to give it me. In the course of the night I became delirious; the last thing I remember was strange fantastic shapes flitting around me, which now and then catched me up, and flew with me like lightning through every obstacle—then they would hold me over a precipice, and letting me fall, I would continue sinking, with a horrid consciousness of my situation, until my mind would be lost in some wild vagary of a different nature. For some days I was unconscious of what was passing, and when I recovered my senses, I found myself in a small apartment with others who had bad fevers, but I was now provided with a mattress and bed clothes.

A poor fellow, a musician of the 43d regiment, was next birth to me, sitting up in his bed in a fit of delirium, addressing himself to some young females, whom he supposed to be spinning under the superintendance of an old woman, in a corner of the ceiling; he kept a constant conversation with his supposed neighbours, whom he seemed to think

were much in awe of the old dame, and he frequently rose out of his bed to throw up his handkerchief as a signal—when he recovered, the impression was so strong, that he remembered every particular.

There was a great want of proper attendants in the hospital, and many a time I have heard the sick crying for drink and assistance during the whole night, without receiving it. There seemed also to be a scarcity of medical officers during the Peninsular war. I have known wounded men often to be three days after an engagement before it came their turn to be dressed, and it may be safely calculated that one half of those men were thus lost to the service. Those medical men we had were not always *ornaments of the profession*. They were chiefly, I believe, composed of apothecaries' boys, who having studied a session or two, were thrust into the army as a huge dissecting room, where they might mangle with impunity, until they were drilled into an ordinary knowledge of their business, and as they began at

the wrong end, they generally did much mischief before that was attained. The extent of their medical practice in most disorders was to "blister, bleed and purge,"—what then? why "blister, bleed and purge again." This method of cure with poor wretches who were any thing but overfed, and whose greatest complaint often was fatigue and want of proper sustenance, was quite a-la-Hornbook, and the sufferers were quickly laid to rest. In the field they did more mischief, being totally ignorant of anatomy; there was enough of what medical men call *bold practice*, and in cutting down upon a ball for the purpose of extracting it, ten chances to one but they severed an artery they knew not how to stem; but this gave no concern to these *enterprising fellows*, for clapping a piece of lint and a bandage, or a piece of adhesive plaster on the wound, they would walk off very composedly to mangle some other poor wretch, leaving the former to his fate. Here I may be accused of speaking at random, on a subject I do not under-

stand, but there is no man who served in the Peninsular war, but can bear witness to the truth of what I have stated; I however do not pretend to say there were not many exceptions to this character, and in justice to the whole, it must be admitted, that the duties of a surgeon on the Peninsula, were fatiguing and arduous in the extreme. The medical department of the French army was much superior to ours at that time in every respect; this can only be accounted for by the superior opportunity they had of studying anatomy, which in Britain is now almost prohibited—more the pity! Those who have witnessed the evils resulting to the army in particular, from imperfectly educated surgeons, must regret that government does not afford greater facilities to the study.

The ague fits having returned when the severe fever left me, I recovered very slowly; the medicine I received, which was given very irregularly, having done me no good. While in this state, general Sir John Hope, who lately commanded the forces in Scotland, happen-

ed to pay a visit to the hospital, and going round the sick with the staff-surgeon, he inquired, "What was the prevailing disease?" the reply was, "Fever and ague." Sir John, whose kind and humane disposition is well known, mentioned that he had heard of a cure for that disease among the old women in Scotland, which was considered infallible. The staff-surgeon smiled, and begged to hear what it was. "It is," said the good old general, "simply a large pill formed of spider's web, to be swallowed when the fit is coming on; I cannot pledge myself for its efficacy, but I have heard it much talked of." The staff-doctor gave a shrug, as much as to say it was all nonsense, looked very wise, as all doctors endeavour to do, and the conversation dropped. I had been listening eagerly to the conversation, and no sooner was the general gone, than I set out in quest of the specific. I did not need to travel far, and returned to my room prepared for the next fit; when I felt it coming on, I swallowed the dose with the greatest confidence in its vir-

tues, and however strange it may appear, or hard to be accounted for, I never had a fit of the ague after, but got well rapidly, and was soon fit to march for the purpose of joining my regiment, which I overtook at Pollos; they had been quartered for some weeks in a village on the frontiers, from whence they advanced, and having passed Salamanca, were now in this place, which was situated on a rising ground on the bank of the river Douro, our army occupying the one side, and the French the other.

