

TALES OF THE WARS;

OR,

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 38.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1836.

[PRICE 1d.]

RETREAT FROM WATERLOO.



[CAPTURE OF BUONAPARTE'S CARRIAGE.]

It was thus that the French quitted their position, at the battle of Waterloo. The cannoneers abandoned their guns—the drivers of the train cut the traces of their horses—the infantry—the cavalry—soldiers of every kind, and of every rank, mingled and confounded, appeared only as one unorganized mass, which nothing could arrest, and which sought its safety along the road and across the fields. Stationed on the edge of the road, a crowd of carriages precipitately followed the impulse, and became at length so encumbered by the pressure, that they could no longer proceed. At that moment, a cry was heard of, "Save himself who can!" and this universal rout was the consequence of a spontaneous movement, of which the causes are unknown, unless it be attributed to the conscious-

VOL. I.

ness which the soldiery felt of the peril of their situation; for the French soldier is not like those of other countries, entirely passive; he observes, he reasons: and under no circumstances does he yield an obedience to his commander, so blind as not to submit their operations to his own judgment. No route, no point of rendezvous, had been given, and there was then no longer any means to make them known. The generals and the other officers lost in the crowd, and borne along with it, were separated from their troops. There was no longer any battalion behind which they could rally; and while nothing had been foreseen to secure an orderly retreat, in what manner was it possible to check so absolute a route?

The British cavalry came up with the rear of the French guard, who, in a

body, retreated slowly, and in some measure orderly, along the road. They obstinately, but uselessly, defended themselves. The Duke of Wellington, and even the British soldiers, would have spared the lives of these brave men, and gave them an opportunity of yielding as prisoners of war; but their answer was, "The guard never yields—it dies!" A dreadful butchery then took place, and continued till they abandoned their ranks, and sought for refuge in the common flight. The guard, that unshaken phalanx which, in the greatest catastrophes, had always been the rallying point of the army, and which had always served it for a rampart—the guard, at last, the terror of the enemy, had been overthrown, and fled with the multitude. Every one sought for safety at random; they struggled, they pressed, and endeavoured to outstrip each other; groups, more or less numerous, collected together, and passively followed those who took the lead. Fear exaggerated every peril; and night, which was not long in supervening, even although its obscurity was not great, contributed still more to heighten the confusion. But where was Napoleon? Reports about him were various in the flying army—that he had fallen—that he was taken. Lacoste, his guide, first gives evidence on the subject, and it is impossible to imagine more damning testimony against the emperor. He repeated, several times, in great agitation, "We must save ourselves! How terrible these grey horses are! We must save ourselves!" This was the man who had flung away the lives of millions, and wrung tears from every eye on the Continent of Europe; "who never had pity on any one, nor looked on what he trod." How did Frederick of Prussia act in circumstances quite as desperate?—Ever greatest in adversity; most formidable in despair, instead of crying "We must save ourselves," he galloped to a small but firm body of his guards, the only remnant of the field, and calmly asked them, "My friends, when do you mean to die?" "Now!" was the electric answer.—"Then follow me." Napoleon availed himself of the darkness and the crowd, and sneaked away. Napoleon's last resource should have been, if not a cast like that of Frederick, a death like Argentine's.

The British cavalry, who had followed up the success for a considerable way, became exhausted, and no longer able to continue the pursuit; but Blücher and the Duke of Wellington, at this critical juncture, happened to arrive, at the same moment, at a point near the farm of La Belle Alliance. They exchanged a hasty, but heartfelt embrace and mutual congratulation, and arranged, that the Prussians, who were comparatively fresh, should follow the French during the night. Blücher accordingly ordered that every man and horse in his army, capable of action, should pursue the fugitives, without allowing them the smallest time to rally. This they were the more enabled to do by the light of a full moon, whose brilliancy assisted a slaughter from which the French found no refuge, and in vain sought for mercy. In the battle of the 16th, the Prussians had sought for quarter from the French, which they, in an exulting manner, refused, putting every man whom they took, to the sword; and during the battle on this day (the 18th), they had, by their savage cruelty, forfeited every claim to the benefit of the usual rules of war; the lancers, in particular, with brutal ferocity, scoured the field, piercing with their spears the wounded and dying. The "Quoi! tu n'est pas mort?" of the spearman was usually accompanied with a thrust of his lance, which gives countenance to the general opinion, that their orders were, to give no quarter. Even the British officers who were carried before Buonaparte, although civilly treated while he spoke to them, and dismissed with assurances that they should have surgical assistance and proper attendance, were no sooner out of his presence, than they were stripped, beaten, and abused. Most of the prisoners whom the French took from our light cavalry, were put to death in cold blood, or owed their safety to concealment or a speedy escape. The Prussians fiercely revenged this slaughter. In a town, says a German officer, not six miles from the field of battle, eight hundred French lay dead, who had suffered themselves to be cut down like cattle. The black hussars of the Duke of Brunswick, who had manfully exerted themselves during the battle, earnestly sought, and were granted permission to join the Prussians in the

warm pursuit, and were no less active in the destruction of the foe. The share they had taken, although an active one, in the overthrow of the enemy on the field of battle, had not, in their estimation, fully atoned for the death of their chief. They headed the chase, and none escaped who came within their reach. The death of General Duesme is sufficient to show the implacability of their revenge. One of these Brunswickers, while in pursuit, seeing him at some distance, rode up to him; the General immediately begged for quarter. The soldier for a moment looked sternly at him with his uplifted sabre, and then briefly exclaimed, "The Duke of Brunswick fell the day before yesterday, and then also shalt bite the dust!"

While the Prussians continued to pursue the flying French, the British troops bivouacked on the ground which the enemy had occupied on the preceding night, and the Duke of Wellington returned to Brussels. As he traversed the plain, the moon rose unclouded, and shed her pale light over the field of battle—the noise of the cannon and combatants no longer assailed his ears—there was nothing heard save the groans and mournful cries of the wounded and dying soldiers; and as he rode slowly along, and observed the piles of dead which lay every where around him, he was no longer able to restrain his tears. The race of man must become extinct, ere the memory of this day perish. Even when ages shall have passed away, dull and cold-hearted must he be, who for the first time treads the soil of Waterloo without emotion. The Hero, the Poet, and the Painter, will esteem it the sacred land of their pilgrimage, and while, in all the inspiration of congenial souls, fancy pictures to them those scenes we have attempted to describe, they will think of the deeds that can never die, and with a more than Catholic zeal, search for a relic of the poorest soldier who achieved them.

The French, in their flight, having long lost sight of the Emperor, conjectured that some accident had befallen him, for he had not been seen since he left Waterloo, till by chance two horsemen of his own guard found him wandering alone in the orchard attached to the farm of La Belle Alliance. As they

approached his hiding-place, he was able by the light of the moon, to discern who they were. He instantly disclosed himself, and they ventured to conduct him across the fields, to try, if possible, to reach his own equipage. In this encounter, he narrowly escaped the Prussian hussars, who were roaming about every where, but, happily for him, they passed them unnoticed, and he got fairly inside his own carriage, which drove furiously towards Genappe. Meantime, the Prussians, in their pursuit, were gaining ground upon them, and the cries of the miserable wretches who were perishing beneath their sabres, were distinctly heard. He had cleared the town, but to his annoyance, was occasionally stopped by the carriages which had the lead. This gave the Prussians time to get forward, and they soon overtook the carriage of Napoleon; but while the pursuers were employed in cutting down the postillions, who continued lashing their horses with great fury, the Emperor succeeded in getting out unnoticed, and mounting a horse, with a few chosen officers who had rallied round his vehicle, galloped with all possible haste, by the road to Charleroi—a little way beyond which they stopped, and partook of some refreshment, of which they stood much in want. Napoleon, in particular, had tasted nothing from the commencement of the battle, and the night was now very far advanced. Here he dismissed Lacoste, his guide; and at two in the morning, they again mounted their horses and pursued their course. Arriving at Philippeville, the gates were shut; and before he could gain admittance, he was under the necessity of submitting to the interrogation of the guard, and awaiting the convenience of the governor, who was sent for to establish his identity. This ceremony being gone through, he, with the rest of his suite, entered, and the barriers were immediately reclosed. The army followed at random, scarcely any one knowing the direction he ought to pursue; thousands of straggling soldiers spread themselves over the country, and carried with them terror and alarm. The unfortunate inhabitants were thunderstruck to hear, almost at the moment they had learned its success, of the irreparable defeat of the French army, and to find them-

