

but you have lost"—— "Which of them?"
"Alas! both: they are numbered with the dead."

If this page should meet the eye of a man visited with affliction, let him think how heavily the arrows of misfortune lighted upon this grey head, and be resigned.

A friend of mine, belonging to another corps, lay wounded in Vittoria. I heard of it, and hastened to his billet. I found him reclining on a sofa, and looking, as I thought, remarkably well. He received me cordially and cheerfully. "I rejoice," said I, "to see you smiling; your injury is of course slight." "You are mistaken; my wound is mortal, and my hours, I believe, are almost numbered. I shall never leave this room but as a corpse; but these are events which should never take a soldier by surprise." With him the hurry and excitement of the conquered field had been exchanged for the calm, the awful calm of the chamber of death: he had been but yesterday in the season of his youth, his strength and his hope; he was now gazing steadily upon, and advancing towards his grave. He died

in two days. I saw him laid in the garden of a convent. Returning from his funeral I met a serjeant of my regiment, who had come with an escort from the division. "How are they all, serjeant?" said I. "We have lost Mr. ———." "How? in an affair?" — "No; we had a dreadful storm among the mountains, and in one of the narrowest passes, himself and his horse were struck by lightning, and killed on the spot." This too was a noble-minded zealous officer, one who had braved many a scene of peril, and whose ambition it had ever been to perish in the field. You grow familiar on service with death and sorrow; you do not weep — but if he have an eye to observe, and a heart to feel, few men see or suffer more than a soldier.

In Vittoria, I found an excellent bookseller's shop, and procured some of the classics, and the best French authors — Paris editions, and pocket-size, uncommonly cheap. This bookseller assured me that he had sold more books to the British in the course of one fortnight, than he had disposed of for two years to the French

constantly passing through that city ; and expressed great surprise, that among our officers so many reading men should be found.

It is certainly true, that in England the education of our military men appears, by comparison with those who study for the learned professions, neglected and imperfect ; but the British officers have better manners, more extensive information, and more cultivated minds, than those of any army in the world. I speak not of scientific attainments, for I believe the study of fortification, gunnery, and military mathematics, is more general with French and foreign officers than our own. One notion, however, is very prevalent in England about the French army, which is exceedingly erroneous. It is thought, that their marshals, their generals, and chiefs of the staff, are almost always mathematicians, draftsmen, men of science, and perfect tacticians. This is *by no means* the case. Zeal, intrepidity, ready intelligence, fearlessness under responsibility, and a practical acquaintance with war, are the qualities which have

recommended, and lifted to honour and renown, the most distinguished officers of France. Genius directs, science obeys. The man of a daring and intelligent mind commands an army; the men of science labour, unseen, in the lower departments, and assist its operations. By their exertions, the face of a country is accurately mapped. Elevations and distances are correctly given; bridges are constructed, military roads traced up the pathless mountain, and fortresses breached; but, to decide upon the march, the assault, or the battle, belongs to the mind of a leader, to whom success with the compass and the pencil may have been denied; and, doubtless, abler draftsmen, and abler mathematicians than themselves, have marched under the orders of a Wellington, and a Napoleon.

On the 5th of July, the detachments of our division marched to rejoin the army. I must not leave Vittoria without remarking, that it is a very clean town, has a very handsome square, excellent houses, good shops, and a well supplied market. The complexion of the inhabitants was much

fairer than any I had before seen ; some of the women, indeed, had blue eyes, and the brown hair and healthful cheek of our own countrywomen ; which is not surprising, for the climate is cool and pleasant. The country, which we traversed, to Pampeluna, has a bold and interesting character. You are constantly moving through defiles and amid mountains. In the neighbourhood of the villages, the eye rests with pleasure on vineyards and corn-fields, overhanging each other on the sloping sides of the loftiest heights, and streams and rivulets sparkle all around.

