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Washington, 30 de Novembro, 1914

Legação de Portugal

nos

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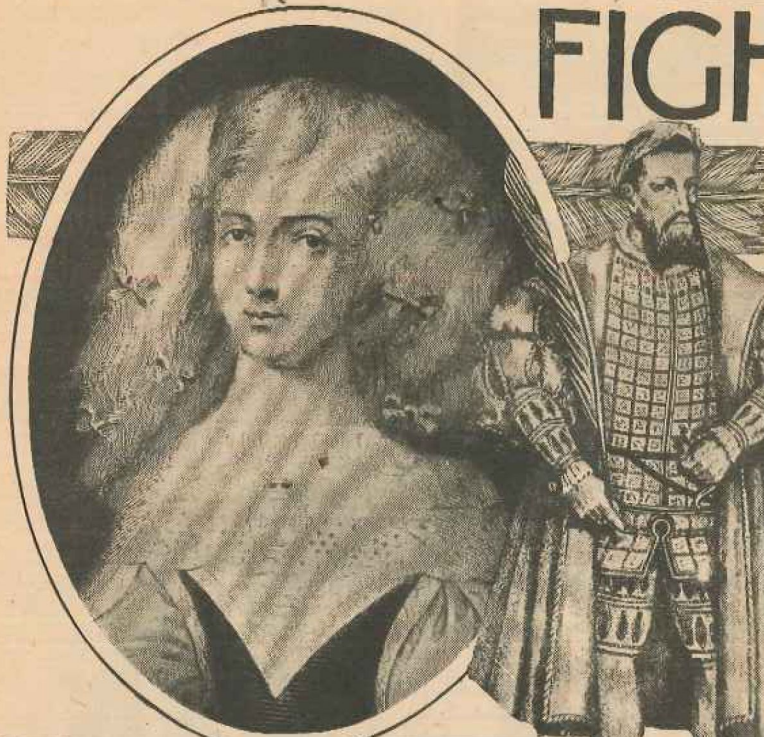
Ministro dos Negócios Estrangeiros.

Secluso tenho a honra  
de remetter a V. Ex.ª um artigo  
que o "New York Herald" publicou  
na sua edição de hontem,  
domingo, sobre as forças por-  
tuguezas.

Saudes e Fraternidade

J. A. de

# FIGHTING QUALITIES of the PORTUGUESE



Inez de Castro, the Most Beautiful Woman in Portuguese History, Whose Murder Caused the Enlistment of Every Available Soldier of the Realm in the Fight Between King Alfonso IV, and His Son, Prince Pedro.  
From Cassens' "Os Lusitana," Published by C. Kegan Paul & Co., London, 1878.

Dom Joao De Castro, the Celebrated General of Portugal, Distinguished as Much for His Noble Purity of Life as His Victories Over the Sultan of Turkey.  
From Portugal—"The Story of the Nations," by H. Morse Stephens, Courtesy of G. P. Putnam Sons, 1899.

Battle of Borodino, Sept. 7, 1812.

By Richard G. Conover.

*Even thus Alfonso, suddenly made known,  
Falls on his too confiding enemies—  
Wounds, kills and resolutely casts them  
down;  
For life alone the Moorish monarch flies,  
With sudden panic utterly overthrown  
Only to follow him his army tries:  
While they who had so shaken his vast  
host  
Counted no more than sixty horse at  
most.  
Camoens, "Os Lusitana," Canto III., 87.*

in of more territory. Even little Holland sent her army into Belgium in 1830 to try to keep her grip on the whole of the Low Countries.  
This is where the Portuguese soldier is noteworthy odd. He has fought and fought, but never for an inch of additional European ground. His expenditure of battling force has been equal, in proportion, to that of any other fighting man of the world, yet he has been patriotically satisfied with the permanently limited European area of 35,000 square miles. He has been spurred on to the highest flights of martial achievement; has been shipped thousands of miles east to India and west to Brazil to fight and fall; has been used with marvellous efficiency as a hybrid battler of sea and shore; but he has never needed the prod of European expansion to make him one whit more or less formidable. He has remained little and fought big.  
Wherever there is a glory page for another European soldier in history you will find the spunky Portuguese fighter



Louis De Camoens, the Great Portuguese Poet, Who Could Fight as Well as He Could Write.  
From Portugal—"The Story of the Nations," by H. Morse Stephens, Courtesy of G. P. Putnam Sons, 1899.



Prince Henry of Portugal, Who Took Prominent Part in the War Against the Moors and Later Became a Famous Navigator.  
From Portugal—"The Story of the Nations," by H. Morse Stephens, Courtesy of G. P. Putnam Sons, 1899.