appearance was so marked with every emblem of poverty and hunger, that as the conflicting feelings worked within his breast, his countenance betrayed the struggles of his heart. There was, however, a manly firmness in his deportment that bespoke no ordinary mind; and a placid serenity in his eye, that beamed with benevolence, and seemed only to regret that he could no longer be a friend to the poor and destitute, or share his hard-earned pittance with a messmate in distress. A few scattered grey locks peeped from beneath an old straw hat, and one sleeve of his jacket hung unoccupied by his side—the arm was gone. “I should like to hear his history,” said the amiable lady; “let us send for him in.” To express a wish and have it gratified were the same thing to Mrs. D——, and in a few minutes the hoary tar stood before them. “Would you wish to hear a tale of woe?” cried the old man in answer to her request. “Ah, no! why should your tender heart be wounded for another’s griefs? I have been buffeted by the storms of affliction—I have struggled against the billows of adversity—every wave of sorrow has rolled over me; but,” added he, while a glow of conscious integrity suffused his furrowed cheek, “but I have always done my duty, and that conviction has buoyed me up when nearly overwhelmed in the ocean of distress. Yet, lady, ’twas not always thus—I have been happy—was esteemed, and, as I thought, beloved. I had a friend in whom I reposed the highest confidence, and my affections were devoted to one—but she is gone—she is gone, and I—yes! we shall meet again.” Here he paused, dashed a tear from his eye, and then proceeded. “My friend was faithless; he robbed me of the dearest treasure of my heart, and blasted every hope of happiness and joy. I left my native land to serve my country—have fought her battles, and bled in her defence. On the 29th of May, and the glorious 1st of June, 1794, I served on board the *Queen Charlotte*, under gallant Howe, and was severely wounded in the breast; but I did my duty. On that memorable occasion, a circumstance occurred which added to my bitterness and melancholy. The decks were cleared—the guns cast loose—and every man

stood in eager expectation at his quarters. It is an awful moment, lady, and every conflicting emotion agitates the breast, when, in the calm stillness that reigns fore and aft, the mind looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. Home, wife, children, and every tender remembrance, rushes upon the soul. It is different in the heat of action; then every faculty is employed for conquest, that each man may have to say, “I have done my duty.” But when bearing down to engage, and silence is so profound that every whisper may be heard, then the thought—it cannot be described—sailors know what it is, and, conquering it by cool determination, and undaunted bravery, nobly do their duty. I was stationed at the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and looked around me with feelings incident to human nature, yet looking for and courting death. The admiral, with calm composure, surrounded by his captains and signal officers, stood upon the break of the poop, while brave Bowen, the master, occupied the ladder, and gave directions to the quartermaster at the helm. The enemy opened their fire, and the captains of the guns stood ready with their matches in their hands, waiting for the word. The work of destruction commenced, and many of our shipmates lay bleeding on the deck, but not a shot had we returned. “Stand by there upon the main deck,” cried the first lieutenant. Steady, my men! wait for command, and don’t throw your fire away!” “All ready, sir,” was responded fore and aft. At this moment a seaman advanced upon the quarter-deck, attended by a young lad (one of the fore-top men), whose pale face and quivering lip betrayed the tremulous agitation of fear. The lieutenant gazed at him for a few seconds with marked contempt and indignation, but all stood silent. The officer turned towards the admiral, and, on again looking round, found the lad had fainted, and lay lifeless in the seaman’s arms, who gazed upon the bloodless countenance of his charge with a look of anguish and despair. “Carry him below,” said the lieutenant, “and let him skulk from his duty, this day must be a day of heroes.” The poor fellow seemed unconscious that he was spoken to, but still continued to gaze upon the lad.

The officer beckoned to a couple of men, who immediately advanced, and were about to execute his orders, when the seaman put them back with his hand, exclaiming, “No! *she* is mine, and we will live or die together!” Oh, lady, what a scene was that! The frown quitted the lieutenant’s brow, and a tear trembled in his eye. The generous Howe and his brave companions gathered round, and there was not a heart that did not feel what ’twas to be beloved. Yes! mine alone was dreary, like the lightning-blasted wreck. We were rapidly approaching the French admiral’s ship, the *Montague*; the main decks fired, and the lower deck followed the example. The noise brought her to recollection, she gazed wildly on all, and then clinging close to her lover, sought relief in tears. “T——,” said his lordship mildly, “this must not be. Go, go, my lad! see her safe in the cockpit, and then—I know that you will do your duty.” A smile of animation lighted up his agitated face. “I will! I will!” cried he; “God bless your lordship, I will! for I have *always* done my duty,” and, taking his trembling burden in his arms, supported her to a place of safety. In a few minutes he was at his gun, and assisted in pouring the first raking broadside into our opponent’s stern. Since that time I have served in most of the general actions, and knelt by the side of the hero Nelson, when he resigned himself to the angel of death. But whether stationed upon deck amidst the blood and slaughter of battle—the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying—or clinging to the shrouds during the tempestuous howling of the storm, while the wild waves beat over me—whether coasting along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, or surrounded by icebergs in the Polar Sea—one thought, one feeling, possessed my soul, and that was devotion to the being I adored. Years rolled away, but that deep, strong deathless passion distance could not subdue, nor old age founder. ’Tis now about seven years ago when the British troops under Wellington were landed on the Continent: I was employed with a party of seamen on shore in transporting the artillery, and erecting batteries. A body of Frenchmen attacked one of our detachments; and after considerable

slaughter on both sides, the enemy were compelled to retreat. We were ordered to the field to bring in the wounded and prisoners. Never—never shall I forget that day; the remembrance even now unmans me. Oh, lady, forgive these tears, and pity the anguish of an old man’s heart. Day had just begun to dawn when we arrived upon the plain, and commenced our search among the bodies, to see if there were any who yet remained lingering in existence. Passing by and over heaps of dead, my progress was suddenly arrested, and every fibre of my heart was racked on seeing a female sitting by the mangled remains of an English soldier. She was crouched upon the ground, her face resting on her lap, and every feature hid from view; her long black hair hung in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders, and her garments closed round her person, heavy with the cold night rains. One hand clasped that of the dead soldier, the other arm was thrown around her head. Every feeling of my soul was roused to exertion. I approached—she raised herself up, and—great Heaven! ’twas she—the woman whom I loved! She gazed with sickly horror, and though greatly altered—though time and sorrow had chased away the bloom of health—though scarce a trace of former beauty remained, those features were too deeply engraven on my memory for me to be mistaken; but she knew me not. I forgot all my wrongs, and, rushing forward clasped her to my breast. O what a moment was that! She made an ineffectual struggle for release, and then fainted in my arms. Some of my shipmates came to the spot, and, turning over the lifeless form before us, my eyes rested on the countenance of him who once had been my friend. But death disarms resentment: he was beyond my vengeance, and had already been summoned to the tribunal of the Most High. When I had last seen them, affluence, prosperity, and happiness, were the portion of all three. Now—but I cannot, cannot repeat the distressing tale; let it suffice, lady, that she was carried to a place of safety, and every effort used to restore animation, which eventually was successful. Oh, shall I describe our meeting when she knew me? It is impossible; I feel it now in every nerve,

but to tell you is beyond my power. Through the kindness of a generous officer, I procured her passage to England, and gave her all that I possessed, with this one request, that she would remain at Plymouth till my return to port. In a few months afterwards we anchored in the Sound, and, as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to obtain leave to go on shore:—it was denied me—yes, cruelly denied me. Stung to madness, I did not hesitate, but, as soon as night had closed in, slipped down the cables, and swam to land. With eager expectation I hurried to the house where I had requested her to stop. I crossed the threshold, unobserved, for all was silent as the grave, and gently ascended the stairs. The room door was partly open, and a faint light glimmered on the table; the curtains of the bed were undrawn, and there—there lay gasping in the last convulsive agonies of nature—Oh, lady, she was dying: I rushed into the room, threw myself by her side, and implored her to live for me. She knew me—yes, she knew me—but at this very instant an officer with an armed party entered the apartment. They had watched me, and I was arrested as a deserter. Arrested, did I say? Ay! but not till I had stretched the insulting rascal at my feet.—I was handcuffed, and the bayonets were pointed at my breast. In vain was every entreaty for one hour only, only one hour.—The dying woman raised herself upon her pillow—she stretched forth her hands to mine, manacled as they were—she fell back, and Emma—yes, my Emma was no more. Despair, rage, fury, worked up the fiends within my soul. I struggled to burst my fetters, dashed them at all who approached, but overcome at last, was borne to the common gaol. I was tried for desertion, and on account of my resistance was flogged through the fleet. I had acted wrong as a seaman, but I had done my duty as a man. It was not my intention to desert my ship; but my feelings overpowered me, and I obeyed their dictates. Yet now I felt indignant at my punishment, and took the first opportunity to escape: but whither could I go? there was no protection for me. One visit, one lonely visit, was paid to the grave of her who was now at rest for ever, and I again entered on

board the ———, bound to the West India station. I fought in several actions, and lost my arm. But the R for desertion was still against my name, and, though I obtained a pension for my wound, yet I could obtain none for servitude. I cannot apply to the friends of my youth, for they believe me dead, and who would credit the assertion of a broken-hearted sailor?—No, no! a few short months, and the voyage of life will be over; then will old Will Jennings be laid in peace by the side of Emma Wentworth; and wait for the last great muster before Him who searches all hearts, and knows those seamen who have done their duty." Here he ceased, while D——— turned to his wife, whose loud sobs gave witness to the sympathy of her heart; but the agony increased to hysteric convulsion; she sprung hastily on her feet, and shrieking, cried, "'Tis he! 'tis William! 'tis my uncle!" and fell upon his neck."—*Greenwich Hospital.*

NAUTICAL SANG FROID.