In a village about three leagues from Pampeluna, where I passed the night, I met with a very fine man, a native of Arragon, and a Guerilla. He was wounded in the leg, and of course for a time incapable of service. The circumstances of his situation, the fate of his family, and his language, will explain the nature both of the formation and feelings of many of these Guerilla corps, better, perhaps, than a far longer and more detailed account of them. I asked him where he lived, and under

whom he served. "Senhor," said he, "I have no home, no relations, nothing save my country and my sword. My father was led out, and shot in the market-place of my native village; our cottage was burned, my mother died of grief, and my wife, who had been violated by the enemy, fled to me, then a volunteer with Palafox, and died in my arms, in a hospital in Saragossa. I serve under no particular chief. I am too miserable, I feel too revengeful to support the restraint of discipline and the delay of manœuvre. I go on any enterprize I hear of; if I am poor, on foot; if chance or plunder has made me rich, on horseback; I follow the boldest leader; but I have sworn never to dress a vine or plough a field till the enemy is driven out of Spain." Such was the desperate, the undying hatred to the French which many of these Guerillas cherished — a hatred which often had its source in wrongs and losses like those I have related. I have often heard my prejudiced countrymen speak of these Guerillas as irregular and lawless banditti, who only fought for, and who subsisted on, plunder. It is true

they did subsist on plunder, but it was the plunder of their enemies. They were not paid, and could not live without support. Feelings, deadly feelings of revenge, drove them to exchange the plough and the pruning hook for the sword and the lance; and as their free and haughty spirits rejected the idea of serving in the ranks as soldiers, in no way could they give up their time to war, but by plundering where they conquered.

At the time I passed Pampeluna, it was blockaded by our troops. It is the chief city of Navarre, and one of the finest and most perfect fortresses in Spain. The road by which our detachments filed towards Villa Alba, ran along the face of a height within one mile of the place, and commanding a fine view both of the city and works. It was a summer afternoon; there was no stir, no bustle, no firing; it was a scene of still life. There is something infinitely grand in that air of stern repose and warlike security, which hangs over the grey walls of a formidable fortress, round which blockading foes lie idly in their scattered

camp, and attempt nothing. Such was the aspect of Pampeluna: it frowned defiance, and was to be starved into submission. I looked with uncommon interest upon this scene. Groups of people were promenading the walls. Female figures leaning from the balconies; French soldiers lay indolently stretched out on the glacis, and on the grass near them cattle were feeding, while the sound of the convent and church bells conveyed the idea of profound peacefulness.

In my billet a little beyond Villa Alba, I met with excellent treatment, and my host presented me with some fine wine, of a tawny forbidding colour, but of most exquisite flavour. Our route from hence to Ortiz was singularly beautiful. There is a constant succession of verdant fertile valleys. Hedges of myrtle, and a fine clear stream, whose banks are all gaily and wildly decked with shrubs and flowers, give them a most rural and romantic character. It was painful, however, to see, that wherever in the space, on either side of the road, the ground had been flat and covered with corn, all

was trodden down by the march of the retiring French army. Between Ortiz and Lanz, the scenery is fine, and you pass a most magnificent forest of oaks. From Lanz to Berroeta the road, which is difficult and rocky, ascends a lofty mountain, so lofty, indeed, that Barretti says it is full as high as Mount Cenis. We were three hours descending to Berroeta, by a narrow and broken road, by which, however, some Portuguese artillery, under the direction of a most active and intelligent officer, did contrive to pass. When this was reported to the French officers, they were perfectly incredulous, declaring that they had viewed that road as altogether impassable for guns. At Berroeta we entered the beautiful vale of Elizondo, or, as it is often called, San Estenan. It extends about two leagues and a half, and is bounded to the north by the Lower Pyrenees, which rise just above the village of Maya. The vale itself is so elevated that you are, perhaps, rather disappointed at first, by the appearance of the mountains which surround you. They are, indeed, bold and grand, and their sides