**P**ROBABLY the least understandable soldier of the world is the man who wields sword, fires musket or serves cannon for the republic of Portugal. He is the military oddity of the last eight centuries. Not that his bravery, his valor, his endurance and his

under Count Maurice of Nassau and held it until 1645, when all of the Portuguese colonists rose in insurrection. Holland sent a number of fleets to Brazil, but could gain no fresh foothold in the country because of the fighting man of Portugal. In 1655 the Dutch gave up the attempt, abandoning all the acquisitions of the past quarter of a century.  
At the great battle of Salado, fought October 29, 1340, Alfonso XI., King of Castile, sent his wife to beg King Alfonso for the assistance of a contingent of Portuguese soldiers. The request was granted, and Abu-Hasan, the King of Morocco, who had crossed the Straits to attack the Christian kingdom, found himself confronted by the Portuguese King and his fighting men. At this battle Alfonso won the sobriquet of "the Brave," and the reputation of his soldiers increased everywhere.  
**ENGLISH ARCHERS TOOK PART IN BATTLE OF ALJUBARROTA**  
Ten pieces of ordnance were used for the first time by the Portuguese at the battle of Aljubarrota, August 14, 1385, when John I., "the Great," utterly defeated the King of Castile. At this battle

formed by the commander Duarte Pacheco. With 900 Portuguese soldiers sent from home to garrison the fort built at Cochim he drove back a great army sent against him by the Zamorin, or native ruler, and, although the garrison was enfeebled by sickness, he made a sortie and in open battle defeated 5,000 of the enemy's best troops. This victory clinched the already enviable reputation acquired by the Portuguese in India as soldiers.  
Dom Joan de Castro, the illustrious friend of the renowned St. Francis Xavier, is the soldier of Portugal distinguished above all others for the noble purity of his life. In 1543 he was appointed Viceroy of India. The Sultan of Turkey sent a fleet down the Red Sea to exterminate the Portuguese in India. When De Castro arrived at Goa he learned that Diu was being besieged by Mohammed III, of Gujarat, and after a gallant defence was in extremities. De Castro added the fresh Portuguese contingent he had brought with him to the troops available at Goa, and marched at once to relieve Diu. He defeated Mohammed in a pitched battle beneath the walls. The soldier of Portugal

factor have anything uncertain in their quality to mark them as strange. The oddity, rather, lies in the willingness—in fact, the gallant eagerness—of the Portuguese battler to face death for little in return.

Almost all other nations of Europe, big and little, have been steeped in war plots for the expansion of their frontiers. Portugal has sent her soldier to war time and again, but from the hour that her little oblong strip of territory attained its full area between the latitude parallels of 36 and 42 north, the acquisitions and rewards of Portuguese prowess have been confined to other continents thousands of miles distant. With the possible exception of Belgium and Switzerland there is not a nation of Europe that has not sent forth its uniformed battler at some period or other with the distinct purpose of grabbing more land. The soldier has partaken of the ambitious projects of his rulers and his goal of glory has been the gathering

close to as a hard whacking ally or enemy—and he has swung round the war circle in both capacities from the shores of his own Atlantic to the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. Small as his country has been in size, nothing of large military movement has occurred during several centuries without a Portuguese soldier mixed up in it. He has received very little definite credit from history. His record has to be specially "dug" out of musty tomes. But when he is brought to light the battle beams reflect a brightness from his bayonet fully equal to that which glances from the points of the more loudly heralded fighting men of mightier nations.

### PORTUGAL HAS ALWAYS BEEN GREAT BRITAIN'S FIRM ALLY

Great Britain the pissant has long had an admiration and respect for the pugnacious Portuguese. During the weeks of conjecture as to what the likely action of the little republic would be in the present great conflict old treaties between Portugal and Great Britain have been drawn from dusty archives and discussed at great length. These treaties reveal that Portugal has ever been an ancient ally of Great Britain. Do these treaties still hold? There has never been a war between Great Britain and Portugal to abrogate them. Some of these agreements between the two nations call for reciprocal secours in time of war. True, these state documents were designed to afford mutual protection and offensive and defensive alliance against France and Spain at the time they were drawn. But the treaties also specified that such secours should be rendered to aid in fighting the enemies generally of either nation. Will these old treaties serve now?

If the treaties still have force and effect there is not the slightest doubt that Great Britain might, with a reason, ask her ancient ally to aid her with an armed contingent. The wording makes it imperative that Portuguese soldiers and Portuguese ships shall be at the disposal of Great Britain in time of her trouble. The first of these treaties dates back nearly six centuries, and the Portuguese fighting man was in good trim at the time to be of assistance to his bigger neighbor across the Channel.

At London on June 10, 1373, a treaty of friendship, peace and alliance was made between England and Portugal, and it is from this date that the close war compact and commercial intercourse between the two nations are reckoned. It was stipulated that each nation must furnish the other, when it could do so without injury to itself, "certain proportion of armed troops, archers, slingers, ships and galleys, to the number that he be able to spare." At Windsor, May 9, 1386, another treaty was signed between King Ferdinand of Portugal and Richard II. of England, which contains in part this text arranging for furnishing of Portuguese soldiers to England or English soldiers to Portugal:

"Further, it is provided by the consent of both, that if at any future period, either of the aforesaid Kings or their heirs, need the succor or support of the other, and duly apply to the other party for such assistance, then the party so



**King John the Great of Portugal, who Won for Portugal Its Independence.**

From Portugal—The Story of the Nation, by H. Morse Stephens. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam Sons, 1906.

applied to shall be obliged to afford such help and succor to the requiring party, in so far as is compatible with the dangers threatening himself, his kingdom, lands, dominions or subjects."

