

spacious aisles of the elegant cathedral. But war spares neither the abode of piety, nor the seat of learning; numbers of the students, at an early period of the war, obeyed the sacred call of their country, and left their peaceful colleges for the tumultuous camp. In the year 1812, two convents in Salamanca were fortified and garrisoned by the French, besieged and taken by the British; thus, an open and quiet city became a scene of contest, confusion, and blood-shed. Monks yielded up their cells to soldiers; all the houses for a certain space round these convents were razed; while the more distant were injured, and beat down by the heavy fire of the French batteries, and many of the streets and lanes were enfiladed by their cannon; heaps of ruins every where presented themselves to my sight; and, tired of gazing on poor Salamanca in such a state of degradation, I returned to my tent and my blanket. On our line of march, the following morning, the British and Portuguese divisions of infantry, in the corps of Sir Rowland Hill, passed Lord Wellington in review; we had

upwards of 14,000 bayonets, and made a very fine appearance. There is something very pleasing to real soldiers in being reviewed in this ready convenient manner, without fuss or preparation, and to a general there must be something, I think, gratifying in looking at his men all rough and dusty with the march, even as they would go into battle.

Our division encamped the same evening in a wood, near Orbada, about sixteen miles in front of Salamanca; here, and distributed in the neighbourhood, the right wing of the army halted, while the left, in pursuance of Wellington's able disposition, was gaining the enemy's right by the route of Miranda and Carvajales. On the third of June, we were again in motion, and, on the fourth we passed the Douro, near Toro, without opposition, for the enemy, out-mancœuvred and alarmed, was compelled to abandon the line of that river, without an effort, and hastily retired, destroying the bridges; that at Toro we repaired with a temporary platform, and our infantry crossed it by files; the cavalry, artillery, and baggage

passing at a ford about a quarter of a mile above the town. Toro is a fine handsome old city, and is adorned with a very large and beautiful tower of Moorish construction, in the highest preservation; there are also convenient public walks all round the walls, thickly planted with trees. We bivouacked for the night, in a good pine wood, near the village of Morales, and close to the ground where the day previous our hussars had had a very brilliant affair with a superior body of French heavy dragoons, sabring great numbers, and taking about two hundred prisoners. We continued our march across the fertile plains of the province of Valladolid; on the sixth we saw that city, at a distance, and halted within two leagues of it on the seventh, but I had no opportunity of visiting it; on the eighth we took up our ground near a ruined village; out of two hundred houses only ten remained habitable. There was a church in this place, which had been most curiously and ingeniously fortified by the French, as a post for a detachment; platforms were constructed here for all their

sentries, so raised and protected, as to secure them from surprise: such was the state of watchfulness and preparation, which, even amid the plains occupied by their armies, traversed by their columns, and scoured by their cavalry, all the small detachments of the enemy were compelled most strictly to observe. These things are proofs of the resistance of the Spanish nation, and the active hatred of the people; for if such was the situation of the enemy, in the very plains, where discipline may, and often does most successfully oppose both courage and numbers, what must it have been amid the more mountainous districts, abounding in fastnesses, and rocky passes, known to, and tenable by, a brave and patriotic peasantry. The Guerilla system had certainly a most powerful, a most material influence in the salvation of Spain. May the same system, acted upon by the ablest partizans among the "Liberales," again save her from the worst, the most formidable of enemies, a domestic tyrant, a monarch who may have the right to govern, but not the right to oppress her.

It was not until the 12th that we saw the enemy, and so cleanly had they retreated, that we had met with no stragglers, and since the affair of cavalry at Toro, had taken no prisoners. Our march and movements on the 12th were rather interesting. Sir Rowland Hill's corps broke up from Manzana at five o'clock in the morning, and moved forwards in two columns, the right on Celada, the left, in which I was, on Hornillo, through Juntana. The enemy skirmished very prettily with our cavalry at Hormasa, a small village, on a river of that name, and made a short stand to favour the retreat of the main body of their rear guard; they then retired slowly up the heights, above Hornillo, whither we followed them. They had at Hormasa about four squadrons and three battalions. Their infantry formed line on these heights, and, as we ascended on their flank, threw it back, changing its direction, but still presenting us a front. At last, perceiving that we were in great strength, and had large bodies of cavalry up, they threw themselves into squares, and retiring over the river Arlanzon, joined the

remainder of the French corps under Count Reille, and the whole took the road to Burgos. These troops manœuvred very rapidly and steadily ; and effected their retreat in most beautiful order, in the face of our cavalry, and under the fire of some of our artillery, which, however, did very little execution. At the close of this affair, I had the gratification of seeing on these heights nearly the whole of the British cavalry. Most of the brigades passed us in columns of half squadrons, as they were returning to take up their ground for the night. The masses of heavy dragoons, with their brazen helmets, horse-hair plumes, and long crimson cloaks, had a most superb and martial appearance ; and were happily contrasted by the light, ready, and active look of the hussars, whose equipment and dress were neat and becoming.

