

bands away; but this movement was one of the great errors of the campaign. Napoleon and Wellington felt alike the importance of holding the Asturias at this period.* The one had ordered that they should be retained, the other had calculated that such would be the case, and the judgment of both was quickly made manifest. For the Gallicians, who would not have dared to quit the Bierzo if Bonnet had menaced their province by Lugo, or by the shore line, invested Astorga the moment he quitted the Asturias. And the partidas of the north, who had been completely depressed by Mina's defeat, recovering courage, now moved towards the coast, where Popham's expedition, which had sailed on the 18th of June from Coruña, soon appeared, a formidable spectacle; for there were five sail of the line with many frigates and brigs, in all twenty ships of war.

The port of Lesquito was immediately attacked on the sea-board by this squadron, on the land side by the Pastor, and when Captain Bouverie got a gun up to breach the convent, the Spanish chief assaulted but was repulsed; however, the garrison, two hundred and fifty strong, surrendered to the squadron on the 22d, and on the two following days Bermeo and Palencia fell. The partidas failed to appear at Guetaria, but Castro and Portagaleta in the Bilbao river were attacked on the 6th of July in concert with Longa, and though the latter was rebuffed at Bilbao the squadron took Castro. The enemy recovered some of their posts on the 10th, and on the 19th, the attempt on Guetaria being renewed, Mina and the Pastor came down to co-operate, but a French column beat those chiefs, and drove the British seamen to their vessels with the loss of thirty men and two guns.

It was the opinion of General Carrol, who accompanied this expedition, that the plan of operations was ill-arranged; but the local successes merit no attention, the great object of distracting the enemy was obtained. Caffarelli heard at one and the same time, that Palombini's division had been called to Madrid, that Bonnet had abandoned the Asturias, that a Gallician division had entered that province, that a powerful English fleet containing troops was on the coast and acting in concert with all the partidas of the north, that the seventh army was menacing Burgos, and that the whole country was in commotion. Trembling for his own districts, he instantly arrested the march of the divisions destined for Marmont; and although the King, who saw very clearly the real object of the maritime expedition, reiterated the orders to march upon Segovia or Cuellar, with a view to reinforce either the army of the centre or the army of Portugal, Caffarelli delayed obedience until the

* Joseph's Papers, MS. Wellington's Secret Despatches, MS.

13th of July, and then sent but eighteen hundred cavalry with twenty guns.

Thus Bonnet's movement, which only brought a reinforcement of six thousand infantry to Marmont, kept away Caffarelli's reserves, which were twelve thousand of all arms, uncovered the whole of the great French line of communication, and caused the siege of Astorga to be commenced. And while Bonnet was in march by Palencia and Valladolid to the position of Tordesillas, the King heard of Marmont's retreat from the Tormes, and that an English column menaced Arevalo; wherefore, not being ready to move with the army of the centre, and fearing for Avila, he withdrew the garrison from that place, and thus lost his direct line of correspondence with the army of Portugal, because Segovia was environed by the partidas. In this state of affairs neither Wellington nor Marmont had reason to fight upon the Duero. The latter because his position was so strong he could safely wait for Bonnet's and Caffarelli's troops, and meanwhile the King could operate against the allies' communications. The former because he could not attack the French except at great disadvantage, for the fords of the Duero were little known, and that of Pollos was very deep. To pass the river there and form within gun-shot of the enemy's left without other combinations, promised nothing but defeat, and the staff officers sent to examine the course of the river reported that the advantage of ground was entirely on the enemy's side, except at Castro Nuño, half way between Pollos and Toro.

While the enemy commanded the bridge at Tordesillas no attempt to force the passage of the river could be safe, seeing that Marmont might fall on the allies' front and rear if the operation was within his reach; and if beyond his reach, that is to say near Zamora, he could cut their communication with Ciudad Rodrigo and yet preserve his own with Caffarelli and the King. Wellington therefore resolved to wait until the fords should become lower, or the combined operations of the Gallicians and partidas should oblige the enemy either to detach men or to dislodge altogether for want of provisions. In this view he urged Santocildes to press the siege of Astorga vigorously, and to send every man he could spare down the Esla; and an intercepted letter gave hopes that Astorga would surrender on the 7th, yet this seems to have been a device to keep the Gallicians in that quarter, for it was in no danger. Santocildes, expecting its fall, would not detach men, but the vicinity of d'Urban's cavalry, which remained at Castromonte, so incommoded the French right that Foy marched to drive them beyond the Esla. General Pakenham, however, crossed the ford of Pollos with some of the third division, which quickly brought Foy

back, and Marmont then endeavored to augment the number and efficiency of his cavalry by taking a thousand horses from the infantry officers and the sutlers.

On the 8th, Bonnet arrived, and the French Marshal immediately extending his right to Toro, commenced repairing the bridge there. Wellington, in like manner, stretched his left to the Guarena, yet kept his centre still on the Trabancos, and his right at Rueda, with posts near Tordesillas and the ford of Pollos. In this situation the armies remained for some days. Generals Graham and Picton went to England in bad health, and the principal powder magazine at Salamanca exploded with hurt to many, but no other events worth recording occurred. The weather was very fine, the country rich, and the troops received their rations regularly; wine was so plentiful that it was hard to keep the soldiers sober; the caves of Rueda, either natural or cut in the rock below the surface of the earth, were so immense and so well stocked, that the drunkards of the two armies failed to make any very sensible diminution in the quantity. Many men of both sides perished in that labyrinth, and on both sides, also, the soldiers passing the Duero in groups, held amicable intercourse, conversing of the battles that were yet to be fought; the camps on the banks of the Duero seemed at times to belong to one army, so difficult is it to make brave men hate each other.

To the officers of the allies all looked prosperous; their only anxiety was to receive the signal of battle, their only discontent that it was delayed, and many amongst them murmured that the French had been permitted to retreat from Christoval. Had Wellington been finally forced back to Portugal, his reputation would have been grievously assailed by his own people; for the majority, peering through their misty politics, saw Paris in dim perspective, and overlooked the enormous French armies that were close at hand. Meanwhile their General's mind was filled with care and mortification, and all cross and evil circumstances seemed to combine against him.

The mediation for the Spanish colonies had just failed at Cadiz, under such circumstances as left no doubt that the English influence was powerless, and the French influence visibly increasing in the Cortes. Soult had twenty-seven gun-boats in the Trocadero canal, shells were cast day and night into the city, and the people were alarmed; two thousand French had marched from Santa Maria, apparently to reinforce Drouet in Estremadura; Echevaria had effected nothing in the kingdom of Cordoba, and a French division was assembling at Bornos to attack Ballesteros, whose rashness, inviting destruction, might alone put an end to the

campaign in Leon, and bring Wellington back to the Tagus. In the north of Spain, also, affairs appeared equally gloomy; Mina's defeats, and their influence upon the other partidas, were positively known, but the effect of Popham's operations was unknown, or at least doubtful. Bonnet's division had certainly arrived, and the Gallicians, who had done nothing at Astorga, were already in want of ammunition. In Castile the activity of the partidas, instead of increasing, had diminished after Wellington crossed the Tormes, and the chiefs seemed inclined to leave the burthen of the war entirely to their allies. Nor was this feeling confined to them. It had been arranged that new corps, especially of cavalry, should be raised, as the enemy receded in this campaign, and the necessary clothing and equipments supplied by England were placed at the disposal of Lord Wellington, who, to avoid the burthen of carriage, had directed them to Coruña; yet now, when Leon and the Asturias were in a manner recovered, no man would serve voluntarily. There was great enthusiasm in words, there had always been so; but the fighting men were not increased, and even the *juramentados*, many of whom deserted at this time from the King, well clothed and soldier-like men, refused to enter the English ranks.

