

ground. Some of the men felt inclined to make game of him, but it only showed that fighting needs practice before people can take things easy. It is likely that it was the first time he had been engaged, and I have no doubt but he would eventually get the better of that custom; those who have not known it by experience can form no idea of the indifference with which our soldiers entered a battle after being some time in the Peninsula. As an instance of this, we were at one time lying opposite to the enemy, in daily expectation of being engaged, one of our men, (a Highlandman,) having lost the small piece of ornamented leather which is worn in front of the uniform cap, on taking off his hat for some purpose, the deficiency caught his eye, and looking at it for a few moments, he said, very seriously, "I wish to God there may be an engagement to-day, till I get a rosette for my cap."

After crossing the river, our division advanced in two lines upon the village where their artillery were posted, under a tremendous fire, and succeeded, after

an obstinate resistance, in dislodging them. The 4th and light divisions having also crossed the river, advanced upon the enemy's centre. The French had made sure of defeating us at this point, and it was said that Joseph Buonaparte had erected a buttress on one of the spires, for the purpose of seeing them drive us back; but he was doomed to a severe disappointment, for the 2d division having succeeded in driving the French off the heights, they commenced their retreat on the Burgos road, but were intercepted by general Graham, with the left of our army, and after losing several villages in succession, which they warmly contested, they were at length compelled to abandon the main road to France, (Joseph himself narrowly escaping,) and take the road to Pampeluna, followed in pursuit by the whole army; and such was their haste that they were obliged to abandon all their baggage and guns, with the exception of one gun, and one howitzer. 151 cannon, 415 ammunition waggons, 100 other waggons, 14,000 rounds of ammunition,

2,000,000 ball cartridges, and 40,000 pounds of powder, with the baggage and treasury waggons, said to be worth £630,000, fell into our hands.

The enemy lost 10,000 killed and wounded, and 1900 prisoners. The loss on our side amounted to about 3000 killed and wounded.

When we reached the town, passing to the left of it, we found their baggage to the right of the road, lying in the greatest confusion—the columns passed on, but some of the stragglers who fell out, got immense sums of money out of the treasury waggons, few of them were much the better of it, however. I knew one man who got to the amount of £2,000 here, that was going without shoes before we left the country. We passed on some distance beyond Vittoria, and encamped—but many of the men returned that night to the baggage, and got money, and valuables of every description. The camp that night and next day, was like a fair; and the dollars and dubloons were flying about in every direction.

The rear of the French army entered Pampeluna on the 24th, having previously lost their gun, and out of their whole artillery, they had now only left one solitary howitzer. Never was an army so discomfited. They were so confident of success, that they had made no provision for a retreat. Having left a garrison in Pampeluna, they proceeded to retreat by the road of Roncesvalles, and we invested Pampeluna on the 26th. We were in camp for a day or two here, and during that time, a party of our regiment had relieved a Spanish picquet, on a hill above our encampment. It had rained during the night, and the picquet's arms, which were piled in front of the tent, had got a little rusty. Being fatigued, they had neglected to clean them. Colonel Lloyd who was ever on the alert, particularly when near the enemy, having paid them a visit very early in the morning, took notice of their arms; but without passing any remark, he called the sergeant, who thinking that he wished to inspect the picquet, ordered them to turn out.

“Never mind falling in,” said the colonel, “I only called to ask why you did not make those rascally Spaniards whom you relieved last night, take their arms with them.” The sergeant who did not see through the sarcasm, replied, “that the Spaniards did take their arms with them.” “And pray, whose arms are these?” “The picquet’s arms,” replied the sergeant. “Poh! nonsense, you don’t intend to make me believe these arms belong to British soldiers. Send for the Spaniards, and make them take away their arms.” So saying, he walked down the hill. Each man felt his honour implicated, and the colonel had not gone many paces, when they were all busy cleaning their muskets. It was in this manner that he could convey severe reproof, and endear himself to his men at the same time. From this place we marched across the country to Sangnessa, and having remained there a few days, we returned, and were quartered in a small village, called Olaz, about three miles from Pampeluna, sending

out working parties to the batteries, which were forming against the town.

General Graham having pushed on by the sea side as far as Passages, and general Hill having dislodged the enemy on the right—the whole had now retired into France.

We remained in this place until the 25th of August, when Soult having hastily collected an army of 40,000 men, made a furious attack on the 4th division. Our division advanced to their support, but not being able to keep our ground against such a force, as they had brought up, the whole were obliged to retreat precipitately that night upon Huarte, when a position was taken up by the army. On the 27th they made a desperate attack on the left of our line, where we had possession of a hill, which they made repeated attempts to gain possession of, but without success—for whenever they drove in our skirmishers, so as to reach the top, the regiments stationed to defend it, came forward, and having poured a volley into them, charged them down the hill with dreadful slaughter.

