor ordered General Charles Lefebvre-Desnouettes to advance to the river as rapidly as possible and destroy the British rear guard on the south bank of the Esla. Unfortunately for Napoleon, the British had already crossed, and Engineer Captain J.F. Burgoyne had the unusual experience of preparing the bridge over the Esla for demolition while the French emperor and his staff watched from a distance. The bridge was blown sky-high within minutes.

Lefebvre-Desnouettes was a personal favorite of Napoleon, and his men were the emperor's "favored children," troopers who formed his personal escort. The mounted chasseurs of the Imperial Guard were widely considered the finest horsemen in Europe. Lefebvre-Desnouettes had three or four squadrons of troopers, mainly chasseurs and a few mamelukes, the latter in Middle East-

Map © 2009 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



Pursued by the French II and XI Corps, British General Moore had no choice but to begin a three-week-long retreat to Corunna, on the extreme northwest coast of Spain.

ern garb. The French, who numbered about 600, found a ford and crossed with little difficulty, driving away the British pickets.

A counterattack by the 18th Light Dragoons was easily repulsed. The dragoons fell back, only to reform and attack again with mounted elements of the King's German Legion. The bloody fight seesawed back and forth, but the British and their German allies were forced to withdraw when they were about to be encircled. The 18th Dragoons and German horsemen fell back to Benevente, hotly pursued by triumphant chasseurs. The French cavaliers were known for their panache and élan, but something else spurred them on—Napoleon was watching from afar.

With their blood up, the chasseurs became less cautious, running right into Paget's 10th Hussars, who were lying in wait. Paget was there himself, making sure that he and his men remained

hidden until the trap was sprung. Paget then led his men forward, crashing into the surprised Frenchmen at the gallop. The chasseurs fought with desperate courage, but the British had the advantage of surprise. Steel clashed with steel, and the British swords were so sharp that French heads and limbs were severed at a single stroke.

The chasseurs broke, starting a two-mile running fight back to the river. French troopers plunged into the water, hoping to gain the safety of the south bank; many drowned in the attempt. Lefebvre-Desnouettes was wounded by a pistol shot and taken prisoner. Some 75 chasseurs joined him in captivity, while another 55 lay dead or wounded on the field. British casualties numbered around 50. This was a blow to the emperor's vaunted Imperial Guard. Rifleman Harris marched next to Lefebvre-Desnouettes for a time, noting his "dejected look as he rode along in the midst of the greenjackets."

It is fortunate that the cavalry skirmish occurred early in the retreat. Later, as conditions grew grimmer, cavalry horses died or were shot in droves. There were no replacement shoes or even nails to be had. Mounts quickly became lame, and only a merciful bullet ended their torment. One soldier recalled: "The heavy rains have swollen and burst many of the carcasses and the infected air hovers so rancorously about our heads, it is almost impossible to pass in any direction without feeling violent contractions of the stomach."

Moore had originally intended to make a stand at Astorgas, and he told Spanish General La Romana of his decision. La Romana approved, since mountain passes in the general vicinity were easily defendable. In fact, La Romana's men joined the British at Astorga, since they were unable to retreat to Asturias as originally planned owing to heavy snows. The would-be allies clashed immediately, as British and Spanish soldiers fought for the best billets. Hordes of redcoats prowled the streets in search of liquor, looting shops and houses with inebriated abandon.

Moore had to reconsider his options. The British Army was disintegrating and discipline washing away in a sea of wine and rum. Exhausted, starving, and half-drunk, many regiments were in no condition to fight. There was nothing to do but push on for Corunna, a decision that a furious La Romana considered abandonment. As if adding insult to injury, ammunition and other stores were blown up at Astorga, supplies that were originally intended for the Spanish. From the British point of view, the supply wagons were slow and cumbersome, and the draft animals were dying off like flies. Rather put the wagons to the torch than have them fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Light Division and King's German Legion split off from the main body and marched to the seaport city of Vigo. This was done to guard the main body's southern flank and also to lessen the pressure on an already overburdened commissary situation. They successfully escaped French attention and embarked for England on January 17.

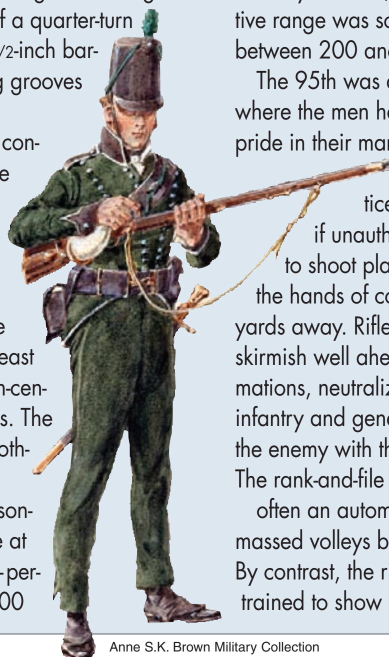
Meanwhile, officers began to lose control of their men, and even the draconian punishments of the period were no deterrent. A rifleman named Howans grumbled within earshot of General Robert Craufurd, damning the eyes of the officer. Craufurd sentenced the miscreant to 300 lashes, which he took without even being tied up. Howans survived the ordeal and was ready to march again within minutes. He let his Irish wife carry his green jacket, knapsack, and pouch, the only concession he would make to his lacerated and heavily bleeding back.

Spanish civilians fled the British, who now resembled a barbarian horde more than a modern army. Those villagers who did stay were often robbed, mistreated, and at times even murdered. Little food could be found in the villages, although wine and other spirits seemed to be in abundance. An officer in the commissariat

Redoubtable Riflemen of the 95th Regiment of Foot

The 95th Regiment of Foot was a new formation in 1808, having originated with the experimental Corps of Riflemen raised in 1800. The regiment was an outgrowth of the hard-won lessons learned during the American Revolution, when American riflemen used natural cover and well-aimed shots to decimate British formations. The British already had light infantry, but they were still dressed in red and carried smoothbore muskets. The riflemen were something new, dressed in green to blend in with their surroundings and make less obvious targets. They were armed with the Baker rifle, which was a much more accurate weapon than the standard "Brown Bess" musket of the day.

The weapon was adopted by the Board of Ordnance after extensive trials. It was a flintlock weapon, and it had a .62-caliber bore, smaller than the standard musket. Above all, it was the rifling that made the Baker so accurate. There was seven-groove rifling with a twist of a quarter-turn along its 30 1/2-inch barrel. The rifling grooves gave the bullet a spin, contributing to the overall effectiveness of the weapon. The Baker could achieve wonders, at least by early- 19th-century standards. The average smoothbore musket was only reasonably accurate at close range—perhaps 50 to 100 yards. It was said that if a man stood 200 yards from a smoothbore musket, he would be perfectly safe. By contrast, the Baker's effective range was somewhere between 200 and 300 yards.


Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

The 95th was an elite regiment, where the men had a real sense of pride in their marksmanship. They held target practice often; a common if unauthorized game was to shoot playing cards from the hands of comrades from 150 yards away. Riflemen were used to skirmish well ahead of the main formations, neutralizing French light infantry and generally harassing the enemy with their aimed shots. The rank-and-file redcoat was often an automaton, firing massed volleys by rote command. By contrast, the rifleman was trained to show some initiative and independent thought.

Soldiers of the 95th generally fought in pairs, a far cry from the massed ranks of their red-coated comrades. Each rifle company was divided into two equal platoons, and divided again into half platoons. Each half platoon featured a "chosen man," who was picked for his merits and accomplishments as a soldier. A white stripe was worn on the right sleeve to show the distinction. If there was no NCO present, a chosen man would lead.

The 95th was a special regiment, but most rankers were from the lower classes. Benjamin Harris was a shepherd who traded mutton for marksmanship while still a young man. He learned the cobbler's trade, and during the retreat was often asked to repair officers' boots. Owing in part to General Sir John Moore's influence, flogging was discouraged in the Rifles, but when discipline broke down during the

was of the opinion that copious amounts of rum and raw salted fish on empty stomachs killed some solders outright. At Villafranca, mobs of drunken soldiers sacked the town, then refused to obey orders to return to their colors. Many hid in the wine cellars or lay sprawled about in a wine-induced stupor. Some 1,000 of these soldiers were caught by French cavalry and ruthlessly sabered.

Moore, a humane man at heart, was sickened by his army's transformation into an unruly mob. He gave a heartfelt speech to his ragged redcoats, appealing to their sense of duty, honor, and country. To reinforce his words, a looter was hanged in front of the assembled troops. It was no use—the marauding continued, and perhaps even accelerated.

The British Army finally reached Corunna on January 11, 1809. The sudden appearance of thousands of ragged, emaciated scarecrows in dirty red tunics shocked the local populace. Some even made the sign of the cross when the soldiers passed, as if beseeching God to protect them from the horrible sight. The men were ragged, dirty, and barefoot, and many had not shaved in several weeks. Even the officers had beards, looking like figures from the Old Testament.

In all, Moore had lost around 5,000 men during the retreat, and another 3,500 had taken ship at Vigo. His surviving men, grateful to be alive, were fed and re-equipped by Corunna's bulging stores. In the meantime, Napoleon was unhappily aware that the British birds had flown. There was little glory in a fruitless chase, and the emperor never liked to be associated with failure on any level. He abandoned the pursuit and left Moore to his underlings. Early in January, Napoleon received word that Austria was mobilizing against him. It was time to go. Leaving a reduced force under Soult, Napoleon departed for Paris.

Although the British Army had arrived at Corunna on the 11th, the Royal Navy evacuation fleet did not show up until three days later. The forest of masts was a welcome sight, with

Continued on page 66

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General Moore receives his fatal wound at Corunna, January 16, 1809.

retreat, General Robert Craufurd liberally applied the lash. It is interesting to note that Harris, who generally hated flogging, applauded Craufurd's punishments, saying that in the long run it saved lives.

Rifleman Thomas Plunkett, a devil-may-care, roistering Irishman, was in some respects typical of the regiment and of the British Army as a whole. He was a crack shot, courageous and resourceful, and a good, reliable companion when sober. But he was also fond of the bottle, and when drunk he became a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, filled with murderous rage.

It was during the retreat that Plunkett performed the most celebrated action of the campaign—killing a French general at extreme long range. It took place at the village of Ciob, near a stone bridge that spanned the Cua River. The British rear guard clashed with General Auguste Colbert's 15th Chasseurs au Cheval and 3rd Hussars. Colbert placed his men in a column of fours and galloped toward the bridge, himself well in the lead. Plunkett saw the general's gaudy uniform from afar and decided to try his luck. The rifleman left his comrades and ran forward alone. When he judged he was at the right spot, he flung himself down on the ground, lying on his back in the mud and snow. He placed his rifle lengthwise on his body, the muzzle of his weapon cradled between his feet, butt couched under his right arm.

This was a standard firing position for the rifles, and Plunkett was a deadly shot. The Irishman fired, killing Colbert instantly. As the dead cavalier slumped in the saddle, his trumpet major rushed to his side. Plunkett reloaded and fired again, killing the unfortunate trumpeter and proving that his first shot was not just a lucky incident. Controversy surrounds Plunkett's shots. Some commentators insist the range was a well-nigh-impossible 800 yards. It was probably more like 200-300 yards, but shorting the range does not lessen Plunkett's amazing feat of arms.

The 95th Foot served through the entire Napoleonic wars, often in the thick of battle as skirmishers, scouts, or assault troops against enemy fortresses. The regiment has gained new popularity thanks to Bernard Cornwell's popular series of novels detailing the adventures of Rifleman Richard Sharpe. These novels, which paint a generally accurate picture of the period, have also been filmed in a series of made-for-television movies with Sean Bean starring as the redoubtable Mr. Sharpe. □

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

With Robert E. Lee counterattacking George B. McClellan outside Richmond in the summer of 1862, Union General Nathaniel Banks set out to distract Lee by capturing the key railroad junction at Gordonsville. As usual, Stonewall Jackson got there first.

CLOSE CALL *at* CEDAR MOUNTAIN

BY WILLIAM E. WELSH

Following the completion of Union Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan's unsuccessful Peninsula campaign earlier in the month, General Robert E. Lee sent Maj. Gen. Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson north from Richmond with two divisions on July 16, 1862. Jackson arrived in Gordonsville three days later. On July 29, his army was reinforced by Maj. Gen. A.P. Hill's "Light Division." The reinforcements doubled Jackson's command and gave him the strength necessary to overwhelm any one of the three Federal corps of the newly formed Army of Virginia under Maj. Gen. John Pope, which was spread along a wide arc from Fredricksburg to the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Pope, who had assumed command of the Army of Virginia on June 27, had been given the complex task of uniting three previously independent commands scattered widely over the northern half of the state into a single army. He ordered Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel's I Corps to Sperryville, Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks's II Corps to Little Washington, and one division of Maj. Gen. Irvin McDowell's III Corps to Waterloo Bridge, leaving his other division at Fredricksburg to guard the lower Rappahannock River. In preparation for a raid on the vital railroad hub of Gordonsville, where the Virginia Central Railroad connected the Confederate capital of Richmond to the Shenandoah Valley and to Tennessee, Pope ordered Brig. Gen. Samuel Crawford's brigade south to Culpeper to support Federal cavalry massing for the raid. But when the Federals learned that Jackson was advancing from Richmond with a force of unknown size, their mission changed abruptly from raiding to reconnaissance. Pope needed information quickly about the size of Jackson's force.

Waving the Confederate battle flag, Major General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson rallies his men at Cedar Mountain in Don Troiani's painting, *Jackson Is with You.*

Painting by Don Troiani, www.historicalartprints.com

The addition of Hill's Light Division to his independent command gave Jackson the ability to overwhelm a portion of Pope's army, just as he had done to his foe in the Shenandoah Valley a couple of months earlier, if he could strike the enemy before support could arrive. To do this, Jackson hoped to reach Culpeper before the Federals could secure it in order to control its vital road network. His first target would be Banks, who Jackson learned from his scouts recently had been ordered to Culpeper by Pope.

On August 7, Jackson delivered orders of his own to his three divisions to march eight miles from Gordonsville to the vicinity of Orange Court House. From there, he hoped to reach Culpeper the following day. When Federal scouts reported the movement to Pope, the Union general ordered Sigel's corps and the rest of Banks's corps to converge on Culpeper. Banks arrived on August 8, but Sigel did not arrive until the following day.

As Early's men crept through the woods, Confederate artillery opened up on the unseen Federals who lay beyond the rolling farmland. The Federals responded with a splendid salvo of counterfire that showered the choleric Early with dust.

With the arrival of Hill's division, Jackson had under his command about 24,000 men in three divisions. Hill's 12,000-strong Light Division comprised six brigades, while Maj. Gen. Richard Ewell's division and Jackson's division, under Brig. Gen. Charles Winder, had 7,000 and 4,000 men, respectively. In addition, Jackson had Brig. Gen. Beverly Robertson's 1,000-strong cavalry brigade. The army was considerably larger than the one Jackson had commanded in the Shenandoah Valley earlier in the year. It would prove difficult for Jackson to manage, both on the march and on the field of battle. The campaign got off to a poor start when Jackson's famous "foot cavalry" managed to march only a half dozen miles on August 8—not the 20 miles a day for which it was noted. Winder, who had been sick with a fever and under orders to rest, received Jackson's permission to return to his command for the pending battle.

The August sun baked the Southerners as they marched north and showed no mercy to the troops, regardless of rank or branch of service. The narrow road was jammed with ammunition wagons, artillery, and ambulances. Thick clouds of dust filled the air, clogging men's throats and eyes. Jackson rode with his cap pulled down to keep the sun from his eyes. To those who rode past him, he seemed preoccupied, as well he might be. The night before, Union cavalry had raided his bivouac, setting off a firestorm of musket fire at 3 in the morning. Jackson fretted constantly about the 1,200 wagons the army had rumbling along in its train. When his personal surgeon, Hunter McGuire, asked Jackson if he expected a battle that day, Jackson flashed the hint of a smile. "Banks is on our front, and he is generally willing to fight," said Jackson, adding in an aside, "and he generally gets whipped." Then he fell silent again.

While the Confederate commander fretted, the enemy began to move. Samuel Crawford, a brigadier with a solid record that stretched back to the opening days of the war, left Culpeper at noon on August 8, taking with him two batteries to support the Federal cavalry operating south of the town. On August 9, the rest of Banks's corps, roughly 8,000 men, joined Crawford on the high ground between the two branches of Cedar Run. The five Federal brigades deployed in line of battle along a two-mile front to await the Confederate attack.

Banks, a former speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives and governor of Massachusetts, was considered by his contemporaries to be an aggressive general. He had been soundly whipped a few months before by Jackson in the northern Shenandoah Valley, and he was looking to even the score. Despite Pope's warning to wait for reinforcements, Banks had no intention of staying on the defensive if an opportunity should present itself to strike Jackson a

The worst of the fighting at Cedar Mountain took place around this rolling wheat field, a mile from the mountain proper.

hard blow. The fact that he had stationed his troops in line of battle astride the Culpeper Road was intended as a direct challenge to his foe. That was not at all what Pope had in mind, but Banks had a mind of his own.

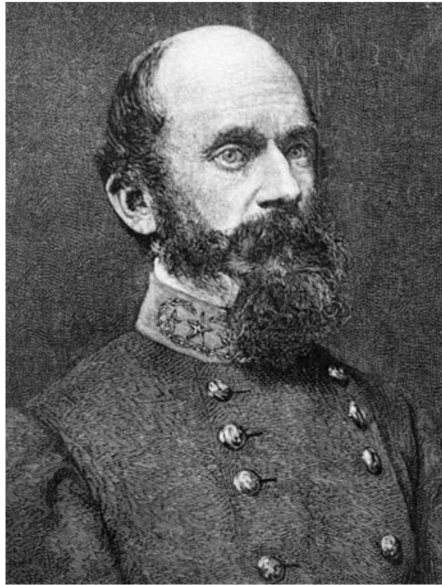
The Confederate vanguard, composed of the three brigades of Ewell's division, arrived at Cedar Mountain (also called Slaughter's Mountain, after Revolutionary War captain Phillip Slaughter) in the early afternoon, but it would be several hours before the Confederates were deployed in an effective line of battle. Brig. Gen. Jubal Early deployed his Confederate brigade in the fields of the Crittenden farm south of the Culpeper Road. Early pushed out a skirmish line, accompanied by a brace of 12-pounder cannons, and sent the Union pickets flying. He headed toward the intersection of Culpeper Road and Madison Court House Road, just west of the mountain.