As the procession of the treasure taken in the Spanish register ships last war was passing through the market-place at Plymouth, some interruption occasioned a stoppage of the headmost waggon of the second division: it naturally drew a crowd about the waggon. A gentleman pushed forward to see how the dollars were packed, when an honest tar who carried the British ensign over the Spanish, asked him in a good-natured way, "if his honour wished to smell the treasure?" the gentleman said, laughingly, "he would much rather taste it." The sailor immediately putting his unemployed fingers into his mouth, pulled out a small Spanish coin, and a quid, and putting both into the gentleman's hand, emphatically said, "By Jasus, in my country we find tasting better than smelling, and feeling is the naked truth; so your honour's welcome." The gentleman offered him more than the real value, but honest Patrick refused, and said he had enough, and to spare.

London:—Printed by JOSEPH LAST, 3, Edward-street, Hampstead-road; and published by W. M. CLARK, 19, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; J. PATTIE, 17, High street, Bloomsbury, and may be had, by order, of all Booksellers in town and country.

TALES OF THE WARS;

OR,

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 37.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1836.

[PRICE 1d.]

SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.



[DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH BATTERING SHIPS.]

THE most glorious event connected with our naval history during the year 1782, is the siege of Gibraltar. As soon as Spain united with France, in the war against Great Britain, she seemed most particularly anxious to regain possession of Gibraltar. Minorca, also, as being an island so close to the coast of Spain, and having always, till its capture by Great Britain, formed part of that monarchy, was another though an inferior object of her plans and attack. The siege of Fort St. Philip in this island was carried on with great vigour, and a force of 16,000 regular troops, with one hundred and nine pieces of heavy battering cannon, and thirty-six large mortars, under the command of the Duke De Crillon, was employed for that purpose: to oppose this immense

VOL. I.

force, General Murray, who commanded the fort, had a very feeble and inadequate garrison. He, however, made a determined and long resistance, and did not surrender till the number of his men were reduced by a dreadful and inveterate scurvy to not more than six hundred and sixty (out of two thousand six hundred and ninety-two) fit for duty, and even of these, five hundred and sixty were actually tainted with this disorder. The joy of the king of Spain at the conquest of Minorca was excessive; he determined now to direct his whole efforts to the reduction of Gibraltar, before which he had long kept a numerous army; all the attempts of which, however, had been completely baffled by the intrepidity of General Elliot, who commanded that fortress. The Duke De

Crillon was appointed captain-general of the Spanish armies; and the conqueror of Minorca was looked forward to and depended upon for the recovery of Gibraltar. Forty thousand land forces, including twelve thousand French troops, forty-seven sail of the line, besides floating batteries, frigates, and other vessels of war, formed the force employed for this great enterprise.

Many plans were proposed for bringing this immense force to act with the greatest effect against the fortress. One of these was, that the whole fleet should be brought to the direct attack of the place, on all sides, by sea, while the land forces carried on a furious assault: and it was reckoned that by this plan, the fortress might be captured with the loss perhaps of ten or twenty ships of war, and a proportional number of troops. There can be little doubt that the Spanish monarch, in his extreme eagerness to obtain possession of Gibraltar, would not have hesitated to have made this enormous sacrifice, provided there was a reasonable chance of success; but to all who knew the strength of the fortress, both naturally and by art, and the skill and bravery of its defenders, the scheme was regarded as wild and impracticable. Another, therefore, was proposed, which, though it was avowedly and openly the plan of the Chevalier D'Arcon, a French engineer of great and deserved reputation, is said to have been, in reality, modified and arranged, if not formed, by the Spanish monarch himself. According to this plan, floating batteries were to be constructed on such a principle, that it should be impossible for any effort or means of the besieged either to sink or set fire to them. In order to render it impossible to sink them, their keels and bottoms were to be fortified with an extraordinary thickness of timber: to secure them against fire, the sides of the floating batteries were to be lined with timber and cork, a long time soaked in water, with a large quantity of wet sand between: it was supposed that by this means no cannon-shot would penetrate; or if it did, that the wet sand would not only impede its progress, but prevent it from setting fire to the vessels. But the most extraordinary part of their construction remains to be noticed. "In imitation of the circulation of the blood

in the living body, a great variety of pipes and canals perforated all the solid workmanship, in such a manner, that a continual succession of water was to be conveyed to every part of the vessel: a number of pumps being adapted to the purpose of an unlimited supply. By this means it was expected that the red-hot shot would operate to the remedy of its own mischief, as the very action of cutting through those pipes would procure its immediate extinction. So that these terrible machines, teeming with every source of outward destruction, seemed to be themselves invulnerable, and entirely secure from all danger."

In order to construct these singular and terrible machines, ten great ships, from six hundred to fourteen hundred tons burthen, were cut down to the state required by the plan of the engineer; and two hundred thousand cubic feet of timber were employed in their construction. There was still, however, some things to be guarded against: they were not yet bomb-proof; in order to render them so, and at the same time to protect the men at the batteries from grape-shot, a hanging-roof was erected, and contrived in such a manner, that it could be raised or let down with the greatest facility, at the pleasure of those on board the vessels: this roof was formed of a strong netting, covered and protected by wet hides of great strength and thickness; such a slope was given it, as it was supposed would effectually serve to throw off the shells that might fall on it, before they could burst or do any mischief. On board these batteries were placed brass cannon of a large calibre, and in each ship a supply was kept in case of accident. The ingenuity and skill of the Chevalier D'Arcon was not yet exhausted: as the effect of these batteries must depend, in a great measure, on the rapidity and constancy with which they fired off the cannon that were placed on them, he had contrived a kind of match, "to be placed on the lights of the guns, of such a nature, as to emulate lightning in the quickness of its consumption, and the rapidity of its action; and by which all the guns of the battery were to go off together, as it had been by a single shot."

The Spanish commander, however, did not trust entirely to these means, for-

midable as they were; no less than twelve hundred pieces of heavy ordnance were collected for the siege, and the quantity of gun powder only, was said to exceed eighty-three thousand barrels. As not the smallest doubt was entertained that the fate of Gibraltar was sealed, two princes of the royal blood of France, the Count D'Artois, the French king's brother, and the Duke De Bourbon, his cousin, arrived at the camp about the middle of August, in order to witness the triumph of the united arms of France and Spain. Scarcely a single person, except the Duke De Crillon himself, thought it possible that the fortress could hold out twenty-four hours after the attack began; and he was thought extremely and unnecessarily cautious and distrustful, when he gave it as his opinion, that it might require fourteen days.

General Elliot, in the mean time, was not idle, or unprepared; he knew very well the measures that were about to be employed against him, and the force that was to support and carry into execution those measures. So far from appearing daunted, he determined to provoke his opponents to the attack; this he resolved upon, in consequence of observing that their works on the land side were nearly completed, and of the hope he entertained that he should be able to interrupt, if not to destroy them. About seven o'clock in the morning of the 8th of September, therefore, he commenced a powerful and well-directed fire, by which, about ten o'clock, the Mahon battery and another adjoining it were set in flames, and by five in the evening they were entirely consumed. By this measure of General Elliot's, the enemy were exceedingly mortified and provoked; and resolving, if possible, to wipe off the stain, they hastened their preparations for the grand, and as they hoped, the final and decisive attack. On the morning of the 9th, by break of day, a new battery of sixty-four heavy cannon was opened, which poured its shot into the garrison without intermission. The enemy, during this and several succeeding days, fired at the rate of six thousand five hundred cannon-shot and one thousand and eighty shells in every twenty-four hours; while their ships made continual attacks on Europa Point,

the defence of which was solely entrusted to Captain Curtis and the marine brigade under his command. In order that the attention of the garrison might be completely distracted, by the various and multitudinous forms of attack going on at the same time, the gun and mortar-boats were added to the other instruments of war, and continued their assaults, both by day and night, without the smallest intermission, on the works of the fortress.

