

THE ROAD TO PEACE.

W. H. Mallock, from Lucretius.
The road to peace—that peace that all might hold,
But yet is missed by young men and by old,
Lost in the strife for palaces and powers,
The axes, and the victors, and the gold.

HOW DALY SAVED ENGLAND

A BIT OF IMAGINATIVE HISTORY.

From The Navy and Army Illustrated.

It is a well known if rarely harped upon fact that the Peninsular War would have ended fatally for England, and consequently for Europe, in the winter of the year 1808-'09, had it not been for an untoward accident to a French aide-de-camp.

As it is possible that the precise circumstances of the case may be fresh to or forgotten by some of my readers, I think it as well to set them down concisely here. In December, 1808, Sir John Moore, with 20,000 men and sixty-four guns, was marching gayly after Marshal Soult, who had the same strength, with the intention of giving him such a pounding as would astonish him, while, unknown to Sir John, Napoleon himself with 50,000 men, including the Imperial Guard, and with 150 guns, was pursuing Moore with a like intention.

The Napoleonic trap was exquisitely baited, the very door ready to snap. Napoleon's aide-de-camp was on his way to give Soult the order to stand at Astorga and fight, for the moment was arrived when the English leopard might be driven into the sea.

Happily for the leopard aforesaid, Napoleon's messenger came to grief, and his dispatches fell into the hands of Sir John, who learned in the nick of time the fate that was awaiting him.

The sequel we all know; the masterly if awful retreat across the Esla, the pursuit by Soult and the Emperor, until the diversion of the latter and his Guard by the Austrian war, and finally the sad triumph of Corunna, which inspired the British Parliament to renew the strife and gave Wellesley his chance in Portugal.

The manner in which these fateful dispatches came into English hands has been variously set down, the story to which most credence has hitherto been given running that the bearer, a man of choleric disposition and intemperate habits, allowed himself to be drawn into a tavern brawl and was then and there knifed, his dispatches being carried by his slayers to the English camp and sold to the headquarters staff for what they would fetch.

This was the view of the matter I myself until recently entertained. But since access has been given me to the papers of Captain Daly, I have been fain to believe that this admittedly extraordinary business was even yet more peculiar in its reality than has been generally supposed. This is my reconstruction of the plain tale which the gallant officer's papers (more particularly those pertaining to his card account) attest.

On Christmas Eve, 1808, early in the morning, Captain Daly was to be found playing lansquenet with two young gentlemen and an elder one, who were assisting him in the arduous task of commanding a squadron of the Horse Grenadiers thrown forward toward the river Carrion, in the Spanish province of Leon. They were no great distance from a similar squadron covering the rear guard of Marshal Soult, and no doubt, as we understand war nowadays, it was the duty of all to be on the alert; but Major Appleby, who was the squadron leader, was not a strictly diligent man of war, so the junior subaltern was deputed to do their work while his elders indulged in a quiet flutter.

Luck was in favor of Captain Masham, and so much against Captain Daly that in tolerably rapid succession he lightened himself of his never enormous stock of ready money, bills on Mr. Greenwood, of Charing Cross, representing a future six months' pay discounted at war rates, his second charger, the saddle pertaining to the same, various items of his personal wardrobe, and his whole armory, with the exception of his sword. He played away not only what he had with him at the advanced post in the regimental carts and aboard the transport down at the base, but every other possession near and far of which the recollection occurred to him, including a half interest in a churning stable at the Curragh. After he had actually mortgaged the services of his batman, he had nothing left but his horse, Pious William, the clothes he stood in, the sword he carried, and the value of his commission.

Then he smilingly observed that he would play no more, and, notwithstanding a pressing invitation from Masham to put Pious William in the pool, shook himself and retired, still smiling, from the little knot of gamblers.

The men called a bantering jest after the jauntily retreating figure, and saw the shoulders shake as readily as their own, but had they marked the wistful look which, now his back was turned to them, appeared on Captain Daly's face they would have spared their chaff.

Sauntering past the sentry, Daly made for a clump of olive trees a few hundred yards in front of the furthest vedette; it ought to have been either cut down or occupied, but the youngest subaltern had not a rudimentary knowledge of the business of placing pickets, and no one else bothered his head about the matter.