In this place we were in the habit of turning out of the town during the night, and lying under arms in the field; in the day we occupied the village, still wearing our accoutrements. Fuel was uncommonly scarce; the inhabitants in the best of times, having only the prunings of their vines for that purpose, and we were obliged to cook our victuals with stubble. While here, there was an understanding, I believe, between both armies, that each should have the use of the river without molestation, and our men and the French used to swim in it

promiscuously, mixing together, and at times bringing brandy and wine with them, for the purpose of treating each other; but though thus friendly to our men, the French soldiers studiously avoided coming near the Portuguese, whom they knew by the dark colour of their skin. This friendly feeling between our soldiers and the French was remarkably displayed during the whole war, whenever we were brought in position close to each other, or either party were taken prisoners, and could only be accounted for by the respect excited by the bravery of each nation, and a similar generosity of sentiment, for in this the French were not deficient; how different were our feelings in this respect from many of our countrymen at home, whose ideas of the French character were drawn from servile newspapers and pamphlets, or even from so low a source as the caricatures in print shops; but I myself must confess, in common with many others, that I was astonished when I came in contact with French soldiers, to find them, instead of pigmy spider-

shanked wretches, who fed on nothing but frogs and beef tea, stout, handsome looking fellows, who understood the principles of good-living as well as any Englishman amongst us; and whatever may be said to the contrary, remarkably brave soldiers.

During the time we lay in this position, a German belonging to our band, deserted to the enemy, taking with him a horse and two mules; he had taken them down to the river to drink, and led them through to the opposite side, in the face of both armies; when he reached the opposite bank, the French lifted him on their shoulders, and leading the cattle behind him, carried him up to their camp in triumph, cheering all the way.

From this place, in consequence of orders to that effect, we retired upon Salamanca, followed by the enemy, and took up our position about a mile and a half from that town, on the right bank of the river Tormes, where we lay until the 22d July; on the evening of the 21st it came on a dreadful storm of thunder

and lightning, which so terrified the horses and mules, who were fastened to stakes in the camp, that they broke loose and ran about in every direction, causing great confusion.

On the morning of the 22d, having recrossed the Tormes, we took up our position in front of Salamanca, behind the village of Aldea Teja. The enemy who had manœuvred during the forenoon, about two o'clock began to extend their left and move forward on our position, which was now taken up;—the 7th division on the right, the 4th and 5th in the centre, while the 1st and light divisions on our left were opposed to the enemy's right, and were with the 6th division in reserve. The attack commenced by our division in four columns, moving forward supported by a body of cavalry, to turn the enemy's left; we were led on by general Packenham, (general Picton having gone to the rear sick a few days before,) and completely succeeded; for having formed across the enemy's flank, we advanced under a heavy fire from their artillery, over-

throwing every thing before us; the 5th regiment, in attacking a body of infantry posted on a small height, were furiously charged by the enemy's cavalry, and thrown into some confusion, but ours coming up in time, not only routed them, but cut off the retreat of their infantry, who were taken prisoners, many of them dreadfully wounded by our dragoons, having their arms hanging by a shred of flesh and skin, and hideous gashes in their faces. In this manner driving in their left, we came in front of where our artillery were playing on the enemy, but no time was lost, for by marching past in open column, they continued to fire without interruption, sending their shot through the intervals between each company, without doing us any injury, although it created rather unpleasant sensations to hear it whistling past us. The enemy's shot and shell were now making dreadful havock; a Portuguese cadet who was attached to our regiment, received a shell in the centre of his body, which bursting at the same instant, literally blew him to pieces; another poor fellow receiving a

grape shot across his belly, his bowels protruded, and he was obliged to apply both his hands to the wound to keep them in; I shall never forget the expression of agony depicted in his countenance. These were remarkable cases, but the men were now falling thick on every side. During the time we were thus successfully engaged, the 4th and 5th divisions advanced on the enemy's centre, supported by sir Stapleton Cotton's cavalry, and drove them from one position after another with great slaughter; but they were in some measure retarded in their progress by a fresh body of troops being pushed forward on their left, from a height which the enemy had continued to hold in spite of the efforts of a brigade of our troops under general Pack; this accession of force was so powerful, that the 4th division were obliged to give way, the 6th division was now brought up, and success was restored; but the enemy's right, which was reinforced by those who had fled from the left, and who had occupied the heights above-mentioned, still made a

stand, the 1st and light divisions now had their turn of the battle, and attacking them with determined vigour, in a short time succeeded in turning their right. The flanks being now turned, the centre was attacked by the 6th division, supported by ours and the 4th, but the enemy made a brave and most determined resistance, and it was dark before the point was carried,

The French then broke up in great confusion, and fled through the woods towards the fords of the Tormes, pursued by the cavalry, and 1st and light divisions, as long as any of them could be found together. Next morning the pursuit was renewed at day-break by the same troops, and having crossed the Tormes, came up with the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and infantry; they were immediately attacked by our dragoons, and the French cavalry fled leaving the infantry unprotected, who were charged by the heavy cavalry of our German legion, and the whole body, consisting of three battalions were taken prisoners.