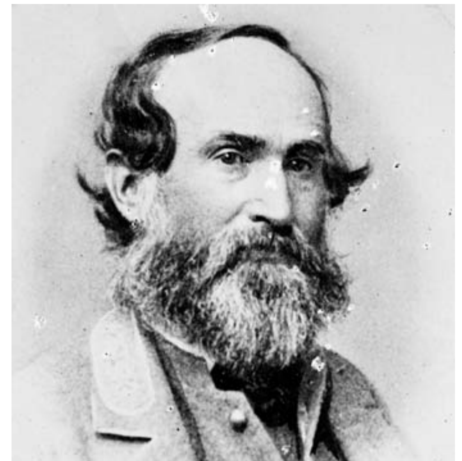
Federal artillery opened up on his troops from Mitchell's Station Road, which ran perpendicular to the Culpeper Road. The feisty Early, still aching from a shoulder wound he had suffered at Fort Magruder a few weeks earlier, would have to fight alone while Ewell took the other two brigades of his division along the base of Cedar Mountain. The two brigades traveled undetected on a road through the woods. Their objective was to seize the high ground at the eastern end of the mountain. When Ewell reached the eastern edge of the mountain, he placed parts of two batteries on the commanding hill.

Because the units were nearly a mile apart, Early would have to rely on his own wits and the two other Confederate divisions for support. He personally led a reconnaissance party that located an old farm lane that diverged from the main road and spilled out into the woods directly onto the farmland where the Union cavalry was forming. As Early's men crept through the woods, Confederate artillery opened up on the unseen Federals who lay beyond the rolling farmland. The Federals responded with a splendid salvo of counterfire that showered the choleric Early with dust. By 3 PM, Early was in position and awaiting the deployment of Jackson's division, under Winder.

Before deploying his infantry, Winder placed his batteries just south of the Culpeper Road, near the gate that marked the entrance to the Crittenden farm. As his brigades arrived on the battlefield, Winder sent them forward one at a time. First, he sent Colonel Thomas Garnett's brigade into the woods bordering a large wheat field immediately north of the Culpeper Road. Next, Winder directed Brig. Gen. William Taliaferro's amalgamated Virginia and Alabama brigade south of the turnpike to support Early's left flank. Lastly, he ordered Colonel Charles Ronald's brigade, the Stonewall Brigade of First Manassas fame, through the woods north of the road to take up positions on Garnett's left flank.

All photos: Library of Congress





ABOVE LEFT: Brigadier General Samuel W. Crawford. ABOVE RIGHT: Brigadier General Jubal Early. TOP LEFT: Major General Richard S. Ewell. TOP RIGHT: Major General Nathaniel Banks.

While Garnett and Taliaferro executed their orders admirably, Ronald wound up far beyond and behind Garnett's left flank. The Stonewall Brigade came to a halt in a tree line on the western end of a smaller field north of the one upon which Garnett was positioned. The "brushy field," as it is referred to in contemporary accounts, was not where Winder had wanted the unit placed. Ronald's failure to effectively carry out Winder's orders nearly cost the Confederates the battle almost before it started.

Banks deployed Brig. Gen. Christopher Auger's division, comprising three brigades, south of

the Culpeper Road, and Brig. Gen. Alpheus Williams's division, consisting of two brigades, north of the road. The Federal right flank overlapped the Confederate left flank by nearly 300 yards. Both Jackson and Winder were unaware that the wooded ground north of the Culpeper Road presented a golden opportunity to the Federals to outflank the Confederates if they could attack before Jackson was able to extend his line.

As Jackson awaited the arrival of Hill's division before committing himself to battle, the two opposing sides engaged in a ferocious artillery duel. Beginning at about 4 PM, the Union and Confederate gunners dueled for nearly two hours across open ground from 900 yards apart. Unlike the Federal guns, which were concentrated near the intersection of the Culpeper Road and Mitchell's Station Road, the Confederates had deployed their guns in four separate positions between the Culpeper Road and Cedar Mountain. The placement of the Southern guns in clusters allowed them to bring a converging fire on the Federal batteries that was so effective the Northerners had to withdraw their guns more than once during the duel. Still, the Federal guns slowed the pace at which the Confederate infantry could deploy and substantially delayed Jackson's advance.

Once the artillery contest was in full swing, the ailing Winder became engrossed in the exchange to the detriment of his division. At one point, he ordered Garnett to prepare to charge across the open ground in front of Early to seize the Federal battery he believed was unprotected. To carry out these orders, Garnett was forced to face two of his regiments south along the Culpeper Road, rather than east toward the Federal infantry on the opposite side of the wheat field. This further weakened the Confederate left flank. Although he complied with the order, Garnett sent word back to Winder that the enemy guns could not be taken because they were supported by both infantry and cavalry. Instead of sorting out the problem, Winder ordered Garnett to keep the regiments aligned as instructed, and he turned his attention back to the artillery contest.

While Winder was directing the artillery fire near the Crittenden gate, a shell came whistling down from one of the Federal batteries and struck him on the left side, nearly tearing off his arm at the elbow. The general quivered and dropped to the ground with what was described as "a

ABOVE: Knapp's Pennsylvania battery blasts the Confederates at Cedar Mountain. OPPOSITE: Brigadier General Samuel Crawford leads his Federal troops into the Confederate left flank, routing two regiments from the vaunted Stonewall Brigade.

tremendous hole in his side." A surgeon examined his wounds and deemed them fatal. Winder was carried on a stretcher to the rear, where he died less than two hours later. Jackson, hearing of the incident, raised his arm and bowed his head for a moment of silent prayer.

The wounding of Winder at 4:45 PM meant that Taliaferro would now assume command of Winder's division. The task that Taliaferro inherited was a difficult one. Neither Winder nor Jackson had apprised him of their orders. What was more, Taliaferro began receiving reports that Federal troops were massing opposite the Confederate left flank. He personally inspected his left on horseback, but found no evidence of an impending attack. Jackson, who was devoting most of his time to the situation south of the Culpeper Road, also inspected the left flank. Before riding away, Jackson told Garnett to watch his left flank closely and, if necessary, request support from Taliaferro.

While the Confederates were busy correcting the kinks in their deployment, the Federals south of the Culpeper Road attacked. Leaving behind Green's understrength brigade, Auger sent Brig. Gen. John Geary's and Brig. Gen. Henry Prince's brigades forward at 5:45 PM against the Confederate right flank. Banks watched intently from just north of the Culpeper Road as his blue ranks were swallowed up by the mature corn growing on the Crittenden farm. Across the field, Jackson sat atop his horse next to Taliaferro's position. As the Federals approached, Jackson rose in his saddle and watched closely to see how his soldiers would meet the enemy attack.

The forces facing each other on the Crittenden farm were nearly equal. The Federals fielded 10 regiments and one battalion; the Confederates matched the attackers with nine regiments and a battalion. Geary's brigade advanced on the right toward Taliaferro, while Prince's brigade advanced on the left toward Early. Auger was struck in the back by a bullet in the first few minutes of the attack and carried to the rear. Geary advanced first with two regiments forward and another two regiments in reserve. Prince's brigade attacked in the same style.

As the fighting grew in intensity, Early sent word to Jackson that he needed reinforcements quickly in order to hold back the Federals. In response to the Federal advance, Ewell's guns on Cedar Mountain switched their attention from the enemy artillery to the Federal infantry on the plain below. When Early's messenger arrived, Jackson sent a courier to Hill urging him to hurry forward with his troops. Help was not far away. Edward Thomas's brigade had been marching at the double quick for the last mile of their 10-mile march that day. When the Georgians came pounding up the Culpeper Road, Jackson rode to meet them, hailing them as they arrived by waving his cap above his head. The Georgians responded with a loud cheer before moving to Early's support.

Just when Jackson had stabilized his right, his left became unglued. From his position near Early's brigade, Jackson's attention was drawn to loud rolls of musketry to the north. He tried to see what was unfolding through his field glasses, but his line of sight was blocked by both the rolling terrain and thick woods. When a courier told him his left had been turned, Jackson spurred his horse and galloped back up the Confederate line. Fearing the worst, he began ordering to the rear the rifled artillery near the gate where the farm road exited the Culpeper Road.

Meanwhile, Crawford's Federal brigade lay concealed for most of the hot August afternoon in the woods along the banks of Cedar Run, where it could not be seen by the enemy units forming up on the Confederate left. Just before

dusk, when the length of the men's shadows on the ground exceeded their height, some 1,500 Union troops emerged from the woods and prepared to advance across a stubbled wheat field to engage their foe. They dressed ranks, crossed a fence, and with a loud cheer rushed downhill toward the Confederate line. To the Virginians of Garnett's brigade, which occupied a nearly identical wood on the opposite side of the wheat field, the attacking blue line seemed to extend indefinitely in both directions.

Before Crawford's brigade had advanced halfway toward its objective, the first of several volleys erupted from Garnett's Confederates. The musket fire soon became one continuous roar, like a never-ending peal of thunder. The Federals continued to advance despite the storm of lead, pausing briefly at the tree line before closing with their enemy. Soldiers swung their rifles like clubs and thrust at each other with bayonets. Although the Confederates occupied what appeared to be a strong position along a fence line, the Union soldiers prevailed.

Crawford's brigade had the good fortune of finding the Confederate left flank in the air. The Stonewall Brigade was farther to the left, but it had not yet advanced to the wheat field. Worse yet, two of Garnett's regiments were not even facing in the direction of the attack. The 1st Battalion of Garnett's brigade reacted to the Federal attack like a man bitten by a rattlesnake. Panic spread from one soldier to the next. Dozens fell alongside the fence in a matter of minutes. In no time, the Federals were over the fence and chasing their enemy through the woods. A number of the soldiers in the 1st Battalion simply dropped their rifles and fled without looking back. The Federals changed front to the east and rolled down the line in the direction of the 42nd and 48th Virginia Regiments. To stem the blue tide, these units would have to hold, and the Confederate command would have to rush reinforcements to the spot. Otherwise, the day would belong to the Federals.

By taking Garnett's brigade in the flank, Crawford was able to multiply the effect of his attack manyfold over a frontal attack. His objective had been the guns near the Crittenden gate that Jackson had so wisely sent to the rear. Even though the guns were now safe, Jackson's entire line was slowly unraveling. Jackson wrote after the battle that the Federals "fell with great vigor" on his left flank. Unless he stabilized it, his army was on the verge of a major disaster.

The Federals steadily drove their enemy before them. The 28th New York advanced on the right, while the 5th Connecticut advanced on the left. Interspersed with these regiments were elements of the 46th Pennsylvania. While the Confederate 1st Battalion had fled without much of a fight, the 42nd Regiment stood its ground until fire from both the front and rear forced it to retreat as well. The 21st Virginia and 48th Virginia, which were facing south along the Culpeper Road, were the unluckiest of all. They did not discern what was happening until some of their numbers were shot in the back. Still, they tried valiantly to fend off the attack. The two sides fought hand to hand in the thick woods. Soon, Garnett's entire brigade was routed.

When the Stonewall Brigade finally advanced, it caught the rear elements of Crawford's attack in the flank. Two regiments of the Stonewall Brigade formed along the fence line bordering the wheat field across which Crawford attacked, while the remaining three regiments advanced through the brushy field next to it. These three regiments wheeled to change front before firing into the 3rd Wisconsin, which had been detached from Brig. Gen. George Gordon's brigade and assigned to Crawford.

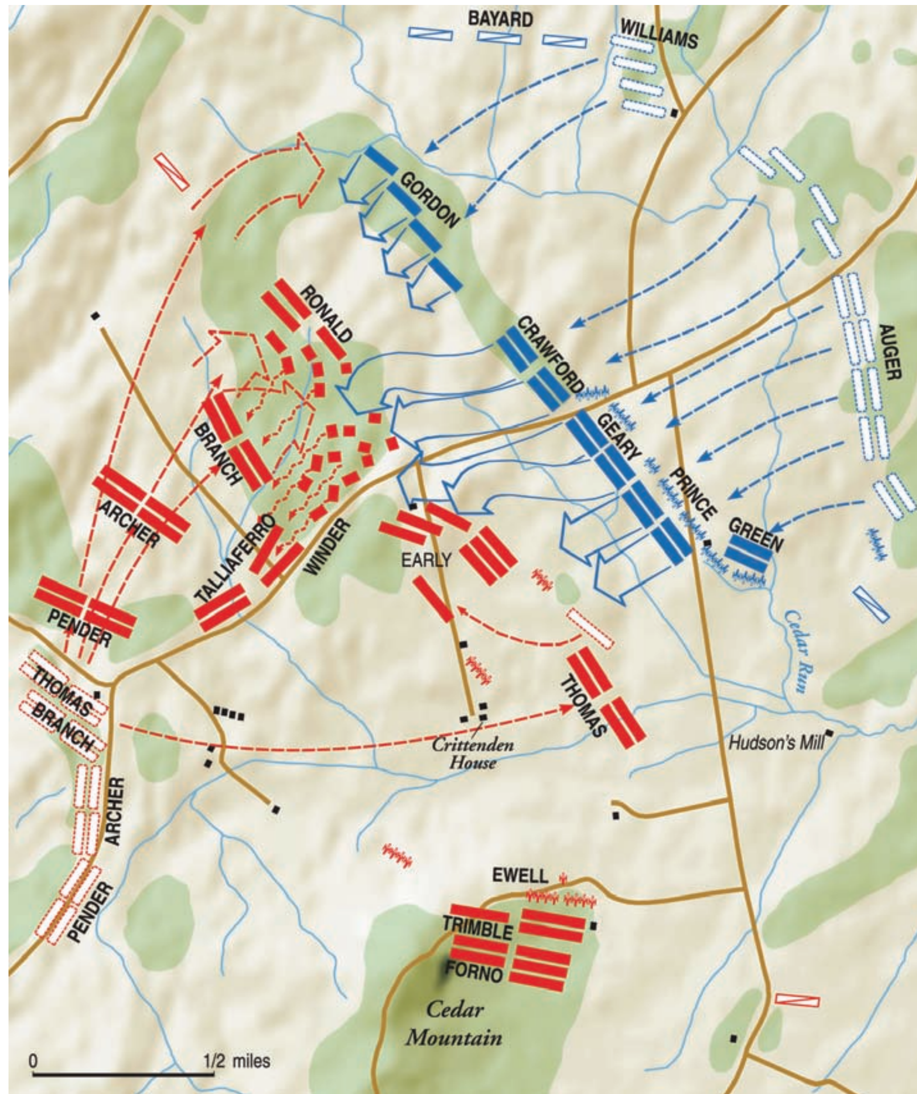
Crawford's troops poured out of the woods, crossed the Culpeper Road, and charged Taliaferro's brigade. They quickly routed two green Alabama regiments on Taliaferro's left flank. The other regiments fell back but continued fighting. Early, who had just finished placing Thomas's Brigade on his far right flank, galloped over a ridge and found half his brigade gone. The Confederate line stabilized temporarily when four well-served guns of the Middlesex Artillery under

the command of Captain Willie Pegram fired canister at point-blank range into the Yankee tide. Shortly afterward, Crawford's attack ran out of steam. Meanwhile, Jackson found Hill and ordered him to deploy the rest of his division immediately. The troops of Brig. Gen. Lawrence Branch advanced first and were soon followed by those of Brig. Gen. James Archer.

Leaving Hill to do as he had been told, Jackson rode to the Crittenden gate, where he found large numbers of men from Winder's division seeking protection in the woods south of the Crittenden gate. Oblivious to personal danger, Jackson rode into the mass as bullets flew around him. In an effort to rally the men, Jackson tried to draw his sword, but found it rusted in its scabbard. He unhooked it from his belt and waved the scabbard in an effort to get his men to reform. Thinking that this was not enough, he snatched a Confederate battle flag and began beseeching the men to fight with his scabbard in one hand and a Confederate battle flag in the other. "Jackson is with you!" he cried. "Rally, brave men, and press forward! Your general will lead you! Jackson will lead you! Follow me!" When only a few dozen men stopped, he yelled: "Rally men! Remember Winder! Forward, men, forward!" Jackson was able to form parts of Garnett's and Taliaferro's brigades into a new line. At that point, Taliaferro rode over to Jackson and implored him to retire. "Good, good," Jackson said in his usual taciturn manner, before riding to the rear.

Banks failed to follow up Crawford's attack with reinforcements, even though Gordon's brigade, the other brigade in Williams's division, had not yet been committed to the battle.

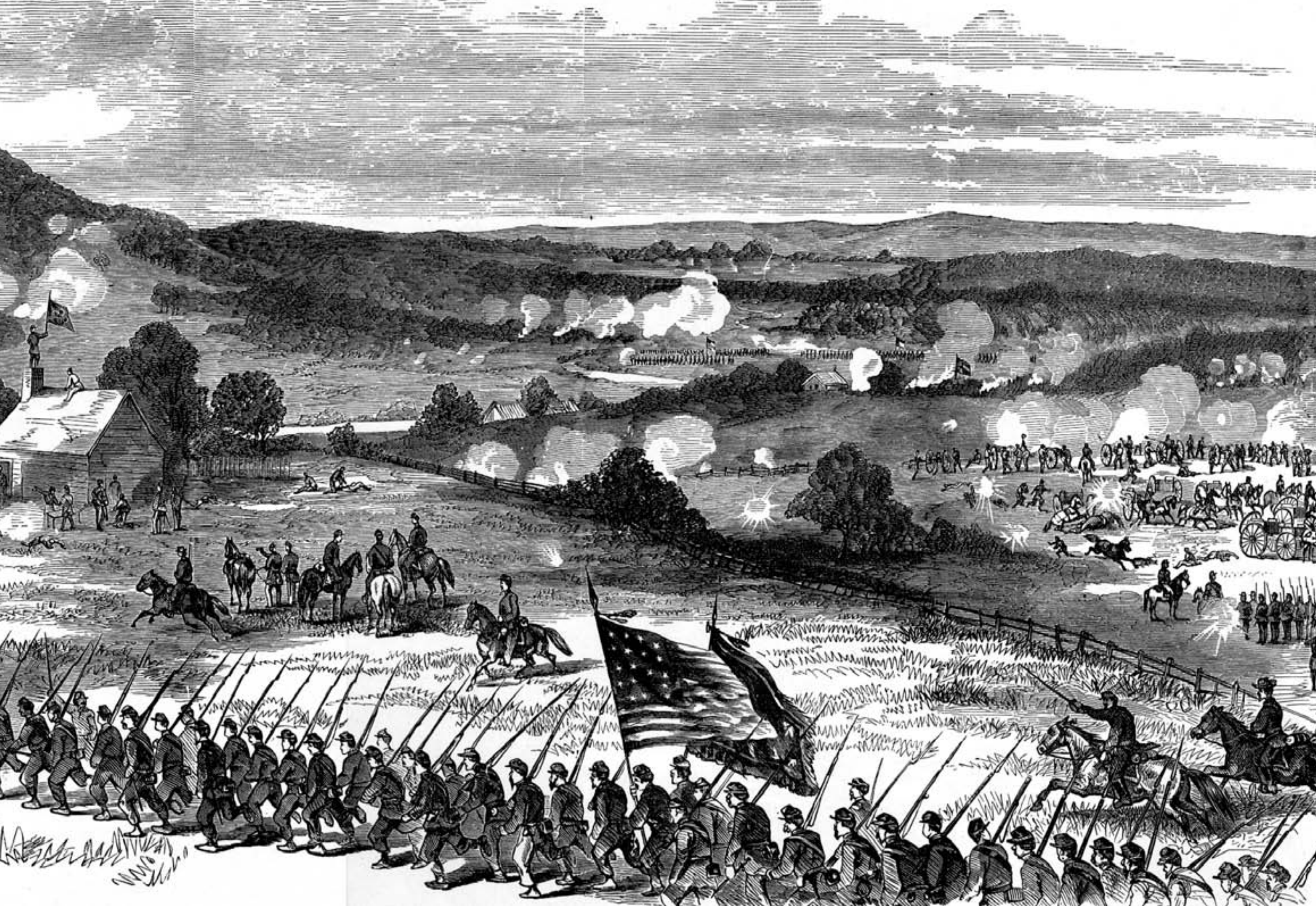
BELOW: While the Union center hammered the Confederates around Culpeper Road, Major General A.P. Hill's corps hit the Federal right a staggering blow. RIGHT: The final repulse of the Union troops at Cedar Mountain was not as orderly as this illustration suggests.



