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MILITARY MEMOIRS

OF

FIELD MARSHAL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

BY

CAPTAIN MOYLE SHERER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



Philadelphia:

ROBERT DESILVER, 110, WALNUT STREET.

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PREFACE.

SEVENTEEN years have passed since, upon the plain of Waterloo, the illustrious subject of this memoir crowned his military fame; and, by one surpassing victory, closed his vast, various, and splendid services in the field.

Of all the wars in which he was engaged, peace, "the mother and the nurse of all that is good for man," was the blessed end!

The difficulty of doing any justice in such narrow limits to the development of a military character so eminent and unrivalled as that of the Duke of Wellington, has been severely felt by the Author. To produce a closely digested narrative of his achievements, suitable for the general reader, is the object of these volumes.

The task has been laborious; for the Author had to read, compare, and reconcile many and various relations of the events which he describes; and to extract and condense the facts which they contain. He owes full acknowledgments to the Histories of Colonel Jones, Mr. Southey, and Colonel Napier; and especial thanks to some private friends, for the kindness with which they have afforded him information.

For the opinions, military or political, which may be expressed or implied in these volumes, as well as for their general style, the Author alone is responsible.

The work being of a professional nature, that interference which is generally understood to fall within the province of an Editor, has not, in the present instance, been exercised by Dr. Lardner.

LONDON, *June 22, 1832.*

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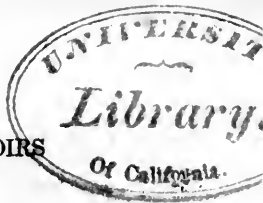
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MILITARY MEMOIRS
OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FIRST APPOINTMENTS.—HIS FIRST SERVICE IN FLANDERS.—THE RETREAT FROM HOLLAND.—OBSERVATIONS UPON THAT CAMPAIGN—ON THE BRITISH ARMY.—THE DUKE SAILS FOR INDIA.

THE honorable Arthur Wellesley, now field-marshal of England, and duke of Wellington, a younger son of the late earl of Mornington, and a brother of the present marquis Wellesley, received his first commission as an ensign of infantry in 1787. He was then in his eighteenth year, and had been regularly educated for the profession of his choice. He studied for a time at the military academy of Angers in France, whither, at an early age, he was prudently removed from Eton, where science is not taught.

As subaltern and captain he served both in the cavalry and infantry, and enjoyed the rare advantage of an early acquaintance with the field duties of both those arms.

In the spring of 1793 he was promoted to a majority in the 33d regiment, and was advanced to the lieutenant-colonelcy of that corps, by purchase, in the autumn of the same year.

A young man, in the command of a fine regiment, he sailed upon his first service from the Cove of Cork in the month of May, 1794.

The corps landed at Ostend in the latter end of June, and was already in garrison, when lord Moira (with the troops originally destined for a chivalrous but unwise attempt in Britany) arrived at that place, to hold it as a point of support for the allied army in Flanders.

The enemy, however, was already in possession of Ypres on the one side, and of Bruges on the other. Near the former place the Austrian general, Clairfait, had just sustained three successive defeats, and had retired upon Ghent:—Walmoden, the Hanoverian commander, being thus compelled to evacuate Bruges, had marched to join him.

That brave prince, the duke of York, whose misfortune it was to have a command so ill-defined, that it would have perplexed a much older and a far more experienced leader, was, as a consequence of these defeats, driven from his position at Tournay, and placed in circumstances very critical and disheartening.

In this state of affairs lord Moira called a council of war; and it was there agreed, that the mere defence of Ostend, to which object his orders confined him, was not of so great importance as the immediate succor of the duke of York. Ostend was evacuated on the 29th of June. With about eight thousand men lord Moira marched by Bruges (from which place the French retired on his approach) to Ghent. On the same day the garrison under colonel Vyse embarked with such order and expedition, that the town was clear both of troops and stores before sunset. This brigade proceeded to the Scheldt, and, disembarking on the banks of that river, joined the camp of the duke of York before Antwerp.

It was here that lieutenant-colonel Wellesley, who accompanied his regiment by sea from Ostend, first saw an army in the field. It was at this moment, and upon this theatre of war, where there was no sound but of reverses, and no prospect but one dreary with expected disappointments, that the conqueror in so many battles made his first essay in arms.

Here he received his first lessons in practical warfare, and here obtained that early notice and early praise, which bestow confidence, and which animate ambition.

In the formal and stationary camps, and in the confined and chilling operations of this defensive campaign, there were few opportunities of distinction; yet some occurred, and they were eagerly improved. Lieutenant-colonel Wellesley commanded the 33d regiment in every affair in which it was engaged. On the river Neethe; in a warm affair near the village of Boxtel; and in a hot skirmish on the Waal, it did good service.

The allied army was not in strength to face the weighty masses of the French in battle; but the British posts were occasionally disturbed; and to secure and preserve their communications some fighting was necessary. In the affairs alluded to, our young commander was not unobserved. At the close of the campaign he was *selected* by general David Dundas to cover, with the brigade to which his regiment was then attached, the memorable retreat from Holland: no mean distinction; for Dundas was an officer of high reputation, a strict disciplinarian, and an intrepid soldier.

It was in the middle of January that this movement was decided on; for two months previous the service had been trying. Both officers and soldiers were exhausted by continual fatigues;

they had to support the rigors of winter, and long nights of ceaseless watching, without the clothing or the comforts suited to that cold climate and to the inclement season.

The sufferings on the retreat were yet more severe. The route from the frozen banks of the Lech to those of the Yssel lay through the dreary and inhospitable provinces of Gueldreland and Over-Yssel. The way was over desert and flat heaths there were but few houses on the route, and these scattered singly or in small villages, or in mere hamlets, affording a seldom and insufficient cover for the troops. It was a hard frost: the wheel-tracks were covered with snow; and bitter winds and blinding storms of sleet blew keenly from the north-east, directly meeting them as they marched. If the fatigued soldier reposed too long, drowsiness would steal over him; and if not roused and urged forward on his road, he slept the sleep of death. Such casualties were numerous. Under these circumstances no common zeal and activity were necessary in covering the retreat. The command of the rear-guard was a post of honor: it was filled with credit, and stamped lieutenant-colonel Wellesley then as a man of promise. Such was the rude experience of his first campaign; a campaign, however, pregnant with useful lessons. It had been carried on by councils of war, —*divided councils*;—a campaign where the talents and courage of the generals were paralyzed for want of men, *materiel*, and money, and no less for want of well-defined commands, and full powers of action. Clairfait, the Austrian, was both able and brave; Walmoden of Hanover was a man highly considered; and the British prince, though young and of no experience, was full of ardor and spirit, and was not without firm and intelligent advisers.

But in this war, from the moment that Prussia entered Poland, the motives of all the continental allies became suspected, and the popularity of their cause in the Netherlands soon expired. When the inhabitants clearly saw the inability to protect them, they became at first fearful, then wearied, and at length hostile; a consequence that in no theatre of war should ever cause surprise, and is rarely a theme for any just reproach. For the irritated feelings of a retiring and mortified soldiery some allowance may be made; but the abuse poured out in England, at that period, upon the people of Flanders and Holland was bitter and unmerited.

Nothing but a sacred love of liberty, or a love for the existing government so strong as to supply, if possible, its place, or such a dread and hatred of the invader as prompts all sacrifice for his expulsion, will ever engage the peaceful dwellers in towns and villages in the toil and peril of a present and protracted warfare. Under all governments the smith plies his anvil, the rustic fol-

lows his plow, the citizen opens his shop in the morning and counts his gains in the evening; and all these ask but to perform their daily tasks, and eat their daily bread in peace. They ask individual liberty, and personal repose. It is true that the people of the Netherlands had shouted round the state coach of the emperor that very spring at Brussels. The pageantry of the inauguration of a duke of Brabant had amused their eyes, and cheated them of a few cheers; but events soon showed the weakness of their Cæsar, and in the moment of trial they forsook him. The Dutch had more to contend for, and were, at first, in earnest; but they, too, felt their own weakness; they saw that of the allies; and they were hopeless of any effectual resistance. Moreover, as a maritime nation, they had always a jealousy of the English, and this prevented the cordiality of a generous co-operation. The French, for which they may thank the coarse policy of their enemies, were all united: they had numbers and energy; and, flushed with the triumph of Fleurus, they were not to be resisted by a motley army of jealous allies, acting amid a people indifferent to their success. The English evacuated Holland, execrating the inhabitants; and the Hollanders saw them depart with no equivocal expressions of their dislike.

Notwithstanding all their sufferings, the English soldiers returned home in good heart; satisfied that they had maintained the national character for true valor on every occasion that offered for its display.

They returned, too, with a feeling about the *bonnets rouges* and *sans-culottes* of republican France, differing little from the prejudice of their forefathers against the wooden shoes and *soup maigre* of her monarchy. Well for England that they did. By this feeling, conspiring with the old national antipathies, and combined with the good sense and right judgment of the reflecting, the pestilence of the licentious and infidel sentiments which, at that period, poisoned the whole atmosphere of France, was stayed within the confines of her own conquests.

That English spirit was the safeguard of the people from the corrupting and inflammatory language of those very levellers who were soon after trodden under foot by the iron heel of a military despot; an idol of their own raising, and the object of a slavish though splendid worship.

That spirit enabled England to carry through, with perseverance and patience, a long and glorious war;—a war, not as many perversely contend, for the weak cause and the weak house of Bourbon, but for her own sacred institutions.

Somewhere the battle must have been fought; and if Spain and the Netherlands had not furnished fields for the contest, it must sooner or later have been fought upon her own green hills

at home; and the pendants of her gallant fleets, instead of flying in constant triumph upon the far ocean, must have been drooping on the dull watch in sight of her own shores. That spirit in her fleets and armies, under the guidance of such instruments as God gave us in their leaders, has raised England to that pinnacle of power, wealth, and influence, to which she has now attained, and from which nothing but suicidal folly can cast her down.

But we return to the steps of one who has been honored, above all other instruments, individually, in bringing about these great results:—be it remembered, too, not as an aspiring usurper, but as the free-born general of a constitutional army, as the loyal subject of an English king, and the faithful servant of the English people.

Such was the aspect of our continental relations at the period just mentioned, that, for a time, the British soldier could see no field in all Europe whereon to display his enterprise and win renown.

Short, however, as was this campaign in Flanders, though there was no battle, and but little fighting, it had shown to Wellesley a something of war upon the grand scale; for it was in an army of sixty-eight battalions, and eighty squadrons, that he had served. He had seen troops of various nations, differing in their discipline, their habits, their costume, and their aspect. He had heard those grand sounds with which he was to have so long and so glorious a familiarity in after-life: the distant boom of the hostile gun; the night thunder of batteries of cannon; the rolling of musketry; the tread of columns; the trampling of squadrons, and the voice of the trumpet. There was yet another sound he had heard,—the dauntless cheers, the loud hurrah of those soldiers whom, under happier auspices, and on a more glorious theatre of action, he was so often to lead against the enemies of his country, and to guide to victory and glory.

While he had witnessed the excellent spirit and brave bearing of English soldiers, he had also marked their defects, and listened, probably, to the complaints made against their discipline, interior economy, and temper, by their Austrian allies, with no light or inattentive ear. The Austrians in that campaign reproached the British for being disdainful; admitted that they were brave, and ready for all great occasions, but complained that they were indolent, negligent, and indifferent in the discharge of all those minor calls,—those labors, fatigues, and pickets, in which the duties of a prolonged warfare mainly consist. High courage was, at that time, as always, the great distinction, the brilliant merit of our soldiery; but the system of our regimental economy was comparatively bad; all our

military institutions were defective and vicious; few departments of the army were conducted with intelligence, some with a known want of integrity: the commissariat and medical departments were notoriously incapable; nor were the talents and acquirements necessary for the prompt and intelligent discharge of their important duties commonly found even among officers of the general staff.

Too much praise can never be assigned to the wise regulations by which the late duke of York labored for years, at a subsequent period, to remedy these sad evils, and great was the improvement he effected; but it is to the preparatory system and discipline of a Dundas, a Cathcart, and a Moore, and to the large and practical application of their principles by a Wellington, that we owe the present character, efficiency, and, above all, the present fame of the English army.

On the return of the troops from Holland, the 33d regiment, as soon as it was reported fit for service, was ordered upon an expedition then fitting out against the West Indies, and sailed, early in 1795, with the fleet under the orders of admiral Christian.

The fleet made several attempts to put out to sea, but was repeatedly driven back by adverse winds. Owing to these delays, the 33d was countermanded, ordered to land, and sailed again in April, 1796, for the Cape and India. Thus a star which might have set early in the West in obscurity, and perhaps death, arose in the East with life and brightness.

Lord Mornington, the present marquis Wellesley, being appointed governor-general of India in 1797, the interests of his brother were not forgotten. Lieutenant-colonel Wellesley was promoted to the rank of colonel.

During his voyage to India, it is yet remembered by one of his fellow-passengers, that he passed much time in his cabin diligently reading, to prepare himself for command and conduct in that country. Distinguishable from young men of his age and station by no affected singularities, he was quietly laying the foundation of his renown. Birth and high connexion had given him quick promotion and early advancement to responsible command,—but they could do no more. Men grow not to greatness by accident, but by those personal endowments, which are, in the first place, the gifts of Providence; and after, by a constant improvement of them, by steady preparation, strong will, and undiverted resolve.

CHAP. II.

MILITARY ASPECT OF INDIA.—POLITICAL STATE.—THE WAR WITH TIPPOO SULTAN.—ASSEMBLY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.—CHARGE OF COLONEL WELLESLEY.—MARCH OF THE ARMY.—AFFAIR OF MALAVELLY.—AFFAIR OF POSTS ON INVESTING SERINGAPATAM.

MILITARY services in the East rarely obtain that notice to which they are justly entitled. The scene in which they are acted is remote; and the laurels of our brave men from India have always lost a something of their freshness before we gaze on them at home. Moreover, it is an effort of the imagination to realize the aspect of Asiatic warfare, and to many readers such efforts are at once painful and vain.

They content themselves with considering that the enemies in India are *black*. They draw some distinction, indeed, between the black of Africa and of Asia; but, so far as bodily power and personal prowess are concerned, it is in favor of the former. The Asiatic is thought an effeminate and silken slave, whose nerves tremble at the report of a cannon, and whose prancing horses are only used for security or flight. This is no fancy picture; Englishmen accounted intelligent thus spoke of India fifty short years ago; and to this hour, except among those interested in Indian affairs by the course of their studies, by connexion with the services or commerce of that country, or by that large and active spirit of inquiry which an attachment to the cause of schools and missions has awakened, a like ignorance obtains, and a like apathy in the concerns of India is always manifest.

Before the period, however, of which we are about to speak, the attention of England had been a little roused by the talk of bloody and severe combats in the East, in which the superiority of her arms, though triumphantly maintained, had not been undisputed.

It required all the energy of lord Cornwallis, and the utmost efforts of his brave officers and gallant men, to reduce the strength, and humble the pride, of Tippoo, the sultan of Mysore. This prince inherited, from a warlike father, a kingdom, usurped by violence and enlarged by conquest, and with it the cherished spirit of that stern and bitter hatred to the English which Hyder Ali had always manifested in life, and recommended in death. The names of Hyder and Tippoo had sounded on the English ear as those of foemen not to be totally despised; and a vague notion of what Mahometan fierceness, guided by French counsels and French discipline, might effect, caused them to estimate

anew, though still imperfectly, both the dangers and the glory of Indian service. The fact is, Tippoo had a trained infantry, a numerous artillery, expert gunners, and an active courageous cavalry. In the discipline and instruction of his infantry and artillery he was aided by adventurers from France. These men were greatly encouraged and richly rewarded.

Although Tippoo was undoubtedly by far the most formidable enemy of England among the native princes, yet neither were the Mahratta chieftains mere leaders of predatory horse. In the army of Scindia,* there were seventy-two battalions of foot, under French officers, organized in ten brigades, to which were attached no fewer than four hundred and sixty pieces of cannon. To this force must be added vast numbers of irregular infantry armed only with a matchlock, or with sword and shield, or with the spear. Many thousands of these last were composed of Patans or Rohillas, men of a fierce and desperate courage, robust and hardy, patiently enduring fatigue, and never appalled by fire.

With regard to the Mahratta horse, little if any discipline was ever successfully established among them. The best Mahratta horsemen serve by tenure of land, either personal, or under a chief landholder; others come as volunteers, to be enrolled for pay; or they are the hired riders of the horses of others again, who receive all the pay themselves. The volunteers are numerous, and consist of such individuals, floating loose on the surface of Indian society, as have by any means possessed themselves of a horse and arms; but they are all of the military cast, that is, born, bred, and exercised to the use of arms. India abounds with martial and warlike figures.

These horsemen are not cowards; they fear not death, they fear not the point of the spear or the edge of the sabre. Hence, if prey, or baggage, or vengeance, be their object, they will hover near, they will invite the skirmish, they will challenge the personal encounter, they will ride up even to the very muzzles of your muskets. But to excite them to this, there must be the stimulus of a golden hope, or of a bitter hate; for otherwise, as warfare is their condition of life, they are not eager in action. Above all things they dread the exposure or loss of their horses, which are at once the sources of their subsistence, their titles of service, their treasure, and their pride. It may be readily understood that these men abhor the irksomeness and restraint of all exercise or discipline. They sweep wide provinces by rapid and desolating marches. Terror tells of their coming; tears and famine, silence and blood, show where they have passed. Whenever they venture as a body to draw up

* The most considerable of those chiefs

and await a disciplined cavalry, they become an easy conquest. They have no good formation; their very crowds encumber them; the fronts presented by regular and well-trained squadrons, and rapidly changed or wheeled at the blast of a trumpet, confound and perplex them; they are scattered like a flock of sheep, and sabred as they fly. In any contest, however, where infantry are thinned by fire, or broken by any accident, or difficulty of ground, these horse, who scramble anywhere, will pour among them with fury, and with lance and sword do terribly the work of death. A large host of them, seen from afar, presents a brilliant appearance: they have turbans and garments of many colors; the horses of the chiefs, and of all such as can afford it, are showily caparisoned; and, in particular, the breast-plates glitter with silver: every neck is curved by a standing martingale; and their many neighings come down upon the wind loud and lordly. Their horses are, for the most part, tall, bony, and vicious; the poorest of these Mahrattas, however, are mounted on low lean cattle, and their equipment is of a correspondent meanness. They have, also, some of them, a beautiful kind of pony, handsome and spirited, rising above thirteen hands, and prized even by their chiefs, but not for battle.

Such are Indian armies; and the reader should possess the picture, to be enabled to follow, with a livelier interest, the services of colonel Wellesley in the East. He should be told also that India is a country where the roads are difficult, and sometimes, from the nature of the soil, for whole days and weeks impassable:—that on the plains they are broad tracks; in the mountainous country, narrow and rocky passes, requiring immense labor in the transport of artillery; and that every river, nay, at some seasons, every stream, is a serious obstacle. A few of the large fortresses of the native powers are armed and defended, though imperfectly, yet much after the European manner; but the many are lofty and difficult of access; constructed of solid masonry, with double and winding gateways; having walls of a terrific height, without any ramparts and round towers at the angles. It is quite fearful to stand upon some of the walls our soldiers have mounted in hot blood, and carried by escalade in our Indian wars.

Exposure to sultry suns; long marches; the endurance of fatigue, thirst, and hunger, and the experience of hard fighting,—these things make honorable veterans; and all Englishmen, who served in India from the year 1780 to 1804, had their full share of such hardships, and have large titles to honor.

We have now to relate an interesting struggle, and shall give the stories of the war of Mysore, and that in the Deccan, with a brief, plain fidelity.

When the marquis Wellesley arrived in India to succeed lord

Teignmouth in the government of that country, he found the British interests menaced by the secret designs of many enemies. The most formidable and inveterate of these was the sultan Tippoo, ruler of Mysore. He had entered into secret correspondence with the French; had sent ambassadors to the local government in the Isle of France; and, by them, letters to be forwarded to the executive directory in Europe. Both by his envoys and his letters he invited the alliance of the French government, and their aid in officers and men, having projected, as he told them, a war with the English, which he only awaited their assistance to commence: at the same time he declared to them that his object was to drive the English out of India.

It was also known that he had sent accredited agents to the court of Zemaun Shah, king of Cabul and Candahar, prompting him to invade our territories from the north:—moreover, he was suspected of an intrigue with the Mahrattas, whom he was inviting to make common cause against the British.

The state of our alliances in the Deccan was apparently desperate: French influence was paramount at the court of the nizam. The court of the peishwa* at Poonah was at the mercy of Scindiah, who lay near with an army, and dictated all its measures. French officers possessed the ear of Scindiah. The rajah of Berar was known to be secretly hostile to the English; and the adventurous chief, Holkar, always ready for war and plunder, would not be slow to join the league.

A proclamation issued by the governor of the Isle of France reached Bengal early in June, 1798. No sooner was this made known, than the Carnatic, alarmed and despondent, began to dread immediate invasion, and a renewal of all those horrors of which she had before tasted the bitterness and misery. The fourth paragraph of this proclamation distinctly stated, that Tippoo only awaited the moment, when the French should come to his assistance, to declare war against the English,—all of whom he ardently desired to expel from India.

The authenticity of this document was at first doubted; but was soon confirmed by good testimony, and by the fact, that a French vessel arrived at Mangalore on the coast of Malabar, and landed one hundred men and several officers for the service of Tippoo, by whom they were instantly received.

The marquis Wellesley immediately decided upon a war; but, until his measures of preparation were complete, he delayed the open declaration. He ordered the armies of Coromandel and Malabar to be immediately assembled; but so bad

* The considered head of the Mahratta powers, and the real sovereign of the Poonah state, though nominally only the chief minister of the rajah of Sattara, a mere cipher.

and inefficient was the state of the former, that this could not, at the moment, be done.

To improve and strengthen our alliance with the nizam was the next object. This prince had a corps of fourteen thousand men in his service, commanded by French officers. These officers had acquired an ascendancy so considerable at his court, that his nominal alliance was, to us, not only useless but dangerous. Marquis Wellesley boldly and without delay negotiated for the augmentation of the British force at Hyderabad, and for the dismissal of the French officers serving with the nizam. These great objects were most happily attained. By a new treaty, an addition was made to the British subsidiary force of 4400 men. To fulfil these engagements at once, troops, which had been held in secret preparation, were assembled by general Harris with such promptitude, that, although the treaty was only ratified at Fort William on the 18th of September, our troops reached Hyderabad on the 10th of October, and, assisted by the cavalry of the nizam, they surrounded the French force on the 22d, disarmed the sepoys, and arrested the European officers. All this was effected without bloodshed. A mutiny against their officers had broken out in the French camp; a state of things which, of course, prevented any effectual resistance. The body disarmed was about 11,000 men. Captain James Kirkpatrick, the resident, captain John Malcolm, and colonel Roberts, conducted this affair, in their various relations, with great address and uncommon firmness. The zeal and courage of captain Malcolm were, from circumstances, most conspicuous. This master-stroke of policy was hailed by the British at both presidencies as an augury of a good and vigorous administration.

The marquis now came to Fort St. George to advance the preparations for war by his presence. As soon as all things were ready, he addressed a remonstrance to Tippoo Sultan on his late conduct. This not being replied to, he directed the advance of the army on the 3d of February. On the 13th there came a short, unsatisfactory letter from Tippoo; his reply to which lord Wellesley dated on the 22d, affixing the same date to a declaration of war, which was made in the name of the English and their allies.

It has been argued by some that this war was forced upon Tippoo, and that lord Wellesley was not justified in these measures. The fact is, it was not war that was forced upon Tippoo, but the time of commencing it. War was already in his heart. He never would, he never could, have rested in amity with us. His attitude of peace was treacherous; it was but the couching of the tiger preparatory to its spring. As the hunters go forth from an Indian village to destroy the terror of

their herds, seeking him in his own lair, so the British, that her trembling subjects in the Carnatic might sleep in security, marched to assault this dangerous and dreaded enemy in his own capital.

The preparations for this campaign were made upon a large scale, and manifested the intention of the government to destroy the power of Mysore. As little as possible was left to what is called the fortune of war. It is a sound principle in war, that by taking the field strong, campaigns are rendered short as well as decisive. There is always, therefore, in the end, a saving of treasure, and of what is a million times more valuable, of human life:—a principle, by the way, to which in Europe English ministers have rarely if ever attended. The army of the Carnatic, including the subsidiary force from Hyderabad, and three thousand of the nizam's own infantry, amounted to thirty thousand combatants. Six thousand native horse belonging to the nizam, and not included in the above statement, marched with this army. This cavalry was led by Meer Allum, a general of the nizam's. The charge of colonel Wellesley in this force was considerable: he commanded all the infantry of the nizam, to which his own corps, the 33d, had been attached; and he made this campaign at the head of eleven battalions.

The assembled force encamped upon the frontier of Tippoo's territories on the 4th of March: the day following, general Harris dispatched lord Wellesley's letter to the sultan, declared war, and commenced hostilities. His advanced corps of infantry marched upon some hill forts in front: they surrendered without resistance, or were abandoned as the troops approached them.

When the army of the Carnatic passed the eastern frontier of Mysore, that of the western coast, amounting to 6400 men, was also marching upon Seringapatam. This last force had been assembled at Cannanore under general Stuart, and was destined to combine its operations with those of general Harris.

Tippoo's first movement was easterly, as if to oppose the advance of Harris; but he suddenly broke up from his encampment at Seringapatam, and taking with him the flower of his infantry, marched swiftly upon the division coming from Cannanore. He encamped near them on the 5th. Some of the tents were observed by general Stuart; but from the nature of the country, which is full of jungle, or tall thick underwood, that officer could not ascertain his numbers; neither was he aware that the sultan himself was present in the camp. The disposition of Stuart's force was as follows:—Three native battalions, under colonel Montresor, were posted in advance at Seedaseer. After the appearance of the enemy on the 5th, they were reinforced by another battalion. The rest of the

troops, with the park and provisions, were encamped at Seedapoor and Ahmootenar; the first were eight miles, the latter twelve, in rear of this position. The country here is covered with wood, and favorable for concealed movements. Between the hours of nine and ten on the forenoon of the 6th, the enemy, having penetrated the jungle with great secrecy, came suddenly upon the brigade of Montresor, and attacked him in front and rear, at the same moment, with fierce impetuosity.

The assailed battalions, though pressed by superior numbers, behaved with all steadiness, and defended themselves with resolute bravery. It was five hours before general Stuart could arrive to their support; and even then, that division of the enemy, which was in the rear of Montresor, still for half an hour resisted his advance; but at last they gave way, and retired on all sides in confusion. The sultan had more than 11,000 men in action at Seedaseer, and lost about 1500. The brave brigade of Montresor lost only 140 men. This action is worthy of remark, as on both sides the combatants were natives of Hindostan. The sultan remained in his camp at Periapatam till the 11th, without molesting Montresor or Stuart again, and then marched once more upon the army of the Carnatic. On the 14th of March this army encamped in sight of Bangalore. Four thousand of the enemy's best cavalry came forward to reconnoitre it, and after receiving a few shot from the field-pieces of the advanced guard, drew off quietly. From the neighborhood of Bangalore, before which fortress he made no delay, three roads lead to Seringapatam: general Harris took the southern, by Kaunkaunhully. The march was tedious in the extreme: his army was five days in accomplishing the same distance traversed by lord Cornwallis with a battering train, eight years before, in two. The equipments, provisions, and stores were not more than sufficient, nor were they, for an Indian army, more cumbrous than usual; but they required large means of transport; and though there was carriage enough to meet the want on the returns, yet was there at the moment some disappointment as to the quantity of bullocks, still more as to their quality, and rate of marching. The evil originated with the native contractors, who, finding themselves, by some new regulations, abridged of their customary and fraudulent gains, impeded the movements in a manner which no prudence could foresee, and no exertion, no anger, no punishment could avail to rectify. The provoking immobility of feature, and the stubborn purpose, which a native of that class exhibits, when gain or revenge is his object, can alone be conceived by those who have witnessed it. The impatient and active spirits on the staff of that army were continually engaged in fruitless endeavors to move these sullen contractors. That this vexatious experience,

and the insight it gave him into the native character, and commissariat arrangements, were not lost upon colonel Wellesley, his rapid and unimpeded marches in the Deccan, at a subsequent period, abundantly testify; and it is remarkable that the British army has never had a general so minutely attentive to the commissariat department, to his means of transport, his depôts and supplies, as this great commander.

To return. General Harris encamped at Kaunkaunhully on the 21st. The sultan offered no opposition to these movements; he even retired from the strong heights on the eastern banks of the Maddoor river, without disputing the passage. On the 27th, however, general Harris found the enemy halted, and drawn up on the high ground beyond Malavelly. They fired upon the army, and manifested an intention to prevent their encamping. A disposition was, therefore, made to compel them to fight or retire. The 33d regiment, and the troops of the nizam, under colonel Wellesley, formed and advanced upon the left, supported by the regular cavalry under general Floyd. The right moved forward under the more immediate direction of general Harris. The pickets of the army were for a time considerably annoyed by the rockets of the enemy, and their cannonade; but as soon as the formations were completed, their fire was answered by such field-pieces as could be brought up; the line advanced; the affair became general along the whole front, and they were driven from the field. In this engagement some of the sultan's troops manifested great courage. Two thousand of the best trained of his turbaned infantry advanced firmly upon the British 33d, and came within sixty paces before delivering their fire. The 33d, led by colonel Wellesley, charged these Cushoons, and overthrew them with the bayonet. The horses of general Floyd were soon amidst their broken ranks, and they fell fast before the sabres of his men, whose red horse-hair plumes shook over them fierce and pitiless.*

General Harris crossed the Cauvery at Sosilay, where there is an easy ford: this movement was unexpected by the sultan, and was effected without loss or interruption. On the 2d of April, Tippoo reconnoitred the British for some hours while taking up their ground from a hill in their front, and on the 4th he had again a full view of the whole line as it passed along the high grounds about four miles from his capital.

On the 5th of April the army finally took up its position before Seringapatam for the siege. The camp was formed oppo-

* The British dragoons in India, at that period, were of the bravest; but the habit of encountering men who gave no quarter caused them to be savage in the hot moment of the *mêlée*. Their helmets were surmounted by thick plumes of red horse-hair, which fell over their right cheeks, and gave them a stern look.

site the west face of the fort, at the distance of 3500 yards. The right was on commanding ground,—the left flank was doubly secured by an aqueduct and the river Cauvery. This aqueduct served in many places, in its winding course, as a strong intrenchment, and several deep and difficult ravines in the rear of the encampment gave it protection from any sudden irruptions of the enemy's enterprising horse. This pleasant camp was strong, secure, and abundantly supplied with fine water; in addition to these advantages, there were in the lines five large topes: the feathery cocoa, and the tall and slender areca, and thick clusters of the graceful bamboo, adorned them. But the advantage here was not their beauty or their shade: they furnished those materials for carrying on the works which have generally to be fetched with much labor, and, if an enemy be strong in cavalry, with much interruption, from a distance.

The position, however, was found to be in part exposed to some little annoyance from the enemy's advanced posts, especially from their rocket-men. An attack was directed upon two of these posts the same night, under colonels Wellesley and Shaw: it failed; colonel Shaw, indeed, got possession of a ruined village, and, sheltered by the cover of its walls, was enabled to hold it throughout the night. The column of colonel Wellesley, when it entered the tope on which it was directed, was suddenly assailed by a hot fire of musketry and rockets: it was thrown into confusion and withdrawn. Such is the frequent fate of a night-attack, in which, if the assailants do not actually surprise the foe, and create a panic, however brave the men, however able the leader, without a certain and confident knowledge of the ground, and light enough to distinguish both it and their opponents, they are moving they know not where, and fighting they know not what. The uncertain footing of a mere walk in the dark upon strange ground belongs to every man's experience. The following day general Harris made fuller dispositions with a view to drive in the whole line of the enemy's outposts. He directed three simultaneous attacks on their right flank, their left, and their centre, and these attacks were to be made under cover of guns previously posted; moreover, the attacking columns were stronger. Colonel Wellesley again commanded the attack upon the Sultan-pettah tope, and it was carried with skill and resolution.

The attacks of colonel Wallace on the right, and colonel Shaw on the left, were alike successful. These assaults secured a connected line of posts within 1800 yards of the fort, extending two miles in length, from the river on the left to the village of Sultanpet on the right.

CHAP. III.

SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM. — THE STORM AND CAPTURE. — COLONEL WELLESLEY APPOINTED GOVERNOR

THE fort or city of Seringapatam is situated on a small island formed by the river Cauvery, which breaking against the rocky bank disparts its stream into separate but wide channels: the waters flow sluggishly along, till they meet about three miles below.

The city is built at the upper end, and the arms of the river at that point embrace the walls. The island has a naked, dreary appearance, and is about a mile in width below the city. The place is fortified in the old Indian fashion. Obstacles are clumsily multiplied, and, especially at the south-west angle, wall rises above wall in complicated obstruction. Many of the bastions are square, but there are a few of the regular European form; they are connected, however, by walls, long, lofty, and straight, after the manner of the Hindoos. The north-western angle was that selected by the general as the point of attack: the river at that season was low, its bed wide, and filled with rocks and fragments of granite.

The Bombay army, under Stuart, from the western coast, and general Floyd, who had been detached with the cavalry to cover their advance, joined on the 14th. The sultan's horse had hovered close and constantly upon their line of march, and been very active in their annoyance. The progress of the works was now rapid: on the 17th the Bombay troops were established and well covered within a thousand yards of the western angle of the fort; and the bed of a watercourse on the southern side, within a like distance, was seized at the same moment.

On the 20th, in the evening, the enemy was dislodged from an advanced intrenchment with considerable loss, and a parallel was opened on the spot within seven hundred and eighty yards of the fort.

On the 22d a column of 6000 infantry, with Lally's corps of Frenchmen, made a furious sally upon the Bombay army: they were received with steadiness; and after many times repeating their fierce efforts, were compelled to retire with the loss of six or seven hundred men.

On the evening of the 26th some intrenchments of the enemy behind the bank of a watercourse within 380 yards of the place were assaulted and carried. Of these attacks colonel Wellesley, who commanded in the trenches, had the immediate direction. Their success was rendered complete by the spirited and timely support of colonel Campbell. The fighting was obstinate, and our loss considerable.

On the morning of the 30th a breaching battery opened on the bastion; at sunrise on the 2d of May another battery opened upon the curtain to its right; these and the supporting batteries kept up a loud thunder, and beat weightily upon the walls. A magazine of rockets* blew up in the fort, and threw its ruinous and terrific firework far up into the war-clouded sky; salvo upon salvo lodged ponderous shot upon the shaken walls. A practicable breach was soon made in the *fausse braye* wall, and on the evening of the third the main rampart was a heap, and a yawning ruin. Scaling-ladders, fascines, and other *materiel* for the assault, were sent to the trenches after sunset the same evening. When the sun rose on the morrow, the brave battalions destined for the storm were already concealed in the trenches.

Two thousand five hundred Europeans and one thousand eight hundred natives were appointed to this service, under major-general Baird. The hour for the assault was well chosen; it was that sultry hour of early afternoon, which is throughout the east a season of profound repose; when lassitude is felt in all its enervating power; when, after the meal at noon, all natives compose themselves to sleep or rest. Hot, panting, breathless for the signal, men from the far north and west, that had left their thresholds at home fair flaxen-headed youths, lay by their native comrades looking up to the fierce sun, and well-nigh as swart as they.

The sleepy silence which hung over the city, and the awful stillness in the trenches, were suddenly broken by the voice of Baird:—"Come, my brave fellows! follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers," was the brief appeal, with which, springing out of the trenches, sword in hand, he summoned the bold men to the overthrow of a kingdom. He was answered by the quick and forward rush of the "forlorn hope" as they broke past him; and was close followed by the columns under colonels Sherbrooke and Dunlop. The summit of the breach, after a short struggle on the slope with a few gallant Mysoreans, who started out on the instant, was crowned in six minutes; a British color was there displayed by the brave sergeant † of the "forlorn," who as he gave the shout of triumph, and felt the hot throb of honors already won, fell dead by a shot from within the fort.

The face of the wide breach was soon crowded with men; and when collected in sufficient force to enter upon the ram-

* A city in India besieged presents night after night a sublime spectacle to the besiegers, from the large and frequent use made by Indians of blue-lights and other fireworks, besides rockets which are thrown in great quantities, and are very troublesome and destructive.

† His name was Graham

part, they filed off to the right and left, driving the enemy before them, who fled particularly on the right, with unresisting panic.* Numbers threw down their arms and rushed out of the fort. One body of fugitives effected their escape by lowering themselves with the long folds of their unrolled turbans, from the lofty wall at the south-western angle; but of these the more inactive and irresolute were dashed to pieces upon the rocky bottom of the ditch. Upon the left, however, the column of colonel Dunlop, who had himself been wounded in a personal conflict with one of Tippoo's sirdars, on the slope of the breach, was vigorously opposed. The enemy took post behind the traverses which they had constructed, and defended them, one after the other, with such resolution as frequently to bring our front to a stand. Nor would this difficulty have been easily surmounted, had the detachment of the 12th regiment, British, failed in passing the ditch between the exterior and inner rampart. A narrow strip of ground left for the passage of the workmen was by happy chance discovered; the rampart was climbed; the detachment advanced along it, flanked these formidable traverses, and cleared them by their fire. In this quarter the sultan himself had hitherto fought in person, firing from behind a traverse like a common soldier, his attendants aver with such steadiness and effect, that he brought down many of the assailants.

But when on all sides the English were gaining ground; when those of the right attack were seen in their crimson uniforms, over the eastern gate; when on all the works the dismayed Mysoreans were resigning the contest, and abandoning their posts, Tippoo retired along the northern rampart.

Coming up with one of his horses he mounted, complaining of fatigue, and of the aching of a leg, in which he had been formerly wounded. He now rode slowly, with what object none can tell, not away, out of the city, as he might have done, but to a bridge that crossed the inner ditch, and led by a covered gateway into the town. As he was entering this gateway he received a wound from a musket-ball. The place was soon filled with fugitives, both from without and within: for on both sides the British were now advancing. The archway was so choked with people that he could not pass through the crowd; and the cross-fire of the conquerors soon made it a heap of the dead and the dying. His horse sunk under him, wounded; his palanquin was at hand, and his attendants disengaged him from the saddle, and placed him upon it. This was their last service—removal was impossible. In a few minutes English soldiers

* A captain Molle of the Scotch Brigade pursued them with such ardor that, unsupported, he gained a cavalier, and raising his hat on his sword summoned his men to take possession of it.

pressed into the gateway. One of them, attracted by the glittering of the golden buckle, snatched at the sultan's sword-belt. Tippoo, with such strength as yet remained to him, made a cut at the soldier, and wounded him in the knee. The man drew back, raised his piece, and shot the sultan deliberately through the temple, little knowing that it was the stern unyielding king, who fell back upon the litter dead. In the hot search for plunder, the body was thrown out of the palanquin, and lay hidden for a time beneath a heap of slain. While Tippoo, in the consciousness that his kingdom was departed from him, provoked the fate he probably desired, all was alarm and terror in the palace. Baird, who had been formerly, for three years, the fettered and captive tenant of a lothesome hovel in this very city, now stood before the palace-gates as a victor.

After some anxious parley between major Allan and the kille-dar, the palace, which was crowded with armed men, surrendered; the gates were opened, and the youthful princes* were led to the presence of the injured conqueror. They came trembling: they knew his story; they knew his wrongs; and they knew that Europeans taken during the siege had been murdered in torture by their father: but as they drew near, and met the eyes of Baird, that brave man was sensibly affected at the sight; his violent and excited anger was suddenly resolved into the generous emotions of a fatherly pity; he calmed their fears, and dismissed them with expressions of regard and promises of protection.

From the information gathered at the palace, Baird proceeded instantly to the northern gateway in search of the sultan. The shadowy arch was filled with slain; and from the dim obscurity of the place the features of the dusky dead could not easily be distinguished. Body after body was dragged out and examined without success. Torches were now lighted, and they went in to carry on the search with better expedition: the corpse was at last found beneath a heap of the killed, and recognized by many. Turban, jacket, sword, and belt were gone; of defence or ornament nothing remained to the king; still, however, bound upon his right arm, was the trusted amulet† which he always wore. Despite three wounds in the body, and one in the temple, the countenance was not distorted, and it wore an expression of stern composure. The eyes were open, and the body so warm, that, as colonel Wellesley, then present, and major Allan, felt it, they thought, for a minute, that the sultan yet lived; but it

* They were youths of seventeen and fifteen.

† The talisman contained, sewed up in pieces of fine-flowered silk, an amulet of a brittle metallic substance, of the color of silver, and some manuscripts in magic, Arabic, and Persian characters, the purport of which, had there been any doubt, would have fully ascertained the identity of the sultan's body.—BEATSON.

was not so. They felt the pulse again, and it was still: the haughty heart and it had ceased to beat.

Above eight thousand of his troops had fallen. The carnage in and around the principal mosque was very great; for here was the last deadly and desperate resistance of the true mussulmans, who would neither fly nor surrender. All violence ceased with the conflict; and, in comparison with captures by assault generally, few, very few, of the inhabitants suffered. Such females as had not fled the city, gathered in veiled and trembling groups in the open spaces, and found their best protection in this defenceless and pitied exposure. On the morning of the 5th of May, colonel Wellesley was appointed to the permanent command of Seringapatam. In the attack, he had been in charge of the reserve, and was only an eager and animated spectator of the storm. The rank, the reputation, the age of Baird, and, above all, the peculiar circumstance of his long captivity in the dungeons of this very city, gave him a right to the honor of leading the assault; and the impatient victor, in the furious battle of Assaye, had but to see this conflict, and to hear the shouts of the conquerors. His immediate attention on the morning of the 5th was directed to the re-establishment of order and security. He made a few necessary examples of plunderers; went in person to the houses of the principal inhabitants, and soon inspired a general confidence in the people. Such as had fled away to the open fields returned; and three days after the capture, the main street and the bazaar were crowded with a busy population, and presented the appearance of a fair.

On the evening of the capture, the remains of Tippoo were conveyed to the palace. On the morning after, Abdul Khalik, his second son, came in and surrendered himself: he asked to see the body, but viewed it with apparent unconcern. Not so the younger princes; they displayed a feeling and lively sorrow. Youth is youth, and father has still a cherished place in the breast and heart of boyhood, whatever be the country, how troubled soever be the scene. Tippoo was buried with the usual ceremonies, and with as much of pomp as circumstances admitted; all these things being cared for and provided, with the utmost delicacy and judgment, by colonel Wellesley himself, as commandant of the city. Four flank companies of Europeans attended as a guard of honor; and minute-guns were fired during the interment. As the procession passed through the street, a *keeraut*, or charitable donation of five thousand rupees, was distributed to the fakirs and the poor. The *kauzee* chanted the usual verses from the Koran, and the attendants gave the loud response. The streets were lined with inhabitants, and many persons prostrated themselves before the bier. Thus

Tippoo was laid in the tomb of a king, and with the body of his father. He was brave; and he died a soldier's death. He was a favorite with all classes, during the lifetime of his father, but his reign disappointed all expectations. Nevertheless, in the sight of his mussulman subjects, he had many redeeming qualities; nor did they attribute to him, but to his minister, Meer Sadduck, the oppression which they endured. This they marked by the cruel, indecent, and foul indignities with which they treated the naked corpse of Meer Sadduck, who was killed during the assault, it is believed, by the Mysoreans themselves. Tippoo was generous, though capricious, and supported an immense number of dependants. "These people are fed by God," he would say, "not by me;" and he would never hear of any reductions in his establishment which might dismiss superfluous servants to destitution. He was strict in all observances of his religion; and his edicts against the offences prohibited by the law of the prophet, especially that against the use of wine, were severe and inflexible. He was a despiser of all Europeans, even of those whom he employed. He was a persecutor of all infidels, of the Nazarene in particular. Yet it is recorded of him that, on the very day on which he met his death, he made large oblations* to the brahmin priests, and performed ceremonies by them enjoined to avert misfortune. These priests had apprized him that the 4th of May would prove an inauspicious day to him; and whatever prompted the strange augury, it was, though with little of mystery or wonder, fulfilled. When he sent to them his offerings, he asked their prayers. Such was the fear with which this intrepid warrior regarded the approach of misfortune, or, perhaps, the terrible law of death. Such was his doubt of that providence and mercy in which, as a good mussulman, he affected to place a simple and implicit reliance.

Notwithstanding all the predictions of the priests, and his own misgivings about the last event and issue of the war, the storm of Seringapatam he never contemplated for one moment; and on the morning of the day when it was made, he could not, to the last, be made to believe that it was intended. He was at dinner, sitting under a pandal,† near an old gateway, in the

* To the Shingassee of Chenapatam he gave an elephant, a bag of oil seeds (of the sort named *teel*), and two hundred rupees. To different brahmins he gave a black bullock, a milch buffalo, a male buffalo, a black she-goat, a jacket of coarse black cloth, a cap of the same material, ninety rupees, and previous to the delivery of this last article he held his head over the pot, for the purpose of seeing the image of his face; a ceremony used in Hindostan to avert misfortune. He then dismissed the brahmins, and desired they would pray for the prosperity of his government, which was the more remarkable, the sultan being a bigoted Mahometan.—BRATSON.

† A thatched shed,

northern face, when the alarm was given. He hastily washed his hands, and called for his arms. While buckling on his sword, a messenger came running to tell him, that Syed Goffar, his best officer, was killed.

“Syed Goffar was never afraid of death,” was his first and only exclamation: “let Mahommed Cassim take charge of his division.” And with these words he went hastily forth to meet the assault. The fortunes and the character of this prince are of sufficient interest to have demanded this long notice.

As soon as it could be conveniently arranged, the commissioners, appointed by the governor-general, assembled in Seringapatam. Colonel Wellesley was a member of this commission. Their first proceeding was to grant life-pensions to the chief sirdars of Tippoo’s army who had survived the struggle. This measure of conciliation being effected, their next was to remove from the country the families of Hyder Ali and the late sultan, as a preliminary to the new settlement of Mysore. The details of this delicate office were left to colonel Wellesley; and, by various concurring testimonies, the duty was performed with great judgment, and the most considerate humanity.

It was resolved by the marquis Wellesley to restore the ancient rajahship of Mysore. He apportioned for it a larger territory and a better revenue than the former rajahs had ever possessed. The remainder of Tippoo’s kingdom, being the after-conquest of his father, was divided between the English and the nizam; a portion being reserved as an offering to the peishwah, with a view of cementing our alliances in that quarter. The child, who was the lineal descendant of the ancient rajahs of Mysore, was discovered, with his fallen family, in deep poverty and humiliation. His state excited a most compassionate interest in those first deputed to communicate the intended elevation. The commissioners were received by the young rajah in the mean apartment of a mean abode. He was surrounded by his male relations; while the ranah and the females of his house were only concealed from the visitors by a sorry cloth or curtain: every thing marked the extreme of indigence and neglected obscurity.

The young prince, a delicate and timid child, about five years old, was at first alarmed; but the kindness of the commissioners soon reassured him.

The brahmins fixed upon the 30th of June as an auspicious day for the enthronement. The inauguration took place in the old town of Mysore. The ancient Hindoo musnud had been discovered at Seringapatam, and was used upon this occasion. Under a royal salute from the fort, and three volleys from the troops, the young rajah, conducted by general Harris and Meer Allum, took seat upon the throne of his fathers, received their

homage, and was presented in due form with the seal and signet of the *rauje*. The deportment of the child, throughout this imposing ceremony, was so becoming, so free from all restraint and embarrassment, as to surprise and interest all the British officers who were present. Tippoo had always designated the state as *Khodadad Sircar*, i. e. "The Government, God given;" or, "The Gift of God." The designation, though Mahometan, and no longer used, struck many as singularly applicable to the advancement of the young rajah; for he had literally lain among the pots,* and was now set up as a prince of the people. The brahmin Purneah, who had been the finance minister of Tippoo, accepted an offer to become the dewan of the present government, and was appointed accordingly. Thus happily was this important conquest settled.†

It is impossible to close the story of this war without remarking two things:—first, that, contrary to all reasonable expectations, the British army was compelled rather to creep than to march to the scene of its after-triumphs. Next, that, if in consequence of this delay Seringapatam had been defended as it might and ought to have been, and as there was reason to expect from the character of Tippoo, the number of his troops, and the abundance of its *materiel*, it would have been, the siege must have been tedious and harassing, and the success doubtful. Nay, had the breach been cut off by a retrenchment, and defended with as much spirit as the traverses on the left, it would certainly not have been carried as it was; because an obstacle would have been presented insurmountable by the brave assailants.

Before and throughout the siege the mind of Tippoo was confused, and his heart depressed by the shadow of a coming calamity. On the evening of his funeral the sky gathered black with clouds. There was a great tempest, thunder and lightning, and so heavy a rain that the river Cauvery rose greatly in the course of one night; and this change of weather would, of itself, have greatly interfered with our operations, had we been still in the trenches. In the camp of the Bombay army two British officers were killed, that evening, by the lightning.

All here related, and much more, was witnessed by colonel Wellesley, and forms a part of his military experience as a soldier, and his moral experience as a man.

* There was a potter's heap close to his late wretched abode; moreover, strange as it may sound, the young prince and his family were originally of the potter cast, which, though not vile, is by no means a high one.

† The garrison of Seringapatam during the siege was near 22,000. Two hundred and eighty-seven guns were mounted on the fortifications, and nearly 700 pieces of ordnance were found in the four arsenals; there were also in the city two founderies for cannon, and eleven armories for small arms. The British loss during the siege and in the assault was about 1,000 killed and wounded, of whom 67 were officers.

He now became the permanent commandant of Seringapatam, and in that office was, of necessity, charged with many duties, and various arrangements, of a nature totally distinct from the ordinary routine of mere military service. To these new duties he rose in a manner that gained him much influence and increasing respect.

It is remembered, that he early prepared a paper upon the state of the coinage in Mysore, in which it was shown that he had studied the subject, and was not less able to project a measure of finance in the closet than to guide a column in the field. To this hour, indeed, the memory of all these services, and more particularly of those which he rendered to the terrified and desolate natives in the moment of our triumph, and their distresses, is cherished by the aged inhabitants of Seringapatam with a grateful feeling, with which we are unwilling to disconnect the after-successes of colonel Wellesley's life.

CHAP. IV.

COLONEL WELLESLEY'S SERVICE AGAINST DHOONDIA, A LEADER OF PREDATORY HORSE. — IS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF GENERAL. — TAKES THE FIELD AGAINST THE MAHRATTAS. — VARIOUS OPERATIONS. — THE BATTLE OF ASSAYE. — PEACE. — LEAVES INDIA.

THE tranquillity of the new conquests, and the quiet submission of the country, was for a while delayed by the enterprise of an adventurer, named Dhoondia Waugh.

This individual, born in the kingdom of Mysore, of Mahratta parents, had been a private horseman in the cavalry of Hyder, and served afterwards in the army of his son with some petty command. Being a restless, ambitious man, and disappointed of promotion to the extent of his hopes, he deserted the sultan's service, during the war with lord Cornwallis, and, putting himself at the head of a few predatory horse, he plundered the country north of the Toombudra. His maraud, however, was checked and chastised by the court of Poonah, whose troops, under their chief Ghokla, overtook and defeated him. Induced by a fair offer of Tippoo, who promised both forgiveness and employment, he returned to Mysore, at the head of two hundred followers. The treacherous sultan immediately threw him into prison, and invited him to turn mussulman. Whether this was to secure his allegiance, or to increase the number of the faithful, may not be confidently said; but the tyrant circumcised his Hindoo prisoner by force, and subjected him to very cruel and rigorous treatment throughout a long confinement. At the capture of Seringapatam, amongst the prisoners hastily set at liberty, with-

out due examination and inquiry, was Dhoondia Waugh. No sooner were his fetters knocked off than his feet were again in the stirrups. Many of Tippoo's horsemen, men of desperate fortunes, without a country, a service, or a master, became his willing followers. With these people he ravaged the rich country of Biddenore; and it became necessary to send after him two strong detachments of the army, under colonels Stevenson and Dalrymple. Six hundred and fifty of his followers, horse and foot, were cut up by lieutenant-colonel Dalrymple; by whom, and by colonel Stevenson, he was soon driven across the Toombudra, into the territory of the peishwah. Here his old conqueror Ghokla came upon him, and being stripped of guns, tents, and baggage, elephants and bullocks, he fled north, with the very few horse which, after this last dispersion, remained to him, and for a time totally disappeared.

Nothing is more remarkable in India than the magic growth of a predatory force. A single adventurer, with no purse, no possession, but horse and sword, if he has once rode at the head of a body of freebooters, and got a name for activity and fortune, is sure to be sought out and followed by all whose feet are "swift to shed blood, and to divide the spoil." The speck, scarce visible or noticed in the far distance, approaches; and, behold, a heavy cloud black with the menace of destruction. Thus, in 1800, Dhoondia rode south again with 5000 horse, and threatened the frontier of Mysore. Against this enemy a force was immediately ordered to take the field, and colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command. The colonel crossed the Toombudra with his troops on the 24th of June; another body under colonel Bowser marched upon the same service, to cooperate with and under him. On the 29th, from intelligence he received, colonel Wellesley found that if he halted for colonel Bowser he might lose the chance of striking such a blow at Dhoondia as would cripple him. He therefore pressed forward with his cavalry only. At Malowny on the Malpoorba he found a detached camp of this chieftain; rode into it; cut up or drove into the river all the combatants he found there; took animals, baggage, &c., and closed the affair by making a party of his European dragoons swim across the river and seize a boat. By this means he contrived the same evening to possess himself of their guns, which had been safely transported to the opposite bank before his arrival. After various forced and fatiguing marches, and many able movements conducted with persevering activity and judgment, colonel Wellesley found himself within a few miles of Dhoondia's main force on the night of the 9th of September. Bad weather and jaded horses compelled him to a short halt. Luckily, the chief, misled by the previous manœuvres of Wellesley, and misinformed by his spies, was

ignorant of the near approach of the British troops. After a night of anxious impatience, colonel Wellesley bade sound "To horse!" rode forward with his eager squadrons, and soon came in presence of "the king of the two worlds."* His army, consisting of at least 5000 cavalry, for he had been strengthened since his arrival in the south, was drawn up in a very strong position near the village of Conagull. His people put on a good bold countenance, and looked firm. The colonel most rapidly formed the British dragoons and native cavalry; and in one resolute charge, led by himself, the fate of this lawless horde was decided. They were cut up or dispersed, every thing in their camp taken, and Dhoondia himself, "king of the two worlds," was slain. His body was recognized among the dead: it was immediately lashed upon one of the galloper guns attached to the 19th light dragoons, and brought by the soldiers, with no small exultation, to the English camp. It is impossible to read the letters to Sir Thomas (then major) Munro, lately published in the correspondence of that able and esteemed man, in which colonel Wellesley describes these operations, without the liveliest interest. The pursuit and overthrow of this formidable freebooter are related with a flow of joyous good-humor like the story of a successful hunt; and the phrases, the "king of the world" and "his majesty" are repeated with a playfulness, which shows the extreme pleasure Wellesley felt at his success, and the utter insignificance in which he held the peril or the glory of such a combat. At the same time it will be seen how much of thought and foresight; what clear arrangements for supply; what prompt decision on routes; what skill in movement; what unwearied perseverance, were exhibited in the effectual performance of this service. With colonel Wellesley duty was never a trifle. It mattered not how small or great the object to be attained. He gave to all orders that he received his fixed intelligent attention; and to the execution of them, for the time being, all his mind.

Let the youthful officer consider well this feature in the character we place before him. He will find it distinctive of the whole career of Wellesley.

The service just performed was of considerable importance, and checked in time the growth of a vast horde of pindarries, and other great disorders. Thus was tranquillity again restored to the territories lately acquired by the British, and also to many fertile districts immediately beyond their frontier. The peaceful peasants could again sow and irrigate their pleasant fields in security; and, in "the places of drawing water," the timid

* An assumed title. It is thus in the history of India that any bold adventurer founds a dynasty.

women of the Indian villages were again delivered from their fear.

Shortly after this service, colonel Wellesley was appointed to accompany general Baird on an expedition projected by the marquis Wellesley against Batavia, and he quitted his command in the Mysore. This expedition, owing to some misunderstanding between the admiral commanding in the Indian seas and the governor-general, as to the extent of the power which the latter was authorized to assume, was abandoned by the marquis. The force under general Baird was ordered to Egypt, and colonel Wellesley was remanded to the government of Seringapatam.

It seems to have been the intention at home that colonel Wellesley should have proceeded to Egypt with the contingent furnished by the Indian army; for he was actually gazetted to the local rank of a brigadier-general in that country. A scene, however, of very active and important operations was just about to open upon his prospects in India; and, with a separate and independent command, he soon gave to the name of Wellesley that splendor which did ever after increase, till at last it shone out, effulgent in meridian glory, over the field of Waterloo.

It may readily be supposed that the Mahratta chiefs had viewed the late successes of the British in Mysore with an evil eye. In the policy which had suggested the destruction of Tippoo's kingdom, and in the power which that prompt, vigorous, and decisive measure had exhibited, they saw, or suspected, the danger of their own states. The British government, desirous to establish such an alliance with the peishwah as might preserve the general tranquillity, made offer to that prince of a portion of the territories conquered from Tippoo, and such other proposals as indicated a sincere desire to preserve with that court relations of the most strict amity. The territory was refused, and the proposals were rejected. The secret of this refusal lay in the simple fact, that Scindia, with a large army, and almost the whole of his French brigades, continued at Poonah, and controlled every action of the court.

In June, 1802, intelligence of the peace of Amiens reached India, which was thus reopened to French adventurers and French intrigue. Fortunately, at this very moment, the two chiefs, Scindia and Holkar, were at variance. The latter, a fierce man, always in his element when in the work of devastation, was laying waste the country of the other; that part of it, at least, which lies north of the Nerbuddah. If, however, as was probable, Scindia should obtain, by the defeat of his rival, the sole ascendancy in the Mahratta empire, the English foresaw that the weight of its military resources would assuredly, sooner or later, be directed against themselves. There could

be little doubt, from the constitution of his army, and from the influence of his French officers, that he might, and would, establish a military power in the heart of India, by which the very existence of the British government in the East would be endangered. The country of the peishwah had been now the scene of continual conflict for years, and was greatly exhausted by the constant influx of fresh and hungry hordes of horse, who came to fight, under one banner or another, for the sovereignty of the Mahratta empire. It was evident that these lawless crowds, if not impelled by their natural thirst for plunder, must soon be driven to invade our territories, or those of the nizam, our ally, from the mere want of food.

In the autumn of 1802, Holkar came down upon Poonah in great strength, and compelled Scindia to battle. The peishwah was under an obligation to join Scindia with his troops, and promised, moreover, his personal presence in the field. On the day of battle he mounted his elephant, indeed, and took seat in his war howdah; but nothing was further from his intention than risking his person among the spearmen of Holkar. He therefore lingered near the walls of the city, ready alike for flight or congratulation. Holkar won the day, and, upon the very earliest report from the scene of conflict, which showed clearly to which side victory inclined, the peishwah, whose cunning was as notorious as his cowardice, fled away. He proceeded to Bassein, in Guzerat, and here very readily concluded a treaty with the British; whereby he consented to receive a subsidiary force, to cede territory for its subsistence, and to discharge all French and foreign adventurers from his service. The Madras army, under the command of general Stuart, advanced to the banks of the Toombudra to support this treaty. Colonel Wellesley, in the spring of 1802, had been promoted to the rank of major-general; and in that rank he now again took the field. He was, upon this occasion, detached with a select corps in front of general Stuart, and directed to march on Poonah, to drive away the troops of Holkar, and make safe the return of the peishwah, who was already on his way again to take possession of his capital. In co-operation with the subsidiary force of the Deccan, which moved under the orders of colonel Stevenson, he advanced rapidly. On his route, intelligence reached him that Amrat Rao, a relation of Holkar, and a chief, had threatened to plunder the city before he departed north. General Wellesley, with that promptitude and perseverance which have always marked his discharge of duty, broke up instantly, performed a march of sixty miles in thirty hours, and entered Poonah with his cavalry on the 20th of April: the Mahrattas fled at his approach, and the city was saved. The climate and season considered, this was a prodigious exertion

for the European part of his force; indeed, for all. It is remarkable, however, but true, that, for a brief campaign, the Europeans in India, from their pride and energy, and from a certain vigor of original constitution, will endure hardship, exposure to the sun, and fatigue, better than the majority of the natives; but, afterwards, alas! they pay the heavy price of their exertions. When the moral excitement has passed away, they often sink into supineness; disease invades them, and the gallant fellows wither into yellow and bloodless men; and, while yet scarce at mid-age themselves, so die. It is well to mark these things; for thousands upon thousands of soldiers, in all armies, and in all countries, sink down into early graves, which their own services have dug, without the eclat of battle,—without one leaf of laurel to mingle with the unwelcome cypress.

Happily the noble subject of these memoirs was gifted with a frame well calculated for the sustaining of all fatigues, and a sound, vigorous constitution. General Wellesley was a little above the middle height, well limbed, and muscular; with little encumbrance of flesh beyond that which gives shape and manliness to the outline of the figure; with a firm tread; an erect carriage; a countenance strongly patrician, both in feature, profile, and expression; and an appearance remarkable and distinguished: few could approach him on any duty, or on any subject requiring his serious attention, without being sensible of a something strange and penetrating in his clear light eye. Nothing could be more simple and straightforward than the matter of what he uttered; nor did he ever in his life affect any peculiarity or pomp of manner, or rise to any coarse, weak loudness in his tone of voice. It was not so that he gave expression to excited feeling.

It may be here with propriety observed, and it is important to the younger officers who may read this, that general Wellesley was a man temperate in all his habits; using the table, but above its pleasures: and it is not to be found on record, that he was ever *the slave* of any of those frailties, without an occasional subjection to which few men pass the fiery ordeal of a soldier's life. He was, however, much in camps; and a camp is so truly the nursery of manly virtues, that few officers advanced in life can look back upon days so unoffending, or nights of such light repose, as those passed in the ready field. To sum all up, he was a British nobleman serving his king and country with heart and hand; and while British noblemen continue to do thus, may their lands be broad, their mansions wide, and their names honored!

The peishwah again entered Poonah, and was again enthroned upon his own musnud, on the 13th of May. The defensive alliance with him having been thus peaceably effected, it was hoped

that Scindia would return quietly to his own country. This hope was vain. Scindia and the rajah of Berar, who were together in the field, made a menacing movement towards the frontier of our ally, the nizam. Explanation of this conduct was immediately demanded: the replies were evasive. Information was just at this time received of a secret and active correspondence between Scindia and Holkar; and it was privately known that a league hostile to the British was on the very eve of being concluded.

Under all these circumstances, the marquis Wellesley, with that large and comprehensive wisdom which sees when and where to delegate authority, invested the officers in command of the armies of Hindostan and the Deccan with full civil and political powers; for, in the upper provinces of the Bengal government, as well as in the Deccan, our troops were in the field. The army of Hindostan was commanded by lord Lake.

To major-general Wellesley, however, in particular, was sent a specific authority to conclude peace or to engage in hostilities, as his judgment, guided by his knowledge of the objects of government, might suggest to be most advantageous for the public interests. The major-general immediately demanded of Scindia that he should separate his army from that of the rajah of Berar, and retire across the Nerbuddah. He promised, on his own part, that the British troops should resume their ordinary stations the very moment that this requisition was complied with.

Oriental diplomatists are grand masters in all the little arts of evasion and delay, deceit and falsehood. Seldom, however, was a man born better calculated to deal with such diplomatists than general Wellesley. He saw through them, and had a straightforward method of dealing, and a bold and fearless decision, which at once confused and confounded them.

They continued their professions of good faith, and they repeated proposals already rejected, till it was evident to the general that time enough to perfect their plans and to prepare the hostile combinations was their sole object. The general, with his forces, awaited the issue of the negotiations in a camp near Walkee, no great distance from the city of Ahmednuggur, a strong fort belonging to Scindia, and situate about eighty miles from Poonah. It was on the 6th of August he learned that his political agent, colonel Collins, acting up to the true spirit of his instructions, had quitted the camp of Scindia. There had just been a heavy fall of rain; and, from the state of the roads, which immediately near him lay over soft cotton ground, it was not possible for him to move on the 7th, but on the morning of the 8th he broke up the encampment, and marched to Ahmednuggur. The town, or pettah of this place, is defended by a very lofty wall of masonry, without any ramparts, and flanked at

every angle or bend by a tower. This pettah was garrisoned by a regular battalion of Scindia's infantry, supported by a body of those brave mercenaries, the Arabs, who are often found in the fortresses of the Deccan. A body of horse was encamped immediately behind the town, in the open space between it and the fort. General Wellesley directed the assault of the pettah the very moment he came before it. The place was gallantly carried by escalade, with the loss of 118 killed and wounded. The suffering was principally from the Arabs, who, both on the towers and in the streets, offered a brave but ineffectual resistance. Lieutenant-colonels Harness and Wallace, and captain Vesey, with the flank companies of the 78th, the 74th, and 1st battalion 3d native infantry, performed this service rapidly, and in a daring and dauntless style. On the 10th the general opened a battery against the fort. The killedar proposed to treat, and requested that the fire might cease while the terms were under discussion. The general expressed his readiness to treat, but the guns continued to play upon the fort. On the 11th the killedar sent out vakeels to offer a surrender; but it was not till five in the evening that his hostages arrived in the British camp, nor till that very hour would the general allow his batteries to cease their fire for a moment, save to cool the guns. On the 12th the killedar and a garrison of 1400 men marched out. He was permitted to take away his own private property, and that of the inhabitants was also preserved to them. This fortress secured the communication with Poonah, afforded a safe depôt, and was the centre and the capital of a district yielding 634,000 rupees.

On the 24th general Wellesley crossed the Godavery, with the whole of his force, and reached the large and noble city of Aurungabad on the 29th. There are pleasant breaks in the hot toils of marching and campaigning in India, when a place is approached that rewards the gaze, as riding slowly up, dome, cupola, and tall minar rise grandly in the distance;—objects singularly noble and picturesque in themselves, but doubly so with the adjuncts of the palm-tree and feathery cocoa-nut, and that sunset sky, where long dark stripes, of the very blackest purple, divide the deep, the glowing vermilion, after a manner that no painter either could or would dare to copy. These things, and a soowarree,* perhaps, coming on the way with huge elephant, and camels, and long-maned horses, fretting handsome under their weighty housings, and their turbaned riders, and all the historic associations that crowd up to cultivated minds at the sight;—these are the beguilements of Indian marches; and are, after different manners and degrees, delight-

* A train, the retinue of a great man.

ful alike to the march-worn soldier, and to the thoughtful leader riding in the van.

As soon as the enemy heard of the arrival of general Wellesley at Aurungabad, they moved from Jalna to the southward and eastward, menacing a march upon Hyderabad. The general marching eastward, along the left bank of the Godavery, frustrated their design effectually; and, by the same movement, covered the safe advance of two important convoys coming up from Moodgul. The enemy now returned to the northward of Jalna. Colonel Stevenson attacked and carried that fort on the 2d of September: upon the night of the 9th he surprised a detached encampment of the enemy, created no small disturbance and alarm, and caused them much loss. The confederate chieftains had hitherto been marching solely with their cavalry, supported by a few thousand of the irregular foot, armed with matchlocks. They were now joined by sixteen battalions of regular infantry, and a large train of artillery, under the command of French officers. The whole of these forces were collected at Bokerdun, and lay between that place and Jaffierabad.

On the 21st of September, general Wellesley and colonel Stevenson met and conferred at Budnapoor. They here arranged a combined attack of the enemy for the morning of the 24th. Stevenson was detached by the western route, the general himself taking the eastern; in order that by this division of the force they might be enabled to effect the passage of the defiles in one day, and by occupying both prevent the enemy from escaping to the southward;—a manœuvre by which they might otherwise have avoided the encounter of our army at that time, and, perhaps, altogether. The common hircarrahs of the country reported the enemy to be at Bokerdun; and, according to the information which he had received about roads and distances, the general directed his march, so as to encamp within twelve miles of that place on the 21st. When on the morning of that day he arrived at the proposed halting ground, he learned, to his surprise, that he was only six miles from Bokerdun. At the same time intelligence was brought, that the cavalry of the Mahratta camp were already in movement to the rear, and that the infantry and guns were preparing to follow. The general determined to march upon the infantry, and engage it. He sent a messenger to Stevenson, then about eight miles to his left, to apprise him of this intention, and to direct his advance.

The camp colors were plucked from the ground, and the little army of Wellesley marched on. With the 19th light dragoons, and three regiments of native cavalry under colonel Maxwell, the general himself advanced to reconnoitre. The

infantry followed. After a march of about four miles, from an elevated plain in front of their right he beheld the Mahratta camp. A host of near 50,000 combatants, horse, foot, and artillery, lay strongly posted behind the river Kaitna. A smaller stream, called the Juah, flowed past their rear; and its waters joined those of the Kaitna at a point considerably beyond their left, leaving there a vacant peninsulated piece of ground of some space. The line of the enemy ran east and west along the northern bank of the Kaitna. The infantry lay upon the left, and all the guns. The position of this wing was a little retired upon the Juah, having its *point d'appui* on the village of Assaye, which leaned upon that river. The right consisted entirely of cavalry. The north bank of the Kaitna is high, rocky, and difficult; the front, for the most part, unassailable.

Upon his bay Arabian sat Wellesley, just opposite the enemy's right, then distant about a mile and a half, and presenting to his view, in one magnificent mass, 30,000 horses. The cavalry under Maxwell formed up their brilliant line, and remained steady. Wellesley with rapid glance surveyed the ground. From beneath the thick plumes of red horse-hair, which drooped over their bronzed cheeks, the manly eyes of the bold 19th dragoons looked on severely. The general resolved for battle. That this was the calm decision of a consulted judgment is not probable; but "there is a tide in the affairs of men:" he felt it swelling in his bosom, and took it at the happy ebb.

A body of the enemy's horse moved out, advanced to within half a mile of the British cavalry, and threw out skirmishers, who fired a few shots. Some British troopers were ordered to drive back these skirmishers, and all again was quiet. The general, observing a spot with a few houses beyond the left of the enemy, where there was probably a ford, and which he saw they had neglected to guard, resolved to pass the Kaitna at that point; to throw his small force entire upon that flank; to attack their infantry and guns; and thus to neutralize the presence of their vast cavalry, or compel them to bring it into action under very confusing disadvantages, and on a more confined field. A bright and bold conception.

The general, bidding Maxwell keep his present ground for a time, went back, and brought up the infantry in person. With these last, in steady columns, he now moved down upon the river. They marched silent and firm, every man in his place. It was to be the triumph of discipline. The courage of the heart was to be aided by the quick eye, the obedient ear, and the keeping calmly in the ranks. A cannonade played upon their line of march as they approached the ford: it was distant, and without effect. As they passed up out of the river, and the

head of the column gained the clear ground above, a field battery, within range, opened upon them hotly. It was at this the anxious moment of directing with care the formation of the lines for battle, that the orderly dragoon, riding close to the general, had his skull torn away by a cannon-ball. The horse, feeling the relaxed bridle and collapsing limb of his rider, fell a trembling, and kicked and plunged frantically, till he got quit of the corpse. An incident not worth the notice, but for the moment of its occurrence, and the trouble it caused to those immediately near.

Under this cannonade general Wellesley formed up his people in three lines; two of infantry, the third of his cavalry; which, as soon as the columns had crossed the ford, rode smartly down from their position, and took battle station in reserve. As a watching check upon the enemy's right, were left the Mysore horse and some cavalry of the peishwah's which marched with our army; but, though useful here, they could not be ventured in the fight.

The order of battle being thus skilfully changed, the infantry of Scindia was compelled to present a new front. They did so with greater ease than was expected. The line they now formed rested with its right upon the Kaitna, and its left upon the village of Assaye and the Juah. The front now presented by the enemy was one vast battery, especially towards the left, so numerous and weighty were the guns, and so thickly were they disposed immediately near the village.

The fire was rapid, furious, and terrible in execution: the British guns, few in number, opened as the line advanced, but were almost on the instant silenced. Their gunners dropped fast, and the cattle fell lacerated or killed beside them. With the fierceness of the struggle and the fearfulness of the hazard, the undaunted spirit of the general rose. He at once abandoned the guns, and directed an advance with the bayonet: with the main body he soon forced and drove the enemy's right, possessing himself of their guns by a resolute charge.

During this movement, the pickets and 74th regiment were losing men so fast by the fire from Assaye, that a body of Maharratta horse, which, hastening to that flank, had moved round the village, charged them, and with severe effect; though the heart, or centre, of the 74th still held gallantly together. Maxwell, with his dragoons, rode swiftly to their rescue, and spurring hard upon their assailants, drove them, with great slaughter, across the Juah. Amid a shower of musketry and grape, this leader and his cavalry rode on through the enemy's left: the gallant remnant of the pickets and 74th pressed on, and the battle was already won. The sepoy's of the main body, possessed in great part the very ground on which the enemy had

stood, and the guns which he had fought to the last, the gunners in many instances actually suffering themselves to be bayoneted at their posts, in others lying dead, as it seemed, under their cannon. These sepoys rushed on in pursuit. Their officers could not control their elated ardor; but, happily the 78th British, upon the left of all this early exultation, stood firm and steady, with unbroken ranks. A cloud of the enemy's horse hung dark upon the hill above, ready to burst, like a torrent, upon the brave confusion, but they durst not dash and break, as they must have done, upon that rock.

Some of Scindia's routed battalions clustered confusedly near Assaye, where numbers of the infantry and gunners, who had cast themselves upon the earth, to avoid the sabres of the cavalry, by feigning death, started up, and joined them. This body attempted a new formation; again opened the guns; and renewed the battle.

A large column of the enemy, already in full retreat, rallied at the hopeful sound, turned, and formed again. These the brave Maxwell checked by a gallant charge, and in this good service closed his honorable life. Among the last efforts of a day of efforts was a second attack of the formidable artillery near the village of Assaye. This general Wellesley led up in person, at the head of the 78th and 7th native cavalry. The enemy fled without awaiting the shock; but as the general was advancing, his horse, struck by a cannon-shot that carried away its leg, fell under him. A field, flowing with blood, black with abandoned cannon, and covered with slain, remained in possession of the British. It was near dark when the firing ceased. That night Wellesley lay down, and slept upon the field of battle. For a time, this day, "the die had spun doubtful;" but the secret impulse which prompted him to give the battle, did still, through all its thunder, whisper in his ear, "Victory!" The toss and fiery tramp of his favorite Arab were stilled in death, but the spur of the rider was not cold. A favoring Providence had shone kind on his bold hopes, and covered his head in battle. This success involved mighty consequences. "Never," says Dr. Southey, "was any victory gained under so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say, that the numbers of the enemy were as ten to one: they had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had a hundred pieces of cannon, which were served with perfect skill; and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet."*

* Quarterly Review, vol. xiii. p. 225.

The loss of his little band was a third killed and wounded: the sepoys had vied with the British in ardor; and the native cavalry had rode stirrup to stirrup with the heroes of the 19th dragoons. Of the enemy, twelve hundred were found dead upon the field; their wounded were countless, and scattered over all the immediate neighborhood.

Scindia now wrote, by a minister, to general Wellesley, artfully inviting him to send an officer to the Mahratta camp to treat. This the general of course refused; but expressed his readiness to receive, in his own encampment, any person duly empowered by the confederates to negotiate terms of peace. Operations were continued. Burhanpoor surrendered to colonel Stevenson on the 16th of October, and the strong fort of Asseerghur capitulated on the 21st. On the 11th of November, Scindia, with little sincerity of intention for peace, sent an ambassador to the British camp. After various conferences a truce was agreed upon between Scindia and the British in the Deccan and Guzerat. The principal conditions were, that Scindia's people should occupy a position forty miles east of Ellichpoor, and that the British should not advance farther into his territories. This truce was concluded the 23d of November. While it was going forward, general Wellesley had descended the Bajoorah pass to co-operate with colonel Stevenson, whose corps he had directed upon Gawilghur, a fort belonging to the rajah of Berar, with whom there had been no cessation of hostilities. Upon the 28th of November the general came up with a large body of Scindia's horse in company with the army of Berar. Taking a just and ready advantage of the non-fulfilment of the conditions of the truce, he resolved to attack them. He therefore marched forwards to Parterly, where he was joined by colonel Stevenson. The day was sultry hot, the troops were fatigued, and he designed no further movement till the evening; but the enemy's horse appeared in his front very strong, and skirmished with the cavalry of Mysore. The general supported the Mysoreans by pushing forward the pickets of infantry, and went out in person to reconnoitre, and take up ground for his camp. To his joy he found the confederates drawn up on the plains of Argaum in order of battle. Scindia's horse formed one heavy mass upon the right; upon their left were the Berar infantry and guns, flanked by their own cavalry; while, on Scindia's extreme right, hovered a vast cloud of pindarries and light troops. The united forces occupied a front of five miles, having the village of Argaum, with its gardens and inclosures, in their rear, and a plain, intersected by watercourses, in their front. Scindia and Munnoo Bapoo, brother to the rajah of Berar, commanded this force in person. General Wellesley moved down on them in one compact column, and rapidly formed

his lines of attack; the first composed of infantry, the second of cavalry. The Mogul and Mysore horse covered his left, and protected his rear. As the British line advanced, a large body of Persian soldiers, in the pay of Berar, rushed upon the 74th and 78th regiments, and maintained a short and desperate conflict at close quarters. They were destroyed. At the same time, the cavalry of Scindia made a fierce and crowded charge upon a battalion of native infantry (the 26th). They were received with steadiness, and repulsed with a loss so heavy, that they fled in confusion. Victorious on all points, the British line pressed forward; the enemy gave way in every direction, and abandoned eight-and-thirty pieces of artillery to their conquerors. The cavalry pursued by moonlight, and captured their elephants and baggage.

The army marched instantly to invest Gawilghur, a strong fortress upon a lofty and rocky height, fortified by such walls, ramparts, and towers, as look inaccessible. The heavy ordnance and stores were dragged, by hand, over a most difficult country. On the night of the 12th, colonel Stevenson broke ground, and erected two batteries against the north face of the fort; while general Wellesley, on his part, upon the steep side of a mountain, that looked on the south defences, constructed another battery, with a view to breach the wall near the south gate; or, at all events, to cause a diversion. On the 13th these batteries opened. On the night of the 14th the breaches in the walls of the outer fort became practicable; at ten the next morning the place was carried by assault. The columns on the north stormed the breaches, and the troops on the south side entered by escalade. After this blow the rajah of Berar sent in an ambassador, and proposed peace.

The negotiations were opened on the 16th of December, and concluded the following day. The general now communicated to Scindia that he should consider the truce at an end from December the 27th, and should act accordingly. On the 28th of December general Campbell dispersed a Pindarree force of 10,000 men at Moodianoor. On the 29th Scindia's vakeels closed with the terms of general Wellesley; and a treaty of peace between their humbled master and the British government was ratified and signed.

The conduct of this war would of itself have conferred a deathless fame on general Wellesley. It was glory enough for a single life; and would have secured for him a niche in history.

A monument in memory of the battle of Assaye was erected at Calcutta. The inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword; and his own officers testified their attachment and admiration, by the gift of a golden vase.

In England, the thanks of parliament were voted him, and he was made a knight-companion of the Bath.

Of all the honors paid him, none was more affecting than the parting address of the people of Seringapatam. They implored "the God of all castes and of all nations to hear their constant prayer; and wherever greater affairs than the government of them might call him, to bestow on him health, glory, and happiness:"—a prayer by which the integrity and mildness of the British government were recognized in the person of its calm, firm representative.

CHAP. V.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY RETURNS TO ENGLAND. — ACCOMPANIES THE EXPEDITION TO COPENHAGEN. — NAPOLEON. — HIS DESIGNS ON SPAIN AND ON PORTUGAL. — HIS MEASURES.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY returned to England in 1805, and was received with honor and regard. In the November of this same year he sailed for Hanover, in command of a brigade in the army of lord Cathcart. In consequence of the fatal battle of Austerlitz, this army returned to England in the February following, without any opportunity of service. He was now appointed to the command of a district at home; and, upon the death of marquis Cornwallis, was made colonel of the thirty-third regiment, a corps in which he had served long, and with distinction. In 1806 he first took his seat in the house of commons, as member for Newport in the Isle of Wight. In the same year he married the honorable Catherine Pakenham, sister to the earl of Longford.

His experience in Indian affairs enabled him at this time to expose to ministers the absurdity of a project then contemplated, namely, the employment of negro troops in the East Indies, and of sepoy in the West. The negroes were to have been substituted for British soldiers in the East, and the sepoy in the West.

This plan, conceived in utter ignorance or total misapprehension of its impracticability,—a plan, if practicable, pregnant with consequences the most fatal,—was, at his masterly and manly remonstrance, abandoned. His high estimate of the British soldier, and the sentiments of good faith towards the sepoy which breathed throughout this remonstrance, must have produced no common impression of respect and reverence for the integrity of the writer.

In 1807 he was appointed chief secretary in Ireland, under the duke of Richmond; and, among other measures, established

a police for the city of Dublin. This step was censured, abused, and, by some, violently opposed; but the measure was happily carried in spite of all resistance; and experience has proved its great use and importance.

In the summer of this year, Sir Arthur again embarked for foreign service; and sailed, with the expedition under lord Cathcart, to Copenhagen.

No armament ever sailed from the British shores, in which it was so painful to serve. Nothing does more clearly prove that England was fighting for her political existence, than her being compelled to attack Denmark. With this power she was at peace up to the very moment that twenty-seven sail of the line, and a powerful armament of troops, appeared before her capital, and demanded the surrender of her fleet. "You cannot," said our diplomatist, "defend it from Napoleon, who will employ it against our nation: surrender it to us, *in pledge*, until the conclusion of a general peace; we will restore it faithfully: reject our proposal, and we must take it by force of arms." The spirit which had tamely yielded to such proposals had been, in very deed, unprincely; the crown-prince threw down the gauntlet. Nor was it, till the troops of his unprepared government had been beaten in the field, and, from amid the flaming edifices and blood-stained streets of Copenhagen, the cries of a suffering and terrified population awoke him to a clear view of the sure issue of the contest, that he consented to a measure as humiliating as was ever yet proposed to a sovereign or a patriot. There might have been greater moral and true Christian dignity in the prince, had he calmly weighed all circumstances, foreseen the vainness of resistance, and sacrificed his scruples and his pride to the necessity which so imperiously dictated our course, and might have excused his quiet submission; but with a crown on the head, a sword by the side, and blood in the veins, this was scarcely to be expected from the ruler of any kingdom. The preventive policy of the British ministers was only to be justified upon the ground of an absolute necessity: such it was. The armament was on a large and wise scale; and the operations of it were conducted with vigor. In the only action of any importance which took place, Sir Arthur Wellesley commanded. The only body of Danish troops which ventured to contest a position, near Kioge, was attacked by him, driven from it, pursued to a strong intrenchment in their rear; from thence, again driven by assault, forced into the town, and there routed with very considerable loss. Sir Arthur then moved towards the centre of the island, to quiet and disarm the inhabitants. He was not present at the terrible and melancholy bombardment of the city. He was sent for, however, the moment the enemy showed a disposition to treat; and was appoint-

ed, conjointly with Sir Home Popham and colonel Murray, to fix the terms of the capitulation. In diplomacy, as in war, Sir Arthur was ever prompt and decisive: the terms were discussed and settled in one night; the ratification was exchanged in the morning after; the objects of our government were unconditionally accomplished; and the gates of the capital, the citadel, and the dock-yards, were the same evening in our possession.

Even at this distance of time, we cannot record without a pang, the bombardment of Copenhagen. We reflect, with no little pleasure, upon the fact, that, during the whole of the arduous war conducted by Sir Arthur in the Peninsula, no city was ever laid in ruins by bombardment; and important as in one particular instance was the speedy reduction of the fortress besieged by him, he would not resort to that extreme measure, but preferred all the inconvenience and anxiety of a delay, which greatly interfered both with the plan and prosecution of his projected operations. We are not supposing that the bombardment of Copenhagen was avoidable by the lords Cathcart and Gambier: without it, the success of their attempt had been doubtful; and they only acted in obedience to the orders of a government, which must have calmly considered that painful step, and commanded it. Bombardments should, in these days, by a compact among civilized nations, be for ever abolished. We shudder as we read of women and children, old men and infants, slain by the sword; and exclaim loudly against the barbarities of ancient warfare. The allowed practice of bombardment realizes the same cruelties; for, though the soldier does not exactly see his victims, and flesh his sword, yet, as through the long and wakeful night he serves in the batteries, which throw shells among human habitations, he knows well what a scene of blood and lamentation lies beyond the wall, lofty to hide, but vain to protect, the miserable sufferers.

We are not supposing that Sir Arthur would have hesitated at the execution of those orders any more than lord Cathcart, or that he disapproved the measure; only it is a subject of honest rejoicing to his biographer, that he was not employed in that painful operation. At this period of his life it is necessary, before passing on to the relation of his next service, to sketch the position of that wonderful man, that implacable enemy of England, and of all liberty, Napoleon Buonaparte.

“This child and champion of democracy” had long thrown off the mask: never had ambition a more stern unyielding votary than Napoleon; never had tyranny a more imposing, splendid, and dazzling aspect than it wore in him. To be a figure among ciphers was his aim and pride; but for the events, of

which Spain became the glorious theatre, he would have produced the decay of an age, and the degradation of a world.

As the map of Europe lay spread before him, and the crossed swords upon Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, told silently of defeated armies and subjugated kingdoms, he turned dissatisfied away; there was a "precious isle set in the silver sea," which disfigured that map; for it disputed his title and defied his power. The means to assail and to destroy that kingdom occupied all his thoughts; and his appetite for conquest was unsated while England remained free, and while her navies rode on every sea triumphant.

Buonaparte's attempt on Spain was the lightest crime and the greatest error of his public life. A degraded and distracted court displayed to him its weakness, and invited his interference: the throne was the only one on the continent of Europe on which a Bourbon was still seated, and that Bourbon was an incapable monarch, and an imbecile father: a fine country thus governed was, to his eye, like a sword resting ingloriously in its scabbard, in the dwelling of a dotard, who could neither draw nor wield it.

With the population of Spain in his armies, and the ports of Spain in his possession (a vast line of coast for the training and supply of mariners), England might yet, he thought, be reached. His pursuit of her was steady and unwearied, and woe to England if she had found no foreign field on which to meet him. Woe to her, if the arrayed hosts of all Europe, guided by this powerful but evil genius, had with undivided strength and energy been directed upon her shores. Of a truth, deep was the gloom that overspread the political horizon at the peace of Tilsit: the black eagle of Prussia drooped in a fetter-lock, the eagles of Austria and Russia, with stained breasts and torn plumage, had flown back enfeebled and tamed to their own eyries, while the golden eagle of France soared above her victorious legions, high and alone, like the fabled bird of the heathen god.

France, Flanders, Italy, and Switzerland, obeyed the call of the imperial edict: from the corn-field, the vineyard, and the mountain-pasture, millions, that might have lived and died in peace, were dragged to perish in the wars and fightings born of those lusts ambition breeds. We say not, that all were dragged reluctantly. France stood a-tiptoe, astonished at her own elevation; she exulted in her chief; ran the career of conquest with delight; and, but that he rode the willing steed too hard, would have pranced proudly under such a rider as Napoleon to this very hour. It was not, however, to be: there was a hope for the enslaved continent among its miserable nations—a hope buried and hidden from all view or expectation.

Spain had long been the submissive ally of France. The word of Buonaparte was law with Charles IV. The Spanish government was corrupt; the whole body politic was diseased to the very core; the court was profligate. "Peace with England, and war with all the world," is a political proverb in Spain. They were now at peace with France and the submissive world, and at war with England. The contest of Spain with the republic of France had terminated in a disgraceful peace, and placed a yoke upon her neck. Hostilities with England followed of course; and, as a consequence, the interruption and ruin of all her commercial relations, and the destruction of her navy. The treasure of her American possessions under the flag of Portugal was yet suffered to reach her, and was largely drawn upon by the demands of her burdensome ally. With embarrassed finances, and with a low public credit, she lay the deplorable and helpless victim of treachery the most base, and incapacity the most despicable. The moment was at length come, when Buonaparte found leisure to attempt what he had long designed; what he might have found a better pretext for doing before, and might have done in an open, nay, a justifiable, manner, viz. the dethronement of the Bourbons. At the breaking out of the war between France and Prussia, Godoy had corresponded secretly with the court of Berlin, and issued a proclamation at Madrid, which looked like the first step towards throwing off the grievous yoke of a troublesome alliance. The battle of Jena supervened and confounded this effort, which Napoleon might justifiably have resented.

It is the opinion of many, that, in open and authorized war thus waged, and with the avowed object of dethroning the reigning family, and taking the land into possession, Spain, as a nation, would not have offered any strong resistance, but would have received the conqueror and hailed him as king. Not so: the Spaniards are a people attached with an ignorant and superstitious reverence to accustomed names and sounds. They would bear much before they would dethrone a native prince; more before they would resist the will of the church; and would undergo any thing rather than receive a foreigner to be their king. Oppressed by their government they might be; roused to turn upon the ministers with violence, and even a momentary ferocity: but interfere between Spaniard and Spaniard, and, like man and wife, they drop their feud, and unite to drive away all interposers in their quarrel.

Napoleon evidently thought that there would be a general and united resistance if he went openly to war, either by a direct attack upon the whole royal family, or by taking advantage of the unnatural quarrel between father and son, and supporting one against the other in open and active hostility. The

whole of the intrigue by which he sought to gain his end was mean, and beneath the character of that brave ambition of which lowliness had not been hitherto the ladder. In virtue of his alliance with Spain, he asked a contingent of troops to aid him in the North, and having thus withdrawn the flower of the Spanish army under Romana, sent the greater part to Denmark. His next measure was the secret treaty with Charles IV. for partitioning Portugal: one third was to form a principedom for Godoy; a third for the queen of Etruria; Lisbon and the lion's portion for himself.

While planning this treachery, he was negotiating with the weak prince of Brazil for a renunciation of the British alliance, the seizure of British property, the imprisonment of British residents, and the adoption of the continental system.

Meanwhile, the treaty for dividing this little kingdom was ratified at Fontainebleau, on the 29th of October, 1807. Portugal was to be immediately invaded and taken possession of by the united armies of France and Spain. 28,000 French soldiers, and 27,000 Spaniards, were assigned for this service; while 40,000 French troops were to be assembled at Bayonne, as a reserve, in case any expedition from England, or any rising of the people of Portugal, should make it necessary to support the invasion with reinforcements.

Junot, to whom the operation was intrusted, immediately traversed Spain: everywhere the inhabitants saw him pass with sullen and unfriendly eyes. There was a vast number of conscripts in his corps; and Junot would have gladly made a halt at Salamanca to organize his army. By an order from Paris, he was directed to go forward instantly, and march rapidly to his destination.

He crossed the brown and barren hills of Beira, the latter end of November, and did not find one pass occupied, nor the slightest preparation to oppose him. The Spanish contingent joined him on the frontier of Portugal: his march to Lisbon was rapid, in the hope that he might secure as captives that house of Braganza, which, by the dictum of the gentle "child and champion of democracy," had "ceased to reign."

The British factories were expelled; the British minister dismissed; British property confiscated; and the ports were closed against the British flag, as soon as the march of Junot was known. Upon these submissions of a weak and terrified prince, the English admiral and ambassador looked on with regret and contempt; but, aware of the great importance attached to the withdrawing of the royal family, they continued to urge their embarkation to the very last moment.

Irresolute and timid, the prince lingered on till the French were within a few hours' march of Lisbon, and then, frightened

at reading in the *Moniteur*, "that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," he sent to Sir Sidney Smith and lord Strangford, the English admiral and ambassador, and accepted the protection of the flag against which he had just closed his port. He embarked on the 27th of November, and sailed on the 29th: in a few hours after, the bold Junot, with a weak column of exhausted grenadiers, was at the gates of his capital. The people were, by these measures, delivered up bound and defenceless by a prince, who, having first had the meanness to submit without any show of resistance, now fled from the consequences of that very invasion which he had tamely suffered.

Taken as it were by surprise, and disgusted with the conduct of their prince, they remained apparently still and indifferent to their fate.

There was a slight tumult in Lisbon when Junot took down the arms of Portugal, and put up those of the emperor, but it was immediately quelled. The French general was peacefully busied in the labors of his command, and preparing himself for any attack or descent from England.

Of the population, a few of the upper class were fraternizing with their new masters; but the many were paying their contributions with smothered curses, and holding their breath till the day of loud and free utterance might return. His eagles planted upon the towers of Lisbon without resistance, and Junot neither wanting nor asking succor, Napoleon had but a slender pretext to move forward his army of reserve. They were, however, already advancing into the very heart of Spain in two formidable bodies under Dupont and Moncey; while a corps of 12,000 men under Duhesme had penetrated through the eastern Pyrenees, and obtained possession of Barcelona and other strong places, by artifices of a nature so treacherous, that war in its dignity disdains their practice; and officers and troops are alike dishonored and insulted by such employment. The fortresses of the north, and the main roads from France to Madrid, were occupied by French troops.

The royal family of Spain, during these dangerous and insulting movements, were occupied in a manner that nothing but the crowded and concurring testimonies of the writers of all sides and parties can induce the reader to believe possible. Ferdinand, the prince of Asturias, was soliciting the honor of a matrimonial alliance with the house of Napoleon, and asking aid against his father. Charles and Godoy were inviting his help against the treason of Ferdinand. The emperor was silent to both: his troops were quietly and steadily gaining ground.

The court of Spain was, at this period, at Aranjuez; and, a sudden fear possessing them, they resolved on flying to America, and prepared immediately to retire upon Seville. On learning

these intentions, the party of Ferdinand broke out with violence, and the populace of Aranjuez, roused by their example, surrounded the palace, and demanded, in tumultuous and angry tones, that the royal family should not move; nor were they pacified, till a distinct assurance was given, that the court would not depart from Aranjuez. The day following, there was a riot in Madrid, and the house of Godoy was broken into and plundered. On the next, he was himself assaulted at Aranjuez; his life saved with difficulty by the timely protection of the royal guards; and he was placed in arrest.

Charles IV., terrified by these scenes of violence, and alarmed by the accounts from Madrid, abdicated the throne. On the 20th, Ferdinand was proclaimed king at Madrid, amid the shouts and rejoicings of a vast and excited multitude.

Murat, the grand-duke of Berg, who at this moment was commander-in-chief of all the French forces in Spain, had his head-quarters at Aranda de Duero, and hearing of these things marched without loss of time upon Madrid. He disposed 30,000 men in a position surrounding it, and entered it in person at the head of 10,000 on the 23d of March. He here received a messenger from Charles IV., stating that his abdication was not of free will, therefore invalid. When Ferdinand entered Madrid on the 24th, Murat refused to recognize him as king. Ferdinand presented the French general with the sword of Francis I., a proud trophy of other days. The grand-duke of Berg accepted this gift, sullied alike by the hand which under such circumstances gave and that which received it, but still declined the act of recognition: a matter of such moment required, he said, the fiat of his master the emperor.

Napoleon, vexed at the hasty advance of Murat, and the unnecessary occupation of Madrid before his plans were ripe, sent Savary, on whose address he could depend, to rectify the error. Savary found Ferdinand in all the perplexity of a man proclaimed and hailed a king by the popular voice, but pronounced a rebel and usurper by his father, and surrounded by 40,000 soldiers in the service of that ally, upon whose recognition he deemed all the security of his title to depend,—a recognition as yet withheld.

The artful agent of a faithless master pointed out to Ferdinand that a journey to Burgos to meet Napoleon would conciliate his immediate favor, and counteract all the plots of his father and Godoy.

The weak prince set forth on his foolish and fatal journey with the subtle Savary for his companion. The emperor was not at Burgos, nor at Vittoria, whither he was persuaded to proceed. The distance to Bayonne was short, it was but just within

the confines of France; and Savary suggested that the confidence thus reposed in his master would flatter and delight him.

The populace of Vittoria, in fear for their prince, clamored against his departure. They were in such earnest as to cut the traces of his carriage; but blinded by fear, or by a hope born of folly, he insisted on proceeding. He reached Bayonne, dined at the table of Napoleon, and was visited the same evening by the companion of his journey, who, with a countenance changed in its expression, but with a forehead unabashed, informed him that he was a prisoner, and that the Bourbon dynasty would rule in Spain no longer. By an arrangement, which required so little finesse that Murat effected it, Charles, the queen, and Godoy, took the same journey, and shared the same fate of degradation in a lighter form; if, indeed, there were not more dignity in being a guarded captive, which was the case with the prince of Asturias. Charles accepted a safe retreat in soft and luxurious Italy, with a pension. Godoy was also pensioned and dismissed, to share the exile of the profligate queen, and her cajoled and contemptible husband. Napoleon was, to all appearance, master of Spain. His troops garrisoned all those fortresses on the frontier which are the strong-holds and keys of the kingdom. From the citadels of St. Sebastian, of Pampeluna, and of Figueras, from the forts of Monjuic, and the walls of Barcelona, French sentinels looked down upon the still and astonished people. The splendid cavalry of the imperial guard, which had accompanied the grand-duke of Berg to Madrid, paraded its streets, confident in their strength and security; the dangers, of which both Talleyrand and Fouché had warned the emperor, seemed already past: war had not broken out, and yet all which he desired was accomplished. The Spanish Bourbons had signed away their birthright; Spain was his; and the contempt with which the court had inspired him was transferred to the nation.

CHAP. VI.

THE RISING OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE. — SCENES AT MADRID AND IN THE PROVINCES.

THERE was a moral dignity in the Spanish people, of which Napoleon appears to have been incredulous. The two most powerful principles of human feeling lived warm in their hearts,—they were patriotic and religious: their patriotism was not a vanity; neither was their religion a name. They loved their country, and all that nature and habit had connected with it;—their mountains; their rivers; their language; their music;

and those fragments of their old *cancionero*, which in every village some were yet found to sing, and many to listen to. Again,—they loved their faith. The Spanish Christians, for 500 years, had struggled for it against the Moors; and the memory of that struggle is not yet dead. The rigid orthodoxy of the Spanish people has been quite independent of the inquisition and its fires: their fear of God; their reverence for his altars; their deep and warm devotion, laid them prostrate at the feet of a crafty priesthood; and a haughty hierarchy, leagued with a heartless sovereign, weighed them down.

But the virtue of the Spaniards had been outraged and insulted by the conduct of a wicked court, their loyalty abused by enormous and criminal imposts, and their pride wounded by an alliance with the French, to whom the most disgraceful concessions had been made; by whom daily and increasing sacrifices were demanded, and who were at all times hateful to the Spaniards. They had been murmuring over their abject condition for many months. The surface of society was agitated, and heaving with hidden but fierce fires, which threatened some speedy and violent eruption. Their reverence for royalty in the person of Charles could not keep them in observance of a like respect for his incapable and guilty minister, Godoy. They loathed the man, his faction, and his measures, and were resolved to get rid of them. Popular commotion broke out at last in many parts of the kingdom. When it was found that Charles was determined upon going all lengths with his adviser, the people rose in fierce tumult, menaced the minister's life, welcomed the abdication of the terrified and weak father, and hailed the elevation of the unknown and foolish son. The abdication of Charles and the fall of Godoy appeased them for the moment. They saw in the elevation of Ferdinand to the throne a remedy for every grievance.

When the public mind was in a tumult of joy at the accession of Ferdinand, whom an indignant nation had summoned to the throne, Murat entered Madrid with a French army. He would not, of course he could not, recognize the king who had been chosen. The people, as they stood chilled in their hopes, and suspicious for the future, anxiously asked what did he there at all? This they asked each other in those squares and streets where their pride was wounded, and their jealousy awakened by the irritating presence of the brilliant and haughty soldiery of France. Of a sudden they heard of the departure of Ferdinand for Bayonne, a journey undertaken before they had time to prevent it: then they heard of the flight of Charles, and the escape of Godoy; next they saw Murat appointed member of the governing junta, and they found French troops on all sides advancing. Muleteers from the north had brought intelligence

that their frontier fortresses had been treacherously seized. The peasants that came into market lingered to warm their hate of the foreigner before they returned to their expecting children; and the women, who kneel in long crowds by the banks of the Manzanares, invoked the Virgin and St. Isidro; and as they thought on those dear to them, they paused and sighed in their labors: not a sound was there of the customary laughing and loud merriment.