At this time the combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to forty-eight sail of the line, arrived at Algeiras from Cadiz; and every thing was also complete in the battering ships. These were covered with one hundred and fifty-four pieces of heavy cannon; and to the service of each gun, thirty-six artillery-men were appointed; besides these, there were a sufficient number of officers to direct the operations, and of seamen to work and manage the vessels, so that the whole number on board of these battering ships could not be less than six or seven thousand men. The plan was, that the fire of these vessels should be steadily directed to one object, while the gun and mortar-boats, with the floating-battery and the bomb-ketches, should carry on their attack in every possible direction. It was calculated that every part of the fortress would at one and the same time be exposed to a most dreadful and destructive fire; and as it would be impossible for the garrison to be every where present and upon the alert, it was hoped that some point would be so far injured as to present a favourable place for assault, if the governor still determined to hold out.

About eight o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of September, the ten battering ships of the enemy weighed anchor and stood over towards Gibraltar, where they occupied the stations allotted for them, about nine hundred yards from the works. The ship on board of which the Spanish admiral was, was stationed near the King's Bastion, while the other vessels extended, three to the southward of the flag, as far as the Church Battery; five to the northward, near the Old Mole; and one a little to the westward of the admiral. As soon as they had reached their stations, they began a heavy cannonade, in which they were seconded

and supported by the cannon and mortars in the lines, while the batteries from the garrison opened with hot and cold shot from the guns, and with shells from the howitzers and mortars.

It is absolutely impossible to conceive, much less to describe, the horrid grandeur of this scene; the imagination, even though it were of the most fertile and vigorous kind, could not form a picture, in any respect, equal to what this day witnessed. Although General Elliot made no pompous display of the measures he had adopted to defend himself, yet on trial they were found to be completely adequate, not only for the purposes of defence, but of destruction; and even his enemies admitted that skill and bravery such as his, they had never before encountered or witnessed. "The prodigious showers of red-hot balls, of bombs, and of carcasses, which filled the air, and were without intermission thrown to every point of the various attacks, both by sea and by land, from the garrison, astonished the commanders of the allied forces, who could not conceive the possibility that General Elliot, streightened, as he was, within the narrow limits of a garrison, should have been, by any means, able to construct or to manage such a multitude of furnaces as they deemed necessary to the heating of the infinite quantity of shot then thrown. The number of red-hot balls which the battering ships only received in the course of the day, was estimated, in their own accounts, at not less than four thousand. Nor were the mortar-batteries in the fortress worse supported; and while the battering ships appeared to be the principal objects of vengeance, as they were of apprehension to the garrison, the whole extent of the peninsula seemed at the same time to be overwhelmed in the torrents of fire which were incessantly poured upon it."

For a long time it seemed as if the battering ships were completely invulnerable to all the attempts made by the garrison to destroy them; while they continued through the greatest part of the day to maintain a heavy and destructive cannonade, they resisted the combined powers of fire and artillery to such a degree, that the incessant showers of shells, and the red-hot shot, with which they were assailed, made no visi-

ble impression upon them. About two o'clock, however, there were evident symptoms of their approaching destruction: smoke was seen to rise from the upper part of the admiral's deck; and that this proceeded from some serious and alarming cause was evident from the men being observed using fire-engines, and pouring water into the holes that were made by the red-hot shot. This circumstance served to stimulate the efforts of the garrison; it was now beyond a doubt, that though these battering ships were constructed with so much art and ingenuity, and though they were capable, at the same time, of inflicting and of suffering so much, yet there were in the garrison means amply sufficient to silence and destroy them. In the course of the night it could not be accurately ascertained whether the fire on board of them encreased; that it was not got under, was evident from the continued efforts of the men to work the fire-engines, and to pour water down the shot-holes; the fire from the garrison was therefore continued without intermission throughout the whole of the night; and by one o'clock in the morning the admiral's ship and another were more visibly on fire. Every thing on board them indicated the utmost confusion and alarm; rockets were thrown up, to announce their distress and danger to the other ships, and the fleet immediately sent out all the assistance in their power; but to afford assistance, under the circumstances in which the battering ships were placed, was neither very safe nor very easy. It was impossible to remove the battering ships, or to save them where they were: the grand, and indeed the only object, therefore, was to take out the men; but the very means which had been employed to render these ships formidable to the garrison, made it extremely dangerous to approach them; they were filled, and made up as it were, with combustible matter, which, now that they were on fire, was continually exploding; while the fire from the garrison, directed with more vigour against these ships, as they were seen to be on flames, added greatly to the risk of those who attempted to save their unfortunate comrades.

While these operations were going on,

Brigadier Curtis, with his squadron of gun-boats, lay under the New Mole, ready to take advantage of any favourable opportunity which might present itself: this opportunity was now at hand; accordingly, about three o'clock, when the enemy had suffered most dreadfully, and were thrown into the utmost confusion by their battering ships having taken fire, he began his attack upon their flank, in a most masterly style and with great effect. His gun-boats were drawn up in such a manner as to rake the entire line of the battering ships, and thus to repel all attempts which the Spaniards were making to relieve and succour those who were in them: no hope or chance of safety now remained for these unfortunate men, unless in the humanity of their conquerors: and this humanity was in a great measure successfully exercised, notwithstanding to save them was still attended with great and imminent danger. It was not, however, till the morning of the 14th that the whole compass and extent of the defeat of the Spaniards was discovered, or that the efforts of Brigadier Curtis in the cause of humanity could be successfully exerted: when day light appeared, the scene was most dreadful. In the midst of the flames great numbers of the enemy were discovered crying out for assistance; while others were seen floating on pieces of timber, liable every moment either to be washed off, or to be destroyed by the shot from the garrison. As soon as the effects of the fire from Gibraltar were clearly seen, and it was put beyond a doubt that the enemy were completely conquered, the firing ceased entirely: every thought, which but a few minutes before had been directed to the destruction of the Spaniards was now turned to their relief and succour. In a moment it was forgotten that they were enemies, and only remembered by the British that they were suffering fellow-creatures. In a moment, those vessels which had been employed to deal destruction among them, were used for the purpose of saving them; and it would be impossible to determine, whether the British displayed more intrepidity in their endeavours to save, or to destroy. In this sacred and honourable employment, Brigadier Curtis and his marine brigade were almost exclusively

engaged. It is impossible to describe the exertions they made, the dangers to which they exposed themselves, or the skill which they displayed on this occasion. One instance may, however, be given: they succeeded in dragging out from the holds of the burning ships, an officer and seventy-nine men, most dreadfully scorched. It may indeed be said that none but Britons could have defended Gibraltar, as it was defended; and none but Britons could have saved their enemies in such a dreadful situation.

At one time, the most dreadful apprehension was entertained that Brigadier Curtis had fallen a sacrifice to his noble and generous humanity: the boat in which he was employed in saving the unfortunate Spaniards, lay close to one of the largest of the battering ships, at the very moment that she exploded; for a short period, every thing was involved in the utmost darkness: this was a time of dreadful suspense. General Elliot and all the garrison kept their eyes fixed on the spot, and soon had the happiness to perceive the commodore's pinnace safe, when the smoke was dispelled; the escape, however, was most miraculous; a large piece of timber struck the boat and made a hole in her bottom, and she was only preserved from instantly sinking, by the seamen stuffing their jackets into the hole. Nearly four hundred of the enemy were saved from instant and inevitable destruction by means of Commodore Curtis and his brigade of marines; while their loss in the battering vessels alone was estimated at one thousand five hundred.

It is impossible to ascertain the whole loss of the Spaniards on this memorable day: that it was very enormous is certain, both from the nature and effect of the fire from the garrison, and from the very circumstances, that they published only a vague and contradictory account respecting it. How the whole scene impressed one, probably not very callous, as having been accustomed to the carnage of war, may be inferred from the following passage in a letter from a French officer, dated the evening of the 8th, which was published in the foreign gazettes: if the occurrences and disasters of that day called forth such feelings and such language, certainly those of

the 13th must have produced a similar effect: "The eye is fatigued, and the heart rent with the sight and the groans of the dying and wounded, whom the soldiers are this moment carrying away; the number makes one shudder; and I am told, that in other parts of the lines, which are not within view of my post, the numbers are still greater. Fortunately for my feelings, I have not, at this instant, leisure to reflect much on the state and condition of mankind."

Such admirable measures had been taken by the governor for the protection and security of the garrison, while they were employed in defending the fortress and in annoying the enemy, that their loss was comparatively light, and it was chiefly confined to the artillery corps: the marine brigade, of course, being much more exposed, suffered more severely; yet not nearly to such a degree as might have been anticipated. In the course of about nine weeks, the whole number slain amounted only to sixty-five; and the wounded to three hundred and eighty-eight. How little chance the Spaniards had of succeeding in their attack, even if their battering ships had not taken fire, may be judged from this circumstance, that the works of the fortress were scarcely damaged, and afforded indubitable proofs of the skill and ingenuity with which they had been constructed.