Now also came the news that Lord William Bentinck's plans were altered, and the intercepted despatches showed that the King had again ordered Drouet to pass the Tagus, but Soult's resistance to this order was not known. Wellington therefore at the same moment saw Marmont's army increase, heard that the King's army, reinforced by Drouet, was on the point of taking the field; that the troops from Sicily, upon whose operations he depended to keep all the army of Aragon in the eastern part of Spain, and even to turn the King's attention that way, were to be sent to Italy; and that two millions of dollars, which he hoped to have obtained at Gibraltar, had been swept off by Lord William Bentinck for this Italian expedition, which thus at once deprived him of men and money! The latter was the most serious blow; the promised remittances from England had not arrived, and as the insufficiency of land-carriage rendered it nearly impossible to feed the army even on the Duero, to venture further into Spain without money would be akin to madness. From Galicia, where no credit was given, came the supply of meat; a stoppage there would have made the war itself stop, and no greater error had been committed by the enemy, than delaying to conquer Galicia, which could many times have been done.

To meet the increasing exigences for money, the English General had, for one resource, obtained a credit of half a million from the

treasury to answer certain certificates, or notes of hand, which his Spanish correspondents promised to get cashed; but of this resource he was now suddenly deprived by the English ministers, who objected to the irregular form of the certificates, because he, with his usual sagacity, had adapted them to the habits of the people he was to deal with. Meanwhile his troops were four, his staff six, his muleteers nearly twelve months in arrears of pay, and he was in debt every where and for every thing. The Portuguese government had become very clamorous for the subsidy; Mr. Stuart acknowledged that their distress was very great, and the desertion from the Portuguese army, which augmented in an alarming manner, and seemed rather to be increased than repressed by severity, sufficiently proved their misery. The personal resources of Wellington alone enabled the army to maintain its forward position, for he had, to a certain extent, carried his commercial speculations into Galicia, as well as Portugal; and he had persuaded the Spanish authorities in Castile to give up a part of their revenue in kind to the army, receiving bills on the British embassy at Cadiz in return. But the situation of affairs may be best learned from the mouths of the generals.

"The arrears of the army are certainly getting to an alarming pitch, and if it is suffered to increase we cannot go on: we have only here two brigades of infantry fed by our own commissariat, and we are now reduced to one of them having barely bread for this day, and the commissary has not a farthing of money. I know not how we shall get on!"

Such were Beresford's words on the 8th of July, and on the 15th, Wellington wrote even more forcibly.

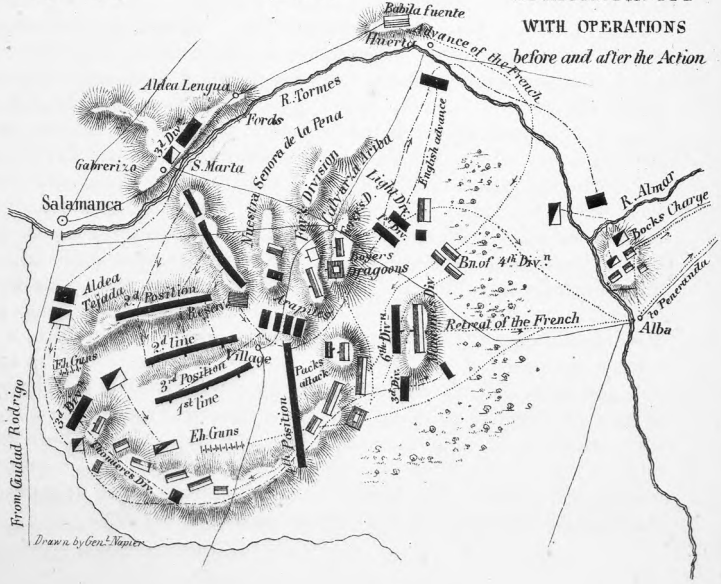
"I have never," said he, "been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen, if the government do not attend seriously to the subject, and supply us regularly with money. The arrears and distresses of the Portuguese government are a joke to ours, and if our credit was not better than theirs, we should certainly starve. As it is, if we don't find means to pay our bills for butcher's meat there will be an end to the war at once."

Thus stript as it were to the skin, the English General thought once more to hide his nakedness in the mountains of Portugal, when Marmont, proud of his own unripened skill, and, perhaps, from the experience of San Christoval, undervaluing his adversary's tactics, desirous also, it was said, to gain a victory without the presence of a king, Marmont, pushed on by fate, madly broke the chain which restrained his enemy's strength.





**Battle of
SALAMANCA
WITH OPERATIONS
before and after the Action**



CHAPTER III.

Bonnet arrives in the French camp—Marmont passes the Duero—Combat of Castrejon—Allies retire across the Guarena—Combat on that river—Observations on the movements—Marmont turns Wellington's flank—Retreat to San Christoval—Marmont passes the Tormes—Battle of Salamanca—Anecdote of Mrs. Dalbiac.

WHEN Wellington found by the intercepted letters that the King's orders for Drouet to cross the Tagus were reiterated and imperative, he directed Hill to detach troops in the same proportion. And as this reinforcement, coming by the way of Alcantara, could reach the Duero as soon as Drouet could reach Madrid, he hoped still to maintain the Tormes, if not the Duero, notwithstanding the King's power; for some money, long expected from England, had at last arrived in Oporto, and he thought the Gallicians, maugre their inertness, must soon be felt by the enemy. Moreover, the harvest on the ground, however abundant, could not long feed the French multitudes if Drouet and the King should together join Marmont. Nevertheless, fearing the action of Joseph's cavalry, he ordered D'Urban's horsemen to join the army on the Duero. But to understand the remarkable movements which were now about to commence, the reader must bear in mind, that the French army, from its peculiar organization, could, while the ground harvest lasted, operate without any regard to lines of communication; it had supports on all sides and procured its food every where, for the troops were taught to reap the standing corn, and grind it themselves if their cavalry could not seize flour in the villages. This organization, approaching the ancient Roman military perfection, gave them great advantages; in the field it baffled the irregular, and threw the regular force of the allies entirely upon the defensive; because when the flanks were turned, a retreat only could save the communications, and the French offered no point for retaliation in kind. Wherefore, with a force composed of four different nations, Wellington was to execute the most difficult evolutions in an open country, his chances of success being to arise only from the casual errors of his adversary, who was an able general, who knew the country perfectly, and was at the head of an army, brave, excellently disciplined, and of one nation. The game would have been quite unequal if the English General had not been so strong in cavalry.

FRENCH PASSAGE OF THE DUERO.

In the course of the 15th and 16th, Marmont, who had previously made several deceptive movements, concentrated his beautiful and gallant army between Toro and the Hornija river; and intercepted letters, the reports of deserters, and the talk of peasants, had for several days assigned the former place as his point of passage. On the morning of the 16th, the English exploring officers, passing the Duero near Tordesillas, found only the garrison there, and in the evening the reports stated that two French divisions had already passed the repaired bridge of Toro. Wellington united his centre and left at Canizal on the Guarena during the night, intending to attack those who had passed at Toro; but as he had still some doubts of the enemy's real object, he caused Sir Stapleton Cotton to halt on the Trabancos with the right wing, composed of the fourth and light divisions and Anson's cavalry. Meanwhile Marmont, recalling his troops from the left bank of the Duero, returned to Tordesillas and Pollos, passed that river at those points, and occupied Nava del Rey, where his whole army was concentrated in the evening of the 17th, some of his divisions having marched forty miles, and some above fifty miles, without a halt. The English cavalry posts being thus driven over the Trabancos, advice of the enemy's movement was sent to Lord Wellington; but he was then near Toro, it was midnight ere it reached him, and the troops under Cotton remained near Castrejon behind the Trabancos during the night of the 17th, without orders, exposed, in a bad position, to the attack of the whole French army. Wellington hastened to their aid in person, and he ordered Bock's, Le Marchant's, and Alten's brigades of cavalry to follow him to Alaejos, and the fifth division to take post at Torrecilla de la Orden, six miles in rear of Castrejon.

