

to Rawalpindie the latter passed the greater part of the Sikh army with its chiefs, who were laying down their arms. Campbell was moved by the fine attitude of the men of the Khalsa army. "There was," he wrote, "nothing cringing in the manner of these men in laying down their arms. They acknowledged themselves beaten, and they were starving—destitute alike of food and money. Each man as he laid down his arms received a rupee to enable him to support himself on his way to his home. The greater number of the old men especially,

when laying down their arms, made a deep reverence as they placed their swords on the heap, with the muttered words 'Runjeet Singh is dead to-day!'" "This," continues Campbell, "was said with deep feeling: they were undoubtedly a fine and brave people." The last Punjab campaign ended with the battle of Goojerat; and now for many years past the Sikhs have been the most loyal, high-spirited, and valorous of the native soldiers who in India march and fight under the banner of the Empress-Queen.



THE TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.



NISIB is one of the half-forgotten battles of the nineteenth century. Most readers will wonder where and when it was fought. Yet it was an event which had far-reaching consequences, and might easily have changed the face of the East and the after-current of the century's history. And it is further notable as Von Moltke's first battle, for it was on the borderlands of Syria and Kurdistan and under the Ottoman crescent that the great strategist had his first experience of actual warfare.

Up to the end of the first quarter of the present century the curious military organisation of the Janissaries had been practically master of the Ottoman empire. In 1826 Mahmoud II. destroyed these too formidable guardsmen, who till then had formed the main force of the Turkish armies, and substituted for them regular troops organised on European principles. To quote a lively French account of the new force, "it was organised on a European model, with Russian tunics, French drill-books, Belgian muskets, Turkish caps, Hungarian saddles, and English cavalry sabres, and instructors of all nations." One of these instructors was young Hellmuth Von Moltke, the future field-marshal of the new German empire.

Born at Lübeck in the first year of the century, the son of a German officer in the Danish service, Von Moltke was educated at the military school of Copenhagen, and received a commission in the Danish army. But in 1822 he transferred his allegiance to Prussia, and obtained a second lieutenant's commission in an infantry regiment then stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Next year he applied for and obtained admission to the staff college, and after three years of study returned to his regiment for a few months, and then for several years was employed only on staff duties, chiefly on military surveys in various

parts of Prussia. In 1834, when he had risen to the rank of captain on the general staff, he obtained leave to travel, and after spending a short time in Italy, made his way to Constantinople, where, with the consent of his own Government, he was officially attached to the staff of the newly-organised Turkish army. His first important work in these new surroundings was to make a survey of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to improve the defences of these two approaches to the capital of the Ottoman empire.

But he had come to the East in the hope of seeing active service, and though he had to wait awhile, he was not disappointed. The Sultan and his advisers recognised the thorough grasp of his profession possessed by the Prussian captain, and kept him employed at the headquarters of the army in the capital, when personally he would have preferred to be in the field. But at last the situation on the borders of the empire became so serious that Von Moltke was sent to the front to assist with his advice the Pashas who commanded in Asia.

For fate had declared against the Turkish armies. Since the destruction of the terrible Janissaries, the empire had lost province after province. Greece had been made into a kingdom; Servia, and what is now Roumania, were all but independent. The French were at Algiers. And finally an Albanian soldier named Mehemet Ali, who had gone to Egypt in 1799 as one of the servants of Khosref Pasha, had made himself master of the country, and had overrun with his armies Arabia, Syria, and Crete. The Ottoman Government had been glad to avert further conquests by recognising him as the tributary ruler of this widely extended dominion; but Mehemet persisted in maintaining in Syria an army which was a constant threat to Asia Minor, and even to

Constantinople. It was commanded by his son Ibrahim, a skilful and daring soldier; and not only was Mehmet encouraged by the French Government to dream of a march to the shores of the Bosphorus, but French officers had been sent to assist and advise Ibrahim, in case he ventured on this enterprise. The Sultan knew that it was only a question of time when Ibrahim's well-trained army would march across the Syrian border, and he had little confidence in the military skill of the pashas who commanded the armies he had gathered for the defence of his Asiatic provinces. It was under these circumstances that in March, 1838, Captain Von Moltke was ordered to proceed to the headquarters of the Turkish army of Anatolia, taking with him two other Prussian officers, his juniors in the service, who were to act under his directions.