As the enemy now had most melancholy proof that Gibraltar could not be taken by any means that human power could bring against it, the only chance that remained to them of reducing it was by famine: for this purpose, it was necessary to prevent supplies being brought to it, as they knew it was nearly destitute. Lord Howe, however, was approaching with a powerful fleet, and a numerous convoy laden with every kind of stores and provisions: to oppose him, the enemy trusted to their combined fleet. It seems at first to have been the plan and intention of the enemy to cruise off Cape St. Mary, in order to meet the British fleet; but this measure was abandoned, and they took their station in the Bay of Gibraltar. On the 10th of October, while lying in the bay, a dreadful gale of wind came on, which threw them into great disorder, exposed them all to imminent dan-

ger, and actually caused the loss of the St. Michael of seventy-four guns, which being driven under the works of Gibraltar, was taken possession of, and her crew, consisting of six hundred and fifty men, made prisoners. On the 11th, signals were made on board the enemy's fleet, which proved to the garrison that the British fleet were in sight; in the afternoon of that day, the Latona frigate arrived in the bay; and in the evening she was followed by the whole fleet. It is easy to conceive what must have been the anxiety of the garrison, till the convoy, which was to bring them succours so greatly needed, should get beyond the reach of the enemy; and this anxiety was greatly increased, when they discovered, that though the wind and weather were by no means unfavourable, yet by the carelessness and inattention of the masters of the transports, only four out of thirty-one reached their destined anchorage, the rest being driven past the bay into the Mediterranean. This provoking and unfortunate accident obliged Lord Howe to enter the Mediterranean also, for the purpose of collecting and bringing back the convoy. The enemy took advantage of this to attempt to recover two of their line of battle ships, which in the storm of the 10th had been driven from Algeiras out of the Straits: they also entertained hopes, that while employed in bringing back these vessels, they might either capture some of the store-ships, or at least prevent them from entering the bay. The force, however, was considerably lessened; they were obliged to leave behind three of their ships, which were disabled; the St. Michael had been taken, and two others were absent.

Lord Howe was soon apprized of the movements and the apparent intention of the combined fleet, by the Latona frigate, and he immediately made the signal for his ships to collect around him. At sunset on the 13th, forty-two ships of the line, and other vessels, amounting in the whole to sixty-four sail, were seen six leagues to the windward of him, on the larboard tack. At first they seemed disposed to bear down on the British, but afterwards they hauled their wind and stood off. Lord Howe, in the mean time, had formed his plan of action; he arranged his fleet in

three lines, sending off his convoy where they might safely wait the issue of the battle, on the coast of Barbary, under the protection and guidance of the Buffalo man of war. His fleet consisted only of thirty-two sail of the line, whereas that of the enemy had been strengthened by the junction of the two ships that had been driven from Algeiras.

As the enemy did not seem disposed to fight, the Buffalo, with the transports, rejoined Lord Howe, and was dispatched towards the bay; on the 18th he succeeded in landing two regiments, and in sending in a supply of fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder from the fleet. While performing these operations, the combined fleet not only offered no impediment, but they did not even come in sight. On the 19th, however, while the British fleet were in the mouth of the Straits, between Europa Point and Ceuta, they were seen in the north-east quarter. As a battle in the Gut appeared in every point of view by no means prudent, Lord Howe repassed the Straits into the Atlantic, the enemy following him at a few leagues distance. As soon as the British admiral got clear of the Straits, he formed in order of battle to the leeward, but the combined fleet, though the time of action, as well as the distance, lay entirely in their power, contented themselves, towards the evening, with a cannonade on the van and rear of the British, which produced little or no effect. Lord Howe's own ship, the Victory, not returning a single shot, and the others only firing occasionally.

During the manœuvres on this occasion, three ships of the rear of the British fleet, the Union, Buffalo, and Vengeance, being considerably astern of the rest, Don Louis de Cordova, in the Santissima Trinidad of one hundred and twenty guns, and a French admiral, supported by three large ships, and seven ships of two decks, bore down upon them, with the intention and expectation of cutting them off. These vessels, not daunted by the approach of such a superior force, reserved their fire till the enemy came within musket shot, when they commenced it in such a masterly and efficient manner, that their opponents were quickly thrown into great disorder and confusion. The

ship of the Spanish Admiral, unwieldy and unmanageable from her great size, was thrown completely aback, and obliged to haul her wind, and withdraw from the action. As night came on, they seemed disposed to renew the attack, but were again so well received, that after a distant cannonade, which lasted about an hour, they sheered off.

Different opinions were formed respecting the conduct of Lord Howe on this occasion: all parties gave him credit for having accomplished the great and paramount object of his voyage—the relief of Gibraltar, with great skill and seamanship; but many contended, that when he had done this service, he ought to have shewn more earnestness, and used more strenuous and zealous endeavours to come up and engage the combined fleets; while others maintained, that no good object could have been accomplished by an engagement with them, while in case of a disastrous issue, much evil might have resulted. The following observations on this disputed point seem deserving of attention and respect.

"The distant fire of the enemy's fleet on the 20th, as usual; and, as all that was intended by it, excepting merely to save appearances, did a good deal of damage to the yards and rigging of several of the English shipping, so that if Lord Howe had even been disposed to pursue the enemy on the following morning, he could not have so done; but that undoubtedly neither was, nor ought to have been, any part of his object. The measure of mere fighting, without any adequate object in view, can never be adopted by any wise commander, either by sea or by land. The great service of relieving Gibraltar, was, in the face of all Europe, most happily and gloriously performed, under such circumstances of inferiority of force, as not only fully to support, but highly to exalt our naval renown, and the honour of the British flag. It was evident through the whole course of the proceedings, that the combined enemy, with so great a superiority as they possessed, had not at any time the smallest intention of hazarding a general action, however willing they might be to risk some loss in order to maintain that appearance, and however watchful they were to profit

of any advantage that might be afforded. The British commander, besides, had other important services still to provide for; he detached eight ships of the line to the West Indies, and six to the coasts of Ireland, on his way home; neither of which, or at least the former, could probably have been done, if a forced action had taken place."

ANECDOTES RELATING TO THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

HUMANITY.

BARON VON HELMSTADT, a Spanish officer, at the siege of Gibraltar, having been severely wounded by a musket-shot in one of his knees, was found lying upon the platform of the St. Carlos battery, by two British artillery soldiers, who, moved with generous compassion at his situation, resolved to rescue him from his impending fate. They took him up in their arms, and carried him out of the battery, where he must soon have perished in the flames. Unwilling to leave him upon the sands in his helpless state, they determined upon carrying him into the garrison. They were executing their noble purpose, when they met with Lieutenant Cuppage, of their own corps, who, while he bestowed the warmest encomiums upon his men for their humanity, himself assisted in the generous office which it suggested. With every possible tenderness they conveyed the wounded prisoner to the barriers, where they did not arrive till two hours after the whole detachment had retired. During this time they had been exposed to the fire of the enemy's lines, and had been reported in the garrison as lost. Having presented themselves at the barrier, and being admitted, they passed through the different guards, amidst the mingled admiration and applause of the whole, till they reached the garrison-hospital, where they deposited the Baron.

On such an instance of humanity, the mind dwells with applauding rapture. While strongly characteristic of the generous disposition of a British soldier towards a vanquished enemy, it dignifies human nature, and illuminates the rugged front of war with the radiant emanations of philanthropy. To the feelings of a British officer, any eulogium upon

an exercise of his humanity would wear the appearance of an insult. Generosity to a conquered enemy is a distinguishing feature in the military character of this country; and it seems, indeed, to be an axiom established by the stamp of Omnipotence itself, that the most generous are invariably the most brave.

To the two soldiers, the same considerations of delicacy do not so strongly apply as to their officer, and it becomes the peculiar duty of the historian, to snatch from oblivion the names of two men, whose feelings were equally an honour to their profession and their species. They were named Campbell and Paton, two privates in the second battalion of the royal regiment of artillery.

THE FAVORITE WELL.

THE soldiers, although on very short allowance of provisions, were observed to be almost always in a state of intoxication, which appeared the more extraordinary, as the Governor (Elliot) had, under the severest penalties, prohibited the sale of all kinds of spirituous liquors whatever. He, however, at length discovered that the men were particularly anxious to get their water from a certain well in the medical garden. Judging there must be some obvious reason for the preference, he resolved to examine the water himself. Accordingly, on procuring some of it, he ascertained that a moiety, at least, of the liquor was rum. This at once accounted for the decided preference the soldiers had shown for this water, and also for the liberal use they had made of it. He, of course, instantly proscribed the use of this magical fount, to the no small regret of the garrison. To account for this circumstance, it is only necessary to state, that the Governor had sent out to him a quantity of rum; and for its greater security, and to keep the knowledge of it from the soldiers, he had it buried near the above well, and that during the bombardment, a shell exploded on the identical spot, which tearing up the earth, and bursting the casks, caused the rum to flow into the adjoining well.