As early as the 23d of April, there was a serious riot at Toledo; but by the timely advance of Dupont's division, the city, which is not a large one, was restored to order; and the peasants who had flocked into it to assist in the commotion were dispersed.

On the morning of the 2d of May a crowd was gathered in front of the royal palace at Madrid round an old-fashioned Spanish carriage, which, it was rumored, was to convey don Antonio, the last Spanish prince remaining still in Madrid, to Bayonne. Some discontent might have been perceived, and some angry ebullition of popular feeling might have been looked for; but few could have foreseen that whirlwind of vengeance which was then nigh. Mighty and momentous consequences for the hopes and happiness of all Europe hung upon the movements of that swart and surly crowd.

The report of the destination of the carriage was unfounded in fact; but as it was uttered so it was received; and the mob manifested their indignation by cutting the traces and forcing it back into the yard, with furious curses upon the French. Colonel la Grange, an aide-de-camp of Murat's, came to learn the cause of the disturbance. They immediately assailed him with abuse and menace; and he was saved only by the intervention of Spanish officers and authorities. The colonel went away, and returned with a party of soldiers: the mob fell upon them instantly; and the war of Spain may date its commencement from that hour.

In every quarter of the city the people rushed upon the astonished soldiery, of whom many were walking about the streets in pleased and idle wonder at the novelties this capital presented; some indeed without their arms.

But when human passion has once the mastery, its actings, though brave, are, especially in revenge, ferocious and pitiless. They slew the soldiers with whatever weapons or means of destruction came first to hand. Gun, pistol, sword, dagger, clasp-knife, and stones, were all used in this sudden onset. From the windows and roofs of houses shots were fired, and weighty missiles hurled down upon the aghast and bewildered Frenchmen. This was not a plotted assault on the part of the people. It was the sudden burst of indignation no longer to be

repressed. Neither was there, on the part of the Spaniards, any ignorance of the immediate and certain consequences: these might not have been thought of at the moment; but, as soon as they were, they were contemplated fearlessly and contemptuously.

In the same spirit war was waged by Spaniards to the very last: all the details of their defeats and disasters, their panic and runnings, are known, and have been visited with a full perhaps a useful, exposure; but the fact of a valiant, constant resistance to the legions of France, on the part of the Spanish people, for five years, stands out from the page of history in bold and glorious relief; and here it began. This was the declaration of war by Spain against Napoleon; and it was written and sealed in blood.

Among the many incidents of this memorable day was an attack upon the French hospital, of which Southey, jealous for the honor of the Spaniard, and chivalric in his own generous conceptions of the scene, speaks with natural horror and indignation; but a military man knows that the attendants, orderlies, and convalescents of a military hospital, are capable not only of defence but of active hostility. The military historian Napier accordingly relates it without any such feeling against the Spaniards. The Spanish troops in Madrid remained shut up in their barracks, and under the close control of their officers throughout the whole of this strange contest. No Spanish soldiers took any part in the struggle, except two officers of artillery, on duty at the arsenal, named Daoiz and Velarde, and a detachment of invalids under their orders. These officers hearing the sounds of the combat, and being told that a French column was advancing in the direction of their post, brought out guns to defend the approaches to the arsenal, and loaded them with grape; being resolved to resist any assault of the arsenal by force. As soon as the enemy came in sight they opened upon them with these guns, and continued to fight them till they fell. Velarde was shot dead by a musket-ball. Daoiz was wounded in the thigh; but he sat up on the ground, and continued to give orders until, under three more wounds, he expired. Velarde was a fine young man of five-and-twenty. Daoiz was a man of thirty.

It has been said, that, as military men, they were not justified in acting as they did, without express orders. We think otherwise. They had charge of the arsenal: they already knew the fate of the Spanish fortresses in the north; and the moment was come when they had a right, as *Spaniards*, to choose their course of action. They well knew that an unarmed mob, even had they been assisted by the few Spanish regiments in garrison, could not long and effectually resist the bayonets and

sabres of 25,000 choice troops; but they cast in their lot with the people; they saw the consequences; for Spain they were willing to fall, and with a devotion alike hopeless and heroic they did fall. It has been said by an eye-witness that they were under excitement from the wine they had just drunk at a *déjeûné à fourchette*. It is customary to drink wine at that meal on the continent; and it is not improbable that the quantity usually taken at that hour, falling upon hearts full of their country's wrongs, may have given to their manner a passionate and (to the eye of a calm observer) an extravagant warmth; but we believe they acted from a principle of pure patriotism, and that they seized the offered opportunity to act bravely, what they thought nobly. The column spoken of above soon gained possession of the arsenal, passing over the bodies of Daoiz and Velarde. The French cavalry, pouring into the city, charged through the streets, slew numbers, and made many prisoners. After nightfall the peasantry of the neighborhood came armed, and in crowds, to the city gates: they were repulsed with great loss by the French guards; and in the morning again they were charged, trampled down, and dispersed by the enemy's cavalry. Of the prisoners taken in Madrid, about 100 were tried by a French military commission, and shot in the Prado.* The stain of this cold and criminal execution attaches not, according to some authorities, to Murat, but to Grouchy, and to a colonel of the imperial guard. Murat, who had ordered their trial, and confirmed their sentence, forbade the execution of it, at the prayer of the municipality. His earnestness to save their lives was not exhibited by any extraordinary effort in person. The loss of lives in this rising of the people was not very great: the casualties of the French amounted to about 700; those of the Spaniards are estimated at 200; but accounts so contradictory, so exaggerated, and so interested, were published by both parties, that the best and calmest estimates may be far from correct: though it is certain that the rising was not premeditated, yet was it something more than accidental. The public mind was charged with matter fiercely combustible: it is of little moment to inquire when or from whence the igniting spark fell.

Murat had been forewarned of the temper of the people. He took no precautions. He was a man of lofty, contemptuous courage; respecting no enemies who were not *in uniform*, and good soldiers to boot; and as he looked around upon the troops whom he had so often led to victory, he regarded the idea of any rising upon them by the mob of a third-rate capital as an event of impossible occurrence; when, therefore, the burst actually came, all was confusion. French soldiers, as they

* A public walk and place of pleasant recreation for the citizens of Madrid.

stood or walked unarmed, were mobbed and massacred, and ran about wild, helpless of defence, and hopeless of resistance. Many fell beneath the knives of their pursuers, before the troops in or near the city received any orders. Murat caused them to beat "the general," and put himself at the head of as many men as he could collect in the square of the palace. With these, and with two pieces of artillery loaded with grape, he stood on the defensive, firing upon the people, until, at last, from the north and south gates, columns poured into the town. The cavalry of the imperial guard galloped up the streets Alcalá and San Geronimo, which debouched upon the Puerta del Sol, and there established themselves upon the open space, while a strong column of 1500 men filled the street of San Bernardo, near the arsenal. The effusion of blood in many parts of the city continued till the Spanish authorities, and French generals, rode through the streets together waving white handkerchiefs, and inviting the people to submission and peace. The first fruit of tranquillity was the military tribunal, and the second an order of the day, directing that all groups of Spaniards seen in the streets, exceeding eight in number, should be fired upon; that every village in which a French soldier was slain should be burned; and that all authors, publishers, and distributors of papers, or proclamations, inciting to revolt, should be led out and shot forthwith. He also went instantly to the junta of government, then sitting, and took on him the office of president. Murat is in his grave. He lived to wear a crown: he survived a hundred battles and combats, in which he bravely led the imperial cavalry of France; but he lived on only to fall at last by the muskets of a small guard of executioners in the mean hall of a petty town in Calabria.

At the news from Madrid all Spain arose and rushed to arms. The insults and injuries heaped on her by France had maddened her, and she was drunk with the spirit of revenge. The Spaniards are not a dark and designing people: they are frank and open, sudden and rash; in the moment of suspicion, jealous and credulous; in the act of vengeance, fiery and cruel.

It is not a matter of wonder, though certainly a subject of reproach, that, in many places of Spain, they disgraced the cause of patriotism, by the unreasonable tests they demanded of sincerity, by their ready credulity at the fatal cry "*Traidor!*" and by the summary punishments and instant massacres that followed. The thing is not new:—so much is it in the natural, though melancholy, course of events, in times of political trouble and confusion, that all nations would exhibit bursts of fury and of crime, not very dissimilar, under like circumstances. The Spaniards, being natives of a southern climate, are quick, impassioned, imaginative, easily excited, and as suddenly de-

pressed by melancholy, and repentant of excess. Their national character is directly contrasted to the gay, cold, witty, prosaic Frenchmen. They are "*good haters*,"* and firm friends; they cannot smile even with complacency on those whom they dislike; with them the mean of frigid indifference is unknown: if truly attached, they exhibit all the extravagance of fond admiration, and, alas! where they *act* their hate, they become barbarous and bloody.

At Cadiz, Seville, Carthagena, and in many other cities, the French and all Spaniards supposed partisans of Godoy and of Napoleon were put to death by the excited populace: many liberal-minded, innocent men thus perished. It was a moment when reason was asleep, and diseased suspicions were awake; when a beaten and vindictive groom, or a ridiculed and scorned monk, was master of the noblest life, and could hunt an enemy to death by the simple word "*traidor*." Thus fell Solano at Cadiz, and Conde d'Aguilar at Seville. In Valencia, one Balthazar Calvo, an ecclesiastic and a canon, at the head of a fanatic mob, began and continued the bloody work of deliberate massacre for twelve days. A hundred victims bled beneath the knives of the assassins in his train: many families were made fatherless; but the cup of fury was presented to his own lips in turn: the wretch himself, with two hundred of his followers, were imprisoned, and strangled, by the miserable and disabused people. Filanghieri, the governor of Corunna, an Italian by birth, was put to death, under circumstances of cruelty horrible in the extreme, by the very troops he commanded. When Napoleon received the news from Madrid he was alarmed, and vexed.—"*Murat va mal et trop vite*" was his exclamation. But when he considered that he had 80,000 men in Spain, exclusive of the corps of Junot in Portugal; that all the frontier fortresses were in his possession; his main force occupying a position in the very heart of the country; the communication with France secure; that Spain was not only without a government, but without one single great or known character; that, of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand, fifteen thousand of the best were in Holstein with Romana, twenty thousand in Portugal, thirty thousand merely nominal, being a local militia never called out; and that the remainder, with the exception of eleven thousand Swiss and Walloons, mercenaries, were without officers, system, interior economy, or discipline; that Spain, in fact, had not only no army, but not even the frame-work of one to begin upon; he cast away all doubts as to his success, and pursued his combinations as calmly as if they

* Dr. Johnson was wont to say he liked a good hater; and though it sounds not very Christian, we can understand the expression.

had never been, even for a moment, disturbed. It has been said, that the French army had some points of weakness in its composition. Its conscripts were of different nations,—Germans, Swiss, Italians, and Poles. A great portion of the born French were from the last conscription, a raw levy of young men; but the first elements of drill are soon completed, and in no troops so soon as in the French. Their infantry regiments were formed upon excellent skeletons; good non-commissioned officers were present to instruct them; good officers to command them, and always a sprinkling of old soldiers to lead them into fire under the same eagles beneath which they had themselves earned their chevrons of service, and won their decorations. So that, with respect to the last point of weakness, viz. the youth and inexperience of many of the French soldiers, the difference between them and the Spanish levies was enormous. With regard to the first imputed defect, viz. that men of different nations served in the French ranks, little importance can be attached to it. Napoleon's was a good service for a mercenary; and the foreign conscripts soon became reconciled to it. As to the cause for which they fought, they neither knew nor cared any thing about it. "Very few," observes Sir Walter Raleigh, in his discourse of war in general, "of the infinite number thus untimely slain, were ever masters of the grounds of the dispute for which they suffered, or the true reason of their being led to battle."—"What deluded wretches," then he adds, "have a great part of mankind been, who have either yielded themselves to be slain in causes which, if truly known, their heart would abhor, or been the bloody executioners of other men's ambition!" It is a reflection of this sort that enables one to love and esteem the soldiers of an army as individuals, whom as a body we designate by the harshest epithets, and act against with severity and vigor.

In most of the cities and towns in Spain, as soon as the first effervescence of public feeling had a little subsided, provincial and local juntas were formed for the conduct of public affairs: these juntas levied money and troops. At the sea-ports they opened an immediate intercourse with the English fleets upon their coasts, and sent deputies to England to ask aid in arms, clothing, and treasure, and to request the support of a British army. The joyous cries throughout all the land were, *Viva Fernando Septimo! Guerra con la Francia! Paz con Inghilterra! Guerra con el Mondo! Paz con Inghilterra!* While the people of Spain were thus manifesting their true sentiments, the council of Castile, the municipality of Madrid, and the governing junta, at the intimated desire of Napoleon, elected Joseph Buonaparte king of Spain. Cardinal Bourbon, primate of Spain, first cousin of Charles IV., and archbishop of Toledo.

not only acceded to this arrangement, but actually wrote a letter to Napoleon, testifying his contentment with the new order of things.

Joseph Buonaparte, late king of Naples, reached Bayonne on the 7th of June: on the 15th the assembly of notables, composed of ninety-one Spaniards of condition, met in that town,—received Joseph as their king,—discussed the constitution prepared for them by Napoleon as a matter of form, and accepted it as a matter of course. Joseph now journeyed to Madrid, under escort of his brother's troops, and was proclaimed "KING OF SPAIN AND THE INDIES," with the usual solemnities, amid a silent and sullen population, in a capital that bristled with French bayonets, and trembled to the salutes of French artillery. It proved an uneasy crown.

CHAP. VII

THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.—HER FIRST REVERSES IN THE FIELD.—
THE RISING IN PORTUGAL.—THE EXPEDITION UNDER SIR ARTHUR
WELLESLEY.

SUCH was the beginning of the war in the Peninsula. Spanish hands were early, and constantly, armed in this glorious contest. Spanish hearts beat warm and true to the very last: a thousand narrow and nameless rivulets that run among the hills of Spain, and water her valleys, were crimsoned with the life-blood of her sons. "That mighty stream of battle which, bearing the glory of England in its course, burst the barriers of the Pyrenees, and left deep traces of its fury in the soil of France,"* but for the indomitable and persevering spirit of the Spanish nation would never have rolled over the rocky frontier of Portugal.

The great mind, the great individual agent, guided by whose genius the army of England, the only true and efficient *army* in Spain, did finally and fully triumph, was allowedly the duke of Wellington. All England, all Europe, have acknowledged this; nay, the very children of Spain have sung † it in the streets.

* Vide Napier. Preface, p. ix.

† What officer, or what soldier, that has served with the army of the Peninsula but has heard, and can easily recall to mind, the chorus-repetition of the words,

"Valorosos valorosos los Ingleses,
Valoroso milord Wellington?"

The very voices, and the very tones, and the tune, return as we write the words, and for a second of time we are carried back to Spain.

That the deliverance of Spain was the sole work of their own hands has not been universally asserted by Spaniards: certain it is, it has not been believed by the world.

On the 30th of May two Spanish noblemen brought information to London, that the province of Asturias had risen "*en masse*," and that forty thousand men were embodied, with the intention of repelling the French.

In the south of Spain the patriots were early in communication with Sir Hew Dalrymple at Gibraltar, and lord Collingwood on the eastern coast, and received encouragement and aid from those officers.

On the 6th of June, the French squadron at Cadiz surrendered to the patriots. A peace was on the instant concluded between England and Spain. The Spanish prisoners were immediately sent back. The English people warmly sympathized with the population of that country; and in proportion as they had been depressed, by contemplating the triumphs of Napoleon in the north of Europe, so were they now most extravagantly elated by the ignorant expectation of his immediate overthrow in the south. At this time the French force in Spain and Portugal was 120,000 men: they possessed all the fortresses of the latter kingdom, and many of those considered the most important in Spain; they had a reserve at Bayonne, and an army of 400,000 veterans in France, upon the Rhine, and in Germany.

It has been the fashion in England to rate military talent low, and hence generals have been viewed as persons secondary, and not requiring the same capacity as those called to fill political offices, and to be the advisers of the crown. It may be with safety affirmed, that this mistake, though not without its use in a free country, has often subjected the operations of our armies in war to the guidance and control of men alike incompetent to originate, to follow out, or fully and intelligently to sustain them. To the very opportunity now offered, the English cabinet, though willing, could not effectually and promptly rise: a fine and ample theatre for effort and exertion lay open before them, but they knew not how to wield the military strength of Britain. They could have commanded a disposable force of 70,000 men: they employed 30,000; and these divided and subdivided to provide for distant and different objects.

The alarm had spread through Catalonia. The French general Duhesme commanded in Barcelona, a city which had been early and treacherously seized, as also Monjuic and Figueras. The Spanish soldiers of the betrayed garrisons quitted their ranks, and flocked to the patriotic standard in Murcia and Valencia. All the insurrections of the Spanish provinces took place at nearly the same moment; and the early hostile movements of the French divisions were nearly simultaneous.—

Marshal Bessieres attacked, and of course worsted, the patriots of Navarre and Biscay, who merely rose armed, and declared themselves, but had neither leaders nor points of union, nor any combination. He dispersed many of their assemblages, and took away their arms: they always offered resistance, but it was vain. The division of Verdier beat them at Logroño, and put their leaders to death after the combat. The cavalry of Lasalle fell upon a body of Spaniards at Torquemada, and put a vast number to the sword, after which exploit they burned the town. There was something like a Spanish force at Segovia: general Freire defeated it, and took thirty pieces of artillery. At Cabeçon there was a battle between the Spanish troops under Cuesta and the French divisions of generals Merle and Lasalle. Here again the Spaniards were beaten, lost their artillery, were broken in upon by the brigade of cavalry under Lasalle, disarmed of some thousands of muskets, and a vast number of them were cut to pieces. By these active operations, and by the un pitying and unsparing severity with which the French used the sword, these provinces were awed, and for a while stilled; and the powerless and unhappy peasants saw the fierce horsemen of the enemy ride about to raise money, and collect provisions, which they furnished in fear. Cuesta, however, undismayed by his defeat, collected another army and his fugitives at Benevente; was joined by Blake, from Astorga; and, advancing with 25,000 infantry, a few hundred cavalry, and from twenty to thirty pieces of artillery, took up a position at Rio Seco, and again ventured on a battle. Here he was attacked by marshal Bessieres, at the head of 15,000 men, with thirty guns. The marshal had two divisions of infantry; one of light cavalry; and his reserve was composed of four battalions, and a small body of horse grenadiers, all of the imperial guard. The Spaniards were signally defeated; but they were not disgraced. When their front line was down, and dead bodies strewed the field, Cuesta fell upon the French with his second line, and with his right wing broke in upon the enemy's (victorious already over half his army), and took from him six guns; but the Spaniards, though brave to fight, could not manœuvre, even had Cuesta been capable of moving them. The French check was soon repaired; the Spaniards were overpowered, and, after many brave rallies, driven from the field, and pursued by a superior cavalry, who, as usual, shone in the work of slaughter.

It was the disaster of this day which had opened the gates of Madrid to the intruder. In the province of Arragon the insurrection was organized by Don José Palafox, a patriotic noble, the captain-general of the district. The French general Lefebvre Desnouettes, marched upon Arragon with 4000 infantry,

800 cavalry, and his field artillery. At Tudela, the people broke down the bridge over the Ebro, and disputed the passage over that river. Lefebre forced it, and put to death the leaders of the rude levy by which he had been opposed. Palafox, with 10,000 raw troops, waited for him on the Huecha. The Spaniards were beaten. They ventured a second combat on the Xalon; they were again beaten. Upon the 15th of June the French columns halted before the city of Zaragoza. Of the siege we shall give no detail;—suffice it to say, Zaragoza was not a fortress; but it contained forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, with hearts stronger than any bastions. For two months the citizens, aided by a few troops, sustained all the efforts to reduce them which the talents and courage of their enemy suggested.* Palafox, in the course of the first month, went forth and collected a few thousand men, and fought a battle to relieve them; but he was signally defeated at Épila. After this he re-entered the city, the investment of which had never been complete, and directed their efforts for its defence. A man of the people named “Tio”† Jorge, or Goodman George, as colonel Napier happily translates it, was ever at his right hand; nor is there any doubt that he exercised a most powerful influence, not only over the populace but over Palafox himself, who was a man of a less firm and unyielding resolution than he has been generally regarded. The solid houses, and the walled convents, were battered, bombarded, and the half of them won by the assailants; still the people resisted. The French penetrated to the very heart of the city, and stood already upon the Cosso;‡ but on the opposite side the people still breathed defiance, and maintained the struggle. The wives and daughters of the defenders, the betrothed virgins of the youth of Zaragoza, behaved as became them. At length the baffled enemy retired.

Meantime the Catalan had so well obeyed the call of the somaten, which rung out upon his hills, that the peasants of eight districts were in arms. These men beat the French general, Swartz, early in June, at the pass of Bruck, where they had taken post among the rocks, and afterwards drove before them the division of Chabran, pursuing him with shouts and a dropping fire to the very walls of Barcelona. General Duhesme assaulted Gerona; the weak garrison and the willing citizens repulsed him.

In an attack upon Valencia, marshal Monecy was defeated; but he afterwards beat the Spaniards under Serbelloni at St.

* The division of Verdier was subsequently attached to Lefebre with a train of heavy guns.

† Literally, “uncle.”

‡ A wide street so named.

Felippe, and took post at St. Clemente. Cuenca rose, but general Caulaincourt put that city down.

In Andalusia, matters looked bright and promising. Dupont, who had passed the barrier of the Sierra Morena, had taken and plundered Cordova, sacked Andujar in a yet more deliberate and cruel manner, and alarmed the whole province, Seville in particular. After a series of blunders as great as his offences, Dupont capitulated in the open field with 18,000 French troops to the Spanish forces under Castaños and Reding. The battle of Baylen was a battle of movements, and not of hard fighting; and neither did the French soldiers show their usual spirit, nor the French general any of that talent which he was thought to possess. Dupont, in his early operations, had been rash; and the rashness that is not attended with success is often very quickly changed for affright. There was some suspicion of treachery: Napoleon was furious at the disaster; while the Spanish exultation knew no bounds.

The spirit abroad in Spain soon fired the Portuguese. Irritated by the pride, the caprice, and the exactions of the French; affronted by their levities, and insulted by their violence; the Portuguese in the country began to stir themselves, and to exhibit their hatred in the only way in which they could—by secret assassinations. The first open blow was struck at Oporto. When the news from Spain reached general Bellesta, commanding the Spaniards in that city, he made the French general (Quesnel) and his staff prisoners; and leaving the Portuguese to take their own course, marched away to Galicia. Insurrection soon broke out at Oporto, and spread along the Douro to Minko, as also in the valley of the Mondego, and penetrated the hills of Beira. Junot promptly, bravely, and with little bloodshed, disarmed the division of Spaniards near Lisbon, and placed them in confinement on board the hulks in the Tagus.

The insurrection was now so general and open, that the division of Loison in the north was twice regularly attacked, and greatly harassed by the Portuguese; there was a rising at Villa Viçiosa in the south, but it was soon put down. The town of Beja also arose. Colonel Maransin, with the troops driven just before from the Agarves, marched there; routed the patriots with slaughter; pillaged the town, and set many houses on fire. There was an action at Leria similar to that at Beja in its character and issue; but the people of Thomar and Alco-baça, places not very distant, were not alarmed, and boldly declared themselves: at both places they were quieted and put down.

Loison, being recalled by Junot, left a garrison in Almeida; and on his march suffered great annoyance from the opposition of the peasantry on his route, which lay through a country

difficult and rugged. There was fighting both at Guarda and Atalaya.

There was also a battle near Evora, in the south, where the Portuguese insurgents under general Leit  were supported by a division of Spaniards under Moretti. The French, of course, beat them, slew vast numbers, and sacked the city. Coimbra was held by the insurgents from Oporto in strength: the bishop of Oporto was chief of the junta in that city. He claimed the assistance of England, and asked arms, ammunition, and clothing for 40,000 infantry, and 8000 cavalry, a demand implying thereby a power of raising and organizing such a force,—an inflated folly or an interested deception. English agents, however, were sent to him, and to all the provinces of Spain: supplies were granted upon every idle representation; and treasure was squandered, and stores were scattered, with an improvident folly and an uncontrolled profusion.

It is not the least singular feature of the commencement of this war in the Peninsula, that the division of the British troops which first appeared in the field had been assembled for an expedition to South America, with a view to conquest there, in direct hostility to old Spain. The 9000 men collected for that object were now disposable: they were placed under the orders of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and he embarked with them from the harbor of Cork. When the fleet bearing the expedition had made a few days' sail, he took a run in a frigate to Corunna, to confer with the junta of Galicia. The news of the lost battle of Rio Seco was here told him, the disaster softened, and the truth glossed after a manner alike natural and excusable. It is not likely that their account imposed greatly upon a man so sure to weigh their statements as Sir Arthur, and so qualified to estimate them aright.

There is nothing wonderful in the pressing desire of this junta to receive for their Gallician levies arms and gold, which they knew to have been so largely and loosely proffered by the generous and elated English; neither were a brave people to be at all despised for imagining themselves as equal as they certainly were willing to fight their own battles with their invaders. Though the circumstance was not known at Corunna, it was at this time that a body of 18,000 French troops, with their eagles, had laid down their arms to Spanish troops. Let it be also remembered, that the character of the British soldier upon the continent was not looked upon by the Spaniards with much respect. It is, nevertheless, a mark either of fatuity or insincerity, that the junta of Galicia should not only have rejected the assistance of British troops, but, recommending their debarkation in the north of Portugal, should have promised to aid them by sending a Spanish division to Oporto, while they must

have known, or ought to have known, that they were not themselves, at the moment, in a condition to defend their own province from any serious attack.

Sir Arthur next proceeded to Oporto, saw the busy and war-like bishop, listened to his plans, looked at the paper state of his army, but learned its real number and condition from colonel Browne. Informed of the true state of things by this officer, who had been placed there to collect intelligence and distribute supplies, he decided on not landing at this place. He now (having stipulated for the co-operation of 5000 Portuguese on the Mondego) took his people to the mouth of that river, and there disembarked them. He had previously consulted with Sir Charles Cotton upon a descent at the mouth of the Tagus,—a measure that the ministers at home had strongly recommended, but which appeared to these officers on the spot, for many and good reasons, unadvisable. In like manner Sir Arthur decided against proceeding southward towards Cadiz,—a plan that would, he saw, involve him in negotiation and delay.

A dispatch from general Spencer having announced that he was at St. Mary's, near Cadiz, disengaged from any connexion with the Spaniards, Sir Arthur sent for his division. The appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple and the sailing of the armament under Sir John Moore were communicated to him off the Mondego. This vexatious intelligence resolved him to make an immediate descent upon the coast with such troops as he had, and to commence operations. With only 9000 men he threw himself into a country occupied by a well-disciplined French army, mustering more than double his numbers; but with this force were the fortunes of Cæsar.

CHAP. VIII.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY LANDS IN PORTUGAL.— OPERATIONS OF HIS ARMY.— COMBAT OF ROLICA.— BATTLE OF VIMEIRO.— CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

THE disembarkation of the troops in Portugal took place near the little fort of Figueras, taken from the French in the early part of the insurrection by one Zagalo, a student in the university of Coimbra. Here the English first landed upon a service, the duration and the issue of which no one living, however prescient and sagacious, could have at all anticipated. The landing began on the 1st of August; but though the weather was favorable, the difficulties were so many that it was not completed till the 5th.

At this moment general Spencer arrived. As soon as he had learned the surrender of Dupont, he sailed with his division for the Tagus, and was directed by Sir Charles Cotton to the Mondego. The united forces amounted to 12,300 men. It was the desire of general Freire, who commanded all the Portuguese then in arms, that Sir Arthur should abandon the coast, march up into the heart of Beira, and open an offensive campaign; and he promised large supplies of provision. Sir Arthur declined this measure. He gave Freire 5000 stand of arms, and the necessary ammunition for his troops, which did not exceed €000 of all arms effective; and these by no means in a state to give real assistance in any severe trial. Sir Arthur, however, though resolute not to abandon the line of communication which he had chosen, nor to move to any great distance from his ships, did, at the earnest desire of Freire to save, according to his report, a magazine of provisions collected for the British, march upon Leria. The English advanced guard moved from their ground upon the Mondego on the 9th of August, and was followed on the 10th by the main body of the army. Upon this wide theatre of fierce and sanguinary warfare was now first heard the careless whistle and the cheerful laughter of the English soldier. He, stranger alike to the violent and vindictive feelings which animated the invader and the inhabitant, marched gaily forward, looking for a combat as for some brave pastime; and panting to prove at home that the favored jacket of blue covered not bolder hearts than those that beat proudly under his own crimson uniform.

The British advance entered Leria on the 10th; and the magazine collected for them was seized by the Portuguese under Freire, who there joined the English, to whom no distribution was made. This first movement cut the line of communication between the divisions of general Loison coming from Abrantes, and Laborde, who was marching from Lisbon, with a view to unite their forces at Leria: to effect their junction, Loison was now compelled to circuitous and forced marches.

As serious hostilities closely impended, the Portuguese began to fear the risk of an action, and the consequences of defeat: French troops were thought invincible: of English nothing was known, and not much was expected. The junta of Oporto and Freire understood each other. The Portuguese general not only resolved not to advance beyond Leria, but, having already appropriated the store of provisions which had been avowedly destined for the British by the bishop of Oporto, who had promised to feed them, he asked a supply from the English commander. This demand was met by a strong remonstrance; but it was in vain that Sir Arthur Wellesley, who readily penetrated the

secret* of Freire's reluctance, urged him to act by the side of the English in the expected battle. Neither an appeal to his honor, nor an imputation against his patriotism and spirit, had any effect upon his resolve. At last, however, by an earnest and conciliatory tone, Sir Arthur induced him to follow the British line of march, and to be guided in his future course by the issue of the first engagement. Freire also consented, at the desire and by the counsel of colonel Trant, a military agent, who had great influence over the Portuguese, to place 1400 infantry, and 250 cavalry, under the orders of Sir Arthur. The political importance of their co-operation, and their presence in the first battle fought upon their own soil, will be readily understood. Junot, the French commander-in-chief, quitted Lisbon, with his reserve, on the 15th; and on the 17th, pushing on in person, and leaving them to follow, he joined Loison at Alcoentre. In the mean time Sir Arthur Wellesley had arrived in presence of Laborde. On the 15th a French post at Brilos was attacked, and their pickets driven out of Obidos. The riflemen of the 95th and 60th had the honor of this first brush with the enemy; and were so eager in pursuit, as to be well-nigh cut off; but general Spencer saved them. Two officers and twenty-seven men were killed and wounded in this skirmish. On the morrow Sir Arthur surveyed the strong position of Laborde.

The romantic village of Roliça, with its vines, its olives, and quiet gardens, stands upon an eminence at the head of that valley, in the midst of which, distant about eight miles, rises the insulated hill of Obidos. In front of Roliça, upon a small plain, on the table land, the division of Laborde was drawn up in order of defence. The favorable points upon the hills on either side, and in the valley below, were occupied by his posts. Behind him, one mile to the rear, the steep and difficult ridge of Zambugeira offered a second position, parallel to the first, and of uncommon strength. The mountains, which rose towering beyond, are of that chain which stretches from the bank of the Tagus to the shore of the Atlantic, and terminates in the naked and lofty rock of Cintra. The valley leading from the old Moorish fort of Obidos to the pleasant village of Roliça is walled in on the left by rude heights, rising each above the other, till they are finally lost in the dark summits of the Sierra de Baragueda. To preserve his communication with Loison, and to avoid exposing the line of Torres Vedras and Mafra, Laborde was compelled to await in this position the assault of the British troops. His force was only 5000, but it was advan-

* If the British were defeated, as he thought they might be, he would not stand committed, and might make terms for himself. If they conquered, he could, by remaining unconnected with the English army, better aid the views of the junta of Oporto, who aimed at the supreme authority.

tageously posted,—aware of the importance of the position as of its strength, confident in the talent of their general, and their own courage.

Early upon the 17th the English moved out of Obidos, and Sir Arthur Wellesley disposed them in three columns of attack. That on the left was conducted by general Ferguson along the lower ridges of the Sierra de Baragueda, and destined to turn the right of Laborde's position, and interpose between him and the division Loison expected from Rio Mayor to his support. Six guns, forty horsemen, and 4500 bayonets, moved under this general.

One thousand Portuguese infantry and fifty of their cavalry formed a little column on the right, which, moving through the village of St. Amias, menaced the left flank of the enemy. This body was led by colonel Trant.

Nine thousand men marched up the valley directly upon the enemy. The brigades of generals Hill, Nightingale, Cotton, Crauford, and Fane, with 150 British light horse, 250 Portuguese cavalry, and 400 light troops of that nation, composed this formidable column. With this, the main body of his little army, rode Sir Arthur Wellesley. He extended the riflemen of Fane's brigade among the hills to the left, as the troops advanced, and driving away the French skirmishers connected the column of Ferguson with his centre. From his first position on the plain, near Roliça, Laborde was soon driven. The brisk attack of the brigades of Hill and Nightingale, supported by the cavalry and guns, and rendered easy by the skilful dispositions which had caused both the flanks of the enemy to be menaced at the same moment, determined his retreat. Laborde, covered by his steady cavalry, moved rapidly, and in order, to his second line of defence, the ridge of Zambugeira, one of great strength, and not a mile in extent.

The like dispositions of attack were continued. Generals Ferguson and Fane marched on among the mountains upon the enemy's right flank, colonel Trant still moving in menace of their left. The front of their strong position was assailed by the brigades of Hill and Nightingale. The face of these heights is rugged, and their summit only to be gained by steep and difficult pathways, which wind among rocks and briers, in those rude ravines, by which in winter the waters rush down their precipitous sides to the vales below. The quick fire of our advancing skirmishers rung and rattled among these rocky hollows; and the goatherds looked down in wonder from the far Sierras, upon the white clouds of battle, which hid from their view the shouting combatants, while the brave array of the reserve, the scarlet uniforms, and the unaccustomed battle-cries, told them that their oppressors had met a foe, and that

their bleeding villages had found a friend. Laborde drew back a little upon his left as the English advanced, but held his right with obstinate courage, hoping every instant for the appearance of Loison.

The 9th and 29th British pushed up two of these ravine pathways with such eager rapidity, that they reached the summit of the ridge before the flanks of the enemy were shaken. The head of the 29th regiment, in particular, issued from the ravine, in that narrow and loose order in which men of necessity come forth from such ground. Before they had time to form, a French battalion, covered by a screen of the wild shrubs which clothe these passes, had poured in its fire, and was among them with the bayonet. Lake, the colonel, a brave officer, was slain, with many of his men; and the major and some fifty or sixty more of the same wing were made prisoners: but it was not because their advanced wing had been thus taken at a disadvantage by a prepared and posted enemy; it was not because they saw a field-officer and numbers of their men prisoners, and had to press over the bodies of fallen comrades to re-establish the battle, that the gallant 29th hesitated: the rally was immediate; the remnant of this brave corps being joined by the 9th won back their dead and wounded, and sustained the repeated and fierce assaults of Laborde's division with unshaken constancy, till, being supported by other troops from the rear, they had the proud joy of seeing Laborde, now, too, menaced on his flank, again retire. The French general conducted his retreat with great firmness and judgment. He attempted to stand again near the village of Zambugeira, but was too weak to sustain the weight of the British attack, and leaving three guns upon the field, and the road to Torres Vedras open, he retired by the narrow pass of Ruña, marching all night to gain the position of Montechique. The loss of the French was 600 killed and wounded: among the latter was Laborde himself. Two lieutenant-colonels, and 500 killed, wounded and prisoners, was the loss on the part of the British. It was not possible, from the nature of the ground, that the English could avail themselves of their superior numbers. Scarce 4000 men were actually engaged with the enemy. This day should be long and honorably remembered by every British soldier; for it was the first action of the memorable war in the Peninsula, in which British forces encountered the legions of Buonaparte.

Immediately after the engagement, which closed about four o'clock in the afternoon, Sir Arthur took up a position a little in advance of the field of battle. It was reported to him the same evening, that the divisions of generals Anstruther and Ackland were off the coast; he therefore moved the next day to Lourinham, on the road to which his right had rested through

the night. He moved on the 19th to Vimeiro, with a view to favor the landing of general Anstruther, and from thence he detached troops to cover the march of that general's brigade. Owing to these precautions the junction was securely effected, and the menace of a large body of French dragoons gave little interruption; but the enemy's strength in cavalry enabled him to confine the English to their lines; and no certain information of the dispositions and movements of Junot could be obtained. His force in the field was estimated at about 14,000. On the night of the 20th the brigade of general Aekland was also put on shore.

The landing of these troops in the bay of Maceira was attended with great risk and difficulty; and with officers less skilful than those of the British navy, and men less brave and energetic than British seamen, could not have been effected. The beach of Maceira is open and sandy, and the Atlantic breaks upon it in a heavy surf. Many of the boats were swamped, and some of the men perished.

Reinforced by generals Anstruther and Aekland, Sir Arthur Wellesley had now 16,000 effective men, and eighteen pieces of artillery. He resolved, by a forced march on the 21st, to turn the position of Torres Vedras; to push a strong advance to Mafra, and, seizing the strong heights within a short distance of that place, intercept the French line of march to Montechique. It was only a march of nine miles to Torres Vedras, and there was a road which led to it from the sea-coast. It was by this line Sir Arthur would have advanced: he had communicated this project to Sir Harry Burrard in writing, and had, at the same time, recommended that the division of general Sir John Moore should disembark at the Mondego, and march to Santarem. These letters Sir Harry Burrard found on his arrival at the Mondego; but, disapproving this plan, which proposed a double line of operations, he continued his course southward, and arrived in the bay of Maceira, in a frigate, on the eve of Sir Arthur's projected blow against Junot. He received the report of that general, who went on board the vessel the moment she arrived to represent the state of the armies, and to urge the adoption of the offensive. Sir Harry Burrard would hear of no such movement until the arrival of Sir John Moore and the concentration of the whole force. Sir Arthur returned to the camp in disappointment; but a day of glory was nearer than he at the moment thought it. At midnight he was awakened to hear the report of a German officer of dragoons, who had come in with anxious haste to announce the approach of Junot with 20,000 men, and stated him to be within a league of the camp.

The general sent out patrols, directed increased vigilance

and alertness on the part of all pickets and guards, but would not disturb his line.

It may be remarked, in passing, that no general ever received reports with such calm caution as Sir Arthur Wellesley. Suddenly awaked, he would hear an alarming account from the front with a quiet, and, to many a bustling, intelligent officer, a provoking coldness, and turn again to his sleep as before. Few, if any, are the instances during the war of his putting the troops under arms by night, or disappointing them unnecessarily of one hour of repose. An hour before dawn, the British, when near an enemy, are always under arms. The sun rose upon them on the 21st of August, but discovered no hostile force in motion.

Vimeiro, a pretty village in a lovely and peaceful valley, through which the little river of Maceira gently flows, was the principal place in the British lines, and occupied by the park, the commissariat, and that noisy crowd of animals and followers which mark the presence of an army. It stands at the eastern extremity of some mountain heights which screen it from the sea, and west of it, separated from them by a deep ravine, lie other heights; over these last the road passes to Lourinham. The cavalry and Portuguese lay behind the village on a plain, upon a plateau, on a steep insulated height; the brigades of Anstruther and Fane, with six guns, were immediately in front of Vimeiro. The right of the latter rested upon one extremity of this hill just above the river Maceira, and the left of Anstruther occupied a church and church-yard at the other. Here passed a road leading to the village. On the mountain that, commencing at the coast, rose to the right and rear of this plateau, and which at long range commanded it, were placed eight guns and five brigades of infantry. The range of heights to the west having no water was only occupied by pickets; but the right of these also commanded the plateau, and the road passing over its extreme edge.

About eight o'clock the enemy showed a picket of horse on the heights, towards Lourinham, and pushed forward his scouts; nearly at the same moment he was seen in all his strength, and in full march upon the road leading from Torres Vedras to Lourinham, and his object was evident. Four brigades from the mountain on the east crossed instantly in rear of the village, and crowned the heights on the west. As soon as two of them were formed, being disposed at right angles, with Anstruther and Fane in two lines facing to the left, the battle began. The brigade of Hill still remained upon the mountain in reserve; and one brigade and the Portuguese were placed upon a returning bend of the western heights at their extremity, thereby protecting the left and rear of the whole force. The French had

14,000 men, and twenty-three pieces of artillery. The infantry were in three divisions under Loison, Laborde, and Kellerman; general Margaron commanded 1300 horse. The principal column of the enemy, led by Laborde, advanced against the position in front of the village with the fury and the loud outcries of men resolved for victory: in vain the British guns poured death into their ranks: they moved on with a steady rapidity, and crowned the summit of the hill. Before a cool volley from the 50th, within twenty paces, their front rank fell; and as their column faltered with the shock, the firm bayonets of that brave regiment were already in the midst of them, and they were driven down with great bloodshed.

The brigade of Fane, which was attacked at the same moment, bravely repulsed the assailing column. Upon this body, as it retired in confusion, the weak squadron of the 20th light dragoons, under colonel Taylor, made a lively charge, and completed their disaster; but the few English horsemen were in turn set upon by the strong cavalry of Margaron, and cut to pieces, their gallant colonel falling slain in the *mêlée*. There was a fierce struggle between the grenadiers of Kellerman's column of reserve and the British 43d, in a hot skirmish among the vineyards near the church: they drove back the advanced companies of that corps; but it rallied instantly, and, throwing itself upon the head of the column in a narrow ravine, it broke and routed them with the bayonet, sustaining itself a heavy loss. The discomfiture of these attacks in the centre was complete; but no army can be destroyed, however beaten, that has got protection for its fugitives in a superior cavalry. Had two of the regiments of the dragoons then kept idle in the barrack-yards at home been present, the march to Torres Vedras would have been made, and Lisbon been our own. Brennier, who was to have attacked the British left, found their position inaccessible, owing to a deep and difficult ravine at its base, which he was not aware of, and in which he got disordered and delayed. Meanwhile general Solignac, with a brigade of Loison's division, turned this ravine, and fell upon the English left. He was met by the regiments under Ferguson, who bore down upon him with a close and heavy fire of musketry, and at last with the weapon of victory, the bayonet.

They drove Solignac, and took six guns. General Ferguson was pressing his broken columns with some corps, while two of his regiments were halted near the captured guns. Brennier, meanwhile, came suddenly out of the ravine, which he had just cleared, and succeeded for a moment in repossessing himself of them. But the regiments did not retire far; only to a near vantage-ground, from whence, pouring in a hot fire, they again charged, and again the guns were taken. Brennier was wounded

and made prisoner. Ferguson, who had separated the two French brigades by his able and spirited movements, would have taken more than half the brigade of Solignac, if an order to halt had not arrested him in mid-career. The French reformed instantly under cover of their cavalry, and retired in very tolerable order. It was the wish of Sir Arthur Wellesley to press Junot closely with the five brigades on the left, while those of Hill, Anstruther, and Fane, should march upon Torres Vedras, push to Montechique, and intercept all access to Lisbon. All the artillery of Junot that yet remained to him, and many thousand prisoners, would have been the probable fruit of this movement; but the heart, big with accomplished victory, and granted desires, and swelling with new and bold hopes, and the head clear in its discernment, and strong in its decision, were now subjected to the commands of another. Sir Harry Burrard, who was present during the action, and had, from generosity and approbation, forborne all interference with the arrangements of the battle, now assumed the command, and, considering the proposed advance hazardous, directed the halt. All those circumstances of difficulty, which weigh upon a cautious and objective mind, decided Sir Harry not to peril the certain and solid advantages just gained upon the, to him, doubtful chance of the complete and anticipated triumph. The enemy, he said, were strong in cavalry; the English had none; the artillery carriages were shaken to pieces, and might not stand the roads; while their horses were few and bad, and scarcely able to drag them forward. The French rallied quick, and had, perhaps, fresh troops among the woods and hollows in front. Upon distant heights, indeed, a body had been discovered by general Spencer. It appeared to him a risk, and though a brave and honorable officer, yet being no longer a young man, he decided against the onward march upon fair military reasons. Bitter as was the disappointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley, still he was consoled by the thought that his own skill, seconded admirably by the courage of his soldiers, had achieved a brilliant victory. A second time the imperial troops had been met, and, after efforts the most resolute and heroic, had been fairly and signally beaten, leaving thirteen guns, their wounded, and a vast number of prisoners. The charm which had palsied the hearts and arms of all Europe was now doubly broken. In the Peninsula, Napoleon had found a people who hated without fearing him, and in the English, his soldiers had encountered enemies who repelled their fiercest attacks or assailed their strongest posts with equal ardor and success. On the morning after the battle, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived, and assumed the chief command; a most excellent and judicious officer; but, perhaps, it was scarcely possible for man to be placed in circumstances more difficult and

trying. We record with irritation this quick and clumsy succession of commanders. The French, in safe possession of the unassailable position of Torres Vedras, and having the capital in their immediate power, as well as the fortresses of Almeida and Elvas, though beaten in the field by Sir Arthur Wellesley, and hated by an insurgent people, were certainly in a condition to propose terms that should save to them their liberty and their arms. The general, Kellerman, presented himself at the British head-quarters; demanded a cessation of hostilities, and stated the readiness of Junot to evacuate Portugal upon a fair and honorable convention. Sir Hew Dalrymple acceded to this proposition; and Sir Arthur concurred in the policy of now gaining by treaty those advantages which, the golden opportunity having passed, force of arms could no longer effectually or speedily secure. Upon the expediency of some of the articles of this convention the commanders differed, but upon the general principle of the measure they agreed. While the convention was going forward, the reinforcements under Sir John Moore landed in Maceira Bay. The feature of the treaty most remarkable to the future historian and to posterity will be this, that the nation to whose cause we had brought our succors was not in the person of any of its authorities, or of its public officers, military or civil, at first, either considered or consulted. The convention went distinctly to recognize that the French were the conquerors of Portugal, and, as such, had been entitled to exercise all the rights of conquest. The Portuguese, by the fifth article of this notable treaty, saw the plunder of their country secured to their rapacious and cruel invaders, and they remonstrated against the terms of the convention with violence and anger. By the sixth article, all traitors and timeservers were to be protected from political persecution on account of their late conduct, and were left to hatch new treasons whenever the French should again return.

General Freire, and the bishop and junta of Oporto, sought to disturb these arrangements by open remonstrance and much secret intrigue, which it were alike uninteresting and tedious to detail. Emissaries from Oporto urged the populace of Lisbon to rise upon the French, who were now concentrated in that city, but lay there constantly upon the alert, as in the midst of enemies. The judge of the people issued an inflammatory address, calling for a suspension of the treaty, and the Monteiro Mor, at the head of a levy of peasants, on the south bank of the Tagus, published a protest against the convention. Happily Sir John Hope, being appointed to command Lisbon, took possession of the citadel on the 12th of September, and by judgment and firmness calmed the tumults and repressed those dangerous and terrible disorders which in the moment of vindictive

confusion and total anarchy prevailed. The first division of the French army sailed on the 15th, and was followed by the second and third as soon after as transports could be provided. In the midst of all the angry excitement of the people of Lisbon, and though endeavors had been made to direct their indignation against the English, as friendly to the French, and indifferent to the losses they had sustained, and the sufferings they had undergone, the British troops were received with great warmth and cordiality. They viewed them as having avenged their wrongs in the blood of a battle, and hailed them as deliverers and friends.

After the departure of the French, the bishop of Oporto, and, at his instigation, the junta of that city, sought to possess themselves of the supreme power in Portugal, and were desirous that the seat of the government should be established at Oporto. This was most wisely and firmly resisted by Sir Hew Dalrymple. A regency was established at Lisbon, and that capital and the country were at length restored to a state of confidence and tranquillity.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Hew Dalrymple, were now recalled to England, where the public had been so clamorous against the convention, that a formal investigation of the matter was directed by the king; and a board of general officers was assembled at Chelsea for that purpose.

To the fifth article, especially, Sir Arthur Wellesley objected; but the French, by plausible explanations and fair assurances, overruled these objections; and the manly integrity of the British generals made them incredulous of the extent of French cupidity and crime, till their shuffling evasions and impudent abstractions, on the eve of their departure, shamed and disgusted the honorable men of their army as much as the commissioners of our own. It is a real pleasure to be able to state, that there were French generals with this very army, who, in the last moments of their stay, when popular exasperation was loose against the troops, and when the language of abuse was fierce, and the threats of murder loud, could walk the streets in perfect safety, saluted and honored by the people. The names of Travot, Charlot, Brennier, and many others, are on this honorable list.

The convention of Cintra was odious to the Portuguese people, and could not be otherwise, till, relieved of the presence of the French army, they had leisure to discover the solid advantages accruing from the treaty, and to ponder on the violence which the enemy might have exercised before they retired from Lisbon, had they been driven to desperation by the rejection of their terms.

The last division of the French troops embarked amid the curses and execrations of the people. From the decks of their

vessels they heard the songs of triumph; and the blaze of the illuminated city, shining far out upon the harbor, surrounded them with a light by which to read in each other's faces their vexation. There was yet some troublesome hesitation on the frontiers. This was owing entirely to the intrigues of the bishop of Oporto, and the obstinate interference of Calluzzo, the Spanish general, who refused to acknowledge the convention, and invested fort La Lippe. At length, however, the difficulty was removed. The forts of Elvas, La Lippe, and Almeida, were evacuated: not a Frenchman was left in Portugal.

CHAP. IX.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY RETURNS TO ENGLAND TO ATTEND THE COURT OF INQUIRY. — PROCEEDS AGAIN TO PORTUGAL THE FOLLOWING SPRING. — HIS RECEPTION AT LISBON. — RETROSPECT OF SPANISH AFFAIRS.

THE ability and prowess of Sir Arthur Wellesley in the brilliant actions which preceded the convention of Cintra had so confirmed and established him in favor with the people of England, that nothing tended more to allay the irritation of the public mind at that measure than the circumstance of his being one of the parties concerned. When they heard him give it as his deliberate opinion, that the convention was from the relative state and position of the two armies a measure expedient and wise, the reflecting paused in their hasty objections, and soon dropped the mistaken and indignant tones of their first censure. Some, incapable of calmly examining or truly judging any question of a military nature, railed on. Justice, however, and moral feeling, had received so severe a blow in the triumph of rapine and of cunning, that perhaps the honest hearts throughout all England felt a painful regret at these proceedings. It will yet, and perhaps for ever, remain a question, whether this course, in which from a consideration of its expediency on the evening of the 22d Sir Arthur (with two officers senior to him in the camp) concurred, would have been by himself adopted under the same circumstances, had the entire control of measures, and the sole daring of attempt, and the sole glory of success, and the sole responsibility for failure, rested with him. It is true that the French army on the evening of the 22d had a formidable position between the British and Lisbon. They had the means of retiring from that position to others in front of that city, and, finally, of crossing the Tagus into Alemtejo, with a view to the occupation in strength of the forts of Elvas, La Lippe, and eventually Almeida. The position at Santarem

never having been occupied as proposed by Sir Arthur, there were no means to prevent, and no increase of numbers could have prevented, them from effecting these objects. They were, however, in a very embarrassed state; they would not have remained long at Lisbon, but they might have lingered a day too long. A trip, a blunder, a false step, and they might yet have been exposed to defeat and ruin. Though there never was a leader who more warily calculated all probabilities, and more happily adjusted the weight assignable to each, than Sir Arthur Wellesley, yet neither was there ever a man more prompt and ready for the peril of a throw. But he was always for fluttering the Volscians *alone*: "alone I did it," was the reflection he ever coveted. Of the members of the court of inquiry, four approved, and three disapproved, of the convention.

It was not till the month of April in the following year, that Sir Arthur Wellesley again landed in Portugal. He was received at Lisbon with the greatest enthusiasm. The very sight of a man who had already fought and conquered the enemies of Portugal upon the soil of Portugal animated all ranks with hope and joy: the regency nominated him the marshal-general of their army; the soldiers gazed upon him with confidence; and the people followed him wherever he appeared with shouts and *vivas*. The spirit of war and resistance was alive all over the Peninsula, and the genius given in this our age, to direct it to the great end of a final and full deliverance, stood again among its brave inhabitants.

To make the difficulties of Sir Arthur Wellesley apparent, and the story of his achievements complete, it is necessary to relate the events which had befallen the countries of Spain and Portugal during his absence from the theatre of war. In looking back upon the struggles of Spain, and thinking upon her powerful opponent, her disasters excite no surprise. Southey has observed with truth, that *during revolutions, discipline is the last thing which a soldier learns*. Certainly, during a revolution, where a soil is half covered by invaders; where "the whole structure of society is shaken to pieces;" where there are no officers of experience; no non-commissioned officers of authority; no generals; no staff; that he should learn it, is impossible: how is he to be instructed? where can be his place of security for his school of discipline? and where his leisure to attain it? If the reader will picture to himself a vast body of local militia suddenly assembled in England, with officers of unspeakably less intelligence than those of an English local militia, and quite as little experience; with a system of movement old, formal, cumbrous, and slow; men half-clothed, half-armed, and commanded by proud and obstinate generals of no experience; he will see many of such armies as actually met

in battle the disciplined and brave conquerors of Germany under the guidance of leaders alike distinguished by their talents and their exploits.

Upon the victory of Baylen, Joseph Bonaparte abandoned Madrid, taking with him, as king of Spain and the Indies, the valuables of the palace and the jewels of the crown. A central and superior junta now assumed the government, and was established at Aranjuez. The patriotic troops all over Spain were either assembling or moving, at the will of their respective generals, without any defined object, or the least combination: 12,000 men under Llamas marched from Murcia to Madrid. St. Marc with his Valencians, and the baron de Versage with his Arragonese, did, however, unite their forces, and moved to Zaragoza. Verdier and Lefebvre broke up the siege on their approach, and retired to Tudela. The Spaniards followed them, and occupied that place.

The army of Andalusia was a clothed, and, in so far, equipped and efficient body of 30,000 men, with artillery. It was a month before a division of this force entered Madrid: the other divisions lay behind it, at Toledo, in La Mancha, and in the Sierra Morena. It had been kept idle and delayed by the provincial junta of Seville, and, thus distributed, it was now to be fed. The infantry army of Estramadura was a raw levy; there were, however, 4000 horse in this province. Galluzzo, the governor, would not part with this body of cavalry, or suffer it to join Castaños at Madrid. The army of Blake, defeated at Rio Seco, lay behind the mountains of Astorga: to his old reserve he had added a new levy; and 30,000 men, the greater part *peasants*, in *peasant clothing*, mustered round him. Cuesta, with 1500 horse and 8000 peasants, was at Salamanca, quarrelling with the provincial junta, and Blake was quarrelling with him. The generals of the different armies, and the juntas of the different provinces, were disputing with each other for influence and precedence, and each occupied with their own plans. At this time 3000 French horsemen were sweeping the rich and fertile banks of the Douro for corn and money; while Joseph Bonaparte was at Vittoria, at the head of 50,000 of those French troops, of whom Napoleon had said, "The whole of the Spanish forces are not capable of beating twenty-five thousand French in a reasonable position." The truth of which strong remark any officer who may have seen at that period, or at a much later, one Spanish battalion in movement, (for we speak not of the simple, though more difficult, combinations of brigade and division,) can well understand.

The supreme junta, which had entered Madrid, were at once pompous and weak; presumptuous and timid. They projected a military board to regulate the operations of their armies, and

chose Castaños for a president, his seat to be taken "when the enemy was driven across the frontier." While they vainly considered this "driving across the frontier" to be the certain consequence of the effort, by no foresight, by no exertion, did they lay the foundation of such a result. The troops were naked, and the soldiers left, oftentimes after long and severe marches, "to feed upon their own high thoughts," a diet better suited to the shadowy and lean knight of La Mancha than to men destined for the rude shock of battle with the grenadiers of France. To crush these brave, betrayed, and unhappy levies, was the object of Napoleon. We transcribe his preparations from the pages of the historian Napier, in his own vigorous language.

"Sudden and prompt in execution, he prepared for one of those gigantic efforts which have stamped this age with the greatness of antiquity.

"His armies were scattered over Europe. In Italy, in Dalmatia, on the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe; in Prussia, Denmark, Poland, his legions were to be found. Over that vast extent, above 500,000 disciplined men maintained the supremacy of France. From those bands he drew the imperial guards, the select soldiers of the warlike nation he governed, and the terror of the other continental troops. The veterans of Jena, of Austerlitz, of Friedland, reduced in number, but of confirmed hardihood, were collected into one corps, and marched towards Spain. A host of cavalry, unequalled for enterprise and knowledge of war, were also directed against that devoted land, and a long train of gallant soldiers followed, until 200,000 men, accustomed to battle, had penetrated the gloomy fastnesses of the western Pyrenees. 40,000 men of inferior reputation, drawn from the interior of France, from Naples, from Tuscany, and from Piedmont, were assembled at Perpignan. The march of this multitude was incessant; and as they passed the capital, Napoleon, neglectful of nothing which could excite their courage and swell their military pride, addressed to them one of those nervous orations that shoot like fire to the heart of a real soldier. In the tranquillity of peace it may seem inflated, but on the eve of battle it is thus a general should speak:—

" 'Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you! the hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans, who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious

upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the *Tagus*? A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors. A real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! all that you have done, all that you will do, for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart.'

"Thus saying, he caused his troops to proceed to the frontiers of Spain."

There was a campaign in Spain, however, before the emperor with the greater part of these forces entered that country. In the latter part of September the French army on the Ebro, having received some reinforcements, amounted to upwards of 90,000 men present under arms. Three Spanish corps, denominated the armies of the right, the centre, and the left, were opposed to this force. They amounted in all to 75,000, ill armed and ill provided. Palafox commanded that of the right on the Arragon river; Blake, with that of the left, was posted at Reynosa, near the sources of the Ebro; Castaños commanded the army of the centre.

The Spaniards were ill posted. They were acting without concert; their wings were widely separated; and either flank was exposed to the attack of superior numbers, from an enemy quick in movement, much stronger in cavalry, and having the chord of the half circle for their line of operation. Blake, with the army of the left, commenced this campaign, by breaking up from Reynosa on the 17th of September. His object was to raise the provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa. One of his divisions succeeded in penetrating to Bilbao; but, by the great force and rapid combinations of the enemy, he was almost immediately compelled to retire. On the 12th of October Blake again attacked Bilbao with 15,000 men, and drove the enemy up the valley of Durango as far as Zornosa, who being there reinforced by the division of Verdier checked the pursuit. On the 9th of this month the veteran division of Spanish troops from the Baltic landed at St. Ander, under the marquis of Romana, and marched to join the army of Blake. The Asturians destined to act with the army of the left halted at Villarcayo, and Blake held the position at the head of that valley between Frias and Valmaceda.

The columns of the grand army destined by Napoleon for the subjugation of Spain now began to cover the road from Bayonne to Vittoria. During the quick and quiet concentration of these mighty forces, Blake was never disturbed; Romana's battalions were moving up slowly to Bilbao; the Estremadurans were marching upon Burgos, and, animated by a hope which prudence should have discouraged, Blake resolved to advance and attack Zornosa. He took with him 17,000 men. The

French general Merlin abandoned the town on the 24th, and on the 25th fell back to Durango. By his strange, faulty, and presumptuous dispositions, Blake found himself with this half of his army in a position about five miles beyond Zornosa on the 31st, without any artillery, in the presence of 25,000 French led by the duke of Dantzic. He could not resist its onset; he could not reply to its artillery; his troops, soon thrown into confusion, were driven (but never without disputing the ground and leaving upon it pale dead) from one position to another, and at last retired in haste and disorder to Bilbao. The next day Blake was in position at Nava, behind the Salcedon. On the 4th, learning the danger of Acevedo's division, which was intercepted in its push for the river Salcedon by the French general Villatte, Blake was again in the field, and had a severe combat with Villatte, who retreated, leaving a gun and much baggage in the hands of the Spaniards, and having sustained a severe loss of men.

Blake now once more resolved to attack Bilbao, and to attempt a junction with Palafox and the army of Arragon in the rear of the French forces,—a wonderful instance of obstinacy and infatuation. His soldiers were, at this time, bivouacking among the cold mountains without cloaks, without shoes or sandals, without any regular supplies, and seldom obtaining a ration of bread, wine, or spirits. While their brave but blundering commander was leading them in this condition towards Bilbao, two corps of French, amounting to 50,000 men, were marching upon his front, and a third, having turned his right, was already on his rear. The Spanish general fell in with the advanced guard of the fourth corps of the French army, and had a warm action with it; and learning here more of the enemy's movements, he retired two marches upon Espinosa. Here he was attacked on the 10th by the corps of marshal Victor. On this day Romana's infantry was beaten from its ground; but being reinforced by another division, rallied and continued the fight with spirit. The wood, however, and the ridge of hills where these troops were engaged, remained at night-fall in possession of the French. The Spanish right contended with more vigor and better success, and were gaining ground, when darkness put an end to the combat. The Spanish generals St. Roman and Riquièlme received their death-wounds on this day. The next morning Blake was again attacked. The French fell with fresh forces upon the first division of his own troops and upon the Asturians. The rapid succession of casualties among the generals of the Asturian brigades (for three fell at the very opening of the battle) was fatally confusing. The Asturians fled: the first division soon gave way; and the centre and right, after a short show of resistance, being seized with the contagious

panic, broke and hurried across the Trueba in disordered crowds. His artillery and baggage lost, his army routed and dispersed, Blake himself reached Reynosa with the wreck of his force, a body of only 7000 men. Numbers were slain, numbers made prisoners: among these last, the greater part of Romana's troops, who were sent immediately into France. These men being already familiar with the north of Europe, not having been in Spain at the exciting moment when the patriots rose, and viewing the French military service with no particular dislike, enlisted under the French eagles, and were marched northwards again. The bulk of the peasantry of the late levies threw away their arms, and returned to their homes disheartened and desponding.

Upon the 13th the enemy again fell upon Blake: he received and resisted their attack with courage, and made good his retreat with 5000 men to Arnedo, in the mountains of Asturias. Here the marquis of Romana joined him, and took command of the brave unfortunates who yet rallied around the patriot standards, the feeble remnant of the army of the left. The Spanish army* of the conde de Belvedere, amounting to 11,000 infantry, 1150 horse, and thirty pieces of artillery, and encumbered rather than assisted by 7000 or 8000 armed peasants without any organization whatever, was attacked and overthrown. Of this action it is enough to say, that two veteran divisions of French infantry were in the field under the generals Mouton and Bonnet, as also a brigade of light cavalry under Lasalle, and all the heavy cavalry under Bessieres. 2500 Spaniards were slain, twenty guns, six pairs of colors, and 900 men, were taken on the field. There was present in this battle a battalion of students, volunteers from the universities of Salamanca and Leon.† "The youths whom patriotism had brought to the field could not be frightened from it by danger. They fell in their ranks, and their deaths spread mourning through many a respectable family in Spain." Peace to them: they are gone into "a world of order."

Napoleon had from Vittoria directed all these grand movements. The remains of Belvedere's army rallied in the pass of Somosierra.

The army of the centre under Castaños, reduced in numbers and ill disciplined, was the next marked for destruction. On the heights above Tudela this army was drawn up for battle, and, of course, for defeat. It numbered 45,000 men, with up-

* Some old regiments and some Spanish and Walloon guards were with this army, but they had none of them, when compared to the troops of France, any thing that deserves the name of discipline.

† Sir Walter Scott. Life of Napoleon.

wards of forty guns, and occupied a position on a range of low hills ten miles in extent; Tudela forming the right, Tarazona the left of the ground they had chosen. They lay in separate bodies without intermediate posts. Marshal Lasnes appeared in front of this weakly-posted force on the morning of the 23d of October with 30,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and sixty pieces of artillery: he immediately attacked them. The Arragonese upon the heights above Tudela fought so stoutly with the division of general Morlot, as to check and force it back at the commencement of this battle; but the centre of this long and feeble position being forced by general Maurice Mathieu, and Lefebvre following him with his numerous cavalry, the right was turned, disordered, and could resist no longer. Palafox with his Arragonese and the centre made for Zaragoza with all speed. The three divisions at Tarazona had not been engaged, when La Peña, who had behaved most handsomely, was forced back upon them with his division. All four began to retire in tolerable order, but the enemy were soon on them with their fire and with cavalry: a tumbril in their ranks blew up: amid the confusion and cries of Treason! a panic spread among them, and the field of battle was on all sides abandoned; thirty pieces of artillery, and 8000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, remaining with the French. Luckily 15,000 got clear away to Zaragoza; and Castaños himself rallied more than two divisions at Calatayud on the second day after the battle. The heart is sick in recording successes, that, being without glory, excite no admiration, and defeats which, being without disgrace, move neither wonder nor indignation.

The only barrier now between Napoleon and Madrid was the pass of Somosierra; and a small encampment at Sepulveda covered the road leading to Segovia. At this last post the Spaniards beat back the French who attacked, and caused them an admitted loss of fifty or sixty men; but after the affair, being panic-struck, they abandoned the post they had just successfully defended, and fled to Segovia. This was not unaccountable:—the truth is, they had been so often deceived, betrayed, beaten; had so often, in the moment of a fancied success, found their positions turned, and their commanders out-manœuvred, that their confidence in every thing, but their own individual hearts and arms, when, man to man, they could actually meet their foe at no real or suspected disadvantage, was shaken; that this hour they would fight and the next fly, and the next fight again, as their confidence in present circumstances rose or fell. To-day they were running, terrified like cowards, to-morrow the very same men were fighting like heroes. The strong pass of the Somosierra was held by 10,000 men under general St. Juan. They were well posted, and had sixteen pieces of artillery,

commanding and sweeping the road, which ascended the mountain. Three French battalions attacked the right, three the left of this position, and a strong column marched along the road with six guns. The infantry pushed up the sides of the mountain right and left, keeping up a hot and lively fire. The infantry on the road, checked by the Spanish guns, were making little progress: a thick fog and the smoke of the fire hung upon the ascent. Napoleon was present: observing this, and knowing how great was the dread that in all the late battles his cavalry had inspired among the raw and unsteady soldiers of Spain, he directed the Polish lancers of his guard to charge up the causeway, and take the Spanish artillery. The foremost squadron lost several men and horses by the first fire they received, but, rallied by their commander Krazinski, covered by the smoke and fog, and in part by the ground over which they moved, they rode boldly forwards, came upon the guns sword in hand, and seized the battery. They were galled a little as they went up by the musketry of the infantry, posted right and left, but effected this gallant exploit with a dauntless valor. Cavalry upon them had always, hitherto, been the signal to the Spaniards that they were already turned, and to be sacrificed to the sabres of the horsemen in their confusion. It operated even upon this strong ground just as it had elsewhere. The same aspect of things brought up the same associations, and the whole force was shamefully beaten, and ran away at the wild charge of a regiment of horse.

Madrid was in alarm and anarchy, desirous to resist but incapable of defence, when the emperor appeared before the city, preceded by three heavy divisions of cavalry, and followed by a mass of infantry and a numerous artillery. His first summons of the city, at noon, on the 2d of December, was treated with defiance. His second, at midnight, had no better success. The French infantry now carried some houses by assault: a battery of thirty guns opened upon the Retiro; another threw shells from the opposite quarter. Villatte's division stormed the Retiro the next morning, carried it, and established themselves in all the advantageous posts near. The town was now summoned a third time. Morla and another officer came out to treat. He returned with Napoleon's decision—Madrid must surrender or perish. The poor and the peasantry would still have resisted, and the firing on both sides still continued. At last Morla and Castel Franco prepared a capitulation. Castellar, the captain-general, refused to sign it, and withdrew with his troops and guns, (6000, and sixteen pieces of artillery,) by the side of the place not then invested. Morla was neither a brave nor true Spaniard; but whether he conducted the surrender of Madrid treacherously or not, the city could not have resisted.

On the morning of the fourth it surrendered. Orders were issued by Napoleon to preserve the strictest discipline among the troops; and a soldier of his own guard was shot in the great square of Madrid for plundering. The Spaniards were disarmed and the city silenced. Napoleon now exercised all the rights of conquest. A body of nobles, clergy, and the public authorities of Madrid, waited on him at Chamartin, and presented an address. To this he replied in one of those orations, so eminently characteristic of him. There was a deal about England; and among other matter, a promise to drive the English armies from the Peninsula. His own, at this period, in Spain amounted to 330,000 infantry and 60,000 horses, 200 pieces of field artillery, and an immense reserve. Such was his muster-roll, after deducting sick, detachments, garrisons, and posts of communication; and after providing nearly 80,000 men for Catalonia and the siege of Zaragoza, he had 180,000 men and 40,000 horses disposable for any plan of operations he chose. The Spanish armies were already overthrown: a few thousand men, in the most wretched order, were with the duke of Infantado at Cuenca. Five thousand of a new levy were in the passes of the Sierra Morena. Galluzzo with 6000 men had just been defeated at Almaraz, and driven from the defence of the Tagus. Romana was near Leon with 18,000 men, of whom only 5000 were armed at all, and none in a state of discipline or efficiency for the field.

A British army, numerically feeble, and neither supplied, supported, or informed, was the only hostile body of true soldiers still in the field, and these had been only at a late and unhappy moment brought forward.

The English ministers tardily and doubtingly made the venture of an effort in the north of Spain. That which, done earlier, and with decision, might have been, at least, hopeful in its results, if not brilliant, directed at the time it was, no talents and no courage could possibly have conducted to a happy conclusion.

CHAP. X.

THE CAMPAIGN OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

IT was upon the 6th of October that Sir John Moore first received the order of the English ministers to enter Spain.

An army of 35,000 men was to be placed under his command. Of these, 25,000 were to be immediately taken from the troops already in Portugal, and 10,000 were to be sent from England to the coast of Galicia direct.

In twenty days from the receipt of his instructions, the general had completed his arrangements; the columns were already on their march, and the head-quarters had quitted Lisbon. When it is considered that supplies and transports were to be provided, equipments completed, the corps selected, and the army organized anew in divisions and brigades, and all this in *Portugal* and among the *Portuguese*, it will be seen that nothing but the most ardent zeal and the greatest possible exertion, could so soon have accomplished this important object. Had the like zeal and the like exertion, informed by clear views and directed to great aims, been manifested at home, 60,000 British soldiers should at that hour have been descending from the mountains of Galicia, or traversing the plains of Leon.

With the main body of his army, Sir John Moore marched to Salamanca by Almeida; and it being reported to him that the roads on that route were impracticable for artillery, he sent his guns, his cavalry, and a small column of infantry, under Sir John Hope, by the valley of the Tagus. They were to move by Talavera de la Reyna, and to join him by the royal road which traverses the Guadarama mountains. He afterwards made the mortifying discovery, by personal observation, that his artillery could have accomplished the march by Almeida. But it is one of the trials of an English general, that a good military survey of the intended theatre of war is never to be found or furnished from any public office at home. England has no department or bureau to help a general in these matters: he must know every thing, and do every thing, unassisted; even without money he must provide food and contentment, and see both the troops and the followers of his army in long arrear.

Sir John Moore entered Salamanca on the 13th of November. Sir David Baird, with 10,000 men, was moving from Corunna to join him; and the column of Sir John Hope was pursuing its devious route with the same object.

The 23d of November arrived before the successive divisions of Sir John's own corps were concentrated at Salamanca. This army, in a high state of health and efficiency, of a discipline not often surpassed, and of a spirit to be daunted by no enemy, arrived upon the soil of Spain, burning with desire for battle, and in all the confidence of victory. They enjoyed for a while their rest in Salamanca, deeming it but an allowed refreshment necessary to the present concentration of the force, with a view to future operations in the field. While they were thus joyous, careless, and full of hope, their leader was weighed down and oppressed by the many and severe perplexities of his situation. No plan of operations had been given him; and such information as had been forwarded with his instructions relative to the state of Spain, and of her armies, he soon discovered to be false.

In a few points, indeed, it had been founded on the slender support of a little truth; but the state of affairs, never one-tenth so bright or promising as it had been represented, was at the actual moment changed very materially for the worse. He had come to support the armies of Blake and Belvedere: they were already destroyed. He had come expecting to find a people of one heart and will, enthusiastic in their own cause, and full of all the noble energy of action:—he found a people in the plains of Leon impoverished and depressed.

He found among the upper classes of society the timid, the interested, and the vain; some fearing to lose, others eager to gain, and a few, and those miserably qualified, ambitious to shine. He found the common people an ungovernable race of wilful men; now going forth to fight, and now dispersing to their homes, just as the caprice of the hour affected them. Avaricious dealers and contractors, meddling priests and petty authorities, full of ignorance and trickery, many of them double-faced intriguers, were not wanting. To control these discordant elements, there was not one leading or master mind in the whole kingdom, nor one powerful and acknowledged council to unite them wisely, either in fear or affection, to one end. Some were distracted by the duties of their callings, some by their treasure or their families; and human nature was exhibiting itself in all those strange and contradictory varieties, which times of helpless trouble and bewildering confusion always elicit.

Sir John Moore found no armies to support, no generals with whom to concert measures, no government with which to correspond, no intelligence on which he could rely: in addition to these perplexities, he was without magazines, and (thanks to ministers) without money in the military chest to form them.

In Leon and the two Castiles, the people, though patriotic in heart, were, from the open nature of their country, defenceless, and had, consequently, less activity, because they had no chance of effectually protecting their naked villages from the cavalry of the enemy. They could, and did furnish men to the armies in the field; they gave money; they gave prayers for Spain; and, when the cavalry of the enemy rode into their open market-places, they yielded up their corn with eyes that scowled, and lips that closed in curses.

The general found himself and his army reproached and vilified by the ignorant population of Salamanca and its district. "Why," said they, "why don't you advance, and fight the French, as the Spaniards have done?" And the very men who fled from the fields in which their armies had sustained defeat, amid the mortifications of flight, still retaining the memory of a front offered to the foe, and of a short though vain contention, held the same tone of reproof. They had witnessed the courage

of the French troops, and the skill of the French generals, and judged that the English were held in inactivity by fear, or by a secret design of abandoning the cause of Spain.

From the moment that the eyes of Moore were opened to the actual state of the Spanish people in these provinces, and to the fate of their armies, he knew that, sooner or later, retreat would be inevitable; and his judgment told him that the line of his retreat should be by Ciudad Rodrigo upon Portugal, and that to effect it in good order the movement should no longer be delayed. It is to be regretted that, having deliberately formed this judgment, he did not at once act upon it. He might have issued a proclamation to the Spaniards, declaring to them the naked truth, concerning the fate of their own armies, and setting forth the wisdom and the necessity of his present retreat, with a view to render them more effectual assistance at a future period. For this he would no doubt have had to endure a storm of reproaches, furious but not lasting; for the prudence of the wise leader is never long confounded with the irresolution of a weak capacity, or the timidity of a failing heart.

Mr. Frere, the English minister, was his only medium of communication with the supreme junta, which then directed the affairs of Spain. The authority of this junta was nowhere acknowledged beyond the precincts of the city where they sat; neither was it deserving of any influence, seeing the little which it exercised was for evil and not for good. The British envoy, deceived himself, was unconsciously representing matters as they were not, and urging movements in advance as a duty; while the prescient mind of Moore could see nothing in such a course but disaster and destruction. Never, perhaps, was a general placed in a position of greater difficulty, or in circumstances more perplexing and harassing to a noble spirit.

The people of England had their eyes fixed upon him, with expectations of a nature to the full as extravagant as those of the Spaniards themselves; and Sir John well knew that an appeal to the reason of excited and misjudging enthusiasts would be, in the first moment of disappointment, vain. He had already found it so in the case of Mr. Frere the minister, a man of warm temperament and ardent hopes, but of utter inexperience in all military affairs. Here, where he should have found the solid support of a grave, calm, deliberative wisdom, he was fretted by inconsiderate proposals, worrying importunities, and indelicate remonstrances. His generous spirit was overwhelmed; and his harassed and unhappy state of mind is thus evidenced in a letter to his brother:—"Pray for me," says the general, "that I may make right decisions: if I make bad ones, it will not be for want of consideration." He at one moment conceived the heroic notion of throwing himself into the heart of Spain,

and rallying upon his small army that of Castaños and the wrecks of that of Belvedere; but this course became, after the battle of Tudela, too hazardous, he thought, to be risked.

Early in December general Sir John Hope, after a march, the latter part of which, from the movements of the French, was rendered difficult and insecure, but which was conducted with a most happy union of prudence and vigor, reached Alba de Tormes in safety. An intercepted dispatch from Berthier to Soult first acquainted Sir John Moore with the fall of Madrid; and then it was that he hastily conceived the design of striking a blow at the corps of Soult, which lay apart and exposed at Saldanha on the Carrion. Sir John Moore had already made a forward movement to cover the advance of his stores, and the march of Sir David Baird from Astorga, when the dispatch alluded to was brought to his head-quarters at Alaejos, on the 14th of December. The cavalry of lord Paget was at Toro, with two brigades of infantry; general Hope was at Torrecilla; general Charles Stewart's cavalry was at Rueda. At this place a squadron of the 18th hussars surprised a French post of infantry and horse, on the night of the 12th of December. Some were sabred, some taken, and a few effected their escape.

On the 18th the British head-quarters were at Castro Nuevo; from that place Sir John Moore apprized Romana of his intended movement against Soult, and requested his co-operation. On the 20th all the British troops were concentrated—the infantry at Mayorga, the cavalry at Melgar Abaxo. This arm distinguished itself greatly on the march. They skirmished boldly with the enemy's horse, and took upwards of a hundred prisoners. With perfect confidence the smallest patrol of British cavalry would charge a body double its strength. The total of the English army, as now united, was 23,600 men, with sixty pieces of artillery. Of this force 2278 were cavalry. Soult's corps of 16,000 infantry and 1200 horse lay upon the Carrion. Of these, more than 12,000 could be readily assembled to oppose the British: the main body of foot was at Saldanha, and the dragoons of general Debelle were at Sahagun. Sir John Moore, who well knew that the British army would become the immediate object of the emperor's attention, and that the enemy's masses were everywhere in motion, and would doubtless be directed at once upon his communications, felt all the danger of his attempt. But it was a solace to make some effort. He relied upon his own ability and promptness, and marched forward.

Upon the morning of the 21st lord Paget, at the head of 400 of the 15th hussars, came in presence of a line of 600 French dragoons, at Sahagun, and, after a few skilful manœuvres, charged and overthrew them. Many were sabred on the spot,

and thirteen officers and one hundred and fifty men made prisoners. The English infantry occupied Sahagun. Romana, who had only 6000 men, and those in a miserable condition, remained at Mansilla; nor did he venture to advance. Sir John Moore was forced to halt the 22d and 23d for his supplies; but he planned a march during the night of the 23d, and an attack upon the French troops at Saldanha on the morning of the 24th. Already in the chill night were the English columns in motion towards the Carrion, warmed and cheered by the promise of battle, when such intelligence was brought to the general of the enemy's movements as compelled retreat.

Napoleon had been informed of Moore's advance on the 21st. On the evening of the 22d, 50,000 men, under his immediate orders, were already at the foot of the Guadarama pass. The French troops at Talavera were also in full march to act upon the English army. It was only by twelve hours that Moore saved the passage of the Esla, and evaded the prompt manœuvre whereby Napoleon, in person, had hoped to intercept him. The retreat to this point was conducted in masterly order. General Hope moved by the road of Mayorga; general Baird by that of Valencia San Juan. Romana engaged to hold the bridge of Mansilla. The light brigades and the cavalry remained to the very last at Sahagun; and, to cover these movements, patrols of British horse were pushed boldly to the very lines of the enemy. The column of general Hope, and the reserve and light brigades, under the commander-in-chief, following in succession, crossed the bridge of Castro Gonzalo on the 26th. On the same day general Baird passed the Esla, at Valencia, by the ferry and the fords. Lord Paget, just as he had marched through Mayorga with the rear-guard, discovered the advanced horsemen of marshal Ney's corps. A body of them was drawn up on a rising ground flanking the road, and ready to act upon the line of his retreat. He directed two squadrons of the 10th upon them. At the head of his brave men, colonel Leigh spurred up the hill, and, despite the vantage-ground and their great superiority of numbers, rode in upon the enemy, broke them, sabred many, and took a hundred prisoners. From Mayorga lord Paget marched to Beneventè. On the 27th the bridge of Castro Gonzalo was destroyed. The communications with Astorga being now recovered, Sir John Moore halted the army for two days at Beneventè, to clear out his magazines, after which he continued his retreat upon Astorga. For the greater part of his stores he could procure no transport, and they were destroyed. Upon the 29th all the infantry had already quitted Beneventè; the cavalry alone remained in the town, having their pickets upon the fine plain in front. The fords of the Esla were watched by these parties. Early on this

morning general Lefebvre Desnouettes crossed the river at a ford near the bridge, with six hundred horsemen of the imperial guards, and advanced upon the pickets. They retired, steadily skirmishing, till, being joined by a small party of the third German hussars, they repeatedly charged the enemy and checked his advance. Colonel Otway commanded these pickets till general Charles Stewart took charge of them. Handsomely disputing their advance, the general slowly gave ground before the French, till he drew them well forward into the plain. The 10th hussars were formed quickly by lord Paget under cover of some houses near the town; and when the favorable moment arrived, they rode out smartly, and joining the pickets, the whole charged with such vigor that the imperial guards fled at speed to the fords, and re-crossed the river. They lost from fifty to sixty cut down on the field; seventy prisoners, including their general; and had seventy more wounded, who escaped. The loss of the British was fifty. It is said that Napoleon, whose head-quarters were at Valderas, on the opposite bank, witnessed this combat. Soon after this period the emperor quitted the army, and returned to France.

From the moment that the retreat commenced, discontent and disorder possessed the soldiers; and here in Beneventè their angry devastations began. The fine castle of Beneventè, a stately monument of the age of chivalry,—of such spacious grandeur as to afford in its vast halls and magnificent galleries lodging for two entire regiments, and a train of artillery that stalled its horses below,—was rudely dismantled by its guests. Fires were lighted on its tessellated pavements, and blackened its jasper columns, while the pictures were torn down from the walls of its rich chambers, and heaped as fuel upon the flames: and as the soldiery served this palace, so did they many a goodly mansion, and many a peaceful cottage on their route to the coast. They were already murmuring and disobedient; they moved along the weary roads dejected and sullen; broke their ranks on the smallest pretences; and their looks and words were alike insubordinate. Upon entering Astorga they found Romana's troops, who had just been driven from Mansilla and Leon. A scene of confusion arose. Romana had promised not to cross the British line of march; but with all good-will, and all honest intention, Romana had no power to keep his promises, whether they regarded the taking part in hostile operations, or the observing of separate and regular lines of movement. In common with Sir John Moore, Romana himself had been left again and again without any information, or deceived by false intelligence; like him, too, he had suffered all those inconveniences and obstructions which the local authorities were perpetually imposing. He had been often compelled to counteract

by force the frauds and the evasions of the rapacious and the interested. The picture of his wretched army at this period is thus given by colonel Jones :—

“The soldiers under arms little exceeded in number the sick borne on cars or mules; and as they slowly passed along, emaciated and enfeebled by disease, the procession had much more the appearance of an ambulatory hospital in need of an escort, than of an army to defend the country.”

From Astorga to Lugo the English line of march was a scene of great suffering and incredible disorder. If any one thing had been a source of pride to Sir John Moore, beyond all other, it was the high, the unequalled discipline of the fine army which he had led forward into Spain. The men were steady, clean, and obedient; robust, hardy, and brave. Discipline had now vanished; their attachment to their general was gone; their respect shaken. The length of the marches, the severity of the weather, and the wretched state of the roads,—here mud, there snow,—the want of supplies, and, above all, the dispiriting effect of a retreat, made them careless, irregular, and insolent; they quitted their ranks in search of food and liquor; they plundered; they wantonly destroyed property; they broke open stores of wine; they drank and loitered, and lay stupid in the roads. At Bemibre some hundreds, who sallied out from the plundered wine-vaults when the French cavalry appeared before it, were taken or sabred on the road, as they vainly sought to run, staggering after the rear-guard. At Villa Franca the soldiers were again busy at the work of plunder, and the general caused one of the marauders to be shot as an example: moreover, he issued the severest orders to the army. At Calcabellos on the Guia there was an affair between the British reserve and the enemy's advanced guard, consisting of six or eight squadrons. Not until many of these brave horsemen had fallen under the fire of the English riflemen were they supported by any of the French infantry; but at length they were strengthened by a body of Voltigeurs. In this combat about two or three hundred on both sides were killed and wounded. Among the first slain was the French general Colbert, a fine man,* and a gallant soldier, whose daring valor had been so conspicuous as to attract the notice and admiration of his English foes. His name was of great note in his own army, and many a battle-plain in Germany had seen him lead up into the hottest fire the decisive charge. In this petty affair he fell.

The face of the country from Villa Franca to Lugo is mountainous and rugged. The cavalry, therefore, preceded the in-

* He was a man of so fine a form, that Canova the sculptor considered him as a perfect model.

fantry, by whom they, in turn, were now covered. From the commencement of the campaign, the resolute and undaunted bearing of the British cavalry had been an honor to the army. The rear-guard reached Herrerias on the 5th of January; and here Sir John Moore abandoned the intention of embarking at Vigo, and, from the reports of his engineers, selected Corunna, as offering a more favorable position to cover his embarkation.

The division of general Baird was at Nogales; those of generals Hope and Fraser near Lugo. Sir John having resolved to rally his army at Lugo, and to offer battle to the enemy, sent an order to the leading division to halt at that place. This order was carried to Sir David Baird by an aide-de-camp. That general most imprudently forwarded it by a private dragoon: the man got drunk, and lost the dispatch. In consequence, general Fraser's division had a severe and toilsome march, and retraced their steps by a painful countermarch, an operation which lost to it 400 stragglers. The passage of the bridge at Constantino, a spot which offered such advantages to the pursuing enemy that a great loss had been anticipated, was most skilfully and happily effected by the reserve without any. General Paget with two regiments made good an excellent formation on the other side, and, though repeatedly assailed by the enemy, held his ground firmly till nightfall. On the 7th Sir John Moore drew up his army in a position near Lugo, in order of battle. As by magic, the organization of his disorderly battalions was again complete. Neither severity of rebuke, nor even the example of a summary execution, had hitherto availed to check the wide and fearful insubordination; but when it was known that the colors of their regiments were planted in bivouac on a line of battle, to the joy and the pride of their officers, the men came hurrying to the ranks; and as they examined their locks, fixed their flints, and loosened in the scabbards those bayonets which the pouring rain had rusted fast in the sheaths, they again looked to their officers with the regard of a ready obedience and a brave devotion.

As soon as marshal Soult arrived before the British position, he made a strong *reconnoissance* first on the English centre with four guns and a few squadrons, and afterwards upon the left with a heavy column of infantry and artillery. From the centre he was driven off by the cannonade of fifteen pieces, and on the left his column, after pushing in the British outposts, was charged by the light troops under the immediate direction of Sir John Moore, and very rudely handled. The enemy lost 400 men. Throughout the whole of the 8th the two armies lay in presence of each other, in order of battle, but Soult declined the attack. The English general, satisfied with having rallied his own troops, and brought his pursuers to a stand, decamped

in the night, and continued his retreat, leaving the fires burning bright upon his position, to deceive the enemy.

In silent order the troops retired, commencing their march about ten o'clock; but in spite of all the precautions taken to mark the right tracks, which led from the different parts of the position to the high road, the marks were destroyed by rain and tempestuous wind. Two divisions were completely bewildered, and were still near Lugo in the morning. Fatigued, depressed, and foundered for want of shoes, they straggled onwards through the mud, chilled by a falling sleet; and in a few hours the firm battalions, which had stood in position the day before, ready and eager for battle, were a mob of fugitives and marauders. The reserve, under general Edward Paget, was the only body which, throughout this long and disastrous retreat, maintained its discipline and efficiency—a fact signally honorable to that officer. In justice, however, to the other troops, it should be allowed, that in the reserve, the minds of men were engaged by duties which interested and animated them; for, as the rear-guard, they were constantly in the presence of the enemy.

Between Sahagun and Lugo the casualties of the army, including those who fell in action, amounted to 1500. The loss of men between Lugo and Betanzos was yet more considerable. Here Sir John Moore halted, and assembled all his force. Discipline was again, in some degree, restored by great exertions, and the columns marched from hence to Corunna in very tolerable order.

As soon as the general reached Corunna, where the transports had not yet arrived, he made all the necessary dispositions for covering his embarkation. The land-front of this weak fortress was strengthened, and the sea-face was dismantled. In all the labor of these preparations, the Spaniards of the city worked freely, tendering the British all possible assistance with heart and hand, although they well knew the object and end of our operations; an act of itself sufficient to stamp the character of the Spaniard with nobility.

A magazine of 4000 barrels of powder, upon a hill, three miles from the city, was fired on the 13th. The explosion was terrific; the earth trembled; the waters were agitated; and every body stood, for a short and awful pause, breathless and grave.

The horses of the cavalry which had survived the march, were brought out and shot; for the ground near Corunna not being practicable for that arm, they could not have been used in action; and it was humanely resolved that they should not be left in their miserable plight to fresh sufferings.

The assembling of the French army in his front, made it

necessary for Sir John Moore to select a position on which to meet them.

On the evening of the 14th, the transports from Vigo entered the harbor, and the embarkation of the sick, the artillery, and the dragoons commenced; eight British and four Spanish guns were retained on shore.

During the night of the 15th, and on the morning of the 16th, all the baggage and all encumbrances were put on board ship; and it was intended to withdraw the army after dark that evening. About two o'clock in the afternoon the French beat to arms, and prepared to attack the position of the English. Half a league from Corunna, the English army, 14,500 strong, was drawn up on a low range of hills; the only position which their numbers and their object allowed them to occupy. A loftier range of rocky heights encircled and commanded it within cannon-shot, and on these the French had already taken post.

Marshal Soult had 20,000 men under arms. From the lighter guns along his front, and from a battery of heavier calibre on his left, he opened a smart cannonade, and under cover of the fire moved down in three weighty columns to the attack. The first of these, throwing out its voltigeurs, and driving in the pickets, attacked the British right, assailing the front and flank of general Baird's division. The second column marched upon the British centre. The third, with less of earnest intention in the character of its attack, moved upon the British left, where the troops were commanded by Sir John Hope.

The horse of the commander-in-chief stood saddled for him to visit the outposts just as the alarm was given. He rode thankful to the field. The thunder of the guns and the rolling of the musketry was already begun as he galloped to the summons with a grave joy.

The battle was most furious near the village of Elvina, on the British right. In this quarter of the field Sir David Baird was severely wounded; and here, while earnestly watching the progress of the stern combat in Elvina, Sir John Moore himself was struck upon the left breast by a cannon-shot: it threw him from his horse; but, though the laceration was dreadful, it did not deprive him of his mental energy; he sat upon the ground, and watched the battle. His eye was stedfast and intent, and it brightened as he saw that all went bravely and well. The soldiers now put him in a blanket to carry him to the rear; as they did so, the hilt of his sword struck upon his wound, and caused him a sudden pang. Captain Hardinge would have taken off the sword, but the general stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is: I had rather it should go out of the field with me!" With these words he was borne from the battle. It was a long way to the town, and the torture of the motion was great; but

the expression of his countenance was calm and resolute, and he did not sigh. Several times he made his attendants stop, and turn him round, that he might gaze upon the field of battle.

After he was laid down upon a couch in his lodgings, the pain of his wound increased. He spoke with difficulty, and at intervals. He often asked how the battle went; and being at last told that the enemy were defeated, he said instantly, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know that we have beaten the French." He was firm and composed to the last; once only, when speaking of his mother, he betrayed great emotion. "You know," said he, to his old friend colonel Anderson, "that I always wished to die this way!" The bitter agony of spirit which he had long endured was thus mournfully evidenced. "I hope," he exclaimed, "the people of England will be satisfied!—I hope my country will do me justice!" These precious sentences were among the last he uttered; his sufferings were not long; he expired with the hand of colonel Anderson pressed firmly in his own.

We shall not further describe the action than by saying, that when darkness put an end to the work of battle, not only had the French been repulsed at all points, but the line of the English was considerably advanced beyond the original position. The loss of the French was, by their own admission, 3000; that of the British was about 800 killed and wounded.

The brigade of general Hill and that of general Beresford remained on shore the 17th, to cover the embarkation of the army, which began soon after the close of the engagement. By night the victorious troops filed down from the field of battle to their boats, and embarked. There was a moon, but it gave only a wan and feeble light; for the weather was misty and chill. Soon after night-fall, the remains of Sir John Moore were quietly interred in the citadel of Corunna. Soldiers dug his grave; soldiers laid him in the earth. He was buried in his military cloak, and was left asleep, and alone, upon a bastion—a bed of honor well chosen for a hero's resting-place. This last duty done, the officers of his personal staff went on ship-board, "in soldiers' sadness, the silent mourning of men who know no tears."

Sir John Moore had signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. His life was spent among the troops; among the troops he died; and, to this hour, it is a distinction to any officer to have learned his duty under the eye and the voice of Moore. We admire his character; we glory in his warrior-death; we consider his fame hallowed by his end;—but we think that, with the deep knowledge of human nature he possessed, the state of Spanish society, under the actual circumstances of peril and bewilderment, ought not to have sur-

prised him, far less to have irritated him to the extent to which it certainly did. That time was lost at Salamanca, is a matter of fact, and a subject of regret. The value of a day, or of an hour, in war, is great. It is vain to ask what might have been the consequences of a movement into the heart of Spain, which was never made, and which, according to able and acute men, never should have been contemplated; but it is certain that between that measure and a retreat on Portugal, Sir John Moore wavered long in his decisions. War, we are told, and truly, by all good officers, is a science; and we are shown how accurate and profound are, and ought to be, the calculations of a commander; yet, "nothing venture, nothing have," has passed into a proverb with mankind.

In all undertakings, we must leave something in a state too incomplete to command the certainty of success. We must exercise our trust in Providence, whatever be our aim and end; for "the lot is cast into the lap, the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord;" and, undoubtedly, with a righteous cause, we may look hopefully for help. We are not of the number of those who dare to speak lightly of the spirit of Moore; for we know the help of Heaven was that to which he looked; and we believe that it was an act of conscientious self-denial, which made him hesitate to risk the lives of so many thousands on the desperate hazards of a chivalric effort.

CHAP. XI.

CORUNNA AND FERROL SURRENDER TO THE FRENCH.—NOTICE OF ROMANA.—SOULT MARCHES TO INVADE PORTUGAL.—HIS OPERATIONS ON THE FRONTIER.—COMBATS WITH THE SPANIARDS.—COMBATS WITH THE PORTUGUESE.—CAPTURE OF OPORTO.—RETROSPECT OF TRANSACTIONS IN PORTUGAL.—DEFEAT OF THE SPANIARDS IN LA MANCHA.—SECOND SIEGE AND FALL OF ZARAGOZA.

THE inhabitants of Corunna maintained their weak walls with honor and good faith until the fleet of England was fairly at sea.

On the 19th of January they formally surrendered the place, and the French took possession. With the means found here, Marshal Soult immediately proceeded to the attack of Ferrol, a regular fortress, well armed, and provided with a sufficient garrison. It was disgracefully yielded up to him on the 26th of January. The helpless and indignant citizens were betrayed by their chiefs; but there were serious commotions in the city before the surrender was effected. Aided by the artillery, the

ammunition, and the stores of Ferrol, the French soon overran Galicia.

We return for a moment to that period of the English retreat when the miserable band of Romana crossed the line of its march at Astorga. In the woful plight already described, it was led by its noble commander towards the valleys of the Syl and the Minho. The rear division of these sick and disorganized fugitives was cut up by the cavalry of general Franceschi, who had been directed to pursue and disperse them. Romana placed Mendizabal with a small body in the Val des Orres, furnishing a post, at the strong point of Puente de Bibey, to cover the approaches to Orense. He himself collected from two to three thousand men at Toabado, about twenty miles from St. Jago, on the 15th of January. The position of Mendizabal was attacked and carried by a division of French infantry under general Marchand (detached for that object from the corps of Ney) upon the 17th. The overthrow and dispersion of the troops with Mendizabal completed the distresses of Romana. Many of his men now threw away their arms, and returned to their homes. The general himself, with his few and faithful cavalry, and such of the infantry as had not disbanded, retired to Oimbra, a village on the frontier of Portugal near Monterey. At this place was a small magazine, originally collected for the use of Sir John Moore's army. Here, therefore, with a spirit depressed but not subdued by disaster, Romana used every exertion to reassemble and reorganize a division. Here it was that Blake, his colleague, in a fit of surly wilfulness, deserted him, taking away those officers who were his own more immediate followers. Amid all these vexations, Romana, with a buoyant and a noble spirit, still manifested zeal and hope, and continued his preparations for the field.

Upon the capture of Ferrol, Soult fixed his head-quarters at St. Jago de Compostella, repaired his equipments, refreshed his army, and, after a halt of only six days, put himself again in motion on the 1st of February, to march, in obedience to the orders of Napoleon, upon Oporto. With nineteen thousand infantry, four thousand horse, and fifty-eight pieces of artillery, this active and able commander moved rapidly to the Minho. This river, from Melgaço to its mouth, is the line of the frontier of Portugal in that quarter. It is guarded by a few old walled towns, in a dilapidated state, to which fortresses on the Spanish side, of like strength and in like condition, correspond. These could not have arrested the march of Soult for a day; but the river itself was a serious obstacle. It was broad and swollen, and rushed along rapid in its wintry strength. All the boats had been removed, and the peasantry and militia of Portugal were in arms upon the southern bank. The energy and the

ingenuity of the French were here exhibited in a very remarkable manner. They transported some large boats from the harbor and fort of Guardia to Campo Saucos, overland. This operation they effected with infinite toil and labor; dragging these boats, and also some heavy guns, by the help of rollers, over two miles of difficult and hilly ground. A whole division of the army was thus employed for four days.

Soult attempted the passage of the Minho on the 15th. In the night, 300 soldiers were embarked; and the boats, manned by French marines, dropped down the Tamuga into the Minho; but they did not succeed in crossing before the dawn of day. The moment the foremost party had effected a landing, the militia and peasantry fell upon them with vigor, and they were immediately destroyed. Those who remained in the boats in the rear, seeing the attempt now hopeless, pulled back; and the French army, from the heights on the Spanish side, where they stood in array, eager to cross, and from which their own cannon were thundering on the southern bank, saw their chosen comrades defeated and slain, and the bold project of their general baffled. Soult now changed his line of operations, and on the 16th marched up to the river towards Ribidavia. His cavalry, keeping the bank of the Minho, was galled by musketry from the opposite side: they twice, however, broke the bands of Spanish peasantry whom they encountered in their front as they advanced, and they burned two villages on their route.

A body of 800 Gallicians attempted to check the French army, by disputing the passage of the Morenta and the Noguera, two inconsiderable rivers, but at that season impassable. The bridges being barricaded, the cavalry of the French advanced guard was easily repulsed; but on the following morning a brigade of infantry, of Heudelet's division, forced the passage, and, driving these Gallicians before them to Ribidavia, found a body of 10,000 peasants posted on a strong hill which covered the town. As soon as marshal Soult had got up a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, he drove away these Spaniards. The efficiency and the organization of this force of the patriots may be judged from the fact, that the bodies of twenty priests were counted among the dead. There had been a brave resistance, for the slain were numerous. On the one side, priests and peasants: on the other, a marshal of France and the conquerors of Austerlitz. All these affairs occurred within a short month after the embarkation of the British at Corunna.