Crossing the Black Sea, and making a rapid survey of several of the ports on its southern coast, Von Moltke and his companions finally disembarked at Samsun, and journeyed southwards by Amasia, Tokat, and Sivas, the point they were making for being the camp of Hafiz Pasha in the south of Kurdistan, on the upper course of the Euphrates. It was a long ride through a wild mountain country, with very primitive accommodation at the various halting-places. The crossing of the Anti-Taurus range was not the least difficult part of the journey. The lofty plateau was a desert of snow, the track across which was just marked by the traces left by a small caravan which had preceded the party. The descent on the southern side was through a series of precipitous gorges. At last the adventurous travellers reached the banks of the Euphrates at Kieban Maidan, only a few miles below the point where the two streams that form its head-waters, the Murad and the Phrat, coming down from the mountains of Kurdistan, unite in a rapid river about 120 feet across. Another day's journey brought them to the camp of Hafiz Pasha at Kharput.

Hafiz was a Circassian soldier of fortune, who had distinguished himself greatly by his dashing conduct in several campaigns against the rebels in Albania. He was fairly well educated, and sharp-witted enough to recognise that the three Prussians could be of the greatest use to him, in case the threatened war began upon the frontier. He gave them a hearty welcome, made Von Moltke a present of a splendid Arab charger, and asked his advice as to what was to be done to improve the motley force which he commanded. His army was made up of a few regular

battalions, an auxiliary force of local levies, some lumbering artillery served by half-trained gunners, and a mass of irregular cavalry. The task assigned to him was to reduce to submission and keep in order the Kurdish tribes of the neighbourhood, many of whose chiefs were either in open rebellion or notoriously disaffected, and he was at the same time to be ready to meet an invasion of the Syro-Egyptian army which Ibrahim Pasha had got together at Aleppo. Nearer to Constantinople there were two other Turkish armies in Asia Minor—one at Kesarieh, under Isset Pasha, and another at Koniah, the ancient Iconium, commanded by Hadji Ali. These were to stop the Egyptians, in case they got past Hafiz Pasha. Von Moltke, of course, knew that divided from each other by 400 miles of difficult country these three *corps d'armée* were exposed to the danger of being destroyed in detail, in case Ibrahim crossed the border. But he was only a captain on the staff, sent to assist Hafiz. The time was not yet come when he had authority to combine the movements of armies. Had it been otherwise, Von Moltke might have changed the fate of the Ottoman empire.

There were no trustworthy maps of the district, and as it seemed likely that, after all, the year would end without war being declared, Von Moltke proceeded to a survey of the Syrian frontier and the country round the head-waters of the Euphrates. Beyond the river he pushed on as far as Orfa, the ancient Edessa, spending more than one night in old castles of the Norman type, the work of the Crusaders. He nearly reached the source of the Tigris, and then voyaged down it to Mosul, and regained the Upper Euphrates by crossing the desert with a caravan. But before he reached the pasha's camp he met a column of troops on the march. There were six battalions, eight guns, and a hundred horse, and they were moving northwards under the command of Mehmet Pasha, one of Hafiz's officers, the object of the expedition being to bring to terms a Kurd chief who had hoisted the flag of rebellion on a castle in the hills. Moltke, hearing that all was quiet at headquarters, attached himself to the column.

The Kurd refused to surrender, and his castle was besieged. Von Moltke reconnoitred the place, planned the siege works, and superintended the batteries. The place soon capitulated, and the castle was blown up, for fear it should cost another expedition next year if it was left in a state of defence. It was Moltke's first siege-

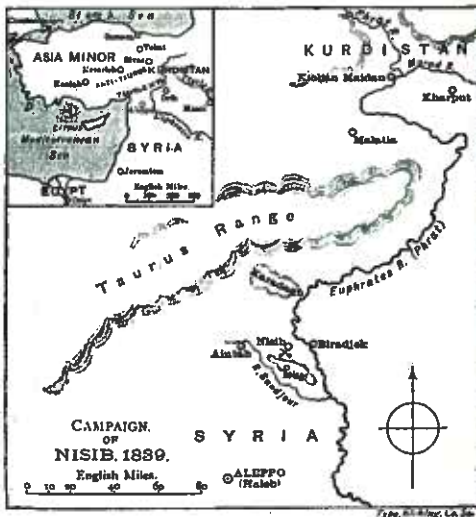
The capture of Paris, thirty-two years later, was to be the close of his active career of arms, as this was the beginning.