London:—Printed by JOSEPH LAST, 3, Edward-street, Hampstead-road; and published by W. M. CLARK, 19, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; J. PATTIE, 17, High-street, Bloomsbury, and may be had, by order, of all Booksellers in town and country.

TALES OF THE WARS;

OR,

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE.

No. 75.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 183.

PRICE 1d.

THE BATTLES OF ASPERN AND WAGRAM.



[NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF WAGRAM.]

By the treaty of Tilsit, the power and conquests of Bonaparte appeared immovably consolidated. Austria and Prussia were prostrated at his feet, and he succeeded completely in bringing over the emperor Alexander to his anti-commercial projects against England. Instead of an ally, Russia became an enemy to Great Britain; and shortly after, Austria also ranged herself as an hostile foe. At this period Bonaparte appeared in the zenith of his greatness. He presided by his influence in the cabinets of all the continental princes; he deposed the pope, adding the states of the church to his kingdom of Italy, and united Placentia and Parma to the French empire. Already he wielded the resources of the Spanish monarchy, through the treachery of its prime minis-

VOL. II.

ter, and the imbecility of Charles IV. and it soon became apparent, that he meditated the entire subjugation of that kingdom. In the furtherance of this object, he seized upon Portugal, leaving no alternative to the royal family of that kingdom, but to become his prisoners, or to expatriate themselves. Taking advantage of a quarrel between Charles IV. and his son Ferdinand, which he himself had fomented, he invited them to Bayonne, where he infamously seized their persons, and compelled them both to surrender their rights to the Spanish crown in favour of himself and his own family.

It soon became apparent, that the peace which Austria had concluded with France was dictated by her fears and previous disasters. No sooner had

the rising spirit of the Spanish nation drawn Bonaparte and his forces into that kingdom than the emperor resolved to make another grand effort to regain his ancient independence and power. In the month of March, 1809, warlike preparations were prosecuted on both sides; and in the following month, the opposing armies were in the field, the French commanded by Bonaparte in person, and the Austrians under the command of the Archduke Charles. In the early part of the campaign, the French had taken forty thousand prisoners, one hundred pieces of cannon, and again laid open the city of Vienna to their approach. They entered the capital on the 10th of May, the archduke having crossed the Danube, whither he was pursued by the victorious enemy. The Austrians did not attempt to oppose the French in the passage of the river, but permitted them to extend themselves along the left bank without molestation. Bonaparte was accordingly left at liberty to fix on the field of battle, and he immediately determined to post the right wing of his army on the village of Essling, and the left on the neighbouring village of Aspern. On the 21st of May, at day-break, the archduke Charles formed his army in two lines, on the rising ground behind Gerasdorf, near the Bisam Hill. Between the Austrian army and the Danube was an extensive plain, which from the even and unobstructed nature of its surface, appeared destined to become the theatre of a general engagement; and here indeed it was, that a series of obstinate battles ensued, on which depended the fate of the Austrian monarchy. The archduke Charles having duly considered the advantageous position of the French army, and the difficulties he had to surmount, ordered the attack to be made in five columns.

The possession of Aspern was essentially necessary, in order to enable the Austrian artillery to play with effect upon the centre of the enemy's lines, and the army being put into motion exactly at twelve o'clock, the first and second columns were ordered to attack that village. The contest here was most obstinate and murderous; in every street, every house, and every outbuilding, the battle raged with unexampled fury;

every wall was an impediment to the assailants, and a rampart for the attacked; the steeple, attics, and cellars, were to be conquered before either party could style himself master of the place; and for seven hours the conflict continued, each army rivalling the other in courage and perseverance. Scarcely had the Austrians succeeded in gaining possession of one part of the village, when the French poured in strong reinforcements, and dislodged them at another; at length, the second column, combining its movements and attacks with those of the first, made itself master of the upper part of the village, and maintained its position during the whole of the first day's combat. In the meantime, the enemy, having formed his left towards Aspern, and his right towards Essling, advanced in columns upon the main body of the Austrian army, supported by a heavy cannonade. The cavalry, unable to withstand the impetuosity of this shock, fell back in disorder; but the infantry, having reserved their fire till the French had advanced within ten paces, opened upon them with so much effect as to put them completely to rout. The Austrian line, thus disengaged from the enemy, obtained possession of the remainder of the village of Aspern, and maintained their ground in the face of all opposition.

The third column endeavoured to take advantage of the rout of the enemy, by advancing against them in close battalion, supported by their artillery; but the French cavalry, commanded by Lassalle, suddenly rushed forward, in such numbers, and with so much rapidity, that the Austrian artillery narrowly escaped falling into their hands, and the battalions were left to defend themselves by their own unsupported exertions. The enemy's cavalry had succeeded in turning both the wings of this column, and in the confidence of victory had summoned them to lay down their arms. This degrading proposal was answered by a steady and well-directed fire, and the enemy was ultimately compelled to abandon his object, leaving the field covered with his slain.

The fourth and fifth columns of the Austrian army were directed to drive the French out of the village of Essling, a position of as much importance to the

right of the enemy as Aspern was to his left. Here the French fought with still greater obstinacy and courage than they had displayed in the defence of Aspern; the safety of their retreat depended upon the possession of this village, and although the Austrians succeeded in driving back the corps which were posted in front of the enemy's position, all their efforts to dislodge them proved ineffectual, and at the close of this day's engagement, the village of Essling remained in possession of the French. The battle of the 21st was terminated only by the night: the French had been driven from Aspern, but they still retained possession of Essling. New efforts were to be expected the following day; Napoleon's glory, as well as the existence of his army, was at stake, and the fate of the Austrian monarchy was suspended upon the success of the army under the archduke. All the disposable troops in Vienna, under General Oudinot, were, during the night, transported across the Danube, in order to reinforce the French army; while the grenadier corps, which had not had any share in the first day's engagement, was ordered to advance from its position near Gerasdorf, to reinforce the Austrians, and the night was too short to complete their respective preparations for the second day's tragedy. The character of Bonaparte left no doubt, that on the morrow all his military talents would be stretched to retrieve the glory he had lost, and to compensate for the disappointment he had sustained. During the battle of the 21st, the archduke had ordered fire-ships to be sent down the river, and these vessels had been so well managed and directed, that the two bridges which connected the island of Lobau with the small island, and that island with the southern bank of the Danube, were destroyed. By the destruction of the bridges, Bonaparte was rendered less able to repair the disasters and losses he had sustained; and in case the battle of the succeeding day should prove decidedly adverse, his retreat, it was apprehended, would be completely cut off. In this point of view, the burning down of the bridges might justly be considered as highly advantageous to the Austrians; but on the other hand, it led the archduke to expect a most obstinate defence

from an army placed in such a situation of peril.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 22d, the battle re-commenced, and the duke of Rivoli again possessed himself of the village of Aspern. The regiments of Klebeck were now directed to make another effort to regain the village; but after a desperate contest, carried on for upwards of an hour in the midst of conflagrations, the Austrians were at length obliged to give way. The regiment of Benyowsky now rushed in, and at the first onset gained possession of the churchyard, the walls of which were immediately destroyed, by order of general Hiller, and the church and parsonage-house, soon after shared the same fate. This regiment, supported by some battalions under general Bianchi, succeeded in establishing itself at the entrance of the village, and maintained this position against the repeated attacks of the flower of the French army. The archduke Charles was now enabled to act on the offensive; the corps of the Austrian general Bellegarde, having its right wing resting on Aspern, and its centre and left towards Essling, by degrees gained the right flank of the enemy; while the artillery, stationed nearer the former village in such a manner as to command the intervening space, was brought to bear on his left flank: thus attacked and exposed, the French army was compelled to give way, and retire towards the Danube. While the division of count Bellegarde was engaged at Aspern, the French cavalry, by a desperate effort, endeavoured to break in between the Austrian cavalry, commanded by Prince Leichtenstein, and the left wing of the Prince of Hohenzollern. Here the archduke Charles particularly distinguished himself: the battalion of Zach seeming disposed to give way, he seized its colours, placed himself at its head, and inspired the whole army with the same enthusiasm with which he himself was animated. In the midst of this attack by the French cavalry, the Prince Hohenzollern, perceived on his left wing, near Essling, an opening in the French line, formed during the heat of the engagement: of this circumstance he immediately took advantage, by ordering thither a regiment in three divisions, which succeeded in gaining and main-

taining their position till the arrival of the grenadiers of reserve, by whose co-operation they were enabled to turn and attack the centre of the enemy. The only post which the French were now able to maintain, was the village of Essling, which was attacked by Prince Rosenberg, and defended by the Duke of Montebello. The attack was made with redoubled bravery, and the Austrians pushed into the village with irresistible impetuosity; still, however, they found it impossible to maintain this post. Five times did these gallant troops rush up to the houses burning within, and placed in a state of defence; but all their efforts were fruitless, for their antagonists fought the fight of despair.

