

Over Egypt's sand, over alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's fierce-fought battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day—
A day that shall live in story;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
And "left him alone with his glory."

—JOHN McLELLAN.

DATES FOR THE MONTH (SEPTEMBER).—1st—H.M.S. "Pelorus" discovered Pelorus Sound, 1838: 4th—French Republic proclaimed, 1870: 5th—Malta capitulated to the British, 1800: 8th—Gold discovered at Ballarat, 1851; check to German advance on Paris, 1914: 12th—New Zealand University established by Act, 1870: 13th—Death of General Wolfe, 1759: 14th—Duke of Wellington died, 1852; commencement of Battle of Aisne (lasted twenty-four days), 1914: 16th—First body of New Zealand Company's emigrants sailed from Gravesend for New Zealand, 1839: 18th—British flag hoisted at Auckland, 1840: 19th—Women granted franchise in New Zealand, 1893; Sir George Grey died, 1898: 20th—Battle of Alma, 1854: 21st—Sir Walter Scott died, 1832: 24th—Sun crosses the Equator at 2.58 p.m.; sun rises at Wellington at 5.39 a.m., and sets at 5.48 p.m.: 26th—New Zealand proclaimed a Dominion, 1907; arrival of Sir George Grey at Auckland to take over Governorship of New Zealand, 1861: 27th—First railway opened in England, 1825: 29th—Birth of Nelson, 1758: 30th—Lord Roberts born, 1832. On appropriate days the school flag might be hoisted.

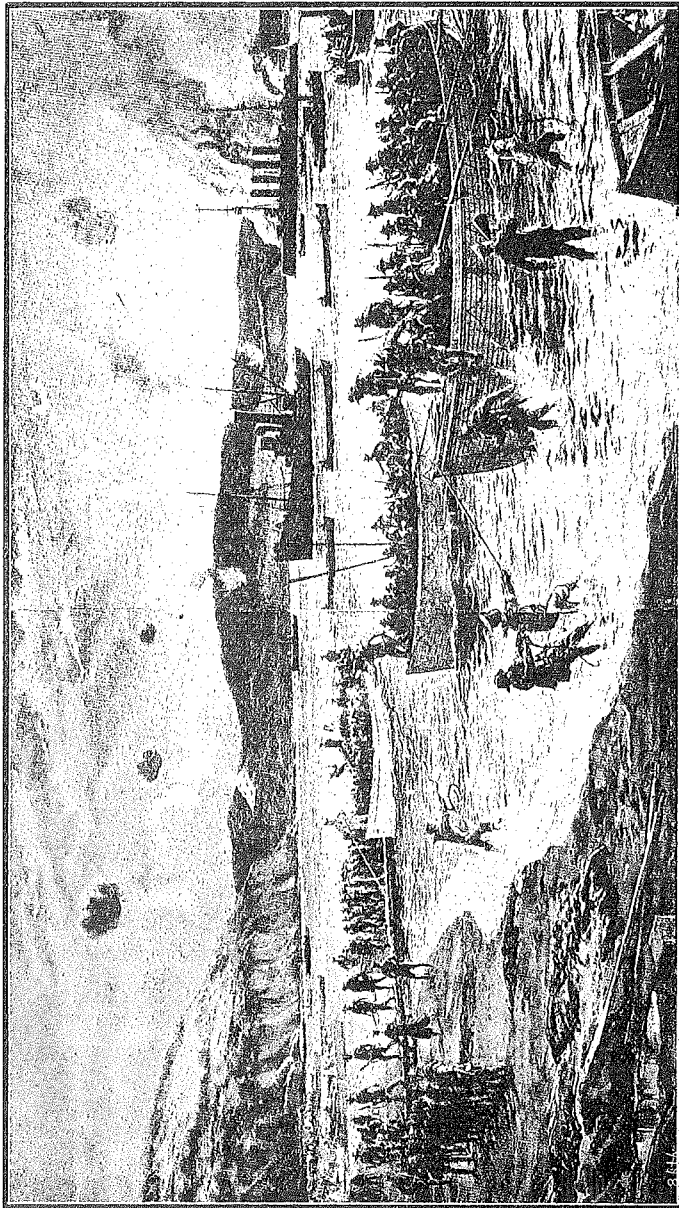
THE NEW ZEALANDERS AT THE DARDANELLES.

"To the soldiers of France and of the King. Before us lies an adventure unprecedented in modern war. Together with our comrades of the fleet, we are about to force a landing upon an open beach in face of positions which have been vaunted by our enemies as impregnable. . . . The whole world will be watching our progress. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the great feat of arms entrusted to us."—General Sir IAN HAMILTON to his troops, 24th April, 1915.

As General Hamilton said to his troops, there had been no military operation of the kind in history so difficult as the landing of the allied troops at the Dardanelles. The Gallipoli Peninsula,* which forms the northern side of the strait, is a narrow hilly tongue of land, admirably adapted for defence. The hills rise steeply from the shore, and are covered with scrub, which affords excellent cover for men with rifles and machine guns.

The attackers, for the most part, had to land from warships and transports in ships' boats. These presented an easy target for fire of all kinds to which they could not reply. The Turks had ample time to prepare for our attack, and under the direction of German officers, who are most skilled in the science of warfare, had constructed very strong defences. The hills facing the sea were lined with trenches, filled with riflemen and machine guns. "Snipers," as individual riflemen are called—men selected for their good shooting and sent out by themselves to pick off soldiers of the enemy—were stationed in large numbers in the bushes about the hillsides. Big guns on the heights, most of them cleverly concealed, commanded the approach to the shore, ready to hurl a torrent of shrapnel bullets at boats

* See maps in the April issue.