Another similar treaty was made between the same two nations January 29, 1612, and still another July 20, 1654. According to the terms of a treaty made April 28, 1690, Portugal was allowed to levy from Great Britain when she needed succor 2,500 horses and not more than 12,000 men, which number was to be divided in equal quota levies from England, Ireland and Scotland. A treaty signed May 16, 1705, made it obligatory on Great Britain to furnish 12,000 men to Portugal in the war with France and Spain. Portugal, in turn, was bound to make vigorous war and furnish to Great Britain ten ships of war. Another treaty between the two countries, dated January 19, 1827, again arranged for the service of British troops in Portugal and reciprocal aid. So that in all of these instances big Great Britain thought it well worth her while to seek out and enlist the soldier of little Portugal on her side.

While a brave array of kings, princes, generals, admirals, navigators and discoverers magnifies the name and fame of Portugal, there is one soldier in particular whose fateful star shines out more brilliantly than all the others. Luis de Camoens is the name of this mighty Portuguese. The immortal epic "Os Lusíadas," or "The Lusíads," is his work, and its translation into the principal languages of the world testifies to the genius of the writer. Many have rated him second only to Shakespeare. And while his pen has made him of memory imperishable, with his sword he also performed mighty deeds. He is the ideal of the patriot and the poet. His own life was as militant as that of the wonderful men he painted. Romance never held a man more in close keeping than he.

Camoens was born at Lisbon in 1525. He was educated at the University of Coimbra and acquired there a profound knowledge of Greek and Latin mythology. He became somewhat of a favorite through his poetical powers at the Lisbon court and fell in love with a great lady in attendance about the throne—the Donna Catherine de Athaide, held highly in regard by the queen. Her friends indignantly inveighed against the poet's suit and had him exiled to Morocco. There he joined a force in battle against the Moors. Historians have written of his desperate bravery and doughty deeds, single handed as well as leader. Once he was surrounded with no less



**Vasco da Gama, the Great Explorer, Who Was Also Forced to Become a Valiant Soldier in the Portugal's Acquisition of Its Indian Possessions.**

From Portugal—The Story of the Nation, by H. Morse Stephens. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam Sons, 1906.

than eight of the enemy, but valiantly cut his way out, losing his right eye.

Still unable to banish the image of his sweetheart from his thoughts, he volunteered for soldier service in India, and set sail for the East in 1533. He remained more than sixteen years in Asia, serving in a Red Sea campaign, and at the capture of Muscat under Dom Fernando de Meneses. He was thrown into prison at Goa for peccation in 1558, although he was in poverty. A new Indian Viceroy, Broganza, arrived later and released him. With this prince he served bravely and with great distinction at the capture of Damam. Later he added to his military reputation in various engagements under the new Governor General, the Count of Rodondo. He started home in 1569, but was thrown into an African prison at Mozambique for debt. Some old friends en route to India paid his debt, and finally, in 1570, full of battle scars and with nothing in pocket but the manuscript of his "Lusíads," he reached Lisbon.

### POET-SOLDIER'S LATTER DAYS SPENT IN TERRIBLE POVERTY

The publication of the great poem brought him a pension of \$100 a year. His last years were miserable, his devoted Javan slave begging for him at night in the streets of Lisbon. He died in the common hospital of Lisbon in 1579. His name is now honored among all Portuguese speaking people as that of an ideal soldier and an unsurpassable poet. The Camoens celebration of 1880 brought to Lisbon from lands many thousands of miles apart tens of thousands of worshippers at the shrine of his genius and patriotic achievements.

The Portuguese soldier boasts a distinct lineage of battling performance as far back as his first regal ruler, Afonso Henriques, who carved his way from the rank of Count of Portugal to King of the same country. After nearly sixty years of incessant fighting he bequeathed to his son Sancho in 1185 a powerful little kingdom, whose fighting fame had already spread throughout all Christendom. Under such a leader the battling man of the new nation had his work cut out for him, but he made no demur. He was led against Spain for ten years, until the independence of Portugal was acknowledged. The next twenty-five years of the reign of Afonso was one long fight with the Moors, who at that period were in power on the Spanish peninsula.

