

keep their level low, did so with the halit of to show coolness. We then got to our ground, close to a village, where the fire from the houses was terrible, the howitzers from the hills pelting us also. My sword-belt was shot off, scabbard and all; but not being hit, I pushed rapidly into the effect, exactly at the spot where, soon after, I was taken prisoner. Many Frenchmen lay there apparently dead, but the soldiers cried out "Bayonet them!"—they are pretending!—The idea was to me terrible, and made me call out, "No! no! leave those cowards; there are plenty who bear arms to kill; come on. At this place stood the church, and towards the enemy a rocky mound, behind which, and on it, were the grenadiers. A lane went up straight towards the enemy; I ran forward, calling out to follow. About thirty privates and three officers did so, but the fire was then terrible, and many shells burst among us. Half way up the lane I felt, without knowing why, but was much hurt, though at the moment unconscious of it. A soldier cried out, "The Major is killed!" "Not yet, come on." We reached the end of this murderous lane, but a dozen of those who entered it with me fell ere we got through it. However, some shelter was found beyond the lane, for Brooks of the 4th had occupied the spot with his picquet the day before, and had made a breastwork, and then it appeared to me that by a rush forward we could carry the battery above. Three or four men were killed at my side, for the breastwork was but a slender protection, and two were killed by the fire of our own men from the village behind. The poor fellows kept crying out as they died, "Oh! Major, our own men are killing us!" "Oh! I'm shot in the back of the head!" Remembering, then, that my father had told me he saved a man's life at the siege of Charleston by pulling a ball out with his finger before inflammation swelled the parts, I thought to do the same, but could not find it, and feared to do harm by putting my finger far in. It made me feel sick, and the poor fellow, having laid down, continued crying out that our men had killed him, and there he soon died. This misery shook us all a good deal, and made me so wild as to cry and stamp with rage, feeling a sort of despair at seeing the soldiers did not come on. I sent Turner, Harrison, and Patterson, the three officers with me, to bring them on; and they found Stanhope animating the men, but not knowing what to do, and calling out, "Good God! where is Napier?" When Turner told him I was in front and raging for them to come on for an attack on the battery, he gave a shout and called on the men to follow him, but ere taking a dozen strides, cried out, "Oh, my God!" and fell dead, shot through the heart. Turner, and a sergeant who had been also sent back, then returned to me, saying they could not get a man to follow them up the lane.—Hearing this, I got on the wall, waving my sword and my hat, and calling out to the men behind among the rocks; but the fire was so loud none heard, though the lane was scarcely a hundred yards long. No fire was drawn upon me by this, for a French captain afterwards told me he, and others, prevented their men firing at me; he did not know, nor was he told by me, who it was, but he said, "Instead of firing at him I longed to run forward and embrace that officer." My own companions called out to jump down or I should be killed: I thought so too, but was so mad as to care little what happened to me. However, it was useless to stay there, and jumping down I said to Harrison, "Stay here as long as you can, I will go to the left and try to make out how the 42nd get on." No one was to be seen near our left from my standing-place near the wall; but there was some brushwood, and a ridge with a hedge on the top, which debarred further sight, and the thought came to me that, instead of being foremost, we might be in line with some of the 42nd, and if fifty men of the 42nd and 53th could be gathered we might still the charge the battery above us. Telling this to Captain Harrison, I went off along a lane running at right-angles from the one we were in, and parallel to our position; this exposed me to the English, not to the French fire, but being armed only with a short sabre, useless against a musket and bayonet, and being quite alone, short-sighted, and without spectacles, I felt very cowardly and anxious. Pur-

suing my course for about a hundred yards, I came to a French soldier lying on his back, wounded, and being myself covered with blood, and my face smeared, I thought he knew me, and had fallen in my arms, my belt was about my neck, and though I lay down beside him, he thought it was to kill him; his feet were towards me, and as he raised his head to look out to some comrades above him, pointing with a quick convulsive motion towards me, I saw whom he addressed: could not be seen from the ridge was about six feet high, in any perpendicular, with the thick hedge on top, but my danger was soon announced through the roots of the hedge by a blaze of fire poured so close as to fill the lane with smoke. All went over my head, being evidently fired without seeing me, or my body must have been blown to pieces.—Giving myself up for lost, the temptation to turn back was great, but the thought that our own line might see me made me walk leisurely, in more danger indeed, yet less alarmed, than when going forward without knowing what would happen. The whole excursion along the lane was the most nervous affair I ever experienced in battle: nor was my alarm lessened on getting back, for Harrison and the others were gone!—They could not stand the fire. I felt very miserable then, thinking the 50th had behaved so, that my not getting the battery had been a cause of the battle being lost, and that Moore would attribute all to me. The English smoke had gone back, and my only comfort was that the French smoke had not gone forward. The battle seemed nearly over. I thought myself the last man alive belonging to our side who had got so far in front, and felt certain of death, and that my general would think I had hidden myself, and would not believe me to have done my best. Lord William Bentinck afterwards told me that he had ordered my regiment back, in direct contravention of Moore's orders, who had, he admitted, told him not to retreat me, but send men to my assistance!!! In this state of distraction, and still under a heavy fire, I turned down the lane to rejoin the regiment, and soon came on a wounded man, who shrieked out, "O praised be God, Major! my dear Major!—God help you, my darling, one of your own men!" "I cannot carry you," was my reply: "can you walk with my help?" "Oh no, Major, I am too badly wounded." "You must be there till help can be found." "Oh, my general, my own dear Major, sure you won't leave me! The agony with which he screamed was great, it roused all my feelings, and, strange to say, alarmed me about my own danger, which had been forgot in my misery at finding Harrison was gone from the corner, and thinking the battle lost. Stooping down I raised the poor fellow, but a musket ball just then broke the small bone of my leg some inches above the ankle. Feeling the man of my wound, my course was rescued, his pitiable cries were then terrible, and his battery as reproaches for my want of fortitude and courage. I felt it horrible to leave him, but selfishness and pain got the better, and I with the help of my sword, limping and with much suffering, I arrived at a spot where two other lanes met at the corner of a church: there were three privates of the 50th, and one of the 42nd, an Irishman, more, who said we were cut off, and indeed Frenchmen were then coming up both lanes. They were not thirty yards from us, and, forgetting my leg then, though I had not pluck to do so for the poor wounded man left behind, I said to the four soldiers, "Follow me and we'll cut through them; then with a shout I rushed forward. The Frenchmen had halted, but now ran on to us, and just as I was springing at them it was made, the wounded leg gave I and I felt a stab in the back: it gave me no pain, but felt cold and threw me on my face. Turning to rise, I saw the man who had stabbed me making a second thrust, whereupon letting go my sabre I caught his bayonet by the socket, turned the thrust, and raising myself by the exertion grasped his trelock with both hands, thus in mortal struggle regaining my feet. His companions had now come up and I heard the dying cries of the four men with me, who were all bayoneted instantly. We had been attacked from behind by men not before seen, as we stood with our backs to a doorway, out of which must have rushed several men, for we were all stabbed