Map © 2009 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

Without support, the survivors of Crawford's attack had no choice but to retreat along their line of attack. There followed a series of inept moves by Banks and his subordinates. The first was the advance of the 10th Maine. The regiment, which had been detached from Crawford's brigade to guard a Federal battery, was sent alone into the wheat field at about 6:30 PM, where it was sacrificed to no clear advantage. Next, Banks unnecessarily sacrificed the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry to cover the withdrawal of his artillery, losing 93 horsemen in the futile charge.

At dusk, Gordon's brigade arrived opposite Archer, but it was too late to help Crawford. Gordon's men had marched nearly a mile to the battle at the double-quick. Their effectiveness was greatly reduced by the difficulty they had telling friend from foe in the wheat field in the gathering darkness. As Gordon's men were deploying, the men of the Stonewall Brigade descended on Crawford's brigade as it limped back across the wheat field. The 5th Virginia charged across the open ground and plucked from the retreating troops the flags of the 5th Connecticut and 28th New York. When Brig. Gen. Dorsey Pender's brigade, another of Hill's fresh brigades, joined Branch and Archer on the



Confederate left flank, Gordon's brigade found itself in great peril.

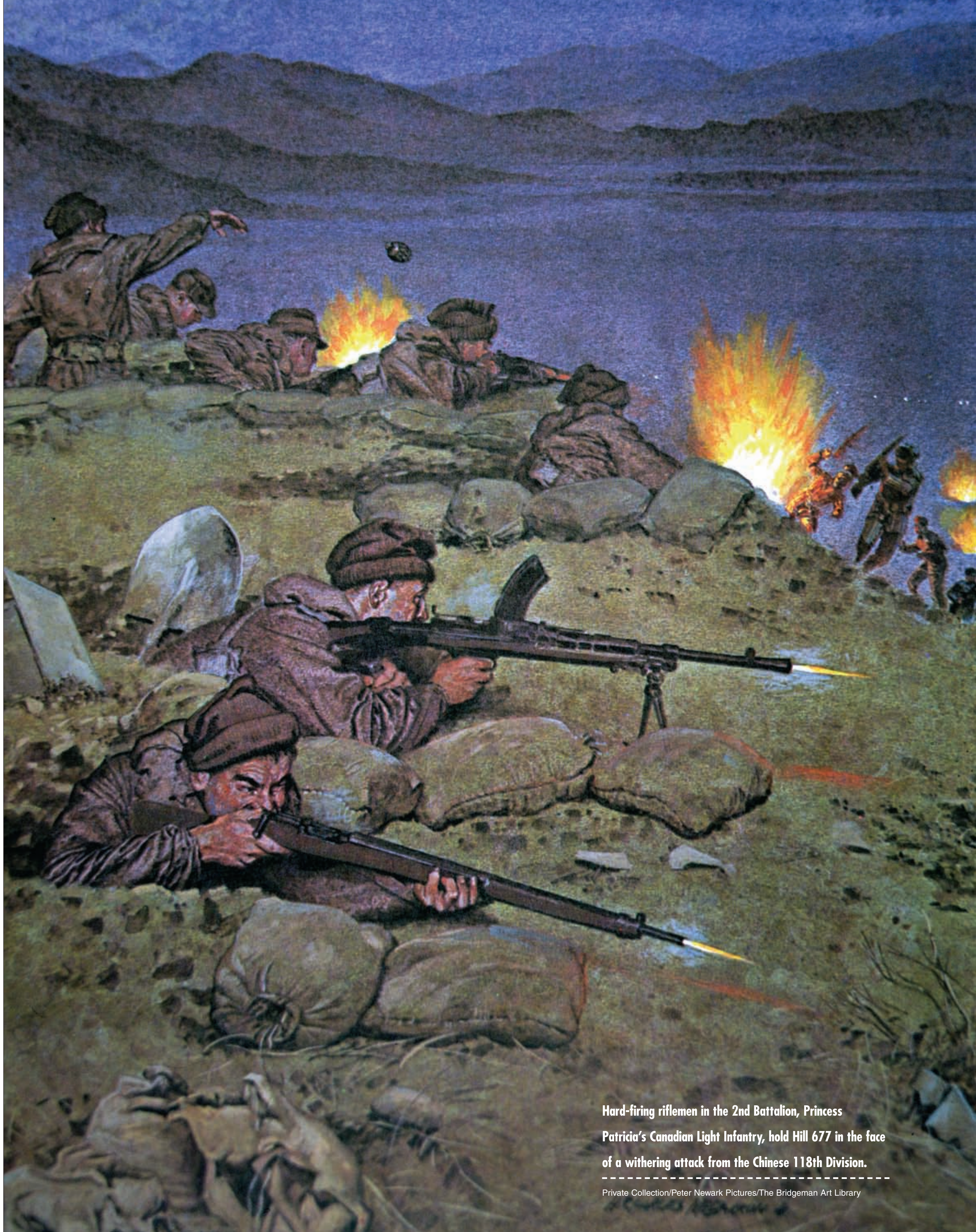
Jackson issued orders directly to both Pender and Branch. He sent Pender through the woods behind the Confederate left flank and then turned east toward the Federals. He ordered Branch to incline right across the Culpeper Road to strike the Federals south of the road. While Branch was crossing the lane, Archer launched a frontal assault on Gordon. Archer's men wavered midway to their objective. The brigadier general noted in his battle report that his command "was exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, who, from their position in the woods, was comparatively safe." Nevertheless, he rallied his troops in the open field and ordered them a bayonet charge against the Union position.

The effect of Archer's attack was vividly described in Gordon's battle report: "Companies were without officers, officers and men were falling in every direction from the fire of an enemy which largely outnumbered my brigade." The brigade held its ground until Pender struck. Under cover of the woods, Pender was able to approach to within a few dozen yards of the enemy. "I met the enemy, repulsing him with heavy loss in almost the first round," Pender wrote. The combined force of Archer and Pender was more than Gordon's brigade could stand. With Pender in his flank and rear, Gordon ordered a general withdrawal. "The enemy poured a destructive fire in this new direction. It was too evident the spot that had witnessed the destruction of one brigade would soon in a few minutes be the grave of mine," Gordon wrote.

The Federals were not only being pressed hard on their right and center but also on their left by Ewell's descent from Cedar Mountain. The presence of the Confederates on the Federal left flank was enough to create a near stampede among the Union troops in that sector. Artillery crews hastily limbered up their guns and moved them north in the direction of Culpeper. They were followed by Brig. Gen. George Greene's brigade of 's division, which had been held in reserve throughout the battle. By sunset, eight Confederate brigades had entered the cornfield, leaving just Pender and Archer north of the Culpeper Road.

As the moon rose in the night sky, Jackson pushed two reserve brigades of Hill's Division and substantial artillery up the road toward Culpeper. But Pope had already arrived on the battlefield and constructed a strong new line with fresh troops from Maj. Gen. James Ricketts' division of McDowell's corps. After a "reconnaissance by artillery" proved that the Federals held the road in strength, Jackson broke off his advance near midnight. After drinking a glass of buttermilk to calm his stomach, Jackson stretched out on a cloak strewn across the ground and immediately fell asleep.

Jackson waited for two more days after the battle to see if Pope would attack him. When he did not, Jackson withdrew to Gordonsville. The Union lost about 2,400 men at Cedar Mountain, while the Confederates lost close to 1,400. Both Jackson and Banks were satisfied with the performance of their troops on the battlefield. Jackson had achieved a tactical victory by driving the Federals from the battlefield, but he had suffered a strategic defeat by failing to capture Culpeper and annihilate Banks when he had the chance. But even though Pope had won a strategic victory, Jackson had effectively snatched the initiative from him at Cedar Mountain, and Pope would not regain it again during the Second Manassas campaign that followed less than three weeks later. □



Hard-firing riflemen in the 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, hold Hill 677 in the face of a withering attack from the Chinese 118th Division.

Private Collection/Peter Newark Pictures/The Bridgeman Art Library

Following a major Communist offensive in April 1951, Commonwealth troops from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada fought a critical delaying action on the front lines in the Kapyong River Valley, giving the Allies time to establish a new defensive line north of Seoul.

DELAYING ACTION AT KAPYONG

BY MARC D. BERNSTEIN

The Chinese always attacked at night. It was April 22, 1951, and the Communists had just launched the largest offensive of the Korean War. Nearly 350,000 troops, spread out across the Korean Peninsula from the Imjin River to the Sea of Japan, slammed into thinly held U.N. positions. The heaviest blows fell in the west and west-central sectors, manned by the American I and IX Corps. The Eighth Army, a multinational force newly under the command of Lt. Gen. James A. Van Fleet, reeled southward in the face of unremitting pressure from Chinese human-wave assaults. The enemy offensive, although long expected, still unnerved a number of frontline units.

This was certainly true of the Republic of Korea's 6th Division, stationed at the left of the IX Corps front, north of Route 3A and Line Kansas. The South Koreans disintegrated before the Chinese, retreating in disorder for 10 miles, then falling back another eight miles before attempting to regroup and move north again under orders to reoccupy Line Kansas. The New Zealand 16th Field Artillery Regiment and the U.S. 213th Field Artillery Battalion, escorted by the British 1st Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, were sent north up the Kapyong River Valley to provide support for the embattled ROK troops.

These units were attached to the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade, which at the outbreak of the enemy offensive was standing in reserve at Kapyong, near the confluence of the Kapyong and Pukhan Rivers and astride one of the prime invasion routes to Seoul. During the day on April 23, Brig. Gen. B.A. Burke, commanding the 27th Brigade, received orders to occupy the high ground north of the town of Kapyong and move into position to control movement through the Kapyong River Valley. Burke put the 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment (RAR), on Hill 504 east of the river and the 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, on Hill 677 west of the river. A distance of about 1.9 miles of open ground separated the two hills.

Despite the presence of the 27th Brigade artillery units, the ROK 6th Division proved unable to reorganize effectively and push forward. In fact, under enemy pressure, the South Korean troops began streaming farther southward in the late afternoon of the 23rd. Captain Owen R. Browne, commanding officer of the Princess Pat's A Company, described what he saw. "I was witnessing a rout," he said. "The valley was filled with men. Some left the road and fled over the forward edges of A Company positions. Some killed themselves on the various booby traps we had laid, and that component of my defensive layout became worthless. Between 1530 hours and 1800 hours all of A Company speeded up its defensive preparations and digging as it watched, helpless to intervene, while approxi-

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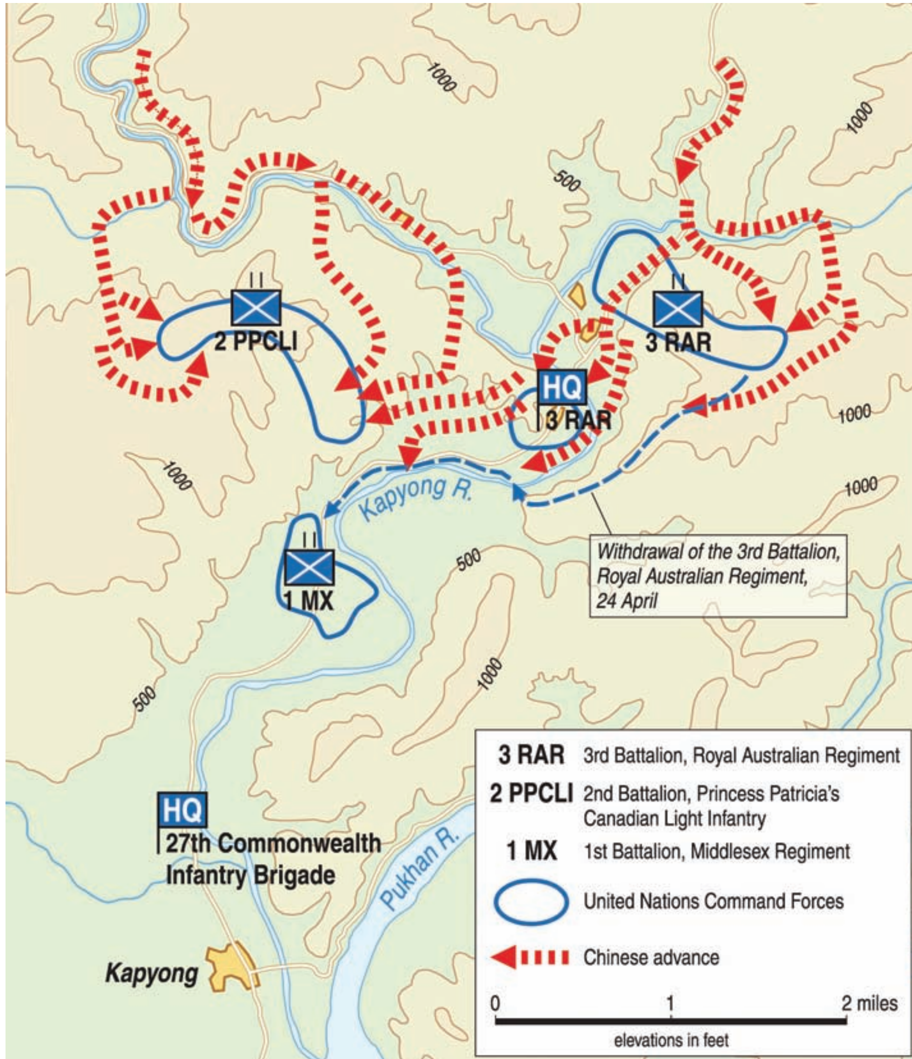
Map © 2009 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



ABOVE: For days, the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade in the Kapyong River Valley was all that stood between the Chinese Communists and the capture of Seoul, South Korea. TOP: Civilian refugees flee the fighting in their homeland.

mately 4,000-5,000 troops fled in disorganized panic across and through the forward edges of our positions. But we knew then that we were no longer 10-12 miles behind the line; we were the front line."

Major Ben O'Dowd, commanding A Company of the Australian 3rd Battalion, observed the same scene from the vantage point of Hill 504's forward slopes. "Soon the mob of ROK soldiers became thickened up with civilian refugees: men, women, children and animals, all bunched together in a confusing melee; screaming, shouting, crying children, with their cattle, with their goods on their back," recalled O'Dowd. "We knew that the situation was getting dangerous and we had something to really worry about. I knew, from past experience, that Chinese soldiers would mix in with the civilians they had terrorized to clog up the roads. They would be in civilian clothes or in uniform, in the half light and be penetrating to the rear in numbers."

Retreating along with the South Koreans were the New Zealand and American artillery units and the Middlesex Battalion. The Middlesexers were originally slated to take up positions on Hill 794, north of and across the Kapyong River from the Canadians on Hill 677. But orders had been changed, and the battalion moved through the valley and downriver to establish a position to the west of a big bend in the river, south of the Canadians and northeast of 27th Brigade headquarters. The New Zealand and American artillery set up in front of the Middlesex Battalion and behind the Australian battalion's headquarters, which was located near another big bend in the river, just south of a ford and along a road leading north to the nearby village of Chuktun-ni. North of the village itself, B Company, 3 RAR, occupied a northeast-running ridge that stood like an island in the Kapyong Valley, an arm of land through which ran a road from the northeast. This subsidiary valley cut between B Company's position on the island ridge and the main Australian positions on Hill 504. The 3 RAR headquarters was located about 1.6 miles southwest of the forward Australian companies.

The Canadian positions on Hill 677 were more consolidated than the spread-out Australians. The three infantry battalions of the 27th Brigade were not within mutually supporting distance of each other—in fact, the individual companies within the Australian and Canadian battalions were hard-pressed to provide mutual support due to the nature of the terrain. A realistic appraisal of the situation allowed only for the occupation of strong-

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The rugged landscape around Kapyong is captured well in this 1953 painting by Ivor Hele.

points, with significant gaps remaining between units. The brigade's fourth infantry battalion, from the King's Own Scottish Borderers Regiment, had just arrived near the front to replace another unit and was being held in reserve. It would not participate in the coming action at Kapyong.

The Australians were in the most exposed position, and they were attacked first by units of the Chinese 118th Division on the evening of April 23. Beginning at about 9:30 PM, the Chinese launched a series of attacks within 30 minutes, the first against a platoon of Sherman tanks from A Company, U.S. 72nd Tank Battalion, that had located itself forward of B Company. Ensuing Communist attacks struck 3 RAR on the island ridge, and the forward platoon of A Company, 3 RAR, on the slopes of Hill 504 to the east; and one against 3 RAR headquarters south of Chuktun-ni.

The last attack was the most significant. Chinese were infiltrating through the open ground west of the river between the Australians and the Canadians. They also had moved between the Australian battalion's headquarters near the river and the rifle companies on the high ground to the northeast. Lt. Col. I.B. Ferguson, commanding 3 RAR, found himself with grave communications difficulties. His telephone lines to all but one company had been cut, and his radio link to the forward units was inefficient. The supporting artillerymen came under small-arms fire and began to move their batteries southward, taking up new positions behind the Middlesex Battalion. This dislocation severely affected the availability of fire support during the night. Moreover, an American heavy mortar company that had been positioned near the artillery subsequently abandoned its equipment and 35 vehicles and retreated on foot all the way to Chunchon, 10 miles to the east. Well before midnight, the Chinese had succeeded in cutting off the Australians from the rest of 27th Brigade.

Another attack against the platoon of American tanks in front of B Company mortally wounded the platoon leader and caused the tanks to withdraw down the valley. B Company, on the island ridge, was assaulted by a large number of Chinese shortly before midnight. After two hours of intense action, the enemy withdrew with heavy casualties. The Australians suffered no casualties in the attack, but O'Dowd's A Company was subjected to continued assaults throughout the night. He recalled: "The initial contacts in A Company came as a series of enemy probing patrols, bumping into our forward weapon pits at various points, searching for soft spots. Then the fight for our ridge line started in earnest with the Chinese blowing bugles and whistles. They used these sounds as signals to assemble their men. When the bugles and whistles stopped we knew that they were on their way. Some of the soldiers did not carry weapons—just bucketfuls of grenades. Our next indication of an assault was the showers of grenades that started exploding all around us. The Chinese grenadiers had the job of keeping my diggers' heads down so the riflemen and machine gunners could rush in and get amongst us."