In May, 1139, Afonso gathered an army comprising the chivalry of Por-



**Afonso de Albuquerque, the Greatest of All the Portuguese Rulers and Commanders in India, Whose Wisdom and Prowess Are Still Sung.**

From Portugal—The Story of the Nation, by H. Morse Stephens. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam Sons, 1906.

ugal among the nobility and the stoutest of all the Portuguese commanders. He boldly crossed the Tagus and entered the old Moorish province of Alcazar Ibn Abi Danes. Ismar, the Emir, endeavored to collect an army of resistance, but the progress of Afonso was too swift. At Orique, twenty-five miles south of Beja, the Portuguese soldier met his enemy July 23, 1139, and one of the famous battles of history was fought. Some historians have it that 200,000 Mohammedans were slain, with five of their kings. These kings were probably minor Moorish rulers. Camoens, alluding to this great battle in the "Lusíads," declares that the five inescutcheons on the shield of Portugal have reference to the slaying of these five Moorish monarchs. The chronicler tells how the common soldier in this battle performed deeds of individual and collective valor that made the fighting aristocrat envious. But some of the Portuguese knights did themselves great credit, one troop of sixty horse putting a reserve army of one of the five kings to flight. Afonso then led the soldier of Portugal against the city of Santarem, which he took by storm, defeating the famous Mohammedan warrior Abu Zekeria, March 15, 1147. Lisbon, destined to be the Portuguese capital, was taken the following year. By 1148 the fighter of Portugal had made himself master of the whole of the southern Beira and Estremadura. Afonso desired but one more triumph—the capture of the wealthy city of Alcazer do Sal. In 1152 the Portuguese soldier was led against its walls. He was beaten back. He bided and brooded over his defeat. In 1157 the Portuguese fighting man tried it again, and again was he hurled down from the walls he attacked. He gritted his teeth, buried his dead, sharpened his sword and returned to the attack. On June 28, 1158, the city was taken by assault.

The Portuguese soldier was first sent across the Atlantic to the distant possession of Brazil in 1549. He had to fight the native tribes and when caught in small detachments suffered massacre time and again. But in all his fights and in his defence of the weak Portuguese settlements he was always brave and willing to die. In 1624 the Dutch West India Company started to drive the Portuguese out of South America. They captured the city of San Salvador, but in 1626, more soldiers arriving from home, the Portuguese retook the place. But the Dutch acquired domination

repeatedly engaging in single combat with the Turk and worsting him. This victory, the greatest won by the Portuguese in India, was followed by the annihilation of the enemy's fleet. The fame of De Castro and his soldiers rang through the East. De Castro died within three years in the arms of St. Francis Xavier, and with his last breath bequeathed his soldier's sword to his successor.

### JOHN VI. FLED FROM COUNTRY WHEN NAPOLEON TOOK LISBON

On November 30, 1807, the soldiers of Napoleon entered Lisbon, and later King John VI., then acting as Regent, fled aboard a British war vessel in the harbor and sailed to Brazil. The pusillanimous conduct of their ruler so exasperated the Portuguese that they welcomed and fraternized with the French. Junot, the French commander, disbanded the entire Portuguese army and garrisoned the more important cities and fortresses with French troops. Then he raised a powerful Portuguese force, consisting of two divisions of infantry, two regiments of caçadores, or light infantry, and three regiments of cavalry, which were sent immediately to France for service under the command of the Marquis of Alorna. This force was known as the Portuguese Legion, and its title gradually became known with respect and admiration on all the big battlefields of Europe during the next eight years. It did gallant work for Napoleon throughout the French campaigns in Spain, Germany and Russia, and a good remnant of it fought under Bonaparte's standard at Waterloo.

When Wellington finally routed Junot at Vimero, August 21, 1808, the French were compelled to evacuate Portugal. Later in order to establish law and order the English government was asked to reorganize the Portuguese army. Major General Beresford was sent from London for that purpose. In the meantime the French had gained some success on the Spanish-Portuguese frontier, and the people of Portugal felt the need of immediate action in the way of raising another army. Great Britain, willing to have Portugal for a base against Napoleon, hurried the army formation under Beresford. Ten thousand Portuguese soldiers were taken into English pay with a number of English regimental officers to discipline and command them. A few Portuguese officers who had deserted the Portuguese Legion for patriotic reasons the better to serve their country were also placed in active commands.

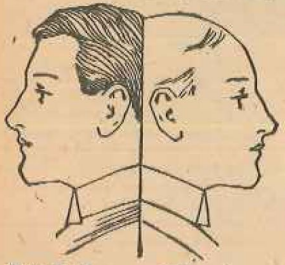
In 1810 a number of Portuguese regiments were bequeathed with the British and showed themselves well worthy of the mingling. At the famous battle of Bussaco they fought side by side with their British comrades. The behavior of the English Portuguese infantry is acknowledged by historians to have been both brave and gallant, their bayonet charge having been much commented upon. At the same time that Beresford was doing such effective army building thousands of the youth of Portugal were existing in the regular army or in the militia reserve.

Again, at the battle of Salamanca the

(Continued on Page Four)

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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# FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH

By Alexander Baird.



LIKE all Britain's greatest generals, past and present, like Lord Kitchener, who appointed him to the command of the British "Expeditionary Force" in France, Field Marshal Sir John Denton Pinkstone French is an Irishman, though born in England, at Ripple Vale, Ripple, Kent, on September 28, 1852, to be precise. He is the son of the late Captain French, of the Royal Navy, and it was early intended that he should follow his father's profession.