and lay on the ground, with our backs to the wall, and our hands raised, as if we were begging for mercy. Just as my sabre was in the man who had wounded me, was taken. That was a contest for life, but being so stricken, I stood him between his bayonet and his sword, who appeared to be a Frenchman, and as I saved when they prepared to die on our advance through the doorway. Very struck me with their muskets, and burst I me with, whereupon, seeing no help near, and being overpowered by numbers, and in great pain from my wounded leg, I called out, "Je me rends!" Finding they had no disposition to spare me, I kept hold of the musket, vigorously defending myself with the body of the little Italian who had first wounded me, but soon grew faint, or rather tired. At that moment a tall dark man came up, seized the end of the musket with his left hand, whirled his brass-shod sabre round, and struck me a powerful blow on the head, which was bare for my cocked hat had fallen off. Expecting the blow would push me, I had stooped my head in hopes it might fall on my back, or at least on the thickest part of the head, and not on the left temple, so far I succeeded, for it fell exactly on the top, cutting into the bone, but not thro' it. Fire sparkled from my eyes. I felt on my knees, bowed, yet without quite losing my senses and holding still on the musket. Recovering in a moment, I regained my legs, and saw a bold handsome young French drummer holding the arm of the dark Italian, who was in the act of repeating the blow. Quarter was then given, but they tore my pantaloons in tearing my watch and purse from my pocket, and a basket of hair which hung round my neck; they snatched at everything, but while this went on two of them were wounded, and the drummer, Gilbert, ordered the dark man who had sabred me to take me to the rear. Gilbert was walking off, and the Italian again drew his sword, which he had before sheathed. I called out to the drummer "This rascal is going to kill me! brave Frenchmen don't kill prisoners!" Gilbert ran back, swore furiously at the Italian, shoved him away, and putting his arms round my waist supported me limping. Thus this generous Frenchman saved me twice, for the Italian was bent upon slaying me. We had not proceeded far up the old lane when we met a soldier of the 50th walking down at a rapid pace; he instantly halted, recovered his arms and checked his pace, looking fiercely at us to make out what it was. My recollection is that he levelled at Gilbert and I threw up his musket, calling out, "For God's sake don't fire! I am a prisoner, I am wounded, and can't help you.—Surrender!" "For why should I surrender?" he cried aloud, with the deepest of all Irish brags: "because there are at least twenty men upon you." "Well if I must surrender, then," said hesitantly, dashing down his trelock across their legs and making them jump. Then coming close up he threw his arm round me, and giving Gilbert a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against the wall, shouted out, "Stand away, ye bloody spalpeens, I'll carry him myself, had luck to the whole of ye!" In this manner we proceeded about a hundred yards beyond the corner where Harrison and the rest had left me, and found a large force under General Renaud. He asked me my rank, and how I was taken. My reply was, "Taken because my regiment would not come on!" I was in great anger, and altogether ignorant of Lord William Bentinck having ordered them back. Had Moore's orders, for the 42d and 4th to support us, been obeyed by Lord William, we should have carried the hill in a few minutes. General Renaud ordered a surgeon to dress me, and he put a plaster on my head; but my leg was so swollen he could not get off my boot without it cutting, which I would not allow, hoping to escape, in which case the loss of a boot would be irreparable. They took me up the hill to where the Spanish flag was on the top had been exploded. On the summit of the position my bodily agony was so great, that Hennessey and the French captain, seeing some straw near a fire, laid me on it: then a French officer came and stood over me, a tall handsome man, he looked at me for some time and said, "War! war! war! My God! will this horrid work never cease? poor young man, I fear you