Unlike B Company, A Company on the forward slopes of Hill 504 was absorbing heavy

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Loaded with gear, members of A Company, 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment prepare to counterattack the Chinese on Hill 504.

casualties in repeated Chinese attacks that caused the pullback of one platoon. Meanwhile, the battalion headquarters area near the river was in danger of being overrun; Ferguson issued orders for a withdrawal at first light. But some time after 2 AM, the enemy broke contact and fell back to regroup. At about 4 AM, Ferguson requested that a company from the Middlesex Battalion be sent forward to assist his threatened headquarters defenders. The Middlesexers subsequently cleared the high ground near 3 RAR headquarters, but were forced to withdraw after taking heavy fire from the higher ground to the west. Ferguson ordered B Company to withdraw from its position on the island ridge to the rear of Hill 504 with the coming of dawn. This proved to be a highly controversial decision—B Company had withstood the enemy onslaught from its isolated vantage point and remained in good condition. Many blamed General Burke for the order.

At dawn, Chinese mortars and artillery began pounding B Company as it prepared to move across the arm of the valley to Hill 504. Mortar rounds also started falling on A Company. The latter had suffered more than 50 casualties during the night. Nevertheless, A Company counterattacked the Chinese, who had occupied ground earlier abandoned by the Australians. Sergeant George Harris of A Company recalled: "Myself and a few others around Company Headquarters jumped up with the 3 Platoon blokes and we charged down at the Chinese. The Chinese just all of a sudden turned and ran away. They didn't feel like fighting us any more. We were getting them in the back as they were running away."

"THE MIGHT AND THE AGGRESSIVENESS OF THE ATTACK UPSET THE ENEMY AND SOME OPENLY FLED; THE MAJORITY REMAINED AND FOUGHT TO THE DEATH."

With daylight, the enemy was caught in the open, and the Australians cut them down as they scurried for cover. O'Dowd noted that "the situation rather resembled sitting in the middle of a wheatfield at dawn potting rabbits as they dashed hither and thither." The Chinese in the valley near the road between the island ridge and Hill 504 were particularly exposed, and as the Australians poured fire into them, most of the enemy withdrew toward the north. Further attacks against B Company's position had failed, and before leaving the island ridge, the company counted 173 dead Chinese. But groups of enemy troops were still holed up in the paddy fields and other spots on the valley floor.

As B Company came off the ridge and headed toward Hill 504, it captured about 40 Chinese. The prisoners proved well behaved—many Communists did not—and remained with their captors the rest of the day, even as B Company kept moving. First Lieutenant Kenneth W. Koch, commanding A Company, U.S. 72nd Tank Battalion, decided to withdraw his tanks that had continued to support B Company during the night for replenishment of fuel and ammunition. He claimed that his men had killed more than 500 Chinese, and that the enemy was not likely to advance back down the valley floor for a while. In fact, the Chinese had decided to change their axis of attack and hit D Company, 3 RAR, on the summit of Hill 504. At 7 AM, the enemy struck 12th Platoon in a strong attack. The Australians threw back the attackers with the aid of all available artillery fire. Still the Chinese came on, mounting five more assaults before 10:30 AM on April 24. After a brief lull, the enemy attacked D Company for another two hours until their efforts were exhausted. The Australians continued to hold their ground.

While D Company was engaged on the hilltop, a command decision was taken ordering B Company back to the island ridge. It is unclear whether this order originated with Burke or with Ferguson. In any case, the company began to return across the valley from the slopes of Hill 504 at 9:30 AM. The U.S. 5th Cavalry Regiment had been ordered forward to assist the 27th Brigade in defending the Kapyong Valley. It was thought that the Australians could retake their old position, which was believed to be held only thinly by the enemy.

A reoccupation of the island ridge was welcome news to O'Dowd and his battered A Company, whose left flank had become dangerously exposed after B Company's initial withdrawal. But B Company never made it back to the ridge; instead, it became engaged in a fight for a small knoll on the valley floor known as the Honeycomb. This knoll contained bunkers and was protected by a series of trenches. The men in B Company believed that only a small group of Chinese was positioned in and around the Honeycomb, but in fact there were more than 80 enemy troops within its defenses. An initial assault by the Australians was defeated, but a second assault in platoon strength carried the position.

Captain Darcy Laughlin, commander of B Company, described the action: "The platoon moved into attack from the right flank. When approximately 25 yards from the enemy position, a bayonet charge was ordered and the

leading section led by Corporal Davie took the first enemy-held trench at bayonet point. Lieutenant Montgomerie quickly reorganized his platoon and, in fierce hand-to-hand combat, gradually proceeded to clear the defensive position—trench by trench. The might and the aggressiveness of the attack upset the enemy and some openly fled; the majority remained and fought to the death."

It was past noon before the Honeycomb was cleared. The sheer volume of enemy fire from the ridge during B Company's attack indicated that the Chinese held the position in strength. Ferguson, who had come forward in an American tank to assess the general situation, ordered an evacuation of wounded from A and B Companies. The colonel reassessed the wisdom of retaking the ridge, and received instructions from Burke indicating that his companies should withdraw because the 5th Cavalry had been delayed in arriving and the Australians would be very hard-pressed to withstand another night of Communist attacks in their exposed positions. American tank platoon leader 1st Lieutenant Wilfred D. Miller later wrote of Ferguson's demeanor at the time: "He demonstrated great concern for his wounded and his encircled men and had no apparent regard for his own personal safety. He exposed himself to enemy fire by getting out of the tank, speaking to the wounded, and walking among his troops as if it was just a practice drill back in Australia."

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Ferguson's arrival with American tanks at the forward Australian positions was accompanied by a much-needed resupply of ammunition, although this proved to be only Vickers medium machine-gun ammo that had to be stripped from belts before it could be loaded into rifle and Bren gun magazines. No medical supplies, food, or water had been brought forward with the tanks. Ferguson subsequently ordered a withdrawal along a ridge running southwest from Hill 504. After that, the companies crossed the Kapyong River at a ford near the Middlesex position. Ferguson made O'Dowd, the senior company commander, responsible for organizing the method of withdrawing.

O'Dowd faced several problems. The enemy now in place on the island ridge could observe any pullout from the forward positions on Hill 504. The Chinese engaged with D Company in the ongoing battle for the summit of the hill would follow up on any withdrawal, and other enemy troops might have already established a block along the withdrawal route. O'Dowd addressed these problems by initiating a phased withdrawal that involved the four companies leapfrogging from their forward positions back down the two-mile-long ridgeline. Heavy concentrations of artillery fire, including smoke bombs, were to be used to shield the infantry as they moved off Hill 504 toward the river. By 2:30 pm, O'Dowd had informed all the company commanders of the plan, and execution was to begin at 4 pm on April 24. B Company was to move first, carrying the remaining wounded, and it was charged with clearing the route down the ridgeline and securing the river crossing site. D Company was to move last.

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ABOVE: An American M4 Sherman tank drives onto ground held by B Company, 3rd Battalion, RAR. Hill 504 is visible in the background. LEFT: A wounded Canadian rifleman is helped to a frontline aid station by one of his fellow infantrymen.

Forty minutes before the withdrawal began, a friendly-fire incident occurred. Sergeant Ray McKenzie of D Company later remembered: "As I was leaving to return to my original position near the MMGs, I saw a U.S. Marine Corsair line up and start a run in on our position. I was angry about this because our marker panels were clearly visible. I saw the big silver bomb leave the plane and watched it fall in the D Company area, on 10 Platoon, where I had been two minutes before. The napalm exploded and took all the oxygen out of the air. I felt like I was just breathing heat."

The napalm strike resulted in eight seriously burned men needing evacuation on stretchers. The Chinese observed the incident and immediately launched another attack on D Company, which successfully fought off the Communists. As the withdrawal commenced, the enemy pressed each company hard in turn, despite suffering heavy casualties due to the continuous shelling. O'Dowd kept constantly on the move looking for suitable positions for each company to occupy along the route of withdrawal. At one point he received a shock. "All of a sudden I found myself in the middle of a bunch of Chinese soldiers which frightened the hell out of me until I realized that they

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were our prisoners," he remembered. "What really worried me was that they were carrying arms. I got hold of one of the escorts and said, 'What the hell do you mean allowing these prisoners to carry arms.' He said, 'You do not expect the bloody wounded to carry them do you?' By the time I had digested this piece of logic they had disappeared into the dark. He knew what he was doing and I had to get on with my job."

In the meantime, B Company had discovered that the route to the ford was not blocked by the enemy—a rare stroke of good fortune. The execution of the plan was flawless. No casualties were incurred by the Australians, despite having to move at night and under constant Chinese pressure. Although not the last unit to pull out, A Company found itself the last to establish a temporary blocking position, and it needed to move quickly to avoid getting shot up while crossing the river. The artillery was crucial to the success of the withdrawal. O'Dowd wrote that "the fire put down on the Battalion's left flank, in all likelihood prevented the enemy from establishing a blocking position and preventing the withdrawal of the rifle companies." Lieutenant Koch's American tankers added their firepower to the effort. Total Australian casualties for the battle at Kapyong came to 31 killed, 58 wounded, and three missing.

After the Australians successfully withdrew to the Middlesex position, the Chinese turned their attention to the Canadians on Hill 677. The Princess Pats were deployed to cover the northern approaches to the hill mass. Initially, A Company was on the right, C Company was in the middle, D Company was on the left, and B Company was in a salient immediately north of D Company. Battalion headquarters was located on a rear slope overlooking the village of Tungmudae. On the morning of April 24, infiltrating enemy troops had been detected in the rear of headquarters, and Lt. Col. J.R. Stone, the battalion commander, ordered B Company to take up new positions on a hill just east of headquarters. This provided good observation of the Kapyong Valley.

About 10 PM on the 24th, the Chinese opened an attack on B Company with mortars and machine guns. This was followed by an infantry assault by 200 enemy troops against the forward platoon, which the Canadians at first defeated. A renewed attack resulted in a partial overrunning of the platoon's position, and it withdrew into the main company perimeter. At the same time, another 100 enemy troops attacked toward the battalion headquarters. A Canadian officer recorded: "The probe against battalion headquarters was a well organized and well executed attack in strength which I estimated at that time to be between one and two companies and which B Company was powerless to stop as it came in through our back door. It was a heartening sight to see the battalion 81mm mortars firing at their shortest range (200 yards) together with their .50-caliber machineguns which literally blew the Chinese back down the ravine."

More enemy troops attempted a crossing of the Kapyong River to the east and were pulverized by artillery. They fled from the area, leaving behind 71 dead on the river banks. Then the Communists launched a heavy attack against D Company's position on the northwest face of Hill 677. The Canadians were hit by large numbers of enemy infiltrating from two directions. Enough Chinese reached the heights to force the company commander, Captain J.G.W. Mills, to call down artillery fire on his own position. The shells scoured everything

above ground level, driving off the Chinese. Soon they returned, and more Allied artillery fire followed. In all, some 2,300 rounds hammered D Company's position. Finally, with daylight approaching on April 25, the Chinese pressure relented. Mills subsequently received the Military Cross for his valiant action.

After an eventful night, the day of April 25 was relatively quiet. The Canadians were still subjected to heavy fire, but there were no more infantry assaults. The Chinese had managed to move behind the Canadians, however, and cut them off from the rest of the brigade. Stone requested an air drop of ammunition and rations, and at 10:30 AM, four C-119 Flying Boxcars from a base in Japan delivered the supplies. By 2 PM, patrols reported that the road to the south was clear, and Stone requested further resupply by vehicle.

In the heavy fighting for Hill 677, Canadian casualties were 10 dead and 23 wounded. The Chinese absorbed many times that number in their futile attacks. Although the Canadians—and the Australians as well—had found it difficult to dig in to the rugged terrain in establishing their defensive positions, the combination of high ground and voluminous artillery support proved decisive. Enemy tactics were found wanting. One Commonwealth participant noted: "The Chinese telegraphed the direction and timing of their attacks by using MMG tracer ammunition for direction, sounding bugles as signals to form up on their start line and for their assault. This gave company and platoon commanders time to bring down accurate artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire on them. Before attacking in strength the Chinese did not accurately locate our defensive positions by patrolling nor did they give accurate artillery and mortar supporting fire to their troops. Their consistent attacks en masse on obvious approaches in an attempt to overwhelm our positions by sheer weight of numbers presented ideal targets for our artillery, mortars and machine-guns."

The Canadians, like the Australians, were ordered to withdraw after higher authority determined that the 27th Brigade should move to the southwest in conjunction with the establishment of a new U.N. defensive line north of Seoul. The U.S. 5th Cavalry launched a counterattack in the Kapyong Valley on April 26, but after the American assault failed, the area was temporarily abandoned by Eighth Army forces.

The 27th British Commonwealth Brigade had done its job at Kapyong by interrupting the Chinese push southward and allowing the ROK 6th Division and the U.S. 24th Infantry Division to effect a successful withdrawal to the new defensive line. The enemy was soon running short of both time and supplies. As the Canadian official history observed: "There is no doubt that the stand at Kapyong stopped the Chinese advance in this sector of the front; for the rest of the offensive the enemy sought elsewhere for tactical gains." The 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment; 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry; and A Company, U.S. 72nd Tank Battalion, each received a U.S. Presidential Unit Citation for their performance at Kapyong. The New Zealand 16th Field Artillery Regiment received a Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation. American Lieutenants Koch and Miller received Distinguished Service Crosses, and both Ferguson and Stone were awarded Distinguished Service Orders.

Australian War Memorial

ABOVE: Members of the sniper section, 3rd RAR, man a shallow trench they had just captured from the Chinese at Hill Salmon. OPPOSITE: Captured Chinese soldiers are guarded by Australian troops in the 3 RAR after the April 24, 1951, fighting around Kapyong.

In all, it is estimated that about 6,000 Chinese attacked the defenders at Kapyong. Although heavily outnumbered, the 27th Brigade and other allied units fought back with tenacity and bravery. The largest enemy offensive of the Korean War was blunted at a critical point, and the Communists never recovered from the setback in the Kapyong River Valley in April 1951. □

FREDERICK TOWNSEND WARD AND THE EVER–

To meet the continuing threat of the decade-long Taiping rebellion, American soldier of fortune Frederick Townsend Ward assembled an army of "foreign devils," westerners who were living in China at the time, and led them against the rebel stronghold.

BY ROBERT HEEGE

Wu Hsu was having trouble sleeping. As the *taotai,* or mayor, of Shanghai, Wu was charged with the ultimate welfare of China's greatest cosmopolitan city. Complicating matters was the fact that, in addition to the Manchu emperor and his palace minions in Peking, Wu had to answer not only to the ordinary Chinese citizens, but also to a host of "foreign devils" as well. Thousands of British, American, French, and other European nationals had come to China in the wake of the Second Opium War of the 1850s and stayed on to become an ever-increasing presence in the city.

Rattling sabers perpetually on behalf of the foreign nationals was the military muscle of their respective governments, particularly the British, who had already forced the Chinese to cede the port of Hong Kong to Queen Victoria at the end of the First Opium War in 1842. The British continued in the years following the Second Opium War to drool at the prospect of wrangling even more territorial and commercial concessions from the Manchu emperor in Peking.

Unfortunately for Wu, just such a pretext was forming on the horizon in the form of a bloodthirsty cohort of bandits, river pirates, anti-Manchu insurgents, and pseudo-religious fanatics known as the Taipings. The Taipings, whose name, ironically enough, means "heavenly peace," had been roaming the Chinese countryside virtually unchecked for nearly a decade, with the stated objective of driving out the Manchu rulers and all other "devils"—foreign or otherwise—from Chinese soil. Millions had died in one of the bloodiest civil insurrections in world history.

Coming on inexorably like a swarm of locusts, the fearsome Taipings overran village after village, swallowing up broad swaths of real estate and putting untold numbers of people to the sword. Those who survived the initial massacres were subjected to a draconian fundamentalist regime, where the use of alcohol, tobacco, or opium warranted an automatic sentence of death by decapitation. Sex was outlawed as well, even among married couples. Those who were found in violation were beheaded side

-VICTORIOUS ARMY

Imperial Chinese troops put the Taiping rebels to flight at the 1850 Battle of Tientsin in this contemporary painting. The 14-year uprising killed millions.

The Art Archive/Private Collection

by side. All of this was according to the half-baked teachings of their leader, Hong Xiuquan, a lunatic mystic who preached an odd blend of Confucius and the New Testament. Hong had somehow managed to convince himself that he was the younger brother of Jesus Christ.

The Taipings, who had already seized the old Imperial capital of Nanking, were reported to be working their way toward the outskirts of Shanghai. The foreign merchants promptly formed a delegation and demanded that Wu do something about the Taipings before they destroyed the lucrative import-export trade. That something, as it happened, turned out to be embodied by one 29-year-old American adventurer named Frederick Townsend Ward.

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1831, Ward had been a rebel of a different sort. After leaving school at the tender age of 16, Ward was well on the way to becoming what later would be called a juvenile delinquent. His exasperated father, a wealthy ship owner, prevailed on a family friend, the commander of a clipper ship called the *Hamilton,* to take the incorrigible youngster into his charge and make him a man. In due course, Ward found himself at sea, serving as second mate under the watchful eye of the ship's captain, William Allen.

In 1847, *Hamilton* sailed from New York to Hong Kong, which was still under Chinese control at the time. This was Ward's first glimpse of China, but it is unlikely that he saw much more than the port area itself, as the Chinese government severely restricted the movements of all foreigners within its precincts. Two years later, Ward was back in New England, where he enrolled in the American Literary, Scientific and Military Academy in Vermont. He did not last long. Within months he was at sea again, a first mate this time, aboard another clipper, the *Russell Clover.* On this trip, the captain was Ward's own father.

Ward's time at the academy in Vermont had been short, but the courses on military strategies and tactics struck a chord in the restless young man. No sooner was he back on dry land than Ward began exploring prospects as a professional gun for hire—not as a desperado but as a proverbial soldier of fortune. By the early 1850s, Ward was operating south of the border in Mexico, under the command of the infamous Tennessee freebooter, William Walker, whose mercenary army later succeeded in briefly conquering Nicaragua. From Walker, Ward gained valuable insight into the practice of recruiting, training, and commanding men-at-arms.