The French entered Orense on the 19th, and seized the bridge over the Minho. Soult made Tuy a place of arms; left in it his artillery and all heavy encumbrances; appointed a garrison for its defence; and, taking sixteen light guns and six howitzers, abandoned for the time all communication with Gal-

licia, and marched against Oporto. The province of Entre Minho e Douro was occupied by a force composed principally of *ordenanzas** and militia, with a few regulars, all of a fierce spirit, but without order, discipline, or confidence in their chiefs. General Freire commanded this lawless body, and had his headquarters at Braga. In the province of Tras os Montes, general Silveira had charge of a smaller force, composed of the same unmanageable materials, and in the same insubordinate state. Romana, having again about 9000 men collected round him, occupied Oimbra and Monterey. The headquarters of Silveira were at Chaves. These two generals were in communication with each other, and, agreeing to act in concert, they formed a first line. Their combined forces amounted to about 16,000 men, and their line extended from Monterey to near Chaves, a distance of fifteen miles.

The second line was held by general Freire, who was at Braga with fourteen guns, and 25,000 men. Of these, only 6000 were armed with muskets: pikes, spears, goads, and a few old fowling-pieces, were the weapons of the remainder. Baron Eben, a German in the English service, commanding the second battalion of the Lusitanian legion, was associated with Freire in this charge. The third line was an intrenched position, covering Oporto, and occupied by the mob of that city, by a rude levy of the bishop's, and a very few regular troops—if, at that time, any troops in Portugal could be so designated.

Soult attacked Romana at Monterey, on the 6th of March, with three divisions of infantry and one of dragoons. The Spaniards abandoned their positions on his approach, spiked the guns of Monterey, and, after a short skirmish, retired on Puebla de Sanabria. They were so closely pressed by Franceschi, that a body of about 3000, finding itself assailed in the rear by the French infantry, and headed by their horsemen, halted on some rough ground, and formed a large weak square. Against each face of this square Franceschi directed a regiment of cavalry: their charge was simultaneous; the dismayed Spaniards were immediately broken, trampled down, and sabred without mercy. They left upon the fatal spot 1200 dead.

Romana, with his main body, was at some distance when this bloody affair took place. He hastily retired, with 6000 men, by Braganza and Puebla de Sanabria, and regained the valley of the Syl. Meanwhile Silveira was beaten at Villaza, lost his guns, and retreated to a strong position behind Chaves. Three thousand of his men, disregarding the plans and orders of their chief, threw themselves into this place. On the 13th, after keeping up a noisy and harmless fire for two days, they surren-

* Peasantry enrolled and called out by regulation.

dered it to the French. Marshal Soult made it a place of arms; established his hospital in that town; and then proceeded to Braga, in front of which place his people were all collected on the 18th, after a troublesome and disputed march through the long and difficult defiles of Venda Nova, Ruivaens, and Salamondé. On the 20th, after driving from their strong post the tumultuous and savage mob which had just murdered their poor general Freire, at the instigation of a faction hostile to that leader, he entered Braga. General Franceschi, pursuing the fugitives closely, came up with 3000 Portuguese at Falperra. They fought hard, but were beaten, and the greater part of them were slain on the spot. In the combats of this day the Portuguese lost all their artillery, and above 4000 men, of which number only 400 were made prisoners.

After some fierce fighting on the Ave, the French effected the passage of that river, and were concentrated before Oporto on the 27th.

In the intrenched camp in front of this city were 40,000 men. The hopes of the people were extravagant; they attributed the defeat of Silveira, and that of the force at Braga, to treachery. There were constant tumults in Oporto, and many worthy but wretched individuals became the victims of a blind suspicion and a jealous fury.

The mob considered their intrenchments impregnable: their lines were armed with 200 pieces of cannon, and they manned the works with all the alacrity of a vain and secure confidence.

Soult made a feint upon the left of these intrenchments on the evening of the 28th. In the night the Portuguese were disturbed by a false alarm; they fancied that the French were advancing to the assault: they rushed to their guns, and opened a tremendous fire, which they kept up with little intermission till near day, when, instead of a field of slain and wounded, and the aspect of discomfiture, they beheld three dark and steady columns of attack. The French stormed these formidable lines, and carried the intrenchments, all the redoubts, and the guns, at the point of the bayonet. Two battalions broke through the barriers of the city, poured into the streets, and penetrated to the bridge, driving before them a terrified and helpless crowd of men, women, and children. These unhappy fugitives rushed wildly on the bridge. The nearest boats gave way to the pressure, and sunk with their wretched burden. The cries of these poor creatures were stifled by the waters; and the spectacle was so fearful, that the Frenchmen in pursuit paused in the work of death, and exerted themselves to save as many as they could. In other parts of the city the carnage was terrible. Two hundred Portuguese took post in the palace of the bishop,

and made an effort to defend it. They were all put to the sword. Long after resistance ceased, the shrieks of women, and the cries with which the murdered die, might be heard in every street. It is computed that in the battle and in the city no fewer than 10,000 of the Portuguese were slain. The exertions of Soult and of his officers, and of the more generous and compassionate of his men, to stop the slaughter, were great; but the soldiery, harassed by their late toils, and exasperated by the cruel fate of such of their comrades as had fallen into the hands of the peasants, gave no quarter, made no distinctions, but glutted their appetite for vengeance. The whole of this campaign only cost the French 1000 men; of these, 500 fell at the assault of Oporto. But while the French marshal had accomplished the object of his march, by the capture of this city and by the dispersion of all the Portuguese forces that had ventured to oppose a front to his advance, Silveira with fresh reinforcements had gathered about the walls of Chaves, and the small garrison which Soult had left there, together with 1200 sick, had surrendered to that active and patriotic leader.

We must here take a review of the transactions in Portugal from the moment of Sir John Moore's advance into Spain. We shall notice with brevity those struggles and reverses of the Spaniards in various places which were simultaneous with the retreat of Sir John Moore, and with the periods immediately subsequent to that event; after which we shall hasten to the subject of the present memoir, who, within seven days of his landing at Lisbon, was on horseback for the Douro.

After the convention of Cintra, the regency of Portugal was established. The frontier fortresses were garrisoned by the English, and two British regiments were sent to Oporto. This last place was in a very unsettled state. Owing to the bishop's faction, the public mind throughout the whole land was more or less disturbed; nor was there wanting a French faction at Lisbon to stir the trouble. Nevertheless, the people in general, regarding England as the old and faithful ally of their country, felt no jealousy of British influence; acknowledged the regency; and openly expressed their desire for the guidance of British leaders and the assistance of British troops.

While the ill-timed court of inquiry detained Sir Arthur Wellesley at home, and while Sir John Moore was on the plains of Leon, Sir John Cradock was charged with the command in Portugal, and proceeded to that country. On reaching Oporto, he found the faction of the bishop busy with intrigue, and the people of that city ready for any work of violence or blood to which the promoters of discord might desire to excite them.

Sir John Cradock had touched at Corunna in passing; and, having found the *Lavinia* frigate there with treasure to the

amount of 1,500,000 dollars, had brought away 800,000, proposing to leave some at Oporto, and to take the remainder to Lisbon, that Moore, whose intention to retreat upon Portugal was then known, might not want money for his troops.

A body of thirteen hundred men had been organized at Oporto by Sir Robert Wilson, under the title of the Lusitanian Legion. Of this force the regency was jealous, because the formation of it was originally a project of the bishop's faction. Sir John Cradock left 300,000 dollars at Oporto; directed the two British regiments in that province to march to Almeida; and, advising Sir Robert Wilson to move into *Tras os Montes* with his legion, in accordance with the desire of the regency to assemble a force in that province, he departed for Lisbon. Sir Robert Wilson, however, preferred another course, and marched to Almeida.

The regular army of Portugal at this period amounted to a force of twenty thousand nominally, but only ten thousand of them had arms. They had no discipline, and no officers; and the militia and *ordenanza* were but a violent and unruly rabble. The English troops scattered over the kingdom did not amount to ten thousand men, including the sick. Of thirteen battalions four were in the north, two at Abrantes, one in Elvas, and six at Lisbon. Of the four battalions in the north, Sir John Cradock appointed three to reinforce Sir John Moore; and two battalions from the south were directed to advance by *Castello Branco* and *Ciudad Rodrigo* with the same object. He was now to provide for the frontier of Portugal on the line of the *Tagus*; and this, at a time when the fourth French corps had just passed that river at *Almaraz*, and menaced *Badajos*. To effect this object, he had only seven battalions of infantry and three hundred horse. At this moment Mr. Frere, the central junta, the junta of *Badajos*, and the regency of Portugal, were pressing Sir John Cradock to march into the south of Spain. As soon, however, as the communication with Sir John Moore was cut off, as it was towards the end of December, Cradock halted the British, proceeding under general Richard Stewart to reinforce Moore at *Castello Branco*. He also sent instructions to general Cameron at Almeida to collect the convalescents of Moore's army; to unite them with the two British battalions there; and, if possible, to make his way to the army in Spain; but, if he judged the hazard too great, to return to Lisbon: in either case, to send his stores and sick to Oporto.

Sir John Cradock, feeling no confidence either in the troops or the government of Portugal, directed general Stewart to destroy the bridges of *Villa Velha* and *Abrantes*, and to retire upon *Sacavem*, a position near Lisbon, in which he had resolved to concentrate his troops, and which he proposed to defend as

long as possible. At this period, when a column of infantry and two thousand horse,—the advanced guard of the fourth corps of the French army,—and when, in fact, thirty thousand Frenchmen were in full march for Lisbon, the advance of Sir John Moore caused Napoleon to arrest the movement of the fourth corps, and Portugal was relieved from all present fear of invasion. In the north, general Cameron made an effort to join Sir John Moore by the *Tras os Montes*; but, hearing of the retreat to Corunna, he halted on the 9th of January, and would have marched back to Almeida. The troops of the French general Lapisse were, however, already at Zamora. He now retired to Lamego, and wrote to Sir Robert Wilson, whom he had left at Almeida, recommending him to retreat upon the same place; but Wilson, rejoicing, amid these scenes of confusion, in a command that was entirely independent, held his ground upon the frontier, and exhibited such enterprise and activity in the neighborhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, that he aroused the sinking spirits of all around, and, gathering about him Spanish reinforcements, the peasantry of Portugal and the straggling convalescents of the army of Moore, he rendered a service at the moment invaluable.

The regency of Portugal having promised Sir John Cradock to assemble native troops at Thomar, Abrantes, and Villa Velha, he halted the brigade of Stewart at Santarem; a British regiment still remained at Elvas.

We turn now towards Spain. The central junta which had retired hastily to Seville, when the line of the Tagus was menaced, being urged by Mr. Frere to order some movement of the Spanish troops, whereby a diversion might be caused of the French forces pressing upon the army of Moore, directed the duke del Infantado, who commanded a levy of nearly 20,000 men at Cuenca, to advance against the enemy. A levy of 5000 men, under the marquis del Palacio at Carolina, was to move forwards at the same moment. Infantado advancing by Ocana and Aranjuez, and uniting this division with his own force, was to push for Madrid. The condition of his army was deplorable. A large proportion was without arms, a still larger without clothing: they were without pay, and they had no discipline. The military art was, of a truth, either unknown or forgotten: what little system they had either of organization, interior economy, or field discipline, was out of date; and, in as far as it had engaged their prejudices, stood greatly in the way of their improvement. In martial qualities the Spanish soldiers were not deficient: they were hardy, patient under privation, enduring of fatigue, abstemious, and sober; and they marched with readiness into battle, and that, too, after much and sad experience of defeat.

The duke del Infantado, projecting a movement on Toledo, quitted Cuenca on the 10th of January, and reached Horcajada on the 12th, with 10,000 men; Venegas, with the remainder of his army, was at Tarancon. This last officer with general Senra had been detached from Cuenca some time previously, to surprise the French cavalry at Aranjuez and Tarancon: in this object they had totally failed; Senra had halted at Horcajada without fulfilling his part in the operation; and Venegas, instead of surprising the enemy, was himself surprised: however, the enemy had retired immediately afterwards, and left him in Tarancon. On the 13th, Infantado marched onwards to Carascoza, and was met by the fugitives from the division of Venegas, who told him of their disaster at Ucles. On that morning, Victor, with a division of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had found Venegas unexpectedly at Ucles, had fallen upon him, and driven him in confusion towards Alcazar; here Ruffin's division had already arrived by mistake and not design. The Spaniards were thus intercepted in their retreat, and routed. Some laid down their arms, some dispersed; only one small body, under general Giron, made good its passage by the road of Carascoza, and rejoined the duke del Infantado. Many of the Spaniards fled wildly across the fields; and, of two bodies which attempted to preserve a formation, one coming upon the French park of artillery was received with grape, and the other fell in with Victor, by whom they had been already beaten earlier in the day. Their discomfiture and destruction were completed. The prisoners taken in this confused business were marched to Madrid; and such as fell out from fatigue and exhaustion were shot by the way-side. The old town of Ucles was plundered with the aggravation of many circumstances of galling insult; and those violent and barbarous things were done, of which the baser part of mankind, when excited to havoc, are always guilty; no doubt to the horror and shame not only of the officers but of the greater part of the French soldiers themselves.

From La Mancha we pass to Arragon; there, after the defeat of Tudela, the first object of the French was the reduction of Zaragoza. Their preparations were proportioned to the importance of that object; and those of the Zaragozans to defend their city were the utmost that the resolute energy of a people taught by experience, and now assisted by scientific officers, could possibly effect: they were ready to sacrifice property, to pull down their dwellings, to make the convents, forts, and the churches, barracks. The streets were barricadoed and intrenched: every strong building was fortified; the doors and windows of private houses were built up, and the whole front of them pierced with loop-holes. The people gave themselves and all they possessed to the war. The population was one vast garrison, and the

“city was all fortress.” Even the women were regularly enrolled in companies to serve the sick, and to aid the combatants in those many ways in which the help of woman is not only the sweetest succor but the most powerful encouragement. The bread which they brought had a strengthening nourishment for the heart; and the cartridges which they distributed carried a charm to make steady the aim of the husband and the father. The countess Burita, a lady most feminine in person, and most heroic in heart, commanded these devoted females.

The inhabitants themselves, all combatants, were supported by a garrison of 30,000 troops. A body of excavators, formerly employed on the canal, were enrolled as sappers and miners there was a strong force of cannoncers; and thirteen officers of engineers superintended the many and vast works which had been constructed as the regular external defences of the city.

With only 35,000 men the French advanced to the siege of Zaragoza, while certainly not fewer than 50,000 men, willing to fight and die in its defence, lay ready within its walls; but it must be remembered, again, that these 35,000 were the conquerors of all those warlike troops in Germany and the north of Europe, of whose discipline and prowess the page of modern history is full.

The marshals Monecy and Mortier (and afterwards Lasnes) were intrusted with the reduction of this important place. The French sat down before it on the 20th of December, attacked the Monte Torrero the next morning, and penetrated by a sudden assault into the suburb. The Torrero was carried; but the attack of the suburb, not being simultaneous with that on the fort, signally failed.

On the 24th of December, Zaragoza was completely invested on both sides of the river. General Lacoste, a chief of the corps de Genie, and aide-de-camp of the emperor, directed the siege. In the progress of it, this distinguished officer was slain. The description of it we shall not attempt, because we cannot afford space to detail the heroic story. It has many times been told; nor does the relation of it belong further to this memoir, than as it is important to mark throughout the whole work what and how great were the efforts of the Spaniards themselves in working out that deliverance for their country, which, but for the genius of Wellington and the prowess of British soldiers, had, perhaps, never been effected at all, or only, after very long and sad sufferings, by a course of sullen and universal but ill-combined resistance. The trenches against Zaragoza were opened on the night of the 29th of December, but the French did not obtain possession of its sacred ruins till the 21st of February. Long after the walls of Zaragoza fell, the city itself resisted. The stern contest was continued from street to street, and from

house to house. In vault and cellar, on balcony and in chamber, the deadly warfare was waged without any intermission. By the slow and sure process of the mine the assailants worked their terrific path, and daily explosions told loudly of their onward way. Meantime the bombardment was fierce and constant, and the fighting incessant. Every house was a post: the crash of falling buildings was continual. Three thousand pounds of powder were placed beneath the University, and with a dire explosion the once peaceful building fell. While the struggle was yet fierce and alive, came pestilence into those vaults and cellars where the aged, and the women and the children, lay sheltered from the storm of shells. They sickened in vast numbers, and died there where they lay. The survivors left them in their tomb; or, if charitable hands carried the corpses out to the door of some ruined church, there they lay unburied, in large and fearful companies, and rotted and dissolved. The bones of more than 40,000 persons, of every age and sex, lay all about, above and below the earth, horrible to the hasty tread. Some 12,000 sickly and feeble men survived to lay down those arms which they could scarce support.

The defenders of Zaragoza were of three distinct classes. The enrolled troops; the peasants of the neighborhood, who had flocked within the walls; and the citizens. Among the two last parties there was generated a system of terror that punished all cowardice: and, regarding even lukewarmness as treason, punished it, also, with summary execution on a gibbet; a circumstance that a little shadows over the brightness of the resistance. To the plebeian leaders, the principal of whom were slain during the siege, the city is chiefly indebted for the glory of her long and wonderful defence.

Palafox, a name that was once and long a kind of hallowed spell, was not the man we fondly thought and would fain have found him. To say that he was not sincere as a patriot, and that he did not exhibit spirit as a man, would be greatly to wrong his memory. The warm part which he took, when at first he aroused Arragon to resistance; the language of those proclamations, which were read and listened to with a burning eagerness all over Spain, and all of which Palafox himself penned; and the presence of this chief in many scenes of blood and peril; prove that he was sincere as a patriot, and brave as a man: but

"Worth and fame, to be secure,
Must be in death enshrined."

The foundation of the heroic character was wanting; there was no moral depth, no living principle of action. He grew weary of the fearful and never-ending contest. He detested the fierce men of the people, and their system of terror. He

fell sick; and in a city where half the very combatants, daily fighting in the streets, were sick also, for the last month of the siege he never came forth from a secure and vaulted building. In this recess, while the death-shower of shot and shell was pouring its destruction upon the exposed, and while pale pestilence was walking about the mute and melancholy chambers of thousands of his fellow-citizens, the habits of a former life returned upon him,—and Palafox is reported to have passed the period of his seclusion in sensual indulgence. Let the reader sigh with us over this humiliating fact, and let him lay to his heart the mournful lesson which it offers. Such and so weak a thing is man!

Honors were decreed to Zaragoza by the patriotic government of Spain; and the decree contained an especial promise, that whenever Palafox should be restored to liberty, the nation would confer upon him that reward which might seem most worthy of his unconquerable constancy and ardent patriotism. Palafox, however, died in captivity. His name will ever be identified with the heroic defence of Zaragoza: it was long a watchword in all the camps of Spain; and enough of glory will yet remain upon it to make men turn gladly away from the contemplation of those disappointing features, and those moral failings, which now lie “nailed in his chest.”

CHAP. XII.

NOTICE OF THE WAR IN CATALONIA. — TRANSACTIONS IN PORTUGAL AND THE SOUTH OF SPAIN. — THE PORTUGUESE ARMY PLACED UNDER A BRITISH COMMANDER. — THE SPANIARDS DEFEATED AT MEDELLIN AND AT CIUDAD REAL.

CATALONIA, from the very commencement of the war, resisted the invader with vigor, constancy, and success. Many of her towns had been pillaged, many of her villages burned, but where their feet rested, there alone, and oftentimes not even there, the troops of France found themselves, and but for the moment, masters. Mongat was taken by Duhesme, and Gerona was twice besieged. Mongat was soon retaken by the co-operation of the British. The assault on the castle of Mongat was concerted with lord Cochrane, and the crew of the *Impe-ricuse* were engaged in that action. The siege of Gerona was twice raised. The second time this was effected in a very brilliant manner by the count de Caldagues with about 6000 men, whom the arrival of the marques del Palacio from the Balearic Isles, with a reinforcement of 5000 regular troops, left disposable for that important service.



At the end of August, 1808, the French having been on all sides defeated, and on some occasions not without disgrace, only held Barcelona, Figueras, and Mont Jouy. From the rugged summits of their native mountains, the courageous and hardy Catalans bade defiance to the legions of Napoleon. By the marques Palacio new levies were organized with great activity, and the regular army was strengthened by reinforcements from Majorca, Minorca, and by 4000 troops recently arrived from Portugal. The chief object of Palacio was the recovery of Barcelona; and with this view he collected magazines at various points on the Llobregat, and took up an intrenched position at San Boy. The French came out of Barcelona, and drove him away, after a severe engagement; in which they carried the position of San Boy, and captured three guns, together with several magazines of provisions, clothing, and other military stores. The Catalans, however, were not disheartened by this check, and Palacio, taking up a new position on the mountains, effectually guarded all the roads which debouche from the plain of Barcelona, and established a strong blockade. At this critical juncture general Gouvion St. Cyr entered Catalonia at the head of 18,000 men. His first object was the town and fort of Rosas, the possession of which was important, and under their circumstances indispensably necessary, to the secure holding of Barcelona. The siege of this place was a service allotted to general Reille, and his corps was strengthened by the Italian division of Pino. The works of Rosas were bad; but the spirit of the garrison was excellent; and a small British squadron, lying then in the bay, some marines, and fifty seamen, were thrown into the citadel and Fort Trinidad to assist in the defence. Reille, contrary to his expectation, found himself compelled to lay regular siege to a place which he had designed to carry by a sudden assault. On the 16th an attack was made on Fort Trinidad; it failed. The town was attacked on the night of the 27th. It was defended by 500 men; they fought stoutly, but were at last overpowered; only fifty of them escaped, and these entered the citadel. A battery was opened on the citadel; and Fort Trinidad had already been breached, when lord Cochrane arrived in the *Imperieuse*, and with eighty seamen and marines threw himself into the fort. On the 13th, the French stormed the breach of Fort Trinidad, and were repulsed; but on the 5th of December, the citadel having a wide breach, and being no longer tenable, consented to surrender; and 2000 men laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war. Lord Cochrane, seeing all further resistance to be vain, blew up the magazine of Fort Trinidad, withdrew his people, and put to sea.

While the French were before Rosas, general Vives, by

whom Palacio had been superseded, was foolishly occupied in making preparations for the siege of Barcelona. The very day after the capitulation of Rosas, St. Cyr was in full march for the relief of that city. He was at the head of 15,000 foot, and 1500 horse. The army of Catalonia under Vives amounted to 30,000 men. The French general, after a bold and difficult march, conducted with consummate skill and resolution, was met near Llinas by Vives, who with 10,000 men had come out to oppose him, and took up a strong position in his front.

St. Cyr, who had been forced to send back his artillery to Figueras, resolved instantly to attack the Spaniard, although twelve guns were distributed along his line. He did so; directing his attacks to be made in columns without any deployments. The only brigade which disobeyed this order was beaten back by the division of Reding; but a fresh disposition being made, and a reserve column brought up, the battle was restored. In a few minutes the Spanish line was broken; and all its guns, together with 2000 prisoners, were in the power of St. Cyr: only one column of the Spanish army quitted the field in good order; this Reding led across the Llobregat to Molino del Rey. Vives escaped over the mountains on foot; and embarking at Mataro, hastened to Tarragona. During the absence of Vives, Duhesme sallied from Barcelona against the besieging force under Caldagues. He was bravely met and repulsed; but Caldagues, when he heard of the defeat at Llinas, abandoned the magazines and withdrew behind the Llobregat. On the 17th St. Cyr entered Barcelona. On the morning of the 21st he succeeded in bringing the Spanish army behind the Llobregat to action, and gave it a complete discomfiture, taking all their artillery and about 1200 prisoners: the rest fled across a country most favorable for fugitives, and about 15,000 were afterwards collected at Tarragona. St. Cyr pushed his cavalry to the very walls. In this place Vives was deprived of a command, with which, from his total incapacity, he should never have been intrusted. He was, moreover, thrown into prison, and saved with difficulty from the bloody vengeance of the people. Reding was by the public voice immediately appointed to succeed him; a measure which soon restored confidence throughout the whole province.

The system for a time pursued by Reding was admirable. He employed all the irregular force of the province in a desultory warfare with the French posts and detachments, and confined his personal attention to improving the discipline of his organized battalions. The character of Reding stood high in Catalonia: he was beloved by the soldiery, and respected by the authorities. The Catalans, however, soon exhibited the same vain character which had, in other provinces, caused the

Spaniards to overrate their own strength, and, feeling impatient of the presence of their invaders, they clamored to be led to battle. The brave and faithful Reding was assailed by anonymous writings, accusing him of cowardice, incapacity, and treason: he had not fortitude enough to resist the popular cry. The army under Reding, which contained a few Swiss battalions, and many regular Spanish regiments, was already considerable; and by a new levy, which demanded the services of every fifth man in the province, it was augmented to a body of 28,000 men. Abandoning the prudent course he had hitherto pursued, he now projected offensive operations against St. Cyr. The Spanish troops occupied posts upon a line of sixty miles, which traversed a rugged country, and formed a half circle round the French army. The Catalans were put in motion upon the 14th of February; but on the 16th St. Cyr marched upon them; pierced their centre; separated their wings; threw back the right of Castro's force upon Capellades; and on the following day drove it in confusion through Igualada, thus defeating a part of the left wing, and possessing himself of all their principal magazines, which had been collected at that place. St. Cyr now posted generals Chabot and Chabran at Igualada, to keep the beaten troops of Castro in check, and marched upon the 18th against Reding, whose extreme left was at St. Magi. He forced the position of St. Magi the same afternoon, and the following day marched to the abbey of Santa Creus. No sooner did Reding hear of the disaster of his left wing under Castro, than taking a Swiss battalion, 300 horse, and six pieces of light artillery, he set out and hastened by the Pass of Cabra to join and rally the scattered force, and to conduct it to Tarragona; thus their roads lying on different sides of Santa Creus, Reding and St. Cyr passed each other, each unconscious of the other's vicinity, pursuing his own movement. Reding was joined by the troops which were retreating from the Col de Christina, and by a body of 1200 men who had bravely defended themselves at the abbey of Santa Creus. He proceeded to St. Colonna de Queralt, effected a junction with Castro, and was immediately at the head of a respectable body of 10,000 men. Here he received intelligence that Vals was occupied by the enemy, and the line of his retreat menaced. He held a council of war, and determined to retire by the Col de Riba, upon Tarragona. In passing near Vals, the army of Reding was attacked by the division of Souham. That general allowed the advanced guard of the Spaniards, and the half of their main body, to pass quietly before he made his assault; but he was baffled by the ability and the courage of Reding, and beaten off with considerable loss. The French, however, followed them on the line of their retreat to Tarragona; and, being strongly reinforced,

they overtook the Spaniards, and compelled them to engage. The Spanish position was carried; but the troops retired with steadiness for some distance. At length, being seized with a sudden fear, they broke and fled in confusion, leaving artillery and baggage to the victors. They all made for Tarragona; and the greater part, under cover of the darkness, gained that city in safety. The noble-hearted Reding received several wounds in this action. He arrived at Tarragona on the night of the battle, and from thence he wrote his dispatches. He never mentioned his own wounds, but of those wounds he died. Reding was not an able general, but he was courageous and faithful, and a man of distinguished humanity; but he had lost a battle; and while he lay disabled by his wounds in Tarragona, it is recorded that the populace, who always attributed a defeat to the treachery of the general, would in their fury have extinguished with rude hands the flame of that bright life which was even then expiring. At the death of Reding, general Blake was appointed to the command of his army, and nominated captain-general of the "Coronilla;" an expressive title, whereby the three beautiful provinces of Valencia, Arragon, and Catalonia, when united, are often designated.

At this time Junot, who commanded the French in Arragon, falling sick, returned to France, and was succeeded by Suchet. Before the retirement of Junot, Blake obtained an important success over his troops. A French detachment of 1000 men was cut off between Monzon and the river Cinca, and surrendered to the Spaniards under Pereña and Baget. Soon after this, Blake advanced; and driving back the French posts upon his line of march, possessed himself of Alcanitz.

Suchet, however, had now taken command of the French. He found them discontented and disorderly; long harassing, perpetual exposure, the consciousness of the curse upon their cause, and the hourly experience that they were objects of hatred to an afflicted and vindictive people, had destroyed their spirit.

Suchet collected 8000 infantry and 700 horse, and marched them against Blake, whom he found in position at Alcanitz with about 12,000 men. Suchet's dispositions for attack were most able; but his troops were beaten by the Spaniards, and fairly fled down into the plain. Here the marshal rallied them, and at night-fall he led them off quietly: but the quaim of fear visited French hearts upon this occasion; for, though not pursued, the rear column was seized with a panic, and became a mob of frightened fugitives.

This action reflected rare honor upon Blake and the troops which he commanded; and it was a subject of universal rejoicing throughout Spain. The army of Blake was daily strength-

ened by fresh recruits and volunteers; and turning his whole attention towards Arragon, he resolved, if possible, to retake Zaragoza.

We return to the transactions in Portugal and the south. In December, 1808, the English ministers directed Mr. Frere to negotiate with the supreme junta for the admission of a British garrison into Cadiz; and 4000 men were embarked at Portsmouth, under Sir John Sherbrooke, for that object. At the same time they sent Sir George Smith to Cadiz, with a direct application to the governor, to the same purpose; giving Sir George no instructions to communicate with Mr. Frere. Sir George found Cadiz helpless; and having satisfied himself that the inhabitants would receive an English garrison, he wrote to Sir John Cradock for troops. Sir John sent the 40th regiment, by the route of Seville, from Elvas, and dispatched 3000 men by sea, under general Mackenzie. That officer reached Cadiz on the 5th of February. His arrival, with an object different from that express one for which Mr. Frere was negotiating, did either really alarm the supreme junta, or was used by them as a convenient pretext for jealousy and objection. After much correspondence and discussion, and many idle propositions for the employment of this force, which they would not suffer to garrison Cadiz, general Mackenzie was recalled to Lisbon by Sir John Cradock, and returned thither on the 12th of March.

A French army was again at Merida, threatening Lisbon by the line of the Tagus. Elvas and Almeida were no longer garrisoned by the British, and general Cameron had returned from the north of Portugal to Lisbon. Sir Robert Wilson, having sent his guns to Abrantes, lest they should encumber him, still maintained himself in the neighborhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, and, in conjunction with a Spanish detachment under Don Carlos d'España, he kept alive the war on that frontier, by marches and skirmishes, which engaged fully the attention of the French advanced posts. Sir John Cradock, however, fearing that he should soon be pressed upon by the overwhelming forces of the enemy, which he judged to be now disposable, and fancying that it was the intention of the government at home to abandon Portugal, began to make such preparations for embarking with safety, when the moment of necessity should arrive, as very greatly, and not unnaturally, exasperated the population of Lisbon. The English became, for a time, suspected and insulted. From the Minho to the Tagus there was but one burning desire,—that was, to resist the invasion of the French. Nor, while they were daily murdering such of their own countrymen as they suspected either of belonging to the French party or being lukewarm in that of the nation, is it a matter of any surprise that they should have outraged an ally, whom they re-

garded as forsaking them in the hour of their need. Accordingly, English officers were insulted in those very streets in which they had been so often followed with the shouts of admiration.

While matters were in this turbulent state in Portugal, the British cabinet, happily not subdued by the late disasters in the Peninsula, resolved to reinforce the army; and the Portuguese government was induced to offer the command of its native forces to an English general with full powers to organize and discipline all their regiments anew. With this offer the cabinet of England wisely closed, subsidized and armed all their regular forces, and the military strength and power of Portugal became for a season their own,—a weapon of fine temper, that general Beresford was allowed to polish, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley soon wielded with equal address and courage.

The Portuguese government had expressed a wish that Sir Arthur Wellesley himself should be the commander of their forces. The English cabinet offered him that post, which he, of course, declined. Many officers of rank and talent sought the appointment: it was bestowed upon major-general Beresford, a man of great interest, and possessing some few qualifications that eminently fitted him for the stubborn labors of military reform.

General (from henceforth marshal) Beresford landed at Lisbon early in March; received his commission, and commenced that salutary reform in the Portuguese regiments by which he did most certainly organize for the field a steady, efficient, brave army. He had to encounter many prejudices and great difficulties, not so much with the men as with the officers and the government; but he was of a stern character, and not without a great deal of good judgment in all matters of discipline and command, so that he finally and fully triumphed over all obstacles. Moreover, from the very hour that Sir Arthur Wellesley took the chief command in Portugal, he had the firm and wise support of a mind that deeply appreciated the importance of his labors.

English officers were introduced into the Portuguese regiments as instructors; and after a time almost all the corps were really, though not avowedly, under British commanders; a measure of necessity to the well-being of the army, and heartily consented to by many native Portuguese colonels, who were glad to hold the nominal honor of command, while they suffered their English major to conduct all the details of regimental economy and field exercise, without venturing, or even desiring, to interfere. The privates became greatly attached to their English officers, because they found them considerate, patient, and firm; full of integrity, in all matters concerning the pecu-

niary interests of the soldier; full of care, in all that concerned his comfort; full of intelligence, in all that concerned his instruction; full of zeal for his honor; and always setting a brave example in the field. We speak rather in anticipation, for as yet marshal Beresford, who had fixed his head-quarters at Thomar, was only laying the foundation of that solid and imposing structure which he at last succeeded in raising.

The return of general Mackenzie's brigade from Cadiz, and the arrival of general Sherbrooke's division, increased the army of Cradock to 14,000 men. The kingdom of Portugal was at this hour menaced by 50,000 French. Victor, with 25,000 men, having defeated Cuesta at Medellin, threatened the Alemtejo. Lapisse, with 9000 men, lay at Salamanca and Ledesma, his movable columns continually hovering about Ciudad Rodrigo; and Soult was at the same moment upon the banks of the Minho. These three corps were designed and directed by the emperor to combine their movements with a view to occupy Oporto and Lisbon. Frightened by the advance of Soult, the junta of Oporto sent to Lisbon, and were clamorous for aid. The regency wished Sir John Cradock to move to the succor of Oporto; but that officer, feeling the greater importance which attached to the defence of the capital, refused to march, and determined to cover Lisbon and the Tagus. Thus Oporto, being left to its fate, both by Sir John Cradock and Sir Robert Wilson, fell, as has already been described.

While Soult was employed in most ably and boldly performing his part in the combined attack of Portugal, marshal Victor, with 25,000 men, lay ready in the valley of the Tagus, to operate upon the Spanish army of Cuesta, posted on the southern bank of that river. He commenced his movements on the 15th of March, on which day he sent a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry across the Tagus at Talavera. On the 16th he crossed himself with the main body of his army at the bridge of Arzobispo; and he sent his artillery, with a battalion of grenadiers, an escort of horse, and a raft bridge, to Almaraz. At this point they were to pass the river, when the columns of the army, already on the other side, should have advanced and possessed themselves of the heights opposite. General Henestrosa was posted on the Spanish left, with 8000 men, to defend the bridge of Almaraz. The Spanish right was posted behind a mountain-torrent called the Ibor. They had a strong camp at Meza d'Ibor on a mountain. It was attacked by the division of general Laval, and, after a very hot but short contest, the Spaniards fled to Campillo, having lost 800 killed and wounded, 1000 prisoners, and seven guns. That the Spaniards did, for a time, show a good countenance, is proved by the French loss: they had 570 killed and wounded. A smaller body of Spanish troops were

beaten from Frenedoso by the division of Villatte, with the loss of 300 prisoners. On the 18th, Henestrosa retired hastily before Laval; the same night the raft bridge was thrown across the Tagus; and on the morrow the dragoons and artillery passed the river, and the entire force marched towards Merida. There was an affair of cavalry at Miajadas, in which the light cavalry of the French under Bordesoult were drawn into an ambush by the Spaniards; and, being set upon by very superior numbers of Spanish horse, extricated themselves with difficulty, and with the loss of 170 killed and wounded. Cuesta retired to Medellin. Victor halted in Truxillo, having his advance at Miajadas; but, on the 27th, he was again in motion, and marched upon the enemy. He heard, the same evening, that Cuesta had been joined by Albuquerque, and lay ready for battle on the table land of Don Benito beyond Medellin, and he resolved to attack them. He had 14,000 infantry, 2500 cavalry, and forty-two guns. The Spanish army mustered 25,000 foot, 4000 horse, and twenty pieces of artillery.

The French, proud of past successes, and in all the confidence of victory, filed over the long and narrow bridge on the Guadiana, by which the old city of Medellin is approached; and the light horse of Lasalle, and the dragoons of Latour-Maubourg, debouched upon the wide plain beyond; the light cavalry moved forwards upon the left, the dragoons upon the right, and the piquets of Spanish horse retired slowly before them to the high ground above: the Spanish infantry was not seen. The divisions of German and French infantry were scarcely formed in the plain, before the Spanish line advanced over the swelling ground which had concealed it, and descended for the battle. Victor placed his army so as to describe the arc of a circle. His left was on the Guadiana, his right leaned upon a difficult ravine, planted with trees and vineyards; the German infantry was stationed in the centre; the divisions of Villatte and Ruffin were in reserve; the Spaniards, in a long weak line, came rapidly and resolutely down; the mass of the Spanish cavalry, under the duke del Parque, was on their left; and the duke of Albuquerque, with a few squadrons, flanked the Spanish right; the whole moving in a sort of crescent, that enveloped the French left. Lasalle was compelled to give way under the pressure, and continually refusing his own left, brought his opponents close up to the main body of the French infantry, near Medellin. Upon the French right, the Spanish foot boldly advanced: they were charged by two regiments of Latour-Maubourg's dragoons, but they repulsed them with loss; the German infantry with great difficulty sustained the furious onset of some Spanish battalions. But the success of the Spaniards was of no long continuance; the French, though shaken, were soon

rallied, and though they had lost a battery of guns, they soon brought up more. Marshal Victor reinforced Latour-Maubourg with fresh guns, and two columns of infantry; and thus strengthened, that general beat down the Spanish foot with quick discharges of grape, and, rushing upon their disordered ranks at the charge, overthrew them, recovered all his ground, and, still advancing, crowned that part of the heights from which the Spanish left had at first descended. In an eager disjointed manner, the Spanish right was still pushing forwards, and the French were compelled to fall back into their ranks, before fierce and daring skirmishers. With loud and haughty shouts, these Spaniards threatened their enemies, saying, that the plain of Medellin should be the bloody bed of the French army. Even as they thus spoke, their own graves were making ready. Lasalle's cavalry took ground to its left, and held the important space between the French infantry and the river; Latour-Maubourg, already victorious on the right, poured down upon the Spanish rear; the French infantry advanced in front with a murderous fire, and the light cavalry of Lasalle charged the best lancers of Albuquerque, who fled in a sudden and wild panic. Whence come these qualms of fear, that change in a brief moment the character of a combatant, and the face of a battle? Cuesta, a brave old officer, galloped to rally them, but in vain—the day was lost. Right and left the Spanish cavalry were flying from the field; Cuesta himself was thrown from his horse, and well-nigh taken, but rescued by his two nephews and his staff. General Frias, who commanded the Spanish infantry of the centre, was severely wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. At this moment, while the Spanish regiments on the right might yet have been withdrawn in columns, and preserved, Eguia would not give the necessary orders himself, nor suffer Albuquerque to do so. The Spanish troops, perplexed, broken and dismayed, fell beneath the swords of the French horsemen in such numbers, that the savage work of slaughter is spoken of as a severe labor, that quite exhausted the victors. The infantry of the French, following hard after their cavalry in the pursuit, gave good help in this slaughter with their bayonets; and a French officer, who was present, has observed, that “the vengeance of the soldiers fell chiefly upon such of the Spaniards as were without a military uniform.” Here again, as in all other of the Spanish battles, the patriot peasants lay down in their dress of toil, after new and unaccustomed labors, to take a rest more deep than the sweet siesta. More than half of the Spanish forces lay stretched upon the field, and several thousands were made prisoners.

In La Mancha the army of La Carolina was defeated at Ciudad Real, with the loss of its guns, 1000 or more slain, and

3000 taken prisoners. The Spaniards were commanded by Cartojal, and amounted in number to 12,000: 10,000 French troops under Sebastiani attacked them. There is nothing to be observed upon this: the Spaniards were, of course, beaten. They fled by Almagro, and never halted till they felt their feet firm upon the mountains of the Sierra Morena, to the foot of which barrier the French cavalry closely pursued them; but amid these hilly fastnesses the fugitives rallied, and, collecting again in considerable numbers round the villages of that district, resolved upon other trials of their arms. The combat of Ciudad Real was fought on the 27th of March; and the horsemen of Sebastiani's corps are said to have handled their sabres with little of mercy.

CHAP. XIII.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY MARCHES AGAINST SOULT. — PASSES THE DOURO. — RETAKES OPORTO. — DELIVERS THE NORTHERN PROVINCES OF PORTUGAL FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE FRENCH.

UPON this scene of doubt, difficulty, and distraction, Sir Arthur Wellesley appeared, resolved for action and confident of success. He instantly decided upon offensive movements, and, after satisfying himself that no concert or communication could possibly exist at that moment between the armies of Victor and Soult, determined to fall upon the latter general, and dislodge him from Oporto. A few marches would carry the British to the scene of action; and as soon as the north of Portugal should be delivered from the presence of the enemy, he meditated a prompt return to the Tagus, and an attack upon the corps of Victor. In the mean time it was necessary to provide for the calmness of Lisbon, though there was little to apprehend as to its real security; for Victor was eighteen marches from that capital. As a measure of precaution, however, and with a view to impede and delay Victor, should he attempt a rapid rush upon Lisbon, two British battalions, two regiments of British cavalry, and 8000 Portuguese troops were disposed along the right bank of the Tagus; the flying bridges at Abrantes and Villa Velha were taken up, and a militia regiment and part of the Lusitanian legion were posted at Alcantara, under the orders of colonel Mayne, with instructions to blow up that noble bridge, should the advance of the enemy compel him to retreat. The whole of these troops were under the command of general Mackenzie. Having made this disposition on the line of the Tagus, he communicated to Cuesta his own plan of operations, and urged upon that leader the prudence of his remaining

strictly on the defensive until he could bring back the British to his support, and, by a combined attack upon the corps of Victor, insure success.

The head-quarters of the British army now quitted Lisbon; halted at Pombal on the 1st of May, and reached Coimbra on the 2d. Here, again, shouts of welcome, crowds of gazers, illuminations and bonfires greeted the advancing army; and, Sir Arthur Wellesley, in particular, was received with passionate enthusiasm. Popularity like this is, to the ear of a leader, as the music of a coming triumph; nor is any heart so calm and governed as to remain untroubled by those throbs which are the presages of victory. The allied army was concentrated at Coimbra on the 5th of May. It was distributed into seven brigades of infantry of the line, two brigades of German infantry, one brigade of guards, and one of light cavalry. In the organization of this force, four of the best Portuguese battalions were incorporated with British brigades. Marshal Beresford retained under his personal command a body of six thousand Portuguese. The force of Trant was on the Vouga, that of Silveira on the Tamega, and Sir Robert Wilson was posted with some Portuguese troops (not his legion) at Vizeu.

The position of Soult at Oporto was difficult and critical; he commanded the ground on which his troops reposed; but in his front, on his rear, on all sides were enemies, and, strange to say, in his very camp there were conspirators and traitors, and those of no mean rank, and of an influence to create no small alarm for the safety and subordination of his army. These conspirators were republicans: their project was to make a truce with the English army, to elect a chief, and, leading their discontented soldiers back into France, to curb or overthrow the emperor, and change the French government. D'Argenton, an adjutant-major, was one of the principal of these discontented men, and he contrived two visits to the British head-quarters. He had an interview with Sir Arthur Wellesley at Lisbon, and again at Coimbra; but Sir Arthur, suspecting both the extent and importance of the conspiracy to be greatly exaggerated, and, moreover, disliking the intrigue, and, with the exception of the unfortunate d'Argenton, despising the malcontents, refused all favor to their project, and regulated his operations without any reference to their proceedings.

The plan of his movements was already completed, when intelligence was brought that the bridge of Amarante had been forced, and that Silveira was driven over the Douro. The position of Amarante was most important; for while held by Silveira, the most favorable road for the retreat of the French was closed against them. Soult directed Laborde and Loison to gain it at any price. This post, though daily assaulted, was main-

tained from the 18th of April to the 30th with bravery and firmness. Colonel Patrick, a valiant and zealous officer, serving with the Portuguese troops, was killed in this gallant defence; but Soult, bringing forward a strong reinforcement in person, carried it upon the 2d of May, and Silveira was compelled to retire.

This news reached Coimbra on the 4th of May; the measures of Sir Arthur Wellesley were of necessity changed, but he was not slow to adapt them to circumstances as they arose. Upon the 6th of May, he directed marshal Beresford to march with 6000 Portuguese, two British battalions, five companies of riflemen, and a squadron of heavy cavalry, by Vizeu upon Lamego.

Upon the 7th the advanced guard of the main army was in motion upon the Oporto road: it was followed by the whole force, which amounted to about 14,500 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and twenty-four guns, of which six were 3-pounders. The troops were organized in four divisions: one of cavalry, and three of infantry; they marched in two columns,—one of which, consisting of a division of foot under general Hill, moved upon Aveiro; while the stronger column advanced directly upon the Vouga.

These corps halted on the 8th to give marshal Beresford time to gain his point upon the Upper Douro, before the combined attack should be made. Upon the night of the 9th, the main force, with Sir Arthur Wellesley, was upon the line of the Vouga.

Upon the same evening general Hill embarked at Aveiro upon the lake of Ovar, with one brigade of his division; and as soon as the astonished fishermen recovered from their surprise, and understood the object for which their boats had been seized, they manned them with such readiness, and worked so heartily, that the troops were landed at Ovar by sunrise, and the right flank of the enemy was already turned.

That same day, marshal Beresford having united the corps of Wilson with his own, drove Loison to Amarante, and turned the French left.

Sir Arthur Wellesley in person meditated the surprise of general Franceschi on the morning of the 10th at Albergaria Nova. The plan was perfect; but, by petty delays, trifling accidents, and difficulties of ground, the combination was frustrated, and the opportunity lost. Our cavalry came upon Franceschi in broad daylight, and found him steady in position; his horsemen in a ready line, with their flank resting on a wood full of tirailleurs. As soon as Sir Arthur came up with general Paget's division of infantry, he dislodged the French infantry from the wood; but Franceschi, though briskly pursued, made good his retreat

to Oliveira without any serious loss; and marching all night joined Mermet the next morning at Grijon. Here the French were drawn up in position, on a range of steep hills across the road: they occupied a wood on their right flank, their left was not protected; the ground in their front was sufficiently strong. The 16th Portuguese regiment drove their infantry out of the wood on their right; the German infantry marched upon the left, and turned it without a check. The head of the British column was already engaged with them in front; but, as soon as their position was fairly turned, they drew off to the rear, and being closely pursued by two squadrons of cavalry under brigadier-general Stewart, they lost a few killed, and had about a hundred taken prisoners. They halted again for a short space upon the heights of Carvalho, but, as soon as the British infantry came up, they continued their retreat. This flying combat ceased at dusk. The British columns passed the night in repose; the French, under cover of the darkness, crossed the Douro, and destroyed the bridge.

Marshal Soult made his arrangements for evacuating Oporto, under an impression that general Loison still maintained himself on the Tamega; and that, if any effort was made by the British to cross the Douro, vessels would come round by sea, and the passage be attempted below the city. All the boats on the river were moored upon the northern bank, which was vigilantly patrolled. The artillery and baggage moved off leisurely on the road to Amarante; and Soult, feeling his retreat secure, determined on halting in the city another day, that all things might be conducted with good order and regularity. Easy about all above the city, he took up his own station in a house which commanded a fine view down the river, and fixed his personal attention upon that quarter, not a little interested, in all probability, to see what the maritime English would do. From the convent of Sarea the hero of Assaye was looking down upon that large volume of waters which the Douro rolls swiftly to the sea in a bed of three hundred yards wide, even at Oporto itself, where the stream is confined between high and rocky shores. By eight o'clock in the morning, the British columns were assembled at Villa Nova, in the rear of the convent of Sarea, and concealed from the enemy by the height on which it stands. With hearts and arms all ready for the fray, they lay thoughtless on the ground, little dreaming of any trouble, while their great captain, with that moral courage which is his pre-eminent distinction, was deciding upon one of those actions which great men alone attempt. "Let a boat be found," was his anxious demand to the officers of his staff. Colonel Waters was the active and enterprising man, whose fortune it was to find a little skiff which had crossed from the city in the night.

It lay among the bushes just at a spot where there is a bend in the course of the river, concealed at that point by wood, at the distance of about a mile and a half from the city. Standing near the skiff was the prior of a convent, and three or four peasants. Colonel Waters leaped into the little boat, and persuaded these peasants to accompany him: they evaded the French patrols, and returned from the opposite bank with three or four barges. In the mean time guns were brought up to the convent of Sarea, and planted in battery: and major-general Murray was directed, with his column, to march to Barca de Avintas, three miles higher up the river, and, availing himself of any transport which he could find there, to effect a passage.

It was about ten o'clock in the day when the report was made to Sir Arthur that one boat was brought to the point of passage which he had selected. "Well, let the men cross," was his brief order; and an officer and twenty-five soldiers of the Buffs passed over to a large unoccupied building called the Seminary, just opposite Sarea, and, without even a stir of alarm, took quiet possession. They were speedily followed by two other boats; in one of which was general Paget, an intrepid officer, whose youthful heroism in Egypt had already won him a name, and who now threw himself, with only three companies of foot, upon the line of a French army.

These last had scarce leaped upon the bank and gained the Seminary, before the drums and trumpets of the enemy were sounding alarms; troops hurried out of the city in masses hastily assembled, and advanced with eager fury to destroy the small but resolute band, which, from the Seminary walls, was to brave their fierce assault. Their attack was violent, and their fire heavy; but the little party maintained itself stoutly, and was, at every return of the boats, now receiving a small accession of strength and confidence. As he stood upon the roof of the Seminary, general Paget was struck down by a severe wound very early in the engagement; but general Hill, a man of the same firm courage and the same devoted zeal, was at hand, and immediately took his place. The enemy's numbers were very great; their musketry sharp and incessant; and their artillery began to play upon the building. But the English batteries from the convent of Sarea swept the bank on either flank of the Seminary; and the French assault was of necessity confined to the area and gateway in the front. The struggle was obstinate; and, as yet, there was no appearance of the troops of Murray from the side of Avintas. It was so anxious a moment, that Sir Arthur himself would have crossed to the Seminary but for the earnest remonstrance of those about him. He saw, too, that Hill, one of those gallant and steady lieutenants upon whom the commander of an army may always rely,

maintained his post with signal heroism, and had now gotten the Buffs, 48th, 66th, and 16th Portuguese under his command. While this the great combat of the day was going forward with a stern loudness and much bloodshed, the division of general Sherbrooke, which had advanced, at the moment the passage of the river first began, to that part of the bank where the old boat-bridge had been cut away, was hailed by the citizens from the windows and walls of Oporto, with the lively gestures and vehement shouts of invitation.

They readily brought boats across to transport the British to the right bank, and, as the guards and 29th were ferried over, the wall, which runs along the river, was lined with people waving their caps and handkerchiefs, and vociferating "vivas" with a mad exultation. The same was their reception in the streets, up which they hastened to form upon the enemy's right. Every balcony was animate with smiles, and noisy with welcome.

The appearance of Sherbrooke's division on the French right, and the head of Murray's columns descending upon their left from Avintas, decided the contest. The French were defeated; and, being pursued by heavy volleys from the battalions of Hill, and from the leading corps of Sherbrooke's division, they passed along the Vallonga road in haste and confusion, escaping far too easily from the column led by general Murray: but general Charles Stewart and major Hervey, with two squadrons of cavalry, pressed forward from this column with a laudable impatience, and charged the enemy's rear guard. In this *mêlée* Hervey lost an arm. The dragoons had the satisfaction of falling upon the enemy with some effect more than once, but they were not supported, and were soon recalled. Thus the engagement closed. The French were in full march to the rear, the English slept upon the ground they had so gallantly taken; and thus was the passage of the Douro won: an exploit worthy alike of the leader who projected and of the troops who achieved it. In this action, of which it is recorded that Napoleon, the very moment he heard of it, pronounced Wellesley a great general, the British loss was only 120 killed and wounded: such is the reward of boldness and decision. That of the French amounted to 500; and five pieces of artillery were taken on the field. Much ammunition and fifty guns were found in the arsenal; and the French hospitals fell into the victors' hands. The city of Oporto was illuminated the same night, and the sounds of rejoicing echoed through the streets; yet, in many places, they were slippery with blood, and lamps were shining upon the naked dead. In the course of the day there had been fighting in the suburbs, and the French who had fallen were left dead where they lay. To protect the French prisoners from the

vindictive fury of a revengeful people, was the first act of Sir Arthur Wellesley. He issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Oporto the very next morning, calling on them to be forbearing and humane to all such of the unfortunate individuals as might be taken captive in these operations.

Upon the evening of the capture, the British head-quarters were established in the very house which marshal Soult had occupied; and a dinner in preparation for him was served up at the table of Sir Arthur,—one of those trifling occurrences in warfare, which exhilarate not only the chance partakers of spoil so innocent, but which, as an anecdote mirthful to the soldiery, spread pleasure very widely through the lines. The following day was principally employed by Sir Arthur in arrangements for pursuit. General Murray's Germans were sent forward in the morning of the 13th upon the road of Amarante; and upon the 14th the whole army was again in motion. The contemporary operations of marshal Beresford had been eminently successful; although, certainly, the conduct of general Loison, his opponent, was marked by a timidity so unusual, as to savor strongly of a disobedient and indifferent supineness, if not a designed treachery. He fell back to Mezamfrio on the 10th, suffering himself to be driven by Beresford, and to be followed by Portuguese patrols. On the 11th, he continued his retreat, Beresford skirmishing with his rear. On the 12th, he allowed his outposts, in front of Amarante, to be forced in; and upon the 13th, he abandoned that most important position, and took the route of Guimaraens; thus criminally exposing the main body under Soult without an effort.

Of these events Sir Arthur was yet in ignorance. It was doubtful whether Soult would retire on Galicia by Ponte de Lima, Valença, and Tuy, or upon Leon by Chaves. To provide for either course, general Murray was directed upon Peñafiel, and the rest of the army followed the lower road towards Valença. Upon the 15th, Sir Arthur obtained good intelligence that the French had destroyed both stores and artillery at Peñafiel, and were pushing to Chaves. He himself quickly changed his plan, and, abandoning the lower road, advanced to Braga, and reached it the same day. Beresford, anticipating the orders which had in fact been dispatched to him, was already near Chaves, and had moved Silveira towards Salamondé, that he might occupy the passes of Ruivaens and Melgaçi. But, at this very time, Soult was fifteen miles in advance of Braga, having saved his army by a retreat of most adventurous and hardy efforts, along mountain-paths, and across mountain bridges. These last, though guarded by Portuguese, were surprised by one of his chosen officers and a few grenadiers with that still

and steady bravery which asks yet firmer nerve than the shock of battle.

About four o'clock on the evening of the 16th, Sir Arthur came up with the rear-guard of Soult, which remained at Salamondé to cover the passage of the army over the bridges Ponte Nova and the Saltador: they were well posted, but, nevertheless, they would not stand; and after one discharge abandoned their position to general Sherbrooke's division, and fled to the Ponte Nova. They were, for a time, concealed by the nature of the ground and by the direction of their retreat, and they attempted a fresh formation: but the English guns were soon up; and opening upon them in that confused and bewildered state, they fell in great numbers. The bridge was choked with lacerated bodies; the rocks around were covered with dead; and wounded men and horses were tumbled headlong into the gulf below.

The scene in the morning, through which the pursuers passed, was dreadful. The French soldiers, harassed, mortified, and knowing that they were hated by the peasants, plundered the villages as they passed along; oftentimes set them on fire also; and murdered many of the inhabitants. Their stragglers were in turn sacrificed by the enraged peasants with inventive cruelties and fearful execrations.

As soon as it was ascertained that Soult had turned off from Montalegre towards Orense, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined to relinquish the pursuit; a resolution in which he was confirmed by learning, upon the night of the 17th, that the French in Estremadura had a large detachment moving towards Alcantara. The four brigades at Braga were ordered instantly to march back to Oporto; and all those in advance, and with the head-quarters, were soon halted and countermarched in the same direction. Soult crossed the frontier at Allaritz on the 18th, and on the 19th he reached Orense, without guns or stores, and with the loss of six thousand men. He had quitted that place ten weeks before with 22,000 good soldiers, and had been further reinforced by 3500 from Tuy. Cannon, equipment, baggage, and one-fourth of his army, was lost; but that 19,000 men were brought off in safety, and reserved for future service in the war, was entirely owing to the firmness and the energy of their able and unyielding general.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, having made full arrangement for the defence of these northern provinces, now turned his horse's head towards the Tagus, and bent his mind upon a struggle with Victor.

CHAPTER XIV.

STATE OF THE WAR IN GALLICIA AND THE ASTURIAS.—POSITION OF VICTOR.—SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY MARCHES TO THE TAGUS.—ENCAMPS AT ABRANTES.—ADVANCES INTO SPAIN.

THE defeat of Romana at Monterey did not affect that noble man further than to stimulate him to new and increased exertions. Having zealously repaired his losses, and being reinforced by 3000 men from Castile, he surprised a French post at Villa Franca del Bierzo upon the 17th of April. In this affair, which was planned and conducted with secrecy, expedition, and boldness, Romana captured eight hundred effective French soldiers; and the disposition of his own force was so good, that he only lost 100 men killed and wounded. It may be here noticed, that a part of those very men who were defeated in the Val des Orres in January, collected again between Tuy and Vigo, and formed a part of the insurgent force of peasants to which the latter place surrendered on the 27th of March. The British frigates the *Lively* and *Venus* assisted in this capture; Captain Mackinley of the *Lively*, and Don Pablo Murillo commanding the Spanish soldiers, negotiated the terms. One thousand three hundred prisoners, upwards of 400 horses, sixty covered wagons, some stores, and the military chest of the second corps, containing £5000, were the solid fruits of this merited success. Meanwhile, all over Galicia, the patriots were acting upon the French communications with vigilance and vigor; their movable columns were daily sustaining severe losses; they had no repose, and, except where they were assembled in large bodies, no security.

After the loss at Villa Franca, they advanced to Lugo, and Romana entered the Asturias. At Navia de Suarna, he quitted his army. Leaving it in charge of Mahi, he proceeded in person to Oviedo, to make inquiry into the conduct of the Asturian junta, whose shameful and corrupt practices were an oppression to the people, and a hindrance to those in arms. By virtue of his authority as captain-general of the province, he dismissed the unworthy members, and appointed others upon whose probity and zeal he could rely. While Romana was thus usefully engaged in reforming abuses and restoring the confidence of the people, the French, by whom an individual like Romana, of public integrity, tried courage, and unabated zeal, was viewed with mingled sentiments of respect and fear, turned all their attention to this province. Marshal Ney planned a combined movement, upon a very extensive scale, to destroy the army of Romana and the Asturian levy. In this last force, which amounted to 15,000 peasants, was included the active band of

guerrillas, led by Porlier the marquisetto. This force, commanded by Ballasteros, held Infiesta to the east of Oviedo, and Castropol upon the coast; to execute the movement resolved on, Kellerman with about 9000 men was to march upon Oviedo; general Bonnet was to advance from St. Andero against the Asturian levy, and Ney was to direct in person the attack upon the army under Mahi. During the absence of marshal Ney, general Marchand was to provide for the war in Gallicia: three battalions were left at St. Jago, three at Corunna, one at Ferrol, three, with a regiment of cavalry, at Lugo; with the marshal himself were twelve battalions and three regiments of horse. As he advanced upon Mahi, that general retired by his left from Navia de Suarna, and, declining the contest, threw himself into the valley of the Syl. Ney pushed forwards to Oviedo with such rapidity, that he was within a march of that city before Romana, who had only one regiment with him, knew of his approach. Nevertheless he gained a little time, by checking the enemy at the bridge of Peñaflor, though of course sufficient only to preserve the regiment and secure his own safety. These few men he sent to Infiesta, and embarked on board an English vessel himself at Gihon. On the 18th of May they entered Oviedo, and were joined by Kellerman. Troops were sent in pursuit of Romana, but happily in vain. When Bonnet marched from St. Andero, Ballasteros, by a bold and happy movement, threw himself upon that unguarded place, and retook it from the French, making prisoners the garrison and hospital, in all 1100 men. There were some small French craft in the port, on board of which the staff and sick officers attempted to escape; but the *Amelia* and *Statira* British frigates, arriving off the harbor at this time, captured these vessels, and intercepted their flight.

While Ney was absent in the Asturias, the Spanish general Carrera, and with him Murillo, attacked the French force near St. Jago de Compostella, under Maucunc, and totally routed it. The French lost six hundred men and their guns, and fled in terror to Corunna. At the same time Mahi, as soon as Ney had marched onwards to Oviedo, came forth from the valley of the Syl, and closely invested the force under general Fournier, at Lugo, on the 19th of May.

This uneasy state of the French in Gallicia was a little relieved by the return of Soult from Portugal, who marched instantly upon Lugo. Mahi fell back upon the 22d to Mondonedo, and Lugo was occupied by the marshal on the 23d; Ney, returning into Gallicia by the coast road, joined marshal Soult on the 30th. At Mondonedo, Romana, having disembarked at Ribadeo, again took command of his troops, and, after a most skilful march, he led them across the royal road a little above

Lugo, placed them once more in the valley of the Syl, and was soon again in active communication with the Spanish leaders at St. Jago de Compostella and at Vigo. Bonnet retrieved the misfortune of St. Ander soon after this, by the total defeat of the troops of Ballasteros on the 11th of June, and by the release of all the prisoners taken from his own division, as well as those captured at Villa Franca by Romana: Ballasteros himself escaped on board an English ship.

It is impossible to record all these efforts of the Spaniards, and especially those of that best and noblest among them, La Romana, without sincere and warm admiration. And when we consider the state of Romana's corps in January, and the short time he ever had of repose to organize the rude levy by which he was surrounded, and the generals and the troops to whom he was opposed, we feel his reputation to have been greatly won, and deserving of all praise.

After his triumph at Medellin, Victor had established his head-quarters at Merida, but had refused to advance upon Portugal, unless the division of Lapisse, from Salamanca, was directed to join him by Alcantara. Nevertheless, he made an effort to possess himself of Badajos by opening an intrigue with some of the richer inhabitants of that place, who, either from weariness or timidity, were disinclined for any further resistance, and willing to betray the city. This effort proved abortive: the traitors were discovered and arrested, and their nefarious design was baffled. In the beginning of April, general Lapisse, who had remained idle with ten thousand men at Ledesma and Salamanca from January to March, advanced towards Bejar; but finding the passes already occupied, he threw himself suddenly to the right upon the Lusitanian legion, drove it under the guns of Ciudad Rodrigo, and, having summoned that place, took up a position behind the Agueda. Lapisse had been again ordered by the king to advance to Abrantes, in pursuance of Napoleon's instructions for the combined movements against Portugal: disregarding these orders, that general abandoned all connexion with the corps of Soult, to whose operations and fate he had shown the most wilful indifference, and marched by the pass of Perales and Alcantara to join Victor at Merida. A body of Spaniards attempted to stop him at Alcantara, but he routed them, and plundered the city. Sir Robert Wilson, with Don Carlos d'España, and with a great crowd of volunteer peasantry, followed close upon his steps; and a post under colonel Mayne, as has been already noticed, was established in that place. The recovery of Alcantara was now ordered by the king, and Victor moved down from Merida with that object. Colonel Mayne, who had two thousand Portuguese infantry, a few horsemen, and six guns, made a very handsome resistance, and sustained

a considerable loss. He then retired in good order, failing, however, in his attempt to destroy the bridge. The French crossed it, and pushed their patrols into Beira, in the direction of Castello Branco; but, finding that general Mackenzie was on the alert, and had come forward to Sobreira Formosa, and hearing also that Soult was in retreat, they crossed the Tagus again, abandoned Alcantara, and marched to their old ground at Merida. The castle of Merida, in which Victor had left a detachment, was attacked, during his absence, by Cuesta; but, as the French again appeared, the Spaniards repassed the Guadiana, and took post at Zafra. On the other side, the Spaniards in the valley of the Tagus began to be so formidable as to alarm Victor for the security of his communications. He therefore sent a division to Almaraz to watch the bridge, and fixed his headquarters at Torremocha. Colonel Mayne again took possession of Alcantara.

By the 7th of June, Sir Arthur Wellesley had brought his troops from the Douro, and they encamped upon the southern bank of the Tagus; but although they had been brought up with care, and by easy marches, they were sickly, and were daily losing men. The army remained stationary at Abrantes till the latter end of June; and Sir Arthur had the mortification of seeing day after day roll by, the full value of which none could so well estimate as he, without the power of advancing into Spain. But it was not possible to move without money. He could neither obtain the supplies of the country, nor could he command means of transport, either by land or water, for such stores as our commissariat had already in possession. His men were without shoes; his officers and soldiers totally without pay, and distressed for common necessaries; and his hospitals were full. Though he had been reinforced by 5000 men since his operations on the Douro, he had only 22,000 men effective, present, under arms. He must have felt the inadequacy of this force to great and extended operations; but that of which he had now to complain was, that, small as were the military means placed at his disposal, even of these, owing to a negligent mismanagement at home, he had not the free use. With an empty military chest, nothing could be undertaken. This great and shameful irregularity in providing for the pay of the troops, the followers of the army, and for the vast and necessary demands of the commissariat, obtained frequently throughout the war. Who were interested in the delay of these remittances, it is not for us to say: to ascribe it to indolence and mal-arrangement does not account to us for the fact of so frequent a repetition of the same neglect. We dwell upon this, because it fettered and hampered the illustrious subject of our memoir on the present occasion, and because, as he was a man of great public integ-

riety, and with the strictest notions concerning probity and good faith in all his dealings with the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and in all engagements made with followers; and desirous, both as their protector and commander, that his soldiers, for the sake of justice and discipline, should be regularly paid, we know that the neglect here spoken of, weighed often and heavily, throughout the war, upon his firm and elastic mind.

It is true that an excellent spirit prevailed in the army at this time, as at all others: there were no murmurs, no complainings in the ranks; no doubts as to the final and just settlement of all their claims. The men had a confidence in their commander's honor, a trust in his talents, a belief in his fortune, and an admiration of his courage. Hence they would have endured any hardship, have borne any privation, and have faced any danger, if they only saw Wellesley in the camp. It was the consciousness of this noble feeling in his troops that made him more keenly alive to the unnecessary privations and distresses to which, from the want of pay, they were not unfrequently subjected. Although we may seem to be anticipating by this last observation, still we are glad to place it in the fore-front, for the benefit of those (we hope few) readers who think that a military commander has nothing to do but order a drum to beat, and an army marches; and to order another to beat, and it fights.

We return to the camp of Abrantes. The Spaniards were most importunate for offensive operations, and for the advance of the British; but no Spanish general could be so eager to tread the onward road as he who had already commenced his career with an achievement, which not one upon the same scale in the annals of European warfare, had hitherto surpassed. After much correspondence with Cuesta, commanding the Spanish army in Estremadura, a general brave and true, but old, without talent, bigoted to his own antiquated notions, and with the obstinacy of age stout in his own opinions, Sir Arthur Wellesley prevailed with him to adopt that line of operations which seemed to him most promising for successful results.

At the end of June, Sir Arthur commenced his march into Spain by the northern banks of the Tagus, with a view to join the army of Cuesta on the Tietar, and to combine with him an offensive movement on Madrid. The Spanish forces in the south at this period exceeded sixty thousand. The corps of Cuesta amounted to thirty-eight thousand, that of Vanegas to twenty-five thousand effective. In the English camp on the frontier were twenty-two thousand good soldiers; and it was known to their commander, that a reinforcement of eight thousand was at Lisbon. The number of French troops disposed for the protection of Madrid was, at the lowest, fifty thousand.

On the 27th of June, the English army marched from Abrantes to Spain. The army moved by both banks of the Tagus. Upon the 10th of July the divisions were all united at Plasencia, and were joined by a regiment of cavalry and two of infantry from Lisbon. The French force under marshal Victor, which had, previous to this advance of the British, retired from Torremocha, had now taken post at Talavera de la Reyna, and the Spaniards under Cuesta were at Almaraz. The position of the British army, and its line of march up the valley of the Tagus, were not free from considerable danger: for beyond the mountains, on its left, lay the French corps of Soult and Ney; and although the intercepted letters of those marshals drew so strong a picture of their difficulties, that it was scarcely probable they could attempt any offensive movements upon his flank, still that which was possible demanded attention; and Sir Arthur made the very best arrangements in his power to provide a security against any sudden irruption from the north into the valley of the Tagus. He instructed Beresford to look carefully to the defence of Puerto Perales; and with great difficulty prevailed on the Spanish generals to make a detachment for the occupation of Bejar and of the Puerto de Baños, as also to furnish a second for the pass of Perales.

Before, however, the arrangement for the Spaniards occupying Bejar and Baños could be concluded to his satisfaction, he proceeded to confer with Cuesta, and to concert with him offensive operations.

This conference lasted two days; but it was at last arranged that the British and Spanish armies should march against Victor on the 18th; that Vanegas, with his body of Spaniards, should advance through La Mancha to the Upper Tagus, directing his march upon Fuente Duenas and Villa Maurique, to engage the attention of Sebastiani, and prevent him, if possible, from uniting his corps to that of Victor.

The path of duty in Spain was not one easy to be trodden by a British general. Previous to his advance into Spain, Sir Arthur Wellesley had sent forward commissaries to all the necessary points, to arrange for the supply of his troops, and to purchase mules for transport. From the supreme junta he had received full assurance that he should be well supplied with every thing his soldiers could need; and the junta dispatched an officer of rank and authority, Don Lonzano de Torres, intendant-general, to fulfil the promises which they had made, and upon the faith of which Sir Arthur Wellesley had come out of Portugal with few means of transport, and without magazines. Before, however, he had made five marches from Castello Branco, it was discovered that these promises were good for nothing. The British could neither procure means of transport nor obtain

supplies; neither did the Spanish local authorities use any exertion to aid the British commissaries in their efforts to provide them. Moreover, upon the part of the inhabitants there was manifested a degree of suspicion and ill-will towards the English, very provoking, not difficult to be accounted for, but not easy to be overcome.

The difficulty of subsisting his army was so great, that as early as the 16th of July Sir Arthur wrote to inform Cuesta of his distress; and stated his resolution not to proceed beyond the Alberche, unless the wants of his army were supplied, although ready to advance to that river according to the plan already concerted between them.

In pursuance of this plan the British army from Plasencia was to pass the Tietar at the Venta de Bazagona, and to march upon Oropesa. Sir Robert Wilson, with his Lusitanian legion, a few dragoons, and two Spanish battalions, was to gain possession of the passes of Arenas which lead upon Avila, and of the pass of San Pedro Bernardo, which leads upon Madrid.

The English troops did not break up from the camp at Plasencia, till the 17th. Upon the 20th they reached Oropesa, and were halted there for one day. Upon the 21st, Cuesta with the Spaniards passed through Oropesa, and marching forwards, united his whole force at Velada. On the same day Victor called in all his detachments and foraging parties, and took post behind the Alberche with two divisions of infantry, leaving a strong rear-guard at Talavera.

On the 22d the allies advanced; and Cuesta marching along the high road to that place came up with 2000 French dragoons under general Latour-Maubourg, drawn up on the table land of Gamonal. The French general checked the leading column of the Spaniards; and maintaining a good countenance, compelled general Zayas to halt, and to show all his people without any necessity. It was always easy to make the Spaniards commit those absurdities.

Until the head of the British columns appeared upon his right, Latour-Maubourg did not move; and then retired in the best possible order, supported by infantry, behind the Alberche, marching most leisurely, and sustaining no loss, although in the presence of many batteries and 6000 Spanish horse. We name this only for the purpose of showing with what description of force the British were allied in these operations, and how little was to be expected from them: because, knowing, as we do, what French dragoons are, and what this Spanish cavalry was; knowing what an officer Latour-Maubourg was; and that the Spanish horse was under the orders of those who without his talent or experience were also without any confidence in the discipline, skill, or steadiness, of their own unformed cavalry; it

would have been a matter of surprise to us, if 2000 of Napoleon's dragoons, supported by infantry, had not effected a quiet and orderly retreat on this occasion.

We would here remark, that when, upon the 10th of July, Sir Arthur Wellesley visited the camp of Cuesta near the Col de Mirabete, that general drew out his forces for the inspection of the British commander.

The guides who were conducting Sir Arthur and his adjutant-general lost their way; and they did not arrive at the Spanish encampment till it was already dark. The troops, however, who had been four hours waiting, were still under arms with the veteran Cuesta at their head. Sir Arthur was received with a general discharge of artillery; and a number of large torches being lighted up, he passed the entire Spanish line in review by their red and flaring blaze. In this manner he passed about 6000 cavalry drawn up *in rank entire*, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry. They were all remarkably fine-looking men; but many of them were extremely young, too young for service; in fact, raw recruits of a boyish age: yet were they well made, stout, and to all appearance hardy. With the exception of a few battalions, they were very ill appointed; not clothed in uniform; and were, in general, in want of shoes. It was immediately seen from their position under arms, and from the awkwardness with which they handled their firelocks, that they were a raw undisciplined levy. Some corps there were of regularly appointed effective soldiers; such as the Irish brigades, the marine battalions from Cadiz, and the provisional battalions formed out of the wreck of those brave grenadiers who had fought so well, and fallen in such numbers in the early part of that fatal battle at Medellin. To speak generally, however, the army was little better than a crowd of peasants disposed in battalions after the rule of military organization; armed, indeed, partially like soldiers, but unacquainted with a soldier's duty. Again, their cavalry was well mounted, but very ill disciplined; ignorant of the most common movements and formations; and, with the exception of a very few corps, miserably equipped, and not fit to take the field. The artillery was numerous, and not a bad artillery for fire; but the order and arrangements of this arm were all after the old system: their movements were encumbered and slow; they were brought into action with difficulty; and, if retreat became necessary, were seldom saved. Such was this Spanish army! such in character were they all! seldom one so good, many greatly inferior. We are as sure as if we had been by the side of Sir Arthur, that as he rode down the Spanish line, and saw the swart Iberians in the red light of the torches which were held aloft as he passed along, and as he listened to the noisy

welcomes of the cannon, and the loud confusion of sounds, when battalion after battalion shouldered to receive him, he was forcibly reminded of India, and of all the noisy parade of those half-disciplined hosts which are found in pompous array before the elephants of the native princes. It is not improbable that the memory of the inefficiency of oriental troops was awakened at the sight; and that as he lay down upon his pillow, he felt more than ever how entirely he must depend upon his own steady legions, and his own unshaken resolve.

When upon the 21st of July Cuesta passed through Oropesa, Sir Arthur in turn drew out the British army; and the brave old man (for with all his faults, prejudices, and obstinacy, he was brave as an aged lion), looked upon the firm battalions of the English with an admiration he could not repress.

Victor, after being joined by his rear-guard under Latour-Maubourg, showed no disposition to quit his ground on the Alberche. He was in position behind that river with only 20,000 men. The stream was fordable, and both his right and centre lay open to attack. Sir Arthur Wellesley was eager to avail himself of the advantage offered by this strange temerity. An attack was agreed upon for the morning of the 23d; but when the English general came to the quarters of Cuesta to arrange the details of the attack, the old man was gone to bed, and not to be disturbed. At three in the morning the British columns were under arms, but Cuesta was not to be spoken with till seven o'clock, and then refused to join in the attack; offering, among other reasons, his objection to fight upon a Sunday!—a strange objection, which even the sound sense of a converted chief in one of the islands of Polynesia not many years ago forbade him to entertain; as if a struggle on the sabbath day against those who had desecrated the altars of Spain, and stained her hearths with blood, was not a permitted and a sacred duty.

Throughout the whole of the 23d Victor remained quiet. It has been thought that he maintained a secret correspondence with some traitor in the Spanish camp, and was thus advised that no attack would take place.

Cuesta, however, was prevailed upon to agree to an attack for the morning of the 24th; and, having proposed to the English general to make a *reconnaissance* of the French position, the old gentleman arrived in a cumbrous coach and six at the appointed place, to the surprise of Sir Arthur and of his active staff.

The allies were in motion before the dawn; but, when they reached the Alberche, not a French soldier was to be seen: Victor had retired in the night on the Toledo road to Torrijos. The direction of his retreat, and his abandonment of the Mad

rid road, was probably decided by the movements of Sir Robert Wilson, who had reached Escalona on the 23d; a town only eight leagues from Madrid, and in rear of Victor.

There is, however, no doubt that he would have declined engaging under such disadvantageous and dangerous circumstances at all events; and it is certain that he was fully informed on the evening of the 23d of the intention to attack him.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was mortified but not surprised to find that the enemy had decamped. He knew that to pursue an army determined on retreat, and resolved upon declining battle, was never wise without the situation of the pursuer was such that he could command supplies and resources, and be enabled to maintain every step in advance which might be taken:—he was not supplied—he was leagued with an obstinate and intractable old man; fearless, indeed, in his own person of the shock of battle, but as ignorant of the conduct of war as one of his own mules.

Now, therefore, Sir Arthur repeated his former declaration, that *beyond the Alberche* he would not move, and, moreover, threatened, that if his wants, representations, and suggestions for the public good were thus continually disregarded by the supreme junta, and the authorities of Spain military and civil to whom he was referred, he would withdraw from Spain altogether.

CHAP. XV.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA. — THE ARRIVAL OF SOULT AT PLASENCIA. — THE MOVEMENTS OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY. — THE SPANIARDS BEATEN AT ARZOBISKO. — VANEGAS DEFEATED AT ALMONACID.

INTELLIGENCE reached Madrid on the 22d of July that the allies were at Talavera, in front of Victor, and that a body of them, under Sir Robert Wilson, had penetrated to Escalona. Joseph sent instantly to Soult, who had already assembled his army in the vicinity of Salamanca, and directed him to march upon Plasencia; a plan recommended and urged by Soult himself, and originated by Napoleon. It will be seen how much Wellesley and his army were in the thoughts of the Emperor, by the fact of his having written a private dispatch to marshal Soult from Ratisbon, the imperial head-quarters, directing him to concentrate the second, the fifth, and sixth corps, to assume the command of them, and to act with vigor against the English army. "Wellesley," said Napoleon, "will probably advance by the Tagus against Madrid: in that case, pass the mountains, fall upon his flank and rear, and crush him." It is worthy of

remark, that Napoleon foresaw the line of Wellesley's operations; now, if it was faulty, how came he to regard it as *probable* that the man whose ability and decision had already extorted his admiration would adopt that line? Because he felt, we say he intuitively felt, that it would have been his own; because he knew that Wellesley could not possibly calculate upon the French making so large a sacrifice of territory in the north, and giving up so much ground as they must do, to act against him from that quarter in any formidable mass; and because the concentration of three corps of the army, under the supreme command of Soult, was not a measure to be expected, without, as was the case, an express authority from the emperor; finally, because it was the only promising line of offensive operations then open; and who so sure to adopt the offensive, as the man who had lately thrown himself across the broad Douro, in the face of a hostile army? On the 10th of July the British advance to Plasencia was made known to Soult, and he then directed Ney to march upon Zamora, with the sixth corps, leaving the dragoons of general Fournier to cover Astorga and Leon. The marshal at this time projected the immediate siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, having satisfied himself that Sir Arthur Wellesley meant to operate by the line of the Tagus, and this plan he strongly urged upon the king. It was approved by the king, but not assisted; for he could not meet those demands of Soult, a compliance with which was imperatively necessary to the undertaking. Upon the other hand, he rather inclined to the wish that Soult would detach 10,000 men to strengthen Kellerman and Bonnet, and enable them to seize and maintain the Asturias. Against this division of force Soult remonstrated. He pushed back the duke del Parque upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and thus found that Sir Arthur Wellesley had already reached Plasencia. He now brought Mortier with the fifth corps to Salamanca, and, at the very time that Sir Arthur Wellesley was crossing the Tietar, to advance upon Talavera, 50,000 men were already collected by Soult to "pass the mountains, to fall upon his flank, and crush him"—but he was not crushed.

When king Joseph had sent permission to Soult to advance upon Plasencia, he quitted Madrid with his guards and the reserve to join Victor. Sebastiani, who had been watching Vanegas near Danyel, easily blinding that general, returned to Toledo by forced marches; left 3000 men there to engage the attention of Vanegas; and marched with the main body of his corps to join the king and Victor. Their junction was successfully effected on the morning of the 26th of July. The French force thus concentrated behind the river Guadarama, amounted to near 50,000 combatants, and ninety pieces of artillery.

When, upon the 24th, Victor had retired from the Alberche, Cuesta pursued him; but the old man, who had turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of Sir Arthur Wellesley, discovered, upon the 26th, that the French had nothing farther from their thoughts than flight. Sir Arthur, though resolute not to pass the Alberche with his army, had foreseen the probable course of affairs, and had sent general Sherbrooke, with the whole of the cavalry and two divisions of infantry, across that river, directing him to march to Cazalegas. From this point he could effectually support the Spaniards on their return, and could communicate with the troops under Sir Robert Wilson at Escalona.

In the afternoon of the 26th, on the morning of which day Cuesta had commenced his retreat, the French dragoons passed the Guadarama, drove the Spanish horse from Torrijos, and pursued them to Alcabon. Here they found a division of Spanish infantry with guns, under general Zayas, drawn out upon the plain; and the Spanish cavalry, to the amount of 2000, took post by their side in order of battle. Latour-Maubourg, with his steady dragoons, was already advancing upon them, regardless of their cannonade, when a column of French infantry coming up, the Spaniards broke suddenly, and fled in confusion towards St. Ollalla. The duke of Albuquerque arriving upon the field at this moment of disorder, with 3000 Spanish horse, checked the pursuit of the French dragoons; and it is more than probable he thus saved the Spanish army from one of those signal defeats, which were the common result of such a panic as had then possessed one division, and might soon have infected others. The troops of general Sherbrooke marching out of Cazalegas took up a position to favor the retreat of the Spaniards; and behind those firm battalions the Spanish divisions recovered, in some degree, their lost order. Sir Arthur Wellesley, already in the front, saw plainly that the French were resolved upon a battle; and he implored Cuesta to retire to Talavera, and take up the strong and defensive part of that position, in which he thought to give the enemy a meeting. The old Spaniard, brave, proud, and obstinate, refused; said he would not go back one mile further, but fight where he was. At this very time his army was heaped together in a low, flat, indefensible, piece of ground. They had lost that very morning, in killed, wounded, and above all, in *missing*, near 3000 men; and they lay a ready prey to the imperial eagle. Most happily for them, the French halted at St. Ollalla; and their cavalry, except a few pickets, came not in sight of the allies until the morning of the 27th. Cuesta now yielded to the earnest representations and anxious entreaties of Sir Arthur; and is said to have boasted to his staff, that "he had first made the Englishman go down

upon his knees;" thus characterizing the warm solicitations of the English general. The old Spaniard wanted discernment to perceive that it was the condescension of a strong mind to a weak one; it was the pleading of the skilful physician with the moody patient.

The position chosen by Sir Arthur Wellesley for the battle which he saw was at hand had a peculiar and remarkable adaptation to the character of the forces which composed the allied army.

The town of Talavera is built close to the river Tagus: in front of it are many olive-grounds and inclosures, alike calculated to cover the troops appointed to its defence, and to conceal their dispositions.

With the town, then, as the fixed point on his extreme right, the British general took up a line which extended about two miles, and was terminated on the left by a commanding hill. The half of this line was confided to the Spaniards:—they lay securely disposed; their right leaning on the river, and their left resting upon a large mound where a field-work had been commenced but not completed. Their front was protected thoroughly by the difficult nature of the ground; by ditches, embankments, mud walls, and other obstacles, which make a position well-nigh impregnable. To defend this front, they were drawn up in two close lines with their own cavalry in reserve; while, at no great distance behind the mound was a brigade of British cavalry. The right of the British infantry touched the Spanish left, and stretched its bold array along the naked and open country to the hill on the extreme left; beyond this hill there was a deep valley, which separated it from a mountain of the Gata chain; and in front of it was a difficult ravine.

The division of general Campbell was on the British right; next to him stood Sherbrooke; then came Mackenzie's ground, held for a while by part of Sherbrooke's division; and the height upon the left named above as the key of the position was observed by general Hill. Part of the British cavalry at this period was with general Mackenzie in advance. The division of that general was posted in the wood near Casa des Salinas; and a brigade of light cavalry on the plain near him.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th, the French light infantry who headed the march of the enemy came through the wood so suddenly upon the British posts at this place that they were surprised. The hostile columns following close upon their voltigeurs, attacked one brigade of general Mackenzie's division with so great impetuosity, that they were thrown into disorder, driven from their ground, and separated from the other; but this last formed with such rapidity and

steadiness, that the enemy was soon checked; and, covering the retreat of the other corps, this brigade fell back over the plain, supported by two of cavalry in the finest order, and took up ground in the main position. The British cavalry now took post on a rising ground in the valley upon the extreme left, being a little retired to the rear. In the affair at the Casa de Salinas, Sir Arthur Wellesley had a very narrow escape of being made prisoner; he being in the Casa at the moment of the surprise.

The French, following up their movements, advanced in strength to the left of our position: they took up ground on a hill over-against that which was afterwards the post of general Hill, but was at the moment occupied by the brigade of general Mackenzie's division, which, under the command of colonel Donkin, had just made so fine a retreat. The enemy opened a cannonade upon colonel Donkin, and there was a partial action along the whole front of the line. The French sending their light cavalry, supported by voltigeurs, to feel out the true position of the Spaniards, alarmed them into a loud, general, and useless discharge of musketry, in the very midst of which, a body of about 5000, for no discoverable reason, broke their ranks and fled to the rear, without having been attacked at all, and without being pursued. The greater part of them, however, were rallied, and brought back to the position which they had deserted during the night, and Cuesta executed several officers and men of this division after the battle, *selecting them by lot*—a punishment alike barbarous and useless. As the shades of twilight fell upon the two hosts and clouded the field, the French, who had only been trifling with the Spaniards, made a sudden and fierce assault upon that height on the left, which has been already spoken of as the key of the position, and which was held at the moment by the brigade of colonel Donkin. The colonel repulsed them in front; but his brigade was too weak to defend all points; and they succeeded in turning him on the left, and crowning the summit behind him.

General Hill was moving up to reinforce colonel Donkin, and was giving orders to the colonel of the 48th regiment, when he was fired at from this summit; and not doubting that the shots proceeded from some British stragglers, who mistook the direction of their fire, he rode smartly up, accompanied by his brigade-major, Fordyce, to stop them. These two were instantly surrounded by the enemy: Fordyce was killed on the spot; and the hand of a French grenadier was already on the bridle of Hill's charger; but the general spurred his horse hard, broke away, and galloped off. Directing the wounded beast downwards, he met a part of the 29th; and turning, led them up with uncalculating courage to the charge. The old 29th did

not disappoint him: they won back the summit at the point of the bayonet. But scarcely had the general placed the 29th, 1st battalion 48th, and 1st battalion of detachments in position by the side of colonel Donkin's brigade, ere a heavy mass of French infantry again advanced; and a violent attack, of which the first was but a prelude, burst upon them. The fire flashed red upon the night; and was delivered so close, that the combatants discerned each other's formation within a few paces. The British having poured in their deadly volley, rushed on with their bayonets, broke the dark column and drove it down. While this attack was going forwards, a false one, but of some liveliness, was made against the German Legion. The loss of the British in the affair at Salinas amounted to about 400; and the combat upon the hill at dusk must have cost full 400 more, besides many valuable officers. The British lay upon their arms all night: the dragoons by their saddled steeds; and the infantry either close to the pile of arms, or with the trusty firelock in the hand. It was a night of watchfulness and alarm, and of sudden and random firings, especially in the Spanish lines. About dawn the enemy again made dispositions to assault the hill. From a corresponding height opposite they opened a furious fire of artillery, which bore not only upon the point of attack, but on the whole British line; many of the guns being pointed towards the centre and right of it. Under cover of this terrible fire two strong columns were formed and led against the British left. They advanced rapid and firm, and ascended the steep and rugged face of the hill with a bearing the most resolute. Again and again they pressed to within a few paces of the summit, and struggled hard for a footing, but as often were they repulsed by the close volleys and quick charges of the gallant regiments under Hill; and at last they retreated altogether, leaving the ground on which they had fought covered with slain. The loss of the English was very considerable; and general Hill himself was severely wounded. There was a pause in the work of death; for three hours after this repulse the enemy made no movement; the troops on both sides reposed and refreshed. The British fared scantily enough. During this pause the wounded were removed to the rear; and it is not unworthy of mention, that at a brook, which ran between the two armies, soldiers of both went down to drink, and looked each other in the face friendly, with that mutual admiration which the brave feel towards those foes who valiantly withstand them.

Soon after mid-day, the French infantry again stood to their arms, their cavalry mounted, and their troops were everywhere in motion. By two o'clock the dispositions of the French generals were completed; and four columns of attack, destined to

bear with all their power upon the English army alone, were assembled at their allotted stations. Eighty pieces of artillery opened their dread thunder upon the British line, and lacerated the firm ranks which ever as they did so closed upon the chasms. Under this fire, the French columns, with clouds of skirmishers in their front, pressed forwards to the battle. One of these fell upon the division of general Campbell, which joined the Spanish left. It was received with such steadiness, that until close to the English regiments not a shot was fired on it; but then came the volley, fatal and true, followed by the firm charge, by which they were effectually repulsed. Campbell took from them ten guns in battery, which they attempted to recover, but they were charged in flank with great spirit by a regiment of Spanish horse. Two Spanish battalions assisted general Campbell in the repulse of this attack with much zeal and bravery. Thus the British right was victorious and secure. Upon the left, a division of the enemy's infantry, supported by cavalry, advanced up the great valley to turn the hill, already so fiercely disputed. Beyond it, another body was marching to occupy the mountain. For this last movement Sir Arthur was already provided, having obtained from Cuesta in the morning a division of Spanish infantry, to be posted there in observation. The principal part of the British cavalry being at the head of the valley, he sent orders to general Anson's brigade, composed of the 23d light dragoons and the 1st regiment King's German Legion, to charge the French infantry, and check their advance. The orders were promptly and bravely, but not intelligently, obeyed. Neither was the true moment taken by this brigade, nor was it kept in hand as it advanced; so that coming upon the brink of a ravine, which lay between the assailants and the assailed, the formation of the squadrons was broken, and the 23d, being in full career, plunged down into the ravine, receiving as they did so the murderous fire of the French squares, and fell over each other in wild disorder; but the gallant men, whose horses yet kept their feet, spurred strong up the opposite bank, and major Frederick Ponsonby rallied and led them onwards, nothing daunted by this perilous mischance. They passed between the French squares under a hot fire, and fell upon a brigade of French chasseurs; but their combat was not with these alone, for some Polish lancers and Westphalian horse rode also against them; and the heroic 23d, leaving more than half their numbers on the field, effected the escape of their brave remnant by passing again at speed through the intervals of the French columns, and making for the foot of the mountain, where the Spanish division of Bassecourt was in observation. Nevertheless, though these bold horsemen were overpowered, yet was their heroism rewarded; for the enemy desisted from their at-

tempt to turn the British left. While these things were going forward, the hill had also been again attacked in front, but in vain.

The two French columns which assailed the English divisions in the centre, had a momentary success; for though they were at first resolutely met, and beaten back, yet the guards followed them too hastily, too far, and with too little order. The enemy saw this, faced about, and drove the guards in turn, pressing their exposed flank most sorely, while, at the same moment, the German Legion was most roughly handled and gave ground. From the hill upon the left, Sir Arthur had seen the loose advance of the guards, and he ordered down a regiment to their support. The 48th regiment, commanded by colonel Donellan, performed this service with that steadiness which is the triumph of discipline. The guards and Germans rallied like brave men. A brigade of cavalry was moved rapidly up from the second line, and came opportunely to their support. The British artillery played fast and fierce upon the enemy's flanks; and now, upon all sides, they drew off and gave up the battle. They had exhausted all their efforts. They had made no impression on the British line of battle, and their slain lay spread along its gallant front in fearful numbers. Their retreat to their position was covered by their cannon, and conducted in good order. About six in the evening, the firing ceased; scarcely a dropping shot was to be heard; and the hostile armies lay each upon the ground which they had occupied in the morning. The loss of the British exceeded 6000 men, including those who fell in the combats of the 27th. The loss of the French was computed by themselves at 10,000 but others again reduce it below eight, and they left seventeen guns to the victorious English, taken at the point of the bayonet. The Spaniards returned 1200 killed and wounded, and such of them as were engaged behaved admirably. Two Spanish guns upon our left were excellently served. The two battalions which fought upon the right of Campbell's division did their duty with ardor; and, at the same point, one of their cavalry regiments charged with gallantry and success. But, nevertheless, the character, and composition of the Spanish army, as a whole, and the weakness of the British, which was not only thinned by death, but faint with exhaustion from want of proper and sufficient food, and without any supply or means of transport for a forward movement, rendered pursuit impossible. The British passed the damp and chilly night upon the field, where they had fought, amid the dead and the dying. As many of the wounded as there had been time to remove were put into hospital in the convents of Talavera.

A melancholy scene was presented soon after the close of the

action. In one part of the field where the wounded lay thick, the dry grass took fire, and the flames spread with such fierce and terrific swiftness, that many of the brave men, who lay helpless, and wet in their own blood, perished by fire. On the following morning, the British army was joined by general Crawford's brigade, from Lisbon, consisting of those excellent regiments, the 43d, 52d, and 95th. They had accomplished sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, in the hottest season of the year, burdened with their knapsacks and ammunition. It is well observed by colonel Napier, "that had the historian Gibbon known of such a march, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers." During the 29th, 30th, and 31st, the enemy disappeared.

There were not wanting cold men in England to deny that their countrymen who fought at Talavera had won a victory. The truth is, it was a very great and a very important victory. The future fate of the war hung upon the issue of that struggle. Sir Arthur Wellesley, on that great and memorable day, thinking calmly amid the thunder of the battle, saw on every side what was wanted, and where, and when; and superadding to the dauntless bravery of his men his own moral courage, he achieved a great success, and won at his sword's point the coronet which his king bestowed.

We have always regarded this action as one that saved the cause, and prolonged the struggle. The time gained by this severe blow against the French was the invaluable and precious consequence of the battle; but for it, Portugal would have been invaded that year, and could not have been defended.

We must turn, however, to the consideration of those circumstances, which, by their unhappy and vexatious working, shadowed over for a time the glory of this success, and colored the affairs of the Peninsula with a gloom which begat despondency in many bosoms. First, then, the battle of Talavera, ably directed, bravely fought, and nobly won, was barren of immediate results favorable to our arms, and was, in fact, followed by much distress and perplexity. It is known, indeed, that the king was greatly alarmed for Madrid, and that Victor was greatly disturbed by the reappearance of Sir Robert Wilson at Escalona, who during the action had moved near to Cazalegas; but they were frightened with very little reason: the British could not pursue them. It was with great difficulty that Sir Arthur could procure nourishment and assistance for his wounded; and, after all, scarce sufficient to support them.

On the 30th information was received by Sir Arthur that 12,000 rations had been ordered for a French corps on the road from Alba de Tormes towards Bejar. This road traverses the mountains to Plasencia by the Puerto de Baños; a pass which

Sir Arthur had thought effectually secured before he advanced from Plasencia. But under actual circumstances the news was embarrassing; nevertheless, the general trusted that the troops in the Puerto might make some defence if the enemy actually advanced; and was not, indeed, without hope that the intelligence of his success against Victor and the king might deter them from prosecuting their movement. Still he urged Cuesta to send a Spanish division of some strength to that point without loss of time. Cuesta refused, and proposed that Sir Robert Wilson should march there; though he was sensible how very important was the presence of that officer at Escalona.

It was not till the morning of the 2d that Sir Arthur could prevail with his obstinate ally to detach general Bassecourt with a division towards Baños. On that same day intelligence arrived that the enemy had entered Plasencia; and that the marquis de la Reyna, whose two battalions only consisted of 600 men, with twenty rounds of ammunition, had abandoned the pass of Baños without firing a shot; and had hastened on from Plasencia to Almaraz, announcing his intention to remove the bridge.

Cuesta now proposed to Sir Arthur that half of the army should march to the rear to oppose the enemy, while the other half should maintain the post of Talavera. The general replied, that if by half the army he meant half of each army, to such an arrangement he could not consent; that he would either go or stay with the whole British army, but would not divide the force with which he had been intrusted.

On the 3d of August, therefore, Sir Arthur marched from Talavera to Oropesa, intending to unite with Bassecourt's division, and to fight the enemy at Plasencia, whom he estimated at 15,000 men.

At five o'clock on the evening of this day he heard that the French had advanced from Plasencia to Naval Moral, and were between the allies and the bridge of Almaraz. An hour afterwards came letters from Cuesta, to say, that from intercepted dispatches addressed to Soult, it appeared that marshal was at the head of a much larger force than Sir Arthur imagined; that the French were again advancing in his front, and that he should break up from Talavera that evening, and march to join the British, that he might aid them in the approaching contest.

This sudden abandonment of the British hospitals exceedingly distressed Sir Arthur Wellesley. He wrote instantly to entreat Cuesta to hold his ground till the morrow at all events, that the British wounded might if possible be removed; but Cuesta was already on his way.

The position of the allies was now perilous: on the one side

were 30,000 French troops barring up the valley of the Tagus; on the other, no doubt, as soon as Cuesta's retreat was known, Victor would again press onwards; and, after allowing for his late losses, and for a corps of 12,000 detached to observe Vanegas, he could still muster 25,000 combatants. A battle fought with these armies on two distinct days, and in two separate fields of action, might, indeed, bring deliverance; but to do so, both must be successful; for the loss of either would be immediate ruin, there being no retreat.

Now, could any confidence have been placed in the Spanish troops, notwithstanding the exhaustion and fatigue of the British, this would doubtless have been the boldest course, and success would have proved a surpassing triumph; but for this there was need of steadier discipline and sterner stuff than the Spanish camp could furnish. Accordingly, Sir Arthur came to the resolution of passing the bridge of Arzobispo, and taking up a line of defence behind the Tagus, before the French could seize the Col de Mirabete, and cut off the road to Truxillo and Merida.

This plan Cuesta (who embodied in his own person all the obstinacy and contradiction which writers of comedy have imagined) as usual opposed, and vaped about fighting at Oropesa. The British general told him that he might act as he judged best; but the British army should not be sacrificed: accordingly, orders were immediately issued for the march of the British. He led them across the Tagus by the bridge of Arzobispo on the 4th, and conducting them by Toralida and the pass of Meza d'Ibor to Deleytosa, there halted them in a position favorable for the defence of the passage of Almaraz, and having a clear line of retreat to the frontier of Portugal.

By great exertions, and by the sacrifice of much baggage, Sir Arthur Wellesley got together about forty cars; and with this aid about 2000 of the wounded were brought off from Talavera, while about 1500 of the worst cases, whom under no circumstances it would have been safe or humane to move, were left in the hospitals, and recommended to the care and the attention of the enemy.

Cuesta did not cross the river till the 5th; established himself with the main body at Peralada de Garben, and left a division of infantry at Arzobispo, together with all the cavalry of Albuquerque. Six thousand French horse and a brigade of infantry forded the river about two o'clock in the day upon the 8th; and surprising these Spaniards took five pieces of artillery and about 400 prisoners, and drove away the whole force in very shameful confusion. The Spanish foot made for the mountains.

On the 11th the British head-quarters moved to Jaraicejo.

Two divisions occupied Almaraz and the Puerto de Mirabete. The main body of the army was cantoned in the villages round the head-quarters; and the cavalry were sent for the sake of their horses to the city of Truxillo. At the same time the Spaniards established their head-quarters in Deleytosa, and occupied Meza d'Ibor and Campillo. Thus the allies had a good defensive line upon the Tagus: and holding as they did the impregnable passes of Meza d'Ibor and the Col de Mirabete, the mere power of passing the river gave the enemy no advantage whatever; for by these mountain barriers their movements must have been confined to the narrow space upon its banks.

At this time marshal Beresford with a considerable body of Portuguese troops was in position near Zarza Mayor; and general Catlin Crawford, with four British regiments, was in communication with the marshal from Castello Branco.

This general was prepared to arrest upon the frontier any French corps which should attempt a passage into Portugal. The confidence of Beresford and the quietness of the French in Plasencia, permitted Sir Arthur Wellesley to repose without any anxiety in his present position.