On the 28th they again attempted it, but with like success. A desperate attack was then made on the 4th division, but they were charged with the bayonet, and repulsed with immense loss. On the 29th Soult manœuvred to turn our left—but on the 30th, our army in turn attacked ;—the 7th division, their right—our division (the 3d) their left—and the other divisions their centre—when they were defeated, and fled in all directions, losing in their retreat many prisoners, among which were a number of raw conscripts, who had not been four months enlisted.

During the time we lay in position, the French occupied a hill on one side, while our division were posted on a rise opposite, a small valley being between; in this valley there was a sort of entrenchment formed, where our picquets lay. It could be of little use to either side, as it was exposed to the fire of both armies. But the French, out of bravado, determined on taking it, and selected a party for that purpose. A brave fellow of an officer headed them,

and came cheering down the hill; our men did not incommode themselves in the least, until they were so near, that they could take a sure aim, when those in rear of the entrenchment, starting up, saluted them with a volley of musquetry, that brought down an immense number, among others, the officer who was some way in front; whenever they saw him fall, they turned to the right about, and ascended the hill, leaving him on the ground. We felt sorry for the fate of the brave fellow who had led them, and deprecated the cowardly scoundrels who had left him.

It is a peculiar feature of the British soldier, that his bravery does not depend on that of his officers, although, no doubt, it may be stimulated by the presence and example of a good one—I never knew it to fail through their bad conduct.

From this we followed the French by the road of Roncesvalles, and took up our encampment on one of the Pyrenees, above that village so much renowned in

Spanish poetry. In our ascent we found a number of half consumed bodies lying on the mountain side, being those of the enemy who had been killed in the preceding engagement, and whom they thus disposed of. When we reached the top of the hill, we found ourselves enveloped in mist; and during the few days we remained on it, it was so thick that we durst not move from the camp for water, without forming a chain of men to guide us back. From this place we removed, and were posted on the heights above the village of Maya, occupying the ground from which part of our advanced posts were driven back on the 25th; the scene of action being marked out by the dead bodies lying about, and the ground strewed with the fragments of clothing, particularly the tartan dress of one of our Highland regiments.

Being relieved by other troops, we descended the mountain, and were encamped near the village of Ariscune. While here, one of the 83d regiment

was shot for desertion; he had deserted when we formed the advance at the Maya pass, and having come out with some of the French generals to reconnoitre our position, they were attacked by a picquet of our cavalry, when the French officers decamped, leaving the deserter behind. He was then taken, and being subsequently tried by a general court-martial, was sentenced to be shot; he blamed the tyrannical conduct of the officer commanding his company and pay-sergeant, for being the cause of his desertion, that they had taken ill-will at him on some account, and rendered his life so miserable, that he was driven to the desperate step which ended in his death. Whether his statement was true, I cannot say, but his comrades were inclined to think it was.

During this time general Graham besieged and took St. Sebastian.

While we were here, I was sent on command with a letter to general Hill, whose division now occupied the heights above Roncesvalles. In going from the one place to the other, I had to travel

about six miles through a bye path, on the ridge of one of the Pyrenees, and my imagination was struck in a peculiar manner by the awful grandeur of the scenery, yet I could not help feeling horror at the death-like stillness that reigned around me; I felt myself as it were lifted out of the world—I saw nor heard not any living thing but a huge vulture, who stood upright on a rock by the road side, looking at me as I passed; without seeming the least disturbed at my presence, he rather seemed to eye me as an invader of his solitary domain. I tried to startle him by making a noise, but he disdained to move, at length, when it suited his own pleasure, he slowly expanded his broad wings, and rising a few yards from the ground, hovered for some time immediately above my head, and then soared out of sight. Having ascended the mountain, I found the 2d division encamped on nearly the same ground that we had formerly occupied, and enveloped in mist as we had been. The place where general Hill and his staff were encamped was sur-

rounded by a small intrenchment, inside of which the tents were pitched, and a kind of log house built in the centre, to serve as a mess room. Judging from the proud and haughty bearing of some of our ensigns, in coming into the presence of the general, second in command of the British army, I expected to be annihilated by his look, and I was ushered into the mess room to deliver my message with a palpitating heart, but I no sooner saw the humane and benevolent-looking countenance of the general, than my apprehensions vanished. Having read the letter, he questioned me concerning the health of the commanding officer, and asked me questions concerning our regiment, (of which he was colonel,) in the kindest and most unaffected manner; then calling one of his servants, he ordered him to provide me liberally in meat and drink. Some time after, seeing me standing outside the tent, he called me, and asked whether the servants had paid attention to me. Next morning, on giving me a letter for my commanding officer, "I did not in-

tend," said he, "that you should have returned so soon, but we are going to remove down to the valley, and as it would be only taking you out of your road, it will be as well for you to proceed; but there is no necessity that you should go farther than the small village two leagues from this. I will give directions to my orderly dragoon to procure you a billet there, and to-morrow you can join your regiment." He then ordered his servant to fill my haversack with provision; and when I was going away, he said, "Remember now what I have told you, don't go farther than the village, and here is something for you, (putting a 5s. piece into my hand,) to get yourself a refreshment when you arrive there."