At daybreak Cotton's outposts were again driven in by the enemy, and the bulk of his cavalry with a troop of horse artillery immediately formed in front of the two infantry divisions, which were drawn up, the fourth division on the left, the light division on the right, but at a considerable distance from each other and separated by a wide ravine. The country was open and hilly, like the downs of England, with here and there water-gullies, dry hollows, and bold naked heads of land, and behind the most prominent of these last, on the other side of the Trabancos, lay the whole French army. Cotton, however, seeing only horsemen, pushed his cavalry again towards the river, advancing cautiously by his right along some high table-land, and his troops were soon lost to the view of the infantry, for the morning fog was thick on the stream, and at

first nothing could be descried beyond. But very soon the deep tones of artillery shook the ground, the sharp ring of musketry was heard in the mist, and the forty-third regiment was hastily brought through Castrejon to support the advancing cavalry; for besides the ravine which separated the fourth from the light division, there was another ravine with a marshy bottom, between the cavalry and infantry, and the village of Castrejon was the only good point of passage.

The cannonade now became heavy, and the spectacle surprisingly beautiful, for the lighter smoke and mist, curling up in fantastic pillars, formed a huge and glittering dome tinged of many colors by the rising sun; and through the grosser vapor below, the restless horsemen were seen or lost as the fume thickened from the rapid play of the artillery, while the bluff head of land, beyond the Trabancos, covered with French troops, appeared, by an optical deception, close at hand, dilated to the size of a mountain, and crowned with gigantic soldiers, who were continually breaking off and sliding down into the fight. Suddenly a dismounted cavalry officer stalked from the midst of the smoke towards the line of infantry; his gait was peculiarly rigid, and he appeared to hold a bloody handkerchief to his heart, but that which seemed a cloth, was a broad and dreadful wound; a bullet had entirely effaced the flesh from his left shoulder and from his breast, and had carried away part of his ribs, his heart was bared, and its movement plainly discerned. It was a piteous and yet a noble sight, for his countenance though ghastly was firm, his step scarcely indicated weakness, and his voice never faltered. This unyielding man's name was Williams; he died a short distance from the field of battle, and it was said in the arms of his son, a youth of fourteen, who had followed his father to the Peninsula in hopes of obtaining a commission, for they were not in affluent circumstances.

General Cotton maintained this exposed position with skill and resolution, from daylight until seven o'clock, at which time Wellington arrived; in company with Beresford, and proceeded to examine the enemy's movements. The time was critical, and the two English Generals were like to have been slain together by a body of French cavalry, not very numerous, which, breaking away from the multitude on the head of land beyond the Trabancos, came galloping at full speed across the valley. It was for a moment thought they were deserting, but with headlong course they mounted the table-land on which Cotton's left wing was posted, and drove a whole line of British cavalry skirmishers back in confusion. The reserves indeed soon came up from Alaejos, and these furious swordsmen being scattered in all directions were in turn driven

away or cut down, but meanwhile thirty or forty, led by a noble officer, had brought up their right shoulders, and came over the edge of the table-land above the hollow which separated the British wings at the instant when Wellington and Beresford arrived on the same slope. There were some infantry piquets in the bottom, and higher up, near the French, were two guns covered by a squadron of light cavalry, which was disposed in perfect order. When the French officer saw this squadron, he reined in his horse with difficulty, and his troopers gathered in a confused body round him as if to retreat. They seemed lost men, for the British instantly charged, but with a shout the gallant fellows soused down upon the squadron, and the latter turning, galloped through the guns; then the whole mass, friends and enemies, went like a whirlwind to the bottom, carrying away Lord Wellington, and the other generals, who with drawn swords and some difficulty got clear of the tumult. The French horsemen were now quite exhausted, and a reserve squadron of heavy dragoons coming in cut most of them to pieces; yet their invincible leader, assaulted by three enemies at once, struck one dead from his horse, and with surprising exertions saved himself from the others, though they rode hewing at him on each side for a quarter of a mile.

While this charge was being executed, Marmont, who had ascertained that a part only of Wellington's army was before him, crossed the Trabancos in two columns, and passing by Alaejos, turned the left of the allies, marching straight upon the Guarena. The British retired by Torecilla de la Orden, the fifth division being in one column on the left, the fourth division on the right as they retreated, and the light division on an intermediate line and nearer to the enemy. The cavalry were on the flanks and rear, the air was extremely sultry, the dust rose in clouds, and the close order of the troops rendered it very oppressive, but the military spectacle was exceedingly strange and grand. For then were seen the hostile columns of infantry, only half musket-shot from each other, marching impetuously towards a common goal, the officers on each side pointing forwards with their swords, or touching their caps, and waving their hands in courtesy, while the German cavalry, huge men, on huge horses, rode between in a close compact body as if to prevent a collision. At times the loud tones of command, to hasten the march, were heard passing from the front to the rear, and now and then the rushing sound of bullets came sweeping over the columns, whose violent pace was continually accelerated.

Thus moving for ten miles, yet keeping the most perfect order, both parties approached the Guarena, and the enemy seeing that the light division, although more in their power than the others,

were yet outstripping them in the march, increased the fire of their guns and menaced an attack with infantry. But the German cavalry instantly drew close round, the column plunged suddenly into a hollow dip of ground on the left, which offered the means of baffling the enemy's aim, and ten minutes after the head of the division was in the stream of the Guarena between Osmo and Castrillo. The fifth division entered the river at the same time but higher up on the left, and the fourth division passed it on the right. The soldiers of the light division, tormented with thirst, yet long used to their enemy's mode of warfare, drank as they marched, and the soldiers of the fifth division stopped in the river for only a few moments, but on the instant, forty French guns, gathered on the heights above, sent a tempest of bullets amongst them. So nicely timed was the operation.

The Guarena, flowing from four distinct sources, which are united below Castrillo, offered a very strong line of defence, and Marmont, hoping to carry it in the first confusion of the passage, and so seize the table-land of Vallesa, had brought up all his artillery to the front; and to distract the allies' attention, he had directed Clausel to push the head of the right column over the river at Castrillo, at the same time. But Wellington, expecting him at Vallesa from the first, had ordered the other divisions of his army, originally assembled at Canizal, to cross one of the upper branches of the river; and they reached the table-land of Vallesa before Marmont's infantry, oppressed by the extreme heat and rapidity of the march, could muster in strength to attempt the passage of the other branch. Clausel, however, sent Carier's brigade of cavalry across the Guarena at Castrillo, and supported it with a column of infantry; and the fourth division had just gained the heights above Canizal, after passing the stream, when Carier's horsemen entered the valley on their left, and the infantry in one column menaced their front. The sedgy banks of the river would have been difficult to force in face of an enemy, but Victor Alten, though a very bold man in action, was slow to seize an advantage, and suffered the French cavalry to cross and form in considerable numbers without opposition; he assailed them too late, and by successive squadrons, instead of by regiments, and the result was unfavorable at first. The fourteenth and the German hussars were hard pressed; the third dragoons came up in support, but they were immediately driven back again by the fire of some French infantry, the fight waxed hot with the others, and many fell, but finally General Carier was wounded and taken, and the French retired. During this cavalry action, the twenty-seventh and fortieth regiments coming down the hill, broke

the enemy's infantry with an impetuous bayonet charge, and Alten's horsemen, being then disengaged, sabred some of the fugitives.

This combat cost the French, who had advanced too far without support, a general and five hundred soldiers ; but Marmont, though baffled at Vallesa and beaten at Castrillo, concentrated his army at the latter place in such a manner as to hold both banks of the Guarena. Whereupon Wellington recalled his troops from Vallesa ; and as the whole loss of the allies during the previous operations was not more than six hundred, nor that of the French more than eight hundred, and that both sides were highly excited, the day still young, and the positions, although strong, open, and within cannon-shot, a battle was expected. Marmont's troops had, however, been marching for two days and nights incessantly, and Wellington's plan did not admit of fighting unless forced to it in defence, or under such circumstances as would enable him to crush his opponent, and yet keep the field afterwards against the King.