Of the French corps from the north all that at this time was accurately known was, that they occupied Plasencia in strength, sending patrols and foraging parties to the vicinity of Coria; and that a division had moved to the Puerto de Baños to intercept Sir Robert Wilson. That officer, falling back from Escalona upon the British left, and being too late to retire on Arzobispo, had now penetrated to Baños, through the mountains by the pass of Tornavacas, and he awaited this attack. Being without artillery, and his force weak in numbers and exhausted by long and severe fatigues, he was defeated and driven from the pass by the French of Ney's corps, who afterwards continued their march to Salamanca.

Sir Robert Wilson had rendered himself most useful in the command of the Portuguese and Spaniards with which he had been detached throughout this campaign. Before the battle of Talavera he had pushed his parties almost to the gates of Madrid, and been in communication with that city. In fact, he would have entered Madrid, if it had not been necessary to recall him when the general engagement was expected. He was a zealous officer, well acquainted with the country in which he was acting, and possessing the confidence of the troops which he commanded.

Talavera was now again in the possession of Victor; and it is gratifying to record of him, that he treated the British wounded with great attention and humanity.

On the 12th of August Cuesta was recalled from the com-

mand of the Spanish army, and it devolved upon general Eguia. This was well pleasing to Sir Arthur; for a more obstinate, intractable, incapable old man than Cuesta could scarce be found. He never agreed to any thing without demurring, and to few things at all. He was never willing either to help the British wants himself, or to aid them with his authority while making their own exertions. He saw our wounded without transport; and though the Spanish army was encumbered with carts and conveyances, yet did he only furnish seven cars to their hospitals when they were in such necessity at Talavera. He thwarted Sir Arthur Wellesley on every occasion; and refused those very favors which a soldier and a patriot should have felt himself honored in bestowing: as, for example, when at Talavera Sir Arthur applied to him for ninety artillery horses or mules to supply the place of those killed in the action, Cuesta, on the very field of victory, refused them; while at the same time whole trains of cumbrous cars, drawn by fine cattle, were in the Spanish camp. In fact, there never was a man less qualified than Cuesta to command an army; nor could one among all the Spanish leaders be found of a temper less suited to act in concert with an ally. Nevertheless, in parting from this crabbed veteran, it should be added, there were about him redeeming qualities. He was brave, faithful, and true; he loved Spain; he hated her enemies; and, unhappily, his prejudices against all foreigners were so strong, that England and her officers came in for their share of his suspicion, jealousy, and mistrust. Moreover, he had the pride and wilfulness of age, and bristled up not only at every attempt to control his movements, but even from the silken leading-rein of persuasion he would start and break away.

We turn to Vanegas:—his army, both before and after the battle of Talavera, was kept in a state of shameful inaction. Their part of the concerted movements against Madrid was never fulfilled. Vanegas was perplexed by orders and advice of the most contradictory and irreconcilable nature; but, obeying the secret orders of the junta, he delayed his march, and changed its direction. On the 29th he was at Ocana, with his advance at Aranjuez; having a division under Lacy in front of Toledo, which was wasting powder and time in a useless and harmless cannonade with the garrison. His posts at Aranjuez were attacked by the enemy on the 5th of August, and successfully maintained. Vanegas, after this, retired towards the Sierra Morena; but suddenly and most imprudently changing his purpose, he returned towards Toledo, and concentrated his army at Almonacid on the 10th, with the design of attacking the French upon the 12th: on the 11th, however, Sebastiani was already in front of his position, and became the assailant. The action

lasted some hours; there was a great deal of sharp fighting; and many of the Spanish regiments, both foot and horse, behaved in a manner that merited success: but the discipline and the manœuvres of the warlike brigades of France did of course prevail. The moment came, when broken formations on the one side, and changes of direction on the other, required that the Spaniards should manœuvre as well as fight. Confusion of necessity ensued; the disorder could not be repaired; they broke and dispersed; and again the sabres of French horsemen ran red with the blood of Spain. Sebastiani purchased this victory with the loss of 1500 good soldiers. That of Vanegas amounted to 7000 slain and captured; and he led away his discomfited battalions to a position of strength and security in the Sierra Morena.

CHAP. XVI.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAMPAIGN OF TALAVERA.—THE RETREAT OF SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY TO THE FRONTIER OF PORTUGAL.—THE DISPATCH OF LORD WELLESLEY CONCERNING THIS MOVEMENT.—THE ARMY CANTONED NEAR THE GUADIANA.—THE SICKNESS OF THE TROOPS.—THE SPANIARDS BEATEN AT OCANA AND ALBA DE TORMES.—REMARKS UPON THEIR DISASTERS.—THE GUERRILLAS.—NOTICE OF LORD WELLINGTON'S MOVEMENTS.—THE ARMY BREAKS UP FROM THE GUADIANA.

HAD the army of Cuesta been in the state of efficiency represented to the English general,—had Cuesta been a cordial coadjutor,—had the supreme junta been single in their aim, zealous in their service, and wise in their arrangements,—and had Vanegas been permitted to fulfil his part in the concerted operations against Madrid, at what period of the war was there so bright and so hopeful a prospect as that which shone out upon the column of the British army when they marched back from the north of Portugal to the banks of the Tagus, to operate offensively against Victor? We say, that even a Fabius at that moment might have felt the advance prudent and of good promise; that there was all hope to march victoriously to the gates of Madrid. But we have seen, first, that the British leader was delayed at Abrantes for want of money in his military chest; next, that he found but a weak support in the troops of Cuesta, and in the man himself a stumbling-block in the path of victory; again, that the supreme junta neutralized the power of Vanegas; and, finally, they left the British army to starve amid toils and combats that demanded the incessant exercise of all the physical energy it possessed. Reverse the picture from what it was, and where would have been the danger upon Sir

Arthur's flank? and, if menaced, how strongly and effectually might the passes between Salamanca and the Tagus have been guarded! The men, who beat Soult at Oporto, and Victor, or the king, at Talavera, would have fought their road gaily to the capital: and if, under such circumstances, Soult had again invaded Portugal, a district of that land might perhaps have been traversed and laid desolate; but with a hostile and victorious army in the heart of Spain, with a fresh impulse and a fresh strength imparted to the Spanish people, the French could not have remained in Portugal, where all hearts were against them; moreover they would have been wanted elsewhere. Nay, even as matters actually fell out, could Sir Arthur Wellesley have commanded two full days' rations for his men, he might, and probably he would, have advanced to the capital; and though Soult should have filled the valley of the Tagus with troops as he did, the line of La Mancha would, at all events, have been open. But the want of provisions, and the want of transport, weighed down the wings of our British eagle, and he could not soar as he aspired to do. From the time when the Spanish and British armies joined, on the 22d of July, the English had often no ration, but meat without salt, and flour or grain instead of bread; and even of it a most scanty portion, amounting only to the third, or at most the half, of a full ration. The horses seldom or never received a regular delivery of forage; and the cavalry had to pick up what they could, going for it to a great distance. As a consequence of these privations, the loss and the sickness of the English horses was so great, that in the middle of August the six cavalry regiments wanted one thousand horses to complete them; and the artillery had but few cattle, and those so feeble they could scarcely draw the guns.

As another consequence of the severe wants of the army, the officers and men (for all fared alike) fell sick in great numbers; and being without salt to season their tasteless food, and with no other drink than water, they were almost all affected with dysentery; meanwhile, nevertheless, they all lay out in the damp and dewy nights, and continued, in despite of their weakness, to perform all the duties required of them. In consideration of all these untoward circumstances, Sir Arthur Wellesley resolved to retire towards the frontier of Portugal; and with that view he broke up from Jaraicejo, on the 20th of August, and marched upon Truxillo. In communicating this step to the ministers at home, the general further stated, that he had never been able to procure means of transport since his arrival in Spain; that he was obliged to employ the largest proportion of the carts of the army, whether they carried money or ammunition, to convey the wounded soldiers to the hospital at Elvas: that he was obliged to lay down a quantity of ammunition at

Meza d'Ibor and Deleytosa, which was delivered to the Spanish general; that the few carts remaining with the army were required to move the sick he then had; that he had been obliged to leave behind him his reserve ammunition, which he had likewise given to the Spanish troops; and that if he had waited longer, he could not have moved at all without leaving his sick behind: but he observed, that from the dispersed state of the French armies, and the losses they had sustained, the Spanish troops were not likely to suffer any inconvenience from the absence of their allies; and that upon the frontier of Portugal he hoped to supply his distressed soldiers with every thing they might want.

The corps of the enemy which had been engaged in the late operations were at this moment distributed as follows: Victor held Talavera, and had troops in La Mancha; Sebastiani was in La Mancha; Mortier occupied Oropesa, Arzobispo, and Naval Moral; the head-quarters of Soult were at Plasencia; those of Ney at Salamanca. From this distribution of the enemy's force, Sir Arthur inferred that it was obvious they did not intend at that time to undertake any offensive operations. Soult, indeed, had projected the invasion of Portugal from Plasencia, desiring that Ney should assist in this expedition, by advancing from Salamanca with the same object. This plan of operations he proposed to the king; but Joseph, guided by the judgment of marshal Jourdan, rejected this proposal. Indeed, the prudence of it was very questionable, and Ney, an officer of great experience, strongly discouraged it. The truth is, a straightforward, unobstructed march upon Lisbon was not feasible. Inefficient as was the Portuguese army under marshal Beresford, it would have rendered good service among the mountains of Beira. The heart of the whole nation was against the invader; and his corps would have been followed by the British army. This plan being rejected, Soult proposed that at all events Ciudad Rodrige should be immediately besieged; but this project, though undeniably a wise measure, obtained no better reception at the French head-quarters, where it was already resolved to defer the invasion of Portugal till the spring of the following year; and to employ their disposable force that autumn and winter in subjugating the south of Spain. Sir Arthur Wellesley had it in view at first, after passing south of the Tagus, to act against the French at Plasencia, for which purpose he had ordered materials to be collected for repairing the bridge called Puente de Cardinal. But when he abandoned the idea of any such movement, he sent a detachment to break down another arch of the Cardinal's Bridge, that no movable column of the enemy might disturb him.

We should have before noticed, that the central junta ex-

pressed its sense of Sir Arthur Wellesley's services, by appointing him a captain-general in the Spanish service, and presenting him with six Andalusian horses in the name of king Ferdinand. He accepted the horses and the appointment also, (submitting this acceptance to the pleasure of the king of England,) but with a becoming disinterestedness, and a consideration for the finances of Spain, he declined the pay attached to the rank which was conferred on him. In England, as soon as the news of the victory arrived, he was raised to the peerage by the titles of baron Douro of Wellesley, and viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington in the county of Somerset.

A few days after the battle of Talavera, marquis Wellesley landed at Cadiz to supersede Mr. Frere. The reception of the marquis, both at Cadiz and Seville, was very flattering; and manifested most clearly their warm attachment and real gratitude to the British nation. But, while charmed with the people, he soon discovered the incapacity, the meanness, and the intriguing spirit of the junta. As soon as he was in communication with Sir Arthur, and was made acquainted with the state of matters in the field, he seconded the remonstrances of the British general with all the weight of his station and his talents. His efforts were vain: the government was, indeed, lavish of promises, and sent Don Lorenzo Calvo, a member of their own body, to arrange for the supply of both the armies; but the English army was in no respect better supplied, and remained without either sufficient or wholesome sustenance till Sir Arthur Wellesley broke up from Jaraicejo, and commenced his retreat. Sir Arthur Wellesley halted at Merida; and he here received a dispatch from the marquis Wellesley, some paragraphs of which I transcribe.

"Although M. de Garay and his government must have been prepared to expect the early notification of your return to Portugal, from every communication which I had made since my arrival at Seville, and especially from your recent dispatches (which I had regularly put into M. de Garay's hands), the most violent emotions of alarm and consternation seemed to be excited by the near approach of an event so long foreseen.

"I am aware that the absolute necessity of the case is the sole cause of a movement so entirely contrary to your inclination.

"I am also fully sensible not only of the indelicacy, but of the inutility of attempting to offer to you any opinion of mine, in a situation where your own judgment must be your best guide; and where no useful suggestions could arise in my mind, which must not already have been anticipated by your own experience, comprehensive knowledge, and ardent zeal for the public welfare.

“Viewing, however, so nearly the painful consequences of your immediate retreat into Portugal, I have deemed it to be my duty to submit to your consideration the possibility of adopting an intermediate plan, which might combine some of the advantages of your return into Portugal, without occasioning alarm in Spain, and without endangering the foundations of the alliance between this country and Great Britain.

“But it would be vain to urge these considerations beyond the extent in which they may be approved by your judgment. It will be sufficient for me to receive an early intimation of your opinion, and to be enabled to state it distinctly to this government, which looks to your decision on the present occasion as the final determination of its fate, and of the existence of the Spanish nation. That decision I am persuaded will be founded on the same principles of wisdom, justice, and public spirit, which have already obtained the respect, esteem, and confidence of the Spanish nation; and it will be my duty to endeavor to satisfy this government (whatever may be the exigency of the crisis) that no change has taken place in the sentiments or motives of action which have so cordially engaged their affection and admiration.”

We have quoted these copious extracts from the dispatch of the marquis Wellesley, and placed them in the body of this memoir, because they show what was the true and deliberate estimation of the value of British aid, both with the government and the people of Spain; and because they show (after the fullest allowance for all the dignified courtesies of expression which abound in diplomatic correspondence) how great was the reverence and respect with which the marquis Wellesley regarded the character of his brother; how entirely he deferred to his military judgment; and how persuaded he was of the plain immovable decision with which that judgment would be formed, and carried out into action. The plan suggested by the marquis Wellesley was, that the British and Spanish armies should take up a defensive position on the left bank of the Guadiana; thus covering the Alentejo and defending Seville. To this lord Wellington objected; for the line of the Guadiana was weak, the river fordable in many places, and the ground on its banks afforded no position which could possibly have been held by the Spanish troops against the French. The Spaniards, indeed, could not be better placed at the moment than they were: in fact, by occupying, as they did, the strong line of the Tagus, and remaining on the defensive at Deleytosa and Almaraz, they effectually covered the Guadiana, and that, too, in a position almost impregnable. As a measure of increased precaution, lord Wellington advised them to take up the bridge at Almaraz, and send the pontoons to Badajos. To this last place he marched

himself in the beginning of September, and there established his head-quarters.

It is hardly to be believed, that at this time the supreme junta were not urging a renewal of offensive operations, to be undertaken by the British and Spanish forces united; the English general, however, had determined to co-operate with the undisciplined levies of Spain no longer. Nevertheless, he did consent to remain for a time upon the Spanish territory; and accordingly he cantoned the greater part of his force in the towns and villages of Estremadura, contiguous to the frontier of Portugal.

Upon the march from Jaraicejo to Badajos, lord Wellington was for two days so unwell that he was obliged to travel in a carriage; but he battled with the malady, and shook it off. In the cantonments now occupied by the British troops they had both rest and food; but there came upon them an enemy more terrible and resistless than any human foe—fiery fever and chill ague stole upon the gallant bands who had upheld the glory of England on the bloody field of Talavera. In a few weeks many thousand men were in hospital, in a few more some thousands were in the grave. In one of these autumnal months the deaths were 700, in another 1300; and brave young men, in the very prime and heyday of their lives, moaned their last in pains that tired, and shiverings that humbled them. The fever generally assumed the intermitting form. This domestic terror always appears in Estremadura during the autumnal season, and its dreaded visit has passed into a proverb.* Unhappily wine and spirits could not be procured in sufficient quantities to make regular issues to the army. The hospitals, indeed, were supplied, but even here there was a great lack of medical officers; and such was the scarcity of bark, that in the regimental hospitals many perished for the want of it. During his stay at Badajos, lord Wellington himself had a slight attack of the intermittent, and Cæsar (despite his will) trembled; but to the joy of all, the fever soon left him. It was remarkable, but in some degree comforting, that while the sick in the general hospital at Elvas were dying every day in fearful numbers, the wounded were all doing well, and recovered fast.

At this period nothing could be more gloomy than the anticipations generally indulged in by the officers of the army; especially by those who had been present through the campaign of Talavera, and had witnessed the lamentable inefficiency of all Spanish co-operation. It was commonly expected by the many that the British troops would evacuate the Peninsula

* "In mesa de Setiembre
Toda la Estremadura tiembla."

within six months. Amid all these trials and discouragements, lord Wellington never for one moment admitted into his bosom any feeling of despondency: confident that, in spite of all the disasters in Spain, he could make good the defence of Portugal, he directed all the powers of his mind, and all the resources of his genius, to that one object; and how his noble constancy was rewarded the events of the next campaign will show.

We would here remark, that lord Wellington, whose opinions concerning the Spanish government and the Spanish armies had been faithfully and firmly given in the able and interesting correspondence between himself and the marquis Wellesley, had here the opportunity of seeing, as indeed might have been seen anywhere throughout the land, that the people of Spain were true to themselves. The Estremadurans were most violent and loud against the supreme junta; they suspected and accused them of treachery by the very placards* on the walls of Badajos; they acknowledged that the British commander had been most justly disgusted with their government, Nevertheless, with the wavering caprice of an unhappy nation, tossed to and fro by those buffets of misfortune which, in the defeat and dispersion of those armies where her sons were bleeding, they continually received, after the fatal days of Ocaña and Alba de Tormes, they again railed at the English; began to tire of their presence, and to ask, with an angry and an ignorant insolence, why the British stayed in the rear? why they remained upon the soil of Spain at all, suffering Spaniards to *fight their battles*? Miserably, indeed, would those battles have been fought, if the contest had been committed to Spanish generals and Spanish armies. With a strange infatuation and with a blind temerity, the junta once more resolved to act upon the offensive in La Mancha. They appointed Areizaga to command a force of 50,000 men, placing Albuquerque, who had nine or ten thousand men in Estremadura, under the orders of this incapable and inexperienced young man. By this arrangement they overlooked Castaños, Romana, and Albuquerque, three of the best officers they had. No doubt, however, under these, if the junta had commanded a general action, the army would have equally sustained defeat; but by their better talents it would have been preserved from the signal discomfiture and utter ruin which

* Among others appeared this:—

Paz entre la Francia
Y la Junta Central:
Articulos.
El Tajo abandonado,
El Ingles disputado,
El exercito perdido,
Y Badajos vendido.

ensued. On the 3d of November, Areizaga, at the head of 43,000 infantry, 6600 horse, and sixty pieces of artillery, advanced from the Sierra Morena into the plains of La Mancha. He drew up and offered battle at Ocana, in one of the most open positions he could have chosen. He placed a wing of his army on each side of the town; stationed his second line close to his first; arrayed his cavalry in four lines upon his right, and put his guns in battery upon his two flanks.

Thus situated he was attacked by two French corps. Mortier commanded them, with Sebastiani for a second. Need the consequence be told! The Spaniards were routed with an immense loss in prisoners, and four thousand slain. Only fifteen of their guns were saved. The Spanish artillery had been well served in this action, and some battalions fought very bravely; but in vain. A regiment of guards and a regiment of Seville left the greater part of their officers and men upon the field.

The defeat of the Spanish army of La Mancha was followed by the discomfiture of that under the duke del Parque. This nobleman had obtained a very creditable success against a considerable French corps under Marchand, on the 18th of October, at Tamames. His position was a very strong one, and was very stoutly defended. The French were there repulsed with a loss of near three thousand men. Emboldened by this achievement, the duke ventured down into the open country of Castile, and, after some rash and foolish movements, was forced by Kellerman to fight a battle at Alba de Tormes. In this action the Spanish cavalry fled before the French dragoons without raising a sword; and the right flank of the foot being thus uncovered, was charged, and, after a short but ineffectual resistance, broken. The Spanish infantry on the left three times repulsed the French horse, and retired under cover of the night in good order; but, in the morning, the very same men, finding a small party of the enemy's cavalry in their rear, were stricken with a sudden panic, and dispersed, throwing away their arms and knapsacks; and this too in sight of Tamames, where a month before they had fought so well. The Spaniards lost five thousand killed and taken, and all the artillery of their right wing. In recording an action so disgraceful as this, we can only say, that the Spanish soldiers had no confidence in themselves when they were arrayed for battle against the French troops in an open country. It has been acutely observed by the historian Napier, in speaking of the French under Soult, and their weariness and discontent, that "the mind shrinks from perpetual contact with death."* Now, if this be true, as it is with all

* We well remember hearing a brave officer of a very distinguished British regiment observe upon an occasion where the corps had behaved nobly, and, as usual, sustained a heavy loss,—“It is almost time that our old hands should

troops too often led against an enemy, although they should be always victorious, in how great a measure will it be found so in men familiar only with defeat; formed only to be broken, fighting only to be slain? For so it was: and let it be remembered, that death in the onward path is not invested with any of those terrors with which it meets its miserable victim,

“In the lost battle borne down by the flying.”

Napoleon well knew what he was about when he supplied the French generals in Spain with such large and seemingly disproportionate numbers of cavalry. Before the trampling of his numerous and warlike squadrons, the hearts of the Spanish soldiers, who had no confidence in their own discipline, no power of formation and movement, and for a long time no officers capable of instructing them, too often became fear-broken; and the glittering of French sabres was like the gleam of the ax and the signal of execution.

The frequent and melancholy experience of their inefficiency in regular warfare drove numbers of the dispersed, but not disheartened, patriots to adopt a new mode of hostilities, which harassed and distressed the French to an incredible degree.

They collected in small bands; they chose leaders of a ready intelligence and a daring courage; and they commenced a system of war in detail, which gratified their thirst for the invaders' blood, and suited well with their melancholy fortunes. The French had never found any difficulty in defeating the Spanish armies†—“troops” says a French officer, “hastily raised, without skill to manœuvre, and embarrassed by the very numbers which should have been their strength.”

But now they were engaged with the nation;—they stood side by side in the market-places with men who were marking them for a prey. The peasant was seen plowing peaceably in his field; but in one of the furrows lay his long Spanish gun, ready to give aid in any chance contest between the partidas, or guerrillas, and the passing detachments of the enemy. Not a mountain pass in the romantic land but there lay among the

be sent home; they have had too much of this: they were as steady as usual, but not in such good humor as the men who last came out; a few more such victories would sicken them.” We speak from memory, and at a distance of nearly nineteen years; but a more zealous and a more gallant officer than he who made the observation could not have been found among British grenadiers.

† We deny that they ever had an army, though we use the word; they had levies of armed men, but no armies. “*What the Spaniards call armies,*” is the expression of Sir John Moore; and the duke of Albuquerque, speaking of the army of Cuesta, says, “On our marches we stop to repose like a flock of sheep, without taking up any position; and again, we march as if it were on a pilgrimage, without any regard to distance, order, or method.” Although these remarks of the duke's apply to the incompetency of Cuesta, they picture faithfully the marches of Spanish armies.

rocks and bushes a group of these fierce and formidable men, awaiting the expected convoy or the feeble company. Even in the plains the posts of correspondence were compelled to fortify a belfry, or tower, or house; and the sentinel kept his vigilant look-out from a scaffolding of planks, that he might see all that passed in the fields around; nor could any of the soldiers venture beyond the inclosure thus fortified, for fear of assassination. To lead these guerrilla bands, the priest girded up his black robe, and stuck pistols in his belt—the student threw aside his books, and grasped a sword—the shepherd forsook his flock—the husbandman his home.

One of the most celebrated of the guerrilla chiefs, thus simply tells the commencement of his military life:—

“I was born at Idozin, a village of Navarre, on the 17th of June, 1781. My parents were John Stephen Espoz y Mina, and Mary Terese, Ilundain y Ardaiz, honest farmers of that province.

“As soon as I had learned to read and write, I devoted myself to the labors of husbandry; and when my father died I took charge of the little farm, which constituted the patrimony of my family. In this manner I lived till the age of twenty-six years.

“My patriotism being then excited by the treacherous invasion of Spain by Napoleon in 1808, *after having done all the harm I could to the French in my own village*, I abandoned it, and enlisted as a *soldier* in Doyle’s battalion, on the 8th of February, 1809.

“Having joined, a short time after, the guerrilla commanded by my nephew Xavier Mina, I continued still as a private *soldier*, when this guerrilla being disbanded, in consequence of the capture of my nephew, *seven of the men named me their chief, and with them I began to command.*”

Such was the origin of this famous guerrilla chief, and such his first rank and service. Similar was the origin and service of many others, who never rose to the distinction obtained by this brave, enterprising, and fortunate individual.

The number of these armed bands was very great, and some few of the self-elected chiefs, or of those chosen by smugglers and robbers to be their leaders, became a terror to the villages which they visited, and committed great oppressions, plundering friends as well as enemies: but even these were keen after the invaders’ blood;—while the good and true patriots, who were led by good and true men, met on all sides assistance and encouragement, and were in constant communication with the inhabitants of every town and village in which the French troops were cantoned.

The stratagems of the leaders of these bands were infinitely

varied; and the very nature of their service, demanding at one moment the greatest secrecy and address, and admitting at another a display of heroic energy, had about it a wild charm that fascinated all gallant and enterprising spirits.

The principal chieftains of these partidas, were the two Minas and Renovales, in Navarre and Arragon; Porcier, named the *Marquisetto*, and Longa, in the Asturias and Biscay; Juan Martin, or *El Empecinado*, in New Castile; Juan Paladea, or *El Medico*, in La Mancha; the curate Merino and others, in Castile; the friar Sapia, of Soria; Juan Abril, of Segovia; the doctor Rovera, in Catalonia; and Julian Sanchez in the neighborhood of Salamanca; and a long list of names of lesser note, well known in the vicinity of those places where they acted against the enemy. There were not less than fifty thousand of these irregular combatants in Spain at one period of the war, and many of them were actuated by very noble motives and the true love of their country. It were a waste of words to insist upon the injury which these parties inflicted on the French armies, or upon the very material advantage derived by Spain, by Portugal, and by the British army, from their active and persevering exertions. We know that, in an after-period of the war, lord Wellington himself appreciated their important services most highly.

We may here observe that some of the British wounded, taken in the hospitals at Talavera, effected their escape in the autumn, and found their way back to the British cantonments, being fed and assisted on their route by the inhabitants of the country. It is true, we know it is true, that the people of Talavera, and of many other places, hoarded up their grain, and would not produce it, either for the British or the Spanish armies. They had become selfish from hard necessity. The owners of the grain feared the loss of their store without any remuneration; and the poor of the towns and villages, dreading scarcity and want, would not divulge the secret of the existence of such stores, or of the places of deposit. "My children cannot eat gold," was the reply of a peasant upon one occasion of great scarcity in Spain, when an officer, in a hunger he could scarcely endure, offered a doubloon for a loaf of bread. It was the invariable custom of the Spaniards during the war to bake by stealth; and the good wives would move about their dwellings, while the important business was going on, as if they were engaged in some guilty matter and feared detection.

Lord Wellington went to Lisbon on the 8th of October, and returned to Badajoz at the end of the month. Important was the object of this visit: it was upon this occasion that he made a personal *reconnaissance* of the country in front of Lisbon, and resolved upon the construction of those famous lines of Torres

Vedras, which enabled him to stay the tide of French invasion, and triumph over a numerous and formidable host with forces very inadequate to the deadly struggle of the field. Of this intention nothing was said, nothing whispered, at the time. He returned to his head-quarters full of spirit and animation; and upon the 1st of November he again quitted Badajoz and rode to Seville. About the middle of the month he again appeared at head-quarters, having, during his absence, accompanied lord Wellesley to Cadiz, on the embarkation of that nobleman for England. Things now began to look better: there were supplies in abundance; clothing had come up for the British regiments, of which they stood in the greatest need; the weather became cold and frosty; and, although the hospitals were full, from the cantonments the intermittent fever now disappeared, and the men at their duty enjoyed good health. Lord Wellington was much occupied in his bureau, and for the sake of health, and diversion of the mind, went out daily with his fowling-piece upon the plains. He had one day of princely sport in the royal park of Villa Viçiosa, a hunting-palace of the kings of Portugal. Upon this occasion one wild boar and twenty-five head of deer were heaped upon the sward as the trophy of the day. He was always gay and good-humored with those about him, and inspiring others with the confidence which he evidently felt himself.

Upon the 15th of December he broke up from his cantonments on the Guadiana, and led his army (with the exception of Hill's corps, which was left to observe the Alentejo,) to the neighborhood of the Coa. The preparations of the French for the invasion of Portugal had now assumed an intelligible character; and Ciudad Rodrigo, a Spanish fortress immediately upon the frontier, and not very distant from Almeida, was already menaced. While his columns were crossing the Tagus, and pursuing their march to the new line of cantonments appointed for them, lord Wellington again visited Lisbon. He now made another *reconnoissance* of the positions near that capital, and gave his final orders for the works to be erected. He again rode over the range of hills to select his line of defence. He fixed the principal points, marked the great outline, and leaving the detail and execution of this great work to lieutenant-colonel Fletcher, an able and meritorious officer worthy of all confidence, he rejoined his army, and established his head-quarters at Vizeu.

CHAP. XVII.

LORD WELLINGTON IS APPOINTED MARSHAL-GENERAL OF THE LUSITANIAN FORCES.—PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.—OPINIONS IN ENGLAND CONCERNING THE DEFENCE OF PORTUGAL.—POSITION OF THE ALLIES.—CONDUCT OF LORD WELLINGTON.—ASSEMBLY OF THE ARMY OF INVASION UNDER MASSENA.

By a royal decree published at Lisbon on the 23d of November, 1809, and dated at Rio Janeiro in the July preceding, lord Wellington was appointed marshal-general of the forces of Portugal. The regency were commanded to invite him to all their sittings, and to consult with him on all projected measures of importance. This appointment invested lord Wellington with an authority in all military affairs *supreme*; and gave him a voice in all civil arrangements and financial regulations, which could not be heard without attention and respect. Already it was well and widely known in Portugal, that they had to do with a nobleman of liberal disinterested views, and of a straightforward integrity. This wise confidence of the court of Portugal was bestowed upon one who felt the honor and the value of so great a trust: nor can there be one individual found in that country to stand forward and say, that the power and influence which it gave was in any instance abused.

It is a great pleasure to know that we write the memoir of a general, who, although his commands have been many and considerable, and the theatre of his services has been often varied, was never yet charged with one act of rapacity or of cruelty; that we find no stain of severity upon his hand, no dirt of plunder adhering to his honorable sword, no tears of desolated provinces to dim the lustre of his laurels.

With a calm and cheerful resolution lord Wellington took upon himself the heavy charge and the high responsibility of defending this little kingdom against the most formidable military power in Europe; and secure in the bravery of his few but faithful Britons, and in the willing devotion of the Portuguese soldiery, he looked onwards to the impending struggle without dismay. He enjoyed the confidence of the council, of the army, of the people of Portugal. Whatever suggestions he offered were cordially adopted; and the absence of the court (though friendly) kept at a distance all those low jealousies and petty intrigues which might otherwise have thwarted and perplexed him.

The men of the Portuguese army rapidly improved in appearance and discipline, and gave good promise of efficient aid in the approaching contest. But there was one branch of that army full of evil, stubborn, and intractable; its commissariat

was inefficient for the troops, and oppressive to the people. Here reformation was opposed by all the cunning and intrigue to which self-interest and avarice so eagerly resort. There is no canker which does so surely eat out the heart of patriotic exertions as the sin of covetousness: by this the success in Spain was ever much impeded; and by this the difficulty of the defensive war in Portugal was greatly increased: but by the close and earnest attention of lord Wellington, many abuses were swept away, and others diminished.

The exertions of marshal Beresford were indefatigable; and certainly it was no light labor to reform an army so long and so shamefully neglected. Cleanliness, regularity, attendance at all drills and parades, and prompt obedience to all orders, were rigidly enforced both upon officers and men. Equal justice was administered to the private soldier; and the fidalgo officer was taught to respect the rights, the character, and the person of the meanest peasant in the camp. Thus the dirty, indolent, and slovenly soldiers of the weakest and most perverted government in Europe soon learned that respect for themselves which drew all fear out of their hearts, and enabled them to contemplate the war, not only without alarm, but with the hope of victory.

It is a difficult task to reform and correct abuses, without exciting ill-will in the breasts of many; and, thankful to marshal Beresford for what he did, we must not complain unreasonably concerning that which he failed to do. It was his aim to inspire awe into all beneath him. The wisdom of this aim we question; it frightened only his worst officers, and discontented many of his best. His manners were harsh and unpopular, and formed a great contrast to the patient good-humor and quietness of lord Wellington.

The British head-quarters were established at Vizeu on the 12th of January, 1810; and the divisions of the army were so disposed as to hold the strong and rugged line of the Beira frontier, while at the same time they were distributed in cantonments where their health, equipment, and discipline might be carefully improved. We turn for a few pages to look upon the affairs of Spain. When, after the battle of Vals and the death of Reding, Blake was appointed commander-in-chief of Catalonia, Valencia, and Arragon, his first operations at Monzon and Alcaniz were successful.

Encouraged by the smile of fortune, he projected the recovery of Zaragoza; and he marched against the corps of marshal Suchet, which lay near that famous city. Blake was so unskilful in the plan of his attack, and so slow in his formations, that Suchet anticipated him and struck the first blow: nevertheless Blake defended himself well, and repulsed the assault

upon his left wing with firmness ; but the marshal making fresh dispositions, attacked him in turn with great vigor and overthrew the Spaniards with slaughter, taking from them guns and colors, and driving them away in disorder. Blake rallied his troops the next day ; and upon the 18th of June drew up on a range of hills near Belchite, and offered battle. Suchet attacked him here with twenty-two battalions and seven squadrons ; but, to the bitter mortification of Blake, his men, with the defeat of the 14th sticking in their minds, broke at the very commencement of the action, and fled. His artillery was taken, and in the pursuit the French made 4000 prisoners.

We find consolation for this in contemplating the glorious defence of Gerona ; that heroic city sustained a siege of six months with unshaken constancy. Don Mariano Alvarez, a veteran of noble character, was the governor of this fortress. From the middle of September to the day of the capitulation, which was finally agreed to on December the 10th, three wide breaches in its battered walls lay constantly open to the assailing columns. When first practicable, they were twice fiercely stormed, and fearlessly defended ; the enemy was repulsed with so severe a loss, and so greatly discouraged, that the French officers judged it unwise to renew the attempt, and it was resolved to reduce the brave defenders by famine. Now came the dread trial of enduring courage. The garrison and the citizens fed hard and scantily ;—they ate the flesh of horses and mules, and handfuls of unground corn, which they pounded between stones. Fever and flux soon appeared among them ; and they sickened, and wasted, and died in great numbers. The way to the burial-place was never vacant, and the deaths averaged from thirty to forty daily. Amid all this disease and weakness they had no rest ; for the bombardment was continued day and night, and ever in the night with great violence. There was scarcely a building which had not been injured ; the houses lay in ruins, and the people slept in vaults and cellars, or made them holes and caves amid the rubbish ; the very wounded were killed as they lay in hospital : still they not only held these breaches, which had been open for weeks without repair, but they made a sally to relieve the only two remaining outposts ; and they effected their object in so sudden and resolute a manner that they only lost forty men. This was their last exertion. The sickness increased so dreadfully, that the deaths in one day sometimes amounted to seventy. On the 4th of December Alvarez, the governor, was seized with a nervous fever, and in a few days became delirious and incapable of command. A council was now held of the two juntas, military and civil, and they deputed Don Blas de Furnas, a distinguished soldier, to treat for a capitulation. The most honorable terms were freely

accorded by marshal Augereau, in a spirit that does infinite credit to his memory. The whole of the 10th was employed in adjusting the terms; and while this was going on, the French soldiers ran eagerly to the walls with provisions and wine for the brave men who had so long and so firmly opposed them. Humanities like these redeem the character of the imperial army; and we forget willingly for a season, that they were the instruments of the most insatiable and merciless ambition which ever cursed the world.

The emaciated garrison marched out with the honors of war; and as the decorated victors of Austerlitz looked upon the pale and patriot band, they might well have envied them the greater glory of that mournful triumph. Mariano Alvarez was led away in his captivity to Figueras, where soon after he died; but his name will live till old Gerona be a heap, and Spain a solitude.

We pass from Catalonia to the centre and south of Spain. Marshal Soult had in the previous October been appointed major-general and chief of the staff to king Joseph, in the place of Jourdan, who was recalled to Paris. This appointment gave activity and union to all the French operations; and some of the successes which immediately ensued have already been told.

The central junta after the rout of Ocana exhibited no energy, and were unwilling to contemplate the coming dangers, because they had no abilities to meet them. They had lost the confidence and respect of the nation: they made an effort to recover their ground by offering to Romana, who had exposed their incapacity and disclaimed their authority, the command of Areizagas's broken army: this offer he declined. There was no reasonable prospect of defending the Sierra Morena with such a mob of undisciplined fugitives. Such little hope as remained to them rested on 12,000 men in Estremadura, commanded by the brave and zealous duke del Albuquerque; but of him they were jealous, and they looked upon all sides with doubt and hesitation.

They now announced their intention of removing from Seville to the Isle of Leon; a resolution which immediately excited loud murmurs among the people. The citizens saw they were to be abandoned; and, though certainly most unequal to the task, there was a mad desire to defend Seville. Meanwhile the king, at the head of three French corps directed by the able Soult, was marching upon Andalusia. They passed the Sierra Morena, encountering but little resistance; and upon the 21st of January their head-quarters were established at Baylen, the very place where the troops of Dupont at the commencement

of the struggle had laid down their arms in dejection and disgrace.

It was in vain that the junta tried to hold out false hopes to the people; it was in vain they admonished them to be calm,—all was in confusion; and the extinction of the power of this weakest and most unfortunate of councils was at hand. They were completely at a loss how to act; they sent instructions to Albuquerque at one moment which by the next courier they contradicted. These orders directed him to march on Cordova; an arrangement so foolish that it could scarcely be referred to treachery. The French had already passed the Sierra Morena; Albuquerque, therefore, with a wise and prompt decision, led his division direct upon Cadiz; and thus was a city saved, the security of which was of the last importance to the future conduct of the war.

When Victor arrived from Seville he found Albuquerque with 8000 men already in the Isle of Leon, and the approaches guarded. The rest of Andalusia was speedily overrun. Seville was for a time the head-quarters of the intruder. French horsemen rode in at the gates of Jaen unresisted; French trumpets sounded their proud notes in the startled halls of Grenada; and, after a few useless shots in their defence, Malaga yielded up the cellars of her famous wine to the armed purveyors of king Joseph.

The unpopularity of the supreme junta had reached its height before they left Seville. While they were hastening their departure for Cadiz, the people of Seville had risen in tumult and deposed them: and when they arrived in Cadiz and discovered the strength of the public feeling against them, they formally resigned; but they did so with a becoming and deliberate dignity. They nominated a regency, and transferred to it their authority, making provision that it should be only retained till the cortes were assembled. After this they published a farewell address to the people, in which they set forth all their exertions, vindicated their measures, and maintained their faithfulness in duty and their purity in intention. It must be freely admitted, that they had a task which might have proved too arduous for any statesmen upon earth. The government of a fierce, haughty, suspicious people, united indeed in one sentiment, viz., hatred to the invader; but, upon most questions which arose, separated into as many factions as there were provinces; consulting only interests that were local; moved only by dangers that were near; having no *system* in any thing; and averse from the introduction of any regulations that were *new*, however rational and useful. Neither was it in all the hurry and agitation of a present warfare that these evils could possibly be corrected. Neither was there one single mas-

ter-mind to which the nation could look as to a beacon; nor one beloved person, dear to their hearts, round whom their affections could cling. Therefore it was, that each province and each army had attachments and prejudices distinct, and to be reconciled for the general good by no man, or council of men, to be found in all Spain.

They were a people disturbed and broken in upon by war and all its train of troubles; and not a town or village in the kingdom but found all its petty authorities placed in situations so new, and exacting services and duties so strange to them, that, but for the melancholy consequences of their inexperience, and their unteachable obstinacy, if Spain hath, in any nook or corner of her land, a Cervantes living, he would find as rich materials for his pen in that period as she once furnished to that great master of the smile, and a moral to the full as mournful as he gave.

In their choice of the regents the junta selected the very fittest persons, a tacit proof of their own integrity; but many of their own body, after its dissolution, were persecuted with great rigor and cruel indignity, not by the regency, but by the junta of Cadiz and the people.

In the dangers now imminent that city looked anxiously to England: supplies of all sorts were most liberally furnished from Gibraltar; and there being no longer any objection to receive British troops in garrison, a division of 6000 men, including a contingent furnished by Portugal, were landed upon the Isla de Leon, and lieutenant-general Graham was sent from England to command at that important station. But such notice of their operations as may be required to illustrate this memoir we will take in another place, and return at present to Portugal.

It is interesting to inquire, while so many and so great anxieties were pressing upon the mind of lord Wellington, how far he was strengthened from home by the support of the ministry, and how far he was encouraged by the voice of his countrymen. A more animating spectacle can scarcely be contemplated by a nation alive to its glory than that of its chosen champion girding up his loins upon the appointed arena, and standing strong and steady to meet the enemy of his native land, and to maintain the cause of a weak and trembling ally. But what was the fact? In the British senate speeches were made and printed, with the double view, one should imagine, of encouraging the French and depressing the British armies.

Our extracts shall be few, but they bring out the character of lord Wellington into bold relief, and will fix in the mind a right estimate of his talent and of his courage.

“It was mournful and alarming,” observed one gentleman,

“to hear that lord Wellington had said he could defend Portugal with 50,000 men, provided 30,000 were British; for, if the French were in earnest in their designs upon that country, before three months lord Wellington and his army would be in England.”

In a memorable debate in the house of lords, a great and gifted nobleman, upon whose opinions able men have always set a high value, after remonstrating against the useless defence of Portugal, broke out with the following interrogatory:—“Was there any man that heard him, who in his conscience believed that even the sacrifice of the whole of that brave British army would secure the kingdom of Portugal?”—“If,” said he, “I receive from any person an answer in the affirmative, *I shall be able to judge by that answer of the capacity of such a person for the government of this country, or even for the transaction of public business in a deliberative assembly.*”—Next came an earl, who was a general, or rather a soldier, and a brave one, but luckily not the commander of our army in Portugal. He said, that “this attempt to defend Portugal was the *climax of error*; that we should be *allowed* to retain Portugal under our present system *just so long as Bonaparte thought proper.*”

In fact, the counsel of the despondent party, both in the houses of parliament and among the people of England, was this:—“Break your faith; desert the Spaniards; desert the Portuguese; have nothing to do with these terrible legions of Napoleon, you can neither resist them nor him; bring the army back; and, unless the French come to the shores of old England to look for it, let it never fire another shot.” It was melancholy to see how many fine minds, how many excellent hearts, were blinded and deceived, and bowed down before the very name of Napoleon. Not even the consciousness that they were reading only a splendid and fabulous narration prevented their thrilling admiration of his bulletins. Neither did the coarseness of his tyranny in one country, nor the meanness of his policy towards another, awaken them to his true character. While the mothers of France, bereaved of their sons, *of all their sons*, sate lonely in their homes, and cursed him; while every new project of his ambition brought with it some new call upon the scanty resources of the industrious citizen of France, Englishmen were found to worship before his throne, to stand before it with sealed eyes in a trance of wonder, and to fill their mouths with his praise. Strange that such things “should drivel out of human lips,” “e’en in the cradled weakness of the world.”

In both houses ministers were triumphant in these various debates; and the necessary supplies were voted for the Portuguese troops. But yet they were timid and cautious in all

their measures; they made no such exertions as the emergency required; they sent no British reinforcements; they bade lord Wellington *risk nothing*, and hold himself always free for a safe and early embarkation; and it was seen plainly, from the whole tenor of their instructions, that if disaster befell him he must bear all the responsibility, and sink alone, not looking to be supported by them: but he had a heart, and a mind, and a courage, and a capacity, to sustain the weight of these difficulties which were heaped upon him.

Around him lay those brave battalions with which he had already achieved a triumph; and in them he again found, as he had always found, his ready and best support. Disease had wholly disappeared; they were again hale, efficient, and ready for the field. His own head-quarters, as we have before stated, were at Vizeu. His advance division lay in front of Almeida, and patrolled as far as Ciudad Rodrigo. His cavalry, with the exception of the brigade furnishing relief for the outposts, lay in good cantonments in the rear; while the other divisions of infantry were so disposed, that the two great roads which pierce the mountainous region of Beira were effectually guarded; and these divisions were placed, moreover, in so close and judicious a connexion, that they could readily be assembled at any point which the enemy should seriously menace, or which the general himself might choose for a demonstration on the frontier. The park of artillery was at head-quarters. All these troops were comfortably quartered, the weather was favorable, and provisions wholesome and abundant. While lord Wellington, with the main body of his forces, observed all the country between the Douro and the Tagus, general Hill was posted south of this last river, with a division of infantry and another of Portuguese, to watch the corps of Mortier and of Regnier, who held the upper Estremadura, having their head-quarters at Merida, and patrolled in force towards the frontier of Alentejo. Romana, who, withdrawing from Seville when the French passed the Sierra Morena, had thrown himself into Badajoz, just in time to save it from the corps of Mortier, was still in that place, and in regular communication with Hill. Elvas was respectably garrisoned; but though general Hill kept his head-quarters usually at Portalegre, having a battalion advanced towards Albuquerque, and patrolling to the Spanish frontier, yet his main position was at Abrantes.

The head-quarters of marshal Beresford and of the Portuguese army was at Thomar. The Portuguese troops now consisted of twenty-four regiments of the line, six of light infantry, and ten of cavalry, together with a due proportion of artillery. Their effective strength was about 31,000; of this number, many regiments were not yet sufficiently trained to act with the

army, and remained therefore in garrison. Such brigades as were in the highest and most efficient state of discipline were placed in British divisions; where, among English corps, it was rightly judged they would feel a greater confidence, and a more noble emulation. Lord Wellington's personal activity, both of mind and body, during the long period in which the troops lay still and undisturbed, was incessant. Early in February, having visited his advanced divisions, he went again to Lisbon, and again examined his lines with care. Ten thousand laborers were at work on them. He returned about the middle of February, in high health and spirits, spoke not a word about the lines, only there went forth a report, which was not of course discouraged by the general, that the idea of forming these lines had been altogether abandoned, as the position was too extensive, and capable of being turned. The enemy about this time made various demonstrations against Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Upon the side of Alentejo, whenever the enemy moved down from Merida, and showed the heads of his columns, Hill, in pursuance of his instructions, put himself in motion, and marched a little forward; but, in Beira, lord Wellington never moved at all, nor could they ever tempt him to betray his dispositions or disconnect his divisions, and these he had so posted that he knew they could not be troubled or disturbed in that stage of the campaign. Meanwhile the guerrillas from Navarre and Biscay sent reports of the entry of large reinforcements from France; and as the spring advanced, the plot, as had been expected, thickened. During this period, lord Wellington was much and closely occupied in his bureau. There he worked alone, with simplicity and with the common secrecy of reserve; but without the slightest ostentation; no solemn mystery; no pomp of concealment; and never one look of importance. He commanded the corps of Hill, with as much minute attention to the very detail of its movements as if it had been under his own eye, though it operated far away from him in the south. In like manner he directed every movement throughout the land, north as well as south; looking upon every road, and every stream, and every strong sierra, from the still observatory of his mind; while, as he bent over his maps and plans, he considered the correspondence and reports submitted to him. He answered all important communications with his own hand, and conveyed his instructions with that minute clearness which precluded the possibility of his being misunderstood. In the month of March, 1810, the British troops effective in the field did not amount to 22,000 combatants.

In this month the enemy were already assembling in force upon the Tormes. One corps destined to form a part of the invading army was, as a preliminary operation, directed to possess

itself of Astorga. This ancient city is walled, and capable of defeating any sudden assault, but not defensible against a regular attack. Santocildes, who had repulsed an attempt of the enemy upon this place in the September preceding, was still the governor, and had a garrison of from two to three thousand men. Junot marched upon Astorga with 12,000 men, invested it in due form on the 21st of March, did not open his batteries till the 20th of April; and having breached the place, and again vainly summoned it, attempted to carry it by storm. After a fierce struggle he was repulsed, with the loss of 1500 men; but for all this signal success, Santocildes, being without stores or ammunition to continue the defence, made terms for the unhappy citizens, and obtained the honors of war for the garrison.

After this conquest, which cost him 2500 men, Junot marched into old Castile, and joined the corps which had already commenced their operations against the frontier of Portugal; having their advanced post upon the Agueda; upon which river, and between it and the Coa, were those of the British light division under general Crawford.

That the campaign would open with the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, was the general expectation; nor was it thought by any that Ciudad could make a long or an effectual defence. Nevertheless its old walls and imperfect defences had been put into a respectable condition, and the garrison was very amply supplied with stores and ammunition: but, as the place is commanded from many points, as its outworks would in the end materially assist the besiegers; and as there was no protection either for the soldiers or inhabitants from shells, it was not deemed a serious obstacle, or considered as giving promise of any long delay to the enemy's advance. Nevertheless, don Perez de Herrasti, the governor, though an old, was a tried man; and had been formerly the friend and comrade of Mariano Alvarez.

Within the Portuguese frontier, the fortress of Almeida was put in an excellent state of defence. A British colonel, with a garrison of 5000 Portuguese, was appointed governor; and the most sanguine expectations were formed concerning the stout resistance it would offer.

At the same time it was within the bounds of possibility that the enemy, who had now collected upon the Tormes and the Agueda one of those vast armies with which they had so often swept along the path of victory with the rush as of a whirlwind, might now attempt one of those sudden and fierce irruptions which, if successful in its opening burst, would roll forwards with a rapid and terrific strength to be stayed by no human effort.

As early as the month of May, three *corps d'armée* were

united under the command of Massena, with the title of the army of Portugal.

It was generally believed that this favorite child of victory was chosen by his imperial master to consummate a long career of skill, exertion, and valor, by the conquest of this kingdom, and would be assuredly rewarded by its crown. Neither was he meanly provided for this resolved achievement. A host of more than 70,000 experienced and intrepid soldiers were marshalled beneath the eagles of Napoleon, and stood ready in array awaiting only the signal to advance; but Wellington lay among the hills, and the British lion was in the way.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE ADVANCE OF MASSENA.—THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—THE INVASION OF PORTUGAL.—THE SUDDEN FALL OF ALMEIDA.—THE DISPOSITIONS OF WELLINGTON.—THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

THE reputation of Massena, the strength of the army of Portugal, and the knowledge that a body of the imperial guards had already crossed the Pyrenees, elated the French soldiers.

The campaign for which they were assembled was thus invested with a character of high importance; and they were animated with the hope, that on the day of battle they should be commanded by the Emperor in person. This last expectation was somewhat strengthened by a delay in the commencement of operations, and was still entertained by the men long after it had been dismissed from the minds of their officers.

But the delay had other causes. The fields of Roliça, Vimieiro, and Corunna, the passage of the Douro, and the battle of Talavera, had satisfied Napoleon that the British troops and their general were to be duly respected; therefore Massena was instructed to proceed warily and by rule. With 50,000 men he formally invested the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, upon the 4th of June, 1810. The communications of the besiegers were immediately secured by bridges thrown across the Agueda, both above and below the town. The French broke ground on the 13th, upon a ridge called the Greater Teson, which overlooks the walls of Rodrigo at a distance of 600 yards. In the night of the 22d, the famous partisan Julian Sanchez, who, with 200 horsemen, had been suddenly shut into the place by the cavalry of the investing army, led his people out silently, cut a way through the French posts, and joined the advanced division of the allied army without loss.

Upon the 25th the French batteries, mounting six-and-forty guns and all directed upon one point, opened a heavy fire, to

which the besieged replied with great vigor and effect. Upon the 27th the place was summoned by Massena; but the governor had no thought of surrender, and the siege was continued. The suburb of San Francisco, on the north-east, and the convent of Santa Cruz, on the north-west, formed natural and convenient outworks to the city. These were now attacked by the French troops, and, after a most gallant resistance, by which the French suffered a very severe loss, were finally carried. This done, the besiegers established their batteries upon the Lesser Teson, a lower ridge rising in front of the Greater, but only 150 yards from the ditch.

These batteries opened, on the 9th of July, with a furious and weighty fire: in twenty-four hours the Spanish guns were silenced; many houses were in flames; the counterscarp had been blown into the ditch by a mine; and a way into the place, wide and easy, lay open to the besiegers. The French columns mustered immediately for the storm: they waited only for the word "advance," when the white flag was hoisted upon the walls, and the city surrendered.

During this siege, so creditable to the garrison and the citizens, lord Wellington was often and strongly urged by the Spanish government to relieve the place; and Romana came from Badajos to press the solicitation in person. Had such a measure been possible, consistently with that high duty to which he stood pledged as the defender of Portugal, lord Wellington had needed no other voice to prompt such an effort, than the sound of that distant cannonade, which daily told him that Herrasti, the governor, was a true man, and the Spaniards were faithful. He transferred his head-quarters, during the siege, to Alverca, a village half-way between Almeida and Celerico, in the faint hope that the enemy, by making some large detachment or false disposition, might afford him an opportunity to strike a sudden blow. The opportunity, however, was not given. Massena would have decoyed the British forward, if possible; but the mind's eye of Wellington looked in upon his councils; his various feints were seen through; and, in the face of 60,000 French soldiers, well commanded, it had been to invite destruction, if, with only 25,000 British and Portuguese, the latter as yet untried, the English general had advanced into the plain.

During all the operations of the French preparatory to and pending the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, the country between the Azava and the Coa was covered and protected by the light division of the British army under general Robert Crawford. The bold countenance and perfect discipline of these troops were the admiration of both armies; and the ability with which general Crawford had commanded them for three months, in their im-

portant and arduous duties in advance, was a theme of constant praise.

This begot, perhaps, in the mind of the general a natural desire of yet higher distinction, which brought on a very useless action upon the Coa.

As early as the 4th of July, the enemy, considering the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo near, assembled a strong body at Marialva, crossed the Agueda in force, and obliged Crawford's advance to fall back upon Almeida.

The British retired in good order, and the movement was covered by brilliant skirmishing. The first German hussars and the third Portuguese caçadores were particularly distinguished; a troop of the former, under captain Krauchenberg, checked a column of French horse by a most gallant charge; and the Portuguese battalion under Lieutenant-colonel Elder displayed such steadiness near Almeida as gave good promise of the efficiency of our allies.

There was another affair of posts upon the 11th, in which colonel Talbot, of the 14th light dragoons, was slain, in a brave but vain attempt to break in upon a small square of French infantry. These various skirmishes were conducted, on both sides, with a dashing and emulous spirit. Crawford now took up a position near Almeida, waiting the enemy's further movements; but, having the express command of lord Wellington to pass to the left bank of the Coa, without fighting, the very moment the enemy advanced in strength.

This order, with an ambition that blinded his judgment, general Crawford disobeyed.

He remained in position till Ney with a complete corps of the French army was upon him; and to this overwhelming force he had only 5000 men to oppose. A severe action was fought upon the 24th of July, in which no single object was gained. The British had to cross the Coa under every possible disadvantage; but they made good the left bank and the bridge, and from this last position inflicted a very heavy loss upon the enemy.

They are said to have had 1000 men killed and wounded, and the allies about 320, including from forty to fifty of the Portuguese.

To the regiments of the light division this engagement was highly honorable.

With this action the invasion of Portugal opened. It did not, however, retard the investment of Almeida for one day. General Crawford only held his ground till nightfall, and then withdrew.

While these things were passing in the north of Portugal, general Hill commanded a corps in the Alemtejo, composed of a division of British and one of Portuguese infantry, with 1000

horse,—in all about 14,000 men,—and carefully watched the movements of the French corps under Regnier in Spanish Estremadura.

At last, upon the 10th of July, Regnier marched from Merida, leaving a rear-guard for a few days in occupation of that city, to cover his intention; and, moving swiftly towards the Tagus, crossed that river at Alconete and Almaraz. By a rapid parallel march, Hill effected the passage of the Tagus at Villa Velha, in time to reach Castello Branco by the 21st. At this place general Hill was reinforced by a brigade of Portuguese cavalry, under general Fane. Keeping his advance at Castello Branco, he formed his encampment at Sarzedaz, and thus communicated with Guarda by the road over the Estrella, and covered all the avenues through southern Beira.

A reserve of 2000 British, lately arrived, and 8000 Portuguese troops, were assembled at Thomar, under general Leith; and these troops, holding the line of the Zezere, lay ready either to support Hill, or march northward, as circumstances might arise. The main body of the army, under the personal command of lord Wellington, including the light division, did not exceed 28,000 men.

From the day of Crawford's action the situation of Wellington became anxious and critical. It seemed doubtful whether Massena would lay siege to Almeida. He invested it; but his further intention was not soon manifest. In Ciudad Rodrigo he was already provided with a place of arms: he was known to have collected large stores of provision. He had an army very superior in numbers generally, and overpoweringly strong in horse; and with him, therefore, lay the choice of routes and operations. Lord Wellington maintained his advanced position for some days, intently watching his adversary, then gradually withdrew the greater part of his infantry behind the Mondego; but, with the fourth division, he still held Guarda. Thus his retreat was secure and easy; and the most admirable arrangements were made to rid the army of all encumbrances, and keep its line of march free and open.

Upon the 4th of August the British general issued the memorable proclamation, commanding the inhabitants of all that portion of the country which the military means at his disposal were not able to protect, to evacuate their homes, to remove their goods, to drive their cattle, and to destroy all stores and provision for which they had no transport.

The magistrates and authorities in the villages and towns were advised, that if, after receiving the order to remove from the military officers who would be charged with the delivery of it at the proper moment, they remained to receive the invaders, they would be considered traitors, and punished accordingly.

Already the inhabitants of many places upon the frontier, who, confiding in the promises of protection and friendship announced by the proclamation of Massena, had staid peaceably in their houses, were lamenting their credulity amid scenes of plunder, violation, and blood!

The events of war hang ever upon Providence; and, when human wisdom has done its best, and human courage is ready to do its utmost, a spark blown by the wind is sufficient to baffle both. Almeida was a fortress regularly constructed; the garrison consisted of 4000 Portuguese, with colonel Cox, an Englishman, for the governor. It was well provided, and was expected to offer so long a resistance, as might delay the advance of the invaders till the falling of the autumnal rains. Massena broke ground before the place on the night of the 15th of August: on the morning of Sunday the 26th, his batteries opened their fire from sixty-five pieces of cannon. The same evening, after dark, the great magazine in the centre of the town, fired by a shell, which fell upon some ammunition at the door, suddenly exploded. The noise was loud as thunder, and most terrific. The destruction was appalling: many hundreds both of the garrison and the inhabitants were killed; solid buildings shook and fell; ponderous cannon were thrown from their place.

The governor, however, beat instantly to arms, and, with a few courageous gunners, hurried to the ramparts, and opened fire upon the enemy from such pieces as were not dismounted by the shock. The sudden assault, naturally apprehended, was not given; for the besiegers were too much surprised themselves to profit that night by the confusion which prevailed. The next day they demanded the immediate surrender of the place. Colonel Cox, the governor, after vain and earnest efforts to counteract the fear of the mutinous opposition of his lieutenant-governor, and betrayed by the very officer whom he had sent to the enemy's camp to demand terms, was compelled to yield up the fortress. The only conditions granted were, that the regular troops should be prisoners of war, but that the militia should return home and serve no more.

In contempt of this agreement, Massena forcibly detained the militiamen, and embodied them as pioneers: moreover, by false representations and threats, he induced or compelled the regulars to enrol themselves in the French service. These men were placed under the command of some Portuguese renegades, who, with the Marques de Alorna for a leader, accompanied the head-quarters of marshal Massena.

Lord Wellington, being deeply skilled in human nature, and understanding the difficulties of these ignorant, oppressed, and deluded soldiers, contrived to let them feel assured of a ready welcome without reproach; and, in consequence, nearly all of

them returned to the allied army, and rejoined the standard of Portugal.

When the French commenced their operations against Almeida, lord Wellington moved up the Portuguese troops that were two or three marches in the rear, and recrossed the Mondego, in full strength, to observe and support the defence of that fortress.

The early fall of Almeida broke many of his hopes and many of his combinations. Even as it was, had Cox succeeded in gaining two or three days' time, lord Wellington might, and probably would have brought off the garrison. The silence of their fire, and the shattered appearance of the town, told him on the 27th, that the explosion of the preceding evening had probably reduced them to a difficult condition. Upon the morning of the 29th, he ascertained, in a personal reconnoissance, by the help of his glass, that the French were already in possession of the place.

The British general now once more withdrew his forces behind the Mondego; fixed his cavalry at Celerico, placed posts at Guarda and Trancoso, and established the head-quarters at Gouvea. The forward march of the enemy might now be hourly expected, though the line of it was not at all as yet indicated by the movements either of Massena himself, or of the left corps under Regnier. After the fall of Almeida, the invader lay for a time inactive, and his plan was yet to be developed. It was necessary to watch the heads of all his columns with great jealousy.

At this most anxious and trying period, the firmness of lord Wellington was the rock upon which all the best and the most honorable hopes of the army were built.

It was very generally suspected that he was but feebly supported by ministers at home: it was known that recent changes in the government of Portugal rendered it less zealous and efficient than heretofore. Defeat, discomfiture, flight to our ships, and abandonment of our allies, were the daily prophecies of certain *English* newspapers, and were reprinted by *Napoleon's press*, to reconcile France to a war that was dishonoring and devouring her best soldiers.

Some minds yield so passively to what is impressed upon them by the papers which they habitually read, that, in the very camp, brave and intelligent officers were found to entertain the same views, to reiterate the same croakings, and to color all their correspondence with the like dismal hue. Many were the mischievous and desponding letters written from the army, not only to friends in England, but to acquaintances at Lisbon and Oporto. Some letters to this last place excited the utmost alarm and consternation at a moment when it was especially de-

sirable to keep that city tranquil. Lord Wellington reprov'd these ignorant and indiscreet letter-writers in a general order, which was worded with such forbearance and dignity, and conveyed so keen a sarcasm on the offenders, as very effectually reclaimed most of them from their perverse folly.

It was provoking and mortifying to a great commander that such things should be done by the very officers who fought under his orders, of whom he well knew that they would readily shed their blood for the honor of the British arms; and, professionally, would consider his praise as their highest reward. But Wellington had neither the disposition nor the time to dwell upon mortifications: he had something to do. In the middle of September, Massena marched in three columns on Viseu, and lord Wellington retired along the left bank of the Mondego. The French army was assembled at Viseu on the 22d; and Wellington, leaving the light division and the cavalry at Martagoa, on the Criz, withdrew behind the Alva.

It was now evident that the French marshal had selected for his line of march a road upon the north of the Mondego, which traverses the Serra de Busaco to Coimbra. The Serra de Busaco is a branch of that range of mountains in the north which bounds the valley of the Vouga: it terminates with a fall almost perpendicular, upon the Mondego; and, on the opposite bank of that river, a mountain range, called the Serra de Murcella, continues the line of Busaco. The city of Coimbra is distant from Busaco about three leagues.

The choice of the enemy, who had now evidently given up those routes leading by the Estrella and the mountains of Castello Branco, upon Abrantes and the Zezere, lay between two roads, the one traversing the Murcella range, on the south of the Mondego, the other Busaco, on the north, and both leading into Portuguese Estremadura.

The corps of Hill, and the reserve under Leith, lay guarding the line of the Tagus and the Zezere to the very last moment in which any doubt could be admitted as to the direction of the enemy's march. General Hill's columns were already in motion, anticipating the summons of lord Wellington, when it arrived; so entirely had general Hill been placed in the confidence of his chief, and so great had been his own vigilance and good success in obtaining information.

No sooner had Wellington ascertained the direction of Massena's march (by that marshal passing the Criz in strength on the 23d), than he threw himself, with nearly his whole force, from the south to the north of the Mondego, and occupied Busaco.

Here, by his own admirable combinations, and by the rapid and well-regulated movements of general Hill, and of the re-

serve under general Leith, his whole army was, at the required moment, concentrated in a battle position, and one eminently favorable for the first great trial of the Portuguese levies.

As the enemy advanced into Portugal, the militia and Ordenanza closed upon his flank and rear. Upon the 20th of September, colonel Trant, with his division, came upon the escort of their military chest and reserve artillery, and very briskly attacked it. He took two officers and one hundred men prisoners, and caused great confusion; but a force was rapidly brought to bear upon him, and the chest and the artillery were saved.

The French abandoned their communication with Almeida in pursuance of Massena's plan: his object was one and undivided. He gathered his forces in one solid host; issued to every soldier a supply of biscuit for fifteen days; and calculated on penetrating to Coimbra before Wellington could collect an army strong enough to oppose his march.

The Serra de Busaco covers Coimbra: it extends from the Mondego in a northerly direction about eight miles; it is a lofty ridge; the face of it very steep; here, covered with short coarse grass, there, rugged with huge stones; and its summit, to the east, is in many places pointed with sharp rocks. But it is intersected by a few gorges and defiles, up which flocks are driven and mules travel. At the loftiest summit, about two miles from its northern extremity, is a lonely convent of barefooted Carmelites, situated in a woody garden or desert. Here Wellington fixed his head-quarters; and from hence he saw the dust and glitter of those vast and formidable columns which, far as the eye could reach, covered the country in front with the invaders and their train.

General Hill crossed the Mondego, by a short movement to his left, on the morning of the 26th, leaving colonel Le Cor, with a Portuguese brigade, on the Serra de Murcella, and general Fane, with his division of Portuguese cavalry and the 13th light dragoons, in front of the Alva. Thus, the right of the army was covered, and the movements of the enemy's horse upon the Mondego were observed and held in check. All the divisions of the allied infantry were formed upon the Serra de Busaco; and the main body of the cavalry lay in observation upon the plain in rear of the British left, and watched the road which leads from Mortagoa to Oporto, through a mountainous tract, which connects Busaco with Caramula, a serra that extends, in a northerly direction, beyond Viseu, and separates the valleys of the Mondego and the Douro. Upon the evening of the 26th, the army of Portugal, a dark and dense multitude, reposed in massive columns at the foot of the allied position, which rose abruptly above them to an elevation of from two to three hundred feet.

The French numbered near 70,000 combatants, formidable for their discipline, famous for their valor, and filled with the proud memories of many a field of glory. Three marshals of France commanded these legions, and the chief of them was renowned by a life of great successes.

Five-and-twenty thousand British soldiers, and a like number of Portuguese, lay upon the backward slope of the serra, by the rocky ridge of which their disposition and numbers were concealed. This was a great advantage; for the position was so extensive, that 50,000 men did but thinly garnish it; an evil compensated for by a smooth and easy communication from right to left.

Here it was that lord Wellington first showed to the Portuguese levies the array of their invaders; and here allotted to them, for their first essay in arms, the hopeful duty of repulsing, by the side of British soldiers, one of those haughty and rash assaults which his knowledge of the French character, and his observation of Massena's recent movements, encouraged him to expect.

As early as two in the morning of the 27th, the sentinels on their piquet posts could hear the stir of preparation in the French camp; and the British line stood silently to arms. In the order of battle Hill occupied the right, with Leith upon his left, and the Lusitanian legion in reserve. Next in order stood the third division under Picton. The first division was formed near the convent, with the brigade of Pack posted considerably in advance on the descent. The light division was formed on the left of Pack; and, in like manner, upon the descent from that lofty culm where the convent stood, and nearly half a mile in front of it. A swell of earth and rock concealed their line from the enemy; while at some distance behind their post, a brigade of German infantry stood exposed to the full view of an advancing enemy, and was, apparently, the only body opposed to them. The fourth division, under general Cole, held the extreme left of the ridge, covering the road which led across to Milheada, where, in the flat country, the British cavalry were drawn up in reserve. The British and Portuguese artillery was distributed along the front, at those points where it could be employed with the best effect. The three rugged roads, which ascend and traverse the serra to Coimbra, were especially provided for in the general disposition.

The gray mist of early dawn hung yet upon the mountain, and it was but a doubtful light when the enemy advanced to the attack. Two columns, under Regnier, pressed up to the assault of the third division; and three, under Ney, moved rapidly against the convent. These points of attack were about three miles asunder. The firing first opened in front of Crawford's

division; but, despite its earnest loudness, at the first faint report of guns from the right, Wellington, anticipating the object of Massena, rode thither, and found, as he had expected, that the main effort of the enemy was to possess themselves of the road which traverses the Busaco, from St. Antonio de Cantara, and to turn his right. They were ignorant of the presence of generals Hill and Leith, and considered themselves engaged with the extreme right of the British. But, from the summit of that rocky brow, which they had ascended through a storm of opposing fire with astonishing resolution, and for which they were still contending, though vainly, with the brave division of Picton, they beheld the strong and steady columns of those generals moving swiftly to the scene of action. The right of the third division had been, in the first instance, borne back: the 8th Portuguese had suffered most severely; the enemy had formed, in good order, upon the ground which they had so boldly won, and were preparing to bear down to the right, and sweep our field of battle. Lord Wellington arrived on the spot at this moment, and aided the gallant efforts of Picton's regiments, the fire of whose musketry was terrible, by causing two guns to play upon the French flank with grape. Unshaken even with this destruction, they still held their ground, till, with levelled bayonets and the shout of the charge, the 45th and 88th regiments British, most gallantly supported by the 8th Portuguese, rushed forwards, and hurried them down the mountain-side with a fearful slaughter.

There was yet another column of the enemy, which had gained possession of a summit beyond the line of Picton's division. Upon these, colonel Barnes's brigade of general Leith's corps, headed by the 9th regiment, under colonel Cameron, marched eagerly; and they were borne over the rocks, though defending themselves with a fierce fire of musketry to the last, by the bayonets of the brave 9th.

The able dispositions of general Crawford in front of the convent rendered the assault of his post another hopeless effort. They advanced, indeed, with great ardor, disregarding the musketry of the light troops, and the bullets of the artillery, which caused great havoc in their columns as they ascended the steep heights; but they had as yet no footing on the swelling ridge which masked the line formed by the 43d and 52d regiments, when, at the given word, those brave regiments ran upon them at the charge step, overthrew their column with the bayonet, and, halting, pursued them with a close, steady, and murderous fire, which strewed the line of their retreat with the dead and the disabled.

The loss of the French in this engagement exceeded 5000 killed and wounded; among the former was a general named

Graindorge: a general Simon, and about 300, were made prisoners. The general was wounded, as were many of those taken. The loss on the part of the allies was near 1200, whereof 578 were Portuguese—being their fair and full proportion of honored sufferers.

The conduct of the Portuguese was worthy of their ancient fame. By the victory of Busaco they were inspired with a confidence in Wellington, and with a pride in their own military character, which never afterwards forsook them. Their bearing upon this field was, to marshal Beresford especially, and to all the British officers serving under him, a very high honor, and a well-merited reward.

CHAP. XIX.

MASSENA TURNS THE POSITION OF BUSACO.—RETREAT OF THE ALLIES.—
 THE INHABITANTS ON THE LINE OF MARCH RETIRE WITH THE TROOPS.—
 MASSENA HALTS BEFORE THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.—HIS HOSPITALS
 AT COIMBRA ARE TAKEN.—HE FALLS BACK UPON SANTAREM.—LORD
 WELLINGTON ADVANCES.

THE pride of France had been checked, and the heart of Portugal had been cheered; but it was not by the ridge of Busaco that the strong tide of invasion could effectually be stayed. It was not here that the kingdom could be defended. Severely taught by the battle of the 27th, Massena did not venture to renew his assault upon so strong a position; and proceeded to compass that end by manœuvre, which he had failed to effect by force. On the morning of the 28th, and throughout the day, there was a little skirmishing on different points of the line.

Towards evening, Massena put several columns in motion to his right; and it was ascertained before midnight that the whole army was on its march to turn the British left.

Before dawn on the 29th, the position of Busaco was evacuated. The corps of Hill recrossed the Mondego, and marched upon Thomar, and the divisions of the main body of the allied force defiled to the rear by convenient routes with perfect order and regularity. But lord Wellington had other foes to contend with besides Massena.

Upon his first appointment to the high station of marshal-general of Portugal, all his suggestions for the more effectual defence of that kingdom had been readily adopted by the local government. Nevertheless the members of that government were disunited, and their private jealousies and divisions terminated at last in the dissolution of the ministry. The marquis das Minas resigned, and four new members were appointed to

the regency. One of these members, the Principal Souza, in every possible way obstructed the measures of Wellington; and the patriarch, formerly bishop of Oporto, a man of restless ambition and great influence, supported Souza in this mean and embarrassing hostility.)

These two opposed, as openly as they dared, and thwarted, as constantly as they could, those admirable measures which the British general recommended, and by which, imperfectly as they were adopted and enforced, Portugal, the attempted defence of which had been deemed Quixotic and vain, was at last delivered from her invaders. However, in the main, the voice of the Portuguese nation was with Wellington. The people, the clergy, the younger officers of the army, and the soldiers, were hearty and enthusiastic in the cause. But it could not be expected that the dignitaries and nobles of the kingdom should view, without jealousy and apprehension, an authority as supreme as that of a sovereign, exercised by a foreign general. Nor is it to be denied that few persons, even among those most friendly to the cause, could comprehend with clearness, or entertain with calm submission, those vast designs, which a bold genius was alone capable of conceiving; a firm and indomitable spirit alone capable of compelling them, despite fear, prejudice, and indolence, to adopt.

One part of the plan of lord Wellington, and a very important one, consisted in requiring all the people upon the line of the invaders' advance to abandon their towns and villages, to remove or destroy all their property, to lay waste their fields, to drive their flocks and herds, to destroy their mills, and to leave to their hungering enemies a barren desert.

When we consider of whom the general required this fearful sacrifice, and that absolute force was never actually employed by the government to make the inhabitants obey the proclamation, it is rather a wonder that so many were found to devastate their own lands, and to abandon the pleasant places of their birth, than that some should hesitate before they laid waste their farms, and linger by them to the last. Thus, many delayed the destruction of their little store till the vicinity of the foe alarmed them into that flight which looks not behind; and others, from apathy, from vain hope, or dull despair, resolved to abide all the consequences of remaining by their property, or at most to run only to a near hiding-place in the mountain or the wood, till the storm of the invasion should sweep past their cottages, and they could return to the wreck of their possessions. Human nature clings with a fond tenacity to home: be it of marble or of straw, the roof that has sheltered us all our lives is dear. Moreover, in a country like Portugal, the inhabitants of towns and villages are not accustomed to travel beyond the hills or streams which

bound the valley of their birth; and little shrines and crucifixes in their eyes sanctify their dwellings, and make the affection which they feel for their hearths partake of the reverence demanded by their altars. Nevertheless, to speak generally, the great body of the people did listen to the warnings and commands of Wellington. It will remain as a lasting monument of his genius, and as a great triumph of his character, that he elicited from a nation, unwarlike, slothful, and covetous, a spirit of resistance, of exertion, and of devotedness, very seldom exemplified in the annals of history.

As the allied army pursued its leisurely and orderly march from the Mondego to the lines, it found the villages deserted; the mill in the valley motionless; the mountain cottages open and untenanted; the bells of the monastery silent; the white churches empty. The flanks of the British columns, during the three or four last marches, were literally covered with the flying population. A few of the richer fugitives, but a very few, still retained cabriolets and mules for their service. Those who had bullock cars, asses, or any mode of transporting their families and property, looked contented and grateful; for respectable men and delicate women of the middle classes might be seen, on every side, walking slowly and painfully on foot under heavy burdens. The weather happily was fine, for their flight was in the season of the vintage; the cheerful labors of which light and pleasing harvest, misery had suddenly broken in upon and suspended.

This mass of fugitives took two different directions when the army reached its fortified position;—a part passing before it, through the lines, to seek shelter at Lisbon; and another crossing to the south bank of the Tagus, and entering those districts which were safe from the enemy, and had not hitherto been seriously menaced.

The allies now entered the lines by divisions, and each general was met, on the last day of the retreat, by the officer appointed to conduct his troops to those points of the position with the defence of which he was charged.

The march from Busaco, a distance of 200 miles, was performed without loss or irregularity, save one scene of alarm and confusion in the narrow streets of Condeixa; where, however, by the exertions of the officers and the discipline of the troops, order was soon restored.

In proportion as the French had advanced, the allies had retired leisurely before them in echellons of divisions, by the two roads of Espinhal and of Leyria, to the banks of the Tagus and Torres Vedras. There was no affair during these movements of greater importance than a few skirmishes of horse. Massena, upon entering Coimbra, and finding it abandoned to him without

a struggle, made a halt of three days, and suffered his soldiers to commit great disorders; he then pursued his march, leaving 5000 sick and wounded in that city. Three days afterwards colonel Trant, an officer of a most enterprising spirit, appeared before Coimbra with a body of Portuguese militia, and captured the whole of the French hospitals, together with a company of the marines of the imperial guard left there to protect the sick. By these men little resistance could be made.

Other bodies of militia and of organized peasantry, under colonels Miller and Wilson, acted also upon the enemy's rear in co-operation with Trant. By these various corps, every town or post which the French evacuated as they advanced towards Lisbon, was taken immediate possession of. Nevertheless, Massena marched forward, confident in the expectation that the English were going to their ships, and would look to nothing but the security of their embarkation; or, if further, only to make the best terms possible for those helpless allies whom they could no longer effectually support. An easy success, and a rich reward, seemed already secure.

When, therefore, upon the 10th of October, his cavalry and his advanced guard drove the allies out of Sobral, and his eye rested upon the formidable works that barred his progress; and from his own reconnoissance, and the reports brought to him, he ascertained the stupendous fact, that a strong defensive position, extending thirty miles, flanked upon its right by the broad Tagus, and on its left by the rough Atlantic, had been fortified and armed with perfect art, lavish expense, and incredible labor, his astonishment was only exceeded by his mortification.

After an interval of three days, he made a most strict reconnoissance of the right of these lines; and, having satisfied his judgment that they could not be assailed with any hope of success, he disposed his three corps in bivouac, and sat down quietly before them. This examination of the lines caused a little sharp skirmishing on the 14th of October, on which day there was a brilliant affair near Sobral, where a redoubt, held by the 71st regiment, was fiercely attacked by a strong body of the enemy. They were instantly beat back, pursued with the bayonet, and driven from a field-work on their own ground. The conduct of the 71st was very gallant; and Cadogan, their ardent commander, in a personal encounter, received a cut upon his sword, which passed several inches through his Scotch bonnet. The British loss here was nearly 100 killed and wounded. After this demonstration, no part of the British position was again attacked.

Indeed, it was rather a mighty and impregnable fortress than a camp. Here the face of mountains was scarped—there rivers dammed to make defensive inundations; while upon the lines of defence a triple chain of redoubts was most skilfully disposed.

From these, and other batteries, 600 pieces of cannon swept all the approaches, and commanded or enfiladed every more open point. The right of these lines was moreover flanked by a division of British gun-boats on the Tagus. The communications within the works were excellent, and all the roads and positions free for the movement of the troops. Two Spanish divisions under Romana joined the British at this period. Large bodies of native militia and ordenanca were collected within the lines; a very fine corps of English marines lay in reserve near Lisbon, and a great fleet was in the harbor; and these vast means of defence had been prepared and provided, and were now applied by one master mind. While Massena maintained his position in front of the allies with such a countenance as kept the troops in the lines constantly upon the alert, his own army endured great sufferings. Colonels Trant and Wilson were acting upon his rear with unceasing activity; provision was daily becoming more scanty; the country, which he covered with his bivouacs and ravaged with his foragers, was exhausted; sickness was in his ranks; there was disunion and discontent among his officers.

Under all these depressing circumstances, the fortitude of the French general did not fail him. Planting his eagles on the towers of Lisbon was a dismissed dream; but he looked realities stedfastly in the face, and made the best of them. His cavalry patrolled in strength up the right bank of the Tagus, and a division of infantry was detached to bear upon Thomar: thus he gained a wider range for his foraging parties, and more effectually kept in check those numerous irregular forces, which, from Abrantes on the river to Peniche upon the ocean, surrounded the invading force by an elastic chain of posts, closely adapting itself to every change of its position, and strictly circumscribing its power to the ground upon which it stood.

Massena was now enabled to collect a few boats upon the Zezere and near Santarem, and to form a few rafts at those places, and at the same time to sweep up every thing convertible into food. These provisions were carefully stored at convenient depôts, principally at Barquina, near the mouth of the Zezere, and at Santarem. This done, marshal Ney was directed to establish the head-quarters of his corps at Thomar; having his left upon the Zezere, and establishing posts beyond Ourem. Montbrun, with the main body of the cavalry, marched to cantonments near Leyria; the commander-in-chief moved to Torres Novas; and the hospitals and stores of the army were placed in security at Santarem. The preparations being completed, Massena broke up from before the British in very admirable order. In the night of the 14th of November, the division of general Clausel withdrew silently from Sobral; and on the morning of the 15th, the whole of the 8th corps of the French army passed through the

defile of Alemquer, under the cover of a strong rear-guard, and marched upon Torres Novas. The 2d corps of the French army broke up from Alhandra at the same time, and retired upon Santarem.

These movements were planned with great ability, and conducted with the most cautious secrecy; and they were greatly favored by the state of the weather, which was too foggy for reconnoissance. As soon as lord Wellington found that the enemy had disappeared from Alhandra and Sobral, he put two divisions in motion to follow them on the roads to Santarem and to Alemquer; but he relaxed naught of his vigilance, and kept the main body of the army steady and alert within the lines, for twenty-four hours longer. He knew that the French had collected transports at Santarem, as if to menace the Alemtejo; he knew that Massena was in daily expectation of reinforcements from the north, and that they were actually in motion to join him; therefore it was not clear that this retrograde movement might not be a wily manœuvre of Massena to put his jealousy for the lines asleep, by a feigned retreat, while, by a rapid and forced march to Torres Vedras, he poured the main strength of his army upon the right of the lines, and set his all upon that desperate cast. It was certainly not probable that a general, whose hopes and calculations had been so grievously disappointed and deceived by the result of the action at Busaco, would commit so rash an act; but it was possible; and in the conduct of this memorable campaign, Wellington left nothing indolently to providence, but that for which no human wisdom or foresight could provide. Well it were for all those who hold the doctrine of a particular providence, if they did, nevertheless, at all times so earnestly and severely labor, as if all depended upon themselves.

At the request of lord Wellington, all the boats of the fleet proceeded up the Tagus, under the command of admiral Sir Thomas Williams and captain Beresford, that troops might cross to the left bank, and oppose the design of the enemy, if it should prove to be directed against the Alemtejo.

It was soon discovered that nothing was intended against the lines, and that the French army was marching in two distinct and heavy columns; but whether their retreat was directed towards Spain by the Zezere, or the Mondego, nothing as yet indicated with any clearness. All the allies were now put in motion. About 400 French prisoners were taken by our advanced guards. They were for the most part weak and sickly stragglers, with a few hardy marauders, who had ventured too wide of their line of march, and delayed too long. From these men no information was obtained. It was reported to lord Wellington from the left bank of the Tagus, and from the advanced squadrons, that the enemy was in full retreat, and had only left

a rear-guard in Santarem. It was known that Massena had cast two bridges over the Zezere; and it was now believed that he designed to retire from Portugal altogether, and by that route. General Hill was immediately sent across the Tagus to push for Abrantes, if these reports should be confirmed; and, upon the 19th, lord Wellington, giving some credit to them, prepared to assault the heights of Santarem, occupied, as it was thought, by nothing but a strong rear-guard.

Santarem is a city on a hill, which rises abruptly from the Tagus; this hill, stretching about a league to the north, furnishes a steep and difficult position. The walls of Santarem form the left of it; in front of this important height, a range of lower eminences, covered by the streams of the Rio Mayor, mask the main position, furnishing excellent outposts. The ground between these and a hostile force advancing by the great road from Lisbon, is a naked open flat, traversed for the last 800 yards by a raised causeway. By this alone Santarem can be approached; as on one side of the Ponte Seca is a deep wet marsh, quite impassable; and on the other, which extends to the Tagus, it is covered with reeds and sedges, and deep water cuts, so as to make the passage of it extremely difficult for either horse or foot, and impracticable for guns.

Upon the 19th of November, Wellington made dispositions to attack this formidable post, still impressed with the hope that he should find only a rear-guard to resist him. No sooner were the troops formed, and in motion, and the skirmishers engaged, than the military eye of Wellington, never to be long deceived, penetrated, with a quick and disappointed glance, the true nature of the resistance to be offered, and the powerful means by which the success of that resistance was secured. His glass showed him long lines of abatis, and of outworks and intrenchments, clearly defined by the color of the earth newly turned up; and, not doubting any longer the real intentions of his opponent, after a long and steady demonstration, which gave him full leisure for the most patient and attentive reconnoissance, he withdrew the troops. His own great lesson was not lost upon his adversary. A defensible position was selected with consummate judgment, and strengthened by art,—a measure, by which alone Massena could have maintained himself in the country a fortnight longer, and by the adoption of which he was enabled to support the war, and prolong the struggle throughout the winter months. During this period he well knew that, owing to the heavy rains and the difficult roads, Wellington could not make any march to turn the position of Santarem; and it was in front, as has been already shown, unassailable.

The allied troops were now placed in cantonments at Cartaxo (where the head-quarters were established), at Alcoentre, Alem-

quer, and Villa Franca. Thus the routes leading upon the lines were held secure, while the position of Torres Vedras itself was occupied in strength, and effectually protected from any sudden attack by the road, which passes to the north of the Monte Junta. The corps of general Hill was so disposed upon the left bank of the Tagus, that the enemy could not effect a passage into the Alemtejo, without a formidable opposition, while its communications with the ferry opposite Alhandra were (by floating bridges over all the rivers) so well established, that a retreat to its old position in the lines was always open.

The anchorage of Lisbon is commanded on the southern side from the heights of Almada, from whence, indeed, the city itself is exposed to bombardment. This promontory was, in consequence, retrenched with all possible care, lest the enemy, supported by the co-operation of their army of the south, should pour into the Alemtejo, and extend their operations to that quarter.

The armies on both sides remained now, for a season, quiet. The head-quarters of marshal Massena were at Torres Novas. He had a strong post at Punhete in his rear, with a bridge across the Zezere. He had collected a number of large boats there and at Barquina, with a view to resuming the offensive when reinforced;—and, upon his right and to his rear, he foraged far and successfully with his numerous cavalry, supported by movable columns detached upon that service. Unhappily, in the towns to the eastward of Santarem the population had disregarded the proclamations which commanded them to leave their homes: being removed from the scene of immediate danger, they had fancied themselves safe; and so few had obeyed the injunction of the government, that when the French horsemen came among them, they had neither the means nor the time to remove any thing. Reaped corn was found in large quantities; and maize upon the stalk, very little injured by the weather, covered many valleys and plains in the district now occupied or visited by the French columns.

The situation of the army of Portugal had been early represented at Paris; and general Foy, who was sent by Massena to make his statement, conveyed at the same time orders to general Gardanne, commanding on the Agueda, to march forward with a convoy of stores and ammunition for his supply. Gardanne, with an escort of 5000 men, brought his convoy within four leagues of the French posts on the Zezere, when, meeting with some little opposition from a party of the ordenanca under colonel Grant, and alarmed by a false report that the French had retired from the Zezere, and that British troops were already in Abrantes, he hurried back with undue precipitation. As a consequence of this blind haste, he lost his baggage, the greater part of his convoy, and many hundred men, being harassed by the armed

peasantry till he reached the frontier. General Drouet, who commanded the 9th corps of the French army upon the Coa, now decided upon advancing with 10,000 men to open the communications with Massena; and reaching Leyria without encountering any check, he took post upon the right flank of the grand army. Upon his advance he had left the division of Claparede at Guarda, to secure the line of retreat to the frontier, from the numerous and active bodies of militia which were spread over Beira. One body of these troops, consisting of several regiments, ventured upon a trial of their arms with the soldiers of Claparede at Trarnosa; but sustained a severe defeat, and was driven across the Douro. The confidence of these irregulars was thus so greatly shaken, that they did not again render any service to be compared with their earlier efforts. The admirable officers by whose judgment and spirit of enterprise so much had been hitherto effected, and so well, Bacellar, Wilson, Trant, and Miller, who died soon after this period, still, however, made head against the invaders, and were a trouble to them, although after the defeat of Silveira at Trancosa, little was or could be hazarded in the open field.

The aspect of affairs in Portugal at the close of the year 1810, bright as in truth it was, compared to the gloomy promise of the summer when Almeida fell, and the invading army moved onwards in a strength that seemed to defy resistance, was far other than it would have been, had lord Wellington been duly supported. The French had not driven the lion of England from the soil of Portugal; they had failed in their boast. The eagles of Napoleon were not glittering upon the towers of Lisbon. They had been foiled in their great objects; they had sustained heavy losses in battle, by privation, and by sickness; but these losses had been already supplied by reinforcements, and they still held ground in the very heart of the country. The English general had received but a small accession of force from home to an army still inadequate to any offensive undertaking. By the jealousy and the intrigues of the local government in Portugal, his efforts to call forth the resources of the state, and to infuse a due activity into all departments of the executive, were continually thwarted. But the man Wellington stood there strong and alone;—looking ever to the possible;—doing always the utmost that could be done; and then calm as to the event.

While in the preceding spring he lay upon the frontier, and the forces of Massena were gathering in his front, he had written to a friend in England:—"I suppose the people at home think me in a scrape. I do not think so myself; but if I am, I'll get out of it." So now, in like spirit, and with like indifference, he read of all the early exultation, and the absurd hopes, of the good people in England, when they heard of Massena's retro-

grade movement; and with unerring sagacity he predicted the censures that would follow when they found the work of war at a stand;—no movements in either host; no lists of killed and wounded; and no trophies of victory. The raised expectations of the people produced one great fruit—a reinforcement. Early in January a body of troops, for which Wellington had vainly solicited the timid and distrustful ministry before, was disembarked at Lisbon.

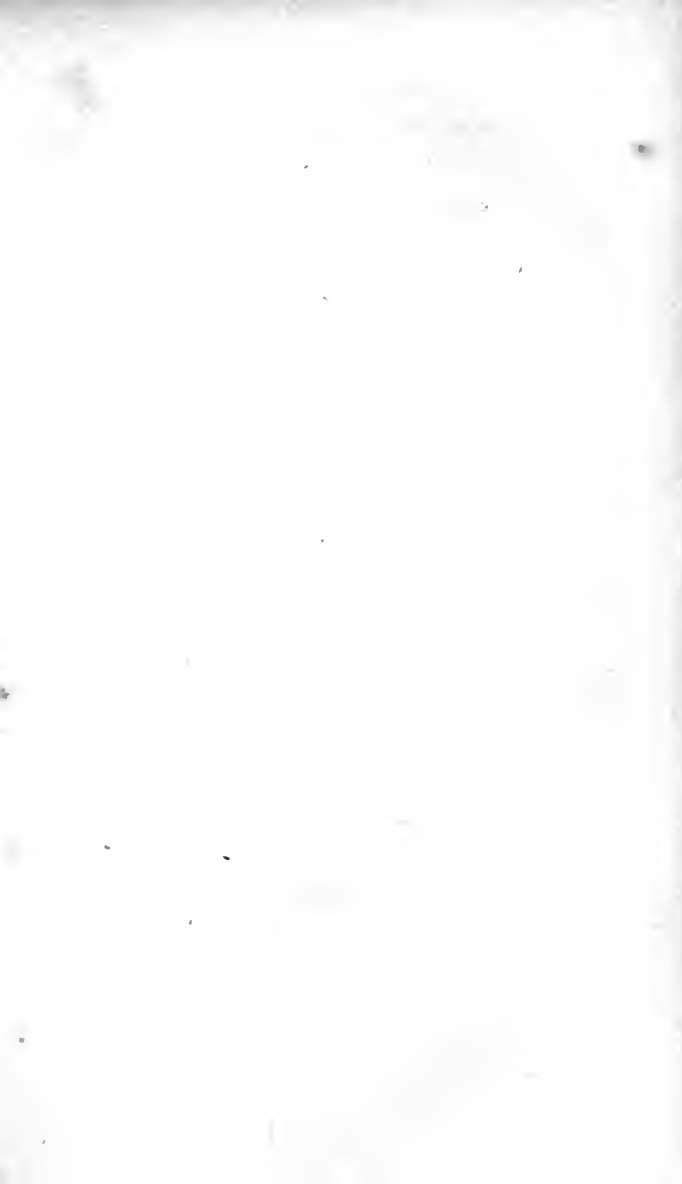
Upon the 19th, a very few days after they landed, the enemy drove in the British outposts from Rio Mayor, and made a strong reconnoissance. On this occasion Junot, who commanded the French, received a severe wound.

No attack followed; and the two armies remained, as before, quiet, and for the most part under cover: both generals were thoroughly informed of each other's situation; and neither was able to venture upon the offensive.

The opposition in England, whom the battle of Busaco, the capture of the French hospitals at Coimbra, and the calm maintaining of the lines, had, for a while, disconcerted, again raised their inauspicious voices, and predicted the sure though delayed discomfiture of the allies. "The campaign," they said, "would be renewed in February, with such an accumulation of force on the part of the enemy, as must make *the protection even of Lisbon hopeless*, much less the deliverance of the Peninsula."

"It would be just as rational for the French to strive to cope with us by sea, as for us to enter the lists with them by land." Thus was the English leader encouraged; thus were his troops heartened to their high duties. Had the counsels of the opposition been followed, Spain and Portugal would have become tributary provinces of the gigantic empire of Napoleon.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





MILITARY MEMOIRS

OF

FIELD MARSHAL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

BY

CAPTAIN MOYLE SHERER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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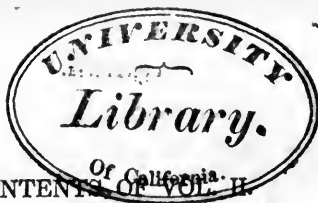
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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAP. I.

PROCEEDINGS AT CADIZ.—THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT ACCEPTS THE AID OF BRITISH TROOPS.—STATE OF THE WAR IN THE PROVINCES.—THE ASSEMBLY OF THE CORTEZ.—THEIR ACTS.—PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH ARMS.—DEATH OF ROMANA.

CADIZ, the last asylum of the Spanish government, was saved from the sword of the intruder by the wise and prompt decision of the duke of Albuquerque.

Marshal Victor followed the Spanish general by rapid marches, and appeared before Cadiz upon the 5th of February. He was six-and-thirty hours too late. The soldiers of Albuquerque were already upon the walls of Cadiz, and were manning the defensive works upon the Isla de Leon, by which that important fortress and the noble harbor are covered.

The troops of Albuquerque were in a miserable condition. The citizens were in confusion and alarm; the streets were crowded with fugitives; and the defences both of Cadiz and the Isla de Leon had been indolently neglected. Had the exact state of things been known to Victor, he would probably have attempted to possess himself of the Isla de Leon by a sudden assault; for the line of defence was so extended, and the garrison so weak in numbers, and so disheartened by past reverses, that such an enterprise might have been crowned by success. But the zeal, the energy, and the talent of Albuquerque, to whom the command of the forces was immediately intrusted, were so far blessed in their exertion, that the French marshal, deceived as to the strength of his preparations, disposed his divisions around the bay, and established a regular blockade.

His line of contravallation extended twenty-five miles. His three main positions were Chiclana, Puerto Real, and Santa Maria; and these were fortified with care, and connected by intrenched camps. Cadiz, for so long a period the seat of a government, which had to deliberate for the interests of a kingdom, and to rule wide provinces, under the sound of hostile cannon, it is necessary to describe.

At the mouth of the river Guadalete there is an insulated tract of land, triangular in form: two sides of this island are washed by the sea, and it is separated from the main land by the river Santi Petri. This is the Isla de Leon; its left shore is on the open sea; its right looks on the harbor; and these two sides meet at a point, from which a narrow tongue of land, five miles in length, connects the island with Cadiz.

The Santi Petri is a natural channel separating the upper harbor of Cadiz from the open sea; it traverses a marsh that is crossed by many small water-courses, and varies in breadth from one to three miles. The Isla de Leon can only be approached by the bridge of Zuazo, and by a firm causeway which crosses the marsh. Upon this island is one large town and a smaller where public buidings and barracks are erected for the use and service of Cadiz, the great arsenal of Spain, and the principal rendezvous of the Spanish navy.

Cadiz is built upon naked rocks: its highest point is about 200 feet above the level of the sea; and it is washed on all sides by the ocean, with the exception of one narrow isthmus, which connects it with the isla. It is a beautiful city, and its harbor one of the noblest in the world, being a vast calm basin from ten to twelve leagues in circumference.

Here the seat of the regency, which had been appointed by the junta before it submitted to resign its authority, was happily fixed, and here the cortez, which they had convoked, were instructed to assemble. Thus, while the French were nominally masters of Spain, a secret and sacred spirit of resistance was everywhere cherished, by the knowledge that a government still existed which defied the intruder.

The vast importance of maintaining Cadiz reconciled the Spaniards to the admission of British troops. A division of 6000 men, including a strong Portuguese regiment, soon arrived, and were landed to assist in its defence. This auxiliary force was commanded by Sir Thomas Graham. By his indefatigable exertions, the line upon the Isla de Leon, which, extending as it did near ten miles, had, in the first instance, shown many weak points to an enterprising enemy, provided with boats or rafts for passing the Santi Petri, soon presented a strong impregnable front.

Secured by all the skilful and laborious improvement of her defences, and by the increased strength of her garrison, the city of Cadiz resumed her mirth and her music; and the orators of her deliberative assemblies harangued at length and in safety. A municipal junta had been formed in the city, composed of merchants elected by ballot; this was intended to supply her need at the moment that the central junta was deposed at Seville. Of this municipal junta, Albuquerque, on his first en-

trance into Cadiz, was elected president. But he found it a painful post, and very heartily despised the incompetent, and yet ambitious men, with whom he was associated. Nevertheless, the junta triumphed for a time, both over the heroic virtue of Albuquerque and the acknowledged regency. The press was under their direction, and they were supported by the populace. Albuquerque was sent ambassador to England, and died in that country of a broken heart. The regency, though feeble, had yet influence enough to arrange for the quiet reception of the British auxiliaries. Thus, despite the intrigues, the venality, and the tyranny of this junta, elected by the popular voice, and upheld by the popular club, or knife, Cadiz was saved.

One of the first acts of the British general, Stewart, who arrived at Cadiz in the middle of February, was to recover and reoccupy a most important insulated outwork, called Fort Matagorda; which, though it seriously impeded the works of the blockading force, had been dismantled and abandoned by the Spaniards. A detachment of 150 men, composed of soldiers, seamen, and gunners of the artillery, under the command of captain M'Lean of the 94th, was sent across to this fort, in thick rough weather, and effected a secure lodgement. The cannon of the enemy played heavily upon them the whole of the next day, but they stood firm; and they held this little fort for fifty-five days, under the fire of the French, which was frequently directed against them. M'Lean could only bring seven guns to bear upon the enemy; but he was supported upon the flanks of his small fort by a Spanish man-of-war, and a flotilla of gunboats. At dawn upon the 21st of April, the French opened upon this work, from batteries which mounted forty-eight guns and mortars of the largest size. Red-hot shot were fired upon the ship and the boats, and drove them away. The parapet of the fort was soon destroyed by the weight and vigor of the fire; half the little garrison fell; and, after a stout and resolute defence, boats were sent off to withdraw the survivors, and Matagorda was evacuated.

Notwithstanding the indolence and apathy of the citizens of Cadiz, and all the frivolous contentions between the local junta and the regency, by which the public service was hourly impeded, Sir Thomas Graham, looking steadily upon his duty, labored incessantly to improve the defences of Cadiz. Marshal Soult now limited his operations to fortifying and securing the French cantonments, that fewer troops might suffice for the blockade. There was only one of his batteries, which, from huge mortars, did occasionally, but at long and very uncertain ranges, cast a few shells into the town. During the spring he cleared and subjected the provinces of Murcia and Granada by his movable columns, establishing the temporary reign of the

intruder by the most unwarrantable edicts, and by the most severe and savage executions. The Spaniard was told in these edicts, that if he was not a regular soldier he might not raise his arm to defend his dwelling or his family. Death and the exposure of his body upon the highway were the penalties incurred by every patriot taken in arms. But from the blood of these unhappy victims there sprung up a sudden growth of armed men; and the guerrilla bands, which rapidly increased throughout the land, dealt out upon the enemy a full measure of revenge.