During the battle the Spanish army,

under Don Carlos d'Espagne, had remained at a respectable distance on a height in our rear without having been engaged; they seemed to be perfectly contented with seeing us fighting for their country without having a hand in it themselves, and when we were successful, they threw up their caps in the air and cheered as heartily as if they had earned the victory; they had only one or two men wounded of their whole army, while ours lost nearly the half of its number in killed and wounded.

In this engagement 20 piece of cannon were taken, several ammunition waggons, 2 eagles, and 6 colours, 1 general, 3 colonels, 3 lieutenant colonels, 130 officers of inferior rank, and between 6 and 7000 prisoners. Four generals were killed, and general Marmont severely wounded.

CHAPTER V.

ENTRY INTO MADRID — RETIRO — BULL FIGHT — PINTO — RETREAT TO SALAMANCA — RETREAT FROM SALAMANCA — DESCRIPTION OF THE RETREAT — WINTER QUARTERS.

THE French continuing their retreat, our army, passing Alba de Tormes and Penaranda, continued their advance towards Madrid, some leagues from which there was a severe skirmish between the French cavalry, and some of our German dragoons. The Portuguese cavalry had been first engaged, but behaving ill, the Germans were obliged to take their place, and soon retrieved the day. When we passed the village where the skirmish had taken place, those who had fallen were lying on the road side, and our attention was drawn particularly to one of the French cavalry, who had received such a dreadful blow, that his head was completely cleft through his brass helmet. Passing on, we encamped about

half a league from Madrid on the 11th of August, and in a short time our camp was filled with the inhabitants, who had come out to see us, and in their own language, welcomed us as their deliverers. On the 12th, being ordered to march into the town, we were met by the inhabitants carrying branches of laurel, and playing on guitars and tambourines; joy beamed on every countenance, the ladies thronged round the British colours eager to touch them, and the air was rent with acclamations; "Viva Englese," echoed from every mouth. The windows were hung with embroidered cloth and filled with rank and beauty, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, while their expressive eyes spoke a welcome far sweeter than their tongues could e'er essay.

This was a proud day for the British army. To me it appeared as if the days of chivalry were once more restored, and each war-worn soldier a victorious knight, basking in the smiles of his mistress. Having marched up to the Plaça del Sol, we took up our quarters in a large build-

ing;—but our work was not yet finished. The French having fortified the Retiro, had left a garrison in it, whose outposts were established in the Prado and botanical garden; but that night a detachment having driven them in, broke through the wall in several places, and established themselves in the palace of Retiro, close to the exterior of the enemy's works enclosing the building, called La China. Next morning the 13th, we were turned out and assembled on the Prado, with scaling ladders ready to attack the works, when they capitulated, and were allowed to march out with the honours of war, the officers their baggage, and soldiers their knapsacks, and surrendered themselves prisoners.

There was found in the garrison 189 piece of brass cannon, 900 barrels of gunpowder, 20,000 stand of arms, and considerable magazines of clothing, provisions and ammunition, with the eagles of the 13th and 51st regiments. Having relieved their guards, they marched out at 4 o'clock in the afternoon 2,506 men, among which were 2 colonels, 4 lieute-

nant-colonels, 22 captains, and 35 subalterns.

We were now peaceably quartered in the town, having time to look about us and recover from our former fatigues. No place could have been better adapted for this than Madrid; the air was pure and healthy, wine, fruit and provision good and cheap. Here we had food for observation in the buildings, institutions, and manners of the inhabitants, and we ranged about in the environs, and from one street to another, as if we had been in a new world. Madrid has been so often described by writers of ability, that it would be presumption in me to attempt it, even did the limits of this work allow; but the delightful walks of the Prado, the gardens breathing perfume—the beautiful fountains—the extensive and picturesque view from the Segovia gate—the cool and delicious shades on the banks of the Manzanares—their women—their music and nightly serenades, gave it to my mind the charm of romance, and now falls up-

on my memory "like the song of early joys, delicious, dear—and gone!"

During the time we remained in Madrid, our troops were allowed free access to the museum, in the street Alcala, nearly opposite our barracks. In it there was a very valuable collection of natural history, particularly a lump of native gold brought from South America, which weighed many pounds, some enormous boa constrictors, and the entire skeleton of a mammoth. This, like the British museum, was free to all visitors three or four days a week.