By this series of signal operations, the French General had passed a great river, taken the initiatory movement, surprised the right wing of the allies, and pushed it back above ten miles. Yet these advantages are to be traced to the peculiarities of the English General's situation, which have been already noticed, and Wellington's tactical skill was manifested by the extricating of his troops from their dangerous position at Castrejon without loss, and without being forced to fight a battle. He, however, appears to have erred in extending his troops to the right when he first reached the Duero, for seeing that Marmont could at pleasure pass that river and turn his flanks, he should have remained concentrated on the Guarena, and only pushed cavalry posts to the line of the Duero above Toro. Neither should he have risked his right wing so far from his main body from the evening of the 16th to the morning of the 18th. He could scarcely have brought it off without severe loss if Marmont had been stronger in cavalry, and, instead of pushing forward at once to Guarena, had attacked him on the march. On the other hand, the security of the French General's movements from the Trabancos to the Guarena depended entirely on their rapidity ; for as his columns crossed the open country on a line parallel to the march of the allies, a simple wheel by companies to the right would have formed the latter in order of battle on his flank, while the four divisions already on the Guarena could have met them in front.

But it was on the 16th that the French General failed in the most glaring manner. His intent was, by menacing the communi

cation with Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, to force the allies back and strike some decisive blow during their retreat. Now, on the evening of the 16th, he had passed the Duero at Toro, gained a day's march, and was then actually nearer to Salamanca than the allies were; and, had he persisted in his movement, Wellington must have fought him to disadvantage, or have given up Salamanca and passed the Tormes at Huerta, to regain the communication with Ciudad Rodrigo. This advantage Marmont relinquished to make a forced march of eighty miles in forty-eight hours, and to risk the execution of a variety of nice and difficult evolutions, in which he lost above a thousand men by the sword or by fatigue, and finally found his adversary on the 18th still facing him in the very position which he had turned on the evening of the 16th!

On the 19th, the armies maintained their respective ground in quiet until the evening, when Marmont concentrated his troops in one mass on his left, near the village of Tarazona, and Wellington, fearing for his right, again passed the second branch of the Guarena at Vallesa and El Olmo, and took post on the table-land above those villages. The light division, being in front, advanced to the edge of the table-land, overlooking the enemy's main body, which was at rest round the bivouac fires; yet the piquets would have been quietly posted if Sir Stapleton Cotton, coming up at the moment, had not ordered Captain Ross to turn his battery of six-pounders upon a group of French officers. At the first shot the enemy seemed surprised, at the second their gunners ran to their pieces, and in a few moments a reply from twelve eight-pounders showed the folly of provoking a useless combat. An artillery officer was wounded in the head, several of the British soldiers fell in different parts of the line, one shot swept away a whole section of Portuguese, and finally the division was obliged to withdraw several hundred yards, in a mortifying manner, to avoid a great and unnecessary effusion of blood.

The allies being now formed in two lines on the table-land of Vallesa, offered a fair though not an easy field to the enemy. Wellington expected a battle the next day, because the range of heights which he occupied trended backwards to the Tormes on the shortest line; as he had thrown a Spanish garrison into the castle of Alba de Tormes, he thought Marmont could not turn his right, or if he attempted it, that he would be shouldered off the Tormes at the ford of Huerta. He was mistaken. The French General was more perfectly acquainted with the ground, and proved that he could move an army with wonderful facility.

On the 20th, at daybreak, instead of crossing the Guarena to

dispute the high land of Vallesa, Marmont marched rapidly in several columns, covered by a powerful rear-guard, up the river to Canta la Piedra, and crossed the stream there, though the banks were difficult, before any disposition could be made to oppose him. He thus turned the right flank of the allies and gained a new range of hills trending towards the Tormes, and parallel to those leading from Vallesa. Wellington immediately made a corresponding movement. Then commenced an evolution similar to that of the 18th, but on a greater scale, both as to numbers and length of way. The allies, moving in two lines of battle within musket-shot of the French, endeavored to gain upon and cross their march at Cantalpino; the guns on both sides again exchanged their rough salutations as the accidents of ground favored their play, and again the officers, like gallant gentlemen who bore no malice and knew no fear, made their military recognitions, while the horsemen on each side watched with eager eyes for an opening to charge; but the French General moving his army as one man along the crest of the heights, preserved the lead he had taken and made no mistake.

At Cantalpino it became evident that the allies were outflanked, and all this time Marmont had so skilfully managed his troops that he furnished no opportunity even for a partial attack. Wellington therefore fell off a little and made towards the heights of Cabeça Velloso and Aldea Rubia, intending to halt there while the sixth division and Alten's cavalry, forcing their march, seized Aldea Lengua and secured the position of Christoval. But he made no effort to seize the ford of Huerta, for his own march had been long and the French had passed over nearly twice as much ground, wherefore he thought they would not attempt to reach the Tormes that day. However, when night approached, although his second line had got possession of the heights of Velloso, his first line was heaped up without much order in the low ground between that place and Hornillos; the French army crowned all the summit of the opposite hills, and their fires, stretching in a half circle from Villaruela to Babila Fuente, showed that they commanded the ford of Huerta. They could even have attacked the allies with great advantage had there been light for the battle. The English General immediately ordered the bivouac fires to be made, but filed the troops off in succession with the greatest celerity towards Velloso and Aldea Rubia, and during the movement the Portuguese cavalry, coming in from the front, were mistaken for French, and lost some men by cannon-shot ere they were recognized.

Wellington was deeply disquieted at the unexpected result of this day's operations, which had been entirely to the advantage of

the French General. Marmont had shown himself perfectly acquainted with the country, had outflanked and outmarched the allies, had gained the command of the Tormes, and as his junction with the King's army was thus secured, he might fight or wait for reinforcements, or continue his operations, as it seemed good to himself. But the scope of Wellington's campaign was hourly being more restricted. His reasons for avoiding a battle except at advantage were stronger than before, because Caffarelli's cavalry was known to be in march, and the army of the centre was on the point of taking the field; hence, though he should fight and gain a victory, unless it was decisive, his object would not be advanced. That object was to deliver the Peninsula, which could only be done by a long course of solid operations incompatible with sudden and rash strokes unauthorized by anything but hope; wherefore, yielding to the force of circumstances, he prepared to return to Portugal and abide his time; yet with a bitter spirit, which was not soothed by the recollection that he had refused the opportunity of fighting to advantage exactly one month before, and upon the very hills he now occupied. Nevertheless that steadfast temper which then prevented him from seizing an adventitious chance, would not now let him yield to fortune more than she could ravish from him; he still hoped to give the lion's stroke, and resolved to cover Salamanca and the communication with Ciudad Rodrigo to the last moment. A letter stating his inability to hold his ground was, however, sent to Castaños, but it was intercepted by Marmont, who exultingly pushed forwards without regard to the King's movements; and it is curious that Joseph afterwards imagined this to have been a subtlety of Wellington's to draw the French General into a premature battle.*

On the 21st, while the allies occupied the old position of Christoval, the French threw a garrison into Alba de Tormes, from whence the Spaniards had been withdrawn by Carlos d'España, without the knowledge of the English General. Marmont then passed the Tormes, by the fords between Alba and Huerta, and moving up the valley of Machecuco, encamped behind Calvariza Ariba at the edge of a forest which extended from the river to that place. Wellington also passed the Tormes in the course of the evening by the bridges and by the fords of Santa Marta and Aldea Lengua; but the third division and d'Urban's cavalry remained on the right bank, and intrenched themselves at Cabrerizos, lest the French, who had left a division on the heights of Babila Fuente, should recross the Tormes in the night and overwhelm them.

It was late when the light division descended the rough side

* King's Correspondence, MS.

of the Aldea Lengua mountain to cross the river, and the night came suddenly down with more than common darkness, for a storm, that common precursor of a battle in the Peninsula, was at hand. Torrents of rain deepened the ford, the water foamed and dashed with increasing violence, the thunder was frequent and deafening, and the lightning passed in sheets of fire close over the column, or played upon the points of the bayonets. One flash falling amongst the fifth dragoon guards, near Santa Marta, killed many men and horses, while hundreds of frightened animals, breaking loose from their piquet ropes and galloping wildly about, were supposed to be the enemy's cavalry charging in the darkness, and indeed some of their patrols were at hand; but to a military eye there was nothing more imposing than the close and beautiful order in which the soldiers of that noble light division were seen by the fiery gleams to step from the river to the bank and pursue their march amidst this astounding turmoil, defying alike the storm and the enemy.