In the night between the 22nd and the 23rd, the French accomplished their retreat to Lobau, and at three o'clock in the morning their rear-guard evacuated Essling, and all the positions they had held on the left bank of the Danube. Thus terminated a conflict of two days, which will ever be memorable in the military annals of the world. In this dreadful battle the loss of the enemy was prodigious; it can only be accounted for by the effect of the concentric fire on an exceedingly confined field of battle, where two hundred pieces of cannon crossed one another; and calculated by the following authentic data: the duke of Montebello, general d'Espagne, St. Hilaire, and Albuquerque, were killed; Massena, Bessieres, Molitor, Boudet, Legrand, Lassalle, and the two brothers Legrange, were wounded; and generals Durosnel and Foullet made prisoners. Upwards of 7,000 men, and an immense number of horses, were buried on the field of battle; upwards of 5,000 were conveyed to the Austrian hospitals: and in Vienna and the suburbs there were 29,773 wounded, exclusive of 2,300 who were taken prisoners. The burying of the sufferers was continued for several days, and in the figurative language of the Austrian gazette, "a pestilential air was wafted down the theatre of death." The loss of the Austrians was also very great; their official accounts acknowledged the death of eighty-seven superior officers, and of upwards of four thousand subalterns and privates; and twelve of their generals, six hundred and sixty-three officers, and fifteen thousand

six hundred subalterns and privates, were wounded.

From the day of the battle of Aspern, till the end of the first week in July, Bonaparte continued stationary on the south bank of the Danube; but though stationary, he was by no means inactive. That he was alarmed, both for his own situation, and for the effects which his repulse might have on the continent, was abundantly evident. Scarcely a day passed without producing a bulletin, the ostensible object of which was the rise and the fall of the Danube, and to congratulate his army on the approach of the Russians, and the junction of the troops under the Viceroy of Italy. But amidst all this seeming trifling and gasconade, Bonaparte was making the most formidable preparations, not merely to protect himself against an attack from the archduke Charles, but also to enable him to resume offensive operations in such a manner as might secure success. The construction of the bridges over the Danube was intrusted to General Count Bertrand. In the short space of a fortnight, this engineer raised a bridge of sixty arches to In-der-Lobau, so broad that three carriages could pass abreast, over four hundred fathoms of a rapid river. A second bridge, eight feet broad, was constructed for infantry. These bridges were secured against the effects of fire-ships by stuccadoes, raised on piles between the islands in different directions, and an armed flotilla cruised upon the river to defend those various and copious sources of communication. Each of the bridges was covered and protected by a *tete-du-pont*, a hundred and sixty fathoms long, surrounded by palisades, frizes, and ditches filled with water; and magazines of provisions, a hundred pieces of cannon, and twenty mortars, were stationed on the island. Opposite Essling, on the left arm of the Danube, another bridge was formed by the duke of Rivoli, guarded in like manner by a *tete-du-pont*. At this time the Austrian army was strongly intrenched on the north bank of the Danube; the left wing stretching towards Enzersdorf, and the right resting on the village of Aspern, which was surrounded with field fortifications, for the purpose of opposing the passage of the river.

While Bonaparte was thus engaged in

fortifying his positions, and in preparing such stupendous means for crossing the Danube, the archduke Charles had not only raised works and planted cannon to secure himself against an attack, but he had also drawn from Germany, Poland, and Hungary, immense reinforcements. It is not easy to calculate exactly the number of the troops in either army, but at a fair estimation they may be taken at 150,000 men each. As the principal means of passing the Danube had been formed directly opposite to the Austrian redoubts, between Aspern and Essling, the attention of the archduke Charles was in a great measure confined to this point. But the object of Bonaparte in making so much parade about this bridge, was to divert the attention of the archduke, and by no means to cross the river in the face of the enemy's most formidable position. On the 4th of July, at ten o'clock at night, general Oudinot, with 1,500 voltigeurs, embarked in ten gun-boats on the great arm of the Danube, and crossed the river opposite Muhlleiten. During the night four new bridges were completed; one of them in a single piece eighty toises long, was fixed in less than five minutes, and the three others consisted of boats and rafts thrown over the river. The night was unusually dark, the rain fell in torrents, and the violence of the storm favoured the operations of the enemy. At two o'clock in the morning of the 5th the whole French army had crossed the Danube, the corps of the duke of Rivoli forming the left; that of count Oudinot the centre; and that of the duke of Auerstadt the right. At day-break they were arranged in order of battle at the extremity of the left flank of the Austrians. The archduke Charles was thus completely out-generaled; his works were rendered useless, and he was compelled to abandon his positions, and to fight the enemy on the spot chosen by themselves. At five o'clock, three bodies of the French cavalry, and as many of infantry, with an immense quantity of ordnance, were seen defiling near Wittenau. At six o'clock, the enemy had surrounded and taken all the Austrian fortifications between Essling and Enzersdorf, and the garrisons of which were almost all either killed or wounded. The whole of the 5th was spent in manœuvring,

and during the night, Bonaparte attempted to gain possession of the village of Wagram, but owing to the gallant resistance of the Austrians, and to a column of Saxons and a column of French mistaking each other in the dark, the operation failed.

A general engagement had now become inevitable, and at the dawn of the morning of the 6th, the two armies, each provided with upwards of five hundred pieces of cannon, were drawn out for battle. The right of the Austrian army, under Marshal Klenau, consisting of the third and sixth grenadier corps, extended from Sussenbrunn to the Danube; the left, commanded by Prince Rosenberg, supported by Prince Hohenzollern, was stationed in the neighbourhood of Wagram; and the centre, commanded by Count Bellegarde, and supported by the reserve of cavalry, under Prince Lichtenstein, was posted in front of Aderklaa. The left of the French army was commanded by the Prince of Ponte Corvo; the right, by the Duke of Auerstadt; and the centre, by Bonaparte in person.

The arrangements of the two hostile commanders were directly at variance with each other. Napoleon had passed the night in accumulating a force to strengthen his centre, where he placed himself in person within cannon shot of Wagram. The archduke Charles, who was with the corps of Bellegarde, had, on the contrary, extended his flanks and weakened his centre. The corps of prince Rosenberg, and that of the duke of Auerstadt, moving in opposite directions, encountered each other in the morning, and gave the signal of battle. At this time the Austrians were preparing to make a storming attack upon Ober Siebenbrunn, when the archduke Charles, perceiving that the right wing had not arrived, ordered the prince to halt, and he was ultimately obliged to retire under a galling fire to his former position. This inauspicious commencement of the battle was succeeded by a vigorous attempt on the centre of the French lines at Raschdorf, where Napoleon, surrounded by sixty thousand men in close order, stood directing the operations of army. The attempt to penetrate the French lines proving unsuccessful, two columns of infantry, protected by a body of ca-

valry, advanced towards Aderklaa; here the quantity of grape-shot poured in upon the Austrians became overwhelming, and a momentary panic seized the battalions under marshal Bellegarde; but, at length, the heroism and energy of the field officers succeeded in restoring order, and the enemy was driven, at the point of the bayonet, towards Aderklaa. The cannonade now became general along the whole line, and the effect of the injudicious dispositions of the Austrian general, in weakening his centre, every moment manifested itself. Bonaparte, surprised at this manoeuvre, at first suspected some stratagem, but he was soon convinced that the archduke Charles had committed a fatal error, of which he hastened to take advantage. With this view the duke of Rivoli was ordered to attack the Austrians at the extremity of the centre, while the Duke of Auerstadt was directed first to turn the position of Mark Grafen Neusiedel, and then to push upon Wagram. The attack upon Mark Grafen was vigorous in the extreme, and Prince Rosenberg was, after a desperate resistance, obliged to evacuate that village. The success of the enemy in out-flanking the Austrians continued to increase: and five battalions and one regiment of cavalry, sent by Prince Hohenzollern, were found incapable of arresting his operations. The tower of Neusiedel, built in ancient times to check the incursions of the Hungarians, formed the key of this position, and was defended by Prince Rosenberg, with great gallantry and perseverance; but a concentric discharge of grape-shot moved down his ranks with so much rapidity, that he was at length obliged to give way, and to leave the French general in possession of the eminence. At the same moment that the attack upon Mark Grafen was taking place, a furious effort was directed against the Austrian centre. Napoleon, acting upon the principle of all his former campaigns, ordered the centre of his army to form in two columns, supported by two batteries consisting of one hundred and sixty pieces of artillery. As soon as these columns were formed, general Macdonald advanced at their head at the *pas de charge*; general Reille, with the brigade of fusiliers and sharpshooters supported Macdonald; and to render

the attack irresistible, the guards at the same time made an advance in front. The Austrian centre, incapable of withstanding this tremendous onset, fell back a league. The right, perceiving the dangerous position in which it was now placed, retreated along with the centre; and the left being outflanked by the duke of Auerstadt, fell back upon Wagram. At ten o'clock in the morning, it was clear, to a military eye, that the fate of the day was decided, and from that moment the Austrians fought only to secure their retreat. At noon the important position of Wagram was carried; and the archduke Charles, finding himself cut off from Hungary and Moravia, fell back upon Bohemia. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the archduke John, at the head of his corps, arrived on the field of battle from Presburg, but the battle was then decided, and in the evening he retreated in the same direction in which he had advanced.