are intersected by numberless wild and rugged ravines ; some of them, too, have crests of grey and jagged rock ; yet, again, the tops of many are round, smooth, and verdant, and seem to invite ascent. We passed through the small town of Elizondo, where the head-quarters of Lord Hill were established ; through that of Maya, the division head-quarters ; and striking off here to the right, with a guide sent from the regiment, I pursued the path with my detachment towards a lofty mountain, on the very summit of which I discerned the white tents of my corps, like small flakes of snow lying still unmelted on its top. I had now done with roads and villages. The face of the country grew bolder every step. We moved up a path so perpendicular and rocky, that it was wonderful how a mule with any burthen could make its way. For two hours and a half we toiled and toiled, till at length the greeting shout of our comrades, who crowded round us with welcoming hands and voices, told us, that rough and rugged as were these mountain-wilds, they contained for us a home. I

was not allowed a moment's repose. Two companions caught me by the hands, and hurrying me forward to an elevated spot a few hundred yards in front of our encampment, bade me, as a reward for my fatiguing march, look on the scene below me ; and what a scene of loveliness, cultivation, and verdure ! France lay stretched out beneath us ; our view was only bounded by the horizon. From the point at which we stood, the arid and sandy deserts of the Landes were hid from us by a fine screen of mountain, while the lovely plains of southern France, all carpeted with corn and pasture, woods and vineyards, lay spread before us, finely contrasting their rich produce and smiling villages with the air of desolation, loneliness, and grandeur, that reigned more immediately around us ; for here the chain of the Pyrenees was in part discoverable. To the right, lofty peaks, white with the snows of ages, bold and varied in their forms, and with hues ever changing, as the light or shadow rested on them, rose above each other in rude majesty. Never was a nobler barrier

placed between two nations by the hand of Heaven, than this chain of the Pyrenees, against whose western point, the rough and restless waters of the Bay of Biscay are ever fiercely beating : while the Mediterranean gently washes the feet of its eastern cliffs. It is true these mountains are not so lofty as the Alps ; Mount Perdu, the highest of them, not being quite 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. But, like the Alps, they have their glaciers, their icy caverns ; like them are subject to the avalanche ; and, doubtless, all the wonders of nature, which have so charmed the visitors of Alpine scenery, would be met with in the central and eastern Pyrenees, were they as carefully explored. Our camp lay full seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, but was quite free from snow, except here and there in some clefts a few patches remained ; nor were we, except towards the dawn of morning, at all incommoded by cold. The corps presented here a very novel appearance. From the great want of shoes, many of the men had been provided with the light hempen sandal,

made and worn by the natives of this province, and well adapted to the steep and slippery heights by which they are surrounded; the becoming cap, too, of these mountaineers, was quite the fashion with our officers. But the natural grace and agility of the finely-formed race of men who inhabit these mountain-vales, are not to be acquired by him who has been born in cities, and nurtured on the plain. Their light step in ascending the loftiest mountains, their activity in leaping from one fragment of rock to another, as they cross the wild ravines and tumbling torrents which often intercept their path, and the secure, yet fearless rapidity of their course down the most dangerous steeps, are truly astonishing to the eye of a stranger.

From the vale of Elizondo there is a pass which leads by Maya, through the village of Urdaz, into France; and there are three mountain-paths on the right, called the Puertas de Ariete, Espegue, and Lareta. With the defence of the Espegue pass our corps was charged when I joined; and in a

spot, about half a mile from our camp, we daily mounted a strong picquet.