Our infantry columns returned also, and encamped on the line of the Hormasa river, leaving strong picquets on the heights. One of these picquets I commanded ; it began to rain heavily towards the evening, and poured for several hours. To add to our

comfort we had nothing to eat, and on these bare hills there was no wood for firing. The morning, however, brought with it consolation; for, at early dawn, while gazing with my glass at the distant castle of Burgos, I had the satisfaction to see it suddenly enveloped in thick white smoke, and the sound of a tremendous explosion announced to me that the enemy had blown up, and would of course abandon it. In ten minutes a second explosion followed, and, in about a quarter of an hour, I could distinctly see the yawning ruins.

A very large French army was now collected on the Ebro; for Joseph, with all the troops who had been at Madrid, Segovia, &c. had marched rapidly by the pass of Somosierra, on Avanda and Burgos, and were now moving in front of us. Although there was no longer a Burgos to besiege or blockade, to have forced the pass of Pancorro, and have crossed the Ebro at Miranda had been impossible. Wellington moved as rapidly by the left, on an unfrequented road, and passing the Ebro by the Puente de Arenas, marched directly on Vittoria, whi-

ther the enemy retired. Our column moved on the evening of the 13th to Villorejo. The road lay through a very pretty valley, filled with small, neat-looking villages : corn and meadow land, poplars and willows, gave it quite an English character. On the whole of the 15th, as we traversed the plain to Villascusa, we had a fine distinct view of the sierras of Asturias on our left.

On the 16th, we descended by a steep and rocky road into a low secluded valley, through which the Ebro, here narrow and inconsiderable, winds its way, and crossing the river by a stone bridge of five arches, turned to the left, and followed a road running, for nearly two miles, along the bank of the Ebro, and almost on a level with its waters. The view of this valley on your descent to it, the vale itself, and the singularly picturesque road by which you pass out from it, are among the most enchanting scenes it has ever fallen to my lot to contemplate. Here you may imagine yourself transported to the happy retreat described in *Rasselas*. On every side mountains in-close and shelter this favoured spot ; all the

passes leading to and from it are concealed from you; the fields all teem with cultivation, and the orchards all blush with fruit: the ash, the beech, and the poplar, the woodbine, the rose, and a thousand shrubs, shade and adorn the rural dwellings. The narrow wheel-track, by which you leave this elysium, runs curving at the foot of impending precipices, so bold and varied in their forms, and the character of their beauties, that no pen could describe them justly. Here they are clothed with rich and shaggy brushwood, there naked to their blue or grey summits, which frown above you; and here, again, from the rude clefts and fissures of the rock, grow solitary trees and plants, where no hand can ever reach them, while, in some places, thick wreaths of ivy half cover the projecting crags. The river brawls along between these cliffs, often impeded by huge masses of mountain stone, which have fallen in some wintry storm, or been detached by some violent convulsion of nature, and now form islands in its bed. In a scene so lovely, soldiers seemed quite misplaced, and the glittering of arms, the

trampling of horses, and the loud voices of the men, appeared to insult its peacefulness. On the three following days our bivouacks were delightful; fine wood and water, and grand scenery, all combined to make us cheerful and contented.

At half past seven on the morning of the 21st, our column entered the high road running from Miranda to Vittoria, and marching through the small town of Puebla, amid the *vivas* of the inhabitants, with our music playing and colours flying, we, in half an hour more, halted in the presence of the French army, which was formed in order of battle, on a position of great strength. Their right was stationed near the city of Vittoria, their centre commanded the valley of the Zadorra, and their left rested on the lofty heights which rise above Puebla.* The battle array of a large army is a most noble and imposing sight. To see the hostile lines and columns formed,

* On a very steep and commanding height on the right of the enemy's centre, flew a white standard, said to mark the head-quarters and the presence of Joseph Bonaparte.

and prepared for action ; to observe their generals and mounted officers riding smartly from point to point, and to mark every now and then, one of their guns opening on your own staff, reconnoitring them, is a scene very animating, and a fine prelude to a general engagement. On your own side, too, the hammering of flints and loosening of cartridges ; the rattle of guns and tumbrils, as they come careering up to take their appointed stations ; and the swift galloping of aid-de-camps in every direction, here bringing reports to their generals, there conveying orders to the attacking columns, all speak of peril and death, but also of anticipated victory ; and so cheeringly, that a sensation of proud hope swells the bosom, which is equal, if not superior, to the feeling of exultation in the secure moment of pursuit and triumph. With the exception of the sixth, which was detained at Medina, all the divisions of the Anglo-Portuguese army, and those of the Spanish under the orders of Giron, Longa, and Murillo, were present in this field. We could not have

had less than 74,000 men, and the French about 60,000, with a numerous artillery.

The corps of Sir Rowland Hill, in pursuance of the general arrangements, began the action by attacking the enemy's left. From the moment that we passed Puebla, a Spanish brigade, under the orders of General Murillo, was sent up the heights, rising above that town, and was afterwards supported by the 71st regiment, some light companies, and a battalion of Portuguese caçadores, all commanded by the Honourable Colonel Cadogan, of the 71st. These troops were heavily engaged long before the action became general, and sustained great loss ; but, at length, succeeded in gaining possession of these important heights, and in dislodging and driving down the enemy. My brigade marched upon the village of Subijana de Alava, in front of the line, and had orders to carry it with the bayonet. The enemy opened upon us with fourteen pieces of artillery, from their position, as we moved down, but with little effect. I could never persuade myself that they would resign so important a post as

the village without a struggle; and when we got close to it, and began to find the ground difficult and intersected with walls and banks, I expected every moment to be saluted with a murderous discharge of musquetry, and to see them issue forth; and I had prepared my men to look for, and disregard such an attack. Not a soul, however, was in the village; but a wood a few hundred yards to its left, and the ravines above it, were filled with French light infantry. I, with my company, was soon engaged in smart skirmishing among the ravines, and lost about eleven men, killed and wounded, out of thirty-eight. The English do not skirmish so well as the Germans or the French; and it really is hard work to make them preserve their proper extended order, cover themselves, and not throw away their fire; and in the performance of this duty, an officer is, I think, far more exposed than in line-fighting. I enjoyed, however, from my elevated post, a very fine view of the field. Below me, it was really dreadful to see how the other regiments, which skirmished opposite

the wood, suffered from the fire of the French voltigeurs. It was about two o'clock when the fourth and light divisions crossed the Zadorra, by a bridge opposite Nanclares, deployed, and advanced boldly against the enemy's centre and town of Ariñez. About the same hour, the third and seventh divisions forced the bridge of the Puentes, and attacked, and drove his right. All this time there was a tremendous fire of artillery on both sides; but, as this slackened, the enemy was seen preparing to retire; and he soon abandoned every village, height, and position, in great confusion. We marched rapidly in pursuit, but to little purpose; and halted in the evening in a bivouack about two miles in front, and to the right of Vittoria. Here, news about the general result of the battle came pouring in every moment; and we found, that the enemy, having been cut off from the Bayonne road by Sir Thomas Graham, (who, with the British and Spanish divisions under his orders, had dislodged him, after a sharp conflict, from Gamarra Mayor, and Abechuco,) had fled in the direction of

Pampeluna, abandoning the whole of his baggage and artillery. One hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, 415 caissons, their military chest, and upwards of 3000 carriages, waggons, and cars, laden with stores, treasure, and plunder, had fallen into our hands. Our loss had been about 5000 killed and wounded; and that of the French not more considerable. I confess, I was disappointed with the result, and had looked for more solid, and less high sounding advantages. It is true, the capture of all their artillery and materiel was a brilliant triumph; and in those days when generals would have sacrificed an army for their preservation, would have been regarded with wonder and admiration. For my part, I would much sooner have heard of heavy casualties in the French ranks, and have seen a good solid column of them prisoners. I was smiled at, and called unreasonable; but this very army, deprived of its artillery, stript of its baggage, and driven into France in twelve days after the victory, in eighteen more resumed the offensive, assaulted our positions in the

passes of the Pyrenees, penetrated to within a league of Pampeluna, and fought a battle for its relief. After all, however, when I reflect, that our army was brought, in five and forty days, from the frontiers of Portugal to the confines of France, a distance of 400 miles ; and that a powerful enemy was driven before us, through the defiles of the lower Pyrenees, I am lost in admiration of the talent of Wellington ; and should, perhaps, feel ashamed to own my disappointment on the field of Vittoria.

In this battle, one regiment of our division, the 71st, suffered severely, losing 400 men, and their gallant commander, the Hon. Colonel Cadogan. This brave officer, it is reported, mortally wounded, and fully aware of his situation, begged to be carried to a higher point than that on which he fell, that he might see how the battle went, and gaze to the last on the advance of our victorious troops. This trait of patriotism would have figured well in Greek or Roman story ; as it is, it remains a camp anecdote, related or listened to with pleasure, but without wonder, by men, who have seen

common British soldiers, covered with wounds, expire in the very act of cheering. I am one, who suspect, that three hundred British grenadiers would have held the pass of Thermopylæ as stoutly as the Spartans; and have considered it as the simple discharge of a perilous and important duty, to die on the ground on which they fought. Not that I think less highly of the ancients; but only as highly of the moderns. Insensible to a tale of heroism I can never feel; and I admit, that such a tale is ever hallowed by the remoteness of the age in which the action it relates has been performed; but I condemn those who rave about Greeks and Romans; and because division and regiment do not sound quite so classical as legion and cohort, would persuade us, that musketeers are not as brave as hastati; or British captains worthy to be classed with Roman centurions.

On the morning of the 22d, the army marched forwards, leaving a captain's detachment from every regiment in Vittoria. I was sent on this unpleasant duty. The streets of the town, as may be imagined,

were all bustle and confusion : here, cars, filled indiscriminately with French, English, and Portuguese wounded, were conveying their groaning burthens to the convents allotted for their hospitals. There, officers wounded and pale, their uniforms all blood-stained and dirty, were riding towards their billets at a slow pace ; their servants leading the animals by the bridle, and often supporting their drooping and suffering masters, to whom the agony of motion appeared intolerable. Here, a few groups of French prisoners stood, eagerly looking out from the door of the church where they were confined ; there, our detachments lay halted in the streets, waiting for orders ; while long trains of commissariat mules laden with biscuit, were filing past us to follow the army. From the gate, Spanish troops were marching in to garrison Vitoria, while astonishment was painted on the features of the inhabitants ; to whom, having been so long under the dominion of the French, their present situation appeared novel, and their liberation almost incredible.

For two or three days, I was employed with strong fatigue parties, collecting the guns and caissons scattered on the roads, and among the fields to the north of the town. We dragged into park 174 cannon; of these, ninety were field pieces, all foul mouthed from recent use. The ground, for nearly a square league, was covered with the wreck of carriages, cars, chests, and baggage; and, here and there, whole fields were literally white with thickly scattered papers. In their search for money and valuables, the soldiers had ransacked every thing; they had torn out the lining of the carriages, and cut open the padding; they had broken all the correspondence chests of the various military and civil offices, and had strewn out papers, returns, and official documents, that had been, for years, perhaps, accumulating. You saw the finest military books and maps trod under foot, and utterly spoiled by the rain, that had fallen the day after the battle. In one part, very near a half destroyed barouche, I found a very interesting and beautiful letter, written in English, and addressed

to his wife from Naples, by a Monsieur Thiebault; who, it appeared, had been treasurer to Joseph Buonaparte. With a little trouble, I discovered not less than twenty written by the same person, and in the same amiable and affectionate strain; they were dated from various places in Italy and Spain, and contained many natural and pleasing descriptions. I gathered them up, and returned home, rejoicing in my treasure. In the evening I went to a café, and seeing there several of the French officers taken, I asked one of them, if he knew a Monsieur Thiebault, the king's treasurer; he replied, extremely well, that he had been killed by a chance shot among the baggage on the 21st.; that his son was a prisoner*, and quite disconsolate; and that his wife, a most sweet woman, and a

* I made a packet of the letters, and sent them to the son, accompanied by a note, to which I did not sign my name, that he might not be distressed, by knowing or meeting one who had read this affectionate correspondence; and I had the happiness of learning, that the recovery of these papers, these precious memorials of an amiable parent, have proved the greatest consolation to this unhappy young man.

native of Scotland, had left Vittoria for Bayonne on the 20th, and was still ignorant of her irreparable loss.

When the history of any individual, who has fallen, is thus brought before us, we feel deeply, but wander over ground, covered with corpses, about whom we know nothing, with comparative indifference; yet, if we knew the history attached to each lifeless body, on which we gazed, with what tales of sorrow should we not become acquainted. It would be, perhaps, difficult to select a more painful anecdote connected with the battle of Vittoria, than the following:—A paymaster of a regiment of British infantry had two sons, lieutenants in the corps in which he served; he was a widower, and had no relations besides these youths; they lived in his tent, were his pride and delight. The civil staff of a regiment usually remain with the baggage when the troops engage, and join them with it afterwards. In the evening, when this paymaster came up, an officer met him. “My boys,” said the old man, “how are they? *Have they done their duty?*” “They have behaved most nobly;