These circumstances have no particular interest in themselves to render them worth reciting, only that they serve to show the amiable disposition of a general, whose character for bravery and skill, is too well known to the public to need any eulogium of mine. It was this feeling and humane disposition, and at-

tention to their interests that caused him to be so much beloved by the troops under his command, and gained for him the appellation of father. "Daddy Hill" being the name he was called by in his division.

From Ariscune we again moved, and occupied the heights above Maya, from whence we advanced in the beginning of October, and drove the French outposts back into the valley, at the same time burning their huts. While engaged at this business, there fell a tremendous shower of hailstones, some of them measuring five inches in circumference. The regiment got partially under cover in a small chapel, but those with the baggage were exposed, and many were hurt severely. On this day the left of our army succeeded in crossing the Bidasoa.

On returning from this affair, we ascended the heights above the village of Zaggaramurdi, where we encamped. From this part of the Pyrenees we had a view of France, and the position of the French army, who occupied a line,

the right of which rested on the seaport St. Jean de Luz, and the left on St. Jean Pied de Port: here they had formed an entrenched camp, and had redoubts on each hill along the whole line.

We remained on this ground until the 10th of November, during which time, the weather was severe—the wind often blowing with such violence, that the tents could not be kept pitched. From a precipice above our encampment, we could view the sea, and the towns along the coast.

It was now three years since we beheld it, during which time our hopes and wishes had often fondly turned to our native homes; each fresh campaign and each battle was reckoned the precursor of our return, but by expectation, every day beguiled, we had almost begun to despair of ever beholding it again; when our recent successes, and the sight of the ocean which encircled the land of our birth, produced the most lively hopes, and pleasing anticipations. A more than common friendly feeling was

displayed amongst us, each saw in his comrade's face the reflection of the joy that animated his own heart. The mountain air braced our nerves, and gave us a bounding elasticity of spirit, which rose superior to every thing.

A few of us who were drawn together by congeniality of sentiment and disposition, used to assemble and wander up among the giant cliffs with which we were surrounded, and perching ourselves in a crany, would sit gazing on the ocean and ships passing with emotions which I have felt, but cannot describe. Its expansive bosom seemed a magic mirror, wherein we could read our future fortune, a happy return from all our dangers, smiling friends with all the early loved associations of childhood and youth, swam before our hope-dazzled imaginations, and we sat and sung the songs of Scotland until the tears trickled down our cheeks. He who has never heard the melodies of his native land sung in a foreign country, is ignorant of a pleasure that nothing can surpass. But we were not all doom-

ed to realise those pleasing anticipations, many found their graves in the valley which we then overlooked.

Lord Wellington having prepared every thing for an attack on the French position in the valley, on the 10th of November about two o'clock in the morning, we assembled, and having marched down to the foot of the hill, on a signal given by a gun firing, the attack commenced; that on the enemy's left was made, under the direction of general Hill, by the 2d and 6th divisions, supported by a division of Portuguese and Spaniards. Marshal Beresford commanded the centre, consisting of our division, the 4th and 7th, supported by a division of Spaniards.

The enemy having been driven from the redoubts in front of Sarre, we advanced upon the village. Our regiment being selected to charge a strong column of them that protected the bridge, colonel Lloyd filed us off from the division, and led us on to the attack in the most heroic manner. Having succeeded in carrying it with consider-

able loss on our part, we returned and took up our place in the column. In a short time after, having passed through the village, the whole army co-operating, we advanced to the attack of the enemy's main position on the heights behind it, on which a line of strong redoubts were formed, with abattis in front, formed by trees cut down and placed with their branches towards us, serving as a cover for their infantry. Having extended our line at the foot of the hill, our division proceeded to the attack, colonel Lloyd having pushed his horse forward before the regiment, advanced cheering on his men with the most undaunted bravery—but before he reached its summit, he received a mortal wound in the breast, and was only saved from falling off his horse by some of the men springing forward to his assistance. When this was perceived by the regiment, a pause of a moment was made in the midst of their career, and the tear started into each eye as they saw him borne down the hill. But the next was devoted to revenge, and re-

ardless of every thing, they broke through all obstacles, and driving the enemy from their position, they charged them through their burning huts without mercy. The troops to our right and left having carried the other redoubts, the enemy were obliged to surrender the strong position which they had taken; and in the principal redoubt on the right, they left the 1st battalion of their 88th regiment, which surrendered.