When he rejoined the headquarters of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish general had just received news from Aleppo that Ibrahim had been largely reinforced with Syrian, Arab, and Egyptian levies, and was evidently preparing for an attack on the Turkish positions in Asia Minor. Separated, as he was, from the armies of Isset and Hadji Ali by hundreds of miles, Hafiz knew

that the protection of the frontier depended on himself alone, and resolved to move closer to the border of Syria in order to make it impossible for Ibrahim to slip past him and gain the road to Constantinople without a battle. Accordingly on April 1st, 1839, the camp at Malatia was broken up, and the Turks marched to the foot of the Taurus chain, encamping again near Samsat. Here there was a delay while Moltke and a couple of Turkish staff-officers went forward to reconnoitre the country in front and select a defensive position barring the advance of the army of Syria. On April 29th, after their return, the march was resumed and the Taurus range was passed, 2,000 men having been employed for a fortnight before in clearing the snow from the passes. The army marched in several columns, each moving by a different pass. Karaknik had been named as the point where they were to concentrate; but at the last moment Hafiz sent word that they were to unite much nearer the frontier, at Biradjek. It would have been a bad thing for him if Ibrahim had come across the border-line while his columns were thus separated, but the Egyptian Pasha either was not ready to move, or, what is more likely, had no idea of the chance his Turkish opponent was giving him.

Moltke had selected the position at Biradjek. Close to the village of that name a low ridge ran across a bend of the Euphrates. The river covered both flanks, and the front between them was about two miles long. There was a gentle slope from the ridge of about 600 yards, with no shelter of any kind to protect an attacking force from the fire of the defenders. Behind the ridge, and between it and the river, there was a good camping

ground, and shelter for the reserves from artillery fire. The ridge was further strengthened by four earthwork redoubts, thrown up just below its crest. The position was thus a natural fortress, improved by field-works. Its chief defect was that it would not have been at all an easy matter to get much of the army away from it across the river once the ridge was stormed. But then Moltke, in choosing it, had made up his mind that the army of Hafiz Pasha could not be depended on to fight in the open against the



superior forces of the Egyptians, and if defeated in a pitched battle he did not expect that in any case much of it would hold together in the retreat. He therefore advised that it should hold the entrenched camp at Biradjek until it was reinforced. Ibrahim would not dare to march into Asia Minor, leaving the army of Hafiz in his rear with Syria at its mercy; and if he attempted to storm the long ridge and its redoubts by a frontal attack, all the chances were that he would be defeated with serious loss, and that he would be unable to attempt anything more that year.

The cavalry had been sent forward to Nisib, a village close to the Syrian frontier. One of their horses escaped, and a few troopers rode across the border-line to look for it. They were attacked

by the Egyptian cavalry, one of them killed, and the rest chased back to Nisib. This little incident upset all Von Moltke's plans, and changed the whole course of events in Syria; for Hafiz, when he heard of it, was indignant at what he described as an unpardonable outrage, and made up his mind to attack the Syrians and have his revenge, instead of remaining quietly camped behind his redoubts. Anxious to have the opinions of others to support his own, he called a council of war, and urged strongly that after what had happened nothing was left for them to do but to march against the Syrians. He had, he said, submitted the case to the mollahs, the Mohammedan doctors of the law, and they had replied that the act of the Egyptians fully justified an immediate declaration of war.

He asked Von Moltke what he thought, and the Prussian captain replied that the mollahs were no doubt excellent authorities on the question whether the war was just or not; but there was another question to be considered: Was it wise? And to answer this one had to know a great many things. What were the intentions of the Sultan's Government? What were the rival Great Powers of Europe going to do? What was exactly the enemy's strength, and on what resources of men and supplies could they depend to meet him? On several of these points he himself knew nothing, and the mollahs knew no more than he did. The responsibility of a choice rested on the pasha himself, and he ought to know whether or not his sovereign, the Sultan, wished him to precipitate hostilities. "But," concluded Von Moltke, "not having all the necessary information, I must decline to give an opinion."

Hafiz was disappointed. He had hoped for a

unanimous vote for war, and he was especially anxious to escape responsibility by having on his side the opinion of his Prussian military adviser. But Von Moltke wisely persisted in refusing to advise on any but strictly military questions. He would have nothing to do with politics. But the Circassian pasha was eager to avenge what he felt as a personal insult put upon him by the Egyptians, and at the same time he had persuaded himself that, whatever he might say openly, the Sultan wished for a war which might end in the reconquest of Syria, if not of Egypt. So he decided to fight.