When fourteen years old he joined the Britannia, and served for four years as a naval cadet and midshipman, quitting the service in 1870. One may only imagine what he might have been had he remained in the navy. Among those who served in the famous training ship with French was another Irish youth of his own age, one George Astley Callaghan, from Cork. To-day that boy is a full Admiral, a Knight Commander of the Bath and commander in chief of the home fleet. Another of French's Britannia shipmates is now Sir Percy Scott, of gunnery fame.

But prospects of promotion in the navy in those days seemed too poor to young French, and he resigned, but not before he had learned something of "the way they have in the navy," which was one day to serve him in good stead.

But that he left the "senior" service for the army has never been forgotten, and he sometimes has to endure some good natured chaff from friends in the sister branch. It is narrated that on one occasion some naval officers were dining at French's mess when one remarked, "You haven't got a cavalry leader in the army worth a cent, with the exception of French, and he's a sailor."

**ARMY GAINED AND NAVY LOST  
BY THE TRANSFER OF FRENCH**

"Yes," remarked a brother officer of

Navy, in 1874, young French entered the army, obtaining a commission in the 15th Hussars. His early years were uneventful. He became a captain in 1880, and was promoted to a majority two and a half years later. It was not till 1884 that he saw anything of active service.

General Gordon was beleaguered in Khartoum. A relief expedition was finally undertaken, and the Camel Corps, of four regiments, was preparing to strike across the Bayuda Desert from Korti to Matammeh. It was December 3, 1884, when the Desert Column started on the desperate venture. It numbered only 1,000 officers and men, but they were the flower of the army, led by Sir Herbert Stewart. With the Desert Column went Major French, and at Abu Klea he took part in what the historian of the "River War" has described as "the most savage and bloody action ever fought in the Soudan by British troops. Notwithstanding the grit and valor of the Arabs, that they penetrated the square, and that they inflicted on the troops a loss of nine officers and sixty five men killed and nine officers and eighty-five men wounded—ten per cent of the entire force—they were driven from the field with great slaughter, and the Desert Column camped at the Wells."

French moved on with a weakened column, much short of water, impeded by the carriage of wounded men and stores, accomplished a march of twenty-seven miles from the Wells of Abu Klea to the Nile at Matammeh, cutting a road for themselves through the very midst of the Dervish army, "infuriated by their losses, and fully aware of the sore straits to which their astonishing enemy was now reduced."

At Matammeh French and his troops waited, sick with anxiety about the fate of Gordon, longing to know whether Gordon had been saved, while Sir Charles Wilson, with twenty British soldiers and a few bluejackets, embarked on two of Gordon's steamers and set out for Khartoum, only to find on arrival that the British flag was no longer flying, that the lonely man had been sacrificed, that

its way through the Boer forces closing round the town. but the cradle of a reputation. As Lord Roberts said of him, "He was the only divisional commander in South Africa who never had a fall."

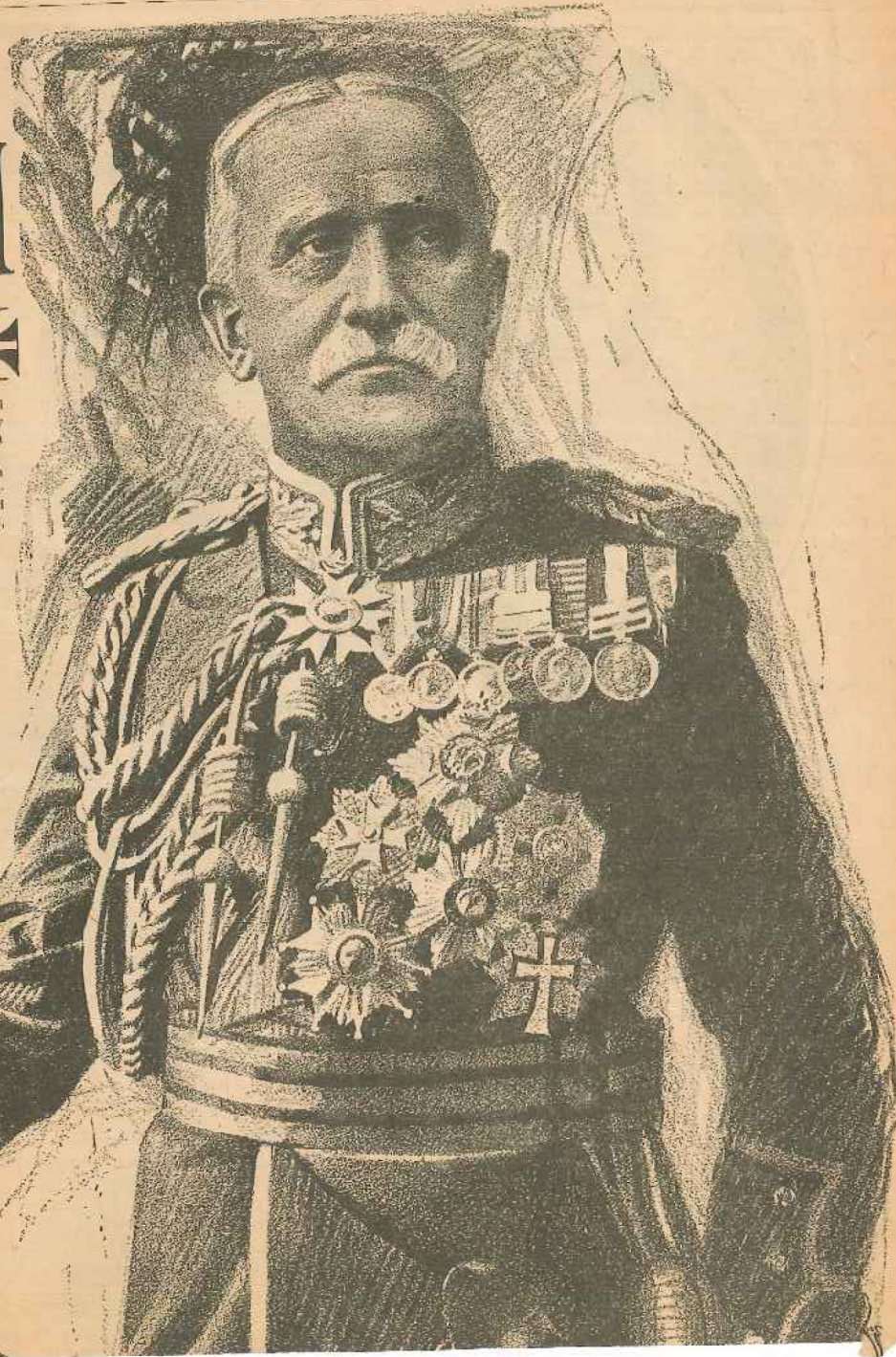
To French was then assigned the small force—which never was large, even when reinforced—to oppose the forces invading Cape Colony. But French's operations were admirably conducted, and later, for the relief of Kimberley, the opening scene of a new act in the war drama, Lord Roberts called on French to join him at the point where he was preparing for the advance upon the capitals of the twin republics; and the wild ride to the relief of beleaguered Kimberley is one of the romantic episodes of that war—the crossing of two rivers, the passage of the waterless yeld, the determination to get through, the brushing aside of the Boer position, and the intoxication of the straight run in to Kimberley.