It is fair to record, that all the cruel and violent proceedings by which the French sought to establish the throne of Joseph Buonaparte did not originate with him. He was an indolent, self-indulgent, easy man, not formed for public life; disliking his position, but not at liberty to resign it. Perhaps no one felt the slavery of Napoleon's service more bitterly than this king and brother.

In May the blockading force before Cadiz received a reinforcement of near 2000 men, in a singular manner. A body of French soldiers, confined on board prison-ships in the harbor, took advantage of a heavy gale, which drove upon the French side of the bay, cut the cables, and, under a fire from the Spanish batteries and the fleet, let the hulks drift to shore. These prisoners had been taken, with Dupont, at Baylen.

It was every day more apparent that nothing could be attempted against Cadiz; but in other quarters the French arms had better success. Although nothing could exceed the zeal and activity of the Spanish general, O'Donnel, in Catalonia; although many of his enterprises were rewarded by good fortune; and all his combats were fought with the most ardent valor, especially that of Vich, in February, 1810, yet fortress after fortress fell.

The garrison of Hostalrich, after patiently sustaining ten weeks' bombardment and four months' blockade, and consuming their last ration of food, made a bold sally and a resolute effort to break a way through the French force. Of 1400 many were slain; Julian Estrada, the brave governor, was wounded and taken, together with 300 men; but the larger number made good their attempt and reached Vich. The next day the islands of Las Medas, a maritime port of great importance, were surprised and captured by the French.

In Arragon, Suchet besieged Lerida, breached the walls by five days' heavy fire, and carried it by storm on the sixth day after opening his batteries. The carnage in the streets was very great; little quarter was given; and the French commander next proceeded against Mequinenza, a place of some consequence at the junction of the Segre with the Ebro. This

fort, situate on a lofty rock, was ignobly surrendered by the governor after a very faint show of resistance for five short days.

These successes, in the months of May and June, 1810, compensated to Suchet for his grievous failure in March at Valencia, against which place he had unadvisedly marched in the ill-founded presumption that he might take it by a coup-de-main. But here the very Spaniards who had fled from the field of Belchite stood up again manfully under Ventura Cora; and though the marshal penetrated to the gates of Valencia, and encamped in that celebrated and fertile spot called the Huerta, or garden of Valencia, he was soon compelled to retire without effecting his object. He had reckoned upon treason or panic, but neither served him: for the traitors were discovered; the populace rose in arms; neither intrigue nor menace availed to move them; he was too weak to force their intrenchments, and returned to the Ebro.

This event diffused great joy, and awakened a hopeful spirit in all the eastern provinces; but Suchet soon repaired his ill fortune, as has been related above, by the conquest of Arragon.

During the year 1810, the guerrillas became very numerous: and the convoys and detachments of the enemy were continually assaulted on their march. It is true that no military movement of any important bearing upon the issue of a campaign was effectually prevented by these bands; but in maintaining their communications, and procuring their supplies, the difficulties of the French were largely increased. Not a letter could be sent even a small distance without a strong escort of dragoons; and the courier to France was accompanied through certain districts on the route by two or three battalions of infantry.

Such was the state of Spain when her national Cortez were assembled. The rule by which the members were chosen was formed for the occasion by the supreme junta.

All persons of twenty-five years of age, whose incomes were not derived from place or pension under the government, who were not debtors to the state, and who were of sound body and good moral repute, were eligible to a seat in this famous assembly. All cities which had sent members to the last cortez were now to elect the same number. Every provincial junta returned one deputy, and the provinces were represented in the proportion of one member for every 50,000 inhabitants. Twenty-six members chosen from natives of Spanish America, resident in the mother-country, represented the colonies.

As of necessity in some of the provinces of old Spain now strongly occupied by the French, the elections could not have free course, and as the representatives sent from others were

many of them taken by the enemy on their way to Cadiz, sixty-eight supplementary deputies were chosen in Cadiz, and in other districts, with which the communications were yet secure; and from this list all vacancies were filled.

It had been the intention of the supreme junta to have instituted a higher chamber of the grandees and dignitaries of the church as a wholesome check upon the cortez, but this design was abandoned; however, nobles and secular priests were admitted as candidates for the great national assembly.

The eyes of Spain, of England, and of all Europe, were fixed upon the meeting of this great council. It took place on the 24th of September, 1810, with the solemn and customary forms.

Their first act was a decree, by which the style and title of majesty was conferred upon their own body, and the inferior title of highness was given to the executive. Moreover, they decreed that no member of the cortez should accept of any pension, honor, reward, or favor from the executive.

The liberal members of this assembly, though not at first the most numerous division, were by far the most wordy and vehement debaters. The freedom of the press in all matters not religious was very soon proclaimed; a great blessing to any country, but not exactly their first great want at that moment.

Spain was full of armed enemies, while the constitutional hall of the cortez rung with the loud acclamations, with which abstract principles of liberty were received, and speculative theories for enlightened government were discussed and lauded.

Meanwhile, amid the pauses of their stormy eloquence, might be heard the boom of some solitary gun from the lines of contravallation, occupied by the French; and many an elderly Frenchman in those lines had heard better speeches and fairer theories in Paris, twenty years before, and had survived the hopes and the rapture with which he listened to them.

About this time the duke of Orleans, then an exile at Palermo, who had previously offered his services to the central junta, presented himself in Spain on the invitation of the regency. He first landed at Tarragona, and thence sailed round to Cadiz, where he was received with great honor, and invited to a high command in the northern provinces by the regency. This appointment the cortez would not sanction, nor does any blame attach to them for their refusal.

However, their jealousy of the executive soon evinced itself by dissolving the regency and appointing another. Of this, Blake, the general, was president, and Pedro Agar, a naval commander, and Gabriel Cisgar, the governor of Carthagena, were members. Blake and Cisgar being absent, the cortez appointed two substitutes provisionally. The marquis del Palacio, one of these substitutes, being desirous, out of a conscientious

regard to the oath of his allegiance to Ferdinand, to qualify that which he was now called upon to take to the cortex, was immediately displaced and persecuted, and held up as an object for the popular suspicion and hatred.

Though the constitution had been most carefully worded in a republican spirit, the acts of the cortex were soon as despotic and capricious as those of the various provisional governments which had preceded them. It is true that, for a season, a new impulse was given to the nation, and "Long live the cortex!" "Long live the new constitution!" was for a time shouted by the people. But the popularity of these new senators soon declined.

The common people in Spain have strong prejudices in favor of old institutions and ancient customs. They rank themselves among the families of the earth as one of old renown and lofty fame; therefore, as soon as the work of innovation began, when they saw old establishments suppressed, old forms violated, and the clergy openly assailed, they soon became surly and discontented.

Moreover, this vain assembly, while busied with popular harangues and legislative enactments, neglected the weightier matters of organizing levies throughout the kingdom, and directing all the energies of the people to the expulsion of their enemies.

Most embarrassing propositions were entertained by them. They acknowledged, by a majority, the hereditary claim of Carlotta, princess of Brazil, to the Spanish succession, and to the immediate possession of supreme control over the country; and, if lord Wellington had not interfered, she would have been proclaimed regent.

The affairs of the Spanish colonies were administered, at this important period, with so little of wisdom, good faith, and common decency, by the government of old Spain, that the American provinces—not sorry, perhaps, to find cause and opportunity—threw off the yoke of their oppressors, and openly defended their rights in arms.

Such was the state, and such were the proceedings, of a government, whose debates were carried on in a city blockaded by the enemy.

The only expedition ventured against the French at this time from the neighborhood of Cadiz was a small one, composed of British and Spanish troops, directed against the castle of Frangirola, near Malaga. The small force employed consisted of a British battalion, a detachment of foreign deserters, and one Spanish regiment, under the command of Lord Blayney. These troops landed near Frangirola, but for want of heavy metal, they made no impression on the place; Sebastiani, commanding in

Malaga, marched against them; and an affair took place, which was so unfortunately conducted, that Lord Blayney and 200 men, with their officers, were taken prisoners; several were killed, and the remainder were compelled to retire to their ships.

We turn for a moment to consider the operations of that corps of the enemy in Spanish Estremadura, which, while the allied army was fully engaged in the defence of Lisbon, succeeded in wresting from the feeble arms of the Spaniards a very important conquest.

Towards the end of December, Soult, assembling a force of 13,000 men at Seville, advanced into Estremadura, compelling the Spanish divisions under Ballasteros and Mendizabal to retire rapidly before them. The French presented themselves before the gates of Olivença on the 11th of January. Mendizabal had left in this place seven battalions, and a brigade of field-artillery; with what object it is not easy to comprehend, the fortress being weak in all its defences, and without any stores. It surrendered to general Girard on the 22d of January, the Spanish soldiers being without food. Soult instantly made Olivença a place of arms, to facilitate his movements for the reduction of Badajos, which fortress was invested by the corps of marshal Mortier on the 26th.

Upon the 23d of this month, the marquez de la Romana, who commanded the Spanish forces acting with the army of Wellington, died at Cartaxo, the British head-quarters. These troops lord Wellington had already detached to support Mendizabal; giving minute instructions as to the very position they should occupy—a post so happily chosen that, as long as it was maintained with a prudent patience, it proved a constant source of anxiety to the besiegers, and of confidence to the besieged. It lies north of Badajos; the river Gevora protecting it in front, and fort St. Christoval sheltering the right. From this strong and secure position, which kept open the communications with the town, and covered the introduction of its supplies, Mendizabal allowed himself to be moved by the annoyance which a few shells, thrown from the opposite bank of the river, caused in his encampment. The night after the Spanish general changed his ground, Mortier crossed the Guadiana by a flying bridge above the town; and a column of 6000 men fording the Gevora at daylight, the dispositions to attack the Spanish army were completed. The morning was thick and foggy; but, when the mist cleared up, the Spaniards beheld their force exposed on every side to assault; while a French brigade was already drawn up between their ground and fort Christoval. Without support, without formation, without one directing mind, or one governing voice, the Spaniards, offering many of them, individually, a very gallant resistance, were soon and completely beaten. Three

thousand poured over the bridge into Badajos. Their cavalry fled; and the Portuguese horse, under colonel Madden, despite all his efforts to rally them, followed. About 500 were led off in some order by don Carlos de España to Elvas; the rest were taken or slaughtered. Thus, in a few hours, was a Spanish army of more than 10,000 men destroyed. Mendizabal escaped.

One pang was spared to the noble and unfortunate Romana. That upright man was already in his grave, before this shameful disaster on the Gevora occurred. "In him," said the French officers, when they learned his death,—“in him the Spaniards have lost the only general in their service worthy of his rank.”—“In him,” said lord Wellington, in a dispatch reporting upon his decease,—“in him the Spanish army have lost their brightest ornament—his country its most upright patriot—and the world the most strenuous and zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged; and I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the assistance I have received from him as well by his operations as by his counsel, since he had been joined with this army.”

CHAP. II.

MASSENA BREAKS UP FROM SANTAREM AND RETIRES FROM PORTUGAL.—
LORD WELLINGTON PURSUES THE FRENCH ARMY CLOSELY, AND RE-ESTABLISHES HIS HEAD-QUARTERS UPON THE FRONTIER.

It has been already stated, that the corps of general Hill occupied cantonments upon the left bank of the Tagus, to observe and defend the passage of that river, to provide for the safety of Abrantes, and, in the event of Massena's retiring over the Zezere, to be early in motion on the line of his retreat. General Hill, to the deep regret of his division, went home sick in December, and marshal Beresford succeeded to his fine command.

With a view to the relief of Badajos, Wellington was already about to direct the march of this corps southward, when certain indications of a movement on the part of Massena induced him to alter this disposition. Beresford was ordered to advance to Abrantes, and to push forward a detachment of his corps upon the enemy's posts at Punhete. A brigade, under major-general the honorable William Stewart, was actually threatening Punhete, and feeling its way upon their rear, when suddenly, on the night of the 5th of March, the French corps withdrew from their strong position at Santarem. The head-quarters of the allies were in that city on the following day; and Wellington, completing all the necessary arrangements with his wonted promptitude, was already in full pursuit; but the preparations

for this retreat of the French were so perfect, and their conduct of it so masterly, that very seriously to embarrass them was not easy.

Massena preferred that route which ascends the left bank of the Mondego to Guarda and Almeida. To gain this line with security, he made a demonstration with one corps d'armée from the neighborhood of Leyria, as if he would again advance, while with the main body he fell back upon Thomar, detaching Loison, with one division, upon his flank, by the road of Espinhal.

Wellington caused Beresford to move all his people up the left bank of the Tagus on the 5th, and at break of day on the 6th he passed through Santarem himself to pursue the enemy.

It was at first thought that Massena designed to assemble and unite his forces at Thomar, for his boats at Punhete were not destroyed till the 6th. Under this impression, the greatest part of Beresford's corps crossed the Tagus at Abrantes, and moved by Punhete upon Thomar, crossing the Zezere by a boat bridge brought down the river from Abrantes.

Three divisions of the army, and two brigades of cavalry, marched also by Golegao upon Thomar. Here, however, the true direction of the retreat was ascertained; and it appeared that the French columns were pointing their marches upon Pombal.

Upon the 9th, Massena halted in front of this place in position. Upon the 10th, Wellington brought up, with all possible expedition, as many troops as he could collect, and had assembled six divisions and the cavalry in front of his adversary. In the night Massena retired through the town of Pombal. He was here closely pursued by the light division; and there was a hot skirmish near the castle of Pombal, from whence the enemy were driven away by so brisk and resolute an attack, that they had no time to destroy the bridge, though it was already mined.

Upon the 12th, Ney, who covered the retreat of the main body with some thousands of the choicest troops, drew up this fine rear-guard in front of Redinha, upon ground so favorable, and disposed them with such skill, that it was not possible to discover whether the position was not about to be disputed by a very large force.

Lord Wellington having attacked the wooded heights upon Ney's right flank, with a brigade of the light division under Sir William Erskine, directed Picton to ascend those upon the French left. These two points were seized upon with great vigor in a short time; but Ney continued to hold his ground with a most resolute countenance, till Wellington, bringing forward a great mass of troops in battle order to assail him, he withdrew rapidly by the village, bridge, and ford of Redinha; covering his movement by the smoke of his musketry, and effecting it without

further loss than that which had been already sustained in fair combat. Many hours were thus gained for the sick, the baggage, and the main body of the French, which had retired upon Condeixa; whither Ney, with the rear-guard, now followed them. About 200 men fell on either side in this affair.

Animated by the determination to prevent, if possible, Massena's passage of the Mondego,—a line of march that would have thrown his opponent into a country, the supplies of which were unexhausted,—Wellington pressed forward upon the 13th, and found the main body of the French in a position of great strength near Condeixa. Montbrun, who had marched with a strong reconnoissance upon Coimbra, found, upon the evening of the 11th, by his patrols, that the bridge of Coimbra was broken down, and the city occupied, as he thought, in strength. They examined the bridge and fords again upon the 12th; but the gallant bearing of colonel Trant, with a few hundred of the militia, and some guns, opposed their passage, and saved the city. When this state of things was reported to Massena, he decided on retiring by the Ponte Murcella. To secure his communications with the eighth corps, and with Loison, he moved the division of Clausel to Ponte Coberta, about five miles on his left; while the position of Condeixa, unassailable in front, was held by the troops of Ney.

It was about ten in the morning when Wellington came before it; and judging that Massena considered his position too secure to be disturbed, till his arrangements for continuing his retreat should be completed, he resolved to dislodge him. Accordingly, he sent the third division, under Picton, by a circuitous and difficult path across the mountains to the eastward, to menace the only road open in his rear: no sooner were the advanced files of Picton's column of march discovered at a point already beyond the French left, than, alarmed by this bold and brilliant manœuvre, the French broke up in haste, and pushed for Casal Nova, followed by the British as fast and close as the prepared obstacles on the road and the flaming fires of Condeixa would suffer them to move forward. Nevertheless, the enemy's rear was pressed so closely, that the advanced guard got between the troops at Ponte Coberta, where Massena had fixed his head-quarters, and the main body; as Ney would make no effort to drive back the British skirmishers, and recover the point where the roads from Ancião and Miranda de Corvo unite, Massena was very near taken, and had to scramble over the mountains by night to regain the army.

At daybreak on the 14th, the light division, under Sir William Erskine, marched in pursuit, led on by that officer without orders, and without due precautions: the consequence was, that the leading regiment, the 52d, advancing under a thick mist, in col-

umn of march, came suddenly without support upon the face of the heights occupied by the army of the enemy, and was immediately engaged. Thus was such a combat as interfered with the designs of lord Wellington forced upon him, and the whole of the light division was soon extended and engaged with a thick cloud of the enemy's skirmishers. It had been the original intention of lord Wellington to turn the enemy's left, and accordingly, when this was accomplished by the movements of the third and fourth divisions under Picton and Cole, the main position, on the slope of which this useless combat had been stoutly maintained, was at once abandoned. Ney drew off in fine order, retiring by echellons of divisions, and disputing every favorable bridge and position, till (though hurried in the afternoon by the close pursuit of the artillery and the light troops in advance) he gained the pass of Miranda de Corvo with a trifling loss. In this position lay the main body of the enemy, and here Montbrun, returning from his unsuccessful march to Coimbra, rejoined them.

Lord Wellington, by his vigorous and skilful movements, had now succeeded in confining the army of Massena to one narrow line of retreat between the mountains and the river Mondego. Here the French general destroyed much ammunition and baggage. Ney, who covered the movements of the main body with a strong rear-guard, had halted upon the left bank of the Ceira, in a rugged and defensible position near the village of Fons d'Aronce. Here lord Wellington found him late in the afternoon, and amusing his right with a feint attack, vigorously charged his left with the third division, while a battery of horse-artillery being advanced rapidly to a favorable point opened hotly upon his dismayed battalions, and they were driven upon the river in such confusion, that many were drowned in attempting to discover the fords, and many were trampled to death on the bridge. In this panic the French lost at the least 500 men: the casualties of the allies were trifling. In the night, Ney blew up the bridge and retired; and upon the 16th the entire army of the enemy had passed the Alva, and occupied the bold and formidable line of mountain behind that river. Upon the 16th, lord Wellington was constrained to halt. Upon the night of the 13th he had heard of the disgraceful surrender of Badajos, and resolved instantly to reinforce the corps of Beresford, which he had already halted at Thomar, and sent back to the Alemtejo, with the fourth division, and a brigade of heavy cavalry. These last troops had been detached immediately after the affair of the 14th at Casal Nova; and it was the desire of lord Wellington that Beresford should take instant measures for the recovery of Badajos. But these matters on the Alemtejo frontier may be related in another place. In the night of the 16th a bridge upon

trestles was thrown over the Ceira by the staff corps, and on the morning of the 17th the army passed onward in pursuit. Wellington found his antagonist at rest, and expecting secure repose behind the Alva, having destroyed the bridges upon that river at Pombeiro and Ponte Murcella. So satisfied was the French marshal of a long breathing time, that he sent out his foragers in some strength to procure supplies;—but Wellington disturbing him upon the lower Alva by a strong demonstration and a lively cannonade, menaced his left by marching three divisions over the mountains. These movements compelled Massena to concentrate his forces in the strong position of the Serra de Moita, out of which he was soon forced by the brilliant manœuvres of his opponent. Two divisions of the allies passed the wide and swollen Alva by a flying bridge, between Pombeiro and Ponte Murcella, while the right wing threatened Massena by Arganil, and upon the north bank of the Mondego, a body of militia, under those indefatigable leaders Trant and Wilson, harassed his flank. Thus pressed, he again destroyed all such stores and baggage as encumbered his march, left his scattered foragers as a sure prey to the allies, and pushed for Celerico and Guarda. The main body of the French was at Celerico on the 21st, under Massena, whose cavalry instantly communicated with Almeida. Meantime, Regnier with the second corps had occupied Guarda. Thus holding the defiles of Guarda open, Massena calculated upon maintaining himself in that strong country for some time, and avoiding the mortification of a forced retreat into Spain. The pursuers outmarched their supplies, and suffered great privations. The Portuguese troops, whose commissariat was wretched, were almost starving, and the means of transport were unequal to keep the men fed during the exigencies of this rapid advance: therefore, a short pause was unavoidable. Massena considered the pursuit at an end; and moving Regnier with the second corps to Belmonte, posted the sixth corps at Guarda, and the eighth and the cavalry in the valleys to the eastward. During these operations, Massena and Ney had quarrelled. Massena had desired to march by his left through the Estrella to Coria in the valley of the Tagus, and thus to establish a communication with the armies of the south and the centre. To this plan Ney had violently objected, and had, in disobedience of orders, marched in the direction of Almeida. Thus the design of Massena was crossed; and though he superseded Ney in his command, and sent him to Paris, the moment for the operation had gone by. Nevertheless, in his present position at Guarda, he still calculated on being able to keep open a communication with Soult, and by his co-operation to maintain himself in Portugal till he could resume the offensive.

This dream of security was dissipated, on the morning of the

29th, by the sudden and simultaneous appearance of five columns of attack ascending the Guarda mountain by five different roads or paths. This position, one of the strongest in Portugal, was abandoned by the French with the utmost precipitation: without one effort for its defence, they hurried down the only open road, and crossed the Coa. Upon this river the enemy halted till the 3d of April; having the sixth corps at Rovina, the eighth at Alfayates, and the second upon the heights behind Sabugal, at which point the stream takes a sudden turn. Massena thus held command of some passes to the south beyond Alfayates; communicated with Almeida; guarded the bridges and fords on the Coa; and presented two strong fronts, covered by a river, and connected by the strong and convenient point of Sabugal. At daylight on the 3d, Wellington manœuvred to turn the left of the second corps, and, by a well-combined movement, to envelop and cut it off. To this end the light division was to cross the Coa several miles above Sabugal at a ford; the third division at another a little to the left; while the cavalry under Slade passed the river at another upon the extreme right; the fifth division was to force the bridge at Sabugal; the sixth was to observe the enemy at Rovina; and the remaining divisions were in reserve.

The morning was dark and misty. A brigade of the light division, under colonel Beckwith, was, by some error in the calculation of a staff officer, ordered to the attack before the other troops were in motion on their respective points.

Colonel Beckwith forded the river with four companies of the 29th (the rifles), and with the 43d regiment. The riflemen led up the heights in extended order; the 43d followed in column. The riflemen drove in the enemy's piquets, but were almost instantly forced back upon the 43d by a strong reserve, and, the fog clearing, Beckwith found himself in the presence of Regnier's whole corps. He instantly charged and repulsed the French column, and gained the brow of the height; but here he was directly exposed to the fire of two guns loaded with grape within one hundred yards; and was forthwith assailed in front and upon both flanks by very numerous forces, of which some were horsemen. The heroism of Beckwith and his men was only equalled by his ability and their steadiness. He took advantage of a small stone inclosure, and made it good against all assaults, with desperate resolution. The fighting was furious, and the fire of the 43d deadly; and in the midst Beckwith charged out upon the enemy, and took from them a howitzer within fifty yards of the low stone wall which he was defending. The other brigade of the light division now came up to their support, and the combat was continued with equal spirit by the 52d. In vain did Regnier bring forward fresh and stronger

columns, in vain did cavalry fall in upon the skirmishers of the 52d, and cause a momentary confusion ; the fierce efforts of the enemy were all firmly repulsed, and the brave light division kept the howitzer, and still crowned the hill. In this short and bloody struggle the French left more than 300 dead bodies upon the ground, and their wounded were very numerous. The allies had only 200 killed and wounded.

Regnier, maddened by this repulse, was collecting all his reserves for one more effort, when the fifth division carried the bridge of Sabugal, and a column of the third appeared on his right flank. He now retired hastily upon Alfayates, and he was joined at Rendo by the sixth corps. The next day, Massena took the road of Ciudad Rodrige, and on the 5th of April entered Spain. Thus terminated the memorable invasion of Portugal. The light division had the high honor of seeing it recorded in the dispatches of lord Wellington, that the affair at Sabugal was "one of the most glorious actions that British troops were ever engaged in."

Upon the 28th of March the army was joined by considerable reinforcements from England, which were organized as a seventh division. These troops had been embarked in January ; but, being detained by contrary winds, did not anchor in the Tagus till the 2d of March. Had they arrived a month sooner, the expulsion of Massena would not have been so long delayed ; for, with the aid of these 7000 men, Wellington could have acted upon the offensive, before the French general, yielding to a stern necessity, broke up from his position at Santarem. By the want of wholesome and sufficient food, by consequent sickness, and by relaxed discipline, his army had very severely suffered : it had wasted down to 40,000 combatants. He had, with a wise and denying economy, kept rations sufficient for a long march in store ; and these, being issued at the moment they retired, kept his men well together, and in good spirits ; and, in fact (owing to the scarceness and badness of the transport of the allies), they were far better supplied during the retreat than their pursuers. It will be seen that both the retreat and the pursuit were conducted with consummate ability and skill. The positions of the enemy's rear-guard were, in general, chosen with a fine judgment, and maintained with steadiness to the latest moment. When, however, it is considered that lord Wellington pursued his adversary with a force various in composition, not even in the early part of the advance superior in numbers, and from the 14th greatly inferior,—that the enemy were turned or driven from every position where they attempted to delay him by skillful manœuvre or vigorous assault,—that, from Condeixa onwards, they were compelled repeatedly to destroy carriages, stores, ammunition, and means of transport,—that they suffered, in various affairs, a

severe loss in killed and wounded, and lost, including the foragers upon the Alva, near 2000 prisoners; and, when all these results of the campaign are set in contrast with the haughty and boastful proclamations of Massena eight months before, the reader will have little difficulty in deciding which was the greater captain of the two,—the “spoiled child of victory,” or the firm and illustrious warrior who delivered Portugal. Nevertheless, those public men and public prints at home, whose patriotic care it was to disparage the exploits of Wellington, and to exalt the generalship of the French, described the retreat of Massena as “*a mere change of position from the Zezere to the Agueda,*” —as a manœuvre to lead the allies to a distance from their resources, and to approach his own. Thus spoke the Opposition, both in and out of parliament; but the people of England held very different language: they read of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Portugal with a deep sympathy, and of the ferocious atrocities of the French with honest and undisguised indignation; they rejoiced in the triumph of Wellington; they were proud of the conduct of the British troops; and they were made sensible of the blessing of that happy locality, and *that admirable constitution*, which saved them from the fearful visitations of foreign and the unnatural ravages of civil war. Of a truth, the afflictions of the Portuguese were very heavy. A wide and spacious district of the land had been for months occupied by a hostile army, and abandoned by all those inhabitants who had listened to the counsel of lord Wellington and the orders of their government. The condition of these fugitives was pitiable enough; but the fate of those who, from indifference, indolence, or incredulity, either lingered in their homes to take their chance of events, or fled at the latest moment to some hiding-place not far from their abode, never has been, never can be, fully ascertained. Suffice it to say, that during their occupation of that district the French troops suffered grievously for want of food; that their discipline was gone; that they foraged for themselves; that all the evil spirits among them had opportunity for crime. He who knows how intimate is the connexion between animal wants and animal ferocity, and how, in such connexion, cruelty the most abominable may consist with *infidel* civilization, will require no details of the conduct of the French army. A large proportion of the officers and of the men of that army looked with horror upon the atrocities committed, and with contempt upon those orders of their general whereby the crimes of ruffians who disgraced the name of soldiers were approved and sanctioned.

By express orders from the French head-quarters, the city of Leyria, and the church and convent of Alcobaça (which last, says Mr. Southey, are to the Portuguese as Westminster Abbey

and the Bodleian to an Englishman), were given to the flames. The whole line of their retreat was marked by fire, desolation, and blood. "The cruelties perpetrated cannot and ought not to be described."—"Every horror (says Colonel Napier) that could make war hideous attended this dreadful march." In the district of Coimbra near 3000 persons were murdered by the French, as they passed it on their retreat. In those provinces where the French were cantoned during their partial occupation of the country, the sufferings of the people were dreadful. Thousands hid themselves in the woods and mountains; but even here, the marauders of the enemy, prowling like wolves for food, found them,—some in large and trembling companies, some cavered in lonely fear; and, seizing their little stores of maize or pulse, slew them: at times, in cruel favor, sparing the women.

Prepared by such actions, they became the ready agents of destruction and cruelty, at their general's call; and the retreat of Massena was marked by "a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed." Yet it is but just to repeat the observation, that countless enormities may be the work of but a small number of villains; and that of 40,000 French soldiers, a large and gallant majority may have viewed these acts and orders with abhorrence.

The last body of the enemy which passed the Aguada, after the combat of Sabugal, was a brigade of French infantry of the 9th corps, which had been detached on a particular service, near Almeida, and was actually in motion to attack Trant and his militia (then watching that fortress), when the cavalry and horse artillery of the allies fell hotly upon it. This brigade retired in fine order, across open ground, sustaining a close cannonade, and being menaced on both flanks by the British cavalry. It lost near 300 men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, in this movement; but at last, gaining a stronger country, made good its retreat across the Aguada, by Barba del Puerco.

Not a French soldier was now left in arms upon the soil of Portugal, save the garrison of Almeida. This fortress was immediately blockaded. The head-quarters were established at Villa Formosa; the troops were cantoned in advance; and Wellington, relieved from any present apprehension for the frontier of Beira, suddenly left the army, and rode, by long journeys, to the Alemtejo, to visit the detached corps under marshal Beresford.

CHAP. III.

BADAJOS AND CAMPO MAYOR TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.—BERESFORD DRIVES THEM FROM CAMPO MAYOR.—MOVES TO ELVAS.—PASSES THE GUADIANA.—PREPARES FOR THE SIEGE OF BADAJOS.—LORD WELLINGTON VISITS THIS CORPS OF THE ARMY.—EXAMINES THE DEFENCES OF BADAJOS.—IS SUDDENLY RECALLED TO BEIRA.—AFFAIRS OF CADIZ.—BATTLE OF BARROSA.—WAR IN CATALONIA.

THE defeat of Mendizabal, on the Gevora, has been already recorded. It was witnessed from the walls of Badajos. Three thousand of the routed soldiers entered that fortress by the bridge, and joined the garrison, which was thus swelled to 9000 men. Many of the inhabitants had fled to avoid the perils and privations of an expected siege, therefore food was abundant. They had military stores in plenty; the weather was severe, and the rains heavy. Every thing favored the besieged—every thing was against the besiegers. However, on the evening of their victory, the French, with their wonted activity, immediately broke ground before the place. Don Raphael Menacho, the governor, was a resolute and excellent officer; the troops had great confidence in his measures; the sallies were bold and frequent; the fire of the besieged was true and weighty; and all appearances justified the expectation that Badajos would be most successfully defended. The French had pushed their approaches to the covered way, and were making preparations to blow in the counterscarp, when, upon the night of the 2d of March, Menacho led a vigorous sally against their nearest batteries, spiked their guns, and destroyed a great deal of their late work. For this advantage the Spaniards paid incalculably dear—Menacho was slain, and the heart of their hopes was struck. One Imas succeeded to the command; the French made rapid progress; the ditch was gained, and the rampart was breached; upon the 10th of March, the governor was sternly summoned to surrender the place, or abide the consequences of a refusal.

Menacho, before his death, had retrenched the streets, and shown sufficiently his intentions. Imas was a man of another sort. He had received clear and correct information of the state of affairs on the Tagus; he knew of Massena's retreat; he knew that a very strong corps of British and Portuguese was advancing to his relief; the breach was as yet narrow, imperfect, and difficult; he had 8000 soldiers within the walls, while the camp of the besiegers contained only 14,000 men. Yet Imas, upon this summons, immediately surrendered the place. The garrison were made prisoners of war; and, as if to amuse themselves with his dishonor, the enemy suffered his grenadiers

to march out by a breach, which his own workmen had to enlarge that they might do so. As Imas obtained his own liberty, and gave the French all the intelligence of which he was in possession, of his treachery there can be little doubt. This disgraceful business was a severe mortification to lord Wellington, whose plans were thus of necessity disconcerted.

As soon as Badajos fell, Soult, alarmed by the recent operations of the British at Cadiz, returned to Seville. Mortier, pursuing his directions, marched upon Campo Mayor with his infantry, and summoned that place, while his cavalry under La-tour Maubourg seized upon Albuquerque and Valencia d'Alcantara, making a few hundred prisoners in those towns. Mortier looked for the instant surrender of Campo Mayor, for it is a weak place, commanded, at the distance of 400 yards, by a low hill; and it was only defended by 200 men and five mounted guns. But these means of defence were under the orders of a brave and able man, a major Tallaia, an officer of engineers in the Portuguese service; and Mortier was compelled to open trenches, to batter in breach, to bombard the place, and to advance to the crest of the glacis by the regular process of the sap. When the breach was made, and the place was again summoned, this faithful Portuguese demanded of his enemy twenty-four hours, to see if it were possible that he could be succored. Mortier granted this honorable demand, and, at the expiration of the time agreed upon, the gallant Tallaia surrendered his charge.

This conquest, however, the enemy did not long retain; for already Beresford was advancing at the head of 22,000 men, with instructions to repair the disasters in this quarter, by relieving Campo Mayor, and laying siege to Badajos.

Upon the morning of the 26th, Beresford's advanced guard, consisting of 2000 horse, and a strong detachment of infantry under Colonel Colborne, came upon the place just as the enemy were hastily moving out. Their battering train of thirteen guns, escorted by three battalions, was in march upon the road to Badajos, accompanied by 1200 cavalry, with horse-artillery. The allies pursued them. Colonel Colborne, with his infantry on the right, and at some distance; Colonel Head, with the 13th Light Dragoons, supported by two squadrons of Portuguese, was upon the left, close in with them. The fine brigade of the British heavy cavalry was in reserve. The ground was an open plain, and favorable for the operations of horse all the way to Badajos. Some French hussars charged out upon the 13th and the Portuguese, to favor the march of their infantry and guns, and gain time for them to push onward; but they were driven off instantly. Four regiments of French dragoons now drew up and presented a very formidable front; but the 13th British

with great spirit charged through them; galloped forwards; cut down the French gunners upon the road, who were conducting the heavy train; and, pursuing their success, headed the French column of march. Some of them formed far in front of it, while others, more hot and uncontrollable, carried on a running and irregular combat with the fugitive horsemen of the enemy, several of the British dragoons being actually at last taken at the very gates of Badajos. The French pursued their march without further interruption. They had about 300 killed and wounded, and lost one howitzer. Colonel Clamorin, a distinguished officer of French dragoons, was slain in this affair.

Marshal Beresford made no use of his heavy cavalry, so that Colborne's detachment of infantry could not of course be brought to bear upon the enemy's line of march, and they got safe into Badajos, having very narrowly escaped destruction or captivity.

The marshal now placed his troops under cover at Elvas, and in the towns and villages convenient to that fortress, in which all the necessary stores for his future operations were to be collected. The enemy had placed a garrison of 3000 men in Badajos, and 400 were left in Olivenza. Beresford's troops, who had been harassed with severe marches ever since the beginning of the month, were greatly in want of shoes, and needed some refreshment and repose.

Captain Squires of the engineers was directed to prepare, with all possible expedition, the means of passing the Guadiana, at Jurumenha; and a bridge laid down upon trestle piers, and connected by some large boats, was ready by the 3d of April; but, in the night, the river rose and carried away the trestles.

This difficulty was met by constructing a bridge upon pontoons and casks, strong enough for the passage of infantry, and with the boats forming flying bridges for the cavalry and guns.

By the evening of the 6th of April the whole force had crossed the river, and taken up a position upon the left bank. While these things were doing by the allies, general Phillipon was busily engaged in restoring the defences of Badajos; and Latour Maubourg, who had succeeded to the command of Mortier, was sweeping up all the supplies of Estremadura with movable columns and cavalry, to provision it for a siege. Therefore the passage of the Guadiana, owing to the employment already on their hands, was not looked to by the French till it was actually effected; and Latour Maubourg did not move to oppose it till the 7th, when he came in front of the allied position with 3000 infantry and 500 horse. In the night the enemy, passing undiscovered between some Portuguese videttes, surprised and captured a squadron of the 13th Light Dragoons: nor was this all. Some of them penetrated into the village, where head-quarters were established, and were fired upon by a

serjeant's guard. From this strange and successful adventure they returned without further molestation than the alarm, which they had at once shared and caused, when they found themselves fired upon in the village.

Beresford now advanced, and summoned Olivenza. The officer in command of the place returned the answer to be expected; and the marshal, sending for heavy guns, after a halt of two days, moved forward himself, and left general Cole with the 4th division to reduce the place. Upon the 14th of April, a battery of six twenty-four pounders was opened upon Olivenza. It was breached in one day, and surrendered on the next.

Beresford, now desirous to push the French out of Estremadura, advanced with a view to clearing ground for his subsequent operations against Badajos, as far as Zafra. Upon the way up, the advanced guard came upon two regiments of French hussars, at the village of Los Santos de Maimona. They were immediately charged, driven, and pursued, losing men, killed or taken, every hundred yards. More than seventy of the 4th and 10th French hussars were captured. The allies had not a man killed or wounded.

The troops lay for a few days collected at Zafra and the towns near: meanwhile great exertions were made at Jurumenha to construct strong bridges; and a position was marked out and intrenched upon the left bank, to admit of their being defended by a strong force of infantry, should circumstances arise to endanger the communication. Lord Wellington reached Elvas on the 21st, and proceeded on the 22d to reconnoitre Badajos, passing the Guadiana below the mouth of the Caya with a strong escort of German and Portuguese cavalry. This reconnoissance was so happily managed that the governor was made to sally out and show the strength of his garrison. The convoy, which the allies had threatened, and for which he was properly jealous, reached the town. The loss on either side was inconsiderable. Before Badajos was invested, lord Wellington assured himself of the co-operation of the Spanish generals, and of their consent to follow the plan of operations which he laid down. It was arranged, and justly, that the general commanding the largest portion, and the best disciplined and most effective of the troops, whose movements were to be now combined, should command the whole. Castaños, the senior general of the Spaniards, met this proposal with a very ready and generous consideration. Lord Wellington foresaw the probability that Soult would advance to raise the siege; and giving Beresford permission to fight a battle, if circumstances admitted of his doing it with prudence, he named Albuera as the point of assembly for the Spanish and British forces, and the best field of battle. The Guadiana rose again on the 24th to the height of ten feet, and

carried away the bridge at Jurumenha. Thus, for a short time, Merida became of necessity the line of communication with Portugal, though the detour was considerable. By this serious difficulty the commencement of operations against Badajos was again delayed. Until the bridge was re-established, it was, of course, impossible to bring forward the engineer and artillery means required for the siege. In addition to this obstacle great inconvenience arose from some angry misunderstanding between the Portuguese and Spaniards, originating in some excesses committed by the latter at Fernando in Portugal. These bitter differences Mr. Stuart at last succeeded in composing. Before, however, the Spanish generals had given their full and final assent to the siege of Badajos being actually undertaken by a force composed of English and Portuguese troops, lord Wellington received a summons from the general commanding the main army in his absence, and returned hastily to Beira. Thus marshal Beresford remained in a difficult command alone,—with a city to besiege, and Soult for an opponent in the field. Before we follow the steps of Wellington to the north, the operations of the allies at Cadiz, in the beginning of March, deserve a particular notice. While Soult was engaged in Estremadura, general Graham and the Spanish general La Peña, concerted an expedition for raising the blockade of Cadiz and destroying the French works in front of the Isla de Leon. Anxious that the attempt should be made, and hopeful of its success, Graham, looking only to the good cause, consented to act under the orders of La Peña. There were not more than 10,000 troops in the French lines,—there were no less than 20,000 in Cadiz and the Isla. Towards the close of February, about 12,000 of the allies were embarked at Cadiz for Tarifa. This force was destined to act upon the enemy's rear at Chiclana, while general Zayas, commanding in the Isla de Leon, was to throw a bridge over the Santi Petri near the sea-mouth, and with the troops from the Isla was to support the attack.

A gale of wind carried the transports past Tarifa, and they were forced to land in Algesiras Bay. From hence they marched to Tarifa, while the guns, there being no road for artillery, were shipped in launches, and towed back to that point by the hard and hearty exertions of the seamen. On the 27th the whole force was assembled at Tarifa, and Graham was joined by the 23th regiment, and the flank companies of the 9th and 82d. Upon the 28th La Peña advanced. On the 2d of March he carried an outpost of the enemy at Cassa Viejas, which they had intrenched two days before; and on the 3d he drove them from Vejer de la Frontera, another of their detached posts. Zayas had fulfilled his part by throwing a bridge over the Santi Petri on the 2d, and had cast up an intrenchment to protect it. On

the nights of the 3d and 4th, the enemy made attacks upon the bridge, but without success. Upon the morning of the 5th the allies reached the low ridge of Barrosa. These heights are about four miles from the sea-mouth of the Santi Petri. To open the communication with the Isla was La Peña's first object. He sent forward general Lardizabal, with his division, to effect this. Lardizabal attacked the French posts, which interposed at that point, and after a very severe affair, conducted on his part with great spirit, and with considerable loss of men, he carried the enemy's intrenchments, and gained the bridge-head. The junction with Zayas was thus effected. La Peña now moved with the main body of the Spaniards to the heights of Bermeja, and sent orders to Graham to follow in support. The line of Graham's march was not far from the coast; the direction was nearly parallel with it, and the road lay through a rough plain, thickly wooded. While the general was advancing across this ground to the Bermeja height, distant about three miles, he discovered a French division upon his right flank, only a few hundred yards from the wood, and another ascending the Barrosa ridge, which he had just quitted, and where he had only left a weak rear-guard of British and two Spanish battalions. The French corps was commanded by marshal Victor in person. Graham saw all the danger of his situation, and decided upon striking the first blow, trusting to valor and a good cause for the issue. He countermarched his small force; directed the right brigade, under general Dilkes, against the Barrosa height; and the left, under colonel Wheatly, against the division beyond the wood upon the plain. The rear-guard having no power to resist the enemy's occupation of the Barrosa hill, had retired, as they marched up, and the division of Ruffin was now formed upon its summit. That of Laval, upon the plain, was the first reached by the British. Ten guns, under major Duncan, opened upon it with a most true and destructive fire; and colonel Wheatly gallantly advanced, the French division meeting him most readily. The musketry soon began to roll heavy and deadly; while the riflemen and Portuguese, under colonel Barnard, who had been thrown out on colonel Wheatly's left at the commencement, gradually gained ground. At last, Wheatly ordered a charge; and the first line of the French, despite a valiant resistance, was driven upon the second: but the bayonets of the 87th, and some companies of the Coldstream, were in the midst of them, before they had time to reform, and they were driven from their ground in confusion, leaving an eagle with the 87th regiment. While this was passing on the left, Dilkes marched upon the Barrosa height, and on the lowest part of the brow Ruffin met his attack with eagerness. The fighting was very fierce, and the carnage great, but the struggle was not long; and the French hurried

from the hill, leaving three guns and a field of dead with the British. The beaten divisions inclining towards each other as they retired, as soon as they met attempted a new formation; but the British artillery poured upon them so terrible a fire, that to recover from their confusion was impossible, and they crowded fast away, in tumult and disorder. These bloody combats lasted little more than an hour; but in that short time 1200 British and 2000 Frenchmen were struck down, slain, or wounded. Two French generals were mortally wounded; 400 prisoners, six guns, and an eagle, remained with the victors.

General la Peña, who had not made a single movement in support of the British, while thus terribly engaged with very superior numbers, when the field was won, and the French were retreating without order, and with a lost heart, would undertake nothing against them, and suffered a glorious opportunity of doing good service to pass without one effort to improve it. This disgusted Graham. While Victor, with Ruffin and Laval, had attacked Graham, he left Villatte, with 3000 men, to cover the French works, and to watch the Spaniards at Santi Petri and on the Bermeja height; yet La Peña, with 12,000 Spanish infantry and 800 horse, under his immediate orders (for Zayas had joined him), would strike no blow. The day after the battle, therefore, Graham led back the British to the Isla de Leon. The Spanish general remained for several days without; but he did nothing against the enemy's works, and refused acting, unless Graham and the British would co-operate. While thus he sat idle in his camp, admiral Keats, with his seamen and marines, was actually destroying several of the enemy's batteries and stores at different points of the harbor, before his eyes. At last the French, wondering at their own fortune, returned. Garrisons had, indeed, been left at some of the strongest points of their line, but the rest of the troops Victor had drawn off. Finding, however, that he was not followed, and his lines not attacked, he came back with a bold face; La Peña passed into the Isla de Leon, and destroyed the bridge, and the blockade of Cadiz was re-established.

With far different support, with irregular forces under their orders, and with no such brilliant opening of fortune as that just recorded, the Catalan chiefs maintained the unequal struggle against their able enemies, with a constancy and vigor which gilded their very disasters with glory. Wherever the French moved, wherever they halted, how strong soever the fortresses and towers which they garrisoned, from the line of march, from the bivouac, from the bastions, their scouts and sentinels saw hostile forms on every commanding rock, and bands of sandalled peasants were moving upon the mountain tops in arms. The British flag, indeed, flew encouragingly upon the coast; and no

opportunity was ever lost by the zealous navy of England to support the enterprises of this true and faithful people, or to menace the communications and harass the movements of the French: but here, in Catalonia, where a strong division of British troops might have saved the province, not one soldier was sent till the moment for any wise or hopeful effort was gone by, and the kingdom was already lost.

As early as July, 1810, Suchet commenced his preparations for the siege of Tortosa, a point upon the Ebro of the first military importance. In this operation, marshal Macdonald, who had succeeded the fierce and severe Angereau in command of Catalonia, was to assist; but for a time he had his own hands full of constant and vexatious employment in Upper Catalonia. Amid so active and brave a population as the Catalans, it was no light labor to establish magazines at the necessary depôts; to provide for the supply of Barcelona, and to free it from the inconveniences of a perpetual blockade. Macdonald effected these objects, but not without the active opposition of the Spanish general O'Donnel. Barcelona, however, having been effectually relieved, Macdonald took post at Cervera, as a central position, whence he might at the same time cover the operations against Tortosa and menace the line of the Llobregat. The troops of Suchet were already in the environs of Tortosa, and he intrenched Mora and Xerta; the one as a tête de pont upon the Ebro, the other as a depôt for his siege stores.

While marshal Macdonald lay in position at Cervera, O'Donnel suddenly quitting Tarragona, in force, marched upon Mataro. His guns were conveyed by sea. He arrived at Mataro on the 10th of September, and upon the 14th he surprised the brigade of general Schwartz, at Bisbal, and, after a short and ineffectual resistance, the general and his men were made prisoners. At St. Feliu, at Palamos, and in the little castle of Calonge, the detachments from this brigade were captured by the column under colonel Fleyres. In all, 1100 good French soldiers were taken; many fell in the act of resistance; and a very complete success crowned the happy enterprise, and skilful movements, of O'Donnel. This sadly disconcerted the French marshal, who was soon obliged to move again into Upper Catalonia, and to take with him his whole force, to give escort to a convoy assembled at Gerona, for the provision of Barcelona. This duty performed, the marshal, who had now received considerable reinforcements from France, returned to the Ebro at the head of 15,000 men. The absence of the corps of Macdonald, and the inconvenient but unavoidable delay in his projected siege of Tortosa, was most embarrassing to Suchet; but he maintained his position resolutely, though subjected to the frequent attacks both of the Catalan and Valencian forces, as also to the sorties

of the garrison. In all these partial engagements the French were quite successful; and especially in one, near Vineros, the Valencian army, under Bassecourt, was severely beaten by general Musnier, and lost from 2000 to 3000 men. At length, on the 15th of December, Tortosa was closely invested on both sides of the river, and Macdonald took post at Perillo, to cover the operations of the siege on the side of Tarragona. Upon the 18th, the French established themselves on the heights, in front of Fort Orleans, and dug their first parallel the next night, on the low ground between that fort and the river. As the works of the besiegers proceeded, the sorties of the garrison were frequent, but had no success. The covered way was crowned on the seventh night; nor had the French, as yet, opened a single battery. On the afternoon of the eighth day, as they were bringing their guns into the batteries, the Spaniards made a furious sally, in very great strength; gained the trenches; overpowered the guard, and filled in a portion of the sap, with one column, while another body rushed upon the artillery; but these last were bravely checked, till a heavy reinforcement was brought up, and the Spaniards were instantly driven back, leaving 400 men killed and wounded in the hands of the besiegers. After seventeen days of open trenches, the place was laid open to assault. The counterscarp was blown in; there were two good breaches, and the troops were assembled for the storm. The count de Alacha, after vainly attempting to obtain better terms, surrendered at discretion; and the garrison marched out 7500 strong, having lost 1500 men during the attack. The force of the besiegers amounted to 10,000, and they did not lose 500. The siege was under the able direction of the baron Rogniat; and to his skilful attack the speedy and comparatively bloodless triumph of the French is due. The fort on the Col de Balaguer was surprised and taken the very next morning.

Among the many efforts made during the siege to disturb the enemy, one by a party of British seamen, under Captain Fane, most gallant and successful at the first, terminated in disaster. They landed on the 13th of December, at Palamos, attacked and drove away a French battalion, and captured a convoy of eleven vessels laden with provisions, which lay under the guns of the Mole. Their work done, they neglected to keep together, and being scattered about the town, the French troops rallied, returned, and fell briskly upon them. The sailors, thus taken at a disadvantage, could make no effectual resistance. They fought in a brave, disjointed manner: 122 were killed and wounded; Captain Fane and 86 men were made prisoners.

By the fall of Tortosa, the gallant Catalans were left without any hope of aid from the neighboring provinces. On the side of Arragon, the capture of Lerida and Mequinenza had before

straitened them; this last blow shut them out from all communication with Valencia. No succor could reach them now otherwise than by sea. The fortress and port of Tarragona yet remained, but the eye of the invader was already on them; and the bare-bosomed peasant well knew that the last dreary citadels of Catalonia would be the rocky summits of her naked mountains, at the foot of which lay the blackened and roofless walls of desolated homesteads.

CHAP. IV.

MASSENA REAPPEARS SUDDENLY IN THE FIELD.—THE BATTLE OF FUENTES DE HONOR.—THE FRENCH EVACUATE ALMEIDA.—BERESFORD LAYS SIEGE TO BADAJOS.—SOULT ADVANCES TO SUCCOR THAT FORTRESS.—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

THERE is no feature in the military character of the French more admirable than that hopeful elasticity of mind with which they cheerfully apply themselves to repair losses and misfortune. Within a little month the discomfited army of Portugal was organized anew; was reinforced by the army of the north, and by two divisions of the ninth corps; and Massena was again in the field at the head of 40,000 infantry and 4000 horse. To this force the allies could only oppose 1500 horse and 32,000 infantry. Wellington was no sooner apprized of the early and unexpected concentration of so formidable a French army, than he returned rapidly from the south, and reached Villa Formosa on the 28th of April.

The relief of Almeida, where the French garrison was closely blockaded, was an object that deserved the best efforts of Massena; for it was the sole acquisition of his long and disappointing campaign.

Almeida stands on the right bank of the Coa: the banks of that river are mountainous and difficult, and the points of passage are few. There is a bridge at Almeida, another at Castello-boim, seven miles higher up, and a third at Sabugal, near thirty miles above the fortress of Almeida. The bridge at Sabugal forms the great military communication between Ciudad Rodrigo and Guarda.

Lord Wellington could not submit to see Almeida relieved; and as soon as Massena advanced, he resolved, though both the ground and the circumstances were unfavorable, to accept the invader's challenge, and give him battle. Wellington had not only an inferior force, but a perilous position; he had to fight with the Coa in the rear, and to provide in his arrangement for the two distant points of Almeida and Sabugal.

In front of the Coa is a small river, which also runs northerly, and nearly in a parallel direction. A fair village, called Fuentes de Honor, is situate on the left bank of this small stream, which is named the Duas Casas. The ground behind the Duas Casas is high and open. This table-land was selected for the field of battle. The divisions of generals Spencer, Picton, and Houston, were collected in position behind Fuentes de Honor; and the village itself, a most romantic spot, and a strong military feature, was occupied by a body of light infantry, under the command of lieutenant-colonel William Williams. In the same line, with these divisions upon the left, at some little interval, those of generals Crawford and Campbell were drawn up behind the village of Alameda, at which place there is a bridge over the Duas Casas. General Pack, with a brigade, shut in the garrison of Almeida most closely; and the great road leading to it, which crosses the Duas Casas by a ford under Fort Conception on the extreme left, was guarded by the division of Sir William Erskine. The guerrilla horse of don Julian Sanchez were posted two miles beyond the British right in observation, at the village of Nava de Aver.

Upon the 3d of May the enemy took up their ground on the opposite bank of the Duas Casas, menacing Almeida with their right, and Fuentes de Honor with their left. Towards evening, under cover of a hot cannonade from the ridge of their position, they made a resolute and fierce assault upon Fuentes de Honor. Colonel Williams, with a battalion of light companies, sustained this attack in a manner worthy of his well-tryed zeal and of his choice command. The low parts of the village were defended for a while; but the French guns played upon them with such fury, and the assailing column was so strong and violent, that the British withdrew to the upper, and confined their defence to a few houses and a chapel, that stood upon the rocky summit of the ravine through which the river flows. Here the struggle was very fierce, and could not have been maintained but for the opportune support of a brigade sent down from the line above. The French, in like manner, fed their assailing troops with reinforcements; but the 71st, 79th, and 24th regiments fought so stoutly, that they won back every foot of ground which had been yielded of sheer necessity, and drove the French quite out of the village, and across the river.

During this angry contest, in many instances the French and English soldiers met in the main street of the village, at the very bayonet's point; a very rare occurrence. Colonel Williams was severely wounded in this honorable affair. The light companies were withdrawn after sunset, and the village was held through the night in quiet by the regiments already named, under the command of Colonel Cameron of the 79th. Colonel

Cadogan of the 71st regiment, who never omitted any possible occasion of standing foremost in the ranks of honor, very greatly distinguished himself when he led up the first support, by which the light battalion was succored.

Massena, foiled in this effort to pierce the British front, passed the next day in reconnoissance, and lord Wellington anticipated his dispositions. The division of general Houston was extended to Nava d'Aver, and with its right supported don Julian Sanchez; while the left occupied a wood and a village called Pozo Velho, about half-way between Nava d'Aver and Fuentes. It should be observed, that the ravine of the Duas Casas loses itself above the village of Fuentes in easy slopes, and disappears in the wood of Pozo Velho. On the morning of the 5th, as early as three, the enemy's columns were in motion to their left; and the entire corps of Junot, with the whole of the French cavalry, were assembled in front of Pozo Velho. The light division under general Crawford, the cavalry, and a troop of horse-artillery, were sent to support Houston; and the divisions of Picton and Spencer were moved a little to the right.

About six o'clock, a heavy body of French infantry attacked and carried the village of Pozo Velho, from which the advanced brigade of general Houston's division retired in good order. The French cavalry, under general Montbrun, now passed Pozo Velho; and, marching against the hill of Nava d'Aver, drove away don Julian Sanchez, who fell back at once, and uncovered the right of Houston's division, which was thus turned. The British cavalry moved up to support Houston's foot, but the French horse, charging upon their weak squadrons with overpowering numbers, forced them out of the front, and they took refuge behind the light division of infantry. At this moment Wellington executed a very anxious change of position;—abandoned all communication with the bridge of Sabugal, and took up a new line at right angles with his original formation. His left rested still upon the Duas Casas, and Fuentes was stoutly held:—his right upon a lofty knoll near Frenada, on the left bank of another small stream, which runs parallel with the Duas Casas between it and the Coa.

To execute these movements, the seventh and light divisions had to retire for nearly two miles in the face of a formidable and intrepid cavalry. So rapid and bold were the French horsemen, that, but for the uncommon steadiness and gallantry of the *Chasseurs Britanniques*, the division of general Houston would not have gained time for the formation of their squares.

The enemy at first mistook the intention of Wellington; and, viewing this movement as a general retreat, pressed on with the confidence of victors. They had at one period actually surrounded the horse-artillery of captain Ramsay; but that officer,

trusting to his fine cattle and his brave gunners, broke a way through their astonished squadrons, and brought off his battery in safety. They continued to follow the squares of the light and seventh divisions till these troops were again in line of battle; and, seizing the opportunity offered by some little confusion, as the new alignment was taken up, (owing to the cavalry passing through the intervals, and a regiment of the Guards changing front,) Montbrun directed a general charge; but he was met by so heavy a fire of artillery, and such close, steady volleys of musketry, that he hastily drew off, leaving the ground covered with fallen horses. After this disaster, no other attempt was made on the new line than by cannonade.

While all these things had been passing on the British right, the village of Fuentes de Honor was the scene of a bloody and incessant struggle. Colonel Cameron was mortally wounded early in the combat; and the three brave regiments posted in the village were, as in the case of yesterday, driven from the lower parts by columns of overwhelming strength, and at one time lost the chapel also; but it was recovered by the brigade of colonel Mackinnon. From either side the battle in Fuentes was fed with strong reinforcements; nearly the whole of the sixth corps of the French army was engaged in these assaults; but the defenders, though outnumbered, were never entirely driven from the village. Some of the enemy did, at one time, penetrate quite through it, and attempted a formation beyond; but they were immediately attacked and driven back again by the 88th, 74th, and 83d regiments, and confined to the defence of the streets. This obstinate fighting continued till dark, when the French recrossed the Duas Casas, leaving the lower village to the silent occupation of the dead, and the upper buildings and the chapel to the resolute defenders.

These brave men were now relieved by a brigade of the light division. A renewal of the struggle was looked for on the morrow, and lord Wellington threw up some works in the upper village, and upon the position behind it; but they were never assailed. The enemy remained quiet throughout the 6th and 7th; upon the 8th, withdrew from their ground; and upon the 10th, the army of Portugal was again upon the Spanish bank of the Aguada. Both sides laid claim to the victory; but Massena's object was not attained; he fought to relieve Almeida, and he was repulsed. The allies lost nearly 2000, and the enemy near 5000, men in this battle. Massena, foiled in his efforts, sent orders to Brennier, the governor of Almeida, to evacuate that fortress, thus resigning the only fruit of his invasion, and his only hold on the country of Portugal. These orders were conveyed by a private soldier, who, eluding the allied posts, with great presence of mind, reached the place safely.

Wellington, thoroughly prepared for some such enterprise on the part of Brennier, made such clear and admirable arrangements that, had they been attended to, the French garrison must inevitably have fallen into his hands; but a delay in the transmission of his orders for one corps, attributed to a general officer since dead, left a passage of the Agueda unoccupied. Brennier, having done all possible injury to the works of Almeida, sallied from it in the night of the 10th; opened a way through the piquets with his bayonets; and pushing on at a rapid pace, in silence and in compact order, gained the Agueda at Barba del Puerco, and passed it, with the loss of many killed and wounded, and about 300 taken, but he carried his main body in safety to the French camp. Lord Wellington now detached two divisions to the Alentejo, to reinforce Beresford; and learning, upon the 16th, that Soult was in motion for Estremadura, he hastened thither.

After the failures recorded, Massena resigned the command of the army of Portugal; and was succeeded in that charge by marshal Marmont, who, having recovered the garrison of Almeida, retired to Salamanca, and placed his troops, for a short repose, in cantonments.

As soon as ever the Spanish generals in Estremadura gave their assent to the plan of lord Wellington, and the difficulties spoken of in the last chapter were overcome, the bridge communications on the Guadiana were restored, and marshal Beresford invested Badajos.

Upon the 4th of May, at early dawn, the columns of the second division, under general William Stewart, crowned all the little eminences near Badajos, upon the left bank of the river, and formed a regular investment of the place on that side. Upon the 8th, general Lumley approached Fort Christoval, upon the right bank of the Guadiana; and formally shut in the garrison with a brigade of general Cole's division, a Portuguese battalion, and some troops of Portuguese cavalry.

Upon the night of the 8th of May, ground was broken against the detached works of Picurina and Pardaleras, and before St. Christoval. The ground being rocky, the work could not proceed fast. The fire of the garrison was incessant; and upon the 10th they made a vigorous sally on the side of Christoval, but were driven back by the besiegers. Nevertheless, the enemy were pursued with so little discretion, and so close to the walls, that the allies lost 400 men, killed and wounded, without the slightest necessity for their exposure. A battery to breach Christoval opened at daylight on the 11th; but in a few hours it was silenced by the heavy and well-directed fire of the place.

The real attack was intended to be made against the castle; and upon the 10th the marshal and the commanding engineer had

resolved upon commencing their operations on that point. A report of the advance of Soult induced Beresford to wait another day before he broke ground. The intelligence from the front was contradictory; and it was doubted whether Soult had collected all his forces, and was coming forward in full strength. Therefore, Beresford opened his trenches before the castle on the 12th. As soon as it was dark the work began, and 1400 men had nearly covered themselves by midnight; but at this hour the labor was suddenly suspended. The men were withdrawn; and upon the instant the preparations for raising the siege were commenced. The intention of Soult was no longer doubtful: he was in full march to relieve the place. Upon the 14th the main body of the allies moved upon Valverde; and there it was concerted between Beresford and the Spanish generals that they should unite their forces at Albuera, and offer battle. By great and admirable exertions the siege artillery and stores were safely passed over the Guadiana by noon on the 15th, and the flying bridge was drawn ashore. These operations were covered by the fourth division and a corps of Spaniards. Upon the 15th the rear-guard drew off: the garrison made a sally, and handled a battalion of Portuguese very roughly as it retired. The siege was now raised. At about five in the evening of the 15th the allied infantry from Valverde reached the field of Albuera: here they found their cavalry had already taken post, and the advanced piquets of the enemy were in front.

The village of Albuera is a street of mean houses, with a church; situated on a little river, from which it is named. This village is traversed by the high road leading from Seville to Badajoz; which, about two hundred yards to the right, crosses the river by a handsome bridge of stone. Immediately to the left of Albuera, and just below the rough and rising ground on which it stands, there is another bridge, of unhewn stone, old, narrow, and incommodious. The river, in summer, is not above knee-deep. Its banks, to the left of the old bridge, and directly in front of the village, are very abrupt and difficult; but to the right of the main bridge the passage of the stream is easy for all arms.

Upon a gentle elevation, about three quarters of a mile beyond the Albuera, is one of those extensive open woods peculiar to Spain. The wood, immediately beyond the French left, had a bend, and approached close to the very banks of the stream, at a point in like manner beyond the right of the allies. A rivulet, called the Feria, flowed, in an oblique direction, along the left flank of the French, and joined the Albuera in front of their left wing.

The wood between the two streams was not occupied by either force at sunset on the 15th. The whole of the space

between the banks of the Albuera and the skirt of the wood occupied by the French troops is open. Ground more favorable to a general preparing an attack cannot be conceived. This wood effectually concealed his numbers and disposition; and was, at the same time, so open and unencumbered with underwood, that his cavalry might march through it in columns without trouble. Here marshal Soult had collected a body of 20,000 infantry and 4000 horse, with fifty guns.

On the side of the allies, although the ground rose in swelling eminences, still there was nothing that could be called a height; no part of the field, upon the British right, up which horsemen and guns could not move with ease: there was not a tree, not a ravine, not a rock, to impede their movements.

In the night of the 15th the Spanish army joined the British; and early on the morning of the 16th general Cole brought up the fusileer brigade, and one of Portuguese. Thus the allies mustered for the battle 29,000 men; but of these only 2000 cavalry of all nations, with thirty-eight pieces of artillery. Of this force only 7000 of the foot were English. Beresford placed the Spaniards on the right, in two lines: their left touched a road which diverges at the great bridge from that of Seville and Badajos towards Valverde. Upon the eminence above the main bridge stood the second division, under Sir William Stewart, with its left upon the road to Badajos: beyond this point the Portuguese division of general Hamilton was drawn up, on the extreme left, having its front strongly covered by the broken banks of the Albuera. The village was occupied by two battalions of German riflemen, under general Alten. General Cole formed, with his two brigades, a second line, supporting Stewart.

The allied cavalry was concentrated in rear of the centre, and placed under the orders of general Lumley, who was expressly taken from the command of his infantry brigade for that purpose.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th a heavy column of French infantry, preceded by artillery, flanked by cavalry, and supported by a reserve, issued from the wood opposite Albuera. They directed their march towards the bridge, under a smart cannonade, to which the guns of the allies, from the eminence above the village, replied; but there was not either rapidity or earnestness enough in this attack to deceive: it was soon apparent that the enemy's main effort would be upon the right. Accordingly, an order was sent to the Spaniards to form front to their right, to meet the attack that was expected, and was soon developed.

Blake, surly and self-opiniated, would not execute this change of front till the personal remonstrance of Beresford, and the appearance of the French columns on the right, compelled him.

The Spanish troops were not a little perplexed between the

various commanders who directed their movements. They are ill disciplined, and manœuvre with great slowness; and it required no common exertion to get them formed at all in time to meet the attack. The main body of the French infantry, with the great mass of their cavalry, moving far upon their left, was now advancing upon the right of the allies, in columns of attack. The order of battle was thus already changed. All the movements were originated by the French marshal, and Beresford had to oppose manœuvre to manœuvre; and an army, various in nation and in discipline, to legions who formed and moved with precision and celerity; the grammar of whose tactics was the same, and whose confidence in the science of their leader was the firm support of a lofty courage.

The soldier, Beresford, was ready and able for any fight, how thick soever might be its perils; but the responsible commander was startled by the perplexities of his most difficult situation.

The resistance of the Spanish troops, though gallant, was short; they were overpowered, and driven from their post. The enemy was now formed upon a vantage-ground; from whence, with a numerous artillery, he raked the whole of the allied position.

In this posture of affairs it became necessary, at any price, to retake the hill which they had gained. The first brigade of the division of Stewart moved on it in double quick time, led by that general, and by colonel Colborne, its immediate commanding officer. These troops were precipitated into action in a thick rain, and under a heavy fire. They were led close to the enemy, in column, before they deployed; and the corps did so, in succession, and hastily advanced at once upon the French infantry. But amid this obscurity and confusion, a body of Polish lancers, and some squadrons of the enemy's hussars, galloped round upon these exposed battalions, and overthrew them with great slaughter, driving some hundreds before them into the French lines, who were there made prisoners. Of the regiments composing this brigade, the 31st, not having deployed, was the only one which escaped this misfortune: with this Colborne maintained himself, till Stewart brought up the brigade of general Houghton, and re-established the battle; being speedily supported by the British artillery under major Dickson.

The musketry rolled fierce and fearful: cannon thundered in quick discharges from the French batteries; and the massive columns of their infantry stood up valiantly against volleys, which forbade them to deploy, and embarrassed their crowded ranks with the dying and the dead. The soldiers of Houghton's brigade fought like men, who were willing to be destroyed, but would not be defeated.

Houghton, the general, fell covered with wounds; colonel Duckworth was shot dead: all the field officers, and the greater

part of all the other officers, were slain or disabled, and not a third of the men were standing. Their heroism was not vain. This was an anxious crisis of the battle, for the enemy had lodged a column of their left well forward upon the very brow of the position. Marshal Beresford might well have doubted whether he should be justified in continuing a battle which looked hopeless, and in which defeat, with his Spanish allies in company, would be ruin. At this important moment, general Cole led forward a British brigade against the enemy's left. This movement was suggested by colonel Hardinge, who was with Cole at the time, and saw from that point the strong necessity. The marshal observed this gallant and well-timed advance, and made immediate dispositions to support it. It was under desperate circumstances that the fusileer brigade, under Sir William Myers, and the remaining brigade of Stewart's division under colonel Abercrombie, were brought hastily into action. Already was a French column established in advance upon the right of Houghton's weak and exhausted brigade; already had the allies lost three guns by a charge of Polish horse; when general Cole, with his fusileers, supported by Harvey's Portuguese brigade, and a battalion of the Lusitanian legion, under colonel Hawks-hawe, pressed forward upon the right of Houghton's diminished line, won back the cannon, and was immediately engaged in a combat, not differing in severity or sternness from that which Houghton had sustained. Upon the left of Houghton's line, Abercrombie's brigade advanced in the finest and firmest order, at the same moment that the fusileers were re-establishing the battle on its right. The French columns were resolute, and the struggle was bloody and stubborn. The gallant Myers was slain: general Cole, and all his staff, and almost all the field officers, of the fusileers, were wounded; and the men dropped fast: for all this, the brigade gained ground foot by foot, and made it good. They fought for victory; to the heavy fire of the frowning masses in their front, fast and steady were their stern replies; till, at last, the hostile columns, confused by carnage, entangled with each other, and thoroughly disheartened, broke and fled away, leaving to their conquerors a field covered with pale bodies of dead, and stained with the blood of many thousands of their bravest soldiers.

The French artillery covered the confused flight of their broken masses; and the numerous squadrons of their horse, against which, the allied cavalry, commanded throughout the day with the finest judgment by Lumley, could attempt nothing, gave such protection to the fugitives, that none but the wounded left upon the ground were taken.

There was a sharp contest at the village and bridges throughout the battle; and this part was skilfully protected by the Gen-

man light infantry, under general Alten. Here, and everywhere, the firing soon ceased. The discomfited battalions of the enemy filled the wood, and their piquets and videttes took post as in the morning.

A victory was won. The annals of time have not recorded any thing more heroic than the conduct of the two British brigades, led by Myers and Houghton, upon this field.

Each of these brigades lost 1000 men, and neither of them mustered more than 1400 bayonets when they marched into the battle. Against weighty masses they fought fearless in line: they were never thrown into confusion; and the standards of these battalions flying all nigh to each other, in the centre of their weakened lines, as the enemy fled from their front, was a sight as noble as a field of victory did ever show.

The entire loss of the allies was above 6000; the Spaniards losing near 2000; the Portuguese only 400; and the German light infantry 120. Thus, out of 7000 English soldiers engaged, 3500 lay upon the ground. The Spaniards behaved with admirable courage, but their want of discipline, and very especially their unwieldiness in taking ground right or left, was severely felt early in the day. The French lost 9500 men; they carried off with them a few hundred prisoners, taken from the most advanced regiment of the first brigade, when that body was hurried on precipitately by the orders of the brave general Stewart, and they took four colors from the battalions of that brigade. But the bodies of many of the soldiers (especially of the 66th regiment) lay pierced by lances in that part of the field, and fixed by death, in the frightful postures of brave, desperate, and unyielding conflict with the horsemen above them. In the evening after the battle, the allies were reinforced by the British brigade of General Kemmis, which, being employed on the right bank of the Guadiana, near Christoval, had to make the long detour by Jurumenha before it could join its division (the 4th) upon this ground. The enemy remained in their old position till the 18th, when, destroying the contents of their tumbrils and ammunition wagons, to furnish conveyance for their wounded, they leisurely retired, and the allies slowly pursued. On the 19th, Wellington arrived from the north and rode over the field of battle. He is said to have regretted that the battle was fought; and that, as it was, the precaution of strengthening the position by field-works had not been adopted, as a little ground thrown up on the naked eminences on the right would have done a great deal for their security.

It falls not within the limits of a memoir such as this, to offer observations upon the battles recorded. The responsibility of a general in command is a weighty matter; and military talent of a high order must be possessed by him who professes rigidly to

examine the strategy and the tactics of a commander, by the precedents and the practice of warfare, and by the strict rules of military science. An examination of nine battles out of ten, fought by the ablest men, will exhibit many and compelled departures from rule; many instances where ordinary rules could not be applied; some where the temptation to violate them was strong. Dispositions are often pronounced erroneous or otherwise, because in one case a foe has seized upon a part of a position and displayed its value; in another, he has assailed a part where no one expected him, and has made it his path to victory. It is undeniably true, that the army engaged at Albuera was dissatisfied with marshal Beresford. Even in the days of their first exultation at the glory of their achievements, they murmured loudly at the loss of standards, and at the expenditure of human life. The living wall of many a regiment, save a mournful fragment, had been beaten down entire, and lay in the dust of death. Marshal Beresford's occupation of the field of battle has been spoken of as the cause of all his disasters; but it is by no means clear that if the Spaniards had been posted on the left, Soult would not have forced the village and bridge, and uncovered the road to Badajos. There were many anxieties on the mind of the marshal in this terrible battle; first, his own vast responsibility; next, the knowledge that he was weak in cavalry, and ill provided with guns; third, a mistrust of Spanish troops. Thus, in the most desperate crisis of the battle, though awed by apprehensions for the safety of his troops, he continued the struggle, and a memorable triumph was the result. From the day of his arrival on the Guadiana to that of the battle, he had met with many crosses and vexations, and his situation had been most trying. Lord Wellington met Beresford on the 19th at Albuera; directed him to follow the enemy with caution; returned instantly to Elvas himself; and caused Badajos to be forthwith invested on the right bank by the two divisions, which had arrived in Alemtejo from the north. Beresford meanwhile advanced and occupied Almendralejos. Here he found a small hospital of French wounded left to his protection; but the enemy carried to Seville all those whose hurts suffered them to march, or who were in a state to be transported with safety, and their number fell little short of 4000. On the 25th the cavalry of the allies under Lumley came upon the enemy's horse near Usagre. The general, by a retrograde movement and skilful disposition, drew forward a brigade of French heavy dragoons; and then, directing Madden's Portuguese to support the charge in flank, he rode hard at them in front with the 3d and 4th dragoon guards, and in a moment overthrew them. They dispersed in confusion, and near 200 were sabred or taken. About this time general Hill, who had always commanded the detached

corps, returned to the army; and, to the joy and contentment of the troops, resumed that post. Beresford went back into Portugal to the important charge for which he was so eminently qualified, and in which he had rendered a service to the common cause of Europe never to be mentioned without respect. Admirable as a second in command, skilful to organize a new-raised army, a good aid in battle, and personally intrepid, the marshal with all this was not popular; and therefore, perhaps, it is that the censures of his conduct in this battle have been so constantly, and with so little abatement, reiterated. However, despite all censure, his name will go down to posterity associated for ever, and that too in the relation of commander, with those unconquerable soldiers who upheld the fame of England upon the bloody field of Albuera.

CHAP. V.

SECOND SIEGE OF BADAJOS.—FRENCH ARMIES OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH UNITE FOR ITS RELIEF.—THE ALLIES RETIRE INTO PORTUGAL.—LORD WELLINGTON OFFERS BATTLE ON THE CAYA.—FRENCH ARMIES SEPARATE.—WELLINGTON MARCHES TO THE AGUEDA.—MENACES CIUDAD RODRIGO.—MARMONT AND COUNT DORSENNE ADVANCE TO RELIEVE IT.—THE AFFAIR OF EL BODON.—FUENTE GUINALDO.—RETREAT OF MARMONT.—AFFAIRS OF ESTREMADURA.—MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL HILL.—HE SURPRISES AND CAPTURES A FRENCH BRIGADE AT ARROYO DE MOLINOS.

THE repulse of Massena at Fuentes de Honor, and the discomfiture of Soult at Albuera, enabled lord Wellington to maintain, for a short time, a superiority of force upon the Guadiana, and to make a second attempt upon Badajos. But it was clear that Marmont, who now commanded the army of Portugal, would be soon again in motion; and that Soult and that marshal would make early and earnest efforts to save to the French arms so important a place as Badajos; therefore, whatever was done against that fortress must be rapidly effected. It was not possible, however, to recommence the siege under eleven days. The plan of the former attack was again followed, and with all the means that Elvas could supply. But to divide the attention of the place, it was resolved, that the attacks of Fort Christoval and of the castle should be commenced at the same time. A corps of investment under general Hamilton, had again shut in the garrison on the left bank of the Guadiana, as early as the 19th of May. Upon the 25th, major-general Houstoun, with the seventh division, invested Badajos upon the right bank; and on the 27th, the third division, under general Picton, forded the river above the town, and joined the besieging force on the left

bank. The working parties broke ground on the night of the 30th. That before the castle worked, without discovery or interruption, and completed their parallel by break of day. That before Fort Christoval had not the like good fortune. They had to labor on a rocky soil, from the surface of which, since the last siege, the French had scraped away all the earth, and many of the besiegers were killed and wounded in the early part of the night. The necessary precaution of providing the workmen with stuffed gabions for their defence, had not been omitted; but the fire from the garrison, both of cannon and musketry, was heavy and effective. However, by perseverance and spirit, the batteries on both sides of the river were completed by the 2d of June, and at daylight upon the 3d they opened. Before evening the outer wall of the castle was beaten down, and a very unwelcome and difficult obstacle to the speedy forming of a practicable breach was thus discovered. The wall, it seems, had been originally built against a natural bank of clay, and this "peeled off" in perpendicular sections," under the fire, and remained a scarp almost as regular as the wall itself. Moreover, as the guns in battery were for the most part brass, and very soft, the fire could not be kept up with sufficient rapidity and weight, to hasten the fall of so large a quantity of the bank, as might form a good ramp.

The breach of Fort Christoval was examined in the night of the 5th of June, and reported practicable: it was assaulted on that following. The advance descended into the ditch in perfect order; but they found that, between night-fall and the hour of attack, the enemy had removed the rubbish from the foot of the breach, and seven feet of wall stood clear before them. An attempt was now made to force in by escalade. The ladders were applied to almost every face and flank of the work, and the effort was persevered in, with the most resolute spirit, under showers of shells, hand-grenades, stones, &c., till 102 men, out of 180, fell, and the remainder of the storming party retired.

Upon the evening of the 9th of June, the breach being much widened, and again considered practicable, it was again stormed. Again the assault failed. Nothing could be more determined than the conduct of the assailants. The various means of defence prepared at the breach were well supported by a strong and steady garrison; the face of the breach was covered with rolling shells; combustibles of all sorts were exploding at its foot; and the storming party could not force its way. The escalading party secured almost all their ladders, and rapidly ascended them; but not a man could crown the parapet. All who reached it were bayoneted, and the ladders were thrown down. Others were quick to rear them again, and renew the attempt, but they shared the same fate; and hand-grenades and bags of

powder, were thrown down upon them without intermission. Of two detachments, each 100 strong, 140 were killed and wounded; and the survivors, disappointed and reluctant, were ordered to retire. It was now evident that Christoval could not be taken without regularly advancing to the crest of the glacis; and, till Christoval had fallen, the breach at the castle could not be stormed, even when the difficulties of making it practicable should be overcome.

On the 10th of June, lord Wellington decided to raise the siege. This was effected in good order on the night of the 11th. The loss of the besiegers amounted to 500 killed and wounded, in all, from the commencement.

This attempt on Badajos was rather a venture upon fortune, than any justified expectation of success. Wellington had neither good nor sufficient means; nor had he time for regular and certain operations. Marmont and Soult were rapidly approaching when the siege was raised.

The British divisions left in the north of Portugal, under the command of Sir Brent Spencer, were led south by that officer, under instructions from Wellington, as soon as ever Marmont put himself in motion for the Tagus. When the French marshal crossed that river, Spencer passed into the Alentejo, and marched to the Guadiana. Soult, meanwhile, having collected all the troops which could possibly be spared from Andalusia, and being reinforced by 8000 men, under Drouet, from Toledo, advanced to Merida on the 18th, and established his communications with Marmont.

The corps of Sir Rowland Hill retired from Almandralejos on the very day on which the siege of Badajos was raised; and bivouacked, upon the 14th and 15th, in the position of Albuera. Here Wellington had taken post, to cover Badajos; and here, had Soult ventured to advance, without awaiting the junction of Marmont, he would have been received and checked.

Upon the 16th, a division of Spaniards, under Blake, was detached along the right bank of the Guadiana, with instructions to cross the river, enter the country of Niebla, and alarm Soult for those posts, the garrisons of which he had so much weakened for his present effort. Upon the 17th, the intentions of Marmont and Soult being evident, their junction easy, and not to be prevented, lord Wellington withdrew his people by the fords of the Guadiana, and fixed his head-quarters at Elvas. Upon the 19th, the French advanced guards entered Badajos. On the same day, the allies were placed in position upon the banks of the Caya; and were joined, on the 20th, by the northern army, under Spencer.

The combined force, under Marmont and Soult, mustered 62,000 infantry and 8000 horse; while that of Wellington did

not exceed 56,000 men, including his cavalry; in which arm he was so deficient that he could only collect 3500 horsemen, British and Portuguese. It was a severe trial to lord Wellington to be constantly cramped in his efforts by the want of cavalry; for, with a superior cavalry, no general can ever be *fully* beaten; and, without it, he can never so follow up a victory as to make considerable captures, and obtain large successes. Nevertheless, having a favorable and improvable position on the Caya, he resolved to fight a battle upon the frontier; and made immediate preparations for the expected struggle, by strengthening with field-works and batteries the position he had selected. Headquarters were established at Vicente as early as the 19th; and the troops were placed in bivouac in the woods and among the gardens near the Caya. Disposed of in Campo Mayor and other cantonments, or in camps, from whence they could be most readily assembled for battle, lay almost all the divisions of the allied army. Sir Rowland Hill was on the right, at Torre de Moro; Picton on the left, behind Campo Mayor: Spencer was in reserve.

Upon the 22d of June, Soult and Marmont made a close reconnoissance, on the side of Campo Mayor, with a very large body of horse, and some batteries of light artillery. The allies were immediately collected in rear of the position in heavy masses, and lay upon their arms waiting for the battle. The French marshals, however, could not induce their opponent to show them his dispositions; and after halting till evening within two gunshots of the position, they withdrew. On the same day, another body of French cavalry passed the Guadiana in reconnoissance, and moved upon Elvas. A piquet of the 11th light dragoons, recently arrived from England, mistook these horsemen, for Portuguese; and, before they were aware of their error, the French rode past them in strength, and the piquet was taken.

An action was generally expected on the 23d, and great efforts were made through the night to prepare and strengthen the position. The enemy, however, did not risk an engagement. Nevertheless, from the 22d to the 26th, working parties were regularly employed; and what at first were mere emplacements for guns, were at last converted into strong redoubts.

Soult and Marmont remained together in Estremadura for nearly a month longer, commanding the Spanish plain with their numerous squadrons, and eating up all the supplies that province could furnish; after which, they separated without attempting any thing against the allies. Soult retired upon Seville; and Marmont returned north, crossing the Tagus on the 23d of July. Wellington moved again, by corresponding marches, to the north-eastern frontier of Beira; and his headquarters, by the 10th of August, were established at Fuente

Guinaldo. Hill, with his old command of 14,000 men, was left in the Alentejo. With this exception, the whole of the allies were again cantoned upon the line of the Agueda, under Wellington. Between the 19th of July and the end of September, more than 50,000 men were sent from France, to reinforce the armies in Spain. These were, for the most part, veteran troops, and included 9000 cavalry familiar with war. Four divisions of these reinforcements crossed the Ebro, and joined Marmont: a considerable body also marched through Biscay to the army of the north. This acted as an independent corps, under the orders of count Dorsenne, overawed the Asturias, and held Galicia in check. But although the command of count Dorsenne and marshal Marmont were independent of each other, they were instructed to concert operations, and to combine their forces whenever an opportunity should offer for striking a blow at the British army. Marmont did not remain long at Salamanca and its neighborhood; but, leaving a weak garrison in that city, marched into the valley of the Tagus. Meanwhile, Dorsenne advanced in force upon Astorga, and compelled the Spanish army of Galicia to seek refuge in the strong defile of Villa Franca. These movements, and the leaving Salamanca defenceless, were designed to lure Wellington to advance to that city; but they failed to move him. The recovery of Ciudad Rodrigo was his sole, undivided object. Immediately after raising the siege of Badajos, he had sent his battering train and stores from the Tagus to the Douro; and he watched Rodrigo with close and jealous attention. This fortress was situated four marches from the ordinary cantonments of the French at Salamanca; nor did the intermediate country admit of their being cantoned nearer: neither could it subsist a large force in the field for any length of time. Thus the French garrison of Rodrigo, with a hostile country around them, could only be fed by convoys from the army of Portugal; and, while the allies lay upon the frontier, these convoys would require an army for their escort. This state of things was vexatious and embarrassing to the French. They dare not detach and employ forces on distant services, for fear Ciudad should be suddenly besieged; and if they would not lose it by blockade, they must soon revictual it. For this object they collected, from the valley of the Tagus, from the north, and from Navarre, every battalion and squadron that could be mustered for the field.

Upon the 22d of September, Marmont, count Dorsenne, and Souham had united their forces; and the French head-quarters were at Tamames. This formidable army amounted to 60,000 combatants, of whom 6000 were cavalry. The allies could only oppose to this host a body of 40,000 men; and of these, including the Portuguese, not 4000 horse. Therefore Wellington with-

drew all his detachments from the plain of Ciudad Rodrigo. Upon the 24th, an immense convoy was seen defiling into the city, while the enemy covered all the country around with their numerous columns.

The allies were now so distributed that their advanced corps closely observed the enemy; while a defensive position had been prepared at Fuente Guinaldo, in which they might, if pressed, be securely collected by the enemy. The right of the army was near Martiago, and leaned upon those mountains which are upon the right bank of the Agueda, and divide Castile and Estremadura. The left of the army was on the lower Azava; the cavalry was upon the upper Azava. One division in rear of the right observed the road leading from Perales; one remained at Guinaldo; and one, the third, was posted well in advance upon the heights of El Bodon. The Spaniards of don Julian and Carlos d'España watched the lower Agueda.

Upon the morning of the 25th of September, the French advanced upon the position of El Bodon with thirty squadrons of horse, and a heavy column of infantry. The heights occupied by the third division were naked, and of great extent; the brigades were distant from each other, and did but thinly cover them.

To the left, and in advance of El Bodon, lord Wellington posted the 5th and 77th regiments—two weak battalions, mustering between them about 700 bayonets. The height on which they were drawn up commanded the road from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guinaldo, by which the enemy were advancing. Upon the crown of it, in front of the two battalions, was a brigade of Portuguese artillery, supported by a few troops of the 1st German hussars, and the 11th light dragoons.

There was a ravine in front of this Portuguese battery within point-blank distance: the ground, both on the heights, and on the face of the ascent, was nevertheless perfectly practicable for horse, though it was rough and rocky. Confident in their numbers, their courage, and their kindled zeal, Montbrun led forward his cavalry in hot and eager mood, and came upon the position long before the French infantry could reach it. He immediately sent ten squadrons against the guns. They spurred across the ravine, and pressing fiercely up, under a heavy and destructive fire of grape and canister poured upon them to the latest moment by the Portuguese gunners under Arentschild, they took the battery, and cut down the Portuguese at their guns. But these victorious squadrons were now to see a new thing. A weak battalion of infantry came steadily up against them in line, firing as they advanced; and when close, charged bayonets, retook the guns, and drove them fairly off, pursuing them with a volley as they fled.

The British regiment thus distinguished was the 5th, under major Ridge; and the honor of the 77th regiment, commanded by colonel Bromhead, will be for ever associated with that of the 5th, and with the memory of that remarkable day. For these two corps, taking with them the guns, retired across the open plain in presence of all the French cavalry, supported by horse-artillery. Montbrun rode furiously upon them; but vain were the haughty efforts, though again and again repeated. In silent and steady square, the British soldiers received and repulsed these fierce charges: the gallant horsemen of France falling on three sides of their square, at the very bayonet's point. As each repulse was given the march was resumed, and they retired with perfect regularity. Having effected their junction with the 83d British, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese, the retreat was continued under the command of general Colville, in the finest order; the Portuguese, especially the 21st, distinguishing themselves greatly. The great mass of the French dragoons* still covered the plain, and accompanied their movements, every moment menacing an attack. But the gallantry and steadiness of the allies enabled them to effect their object with little loss, save from the French artillery. The right brigade of the third division, composed of the 45th, 74th, and 88th, had a more protected line of retreat; much of their road lying at first among vineyards, and across broken ground: but as soon as it cleared these covers, it came out upon a wide open flat, and had to march six miles, accompanied the whole way by the enemy's cavalry, and losing many men by the fire of the French guns.

General Picton conducted his division upon this trying day with the stern and cool courage, which can alone, under such circumstances, inspire confidence and insure safety. The few squadrons of the allied horse in the field did whatever could be done in the way of countenance and check during such opportunities as were afforded them. In the presence of such a mass of cavalry, this, of course, was little. But the 16th British light dragoons was greatly distinguished in a gallant and successful charge on the famous lancers of the imperial guard.

When the division of Picton reached the position of Guinaldo it was halted, and the enemy took up ground in front. This position was on a lofty ridge. The Agueda flowed immediately

* Lord Wellington was very near taken, during the operations of this day, from the perplexing resemblance of the English and French cavalry—in dress. He was always exceedingly averse to the changes which had been adopted at home in the uniform of the British cavalry, and to the broad-topped caps. "At a distance, colors," he would observe, "are nothing; the profile and shape of cap, and general appearance, guide the eye. And it is a great advantage to those who look at long lines of posts opposed to each other, that there should be a marked difference in their appearance."

past the right: the left was about three miles from the right, and was bounded by the extremity of the ridge, which there terminated abruptly: below was a spacious plain. Only two divisions occupied this position—those of Picton and Cole. The temporary object, for which it had been retrenched, was attained. The whole of the French army had been brought forward and shown, and was in front. Lord Wellington now issued orders for the troops to retire further to a battle position of great strength, already selected upon the Coa. But this intention was frustrated by a sudden and not a slight embarrassment. General Craufurd did not receive his orders in time; and misapprehending both the movements and disposition of the enemy, he thought it hazardous to ford the Agueda at Robleda, and decided to join lord Wellington by a circuitous march across the mountains. Now Perales and Gata were occupied by French troops, of which Craufurd was ignorant. Therefore orders were immediately dispatched to him, to retrace his steps and march by Robleda. By this circumstance lord Wellington was compelled to remain in an indifferent position, where only two divisions could be allowed for the front: for it was necessary to provide a large force in rear of the left flank on the plain, lest the enemy should march by that flank on the rear of his position: and it was necessary to place a division in observation upon the Agueda higher up than Guinaldo, lest the enemy should penetrate by the pass of Perales, and so turn his right. Pre-eminently furnished is the illustrious subject of this brief and meagre memoir, with the firm resolve and the moral courage necessary in such an anxious and perilous position.

Upon the morning of the 26th, Marmont assembled 35,000 infantry, including twenty-two battalions of the imperial guard, and his numerous and superb cavalry, directly in front of the position.

Lord Wellington formed his two weak divisions for battle, and undauntedly looked on while the French general, preparatory as it was thought to an attack, very leisurely reviewed his splendid host, at the distance of a gun-shot. Meanwhile, the English soldiers piled their arms, and lord Wellington sat cool and quiet on the ground.

It was at this moment that a Spanish general, remarkable for his zeal and gallantry, and a great favorite of Wellington's, observed to him,—“Why, here you are with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease;—why, it is enough to put any man in a fever.”—“I have done, according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done,” said Wellington; “therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for any thing which they may say at home.” Here was the golden secret of his calm unalterable

demeanor. Duties were his, and he did them. Events were not his, and to the great Disposer of all he left them. It was no fault of his that he was thus dangerously exposed. He could not and would not abandon his light division, without such a struggle as might and must have ensued, had the French attacked. But Marmont, who was remarkably fond of handling troops, and handled them well,—passed several hours in display and manœuvre. During the time thus lost, the light division was in full march, crossed the Agueda, and joined the army. At night Wellington withdrew the troops, and marched upon Alfayates. Before sunset on the 26th, the infantry of Marmont were augmented to 60,000, and he had 120 pieces of artillery on the field. On the 27th, two of the French columns followed the allies, and attacked their rear-guard at Aldea de Ponte. They twice carried the village, and were twice driven out of it again by the division of general Cole. The same night the allies entered the selected position on the Coa, near Sabugal; and, on the morrow, Wellington offered battle to his opponent. At the point chosen, the Coa makes so favorable a curve that both flanks of the allies were effectually protected. Marmont declined the challenge, and retired. Count Dorsenne returned to the north; the army of Portugal moved, a part to Salamanca, and a part, by the Puerto de Baños to the valley of the Tagus. The allies were now put into good cantonments, being distributed far to the rear; and head-quarters were fixed, for a season, at Frenada.

While these movements were passing in the north, the force under general Hill was covering the Alemtejo. That officer, disposing his troops in convenient quarters in front and around, remained with a strong reserve at Portalegre. By means of his own advanced troops, and by the officers, constantly on the reconnoissance, he kept a strict eye not only on the garrison of Badajos, but on the whole province of Estremadura; and no assembly or march of the enemy escaped his vigilance.

Supported by the vicinity of Hill's corps, Castaños had established himself at Caceres with the wreck of the Estremaduran army, and was endeavoring to recruit his weak battalions and organize them anew. To disturb this arrangement Soult sent a division of infantry and a numerous detachment of horse, under general Girard, with orders to scour the province in every direction, to drive away all levies he might hear of, to seize upon all supplies, and to intimidate the peasants. Girard crossed the Guadiana at Merida, in pursuance of these instructions, and proceeded to insult and forage the northern district of Estremadura at his ease. The Spaniards retired or dispersed wherever he came; and he reckoned not upon any serious interruption from the allies, whose plan was apparently limited, for a season, to

the defence of the Alentejo. But Hill had no sooner reported the presence of this movable column in Spanish Estremadura, than lord Wellington directed him to advance and drive it away. Upon the 22d of October, the general assembled a considerable part of the force under his orders at the village of Codiceira, on the frontier; and the next morning he marched forwards upon this duty. As soon as general Hill reached Albuquerque, and learned with what security and carelessness his enemy was moving, he resolved by all possible efforts to overtake him. On the 25th, the Spanish horse under the conde de Penne Villemur, came up with the French cavalry at Arroyo del Puerco. The enemy immediately fell back upon Malpartida, and retired from that place the same night. Hill reached Malpartida at daylight on the 26th, ascertained that Girard had quitted Caceres, and halted his troops till he obtained correct information of the route which the enemy had taken. It was no sooner found that Girard had marched on Torre Mocha, than the general moved the allies by the shorter route of Aldea del Cano and Casa de S. Antonio; but Girard moved from Torre Mocha to Arroyo de Molinos in the morning of the 27th, and posted his rear-guard at Albala.

This information reached general Hill upon the line of march. He had brought his columns from Malpartida that morning; he led them, by a forced march, that same evening, to Alcuessa, within four miles of Arroyo. Satisfied that the enemy was ignorant of his vicinity, and had no suspicion of danger, the general made such dispositions for the morning as would bring Girard to action, and with all the suddenness of a surprise. To favor this design, the allies lay upon their arms all night, without fires. At two in the morning, the columns were again put in motion, and defiled silently, by a narrow and bad road, upon Arroyo. The division did not clear the defile till half past six o'clock. It was halted about half a mile from the town, and formed in columns of attack, under cover of a rising ground which effectually concealed them. Here the most clear and distinct instructions being quietly delivered to the leaders of columns in the general's presence, he immediately gave the signal to advance. The three columns, under favor of rain and mist, diverged from this point of formation to the concerted attack. The first brigade moved directly upon the town: this column was led by lieutenant-colonel Stewart. The second brigade, followed by one of Portuguese, made a rapid circuitous march to the right of Arroyo, to intercept the enemy's retreat on the road to Medellin: major-general Howard commanded this column; colonel Wilson leading with the British, and colonel Ashworth, with his Portuguese, supporting them. The Spanish horse and the cavalry of the allies moved in the centre, between the two columns of attack, ready to act as occasion might require.

The enemy was already forming upon the road to Medellin in rear of Arroyo, preparatory to his march, when the first brigade under Stewart rushed into the town, and fell upon the rear-guard with the bayonet. Some few were taken; and the rest, hurrying out, were closely followed by the 71st and 92d regiments, supported by the 50th, with three pieces of Portuguese artillery.

The French readily formed into two squares: what cavalry they had took post upon the left; while the squares opened fire upon Stewart's column, and compelled him to form up the 92d in line, to post the 71st behind a wall on their left, and to cannonade them with a couple of Portuguese guns. These dispositions completed, Stewart was about to charge them with the 92d, when the brigade of Colonel Wilson, composed of the 28th, 39th, and 34th regiments, came up, under cover of the fog and rain, within a few yards of the Medellin road, directly upon the enemy's left and rear. At this moment, the Spanish, supported by a few of the allied cavalry, galloped upon the French horse. These not being sufficiently numerous to maintain any posture of defence, were sabred or dispersed, and fled. About 200 yards to the right of the French infantry, rose the Sierra de Montanches; a range of rocky and precipitous heights, traversed by no roads, but a few narrow difficult paths known only to the goat-herd and the peasant. The French, seeing one British brigade advancing in their front, and another rapidly closing at double quick time upon their exposed flank, and already masters of the only road by which they could retire, suddenly broke their ranks, and rushing to the mountain scrambled up the pathless side in confused crowds. The brigade of Wilson followed; and the 34th regiment, which led, was soon mixed with the enemy. Very few of them fired a shot, or attempted any resistance, but as soon as they were overtaken, broke or threw down their arms, and surrendered. General Girard, with a very small remnant of his brigade, escaped across the mountains to Serena; being pursued for many leagues by a few British and Portuguese, and by a corps of Spaniards under Murillo. The pursuers found most of their knapsacks, and many of their arms, upon the path by which they fled.

In this affair, so honorable to general Hill, the loss of the British did not exceed sixty-four. That of the Portuguese was very trifling; the Spanish infantry were not engaged, and their horsemen suffered little. The enemy left 1500 prisoners, three guns, and all their baggage, in the hands of Hill. Among those taken were general Bruin; the duke d'Aremberg, colonel of chasseurs; and a chief of the staff. The first brigade of Girard's division had marched at five in the morning, under general Remond, and thus escaped being surprised under the same

circumstances, and subjected, as they must have been, to the same confusion and panic.

The troops taken at Arroyo were all fine men and old soldiers. Among them was a battalion of the French 34th, taken chiefly by the leading companies of the 34th. British. The brass drums of that corps, and the baton of their drum-major, with "Austerlitz" and the eagle engraven on it, are still with the English 34th, as the treasured trophies of that joyous day.

General Hill returned to Portalegre with the highest satisfaction a commander can enjoy. He had executed a very able march;—had obtained a brilliant success in a masterly style;—and brought back to his cantonments full numbers. His troops exulted at his fortune, and lord Wellington felt increasing satisfaction in his able and zealous support.

CHAP. VI.

MILITARY STATE OF SPAIN.—THE GUERRILLA SYSTEM.—PROGRESS OF THE WAR IN CATALONIA—IN ANDALUSIA—IN VALENCIA.

ALL the efforts of the French to establish and maintain themselves in Portugal had signally failed. They had employed in these efforts, at the lowest calculation, 100,000 of their choicest troops.

When it is considered that the effective strength of the British army did, at no period of 1810, exceed 26,000 men, did never in 1811 amount to 34,000, and fell below that number very considerably after the battles of Fuente d'Onor and Albuera, the reader will be assisted in forming a right estimate of the genius, the judgment, and the firmness with which that army was commanded.

It is not undervaluing the worthy spirit or the brave service of the Portuguese soldiers, to say that the small army which represented the lion heart of England was the rock of resistance round which they rallied, and to which they clung; that the directing mind of one great man, providentially given to their need, was the stay of their confidence, and the star of their hope. In every cottage in Portugal the name of Wellington was a household word. Napoleon saw these things with astonishment and anger. The military spirit of England was awakened; her vast resources were developed; the martial qualities of the British soldier had been shown upon the open field; and the charm of French invincibility was gone.

Throughout the length and breadth of Spain, the successful defence of Portugal gave heart and hope to the patriots. They were not idle. The French corps in Spain, though largely

drained for the army of Portugal, still counted, upon the soil of Spain, a strength of nearly 150,000 men, independent of that army. Nevertheless, their stations in the interior, or central provinces, were not very numerous, and the corps holding them were for the most part weak.

Bodies of guerillas, which had sprung up and rapidly multiplied on every side, assailed and harassed these weak divisions by an incessant warfare of posts and detachments. Whether in cantonments or on the march, the French never knew how soon or how suddenly they might be attacked. No convoy of grain or provisions could move without a strong detachment for its protection; and the escort of every courier was, by a general order, never to consist of less than 250 men, to be composed both of cavalry and infantry, and to be kept by its commander always ready for battle. Such was the regulation upon the line of correspondence between Valladolid and Bayonne.