This battle, fought in the vicinity of the Austrian capital, by three hundred thousand warriors, in the view of an equal number of spectators, decided the fate of Germany. The number of the slain was immense; and ten pairs of colours, forty pieces of cannon, and twenty thousand prisoners, formed the trophies of the victory. The French, in estimating the loss of the Austrians, stated that the battle of Wagram had deprived them of sixty thousand soldiers; and the Austrians, in their official returns, admit a loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of upwards of thirty thousand men. The loss of the French was considerable; in their own bulletins it was stated at fifteen hundred killed, and four thousand wounded; but the Austrian accounts swell that number to twenty thousand.

One of the disastrous consequences of this sanguinary day, was the destruction of twelve of the most considerable villages in the beautiful plain of Vienna, and Bonaparte, with his usual address, imputed these conflagrations to the guilty men who had drawn down upon their country all the calamities.

The fatal results of this battle compelled the emperor of Austria once more to supplicate an armistice, which was granted on terms sufficiently indicative of the depressed condition of the emperor's affairs. Russia, Saxony, Bavaria,

and the Rhenish confederation were aggrandized at the expense of the Austrian territory, and the brave inhabitants of the Tyrol were separated from the empire. Francis agreed to acknowledge Joseph king of Spain; to accede to the continental system; and to break off all intercourse with Great Britain. But the most important, and to the Austrian monarch, the most disgraceful condition of the peace, was contained in a 'secret article, which stipulated for a matrimonial alliance between one of his daughters and the French ruler. This marriage was not solemnized until the month of March, 1810, a divorce having been pronounced between Napoleon and his empress Josephine.

From the moment that Bonaparte contemplated this new family alliance, additional encroachments upon the liberties of his country seem also to have been contemplated; and no year in the course of his memorable reign presented such flagrant instances of a rapid advance towards absolute despotism, as the year of his marriage. Eight state prisons were established in different parts of the empire; and by their regulations it was competent for government to inure all suspected persons during pleasure, without giving them the opportunity of trial; and the press was subjected to the superintendence of public censors, who were appointed and paid by the government. In the same year the kingdom of Holland, and the Hanse Towns were formally annexed to the French empire.

A CAPITAL DURING WAR.

THAT city (Madrid) exhibited a sad mixture of luxury and desolation. When it was first entered, a violent, cruel, and unjust persecution of those who were called *Afrancesado* was commenced, and continued until the English General interfered, and, as an example, made no distinction in his invitations to the palace feasts. Truly it was not necessary to increase the sufferings of this miserable people; for though the markets were full of provisions, there was no money wherewith to buy; and, though the houses were full of rich furniture, there were neither purchasers nor lenders; even noble families secretly sought charity that they might live. At night

the groans and stifled cries of famishing people were heard; and every morning, emaciated dead bodies, cast into the streets, showed why those cries had ceased. The calm resignation with which these terrible sufferings were borne was a distinctive mark of the national character; not many begged, none complained, there was no violence, no reproaches, very few thefts; the allies lost a few animals, nothing more, and these were generally thought to be taken by robbers from the country. But with this patient endurance of calamity, the Madrilenos discovered a deep and unaffected gratitude for kindness received at the hands of the British officers, who contributed, not much, for they had it not, but enough of money to form soup charities, by which hundreds were succoured. It was the third division, and, I believe, the forty-fifth regiment, which set the example; and surely this is not the least of the many honourable distinctions those brave men have earned. *Napier's Peninsular War.*

A SAILOR'S WILL.

"To my old friend and messmate, Capstan, I leave all my gin tubs, rum kegs, beer jugs, glasses, and all them other public-house rigging and tackle. To Tom Hallyard, my best blue jacket and trousers, provided they ar'n't worn out before I die. To Bill Blake, my silver watch with the new blue hands, together with my best tobacco box, and the remaining cargo of pipes. And as to what money may happen to be aboard the bank when I slips my cable, why, that may be spent in grog after all my funeral expenses are paid. My funeral to be attended by such of my messmates as can get leave to attend (provided they don't get too much grog aboard afore the service begins); and as for an epitaph at the top of my grave, why, just write,— 'Here lies Jack Helm, Stormy Jack, becalmed at last.'"

GENERAL JUNOT.

This officer was originally a private in the ranks, and owed his elevation to a very singular circumstance. During the battle of Toulouse, Bonaparte had occasion to send a dispatch to one

of his generals, and having rode up to the company in which Junot served, he asked if any man among them could write? Junot instantly replied that *he* could. He was accordingly called out of the ranks to a drum-head, and Bonaparte dictated his dispatch. While Junot was writing, a cannon ball struck the ground near him, and covered him with dust: "That will do," said the soldier, "for I wanted some sand for my letter."—"You are a brave fellow," observed Napoleon, "what is there I can do for you?" "Have," said Junot, "these worsted epaulets taken off my shoulders, and replace them with silver." It was accordingly done; the soldier was promoted, was afterwards made governor of Paris, and in process of time elevated to the rank of marshal.

ANECDOTES AND WITTICISMS.

IN the attack on Martinico, in 1761, Admiral Rodney superintended the landing of the artillery; and sent on shore a large body of seamen, who carried the cannon upwards of three miles, through what might seem almost insurmountable difficulties, and drew the heaviest guns and mortars up the mountains, exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy. With such singular coolness and intrepidity was this duty performed, that on the first cannon that ascended the heights, a sailor was seen sitting singing the national air of "God save the King."

IN the expedition against Baltimore, in the United States, Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, was in the wood where general Ross was killed, and observed an American rifleman taking deliberate aim at him from behind a tree. Instead of turning aside, or discharging a pistol at the fellow, as any other man would have done, the brave admiral doubling his fist, shook it at the enemy, and cried aloud, "O you d—d Yankey, I'll give it you!" Upon which the man dropped his musket, in the greatest alarm, and took to his heels.

AN old sailor, who had fought at the battle of the Nile, in the *Temeraire*, had,

by some means, got into St. Paul's to witness the funeral of Lord Nelson, who, it will be remembered, commanded the *Victory*, on board which he fell. During the funeral sermon preached on that melancholy day, when the grave closed on the remains of the hero, Jack observed that the clergyman in almost every sentence introduced the word *victory*. "The *victory* is alone to be ascribed to THEE!",—"Glory be to HIM who gave us the victory," &c. &c. The honest tar burning with impatience at hearing this, roared out, "Come, damme, master parson, why don't you say something about the *Temeraire*—my ship, dy'e see!"

SIR R. W. OTWAY.

THE following anecdote of Sir R. W. Otway, is given by a recent writer: "In 1814, when I sailed with Sir R. W. Otway, in the *Ajax*, Hessian boots were in fashion; but to which he had a most insuperable objection; consequently, if any of the officers presented themselves before him in Hessian boots, he was sure to offer some bluff remark, that would not fail to be such a rebuke as to deter the wearers from again making the experiment. While at Quebec I was induced to volunteer for the lakes, and at the time I was preparing to leave the ship to join the *Confiance*, I ventured to draw on my Hessian boots; but I determined, when taking leave of the admiral, to hide my boots as cleverly as I could. Accordingly I waited on Sir Robert in his cabin, to bid him adieu; when he very cordially shook me by the hand, and, with his eyes significantly viewing my boots, said, 'Good by, sir, good by; but if you happen to come across a Yankey, I hope you will not forget to jump down his throat, and leave your boots in his stomach altogether.' I had the pleasure afterwards to know that, however displeased he might have been with my boots, he very strongly recommended me to Commodore Fisher.

London:—Printed by JOSEPH LAST, 3, Edward street, Hampstead-road; and published by W. M. CLARK, 19, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row; J. PATTIE, 17, High-street, Bloomsbury, and may be had, by order, of all Booksellers in town and country.