And then the news of Cronje's situation brought to the wearied horsemen, the hurried marshalling of every man whose mount could still bear him, and the long ride over the shadowy plain to head off the Boer centre at the one unguarded rift by which he might yet escape.

The wild ride to Kimberley is graphically described by Major Darnley L. Stephens:—

"At two o'clock in the morning 'boots

and saddles' blared on the regimental trumpets, and French's 5,000 men started on the hundred mile ride for the he-



French, "French was in the navy long enough to see what a rotten service it was. Then he checked it and joined the militia, where he learned to be what he is now."

In any case what the fleet lost the army gained, a leader of notable ability. And what a change has come over the navy since French was a midshipman. Its guns were little better than the weapons which were used at Trafalgar; they were "short, dumpy things, like soda water bottles," and Admiral Fitzgerald has said that the projectiles "frequently broke up in the guns, or else turned end over end and went in any direction except the right one."

The navy in those days knew little or nothing of the torpedo. It was an untried and undeveloped toy of a few fad-dists. The submarine was the unsubstantial dream of madmen. The ships of the fleet were built of wood. Sails and their lore were the glory of officers and men. The glory of England, it was declared, depended on fighting against all "new fangled ideas." When fogging was abolished the navy was believed by practically every senior officer to be going to the dogs. "The sun seemed to be setting. It has been 'going to the dogs' ever since. But the way is a long one, longer than 'the way to Tipperary.'"

The old Warrior, on which French served the last year of his four in the navy, a ship of some 2,000 tons, with sails and auxiliary engines, has lost "the line." She was one of the wonders of the world in French's naval days. Now she is a coal hulk. In her place is the superdreadnought of 24,000 tons, with a speed of 22 knots, instead of 14, then an achievement of pride. The cumbersome guns of 68 pounds have vanished, and in their place are the rifled, breech-loading ordnance capable of throwing a projectile of 1,250 pounds from Dover Harbor and spreading destruction in the town of Calais or beyond.

Four years after leaving the Royal

all was over and that they had come too late.

French was one of those who marched back across the Bayuda Desert to Korti, their footsteps dogged all the way and their retreat pressed by the exultant enemy.

#### RECEIVED A CAVALRY COMMAND WHEN WAR WITH BOERS BEGAN

Many years elapsed before French again saw active service in Africa.

When in October, 1899, the government of the Transvaal threw down the glove to the British Empire, when the British strength in Africa consisted of only 6,000 men, organized in two regiments of cavalry, three field batteries and six and a half battalions of infantry, and when reinforcements were despatched from England in swift ships, to French came the first real great chance of his life. He was appointed to command a cavalry division in Natal, with the rank of major general.