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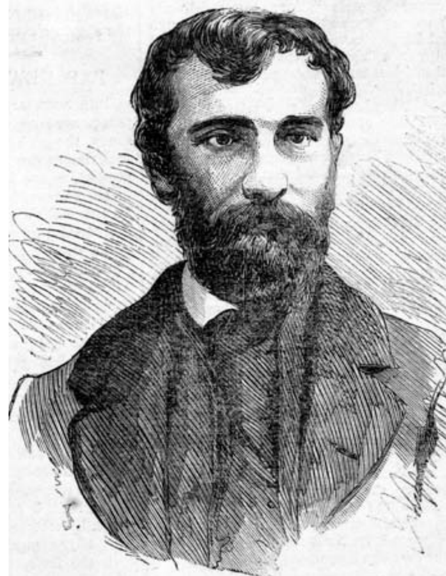

ABOVE: Henry Burgevine of South Carolina.
TOP RIGHT: Yang Chang-Mei, F.T. Ward's wife.
BOTTOM RIGHT: Frederick Townsend Ward.

In 1854, when Britain and France went to war against Russia in the Crimea, Ward sailed for Europe, where he promptly secured a commission for himself in the French Army. The indiscriminate slaughter in the Crimea, where whole regiments were routinely blown to bits charging into the teeth of entrenched artillery fire, made a deep impression on the young New Englander. Shortly before the cessation of hostilities in 1856, Ward's rebellious streak reemerged in a dispute with a superior officer, and he was obliged to resign his commission after being charged with insubordination.

The next year, armed with an unusually varied résumé, Ward made his way back to China, intent on seeking his fortune as a mercenary. Unfortunately, nobody took him up on the offer, and he was obliged to fall back on his nautical experience, serving a brief stint on a coastal steamer before returning home to man a desk in his father's office. Soon after arriving stateside, however, Ward's wanderlust took hold again. Before long, the young shipping agent was tucking away his paychecks, secretly scheming for another go at the mercenary game.

Somehow, Ward managed to convince his father that opening a trading office in the Far East would be an easy way to line his pockets. In 1860, accompanied by his brother, Ward disembarked at Shanghai. Almost immediately he deserted his sibling, who was left to set up the family business by himself, and began searching around for a more exciting way to make a living. This time Ward had better luck, securing a position as first mate aboard *Confucius,* an armed riverboat whose captain was a fellow American. *Confucius* was engaged by the elaborately named Shanghai Pirate Suppression Bureau and charged with protecting commerce along the Yangtse River and the waters off Shanghai. One of the bureau's chief organizers was the mayor of Shanghai, Wu Hsu.

Ward reveled in the chance to put his seafaring skills and military experience into action. He quickly began making a name for himself, battling river pirates for the bureau. Word of the American newcomer's fearlessness and ability to work well with his Asian crew members reached Wu at the same time that the Anglo-European delegation began complaining about the uncomfortably close proximity of the Taiping rebels. Ward was openly advertising himself as a gun for hire, prompting Wu to seek out the

The Granger Collection, New York

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mysterious mercenary from Massachusetts. Having no faith in the miserable track record of the Chinese army, the wily *taotai* offered Ward the chance to recruit, train, and command a private militia composed entirely of westerners to

defend his city against the Taipings.

Like many Chinese, Wu was dazzled by western technology and military might and believed that the westerners were innately superior to the more backward Asians. Westerners in China naturally did everything they could to encourage this view. Wu's scheme specifically depended on raising an army of Europeans that would fight and defeat the dreaded Taipings. Ward jumped at the chance but also drove a hard bargain. He demanded a king's ransom of $500 a month for himself, $200 for his officers, and $50 for each private, plus a negotiated bounty in cash for any towns he might liberate. Risking the wrath of the emperor, who was loath to admit that he might need foreigners to fight his battles for him, Wu discreetly agreed to Ward's terms. The bargain was sealed.

Backed by large amounts of Chinese silver generously supplied by the deep pockets of Wu's patrons, the bankers of Shanghai, Ward spent the spring of 1860 stockpiling the best weapons money could buy. He was a shrewd judge of firepower. When the time came to fight, Ward's men would be armed with 1851 U.S. Navy Colt revolvers and Sharp's famed breechloaders, the most advanced rifle of the day. He combed the city, searching for Americans or Europeans with any military experience. Even with the kind of wages he was offering, it was difficult for Ward to find anyone willing to face the fearsome Taipings.

Ward was reduced to dredging the bars and docks of Shanghai for any human flotsam he could find. He recruited 100 men, Americans mostly, including a South Carolinian named Henry Burgevine, but there were also Britons, Germans, Frenchmen, and a host of others from the various European states. Officially, they were known as the Shanghai Foreign Arms Corps. Their leader, characteristically, preferred to call them the Ward Corps. The men themselves, a motley collection of cashiered seamen, wharf rats, and drunken derelicts, did not care what they were called as long as they were paid.

In the summer of 1860, Ward's boot camp was barely in operation before Wu and the other financial backers of the enterprise became apprehensive. They demanded that Ward accompany the Imperial forces on a scouting mission to see how close the Taipings were getting to Shanghai. They were quite close, indeed, as it turned out, and the Ward Corps helped to liberate two nearby towns from the Taiping yoke.

Wu was so delighted with this initial success that he got carried away, tasking Ward with expelling the Taipings from the nearby city of Sung-chiang as a follow-up. Ward carefully explained to the *taotai* that his embryonic force had been extremely lucky and that his men, although armed to the teeth, were still scarcely half trained. Moreover, the Taipings had turned Sung-chiang into a veritable fortress. Ward knew from his experiences in the Crimea that assaulting fortifications without artillery was suicidal. Wu, however, remained sanguine in the face of Ward's apparent modesty and would not be dissuaded. Against his better judgment, Ward, all too aware that he was in his paymaster's silken pocket, reluctantly agreed to give it a try.

Map © 2009 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

The Taiping rebels spread across the Yangtze Valley, establishing a revolutionary capital at Nanking. Shanghai, on the East China Sea, was the ultimate prize.

The Ward Corps, still drunk with victory, set off in the dead of night for Sung-chiang. Unfortunately, they were literally drunk as well. Ward had hoped to rely on the element of surprise to carry the day, but many of the troops were as overconfident of their martial prowess as the *taotai* himself. The sound of their impending approach alerted the Taipings, who were wide awake and waiting for them when they got there. As soon as Ward's men staggered into range, the Taipings opened up, routing the column, which broke and ran all the way back to Shanghai.

Ward had been in China long enough to know the importance of not losing face.

Back in Shanghai, he paid off most of the drunken survivors, weeding out the incorrigible and immediately beginning a new recruiting drive. This time, his seafaring experience provided an inspired idea. Ward began canvassing for recruits in the small Filipino community in the city. As a former seaman, Ward knew that the "Manilamen," as they were called, were highly prized by American captains, who had been employing them on their merchant ships and whalers for years. To a man, the Filipinos were industrious, hard-working, loyal, and quick to learn. They were also fluent in Spanish, a language Ward had mastered during his time with Walker. Ward was convinced that he could teach them to be proper soldiers.

Over the next few weeks, Ward added 80 Manilamen to his reconstituted corps and managed to keep Wu at bay until he was satisfied that his soldiers' training was complete. He also bought some artillery, adding several field pieces to his arsenal. To teach his men how to use the new cannons, he enticed deserters from the British Army and Navy to instruct them, paying them handsomely for the benefit of their expertise. By the middle of July, Ward felt that his forces were ready to make a second run at Sung-chiang. This time, he left nearly all the Americans and Europeans behind.

He boarded a coastal steamer with about 200 of his Manilamen and sailed well past Sung-chiang. They disembarked and stealthily made their way back over land, manhandling a couple of cannons to a rendezvous point, where they were to lead the attack in a coordinated effort with the Emperor's army. As the Imperial troops watched, Ward's men, bringing their cannons under the noses of the enemy, crept unnoticed all the way to a moat surrounding the city. The Taipings had no idea they were there until Ward's gunners blew the city's eastern gate to smithereens and rushed in, only to be confronted by a second, interior gate.

With the Taipings firing down at them from above, Ward and his Manilamen braved a murderous fusillade to place several kegs of gunpowder against the interior gate. Meanwhile, Ward's artillery began blasting away at the Taipings on the wall with canister, decimating them with hot shrapnel. Ward, still under fire and armed only with the rattan walking stick he had recently begun sporting, personally set off the huge gunpowder charge against the gate. The explosion rocked the earth, knocking attackers and defenders alike to the ground, but it only managed to blast a hole large enough for a single man to squeeze through. Ward clambered to his feet,

The Art Archive/School of Oriental & African Studies/Eileen Tweedy

Taiping rebels capture Nanking in 1853. It was recaptured by Imperial forces in 1864.

waving his stick wildly, and ran forward, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Come on boys, we're going through!" Hurling himself forward, he disappeared through the hole. Burgevine, the South Carolinian, and Vincente Macanaya, one of the first of the Manilamen to join the Ward Corps, did likewise. One by one, the rest of the Filipinos surged through the tiny gap.

Ward, now wounded, led his men to the top of the walls, where they poured lead into the Taipings with their breechloaders. After a vicious struggle, they succeeded in capturing the enemy's cannons. Moments later, the Taipings below the walls found themselves being bombarded by their own artillery. Ward set off a rocket to signal the Imperial troops beyond the walls, but they stayed where they were, safely out of harm's way, leaving Ward and his men, outnumbered 5-to-1, to fight for their lives against the maniacal Taipings. When it was over, the city looked like a butcher's yard. Against all odds, Ward and his Manilamen had prevailed, but their victory cost them dearly. Out of 200 men, 62 were killed and another 100 were wounded. As they convalesced, they consoled themselves with the fact that the fortune in gold, silver, and precious jewels that they seized at Sung-chiang had made them all wealthy men.

Wu was delighted by the turn of events. The white merchants and businessmen of Shanghai, however, were beside themselves with worry. While they had pressured Wu to do something about the Taipings' steady advance toward the city, they had expected merely a truce or a more vigorous response from the Chinese Army. Wu's solution to the problem gave them fits. Although the Taipings had made life miserable for the Chinese, they had always taken pains never to act with hostility against the westerners. This unspoken neutrality had continued in force for years. As a westerner fighting for the Chinese, Ward had upset the delicate balance between the foreigners in China and the Taipings. If the rebels associated the upstart American with the western merchants and retaliated against them, the entire China trade might go up in smoke.

For the Chinese population of Shanghai, however, the Ward Corps had become heroes. Hundreds of new recruits flocked to join them. As for the Taipings, their leaders reluctantly realized that a new and deadly enemy had been sent against them. Hong Xiuquan, who as the Taiping's "Heavenly King" was exempt from the strictures of his own faith, was content to sit things out in his palace at Nanking, fortified by drugs, alcohol, and a steady diet of teenaged girls. The brigands leading his faithful into battle were another story. The Taipings had been organized to function as a regular army of storm troopers, and their generals had picked up a thing or two from Genghis Khan. They knew, even before Ward did, that the next logical place for Wu to send the Ward Corps would be Ch'ing p'u, another glorified blockhouse on the road to Shanghai. On August 2, 1860, when the duly dispatched Foreign Devil and his band slipped silently up to the walls of Ch'ing p'u with their scaling ladders, some of the best fighters in the Taiping army were lying in wait.

As soon as Ward and his Manilamen made it up to the top of the wall, a hail of bullets from every direction swept them off the walls like flies. In a matter of minutes, half the corps was shot to pieces; Ward was hit five times. One of the bullets smashed into his jaw, exiting through his right cheek. Unable to speak, Ward coolly wrote out his instructions, which the young Filipino Macanaya, now his most indispensable subordinate, followed to the letter. Carrying their wounded with them, the corps conducted a fighting retreat, somehow managing to escape the death trap that had been prepared and sprung on them. The ground behind was littered with their dead. The Taiping marksmen had personally targeted the strange white warrior with the walking stick. He would bear the scars from this action for the rest of his life, and his speech was permanently affected. He was lucky to be alive.

The Ward Corps limped back to Shanghai, where Ward and the other wounded received medical treatment for their injuries. While they were in the hospital, the Taipings besieged Shanghai. They had succeeded in penetrating the city's precincts when they received word from their Heavenly King to halt their siege and proceed immediately in the opposite direction, to join battle with Imperial forces coming down from Hunan in the north.

Wu, who had grown quite fond of Ward (as had Wu's daughter), arranged to have him secretly invalided out of Shanghai for further medical treatment by western doctors. Ward returned to the city in the spring of 1861, intent on rebuilding his beloved corps. The moment he set foot in port, however, the British arrested him and prepared to hand him over to American authorities for deportation. To their surprise, they discovered that Ward had obtained Chinese citizenship. Unsure of what to do, the British took him aboard one of their warships in the harbor and kept him there. Fortunately

THE AIR WAS RENT BY RIFLE FIRE. MOMENTS LATER MORTAR ROUNDS AND ARTILLERY SHELLS BEGAN SLAMMING INTO THE TAIPING TRENCH WORKS. THE REBELS WHO SURVIVED THE ENCOUNTER RAN FOR THE HILLS.

for Ward, he managed to get word to the ever-faithful Macanaya, waiting in port. Under cover of darkness, Ward somehow squeezed through a porthole, slipped unseen into the water, and swam a short distance to Macanaya, who was waiting in a skiff.

Once back on land, Ward gave the British a wide berth and began building up his forces in earnest. After taking another unsuccessful crack at Ch'ing p'u, he approached Wu with a bold new scheme. To the delight of the *taotai,* Ward proposed to equip, train, and mobilize an enormous military machine, a true western-style army composed almost entirely of Chinese troops. Ward was confident the Chinese would flock to his banner.

Ward had become ever richer through a number of sweetheart business deals with Wu. He poured the money into more artillery, high-end arms such as Dreyse "needle guns" from Prussia, vast quantities of ammunition, and other military matériel. By this time, Wu had used his connections to get Ward commissioned a full colonel in the Imperial Army. Keeping a personal bodyguard of 200 Manilamen commanded by Macanaya, Ward outfitted his new recruits in European-style uniforms topped with turbans inspired by Great Britain's Indian forces. In a matter of months, Ward's forces grew to some 7, 000 men. They carried their own colors, an elegantly simple banner upon which was inscribed the Chinese character, Hua. This was the closest the men could come to pronouncing their commander's name.

As the new year of 1862 dawned, Ward announced that his army was ready for action. It was none too soon. With the winter snows, the dreaded Taipings had returned with a vengeance. At Wu-sung, about 25 miles from the approaches to Shanghai's harbor, they began digging trenches and revetments with the aim of cutting off trade and isolating and taking the city. Suddenly, the sound of bugles was heard in the distance. The Taipings looked up to see what appeared to be a huge European army marching toward them. Then they saw Ward's banner fluttering in the wind.

The air was rent by rifle fire. Moments later, mortar rounds and artillery shells began slamming into the Taiping trench works. The rebels who survived the encounter ran for the hills. Barely a week later, Ward and a small strike force of 500 handpicked men took the city of Kwang-fu-lin from a Taiping force of several thousand, who again broke and ran. Ward was promoted to general—even the British were won over. Ward became a full-fledged mandarin and returned to Shanghai to marry Wu's daughter.

Shortly afterward, Ward took his men back to the scene of their earliest victory. In the vicinity of Sung-chiang, they went toe to toe with the entire Taiping army, which was hell-bent on retaking the city and the surrounding towns. Ward's men blasted the Taipings to pieces. Even Ch'ing p'u, the prize that had eluded them for so long, fell at last to the man from Massachusetts. As for Ward, he was wounded five more times during the bloody engagements; one of his fingers was shot off. Despite his wounds, he must have thought he would live forever.

In March 1862, the Ward Corps was officially rechristened the "Ever-Victorious Army" by the grateful Manchu government. Ward received a further honor when he was created a Mandarin Third Rank by Imperial decree. His reputation and string of victories continued to grow, and by the summer of 1862, it was clear that the Taipings, while not yet completely defeated, were fast becoming a spent force.

Ward began making plans for an assault on Nanking, the Taiping rebel capital, augmenting his army with armed riverboats to ferry his men wherever they were needed and enough mobile field pieces to create a complete artillery corps. But the Manchu emperor, no longer living in fear of the Taiping threat that had plagued him for years, began to worry that Hua might be becoming too powerful a figure on the Chinese landscape. The fact that Ward resolutely refused to shave his forehead and sport a long braided queue, and continued to favor western clothing over the opulent Mandarin robes he was privileged to wear, irritated many at the court.

Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

A Chinese archer draws a bead on the enemy during the Taiping rebellion.

On September 20, 1862, Ward was characteristically at the head of his beloved troops, leading a coordinated attack that pitted British, French, and Imperial Chinese forces against one of the last Taiping strongholds, the city of Cixi. At the base of the city's walls, Ward suffered his 15th and final wound. Shot through the stomach, he refused to leave the battlefield until he collapsed and was carried from the field by his weeping soldiers. He lingered for two days on a British gunboat, calmly dictating his will. After making provisions for his brother, his sister back in Massachusetts, and his adored Chinese wife, Ward succumbed in the early morning hours of September 22, two months shy of his 31st birthday.

After Ward's death, the Chinese gave command of the Ever-Victorious Army not to Macanaya, as he had wished, but to Ward's erstwhile second in command, Henry Burgevine. The South Carolinian immediately betrayed Wu's trust by attempting to rob him, and he had to quit China under pain of death. To replace Burgevine, the British offered up a lackluster officer named John Holland, whose chief qualifications seemed to be that he was British and hated Americans. Eventually, they settled on a reasonably efficient plodder named Charles George Gordon.

By then, most of the heavy lifting had already been done. The Chinese government officially disbanded the Ever-Victorious Army 18 months before the Taiping rebellion finally came to an end. That did not stop the British from crediting Gordon with nearly all of Ward's victories, heaping upon Gordon the laurels that rightfully belonged to a dead man. Indeed, he would be hailed as "Chinese" Gordon for the rest of his life, which ended in the Sudan 20 years later when Gordon was spectacularly beheaded by Muslim followers of another would-be son of God, the so-called Mahdi.

As for Ward, he was quickly and almost completely forgotten in the West. In China, however, he was still remembered, prayed to, and revered as Hua, the Confucian demigod who had redeemed their lost honor and showed the Chinese people how to fight. Ironically, it was an admirer of the Taipings, Mao Zedong, who effaced Ward's memory. After leading the Chinese Communists to power in 1949, Mao had Ward's remains dug up and his gravesite bulldozed and paved over. Ward's bones—and memory—have been missing ever since. □

FEHRBELLIN: THE BATTLE THAT MADE PRUSSIA

In the summer of 1675, Swedish troops led by Marshal Karl Wrangel invaded the German principality of Brandenburg in support of their French allies' ongoing war with Holland. Elector Frederick William rallied the Brandenburg forces.

BY LOUIS CIOTOLA

For nearly two and a half centuries, Prussia celebrated June 28 as a birthday of sorts. On that date in 1675, the Prussians achieved the start of their proud military tradition. The state was then known as Brandenburg, ruled by an elector of the Holy Roman Empire, Frederick William. A minor player on a European continent that was still recovering from the cataclysmic Thirty Years' War, Brandenburg and its elector were about to change history.