Several times during our stay in Madrid we were admitted, gratis, to see the bull fights, the great national amusement of the Spaniards. The place where this was exhibited is a vast amphitheatre, with three tiers of boxes ranged along the wall, the roof of the building coming so far over as to cover them only, all the rest being open. In the highest range of these on the shade side was the king's box, gorgeously decorated, those on its right and left being occupied by the principal nobility. About

a dozen seats sloping from the lowest tier of boxes formed the pit, where the common people were admitted, and which varied in the price of admission, according to the degree of shade afforded. In front of the pit was a passage of a few feet wide, separated from the arena by a barricade between five and six feet high. The arena or space where the bulls were fought was of great dimensions; two main passages opened into it through the barricade, one by which the bulls were drawn off when killed, and the other by which they entered, communicating with a place where they were kept previous to the fight, that resembled, in some degree, a large cage, having spaces between the planks that covered it, where they goaded and otherwise tormented the animals, to render them more savage before they entered the arena. But besides these entrances there were smaller doors opening into the passage, by which the bull could be driven back into the arena, in the event of his leaping the barricade, this being no unfrequent occurrence.

I only witnessed the sight once, lord Wellington was present, and sat in a box on the right of the king's, the royal box being empty. The performance commenced by a guard of soldiers marching into the centre of the arena, forming a circle, and on a signal by beat of drum, facing outwards, and marching up to the barricade, where, placing a foot on a step, on the next signal, they vaulted over into the passage, where they stood during the exhibition. The horseman who was to attack the bull, now entered, dressed somewhat in the same manner as our equestrians or rope dancers, armed with a spear, rolled round with cord to within half an inch of the point, to prevent the wound which he might give the animal from proving mortal. With him also entered the men on foot, whose office was to irritate or divert the attention of the bull from the horseman when in too great danger. They were dressed in nearly the same style, only carrying different coloured mantles or cloaks.

The signal was now given for the per-

formance to commence. The footmen ranged themselves round the barricade, while the horseman placing his spear in the rest, remained opposite to, and some distance from, the door by which the bull was to enter. All being thus prepared, the door was thrown open—the animal rushed furiously out—his nostrils dilated—and his eyeballs gleaming fire. A flight of pigeons which were let off at his head as he entered the arena, irritated him, and attracted his attention a little, but perceiving the horseman, he began to roar and paw the ground, and rushed forward upon him. The horse being urged to a gallop, he was met halfway, and struck by the spear on the shoulder, and fairly thrown on his hind legs, bellowing fearfully with the pain of the wound. The horse had now started aside, and when the animal regained his feet, which he did almost instantaneously, he was surrounded by the footmen, who, whenever he made a charge at one of them threw a mantle over his head, and while he tossed it, and roared to get rid of it, danced round, planting

arrows in his sides and neck, filled with crackers—which by the time he got free of the cloak, began to go off, and maddened him to the utmost degree. His appearance at this time was terrific, the horseman was now prepared for a second charge, which being made, the bull was again attacked by the footmen, who often ran imminent danger, being pushed so closely, that they were obliged to leap the barricade. This alternate attack was continued several times, until the people being tired, the matador was called for, who entered on foot without any defence but a small sword. The men on foot still continued to irritate the animal, until it was roused to the utmost pitch of madness, when the matador placing himself in its way, in the midst of one of its most furious attacks, calmly waited its approach. Seeing the bull close upon him, we expected that the man would be gored to death, that there was no possibility of his escape. But the moment the enraged animal came within his reach, he darted the sword, quick as lightning, between the

horns, into the back of his neck, and he fell dead at his feet without giving a single struggle. The music now began to play, and amidst the deafening plaudits of the spectators, six mules gaily caparisoned entered, and having their traces fastened to the dead bull, dragged him from the arena.

Six bulls were thus dispatched without much variation in the mode; but one of them, (of Andalusian breed) remarkable for its strength and fierceness, having been missed by the horseman in his attempt to strike him, came on so furiously that he had not time to escape, and the bull running the poor horse up against the barricade, lowered his head, and bringing up his horns, tore up his belly in such a way, that part of his bowels protruded at the wound, and hung down to the ground. The horseman who had, with great agility, drawn up his leg, was now supported from falling by those who were in the passage, his right leg being jambed in between the horse and the barricade. The attention of the animal was soon drawn off by

the men on foot; and the man was no sooner released from his dangerous situation, than mounting afresh the wounded animal, he endeavoured to push it forward to another charge, with its bowels trailing on the ground. This action, which deserved to be execrated as a piece of wanton cruelty, was lauded to the skies, and cries of "Bravo! bravo!" resounded from every quarter. But the poor animal only moved a few steps, when it fell down dead.

The bull was now enraged so much that nothing could divert him from his purpose, and having followed one of the footmen to the limits of the arena, fairly leaped the barricade after him. A scene of dreadful confusion ensued, those in the pit and passage flying in every direction. The danger was soon over, however, for opening one of the doors already mentioned, he was driven back into the arena, and dispatched by the matador.

The last bull ushered in was baited by dogs. I do not believe that many of our men were much captivated with