The actual outbreak of war found him at Ladysmith in command of his division. The day after he arrived he reconnoitred in force to Modder Spruit, and on October 21 he led out toward Blaudslaagte a few squadrons of cavalry with a field battery and half a battalion of infantry. The Boers were surprised at Blaudslaagte and routed. They fled, but speedily realizing how small was the force opposed to them they rallied, and French withdrew, hard pressed, to the high ground north of the Modder, from where he sent to Ladysmith for troops to reinforce his position. On their arrival French again took the offensive, captured the Boer position, and the opening actions of the campaign terminated in favor of the British.

French then found himself in Ladysmith, but before the town was surrounded, General Sir George White recognizing that the coming siege precluded the use of cavalry, General French was sent out of Ladysmith by the last train which was able to make

regarded innocuous city.

"On the second day of the advance they found themselves facing two hills connected by a narrow pass from which emitted a blizzard of Mauser bullets and Crescent shrapnel shell. But French had no time to seek another route. Swinging round in his saddle he shouted to General Broadwood, 'Now, forward! Hell for leather!'

"Wave after wave of cavalry, the Ninth lancers leading, swept at a mighty gallop through the neck and on to the open plain beyond. Some sixty chargers and half as many troopers rolled over through the process of Messrs. Mauser, Canot-Schneider & Co., and fifty-seven brother Boers tested an invigorating acquaintance with the beautiful white weapon.

"If French had hesitated and tried another way round, that slim old gray veldt wolf Croupe would have effected his escape from the banks of the Orange River and the adjoining Orange River Republic, with the result that Lord Roberts' great strategic movement would have been indefinitely held up. French's supreme qualities as the Murat of our time saved the situation, when he, with that politeness so characteristic of a cavalry leader, expressed his conception of the situation by that 'Now, forward! Hell for leather.'"

Throughout the operations resulting in the capture of Bloemfontein and Pretoria General French commanded the cavalry division. He was in charge of Lord Roberts' left wing in the battle of Pretoria, and commanded the force in the operations culminating in the capture of Barberton.

During the spring of 1901, after Lord Roberts had returned to England, General French was in charge of the extended operations in the Eastern Transvaal, and he was employed later on and up to the end of the war against the rebels in Cape Colony.

For French, South Africa proved not the grave it had proved for others,

An army of Portuguese soldiers was despatched to Brazil as a consequence.

In the year 1822 the Brazilian revolution broke out. Dom Pedro, who had been acting as Regent for Portugal, was proclaimed Emperor under the title of Pedro I. The Portuguese soldier stationed in Brazil, in this instance, made but a slight attempt at fighting to preserve the royal authority. His heart was very little in the task. The separation of the great colony from the little mother country was accomplished without much trouble.

And here ended the career of many a Portuguese soldier. Several thousand miles from home and in a land where his language was spoken and his customs followed, he became a colonist in great numbers. In some instances he entered the Brazilian army and helped in the battles waged by the big empire against its neighboring foes. In small numbers abroad he garrisoned the possessions of his country in Asia and Africa. He has not had much fighting to do lately, but nobody doubts that he has the fighting willingness and ability on ready tap whenever the demand shall be made on him.

but carrying them out with a dash which befits the mounted leader. He is remarkable for the quickness of his decision, alert, resourceful and determined."

Promoted to the rank of lieutenant general after the South African war, he retained command at Aldershot until 1907, working hard to bring the army up to a high state of efficiency and readiness for service. At a time, too, when many men were too prone to accept the so-called lessons of the South African campaign as applicable to war under all possible conditions and against every description of belligerent, French retained an open mind and was able to discern and to teach those under him how far the lessons were acceptable and to what extent they were of avail only in regard to the peculiar and novel conditions under which they had been studied.

At the end of 1907 French was appointed Inspector General of the Forces in succession to the Duke of Connaught, an appointment for which his long, varied and distinguished services, both at home and in the field, peculiarly fitted him, a general who had always proved himself equal to the strategy of his opponents and who always checked and harassed them most unmercifully.

As retiring in private life as he is forward in war, General Sir John French is less well known to the public than even his chief, Lord Kitchener. As to his personality, the phrase "the square little general" would serve to describe him in army circles, without mention of his name. He has the shape of a brick, as well as the best characteristics of one. He is a thickest little man, who always stands with his legs and feet well apart and sits "hunched up in his saddle like a red Indian squaw." A view of his back suggests the thickest, needless shape of General Grant, and he has more than a suspicion of General Grant's doggedness in him.

He is quite unobtrusive, easy and gentle. When you are with him, you hardly notice him, unless you are a soldier, and then you are glad you are there. And he is perfectly accessible to any one, but speaks very little when addressed.

A fine judge of men, too, he has a splendid staff about him now—splendid in the sense that they are all real soldiers like himself, all active and useful. But even in the midst of anxieties and worries, if he ever has any, his light-heartedness often manifests itself. Few stories are told about French, but an incident illustrating this quality occurred during the South African war. Sitting in his tent, busily writing, and expecting any moment to be informed of the proximity of the enemy, he was suddenly confronted by a young officer, who said that he had just seen through his glasses about twenty "Boers" hiding in the rocks overlooking the camp.