I shall never forget the rude path which led to it, or the happy day I passed there ; the dash of torrents and the scream of eagles were the only sounds heard in that wild region. At times, the picturesque figure of one of the herdsmen or hunters of those solitudes was seen hurrying past, who smiled on and saluted us. How wonderfully hath Providence ordered our desires, when it can make the mountaineer look from his barren portion of rock and snow, upon the golden vales beneath him without a sigh, and live contentedly a life of peril and privation, while one of comparative ease and plenty is offered to his choice ; and thus it is with us all. He who has a cultivated mind and a rich imagination delights to travel, and store his mind with images, the recollection of which may brighten his hours of retirement and reflection ; but ask the Englishman, as he climbs the Alps, gazes on the Rhine, pauses amid the ruins of ancient Rome, or views the splendid scenery of the Bay of Naples, —

ask him if he will become a dweller in any of these countries *for ever* — these countries, rich in scenes which he contemplates with enthusiasm, and for which, in his own gloomy climate, he may look in vain: — he would laugh at the simplicity of the question. No; the same power, which has allotted such smiling paths of creation to others, has girt in his own precious country with rock and sea; and has, by a thousand advantages, endeared to him a land, from the tame scenery and clouded atmosphere of which, the natives of romantic Switzerland and brilliant Italy would turn aside, almost with a feeling of disgust.

In a very few days, my regiment changed its ground for a bivouack in front of the village of Maya. As we wound down the mountain, a friend told me an anecdote of Spanish courage, which I have pleasure in recording. In a skirmish with the enemy, on the 7th of July, he observed, that a peasant, armed only with a horse-pistol, had introduced himself among his skirmishers; seeing that the pistol could not possibly take effect, he thanked him, praised

him for his courage, but advised him to go away. "Mas cerca puedo matar?" (Can I kill nearer?) said the man eagerly. "Si," said my friend, smiling. The man immediately ran considerably in front of the line of skirmishers, fired, returned to load again, went forward, and continued so to fight in company with our men; escaping, I rejoice to add, unhurt. To this anecdote, I may add one of British generosity of sentiment: I heard a section of our men speaking in terms of great admiration of the gallantry of a French officer, who, it seems, had made himself very conspicuous in a late skirmish in trying to bring on his men. "I was sorry to see him drop, poor fellow," said one. "Ah!" said another, "he came so close there was no missing him; I did for him!" "Did you!" rejoined the first speaker; "by God, I could not have pulled a trigger at him. No; damn me, I like fair fighting and hot fighting; but I could not single out such a man in cold blood."

My regiment and the brigade now lay bivouacked, for some time, in rear of the

Maya heights ; and a steep and toilsome ascent of two miles and a half separated us from that part of the heights, with the defence of which we were charged, and on which we daily mounted a picquet of eighty men. About one mile in rear of the picquet post lay the light companies of the brigade, as a post of communication and a support.

On the 25th of July, the enemy attacked and carried the pass of Maya with an overwhelming force.

It was a day of brave confusion. It was a surprise, and it was not a surprise. It was one, because the nature of the country favoured the near approach and concealed advance of large bodies of the enemy ; and the troops who were destined to defend the right of these heights were two miles and a half distant, and had not time to arrive and form. Only one regiment, in fact, arriving at all in sufficient time to fight on the important ground ; and this corps, breathless with exertion, and engaging by groups, as they came up. Again, it was not a surprise, because no affair was

ever more regularly opened and contested by the picquet and light companies, than that of the 25th of July. It was not a day to be easily forgotten by me, for it threw me into the hands of the enemy, and disappointed me of the honour of marching under British colours, fearlessly, nay, triumphantly, displayed into some of the finest provinces of southern France. Such a day of my life I shall give as one of strange recollections.

It was a pleasant arbour on the banks of a mountain-stream, that I breakfasted on that very morning (aye, and I well remember, with a volume of the Rambler for a companion). At seven o'clock, I relieved the picquet on the Maya Heights, and learned from the captain of it, that he had seen a group of horse and a column of troops, pass along the face of a distant hill, at dawn, and disappear. I requested him to make a special report of this when he reached the camp, which he did. A *deputy quarter-master general* came up soon after; rode a little in front, said, that there was, indeed, a small column dis-

cernible about three miles off in a vale, but that it was only a change of bivouack, or some trifling movement of no consequence.