Captain Daly's object in approaching these trees was to pick out a nice one on which to hang himself, out of sight of his friends; for Captain Daly was as broke as broke could be. Had he been at home he would have put a pistol bullet through the roof of his mouth, but he was a good enough soldier to remember the worry the report of firearms causes on outpost duty, and, besides, he had no pistol, having just parted with his to Captain Masham. Again, he might have played the Roman fool and died on his own sword, but he feared that some wretched peasant might be strung up under suspicion of having murdered him. If he were found hanging, his sword in its scabbard by his side, people would understand no one was to blame but himself.

His mind intent upon the dread sacrifice, he entered the little grove and cast a critical glance around; he had hanged other men in his day, and knew what to look for.

The precise kind of tree he wanted stood in the middle of the grove, but as he approached he was disgusted to find that it had already a tenant, a French officer of chasseurs, who had clearly been there some time.

With a revulsion of feeling from his own fell intent, Daly cut down the melancholy remnant of what seemed to have been just such another man as himself, and, prodding out with his sword a shallow hole in the moist ground, laid him reverently to rest and said a short prayer over him—in French, as a compliment to his client.

Then he meditated awhile upon the unpleasant appearance one presents if one hangs for a long time upon a tree, shuddered, and made his way to the far side of the thicket to take a whiff of fresh air before he finally made up his mind. "This an uncommon fine morning," he ob-

served to himself, as he gazed away down the frosty slopes toward the river. He could see a little hamlet on the other side of the stream, but it did not appear to be occupied, nor, indeed, were any of the enemy visible, although a curl of black smoke up the hill a mile or more behind the buildings suggested the probable whereabouts of a picket.

Captain Daly looked long and lovingly upon the hamlet; his eye had caught the glare of sun upon a signboard, and a desire for sherry entered into him.

He had no money to pay for refreshments, but the inn, lying as it did under French protection, was clearly fair game for the poor brave British soldier.

In the other scale, for the poor brave British soldier to venture across the stream in the light of day meant death or capture. "But," quoth Captain Daly aloud, very pleased at the reflection, "if I'm killed it'll save me the anxiety of dying, and if I'm captured it'll save me mending expenses. And if neither happens I'll have a good drink for nothing. And whatever happens there's the fun of the thing. So here goes."



"HALT! OR I YOU WILL KILL!"

He was about to start upon his journey, when a brilliant thought of how the perils of it might be diminished struck him. He turned back to the newly made grave, rooted up the occupant, and, having as delicately as he could removed the uniform, proceeded to don it in place of his own, which, carefully folded, he hid away in the foliage. Then he buried the body again, gave it a second prayer as interest on the loan, and with a light heart danced away on his adventure, caring little whether his own interment were the next to take place in these parts.

In the appropriate uniform, Captain Daly, with his Celtic appearance, passed muster well enough for an officer of Chasseurs; so well indeed that one of his own vedettes let fly a carbine bullet at him when he emerged from cover at the far side of the trees.

"Bad luck to the man," growled Captain Daly, as he marked the fall of the projectile; "he sees as crooked as a ram's horn. It's ashamed of him I am that he didn't hit me. If I was Boney myself, I'd lay seventeen to two he'd miss me all the same."

Putting his hands to his mouth he bellowed, "It's a reprimand you'll be having, my friend, if I live to give it to you!"

Passing on, he approached the river bank by a route as devious as time would permit, and keeping his body crouched low searched for signs of a ferryboat of some kind. He continued this endeavor until he had journeyed about a mile along the bank, to where the houses of the hamlet lay right opposite to him, and, consequently, concealed him from the view of the French post on the hill. The stream here was narrow, and as there was nothing to be found in the shape of a boat he decided to risk everything and swim across. He was strengthened in this resolve by the reflection that he was not wearing his own clothes, which he could have ill afforded to spoil, seeing that he had gamed away every article of apparel not essential to decency. In he plunged.

The current was running stronger than Captain Daly had suspected, and the water was icy cold. He had not taken five strokes when he wished himself safe on shore. He strove to turn back, but felt himself carried down stream, the action of his already numbed limbs sufficing only to keep his head above water.

Happily down stream meant southward, and, therefore, away from the opposing forces, or he might well have had a bullet put through his head by friend or foe, as he struggled in the water, an interesting mark for weary sentinels. Presently, after drifting in spite of himself many hundred yards, his falling ears caught the splash of oars upon the circumambient tides. A small boat was pulling across the stream a stone's throw ahead of him; in it he caught the glimpse of a scarlet tunic.

"That's lucky, by the lord!" thought Captain Daly, and spitting the foam from his mouth, yelled out: "Help! Murder! Fire!"

The splash of oars came quicker, the scarlet figure rose, and pointed a long horse pistol at Daly's head.