Faced by an invading army from Sweden,

Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, ponders his next move at the pivotal Battle of Fehrbellin, in this 1884 painting by Ferdinand Keller.

akg-images

one of the foremost powers of the day, the Brandenburgers prepared for battle at the little town of Fehrbellin, northwest of Berlin. They were there to decide the future of their state. Victory promised unprecedented growth, while defeat nearly ensured that Brandenburg would remain a minor entity no greater than many others spread out across Germany. On the other side of the lines, the Swedes too were at a crossroads. Their mighty empire was extended beyond what its meager resources could defend, and they fought to maintain a tenuous supremacy in northern Europe. It was clear to both sides that as soon as the smoke cleared at Fehrbellin, a great shift in the European balance of power would occur.

Without a doubt, France under the great "Sun King," Louis XIV, was the dominant power in Europe during the third quarter of the 16th century. Following the close of the Thirty Years' War in 1648, France had emerged as the strongest kingdom on the Continent, making it inevitable that the ambitious Louis would dictate the ebb and flow of European politics for years to come. In ensuing conflicts, states fought either with France or against her. Fighting on the side of Louis XIV provided the luxury of being allied to the most powerful monarch in Europe, yet it also brought the threat of becoming a mere French satellite. In fact, opposing the mighty armies of France courted disaster. However, if victory could somehow be achieved, the prospects of increasing one's

prestige and influence were tremendous. In 1672, when Louis launched a war of conquest against the Dutch Republic, two very different states were forced to make that difficult choice.

The larger of these states, Sweden, already possessed a strong tradition as a French ally. The alliance of Sweden and France had checked the swelling power of the Hapsburgs during the Thirty Years' War. The resulting Treaty of Westphalia had extended Swedish control over the Baltic, most notably in Germany, where Sweden received a large portion of Pomerania. Sweden's subsequent military success against its neighbors allowed the Swedish kingdom to expand still further. By 1672, the size of the empire presented the young King Charles XI with a dilemma. Sweden's acute lack of resources and funds made its recent conquests extremely vulnerable. Only through constant expansion could it manage to protect itself, but with a pacific-minded government in place to watch over the youthful king, conquest was not an option. The Swedes would have to work hard simply to maintain their possessions, especially in Germany, where Pomerania and other territories served as an additional front against would-be aggressors. Given their crippling financial crisis, it was obvious that the Swedes would need outside help if they wished to hold onto all the pieces of their empire.

The other state was on the opposite end of the spectrum. Brandenburg was a poor territory in the northeast corner of the Holy Roman Empire. It had few outside possessions and almost no influence aside from its status as an electorate of the empire. Its current ruler, the elector Frederick William, having come to power during the Thirty Years' War, had suffered the humiliation of being unable to prevent foreigners from marching through and devastating his lands. He desperately sought to remedy the situation. In his mind, the only solution was to create a formidable military that could compete with the major European powers surrounding him. A few years earlier, in 1667, he had made that point clear to his son, stressing that the only way for a state to become "considerable" was to command a strong army.

Both: Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

ABOVE LEFT: Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne. ABOVE RIGHT: Elector Frederick William.

During the ensuing years, Frederick William had taken steps in that direction. Following a brief Tartar invasion of his easternmost territory of Prussia, the elector was able to raise the money for a standing peacetime army. This army, extensively drilled and brutally disciplined, was talented enough to catch the eye of many contemporaries in Germany, although it was still far too small to earn the respect of its larger European neighbors. Brandenburg now possessed an officer corps that was tied to the interests of the state rather than functioning merely as a group of mercenaries concerned with their own careers and financial gain.

Something of a novelty in the period, Frederick William always made it a point to consult his officers in times of war. Brandenburg was well on its way to forming an army that eventually would pose a challenge to any opponent. However, it could scarcely reach its goals alone. In 1672, it remained vital for Brandenburg to tie itself into alliances with outside powers that were willing to provide the subsidies necessary for an enlarged military to exist. That year, the opportunity to both acquire such subsidies and test the new army in action fell into Frederick William's lap.

The elector was no friend of France. He saw Louis XIV as a continual looming threat to Germany. When a French army attacked Holland, initiating the Franco-Dutch War, Frederick William was quick to pledge his support to the Dutch Republic. His services, however, came at a price. The wealthy Dutch, needing allies badly, were only too willing to accommodate him, agreeing to pay for half the 20,000-man Brandenburger army. But the prospect of facing the indomitable French war machine alone was daunting. Fortunately for Frederick William, a strong ally in the form of the Austrian Hapsburgs emerged to challenge the French as well. The elector had been working to persuade the Holy Roman Emperor Leopold to join him in combating Louis, and he was delighted when the emperor dispatched an army to the Rhine under Raimondo Montecuccoli, a talented commander and a hero of the Thirty Years' War.

Unlike the elector, Leopold was intimidated by French arms and had little interest in rescuing the beleaguered Dutch. The emperor wished only to protect Germany, and in accordance with this wish he ordered Montecuccoli to act conservatively and engage the enemy only if victory could be assured. He even secretly informed Louis that he would keep the Austrian army behind the Rhine. Although he was well aware of Leopold's stance, Frederick William was confident that he could convince Montecuccoli to take action. Besides, he had little choice but to combine with the Austrians if he wanted any chance to fight—attempting to battle the French alone would be nothing short of suicide.

Frederick William expected the Dutch to hold out for a considerable length of time, but when the republic was almost entirely absorbed by France during the course of one lightning-fast campaign, the need to act decisively became ever more pressing. The elector begged his Austrian ally to advance against Henri Turenne, the great French general leading the enemy forces in Westphalia, but Montecuccoli refused to budge. His frustration mounting, Frederick William attempted to push the Austrians into the war, convincing them that he, being an elector of the Empire, was in overall command. He managed to lead the army into Westphalia, but Turenne was unwilling to do battle and beat a hasty retreat. Shortly afterward, Montecuccoli regained control of his own army and terminated the brief offensive. Sitting idle, the allied army consequently suffered terribly from a lack of provisions.

Contrary to appearances, Montecuccoli was highly upset by his orders. He, like Frederick William, preferred to attack, but the emperor

had tied his hands. Finally, the old veteran could take his dishonorable role no longer and left the field. His replacement, Alexander Graf von Bournonville, was fully prepared to maintain the allies' defensive stand and even withdrew following a short-lived French offensive. Frederick William was livid. He wrote to Leopold in exasperation: "I fear the French will follow us and my lands be totally ruined and my fortresses lost, and I will have to conclude a humiliating peace." It was no idle threat. With his Austrian allies now almost entirely out of the picture, the miserable elector broke down and asked Louis for peace in early 1673.

Despite nonexistent Austrian support and dwindling Dutch subsidies, it was still a difficult decision to make. Frederick William was overwhelmed with dismay. He had marched across

Library of Congress

Karl Gustav Wrangel.

Germany a year earlier in high spirits but now, utterly alone, he had little choice but to abandon the war. Louis, by contrast, was overjoyed to see one of his enemies accepting French supremacy, and he quickly agreed to the elector's offer of peace. The two sides subsequently forged the Peace of Vossem, in which Louis asked nothing of Brandenburg and even pledged to provide the electorate with subsidies, an obvious attempt to keep it from considering a re-entry into the conflict.

Although he had escaped a potentially deadly situation relatively unharmed, Frederick William could not shake off the feeling of disgrace he experienced by having to sign the Peace of Vossem. Within months of the treaty, he was searching for an excuse to break it. Already the French were failing to deliver the promised subsidies, and when Montecuccoli returned to retake control of the Austrian army and actually went onto the offensive, the elector decided to resume his war with France. Louis, in turn, invaded Germany proper and became an even greater menace.

A developing threat to his back door by Sweden did nothing to diminish Frederick William's enthusiasm for war. Since 1672, Louis had been paying the Swedes to maintain an army of 16,000 men in Pomerania for the sole purpose of intimidating Brandenburg, but Frederick William felt he had little to worry about from them. For the time being, he was correct in this assumption. Fearful of risking its fragile hold on its territories along the north German coast, Sweden had no interest in going to war with Brandenburg. In fact, Swedish envoys had eagerly helped negotiate the terms of the Peace of Vossem. Just to be certain, however, Frederick William forged a nonaggression pact with the Swedes before plunging again into war with France.

Despite the new pact, the elector's position was still perilous. There was no guarantee that the Austrians and the Dutch would welcome his return. The Austrians were unsure of the elector's intentions and feared that Brandenburg would again abandon the cause, while the Dutch had little reason to believe that a new offensive was worthy of their funds. In the end, it was a risk the Dutch had to take, and they agreed to once again partially subsidize Brandenburg's army. On July 1, 1674, Frederick William officially rejoined the coalition against France, marching back toward the Rhine with 16,000 men. The elector entered the war for the second time as enthusiastically as he had the first, proudly declaring that he had arrived "to teach kings the respect they ought to have for electors of the Empire." As it turned out, the elector was once again overly optimistic. Operating independently for the first couple of months, the Brandenburgers were too weak to

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ABOVE: Frederick William, left, meets with Field Marshal Georg von Derfflinger and Equerry Froben.

strike Turenne. By the time they agreed to reunite with the Austrians in October, Montecuccoli had retired for the second time in as many years, only to be again replaced by the lethargic Bournonville.

As in his previous campaign, Bournonville, despite being numerically superior to Turenne, refused to take the offensive. Even when the chance arose to win a decisive victory at Marlenheim, the Austrian commander dallied. Frederick William, along with his most trusted general, the Austrian Georg von Derfflinger, begged Bournonville to take action, but to no avail. Instead, the emperor's chosen general claimed that his troops were exhausted, an utterly preposterous assertion given the complete inertia of the army during the preceding weeks. Incensed, the Brandenburgers took it upon themselves to assault Turenne independently, but without the support of their allies, they could achieve nothing.

ullstein bild

ABOVE: Another view of Frederick William during the Battle of Fehrbellin. OPPOSITE: A recent photograph of the now-placid battlefield at Ferhbellin.

Much the same transpired in October near Strasbourg, where the Brandenburgers attacked the French but again came up short when the Austrians failed to support the assault. This time it cost the life of Frederick William's own son, Carl Emil. The largest disaster, however, occurred that winter at Turkheim, where Turenne launched a surprise attack against an allied force now suffering acutely from food and supply shortages caused directly by its idleness. Although the Brandenburgers put up a valiant resistance, Bournonville's decision to withdraw the following day rather than renew the battle spoiled the stunning achievement of the elector's men. Compounding matters, the Austrians consistently blamed the campaign's dismal outcome directly on Frederick William. Settling into winter quarters at the end of 1674, the spirits of the Brandenburgers and their ruler were all but crushed. It would take nothing short of a miracle to revive them.

That miracle was about to occur. Two years earlier, Sweden's chancellor, Magnus de la Gardie, had pushed the empire into an alliance with France. He had argued convincingly that Sweden was in desperate need of cash and that if it failed to declare itself with France and make a grab for funds, then its hated rival, Denmark, would do so in its place. At the same time, the young and impressionable King Charles XI had just reached the age of legitimacy and was assuming power from a regency government. Unwilling to sacrifice anything to the despised Danes, Charles accepted the advice of his chancellor, yet limited the extent of Swedish involvement to the preservation of a strong garrison in Pomerania. No one in Sweden wished to take any unnecessary risks. By the second half of 1674, however, a combination of logistical difficulties and French pressure made an undesired war with Brandenburg increasingly likely.

Louis was indeed growing impatient with his northern ally, suspecting the Swedes of being content to selfishly drain his coffers without lifting a finger to come to his aid. The French monarch had heard the stories of Brandenburger grit at Turkheim and doubted that the elector would willingly exit the war a second time. Louis consequently pressed the Swedes to invade Brandenburg in order to draw Frederick William away from the Rhine.

Despite being a lover of war, Charles XI was not eager to comply with the French demand. Unfortunately for the young king, reality on the ground called his hand. Given the grave condition of his overextended realm, more French subsidies were imperative. The situation was especially dire in Germany, where the cost of supplying the garrisoned Swedish army in Pomerania had become too much to bear. It soon became apparent that the army, to survive, must advance into Brandenburg and begin taking its necessities by force. After procrastinating for as long as possible, Charles at last issued the order to take the offensive. It was Christmas Day, 1674.

A renowned hero of the Thirty Years' War, Karl Gustav Wrangel led the 20,000 men of the Swedish army from Pomerania into Brandenburg. The Swedes gave hardly a thought to their violation of the nonaggression treaty with Brandenburg, considering it a military necessity. The timing for the war was ideal. Frederick William had stretched his resources to the limit in order to campaign against France, and Brandenburg was virtually defenseless. Only the elector's brother-in-law, John George, prince of Anhalt-Dessau, remained to contend with the surprise Swedish invasion. There was nothing he could do aside from humbly requesting that Wrangel turn back. Naturally, neither Wrangel nor his younger brother Waldemar, who at times controlled the army because of the elder's recurring case of gout, even considered meeting the request. Instead, without any serious opposition, the Swedes fanned out across Brandenburg to pillage the countryside and replenish their army.

The ensuing devastation reached right to the gates of Berlin itself. Slowly, the Swedish army made its way toward the Elbe. Frederick William was encamped with his army deep inside Franconia when news of the Swedish invasion reached him in early January. He had previously assumed that Sweden would refrain from any such move because of the divisions within its government and the strength of the Dutch fleet. He was wrong. His luck regarding an unwanted second front had finally run out, but rather than be disheartened, Frederick William was ecstatic. On hearing what had occurred, the elector exulted, "I can use this to get all of Pomerania."

The Swedish incursion gave him an excellent excuse to leave behind his worthless allies along the Rhine and win martial glory for himself. That winter, however, the army was ill-prepared to march. Furthermore, certain diplomatic measures were required before it could confidently engage the Swedes—namely, negotiations with the Dutch Republic concerning naval assistance against the Swedish fleet. Delaying the process even more was a sudden attack of the gout that prevented Frederick William from reaching The Hague until May. Luckily for him, the Swedes were in no mood to press their advantage.

When the elector finally petitioned the Dutch for aid, they agreed to dispatch their fleet to the Baltic to challenge the Swedes. A request for support to the Austrians, however, proved pointless. As expected, the Holy Roman Emperor was unwilling to sacrifice any of his army in the defense of Brandenburg. Nevertheless, the overall results were satisfactory, and on June 5 the Brandenburgers set off to meet the Swedish threat. Frederick William traveled

with the infantry, while the experienced Derfflinger assumed overall command. The army marched in three sections: the left under Prince Friedrich II of Hesse-Homburg, the right led by General Joachim Ernst von Gortzke, and the center directed by Derfflinger.

The march was a stunning success. Despite having to traverse the formidable Thuringian Forest, which was still relatively barren of supplies after the devastation of the Thirty Years' War, the Brandenburgers moved rapidly, covering nearly 200 miles in 20 days. It was a remarkable display of troop coordination, and the Brandenburger generals conducted the move so secretly that upon reaching their destination, they were as yet entirely undetected by the Swedes. The local peasants along the road, however, were well aware of their ruler's return, and they celebrated proudly with banners that read: "We are only peasants, and little land we have; but we give our blood for our lord cheerfully."

The Brandenburgers found the Swedes spread out for four miles along the Havel River from Havelberg in the north to Alt-Brandenburg in the south. The elder Wrangel commanded in the north, while Waldemar led the Swedish troops in Alt-Brandenburg. To the Swedish rear lay a conglomeration of large swamps—a certain detriment should a sudden, hurried retreat be necessary. According to Branderburger spies, the Swedes had no idea that the elector's army had drawn so close. Oblivious to the circumstances, the Swedish army concentrated solely on garrison duties and the brutal business of suppressing the numerous peasant uprisings in the area.

Frederick William was fully determined to use Swedish ignorance to his advantage. He concocted a strategy in which he would quickly capture the little town of Rathenow, located directly between Havelberg and Alt-Brandenburg, and split the Swedish army in two. Knowing that success relied entirely upon the element of surprise, he prepared to move with great speed and accordingly decided to advance with only his cavalry and as many infantry as could be loaded onto available wagons. The strike force amounted to 6,000 cavalry and 1,200 foot. The remainder of the army would follow and catch up when it could.

The Brandenburgers departed for Rathenow on June 25. Trudging through the mud created by a blinding rainstorm, they reached the town's gates at midnight. By pretending to lead a Swedish column, Derfflinger succeeded in tricking the sentries into opening the gates, after which the Brandenburgers poured through. With great fury the attackers swarmed inside the town, catching the vast majority of the Swedes asleep in their beds. Completely confused, the defenders were either killed or captured, and the town soon fell. The entire operation cost Frederick William a mere 15 men.

Upon hearing of the unexpected attack, the Wrangel brothers, shocked by the surprise, incorrectly estimated the number of Rathenow's assailants. Judging the attacking Brandenburgers to be much greater in strength than they actually were, the Wrangels decided against counterattacking Rathenow and opted to withdraw. This was exactly what Frederick William had expected; he was already ordering his victorious cavalry forward to cut off the Swedish retreat. Derfflinger opposed the strategy, arguing that his horsemen were too exhausted from the march and the assault on Rathenow, but the elector, backed by Prince Friedrich, overruled him, stressing the need for a decisive campaign.

A loyal soldier, Derfflinger dropped his objection and set out at once. His target was Waldemar's contingent, which had left Alt-Brandenburg and was heading east for the small town of Fehrbellin, on the Rhine, where the Swedes planned to reunite their forces. Aware that Fehrbellin was the only suitable place to cross the marshes, Derfflinger knew exactly which route the younger Wrangel would take. The Brandenburger cavalry raced forward, hoping to cut off Waldemar at Nauen, but the enemy proved too slippery and had already passed by. It would be up to another group of Brandenburgers, speeding toward Fehrbellin itself, to block the Swedish escape.