I thought otherwise, and the event proved I was not mistaken. The light companies were, indeed, ordered up by this officer, as a measure of precaution : how very weak and insufficient a one, will be seen. In less than two hours, my picquet and the light companies were heavily engaged with the enemy's advance, which was composed entirely of voltigeur companies, unincumbered by knapsacks, and led by a chosen officer. These fellows fought with ardour, but we disputed our ground with them handsomely, and caused them severe loss ; nor had we lost the position itself, though driven from the advances of it, when joined by the hastily arriving groups of the right corps of our brigade, (*my own regiment.*)

The enemy's numbers now, however, increased every moment ; they covered the country immediately in front of, and around, us. The sinuosities of the mountains, the

ravines, the water-courses, were filled with their advancing and overwhelming force.

The contest now, if contest it could be called, was very unequal ; and, of course, short and bloody. I saw two-thirds of my picquet, and *numbers*, both of the light companies and my own regiment, destroyed. Among other brave victims, our captain of grenadiers nobly fell, covered with wounds ; our colonel desperately wounded, and many others ; and surviving this carnage, was myself made prisoner. I owe the preservation of a life, about which I felt, in that irritating moment, regardless, to the interference of a French officer, who beat up the muskets of his leading section, already levelled for my destruction ; which must, (for I was within six or seven paces of them,) have annihilated me. This noble fellow, with some speech about “ un François sait respecter les braves,” embraced me, and bade an orderly conduct me to Count d’Erlon.

The column by which I was taken was composed of the 8th and 75th regiments of

the French line. Good God ! how sudden a change ! A minute before I had been uttering, and listening to the cry of " forward ;" now I heard all around me " en avant," " en avant," " vive Napoléon," " vive l'Empereur." I was in the midst of these men ; they passed me hurried, and roughly. None insulted, none attempted to plunder me. But in a ravine, full of rascally sculking stragglers, who are always the cowards and plunderers of an army, I was robbed by the very fellow, who, willing to leave the fight, had volunteered to conduct me. The appearance of some slightly-wounded men returning from the front, and of a serjeant-major, caused him to run off with his booty, and by the serjeant-major I was conducted to Count d'Erlon, who was on horseback, on a commanding height near, surrounded by a large group of staff officers. " Un capitaine Anglois, général," said my conductor. The count took off his hat instantly, and spoke to me in a manner the most delicate, and the most flattering, asking no questions, but compli-

menting highly the brave resistance which had been offered to him.

It was a strange scene — French faces and uniforms all around me; and two columns of his reserve halted just behind him. They were not here disarmed, ragged, looking spiritless, or affecting misplaced gaiety. Their clothing was nearly new, their appointments excellent, and their whole appearance clean, steady, and soldier-like.

One of the officers of the count's staff dismounted, and offered me "la goutte" from his leathern bottle, which I declined. The enemy suffered severely; slightly-wounded men were passing every minute, and on the face of the heights lay very many of the killed and severely wounded. Small parties of the English prisoners, too, might be seen bringing in from the left of the Maya Heights, and from the rear, where they still contended in a brave, disjointed manner, without support. The count soon dismissed me, saying he had no horse to offer me, but that the town whither

he had ordered the prisoners was not very distant; and, turning to the serjeant-major, he bade him conduct himself towards the English officers taken, (for two others were brought up while I was with him) as he would to Frenchmen of the same rank.

In the rear of the column of reserve, all the English taken were collected; and here I met a brother officer, a lieutenant of our light company, who had much distinguished himself throughout the day, and was taken in another part of the field, and not many minutes after my capture. He was my most intimate and valued friend, and meeting him under such circumstances overcame me. I shed tears. "Regardez donc," said a vulgar-looking French officer, who was observing us, "regardez comme ils sont des enfans ces Anglois; ils pleurent." "Ah, mon ami," said his companion, "vous ne connoissez pas les Anglois: ce ne sont pas les larmes de l'enfance qu'ils versent."

Our party now set forward, conducted and followed by but few; for as there was