"Halt! or I you will kill!"
The words came in English, but with a foreign accent.

"Arrah! are you talking to the current or to me?" retorted Daly, angrily, trying to tread water to have a look at the stranger.

Instantly the latter dropped his pistol, and crying "Je vous demande pardon, mon ami!" stretched out a long arm, and grabbed him as the current swept him past the boat.

It was a small, frail craft into which Captain Daly was pulled. It nearly turned upside down during the operation, and when Daly had mopped the spray out of his eyes sufficiently to clear his vision, he found himself in company with an evil visaged Spanish waterman, and his rescuer, who, seen near by, presented a most outlandish aspect. He was a man of some forty years of age, and wore a fierce Gallic beard. On his head he bore a Hussar's busby, with the scarlet bag of the 10th; his tunic was a British infantry coat, with the tails lopped off; around his loins hung a peasant woman's petticoat, the hem of which touched his calves, and beneath this Captain Daly perceived the high jackboots of the French Cuirassiers. Lastly, there was suspended from his belt a Scottish claymore, and also (this from the buckle) a horsehair plume.

reuefully; "but I should have been glad to postpone the occasion until I had delivered my dispatches. I am wet to the skin."

"So am I," declared Daly, who was busy righting the boat and securing her to the bank; "but a brisk walk and a blazing fire will soon make us ourselves again. Let us only consider how fortunate we have been in making each other's acquaintance when so much in need of mutual assistance."

"You are a true philosopher, sir," observed the aide-de-camp, with chattering teeth, and the two stepped out toward the village, leaving the boatman, who happily had been washed ashore on the opposite bank, where the stream took a short, sharp turn, to curse them for not bringing him back his boat.

"I do not doubt he meant to murder us both," observed the aide-de-camp; "they are relentless villains, these Spaniards."

"Indeed," agreed Captain Daly, "we have had a most fortunate escape," meanwhile considering whether it was not his duty to cut down his man then and there, seize his papers, and escape. He had certainly the power to do this, and probably few men in his position would have hesitated; but Captain Daly's honor, however inscrutable were its twistings, did not allow of his slaying in cold blood the man who had saved his life; so he racked his brains to think of some other means of possessing himself of the priceless documents.

Fate favored him. There were no troops in the village, but the inn was open, and the patron believed he could provide a chaise and four horses; meanwhile he made a great fire for his guests and prepared for them a meal.

When the two were alone Daly nonchalantly drew off his coat and stretched it out before the fire to dry, doing the same with all his clothing. The other innocently followed his example. The two men faced each other stark naked.

Then the Captain took up a pack of cards that stood on the mantelshelf. "Vous savez le jeu de lansquenet?" he demanded.

"Bien sur!" answered the other eagerly, and in a minute they were at it.

Daly lost the first coup, and suddenly remembered that he had no money. Blushing with shame, he nevertheless mechanically went over to the fire and put his hand in his pocket—the pocket, that is to say, of the dead Chasseur. His fingers burned at the touch of five louis d'or.

He lost four out of the five, and then at last his luck turned. He won back his four gold pieces and twenty more belonging to the aide-de-camp. It was the other now who looked small.

"I have no more money to stake," said he. "Never mind," said Daly; "stake anything at all—stake your clothes."

"If you don't want them at once, I will do so willingly," said the aide-de-camp; "but I fear they will be too big for you."

"You are right," replied Daly; "perhaps I had better try them on. Have I your permission?" "Certainly," said the aide-de-camp.

Then Captain Daly slowly and deliberately drew on his own socks, and over them the long cuirassier boots; he tied the petticoat round his waist, drew on the tunic, buttoned it, and buckled the claymore belt around him.

Then he took up the clothes which he had discarded, and under the nose of the dumfounded aide-de-camp pitched the heap into the roaring fire.

The next instant he was out of the house and footing it down the street as though ten thousand devils trod on his heels.

The naked aide-de-camp pursued him to the water's edge, but only to receive the paternal advice from the departing skiff that if he jumped in he would drown, and if he drowned his body would shock the Spanish ladies.

Within twenty-four hours the retreat to Corunna had commenced.

Captain Daly caught a severe influenza as the result of his escapade, but he saved an army in the field, and in consequence little things were thrown in his way which re-established, only temporarily, it must be admitted, his financial equilibrium.

AN AMERICAN MANDARIN IN DETROIT.

From The Philadelphia Post.

