

wounded. The number of those who dropped behind from disease, or fatigue, or were taken by the enemy, has not been stated, although it must have been great.

After this masterly retreat, before a superior army, which found itself unable to make any impression beyond the rear-guard, the Commander-in-Chief allowed his army that rest now rendered so necessary by a constant succession of marches, counter-marches, battles, and sieges, from January to November, and accordingly placed them in winter quarters on the frontiers of Portugal. The enemy followed the example, apparently "unable to advance, unwilling to retire, and renouncing the hope of victory." This opinion, expressed at the time, was proved by subsequent events to be just, for, after the campaign of 1812, every movement of the enemy was retrograde, every battle a defeat.\*

\* While the 42d regiment lay in winter quarters, a melancholy instance occurred of the force of unbridled passion. Lieutenant Dickenson was quartered in the small village of Villatora, a short distance from the regiment. He had sent a corporal of the name of Macmoran, one of the recruits from the Irish militia, on some duty in the neighbourhood. The man returned before evening parade, but did not attend, imagining, that as he had been on another duty, he was not called upon to be present. The officer sent for him, and, after a sharp reprimand, ordered him to get his arms and accoutrements. He accordingly went for his arms, and returned to the officer, who stood waiting for him. When the corporal reached within two yards of the lieutenant, he presented his piece, and shot him through the heart. He had loaded his musket for the purpose, and fixed his bayonet, in case, as he said afterwards, that, if he missed his aim, he might run Mr Dickenson through with his bayonet. They had no previous difference, nor had the corporal the least apparent cause, except the affront of being ordered to parade by himself. He was tried and executed.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.