South of the Ebro, in the autumn of 1811, there were not less than 10,000 guerillas; while, to the north of that river, the celebrated Mina and Longa headed corps of 5000 or 6000 men, and achieved many brilliant successes. The extent to which Mina troubled and irritated the French may be gathered from the fact of their hanging or shooting every officer and soldier of Mina's corps who fell into their hands, and setting a price upon his head. In the Asturias, Porlier, called El Marquisito, surprised the regular garrison of St. Ander. The famous Juan Martin el Empecinado was constantly descending from the Guadalaxara mountains, and spreading terror and alarm among the French garrisons. In one of these marches he surprised and captured three battalions in Calatayud. The intrusive king dared not to sleep beyond the gates of Madrid. Every village occupied by a French detachment was intrenched, and made otherwise defensible. Don Julian Sanchez gave the Frenchmen in Old Castile no repose; he was always in the saddle, and continually surprising detachments and making prisoners. On one occasion he drove away the cattle from under the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, and, disposing an ambush with very happy skill, he succeeded in capturing and carrying off the French governor who sallied out to chastise him.

These were the more celebrated chieftains; but there were many others, who, by their activity and address, obtained great distinction in the provinces where they acted. These were known by the admiring natives under some familiar appellation, indicating their ordinary calling, as El Medico, El Pastor, El Frayle; or some accident which made their persons remarkable, as El Manco. Thus every province was provided with its hero, and the market-places were busied with their fame.

A few of these chieftains mustered bodies of 400 or 500 men,

but the majority of them led small bands of forty or fifty. The guerillas, however, were to be seen, according to the nature of their service, in parties of ten or of a hundred;—here patrolling on the scout,—there lying close in ambush at the very gates of a town filled with French soldiers. It mattered not to these patriots where they moved, or where they halted; they had no baggage, no supplies; any hamlet could feed them for a night, any town could provide them for a week. Every forest was a safe cover; every rock was a ready citadel.

By these small bands great evils were inflicted upon the enemy. In vain did the French march against them: they were never to be seen; or only from afar, moving upon some inaccessible sierra in cheerful security. The duties of the French soldiers were doubled; their toil incessant; and all their smaller posts and detachments spent their unquiet nights in uneasiness and fear.

This desultory warfare had its peculiar advantage, was eminently suited to the genius and habits of the Spanish peasantry, and should have been watched and encouraged by the government, or left to grow up into a wide and wild spirit of resistance to the invader, without the control of suspicious and jealous interference. But the government began to regulate these irregulars; or rather, they clumsily attempted that which was not possible, and, if it had been, was not wise or advisable. They rewarded men who had made themselves chieftains, made themselves a name, with a military rank, which, by subordinating them to the officers of the regular army, destroyed their independence, shackled their movements, and froze up that fountain of zeal which had fed the torrent of their revenge.

Under this arrangement the once enterprising guerillas became bad, tame, indolent regulars, or they dispersed to their scattered homes. Thus many of the lesser bands disappeared and melted away. Mina and Longa, however, being very superior men, and having a genius that way, became eminent commanders; collected divisions under their orders in the provinces of Aragon and Navarre, and maintained the war with all the guerilla spirit, but with much professional ability as officers.

But it was in Catalonia that the true bright spirit of patriots shone with the most steady lustre. In a combat at Vals with the Italian division of general Eugene and a brigade of French horse, general Sarsfield, at the head of 6000 Spaniards, gained a very brilliant victory. Eugene himself was slain; his division was driven away in disorder, and only saved from utter destruction by the gallant countenance of the French dragoons, who charged the pursuers and checked their advance.

This affair gave great vexation to marshal Macdonald. He remained inactive in the very presence of Sarsfield, and retired

before him upon Lerida, making his march silently under cover of the night. Macdonald passed two months at Lerida, and, about the end of March, moved upon Barcelona. He took the route of Manresa. Sarsfield got intelligence of his intended march; hastened to the strong country of Montserrat and Manresa; and so skilfully disposed his force, that the advanced brigade of Macdonald came unawares upon a large ambush of foot and artillery, and was cut up and driven back by grape and musketry.

For this irritating check the Italian soldiers took a mournful and fierce revenge:—they set fire to Manresa, and that fair and populous town was totally destroyed. The flames of Manresa were seen from Sarsfield's camp at Montserrat, and through a wakeful night of angry curses, the Spanish soldiers stood gazing upon that scene of ruin; while from all sides the inhabitants of the neighboring villages came pouring into the bivouac in arms. The next morning the French marched forwards, entered the defiles of the Col d'Avi, and with a brave perseverance forced their way up the mountain, and finally reached Barcelona. But amid the rocks and precipices of this defile they were exposed to so heavy a fire of small-arms, that they were six hours before they completed the passage, and nearly half their numbers were killed or wounded. Of the latter, such as could not walk fell into the power of the Spaniards, and were sacrificed on the spot by the Manresans, who ran after them houseless and frantic.

Early in this year, the French army of Aragon, by its previous success in that province, was left disposable for operations in the kingdom of Catalonia; and the Catalan forces could no longer maintain the field.

The marquis of Campoverde, who had succeeded general O'Donnel in the chief command, encamped his troops in a strong position, protected by the works of Tarragona, and watched his opportunities of annoyance with vigilance and spirit. Upon the 19th of March he attempted the recovery of fort Montjuic, at Barcelona, by surprise. The undertaking was bold, and the plan was arranged with all secrecy and good promise of success; but those in whom he trusted betrayed his designs. The French governor was prepared for the assault, and, when the leading battalion of the Spaniards descended into the ditch, the garrison poured down upon it so heavy and murderous a fire, that in a few moments it was a confused heap of slain and wounded men. The remainder of the force precipitately retired; but, so completely were the French prepared, that their march was intercepted by detachments, which, though not in strength to cut off their retreat, caused them a very considerable loss.

However, the heart of the Catalans fainted not. A similar

enterprise was attempted against Figueras early in April. General Martinez and colonel Rovira, already celebrated as most active and fortunate leaders of Miquelets, were intrusted with the direction of this service.

To Rovira, indeed, the suggestion of this effort is due; but his proposal had been hitherto regarded as rash. It was not surprising that any officer should so view the matter professionally; but Rovira was a leader formed by the times. He had suddenly cast off his doctor's gown, and left his college and his books for the bivouac and the sword: to him nothing was contemplated as impracticable, that was possible. These leaders, therefore, collecting about 1000 volunteers, stole upon Figueras by night marches, and lay concealed in the woods by day.

There were three soldiers belonging to the French garrison in the citadel of Figueras, who were Spaniards. These men had been won to the interest of Rovira, and with them he had previously established a good intelligence.

The march of Rovira was accomplished with the most perfect secrecy. In the dead of night all his men were silently admitted into the citadel by the three Spaniards serving in the place. One sentinel was killed before he could give the alarm; and the castle of Figueras was in the power of Rovira before the governor and the garrison were awake. They were made prisoners in their very beds. The Spaniards now turned the guns of the castle upon the town, and immediately took possession of it. This brilliant success was hailed by the Catalans with a joy the most lively. Baron d'Eroles marched instantly from Martorel to reinforce Rovira; and, upon his way, captured the forts of Castellfullit and Olot, making 500 prisoners.

But Figueras, though once more in the power of its rightful masters, was without provisions in sufficient abundance to admit of its being securely maintained for any considerable period.

Towards the end of April, the marquis of Campoverde collected a large convoy, and marched with all the troops which he could muster to its relief. It was already invested by a corps under general Baraguay d'Hilliers.

Campoverde approached the place on the 3d of May, but while endeavoring to force the blockading line, he was assailed by the French in flank and rear: his army was instantly struck with a panic; it broke and fled in confusion, leaving the convoy, 1500 prisoners, and several hundreds of killed and wounded, in the hands of the enemy.

While these things were passing at Figueras, Suchet marched upon Tarragona, and invested that important fortress, on the 4th of May, with 20,000 infantry and 2000 horse. The depôts of Tortosa and Lerida supplied artillery and stores for the siege: his communication with Tortosa was already secured by Fort

Balaguer, and by an intrenched camp at Perillo; he proceeded to secure that with Lerida, by fortifying a large convent on the heights above Montblanc.

The direction of this siege did not, of right, belong to marshal Suchet, but to marshal Macdonald, who was the commander-in-chief of all the forces in Catalonia. Napoleon, however, visited the ill fortune of Macdonald in the action at Vals, by selecting Suchet to conduct the attack of Tarragona.

This important place was the last hold of Catalonia; the works had been examined and repaired; and it was provided with a garrison almost as numerous as the troops of the besieging army. Moreover, a squadron of English men-of-war, under captain Codrington, most effectually secured the free entrance of the port; so that reinforcements and supplies might be easily admitted. Under these circumstances, a very obstinate defence was most confidently expected.

The site of Tarragona is formidable. It stands upon the side of a rocky height, the summit of which is crowned by the upper town. To the north, west, and south, the rock, which is steep and lofty, has by nature a precipitous fall, and has been scarped with care. To the east and south-east the ground slopes gently to the lower town, the harbor, and the Francoli river; the town being situated between the points where the Francoli and the Gaya flow into the Mediterranean sea.

The principal outwork of Tarragona was the Fort Oliva, a detached work, erected upon a height about 400 toises from the upper town, and at the same elevation. This fort was armed with sixty guns, and surrounded by a deep ditch cut in the solid rock.

To describe the works of Tarragona minutely, or to give the particular details of this memorable siege, falls not within the limits of this memoir. Enough has been said to convey a general idea of the strength of Tarragona, and to picture that once fair and pleasant city.

Fort Oliva was first attacked, a breach was formed, and it was carried by assault on the night of the 29th of May. Fifteen hundred of the garrison of Oliva were bayoneted on the spot.

The attack was now directed against the lower town, and the advances were pushed forward with great vigor and distinguished skill.

The works of the lower town were stormed and carried through two practicable breaches on the 21st of June. In this assault the French soldiers gave no quarter, and more than 2000 Spaniards fell beneath their bayonets.

The works of the upper town were now the last defence of the Spaniards; and batteries to breach them were soon formed by the besiegers. Before they were finished, a British force

of 2000 men arrived in the bay from Cadiz. Colonel Skerret, who commanded this succor, immediately landed with his engineers to examine the state of the defences. The British engineers reported that, as soon as ever the enemy began to batter in breach, the front attacked must immediately be beaten down. Therefore Contreras, the governor, did not invite the British to land, but recommended that they should join the field army under Campoverde at Vendrels, about twenty-five miles to the eastward, and act in concert with that general upon the rear of the besiegers. He at the same time announced to colonel Skerret his own intention to abandon the place, as soon as the French opened their batteries in breach, and to force his way through the lines of the enemy with the 7000 regulars which yet remained to him, and which would thus be preserved to the cause. Unhappily this design of Contreras became publicly known to the inhabitants, and was treacherously conveyed to Suchet. The preparations of the French were hastened; their batteries suddenly opened at daylight on the 28th of June; and by ten o'clock in the forenoon, a practicable breach was formed. During the insufferable heat of noon, the fire of the besiegers ceased, and all seemed quiet in the trenches. But soon after, the French troops rushed hotly to the assault, and in a few minutes they were masters of the place. They behaved with terrible ferocity. Many thousands of the wretched inhabitants were butchered in the streets. The hearths and the altars of Tarragona were stained with the blood of the helpless.

Crowds of fugitives hurried to the sea-side, and many of them were rescued by the boats of the British squadron, under the fire of the French batteries; but these bore no proportion to the sufferers. The efforts of the French officers to arrest the savage violence of their men were vain. The frightful massacre was continued for many hours; and a licentiousness the most brutal acted all its wanton and heartless atrocities amid flaming edifices and bleeding victims.

Thus was Tarragona taken. According to the official report of Suchet, 4000 men were killed in the streets; 10,000 or 12,000 attempted to save themselves by getting over the walls, of whom 1000 were sabred or drowned; and he made 10,000 prisoners, including 500 officers, besides 1500 wounded men found in the hospitals.

The vigor and talent with which Suchet conducted the siege gave great satisfaction to his imperial master; and the military severity with which he punished the citizens of Tarragona for defending their own homes, was plainly stamped with his approbation.

It may be, and doubtless it is, true, that the soldiers, in their rage, exceeded the measure of chastisement which he had

calmly contemplated, and had previously announced his intention to permit. Thus the general wrote officially to his government *before the assault*, "I fear much, should the garrison stand the assault behind their last defences, that I shall be forced to set a terrible example, and intimidate Catalonia and Spain for ever, by the destruction of an entire city."—"And thus," said the general, in his official report *after the capture of the place*, "has the terrible example which I *predicted!!!* taken place; and it will long be remembered by the Spaniards." Yes, it will be long remembered by the Spaniards—and not by them only!

Exulting in his success, and confiding in the terror of his arms, Suchet was not slow to improve the advantages of his late conquest.

The baron d'Eroles had established himself in the famous convent of Montserrat, on the celebrated mountain of that name, not far from Barcelona. Among the difficult and rugged rocks of this singular mountain, D'Eroles had formed several strong posts and magazines; from thence commanding a clear view of all the principal roads, he was enabled to direct the movements of his force with security; and he made incursions into the neighboring country, pushing his men to the very gates of Barcelona, and alarming the garrison.

On the 24th of July, Suchet, collecting a very superior force, marched against Montserrat, and made various attacks at different points. D'Eroles, not having troops sufficient to offer resistance on all sides, was, of course, beaten. The position was carried by the French columns: D'Eroles himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner; and many of his people effected their retreat by the most intricate passes under cover of the night.

In the following month, the French recovered possession of Figueras. Martinez, with his gallant Miquelets, sustained a blockade for four months with enduring constancy: at last, provisions failed; the magazines were exhausted; the last rations were issued; and the brave Spaniard sallied forth, and attempted to force the French lines. The French were thoroughly prepared for this attack. The sally was made on the night of the 16th of August; and the Spaniards, to the number of 3000, forced their way to the abatis by which the enemy's line was covered. Martinez found the roads blocked up, ditches cut wide and deep, and obstacles of every kind multiplied to impede his progress. Moreover, these lines were defended by the fire of strong bodies of the enemy, alert and confident. After bold, resolute, repeated efforts to effect his object, Martinez, having lost 400 men, returned to Figueras. The next day he capitulated; obtaining from the enemy, as he well deserved, the most honorable terms.

Thus all the strong fortresses of Catalonia were again in the

power of the French. But under all these reverses the heart of the Catalan was unsubdued. The provincial forces still found places of strength and refuge among those natural fastnesses which abound on their native mountains. Here, upon the rocks, they watched every movement of the invader. Such was the state of the province when general Lacy was appointed to the command of it. His firmness and spirit were well seconded by the enterprise of baron d'Eroles. This leader, with the assistance of a British frigate, recaptured the islands of Las Medas,—of which mention has already been made. They command the along-shore navigation, and the possession of them is very important to the party holding Barcelona.

When the French concentrated their main force at Tortosa for further operations, Lacy immediately projected the attack of those detached posts which they had left in the principality to secure their communications with Aragon. Several of these were surprised and wrested from them: thus the town and the fortified convent of Igualada, the city and the fortified university of Cervera, and the town and castle of Belpuig, were successively recovered to the Spanish arms, by the activity and valor of D'Eroles; while Lacy defeated, in the field, a strong detachment that marched to the relief of Igualada, when D'Eroles was before that town, and had shut up the garrison in the convent. In these various affairs the French lost not less than 1500 men, whereof the half were made prisoners, besides a convoy which fell into the hands of Lacy.

The enemy made great efforts to intercept D'Eroles, but in vain. He boldly passed the Pyrenees; entered Languedoc; and, after a well-conducted incursion, returned, with corn, cattle and a contribution in money, to renew his bold exertions in Catalonia. It is recorded to his honor, and that of his gallant band, that not one inhabitant of France was put to death, or treated with personal violence, during this tempting opportunity for severe reprisal.

Before we follow the march of Suchet to Valencia, we turn to relate the state and progress of the war in Andalusia.

At Cadiz, nothing, in a military point of view, occurred worthy of note. From the period of the battle of Barrosa there was a great coolness between the British and Spanish officers. The court of inquiry, instituted by the cortex, had supported general la Peña. Sir Thomas Graham had quitted Cadiz for the camp of Wellington, and general Cooke had succeeded him in command of the British on the Isla de Leon.

The cortex were occupied with debates upon questions of a speculative nature, and amusing themselves, each with the statement of his own theory of government; while French soldiers were barracked in the halls of Seville, and the armed

patriots of Andalusia seeking refuge under the guns of Gibraltar. After Massena was driven out of Portugal, some more reasonable Spaniards were found, who proposed that the frontier provinces in that quarter should be placed under the command of lord Wellington. This question was debated in the cortez, and rejected by a large majority.

The brightest feature of affairs in the south at this period was the spirited and prudent conduct of Ballasteros. This chief, supported by Gibraltar and the mountains of Ronda, maintained so good a countenance with the troops under his orders, and so menaced and harassed the French, that Soult, in the apprehension that the army of Ballasteros, which amounted to more than 8000 men, might grow formidable if neglected, sent Godinot with equal numbers to crush him; but the Spanish general marched and manœuvred so ably, as to foil this design most effectually.

With a view to support Ballasteros, Tariffa was now occupied by strong detachments of British and Spanish troops from Gibraltar and Cadiz.

At the very moment that Ballasteros was prudently taking shelter under the works of Gibraltar, these detachments landed at Tariffa and garrisoned the place. The news no sooner reached Godinot, than he faced about, and marched in that direction by the pass of La Peña; but here the road is commanded from the sea, and his columns were received with so hot a fire by the batteries of some British men-of-war, which lay well in shore, that they were compelled to return. As this was the only road by which his artillery could have advanced, any attempt against Tariffa was of necessity for the time relinquished.

Ballasteros, emboldened by the enemy's embarrassment, now ventured to assail and press Godinot, and gained considerable advantages over him on two occasions, by attacking his rear-guard, as he was returning to Seville, with great vigor, and causing him some loss. These successes begot such a confidence in the soldiers of Ballasteros, that he projected the surprise of a corps of 2000 men posted at Bornos under general Semèle. The French were completely routed; abandoned their artillery and baggage; left more than 100 prisoners on the ground, besides killed and wounded; and fled in great disorder.

The ill success of his expedition against Ballasteros sunk deep into the heart of Godinot; and, as soon as he reached Seville, he shot himself, and took refuge, from the reproaches which he expected, in the grave.

Tariffa is not a fortress; it is surrounded by an uncovered wall, flanked by small projections; but there is an island connected with it by a bridge, which affords a secure point of embarkation for a garrison compelled to abandon the town. This island is armed by two batteries and a martello tower,

General Copons and colonel Skerret decided to defend Tariffa; and, by great exertions, they soon improved the defences, and materially increased their strength: 1200 British and 900 Spaniards composed the garrison.

On the 19th of December, 1811, general Laval appeared in front of the place with 10,000 men and eighteen pieces of artillery. He broke ground on the night of the 24th; upon the 31st he had established a practicable breach. On the morning of the 1st of January, a column of 2000 men advanced bravely to the storm; and they were so well and steadily received by the garrison, that, after spirited and fruitless efforts, they retired with the loss of 500 men killed and wounded. The artillery of the garrison was admirably served, and the fire of the 87th and 47th regiments British was very destructive; nor could any thing exceed the zeal and the ability of colonel Skerret in the conduct of this service.

On the night of the 4th of January, Laval buried his artillery, which, owing to the severity of the weather and the badness of the roads, he could not have withdrawn, and retired upon Seville, whither he was then summoned by Soult, whom the movements of general Hill in Estremadura had effectually alarmed. The siege of Tariffa lasted seventeen days; and the loss of the French during the operations was very heavy.

We must now relate their successes in another quarter. Towards the close of the July preceding, Blake sailed from Cadiz for Almeria with a strong reinforcement for the army of Murcia, and assumed the command of that force. The army of Murcia now mustered 20,000 men: therefore Soult collected all the troops of his command that were disposable, and marched to bring Blake to action. This he effected at Lorca, on the 9th of August; and defeated the Spaniards so completely, that Blake could not afterwards collect more than 9000 men at Lebrilla. In time, the dispersed soldiers returned; reinforcements were sent from Cadiz; Soult had gone back to Seville; and Blake, who, amid all his disasters and reverses, still retained the confidence both of the government and the army, was intrusted with the defence of Valencia. The command of the forces in that province being now united to that of his own, he was at the head of more than 30,000 men; and among them were some divisions of the very best soldiers in Spain. His officers were known and tried commanders; and every lover of his country turned his eyes with hope to the army of Valencia.

After the fall of Tarragona, marshal Macdonald was recalled from Catalonia, and general Decaen was sent to command that province. Thus Suchet was intrusted with a large authority, and the military resources of the French army in Catalonia were at his control.

In the middle of September, Suchet assembled 25,000 men at Tortosa, and advanced into the kingdom of Valencia. He presented himself before Murviedro, on the 27th of September, without artillery, and made a bold attempt to possess himself of that important citadel by escalade. He was repulsed with considerable loss.

It now became necessary to bring up his battering train; this he could not do without reducing the little castle of Oropesa, which commands the great road coming from Catalonia. This castle, therefore, was regularly breached, and capitulated on the 11th of October; and upon the 18th, his heavy guns reached Murviedro.

He now hastily threw up some distant batteries, established a breach, and gave the assault. The attack was spirited and resolute, but the approach was found difficult; and it was defended so well, that the French column was driven back, with the loss of 300 men killed and wounded. Instructed by these failures, Suchet condescended to proceed with more regularity. Meanwhile Blake advanced to raise the siege. Suchet left a detachment of six battalions before Murviedro, to confine the garrison, and marched with his main body to offer battle. He placed his troops in a position, the left of which rested upon the sea in rear of Puzol; while the right stretched to the mountains beyond the village of Val de Jesus. The Spanish left rested on the village of Betara; their right extended to the sea. These dispositions were completed on both sides on the evening of the 24th of October. On the morning of the 25th, about two hours after daylight, the Spaniards advanced to battle in good heart, and in very fine order. Their right wing, commanded by general Zayas, promptly seized Puzol, and, moving forward with rapidity, carried a strong height in advance of the village with signal valor. Thus the French left was, for a short space, turned; and Zayas, having pushed forward the brigades on his right, while he held his left in hand, had already changed his front, and was formed almost at right angles to the line on which he advanced.

The left wing of the Spaniards obtained a corresponding advantage on the French right. They also carried an important height upon the enemy's right flank, and threatened to turn the right wing of the French. By these movements, Blake had dangerously extended his wings, and weakened his centre. The fire was, at this time, general along the whole front. The walls and towers of Murviedro were crowded with exulting spectators; who, as they saw the Spanish wings advance, concluded that the battle was already won, and their deliverance at hand. But Suchet's strength was yet to be developed. He had so disposed his reserve, that it could either succor the blockading force, or support his left. Now, therefore, he brought it forward;

and, after strongly reinforcing his left, he drew together the remainder of his forces into a compact body, and hurrying upon the Spanish centre at the charge step, immediately overthrew it; and drove it from the field in the greatest possible disorder. This done, he fell vigorously upon their wings. The left he soon overpowered; the right, under Zayas, fought to the last with the same constant and valiant spirit which they had shown at the commencement of the action. It was not without a stout struggle that they gave up the height which they first gained: they maintained the village of Puzol long after the centre was beaten: they again showed a gallant front on the heights near Puig; and they finally retired in unbroken order along the coast-road, towards Valencia. Blake attempted to make a stand with the left and centre behind the Betara, but it was of no avail, and he was compelled to urge forward the retreat of his exhausted battalions, and to pass the Guadalaviar. The loss of the Spaniards in this engagement nearly amounted to 6000 killed, wounded, and taken: that of the French did not exceed 800.

Murviedro capitulated the next day. Blake now posted his army in a very strong position on the right bank of the Guadalaviar, his right touching the city of Valencia. He broke down some of the bridges; covered those he suffered to remain with regular *têtes-de-pont*; surrounded the villages of Quarte and Mislata in his front with intrenchments; very strongly fortified those of St. Onofre and Manises on his left; and strengthened his right by forming inundations,—a mode of defence which the canals covering his right suggested and made easy. Thus protected, Valencia for a time defied the victorious Suchet. He pushed his advanced posts to the very suburbs, indeed, soon after the fall of Murviedro; but, having surveyed the formidable preparations of Blake, he halted his army in position upon the left of the river, covered his front with redoubts, and representing his situation to the major-general of the imperial armies at Madrid, and to the emperor at Paris, he quietly awaited reinforcements. For nearly two months nothing could be undertaken; yet, with a weak force, he calmly maintained a line, the left of which held the Grão or port, and the centre occupied the Serrano, a suburb of Valencia.

On the 25th of December, Suchet was joined by nearly 10,000 men. These reinforcements came for the most part from Catalonia. He had a park of 120 pieces of heavy cannon and mortars; his bridge apparatus was complete; and he resolved to pass the Guadalaviar. During the night of the 25th the French laid down three bridges; two about a league above Manises, and a third at Mislata.

Early on the 26th, the main body of the French passed the

river. Blake's left division of infantry, under general Mahy, held the intrenchments of Manises and St. Onofre: his cavalry were posted on the left, near Ribaroja. This infantry abandoned their posts at once, and hastened beyond the Xucar. The cavalry, after making a very feeble opposition at Torrente, gave way also, and fled in confusion from the field. They were bewildered by the movements of the French general; and, considering themselves outmanœuvred and turned, yielded instantly to their apprehensions.

The divisions which crossed the river between Quarte and Mislata could not penetrate far, for the ground is intersected by canals and ditches, and the Spanish troops in this quarter opposed them with success, and forced them back. Harispe, however, upon the French right, pursued the Murcians under Mahy, as far as Cotterroja, on the road to Murcia. Thus he was already upon Blake's rear, and had driven one division of his army away. When Blake found the Murcians cut off, and the French at Cotterroja, he gave up the struggle near Mislata, withdrew his forces, and entered the city. The French closely invested it the same evening. Valencia is not a fortress: it is a large city, with a lofty wall flanked by towers, and upon the south side has no natural defences. However, a line of defensive works had been erected since the commencement of the war, to cover the city and the suburbs. Supplies of arms and ammunition were provided for a garrison, however large; and the artillery collected was sufficient to arm the place most formidably.

A population of 80,000 inhabitants reposed behind these intrenchments, and they were protected by a garrison of 18,000 troops. Nevertheless Blake at once perceived that any long or effectual resistance to a besieging force would be impossible. The defences were weak and extensive; the city was ill provided with food; its communication with the sea was cut off; and thousands of fugitives from the country had taken refuge within the city, and swelled a population, before great, so largely as to threaten famine, tumult, and disease.

Blake, therefore, upon the 28th, made an effort to sally out, and force a way for his army to the open field. But he was immediately driven back with loss; and discovered that Suchet's line of circumvallation was strong, and not to be penetrated. Upon the night of the 1st of January, Suchet broke ground before the Spanish advanced line, at the distance of 180 yards. He directed his attacks against the works of Mont Olivete, and St. Vicente. In four days the Spaniards abandoned the advanced line, and retired within the walls.

The French marshal now bombarded the city, and pushed his sap to the very wall. Upon the 8th of January, Blake capitulated.

lated, and the conqueror of Tarragona became master of Valencia.

In recording these events, it is impossible not to regret Blake's absence of resource and skill; and we are led unavoidably to contrast the citizens of Valencia and Zaragoza.

Blake, an honest and heroic patriot, was eminently unfortunate throughout the whole course of this melancholy war; and this was the gloomy close of his disastrous military career. Suchet, the talented, brave, and severe servant of a warlike tyrant, here crowned the brilliant successes of a life of campaigns; was rewarded by a dukedom; and had his rich portion among the gardens of Valencia.

CHAP. VII.

THE SIEGES AND CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO AND OF BADAJOS.

THE winter season was now come: the allied army lay quiet in cantonments; a part of it, indeed, in stations remote from the frontier. General officers and others applied to lord Wellington for leave of absence on their private affairs, and obtained it; while the troops in quarters reckoned upon a long interval of repose before the next campaign.

Satisfied by these appearances, Marmont had detached three divisions of infantry and a body of horse to Valencia; suffered count Dorsenne to move another to the Asturias; while a fifth division was ordered to scour the province of Las Montanas, and the remaining divisions were put into cantonments on the Tagus.

By the middle of November the works of Almeida, which the French had destroyed, were again in a defensible condition. In this fortress a battering train and siege stores were expeditiously collected; a measure which, being represented and considered as necessary for the armament of Almeida, excited little curiosity either among the inhabitants or the soldiers. Their true destination was suspected by a few officers of the staff, and of necessity confided to others. Secrecy and dispatch are the life of enterprise, and the fidelity and zeal of all engaged are necessary to insure success.

Upon the Aguada there are several fords, but the best is so close to Ciudad Rodrigo as to be commanded by musketry from the wall. None of these passages, however, are to be depended upon in winter, as the river will oftentimes rise many feet in one night. Therefore a bridge was secretly constructed in the arsenal of Almeida, under the superintendence of major Stur-

geon, of the staff corps. It measured, on the platform, 400 feet in length; the trestles were eighteen in number, and placed twenty-two feet asunder.

When this important work was nearly finished, the troops lying nearest to the Agueda received orders to prepare fascines and gabions.

Upon the 6th of January, all things were ready for the meditated attack of Rodrigo; the bridge was laid down at Salices; all the stores were up and at hand; and the place was already shut in by the guerillas. On this day head-quarters moved to Gallegos. Upon the 7th, lord Wellington rode across the Agueda, by a ford about two miles below the town, and proceeded to reconnoitre its defences. He had no escort, and was only attended by colonel Fletcher and a few staff officers.

The French, since they had taken possession of Rodrigo, had fortified three convents,—one on either flank of the suburbs, and one in the centre; and they had placed an infantry post in the convent of Santa Cruz, just beyond the glacis at the north-west angle of the place. Thus the suburbs, which are 300 yards from the town, and inclosed by an earthen retrenchment, were considered secure from a coup-de-main. The French had also erected a small redoubt on the upper Teson, a height distant about 600 yards from the ramparts, on the north side, and thirteen feet above their level. This redoubt was supported by two guns and a howitzer, placed upon the flat roof of the convent of St. Francisco, at a distance of 400 yards, and a large proportion of the artillery of the place was in battery upon this approach. The weather was severe: from the night of the 1st of January, much snow had fallen, and lay deep. To this fall of snow succeeded gales of wind and sleet. The weather moderated a little on the 5th, and the investment, which had from these causes been a little delayed, was fixed for the 8th.

Four divisions were assembled for the service of the siege. They had no camp equipage; and there was no cover in the immediate vicinity of the place. In order, therefore, that the men might suffer as little as possible from exposure at that inclement season, they were cantoned in the nearest villages.

The duties before the place were taken by the divisions in regular succession; each remaining twenty-four hours on the ground, and furnishing the guards and working parties for that period.

At daylight, on the 8th, a large train of cars, with engineers' stores, crossed the bridge at Marialva, near Salices, and were parked in a concealed situation about a mile from the fortress. At noon, the light division crossed the Agueda, at the fords of La Caridad, and invested the place.

At eight in the evening, lieutenant-colonel Colborne, with

three companies of the 52d regiment, stormed the redoubt on the upper Teson. It was carried with some loss, and ground was immediately broken upon its flank. The soil was stony; but, by daylight, the work of the night was already three feet deep and four wide. On the night of the 9th, the first parallel was established, and the batteries traced out. They were three in number, and traced for eleven guns each.

One thousand men were employed on the batteries, the approaches, and the magazines. The garrison threw a great many shells, and kept up a well-supported fire of round shot; by which, so accurate at last was their range, the workmen suffered greatly, especially in the batteries. They also fired shells filled with powder, and having long fusees, in salvos: these, falling into the parapets, blew away, in an instant, the work of hours. From the vigorous fire of the place, the severity of the cold, and the incessant fatigue of the besiegers, the progress of the work was slow.

On the night of the 13th, the convent of Santa Cruz, on the right of the attack, was escaladed and carried; a lodgment was made in it, and a communication established by the flying sap.

At noon, on the 14th, during the relief of the divisions, the garrison made a sortie, and succeeded in upsetting most of the gabions placed, during the preceding night, in advance of the first parallel; but they were repulsed from the batteries by the steadiness of a few workmen under an officer of engineers; and, on the advance of the relieving division, they retired into the town with little loss.

Lord Wellington, receiving intelligence that Marmont was already in motion, decided upon forming a breach from the first batteries; and upon storming the place, with the counterscarp entire, if he should be pressed by the advance of the enemy in strength.

On the afternoon of the 14th, the batteries opened their fire in breach; but, before it was steady and correct, darkness obliged them to cease. At night the fortified convent of San Francisco, which flanked the left of the approaches, was carried by escalade. A lodgment was thus made in the suburbs, which were from henceforth held by the besiegers. At daylight, on the 15th, the breaching batteries resumed their fire with twenty-three 24-pounders and two 18-pounders. The main scarp and *fausse braie* walls were considerably shaken by sunset; and a new battery was marked out, more in advance, for seven 24-pounders to establish a second breach. So much heart was shown in the exertions of all, of the artillery in particular, that, by the afternoon of the 19th, two good breaches were established. Lord Wellington reconnoitred them closely; and being satisfied that they were practicable, he directed the fire of the batteries

to be turned against the enemy's defences, and decided upon storming the place that evening. Seated upon the reverse of one of the advanced approaches, he wrote the orders for the assault; accompanying them with a clear minute detail of the arrangements. The large breach measured 100 feet in front, the lesser thirty. The division of general Picton was to assault the former; the light division, under Crawford, the latter: a body of Portuguese, under general Pack, were to create a diversion by threatening to escalate on the opposite side of the city.

At the appointed hour, the leading columns, preceded by sappers carrying bags filled with hay, to cast into the ditch, advanced to the assault. As soon as the sappers had thus reduced the depth of the ditch, and fixed the ladders on the bags, the brigade of general M'Kinnon descended into the ditch opposite the great breach. As they did so, hundreds of shells, and other combustibles, arranged along the foot of the breach, suddenly exploded: these had been prematurely fired, and rather animated than injured the assailants. They pushed up the breach, and, after a short and severe struggle with the defenders at the bayonet's point, gained a footing on the summit. But, though they crowned the rampart, an entrance was yet to be won, for they found traverses thrown up on either side; the way before them strongly retrenched, and the enemy defending the passage with a hot fire of musketry. The third division maintained this desperate struggle with an unconquerable resolution.

While the fight was thus loud and fierce upon the main breach, the lesser was assailed boldly by a brigade of the light division, and, having no interior defences, was carried instantly. These troops, with admirable discipline and good order, had no sooner passed the breach, than they formed up regularly, and were led on in a compact column upon the rear of the garrison, whose main attention was engaged by the defence of their retrenchment. But, while the light troops were advancing with this object, the gallant third division, having extended their efforts along the parapet, on both flanks of the main breach, and maintained themselves stoutly in front of it, the retrenchment was already turned, and the enemy hastily abandoned it, exploding a quantity of powder in its ditch, by which the gallant M'Kinnon, and many of his brave men, perished. Thus, nearly at the same moment, both breaches were forced. The garrison now dispersed, each seeking his own safety; and they were pursued from street to street, and from one refuge to another, till all were made prisoners.

Very few were put to the sword, for the victorious soldiers behaved to them not only with forbearance but friendliness. But the city shared the common and melancholy fate of all places taken by storm. The captors revelled in the license of

the hour;—they drank; they plundered public stores and private dwellings; and, in the frenzy of intoxication, they committed many acts of senseless and wanton destruction.

The loss of the allies on this memorable service was, of necessity, severe. Nine officers and 217 men were slain, and 84 officers and 1000 men wounded. Of these, more than one half fell in the assault. Only six officers were killed in the act of storming; but of this small number, two were generals; the one a gallant officer of the highest promise, and the other a leader of acknowledged ability and established fame. The names of M'Kinnon and Crawford are to be seen upon the walls in that stately dome, where England places votive tablets to the memory of her heroes. At Ciudad Rodrigo they fell.

The consequences of this victory were most important. The immediate fruits were 1500 prisoners, more than 300 pieces of cannon, a battering train complete, an armory of small-arms, a well-supplied arsenal, and military stores of all descriptions. Marshal Marmont had collected 60,000 men, and was advancing to the relief of the place, nothing doubting of his success, when intelligence was brought him that the British flag was flying on the walls; that the trenches were filled in; and the breaches were already in a defensible state.

Angry and baffled, the Frenchman retired. He had written to Berthier on the 16th of January, stating his strength, and the object of his march; and bade him expect events as fortunate as glorious for the French army. He had now to report his disappointment. He did so in a dispatch; in which, after stating the shortness of the siege, and the success of the assault, he added, "There is something so incomprehensible in this, that I allow myself no observation."

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was indeed a very proud achievement—most honorable to all the officers and troops employed; and an enterprise so secretly prepared for, so suddenly commenced, and so brilliantly concluded, not only astonished the French marshals in Spain, but all those frenchified politicians at home, to whom it was a constant and a mean delight to disparage the fame of Wellington, and the glory of the British arms.

The news was received at Cadiz with the most grateful and generous enthusiasm. The cortes conferred upon lord Wellington the rank of a grandee of Spain of the first class, with the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo; the proposal was received by that assembly with the liveliest joy, and carried by acclamation.

In England, the government manifested a due sense of the importance of this service. Lord Wellington was raised to an earldom by command of the regent, and parliament settled on him 2000*l.* a year for the maintenance of that dignity. The army also was honored with a vote of thanks. How well these

honors and rewards were bestowed, was yet more fully shown in the events which followed.

No sooner was Rodrigo rendered thoroughly defensible, than it was delivered over to the Spaniards, and once more occupied by a garrison and a governor of that nation. Lord Wellington, being now freed from any anxiety for the present safety of this recovered fortress, directed all his thoughts and efforts to the recapture of Badajos.

It was on the morning of the 5th of March that he made his final arrangements with the Spanish governor, general Vivas, and that he directed lieutenant-colonel Fletcher to give up the charge of the fortifications of Ciudad Rodrigo to the Spanish engineer, general Calvet. It was in the afternoon of this same day that head-quarters commenced their march for the Alemtejo.

Several divisions of the army were already in movement in the same direction. On the 11th of March head-quarters were established at Elvas, and the troops from the north were collected in convenient cantonments on the frontier of Spanish Estremadura. It had been long confidentially known to the heads of the commissariat, artillery, and engineer departments that the siege of Badajos would be undertaken; and, on the fall of Rodrigo, the most active preparations were made for that service.

As long before as December a secret order was sent to an officer at Lisbon to prepare for service twenty-four pontoons to form a bridge at Abrantes. Upon the 26th of January, the preliminaries for besieging Badajos were most carefully arranged with the commanding engineer by lord Wellington.

A battering train was embarked at Lisbon in large vessels, which put out to sea; and there it was received on board small craft; and being conveyed up the river Caldao to Alcacer do Sul, was there landed, and transported on country carriages across the Alemtejo to the banks of the Guadiana. On the arrival of head-quarters at Elvas, the preparations were found to be in a most forward state. The tools and stores had all arrived; the bridge apparatus from Abrantes was up and in good condition; and from 3000 to 4000 gabions and fascines had been prepared by the Portuguese soldiers at Elvas, or rather in the woods around. The whole of the ordnance was parked upon the glacis of that fortress. The train consisted of sixteen 24-pounders, twenty 18-pounders procured from Lisbon, and sixteen iron 24-pound howitzers brought from Almeida. These vast means being happily collected, and all the minor preparations complete, a pontoon bridge was laid down over the Guadiana on the 15th of March; and also a flying bridge was established, formed by two large Spanish boats. That evening general le Marchant passed the river with a brigade of cavalry; and, on the 16th,

marshal Beresford crossed the bridge with 12,000 men, and invested Badajos, on the south side, without any opposition.

This force consisted of the light, third and fourth divisions of the army under lieutenant-colonel Barnard, generals Picton and Colville. The remaining divisions, under generals Graham and Hill, advanced considerably; occupied Merida, Llerena, and Almendralejo; and thus covered the besieging force, and lay ready in the field observing the army of Soult. This marshal had 35,000 men under his orders; Marmont a much stronger army; and, as it was their duty to combine operations, and succor Badajos, few expected that the fortress would be allowed to fall without a battle.

Lord Wellington and the commanding engineer made a close and leisurely reconnoissance of the place. They discovered that the defences had been very materially improved and strengthened. The scarps were many of them heightened, the outworks strongly finished, and a portion of the enceinte was covered by an impassable inundation. They had also put the castle in such a state of defence, that no thought of a regular attack upon it could be entertained. For it should be remembered the British army had no miners; sappers without experience; no mortars; and a very inadequate proportion of guns for the siege of such a well armed and well provided fortress,—a fortress which the governor had twice successfully defended when in a condition less formidable, and with a garrison less select and efficient than that now confided to him.

To reduce Badajos by a regular attack was not possible for the British commander. He had not the means; he had not the time necessary for so a patient a process.

The decision of his own mind, the boldness of his soldiers, and the zeal of his devoted officers, were his resources, and they did not fail him. In the night between the 17th and 18th of March, under a heavy and tempestous rain, ground was broken within 160 yards of a detached fort called the Picarina, and before daylight the approaches were three feet deep; nor had the workmen been discovered.

During the 18th the work went forward; the weather was wet and windy; the enemy endeavored to hinder the progress of the labors by a fire of musketry and field-pieces from Picarina, and by a cannonade from the ramparts of the town; but the casualties were few, and the interruption little.

On the 19th, the fire of artillery from the town was very heavy; and in the afternoon the garrison made a sortie with 1500 infantry and 40 horse. The working parties were surprised and driven out of the parallel for a few minutes, but were soon rallied; and the enemy, being fiercely charged, in turn retired. The French sappers overthrew a few gabions, and carried off a

few intrenching tools, but did very little injury to the parallels. Much confusion was caused among the unarmed men in the engineer's park by the few French cavalry, but no stores or materials were destroyed.

The loss on this occasion amounted to 150 killed and wounded.

Colonel Fletcher, the commanding engineer, was unfortunately disabled, by a musket-shot in the groin, from continuing his active personal superintendence: but lord Wellington had so high a confidence in this officer, that the attack was still continued under his direction; and the commander-in-chief came to his tent every morning, accompanied by a staff-officer, with the plan of the work executed, and in progress, and concerted with the colonel on the operations for the day.

The rain fell in torrents on the evening of the 19th, and throughout the night. The same weather continued; and the duties in the trenches were of necessity very severe, both from the long-continued exposure of the men, and the little progress which could be made in low ground where the trenches were full of water.

On the 22d, the Guadiana, swollen by the continued rains, suddenly rose and swept away the pontoon bridge, eleven of the pontoons sinking at their anchors. By this misfortune the difficulties of supplying the army with provisions and military stores were so great, that some fear was entertained it would become necessary to raise the siege. However, the flying bridges were still enabled to work, though slowly, for the force of the current greatly impeded them.

The workmen were nearly knee-deep in the trenches, which ever, as they were cleared of water, filled again. Nevertheless, the troops, being full of confidence in the firmness of their leader, persevered in their labors with good heart; and the sight of their enemies, and the sound of the cannonade, kept their minds interested and engaged.

In the night between the 24th and 25th of March, six batteries were completed and armed. Ten 24-pounders, eleven 18-pounders, and seven howitzers were distributed on these batteries; and they opened their fire before noon on the 25th. Two of these batteries bore upon Fort Picarina, and the remainder were directed against the supporting defences of the place.

The guns of Picarina were soon silenced, but the defences of the work itself were not otherwise much injured: a few palisades were, indeed, broken down in the covered way; but it was in a state to resist any assault less determined than that to which it was exposed.

Lord Wellington directed that it should be taken that night, and charged major-general Kempt with the details of the exe-

cution. Five hundred men of the third division were appointed to this service. One detachment of 200 men was ordered to pass round the flank of the work, and force the gorge; while another of like strength was to march upon the communication from the town, and posting one half of its numbers to await and resist the advance of any succor, was to support with the remainder the attack upon the gorge. A reserve of 100 men was formed in the advanced battery, ready to aid these attacks by escalading the front.

At ten o'clock at night the signal was given, and the troops advanced; the reserve being formed and ready at its post.

The fire at the gorge was so heavy, and the obstacles so great, that, despite the bravest efforts, it was found impossible to force it. Nevertheless, that half of the second detachment, which, in obedience to its orders, had supported the attack of the gorge by vain attempts to get over the palisades under the enemy's fire, searched round the left flank for a favorable place to rear their ladders, ran bravely up, and the foremost men were soon engaged in a hot and very doubtful struggle.

At this moment general Kempt pushed forward the reserve: they escaladed boldly; many were bayoneted back; but they fought their way over the parapet, and, after a short and bloody combat within, the work was taken.

Alarums were sounded in the town; rockets and lights were thrown up; a fire opened from every rampart, as if in dread of a coup-de-main; a sortie was attempted in the direction of Picarina, but instantly repulsed.

Of the garrison, three officers and eighty men were made prisoners; a few escaped; several were drowned in an endeavor to cross the inundation, and the rest were slain. Of the resolute assailants, 4 officers and 50 men were killed, 15 officers and 250 men wounded.

Lord Wellington was the man thoroughly to appreciate the valor of the soldiers employed in this affair, and to estimate, as it deserved, the calm and admirable conduct of general Kempt.

The second parallel was now established in front of Picarina; enfilading and breaching batteries were erected; and a fire of great weight was directed upon the solid walls of Badajos. Upon the morning of the 5th of April, the breaches were reported practicable; in the main breach a great extent of wall had fallen; and the ascent of both was easy.

Lord Wellington, who began now to be pressed for time by the advance of Soult, and the menacing demonstrations of Marmont on the frontier of Beira, was eager for the assault, and desired to storm the place that evening; but, upon a close reconnoissance of the two breaches, he judged that they had interior and formidable retrenchments, and for twenty-four hours

he deferred the attack. He employed this time by directing the heaviest possible fire to be turned against the old wall of the curtain between the two breaches, so that a third opening might be obtained, whereby their retrenchments could be turned.

The fifth division of the army, which had been left in Beira, had been lately withdrawn from that province, and joined the besieging force at this period.

The covering army, under Sir Rowland Hill, retired leisurely before Soult; two arches of the bridge at Merida were blown up, and that general took post at Talavera.

The masonry of the old curtain being exposed to the guns of all the batteries, soon crumbled under their fire, and a third breach was thus made in one day. Lord Wellington now instantly gave orders for the assault. It took place at ten o'clock on the night of the 6th of April, at the appointed moment.

Two divisions, under colonel Barnard and general Colville, were directed to assault the breaches; general Picton, with his division, was appointed to escalate the wall of the castle; and general Leith, with his, to scale the bastion of San Vicente at the other extremity of the town.

The columns moved out of the parallels at the same moment in silent order, and darkness canopied the city. Led by their steady guides, the columns destined to storm the breaches no sooner crowned the glacis, and came upon the ditch, than a light brighter than that of day, but of another sort, illumined all things; and they could see distinctly the armed walls and the ready foe. A line of levelled muskets, and the cannon of the ramparts, already pointed, vomited forth a deadly fire; and, amid the lurid splendor of countless fire-balls, war clouds of a pale and leaden hue rose thickly into upper air.

The men advanced; they leaped into the covered way where the palisades had been destroyed by the batteries. Bags filled with hay were cast into the ditch; ladders were lowered; and the brave assailants hurried down the counterscarp into the ditch. It was soon crowded with troops. Suddenly an incredible number of fougasses, shells, and other combustibles, which had been laid along the foot of the breach and in the ditch, were fired by the garrison. They exploded with an appalling effect. The destruction was terrific, and the confusion unavoidable; yet there was no pause in the attack. The fourth division pressed boldly up a ruinous and unfinished ravelin, mistaking it for the breach. No sooner were they on the summit, than they found that a difficult descent yet separated them from the breach, and they stood exposed, to the very feet, to the small-arms of the garrison. A hot fire was opened on them, which, without orders, they began to return. The head of the light division being led, amid all the smoke and noise, a little too far to the right, here joined

the fourth; and the officers had great difficulty in restoring order, and leading the men to the true points of attack.

They did so with a gallantry and zeal never surpassed, and led up to the breaches with devoted heroism. But the main breach was found strongly retrenched: over the greater part of its face, planks, studded with iron spikes like harrows, had been laid down after dark; and chevaux-de-frise, formed of sword-blades, were fixed strongly along the summit. The boldest hearts, the strongest arms, were unable to force a way past obstacles like these. The gallant groups, as they came upon these defences, were stayed. Volleys of musketry were showered upon them from the ramparts, and they all fell slain or disabled upon the rubbish.

Long after the breach was found to be impracticable, and the idea of attempting it was abandoned, the work of destruction went on. The brave men, who could not advance, and would not retire, clustered near the unfinished ravelin, and the traverses in the ditch, and met confused and bloody deaths.

"Never," says colonel Jones, "probably never, since the discovery of gunpowder, were men more seriously exposed to its action. Shells, hand-grenades, every kind of burning composition, and missiles of every hellish variety, were hurled into the ditch. The roll of musketry was incessant; and the night was now light with the most dazzling fires, and now black with utter darkness."

Perhaps there was never a moment in the life of Wellington that he more deeply felt for his intrepid soldiers than when the reports were brought to him of this state of things at the breaches.

About midnight this report was made, and, yielding to the severe necessity, lord Wellington gave orders to withdraw those divisions, and to form them again a little before daylight for a fresh effort. It was at this moment that a report came in from general Picton. The castle was taken. The escalade had been obstinately opposed. Logs of wood, large stones, loaded shells, had been arranged along the crest of the parapet, and these were rolled off upon the assailants as they sought to rear their ladders. All the men who first ascended such as were fixed, fell by musketry or the bayonet; but their comrades boldly and closely followed, and upon the summit of the wall the British bayonet proved the better weapon, and forced its way. The castle was taken. Nor was this a solitary success. The fifth division, under general Leith, ascended the bastion of San Vicente with like intrepidity and like reward. As soon as his first brigade was formed within the bastion, it moved forward to drive the defenders from the breaches; it was soon discovered by a party of the garrison, most briskly assaulted, and driven

back, under the impression that a great force was upon them, and that they were already turned; but this check was short, the mistake soon rectified, and the combat renewed. A battalion of the 35th regiment had been formed in reserve in the bastion of St. Vicente: with this body, only numbering 200 bayonets, colonel Nugent received the enemy with a steady volley, and charging home, instantly overthrew them. The brigade now advanced towards the breaches. The French immediately abandoned them, and dispersed through the town: one body only, under Philippon the governor, retired over the bridge to Fort Christoval for the night, and surrendered at daylight. The rest of the enemy's soldiers were all made prisoners in the city. The divisions which had so dreadfully suffered now marched in at the breaches, though it was not without difficulty that they could pass these accumulated obstacles. The third division had blown open the castle gates, and descended into the town.

Baldios was taken. Three hundred and seventeen officers, 3344 men, had fallen in the assault. The foot and the ascent of the main and second breach were heaped with slain. In the confusion of the storm, the breach in the curtain was never attempted; the guides were probably killed, and the way was missed. Thus this formidable place was carried at the moment of assault, not by the breaches, but by a bold and successful escalade of two distant points where the defences were entire. The walls of the castle rose from eighteen to twenty-four feet, and it was deemed secure from attack. The bastion of St. Vicente had an escarp wall twenty feet in perpendicular; and the troops, having ascended this, had yet twelve feet which inclined at an angle to an old parapet to surmount by scrambling. Both here and at the castle the resistance of the garrison was considerable, and the loss of the assailants great; nor do the annals of warfare record any exploits more brilliant than these gallant escalades. In these efforts, generals Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes were wounded. Lieutenant-colonel Mackeod, commanding the 43d, and major O'Hara of the 95th, were killed at the breaches.

There is nothing more deeply humiliating to man, or more mortifying to military pride, than to find noble qualities and base passions in the close alliance in which they are too often found. It is true, the British soldiers did not stain their bayonets with the blood of their yielding and captive enemies; and out of a captured garrison of 4000 men, few, if any, were put wantonly to the sword: but they no sooner got into the place than they broke the reins of discipline; they drank, they plundered, they revelled in all licentiousness; and their wild orgies and frantic excesses were continued for many hours before their noble commander could possibly control them. This was, at

last, done by extraordinary measures and severe examples, and by bringing fresh and steady troops into the town.

The precautionary orders of Wellington had been admirable; and his example and exertions after the capture of the city were great, as were those of all the officers under his command. But the plunder of a city taken by assault seems to have been considered, from time immemorial, by all soldiers, a privilege. It is a privilege deeply dishonorable to the profession of arms; deeply injurious to good discipline; and which is, in our judgment, falsely regarded as inseparable from the confusion of a storm. It is evident, however, that a long and steady course of discipline, obtaining generally everywhere throughout the armed force of a nation, and enforced by the moral power of a nation's voice, can alone effect the important object of putting an end to this horrid custom.

The crimes of the deepest dye committed on these and like awful occasions, are invariably the work of a few; but the wanton destruction of property, the drinking and the bonfires in the streets, are offences participated in by hundreds, who rush in from a scene of blood and peril drunk with slaughter and giddy with success. This we say, as accounting for, and not excusing, wickedness. May the hint of this humble pen fall upon the heart of some youthful Briton, destined hereafter to lead our armies or to influence our senate.

We return from this brief digression, satisfied that it is not misplaced in a memoir of that great man whose services it is our high honor to record, and whose active and humane exertions upon the capture of Seringapatam the reader cannot have forgotten.

Upon the fall of Badajos, Soult led back the army of the south to Seville, which place a small Spanish force under the conde de Penne Villemur was already menacing. The cavalry of the allies followed Soult's march, and gained some advantage over his rear-guard at Llerena. Upon the 13th of April, Wellington was again in motion with the main-body of his army, to drive Marmont from Beira.

That marshal had advanced from Salamanca while Wellington was besieging Badajos; had left one division to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo, and had invested Almeida with the remainder of his force. After vainly endeavoring to alarm the governor of Almeida by the demonstration of a sudden assault, he crossed the Coa at Sabugal, drove away a body of militia which would have opposed his advance, and penetrated to Castello Branco. But for the sudden and unexpected fall of Badajos, and the approach of his active and indefatigable opponent, he would have pushed on to Villa Velha, to destroy, if possible, the

bridge. He now retired into Spain, taking with him the division he had left before Rodrigo.

The head-quarters of Wellington were again established at Fuente Guinaldo, and the allied army was again cantoned between the Agueda and the Coa. As he had taken care to form all his principal magazines north of the Douro, his reduced and exhausted battalions were soon and abundantly supplied; nor did the irruption of Marmont cause greater loss than the destruction of one depôt at Celerico, which had been hastily, and without necessity, set on fire when he advanced.

To invite the admiration of the attentive and considerate reader to the energy and genius displayed by lord Wellington, in thus suddenly and vigorously wresting from the enemy the two fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, is unnecessary. Be it remembered, that these successes were achieved in the face of two powerful armies, whose combined strength, had they been directed with an ability and activity akin to his own, must have rendered the triumph of lord Wellington impossible.

Napoleon was astonished by these events, and he was apprized of them by reports which exhibited too plainly the confusion and mortification of his chosen generals. His mind was already bent upon a rupture with Russia; and he had for several months conducted his negotiations with the czar with little sincerity and much reservation. He had counted on very different results in the Peninsula. Portugal had been delivered from his armies; Spain was unsubdued; and her banners again floated upon two fortresses, which French soldiers had vainly defended against "the hideous leopard." A triumphant march to the northern extremity of Europe had now captivated his imagination. The prospect dazzled his sight, and he became blind. It presented a gratification to his pride not to be foregone; and he was, for a moment, willing to relax his hold on Spain, that he might pursue the new object of his ambition.

"France," said Napoleon, in a communication to the English government after the fall of Badajos,—“France shall renounce all idea of extending her dominions beyond the Pyrenees. The present dynasty shall be declared independent, and Spain shall be governed by a national constitution of her cortex.” When the precise meaning of these expressions was demanded by the British cabinet, he haughtily recovered himself, insisted on the recognition of Joseph as king of Spain, and abruptly closed the negotiation.

Thus, with a violent and indomitable spirit, he would still hold Spain, although the hand with which he grasped it was already torn and bleeding, while, with the other armed, he was striking at the imperial crown of all the Russias.

CHAP. VIII.

LORD WELLINGTON DIRECTS GENERAL HILL TO DESTROY THE ENEMY'S BRIDGE AT ALMARAZ.—GENERAL HILL TAKES FORTS NAPOLEON AND RAGUSA, AND BURNS THE BRIDGE.—LORD WELLINGTON ADVANCES TO SALAMANCA.—TAKES THE FORTIFIED CONVENTS IN THAT CITY—MANŒUVRES ON THE DOURO—BEATS MARMONT IN BATTLE—MARCHES TO MADRID.

HEAD-QUARTERS, as was stated in last chapter, were again established at Fuente Guinaldo, and the allies were again cantoned between the Agueda and the Coa; but their active and indefatigable leader was busied in preparing for them a new field of glory, and for himself a new title to renown. The French armies of the north and south had a constant, easy, and secure communication by a bridge of boats upon the Tagus at Almaraz. To destroy this bridge was absolutely necessary before lord Wellington could act offensively against Marmont with prudence; for that marshal could readily assemble more than 50,000 men to oppose him, while in the south marshal Soult commanded a force of 58,000 men. The army immediately under Wellington could only muster 39,000 bayonets and 3000 horse; for it was necessary to leave a strong corps of observation in Spanish Estremadura. This corps consisted of 10,000 infantry and 1200 horse, under Sir Rowland Hill, and lay at Almendralejo and its vicinity, patrolling towards Seville, and observing the movements of marshal Soult. Lord Wellington, having resolved upon his plan of operations, directed Sir Rowland to destroy the bridge at Almaraz. That officer performed the service intrusted to him with his customary zeal, vigor, and good fortune. It was known that the bridge was defended on both sides of the river by very formidable works and a sufficient garrison. Therefore a considerable equipment of artillery and engineers' means was necessary to the success of the undertaking. These, consisting of six 24-pounder howitzers, with the necessary ammunition stores; of six pontoons; and of twelve ladders thirty feet in length; were brought up from Elvas to Merida by Montijo. The two arches of the old bridge at Merida, which, as has been related, had been destroyed, were now hastily repaired with such materials as some ruined buildings near the spot supplied; and, on the 12th of May, the infantry and cavalry destined for this service marched from Almendralejo, filed over the bridge, and the whole force together with its equipment was assembled in that place.

The works at Almaraz had been constructed with skill and care. On the right of the river was a redoubt for 400 men called Fort Ragusa, with a masonry tower of considerable

height, and loop-holed, in the interior. This work not standing sufficiently close to the bridge, was flanked by a *flèche* constructed on the river bank. Upon the left bank of the river the bridge was defended by a strong well flanked *tête-de-pont*; while upon some heights, rising immediately near, was a redoubt for 450 men, called Fort Napoleon. This work, like that on the right bank, had a loop-holed tower, twenty-five feet high in the interior.

The road to Almaraz from the south, crosses a range of difficult mountains, about four miles from the bridge, and descends continually towards the river from one lofty point, marked by the old tower of Miravete. This tower, which stands near the road, the French had fortified; surrounding it by a lower wall and rampart, and arming it with several pieces of ordnance. Upon the road, at a little distance, stands a solitary inn. This house and the tower they had connected by works into a line of defence so strong, that to force the pass and make a way for the advance of artillery was not possible. Not expecting to find the enemy's preparations at all points so very complete, Sir Rowland Hill had so arranged his movements on the evening of the 16th, as to carry the castle of Miravete with one column; to force the high road with a second; and with the third to cross the sierra at the pass of Cueva considerably to his right, and descend at the same moment upon Almaraz.

With these intentions he marched, upon the evening of the 16th, from his ground near Jaraicejo; but the column which marched by the pass of Cueva was so delayed that it was broad daylight before it had descended half-way to Almaraz; it was therefore halted and countermarched. The first and second columns had found both the castle of Miravete and the pass of Miravete in a state of defence which could not justify an attack with any reasonable hope of success; as the surprise of the redoubt below was at that moment out of the question. The three brigades bivouacked on the mountain the day and night of the 17th; and upon that day and the following the whole range of Miravete was examined with care to find some passage for the guns; and the castle and road were reconnoitred with a closer scrutiny; but not a hope was left of forcing the pass, nor was any spot found upon the ridge where artillery could either be passed or lowered. Sir Rowland Hill, disappointed but not dispirited, resolved instantly upon one of those bold and dashing efforts, which, though they cannot command success, deserve it.

At nine in the evening of the 18th, he led a brigade down the sierra, by a goats' path, through Romangorda; and at daybreak the head of his column was halted in a concealed position, about 800 yards from Fort Napoleon. It was nearly eight o'clock before the rear was up and all the troops were formed: but their

march, covered by intervening hills, had not been seen, and their vicinity was not suspected.

The French soldiers were crowded on the parapet of their work, watching the progress of an attack upon Miravete; which, however, was merely a feint, intended to have been simultaneous with the escalade. They had no suspicion of an attack till the rush of the assailants, the sight of their ladders and the opening of their firing parties alarmed them, already on the alert, into swift resistance. With a good order, exceeded only by their valor, the 50th regiment, and one wing of the 71st, soon mounted the parapet, and the defenders gave way. Their contest for the interior defences was but short: they abandoned the retrenchment and tower, and fled to the tête de pont. Here was a scene of great confusion; for the pursuers entered the work with them. They rushed upon the bridge; but three of the boats were already cut away by the fugitives who first crossed. Many fell or leaped into the river, and were drowned: about 250 were made prisoners.

The commandant of Fort Ragusa, after firing a few rounds upon Fort Napoleon, the guns of which were already turned against him, evacuated his post in disgraceful haste, and marched away.

The river was soon passed; the towers and magazines in the forts, and in the tête de pont, were blown up; the guns thrown into the Tagus; the palisades, barriers, stores of timber and of tools, the pontoons and their carriages, were consumed by fire, and the works utterly effaced and destroyed.

This important service was effected with the loss of only 15 officers and 162 privates, killed and wounded.

Soult was already in motion, to act upon Sir Rowland Hill's communications with Badajos and Elvas; while Marmont was hastening to the Tagus. Upon the 21st of May, Sir Rowland's corps was already at Truxillo, on its return. Soult relinquished all hope of intercepting him; and when the advanced guard of Marmont reached the banks of the Tagus, they saw nothing but blackened ruins instead of formidable forts; and a friendly garrison in the tower of Miravete, now useless, whom they could not relieve. It was not until the 11th of July following that this isolated detachment, closely watched by guerillas, and suffering from famine, was released by the advance of a strong detachment from Toledo. They then destroyed the works, and left the pass open.

The bold conduct and happy issue of the important expedition of general Hill gave a security and hopefulness to the offensive movements contemplated by lord Wellington, which they had otherwise wanted, and without which, he could not have availed himself of any success to penetrate far into Spain. He now

rapidly completed his own arrangements for moving forward. A month's provision for the whole army was collected and stored at Rodrigo. Some heavy howitzers and three 18-pounders, with the necessary ammunition, were secretly prepared for a march at Almeida. The bridge upon the Tagus at Alcantara was repaired to facilitate his communication with the corps of Hill, and, on the 13th of June, he suddenly broke up from his cantonments. Upon the 17th of June, he appeared before Salamanca, and crossed the Tormes by fords above and below the city; as the allies advanced, Marmont slowly retired.

Salamanca being a valuable post to the French, and containing a very large depôt, they had constructed, on the ruins of some convents, three strong forts. These works were garrisoned by 800 men, and were so formidable as to be quite secure from any but a regular attack. They were accordingly besieged by the division of general Clinton in due form. This operation was covered by the whole army, which occupied a position three miles in front of Salamanca, called the heights of Christoval. The right of the army rested on the Tormes near Cabrarizos; the left upon a tributary stream of that river near Villares de la Reyna. The besiegers broke ground before the fortified convent of St. Vicente on the night of the 17th. On the 19th the artillery battered in breach, but the ammunition was exhausted before a way into the fort was opened. Nevertheless the defences were so much damaged by the fire of the batteries, that an escalade was attempted. The assailants were repulsed with the loss of major-general Bowes, commanding the attack, and 120 men killed and wounded. The general, a devoted and gallant soldier, was much lamented.

From the 20th to the 27th, marshal Marmont essayed many manœuvres for the relief of these forts, and made various demonstrations of passing the Tormes by his left, and acting upon Wellington's line of communication with Rodrigo; but all his manœuvres and demonstrations were vain. He could not induce the British commander to make one false movement. The allied army was held perfectly in hand; its front changed; and its right being placed on the ford of Santa Martha, it was ready to act upon either bank as required; while only one brigade of cavalry was sent across the Tormes in observation. In the night, however, of the 24th, Marmont passed the river himself at Huerta with the greater part of his force. This being known at dawn, two divisions of infantry and a second brigade of cavalry were sent across the ford of Santa Martha. The rest of the allied army was collected between Morisco and Cabrarizos; the advance still maintaining its position at Aldea Lengua. Marmont pushed on to Calvarassa de Abaxo; but, finding Graham between that place and Salamanca in order of battle, and observ-

ing that he might be easily supported and strengthened from the right bank, he halted, and in the evening repassed the Tormes at Huerta, and took up his old position at Villares on the British left. During these various movements there was no affair of great moment.

On the 20th there was a cavalry skirmish in front of the position of St. Christoval, and on the night of the 21st the enemy established a post on the right flank of the allies, from which he was driven by the 7th division. A general so calm and skilful as lord Wellington, having the advantage of the central base for his own movements, was not to be disturbed or forced from his resolve. The baffled Marmont sought to communicate with the forts in vain; and the error which he had committed in shutting up 800 men in such a post was discovered when it was without remedy. On the 26th a supply of shot arrived, and the batteries again commenced their fire with hot shot. The convent of St. Vicente was soon on fire in many places; but the fires were extinguished by the garrison. The howitzer battery continued to fire hot shot throughout the night; and by ten o'clock the next morning the convent of St. Vicente was in flames; and in the gorge of the fort Gayetano there was an open breach. The commandants of these forts hoisted the white flag, but demanded three hours' delay before they surrendered. Lord Wellington limited them to five minutes, at the expiration of which time, no submission being made, the batteries resumed their fire; the storming parties advanced; and the forts were carried at the bayonet's point with very little resistance. Very few of the enemy were slain, but about 700 were made prisoners.

These works were immediately disarmed and destroyed. The guns and all the military stores were given to the Spaniards; among the latter a large supply of clothing was found: for, as has been already observed, Salamanca was the grand depôt of the army of Portugal, and hence the labor and expense which had been bestowed upon its defences.

The siege and capture of these forts cost the allies 36 officers, and 450 men killed and wounded. No sooner did Marmont ascertain the fall of the works, than he withdrew the garrison from Alba de Tormes, and retired upon the Douro. On the 2d of July the cavalry of the allies overtook his rear-guard, near Tordesillas, and drove them across the river in great confusion. Marmont now took up a position on the right bank of the Douro, having his right at Pollos, his left at Simancas on the Pisuerga, and his centre at Tordesillas. The British line stretched from La Seca on its right to Pollos on its left. Head-quarters were established at Rueda; and the Douro flowed between the hostile armies. The position of the French was strong: the right bank of the Douro does for the most part command the passage of

that river. The bridges were secured, and they had fortified posts at Zamora and Toro. Moreover, the bend of the river was in their favor; for it so encircled the position of the allies, that nothing but vigilance and prompt manœuvre could save it from being attacked on one or other of its flanks at a disadvantage.

From the 3d to the 15th of July, the hostile commanders lay watchful but inactive—with the exception of such corresponding movement on the part of the allies as any change of position on the French line demanded. While Marmont remained stationary behind the Douro, he was joined by a large reinforcement of horse, and by the strong division of general Bonnet, which he had summoned from the Asturias. Soon after this, upon the 15th, Marmont having moved a considerable corps down the river, the allied army was marched to its left, and head-quarters transferred from Rueda to La Nava del Rey. On the 16th two divisions of the French crossed the bridge at Toro. Lord Wellington, suspecting this to be merely a demonstration, only moved a part of his force upon Toro, and with the main body took up a strong position on the Guarena, occupying Fuente la Pena and Canizal; while the 4th and light divisions, under general Cole, were posted at Castrejon on the Trabancos; which, like the Guarena, is a stream tributary to the Douro.

On the night of the 16th the two divisions of the enemy recrossed the bridge at Toro, destroyed it, and again effected their junction with Marmont at Tordesillas. Here the whole force, being concentrated, passed the river; and, by a forced march of forty miles, was early on the morning of the 18th in presence of the two British divisions on the Trabancos. By this great exertion the communication of Marmont with Madrid, from whence he expected to be joined by the army of the centre, was perfectly opened, and the two hostile divisions before him were placed in some danger. This advantage the French marshal lost no time in seeking to improve. His cavalry, supported by infantry and artillery, instantly engaged the British horse; who, being outnumbered, soon began to lose ground in a conflict manifestly unequal. In the distance the whole French army was advancing. The situation of the light and 4th divisions was very critical. Already was the enemy menacing their line of retreat and pressing upon both flanks; when Wellington, quickly advancing a support of cavalry and horse-artillery to check the progress of the French, extricated these troops from their difficulty, and directed their retreat upon the heights of Canizal in their rear. This movement was executed with perfect order, and with small loss; although in the presence of an enemy who pursued so closely as to open upon them from forty

pieces of artillery as they passed the Guarena to join the army now embattled on the heights of Canizal.

No sooner was the main body of the French up, and the hostile armies in presence, than Marmont pushed a heavy column across the Guarena to gain a ridge upon the flank of the allies, which would have commanded the Salamanca road, and have turned the British left. This effort was hotly repulsed by the division of general Cole, and by a brilliant charge of cavalry. In this affair a French general and 300 men were made prisoners. During the operations of this day, the allies lost in killed and wounded from 500 to 600 men, and the French must have suffered a considerable, though not perhaps an equal, loss.*

The 19th was wholly passed in manœuvres; Marmont menacing the right of the allies, and moving several divisions to his left. All these movements were immediately observed and met on the part of lord Wellington by others. The whole of the allied army was collected behind the Guarena, and during the night it was disposed in battle order on the plain of Vallesa.

At dawn of day on the 20th the French army was plainly seen marching to its left along the naked heights of the Guarena in perfect order. The allies were on the instant put in motion to their right; and the two armies marched for several hours in an open country where the heights are very inconsiderable, moving in parallel lines within half-cannon-shot of each other, and ready at a word to form the battle front and engage.

A sight more glorious and more solemn, war does not often present. Ninety thousand combatants marched, side by side as it were, without collision, each host admiring the array of its opponents,—all eyes eager in their gaze, and all ears attent for the signal sound of battle.

The head of the enemy's columns, having the advance of the allies, was enabled to cross the Guarena higher up unopposed, and formed on a range of heights which extended on the left flank of the allied force nearly to Salamanca. Wellington merely threw back that flank, without the slightest confusion, and marched in column along the bottom of those heights in a parallel direction to the enemy. Upon this line the allied army remained in position for the night; but lord Wellington detached one division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, to Aldea Lengua on the Tormes, to observe the enemy, who occupied, in great strength, Babila Fuente and Villaruela.

On the morning of the 21st the allied army was again placed upon its old position of St. Christoval. In the afternoon the enemy crossed the Tormes with the greater part of his troops between Alba and Huerta, and moved by his left towards the

* On this day lord Wellington with his staff was closely pressed by a body of French cavalry, and but for the speed of his horse would have been taken.

roads leading to Ciudad Rodrigo. In the evening, lord Wellington, leaving the third division and a brigade of Portuguese cavalry at Cabrarizos on the right of the Tormes, passed the river by the bridge of Salamanca and the fords, and placed his troops in a position of which the right was upon one of two rocky and abrupt heights in the midst of the plain, called dos Arapiles, and the left rested on the Tormes below the ford of Santa Martha.

The French occupied the heights of La Pena, and held the village of Calvarasso de Ariba; and their position was favorably covered and concealed by thick wood. Skirmishing began with the dawn, and a strong detachment of the French soon seized the more distant and strongest of the two hills called the Arapiles. The right of the allied position was thus rather open to annoyance; it was therefore extended *en potence* to the heights behind the village of Arapiles, and that hamlet was occupied with light infantry. At the same time the third division and Portuguese cavalry were ordered to cross the Tormes, and posted at Aldea Tejada, as a further support to the right. Both Wellington and Marmont at this moment were masters of their respective lines of communication, and free to accept or decline battle as they chose. The French army of the centre was advancing to join the army of Portugal, and was only three marches distant; and a strong reinforcement of cavalry and artillery from the army of the north was close at hand.

Marmont was already at the head of 47,000 good troops; outnumbering the allies by at least 5000 men. If he was strengthened by the junction of the army of the centre, Wellington's retreat into Portugal would have been a compelled necessity; but the French marshal sought to alarm his opponent by attempting to turn his right, and threatening to interpose a force on the line of his communication with Rodrigo. This movement was made by the marshal upon some heights, about half a mile in front of the British, by the extension of his troops considerably to the left. This manœuvre was performed with great display; with a noisy cannonade, and a cloudy cover of skirmishers thrown out on his front and flank. The extension of this infantry was first observed through his glass by a staff-officer; who, being near lord Wellington, reported what he saw. No sooner did Wellington satisfy himself of the error which Marmont had thus committed, than he uttered an exulting exclamation, and made immediate dispositions for the attack.

Little suspicious of his intentions, the French were engaged in a partial combat with a detachment of guards which held the village of Arapiles, and resisted all efforts to dislodge them.

Suddenly the 3d division under Packenham, supported by two brigades of artillery and several squadrons under D'Urban, moved

upon the enemy's left at a rapid pace; was formed at once across their flank, and, steadily advancing, drove all before them, outflanking them on all points, where they tried to make a stand, and pursuing them from one height to another, till they made above 3000 prisoners. The divisions of Cole and Leith, supported by those of Clinton and Hope, advanced to the attack of their front nearly at the same time, while Pack led a brigade of Portuguese against that one of the two Arapiles which they occupied. Generals Cole and Leith made an immediate impression upon the enemy's front, and drove his troops before them from one height to another. Then bringing forward their right as they advanced, they continually gained strength upon his flank. These divisions were gallantly supported by the cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton, who executed a most brilliant charge against a body of the enemy's infantry with complete success. It was here that, charging at the head of his brigade, major-general Le Marchant, a noble officer, was slain.

The very gallant effort of Pack upon the Arapiles failed, and thus the enemy were enabled to throw some troops on the flank of the 4th division; while that body, which had already carried the crests of the heights in its front, was stoutly met and opposed by a reserve division under general Bonnet. General Cole himself was wounded; and the 4th division, thus severely pressed, was compelled to give way: but the check was of little moment; the ground was regained by a brigade of the 5th division in the second line; which by a skilful change of front took the enemy in flank with a heavy fire, and drove them again backwards. This judicious movement was directed by marshal Beresford. The left and centre of the enemy were now beaten, and a brigade from the division of general Clinton carried the Arapiles. But the French right was as yet unbroken: it was strengthened every moment by the troops defeated on the left; and presented a new and stubborn front on a well-chosen position. Marmont had been wounded, but the zeal and firmness of general Clausel, who succeeded to the command in this trying moment, and here rallied the disheartened army, deserves all praise. Lord Wellington's dispositions for the attack of this new position were soon made. He found a formidable artillery posted along its front; large bodies of cavalry on either flank; and the face of the heights was a clear glacis swept by their guns.

The 1st and light divisions, with one brigade of British and one of Portuguese from the 4th, were directed to turn the right, while general Clinton with the 6th division, supported by the 3d and 5th, was ordered to assail it in front. These orders were promptly and heroically obeyed. The 6th division advanced under a storm of bullets from a well-served artillery, and under a heavy fire of musketry. They sustained a heavy loss with ad-

mirable steadiness; and no sooner gained the level of their enemies, than they rushed upon them with the bayonet, and, supported by the movement of the 4th division on the flank, they drove back the French troops in the greatest possible disorder. It was already nearly dark: the allies pursued them in the direction of Huerta, and the fords on the Tormes; but, under cover of the woods and the night, a vast number of fugitives, who would otherwise have swelled the triumph as prisoners, effected their escape.

A field covered with slain and wounded soldiers of both armies, two eagles, eleven pieces of artillery, and 7000 prisoners, attested at once the severity of the contest, and the greatness of the victory. The allies had 5000 killed and wounded. Generals Beresford, Cotton, Cole, Leith, and Alten were among the wounded.

This success, great and glorious as it was, would have been yet fuller in its fruit, had not the Spaniards abandoned the castle of Alba de Tormes, at which point the enemy was enabled to cross the river without delay or resistance. However, the cavalry of the allies came up with the French rear-guard near La Serna the next morning; and general Bock, commanding a brigade of heavy German dragoons, with unhesitating spirit charged three squares of infantry, broke them, sabred very many, and gleaned 900 prisoners. Such of these battalions as were not cut up or taken threw away their arms, scrambled over the fields, and joined the main body of the retiring army. But the enemy was still strong in cavalry, and was joined by a numerous reinforcement in that arm, as also by horse-artillery, two days after the battle. By making forced marches, and being thus covered, they were enabled to effect their retreat to Valladolid without further loss. To this city Wellington pursued them; they retired upon Burgos as he approached. He entered Valladolid on the 30th, but the next day recrossed the Douro; and, fixing his head-quarters at Cuellar, prepared for a movement against the army of the centre. By great exertions supplies were brought up, and he was enabled to march forwards again on the 6th of August. General Clinton's division, and some of the regiments which had suffered the most severely, were left to observe the line of the Douro; while the main body of the army took the route of Segovia and St. Ildefonso to the capital. The intrusive king had already retired upon that point with the army of the centre. Lord Wellington reached St. Ildefonso on the 9th of August. On the two following days his victorious troops, defiling by the passes of Guadarama and Naval Serrada, crossed the mountains, and descended to the plains of New Castile. On the 11th there was an affair of cavalry at Majalonda, between the horse of the army of the centre and a small body of heavy Ger-

man and Portuguese cavalry. The enemy having approached the post of general D'Urban's brigade of Portuguese cavalry, the general led them to charge the advanced squadrons of the French; but the Portuguese were not equal to the encounter. They turned and gave way,—leaving three guns of the horse-artillery to the enemy, and fell back upon the Germans in confusion, by whose gallantry, however, the French were soon checked. The infantry of the allies coming in sight, they now burned the gun-carriages which they had captured, and fell back upon Madrid.

Joseph Buonaparte retired from that city on the night of the 11th, accompanied by marshal Jourdan; and, leaving 2000 men in the fortified post of the Retiro, marched with the rest of his troops upon Aranjuez, and crossed the Tagus for security. Upon the 16th he continued his retreat in the direction of Valencia.

The reception of the allied army and its illustrious commander, by the citizens of Madrid, was of itself a bright reward and a joyous triumph. They came forth to meet their deliverers with those shouts and gestures of admiration and gratitude which mark the enthusiasm and sincerity of that impassioned people.

Lord Wellington rode instantly to reconnoitre the defences of the Retiro. That palace, with the walled and extensive gardens from which it takes its name, stands upon an elevation at the eastern extremity of the city. Upon this site, where are also to be found a museum, a porcelain manufactory, a circus for bull-fights, and a botanical garden, the enemy had formed a spacious retrenched post. It was in fact an extensive citadel, having a triple line of defence, but requiring a large garrison. Wellington directed the exterior *enceinte* to be forced on the following evening. On the morning of the 14th the arrangements for attacking the garrison in its second line of defence being completed, the commandant surrendered. The troops were made prisoners of war; and an arsenal, containing 180 pieces of ordnance, 20,000 stand of arms, and military stores of every description, was delivered into the power of the victors.

On the morning of the 13th don Carlos de España was appointed governor of Madrid, and the new constitution was proclaimed amid the loud vivas of exulting crowds. The entire population poured into the streets and squares; every tongue was loosened; on all sides were heard the accents of joy; laurels and flowers decorated the gay scene. Tapestry and carpets were hung from the balconies; holiday dresses were put on; holiday greetings were given; and the holiday smiles of men, women, and children repaid the army for all its toils. But Wellington was more especially the object of their praise and honor: wherever he appeared, cries rent the air of "Long live the duke of Ciudad Rodrigo!"—"Long live Wellington!"

Green boughs, and flowers, and shawls, were strewn before his horse's feet. Here it should be recorded, that when, upon the 22d of August, the new council waited upon him with all the ceremonies of state to offer to him a congratulatory address as duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, conceived in those glowing terms which are fitting towards a deliverer, Wellington replied with simple dignity, and unaffected modesty; nor did he notice in his reply their proud and swelling enumeration of his great successes, further than by one line: "The events of war are in the hands of Providence." In this spirit he looked back upon his past achievements; in this spirit he contemplated the severe trials and arduous duties which coming events might yet impose on him.

CHAP. IX.

THE POSITION OF THE ALLIES.—LORD WELLINGTON MARCHES NORTH, AND BESIEGES BURGOS.—THE FRENCH ARMIES OF THE NORTH, SOUTH, AND CENTRE COMBINE THEIR MOVEMENTS.—LORD WELLINGTON WITHDRAWS THE ALLIES FROM MADRID, BREAKS UP FROM BEFORE BURGOS, AND CONCENTRATES HIS ARMY UPON THE TORMES.—IS FOLLOWED BY THE ENEMY'S UNITED FORCE.—RETIRES INTO PORTUGAL.—TAKES UP WINTER CANTONMENTS.—VISITS CADIZ AND LISBON.—RETURNS TO THE ARMY.

THE objects of lord Wellington's advance upon Madrid were only in part attained. The supports, upon which he had hopefully reckoned, failed him. The expedition from Sicily did not reach the eastern coast of Spain till Suchet had beaten and dispersed the armies of Catalonia and Valencia.

With a weak division of 6000 men, a great part of them foreigners, general Maitland could not in prudence then attempt any descent in Catalonia; but, learning that the army of O'Donnell had been defeated at Castella, and driven into Murcia, he sailed to Alicante, landed his troops, and preserved that fortress from the fate to which it was thus exposed. Suchet and Joseph Buonaparte were now free to unite their forces in Valencia, and Soult was in motion to combine his operations with theirs. All the Spanish forces in the south were at this time under Ballasteros; but with a low and petulant pride, that vain and jealous Spaniard refused to acknowledge lord Wellington as commander-in-chief of the allies, or to obey his orders: therefore he made no attempt to impede the movements of Soult, although the importance of such effort was obvious, and he had been commanded to make it. We anticipate:—marshal Soult had advanced in the month of June against Sir Rowland Hill, at the head of 25,000 men; but the firm countenance and judicious dispositions of Sir Rowland forbade him to risk a

second battle on the field of Albuera, and upon the 23d of that month he had again retired on Seville.

During these operations in Estremadura, an affair of cavalry occurred on the 11th of June, in which a brigade of British, under general Slade, having pursued some slight advantage too far, fell in with a heavy body of the enemy's horse in reserve, and was briskly driven back, with a loss of more than 150 sabred or taken.

One of the first effects of the victory at Salamanca was to free the kingdom of Andalusia from the grasp of Soult. He immediately directed the castle of Niebla to be blown up, and that district to be evacuated. At the same time he put Seville so far in a state of defence as to cover his march when he should retire.

Upon the fall of Madrid, he raised the blockade of Cadiz. Here the French abandoned their lines with such haste, that they could not destroy the half of their stores. Thirty gun-boats and 500 pieces of cannon, many of them uninjured, were taken by the Spanish troops. Soult then concentrated the army of Andalusia in Granada, leaving eight battalions in Seville, where the Cartuxa was occupied as a citadel, that he might hold that important city till the necessity of finally retiring from the south of Spain was forced upon him.

The French force from the lines before Cadiz marched therefore upon Seville, when they broke up the blockade, and were astonished as they approached that city to find it in possession of the allies. Concluding that Sir Rowland Hill had taken the place, they hastily turned upon Carmona, and took the route of Granada. But the troops in Seville were a strong detachment of Spaniards under general Cruz-Morgeon, and a British regiment under colonel Skerret. This small force was sent from Cadiz—landed in the Guadalquivir—and making a rapid march by San Lucar, suddenly seized the suburb Triana on the morning of the 27th of August. The French in Seville immediately attempted to destroy the bridge between the suburb and the city; but the inhabitants loudly hailing the allies, soon made a passage for them by laying planks across the part which the enemy had broken down. The advanced guard crossed instantly, and made 200 prisoners in the town. Sir Rowland Hill had already been summoned from Estremadura; and, by the close of August, he occupied Toledo, Yepez, and Aranjuez; thus covering the right of the main army, and guarding all the roads which led from the south of Spain to Madrid. The situation of Wellington in the capital was now difficult in the extreme: his expectations were disappointed; his projects, for a time, at least, defeated; and it became evident that the deliverance of Spain must yet, for another season of patience and perseverance, be

delayed. The military chest was empty, and a few thousand dollars only could be raised. The citizens of Madrid were not wanting in the spirit of generous devotion, but they were poor. The invader had left them little to bestow upon their allies beyond the ration of the passing day, and the word of blessing and good will. The unexceptionable securities offered by the British general produced a sum so scanty as was totally inadequate to the pressing wants of the army.

At this time the cortes were wholly occupied with their new constitution. In the liberated districts no military system had been adopted. The regency, indeed, had decreed the raising of 50,000 men to reinforce the Spanish army; but these were to be obtained by voluntary enlistment, and according to fixed proportions, in each province throughout all Spain.

Cadiz, Carthagena, and Alicante were, at this very moment, garrisoned principally by the allies; and upon the allies, in fact, the whole weight of the war was now imposed.

Independent of the corps of Soult in Granada, nearly 100,000 French troops might yet be brought to bear upon the army of Wellington. From all sides Madrid was menaced. General Clausel, with the army lately under Marmont, had again advanced to the Douro, had driven back the Spanish army of Galicia,—the most efficient yet remaining together,—and had liberated the French garrisons of Zamora and Toro.

Thus, becoming alarmed for his communications with Portugal, and desirous to open others with the northern coast of Spain, by which he might be more easily supplied from England with such reinforcements and succors as could be spared to him, lord Wellington decided to march in person against Clausel.

He quitted Madrid on the 1st of September, leaving behind him the two divisions most in need of repose. Sir Rowland Hill was directed to take post on the Jarama, and cover Madrid on that side. Should Soult march direct upon the capital, Ballasteros was requested to join Hill; should he move towards Valencia, the Spanish general was desired to take post at Alcazar, and, acting upon his communications, to prevent his junction with the army of the centre; to these arrangements Ballasteros paid no attention.

Lord Wellington passed the Douro on the 6th of September, at the head of four divisions of the allied army, drove the French from Valladolid, and pursued them by Duenas beyond Valencia. Here he was joined by the Spanish army of Galicia,—a body of 12,000 men, in very indifferent order.

As the allies advanced, the French retired. Upon the 17th, Clausel, for the first time, showed his force in position near Burgos. He had about 22,000 men in the field, but retired the same day, and was joined by 9000 infantry, from the army of

the north, under Souham. That general assumed the command of the whole, and retired to a position near Briviesca. The allies passed Burgos on the 19th; 12,000 men invested the castle, in which the enemy had left a garrison of from 2000 to 3000 men; the remainder advanced to cover the operations of the siege; and head-quarters were fixed at Villatoro.

The besieging force was composed of the 1st and 6th divisions of infantry, under generals Campbell and Clinton, and of the Portuguese brigades of Pack and Bradford.

The castle of Burgos stands upon an oblong, conical, rocky hill; and the defences, as improved most ingeniously by the French, consisted of three lines. The outer line was an old escarp wall, of difficult access, running round the lower part of the hill. This wall they had modernized with a shot-proof parapet; and had contrived flanks at the salient and re-entering points. The second line was a strong field-retrenchment, armed with cannon. The third was similar to the second; and, upon the very summit, an ancient keep had been converted into a heavy casemated battery, and crowned these formidable defences.

The castle of Burgos was a post very important to the enemy; and Wellington decided, therefore, to attempt its reduction with such means, feeble as they were, which he could command.

At 300 yards' distance from the upper works of the castle, and upon a level with them, but separated by a deep ravine, is a hill, called St. Michael. Here the enemy had a large hornwork. Upon this hill it was resolved to make a lodgment: from hence to batter the lines; and to attempt each by assault successively, when the line preceding was safely secured. This plan, from the very small artillery means at the disposal of the allies, gave the best promise of success;—for the park only consisted of three 18-pounder guns, and five 24-pounder iron howitzers.

On the evening of the 19th of September, the hornwork was assaulted and carried. The storming parties lost nearly 400 killed and wounded. Upon this occasion, the conduct and exertions of major the honorable W. Cocks were conspicuously gallant.

Batteries were now erected;—and, on the night of the 22d, an effort was made to carry the outer or escarp wall by escalade. Midnight was the hour chosen for the enterprise. The ladders were reared, and the storming party forced up the wall most gallantly; but as soon as the leading men gained a momentary footing on the parapet, they were bayoneted down. The attempts were bravely and often repeated with no better success. The garrison mounted on the parapet, and not only fired on the assailants with small-arms, but threw down heavy shot, and also combustibles, which caused the men's pouches to explode; they

were at last drawn off, leaving half their numbers killed and wounded; among the former was major Laurie of the 79th.

An attempt was afterwards made to breach the wall. Of three guns in battery, two were soon disabled by the more weighty fire of the castle.

Recourse was now had to the sap and the mine. The former, when pushed near the place, was so exposed, owing to the lofty site of the enemy's defences, and was so destructive to the besiegers, that it was discontinued. However, a gallery was successfully carried under the outer wall; and, on the night of the 29th of September, a breach was formed by the explosion of a mine. Arrangements had been made for storming as soon as the mine should be sprung. A serjeant and four men in advance of the storming party actually mounted the breach; but the division which should have followed them missed its way, and as the breach was but narrow, returned from the wall under the impression that none had been made. The French, who had been at first surprised, seeing the men on the breach without support, charged and drove them down; and these brave soldiers, three of them being wounded, regained their division. Before daylight the garrison had made this breach impracticable. Another breach was formed on the afternoon of the 4th of October. As soon as ever the mine exploded, the 24th regiment rushed up and effected a lodgment. Captain Hedderwick commanded this battalion, and lieutenants Holmes and Frazer led the assault with the greatest regularity and spirit: before the dust of the explosion had subsided, they were in contact with the besieged. About 200 men were killed and wounded in this affair; among the latter, lieutenant-colonel Jones of the engineers.

On the afternoon of the 5th, 300 French voltigeurs sallied furiously upon this post; gained possession, and held it long enough to upset the gabions and destroy the lodgment. In this sortie the allies lost more than 150 killed and wounded. As soon as it was dark, this damage was repaired; and the besiegers began the formation of a parallel along the glacis of the second line. This was, at last, pushed within ten yards of the enemy's line; but the work was attended with great danger, and very many of the laborers were slain. The garrison kept up a constant fire of musketry, and rolled large shells down the steep glacis. At this period of the attack only one piece of siege artillery remained serviceable.

Upon the night of the 8th, the garrison made another fierce sally, and gained possession of the trenches. They maintained themselves long enough to destroy all the latest work, and to carry off the tools. In this sortie above 200 of the besiegers were killed and wounded. Among the former was the honorable

major W. Cocks, commanding the 79th. This officer, already well known to the army as one of the most zealous and intelligent captains that ever led a squadron of British cavalry, here closed his brief but distinguished career.

An opening was at last made in the second line by the battery of howitzers; and upon the 18th of October the assault was again given by detachments of the guards and the German legion. The assailants carried the breach in the most gallant style. Some of the men even pushed forwards into the upper line. The successful assailants, however, were soon attacked in turn: very superior numbers were brought to bear upon them, and they were driven back through the breach with a severe loss. Major Wurmb, the commander, fell, and nearly all the officers were killed or wounded. The storming party of the guards had been directed against the breach first formed on the 29th of September. They advanced with ladders through this to a part of the second line, and gained the summit of the parapet with great gallantry and good order; but, when formed in their position, they were soon assaulted by overpowering numbers, and forced back. This was the last serious effort of a siege of thirty days. The casualties of the besiegers during this arduous service exceeded 2000; and the loss of the besieged must of necessity have been considerable. The attack was persevered in by the allies with a boldness, intrepidity, and skill, highly honorable to the officers and troops employed. The siege failed solely for want of the necessary means of attack. Even with such means as were applied, the resolute efforts of the British might have forced success against an enemy less steady, courageous, and able, than general Du Breton and his garrison. With proper engineer and artillery means, the castle of Burgos must have fallen, and that in a siege not occupying one third of the time, nor attended with one third of the loss of this tedious but unsuccessful attack.

Nevertheless the capture of Burgos was an object of so great importance, that the attempt made was necessary; and that which lord Wellington resolved to undertake at all, if firmness, patience, and perseverance, could have commanded fortune, he would have succeeded in accomplishing.

Lord Wellington's personal superintendence of all the operations of this arduous siege was constant and vigilant. The arrangements for every assault were written with his own hand as he sat upon the ground observing the point of attack; and he was so much and so often exposed to fire, that his escape is remarkable. On the night of the 29th of September, he was in such imminent personal danger on his return from a close observation of the attack, that a field which he had to cross was literally plowed up by grape and musketry as he passed down.

In consequence of the menacing movements of the French general, on the 18th of October most of the besieging corps joined the covering army; and upon the 20th lord Wellington and his staff moved to the front. On the evening of this day, the French drove in the outposts of the allies; but the ground was immediately recovered by a movement of two divisions, under Sir Edward Paget, which lord Wellington directed in person.

On the night of the 21st of October the siege was raised, a measure which the combined movements of the armies of the south and centre, under Soult and the intrusive king, now compelled lord Wellington to adopt. Immediately in his front was an army considerably reinforced of late, and having a superiority in horse so great, that the allied cavalry bore no proportion to it in numbers. The commencement of this retreat was a most dangerous and difficult operation; for not only was it to be performed in the presence of a superior army, but the castle of Burgos commanded the high road and the bridges on the Arlanzon, and the lateral roads were deep in mud. Nevertheless lord Wellington, in one night, threw his whole army, his stores, and his baggage, on the other side of Burgos; and such were the good order and admirable boldness of his movements, that the first division filed over two bridges within close musket-shot of the fort, in a moonlight night, without losing a man. Some other of the troops suffered a little from the first discharges of artillery, which the enemy, when alarmed, directed on the bridge; but so uncertain is the fire of artillery by night, that the range and directions of the guns were soon lost, and the casualties were few. So complete was the success of this bold manœuvre, that Wellington thus gained a march upon the enemy, who did not overtake him in strength, till noon on the 23d, when the French cavalry pressed his rear-guard closely. The British horse twice charged and checked them a little; but as they brought up fresh squadrons every moment, the allied cavalry was obliged to give way, and fell back in some haste and confusion on the German light infantry under colonel Halkett. That officer threw his men into squares and gallantly repulsed them. The same day the army crossed the Pisuerga; and on the evening of the 24th the whole was in position behind the Carrion, the left at Villa Muriel, the right at Duenas. Here lord Wellington was reinforced by a brigade of guards under lord Dalhousie, which had been disembarked at Corunna. The army halted on the 25th. The bridges over the Carrion at Valencia, Villa Muriel, and Duenas, and that on the Pisuerga at Tariejo, were ordered to be mined. Those at Villa Muriel and Duenas were successfully destroyed; but those at Palencia were seized by the enemy before any injury was done; and the mine

at Tariejo not being fully prepared was prematurely fired and failed, the bridge remaining passable. The covering parties at Palencia and Tariejo were overpowered, and that at the latter post was taken by the enemy's cavalry, who crossed the bridge in force and cut them off. The enemy then pushed a corps across the Pisuerga. Lord Wellington instantly sent a column and drove them back. Upon the left of the allies they crossed the Carrion by a ford at Villa Muriel, and took possession of a village on that flank. The Spaniards were ordered to dislodge them; but the French repulsed the Spanish troops. They were, however, immediately rallied, and led on again by general Alava, an officer whose heroic example was never wanting in any difficulty; but he was wounded; and until they were led by the Brunswick Oel's corps, they made no impression on the enemy, and could not force them from the village: when attacked by the Germans, the French immediately evacuated the post; and, as the fifth division of the allies advanced, such columns of the enemy as had crossed the river, withdrew and returned to the other bank. On the 26th the army continued its retreat, and crossed the Pisuerga at Cabezon. Here, upon the 27th, the French made an attempt to gain possession of the bridge, but it was defeated. On the morning of the 28th they tried to pass the river at Simancas, but the bridge was destroyed. On the evening of the same day they entered Tordesillas, but found that bridge also already destroyed.

From the heights above Valladolid they cannonaded the high road on the opposite bank, on which the baggage of the allies was in march, but with little effect. Lord Wellington retired from Cabezon on the 29th, destroying the bridges there and at Valladolid. He this day passed the whole army across the Douro at Tudela and at the Puente del Douro. The bridges were immediately mined and blown up: in like manner that at Quintanilla, and also those of Toro and Zamora, were destroyed. The French observing that there was only a small guard at the south end of the destroyed bridge at Tordesillas, caused a chosen party of volunteers to swim over in the night and attack it. Thus they dislodged the Germans, and immediately proceeded to repair the bridge. Therefore lord Wellington took up ground in front, placed his army in battle position, and there remained till November the 6th. The bridge at Toro, as well as that at Tordesillas, being now repaired, he fell back to Torrecilla de la Orden on the 7th; and upon the 8th took up his old position of St. Christoval in front of Salamanca. The same day Sir Rowland Hill, who had been in communication with lord Wellington on the 3d, and had effected his junction on the 5th, crossed the Tormes, leaving in the town of Alba de Tormes a corps of British and a division of Portuguese. General Hill had broken up

from the Jarama on the 30th of August, and had retired leisurely before Soult and Joseph Buonaparte, bringing away with him the garrison of Madrid.

The French armies of the north, south, and centre were united upon the right bank of the Tormes on the 10th of November. Their combined forces amounted to near 90,000 combatants, counting 12,000 good cavalry, and 200-pieces of artillery. The allied army did not exceed 48,000 infantry, and 5000 horse. On the 10th the enemy attacked the town and castle of Alba with infantry and cannon; but they made no serious impression, and confined the attack chiefly to a cannonade. On the 14th they crossed the Tormes at the fords of Lucinas, considerably above Alba, and took post on the wooded heights of Mozarbes. The same evening there was a little skirmishing and cannonading; the two armies were in presence, and large bodies of cavalry were shown by the enemy on the plain in front of Mozarbes. On the morning of the 15th, lord Wellington placed his army in battle order near the Arapiles, a field which he had already made famous in history by his glorious victory at Salamanca. Soult, who commanded in chief, would not avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of bringing the allies to action; but, manœuvred on their right, and, by threatening their communications with Ciudad Rodrigo, compelled lord Wellington, who dared not, under such manifest disadvantages, assume the offensive, to retire.

The allied army was immediately put in motion; and, marching to its right, gained the roads leading to Portugal in compact and perfect order. These movements were seasonably masked by rain, which fell in torrents, and they were therefore completed without any loss. The French followed the line of retreat with a strong advanced guard, but they never pushed the allies with earnestness or vigor. They overtook and cannonaded the right column on the 17th, as it passed the Huerba; and the cavalry, on this and the preceding day, had some few skirmishes with their horse.

On the 17th, Sir Edward Paget, who commanded three divisions, was taken prisoner on the road, in an interval between two of them. A few Polish horse had been pushed forwards through the wood upon the scout; and, coming down upon the road suddenly, where he rode attended only by his orderly and one officer, they fell upon the unsupported group, and carried him off.

The sufferings of the army on this retreat were severe, and the loss considerable. It rained with little intermission: the roads were deep and miry, and some of the rivers to be forded were breast-high. The ground in the bivouacs was soaked; and such fires as the men contrived to make, were smoky and cheer-

less. Many of the divisions had neither bread, biscuit, nor flour; and the men had only a ration of lean, over-driven beef, heated upon smoking ashes, and devoured half raw.

On the 18th, head-quarters reached Ciudad Rodrigo; and on the 20th, the main body of the army crossed the frontier of Portugal, or halted in the villages on the Agueda, while the corps of Sir Rowland Hill was distributed in the mountain hamlets south of the Sierra de Francia.