Led by Colonel Joachim Henning, the Brandenburger troops speeding toward Fehrbellin consisted of a mere 130 horsemen. Their purpose was to avoid the enemy, beat them to the town, and destroy the town's lone bridge, thus severing the Swedish retreat. Upon reaching its destination, the raiding party immediately set the bridge afire, but the destruction had barely commenced when the Swedes began arriving early on June 28. Waldemar found the bridge smoldering yet still

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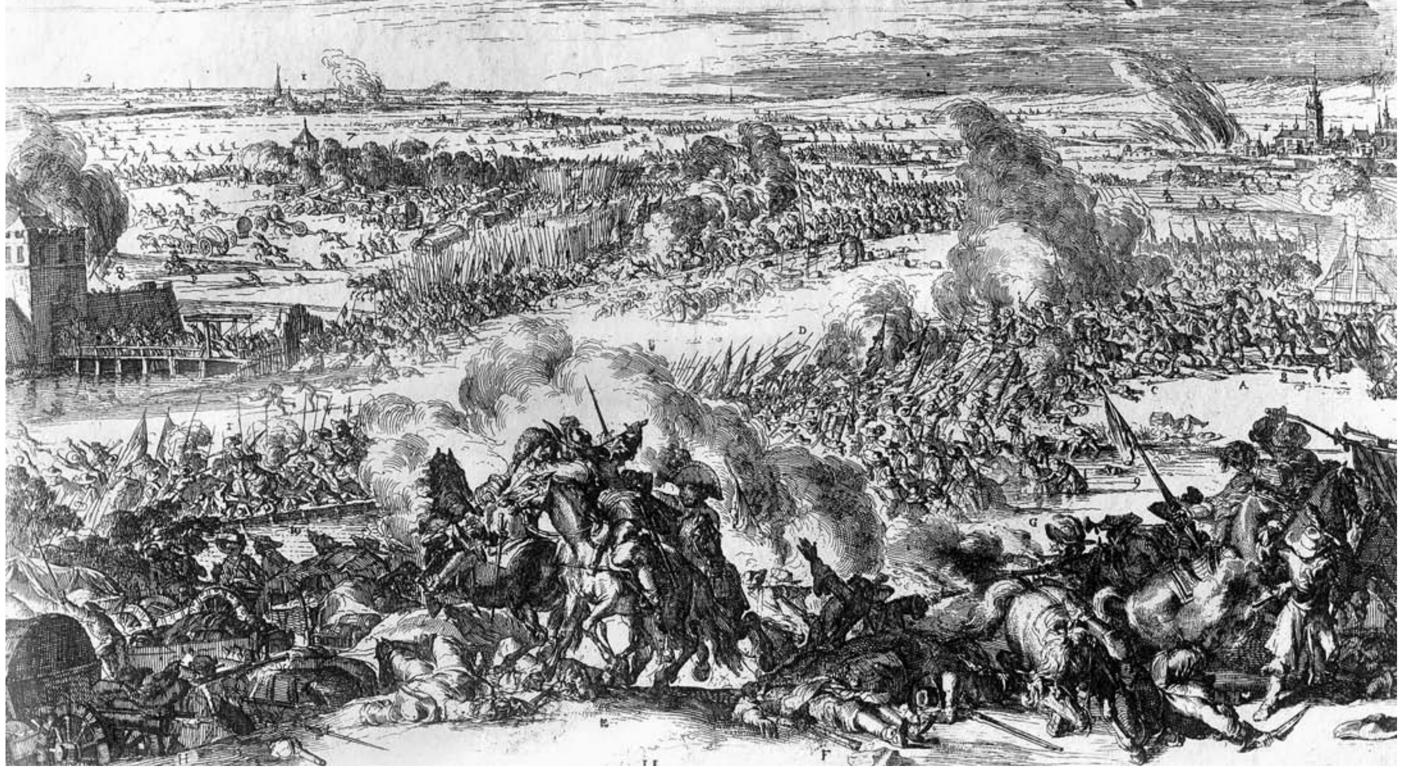

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very much intact. It needed only minor repairs before it could be crossed. Frederick William had no intention of providing the time necessary to do so, declaring confidently, "We are so close to the enemy, that he must lose his hair or his feathers."

Waldemar knew that the main Brandenburger army was close, but he did not fear an attack. He correctly surmised that the only way Frederick William could possibly reach him before the bridge was repaired was with cavalry alone, and he believed such an attack without infantry support would be far too risky. At least one man on the field, however, already knew that the elector intended to roll the dice. That man was Henning, who, along with his tiny band of soldiers, was already hiding inside Fehrbellin, hoping to delay the Swedes as long as possible.

The wait was brief. Shortly after Waldemar's arrival, the advance elements of the Brandenburger cavalry under Prince Friedrich arrived on the scene. Frederick William, still en route, ordered the prince to await his arrival, but the prince was impatient and, determining the Swedes to be on their last legs, ordered an immediate attack through the pouring rain. Initially, Friedrich's cavalry was successful in pushing the defenders back, but the Swedes fought back tenaciously and quickly brought the offensive to a halt.

Frederick William, Derfflinger, and the rest of the Brandenburger cavalry arrived at noon, raising the elector's total strength to roughly 7,000 horsemen against the equally numerous Swedes. Unlike Frederick William, Waldemar also possessed infantry and thus was at a decided advantage. Inexplicably, the Swedish commander did a curious thing. Rather than exploit his victory with an immediate counterattack, he ordered his troops to stay put. He was dead set on retreating across the bridge, no matter what. Waldemar soon realized his error when the rest of the Brandenburger cavalry reached the field and rapidly occupied the hills opposite the Swedish right. This put Waldemar's entire army in danger of being outflanked. Waldemar had no choice but to attack—only now he would be forced to make an exposed uphill charge.

Frederick William positioned his 13 light field guns atop the hill in preparation for an enemy counterattack. The Swedes' own 38 cannons, only seven of which were operational, would be unable to assist in the assault. Furthermore, the Swedish left, hindered by the marshes, would be unable to add any additional weight to the attack. Already the Brandenburger artillery was raining hell down upon the Swedes, goading the younger Wrangel to move. The elector's men would not be disappointed. On Waldemar's command, a wave of Swedish infantry, followed by cavalry, stormed up the hill. Despite the cannon fire searing through their ranks, the Swedes charged madly, putting the battle's outcome in doubt. They reached the hill's summit and captured the Brandenburger artillery. It appeared that the gambling elector was about to be routed.

But Frederick William had no intention of meekly accepting defeat. Rallying his men, he raced to the front of the line, crying: "Forward! Your prince and captain will conquer with you, or die like a knight!" In his zeal, the elector suddenly found himself surrounded by enemy soldiers. His master of stables, Emanuel Froben, was struck down, supposedly on account of his riding Frederick William's gray horse (an exchange in mounts having been made to help ensure the elector's safety). The situation was dire, but to Frederick William's great fortune, a band of nine dragoons pierced the enemy ranks and extracted him from harm. Meanwhile, the elector's bravery had inspired his men, and the Brandenburgers began to drive back the Swedes. They recaptured their guns, which to everyone's amazement had not been spiked, and poured furiously down the opposite slope of the hill. With their cannons blazing, the Brandenburger cavalry smashed into the remnants of the disordered Swedish right and sent it fleeing into Fehrbellin.

The Brandenburger officers, their blood up, urged Frederick William to light the town, but he rebuked them, stating, "I am not come to destroy my country, but to save it." Instead, the elector ordered his horsemen to storm the Swedish infantry. The ensuing attack failed, and the desperate Swedish soldiers held firm. Frederick William called off further offensives and was content to allow the remaining Swedes to withdraw. Waldemar, satisfied to cross the now-repaired bridge, subsequently did so in good order, leaving behind eight of his cannons. Exhausted by days of hard riding and fighting, the Brandenburgers declined to pursue.

The Brandenburger victory at Fehrbellin came at the cost of only 500 men. Swedish casualties were much higher, and they would

lose still more as a result of incessant peasant raids. At the close of the campaign, Waldemar had a paltry 4,000 men remaining at his disposal. Nevertheless, both sides claimed victory. Frederick William celebrated his driving off the Swedes, while Waldemar insisted that his bloody charges had delayed the enemy long enough to save the bulk of his force. Psychologically, however, the triumph belonged to Brandenburg, which earned the distinction of being the first minor German state in modern times to deal such a stunning blow to a major European power.

Upon hearing the news of Fehrbellin, the people of Berlin immediately began referring to their ruler as the "Great Elector," making it clear that they expected Frederick William to continue accomplishing great things. In the years following the battle, he did just that. During the final months of 1675, the Brandenburger army drove the Swedes into Mecklenburg, where Charles XI's tormented army withered still further. Initially, a lack of allies forced the Brandenburgers to halt, but 1676 brought a renewal of fortune. Although Emperor Leopold continued to deny him any assistance, Denmark joined the elector in an alliance that would soon take the war into Sweden itself. Shortly afterward, a combined Dutch-Danish fleet intercepted the Swedish navy and wrecked nearly three-quarters of it. Without a strong maritime presence in the Baltic, Sweden's army in Germany was cut off, giving Frederick William a decided advantage.

The elector utilized his opportunity to the fullest. During the subsequent campaign he successfully conquered Swedish Pomerania, capturing Stettin, Stralsund, and Greifswald in succession. Then, during the winter of 1678-1679, Frederick William equaled the brilliance of the Fehrbellin campaign when he marched his army across the frozen lagoons at Frisches Haff and Kurisches Haff to outflank the Swedes and force them to retreat from Prussia altogether.

Unfortunately for Brandenburg, its gains would not reflect its military success. Although it had made a profound statement, Brandenburg remained a minor continental player, still subject to the whims of the larger powers. By 1678, the Dutch were trying to push Frederick William into making peace out of fear of the elector's growing strength. Later that year they abandoned him altogether, forging with France the Treaty of Nymwegen. The Austrians signed for peace soon after. Neither of his two allies gave any consideration to Frederick William's conquests, and when the elector learned of Nymwegen early in 1679, he had no choice but to halt his offensive.

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ABOVE: The Great Elector besieges Stralsund in this 17th-century tapestry. OPPOSITE: The height of battle at Ferhbellin is captured in this contemporary copper engraving by Romeynde Hooghe.

Incensed by the betrayal, he vowed to fight the French alone, but when Louis dispatched an army toward Brandenburg, Frederick William conceded. On June 29, he reluctantly signed the Treaty of St. Germain, effectively wiping out all of his gains by restoring the conquered territories to Sweden. So angered was he by the Dutch Republic and Austria that he would consent to being an ally of hated France for the next six years.

Although stiffed at the peace negotiations, Brandenburg had made tremendous gains, establishing an army and a military tradition far greater than any of their German counterparts. After Fehrbellin, the Great Elector earned the leverage necessary to enlarge his peacetime army against the wishes of the noble estates. This made it much easier for Brandenburg, and later Prussia, to mobilize its military upon the outbreak of hostilities, giving it the ability to immediately compete with its neighbors. The seeds were thus sown for the dramatic growth of the army in generations to come. At the same time, the battle served to underscore Sweden's gradual decline. Although it would again prove itself a force to be reckoned with under its next king, Charles XII, the Swedish empire, stretched thin and exposed as little more than a client state of France, was doomed to inevitable collapse. The daring horsemen of Frederick William had seen to that at Fehrbellin. □

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By Al Hemingway

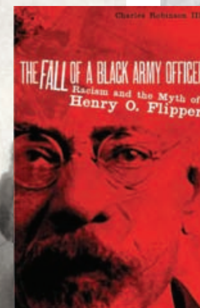
Lieutenant Henry O. Flipper's professional fate rested on a complex mixture of love, carelessness, and pride. Racism also played a part.

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT HENRY O. FLIPPER, THE FIRST AFRICAN-American cadet to graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point, is a fascinating if cautionary tale. Flipper endured bitter racial slurs and rejection by white cadets to complete his four-year term and receive his diploma in 1877, only to throw away his promising career a few years later on a mixture of love, carelessness and pride.

BELOW: Buffalo soldiers of the 25th Infantry pose while stationed in the western United States in 1890. RIGHT: Henry O. Flipper cuts a distinguished figure in his U.S. Military Academy dress uniform.

Flipper was assigned to the 10th Cavalry, one of four all-black regiments in the U.S. Army, and he was the first black officer to command troops in the field, assisting in the cavalry campaign against the Apache warrior Victorio in 1879. A bright, talented individual, Flipper served in several remote outposts in Texas and Oklahoma. At Fort Sill, in what was then Indian Territory, Flipper in his capacity as an engineer designed a series of drains to assist in the prevention of malaria, which was rampant in the region. It became known as "Flipper's Ditch."

By all accounts, the young man born into slavery in Thomasville, Georgia, was slowly gaining the respect of his superiors and civilians he encountered. In 1880, he was named to the position of commissary officer at Fort Davis, Texas. Then the unthinkable occurred. Money was found to be missing from the post's fund, and Flipper was charged with embezzlement and conduct unbecoming an officer. A court-martial convened in late 1881 and lasted nearly three months. In the end, Flipper was found not guilty of embezzlement but guilty of the other charge of conduct unbecoming. He was dismissed from the Army with a dishonorable discharge.



The question that author Charles M. Robinson III attempts to answer in his new book, ***The Fall of a Black Army Officer: Racism and the Myth of Henry O. Flipper*** (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK, 2008, 197 pp., photos, index, notes, $29.95, hardcover), is how much of a role racism played in Flipper's conviction and dismissal. To be sure, racism was prevalent at that time against black troops. Robinson contends, however, that it did not play a major part in the proceedings against Flipper. His new book shines much-needed light on the controversial issue of racial politics in our nation's military.

Although something of a racist himself, Colonel William R. Shafter, Flipper's commanding officer, believed that he was innocent. Flipper, however, mistakenly believed that Shafter was out to destroy him. He published a letter in the *New York Globe* claiming that Shafter had commented, "I got him where I want him." Shafter, who typically allowed the mundane day-to-day duties to fall on his subordinates, was partially culpable for the missing money because of his neglect in not reexamining Flipper's books while he was commissary officer. He was the final arbiter.

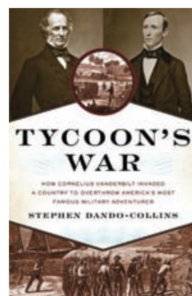
But if Flipper did not abscond with the funds, who did? According to Robinson, one of the prime suspects was Lucy Smith, his black servant, with whom he was rumored to be having an affair. Flipper never mentioned her in his subsequent memoirs, or in any of his numerous appeals. Robinson writes: "It is as though she ceased to exist. Yet Lucy, of all people, had the most access to the money in Flipper's trunk. In spite of his protestations of caution, the evidence shows he was notoriously casual in letting her go through his things. If anyone stole the money, it was Lucy, either alone or together with any of the shadowy figures who, testimony revealed, apparently had routine access to Flipper's quarters."

Ironically, the African American community at that time did little to promote Flipper's innocence. He was a considered an elitist, even among his own race, and blacks simply ignored his numerous appeals for help. Robinson believes that the conviction was just, due to Flipper's slipshod accounting methods. But he was no thief. Lucy Smith, with or without cohorts, probably stole the money, Robinson concludes.

"In successfully completing the program at West Point, and receiving his commission, Flipper did much to advance the cause of equality in the army," Robinson writes. "In throwing it all away, he set the cause into slow motion, and it took decades to recover. In the end, his brief military career did more harm than good."

Flipper unsuccessfully appealed his conviction for the rest of his life. In 1898, he attempted to reenlist in the Army during the Spanish-American War, but Congress refused to reinstate his commission. Late in life, he returned to Washington, D.C., as a special assistant to Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, who ironically would be implicated in a scandal of his own—the Teapot Dome scandal of Republican President Warren G. Harding's corrupt administration. Flipper, not part of the latter contretemps, died in New York City in 1940.

In 1999, President Bill Clinton granted Flipper a posthumous pardon, and the Army upgraded his discharge, more than a century after the fact, to "honorable."



Southern Storm: Sherman's March to the Sea by Noah Andre Trudeau, HarperCollins, New York, 2008, 671 pp., notes, index, photos, maps, $35, hardcover

Following his successful Atlanta campaign from May to September 1864, Union Maj. Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman rested his war-weary army in the Georgia capital and contemplated his next move. Confederate Lt. Gen. John Bell Hood's forces had evacuated Atlanta after a four-month siege and were now threatening Sherman's supply lines from Chattanooga, Tennessee. Instead of chasing Hood, Sherman opted for a bold strategy. He split his army, sending Maj. Gen. George Thomas to confront Hood's troops while he took his remaining 62,000-man contingent and marched 300 miles across Georgia to the port city of Savannah.

Sherman had several reasons for employing his men in this manner. He wanted to split the Confederacy and "smash things generally," he said, including railway lines, food stock, horses, mules and other supplies and materiel. He also wanted to "demonstrate the vulnerability of the South" by destroying an area that "thus far [had been] spared war's suffering." Finally, as he conceded grimly, "I want to make Georgia howl."

In his new book, *Southern Storm: Sherman's March to the Sea,* longtime Civil War historian Noah Andre Trudeau has done considerable research on the celebrated—or infamous—March to the Sea. There is no doubt that Sherman's troops did considerable damage in the Peach State, but the author has dispelled some of the common misconceptions of the campaign.

Sherman's forces were divided into two corps. The left wing was led by Maj. Gen. Henry W. Slocum, the right by Maj. Gen. Oliver O. Howard. Brig. Gen. Judson "Kill Cavalry" Kilpatrick's mounted horsemen functioned as Sherman's eyes and ears on the campaign. The two-pronged command cut a 60-mile-wide path of devastation as they made their way to the Atlantic coast. Soldiers tore up more than 200 miles of track, heating the iron rails and twisting them into what would become known as "Sherman's hairpins." Foraging parties confiscated food supplies from farms and houses they encountered along the march. These individuals became known, not always affectionately, as "bummers."

Confederate President Jefferson Davis sent Lt. Gen. William J. Hardee to defend Georgia as the overall commander. Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith was put in charge of the state's militia units, and Maj. Gen. Joseph "Fighting Joe" Wheeler commanded the southern cavalry, which some Georgia residents claimed stole as much from them as the Union troops did.

Although suffering from a disjointed command structure, the Confederates put up a determined defense, but nothing could stop the blue juggernaut. The only serious attempt at halting the advance was at the factory town of Griswoldville. Although the butternut defenders fought heroically, they suffered more than 650 dead and wounded before quitting the field. In the end, Hardee was forced to evacuate Savannah, which Sherman then offered to President Abraham Lincoln as a derisive "Christmas gift."

Sherman estimated that his raid cost the South $100 million dollars in supplies. By January 1865, however, the rail line between Macon and Milledgeville was again operational. Even the telegraph service was up and running between Richmond and Mobile. "Ironically, from Sherman's standard of values the March to the Sea was a failure," writes Trudeau. "It was his hope to end the Civil War in such a way that the country would be able to turn back the clock to the idealized society that had (in his opinion) existed prior to the outbreak of the conflict. Political and social changes that he neither understood nor could control doomed that aspiration."

There is no doubt that Sherman's Savannah campaign had a profound psychological effect on the civilian population. Many had never even seen a Yankee this late in the war. But even if the Confederates had mounted a more effective effort to stop the blue-clad invaders, they probably could not have succeeded, Trudeau believes. "Sherman's troops were simply too good and too experienced, their commander too fixed in his purpose," he states.

Tycoon's War: How Cornelius Vanderbilt Invaded a Country to Overthrow America's Most Famous Military Adventurer by Stephen

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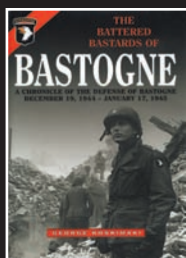

Written by George Koskimaki • Fully Illustrated with Photos and Maps • 484 Pages • Copyright 1994 • $32.95.
Through the eyes of the US 101st Airborne Division, The Screaming Eagles, *The Battered Bastards of Bastogne* relives the land and air war around Bastogne during the Battle of the Bulge. Firsthand accounts bring the battle back to life, for a look at this battle as viewed by the soldier, not the historian. George Koskimaki weaves the memoirs of each of these men into a cohesive whole. The memories of one soldier fit with those of another unit or group in another nearby piece of terrain to present a gripping account of the battle.

