

dred men put *hors de combat* in the course of an hour; so, we were fully employed. A stray cannon-shot from a distant battery would drop among us occasionally, by way of a hint to inculcate expeditious surgery. After one of these unpleasant visitors had made its appearance, a young chirurgeon, of my acquaintance who is still living, became so nervous that although half through his amputation of a poor fellow's thigh, he dropped the knife, and I was obliged to finish. At my suggestion, he lay down on the grass, took a little brandy and soon recovered, and did good service the whole day. Spring waggons were in attendance, in which we placed our patients and sent them to Puebla, the nearest town, where Dr. M'Grigor, then at the head of the medical department of the army, had made the most judicious arrangements for their reception and comfort.

When we had attended to all the wounded of this Brigade that we could find, including a large proportion of officers—several of the latter hit mortally—a message came to the staff-surgeon from the heights on our left, for a long time the scene of a bloody struggle: that there were a large number of wounded, and that they required more medical aid. There the 50th, 71st and 92nd regiments had been sent early in the day, to assist Morillo and his Spaniards; but, strong reinforcements having joined the enemy on the hill, those gallant Corps were hardly pressed and suffered great loss. I was again detached and ordered up the hill on this urgent requisition.

I had been so entirely occupied, professionally, for three hours, that I was quite in the dark as to the state of the engagement; except that, latterly the sound of the firing appeared louder and closer than at the beginning. As I rode up to the higher ground, therefore, I endeavoured to see how matters stood, but I could make out no more than that some heavy firing both by artillery and musketry, was beginning on the French right; the relative situations of their force and ours, as far as I could observe, was the same as before. I was pleased to hear the firing on their right, as I knew it was occasioned by our left wing coming into play.

As I galloped up the hill, a round shot passed so near my head as to make me bob instinctively; though, as Napoleon is made to tell his guide at Waterloo, the bob might as probably be in the line of the ball as out of it. At any rate there is a precedent in point, in the case of the great Marshal Turenne, for bowing to "a gentleman of that family;" yet, that illustrious Commander seems to have gained little by his civility, for a cannon ball killed him at last. I certainly made the best bow the time would permit; and as the shot plunged into the ground about ten yards from me, I felt no particular sorrow at its death and burial.

The death of Colonel Cadogan of the 71st, was as glorious as that of Wolfe. After he received his mortal wound, he reclined with his back against a tree, his glazing eyes directed towards the enemy, and his last moments, like Wolfe's, cheered by the account of their defeat. After witnessing this fine scene with deep emotion, and working hard for two hours with the medical officers of the Brigade, I returned according to my orders to the dépôt of the wounded near Subijana, from whence I had set out. Every thing now appeared changed—the firing was far advanced towards Vittoria—the enemy had abandoned several points of his position and seemed to be in full retreat.

When our work was done and we had picked up every wounded man in the neighbourhood of Subijana, we mounted our horses, that had been regaling themselves all the time in the wheat, and pushed on for our own Division, now, with the whole army far in front. At this time the French were flying all across the country, having been cut off from the main road to France by Tolosa. We passed Vittoria a mile on our left, where the plunder of King Joseph's treasure and baggage was going on, and our Dragoons were getting drunk with his tokay. By swerving a little from the right here, literally as well as figuratively, I might have picked up something valuable; for a brother *medico* who did, met with a drunken Dragoon who had just rifled a carriage of two bags of money, and not being able to balance both and himself together on horseback, tossed him one, containing a thousand French crowns.

It was now sunset and the pursuit still continued. Most of the enemy's Artillery and baggage had fallen into our possession, but there was still one large convoy, escorted by some Cavalry, that appeared to have a fair prospect of escaping in the approaching darkness. A troop of Horse Artillery, commanded, I think, by Captain Bull, galloped up and unlimbered within range on a rising ground near the road, whilst we stopped to see the result. The convoy was at this time entering a small defile in the road, when the Captain pointed the first gun, exclaiming—"Now for the first carriage." He made a beautiful shot, for the ball killed the two mules in the leading carriage, and thus stopped the whole; and before the impediment could be removed, our Dragoons were up, and the whole convoy was captured.

I forgot to mention in its place that when ordered up the hill to assist the medical officers of the First Brigade, I met with my old friend Dudgeon, the tall officer of the 71st. He had a presentiment of being killed; and, having a good deal of money in his possession, he begged I would take charge of his purse, and have it forwarded to a relation in case of any thing fatal. I endeavoured to laugh him out of his gloomy forebodings, but it was in vain, and the purse was confided to me, which being a good large one, and full of gold, was no small annoyance during that busy day. I had great pleasure in restoring it to its worthy owner a short time afterwards.

The enemy descended to his own side of the mountain during the night, and in the morning the British troops stood proudly on their summits, looking down upon the fertile plains of Gascony.

The following allusion to the condition of the 65th Regiment, during the Indian Campaign in 1816, will be read with pleasure by the friends of the gallant corps, now stationed in our neighbourhood:—

And here, a slight allusion to the beautiful condition and efficiency of the 66th regiment on that occasion, and to its uniform good conduct, may not be unsuitable nor ungraceful, as a small tribute for eight and