As soon as it was ascertained that the French armies had retired from the Tormes, the corps of Hill marched by the Sierra de Gata to the province of Coria, placing a post in the pass of Bejar, and at Baños; while the divisions of the main army were thrown back into comfortable and convenient cantonments in Beira, the left resting at Lamego upon the Douro.

During this retreat from the neighborhood of Burgos on the one side, and from Madrid on the other, many irregularities were committed by the allied troops; although certainly those in the army retiring from Madrid bore no proportion to the excesses of the troops coming from Burgos, till they reached the Tormes: nor is this surprising. The troops under Hill had not sustained the same fatigues, or endured the same disappointments, as the soldiers returning from the north.

From the Tormes, however, to the Agueda, there was a great deal of misconduct in all divisions of the army, owing to the want of provisions, and the badness of the weather. The violence of those who found food, led to marauding, and the indifference and exhaustion of those who met with nothing which tempted them to exertion, to lagging behind. Large droves of swine are fed in the open and extensive woods which the army traversed: many of the men, quitting their lines after they were halted for the night, hunted and shot these animals for food. The more indolent and weak sunk passively from inanition on the line of march, and, as there were no means of transport to preserve them, fell into the hands of their pursuers.

Upon the arrival of the army in quarters, lord Wellington addressed a letter to the commanders of brigades and regiments, censuring them, their officers, and their men, with extreme severity. These bitter reproaches were hastily made, and they were received by the army in general with vexation, and by some of the oldest and best disciplined regiments with a momentary feeling of resentment; for there were many corps that maintained their discipline perfectly, and whose losses were trifling, and clearly accounted for. But when they considered all the difficulties, disappointments, and vexations of that leader who had so ably and so often guided them to victory, they forgot their mortification, and promised themselves the noble revenge

of achieving, under his auspicious guidance, yet brighter triumphs in the next campaign, than those already won.

One of the objects for which lord Wellington had advanced to Madrid had been attained most fully. The south of Spain was evacuated. The reasonable expectations of the British commander, as to other objects, were disappointed. How they were disappointed has been told; on no side did he find co-operation. The British ministry had been tardy with their support; nor, when it came, was it large or efficient. The military means of Spain were feeble; and where they presented the promise of good and important service, the inability or the obstinate jealousy of the individuals in command of them frustrated the designs, and forbade the confidence, of a general who had to contend with French armies, mustering, whenever they chose to combine, nearly double the strength of the British and Portuguese forces. Yet, in the face of all these disadvantages, lord Wellington, in one year, wrested from them two fortresses, won a pitched battle, penetrated to the capital, drove away the intrusive king for a season, liberated Andalusia from his power, and shook the throne on which he sat.

For these services he had been created Marquis by the prince regent, who estimated his achievements with a princely mind, and rewarded them with a princely hand. To enable the marquis of Wellington to support this dignity, parliament unanimously voted a grant of 100,000*l.* to purchase land. But the conqueror of July was, in November, compelled, by circumstances beyond his control, once more to seek the friendly and defensive positions of Portugal.

The failure before Burgos was no surprise to lord Wellington; he had ventured a siege, and that justifiably, with small means: and he attributed in part to that circumstance, and in part to the ability and gallantry of the governor and his garrison, the defeat of his attempt. When the extensive combinations of the French marshals caused him to break up from before Burgos and retire, the skill of his movements, the firmness of his countenance, his short marches, his frequent halts, evinced the course he was pursuing to be that which he knew was necessary, and to which he calmly and deliberately yielded from a conviction of its wisdom.

That party, however, in England, to which the successes of Wellington and the glory of the British arms gave no pleasure, hailed the retreat from Burgos as a help to their faction. The people of England, easily elated by good news, and soon depressed by bad—too sanguine and extravagant in their hopes, and too deeply dejected by whatever may disappoint them—listened eagerly to the noisy clamors, crude opinions, and base sentiments of the violent opponents of the war, and were, for a

time, abused into the belief that Wellington was rash and incapable; that the Spaniards were indifferent to their fate; that the name of Englishman was hateful to their ears; and that the final issue of the contest would assuredly be disastrous. Nevertheless, in parliament, those voices prevailed which, in the true English spirit, resolved to abide that issue; and when the people recovered from the delusion into which the language of the opposition betrayed them, they were not only satisfied but eager that England should put forth all her strength. Therefore reinforcements of every description, but especially of cavalry, of which there had been ever a deficiency, were now sent to the Peninsula. Lord Wellington most busily employed his winter season. He gave his best attention to the organization and equipment of his army. He directed that the large iron camp kettles should be no longer used; and that the mules which had hitherto carried them, should henceforth be appropriated to the conveyance of three tents a company. Thus the men off duty would always be provided with some cover in the field, which would save many casualties from sickness. Moreover, expedition in preparing their food, as well as real comfort, was gained, by issuing to the men small kettles, and dividing the companies into small messes. These changes were very great improvements, promoting comfort and health in a manner not before thought upon, and necessarily tending to keep the army efficient in the field. This winter, also, a pontoon train was prepared to accompany the line of march in the next campaign. While these arrangements were in progress, the marquis of Wellington went to Cadiz to communicate in person with the Spanish government. He was received with all that admiration and confidence which his character and exploits had already obtained for him. He was, in the first instance, waited upon by a deputation from the cortex: when, afterwards, he was solemnly introduced into the hall of the cortex in the Spanish uniform, the acclamations were loud and honest; and as he replied to the address made him in the Spanish language, their joy and satisfaction was again warmly manifested. His stay at Cadiz was short; but his visit had a most admirable effect in promoting the good understanding and cordial union between himself and the Spanish executive, so essential to the triumph of the great and common cause. They conferred on him the rank and authority of generalissimo of the Spanish forces, and they arranged that he should have the active co-operation of 50,000 Spanish troops in the next campaign.

Lord Wellington returned to the army by the way of Lisbon. His reception here was most honorable and distinguished. As he rode through the streets, expressions of enthusiasm, gratitude, and praise burst out from the applauding voices of the innume-

able spectators who crowded upon his path. The city was illuminated for three nights. He was received by the lords and regent of the kingdom, in the palace of government, with the highest honors. He was feasted in the palace during his stay; and, when he appeared in the large theatre of San Carlos, which was crowded to the roof, the thunders of applause, and the rapturous acclamations of a delivered and exalted nation, knew no bounds. He had driven the invader from their gates: he had led the husbands and brothers and sons of Portugal to battle and to victory. It was about this period that the prince regent of Portugal conferred on him the rank of duke, with the title of Vittoria,—a remarkable coincidence; a prophetic announcement of that signal triumph which was yet to come.

It may here be noticed, that from the beginning of the war in the Peninsula, though the marquis of Wellington received from the governments of Portugal and Spain all honorary distinctions which they bestowed; with a becoming pride, yet with the disinterestedness of a noble nature, he declined the emoluments attached to those dignities; leaving thus untouched, incomes that would have arisen from various sources to the sum of 17,000 dollars a year.

Such was the conduct of a British general, whose pay as commander of the forces did not defray his expenses, who had a family to be maintained in England; and, until the parliament had voted him the income, and the grant to enable him to support the dignities of earl and marquis, was certainly not the richer for having served. At all times, lord Wellington spent large sums in charity; and during the invasion of Portugal, in 1810, especially in the winter of that year, he distributed a great deal of money from his private purse to relieve the distress and necessity around him.

It gave great pleasure to the army to see such a man appointed (as he was in January, 1813) colonel of the royal horse guards—the Blues—an honor well bestowed, and which added largely to his income.

This appointment gratified lord Wellington more than any dignity yet bestowed on him; and he did not expect it. He had no time to attend to his own affairs, and he made it a rule to ask for nothing; considering, with a due self-reverence, that while he was serving the country to the best of his ability, whatever it was expedient or proper he should receive, would be given freely. Nevertheless, so far was he from making a high and vain estimate of his services and claims, that, when he announced his appointment at his own table, he exclaimed with the liveliest joy—"I am the luckiest fellow in the world; I must have been born under some extraordinary planet."

CHAP. X.

ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN THE SPRING OF 1813.—LORD WELLINGTON OPENS THE CAMPAIGN IN MAY—ADVANCES—TURNS THE LINE OF THE DOURO—TURNS THE LINE OF THE EBRO—BRINGS THE ENEMY TO BATTLE AT VITTORIA—DEFEATS THEM—DRIVES THEM OUT OF SPAIN—ENCAMPS UPON THE PYRENEES.

THE implacable hostility of Napoleon to England was the cause of his rupture with the emperor Alexander in 1812. It was to exclude the commerce of England from the whole continent of Europe, that this man, blinded by a spirit of tyranny and ambition, led 400,000 soldiers into the very heart of Russia. For this object he carried war and desolation 300 leagues beyond the Vistula, and planted his eagles on the towers of Moscow. But the stern and patriotic devotion of the Russ suffered him only to possess the ruins of that ancient capital. As he entered, flames, kindled by Russian hands, burst out on all sides; and he found himself the baffled master of a silent and abandoned city, amid the ruins of which he for a time sullenly reposed. He had won, indeed, a victory; but had grasped a shadow. He was without magazines; without reserves; unable to advance further; unwilling to retrace his steps. He lingered so long before he retired, that winter broke in all its gloomy terrors upon his march, and his army was overtaken by a tremendous vengeance. The vast majority of his gallant troops perished miserably in the snow. Numbers were slain and many taken by their hardy pursuers. Napoleon himself, with a single attendant, fled in a sledge to Poland. A weak and wretched band of fugitives, the small wreck of one of the largest and finest armies ever arrayed for conquest, was the only body that reached the line of the Elbe. Here, supported by reserves drawn from every quarter hastily, they at last rallied, and the pursuit was stayed. Russia seized the opportunity to throw off the yoke of Buonaparte;—and all the strength he could yet collect was wanted for his struggle in Germany. Under these circumstances, Soult with a considerable body of troops had been summoned from Spain. Nevertheless 150,000 Frenchmen were still dispersed over her provinces; of which a force of no less than 70,000 men were disposable to take the field in the spring of 1813, and to maintain itself against the efforts of the allies. But the united strength of the Peninsula was now placed in the hands of lord Wellington. And the deliverance of Spain was near. While the allied army remained in cantonments, no hostile movement of importance occurred. The British post at Bejar, in the mountains of that name, was suddenly assailed in February, by a French column under general

Foy; but the garrison got notice of his approach, and he was immediately and vigorously repulsed. After this the tranquillity of the cantonments was never for one moment disturbed, till, in the month of May, the campaign of 1813 was opened by lord Wellington. The Anglo-Portuguese army now consisted of 65,000 infantry, and 6500 cavalry. A division of Spaniards under Murillo had lain in Estremadura. The army of Galicia, under Giron, occupied the frontier of that province. A force was organized in Andalusia under O'Donnel, as an army of reserve. The duke del Parque commanded a corps of Spaniards in La Mancha; and general Elio observed the frontiers of Murcia and Valencia with another. The French armies of the centre and the south occupied Madrid and Toledo, and were distributed over Castile and the central provinces, for the convenience of subsisting them. The army of Portugal had its headquarters at Valladolid; and the line of the Douro was strengthened and guarded with the utmost care. Two divisions of the army of the north were in the provinces of Aragon and Biscay; and Suchet held Catalonia and Valencia with an army of more than 35,000 men.

The troops which had accompanied Soult to Germany only amounted to 20,000; and the armies of Portugal, the centre, and the south, could still bring 70,000 men into the field. These corps were collected to oppose the allies; and they were placed under the immediate command of Joseph, with marshal Jourdan for his major-general. Lord Wellington opened the campaign with a grand movement. Having secretly prepared at different points, between Lamego and the frontier, the means of transport, he threw five divisions of infantry and two brigades of cavalry across the Douro; and directed Sir Thomas Graham to conduct them through the province of Tras os Montes upon Zamora. Lord Wellington himself led two divisions of infantry, a corps of Spaniards, and a body of cavalry, upon Salamanca; while Sir Rowland Hill brought his corps by the mountains from upper Estremadura, descended upon the Tormes above Alba, and advanced also to the same point. The centre and right of the army were here united on the 25th of May. The French detachment in Salamanca, consisting of 400 cavalry and 3000 infantry, retired before the allies; and, being cannonaded, and close pressed by the cavalry and horse-artillery, lost about 200 men in killed and wounded, and as many taken. The troops advanced about sixteen miles; and here the right wing of the army was halted between the Douro and the Tormes; while the left, under Graham, was gaining the enemy's right by Miranda and Carvajales. Tras os Montes is a wild mountainous country, most difficult for an army to traverse. The roads are bad and narrow; the ravines of great depth; and

the ascents from some of the rivers so steep, that, without the aid of drag-ropes, and strong fatigue parties, it is impossible to draw up the artillery.

By good arrangements, great exertions, and, above all, by hearty good-will, these difficulties were overcome. Sir Thomas Graham reached the frontier on the appointed day, and established his communication with the army of Galicia. The French retired from the banks of the Esla as soon as Graham appeared in their front. He passed the Esla by a pontoon bridge on the 31st of May, and advanced towards Zamora. Thus was the formidable line of the Douro turned, and the defensive works of the enemy rendered at once useless. They immediately destroyed the bridges at Zamora and Toro, abandoned those posts in haste, and retired upon Morales. Near this place, the hussar brigade under colonel Grant overtook their rear-guard of cavalry, and immediately charged and overthrew it. The enemy had several slain; and being pursued, lost near 200 prisoners. The same evening a French piquet at Castromoño was surprised and taken by the Spaniards of don Julian, the guerilla. The bridge of Toro being restored, the corps of Hill crossed the river, and the whole of the allied army was united on the right bank of the Douro on the 3d of June.

These brilliant and rapid movements of lord Wellington astonished and alarmed the enemy. The passage of the Douro within the frontier of Portugal, and the flank march through *Tras os Montes*, were operations not deemed practicable, and never even suspected. The army at Madrid abandoned that capital instantly, and, marching swiftly, passed the river at *Puente de Douro*, and joined the army of Portugal.

On the 4th of June, lord Wellington, by marching to *Ampudia*, on the north of *Valladolid*, compelled the French to evacuate that city, and retire behind the *Carrion*. On the 7th, the allies crossed that river at *Valencia*, and the French withdrew behind the *Hormaza*. Lord Wellington still continued to manœuvre to his left; crossed the *Pisuerga* in force, and, menacing the enemy's line of communication, forced them to retire on *Burgos*, where they assembled all their forces, leaving a strong corps upon the heights above the village of *Hormaza* under count *Reile*. Upon the 12th of June, lord Wellington made a strong reconnoissance with the corps of Sir Rowland Hill and all the cavalry; and dislodging this body, drove it back upon the main body. At an early hour on the following morning, the castle of *Burgos* was destroyed by exploding the defences; and the French army, abandoning *Burgos*, was already in full march for *Miranda*, placing a garrison in the lofty and strong castle of *Pancorbo*, which commands and bars the great road to *Navarre*.

Thus, by a succession of the most able movements, the enemy

were driven behind the Ebro, without having been permitted to retain, for a day, one of the many fine and defensible positions which are to be found upon that long route ; for so long a period their main and well secured communication with the north, and with Bayonne. While the French staff, on their part, were wondering that lord Wellington did not appear in pursuit on the great route, he was secretly and rapidly executing one of those brilliant manœuvres, by which this memorable march from the frontiers of Portugal to those of France was distinguished.

Aware of the difficulty of the Pancorbo pass, and of the strong and well-nigh impregnable positions on the Ebro, to which the enemy was retired, he declined the attempt of forcing the passage of that river in the face of so powerful an army. He now struck suddenly to his left, and conducted his whole force by a route very unfrequented, and thought hitherto impracticable for carriages, to the bridges of San Martin, Rocamude, and Puente de Arenas, near the sources of the Ebro. By these bridges the whole army, with its guns and wheel carriages, passed the river without seeing an enemy, on the 14th and 15th. Here, as in Tras os Montes, it was only by unequalled exertions that the march was effected ; for the narrow roads wind through low and secluded valleys, and among steep and rugged mountains, where an army had never passed in the memory of the inhabitants.

On the 16th, the allies moved to their right through a strong and defensible country, without any opposition. It was not till the 18th that the light division came suddenly upon two French brigades on the march to Vittoria. These troops were immediately attacked by the British, and lost near 300 men. This same evening, for the first time, the French head-quarters were apprized that the allied army had passed the Ebro, and were in full march upon their flank. The French staff were confounded with astonishment ; and the enemy made a forced march to their rear, by night, in great confusion and alarm.

On the day on which the light division was engaged near St. Millan, a French corps of observation, suddenly assembled at Espejo, attacked the first and fifth divisions, under Sir Thomas Graham, at Osma, but they were driven back to Espejo. From hence they marched instantly, and took up a strong position behind the river Bayas ; having their right at Subijana, and their left on the heights in front of Pobes. Lord Wellington, attacking this position in front and on the left, with two divisions on the 19th, turned the enemy out of it, and drove them back upon the main body of their army. On the night of the 19th, Joseph concentrated all his forces at Vittoria, and placed them in a battle position. During the 20th, lord Wellington closed up his

rear, collected all his divisions, and reconnoitred the position of the enemy.

The French armies occupied a line nearly eight miles in extent. Their extreme left rested upon the lofty heights of La Puebla. Their right was posted upon high ground above the villages of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor. Their centre covered a range of strong hills on the left bank of the Zadorra, and commanded the valley through which it flows towards the south in front of Vittoria. Part of their left wing was drawn up, touching the left centre, on steep and commanding ridges above the village of Subijana de Alava. A strong reserve was posted in rear of the centre at the village of Gomecha. Their light troops lined the banks of the Zadorra in front of the centre, and the bridges over that river were fortified. A woody space between the centre and right was also occupied by light infantry; and some field works had been thrown up in front of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor. Thus posted, the enemy covered the city of Vittoria, and held the three great roads, which, from Logrono, Madrid, and Bilbao, unite in that city, and thence pursue one line to Bayonne.

Here, therefore, it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should make a resolute stand to protect the main road to Bayonne, and to cover the évacuation of their grand depôt at Vittoria, as well as the orderly and safe march of those immense convoys which had accompanied them from the heart of Spain. Joseph Buonaparte nominally commanded in person. The armies of Portugal and the south were in the first line, that of the centre and the cavalry in reserve. Thus they had near 70,000 combatants, and 100 pieces of cannon, arrayed in battle-order. The allies outnumbered them by 4000 or 5000. All the divisions of the Anglo-Portuguese were present, with the exception of the sixth, which was detained at Medina in observation; for there was a corps of 12,000 French in the direction of Bilbao, under general Foy; and general Clausel, with a body of 15,000 men, was at Logrono. But the French, actually present on the field of battle, could not have been short of 70,000; and in the number given for the allies are included three divisions of Spaniards, under Giron, Longa, and Murillo.

The sun of the 21st of June rose clear and cloudless. The allied columns stood to their arms, and marched from their bivouacs on the Bayas, in the assured hope of a day of glory. Lord Wellington disposed the army in three corps. The right under Sir Rowland Hill; the left under Sir Thomas Graham; while the centre, consisting of four divisions formed in two columns, received orders more immediately from himself. In the right corps was the allied division under Sir William Stewart, the Portuguese division under the conde de Amarante, and

a division of Spaniards under Murillo. In the centre were the divisions of Sir Lowry Cole and baron Alten, and those of lord Dalhousie and Sir Thomas Picton. On the left, with Sir Thomas Graham, were the first division and general Oswald's; also two brigades of cavalry, and the Spanish division of Longa. The centre of the enemy's position was so strong, and it was defended by such enormous batteries of field artillery, and so large a force, that any attempt to pierce it was not hopeful or prudent; though the immense extent of line from Abechuco to Puebla would, with a less formidable post for the centre, have favored such an attack. As it was, it became necessary to force back the enemy's flanks, and to delay any assault on the French centre till the right or left corps of the allies should have crossed the Zadorra, and be so well advanced as to give a powerful support in flank to a front attack. The Spaniards of Murillo commenced the action, supported by the light companies of the second division, and the 71st light infantry under the honorable colonel Cadogan. The Spaniards ascended the steep heights of Puebla with great spirit, and were soon engaged with the enemy, who kept up a very hot fire of musketry on their advance. Murillo behaved admirably; he was wounded, but kept the field, and continued the combat with good countenance, till the support under colonel Cadogan came to his aid. The enemy reinforced this point strongly, and a severe struggle ensued; but they were at length driven back, though not without having inflicted a heavy loss on the allies. The 71st regiment lost 400 men; and Cadogan, the heroic commander of that gallant corps, fell mortally wounded at its head: he died upon the field, with his eyes anxiously following its advance. The heights of Puebla thus won, Sir Rowland Hill directed two brigades of the second division to carry the village and heights of Subijana de Alava. The village was immediately seized by the brigade of colonel O'Callaghan, with the defensive cannonade from the heights above, though being ill directed. The enemy, however, soon filled the heights among the heights above, and a wood to the left of Subijana, with a swarm of tirailleurs, and made repeated efforts to recover the village; but they were stoutly opposed, and the ground was contested hotly. The regiments which skirmished opposite the wood suffered severely from the fire of the French voltiguers, and the combat was maintained here until the head of a column, directed by Sir Rowland Hill to advance along the lofty ridge running from the Puebla mountain, appeared upon the enemy's flank. About this time, the fourth and light divisions under general Cole passed the Zadorra; the former at the bridge of Nanclares, the latter at that of Tres Puentes. Almost as soon as these had crossed, the column under the earl of Dalhousie reached its

point of attack ; and the third division under Sir Thomas Picton, followed by the seventh under the earl, crossed the bridge on the Mendonza road higher up. These four divisions formed rapidly on the left of the Zadorra, and advanced against the enemy's right centre ; while their left centre was immediately exposed to a flank attack by the complete success of Sir Rowland Hill, who now followed up their retreat from Subijana de Alava with his wonted steadiness and vigor. The allied columns which advanced against the enemy's right centre were furiously engaged. They were received with a most destructive fire ; but they moved on in admirable order, notwithstanding the difficulty of the ground. It was not possible for the movements of any troops to be conducted with more spirit and regularity. The advance was made by echellons of regiments in two or three lines, according to the nature of the ground. The brigade of general Colville, in Picton's division, being on the left, led up, and was first engaged, the enemy falling upon it hotly in very superior force ; it not only stoutly held ground against this attack, but, assailing in turn, drove before it this body, and coming on its reserve lines well formed, overthrew them at the bayonet's point and captured their guns. In the village of Ariñez, the enemy fought for a time with better success ; but it was at last carried by the bayonet. As the fourth and light divisions advanced, the French fell back upon Vittoria in good order. So long, however, as they did maintain themselves against these attacks of their centre,* the fire of their artillery was terrible : 80 guns were thundering from their position. While the right and centre of the allies were thus vigorously pursuing their success, the left column under Sir Thomas Graham, supported by a Spanish division under general Giron, attacked the French right on the heights above the village of Abechuco, and carried them. This done, Sir Thomas Graham directed general Oswald to assail the post of Gamarra Mayor, and formed the first division to attack Abechuco. Both these villages having bridges over the Zadorra were strongly occupied. Gamarra Mayor was stormed by a brigade of general Oswald's division, and carried at the bayonet's point without firing a shot. General Robinson, under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, led up his troops to this gallant attack in columns of battalions, with the support of two guns of major Lawson's brigade of artillery. Sir Thomas Graham now placed two brigades of field artillery in battery against Abechuco ; and, under cover of this fire, colonel Halket, with the German light battalions, supported

* The heights on which the French centre stood, are by tradition the same on which the English under Edward the Black Prince obtained a complete victory over the army of Henry the Bastard, and seated don Pedro, the rightful king, on the throne.

by a brigade of Portuguese infantry under general Bradford, dislodged the enemy by so resolute an assault, that one of the German battalions took two guns and a howitzer on the bridge. While this combat took place at Abechuco, the enemy made the greatest efforts to retake Gamarra Mayor; but general Oswald defeated them with the same gallantry which had distinguished his first attack. Upon the heights on the left of the Zadorra the enemy still had two divisions of infantry in reserve, posted so strongly that it was not possible as yet for the troops of Sir Thomas Graham to pass the bridges which they had so bravely taken: but they waited eagerly for that moment when the perfected combinations of lord Wellington should loosen them to pursue; for already they could hear the advancing battle in the centre. No sooner had the allies passed Vittoria in pursuit of the enemy's centre and left, than Sir Thomas Graham, pushing across the river, took possession of the road to Bayonne. This line of retreat being intercepted, the road to Pampeluna was the only route by which these reserve divisions could retire, and upon this they instantly fell back in great haste and disorder. The entire army of the enemy was now not only beaten, but driven back upon one line of retreat; and in a state so disorganized and helpless, that they never rallied, but ran off in large confused masses, abandoning all their cannon, ammunition, and baggage to the victors. They moved so swiftly, that comparatively few prisoners were made. The infantry could not overtake them; and from the nature of the ground, which is much intersected by ditches, and otherwise inclosed, the cavalry of the allies could do but little. The French suffered, however, as they fled, some little loss from the bullets and shells of a battery of horse-artillery, which from a commanding eminence were poured upon them, as, crowding towards one point, the different corps were thrown upon each other; and, becoming one dense mob, were somewhat delayed under this fire by the pressure.

The pursuit was continued till dark; lord Wellington being in person with his advanced guard. The troops now, being greatly exhausted, were halted for the night. They had been sixteen hours under arms. They had fought and won a battle; and, independent of their manœuvres, they had marched three leagues since the morning. But the victory rewarded and astonished them. They had beaten the French often before—but thus never. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, 415 caissons, the military chest, and more than 3000 carriages, wagons, and ears, laden with stores, treasure, or plunder, lay spread over the conquered field. Among the trophies of this complete victory were a stand of colors and the baton of marshal Jourdan. The loss of the allies did not much exceed

700 killed and 4000 wounded. Of the cannon taken, more than ninety were field-pieces, foul-mouthed with recent use. The ground for nearly a square league was covered with the wreck of chests and baggage. The soldiers who got among the carriages and cars ransacked them most thoroughly; and as there were more than 200 coaches belonging to the court, the generals, and private individuals in the French interest, the spoil was rich and curious. State robes, embroidered uniforms, court dresses, insignia, jewels, the wardrobes of females, plate, pictures, and costly curiosities of an endless variety, the accumulated plunder of invaded Spain, were here rejoicingly divided by the exulting soldiers. But the spoil which Wellington deserved, and which his admirable combinations, and the intrepid and successful attacks he directed, entitled him to expect, was a good solid column of prisoners.* A crowning result which must inevitably have been his sure reward, had the enemy made one single attempt at a rally or stand: had they even maintained a military formation. But no army was ever seen to fly in more irregular and headlong confusion. Their loss did not exceed 7000 killed and wounded, and the prisoners amounted to 1000 more. Of all their material and equipment, they only carried off the field one gun and one howitzer. There is no record in history of so vast an army of so well-disciplined and veteran soldiers being thus broken, scattered, and hunted, like a rabble, from the field.

It had not entered into the calculations of the British general, for it could not; nor can it ever be said that it was the result of any order of the French generals; that a distant rallying point was deliberately named, and the *saue qui peut* authoritatively permitted: it was a disaster never dreamed of,—a disgrace considered impossible to the French arms. Nor came ever upon men a more sudden reverse of fortune and security than that which overtook the chief officers of state, the courtiers, and those unhappy Spaniards of high rank, who, with their wives and children, alighted from their carriages in terror, and fled on foot. These wretched persons, with nothing but the clothes upon their backs, accompanied the broken columns on foot, and were mixed with the soldiery.

The French troops reached Pampeluna in such disorder that

* The British soldiers are unrivalled for fighting; yet in the hot haste of success, they are with great difficulty kept in the ranks. Therefore it may be said with truth, that while an English general may count surely upon them to win a battle, it is doubtful whether they possess those less valuable but important qualities which enable a skilful commander to take full advantage of a victory. No man, however, more truly and gratefully estimated the sterling worth of his soldiers than lord Wellington. He felt pride and confidence in his veterans; and has been heard to say, that he would rather have one officer or soldier who had served with him one or two campaigns, than two or three who had not.

it was necessary to close the gates, and forbid their entrance. The fortress, however, was promptly garrisoned, and the retreat continued.

The left corps of the army, under Sir Thomas Graham, marched from the field in the direction of Bilboa to intercept the French force under general Foy ; but that officer hastily gained Tolosa, barricadoed the streets, and attempted to make a stand. Graham soon dislodged him, and, forcing into the town, drove him forwards,—compelled him to pass the frontier, and then destroyed the tête de pont at Irun. While two divisions under Sir Rowland Hill were pursuing the enemy on the road to Pampeluna, lord Wellington directed a force to march upon Logroño, and attack general Clausel, who, approaching Vittoria the day after the battle, and learning its result, had countermarched on that place. At the same time he pushed three divisions to Tudela, to cut off his retreat to France by that road. Alarmed for the safety of his corps, that general moved rapidly on Zaragossa and from thence marched to the pass of Jaca, by which route he entered France. This détour preserved his army ; but he lost all his guns, and left behind him, in a redoubt which barred the road of Zaragossa, a small garrison, which in a few weeks surrendered to Mina : moreover he suffered a little on his way, from the active and harassing pursuit of that zealous chief.

Upon the first of July the strong castle of Pancorbo, between Burgos and Miranda de Ebro, surrendered to the Spanish army of reserve under O'Donnel : the garrison consisted of 700 good soldiers. Thus, on all sides, successes followed wherever the victory was made known. At Passages, a garrison of 150 men from the corps of Foy surrendered to the Spaniards under Longa ; and a good harbor was here secured upon the left of the line of operations, by which the allies subsequently received all their supplies. The French also evacuated Castro and Gueteria, taking off their garrisons in boats. In every quarter south of the Ebro, their fortified posts were given up to the Spaniards. Upon the 6th of July, marshal Suchet broke up from Valencia. Upon the 7th of July, the last divisions of the army of Joseph, which had been driven from the fertile and defensible valley of San Estevan by a succession of brilliant manœuvres, passed the Pyrenees. Sir Rowland Hill had followed them from Pampeluna through the difficult defile of Lanz, and attacked every position on which they halted ; while lord Dalhousie with the seventh division had moved towards San Estevan, and menaced their right. By these able and vigorous operations, lord Wellington became master of the passes of San Estevan, Donna Maria, Maya, and Roncesvalles, and his sentinels looked down from the rugged frontier of Spain upon the sunny plains of southern France. In five-and-forty days from the opening of this cam-

paign, he had conducted the allied army from the frontiers of Portugal to the confines of France; he had marched 400 miles without check; defeated the combined forces of his enemy in a general action, taking all their artillery; had driven them through a country abounding in strong positions; and compelled the intrusive king to abandon the very soil of Spain, in haste and consternation. This was glory: for this harvest, possessing his genius in all patience, and preparing all the elements of success with labor and prudence, he had anxiously and hopefully sown; and the joy came. He stood upon the frontier of another liberated land, a victor.

CHAP. XI.

MARSHAL SOULT IS SENT SUDDENLY FROM GERMANY TO TAKE COMMAND OF THE FRENCH ARMY ON THE FRONTIER, AND TO ATTACK THE ALLIES.—LORD WELLINGTON BLOCKADES PAMPALUNA CLOSELY, AND LAYS SIEGE TO ST. SEBASTIAN.—THE ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—THE BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.—THE FRENCH ARE AGAIN DRIVEN INTO FRANCE.

THE blow struck at Vittoria made itself felt in the camps of Germany. There, Napoleon, by an exertion which had astonished all Europe, had again appeared in arms; and in May of this year had obtained new successes in the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen. Profiting by this favorable posture of affairs, he had concluded an armistice with the hostile forces opposed to him, and a negotiation for peace was actually carrying on under the mediation of Austria, when intelligence of the defeat of the army of Spain was received.

The surprise and disappointment of Napoleon were expressed with bitter anger. The thought that "the hideous leopard" should be couching upon the mountains which look down upon the "sacred soil of France," was mortifying and intolerable. Moreover, the effect this would produce both in France and in Germany was at a glance discerned. Therefore he immediately dispatched Soult, with the high title and large powers of "lieutenant of the emperor," to take command of the defeated troops; and gave orders that they should be reinforced and equipped with all possible expedition, and led speedily against the enemy.

To push back the allies from the frontier, and, if possible, to re-establish his armies on the line of the Ebro, was an attempt now imperative upon him. The political state of parties in France, especially in the south, where all were tired of a military king, and longing for peace, made it dangerous to his throne that the peasants of those provinces should see the British

standard floating upon the confines of France, and the crimson uniforms of English soldiers as they watched upon the rocks above them. Lord Wellington knew that great efforts would be made against him soon; therefore he directed his earnest attention to the fortresses of St. Sebastian and Pampeluna, in which places the French had left strong garrisons. As early as the 25th of June, Sir Rowland Hill had closely shut up Pampeluna: it was at that time the intention of lord Wellington to besiege it; but when, returning from his movements against Clausel, he examined the defences in person, this design was abandoned. The works were found to be in excellent order, and were surmounted by 200 pieces of ordnance. The town was well covered by the citadel on one side, protected by the river upon the other, and garrisoned by 4000 effective men. To reduce it by a siege would have required large means, and have cost many lives; therefore it was decided to establish a close blockade. The duties of this service were at first confided to lord Dalhousie, with the sixth and seventh divisions. It was at the same time ordered that strong field-works should be thrown up on every side of the place, so that the investing force might easily command all the roads and communications. Therefore nine large redoubts were raised upon favorable heights, at distances of from 1200 to 1500 yards from the fortress, armed with the French guns captured at Vittoria, and garrisoned by detachments of the investing force. When the connected defences of the blockading line were completed, the duties of the blockade were transferred to the Spanish army of reserve under O'Donnel, and lord Dalhousie with his corps joined the army in the Pyrenees.

It was, however, fully determined to besiege the fortress of St. Sebastian; and Sir Thomas Graham with 10,000 men was appointed to conduct the operations.

This town is built on a low peninsula, running north and south; at the extremity is a rocky height called Monte Orgullo: the base of this rock is 400 yards by 600; it rises steeply to a point, which is crowned by a small citadel called La Mota. Monte Orgullo is cut off from the town by a defensive line near its foot; and its southern face is covered with batteries which plunge into the lower defences of the place.

The defences of the town are, upon the western side, washed by the sea, and upon the eastern side by the river Urumea. This river at high water covers four feet of the masonry of the scarp, but for two hours before and after is fordable and shallow. The works of the land front of St. Sebastian consist of a single front of fortification running across the sandy isthmus on which it stands.

On the right of the Urumea are considerable sand-hills, called

the Chofre range. From these the eastern wall of the city is seen to its base at low water; and at those hours troops can march along its foot to the extremity near the castle. About 700 yards from the land front upon the isthmus is the convent of St. Bartolomeo; this, and a small redoubt near it, and a circular field-work on the causeway, were occupied by the garrison as advanced posts.

It was determined to batter the eastern wall in breach from the sand-hills, and to storm the breaches as soon as practicable, by a bold advance along the left of the Urumea at low water; but, in the first instance, to dislodge the enemy from the fortified convent of St. Bartolomeo and the advanced works.

On the 11th of July the place was invested; on the 12th, the marquis of Wellington examined the defences, and the plan given was decided on. The besieging force consisted of the fifth division under general Oswald, and the Portuguese brigades of generals Bradford and Wilson. The guns, ammunition, and stores were landed at Passages; and, upon the morning of the 14th of July, batteries were opened against the convent of Bartolomeo. The south end of the church was beaten down the next day; the roof of the convent had been frequently set on fire, and a great part of the building was laid open. A battery of 9-pounders and howitzers was now placed on the opposite side of the Urumea, to fire upon the redoubt adjoining; and, upon the 17th of July, the convent and that work were assaulted and carried. The assailants, pushing on too far in pursuit, suffered from the fire of the place, and were driven back by a body of the garrison marching to support the defence of the convent. The besiegers, however, being established in that post, the batteries marked out in the sand-hills were completed, and armed with twenty heavy guns and twelve mortars and howitzers. On the 20th they opened; and on the 25th of July, two breaches being practicable, one thirty, the other ten yards wide, they were assaulted at the hour of low water. A mine had been formed under the glacis of the front line of works; this was to be fired as the signal for the assault. A little before dawn on the 25th, the columns being assembled for the storm, the mine was suddenly exploded; and the garrison was so startled and confused, that the advances ran to the breach without loss, and crowned the summit; but here they were immediately exposed to so terrible and destructive a fire of grape and musketry from within, and from the towers which flanked the breach, that the soldiers dropped very fast: the ascent of the breach, and the rocky sands below, were covered with killed and wounded, and the troops returned in confusion to the trenches having lost 500 killed and wounded, and 100 taken.

Lord Wellington, who had upon the 14th left Sir Thomas Graham to conduct the siege, no sooner received the report of the failure of this assault, than he came over from head-quarters at Lezaca; and finding his means of attack, especially in ammunition, much exhausted, resolved to suspend the siege for a time, and made arrangements accordingly.

In the night of this very day, after he returned from St. Sebastian, the report was brought to him that the enemy had overpowered his troops at two of the passes on the right of the army; had penetrated into the valleys of the Pyrenees in overwhelming force; and were pressing onwards to Pampeluna. "We must do the best we can to stop them," was his short and calm reply to the officer who brought him this bad and perplexing intelligence; and he immediately expressed his contentment with some arrangement of which Sir George Murray had taken the responsibility, by moving a brigade from Echalar to support the second division near Maya. But the difficult movements, and severe combats in the Pyrenees, which began on this day, and did not terminate till the 1st of August, must be related in order.

The line of the lower Pyrenees is most hazardous for a defending army, because, in many parts, there is no lateral communication whatever, and in others it is long and circuitous. Two points must be covered sixty miles asunder, and the intermediate passes must be defended. Nor does the nature of the country allow of the concentration of a strong force in any position in rear of the passes, from whence they may be supported in time, and in sufficient strength to insure their successful resistance at any one which may be attacked with very superior numbers. Hence, by the loss of any one pass, the defence of the rest is rendered impossible, as the safety of the corps stationed in them is immediately compromised.

With a line, therefore, of sixty miles to cover, and having to provide for the siege of San Sébastian, and the blockade of Pampeluna, the allied army was thus posted.

A brigade of British infantry under general Byng, and a division of Spanish foot under Murillo, were on the extreme right, and held the pass of Roncesvalles. Sir Lowry Cole's division was stationed at Biscaret to support these troops; and the division of Sir Thomas Picton was in reserve at Olaque.

Sir Rowland Hill occupied the valley of Bastan, having the brigade of general Walker and the piquets and light companies of general Pringle's brigade in the Puerto de Maya, and the regiments of the last brigade a short league in the immediate rear as a support. The remainder of the second division was in the valley in reserve; but the Portuguese division of the conde de Amarante, being a part of Hill's corps, was posted in the

passes eastward of Maya, about five leagues on the left of Roncesvalles. The Portuguese brigade of general Campbell was detached to Los Alduides, a post within the French territory. The light and seventh divisions occupied the heights of Santa Barbara, and the town of Vera, and the Puerto de Echalar; and from this last point kept the communication with the valley of Bastan. The sixth division was in reserve at San Estevan.

The Spanish troops of Longa communicated from Vera, on their right, with the Spanish division of general Giron upon the great road on their left, and with the corps under Sir Thomas Graham.

Such were the general dispositions of the allied force. Nothing can be imagined more bold and grand than the mountain region thus occupied by the troops. The vale of San Estevan has, indeed, an aspect of fertility and beauty; but it narrows as it rises towards the north, and is soon lost in the gloom and loneliness of the frontier. Mountains are crowded together in all variety of form: here crested with gray and jagged rock; there rounded and green upon their summits, to which by long and toilsome paths a way is won. On all sides are found ravines and torrents, wild, rugged, and filled with fragments of rock. The roads are narrow and stony; the fastnesses into which they wind are black and shadowy; and he that passes them in solitude hears but the dash of waters and the scream of eagles. Such are the general features of the noble barrier placed by Providence between France and Spain; but a barrier which, notwithstanding these strong features, is not easy of defence against numerous, brave, and intelligent assailants, guided by the skill of an experienced and resolute general.

Such marshal Soult undoubtedly was. He had been expressly selected by his imperial master, for his high military talents, his stern discipline, and acknowledged boldness. He no sooner assumed the command of the armies on the frontier, than he issued a reproachful and rousing address to the troops, which he thus closed:—"The present situation of the army," he said, "is imputable to others; let the merit of repairing it be yours. I have borne testimony to the emperor of your bravery and zeal: his instructions are to drive the enemy from these heights, which enable them proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and to chase them beyond the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and your resources drawn. Let the account of our successes be dated from Vittoria, and the birthday of his imperial majesty be celebrated in that city." In this spirit Soult proclaimed his intentions on the evening of July 24th. He had taken command of the army on the 13th of July, and organized it afresh in nine divisions of infantry, two divisions of dragoons, and one of light cavalry. He was strongly reinforced,

supplied with a considerable number of guns, and in ten days he was ready for a struggle. His first enterprise was an attempt to relieve Pampeluna. His plan was to attack on the same day the passes of Roncesvalles and Maya, the roads from which converge on Pampeluna. Upon the evening of the 24th of July he assembled a convoy of provisions and stores at St. Jean Pied de Port, and suddenly collected between 30,000 and 40,000 men at that point. These consisted of the right and left wings of his army, under count Reille and general Clausel, with one division of his centre, and two of cavalry. At the same time, two divisions of his centre, amounting to 13,000 men, were assembled not far from Espelette, under count d'Erlon.

On the morning of the 25th, count d'Erlon made some demonstrations against the small passes of Espegue, and Lareta, which are to the right of Maya, and were guarded by the Portuguese. Under cover of these manœuvres, he brought his main body by a pathway, which, leading from Espelette, enters the pass of Maya from the south-east. The entrance from the south-west ascends directly from the village of Urdax, where the enemy had a considerable post encamped, and crosses the lofty range where, upon open ground, the brigade of general Walker was in position, commanded by colonel Cameron, of the 92d. Near a remarkable rock, at the south-east entrance of the pass, was a piquet from general Pringle's brigade; one mile in rear of the piquet post lay the light companies of that brigade, the 34th regiment being two miles and a half below, and the other regiments yet more removed. The pathway from Espelette is screened by mountains, and especially by one, upon the right of the rock, and a little in advance of it, of large base and of a rounded summit.

General William Stewart had gone early in the morning to the passes on the right; feeling jealous for them, and apprehensive that the enemy would attack the Portuguese. His deputy assistant quarter-master-general was left at Maya, and visited the heights on reconnoissance early in the morning; and at a later hour, in consequence of the deserted appearance of the enemy's encampment at Urdax, he patrolled a little way round the mountain on the Espelette* pathway. From that point he discerned a small column halted in one of the mountain vales, about three miles distant, and his suspicions were awakened. As he returned past the piquet post, he did not give his real opinion; † but as he passed down towards Maya, he ventured to

* The captain of the old piquet near the rock had seen a group of horses and a column of troops pass along the face of a distant hill at dawn, and disappear.

† This official reserve led to a very erroneous inference on the part of the captain commanding the piquet, and this circumstance has been related by

order up the light companies, and he reported to general Pringle that he thought the enemy meditated a serious attack on the pass. Nevertheless the general, in the absence of Stewart, was apprehensive of ordering his regiments to the heights till the very last moment, as it was yet doubtful what the enemy's positive design was, and general William Stewart had certainly looked for the real attack upon his right: thus some time was lost. Before noon, the enemy filed their columns round the mountain in front of the piquet post at the rock, while they poured a swarm of voltigeurs over the brow and the ridges.

The piquet and light companies were instantly and very hotly engaged, and disputed the advance of the enemy with great steadiness,—inflicting and sustaining a heavy loss: but they were at last forced back, by overpowering numbers, to the summit of the position, where they were hastily joined by the 34th regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Fenwick, who soon fell, severely wounded, his captain of grenadiers being already killed; subsequently the 50th came up to the support of the 34th. These gallant battalions were soon compelled to give way before the formidable numbers which pressed upon them; but, the brave and steady 92d coming to their support, the contest was continued, and with a stubborn courage: one wing of the 92d was nearly destroyed, in a most unequal struggle with a strong column of the enemy. As it was necessary to watch the road from Urdax, some battalions on this range of heights became separated from others. Meanwhile the enemy's numbers increased rapidly. They covered the mountain with an overwhelming force, and acted well together. Thus the defenders were at last obliged to fall back to a strong position on the mountain range communicating with Echalar; from which pass they were reinforced, about six o'clock in the evening, by a brigade of the 7th division, under general Barnes. The struggle was now renewed, and maintained with good success. In these operations general Stewart was slightly wounded, and that part of the post which was the key of the position was recovered by Sir Rowland Hill before nightfall. In this affair, the 82d regiment, which moved up with general Barnes's brigade, was greatly distinguished; and the whole of the troops engaged throughout the day fought their ground well. The allies lost in these combats 1600 men killed and wounded, 140 taken prisoners, and four pieces of cannon. The enemy suffered severely; nor did they attempt to advance the next day.

The attack of the pass at Roncesvalles was directed by mar-

him in another publication, under the natural impression caused by what passed at the time, and on the spot, and of all which he still has a most vivid recollection; but, from information lately afforded him, he cannot too fully express his regret that it should have been so related.

shal Soult in person, with 35,000 men. His march was known, and his approach seen. General Byng, aware that a road through Arbaicete, a few miles to his right, turned the pass, descended from its summit, and so posted his brigade as to cover that road; at the same time he detached the Spanish division of Murillo towards Arbaicete. Marshal Soult, making a demonstration on the front of general Byng, pushed a strong column along the ridge of Arola to the left of Roncesvalles. A part of general Cole's division was on this ridge, and being greatly overpowered by numbers, was forced back, with considerable loss, for a time: but the fusileer brigade coming to their support, a strong position was taken; and the enemy, whom from the first onset general Cole had opposed with the greatest spirit, was effectually checked.

Soult now attacked the brigade of Byng in great strength, and with much impetuosity; but he was most ably and obstinately resisted for a long time: at last, by the succession of fresh troops and the weight of numbers, he forced Byng up the mountain, uncovered the road to Arbaicete, and drove back the Spaniards of Murillo upon the division of general Cole.

Under these circumstances general Cole retired, as soon as it was dark, to Lizoain, in front of Zubiri.

The conduct of the brave troops at Roncesvalles was admirable. The 20th regiment behaved with great steadiness and courage; and the enemy's strong host was arrested for several hours with a countenance the most firm.

The day following, Sir Thomas Picton, with the third division, joined the fourth, and assumed the command of both. As Soult advanced, Sir Thomas retired before him leisurely, in the finest order, and halted on strong ground, from which he again fell back in the night. On the 27th he again retired, and took up a position in battle order to cover the blockade of Pampeluna. As soon as Sir Rowland Hill was apprized of the retrograde movement of Sir Lowry Cole, he withdrew to Iurrita, as his advanced position could no longer be maintained.

Lord Wellington hastened to the contemplated scene of action, the very moment he received information of what was passing; and as he rode past the several corps on his way, which were all immediately put in motion, he gave clear orders for their guidance.

He had to think and dictate as he rode swiftly on. Upon the 27th, just before he reached the field, he alighted at a little village, which afterwards formed the enemy's right, to pencil a note of orders, and send it to a corps in the rear. Already the French were descending the mountain to take possession of it: he had barely time to write the memorandum. The enemy rushed into the village in the centre while he was riding out at

one end, and his aid-de-camp at the other. As soon as Wellington came upon the ground taken up by Sir Thomas Picton, in anticipation of the very order which reached him while making the disposition, the troops hailed him with loud cheers, the honest expression of their strong confidence in him, and the sure presage of their own triumph. The third division was drawn up on the right, in front of Huarte, and extended to the hills beyond Olaz. The left was occupied by the fourth division, the brigade of general Bying, and the Portuguese brigade of general Campbell. These troops were posted on the heights in front of Villalba, having their left at a chapel behind Sorauren, on the road from Ortiz to Pampeluna, and their right resting upon a height which commanded the road from Zubiri and Roncesvalles. The Spanish troops of Murillo and O'Donnel were in reserve, with the exception of two regiments, which occupied part of the hill on the right of the fourth division above the road from Zubiri.

The British cavalry, under Sir Stapylton Cotton, were placed near Huarte on the right, that being the only ground where they could act at all.

Marshal Soult formed his army on the ridge of a mountain opposite to the allies. He placed one division of his left beyond the Zubiri road; and occupied the village of Sorauren as a detached post on his right. The river Lanz flows past this village below the road leading to Ortiz.

On the evening of the 27th, the enemy attacked the hill, on the right of the fourth division, occupied by one Portuguese and one Spanish battalion. The French were bravely and steadily repulsed. This post was afterwards immediately reinforced with the 40th regiment British, and the Spanish regiment El Principe. The enemy covered their front with skirmishers; and there was a fire of musketry near Sorauren, and along the whole line, till dark.

Beyond the river Lanz there is another range of mountains connected with Lizasso and Marcalain. Early in the morning of the 28th, the sixth division arrived under general Pack. Lord Wellington immediately formed them across the valley of the Lanz, in rear of the left of the fourth division. Thus they rested their right on Oricain, and their left upon the mountain beyond the river, and made face against the village of Sorauren. The troops of general Pack had scarcely taken up their ground, when the enemy assembled in Sorauren advanced rapidly to attack them; but the French were soon exposed to a fire upon their front, and on both flanks, and they hastily fell back with immense loss.

At this moment a fresh body of the enemy attacked the left of the fourth division, near the chapel, and forced back the 7th

Portuguese caçadores; but the brigade of general Ross immediately advanced, and drove them down again with a great loss.

The French now again made an attempt upon the hill on the right of the fourth division, where the 40th regiment and the two regiments of Spaniards were posted. They won a footing upon the summit in spite of the Spanish regiments, who, nevertheless, behaved with great spirit; but the 40th charged the enemy instantly, and they were again driven down.

Marshal Soult now made a general and furious assault on the whole front of those heights held by the fourth division. At one point they succeeded in overpowering a Portuguese battalion of general Campbell's, on the right of general Ross's brigade. By this success they established themselves on the allied position. General Ross was therefore forced to withdraw from his post in the line. Lord Wellington instantly directed the 27th and 48th regiments to charge the enemy's columns with the bayonet; and general Ross, having formed with the same object, fell upon them at once.

Never were the valor and superiority of British infantry more brilliantly displayed than in those resolute charges. The enemy broke and fled. The carnage was terrible. Pack's division now moved up the valley nearer to Cole's left. The battle upon this front was at an end, and only a faint firing was continued on distant points of the line.

In the course of this severe and bloody conflict, the brunt of the battle was borne by the fourth division. Every regiment charged with the bayonet; the 40th, 7th, 20th, and 23d, four different times. Their officers set them the example; and general Ross had two horses shot under him. The Portuguese behaved admirably, and the Spanish regiments remarkably well.

In pursuance of lord Wellington's directions, Sir Rowland Hill had marched by Lanz upon Lizasso; and lord Dalhousie had marched from San Estevan upon the same place. They both reached their points on the 28th; and the seventh division came to Macalain. Thus the lateral road on Pampeluna from Irantsum and Berisplano was covered. Count d'Erlon followed Sir Rowland Hill, and reached Ortiz on the 29th.

The battle of the day before having satisfied Soult that no impression was to be made on the allied position in front, he determined to attempt the relief of Pampeluna now, by attacking Sir Rowland Hill, and thus turning the left of the allies.

The mountain on which the principal force of the enemy was formed was so strong and difficult of access, that Soult did not regard it as liable to attack; therefore he detached one division to reinforce the corps of count d'Erlon, and, on the night of the 29th and 30th, he passed a strong party across the Lanz, upon his right, and occupied in strength the crest of the mountain

opposite to the sixth and seventh divisions: at the same time he drew in upon his left the troops which had hitherto remained on the heights opposite the third division. Thus the left wing was closed upon the main position on the mountain immediately in front of the fourth division; while the corps of count d'Erlon, now strongly reinforced, was also connected, by the mountain line on the right of the Lanz, with the strong position occupied by the French left.

Lord Wellington no sooner saw these dispositions than he immediately penetrated the intentions of his antagonist, and resolved to dislodge the enemy from that main position, which, from its extreme importance, they still occupied in considerable force.

To this end he directed Sir Thomas Picton, with the third division, to cross the heights on which the enemy's left had stood, and to turn the left of the position by the road of Roncesvalles; and lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, to establish himself on the mountain in his front, and turn the right. The movement of Sir Thomas Picton was made with admirable ability; and the attack of the seventh division, led by lord Dalhousie, with the brigade of general Inglis, was eminently gallant and successful. As soon as lord Dalhousie had driven the enemy from the mountain in his front, the sixth division under general Packenham, who after general Pack was wounded assumed the command of it, turned the village of Sorauren. The same division and general Byng's brigade, which had relieved the fourth division on the left of the original position on the road to Ortiz, attacked that village and drove out the enemy. As soon as the movements on the enemy's flanks took effect, general Cole, with two British and two Portuguese battalions of the fourth division, assailed the front of the position. The enemy now gave way, having been dislodged from a mountain position to all appearance impregnable, by the masterly manœuvres of their opponent, and the irresistible ardor of his brave soldiers. Lord Wellington pursued this corps of the enemy to Olaque, which place he reached at sunset; being thus already in rear of those forces with which Sir Rowland Hill had been engaged.

The enemy had appeared in front of Sir Rowland late in the morning, and had immediately commenced an extended manœuvre on his left flank. That general, therefore, directed general Pringle to gain the summit of the hill on the left of the road leading to La Zarza, and, as the French extended to their right, to watch and follow their movements on the ridge opposite. General Walker's brigade was also moved to the left of the road; the Portuguese troops remaining upon the heights to the right of it.

While the enemy thus manœvred on the left of Hill's po-

sition, they repeatedly attacked it in front, but were always driven back with a heavy loss, and were often charged with the bayonet. In these combats the 92d and the 34th regiments were distinguished. Sir Rowland Hill effectually repulsed all the efforts to break his front; and as he was constantly reinforced from the right, as the success of lord Wellington's operations enabled him to spare troops for his support, he long maintained the position which he occupied behind Lizasso. At last, count d'Erlon having filed a large division round his left flank, he leisurely withdrew to another ridge of mountain about a mile in his rear, and maintained his ground throughout the day against every assault.

The enemy, thus foiled at all points, retired in the night. The allies pursued them the next morning, and came up to two divisions, posted in the pass of Donna Maria, on a very formidable position. These troops were immediately dislodged by the second and seventh divisions, under Sir Rowland Hill and lord Dalhousie. Nothing could exceed the ardor with which these divisions ascended the flanks of the mountain. The brigade of general Barnes drove more than double its numbers from one of the most difficult points.

Lord Wellington had marched in pursuit by the pass of Velate, on Irurita; thus turning the pass of Donna Maria.

A large convoy going to the enemy was taken by general Byng in the town of Elizondo.

The pursuit was still vigorously continued on the 1st of August, in the valley of the Bidassoa, and many prisoners and much baggage were captured. On the evening of this day the posts of the army were again established upon the frontier, in nearly the same positions which they had occupied on the 25th of July.

Thus terminated a series of severe combats and brilliant operations, in which the enemy put forth all his strength, and manifested all his skill and experience, in vain. They lost more than 8000 men. How great were Soult's expectations of success, may be gathered not merely from the confident tone of his address to his army, but from his advancing into the Pyrenees, accompanied by a large body of cavalry, and a great number of guns, which he did not and could not use in the battle that occurred. On the night of the 28th he sent back his guns to France, which were thus only preserved. On the 28th, the garrison of Pampeluna made a spirited sortie, and obtained possession of several batteries; but they were driven back again by the Spanish division under don Carlos d'España. Although Soult penetrated within one league of the place, and manœuvred near it for four days, no communication whatever passed between the army and the garrison: they heard the

very struggle for relief,—the firing ceased, and Pampeluna was abandoned to its fate. Never were the abilities of lord Wellington more severely tried, or more eminently displayed, than in these important actions; never was a general more devotedly supported by brave and attached soldiers, than he was by all the troops who fought on these memorable days. The loss of the allies amounted to 6000.

On the 28th of July, the only place where lord Wellington could command such a view of the field as he desired, was on the top of the hill so frequently assaulted. There he sat upon the ground during the whole of the hottest affairs, exposed repeatedly within close musket range: but here, as at Vittoria, where, in the heat of the battle, he rode through the fire of eighty guns, passing along the front of the tremendous battery in the French centre—here, as there, God covered his head in battle; not a hair of it was scathed, and he was preserved to his grateful and admiring country.

Lord Wellington transmitted his dispatches to England by the hands of the hereditary prince of Orange, who had a horse shot under him on this occasion, and who had now accompanied the head-quarters of the allied army for nearly two years, to learn that noble art, by which, if they know not to prevail, both princes and nations too often perish.

The intelligence of the triumph at Vittoria had been received in England with a feeling that did the nation honor. The rejoicings were spontaneous and general: every village had its bonfires,—all the towns were illuminated. Both houses of parliament voted their thanks to the victorious army; and lord Wellington was promoted to the rank of field marshal. This dignity was conferred on the illustrious general with very high and particular distinction. The marshal's staff of England was sent to lord Wellington, accompanied by a letter from the prince regent, written with his own hand. Among other expressions of admiration and gratitude, the prince, with a sentiment becoming his royal station, writes thus:—"I feel I have nothing left to say but devoutly to offer up my prayers of gratitude to Providence that it has in its omnipotent bounty blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me among the trophies of your unrivalled fame the staff of a French marshal. I send you in return that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm."

This they did: and proud they were to prove in the severe conflicts, which, occurring so soon after that victory, showed its unspeakable importance and value, that, under the same great commander, they were ready and able to defeat all those vast and sudden efforts to disturb their conquest, which the lieuten-

ant of the emperor had so resolutely made. The birthday of Napoleon was not celebrated in Vittoria, and the advanced sentinels of the British army were now planted upon "the sacred soil of France."

CHAP. XII.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST ST. SEBASTIAN RENEWED.—THE CITY TAKEN BY STORM.—SOULT'S LAST EFFORT FOR ITS RELIEF.—ADMIRABLE CONDUCT OF THE SPANISH TROOPS AT SAN MARCIAL.—NOTICE OF THE MOVEMENTS ON THE EASTERN COAST OF SPAIN DURING THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1813.—LORD WELLINGTON CROSSES THE BIDASSOA, AND ADVANCES THE POSITION OF HIS LEFT WING.—THE SURRENDER OF PAMPELUNA.

THE siege of St. Sebastian, which, during these late operations, had of necessity been suspended, was now resumed. The guns, which had been removed, were again landed; and, as the trenches had been guarded by a small blockading force, the besiegers were enabled to reoccupy their posts, without the labor of breaking ground.

It was decided to renew the former attack with an increased power of artillery; to establish new batteries on the isthmus, and to continue the breach round the angle of the land front. Upon the 19th of August, transports arrived from England, with a good and sufficient number of heavy guns and mortars. The same transports brought out a company of Royal Sappers and Miners. In addition to this, Sir George Collier landed both men and guns from the squadron to assist in the operations. Some of the batteries were now enlarged, and the formation of others was commenced. At midnight on the 24th the garrison made a sally, and rushed into the advanced part of the trenches. Here they caused a momentary confusion, and took about a dozen prisoners; but they were almost immediately driven away. On the morning of the 26th the batteries opened, by signal, with a salvo from fifty-seven pieces of ordnance; forty-two of these on the right attack, and fifteen upon the left, on the isthmus.

On the night between the 26th and 27th the boats of the squadron, with a detachment of infantry, surprised and took possession of the island of Santa Clara, which is situate off the entrance of the harbor, and enfilades the defences of the castle. The enemy had a post of one officer and twenty-four men on this rocky island—they were taken. On the night of the 27th the garrison made a sortie upon the side of the isthmus: they were repulsed immediately with the bayonet, and driven away

without effecting the slightest mischief. On the 28th the besiegers maintained a direct fire on the place from eighty pieces of ordnance. On the 30th the breaches appeared good and practicable, and lord Wellington decided upon the assault for the day following. The operation was directed by Sir Thomas Graham in person. The troops engaged in the assault consisted of detachments of volunteers from the first, light, and fourth divisions, of the brigades of the fifth division, under generals Robinson, Hay, and Spry, and of the 5th Portuguese caçadores.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the tide had sufficiently ebbed, the columns advanced to the assault.

Sir James Leith commanded the division. The brigade of general Robinson led the storm.

The enemy, as they approached, exploded two mines, which blew down a large portion of the high retaining wall next the sea. Under this the assailants were passing; but not being in very close order, or very near the wall, not above thirty were buried by its ruins; and the soldiers gained the summit of the breach without a check. But here they were instantly swept down by a close and deadly fire of musketry from the ruined houses within, which had been intrenched and loop-holed. While at the foot of the breach, a flank fire of grape, round shot, and musketry showered death upon the rear of the column. Nevertheless, they bravely and repeatedly pushed to the summit; but beyond it they could not advance, and on it they could not remain and live.

To support these desperate attacks, fresh troops were poured out of the trenches; and, for nearly two hours, persevering attempts were continued; but in vain. A detachment of Portuguese, under major Snodgrass, forded the Urunea in gallant order, under the fire of St. Elmo and of the infantry on the walls, and assaulted the small breach to the right of the main one; but the struggle was still without success. Sir Thomas Graham having consulted with lieutenant-colonel Dickson, commanding the artillery, the batteries now commenced firing over the assailants at the foot and on the face of the breach; and the defenders were driven from the curtain and the traverse by the weight, fury, and admirable direction of the fire. At last, a quantity of combustibles, ranged along the works for the closer defence of them suddenly exploded. In the confusion which ensued, the assailants made a vigorous rush, and rendered themselves masters of the first traverse. Animated by this success, they soon, in spite of a fierce resistance, pushed up on the high curtain in great numbers; and, assisting each other, lowered themselves into the town by the ruins. At the same time the Portuguese forced in at the small breach to the right. The enemy now attempted, in vain, to defend the numerous retrenchments in the streets. They

were, on all sides, impetuously assaulted, and immediately driven back. Seven hundred were made prisoners, and the rest of the garrison took refuge in the castle.

The horrors of this assault were fearfully increased by an awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. At the close, fires broke out in various quarters of the town; and, as the garrison of the castle was firing down the streets, and the dispersed soldiers of the allies were drinking and plundering in the houses, it was not possible to extinguish the flames. The scene was afflictive and appalling.

Two thousand men fell in this assault; and yet the mine (in the chamber of which was found twelve hundred weight of powder), by the breaking of a saucisson at the moment of assault, was, happily, never fired. Sir Richard Fletcher, the commanding engineer, an esteemed and able officer, was shot through the heart during the storm. Generals Leith, Oswald, and Robinson were wounded; and the officers suffered severely, both in killed and wounded.

Soult made an effort to relieve St. Sebastian on the 31st. The main strength of the covering army consisted of 8000 Spaniards, under general Freyre. These troops were posted on the heights of San Marcial, on the left of the Bidassoa, covering the high road from Bayonne. Their front and left flank were covered by the river; the mountain of Haya supported their right. The first division was in rear of Irun, and the guerrillas of Longa were on the mountains of Haya. Thus the position of the Spaniards was strong, and furnished with a good reserve on their left. The enemy were seen in force at Vera on the 30th; therefore the brigade of general Inglis was moved to the bridge of Lezaca; that of general Ross was posted on the left of the Haya mountain; and a Portuguese brigade was ordered to take post on the right of the same mountain, to prevent its being turned.

On the morning of the 31st, two divisions of the French forded the Bidassoa in front of the Spanish left, and ascended the strong heights with undaunted confidence. The Spaniards remained steady and firm till the enemy's column nearly reached the summit, when they suddenly charged bayonets. The French instantly broke, fled down the hill, and crossed the river with such heedless precipitation, that many who missed the fords were drowned. The French, however, under cover of the heights on their side of the river, were enabled at a favorable bend to lay down a pontoon bridge. This was completed early in the afternoon; and they passed over in number about 15,000, and made a general attack on the heights of San Marcial. As the enemy were coming on, lord Wellington rode down the Spanish line. The Spaniards hailed him with loud and repeated vivas. And as soon as the French columns were well up the ascent, they rushed

upon them with their bayonets; and the French, terrified at the ardor and fierceness of the charge, immediately turned, and ran for their lives. The Spaniards pursued closely; and the French recrossed the river in all the confusion of a panic. Some rushed into the stream where there was no ford, and sank immediately; others got safe over by the fords, and vast numbers crowded across the bridge. But at last the pressure upon the bridge became so heavy from the close-wedged fugitives who brought up the rear, that it sank; and most of those passing at the moment fell into the water, and rose no more. Lord Wellington was delighted with the conduct of the Spanish troops, and bestowed his praise on them in the strongest language. He spoke of it as equal to that of any troops he had ever seen engaged. They did nobly, and they had enough to animate them to do nobly.

During this attempt to force the direct road to St. Sebastian, a second corps of the enemy endeavored to pass to the right of the mountain of Haya, where another road leads upon St. Sebastian through Oyarzun. The heights between Lezaca and the Bidassoa not being judged tenable, the Portuguese brigade, supported by that of general Inglis, retired to a rough and lofty ridge near the Convent of St. Antonio: here more troops were soon assembled; and the enemy, baffled at all points, retreated. So much rain had fallen during the day, that the river was no longer fordable by the time half their force had recrossed; therefore they had to cross the bridge at Vera, which they could not do without engaging some of the light division. However, they had no alternative; and effected their passage at that point, exposed to so sharp a fire of musketry as caused them severe loss. Thus ended the last effort of the enemy for the relief of St. Sebastian. It cost them two generals of division killed, and a great number of men; as many, according to some accounts, as 2000 killed and wounded. It was a defeat very mortifying to the military pride of the French; for their main attempt was upon the Spanish line, and the Spaniards had the honor of bravely repulsing them with the bayonet.

It was not until the 8th of September that batteries could be raised and armed against the castle of St. Sebastian. This castle stands on a rocky promontory, and is built upon the cone which rises 200 feet above the level of the sea; but the whole of the rock had been formed into one strong post. The citadel, or Fort La Mota, has such high scarps, that it cannot be assaulted; and the masonry is very thick and solid. It is, however, small; and the garrison has but little shelter from bombs.

Lord Wellington, who had positively refused to expedite the reduction of the city by bombardment, on account of the inhabitants, gave immediate orders to bombard the castle; and should

he fail thus to induce a capitulation, he further resolved to breach the main points of the castle defences, and to assault the garrison. Accordingly from the 1st to the 8th of September a fire of mortars and howitzers had been maintained against Fort La Mota and the other defences, with great vigor, and such effect, that, as early as the 3d, general Rey proposed to surrender, upon terms, however, not admissible. On the 8th, all the batteries which had been erected upon the works of the town and on the flanks, opened at the same moment a fire of such weight and rapidity, and so admirably directed, that in two hours the governor beat the chamade, and surrendered. The garrison marched out the following morning with the honors of war, and laid down their arms. The prisoners amounted to more than 1800, including officers. Of this number more than 500 were found in hospital. Thus was St. Sebastian taken. It had been most ably and vigorously defended; and the besiegers lost nearly 4000 men in the attack.

A brief notice of those operations on the eastern coast of Spain, which were conducted during the spring and summer of 1813, by Sir John Murray, is here necessary to illustrate the position of the allies.

During the winter of 1812-13, large reinforcements arrived at Alicant from Sicily: thus the British force consisted of 10,400 infantry, and 700 horse. But of this force, not much more than 6000 could be confidently relied on. In this last number are included near 2000 of the German legion, troops as noble and faithful as any in the world. But the Italian levy had been raised principally from deserters; and the men passed back to the French in such numbers, that it became necessary to disarm the 2d Italian regiment and embark it: about 8000 Spaniards, in two divisions, under generals Whittingham and Roche, acted with the Anglo-Sicilian army: thus Sir John Murray commanded a force of more than 16,000 foot and 1500 horse.

Sums prodigally large had been expended on the equipment of the Spanish divisions of Whittingham and Roche, and they were in British pay: therefore the men were in good humor. General Whittingham was a most zealous and active officer, and succeeded most happily in the organization of his cavalry; but so heavy was the expense bestowed upon the two divisions, on that of Roche in particular, that double the number of men might have been clothed and equipped in a style suitable and efficient, for half the cost of their superfluities and finery. At the same time, all this lavish expenditure of the English nation, while it fattened contractors and distributors, and gratified the vanity of Spanish recruits, who strutted about in scarlet dress pantaloons, gave much umbrage to the less favored troops. Of this, the anonymous writers in the newspapers of Alicant took advantage;

and it aided them in their constant efforts to sow distrust and jealousy of the English in the bosom of their countrymen; and to generate dissensions between general Elio, who commanded a separate Spanish corps of 12,000 men in Murcia, and the British commander. But Elio had too good a spirit to regard these efforts with favor.

The two commanders, early in March, made a combined forward movement; Sir John Murray moved into the mountainous district of Castalla, drove the French from Alcoy, and placed his advanced posts at Ibi and Biar. Elio, meanwhile advanced to Yecla and Villena, on the plain country to the left of the allies.

In the beginning of April, Suchet collected his forces for the field; and on the 11th, general Harispe surprised the Spanish division at Yecla; and the French cavalry charging them on the plain as they attempted to retire, about 1500 were killed or taken. The day following, a Spanish regiment left in the castle of Villena, being without the means of defence, and separated by the French movements from all support, was compelled to capitulate. On this day, Suchet marched upon the pass of Biar, and attacked the advanced posts of the allies under colonel Adam. The colonel, in pursuance of his instructions, fell back upon Castalla in good order, contesting the ground handsomely for two hours; nevertheless, he was forced to abandon to the enemy two mountain guns which had been disabled.

The next day Suchet, having brought up three divisions of infantry and two brigades of horse, attacked the allies. The left of the allied position rested on some rocky heights in front of Castalla. The centre was near the old Moorish castle, and very difficult of access. The right was thrown back, and covered by a deep ravine.

Suchet so disposed his cavalry as to menace and hold in check the right, while he directed a heavy column of infantry to attack the left. This column, preceded by a swarm of light infantry in skirmishing order, slowly ascended the heights, opposed as they advanced by the musketry of the Spanish foot under Whittingham; but in about an hour they reached the upper slope of the mountain, and came full upon the front of the 27th regiment. This corps gave them a close, steady volley, charged bayonets, and drove them immediately down the face of the ascent. The Spaniards supported this charge, and joined in the repulse, which was so effectual that the enemy, having sustained considerable loss, did not make a second attempt.

With the defile of Biar in his rear, Suchet could not have risked a general attack without imprudence. He therefore led back his people through the pass of Biar, and retreated by Villena and Fuente la Higuera on St. Felipe. The day after this combat, Sir John Murray marched by the direct route of Alcoy

upon St. Felipe, hoping to reach the Xucar before Suchet, and to intercept him; but finding, after the first day's march, that he was too late to effect this object, he returned to the position of Castalla. The allies lost in this affair 650 men killed, wounded, and missing.

After these operations, marshal Suchet confined his attention to the strong line of the Xucar. As he could at any moment have occupied this position with a sufficient force both of infantry and horse, the allies could not venture to attack him. Moreover, 2000 British troops were just at this moment recalled to Sicily, so that the armies here remained inactive till May.

It was a part of lord Wellington's plan for the campaign of 1813, that Suchet should be compelled to evacuate the fine province of Valencia, if not the Lower Ebro as well, and that his attention and his troops should be fully occupied. Therefore he instructed Sir John Murray to embark his army, to convey it to the coast of Catalonia, possess himself if possible of some maritime fortress, and co-operate actively with the Catalan commanders.

In the event, however, of Suchet coming upon him in force before he had succeeded in capturing a strong-hold in Catalonia, he was to embark again with all possible expedition, return to Valencia, and fall upon the enemy's strong lines before they could bring back sufficient troops for their protection. The Spanish troops in Murcia and Granada under the duke del Parque were to approach the line of the Xucar in aid of such an attempt.

On the 31st of May, the fleet of transports, with Sir John Murray's troops on board, sailed from Alicant; and they came to anchor off Tarragona at dusk on the evening of the 2d of June.

The troops were landed the next morning. By the hearty exertions of admiral Hallowell, his officers, and the seamen, the whole force was on shore, and Tarragona was invested, by three in the afternoon of the 3d.

The garrison, which had been vigilantly observed by a body of Spaniards under general Copons, had received no reinforcements, and only mustered 700 men.

As the only road between Tortosa and Tarragona, practicable for carriages, is commanded by the Fort Balaguer, a place on the coast a few miles west of Tarragona, a brigade under colonel Prevost was appointed to attack this post. It is a small work, standing on the Col de Balaguer, about 1000 yards from the sea, and 400 above its level.

The attack of this fort had difficulties which good-will, hard labor, and the zealous assistance of the English seamen, soon overcame. Supplies even of water were brought from the fleet. Earth for the batteries was carried up to the rock from the plain

beneath. Guns were dragged up by hand. The fire opened on the 6th, and a number of shells were thrown into the work. The next day the fort capitulated, and the garrison, a detachment of eighty men, were made prisoners of war.

The outer line of Tarragona had been dismantled, and most of the works destroyed by the French as soon as ever they became masters of it. The defences, heretofore so extensive, and requiring so large a garrison, no longer existed. The interior line was alone left, and a few hundred troops were considered sufficient for its protection against any sudden or incomplete attack. The governor, however, on the appearance of the allies, hastily repaired and occupied the Fort Royal, and the bastion of San Carlos; the one a detached work, and both in the outer line.

On the 6th, general Murray opened two batteries against Fort Royal, and a third on the following day. Upon the 8th, it was practicably breached. It was not, however, deemed prudent to occupy it till the body of the place should be attacked; but the fire upon it was continued, to prevent the restoration of its defences. On the 11th, two heavy batteries were opened upon the body of the place, at the distance of 450 yards. But already Suchet was hastening from Valencia. He reached Tortosa on the 9th; and learning that Fort Balaguer was taken, he left his artillery there, and marched forward with a division of infantry across the mountains. At the same time a corps under general Maurice Mathieu advanced rapidly from Barcelona.

When general Murray was informed of the approach of these forces to relieve Tarragona, he raised the siege in haste, and in a manner so irregular and unmilitary, that he left nineteen pieces of artillery in the trenches. His infantry was embarked from the same point where they had landed. His cavalry and artillery were sent to the Col de Balaguer, that they might be put on board with greater convenience and security. To these strange proceedings, especially to the abandonment of the guns, admiral Hallowell angrily objected. But Sir John Murray, not considering himself strong enough, even with the aid of Copons, to resist the enemy on the field, would hear of no delay that might involve him in any combat for his artillery; the preservation of which he would not admit to be of such strong necessity, or so much a point of honor, as the admiral regarded it.

A party of French cavalry approached the out-piquets at Col de Balaguer as the enemy passed towards Tarragona; and on the 13th, Sir John Murray landed some infantry at that point, to cover the more slow and leisurely embarkation of the cavalry and field artillery. Upon the 14th he again put his whole force on shore, hoping to cut off a body of the enemy, and strike an offensive blow: but this was not done, and upon the 17th, lord

William Bentinck arrived from Sicily, and assumed the chief command of this army.

Fort Balaguer was now destroyed; the troops were embarked, and the expedition returned to Alicant, in pursuance of those instructions which had directed that an attempt should be made upon the enemy's line on the Xucar, in conjunction with the duke del Parque.

For disobedience to his instructions, and for abandoning his artillery and stores without necessity, lord Wellington preferred charges against general Murray. He was tried, at the close of the war, acquitted of all intentional disobedience, but found guilty of abandoning artillery and stores which he might have embarked in safety. His conduct was attributed by the court to an error in judgment. That Sir John Murray acted to the best of his judgment, no man will doubt; but in war the consequences of such errors are grievous. He was an officer of unquestionable spirit, and of considerable talents; but he wanted what, in the commander of an army, or, indeed, in any station, is better than abilities,—sound sense. He was not blamed for raising the siege, nor for embarking, but for leaving behind him his guns and stores; and upon some favorite and mistaken notions conceiving it as an act fully justifiable. It was subsequently ascertained, that the three generals, Suchet, Maurice Mathieu, and Murray, were all running from each other. Suchet knew not of the advance of Mathieu, and was afraid to engage without artillery; Mathieu feared to advance upon the English alone; and Murray, imagining some able and irresistible combinations of the other two, sought safety in his ships.

On reaching Alicant, lord William Bentinck immediately advanced and joined the duke del Parque; but as a consequence of the important battle of Vittoria, the French posts in Valencia were at once abandoned, and the province was evacuated early in July. Suchet passed into Catalonia, but he left twelve thousand men to garrison the fortresses of Denia, Murviedro, Peniscola, Tortosa, Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon; of these, some were to the south of the Ebro. Lord William Bentinck followed the corps of Suchet into Catalonia, crossed the Ebro by flying bridges at Amposta, and invested Tarragona on the 30th of July. Meanwhile the Spanish troops blockaded all the fortresses in his rear. As soon as lord William Bentinck was joined by the army of the duke del Parque, and the Catalan force under Sarsfield, he landed his ordnance and prepared to besiege Tarragona: this was on the 11th of August; but, before ground was broken, Suchet having formed a junction with general Decaen, and assembled every disposable soldier that Barcelona and the garrisons could spare, advanced, for its relief, at the head of more than twenty thousand men. A position was taken up in front of

Tarragona by the allies. As the enemy approached, lord William Bentinck, not considering his army equal to a battle with a force so strong, and composed of such excellent materials as the corps of Suchet, fell back upon Cambrils. The French marshal immediately destroyed the works of Tarragona, and, taking away the garrison, withdrew again behind Llobregat. He raised several redoubts on the right bank of this river, constructed a tête-de-pont at Molinos del Rey, and thus covered Barcelona and communicated with Lerida. The allies now returned to the desolate and ruined city of Tarragona, and, for the convenience of its bay, it became the rendezvous of the fleet and store-ships to the end of the war. In the beginning of September the British general moved forward to Villa Franca, and pushed on an advanced corps, consisting of one British, a Calabrian, and three Spanish battalions, to Ordal. This post, which is of considerable strength, commands the high road from Barcelona, and is about ten miles in advance of Villa Franca. The enemy's position on the Llobregat was about the same distance from Ordal; the advanced corps at Ordal was commanded by colonel Adam. In the night of the 12th and 13th of September his piquets were suddenly driven in, and the enemy came upon him in force. The allies, for a time, made a stout resistance; they had four guns on the road, which they fought well to the last; but they were overpowered by numbers, their guns were taken, a thousand men were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and the remainder made their way back in much confusion to the main body. On the day after this disaster, Suchet advanced upon Villa Franca, combining his movements with those of Decaen, who marched upon the left flank of the allied position from Martorell. Lord William Bentinck now retired; an affair of cavalry took place upon the retreat between a regiment of cuirassiers and the Brunswick Hussars, in which the Brunswickers behaved admirably. Suchet pursued the allies no farther, but returned to the line of the Llobregat, and the English general conducted the allied army by Altafulla on Tarragona.

Soon after these operations, lord William Bentinck returned to his duties in Sicily, and was succeeded in command by general Clinton.

About a month elapsed after the fall of St. Sebastian before any movement could be undertaken by lord Wellington on the frontier; nor, until Pampeluna should surrender, was it possible for him to assume the offensive. However, that he might be enabled to do this with better advantage when the proper season should arrive, he determined to dispossess the enemy of an advanced position on the right of the Bidassoa, the key of which was a strong mountain, called La Rhune, in front of the pass of Vera. At three o'clock on the morning of the 7th of October, the

troops appointed for this attack stood to their arms. As the object of this movement was to bring forward the left of the allies, and to place it upon such vantage-ground that the descent of the whole army into France might be hereafter at any moment secured, the whole of the left wing was put in motion. The corps of Sir Thomas Graham forded the Bidassoa at low water, in four columns; and the Spanish troops of general Freyre crossed the river at the fords of San Marcial. The light division under baron C. Alten, supported by the Spaniards of Longa, was to assault the strong redoubts of the enemy on the position of Vera; and the Spanish corps of general Giron was to march upon the intrenchments on the mountain La Rhune. The troops moved to their points in silence. The morning was stormy and very dark; and the columns advanced to the fords without being heard or discovered. As soon as they passed the river, the French piquets opened on them briskly; and the French line formed hastily upon its ground. But all the enemy's works and intrenchments at these points were carried rapidly and well by the fifth and first divisions under Sir Thomas Graham, and by the Spanish foot under Freyre; and six pieces of artillery were taken on the field.

The position of Vera was assaulted by the light division with such ardor and resolution, that in a very short time they were masters of every redoubt upon the ascent; and had taken 400 prisoners, and three pieces of cannon.

The Spaniards of general Giron carried the intrenchments on the lower slopes of La Rhune; and their skirmishers advancing upon the flank of the Vera heights, facilitated the success of the attack of that post. The summit of La Rhune, which is almost inaccessible, was not attempted that evening; but that post surrendered to general Giron the next morning, after a very feeble resistance; and, pursuing his advantage, he captured another intrenchment beyond, which they immediately abandoned.

By the complete success of these attacks, so ably combined, and so bravely executed, lord Wellington gained ground on the French side of the Bidassoa, and placed his left wing in a commanding position. In these affairs the loss of the allies amounted to more than 1500 men.

On the 31st of October, the garrison of Pampeluna, 4000 in number, after a blockade of four months, surrendered prisoners of war; and the place was given up to don Carlos d'España. But that officer took care to ascertain that the inhabitants had not been subjected to any violence or ill-treatment during the blockade, before he granted the usual terms.

The whole of this autumn, from the battles of the Pyrenees to the fall of Pampeluna, had been passed by the greater part of

the troops huddled, or under canvas, on the cold and cloudy summits of the western Pyrenees. They endured very great privations. Their piquet and night duties were incessant, and very harassing; the weather was severe and wet. The dullness of these camps and bivouacs, the wearisome duties of guard and fatigue, and the sufferings from frost and sleet, tired the patience, and shook the constancy, of the worst soldiers. Oftentimes as the chill mist upon the mountains was for a few hours dissipated by the sun or wind, the plains of France were seen spread below; and the eye of the longing sentinel, freezing at his post, could discern the smoke of towns and villages, and scattered homesteads, lying in pleasant and warm valleys, all green with verdure, or golden with corn. Thus many an idle rover, without principle to endure to the end, was tempted away, and deserted to the plain below. The crime became so frequent, that it was found necessary to check it by severe examples. As soon as Pampeluna fell, the expectations of the men were again raised. Their hopes awoke; content and cheerfulness returned. Upon all sides the busy preparations for some important service were seen and understood. Considerable forces were moved to the left. It was known that marshal Soult had prepared a defensive position on the Nivelle, covered with a most formidable line of works; and that the attack of this position would of necessity be the first blow of a campaign in France.

CHAP. XIII.

LORD WELLINGTON INVADES FRANCE.—DRIVES SOULT FROM HIS FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE.—TAKES A POSITION IN FRONT OF ST. JEAN DE LUZ—AND PLACES HIS ARMY IN CANTONMENTS.—TAKES THE FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF DECEMBER, TO EXTEND HIS OWN POSITION, AND TO CIRCUMSCRIBE THAT OF MARSHAL SOULT.—SOULT'S POWERFUL ATTACKS ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT OF THE ALLIES—DEFEATED IN BOTH.—BRILLIANT VICTORY OF SIR ROWLAND HILL ON THE 13TH OF DECEMBER.—LORD WELLINGTON REMAINS IN CANTONMENTS TILL FEBRUARY.—PASSAGE OF THE ADOUR.

It was a bright honor and a rich reward to the army of England, and to its patient and persevering allies, after five years of severe warfare, to carry forward their triumphant standards into the territory of the common foe.

The spirit in which lord Wellington invaded France was calm and noble. He impressed forcibly on the troops his desire and resolve that the inhabitants should be well treated, and that private property should be respected. "Officers and soldiers must recollect," said his memorable order to the army, "that their

nations are at war with France, solely because the ruler of the French nation will not suffer them to be at peace, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke." And, after remarking upon the conduct of the French soldiers in Spain and Portugal, and the sufferings and evils resulting to themselves from their great irregularities and cruelties towards the unfortunate inhabitants of those countries, lord Wellington adds, "to avenge this conduct upon the peaceable inhabitants of France would be unmanly, and unworthy of the nations to whom the commander of the forces now addresses himself." With these honorable sentiments, our great commander, armed strong in honesty, led forth his victorious troops, and carried the war into France.

The enemy had for three months been fortifying their position with great labor and care. Their line covered the town of St. Jean de Luz; in front of which place their right rested upon the sea. From this point the line stretched twelve miles inland; crossed the river Nivelle, and terminated on a strong height behind the village of Ainhoue. Upon a mountain in front of that village, they had also erected works to protect the approach of their left. The centre was on the left of the Nivelle, as the river there winds far to the north, making a considerable bend in its course. The bridge at Ascain, and that a little below it, were covered by strong *têtes-de-pont*; and the space included in the bend of the stream was defended by several inclosed works, and strong lines of intrenchments. The main defence of the centre was on a range of heights behind Sarre, the approach to which was covered by two redoubts, and by the mountain called La Petite la Rhune, which had been retrenched and occupied as an advanced post. The whole of this position was strong by nature, and it had been fortified with skill. In many parts it was impregnable in front, especially on the right, which was covered by several formidable redoubts, and by a strong interior line. The plan of attack was to force the enemy's centre, and turn their right.

The left wing of the allies was directed by Sir John Hope, with two divisions under generals Howard and Hay, a brigade under lord Aylmer, and two of Portuguese infantry under generals Wilson and Bradford. The centre was divided into two columns. General Charles Alten commanded the left centre, which was formed by the light infantry (his own) division, and by Longa's corps of Spanish infantry. Marshal Beresford directed the right centre, which was composed of the 3d, 4th, and 7th divisions, under generals Colville, Cole, and the Portuguese general Le Cor. The right wing of the army consisted of the second division, under general Stewart; the sixth, under general Clinton; the Portuguese division of general Hamilton; and the Spanish division of Murillo. This wing was under the

conduct of Sir Rowland Hill. The Spanish army of general Giron was in reserve behind the centre; and the cavalry of the army appointed to support these operations was also formed in rear of the centre, under Sir Stapylton Cotton. Soon after midnight, on the morning of the 10th of November, the various columns upon the right wound down the gloomy passes of the Pyrenees in strict silence, lighted by the moon. Along the whole line of the meditated attacks, the columns advanced as close to the enemy's piquets as it was possible to do without discovery. These halted, and, preserving their formation, lay down upon the ground in stillness, waiting for the break of day. At earliest dawn the battle opened. The fourth division moved rapidly against a strong redoubt in front of the village of Sarre, and carried it with very little loss. The village, which had been barricaded for resistance, was immediately abandoned by the enemy, without one effort to save it. The attack on La Petite la Rhune was made at the same moment by the light division. These troops immediately rushed over the line of the retrenchments, forcing the enemy back, and driving them with such vigor from one defence to another, that the garrisons in the redoubts lost all confidence, abandoned them without a struggle, and the brow of La Petite la Rhune was soon crowned by a column of the assailants. The advanced posts of the enemy's line being thus vigorously seized, a general attack was made upon the fortified heights in rear of Sarre. The divisions of generals Colville and Le Cor marched steadily upon them, covered by their light infantry. The ascent was steep, and the whole face of it was covered with abatis, and lines of intrenchment. The enemy poured a heavy fire of musketry on the assaulting columns, but they would not be denied, and pressed onwards with such steady resolution that the enemy gave up their ground without further contest, and retired in haste and confusion to the bridge on the Nivelle. On this range of heights only one redoubt offered any serious resistance. Here the garrison, confiding in the strength of a post which formed part of a line of intrenchments on very difficult and strong ground opposite La Rhune, held their ground so long, that as the light division, having bravely forced their way over all obstacles, was forming for the assault, marshal Beresford led a column to intercept their retreat, and they were taken prisoners: a fine battalion of more than five hundred men. While these affairs were taking place in the centre, Sir Rowland Hill advanced against the heights of Ainhoue in echellons of divisions. That of general Clinton led. They marched directly on the right of the five redoubts, crossed the Nivelle by a ford, and steadily ascending the position, attacked the troops formed at that point. These were soon beaten, and the nearest redoubt abandoned by its garrison. The sixth division

pursued and supported general Hamilton's Portuguese in the attack of the other redoubts, which fell without resistance, the garrisons all retiring as they were approached. General Stewart's division drove the enemy from a parallel ridge in the rear, defended by a strong field-work. Sir Rowland Hill now led both divisions on Espelette, when the enemy abandoned the advanced works which they still held in front of Ainhoue, and retreated with all haste towards Cambo.

By these various and able movements, and by the intrepidity and success of the several attacks, the allies were established in rear of the enemy's original position, and had driven back their centre upon their right. The French now concentrated a large force on the heights above St. Pé and Ascain, and drew up in battle order. Against these troops immediate dispositions were made. The third, seventh, and sixth divisions were directed to advance upon this position, marching, two divisions on the left, and one on the right bank of the Nivelle. The enemy defended this ground for a short time with a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, but as soon as the allied columns closed upon them they retired from it in disorder. It was now sunset. By these successes the allies were established in the rear of the enemy's right, and with the approach of night the firing ceased.

Marshal Soult was thus manœuvred out of this long-prepared position, and his troops were at all points beaten. The French army had mustered near 70,000 combatants. They were placed in strong ground; they were covered by intrenchments, and supported by redoubts; they had all possible advantage which a thorough knowledge of all the roads and paths of communication could give; and they were contending with an enemy on their own frontier, to save their own country from invasion. Yet they suffered themselves to be dislodged from every point that was assailed, with an absence of spirit which astonished their opponents. The loss of the allies on this proud and memorable day did not exceed 2500 killed and wounded. Fifty guns and 1500 prisoners were taken upon the field.

Under cover of the night, marshal Soult withdrew from that impregnable part of his position which it was no longer possible for him to hold, and from which he could not have effected his retreat by daylight without loss and danger. Thus the allies were left masters of the whole line.

The French now concentrated in front of Bayonne, where an intrenched camp had been prepared to receive them. Lord Wellington immediately took up a position within two miles of the enemy, and strengthened it with a line of defensive outposts. His left rested upon the sea, his right extended to Cambo, and his troops were disposed in cantonments between the Nivelle and the coast. As the weather was cold and wet, and the heavy

rains had materially injured the roads, no further operations could be undertaken at this moment, and the army remained quiet and under cover for nearly a month. This was a welcome comfort and a necessary refreshment to the soldiers, who had endured for many weeks much hardship in their mountain bivouacs. During this period of repose, the space occupied by the allies between the sea and the Nive was very confined, while the enemy guarding the right bank of that river, and holding St. Jean Pied de Port with a strong detachment, patrolled and foraged over a district which afforded large supplies. As soon, therefore, as the necessary preparations could be completed, lord Wellington suddenly broke up and crossed the Nive.

Three hours before daylight, on the morning of the 9th of December, the columns which had any ground to move over, preparatory to their formation for the advance, stood to their arms and marched to their respective points of assembly. At dawn, the whole army was put in motion.

The position of Soult was admirably chosen. Bayonne is situated at the junction of the Nive with the Adour, about four miles from the sea. The Adour is a broad navigable river, subject to the action of the tide: the Nive is a mountain stream of no breadth, but, as it approaches Bayonne, rapid, and so deep that it cannot there be forded. The town is strongly fortified, and has bridges over both these rivers. On the left bank of the Adour, a strong bastioned line, of the trace of Vauban, extends in a curve, from the river above to the river below the town, and incloses a large suburb.

At some distance in front of this line, and nearly parallel to the ramparts, was the intrenched camp. The French right rested upon the Adour, and was covered in front by a morass. The centre extended from this morass or inundation, upon which it rested its right, to the river Nive. The enemy's left wing was posted between the Nive and the Adour; guarding the former river, and resting upon the latter. The citadel of Bayonne stands upon the right of the Adour, and commands the city and the anchorage. The town is only to be approached, on the Spanish side, by two good roads,—that from St. Jean de Luz on the coast, and that from St. Jean Pied de Port under the mountains. A division of the army of Catalonia was stationed at St. Jean Pied de Port, and with this corps Soult communicated by strong patrols of cavalry. St. Jean de Luz was the British headquarters, and the main depôt of the allies. All the cross roads leading to Bayonne are bad, and in winter impracticable for artillery. The immediate object of lord Wellington was to extend the cantonments of the allied army, to drive the enemy's advanced posts back upon their camp, and to seize some of the strong ground which they now occupied between the Nive and

the Adour. Accordingly, on the morning of the 9th of December, the left wing, under Sir John Hope, advanced by the great road leading from St. Jean de Luz, drove back the enemy's advanced posts, and, with very little opposition, gained the heights above their intrenched camp before noon, and reconnoitred it at leisure. Sir Rowland Hill, with the right of the army, passed the Nive by a deep ford above Cambo. At the same time general Clinton crossed that river by a bridge of boats at Ustariz; and the French, in front of Hill, fearing they should be cut off by Clinton, retired hastily upon Bayonne. They attempted a short stand at Ville Franche, but, being attacked by the light infantry of Clinton's division, continued their retreat. The day was now at its close. As soon as it was dark, the enemy drew all his posts into the position of Bayonne. Sir John Hope led back the left wing to their cantonments, and the 6th division recrossed to the left bank of the Nive, maintaining their communication with Sir Rowland Hill. That general established his corps, on the 10th, in a position the left of which rested on the heights of Ville Franche above the Nive, the centre at the village of St. Pierre on the great road to St. Jean Pied de Port, and the right on the Adour. The Spanish division of Murillo, and a brigade of cavalry, had been detached in observation; the former to Urcuray, the latter to Hasparren. The whole of the allied forces were now disposed on the arc of a half circle. Their communications were either by cross and bad roads, or by none other than they could make at need, and were intersected by a river. The position of the French was central, with short easy communications, and was supported by the guns of a fortress. Therefore Soult could attack the allies with superior forces at any point he chose, before they could assemble equal numbers; and, if he failed to make an impression, his retreat was secure, and he could not be molested under the walls of Bayonne. Availing himself of this advantage, Soult led out his main body on the morning of the 10th, and marched by the road of St. Jean de Luz upon the left wing of the army. Sir John Hope had placed the 5th division, under general Hay, on the strong ridge of Barouillet, with the Portuguese brigade of general Campbell on a narrower ridge in front. The light division was about two miles on the right of Barouillet at Arcangues, where the ground was high and difficult. No defensive connexion existed between the two divisions. The position of each was strong in itself, and any attempt to penetrate between was hazardous.

The French marched rapidly forwards. One column attacked the Portuguese brigade, and forced it to fall back on the 5th division: another made a vigorous assault upon the light division in such strength that the allies took post within their intrenchments. The enemy were now between the two divisions in

considerable force, and directed a weighty and violent attack on the right of the 5th division, but they were firmly met; and this brave division, attacked both in front and flank, and sustaining a heavy loss of men, resolutely kept its ground. Nevertheless the enemy did, at one period of the combat, force their way through a wood and orchard on the right of Barouillet, in such numbers as to overpower a body of the brave defenders, and to penetrate beyond the front of the position; but the success was momentary. The admirable conduct of a Portuguese battalion and of the gallant 9th British, who were skilfully directed upon their rear, compelled them to retreat with a severe loss in killed and prisoners. A fresh column advanced again, and the attacks upon the 5th division were renewed with spirit: but the 5th division, assisted by a brigade of guards, which now joined them, repulsed every assault; and, as night came on, the enemy withdrew.*

Their efforts against the defences of the light division were many and obstinate; but they suffered a severe loss, and made no impression upon the intrenchments of those steady soldiers.

The first division now relieved the fifth at Barouillet; and the fourth and seventh were so posted in reserve, as to be ready to support either point on the morrow.

On the 11th of December, Sir John Hope, judging from the appearance and movements of the enemy that a heavy attack was meditated against the light division at Arcangues, moved a part of his corps to the right, to support that position. Soult now suddenly changed the direction of his columns, and moved rapidly upon Barouillet; but the troops at that point stood readily to their arms; and Sir John Hope instantly brought back the detached column. The enemy molested the march of this body, and advanced towards the left wing: but their attack was feeble, and soon repulsed.

Upon the 12th they still showed themselves in great force on the ridge in the front of the left wing; and in the afternoon there was a hot skirmish between the light troops and piquets; but no serious movement of attack was made throughout the day.

As it was most important to the enemy, if possible, to penetrate to St. Jean de Luz, and as he had made such bold and persevering attacks upon the 10th, and still maintained himself in the same hostile attitude and force in front of the left wing, it was necessary to keep a great portion of the allied troops closed towards the left. But lord Wellington, apprehensive that he might suddenly change his attack, and throw the whole weight of his disposable force on the corps of Sir Rowland Hill, had

* Sir John Hope had a remarkable escape in this combat. His hat was struck by shot four times; his clothes were shot through in many places; two horses were wounded under him; and he was hit both on the shoulder and leg.

given that officer full discretion to order the sixth division across the Nive, whenever he might require their services, without any reference to the commander of the corps in the centre. Moreover, with a vigilant suspicion of his adversary's intentions, very early in the morning of the 13th, orders were given for the fourth division, and a part of the third, to be moved towards the right, and held in readiness to cross the Nive if required.

These precautions were not without reason; for, during the night of the 12th, Soult passed through Bayonne with his main force; and, at daylight on the 13th, he poured out of his intrenchments 30,000 men, and directed them in massive columns of attack upon the position of Sir Rowland Hill.

The corps of Sir Rowland mustered about 13,000 British and Portuguese. The brigade of general Byng was on the right, in front of the village of Vieux Monguerre. It was drawn up on high ground, with the Adour upon its right, and several mill-dams on its left. The brigade of general Pringle was posted upon the ridge of Ville Franche, on the left flank; the river Nive ran immediately below his left, and in the valley to his right were also several mill-dams.

The brigade of general Barnes, and the Portuguese brigade of general Ashworth, occupied a range of heights opposite to the village of St. Pierre. A reserve of two Portuguese brigades was formed in rear of Ville Franche.

Soult's plan of attack was soon developed. He marched in full strength upon the centre, counting, by the united assault of superior numbers, to win the ridge of St. Pierre, carry the great road to St. Jean Pied de Port, and break through the position.

The arrangements of Sir Rowland Hill to repulse this powerful attack were instantly and ably made. He directed general Byng to leave one battalion at Vieux Monguerre, and hasten with his brigade to the right of the centre. A Portuguese brigade from Ville Franche was ordered up on the left of the centre; and he sent an aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, desiring him to move the sixth division to his support. While these various movements were in progress, the French columns arrived upon the slopes which led up to the centre, and hastened up, at a bold rapid pace, in the firmest order. Disregarding the crushing bullets of a well-served artillery, the grape, and the musketry of the light troops, they pressed onwards in the spirit and with the bearing of their best days. They established themselves on the advance of the position, and were gaining ground on their brave opponents by the force and weight of numbers, when the brigades marching from the flanks arrived at the very moment they were needed, and joined battle. The combat was long, bloody, and stubborn. The attacks, often repulsed, were as often renewed with fury. The French fought with hope, with a

knowledge of their strength, and with a city of France looking on. They struggled hard for victory; but they were finally beaten, and driven back with a terrible slaughter. The regiments of general Barnes's brigade behaved nobly; and the Portuguese troops were brave and true.

Upon the right flank, the enemy at one time during the contest forced back the battalion and light companies from Vieux Monguerre; but Sir Rowland Hill ordered them to recover it; and the battalion (the Buffs) rushed instantly upon the village, and drove out the enemy. The left, under general Pringle, was no further engaged than by a lively fire of the French light infantry, and by cannonade; and the 6th division was not up till the day was already won.

Soult, having exhausted all his efforts against Sir Rowland in vain, now, upon all sides, drew off; but his conqueror pursued him on the open ground, and did considerable execution on his retiring columns. However, he attempted to make a stand, in great force, upon favorable ground in front of his intrenchments, and occupied a hill upon his left in great strength. This hill was most gallantly assaulted and carried by the brigade of general Byng, who led up in person, under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry. The French infantry were beaten from the position, and two guns were taken. They made a stout effort to retake this hill, but they were again driven down; and a brigade of Portuguese being ordered to reinforce Byng, they made no further attempt on the allies.