The position now taken by the allies was nearly the same as that occupied by General Graham a month before, when the forts of Salamanca were invested. The left wing rested in the low ground on the Tormes near Santa Marta, having a cavalry post in front towards Calvariza de Abaxo. The right wing extended along a range of heights which ended also in low ground, near the village of Arapiles, and this line being perpendicular to the course of the Tormes from Huerta and Salamanca, and parallel to its course from Alba to Huerta, covered Salamanca. But the enemy, extending his left along the edge of the forest, still menaced the line of communication with Ciudad Rodrigo; and in the night advice came that General Chauvel, with near two thousand of Caffarelli's horsemen and twenty guns, had actually reached Pollos on the 20th, and would join Marmont the 22d or 23d. Hence Wellington, feeling that he must now perforce retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo, and fearing that the French cavalry thus reinforced would hamper his movements, determined, unless the enemy attacked him or committed some flagrant fault, to retire before Chauvel's horsemen could arrive.

At daybreak on the 22d, Marmont, who had called the troops at Babila Fuente over the Tormes by the ford of Encina, brought Bonnet's and Maucune's divisions up from the forest and took possession of the ridge of Calvariza de Ariba; he also occupied in advance of it a wooded height on which was an old chapel called Nuestra Señora de la Pena. But at a little distance from his left and from the English right, stood a pair of solitary hills, called the *Two Arapiles*, about half cannon-shot from each other; steep and savagely rugged they were, and the possession of them would have

enabled the French General to form his army across Wellington's right, and thus bring on a battle with every disadvantage to the allies, confined, as the latter would have been, between the French army and the Tormes. These hills were neglected by the English General until a staff officer, who had observed the enemy's detachments stealing towards them, first informed Beresford, and afterwards Wellington, of the fact. The former thought it was of no consequence, but the latter immediately sent the seventh Caçadores to seize the most distant of the rocks, and then a combat occurred similar to that which happened between Cæsar and Afranius at Lerida; for the French seeing the allies' detachment approaching, broke their own ranks, and running without order to the encounter gained the first Arapiles and kept it, but were repulsed in an endeavor to seize the second. This skirmish was followed by one at Nuestra Señora de la Pena, which was also assailed by a detachment of the seventh division, and so far successfully, that half that height was gained, yet the enemy kept the other half, and Victor Alten, flanking the attack with a squadron of German hussars, lost some men and was himself wounded by a musket-shot.

The result of the dispute for the Arapiles rendered a retreat difficult to the allies during daylight, for though the rock gained by the English was a fortress in the way of the French army, Marmont, by extending his left, and by gathering a force behind his own Arapiles, could still frame a dangerous battle and pounce upon the allies during their movement. Wherefore Wellington immediately extended his right into the low ground, placing the light companies of the guards in the village of Arapiles, and the fourth division, with exception of the twenty-seventh regiment, which remained at the rock, on a gentle ridge behind them. The fifth and sixth divisions he gathered in one mass upon the internal slope of the English Arapiles, where, from the hollow nature of the ground, they were quite hidden from the enemy; and during these movements a sharp cannonade was exchanged from the tops of those frowning hills, on whose crowning rocks the two generals sat like ravenous vultures watching for their quarry.

Marmont's project was not yet developed; his troops coming from Babila Fuente were still in the forest and some miles off; he had only two divisions close up, and the occupation of Calvariza Ariba and Nuestra Señora de la Pena was a daring defensive measure to cover the formation of his army. The occupation of the Arapiles was, however, a start forward, for an advantage to be afterwards turned to profit, and seemed to fix the operations on the left of the Tormes. Wellington, therefore, brought up the first and the light divisions to confront the enemy's troops on the height of Calvariza

Ariba, and then calling the third division and D'Urban's cavalry over the river, by the fords of Santa Marta, he posted them in a wood near Aldea Tejada, entirely refused to the enemy and unseen by him, yet in a situation to secure the main road to Ciudad Rodrigo. Thus the position of the allies was suddenly reversed, the left rested on the English Arapiles, the right on Aldea Tejada; that which was the rear became the front, and the interval between the third and the fourth division was occupied by Bradford's Portuguese infantry, by the Spaniards, and by the British cavalry.

This ground had several breaks and hollows, so that few of these troops could be viewed by the enemy, and those which were seemed, both from their movement and from their position, to be pointing to the Ciudad Rodrigo road as in retreat. The commissariat and baggage had also been ordered to the rear, the dust of their march was plainly to be seen many miles off, and hence there was nothing in the relative position of the armies, save their proximity, to indicate an approaching battle. Such a state of affairs could not last long. About twelve o'clock Marmont, fearing that the important bearing of the French Arapiles on Wellington's retreat would induce the latter to drive him thence, hastily brought up Foy's and Ferey's divisions in support, placing the first, with some guns, on a wooded height between the Arapiles and Nuestra Señora de la Pena, the second, and Boyer's dragoons, behind Foy on the ridge of Calvariza de Ariba. Nor was this fear ill-founded, for the English General, thinking that he could not safely retreat in daylight without possessing both Arapiles, had actually issued orders for the seventh division to attack the French, but perceiving the approach of more troops, gave counter-orders lest he should bring on the battle disadvantageously. He judged it better to wait for new events, being certain that at night he could make his retreat good, and wishing rather that Marmont should attack him in his now strong position.

The French troops coming from Babila Fuente had not yet reached the edge of the forest, when Marmont, seeing that the allies would not attack, and fearing that they would retreat before his own dispositions were completed, ordered Thomières' division, covered by fifty guns and supported by the light cavalry, to menace the Ciudad Rodrigo road. He also hastened the march of his other divisions, designing, when Wellington should move in opposition to Thomières, to fall upon him, by the village of Arapiles, with six divisions of infantry and Boyer's dragoons, which last he now put in march to take fresh ground on the left of the Arapiles rocks, leaving only one regiment of cavalry, to guard Foy's right flank at Calvariza.

In these new circumstances, the positions of the two armies embraced an oval basin formed by different ranges of hills, that rose like an amphitheatre of which the Arapiles rocks might be considered the door-posts. This basin was about a mile broad from north to south, and more than two miles long from east to west. The northern and western half formed the allies' position, which extended from the English Arapiles on the left to Aldea Tejada on the right. The eastern heights were held by the French right, and their left, consisting of Thomières' division with the artillery and light cavalry, was now moving along the southern side of the basin; but the march was wide and loose, there was a long space between Thomières' and his divisions, which, coming from the edge of the forest, were destined to form the centre, and there was a longer space between him and the divisions about the Arapiles. Nevertheless, the mass of artillery placed on his right flank was very imposing, and opened its fire grandly, taking ground to the left by guns, in succession, as the infantry moved on; and these last marched eagerly, continually contracting their distance from the allies, and bringing up their left shoulders as if to envelope Wellington's position and embrace it with fire. At this time also, Bonnet's troops, one regiment of which held the French Arapiles, carried the village of that name, and, although soon driven from the greatest part of it again, maintained a fierce struggle.

Marmont's first arrangements had occupied several hours, yet as they gave no positive indication of his designs, Wellington, ceasing to watch him, had retired from the Arapiles. But at three o'clock, a report reached him that the French left was in motion and pointing towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road; then starting up he repaired to the high ground, and observed their movements for some time with a stern contentment, for their left wing was entirely separated from the centre. The fault was flagrant, and he fixed it with the stroke of a thunder-bolt. A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and suddenly the dark mass of troops which covered the English Arapiles was seemingly possessed by some mighty spirit, and rushing violently down the interior slope of the mountain, entered the great basin amidst a storm of bullets which seemed to shear away the whole surface of the earth over which the soldiers moved. The fifth division instantly formed on the right of the fourth, connecting the latter with Bradford's Portuguese, who hastened forward at the same time from the right of the army, and the heavy cavalry galloping up on the right of Bradford, closed this front of battle. The sixth and seventh divisions, flanked on the right by Anson's light cavalry, which had now moved from the Arapiles, were ranged at half cannon-shot in a second line,

which was prolonged by the Spaniards in the direction of the third division; and this last, reinforced by two squadrons of the fourteenth dragoons, and by D'Urban's Portuguese horsemen, formed the extreme right of the army. Behind all, on the highest ground, the first and light divisions and Pack's Portuguese were disposed in heavy masses as a reserve.