Marching out of the Biradjek position, he massed his forces about the village of Nisib, sending his Kurdish irregular cavalry to raid across the frontier, and detaching a column of infantry and artillery to summon the Egyptian garrison that held the frontier town of Aintab to surrender. The Egyptians refused his first summons, but no sooner had a few shots been fired against the place than they not only surrendered, but offered to take service under the Turkish standards. They were not the first troops that

Hafiz had recruited in the same way. Many of his Kurdish regiments were composed of mountaineers who had taken his pay the day after they had surrendered to his flying columns. But soldiers who transferred their allegiance so readily from one banner to another were not very reliable elements in an army.

Ibrahim and the Syro-Egyptian army had all this time been camped quietly near Aleppo. There were only a few detached posts and some irregular cavalry watching the frontier, which was thus open to the raids of Turks and Kurds. But Ibrahim was preparing to move, and by a curious coincidence, while the Prussian Von Moltke was advising his enemy, he himself had



A TURKISH BEY.

for his chief military adviser an officer of the French army, Captain Beaufort d'Hautpoul, a son of one of the Great Napoleon's generals. In the first week of June he broke up his camp at Aleppo. Ten days later his Arabs were driving the Kurdish horsemen back upon Nisib. On the

mation, moved towards the Turkish left. Behind them came some guns and a brigade of infantry. The gunners, directed by Beaufort d'Hautpoul in person, unlimbered and opened fire at long range against the Turkish centre and left. The Turkish batteries replied. All the guns on both sides



"HURRYING TO THE SIDE OF HAFIZ, HE URGED HIM TO AT ONCE MAKE A SHARP ATTACK" (p. 142).

19th his vanguard cleared the pass of Misar, a defile in the hills to the south of Nisib, and next day his army bivouacked five miles in front of the Turkish position.

All that day and during a great part of the night the army of Hafiz was drawn up in battle array, expecting to be attacked. At nine o'clock on the 21st the Egyptians were at last seen to be advancing. Nine regiments of cavalry, Arab and Syrian horsemen in white burnouses, armed mostly with the lance and riding in a loose for-

ward, most of the shot fell short, and there were very few casualties. The firing might have gone on all day without much effect. But suddenly, at a signal from the artillery position, the Egyptian cavalry fell back, the guns limbered up and retired, and the infantry followed them. The Turks flattered themselves that they had the best of the day, and that the Egyptians were afraid to come to close quarters. The fact was that it was only a reconnaissance carried out by the French officer, who wanted to

have a close look at the position of the Turks and to draw the fire of their artillery, in order to find out where their batteries were and what their guns could do.

All day Hafiz expected the attack to be renewed, and his troops were under arms. When night came they lay down where they had stood all day, with their weapons ready to their hands. At dawn on the 22nd it was seen that the Egyptian army was breaking up its camp and retiring towards Misar. Great was the joy at the Turkish headquarters, but it did not last long. The scouts who hung on the rear of the retiring Egyptians were suddenly driven back by a cavalry charge, and then it was seen that the columns of Ibrahim's army were no longer moving on Misar, but, after edging away somewhat to the eastward of their first direction, were advancing on a line that would carry them past the Turkish left, and if they were not checked would place them in position between Nisib and Biradjek, so as to cut off Hafiz from what was at once his line of supply if he remained at Nisib, and his line of retreat if he abandoned the place. Ibrahim, with his army formed in three columns, was making a bold manœuvre the success of which meant, not merely the defeat, but the destruction of the Turkish "army of Kurdistan."

Moltke saw the full gravity of the situation. Hurrying to the side of Hafiz, he pointed out to him that an army which tries to outflank another necessarily exposes its own flank during the manœuvre, and he urged him to at once make a sharp and well-sustained attack on the nearest of the three hostile columns. This would momentarily arrest the turning movement, and it might reasonably be hoped that the first column of the Egyptians would be seriously shaken, if not broken up, before the two others could come up to its assistance. But Hafiz did not like the idea of moving down with his whole army from the rising ground which he had held so long, and all that he did was to launch against the column a few squadrons of his irregular cavalry, who were driven back by a few volleys and a charge of the Arab Horse. Then, seeing that it was hopeless to try to induce Hafiz to take the offensive, and that the opportunity for it would soon be gone, Moltke proposed another plan. The enemy had not yet interposed between Nisib and Biradjek; the best thing to do would be to retreat at once to that strong position, await an attack there, and resume the offensive after the expected reinforcements had arrived.

But Hafiz, with his staff grouped round him, met the suggestion with an unexpected objection. To go back to Biradjek would be to run away in the presence of the Syrians and Arabs and their Egyptian pasha. He was not afraid of them. He would not disgrace himself by flight.