This glorious battle was fought and won by Sir Rowland Hill with his own corps, alone and unassisted. Lord Wellington could not reach the field till the victory was achieved, and as he rode up to his successful general he shook him heartily by the hand, with the frank remark, "Hill, the day's your own." He was exceedingly delighted with Sir Rowland's calm and beautiful conduct of this action, and with the intrepid and resolute behavior of the troops; and, as he examined the ground, he observed that he had never yet seen so many dead Frenchmen in so small a space; a fact which attests the stern severity of this unequalled contest.

The loss of the French, from the 9th to the 13th of December inclusive, was admitted, in their own returns, to exceed 1300 killed, and 4600 wounded. That of the allies was also heavy, and amounted to nearly 5000 killed and wounded.

Upon the 11th, the day after Sir John Hope's well-fought combat on the left, two battalions of Nassau light infantry came over to the allies, and stated their desire to be sent to their own country, which they knew was now freed from the domination of Buonaparte. Marshal Soult having in these operations made a fair trial of his strength in the field, and been decisively de-

feated in every attack upon the allies, withdrew the main body of his force from Bayonne and marched up the right bank of the Adour towards Dax, which he now made his principal depôt. The weather became very wet, inclement, and wintry; the low grounds were all flooded; the roads were deep and miry; no further offensive operations could then be undertaken, and lord Wellington placed his troops in cantonments and gave them rest. The British advanced posts were now close to those of the enemy; the right of the allied army rested upon the Adour, the left upon the sea: in this position they remained quiet till the beginning of February, plentifully supplied and little molested.

The state of affairs in France was now wonderfully changed from its proud attitude of superiority and defiance two years before. In every quarter of Europe the French armies had been beaten. The loss of the battle of Leipzig, and the utter destruction of their forces on that field; the defection of Saxony and Bavaria; and the decided course of Austria, had brought the armies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, to the Rhine. Buonaparte, beset on every side by enemies and by dangers, was now calling upon the French nation for more sacrifices and for impossible exertions. A decree had passed his miserable senate to levy 300,000 men, and to double all the public contributions: but it could not, as he well knew, take effect to so vast an extent. However, some of the mothers of France had still sons to be offered up on the altar of his ambition, and some of her industrious citizens had yet money of which they could be robbed; therefore, much was done to recruit his ranks, and something to replenish his coffers. But the country groaned under his iron rule, and pined for deliverance and peace; while, therefore, lord Wellington wintered in the south of France, he found the inhabitants not only peaceable and unopposing, but grateful for the protection of his discipline, and for the strict honor with which all supplies and services were paid for and rewarded. They did not entertain any elevated or patriotic attachment to the ruler of France; they regarded the war as *his* and *not the war of the nation*. Hence, though they had been encouraged to take up arms against the troops under lord Wellington, and to harass his posts with a guerilla warfare, such hostility was only shown at first and in a very few instances: they were in general well disposed, and in good humor with the allies, leaving their own army, whom they at once feared and hated, to carry on the war.

At this time, while Buonaparte was busied in trying to arrest the progress of the allied nations in the north, by the crafty arts of diplomacy, he attempted to conclude a secret treaty with his prisoner Ferdinand VII. By this it was stipulated, that Spain should be evacuated by the troops of France, as well as of England and Portugal; and that all prisoners should be given up,

whether in the power of England or Spain. Thus he would have gained no small accession of strength by recovering all the troops left in garrison in Catalonia and Valencia, all the prisoners made during the war, and by obtaining the immediate service of marshal Suchet's corps, on the soil of France.

Ferdinand wrote to the Spanish government by the duke San Carlos, communicating this treaty, and desiring its immediate ratification.

In a reply, expressive of respect and attachment, the government inclosed a copy of the decree of the extraordinary general cortes of the 1st of January, 1811, which decided, that no act of his majesty, while under restraint, should be binding on the nation.

Ferdinand, consulting ill his dignity and honor, wrote again to Madrid by don Joseph Palafox, and again urged the government to ratify this treaty; but the regency evaded the request, and informed him, that an ambassador had been sent, in his majesty's name, to a congress of the great European powers then sitting, to treat for a general peace. These unworthy efforts on the part of Ferdinand, to induce his government to entertain the insidious proposal of Buonaparte, were made in the months of December and January. Meanwhile, on the 1st of this same January, the emperors of Austria and of Russia, and the king of Prussia, passed the Rhine at the head of very powerful armies, to compel Buonaparte to consent to the terms of a general peace, as by them proposed. They disclaimed, for themselves, all objects of conquest or aggrandizement; they pledged themselves not to interfere in the internal concerns of the French nation; but they insisted that France should be content with her old and natural boundaries, the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. Maddened by these just demands, the plain consequences of those wars of aggression which he had waged hitherto with success, but which had now brought forth the bitter fruits of reverse and disgrace, Napoleon called upon the French to make his cause the cause of the nation. All classes, however, excepting the pensioned veterans, the military in the camps, and the employés of the imperial government, manifested an utter indifference to his appeal; nor, though hostile armies were upon the soil of France, could he arouse a spirit of national resistance. Moreover, those who, in their secret hearts, had long cherished an attachment to the exiled house of Bourbon, now lifted their voice and gave utterance to their hopes; while the republicans of the kingdom reminded the falling emperor that, as he had trampled on personal freedom, public rights, and private property, during a violent and warlike reign, he had no claim upon the exertions or even the allegiance of the people. Upon all sides he heard the language of a surly resentment, or he en-

countered the sluggishness of a sullen and immovable apathy; therefore he sent an ambassador to Châtillon to assist at the conferences for peace; and that he might negotiate with better grace, he prepared to take the field.

The last offensive effort of the French troops in Spain was made in December. During this movement the town of Martorelli was plundered by the corps of marshal Suchet. After this, ten thousand of the best troops quitted Catalonia, and they entered France about the close of January.

We turn again to consider the operations near Bayonne. When Soult had sustained his last defeat on the 13th of December, he disposed the centre of his army along the right bank of the Adour to Port de Lanne; distributed his left along the right of the Bidouse river to St. Palais; posted two divisions of cavalry on the left of that place, and occupied St. Jean Pied de Port with a weak division of regulars and a body of national guards. The right wing of the enemy still held the intrenchments under the guns of Bayonne. Count Reille commanded the French right, count d'Erlon the centre, general Clausel the left, and general Harispe the detached division at St. Jean Pied de Port. This last officer, who was a native of the province, and popular with the inhabitants, had been sent for from Catalonia, and quitted his charge there to take this command; but he found it impossible to organize any thing like a hearty resistance to the allies among the Basques. The army of Soult contained so large a proportion of veteran soldiers, that, at the end of January, Napoleon called away two divisions of infantry, and one of dragoons, to take the field under himself, supplying their place by levies of the latest organization; therefore, all the dispositions of Soult were defensive. The right of the Adour from Bayonne to Port Lanne, a distance of eighteen miles, was covered with redoubts, and armed with cannon; and a bridge was laid down at Port Lanne with a strong tête-de-pont. To defend the Pau he retrenched Hastingues, and formed a tête-de-pont at Peyrehorade. He caused the passages over the Bidouse, at Guiche, Bidache, and Came, to be secured by like defences. The works at St. Jean Pied de Port and Navarreins were also strengthened,—his principal dépôts of provisions and stores were at Port de Lanne, and higher up at Dax, which last place was retrenched. These various labors and preparations had employed the French from the middle of December to the close of January. During this season, lord Wellington was busily engaged in maturing his preparations to resume the offensive. The best speculations concerning his plans had commonly proved mistaken; many idle surmises were, as usual, made, but, as heretofore, both in his own camp and that of the enemy, no suspicion existed of the bold conception which he was suddenly to carry into execution.

About the middle of February, as the weather cleared up, and the cross roads became practicable, lord Wellington commenced a series of manœuvres to draw Soult from his line of defence on the Adour. He began by driving the enemy from the vicinity of St. Palais. With this view, Sir Rowland Hill marched against Harispe. That general, leaving a garrison in St. Jean Pied de Port, retired with his division upon Hellete; but from this position Sir Rowland soon dislodged him. Harispe took up ground for the night on the hills above Meharin, and the next morning fell back to a very strong position to the right of Garris, where another body of the enemy was already posted.

As this position did not cover the road through Garris, by which their communication with the bridge of St. Palais might possibly be cut off, lord Wellington made instant dispositions to attack them. It was already evening, and he had only one division up, and a body of Spaniards, but the opportunity was too favorable to be lost; therefore he directed Murillo with his Spanish division to hasten on and occupy St. Palais, while he resolved to assault the enemy in front with the second division under Sir William Stewart. These troops carried the heights with their wonted intrepidity and ardor; but the enemy made many brave efforts to recover them. These attempts were gallantly continued after it was quite dark; and the fire was delivered face to face at close quarters, and many of the enemy were bayoneted on the ground. At last, finding they could make no impression upon the firmness of the defenders, they retired and passed the bridge at St. Palais before the Spaniards had occupied that important post.

The next day, Sir Rowland Hill pursued Harispe, and found him strongly reinforced and well posted behind the Gave de Mauleon. The bridge at Navarette was destroyed, but a regiment of the second division passed the stream by a ford, under cover of artillery, and quickly drove the enemy from that village. Their advanced post being thus forced, Harispe led off his main body to the rear, and in the night passed the Gave d'Oleron.

The centre of the army made a corresponding movement on the 15th to the Bidouse river; but the sixth and eighth divisions were left between the Nive and the Adour, to watch the enemy in Bayonne.

As soon as marshal Soult learned that the right of the allies was concentrated behind the Gave de Mauleon, and found their centre on the Bidouse, he destroyed the bridges on the Adour, collected the greater part of his forces in the neighborhood of Sauvoterre, and left Bayonne to the protection of its garrison.

It was a part of lord Wellington's general plan that Bayonne should be invested on the 23d, according to the arrangements he had made with Sir John Hope and admiral Penrose. He had

selected the citadel for his point of attack; had determined to force the passage of the Adour; and, about two miles and a half below the town, to fix a bridge on the river.

At the point selected, the Adour is 300 yards broad, and a bend in its course conceals it, in part, from the view of the garrison of Bayonne. The current is rapid, the tide strong, and there is often a heavy swell from the sea, so that no ordinary bridge apparatus could be trusted. Lord Wellington, therefore, decided to substitute for pontoons or boats, decked vessels of from thirty to fifty tons burden. Of such vessels, called *chasse mées*, many were found in the ports of St. Jean de Luz, Passages, and Socoa. These were hired, and collected at Socoa. Materials were also procured for a good bridge, a portion of which each was to carry; and spars were obtained to form a flexible boom, which might protect the bridge from any vessels floated down the stream to destroy it.

On the evening of the 22d of February, the flotilla put to sea from Socoa, protected by admiral Penrose with the Porcupine frigate, Lyra brig, and five gun-boats.

Captain O'Reilly of the royal navy had the immediate command of the flotilla, and the superintendence of all the nautical arrangements necessary to the successful accomplishment of this difficult undertaking; the construction and fixing down the bridge apparatus was, of course, the duty of the engineer officers employed. To insure the safe entrance of the vessels into the Adour, and their unmolested anchorage across the stream, it was concerted that some troops should be passed over in the night by rafts made of the pontoons, and should establish a post on the right bank.

At one in the morning of the 23d, Sir John Hope marched from his cantonments, to direct and support this movement. General Stopford's brigade of guards reached their point upon the bank of the Adour at midnight, having moved at an earlier hour. The pontoons were unavoidably delayed by the depth and softness of the sandy road, therefore the design of sending a detachment across the river before daylight was defeated. However, the attention of the garrison was entirely occupied by the lively demonstrations upon their intrenched camp, and the late and actual operations of lord Wellington on the right had been so completely successful in concealing his intention of passing the Adour below Bayonne, that the enemy directed no thought or attention to that point. Therefore, Sir John Hope determined to commence passing the river as soon as ever a few boats and pontoons could be launched; for he ascertained that the enemy had only a small piquet of observation upon the right bank, and that no opposition was prepared. Owing to light and baffling winds, the bridge flotilla had not arrived off the bar. The pon-

toons from Bidart did not accomplish their march in the time expected; and at noon four jolly-boats, and five pontoons, which the men took on their shoulders and carried over the sand-hills, were the only means of passage at the disposal of the general. To protect the launch of these boats, some field-guns were moved forward. At sight of the troops the enemy's piquet retired without firing a shot, and walked leisurely away to the citadel. Fifty men were instantly rowed over to the right bank. A hawser was stretched across the river; the five pontoons were formed into rafts; and a detachment of the guards was ferried over. When about 600 men had been put across, the tide flowed so strong, that the rafts could no longer work; and, save a few sent over in the jolly-boats, the passage of troops ceased. At this time only six companies of the guards, two of the 60th rifles, and a small party of the rocket corps, had been passed to the right bank. All seemed quiet in their front; when, suddenly, about five o'clock in the evening, two columns issued from the citadel to attack this detachment. Colonel Stopford drew up his troops in a position that secured his flanks, and enabled him to avail himself of the support of the guns on the opposite bank. His right rested on the Adour, his left on a morass. The artillery could sweep his front with a defensive fire; and he judiciously placed his rocket-men on either flank. The French had nearly 1500 men, and advanced to the attack with some show of resolution; when the rockets opened on them, and being well directed, swept through their ranks with so rushing a sound, and so destructive an effect, that the novelty startled and appalled them.

They seemed paralyzed with astonishment, and a few quickly following discharges of these ground-rockets drove them back in haste and fear. More men were crossed over in the night at slack water; and on the following evening the first division, two guns, and a squadron of dragoons, were established on the right bank.

The flotilla appeared off the Adour on the morning of the 25th, and at three in the afternoon, it being then high water, stood for the bar in single file. The wind was fair, and the weather clear and brilliant, but a heavy swell from the westward broke upon the bar, and the surf was high. The shores were crowded with troops, in breathless anxiety for the fate of the leading vessel, which most persons expected to perish; for, in the morning, two of the men-of-war's launches had been swamped and some lives lost. She passed safely however, though half filled with water, and was close followed by others with like success. As they shot up with the tide, the soldiers on either bank gave three loud and exulting cheers of welcome. Thirty-four of these chasse marées ran safely over the high surf,

keeping right before it, and dipping their bowsprits under water as they came in: but three or four of the vessels of this flotilla were driven on shore, swamped, or went to pieces. The chasse marées that entered were now anchored head and stern upon the line chosen, in a most masterly manner, by the naval officers and their brave seamen. The sappers worked hard all night, and by noon on the following day a solid strong bridge was laid down and reported passable. Troops and artillery now filed over it, and the citadel of Bayonne was closely invested. The garrison were found laboring at an advanced line of defence, and held strong posts in the villages in front of it. Sir John Hope drove them within their advanced line, and seized these villages.

The place was now closely blockaded, and the advanced posts of the investing corps were most carefully strengthened, for the garrison amounted to 10,000 men under general Thouvenot, with several gun-boats on the river under his defences. Therefore a boom was stretched across the Adour above the bridge just laid down; and the troops in reserve, as well as on the advanced posts, were held in constant readiness, both night and day, to stand to their arms.

CHAP. XIV.

THE BATTLE OF ORTHEZ.—THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH.—THE COMBAT OF AIRE.—LORD WELLINGTON MARCHES HIS LEFT WING UPON BORDEAUX.—THE RECEPTION OF THE DUKE OF ANGOULEME IN THAT CITY.—STATE OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.—THE MOVEMENTS OF SOULT.—LORD WELLINGTON'S MANŒUVRES.—THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.—SOULT DEFEATED.—THE SORTIE FROM BAYONNE.—THE ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON.—FERDINAND'S RETURN TO SPAIN.—THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS IN FRANCE.

By lord Wellington's earliest operations on the right, that flank of his army had been at once cleared, and the enemy had been driven from a country much intersected by rivers, and singularly difficult and defensible.

The position Soult now occupied at Sauveterre was covered by a broad river, and in other points very advantageous. Lord Wellington made so strong a demonstration upon the front of the line on which Soult now rested, that while the attention of the marshal was wholly engaged by the movements in his front, Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Gave d'Oleron at Villenave, without any opposition, on the 24th of February, and turned his left. Upon this Soult hastily abandoned his ground, transferred his head-quarters to Orthez, and took up a formidable position behind the Pau. The third and light divisions, under Sir Thomas Picton,

had followed the corps of Hill, and passed the Gave d'Oleron at the same spot; and the sixth division, under Sir Henry Clinton, had crossed also between Montfort and Laas, without meeting any resistance, while marshal Beresford, on the left, kept the enemy close within their tête-de-pont at Peyrehorade. Lord Wellington, now disposing his force in three columns, determined to attack the position of Orthez. The left, under marshal Beresford, forded the Pau about four miles above Peyrehorade, and marching up the right bank, joined the cavalry and general Picton's division, which had crossed by a ford below Berenx. Sir Rowland Hill, with his own corps, supported by the sixth and light divisions, marched to force the bridge of Orthez; but the approach was found so strongly guarded by defences and troops, that the attempt was countermanded.

About eight in the morning of the 27th of February, the sixth and light divisions were moved down the river (to the spot where Picton had forded on the afternoon of the preceding day), and crossed over by a bridge of boats, which lord Wellington had directed to be laid down for the artillery. The corps of Sir Rowland Hill remained upon the high road to Sauveterre, opposite the bridge and village of Orthez. The passage of the Pau, from the depth of the fords and the force of the current, proved very difficult; but the soldiers, by supporting each other steadily, surmounted the danger, and crossed without loss.

Lord Wellington, having carefully reconnoitred the enemy's position, decided to attack it.

Their left flank rested upon the town of Orthez, and their line was posted upon a range of heights extending about a mile in the direction of Dax. Their right stood on a bluff, abrupt point, and was covered in front by the village of St. Boes. The centre of their line, owing to the form of the hill, stood considerably retired; and, being thus sheltered by the advanced position of the flanks, was inassailable. A reserve of two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, was drawn up on a very elevated and commanding height upon the road to Sault de Navailles.

The dispositions of lord Wellington were soon made. Marshal Beresford, with the fourth and seventh divisions, and colonel Vivian's brigade of cavalry, were ordered to carry the village of St. Boes on the right, and to assault the hill above it. Sir Thomas Picton was ordered to march with the third and sixth divisions, and a brigade of cavalry under lord Edward Somerset, upon the centre and left of the enemy. The light division, under baron Alten, was directed to advance up a ravine between these two columns, and to give support where it might be wanted. Sir Rowland Hill was instructed to lead his corps across the river by a ford about two miles above Orthez, to gain a point in the enemy's rear, and cut off his communication with the town of Pau.

The left wing of the allies began the battle. Sir Lowry Cole, with the fourth division, after a sharp contest, carried the village of St. Boes with spirit. Marshal Beresford now moved forwards, with the division of general Cole still leading, to attack the right of the enemy on the bold hill above. The troops advanced in gallant order, but the approach was along a narrow ridge, with ravines on either side. Upon the summit of this, two lines of French infantry were drawn up to oppose them. It was not possible for the assailants to advance upon the enemy in a line of more than two battalions in front. The ground over which they marched was commanded by a heavy battery of field-artillery; and in the upper part of the ravines upon their flanks the French had posted strong bodies of light infantry. The troops behaved admirably well, and made brave efforts to reach the summit of the position, but in vain.

They were beaten back by a terrible fire both of artillery and infantry. A Portuguese brigade was so roughly handled, that it broke in confusion, and was only saved by the timely support of a brigade of the light division, which moved up on its flank and covered its retreat. Under these circumstances, lord Wellington executed one of those sudden changes of attack which exhibit the ready resource and firm resolve of a bold and able general.

He directed general Walker, with the seventh division, and colonel Barnard, with a brigade of the light division, to ascend the height by its left, and attack the enemy's right at that bend by which it was connected with the centre. At the same time, he ordered Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Henry Clinton to lead forward their divisions, which had hitherto been waiting the result of marshal Beresford's assault. Thus, suddenly, the face of the battle was changed; for these orders were executed with such rapidity and boldness, that the crest of the position was soon gained, and, after some fierce and desperate fighting on the heights, the enemy suddenly retired, moving off at first with good order, and disputing their ground as they retreated handsomely. A body of French cavalry, in particular, made a gallant charge upon two corps of the sixth division in an effort to seize the artillery of that division, but it failed, and they were repulsed steadily by the 42d foot. All the regiments of the third division fought hard, and were distinguished; and a brigade under general Inglis made a most gallant charge with the bayonet on the enemy's left flank; nor could any thing be finer than the advance of the 52d regiment under colonel Colborne, which, after the change of attack, led first up the hill.

Marshal Soult conducted his army to the rear in regular échelons of divisions, and they held the several positions taken up till the allies closed on their front and moved upon their flank;

but, as soon as he found that lord Wellington had sent a corps across the river, and that Sir Rowland was in full march to intercept his retreat, he hastened the pace of his columns, till, as Sir Rowland pressed onwards upon a parallel line of march to cut him off from Sault de Navailles, the French broke their formation, and ran for that point with such speed that the great body of them passed it in a crowd. However, nearly two thousand prisoners were taken in the pursuit; for, wherever any obstacle checked their hurry, they suffered greatly. Near Sault de Navailles lord Edward Somerset charged them with his cavalry, and captured a great number of prisoners; and they left several guns to the victors. The French loss in killed, wounded, and taken, exceeded 6000, and some hundreds afterwards deserted, or rather disbanded, and went to their homes.

In this battle lord Wellington was struck by a spent ball,—happily it did but graze his skin,—nor did he quit his saddle till the day was won; but he then found himself so lamed and stiff, that he could not ride in the pursuit.

The French army retired in the night to Hagetman, where it was joined by the garrison of Dax, and continued its retreat to St. Sever. At the same time Soult directed a considerable body of troops to march upon Aire, and to cover the removal of large magazines collected at that place.

As the allies advanced, the main body of the enemy at St. Sever fell back upon Agen. The left of the allied army, under marshal Beresford, was now directed on Mont de Marsan; while the right, under Sir Rowland Hill, pursued that corps of the enemy detached to Aire. Unfortunately, the rains set in again on the evening of the battle, and fell so heavily, that the rivers and streams were soon swollen; the march of the allies was thus greatly impeded, for the enemy destroyed all the bridges in their rear. However, Sir Rowland Hill came up to the enemy on the 2d of March, and found them in position before the town of Aire. They were drawn up on a ridge of hills, which extended across the main road leading to the town, and their right rested upon the Adour. Sir Rowland attacked them instantly; the second division advanced by the road, and a Portuguese brigade ascended the heights upon their left. The columns were commanded by Sir William Stewart, and the Portuguese were led by general de Costa. The second division, notwithstanding the strength of the position, carried the point, which they assailed with great steadiness and vigor; but the Portuguese brigade, although they gallantly won the height, were so stoutly resisted afterwards, that their formation was broken, and they would have been driven off in confusion had not general Barnes come promptly to their aid. The success of the second division enabled Sir William Stewart to detach the brigade of Barnes,

and thus, just as the French were about to fall upon the Portuguese with a column well formed and full of confidence, they themselves were charged by the British and beaten off the field. Nevertheless the enemy rallied, and made a strenuous effort to recover their ground; but the brigade of general Byng, which had been hitherto in reserve, was now brought forward, and the French soon gave up the contest; and, abandoning the position and the town, hastily crossed the Adour in so great disorder, that many were taken prisoners in the pursuit, and a small body, being separated from the main force, fled fast towards the town of Pau. In this affair the allies lost about 150 killed and wounded; and here the honorable lieutenant-colonel Hood, of the staff, was slain.

Marshal Soult now conducted his army up the right bank of the Adour, and upon the 3d of March he had again collected all his forces at Plaisance, Madiran, and Maubourget, in the full impression that his opponent would follow him; but lord Wellington, finding the road to Bordeaux open, instantly directed his left wing upon that important city, and thus, not only carried the war into the heart of France, but to a province where the memory of the house of Bourbon was yet cherished. The arrival of the duke d'Angoulême at St. Jean de Luz, two months before this period, had been a circumstance then of some little embarrassment to lord Wellington. The British government had, at that time, taken no ground on which he could venture to recognize that prince at head-quarters in any other character than that of a private individual, volunteering to serve in the common cause against the ruler of France and the enemy of all Europe. However, the course of events, the progress of the allied arms, and the ascertained dispositions of the citizens of Bordeaux, had now brought together many circumstances favorable to the hopes of the Bourbons, and to the restoration of that ancient and unhappy house.

The inhabitants of Bordeaux, with a garrison of Napoleon's controlling them, could not of course, as yet, give a free and open expression to their sentiments. Therefore, marshal Beresford was instructed to drive out the garrison and take possession of the city. But, before this movement was made, the Spanish reserve under general Freire was brought forward, and all the disposable troops except the three divisions under Beresford closed to the right. Upon the 8th, that general advanced towards the Garonne.

As early as the 1st of March, the duke d'Angoulême left St. Jean de Luz, and rode forwards by easy journeys to join this corps of the army. He was accompanied by the count Damas and a British officer, their grooms, and one orderly dragoon. The duke himself preserved a quiet and retired demeanor, well

becoming his position; however, the old count Damas could not avoid telling the people as he passed who the duke was. For this purpose, he often fell behind the party, and conversed with such groups of Frenchmen as they passed upon the road. The intelligence was almost everywhere received with a decided expression of satisfaction and respect. There were no loud acclamations, but the good disposition was evident and general. One remarkable exception occurred worthy to be noticed. At Peyrehorade the postmaster recommended that the mayor only should be apprized, as he said, the inhabitants *having many of them been enriched by the plunder of the emigrants were bad spirits*. When indeed they discovered who their illustrious guest was, they ventured no insult, but gazed upon him with more curiosity than attachment. In many parts of the duke's route, the people, hearing beforehand of his approach, crowded to the road-side, were loud in their joy, and showed strong marks of good-will. The utmost cordiality was everywhere manifested by the clergy, and the farther he advanced, the more hearty and fearless was the reception given him by the people.

From the moment that the hopes of the exiled family had recovered; and before the duke d'Angoulême went to St. Jean de Luz, an agent of the Bourbons had visited Bordeaux, had seen M. de la Roche-Jacquelein, and communicated to him the wishes of Louis XVIII. That zealous and courageous royalist immediately exerted himself in the cause of the king, and a disposition was soon evinced among the inhabitants of Anjou and Touraine to renounce their allegiance to Napoleon and restore the ancient line of princes. Of the existence of this feeling, Buonaparte was soon apprized, and Savary received orders to arrest M. de la Roche-Jacquelein as the secret promoter of this dangerous conspiracy: but, being privately warned of this while in the country, by an express from M. Lynch of Bordeaux, he escaped thither on the instant, and from thence, with some difficulty and danger, to the British head-quarters. Here he made warm representations of the state of the public mind in Bordeaux, and expressed his desire to be intrusted with a few hundred men that he might land on the coast of Poitou and rouse the spirit of La Vendée. Lord Wellington listened to M. de la Roche-Jacquelein with interest and respect; but, considered it doubtful whether the attachment of the people to the Bourbons was so decided as the sanguine wishes of his loyal informant led him to represent it. Moreover, as the allies were then recognizing Buonaparte as the sovereign of France, he was not authorized to entertain any such proposition as was thus made to him. However, the correctness of the statement of this ardent royalist as regarded Bordeaux was now confirmed.

As soon as marshal Beresford approached the city, general

L'Huillier withdrew the garrison and retired to the right bank of the Garonne. Upon this the entire population of Bordeaux, headed by their civil authorities, came out to greet the allies; received them as deliverers, and hailed the duke d'Angoulême with the loudest enthusiasm. They all wore the white cockade, and, upon the entrance of this prince, they destroyed all the badges of the existing government, and proclaimed Louis XVIII. with unhesitating boldness. All this they did upon their own risk, without one pledge or promise of protection, or one stipulation in their favor; should the negotiations then pending at Châtillon so terminate as to leave Buonaparte their master by the voice of the allies. This early and decided declaration for the Bourbons lord Wellington had not expected or advised. On the contrary, while glad to have military occupation of a city with such dispositions, he had recommended patience as their prudent and their proper course till the congress of Châtillon had terminated its sittings, and closed their treaty.

While these things were passing in the south of France, Napoleon, at the head of as large a force as he could assemble, was defending the approaches to his capital with an ability and spirit never in his most fortunate and successful campaigns exceeded. All his efforts had only enabled him to collect an army numerically feeble, while upon all sides the allies were advancing from the Rhine in mighty and resistless strength. Yet this man of energy, by the skill of his combinations, and by the length and rapidity of his marches, was opposing alternately the head of every hostile column with superior numbers. Though they were thrusting him down from the pinnacle of his pride, he was plucking laurels as he fell. Already the allies had penetrated to Laon, and had, though for a time only, occupied Soissons: still fearless, still hopeful, he was making head in the field against the confederated armies of Europe, and struggling in the congress for such conditions as would have left him master of many important fortresses beyond the ancient limits of France; and, as a consequence, enabled him, after a convenient repose, again to march forth as the disturber of all Europe.

The march directed by lord Wellington upon Bordeaux at such a moment, and the popular movement, produced a remarkable effect all over the South of France, and it extended to the very heart of the country.

Marshal Soult instantly published an angry and stormy proclamation, full of impotent abuse against the English nation, and of mean invectives against the victorious leader of her gallant army. This document showed plainly the full value of that advantage which the allies had gained by the march upon Bordeaux. To counteract this movement, and if possible to bring back the allies from the Garonne, Soult suddenly advanced on

the 13th of March to Conchez and Viella on the right flank of the allies, drove in the piquets of Sir Rowland Hill, and menaced the corps of that general with the serious attack of his whole force. Sir Rowland immediately disposed his corps with their left at Aire, their right at Garlin, and the little river of Gros Lees in his front; and lord Wellington sent two divisions to support him.

Soult took post opposite the allies upon a ridge of very strong ground, and displaying great numbers, kept them in doubt as to his own intentions, and thus reckoned on compelling Wellington to evacuate Bordeaux. In this he was disappointed; for, though lord Wellington sent Beresford orders to lead back a part of his corps, he directed that one division should be left in that city. However, the corps of Sir Rowland Hill being already strengthened by two divisions, Soult did not attempt any thing further, but remained in presence of the allies the whole of the 14th, and judging from appearances that lord Wellington might attack him on the morrow, he drew off in the night. The allies followed him, and found his rear-guard strongly posted at Mascarras, with his main body in position at Burosse. On the approach of the advanced guard, the whole of the enemy retired upon Vic Bigorre. During the 16th and 17th, the allies halted. Upon the 18th, having been joined by some reserve artillery and cavalry, and by the Spanish corps from Irun, the whole army again advanced. Upon the 19th, they marched in two columns upon Vic Bigorre; the right moving by Lembege, and the left by Maubourget. At Vic the enemy's rear-guard being strongly posted among the vineyards in front of the town, held its ground until dislodged by the light companies of the third division, and a Portuguese brigade, after a brilliant skirmish.

The same evening Soult collected his whole army on the right bank of the Adour. Here he placed his troops in position on some favorable heights with his left resting on Tarbes, and his right extending in the direction of Rabastens.

Upon the 20th, lord Wellington directed the corps of Sir Rowland Hill, and the third division, to advance upon the enemy's front, while Sir Henry Clinton, with the sixth division, supported by two brigades of cavalry, should cross the Adour near Vic, and march to turn his right. These manœuvres were well executed and completely successful. Sir Rowland drove the enemy to the heights beyond Tarbes, his light troops charging them through the streets of the town; and, as soon as the French marshal discerned the column of Sir Henry Clinton upon his right, he fell back upon a strong ridge of heights in his rear nearly parallel to his former position, and upon which his reserve was already formed. The fresh dispositions necessary to attack this post could not be completed till it was already too late in

the evening to dislodge him. In the night, however, Soult retired by St. Gaudens on Toulouse. Being without encumbrances he marched rapidly, destroyed the bridges in his rear, and entered Toulouse on the 24th. The cavalry, under general Fane, came up with his rear-guard at St. Gaudens, and made some prisoners, but he was not further molested. The allies being encumbered with a pontoon train, followed by most of their supplies, and moving over bad roads under heavy rain, marched slowly, and did not arrive before Toulouse till the 27th, when they halted upon the left bank of the Garonne opposite the city.

Here Soult assembled every disposable soldier, and occupied a position, the local advantages of which he carefully improved by fortifying the approaches with skill, and constructing on the position itself redoubts of considerable strength.

The city of Toulouse covers a space of ground, about two miles in length from north to south; and the breadth from east to west is a mile and a quarter. The Fauxbourg St. Cyprien stands on the left bank of the Garonne, and is surrounded, like the city itself, by an ancient wall of brick, lofty, of considerable thickness, and flanked by towers. This fauxbourg is connected with the city by a good bridge of stone.

About two miles below the city the canal of Languedoc enters the Garonne. This canal and the river surround Toulouse on three sides. On the fourth, or to the south, an open space extends from the Garonne to the canal. To the east of the canal there is a range of heights, and beyond flows a river called the Ers. All the roads from the eastward pass over these heights.

Here was the field position of the enemy. Upon the left and centre five redoubts had been constructed of a very strong profile, and they were connected by lines of intrenchment; but the right of this line, being covered by the river Ers at the distance of half-gun-shot, had no such defences. The bridges on the canal were guarded by *têtes-de-pont*, and commanded by artillery from the old walls of the city. All the bridges over the Ers by which their right could be approached were broken down, except one at the village of Croix d'Orade, which they left standing for their convenience, with the intention of destroying it at the last moment. On the side of St. Cyprien, the enemy had thrown up strong field-works in front of the ancient walls, and formed an impregnable *tête-de-pont*. The south front of the city is not covered either by the river or the canal; but it cannot be directly approached, owing to the badness of the roads, which are not practicable for artillery, and to those heights upon the east which command them. The width and rapidity of the Garonne completed the security of the enemy's position, and increased the difficulties of the assailant.

On the 28th lord Wellington attempted to lay down a bridge

at Portet, a village above the town ; but, when the sheer line was stretched across, the width proved more than the pontoons would cover. Upon the 31st, a passable point was found higher up. It was some time, however, before the spot was fixed on. When, after the difficulty of the 28th, some officer had expressed an apprehension that it might not be practicable to lay down a bridge till the river had fallen, lord Wellington observed instantly, with cheerful animation, but with strong decision, " If it will not do one way, we must try another ; for I never in my life gave up any thing I once undertook."

As soon as the pontoons were laid down near Ropues, on the 31st, Sir Rowland Hill led his corps across the river ; but, from the state of the roads, and the nature of the country, which had been soaked with the late rains, he found it impossible to march upon Toulouse from that point. The efforts were, for a time, persevered in ; but the road proving quite impassable, he counter-marched, and returned to the left bank. On the 4th of April, a bridge was laid down considerably below the city, at a bend in the river, about half a league above Grenade. Here, under the cover of flanking batteries, marshal Beresford, with the fourth and sixth divisions and some cavalry, crossed and established himself on the right bank. These troops were to have been followed by the Spanish corps under general Freire, and by the light division ; but the river suddenly rose, and it became necessary to take up a part of the bridge instantly, and on the morrow to remove the whole. Thus marshal Beresford was left upon the right bank in a very anxious position, and might have been attacked by a very superior force. However, no attack was made. The river subsided, and, upon the 8th, the pontoons were again put down, and the Spaniards of Freire crossed to the right bank ; a brilliant affair of cavalry, in which the 18th hussars, led by colonel Vivian, overthrew a body of the enemy's horse in front of the village of Croix d'Orade, enabled that officer to seize the bridge, and thus secure an approach to the enemy's position of great importance. In this skirmish the French were pursued so closely that they lost 100 prisoners. During this period the corps of Sir Rowland Hill remained in front of the fauxbourg St. Cyprien ; and the attention of the enemy was thus diverted from marshal Beresford. On the night of the 8th, the bridge by which that marshal and the Spaniards had crossed the Garonne was removed and brought higher up the river, and put down near Ausonne. This could not be effected so as to admit of the light division passing, on the 9th, soon enough for a general engagement on that day : but, early on the 10th, the light and third divisions crossed the river, and the whole army was in motion, or under arms, to attack the enemy.

The corps of Sir Rowland Hill observed the Fauxbourg St.

Cyprien, and confined the enemy closely within his works. The third division was to make a heavy demonstration against the canal bridge and the town immediately to the right of the river; the light division was to act upon the left of the third, and to observe and shut up the road of Paris. Marshal Beresford was to lead the fourth and sixth divisions across the Ers, seize the village of Mont Blanc; and, moving along the left bank of the Ers, till he gained the right flank of the enemy's position, he was to form and attack it. The Spaniards under Freire were to ascend the left of the enemy's position at the same moment that Beresford assaulted the right, and push forward upon the heights till they should meet his column. Such were the dispositions for the attack.

The heights upon the left of the enemy's position, called La Pujade, were guarded by two divisions of infantry, having in their front a brigade of horse. Those of Mont Calvinet, on the right centre, were occupied by one division of infantry; and those of Montaudran, on the extreme right, were held by one brigade of infantry, with a strong body of cavalry in their front, on the road to Bordes. Heavy columns of reserve were posted in rear of the heights. The canal, from the rear of La Pujade to its junction with the Garonne, was guarded by strong bodies of infantry. The suburb of St. Cyprien was occupied by a division; and that of St. Etienne, upon the eastern side, by another; and various posts in the faubourg and on the walls were defended by reserve conscripts and national guards.

Marshal Beresford opened the battle, by crossing the bridge of Orade, and carrying the village of Mont Blanc. This done, he marched up the left bank of the Ers in three open columns over difficult ground in the finest order. As soon as he had reached a point opposite the extreme right of the enemy's position, he formed his lines of attack, and advanced steadily upon it. While Beresford was engaged in these preliminary movements, general Freire had formed the Spanish foot in front of Croix d'Orade in two lines of attack. A battery of Portuguese artillery was placed on a height near, to cover their movements; and general Ponsby's brigade of cavalry was formed in their rear as a reserve.

The right and left of the heights occupied by the enemy were now assaulted at the same moment. The Spaniards advanced boldly, and drove in the first brigade of the French which they encountered; but, as they closed upon the enemy's works, the fire of grape became so deadly that they lost their formation, and went forward with great irregularity and confusion to a hollow road in front of the enemy's intrenchments, which was sheltered from the guns. The second line of the Spaniards advanced but slowly to their support. The French, seeing the difficulty and irresolution of the assailants, came upon them swiftly, and with

such vigor, that, with the exception of one regiment, the Spanish troops broke, and were driven back upon the Ers with a heavy loss. The general Freire and his best officers exerted themselves gallantly, and to the utmost, to check this disorder, and rally the fugitives. Lord Wellington, always present at the right place, and at the right moment, rallied a small body of them at an important point in person. The light division was brought up on the right of the Spaniards, and thus the enemy was checked in his hot pursuit; the bridge over the Ers was preserved; and general Freire was enabled to collect his discomfited battalions and form them anew.

The right of the enemy's position was already in the power of marshal Beresford. Nothing could exceed the steady gallantry with which general Clinton's division advanced up the steep height of Mont Calvinet, carried the redoubt which covered the right flank of that hill, and established themselves on the enemy's line. General Cole's division, in like order, but with a smaller loss, marched up the heights on the enemy's extreme right, and formed upon the summit: suffering little either from the brigade of infantry in their front, or the cavalry on their left flank.

At this period of the battle, 10,000 of the allies were drawn up on the same range of heights with the enemy, and marshal Beresford only awaited the arrival of his guns to follow up his success. Without artillery it was not possible to continue his movements against the enemy's centre; for they still occupied in strength a formidable line of intrenchments, two fortified houses, and four large redoubts.

Owing to this state of things, all further attacks upon the enemy were of necessity suspended. Meantime Soult strongly reinforced his cavalry on the heights of Montaudran, and drew from the fauxbourg St. Cyprien and the canal as many troops as could be spared to form reserves in the rear of Calvinet. By the repulse of the Spaniards, the French had obtained a considerable advantage; and, in another part of the field, they had given a severe and bloody check to the brave division of general Picton.

That officer had been directed to make a false attack on the canal bridge nearest to the Garonne. He exceeded these instructions, and thus committed his division in a real attack upon a formidable work which defended that bridge, and which, by the nature of its wide ditch, was found inassailable. General Picton was tempted to this effort by a quick perception of the advantage that would have been gained could he have pushed across the canal when the French drove the Spaniards from the heights of La Pujade, and advanced so far in pursuit of them. As soon as ever he discovered the impracticable nature of the tête-de-

pont, he drew off his division with haste; but they suffered very severely both from musketry and artillery.

Upon the left of the Garonne, Sir Rowland Hill confined the enemy within those works which they had erected in front of St. Cyrien, and made such demonstrations as kept them jealous and alarmed for that suburb.

About noon Beresford got up his guns, and the battle was renewed. He continued his movements along the ridge at the head of two divisions. The sixth, under Sir Henry Clinton, led; the fourth, under Sir Lowry Cole, followed; and both advanced upon the enemy's redoubts in line. Soult determined, instead of waiting for this attack in the line of his works, to anticipate it by a sudden and weighty assault on the sixth division, both in front and flank; counting, if successful, to overpower them before the fourth division could come into action. He therefore ordered the divisions of Clausel and Taupin to attack that of general Clinton in front; and the brigade of general Leseur, with a regiment of chasseurs and the cavalry of general Berton, to fall upon its flank. The French pushed resolutely out, and met the advancing line in ground where the fire of their redoubts could render them no support.

The struggle was fierce and bloody, but it did not last long; and was finally decided by the bayonets of the British. General Taupin was killed, and his division driven back in confusion upon their works. The two principal redoubts, and the fortified houses in the centre of their position, were instantly carried by a brigade of the sixth division under general Pack.

All these things might be seen from the walls and the roofs of Toulouse, which were crowded with anxious and agitated spectators. Animated by the consciousness of this, the French soldiers formed again, and, supported by the reserves on the canal, made a desperate effort to recover these redoubts; but it was vain. In vain did Soult renew the assault with a stubborn and determined spirit; in vain did he form his weakened divisions upon a new line, in the hope that he might yet hold the works of La Pujade on his left, and cover his right by those of the Pont de Demoiselles on the canal: marshal Beresford pursued his success with ability and vigor. The Spaniards, who had been reformed, advanced upon the left of La Pujade, and the gallant sixth division pushed towards the same point. The French, abandoning the redoubts upon those heights, now rapidly passed the canal; and the citizens of Toulouse saw the banners of England, Portugal, and Spain waving upon the conquered hill in triumph.

The victory of Toulouse cost the British and Portuguese more than 4500 killed and wounded, and the loss of the Spaniards exceeded 2000: the French had two generals killed, and three

wounded and taken. On the side of the allies many superior officers were wounded; and lieutenant-colonels Coghlan of the 61st, and Forbes of the 45th, were killed. Several of the British regiments, especially in the sixth division, lost more than half their numbers, and were distinguished by their valor.

The French had now but one road open for their retreat: they could not force across the Garonne by the suburb of St. Cyprien; for Sir Rowland Hill had, during the battle, possessed himself of their exterior works in front of that suburb, had shut them up within the ancient wall, and guarded that bank of the Garonne closely and in strength. The battle of Toulouse was fought on Easter Sunday; and, on the day following, the terrified inhabitants saw 30,000 troops within their walls, and busy preparations to defend the city. It is not probable that Soult ever seriously thought of such a measure; though he spoke of defending it to extremity, and burying himself beneath the ruins. He understood his military position too well, and knew perfectly the actual temper of the inhabitants; therefore, when he observed the dispositions of lord Wellington to complete the investment of Toulouse, he evacuated the city by night, on the 12th of April, taking the road of Ville-Franche, and retired the day following to Castelnaudry.

Toulouse now threw wide her gates to the conquerors, and welcomed them with loud expressions of joy and confidence. Nor is there any reason to suppose they were not sincere. All were suddenly released from very terrible anxieties and fears,—all were desirous of peace,—all hated the military yoke of Napoleon, and trembled at their own troops. The clergy, and most of those who respected the altar and the throne, still cherished the memory of the Bourbons: therefore they displayed the white flag; they mounted white cockades; they shouted "Vive le roi!" and they hailed Wellington as their deliverer.

One reflection connected with the victory of Toulouse is mournful: had the actual state of affairs at Paris been communicated with the least possible delay, the battle perhaps never would have been fought, and the life-blood of many gallant men might have been spared. It was not till the evening of the 13th that dispatches arrived from Paris with intelligence that Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Bourbons were restored. This information was brought by two officers, one of each nation, and immediately communicated to Soult; but that marshal demurred, and, refusing to send in his adhesion to the new government till he could ascertain the real state of public affairs, would only propose a suspension of hostilities. This lord Wellington refused, as a course unnecessary, and tending to keep up disquiet and alarm in the public mind, and instantly put his army in

motion to follow Soult. As soon as the allies advanced, the marshal formally recognized the provisional government of France; and on the following day, the 18th of April, hostilities ceased, and a line of demarcation was established between the army of Soult and that of the allies. The battle of Toulouse was not the closing scene of this memorable campaign in the south of France. Upon the morning of the 14th of April, the governor of Bayonne made a furious sortie upon the investing corps. The French sallied from the citadel in great strength, and, rushing upon the intrenched village of St. Etienne, dislodged the allies before they could effectually resist or be supported from the rear. Here general Hay, who commanded the outposts for the night, was slain. The allied piquets in the centre were also forced back, and general Stafford was wounded. Nor did the disasters end here. Sir John Hope hastened early to the scene of action; but he was soon wounded, and his horse shot under him, and before he could be extricated was made prisoner by the enemy. However, reinforcements were quickly brought up; and the French being driven into the citadel, all the posts were re-established as before. The fighting was very severe, and at close quarters; many bayonet wounds were given, on both sides; and the opponents only discerned each other's ranks by the flashing of their muskets. The loss of the allies amounted to 800 killed, wounded, and taken; that of the French was yet greater.

As the works of the siege had not commenced, as there were no guns or stores upon the ground, and as the state of affairs at Paris had been communicated to the governor the day before, it is difficult to excuse this action of general Thouvenot: it consisted not with the necessary or the honorable performance of his duty, and can only be attributed to an expectation that Buonaparte would yet retrieve his affairs, and to a belief that he should again see the star of Napoleon in the ascendant. Meanwhile, the fall of his master was at the moment irrecoverable, and had been greatly precipitated by a blind and superstitious confidence in his talents and his fortunes. He was beaten in a general engagement at Arcis on the 20th of March, and his numbers in the field were reduced to 70,000 men; yet, by a movement of unexampled boldness, he threw himself with the main body of his army in rear of the vast allied force then collected on the Marne, on the 22d. The congress at Châtillon had broken up on the 19th, and Napoleon's minister had returned with their just and firm decision upon the only terms admissible. Now, therefore, it was, that, in the hope he should astonish and confuse their generals, as he often had done by an audacity of manœuvre that would paralyze the confidence of their soldiers,

he marched on Vitry and St. Dizier, and exclaimed with a daring vaunt, "I shall be at Vienna before they will be in Paris." The allied commanders were not moved by this desperate act of folly. They only followed his march with cavalry; and rapidly concentrating their forces at Chalon, they marched on Paris. The weak corps of Marmont and Mortier upon the Marne were driven back into the capital; and, upon the 29th of March, Paris was invested on the northern side by the grand armies of the allied monarchs. Marmont had more than 15,000 regular troops in that city; the gendarmerie, the national guard, and retired military, would have more than doubled that amount of armed combatants. However, upon the 30th, after a short combat, the allies established themselves on the heights of Belle-vue; and Joseph Buonaparte the regent having quitted his charge, Paris capitulated. The barriers were given over to the allies the same evening, and in the night the regular troops of the French retired. According to the stipulation, they marched out with their artillery. The day following the allied sovereigns entered the city, and were received by the inhabitants with cheers and contentment.

The march of the allies on Paris was discovered by Buonaparte on the 26th, owing to an affair of posts at St. Dizier with the troops that had followed his route. It exceedingly perplexed him. He decided to countermarch on Paris; but Vitry on his direct road was garrisoned by Prussians, and therefore he had to conduct his army by a circuitous route 150 miles. He travelled forwards himself by post, and arrived within ten miles of the capital on the 31st; and there he was informed that it was already in possession of the enemy. He hastened back to Fontainebleau, and collected at that point all the troops which he could muster. Upon the 3d of April he would have again advanced towards Paris; but a decree of the conservative senate, passed on the 2d of April, had already decided upon his position. That body, finding that the allied powers would no longer treat with Buonaparte, or recognize him politically as the ruler of France, formally pronounced his deposition. By this act the nation and the army were absolved from the oath of allegiance to their late emperor; and the confidence of those superior officers and civil functionaries, who had to this moment faithfully adhered to him, was at once destroyed.

Thus, upon all sides pressed to submit, and plainly deserted by all those whose interests must have been the inevitable sacrifice of any continued attachment to his fortunes, he sullenly acquiesced in the decree of the senate.

By a generous arrangement of the allied sovereigns, the island of Elba was secured to him as a place of retreat in inde-

pendent sovereignty; and he was accompanied to this little and secluded kingdom by a small body of veteran soldiers, whose passion for war, and whose renown and life, seemed only capable of being retained and enjoyed in the presence of their idol.

The position of all those powers who had thus punished the crimes and confined the ambition of the greatest military despot that ever trampled upon the rights of nations and the happiness of man, was at this moment a proud one: that of England pre-eminently so. The standards of northern Europe were planted in the squares of Paris. The British flag was waving in the market-places of Bordeaux and Toulouse; and the banners of Portugal and Spain were floating calmly on the plains of southern France.

Such were the brilliant results of England's long and honorable struggle with that stern and tyrannous power which overshadowed Europe, and by which Britain, as the strong and sacred asylum of *true* liberty, was hated with immitigable hatred.

To maintain the best interests of England and of the troubled world, the supreme Disposer of human events provided in mercy a mighty champion. With a trust in God and the good cause, Wellington stood early forth. He contemplated the giant height of the French military power with an unshrinking eye, with an undazzled mind, and with a fearless heart.

The defence of Portugal was the deliverance of all Europe: for when the nations beheld Wellington, with so small an army of Britons, and with allies regarded hitherto as so despicable, defy, resist, and beat back a host of disciplined and brave French troops, led on by three marshals of France, their hearts swelled, and their tongues were loosened, and they cried out to be led again to battle. With new heart, and with new hope, they seized their arms; and the good cause advanced and prospered till the capital of France was taken, and the tyrant was dethroned. From the moment that Wellington entered France (and his were the first colors planted upon this sacred territory), he had contrived with such wisdom and virtue to separate in the minds of his soldiers the hostility they might feel towards Napoleon from those sentiments with which they were bound as brave men and good soldiers to consider and treat the inhabitants of France, that he succeeded entirely in restraining by principle, or chaining up by discipline, those natural feelings of revenge, which, but for their noble and humane commander, the Spaniards and Portuguese might have been tempted to indulge. At Toulouse, therefore, and wherever indeed he moved, lord Wellington was approached by the people with affection, and considered with high honor.

The events in Catalonia and Valencia during the spring of this year were inconsequent. Suchet sent another reinforcement to the armies in France early in March, and was therefore compelled to evacuate or destroy several strong holds; but he still maintained a position behind Figueras with the troops which yet remained to him. The Spaniards had recovered the fortresses of Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon by stratagem, which their possession of a French cipher, communicated by an officer that deserted to them, enabled them to effect, with little difficulty, in the middle of February. But the governor of Tortosa escaped their artifice by a wary test, and thus preserved his own fortress and that of Murviedro. However, in the middle of March, Buonaparte, finding he could not detach Spain from her alliance with England through the medium of his royal prisoner and dupe Ferdinand, determined to restore him to his people without any conditions. Ferdinand entered Spain by Catalonia; and travelled slowly by Gerona to Zaragossa, where he made a short sojourn, and thence to Valencia, where he abode for some weeks before he passed on to his capital. Everywhere his devoted subjects crowded upon his path, and flocked to his presence with loud and loyal acclamations. His name had been a watchword and a battle-word for many trying and miserable years. The king of Spain was now placed in a difficult position. The sceptre swayed by the caprice of a multitude proves always an iron rod, with which the best and wisest are oppressed. Injustice and oppression are the sure fruits of popular clamor and popular prejudice, whenever they can speak and act by the voice and hand of power.

The constitution, and its provisions as proclaimed and advocated by the cortex, were obnoxious to the great body of the Spanish people. They were not able to value aright the privileges conferred upon them; and they clamored for the dissolution of the cortex, and for the punishment of its most worthy members. Evil counsellors gathered fast around the restored monarch, and by flatteries and falsehoods they cheated his understanding, roused his prejudices, and hardened him to persecutions which were cruel and most unmerited by the unhappy objects of them. However we may condemn this conduct, however much it is to be deplored, yet the plain truth was this; the speculative men who had framed and advocated all the enactments of the new constitution had, by many and sweeping changes, disturbed the habits and offended the prejudices of the common people. Those improvements in their political condition which, brought forward gradually, would have elevated and blessed them, they naturally rejected then; because they could not, as yet, understand the value of these proffered boons,

for which they had never asked, and which they never therefore had desired. They were not prepared for a government *truly* free; and the theorists who would have bestowed it had outrun their spirit and their wishes, and would have made them turbulent and miserable. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the king and his advisers dissolved the *cortez*, and that the old despotism of the Spanish crown was fully restored, without one single amelioration for the people, or one softening restraint upon its exercise.

It will remain, however, to the end of time, an indelible disgrace upon the government of Ferdinand, that, instead of at once according an amnesty for all acts and opinions done and uttered by those who had so faithfully labored in the cause of Spain, the members of the regency, and many distinguished patriots of the late *cortez*, were banished, cast into dungeons, or in other modes punished and oppressed.

A happy and an honorable contrast to this wretched conduct was exhibited by that branch of the Bourbons whom late events had suddenly recalled to the throne of France. The circumstances and spirit of the two countries were in truth widely different; but never, perhaps, was a better or more conciliatory disposition manifested by any man upon ascending the throne of his fathers, than that of Louis XVIII.

CHAP. XV.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON VISITS PARIS AND MADRID.—TAKES LEAVE OF THE ARMY AND RETURNS TO ENGLAND.—HIS RECEPTION.—REPAIRS AGAIN TO PARIS AS AMBASSADOR.—PROCEEDS TO THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA AS PLENIPOTENTIARY.—THE STATE OF FRANCE.—THE RETURN OF BUONAPARTE.—THE RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES.—THE CAMPAIGN IN FLANDERS.—THE VICTORY OF WATERLOO.

THE severe labors of his high command being now brought to a glorious conclusion, lord Wellington left Toulouse, on the night of the 30th of April, for Paris.

He reached the French capital on the 4th of May, and was received by the sovereigns, statesmen, and generals then at the court of Louis XVIII. with great consideration and regard.

The fame of his generous conduct in the south of France had preceded him, and the citizens of Paris, wherever he was recognized, paid him great honor and respect.

His elevation to the dignity of an English dukedom was here made known; and it may be remarked, that he had already received the insignia of every distinguished order in Europe.

The duke quitted Paris on the 10th of May, and, passing four days at Toulouse, repaired to Madrid, where Ferdinand confirmed all the honors which the cortez had conferred upon him, and created him captain-general of Spain. He left Madrid on the 5th of June, reached Bordeaux upon the 10th, reviewed the troops, and made arrangements for their embarkation. Upon the 14th of June, the duke of Wellington finally took leave of the army at Bordeaux. His order of thanks is remarkable for the contrast which it presents to those inflated addresses by which the vanity and the passions of Buonaparte's soldiers were flattered and nourished. We transcribe it—

“G. O.

“Adjutant-General's Office,
Bordeaux, 14th of June, 1814.

“The commander of the forces, being upon the point of returning to England, takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country, and to the world.

“The share which the British army has had in producing those events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the commander of the forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

“The commander of the forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

“Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them for some years, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them he will never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honor; and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted.

(Signed) “E. M. PAKENHAM, A. G.”

The Duke landed at Dover on the 23d of June, under a salute from the batteries, and proceeded instantly to London.

As his carriage passed up Parliament Street, he was recognized, and the people ran upon his path with shouts of admiration and welcome.

After a short interview with his family, he hastened to Portsmouth. Here the prince regent received him with every mark of true respect and cordial affection which a prince could bestow.

These distinctions gave him honor not only before England, but in the face of Europe; for the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia were at that period the guests of the English court.

Upon the 28th of June, the duke of Wellington, for the first time, took his seat in the House of Lords. The peers assembled in great numbers to do honor to his introduction. Upon this memorable occasion the duke appeared in a field-marshal's uniform, with the insignia of the garter, and was introduced to the house by the dukes of Beaufort and of Richmond.

He had left his native country, five years before, a commoner; those years he had passed in camps; and now, at his first appearance in the house of lords, his various patents of viscount, earl, marquis, and duke, were read upon the same day.

The lady Mornington, his mother, was present; the duchess of Wellington was also present.

He was addressed by the lord chancellor, and received the thanks and congratulations of the house "on his return from his command on the continent, and for the great, signal, and eminent services which he had so repeatedly rendered therein to his majesty and to the public."

The duke was sensibly affected, and replied under an embarrassment of feeling he could with difficulty control. Nothing could be more dignified and modest than his reply; nor did he fail to point attention to the valor and exertions of that army which he had the honor to command.

The House of Commons also appointed a deputation to wait upon the duke of Wellington with like congratulations; and he attended the house in person to return thanks to that assembly. The 1st of July was fixed for this noble ceremony. When it was stated to the house, that in consequence of their intimation, the duke of Wellington was in attendance, and when the speaker put the question, "Is it the pleasure of the house that his grace be called in?" a loud and universal "ay!" rung through the hall. On his entrance all the members uncovered, rose, and enthusiastically cheered him. In his address, as in his reply to the lords, he dwelt forcibly on the zealous co-operation and assistance of his gallant friends, the general officers,* and the bravery of the officers and troops of the armies. This speech was received with the loudest cheers, and followed by an admirable address from the speaker, of which the following extracts merit very particular attention.

"It is not," said the speaker, "the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that

* Upon all these, honors and rewards which they had well earned were gratefully bestowed.

moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken; and that ascendancy of character, which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.

"It now only remains that we congratulate your grace on the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain with equal authority, firmness, and temper our national honor and interests in peace."

When the duke retired, all the members again rose, uncovered, and warmly cheered him.

On Saturday, the 9th of July, the corporation of London entertained the duke at a grand banquet, prepared with great cost and magnificence, and presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and with a splendid sword. Here, as *upon all other occasions*, he made grateful allusions to the support of his officers, and the valor and discipline of the troops. When he received the sword, he declared with particular energy his readiness to employ it in the service of his king and country, should it unfortunately happen that the general wish of the nations of Europe for a permanent peace should be disappointed. This faithful pledge he was soon and seriously called upon to redeem.

His stay in England was short; but it was marked by every expression of hearty admiration, and true attachment, which a people could show. Wherever he went, the streets were thronged; the windows were full of animated and smiling faces; boys clustered upon the house-tops; and mothers lifted up their infant sons, that they might look at the man whom the whole country honored.

He had already been appointed ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of France; and upon the 8th of August he left town for the continent. In his way to Paris he visited the Netherlands, and carefully examined the frontier fortresses upon that line, in company with the prince of Orange. On the 24th of August he was presented to Louis XVIII., delivered his credentials as ambassador, and took up his residence in Paris.

The principles and feelings of revolutionized France were of twenty years' growth. The youth of France, it is true, knew little of the revolution or of the republic, but of the Bourbons they knew nothing. They had been for the most part educated in military schools; had lived under a martial autocracy, and had imbibed a military spirit.

There were now scattered over the country numbers of dis-

banded and retired officers and soldiers, who had marched and fought under the imperial eagles. These men, who had been, for the most part, engaged in wars of aggression, amid changes of scene and chances of plunder, were miserable under their new and narrow circumstances. Their habits were roving and reckless, and they could not endure a stationary dwelling and peaceful occupations. With all such of the old army as had been retained under the new government, it was as bad or worse. They looked back upon their stern and warlike emperor as the soldier's friend, and they despised the unambitious and peaceful Louis. They hated the inactivity and the discipline of garrisons and barracks, and they panted for the field and the bivouac. They thought only of the excitement and the rewards of warfare, not upon its sufferings or its horrors—of victory, not of defeat—of glory, not of the grave.

It is little to be wondered at, that as a longing for the return of the emperor was cherished by so many, an expectation of it should be widely entertained, and that conspiracies to prepare it should be secretly engendered. At first the initiated affected a sort of mystery, established signals and words whereby the faithful Napoleonist might know each other, and wore secret emblems of brotherhood: but, after a time, they grew so carelessly or intentionally bold, that they openly spoke and jested about the return of spring and of the emperor. He came. He knew that war, terrible and unrelenting, would be the immediate and melancholy consequence of his return, to France herself, while he as an individual would be the solitary mark and sole object of the general armament and undivided hostility of all Europe. He knew, too, that civil war would be another result of his return; but with all this knowledge, he said, *he loved France*, and that France was dear to him: therefore he welcomed the proposals of those conspirators who paved the way for his reappearance, broke the convention which established him in the sovereignty of Elba, and escaped from that island.

He landed near Cannes, on the 1st of March, with a detachment of his guard, which had accompanied him to Elba, and immediately commenced his march to the capital. An address to the army had been prepared, and was distributed wherever he came. It was a loud clear war-denouncing trumpet, and everywhere the excited soldiers, whether old or young, answered the violent and welcome sound, with the well-known war-cry of "Vive l'Empereur!"

The defection of the army was almost universal, the exceptions being confined principally to officers of strict and honorable feeling, who would not violate their oath of allegiance to the king. We speak of superior officers, and men of influence and

in authority. The captains and subalterns of the regiments, who had the same conscientious feeling, could only manifest their fidelity by quitting their corps. That few among them entertained such a sentiment and made this sacrifice of their interest, is notorious.

In three short weeks, Napoleon was again seated on the imperial throne; was again coming forth to review troops, and talk of glory; and those fickle people who had crowded on his path as he quitted France, that they might insult him with imprecations, and who had just suffered him to retrace the same route, not only without resistance, but with noisy encouragement, were again his abject and his willing slaves. It is not surprising that a man, who had so many reasons for despising mankind as Napoleon, should have trampled upon their rights and their happiness with an indifference at once contemptuous and selfish.

While this sudden, magical, and bloodless change of sovereigns was effected in France, the powers who signed the treaty of Paris were assembled at the congress at Vienna. The duke of Wellington was there as the plenipotentiary for Great Britain, having quitted Paris for that capital, on the 24th of January, 1815. The very moment the ministers of the high allied powers there assembled, obtained information that Buonaparte had escaped from Elba, and appeared in France, and before the success of his enterprise was known, they made a solemn declaration of their sentiments and intentions. In this document they set forth, that Buonaparte had manifested to the universe, that there could be neither peace nor truce with him, and that he had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world. They declared, therefore, that they were firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris, of May 30th, 1814, and that they would employ all their means, and unite all their efforts, that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labors, might not again be troubled.

The allies supported this declaration by a million of men in arms.

Buonaparte was in a palace, and upon a throne; but he felt himself regarded by the kings and courts of Europe as an adventurer and an outlaw; and he knew that, by all the better portion of the French people, he was rather tolerated than chosen. His only hope, and all his hope, was in the courage of a devoted soldiery; the power of his great genius for war; and that fortune of his star, in which he confided with a superstition that always imparted a remarkable energy to actions, which he seems often to have performed rather from secret and sudden impulse than from any deliberate exercise of judgment.

He was now again in possession of all the military resources of France; but there was a French court, and a king of France, at Ghent in the Netherlands, and the insecurity of his position was plain. He saw Europe hastening to arms for the avowed purpose of deposing him. Every thing, therefore, which it was possible for him to say, do, or promise, by which he could recover popularity with those various factions in France which hated his old system, and that great body of the nation which manifested a tired indifference to his rule, was at once thought upon and acted out. He assembled a legislative body, composed of men of all parties, and gave the country a new constitution. It was never designed to last long, but it answered in some feeble manner the purpose of the moment. It was something for the people to talk about, something new; and to make it amusing to the Parisians, it was to be declared, accepted, and sworn to, in solemn assembly, with ceremonies of great splendor. For this purpose, a temporary amphitheatre was erected in the Champ de Mars, capable of containing about 15,000 persons: here a throne was to be raised and an altar. The plain was to be filled with cavalry, troops of the line, and national guards; eagles were to be distributed, and from the sloping banks around, the people were to be diverted with the spectacle. This great convocation was to be called the "Champ de Mai."

While the preparations for this pageant were in progress, the undivided attention of Napoleon was constantly directed to the organization of the army. The fortresses were garrisoned; the arsenals were filled with stores; and the clothing, equipment, and arming of the new levies were carried on with a prodigious activity. By the first of June, he had 375,000 men under arms, exclusive of a national guard composed of 200 battalions; and he had remounted a large and admirable force of cavalry with incredible expedition.

At the grand ceremony of the Champ de Mai, which took place on the 31st of May, Napoleon, when he reviewed the troops, promised to have half a million of men under arms in a few weeks, exclusive of the national guards; and pledged himself that if the allies brought 600,000 men against him, he would oppose them with two millions.

Meantime the allies made great and prompt exertions. From the Vistula, from the Danube, and from Italy, the troops of Russia and of Austria were directed upon the frontiers of France. The advanced corps of Prussia had already entered Flanders; and an army of English, Belgian, and Hanoverian soldiers was assembled in the Netherlands, under the immediate command of the duke of Wellington. But the army of native English was not large; neither was it to be compared in its composition

with that which invaded France in the preceding year. Many of the finest, most effective, and most experienced infantry regiments of that army had been sent to America; and a large portion of the English force now sent to Flanders consisted of young second battalions. However, they were English in heart and spirit; and were supported by a numerous and noble cavalry, and an artillery not to be surpassed.

The duke of Wellington had arrived at Brussels from Vienna early in April, and immediately concerted his plan of operations with the Prussian general. The Prussian troops were collected on the Sambre and Meuse, and occupied Charleroi, Namur, and Liege. The line of the Prussian cantonments communicated by its right with the left of the army commanded by the duke of Wellington. Thus they were ready to act in concert, whilst, at the same time, each commander had to provide for a separate line of operations connecting him on one side with England, on the other by the lower Rhine with Prussia.

To cover Brussels was a great object; it was also necessary to guard the approaches from France by Tournay and Mons, and to prevent any attack upon Ghent from Lisle. All these roads were carefully examined, and the army of the duke was so disposed that any offensive movement might be immediately encountered. Whether it would be possible for the troops in advance to keep the enemy in check if he came on at any point with suddenness and force, till the allied armies were concentrated in a position covering Brussels, was the great difficulty.

France, on the Belgian frontier, was covered with fortresses; Belgium was naked and defenceless; thus Napoleon had vast facilities for concealing the assembly and disposition of his force, of which he availed himself with great ability. In the second week in June, troops began to collect in and behind these fortresses in considerable numbers. By forced marches Buonaparte suddenly concentrated his army in three large divisions, close to the frontier, on the night of the 14th of June. Of this army Soult was the major-general. It consisted of five corps of infantry; of the imperial guard; of four corps of cavalry; it marched with a field artillery of 350 pieces, and it numbered 130,000 fighting men. The infantry corps were commanded by generals d'Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Girard, and Lobau; the cavalry corps by generals Pajol, Excelmans, Kellerman, and Milhaud. Marshal Ney commanded in the centre; Jerome Buonaparte on the left; marshal Grouchy on the right.

The Prussian army consisted of four corps, under generals Ziethen, Bulow, Borstel, and Thielman, commanded in chief by marshal Blucher, and was estimated at 100,000 men. The head-quarters of Blucher were at Namur.

The army of the duke of Wellington consisted of Dutch, Belgians, troops of Nassau, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, German legion, and British, and was computed under 80,000. Of this force only 33,000 were English. This army was organized in two large corps of five divisions each; the first was commanded by the prince of Orange; the second by lord Hill. The cavalry was under the orders of the earl of Uxbridge. The head-quarters of the duke of Wellington were at Brussels. The quarters of the prince of Orange were at Braine le Compte; those of lord Hill, at Grammont; the cavalry, under lord Uxbridge, was cantoned in small towns and villages on the right; and the artillery was cantoned principally near Ghent. Quatre Bras was the position chosen by the duke of Wellington as the point at which, should the enemy advance on that side, he was to be held in check till the concentration of the allies. The junction, be it remembered, was most ably and certainly accomplished. Nevertheless, all that could be done to prevent it, by rapidity of movement, skill of manœuvre, and boldness on the field of battle, was effected by Buonaparte.

According to his custom, he did not quit Paris till every preparation for opening the campaign was complete. "I go," said *this child and champion of democracy*, as he threw himself into his carriage, "I go to measure myself against Wellington." It was upon the 14th that he joined his guard; and dated from the imperial head-quarters at Beaumont one of those addresses of which he was so vainly fond, and which were certainly well suited to inflame the ardor of an army composed of Frenchmen. It was dated upon the anniversary of the battles of Marengo, and of Friedland; and it reminded them of the victories of Austerlitz and Jena. Of the English, as it could allude to no triumph over their arms, it spoke thus:—"Let those among you, who have been prisoners of the English, detail to you the hulks, and the frightful miseries which they suffered." Thus mortifying their vanity by bringing to their recollection how often they had been vanquished by Englishmen, and darkly insinuating the horrors of captivity in England, he appealed at once to the highest feeling of the soldier, and to the worst passion of the man. As the prisoners restored to France at the close of the war had been very numerous, and as they were all old soldiers, the ranks of the army now assembled contained many of these old campaigners; and this sentence of his address was admirably contrived to call forth all their courage, and kindle all their revenge.

At sunset, on the 14th of June, all was quiet upon the frontier; and nothing had been observed at the Prussian outposts. At three o'clock in the morning of the 15th of June, the French

columns were put in motion; and the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, were attacked at daylight.

A report of this event reached the duke of Wellington in the evening of the same day, and he immediately ordered the troops to hold themselves in readiness for the march. As soon as intelligence from other quarters proved to him that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack, he put his army in motion to its left.

The orders for this memorable march were decided upon in a ball-room at Brussels, where the duke of Wellington was present, and where, towards midnight, the dispatches confirmatory of the enemy's true line of operation reached him. The general officers were quietly warned, and quietly disappeared from that assembly, and among them the brave duke of Brunswick. Soon after the younger officers were summoned from the dance. The troops were already mustering; and before the day broke all were marching to the field of honor, and many to an early grave.

The enemy drove the Prussian outposts from the Sambre on the 15th; and general Ziethen, who commanded the corps at Charleroi, retired slowly and in good order upon Fleurus. Marshal Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombref with all possible activity, and occupied the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, in front of that position. The head-quarters of Buonaparte were at Charleroi on the 15th. But the French troops under Ney continued their march along the road to Brussels, and on the same evening his advanced guard attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands under the Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasnes, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called *Les Quatre Bras*. At this point the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, intersect each other.

The prince of Orange immediately reinforced the brigade of the prince of Weimar with that of general Perponcher; and early in the morning of the 16th recovered part of the ground which had been lost. Thus the communications leading from Nivelles and Brussels to Blucher's position were again cleared. In the mean time the whole army of the duke of Wellington was marching upon *Les Quatre Bras*. The fifth division, under Sir Thomas Picton, reached this point at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of the duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

The duke of Wellington was in personal communication with Blucher, at Bry, about five miles to the left of *Quatre Bras*, early on the 16th. At that time the enemy was not in strength in the immediate front of *Quatre Bras*; but they were in force

between Frasnes and Gosselies, and an attack upon that post was to be expected. The activity, the skilful combinations, and admirable concert of the allied commanders, are thus evident; but, in war, the value of a few hours is immense,—and this advantage he who originates offensive movements can almost always command. Accordingly, Buonaparté was collecting heavy masses in front of the Prussian position, and was prepared to assail it with a great superiority of force before the fourth corps of the Prussian army under general Bulow had joined, and before the duke of Wellington could by any possibility afford marshal Blucher the support which he was desirous to give him. Many of the duke's troops, his cavalry in particular, had a long distance to march, and had not arrived; while such as were up, had to maintain their position at Quatre Bras, where the duke was present, against the violent attack of a large force assembled at Frasnes under marshal Ney. The enemy advanced to the attack, about three o'clock, with two heavy columns of infantry, a large body of horse, and a numerous and powerful artillery. The scene of action, at Quatre Bras, was among little dales and dips of ground and gentle slopes, covered with wheat and rye, which grows very tall.—It was a fine summer afternoon and a fine evening! At the commencement of this contest, there were not more than 19,000 of the allies in the field, and of these only 4500 British infantry. These last, and the troops of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and fought nobly. The enemy repeatedly charged the British infantry with strong and weighty bodies of cavalry, but was repulsed with the most steady valor. The duke of Brunswick fell gallantly fighting at the head of his own troops. The conduct of the enemy was daring and resolute, and they at first obtained some success over the foreign cavalry; and their own coming fast upon the infantry before they had time to form squares, a part was forced to retire into an adjoining wood; but the French were repulsed.

Soon after this period, the third division, under general Alten, arrived, and were scarce posted before they were fiercely attacked. The 69th regiment being in square, was, by some mistake, ordered to deploy just as the French horse were coming on. Their approach, owing to the position of the ground and the tall rye, was not discerned till the dragoons were upon them, and they lost one color and many killed and wounded; but the enemy was driven off without making any prisoners, and, soon afterwards, from all those advanced points upon the left which he had before gained. Being repulsed on the left, Ney advanced from the wood of Bossu against the right of the position of Quatre Bras; but, at this moment, the guards under general

Cooke came up, and joined battle just as the Belgians were giving way; and this attack was also repelled. Under the direction of the duke, general Maitland led his brigade into the wood in the finest and most ardent manner, and the enemy was driven back upon Frasnes in confusion. The fighting on both sides had been desperate, and the loss was severe.

The 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians, were mentioned in the dispatch, as very highly distinguished by their conduct on this day. The enemy were very superior in artillery, and had a most powerful cavalry; and it was only by great exertions that the duke was enabled to maintain, as he resolutely did, this important position. Had the French driven the British from Quatre Bras, the Prussian right would have been turned, and the armies of the duke and of Blucher separated; but, in this memorable campaign, the line of concerted operations was early occupied by the allied commanders, and maintained throughout.

Nevertheless, the attack upon Blucher was so weighty and fierce, and made with a force so superior, that, after a most bloody and obstinate battle, in which the Prussians behaved nobly, their centre was forced, the village of Ligny was taken, and a considerable body of French cavalry, with a strong corps of infantry, had penetrated to the very heart of the Prussian position. Here Blucher, in person, at the head of his cavalry, made a most heroic effort to re-establish the battle, but it failed, and the French remained masters of Ligny. As the fourth corps, under Bulow, was not up, and as he had been much weakened by heavy losses, Blucher retired from Sombref in the course of the night, and determined to concentrate his army upon Wavre; the enemy had suffered severely, and did not pursue him. In fact, the retreat was not known to Buonaparte, for it was dark when the battle ceased. He was still ignorant of the route which they had taken at twelve o'clock on the 17th, and then ordered Grouchy to pursue them with 32,000 men. That general could not get his corps in motion before three in the afternoon, only reached Gembloux that night, and did not arrive before Wavre till noon on the 18th, where he found and attacked the Prussian corps of general Thielman. The loss of the Prussians at Ligny amounted to 14,000 men and 15 pieces of artillery.

The retreat of the Prussians and the direction of it were not known to the duke of Wellington until seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th. Marshal Blucher had sent an aid-de-camp to him with that information, but he was unfortunately killed. These things were ascertained by a patrol, which the duke sent out to Sombref at daylight; and which, advancing beyond that place, and finding all quiet, discovered how little of the

Prussian position had ever been carried by the French. They had fallen back most leisurely, and their rear-guard had not evacuated Bry till three o'clock in the morning. The duke of Wellington had, by this time, collected his own army at Quatre Bras, and was prepared to have maintained that position; but this movement of the Prussians made a corresponding one necessary on his part.

He accordingly retired by Genappe upon Waterloo, about ten o'clock in the morning of the 17th. This march was executed in so leisurely a manner, and in such firm order, that the enemy did not attempt to molest it; but he followed the rear cavalry, under lord Uxbridge, with a large body of horse. As the advanced squadrons of the French debouched from the bridge and village of Genappe, an affair of cavalry occurred, in which a corps of French imperial lancers, having repelled an attack of the 7th hussars, was vigorously checked and severely handled by the first regiment of life-guards, with which corps lord Uxbridge executed a very decisive charge. It was late when the troops reached their ground. The weather was stormy, with heavy rain, thunder, lightning, and violent gusts of wind. The bivouac was dreary. The men lay upon the wet earth or amid the dripping corn, and longed impatiently for day. It came at last, and broke heavily through clouds. The rain ceased, but there was no sun: no "sun of Austerlitz" for Napoleon to allude to. However, the calm sunshine of good hope, of a good cause, and of high resolve, made it light in the breast of Wellington. The troops were already in position, and had taken up the ground they were to maintain. The whole French army, with the exception of the force under Grouchy, had followed them, and was now in front, and Buonaparte was commanding it in person.

The position of the allied troops, under the duke, was about half a league in advance of Waterloo and of the forest of Soignics. The right was thrown back to a long ravine near Merke Braine, a small hamlet, separated by an extended plateau from Braine la Leud. This village was also occupied, and a communication thus maintained with a cross road which leads to Brussels by Braine le Château. Upon this were stationed two brigades in observation, the one British, the other Belgian.

The left of the allies extended to a height above the hamlet of Ter la Haye, and was protected by a ravine which descends on that side towards Ohain, through which place lay the line of communication with the Prussians at Wavre. From thence Blucher had promised to support the duke with as many troops as might be necessary, if he should be attacked.

In rear of the British centre was the farm of Mont St. Jean, and farther behind, the village of that name. In rear of the

French centre was the farm of La Belle Alliance. The centre of the allied position crossed the two roads which, from Nivelles and from Charleroi, conduct to Brussels. These roads unite at the village of Mont St. Jean, and thence pursue the same chaussée to that capital.

Upon the left of the Nivelles road, in front of the right centre, was a Flemish mansion, with a walled garden, having a small wood and a paddock attached to it. This post being at the angle, from which the right wing stretched "en potence" to Merke Braine, covered the return of that flank, and was the great key of the position.

Upon the right of the Charleroi road, immediately in front of the left centre, was a farm-house and yard, which covered the approach to that part of the line.

The division of guards, under general Cooke, occupied the mansion of Hougoumont, in front of the right centre, with a detachment of three companies, and was drawn up on the rising ground behind and above that post, leaning with its right on the road of Nivelles. The division of general Alten stood with its left flank upon the road of Charleroi, and held the farm of La Haye Sainte, in front of the left centre, with a strong detachment of one of the light battalions of the German legion. With this division were the Nassau regiments, some in the front line, and one of light infantry detached in the wood of Hougoumont. The Brunswick troops were disposed, a part in the first line, and the main force in reserve with the division of guards under general Cooke. The whole corps was commanded by the prince of Orange.

The right wing was composed of the British divisions of generals Clinton and Colville; of two of Hanoverians; and one of the Netherlanders, under general Chaussé. This force occupied the right front en potence, and was commanded by lord Hill.

The left wing consisted of the division of general Picton, some Hanoverian troops and Netherlanders, and one British brigade under general Lambert. This wing extended from the Charleroi road along a hedge and lane upon the rising ground which terminates above Ter la Haye. That hamlet, as also Smohain and the farm of Papillotte, which lay on the extreme left, a little advanced in the direction of the wood of Fritschermont, were occupied by Nassau troops, under the prince of Weimar.

The whole of the allied cavalry was disposed in reserve, or second line, under lord Uxbridge.

The army of the duke of Wellington mustered about 74,000 men; but of these 5000 were in observation on the cross road near Braine le Château, and not in the line. The force of Napoleon then in presence counted upwards of 76,000 combatants.

The array on both sides was magnificent. The infantry of the allies was formed upon the first line, in close columns of battalions. The different batteries of field artillery were distributed between the intervals, or disposed along the front, according to the nature of the ground. The cavalry was drawn up in columns of regiments, by half squadrons, at quarter distance, upon the second line; and they were so skilfully disposed upon the reverse slope of the position, that their distribution was concealed from the enemy.

At the distance of about a mile in front of the allied position, and nearly parallel with it, the French occupied a range of eminences rather less elevated, and more undulating. Their right was in advance of Planchenois, and their line crossed the Charleroi road at the farm of La Belle Alliance, rested its left on the Genappe road, and occupied Mont Plaisir beyond with a detachment. But on neither side did the ground anywhere present a strong profile: it was commanding, but open; good for defensive fire, and the declivities in front so gentle as to be easily ascended by all arms. In truth, it was a noble field: behind the allied position stood the dark forest of Soignies, while beyond that of the French the ground rose considerably, and was skirted by thick woods. Here, in the grand arena of this solemn amphitheatre, upon slopes of waving corn, in the garden of the retired gentleman, and in the yard of the quiet husbandman, was to be fought the great battle of Europe against the great enemy of the happiness and the peace of nations.

Soon after ten o'clock, a great stir was observed in the French lines. From one particular point, where there was a heavy column of infantry under arms, mounted officers were observed galloping in various directions as with orders, and others were seen riding up to it with reports. This it was soon ascertained was the post of Napoleon, and that column was his famous guard. It was a fine plateau, on the side of the *chaussée*, near the solitary farm of Rossome.

The principal post of the duke of Wellington at this moment, and throughout the battle indeed, was near a remarkable tree in the centre of his position. For there were some weak points in his centre, the defence of which it was necessary to watch and provide for with all vigilance, and with a close superintendence in person.

The enemy's masses now rapidly formed in columns of attack. About half an hour before noon a considerable corps made a furious attack upon Hougoumont. They came on, preceded by a cloud of *voltigeurs*, with loud shouts and hot impetuosity. The Nassau soldiers were unable to defend the wood against this violent attack. The intrepid assailants fought their way into the

grounds, surrounded the house on three sides, and made desperate efforts to force it: but it was resolutely defended by the guards, who, from the loopholed walls of the building, and the garden, poured so steady, rapid, and destructive a fire upon the enemy, that all the space about was covered with their killed and wounded, and they were compelled to desist from their brave attempt. Meantime, the duke of Wellington sent fresh troops to recover the wood and garden: and, after a severe combat, and at a great cost of lives, the Coldstream and third Guards drove out the enemy, and re-established that post. The point was yet again and repeatedly assailed by fresh attacks. Nothing could be more stubborn than the defence of this château; the gate of the yard was at one time half forced in, but the French were bayoneted back again, and afterwards the roof and the upper walls were set on fire by shells from the French batteries; still, amid the flames, the building itself was heroically defended. The whole of one brigade of guards was employed in relief at Hougoumont in the course of the battle.

Simultaneously with the attack of Hougoumont, the whole of the enemy's artillery had opened upon the line of the allies, and a skirmish of light troops commenced on the extreme left at Papillotte. Of this farm, of Smohain, and of the hamlet of Ter la Haye, they soon got possession. This terrible cannonade was principally directed against the right and centre of the allies, and it was well replied to by the British guns. The advanced batteries of the centre, in particular, made fast and fatal practice with case-shot upon the columns which fed the attack of Hougoumont. Napoleon, seeing that the assault of Hougoumont had quite failed, continued his tremendous artillery fire, and, under cover of it, he directed a weighty and formidable attack upon the left centre, with infantry and cavalry in such numbers, that it required all the readiness and skill of the duke so to post his troops, that they might meet it with the best advantage; and demanded on their part discipline the most firm, and bravery undaunted.

A strong column of the enemy, in two divisions, covered by the fire of eighty pieces of artillery, now advanced, and, ascending at that part where a Belgian brigade was posted along a hedge, penetrated at that point, drove back the Belgian soldiers, and pushed to the crest of the position. But they were not suffered to establish themselves. General Kempt advanced rapidly upon this massive column with three weak British regiments in line, poured in his fire, and heroically charged it. This brigade had lost 800 men at Quatre Bras, and it performed this valiant action without support, and sustaining a heavy loss. At the same time the brigade of general Pack from the extreme left of the position

advanced upon the right division of this column with fire and with the bayonet. Appalled at finding themselves thus boldly met, these strong bodies of the enemy, after delivering their fire, turned and fled down the declivity. It was in this combat that the zealous and gallant Picton was slain: a musket-ball struck his right temple, and passed through his brain, and he fell dead.

At the moment of this repulse, general Ponsonby, with his brigade of heavy dragoons, made so vigorous a charge, that they took two eagles, and made two or three thousand prisoners.

A strong column of French cavalry led by cuirassiers now rushed forward to cover their routed and flying infantry on one flank, while some lancers charged upon the other. The dragoons of Ponsonby's brigade being far on, for they had charged up to the very guns which had covered the infantry, and sabred the cannoneers, were thus immediately engaged in a fierce and unequal *mêlée*; but they fought with such spirit and ardor, that it was before they retired the Royals took one of the eagles in the conflict.

In this affair the brave general Ponsonby was come upon at a disadvantage by a party of Polish lancers, as he was crossing some stiff ground, where his horse stuck, with nobody but his *aid-de-camp*, and they, never giving quarter, immediately took his life.

Notwithstanding the repulse which the enemy's right corps had received, he persisted in a most obstinate attack of the farm of La Haye Sainte, and supported his infantry columns with a division of cuirassiers. Against these last the earl of Uxbridge led on lord E. Somerset's noble brigade of life-guards. The cuirassiers met them sword to sword: the *mêlée* was most bloody; but the weighty cut and strong point of the English troopers carried all before them; and the cuirassiers, in spite of their defensive armor, were fairly beaten in those contests.

The enemy's infantry, however, did at last carry the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, for the Germans had expended all their ammunition, had nothing but their bayonets left, and were therefore overpowered; and the enemy getting in gave them no quarter. He was now enabled to assemble the masses of his cavalry close under the allied position, and more sheltered from their guns.

From this period of the battle to the close, Napoleon exhausted all his means of destruction in attacks, frequently and fiercely repeated, by horse and foot, and supported them by the fire of all his batteries. More than 200 guns roared and thundered upon the allied position. The fire was so deadly, that the duke of Wellington directed his columns to retire beyond the exposed

ridge, and lie upon the ground, till, upon the close advance of the enemy's masses of cavalry, they got the caution to stand up in squares, advance, and receive the charge. Repeatedly did the enemy's cavalry dash up on the very centre of the position, with vain intrepidity and useless devotion. By the steady volleys of the British squares, the flower of the French cavalry was destroyed. Nothing could shake the steadiness of these squares, nothing could daunt the valor of their assailants. In vain the French horse sent skirmishers to fire their carbines and pistols at this infantry; in vain did gallant men ride close up, and round the squares, tempting them to throw away their fire. They heeded nothing but the actual charge, and waiting for the word till the squadrons were close up, always repulsed them by their musketry. More than once the French cavalry had possession of the British guns on the brow of the position. They were never withdrawn. The horses only were taken to the rear; and the gunners, having fired them to the latest moment, took refuge in the squares, and were out again and pursuing the enemy with case-shot or bullets, as soon as ever they had been repulsed. Never on any field was an artillery more admirably served throughout the day than the British. Numbering little more than half the guns embattled by Napoleon, they answered that heavy fire with a force and rapidity, and a terrible execution, that the havoc in the French columns most truly declared. The incessant roar of cannon on both sides for so many hours gave to this battle a stern and awful peculiarity, and suited well with the deadly severity of all those combats where the hostile soldiers came in contact.

The farm of La Haye Sainte had been taken, about three o'clock, and it was after this period that the enemy made those repeated attacks on the British position between the two roads. While the contest was still continued at the château of Hougoumont, the battle raged upon the plateau above and behind that post, where the guards under general Maitland sustained repeated charges of cavalry, were exposed to a heavy cannonade, and, pushing forward their squares as the French horse drew off, were engaged with the columns of infantry that supported these attacks. All along that plateau to the Charleroi road, the ground was stubbornly contested in the same manner; the infantry now retiring a short distance, and lying down to avoid the terrible fire of the artillery,—now springing up and advancing in échelons of squares to repulse the cavalry, and occasionally pushing so far down the slope as to engage the infantry. The cavalry, who had executed brilliant charges during the earlier part of the day, were, during these combats, kept for the most part in reserve; but, as opportunity offered, they charged all such of the

enemy's horse as forced through the intervals of the squares; and the earl of Uxbridge, who led almost every attack of the British cavalry, kept an eager look-out. In the midst of this terrible conflict, the duke of Wellington, from his principal post near the tree, commanded every movement, formation, and advance of the enemy, piercing through the smoke of battle with an eagle's eye. From hence he flew wherever a difficulty demanded him. When the enemy concentrated their artillery in front of La Belle Alliance, and poured so terrible a fire upon our centre, he disposed the squares behind the ridge in shelter, and he, exposing himself to that hot storm, was the first to warn them as the attacking bodies advanced.

When the cavalry of the enemy took some guns on the brow of our position, he, advancing with a brigade of English and Brunswickers, instantly drove them off, and compelled them to abandon their capture.

As yet, however, the battle was undecided and doubtful; not a point of the position, indeed, had been lost,—not a square broken. The enemy had been constantly repulsed, and had suffered great losses: but the loss on our part had been horrid,—the ranks were thinned,—for superior numbers and superior artillery had been brought to bear upon the British for many hours. Hitherto the Prussians had not appeared, and it was five in the evening. Accounts had been received, indeed, that the corps of Bulow had arrived at St. Lambert, and that Blucher was moving up from Wavre with another; but their march had been delayed by the state of the roads and by the number of their guns, therefore the only diversion they had caused as yet, was by a few weak patrols of horse, which had appeared in the wood of Fritschermont on the right of the French army, and occupied the attention of a brigade of light cavalry detached to observe them. However, a little after five, the fire of Prussian artillery in that quarter was discerned from the British position; but it soon appeared to retire and cease. It seems that Bulow, who had only two brigades and a corps of cavalry up, had advanced at that time, but was compelled to retire again; and that a corps of French, under count Lobau, had been directed upon the rear of the French right to hold Bulow in check.

Between five and six, as a renewal of the attack on the weak part of the position near La Haye Sainte appeared certain, two brigades were brought forward from lord Hill's corps to the centre front. There was on both sides an anxious pause. The artillery still thundered; but the last struggle,—the crisis of the battle, was to come.

When, at three o'clock, Napoleon had carried the small post of La Haye Sainte, and had placed a mass of troops well under

the English position, he considered a victory certain, and sent a courier to Paris to announce his success. But when he now found that in five hours' fighting he had not made the slightest impression on the main position, and that Hougomont, the key of it, was not carried;—that he had prodigally expended a noble cavalry, and had lost 15,000 fine soldiers of all arms;—that the Prussians were hurrying to the scene of action, and some were actually already engaging on his flank; the serenity which he had hitherto preserved forsook him. A fine and orderly retreat was no longer possible. Neither did it belong to the desperate state of things at that moment to entertain such an idea. One last hope remained to him. The guard had as yet made no attack. This noble reserve (of which it used to be his pride in the days of his victorious wars in Germany, when he announced his successes, to say, "*La Garde n'a pas donné*") he now led forward in person to the foot of the allied position. He here rode a few paces aside under a sheltering swell of ground; and the resolute and stern column passed on, turning their eyes upon him (for the last time) with something of severity and regret. This was about seven o'clock. They advanced in two columns, leaving four battalions of the old guard in reserve: they were led by Ney. The advance of these intrepid veterans was supported by a heavy cannonade; and at the same time some light troops were pushed on against La Haye upon their right. General Maitland's brigade of guards, and general Adam's brigade from the right corps, were immediately moved forward over the brow of the position to meet this attack by the duke in person. By his express order they were formed four deep, and their line was flanked by artillery. Steady and cool they stood; and the imperial guard ascended the slope, under the destructive fire of the guns, in gallant order, with supported arms. The fire of the British infantry now opened with great effect; and was sustained fast, and without the intermission of one second. Within about fifty yards of the English line the guard paused, and attempted to deploy; but under such a fire it was not possible. Beyond that point they never planted one footstep. The extremities of the line opposed to them were enveloping their flanks; they got mixed together in a crowded mass; their formation was broken; and giving way, they hurried down the face of the position in utter confusion. During this last effort, at a point very near, a body of Brunswickers was driven back by a column of the enemy from the ground where they were posted. The duke was instantly at their head; rallied them, and restored the combat.

However, by the defeat of the imperial guard in their attack on the British, the battle was already decided; and the duke of Wellington, now seeing the Prussians well up and engaged on

the enemy's right, and their columns sweeping down into the plain from the forest upon the British left, ordered a general advance of the whole line.

He led and directed this movement in person, with his hat off, at the head of the British guards. The four battalions of the old guard in reserve had formed squares, flanked by guns and supported by some lancers of the guard and attempted a regular retreat; but already the whole army was in confusion. "*Sauve qui peut*" was on all sides the cry; entire columns broke, threw down their arms, and ran for their lives; and as our line advanced, this old guard, the only body still preserving a formation, gave way, and the rout, confusion, and terror were complete. Disordered, broke, and trampled down, they fled or fell before their pursuers, who, with the wild hurrah of conquest, were hurrying at their heels.

The British army having crowned the position which the enemy had occupied all day, halted upon the field of battle. The Prussians, being fresh, pursued the French all night, with such vigor that they never rallied a single battalion. As soon as ever Buonaparte saw the repulse of the last attack which he had directed, he rode off the field, and consulted his safety by flight. It was already the last faint light of evening, and clouds of smoke were obscuring all objects when he fled.

Hère the sun of that false glory, by the brightness of whose meridian rays he had dazzled the nations of Europe, set suddenly and for ever in darkness and blood.

The duke of Wellington and Blucher met at the farm of La Belle Alliance soon after nightfall; and the Prussian veteran embraced him with most hearty congratulations, which were warmly returned. Blucher had rendered great service, and his movements, though retarded by circumstances he could not control, were made with masterly decision. Disregarding Grouchy on his rear, he had pressed on with skilful judgment and hearty good-will to the field of Waterloo. It was now late, and as Blucher undertook to send his last horse and last man in pursuit, the duke of Wellington returned to his head-quarters at Waterloo. He passed back over the waste field of mud and gore where the dead lay in their mournful honor by the light of the moon. Of the British and German Legion alone more than 11,000 men and 700 officers had fallen killed or wounded. Most of the duke's personal staff had been struck down. Lord Fitzroy Somerset was severely wounded; the honorable Sir Alexander Gordon was killed; Picton, so valued in Spain, was dead; Ponsonby, after doing great things, had fallen cruelly; the duke of Brunswick slain (at Quatre Bras); the prince of Orange and the earl of Uxbridge had been wounded, the latter severely. The corps of

lord Hill was not generally engaged, but he had rendered good service in person with such of his people as were brought into action, and was vigilant for opportunity. After Picton's death, general Kempt commanded on the left for hours with great firmness and skill.

The loss of the enemy cannot be known: it was enormous, and they abandoned all their artillery; in fact, the whole field was desolate as a shore after a hurricane covered with many wrecks. With this triumph we close the military memoir of the honored and illustrious duke of Wellington.

The consequences of the victory may be soon told. In one day the strong army of the warlike and ambitious Buonaparte was overthrown, and utterly destroyed; and his power, always employed upon the work of blood and conquest, was laid prostrate for ever. Peace, the true end of all rightful wars, was restored to England and to all Europe. The allies again marched to Paris; Buonaparte, after attempting a delusive and conditional abdication in favor of his son, fled; and finding escape to America impossible, surrendered himself to the English. Thus Louis once more ascended the throne of his ancestors.

Upon the night of the memorable battle, of which these were the early fruits, the words and emotions of the conqueror will long be remembered by those who sate with him at supper, after the anxious and awful day had closed. The fountain of a great heart lies deep, and the self-government of a calm mind permits no tears. But this night, Wellington repeatedly leaned back upon his chair, and rubbing his hands convulsively, exclaimed aloud, "Thank God, I have met him." "Thank God, I have met him." And, ever as he spoke, the smile that lighted up his eye was immediately dimmed by those few and big tears that gush warm from a grateful heart.

Those many and deep anxieties, to which all his late heavy responsibility of necessity gave birth: his noble desire as a patriot to defeat the most powerful and most implacable enemy of his native country; his rational doubts of success against a general of experience so great, genius so acknowledged (and by none so truly estimated as by himself), and fortune so singular; all that cannot be known to any one of the fears and hopes which had been pent up in his own bosom;—*all these* were now resolved, and dissipated by a result sudden, full, and glorious beyond any expectation he could possibly have formed, or any hope he could have admitted. The foe of England and of liberty was again a fugitive, his power prostrate, his brave and devoted legions destroyed. England, which he had served so faithfully, and loved so well, was placed upon the very pinnacle of glory; and her valiant army, which he had disciplined to conquest on

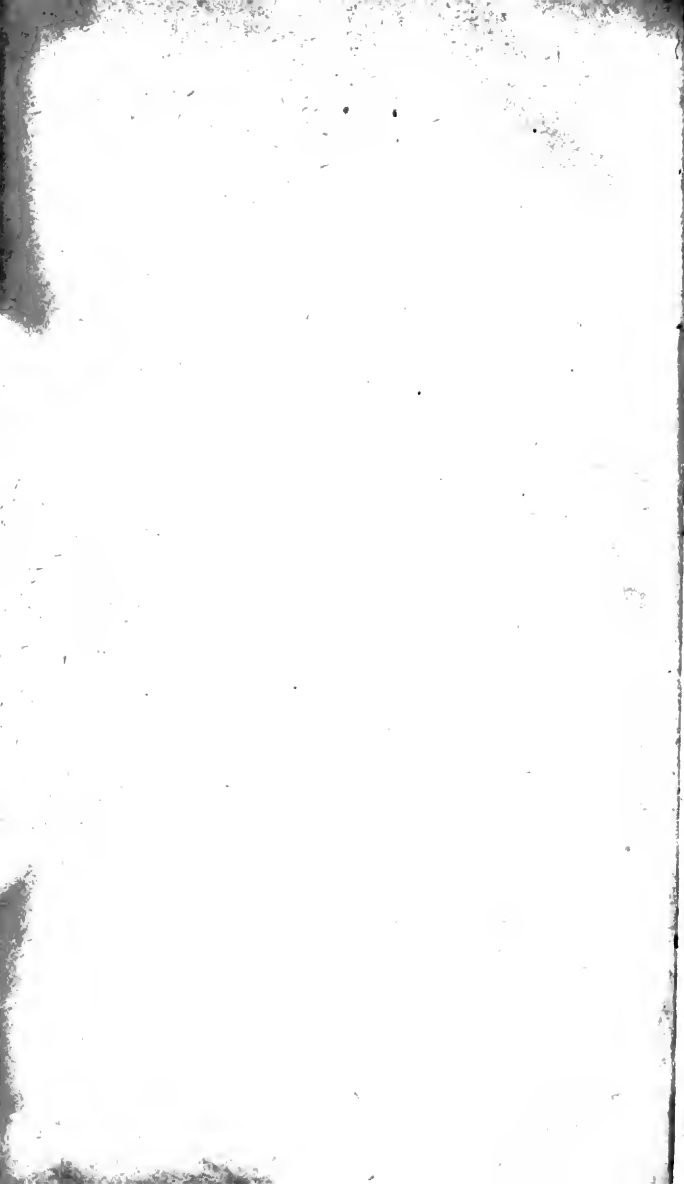
the battle-fields of Spain, and which upon this day he had commanded with a moral firmness never surpassed, was the honored instrument of her elevation. Long acknowledged as queen of the sea, she now stood foremost in military fame. This work under the blessing of God was his: he could look around and say, "It is my work."

The hidden fire of his heart had long been a prayer, and the tears which he now shed were—A THANKSGIVING. We do not mean such prayer or such thanksgiving as would have flowed from the informed conscience and the impressed affections of Gustavus Adolphus; but, we do mean, a secret and silent trust in Providence, and a sincere though brief recognition of its aid. Gustavus, looking above this world, died early, and was ripe for death. The life of the duke of Wellington has been long preserved, and has been passed upon the exposed summit of human honors. May God long be his "shield," and so teach him, that, in that land, where the ducal crown and the conqueror's laurels cannot enter, he may find, and enjoy, the true and "EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD!"

THE END.









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