When this grand disposition was completed, the third division and its attendant horsemen, the whole formed in four columns and flanked on the left by twelve guns, received orders to cross the enemy's line of march. The remainder of the first line, including the main body of the cavalry, was directed to advance whenever the attack of the third division should be developed; and as the fourth division must in this forward movement necessarily lend its flank to the enemy's troops stationed on the French Arapiles, Pack's brigade was commanded to assail that rock the moment the left of the British line should pass it. Thus, after long coiling and winding, the armies came together, and drawing up their huge trains like angry serpents mingled in deadly strife.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

Marmont, from the top of the French Arapiles, saw the country beneath him suddenly covered with enemies at a moment when he was in the act of making a complicated evolution, and when, by the rash advance of his left, his troops were separated into three parts, each at too great a distance to assist the other, and those nearest the enemy neither strong enough to hold their ground, nor aware of what they had to encounter. The third division was, however, still hidden from him by the western heights, and he hoped that the tempest of bullets under which the British line was moving in the basin beneath, would check it until he could bring up his reserve divisions, and by the village of Arapiles fall on what was now the left of the allies' position. But even this, his only resource for saving the battle, was weak, for on that point there were still the first and light divisions and Pack's brigade, forming a mass of twelve thousand troops with thirty pieces of artillery; the village itself was well disputed; and the English Arapiles rock stood out as a strong bastion of defence. However, the French General, nothing daunted, despatched officer after officer, some to hasten up the troops from the forest, others to stop the progress of his left wing, and with a sanguine expectation still looked for the victory until he saw Pakenham with the third division shoot like a meteor across Thomières' path; then pride and hope alike died within him, and desperately he was hurrying in person to that fatal point, when an exploding shell stretched him on the earth with a broken arm

and two deep wounds in his side. Confusion ensued, and the troops, distracted by ill-judged orders and counter-orders, knew not where to move, whom to fight, or whom to avoid.

It was about five o'clock when Pakenham fell upon Thomières, and it was at the instant when that General, the head of whose column had gained an open isolated hill at the extremity of the southern range of heights, expected to see the allies in full retreat towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road, closely followed by Marmont from the Arapiles. The counter-stroke was terrible! Two batteries of artillery placed on the summit of the western heights suddenly took his troops in flank, and Pakenham's massive columns, supported by cavalry, were coming on full in his front, while two-thirds of his own division, lengthened out and unconnected, were still behind in a wood where they could hear, but could not see the storm which was now bursting. From the chief to the lowest soldier, all felt that they were lost, and in an instant Pakenham, the most frank and gallant of men, commenced the battle.

The British columns formed lines as they marched, and the French gunners, standing up manfully for the honor of their country, sent showers of grape into the advancing masses, while a crowd of light troops poured in a fire of musketry, under cover of which the main body endeavored to display a front. But bearing onwards through the skirmishers with the might of a giant, Pakenham broke the half-formed lines into fragments, and sent the whole in confusion upon the advancing supports; one only officer, with unyielding spirit, remained by the artillery; standing alone he fired the last gun at the distance of a few yards, but whether he lived or there died could not be seen for the smoke. Some squadrons of light cavalry fell on the right of the third division, but the fifth regiment repulsed them, and then D'Urban's Portuguese horsemen, reinforced by two squadrons of the fourteenth dragoons under Felton Harvey, gained the enemy's flank. The Oporto regiment, led by the English Major Watson, instantly charged the French infantry, yet vainly; Watson fell deeply wounded, and his men retired.*

Pakenham continued his tempestuous course against the remainder of Thomières' troops, which were now arrayed on the wooded heights behind the first hill, yet imperfectly, and offering two fronts, the one opposed to the third division and its attendant horsemen, the other to the fifth division, to Bradford's brigade and the main body of cavalry and artillery, all of which were now moving in one great line across the basin. Meanwhile Bonnet's troops having failed at the village of Arapiles were sharply engaged with the fourth division, Maucune kept his menacing position behind the

* Appendix 1.

French Arapiles, and as Clausel's division had come up from the forest, the connection of the centre and left was in some measure restored; two divisions were however still in the rear, and Boyer's dragoons were in march from Calvariza Ariba. Thomières had been killed, and Bonnet, who succeeded Marmont, had been disabled, hence more confusion; but the command of the army devolved on Clausel, and he was of a capacity to sustain this terrible crisis.

The fourth and fifth divisions, and Bradford's brigade, were now hotly engaged and steadily gaining ground; the heavy cavalry, Anson's light dragoons and Bull's troop of artillery were advancing at a trot on Pakenham's left; and on that General's right D'Urban's horsemen overlapped the enemy. Thus in less than half an hour, and before an order of battle had even been formed by the French, their commander-in-chief and two other generals had fallen, and the left of their army was turned, thrown into confusion and enveloped. Clausel's division had indeed joined Thomières', and a front had been spread on the southern heights, but it was loose and unfit to resist; for the troops were, some in double lines, some in columns, some in squares; a powerful sun shone full in their eyes, the light soil, stirred up by the trampling of men and horses, and driven forward by a breeze, which arose in the west at the moment of attack, came full upon them mingled with smoke in such stifling clouds, that scarcely able to breathe and quite unable to see, their fire was given at random.

In this situation, while Pakenham, bearing onward with a conquering violence, was closing on their flank, and the fifth division advancing with a storm of fire on their front, the interval between the two attacks was suddenly filled with a whirling cloud of dust, which moving swiftly forward carried within its womb the trampling sound of a charging multitude. As it passed the left of the third division Le Marchant's heavy horsemen, flanked by Anson's light cavalry, broke forth from it at full speed, and the next instant twelve hundred French infantry, though formed in several lines, were trampled down with a terrible clamor and disturbance. Bewildered and blinded, they cast away their arms and ran through the openings of the British squadrons, stooping and demanding quarter, while the dragoons, big men and on big horses, rode onwards, smiting with their long glittering swords in uncontrollable power, and the third division followed at speed, shouting as the French masses fell in succession before this dreadful charge.

Nor were these valiant swordsmen yet exhausted. Their own General, Le Marchant, and many officers had fallen, but Cotton and all his staff was at their head, and with ranks confused, and

blended together in one mass, still galloping forward they sustained from a fresh column an irregular stream of fire which emptied a hundred saddles; yet with fine courage, and downright force, the survivors broke through this the third and strongest body of men that had encountered them, and Lord Edward Somerset, continuing his course at the head of one squadron, with a happy perseverance captured five guns. The French left was entirely broken, more than two thousand prisoners were taken, the French light horsemen abandoned that part of the field, and Thomières' division no longer existed as a military body. Anson's cavalry, which had passed quite over the hill and had suffered little in the charge, was now joined by D'Urban's troopers, and took the place of Le Marchant's exhausted men; the heavy German dragoons followed in reserve, and with the third and fifth divisions and the guns, formed one formidable line two miles in advance of where Pakenham had first attacked; and that impetuous officer with unmitigated strength still pressed forward, spreading terror and disorder on the enemy's left.