Now, one of the things French disliked in an officer was persistence in calling the Boers "Boers." That the Boers bored him he never would admit, and he tried

hard to correct that impression in his officers; but they would persist in the mispronunciation, intentional or not. "Boers, you say?" inquired the General, without raising his head.

"Yes, sir, Boers. Can I do anything, sir?"

"Yes; don't become one of them." Sir John French has made himself what he is, not by being a martinet, hidebound by the traditions of pipelay and drill, so much as by a power of teaching men that in modern warfare safety lies in "slimness," and victory in guile, just as much as in the more easily recognizable expressions of martial valor.

#### AS SPECIALIST IN EFFICIENCY IS ONE OF KITCHENER'S SCHOOL.

Stern he may be, but scrupulously just and his men respect him for it.

"Ole French don't bite, don't c?" said a "Tommy" whom he had "hauled over the coals" for an act of carelessness. "But, blimey, don't be bloomin' well bite?"

Distinctly he belongs to the Kitchener school, for first and foremost, as the army well knows, he is an efficiency lover.

Mrs. Despard, the General's "militant" sister, a woman who by her "masterly" tactics down Westminster way showed that the French family possesses a common strain of uncommon ability in the matter of manoeuvres, and furthermore that they are quite indifferent to what the world may say of them, has a tremendous respect for her brother's qualities as a soldier.

"My brother," she said, "will be one

of the happiest men in the field. The 'war game' is his one passion. He loved it when he was a boy. Battles and preaching were his only hobbies. Napoleon was, and is still, one of his heroes. Not Napoleon the politician, but Napoleon the soldier. He holds very strongly that the soldier should stick by the sword, the peasant by his plough. He considered Napoleon the greatest tactician the world has ever known. And in one curious way his Napoleon cult has been unexpectedly useful. In pursuing his hero worship he has traced every hillock and hedgerow of the country where he is now fighting. He knew the Belgian theatre of war, in particular, by heart, through the Waterloo campaign before he ever landed.

"For all his strength of brow the General's mustache masks a most sensitive mouth. As a boy he was even nervous. I am still, of course. Any great task is apt to daunt me at first. I remember once feeling dreadfully 'down' before addressing a meeting on certain reforms which seemed to me very, very urgent. I stood before one of the big tasks of my life, and I was spiritually afraid—my life, and I was spiritually afraid—better, afraid I would not meet the need. And I rather shamefacedly told my brother. 'Why,' he said, 'I've never yet done anything worth doing without having to screw myself up to it.' Physical fear he doesn't know, but spiritual doubt—yes."

He has a reputation, too, as a wit, but his "good things" are avowed only by

the services. He dearly loves a joke. One of the best stories told about him is how, one night at dinner, some officers were discussing rifle shooting. The General was listening, as was his wont, without making any remark, until at length he chipped in with—

"Say, I'll bet any one here," in his calm, quiet, deliberate way, "that I can fire ten shots at five hundred yards, and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of cigars on it."

The major present accepted the offer, and the next morning the whole mess was at the shooting range to see the trial.

Sir John fired. "Miss!" he announced. He fired again. "Miss!" he repeated. A third shot. "Miss!"

"Hold on there!" protested the major. "What are you doing? You are not shooting at the target at all."

But French finished his task. "Miss!" "Miss!" "Miss!"

"Of course I wasn't shooting at the target," he said. "I was shooting for those cigars."

To conclude, Field Marshal Sir John French has a fine taste in fiction, a correct musical ear, a capital singing voice, exceptional skill at bridge, and, much to his regret, a snowy white mustache.

His other possessions include a charming wife, two stalwart sons and a pretty daughter who bears the uncommon name of Essex.

## Portuguese as Fighters

(Continued from Page Three)

attacks of the Portuguese brigades on the Arabians, even though they failed, roused the warm admiration of the British soldiers and officers. This fight, July 23, 1812, put the Portuguese soldier to the severest kind of a test and he was not found lacking. During the movements following the victory of Vittoria, in the Peninsular campaign, the soldiers of Portugal showed such courage and discipline that Wellington praised them highly.

At the fiercely fought battle of Borodino, a preliminary to the advance on Moscow, in 1812, two battalions of the Portuguese Legion placed in the brigade with Napoleon's old Italian campaign fighters exceeded the veterans in the fury and success of their attacks.

And it must be remembered to his

fighting credit and ability, that while he was battling near at home he was also battling abroad under the French, and gaining honor in both places. It is not of record that these two commands of Portuguese troops ever encountered each other on the field, although for years fighting under flags that were opposed. At the time that Wellington's generals were raised to the peerage especial mention was made of the services of the Portuguese soldier, and as a consequence Heresford was made a lord.

The valiant fighting man of Portugal was called upon for a foreign service after the Napoleonic era that showed his ready valor anywhere and anyhow. John VI, the exile King, preferred Brazil to Portugal, and in 1816 he sent to his European kingdom for a contingent of troops to attack the former possessions of Spain in South America with a view to adding to his already mighty dominion in the region of the Amazon.