Then Von Moltke, appealing to his two Prussian colleagues in support of his opinion, replied that what he proposed was not a flight, but a strategic retreat, an operation of war that the greatest conquerors had at times made use of as a prelude to their victories. There was nothing disgraceful in it, or he would not have suggested it. It was now a simple question of gaining time, and keeping up their communications with Asia Minor. If they remained where they were, the chances were all against them; if they once regained the lines of Biradjek, everything was in their favour. There was a long discussion, on the one side Moltke and his colleagues urging instant retreat; on the other Hafiz, backed up by the mollahs, who declared that all the omens were in favour of fighting at Nisib, and also supported by many of his Turkish officers, who thought it more to their interest to side with the pasha than with the three "Franks" who had come to advise him. It ended in Hafiz Pasha declaring that nothing should induce him to abandon the position of Nisib; on which Moltke, worn out with fatigue, ill with a touch of fever, and discouraged at the stupid obstinacy of the Circassian pasha, went away to his tent, and tried to sleep through the day, declining all responsibility for what was being done.

What a contrast there is between Captain Von Moltke, stretched on his camp bed at Nisib in utter disgust at being unable to persuade a stupid pasha and his officers to extricate some 30,000 men from a false position in this campaign on the borders of Syria, and the same Moltke a few years later at the palace of Versailles, directing with all but absolute command the movements of nearly a million soldiers, with kings and princes waiting for his orders, and all Europe looking on in wonder at the brilliant strategy by which he was sealing the fate of France! But in the one instance he had to do with a pasha who would not listen to him, in the other with a soldier-king who had the insight to recognise and give free play to his marvellous genius for war.

All through that hot midsummer day the white cloaks and glittering lances of Ibrahim's

cavalry spread like the foam of an advancing tide wave along the plain between Nisib and the Euphrates. Behind them came the three columns of Syrian and Egyptian infantry, with their lumbering artillery dragged along partly by horses, partly by long teams of bullocks. Towards evening the columns closed upon each other, and upon the left rear of the Nisib position. Then they camped in battle array, and the long line of their watch fires told Hafiz that they had taken up a position from which they were ready to attack him in the morning.

Late that evening the pasha sent for Von Moltke. Seated on a carpet in his tent, Hafiz asked the captain to sit beside him, gave him coffee and a pipe, and then entreated him to do what he could to help him in the defence of the Nisib position. Von Moltke replied that he still thought that a huge mistake had been made in accepting battle in such a place; but, while declining all responsibility for the choice of the position, he would do what he could to make the best of it. For the next few hours he was busy by the light of torches and watch-fires drawing up the Turkish army, so as to meet the coming attack. All the troops, except a few cavalry scouts, were withdrawn from the plain. He chose a position on the high ground where the centre would be partly covered by a ravine. The right, which was nearest the Egyptians, was rapidly entrenched, and a battery of heavy guns were sent to strengthen the left. By 3 a.m. all were in position.

The long-expected battle began early on June 23rd. Ibrahim—or, rather, his French adviser, Beaufort d'Hautpoul—adopted a system of tactics which secured him an advantage from the very outset. He was strong in artillery, his guns being partly long field-pieces of Eastern design throwing solid round shot, partly French howitzers, short guns of comparatively large calibre, throwing shells. Keeping his infantry columns well out of range, he pushed forward all his artillery, escorted by his Arab and Syrian cavalry. The masses of horsemen to right and left and out of range, but within a short gallop in rear of the guns, made it a risky matter to try to rush them, even if Hafiz had had any other idea than doggedly clinging to the defensive. Thus protected, the Egyptian artillery began to throw shot and shell into the position on which the Turks were crowded together. The Turkish artillery, provided only with solid shot for long range, and grape for close quarters,

could do comparatively little damage to the enemy's batteries, and the Egyptian infantry was quite out of its reach. The artillery duel with which the battle began was thus a most unequal conflict.

Soon the bursting shells began to tell upon the Turks, many of the regiments that held the plateau of Nisib being composed of doubtful materials—such as the troops who had surrendered at Aintab and the Kurdish levies. Whole companies broke up as the shells burst over them, and at last a whole brigade on the left retired from the ground it was ordered to hold, in order to shelter on the reverse slope of the plateau. Some regiments of the reserve, seeing this movement in retreat, conformed to it, and it looked as if the whole line was beginning to give way. Moltke galloped to the left, and tried in vain to induce the brigade to resume its place in the front. Nothing he could say had the least influence on officers or men. They were in comparative safety, and they did not mean to march back again into the thick of the artillery fire. He gave up the hopeless task, and turning his horse, rode towards the centre.