THE LANDING AT THE DARDANELLES.

The "Sphere."]

putting off from the ships. The attacking force had the assistance of warships, but the ships' guns could account for only a small portion of the entrenched and otherwise concealed enemy.

Briefly, Sir Ian Hamilton's plan was this: The French were to land at Kum Kale, on the Asiatic shore, to divert the attention of the Turks, and then withdraw. The main British force was to land on the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula and work its way up the peninsula. The Australians and New Zealanders were to land on the outside of the peninsula, near Gaba Tepe, opposite Maidos, and threaten the Turks' communication with their base at the Narrows.

The Australians and New Zealanders had been camped at the island of Lemnos, not far from the Dardanelles, and had several times practised the operation of getting into boats from ships and landing from the boats, so that when the night of the 24th April came every company in the force, and every man in every company, knew exactly what to do and how to do it.

That night the troops were placed on transports and warships, and the ships steamed away to the appointed place off the peninsula. To the Australian Third Brigade was given the honor of landing first. The boats conveying them touched the shore just as dawn was breaking on the 25th, and were close to the beach before the Turks in the trenches near the water saw them. The Australians did not hesitate for a moment. They jumped into the water, rushed ashore, and without firing a shot went straight at the enemy with the bayonet.

In a moment the trenches on the beach were stormed, and the Australians charged on up the steep hill. The Turks broke before the furious assault, and the Australians went from ridge to

ridge, losing numbers of men as they advanced. Some of them went too far, and the Turks, rallying and strengthened by reinforcements, overwhelmed them. But this first great dash laid the foundation for the success of the whole operation.

It was now daylight, and the difficulties of the attack increased. Many more troops had to be landed, with huge quantities of stores, to strengthen the line and hold the ground won; but with daylight the Turks were able to keep up an accurate rifle, machine-gun, and shrapnel fire.

The New Zealanders began to land about eight o'clock. Every boat-load was under shrapnel fire, and there were many casualties before the boats reached the shore. All day long the boats went to and fro between the ships and the shore under this hail. The New Zealanders charged up the hills in the face of heavy fire. One machine gun can fire four hundred bullets a minute; and the broken nature of the country and its vegetation enabled the Turks to conceal these weapons and their riflemen. Snipers, hid in the bushes, not only killed men as they advanced towards them, but waited until the line had swept past, and shot the attackers from behind.

In this fierce warfare in rough country there was naturally much confusion. Units lost their officers and became mingled. A great deal depended on the presence of mind and resource of the non-commissioned officers and the rank and file, and these men came through the test splendidly.

The Australians and New Zealanders had now advanced some distance inland, and held a series of ridges. They had lost heavily in getting there, but another trial was to come. They had to hold their positions against strong counter-attacks, knowing that if they gave way the whole force would

be destroyed, and another landing would be impossible. The Turks, strongly reinforced, made most determined attacks on the colonial line, while all through the day their artillery bombarded it with shrapnel. When soldiers want to hold a line they "dig themselves in"; that is to say, they dig trenches, which provide a certain amount of shelter from shrapnel and almost complete protection from rifle-bullets. At first the colonials were unable to do this, and they lay for a long time on the ground, firing at advancing Turks, and fired at by the enemy's artillery. The losses were heavy, and the men were worn out with their exertions and want of food; but they clung tenaciously to their positions, and the Turks could not break the line. When these attacks had been beaten off the main danger was past.

The troops then dug trenches, which they improved from day to day. Reinforcements were landed, supplies brought ashore, roads cut from the shore to the firing-line, and in every possible way the British grip on this part of the peninsula was strengthened. Since then the Turks have made several attacks, but with no success.

The task of the colonial troops near Gaba Tepe is to occupy the attention of a large number of Turkish troops, and so lighten the work of the British and French soldiers operating at the end of the peninsula. If the Turks did not maintain a large force there the Australasians would advance across the peninsula to the Narrows, which is the first objective of the campaign.

Fighting has now resolved itself into trench warfare. The men in the trenches are under cover all the time, and the enemy is never seen except when he makes an attack. His movements are observed from under cover by what is called a periscope—

an arrangement of mirrors by which a man can see what is going on in the open without putting his head over the top of the trench. The nearest Turks, similarly protected, may be only fifty yards away.



The "Sphere."]

THE PERISCOPE IN THE TRENCHES.

An infantry attack is preceded by an artillery bombardment, the aim of which is to kill the enemy with shrapnel, and wreck his trenches by shells that explode when they strike the ground. Between attacks there is intermittent artillery and

rifle fire, and what is called sapping and mining. Sapping is the digging of trenches towards the enemy. In mining, one side drives a tunnel through the ground under the enemy's trench, and by firing some powerful explosive blows up a portion of the trench, and then tries to occupy the cavity made. If the other side discovers what its enemy is doing it drives a tunnel to meet him and blows him up.

Such is the life that our troops are leading at the Dardanelles—a life full of danger and variety, calling for the exercise of courage, endurance, and resource. In the demands made upon them they are maintaining the reputation they won in those first few days, when success was a magnificent achievement and failure would have meant irretrievable disaster.

Speaking of the landing of the Australasian forces and their achievements afterwards, Sir Ian Hamilton said, "May I, speaking out of a full heart, be permitted to say how gloriously the Australian and New Zealand contingents have upheld the finest traditions of our race during this struggle still in progress, at first with audacity and dash, since then with sleepless valor and untiring resource. They have already created for their country an imperishable record of military virtue."

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

When Napoleon first came within sight of Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, he gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat was the first to enter the gates, with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed along the streets he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy