

no possibility of escape, we were guided rather than escorted. There were 140 English in all, but not more than 40 of any one regiment, and only four officers. As we passed along, we met more French troops coming up along the narrow mountain road. None of the soldiers offered to insult us; many of the officers indeed saluted us, though here and there a decorated officer smoothed his mustachoes as he looked upon us, with an air of impatient brusquerie. It was quite amusing to see the rapidity with which a lie had been framed, and passed down their files. Myself, and one of the officers taken as battalion officers, wore *épaulettes* of bullion. As the leading sections of this French brigade passed us, we heard them say, "deux chefs de bataillon prisonniers;" but, as the rear came up, they were crying out "en avant," "l'affaire va bien" — "deux bataillons prises aux ennemis." It was in vain I said "Je ne suis que capitaine;" still the cry ran, "vive Napoléon," "deux bataillons prises aux ennemis." — *Battre une fois ces*

Anglois ce seroit un plaisir," muttered an elderly-looking, hard-featured colonel, as he passed us, bowing gravely, unconscious, no doubt, that we understood this negative acknowledgment of our past and repeated successes.

THE END.

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