While these signal events, which occupied about forty minutes, were passing on the allies' right, a terrible battle raged in the centre. For when the first shock of the third division had been observed from the Arapiles, the fourth division, moving in a line with the fifth, had passed the village of that name under a prodigious cannonade, and vigorously driving Bonnet's troops backwards, step by step, to the southern and eastern heights, obliged them to mingle with Clausel's and with Thomières' broken remains. When the combatants had passed the French Arapiles, which was about the time of Le Marchant's charge, Pack's Portuguese assailed that rock, and the front of battle was thus completely defined, because Foy's division was now exchanging a distant cannonade with the first and light divisions. However, Bonnet's troops, notwithstanding Marmont's fall, and the loss of their own General, fought strongly, and Clausel made a surprising effort beyond all men's expectations to restore the battle. Already a great change was visible. Ferey's division drawn off from the height of Calvariza Ariba arrived in the centre behind Bonnet's men; the light cavalry, Boyer's dragoons, and two divisions of infantry, from the forest, were also united there, and on this mass of fresh men, Clausel rallied the remnants of his own and Thomières' division. Thus by an able movement, Sarrot's, Brennier's and Ferey's unbroken troops, supported by the whole of the cavalry, were so disposed as to cover the line of retreat to Alba de Tormes, while Maucune's division was still in mass behind the French Arapiles, and Foy's remained untouched on the right.

But Clausel, not content with having brought the separated part of his army together and in a condition to effect a retreat, attempted to stem the tide of victory in the very fulness of its strength and roughness. His hopes were founded on a misfortune which had befallen General Pack; for that officer, ascending the French Arapiles in one heavy column, had driven back the enemy's skirmishers and was within thirty yards of the summit, believing himself victorious, when suddenly the French reserves leapt forward from the rocks upon his front and upon his left flank. The hostile masses closed, there was a thick cloud of smoke, a shout, a stream of fire, and the side of the hill was covered to the very bottom with the dead, the wounded and the flying Portuguese, who were scoffed at for this failure without any justice; no troops could have withstood that crash upon such steep ground, and the propriety of attacking the hill at all seems very questionable. The result went nigh to shake the whole battle. For the fourth division had just then reached the southern ridge of the basin, and one of the best regiments in the service was actually on the summit, when twelve hundred fresh adversaries, arrayed on the reverse slope, charged up hill; and as the British fire was straggling and ineffectual, because the soldiers were breathless and disordered by the previous fighting, the French, who came up resolutely and without firing, won the crest. They were even pursuing down the other side when two regiments placed in line below checked them with a destructive volley.

This vigorous counter-blow took place at the moment when Pack's defeat permitted Maucune, who was no longer in pain for the Arapiles hill, to menace the left flank and rear of the fourth division, but the left wing of the fortieth regiment immediately wheeled about, and with a rough charge cleared the rear. Maucune would not engage himself more deeply at that time, but General Ferey's troops pressed vigorously against the front of the fourth division, and Brennier did the same by the first line of the fifth division, Boyer's dragoons also came on rapidly, and the allies being outflanked and overmatched lost ground. Fiercely and fast the French followed, and the fight once more raged in the basin below. General Cole had before this fallen deeply wounded, and Leith had the same fortune, but Beresford promptly drew Spry's Portuguese brigade from the second line of the fifth division and thus flanked the advancing columns of the enemy; yet he also fell desperately wounded, and Boyer's dragoons then came freely into action because Anson's cavalry had been checked after Le Marchant's charge by a heavy fire of artillery.

The crisis of the battle had now arrived; and the victory was

for the general who had the strongest reserves in hand. Wellington, who was seen that day at every point of the field exactly when his presence was most required, immediately brought up from the second line the sixth division, and its charge was rough, strong and successful. Nevertheless the struggle was no slight one. The men of General Hulse's brigade, which was on the left, went down by hundreds, and the sixty-first and eleventh regiments won their way desperately, and through such a fire as British soldiers only can sustain. Some of Boyer's dragoons also breaking in between the fifth and sixth divisions slew many men, and caused some disorder in the fifty-third; but that brave regiment lost no ground, nor did Clausel's impetuous counter-attack avail at any point, after the first burst, against the steady courage of the allies. The southern ridge was regained, the French General Menne was severely, and General Ferey mortally wounded, Clausel himself was hurt, and the reserve of Boyer's dragoons coming on at a canter were met and broken by the fire of Hulse's noble brigade. Then the changing current of the fight once more set for the British. The third division continued to outflank the enemy's left, Maucune abandoned the French Arapiles, Foy retired from the ridge of Calvariza, and the allied host, righting itself as a gallant ship after a sudden gust, again bore onwards in blood and gloom; for though the air, purified by the storm of the night before, was peculiarly clear, one vast cloud of smoke and dust rolled along the basin, and within it was the battle with all its sights and sounds of terror.

When the English General had thus restored the fight in the centre, he directed the commander of the first division to push between Foy and the rest of the French army, which would have rendered it impossible for the latter to rally or escape; but this order was not executed, and Foy's and Maucune's divisions were skilfully used by Clausel to protect the retreat. The first, posted on undulating ground and flanked by some squadrons of dragoons, covered the roads to the fords of Huerta and Encina; the second, reinforced with fifteen guns, was placed on a steep ridge in front of the forest, covering the road to Alba de Tormes; and behind this ridge, the rest of the army, then falling back in disorder before the third, fifth, and sixth divisions, took refuge. Wellington immediately sent the light division, formed in two lines and flanked by some squadrons of dragoons, against Foy; and he supported them by the first division in columns, flanked on the right by two brigades of the fourth division which he had drawn off from the centre when the sixth division restored the fight. The seventh division and the Spaniards followed in

reserve, the country was covered with troops, and a new army seemed to have risen out of the earth.

Foy throwing out a cloud of skirmishers retired slowly by wings, turning and firing heavily from every rise of ground upon the light division, which marched steadily forward without returning a shot, save by its skirmishers; for three miles the march was under this musketry, which was occasionally thickened by a cannonade, and yet very few men were lost, because the French aim was baffled, partly by the twilight, partly by the even order and rapid gliding of the lines. But the French General Desgravières was killed, and the flanking brigades from the fourth division having now penetrated between Maucune and Foy, it seemed difficult for the latter to extricate his troops from the action; nevertheless he did it, and with great dexterity. For having increased his skirmishers on the last defensible ridge, along the foot of which ran a marshy stream, he redoubled his fire of musketry, and made a menacing demonstration with his horsemen just as the darkness fell; the British guns immediately opened their fire, a squadron of dragoons galloped forwards from the left, the infantry, crossing the marshy stream, with an impetuous pace hastened to the summit of the hill, and a rough shock seemed at hand, but there was no longer an enemy; the main body of the French had gone into the thick forest on their own left during the firing, and the skirmishers fled swiftly after, covered by the smoke and by the darkness.

Meanwhile Maucune maintained a noble battle. He was outflanked and outnumbered, but the safety of the French army depended on his courage; he knew it, and Pakenham marking his bold demeanor, advised Clinton, who was immediately in his front, not to assail him until the third division should have turned his left. Nevertheless the sixth division was soon plunged afresh into action under great disadvantage, for after being kept by its commander a long time without reason close under Maucune's batteries, which ploughed heavily through the ranks, it was suddenly directed by a staff officer to attack the hill. Assisted by a brigade of the fourth division, the troops then rushed up, and in the darkness of the night the fire showed from afar how the battle went. On the side of the British a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear-heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached, yet never gained the actual summit of the mountain; but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height, with unvarying fulness, and with what de-

structive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Yet when Pakenham had again turned the enemy's left, and Foy's division had glided into the forest, Maucune's task was completed, the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were in the darkness.