Dr. Heene Gibbes, Health Officer of Detroit, enjoys the distinction of being the only Chinese mandarin to hold an American office. He acquired his title after a series of adventures that would make Sindbad the Sailor look to his laurels. Dr. Gibbes is an Englishman by birth. He ran away from home when fourteen years old and went to sea. After several years as a sailor he was shipwrecked on the coast of China and fell into the hands of pirates, who took his clothing and turned the sailor loose in the garb of nature. Finally he reached a Chinese town.

Then he fell in with an Englishman, who gave him money for clothing on condition that Gibbes would work out the debt, and who informed him as soon as the bargain was closed that he would be expected to go into the camp of a rebel army to sell smuggled arms. The young Englishman never hesitated, and became an enemy of the Chinese Government.

From that he drifted into the Chinese service, was placed in command of a gunboat and set to patrolling the coast, looking for pirates and opium smugglers. He had a mixed crew composed of men from almost every nation on earth. But the crew was made up of fighters, and Gibbes was successful in capturing some bad outlaws.

On one occasion he made a dash up a river which the smugglers practically controlled. He seized a cargo of contraband opium and made for the sea. But pirates and smugglers opened on his boat from the banks and gave him the closest kind of a call. Once they tried to board his vessel with canoes and ran into a discharge of grape and canister that tore them to pieces. Gibbes and his men escaped with an immense cargo of the captured narcotic, and when this was reported to the Government Gibbes was summoned into the presence of royalty and made a mandarin. He went to England soon afterward to study medicine, then to India on the commission sent out to study cholera, and resigned to take the chair of pathology in Michigan University.

REFORMING ZEAL.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

If Colonel Myron T. Herrick, of Cleveland, were not a successful banker and an able business man he would no doubt be making first-class literature. Colonel Herrick has poetic feeling. He can present an opinion in strong, terse phrases, and, above all, he has wit. When Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the Vice-Presidency at Philadelphia Colonel Herrick, who is one of President McKinley's closest personal friends, sent the following congratulatory telegram, which the Rough Rider has carefully preserved, as the cleverest mot in which he has ever figured:

"It gives me pleasure to congratulate you on your nomination, and I hope that four years hence you will drop your only vice."

Daly gaped at this monstrosity with something approaching awe.

"Is it the Abode of the village, or a lunatic, or what?" he asked himself.

The monster smiled reassuringly. "Have no fear," he said. "Although I wear the Scottish uniform, I am as good a Frenchman as yourself."

"The devil you are!" thought Captain Daly. "And if that's the Scottish uniform I come from Peking."

He quickly gathered that the Frenchman was a staff officer, carrying dispatches to Marshal Soult, in the supposed disguise of a Highlander; but from whom the dispatches came Daly could not for the life of him make out.

The Frenchman had been traveling by four horsed chaise, which was too big for the wherry, and had to be left at the other side of the stream. He hoped to be able to find a vehicle and horses at the village with which to continue his journey.

He asked Daly whether he knew of any cattle being available, and the latter, after an affectation of cudgelling his brains, declared that he would not like to say yes, for fear of causing disappointment, should he prove to be wrong.

The aide-de-camp suggested that probably some of Daly's Chasseurs would be found in the village, whereupon the gallant officer replied that it was impossible for him to be sure, as he had been absent for some days, having been taken prisoner by the English, from whom he had only just escaped.

"I see you have recovered your sword," observed the stranger, a shade suspiciously.

"I never parted with it," answered Daly, in tones which made the stranger forget his doubts of him in his admiration for his spirit.

"You must share my carriage with me," cried the aide-de-camp. "You will, no doubt, have much information concerning the English to impart to the Marshal. Tell me, what is their moral state? I hear they are afraid."

"Afraid," answered Daly. "I should think so. The officers are hiding behind the men, the men behind the horses, the horses behind the hedges, and the hedges— he pulled up abruptly. "They are indescribably afraid."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the aide-de-camp delightedly; "and they would be ten times more afraid if they knew what I have in the lining of my tunic."

"Indeed," said Captain Daly, "I doubt if anything could make them more afraid."

"Not even," cried the aide-de-camp, "if they knew that the Emperor and the Guard were within striking distance of them."

The boat had reached the shore, and Daly was stepping out when he heard these words, whereupon he stumbled heavily upon the gunwale, capsizing the craft, which dropped its two occupants into the water. The Spaniard was swept away by the current, but, driving the boat hook through the Frenchman's petticoat, Daly was enabled to bring him safely to terra firma.

"How glad I am of this opportunity to show you my gratitude," he cried, before the Frenchman could open his mouth.

"It's very amiable of you," returned the other