The troops under general Hill having succeeded in forcing them from their positions on the right of our army, our division and the 7th moved by the left of the Neville, on St. Pe, covered by the 2d and 6th divisions. A part of the enemy's troops had crossed, and advancing, gained possession of the height above it. Our centre and right columns were now established behind the enemy's right; but night came on, and we were obliged to cease firing. Having encamped, intelligence was brought up of the death of colonel Lloyd: he had been carried to a house at the foot of the hill, where he expired in a few minutes.

Thus fell the brave and noble Lloyd, in the vigour of manhood and the height of his fame, for his worth and services were well known, and duly appreciated by lord Wellington. Though young, his extraordinary abilities had caused him to rise rapidly in the service, and had attracted the admiration of the army in which he served, while his humanity and wise system of discipline, endeared him to those he commanded. Humble though thy grave be, gallant Lloyd, and though no sculptured marble rises o'er thy tomb, thine is a nobler meed, thy virtues are engraven on many a heart, which nothing but the rude hand of death can e'er efface; and though no pageantry followed thy remains to the grave, honest heart-felt tears were shed upon it. I never witnessed sorrow so general as that produced by the intelligence of his death; our hearts were full—we felt as if we had lost a father—all his good qualities were recapitulated, and tears were shed in abundance during the recital.

Had any of those overbearing officers

who carry all with a high hand and by dint of severity, witnessed the feeling displayed that night among the men of our regiment, they would have forsworn tyranny for ever. One individual only exulted in his death, and that was the captain of yellow and black badge celebrity, whom I have already had occasion to mention; he considered that colonel L.'s promotion into our regiment had hindered his own, and as the goodness which some men cannot imitate, causes their hate, so it was with him. When he received intelligence of colonel L.'s death, snapping his fingers in a manner peculiar to himself, he exclaimed, "They have been licking the butter off my bread for some time, but I think I have them now." This unfeeling expression becoming known in the regiment, caused him more detestation even than his former cruelty.

CHAPTER VIII.

USTARITZ—HASPARI—SAUVETERRE—ORTHEZ
—INCIDENTS.

THE enemy retired from the position on their right that night, and quitting also their position and works in front of St. Jean de Luz, retired upon Bidart, destroying the bridges on the lower Nivelle. In the course of the preceding day we had taken 51 piece of cannon, six ammunition tumbrils, and 1400 prisoners.

In consequence of the rapid movements of the division, the baggage had not come up, and as it rained heavy, we were rather uncomfortably situated. Next day we moved forward a short distance, through dreadful dirty roads, but the enemy having retired into an entrenched camp before Bayonne, we halted and again encamped, when the baggage joined us. Some of them had been nearly taken by the French during the

preceding night, our division being farther advanced than the enemy's right, they were uncertain where to direct their march. The corporal of our band, a Glasgow lad, who was a particular friend of mine, and one of the party who used to associate together in their strolls on the Pyrenees, coming up that evening with the baggage, observed a poor woman of the 88th regiment, endeavouring to raise the ass that carried her necessaries, out of a hole it had fallen into; as it was getting dark, and the baggage had all passed, the poor woman was in a miserable plight, and begged of him to assist her. She could not have applied to one more willing to succour a person in distress, and setting to work, after a good deal of trouble he got the borico on its feet, but so much time had elapsed that the baggage was now out of hearing, and they were uncertain which way to proceed. After travelling some distance they heard bugles sounding to their left, and they kept on in that direction, until they found themselves in the midst of some regiments of

Spaniards, but who could give them no information respecting the position of our division; pointing, however, to where they suspected them to be, our travellers continued their route in that direction, but the poor ass was so fatigued, that it lay down every now and then under its burden; assisting it on, however, in the best way they could, the road they had taken brought them between two hills, on which they perceived the fires of different encampments. When they arrived opposite them, they suspected from their relative position, that one must be the enemy, but which of them they knew not; they were now in a dilemma, and to add to it, the poor ass tumbled headlong into a stream that ran through the valley, and their united efforts could not raise it. P.'s spirit of knight-errantry was now fast evaporating, and he was almost tempted to swear that he would never again be caught succouring distressed damsels; when the woman, whose invention was sharpened by the exigency of her situation, proposed that she would creep softly up the hill, until she came within hearing of the soldiers