Meanwhile Wellington, who was with the leading regiment of the light division, continued to advance towards the ford of Huerta, leaving the forest to his right, for he thought the Spanish garrison was still in the castle of Alba de Tormes, and that the enemy must of necessity be found in a confused mass at the fords. It was for this final stroke that he had so skilfully strengthened his left wing, nor was he diverted from his aim by marching through standing corn, where no enemy could have preceded him; nor by Foy's retreat into the forest, because it pointed towards the fords of Encina and Gonzalo, which that General might be endeavoring to gain, and the right wing of the allies would find him there. A squadron of French dragoons also burst hastily from the forest in front of the advancing troops, soon after dark, and firing their pistols passed at full gallop towards the ford of Huerta, thus indicating great confusion in the defeated army, and confirming the notion that its retreat was in that direction. Had the castle of Alba been held, the French could not have carried off a third of their army, nor would they have been in much better plight if Carlos d'España, who soon discovered his error in withdrawing the garrison, had informed Wellington of the fact; but he suppressed it and suffered the colonel who had only obeyed his orders to be censured; the left wing therefore continued their march to the ford without meeting any enemy, and the night being far spent, were there halted; the right wing, exhausted by long fighting, had ceased to pursue after the action with Maucune, and thus the French gained Alba unmolested; but the action did not terminate without two remarkable accidents. While riding close behind the forty-third regiment, Wellington was struck in the thigh by a spent musket-ball, which passed through his holster; and the night piquets had just been set at Huerta, when Sir Stapleton Cotton, who had gone to the ford and returned a different road, was shot through the arm by a Portuguese sentinel whose challenge he had disregarded. These were the last events of this famous battle, in which the skill of the general was worthily seconded by troops whose ardor may be appreciated by the following anecdotes.

Captain Brotherton, of the fourteenth dragoons, fighting on the 18th, at the Guarena, amongst the foremost, as he was always

went to do, had a sword thrust quite through his side, yet on the 22d he was again on horseback, and being denied leave to remain in that condition with his own regiment, secretly joined Pack's Portuguese in an undress, and was again hurt in the unfortunate charge at the Arapiles. Such were the officers. A man of the forty-third, one by no means distinguished above his comrades, was shot through the middle of the thigh, and lost his shoes in passing the marshy stream; but refusing to quit the fight, he limped under fire in rear of his regiment, and with naked feet, and streaming of blood from his wound, he marched for several miles over a country covered with sharp stones. Such were the soldiers, and the devotion of woman was not wanting to the illustration of this great day.

The wife of Colonel Dalbiac, an English lady of a gentle disposition and possessing a very delicate frame, had braved the dangers, and endured the privations of two campaigns, with the patient fortitude which belongs only to her sex; and in this battle, forgetful of everything but that strong affection which had so long supported her, she rode deep amidst the enemy's fire, trembling, yet irresistibly impelled forwards by feelings more imperious than horror, more piercing than the fear of death.

CHAPTER IV.

Clausel passes the Tormes at Alba—Cavalry combat at La Serna—Chauvel's cavalry joins the French army—The King reaches Blasco Sancho—Retires to Espinar on hearing of the battle—Receives letters from Clausel which induce him to march on Segovia—Wellington drives Clausel across the Duero—Takes Valladolid—Brings Santocildes over the Duero—Marches upon Cuellar—The King abandons Segovia and recrosses the Guadarama—State of affairs in other parts of Spain—General Long defeats Lallemand in Estremadura—Caffarelli is drawn to the coast by Popham's Expedition—Wellington leaves Clinton at Cuellar, and passes the Guadarama—Cavalry combat at Majadahonda—The King unites his army at Valdemoro—Miserable state of the French convoy—Joseph passes the Tagus; hears of the arrival of the Sicilian expedition at Alicant—Retreats upon Valencia instead of Andalusia—Maupoint's brigade succors the garrison of Cuença, is beaten at Utiel by Villa Campa—Wellington enters Madrid—The Retiro surrenders—Empeinado takes Guadalaxara—Extraordinary journey of Colonel Fabvier—Napoleon hears of Marmont's defeat—His generous conduct towards that Marshal—Receives the King's report against Soult—His magnanimity—Observations.

DURING the few hours of darkness succeeding the battle Clausel passed the Tormes by the narrow bridge of Alba, and the fords below it, and at daylight was in full retreat upon Peneranda

covered by an organized rear-guard. Wellington, having brought up the German dragoons and Anson's cavalry, also crossed the river with his left wing at daylight, and moving up the stream came about ten o'clock upon the French rear, then winding without much order along the Almar, a small stream at the foot of a height near the village of La Serna. He launched his cavalry against them, and the French squadrons flying from Anson's troopers towards their own left abandoned three battalions of infantry who in separate columns were making up a hollow slope on their right, hoping to gain the crest of the heights before the cavalry could fall on. The two foremost reached the higher ground and formed squares, Foy being in the one and General Chemineau in the other. The last regiment, when half-way up, seeing Bock's dragoons galloping hard on, faced about in column and commenced a disorderly fire; the squares above also plied their muskets with far greater effect, and the Germans after crossing the Almar stream dropped fast, for they had under fire to pass a turn of narrow road and clear some rough ground before they could range their squadrons on a charging front. By twos, by threes, by tens, by twenties they fell, yet the rest keeping together surmounted the difficulties of the ground, and hurtling on the column went clean through it: then the squares above retreated, and several hundred prisoners were taken by these able and daring horsemen.

This charge was successful even to wonder, the joyous victors standing in the midst of their captives and of thousands of admiring friends seemed invincible; yet those who witnessed the scene, nay the actors themselves, remained with the conviction of this military truth, that cavalry alone are not able to cope with veteran infantry save by surprise. The hill of La Serna offered a frightful spectacle of the power of the musket, that queen of weapons, and the track of the Germans was marked by their huge bodies. A few minutes only had the combat lasted, and above a hundred had fallen, fifty-one were killed outright, and in several places man and horse had died simultaneously, and so suddenly that falling together on their sides they appeared still alive, the horse's legs stretched out as in movement, the rider's feet in the stirrup, his bridle in hand, the sword raised to strike, and the large hat fastened under the chin giving to the grim but undistorted countenance a supernatural and terrible expression.

When the French main body found their rear-guard attacked they turned to its succor, but seeing the light division coming up re-commenced the retreat and were followed to Nava de Setroval. Near that place Chauvel's horsemen joined them from the Duero, and covered the rear with such a resolute countenance that the

allied cavalry, reduced in numbers and fatigued with continual fighting, did not choose to meddle again. Thus Clausel carried his army clear off without further loss, and with such celerity that his headquarters were that night at Flores de Avila, forty miles from the field of battle. After remaining a few hours there he crossed the Zapardiel, and would have halted the 24th, but the allied cavalry entered Cisca and his march was then continued to Arevalo. This was a wonderful retreat, and the line was chosen with judgment, for Wellington naturally expected the French army would have made for Tordesillas instead of the Adaja. The pursuit was however somewhat slack. The British left wing, being quite fresh, could have ascended the Tormes on the night of the battle and reached the Almar before daylight, or passing at Huerta have marched by Ventosa to Peneranda; but the vigorous following of a beaten enemy was not a prominent characteristic of Lord Wellington's warfare. On the 25th he halted on the Zapardiel and Adaja rivers, to let the commissariat, which had been sent to the rear the morning of the battle, come up.

Meanwhile the King, having quitted Madrid with fourteen thousand men on the 21st, reached the Adaja and pushed his cavalry towards Fontiveros;* he was at Blasco Sancho the 24th, within a few hours' march of Arevalo, and consequently able to effect a junction with Clausel; yet he did not hurry his march, for he knew only of the advance upon Salamanca, not of the defeat, and having sent many messengers to inform Marmont of his approach concluded he would await the junction. The next day he received letters from him and Clausel,† dated Arevalo, describing the battle, and saying the defeated army must pass the Duero immediately to save the dépôt of Valladolid and establish new communications with the army of the north: they promised however to halt behind that river if possible until the King could receive reinforcements from Suchet and Soult.

Joseph by a rapid movement upon Arevalo could still have effected a junction, but he immediately made a forced march to Espinar, leaving in Blasco Sancho two officers and twenty-seven troopers, who were surprised and taken on the 25th by eight troopers under Corporal Henley of the 14th dragoons. Clausel made for Valladolid by Olmedo, thus abandoning the garrisons of Zamora, Toro, and Tordesillas to the allies. Wellington then brought Santocildes, who was now on the Esla with eight thousand Gallicians, to the right of the Duero, across which river he communicated by Castro Nuño with the left of the allies on the Za-

* See Plan 2.

† King's correspondence, MS.