Hell's Highway-Chronicle of the 101st Airborne in the Holland Campaign

Written by George Koskimaki • Fully Illustrated with Photos and Maps 453 Pages • Copyright 1989 • $32.95.
Members of the US 101st Airborne Division, The Screaming Eagles, fought in Operation Market Garden to liberate the Netherlands. *Hell's Highway* is the personal account of the 612 members of this force who risked their lives for the freedom of the world. George Koskimaki expertly weaves together individual accounts of the battles and makes them into a cohesive whole. *Hell's Highway* helps us relive the battle by giving us a true picture of the war as seen through the eyes of the men who fought it.

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Dando-Collins, DaCapo Press, Cambridge, MA, 2008, 372 pp., photos, index, notes, $26.00, hardcover.

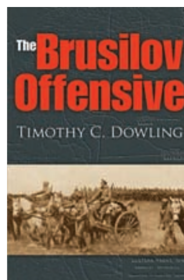
No one stood in the way of the loud, arrogant, and ruthless New York tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt. A descendant of Dutch immigrants, Vanderbilt had accumulated a huge fortune in the steamship business by means of often questionable tactics. In 1849, following the California gold rush, the tireless entrepreneur had a brainstorm: he would build a canal through Nicaragua to ferry people to the gold fields. He obtained a charter in Nicaragua for what he named the Accessory Transit Company and made improvements to the San Juan River, erecting docks on both coasts and even constructing a 12-mile-long road through the Central American jungle.

Vanderbilt turned over the company to Charles Morgan and Cornelius K. Garrison to manage in his absence. The wily pair basically stole the business out from under him by means of some underhanded stock deals. Vanderbilt, infuriated, swore that he would regain control of the company.

Meanwhile, William Walker, a Tennessee-born adventurer who had degrees in law and medicine, traveled to Nicaragua with 300 mercenaries to overthrow the government and put a halt to Vanderbilt's scheme by teaming up with Morgan and Garrison. After several victories, Walker was declared president of the country in a trumped-up election in 1856, only to be run out office the following year. In the end, Vanderbilt got his revenge on his enemies, including Walker, who was executed by Honduran forces in 1860 while engaged in another filibustering mission.

Author Stephen Dando-Collins provides an insightful look at American history in this absorbing story of greed and power in 19th- century America, a story that spanned seven different countries. It demonstrates just how far Vanderbilt, hardnosed and calculating when it came to business, was willing to go to defeat anyone who stood in the way of his massive profits and power.

The Brusilov Offensive by Timothy C. Dowling, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, IN, 2008, 209 pp., notes, index, photos, $24.95.



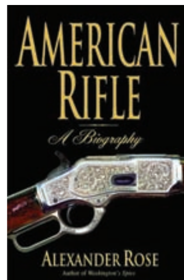
In *The Brusilov Offensive,* Timothy Dowling, a specialist in German and Russian history, provides a welcome new perspective on World War I and the fighting on the much-neglected Eastern Front.

Dowling goes into great detail to trace the 1916 Brusilov Offensive, named for Russian General Aleksei Brusilov, who masterminded the operation. The French had approached the Russians and requested their help in breaking the ongoing stalemate at Verdun. The Russian High Command responded by attacking the German Army along the Eastern Front, hoping that the bold maneuver would draw German troops away from the French lines. The subsequent offensive, unfortunately for the Allies, proved to be a disaster.

On June 4, Busilov's campaign began with a huge but too short artillery barrage aimed at the Austro-Hungarian lines. In all, the Russians massed 40 infantry divisions and 15 cavalry divisions. The ensuing blitzkrieg tore through the opposing forces, and the Russians steamrolled more than 100 miles in some sectors.

As the months passed, however, Brusilov's advance stalled. By late September, the attack had fizzled out completely and additional Russian soldiers had to be dispatched to Romania, where the Austro-Hungarian and German armies had successfully invaded. Despite the setback, Busilov was acclaimed a hero by his countrymen. His innovative tactics were watched closely by the Germans, who would put them to good (or bad) use in France in World War II.

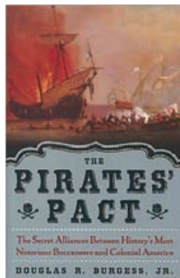
American Rifle: A Biography by Alexander Rose, Delacorte Press, New York, 2008, 495 pp., notes, index, photos, $30.00, hardcover.



When someone sits down to pen a biography, it is usually about the life of a prominent individual in history. Military historian Alexander Rose, however, has chosen a most unusual subject in terms of a biography—the American rifle.

From the minutemen at Concord and Lexington to the modern-day servicemen fighting the war on terrorism in Iraq and Afghanistan, the rifle has been the mainstay of the American fighting man. Rose traces its beginnings to the Kentucky Rifle, a weapon that was difficult to load, but one that in the hands of a skilled woodsman was lethal at long distances. Many presidents were fascinated with firearms. George Washington wanted to be painted with a rifle in his official portrait. During the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln personally test fired various weapons on the White House lawn. Former Rough Rider Theodore Roosevelt, always an avid hunter, loved the Springfield Model 1903 bolt-action rifle.

The last chapter in the book is of particular interest. Rose feels that "we are reaching the beginning of the end in terms of current rifle development." Experts are predicting that by the year 2010, newer developments are on the horizon for "the next generation of small arms."

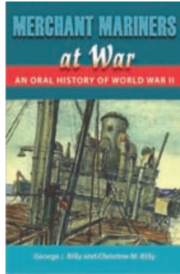


The Pirate's Pact: The Secret Alliance Between History's Most Notorious Buccaneers and Colonial America by Douglas R. Burgess, Jr., McGraw Hill, New York, 2008, 288 pp., notes, index, $26.95, hardcover.

Pirates are typically viewed as barbaric cutthroats with little regard for governments or laws. Images of swashbuckling movie star Errol Flynn immediately come to mind.

Author Douglas Burgess, however, paints a more complex picture of pirates. With the growth of North America, England's relationship with her corsairs was transferred to the colonies. The colonial governors, Burgess notes, enjoyed a "widespread collusion" with the bawdy group. Some pirates were given commissions by benevolent administrators, offered safe havens and presented monetary awards by some of the colonies' richest families. "Pirates, I discovered, could be both enemies of the state and, simultaneously, allies of its colonial administration," Burgess writes.

As England attempted to rid the world of this scourge, her own colonies were aiding and abetting them. Burgess delves into the "golden age of piracy" that lasted from 1660 to 1725, an era that has long been misunderstood in the sweep of our nation's history.



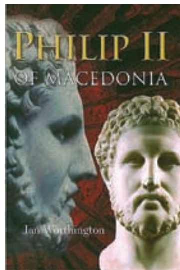
Merchant Mariners at War: An Oral History of World War II by George J. Billy and Christine M. Billy, University Press of Florida, Gainesville, 2008, 324 pp., notes, index, illustrations, $30.00, hardcover.

"An army travels on its stomach," Napoleon famously declared. However, long before he uttered his notable quote, other military leaders had recognized the importance of supplies for their troops. If an army were to win on the battlefield, it was imperative that the men be well-equipped, well-armed and well-fed.

During World War II, the U.S. Merchant Marines provided just such a service, often through dangerous waters where German and Japanese vessels lurked, ever ready to send the supply ships to the bottom of the ocean. The authors, a father-daughter team, have collected numerous interviews from former graduates of the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York.

Liberty Ships, the mainstay of the merchant fleet, "became the workhorses of the American merchant marine," they write. An amazing 2,700 of the vessels were constructed, some in as little as 40 days. By war's end, 200 of these ships had been sunk—an astonishing 50 of them on their first voyage. Merchant mariners numbered over 200,000 during the conflict, and 7,000 were killed. Of that total, 142 were midshipmen who never lived to see their graduation from the United States Naval Academy.

This collection of personal vignettes offers the reader a rare glimpse into the training and subsequent duty aboard a ship traversing perilous seas to deliver much-needed supplies to America's fighting men.



Philip II of Macedonia by Ian Worthington, Yale University Press, New Haven, CT, 2008, 304 pp., index, notes, illustrations, $35.00, hardcover.

Although much has been written about Alexander the Great, the accomplishments of his father, Philip II, have been largely ignored. Ian Worthington has set out to correct that imbalance.

While a prisoner of the Greeks for three years, Philip watched with great interest how they trained their soldiers and employed them during battle. When he was freed from captivity, Philip took what he learned and set about making the Macedonian army one of the most feared at that time. He developed the *sarissa,* an 18-foot spear, for his men. This terrifying weapon could run a man through at an incredible distance of 20 feet. When the rear ranks of the phalanx held them skyward, they obstructed the enemy's view of their troop movements.

A military genius, Philip was also an astute politician. He used tact and diplomacy when dealing with his rivals, rather than engaging them in a mutually costly war. By his sheer determination and will, he carved a vast Macedonian empire. At the time of his death in 336 BC, he had conquered northern Greece, southern Yugoslavia, most of Albania and Bulgaria, and all of Turkey.

"Philip saved Macedonia in its hour of need," writes Worthington, a history professor at the University of Missouri-Columbia, "and

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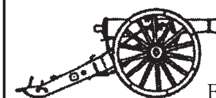

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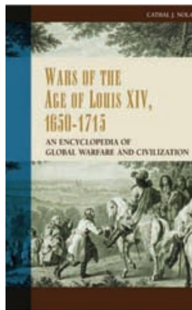
in forging what would be the first nation-state in Europe he created a first-class army that became the best in the Greek world, united his kingdom, stimulated the economy and laid the foundations of what would become the vast Macedonian empire under Alexander."



Wars of the Age of Louis XIV, 1650-1715: An Encyclopedia of Global Warfare and Civilization by Cathal J. Nolan, Greenwood Press, Westport, CT, 2008, 607 pp., index, maps, $149.95, hardcover.

Although admittedly expensive, this new encyclopedia of the wars of Louis XIV is a beautifully done reference book for those researching or merely intrigued by a notably colorful period of European history.

Author Cathal Nolan has included more than 1,000 entries defining military technology, appropriations for war, the social order of the day and the "evolution of professional standards for the new armies and navies of the post-1650 world." He has also added brief profiles of important leaders and figures of the era. Significant battles, wars, and sieges are described in exact detail, as well as lesser-known skirmishes which, although did not decide an outcome of a conflict, added a new dimension to the fighting.

Wars of the Age of Louis XIV is an impressive attempt to understand the complex historical character who became the "Sun King" of France. Although arrogant at times, Louis led France to become the unsurpassed military power on the European continent under his reign. In the end, his quest for territorial gain would impose a heavy burden on the country. On his deathbed at the age of 77, Louis muttered to his great-grandson: "Try to remain at peace with your neighbors. I loved war too much."

Battle at Sea: 3,000 Years of Naval Warfare by R.G. Grant, DK Publishing, New York, 2008, 360 pp., photos, illustrations, index, $40.00, hardcover.

Around the year 2450 BC, an Egyptian force ferried across the Nile delta to attack an enemy in present-day Lebanon and Palestine. This amphibious assault was the first recorded instance of combatants utilizing a warship to confront a foe. From that primitive beginning to the massive warships and super carriers of today's navies, the author traces the history of naval warfare.

This coffee table-size book is crammed with numerous photographs, maps and descriptions of the ships, armament, equipment below decks and other auxiliary apparatus necessary in the smooth operation of a naval warship. Grant covers many of the clashes at sea among France, Spain, Holland and Great Britain. On the American side, he describes the battles of Mobile Bay, Vicksburg, and Hampton Roads in the Civil War. He also writes about the emergence of the U.S. Navy as a force to be reckoned with on the high seas during the Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II and the First Gulf War.

From ancient galleys to the high-tech world of today's ships, the author does a marvelous job of entertaining and informing the reader.

Medieval Warfare: The Rise and Fall of English Supremacy at Arms, 1314-1485 by Peter Reid, Running Press, Philadelphia, PA, 2008, 561 pp., notes, index, illustrations, $15.95, softcover.

Peter Reid, a retired major general in the British Army, has written a captivating tale of waging war during the14th and 15th centuries in England, Scotland, and France. Not only does he go into remarkable detail on the battles of Agincourt, Poitiers, Crecy, and Calais, he also describes how these campaigns were financed and supplied, how armies were raised, and what strategies were used at the time.

Although the king was a powerful entity, he still needed to obtain the approval of Parliament to enter hostilities with an adversary. The governing body was comprised of the educated class and had enormous power when the issue involved the cities and hamlets of the country. Power was inevitably divided.

There were also two separate armies during that period. The first was a general army, which consisted of semi-trained soldiers who were ordered to arms during the clashes along the Scottish border and other internal threats to the security of England. The selective army, recruited to fight overseas, was better-equipped and possessed much better weapons and supplies. Medieval Warfare details how the English, by dividing their forces and duties, enjoyed unparalleled dominance over France and Scotland. □

Corunna

Continued from page 31

100 transports and 12 warships crowding into the harbor. Moore lost no time in transferring his men to the ships, but Soult caught up with the British. It was plain that the French marshal was not going to let them leave unmolested.

Moore decided to defend the Monte Mero, a low ridge two miles south of Corunna. The left of the ridge was anchored by the Rio del Burgo, but on the right the ridge ended and overlooked a valley. To protect this exposed flank, he placed a third of his remaining army. Most of his 16,000 men were infantry with some guns in support. The cavalry and what was left of the horses were already aboard transports.

The ensuing Battle of Corunna, fought on January 16, was a seesaw affair that was a British tactical victory, though the French could claim a strategic (if temporary) triumph since ultimately their foes sailed home. The exposed right flank saw the heaviest fighting, and Moore personally rode over to assess the situation and encourage the men. The 50th Foot was forced back, but the 42nd Highlanders, the famed Black Watch, drove back the French with bayonets. Moore watched the fighting, crying out, "Remember Egypt!" by way of encouragement. A cannonball struck Moore in the left shoulder, tearing it away with part of the collarbone. Great gouts of blood pumped from the wound, in spite of efforts to stanch the flow.

Moore died a short time later. His last hours were ones of great physical suffering, but he was consoled by the fact that the French had been defeated and his army was safe. The British had lost approximately 800 dead and wounded, while French casualties numbered 1,500. French artillery harassed the enemy troops as they embarked, but British support fire from nearby frigates drove them back.

The Spanish garrison fought bravely, refusing to surrender until their British allies were safely away. Soult was left with a hollow strategic victory. He honored his fallen foe by erecting a monument to Moore. On the surface, Napoleon's triumph seemed complete. But the British still had a foothold in Portugal, and they would return. Sir Arthur Wellesley, later the Duke of Wellington, learned from the tragic retreat to Corunna. By carefully marshaling his forces and not depending on his wobbly Spanish allies, the Iron Duke would win many victories in the process and ultimately would expel the French from the Iberian Peninsula. □

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The Forgotten Refugees

Why does nobody care about the Jewish refugees from Arab lands?

The world is greatly concerned about the Arabs who fled the nascent state of Israel in 1948. But no mention is ever made of the Jewish refugees from Arab lands. Their history is as compelling and arguably more so than that of the Arab refugees from Israel.

What are the facts?

Jews in Arab countries. Jews have lived since Biblical times in what are now Arab countries. After the Roman conquest, Jews were dispersed, mostly to what are now the Arab countries of North Africa and the Middle East. Many Jews migrated to the Iberian peninsula – Spain and Portugal. They were expelled from those countries at the end of the 15th century. They mostly migrated to the Arab countries, where, by now, they have been living for almost 500 years, many Jews for over 2,000 years.

There is a myth that Jews had an easy life in Muslim/Arab countries. The opposite is the case. Jews under Islam were treated as second-class citizens and worse. The relationship was governed by a system of discrimination, intended to reduce the Jews in those Arab countries to conditions of humiliation, segregation and violence. They were excluded from society, from government, and from most professions. They were barely tolerated and often, under the slightest pretext or no pretext at all, were victimized by vicious violence.

When Israel declared its statehood in 1948, pogroms broke out across the entire Arab/Muslim world. Thousands died in this violence. Their homes and businesses were destroyed, their women violated. The vast majority of those Jews fled from where they had lived for centuries. They had to leave everything behind. Most of those who were able to escape found their way to the just-created state of Israel.

Over 850,000 Jews were driven from Arab countries, most of them in 1948, at the birth of Israel. Most of the remainder were chased out during or immediately following the Six-Day War in 1967, when, in fury about the disastrous defeat, the "Arab street" erupted and subjected its Jewish population to bloody pogroms. Israel received every one of those Jewish refugees from Arab countries with brotherly open arms; it housed, fed, and quickly integrated them into Israeli society. They and their descendants now make up more than one-half of the country's population.

Jews in Arab Countries

	1948	Now
Algeria	140,000	0
Egypt	75,000	100
Iraq	135,000	100
Lebanon	5,000	100
Libya	38,000	0
Morocco	265,000	5,700
Syria	30,000	100
Tunisia	105,000	1,500
Yemen	55,000	200

A different history. It is instructive to compare the history of those Jewish refugees with that of the Arabs who fled from Israel during its War of Independence. There were about 650,000 of them. Most left following the strident invocations of their leaders, who urged them to leave, so as to make room for the invading Arab armies. After victory was to be achieved, they could return to reclaim their property and that of the Jews, all of whom would have been killed or would have fled.

In contrast to the Jewish refugees, who were quickly integrated into Israel, the Arab countries resolutely refused to accept the Arab refugees into their societies. They confined them into so-called refugee camps. Those camps are essentially extended slum cities, where their descendants – now the fourth generation – have been living ever since. The reason for the Arabs' refusal to accept them was and still is the desire to keep them as a festering sore and to make solution of the Arab/Israel conflict impossible. These "refugees," whose number has by now miraculously increased from their original 650,000 to 5 million, are seething with hatred toward Israel and provide the cadres of terrorists and suicide bombers.

The Palestinian refugees occupy a unique place in the concern of the world. Since 1947, there have been over 100 UN resolutions concerning the Palestinian refugees. But there has not been one single resolution addressing the horrible injustices done to the nearly one million Jewish refugees from the Arab states.

There have been many millions of refugees in the wake of the Second World War. With only one exception, none of those refugee groups occupy the interest of the world and of the United Nations in a major way. That one exception are the Palestinian refugees. In fact, a special branch of the United Nations (UNRWA) exists only for the maintenance of those "refugees." In the almost sixty years of the existence of this agency it has cost many billions of dollars, most of it – you guessed it – contributed by the United States.

Jewish refugees from the Arab countries are the forgotten refugees. The world, and especially of course the Arabs, claim compensation from Israel for the Arab refugees and insist on their return to what has been Israel for over 60 years. The Jewish refugees from Arab countries, all Israelis now, have no desire to return to their ancient homelands, where they had been treated so shabbily and so brutally. But if there is to be any compensation, those forgotten Jewish refugees are certainly entitled to such compensation as much as the Arab refugees. Anything else would be an outrage and a great injustice.

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