As he approached it he saw a sight which might well dishearten him. Guns were straggling back one by one from the front, and, worse still, artillery drivers, who had cut the traces of their limbers, came galloping to the rear in flight, abandoning their guns. Several regiments had fallen on their knees in prayer—the prayer of brave men asking help for coming battle, like the Scots who knelt at Bannockburn, but the frightened petition of men who had lost heart and head, and afraid to do anything for themselves, were begging for a miracle from Heaven. The Syro-Egyptian infantry moved in heavy columns, with their green banners waving in a long line in their front, were advancing, a forest of bayonets flashing in the sunlight, while their cavalry streamed out towards the flanks.

The crisis of the battle had come. On the left a brigade of Turkish regular cavalry, without having received any orders, rode forward to charge; but it had only reached the crest of the slope that led downwards towards the Egyptian right when a few shells, almost the last fired that day by Ibrahim's artillery, burst in their front ranks. Horses and men alike seemed to be panic-stricken. The mass of cavalry wheeled round and fled wildly to the rear, riding down and dispersing part of the Turkish reserves in their mad flight. Moltke was trying to keep the

centre steady. Hafiz rushed to the right, where the Turks were firing their muskets at the advancing Egyptians at a range which meant a mere waste of powder and ball. Seizing a standard, he put himself at the head of a battalion

it was headlong flight or abject surrender. Entire companies threw down their arms. Guns abandoned by their teams were captured in whole batteries. The mass of fugitives that streamed away over the back of the plateau



"THE MASS OF CAVALRY WHEELED ROUND AND FLED WILDLY TO THE REAR" (A. 143).

and called on them to charge the approaching Egyptians. It looked as if he was seeking for death in the midst of what he now recognised as a hopeless disaster. The men refused to advance. On came the Egyptians. But hardly anywhere were they met by anything more than an irresolute, ill-aimed fire from men who were calculating how long they could safely stay without risking having to cross bayonets with the enemy. As the line of green standards with the bright steel behind them came up the slope, most of the Turks and Kurds ceased firing and ran. Here and there a handful, with levelled bayonets, stood back to back and sold their lives dearly. Some of the gunners stuck to their pieces to the last, and fired grape into the faces of the Egyptians; but for the most part

they fared the worst, for with a fierce yell the Arab horsemen rode after them, and for miles the plain was strewn with the corpses of the wretches who died at the points of their long spears.

As the line broke, Von Moltke had the good fortune to be near his two Prussian comrades. Thanks to their horses, the three Europeans extricated themselves from the mass of fugitives, avoided the pursuit, and after a ride of nine hours under the blazing Syrian sun reached Aintab in the evening. Von Moltke had lost everything but the horse he rode and the clothes and arms he wore. He regretted most the loss of his journals and his surveys of Asia Minor and the Upper Euphrates, the result of many months of travel and exploration. But he was fortunate in

having escaped with life. The course of European history might have been changed if the good horse that carried him so well had stumbled in the wild rush to escape the Arab spears.

Ibrahim seemed astounded at the completeness of his own success. There was a panic throughout Asia Minor, many of the new Turkish levies disbanding on the news of Nisib. The Egyptians might have marched at once to the shores of the Bosphorus, but they hesitated to reap the fruits of their victory, and the intervention of England and Austria soon after forced them to give up all pretensions to rule in Western Asia.

Travelling across Asia Minor, Moltke and his companions saw everywhere signs that nothing could be done to help the Turks to hold their own. He was therefore eager to get back to Europe, and on August 3rd, when he saw the sea from the hills above Samsun, he felt the

same joy with which the Greeks had greeted the same sight in their famous retreat from the Euphrates. Embarking at Samsun, he returned to Constantinople. His next experience of warfare was in the Prussian army.

By a curious turn of fate, he had among his opponents in his last campaign the same French officer who had so ably directed the Egyptian attack at Nisib. When the French Imperial army collapsed in 1870, and the new levies were being raised to meet the Prussian invasion, Beaufort d'Hautpoul, then living in retirement, offered his services to Gambetta, and was given the command of a division in Vinoy's army in the defence of Paris. The general took part in the great sortie that immediately preceded the surrender; and it so happened that as at Nisib, in far-off Syria, Von Moltke's first battle, so at Buzenval, under the walls of Paris, the last battle of the great Prussian strategist, Beaufort d'Hautpoul was among those who fought against him.



BIRADJEK.