

Edwin Hodder



*The Founding
of South
Australia.*

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THE FOUNDING
OF
SOUTH AUSTRALIA

*AS RECORDED IN THE JOURNALS OF MR. ROBERT
GOUGER, FIRST COLONIAL SECRETARY*

EDITED BY

EDWIN HODDER

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"MEMORIES OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

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It fell to my lot to write the "History of South Australia," and in that work it was stated:—"Honours are divided among the claimants to be founders of South Australia. Edward Gibbon Wakefield was the first to set forth the principles of the new form of Colonisation; Mr. Gouger, the Secretary of the South Australian Association, took up the idea, and worked it into practical shape; Colonel Torrens brought experience and influence to bear to make the scheme popular, and ensure its acceptance by the Government; while Mr. George Fife Angas made the working of the Act of Parliament possible."

In filial regard for the memory of her father, Mr. Robert Gouger, Miss Adelaide Gouger carefully preserved all that remained of his journals and papers relating to South Australia, and the important part he took in its foundation, and, as no authentic record has hitherto been published of his life-work, she kindly placed in my hands all the documents in her possession, with the request that I would edit them.

It was desirable that the story of Mr. Gouger's services should be told, and although there may not be many living who remember him personally, the flourishing Colony of South Australia bears witness to his zeal; and, to quote the words of Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, "the successful issue of his long contests with the judgments of ignorance, the insults of pride, and the delays of idleness should be a

lesson of encouragement to the advocates of useful projects."

Edwin Hodder.



CHAPTER I.

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IN EARLY DAYS.

Robert Gouger was born on the 26th of June, 1802. He came of an old French family, and the name was originally pronounced *Gougère*. His great-grandfather emigrated from France in 1685, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in Ramsgate, where he built himself a house. He was drowned at sea—a fate which also befell his son George—from which it is to be inferred that the business in which the family were engaged had relation to mercantile affairs connected with shipping in foreign parts.

The father of Robert Gouger was born in 1763, married in 1787, and died in 1840. He was the father of eleven children, Robert being the youngest but one. All of these have now passed away: four of them died young, others lived to a good old age, John, the eldest, dying at 93, Mary at 96, Sarah at 95, Alfred, the youngest and unmarried, at 78.

Robert Gouger's mother was a remarkable woman, and her influence left its distinct mark on the characters of all her children. She was particularly clever and well read, and could enter into the studies of her children in their school-days, however abstruse the subjects might be, no less than when in later life her sons embarked on their careers. When grown to manhood she guided them with her counsel; it was to her keen judgment they submitted the points they could not solve themselves. It was she who made the brightness,

attractiveness, and happiness of a beautiful home-life, and at the same time inspired her children to press forward to wider fields of action and intellectual attainment. She lived in advance of her time, and in knowledge and accomplishment was abreast of the most advanced of the women of her day. This in no way detracted from her activity in household duties, but only gave a zest to them, and her wise management enabled her to devote her time and thought to the subjects which interested her children. With her son Robert, and his schemes for colonisation, she was in such full sympathy that there was scarcely a phase in the many-sided subject she did not thoroughly understand, nor a situation in which he was in perplexity in which she could not render practical aid.

To both father and mother each member of the family owed a deep debt of gratitude for the formation of their characters.

Of the brothers of Robert Gouger, the subject of this memorial, the career of Henry was perhaps the most remarkable. He resided for some years in Bengal, where he followed what was then regarded as the hazardous occupation of producing raw silk in competition with the Commercial Resident of the East India Company. That was in the days when the arbitrary power which that Government possessed was intrusted to its servants, who, as is well known, sometimes used it in the most unscrupulous manner to crush the spirit of private enterprise, and to retain in their hands the virtual monopoly of a branch of industry which, by an act of the British legislature in 1813, had been declared open to all its subjects under certain restrictions.

While in Bengal, Henry Gouger was attacked by an illness which baffled medical skill, and he was advised, as a last resource, to try a change of climate as affording the only means of recovery. On the suggestion of a friend, he determined to make a voyage to Rangoon, the chief seaport of the Burmese Dominions, and thence by the Irrawaddi to Amerapoorah, then the capital of the Empire. His idea was, that in addition to finding health, he might find that a highly lucrative commerce could be established with Amerapoorah and the regions beyond, especially in the introduction of British cotton manufactures, which were at that time beginning to supplant the native fabrics in most of the markets of the East.

Unhappily these dreams did not come true. The Burmese Empire was then (1822) a *terra incognita*; he found scarcely a man in authority who was not oppressive, corrupt, crafty, and cruel; he saw prospects of immense fortune, but depending upon enormous difficulties to be overcome; he was staggered at the barbarity of the king and his court, and over and over again he met with extraordinary perils, and no less extraordinary escapes. Soon after the bombardment of Rangoon he was falsely accused of being a British spy, and was cast into prison, where, under horrible circumstances, and amid appalling scenes of torture, he was detained for two years, eventually escaping with only his life. To the day of his death he bore traces of the frightful sufferings he had undergone in Burmah, and in his later years he could do little more than stroll about in the beautiful grounds of his home at Frogmore House,

Blackwater, Hants, where he led the quiet life of a country gentleman, beloved by all who knew him.

He was a man of very considerable literary ability, and in his last years he wrote a book, published by Mr. John Murray in 1860—the year before the author's death—entitled "The Prisoner of Burmah; A Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah."

Henry Gouger died while a second edition of his work was in preparation, and the preface was therefore written by his brother Alfred, who passed the edition for the press. In his preface Alfred speaks of the "perfect truthfulness and simplicity" of his brother's character, of his "good taste," of "the spirit of manly independence which characterised every act of his life," of "his energies and resources," and of "the clearness and tenacity of his powers of memory."

Similar excellences appear to have attached to all the Gouger brothers—they did at all events as regarded Robert, with whose history we are alone concerned in these pages, and also as regarded Alfred, the youngest of the family.

Before passing away from our reference to Henry Gouger, one incident connected with his residence in Burmah may be recorded here. After his escape from prison, the first Burmese war was in progress, but the British were anxious for peace, and a Treaty had been practically agreed to. Gouger in due course reported himself to Sir Archibald Campbell, the General Commanding, who received him with great kindness and consideration. The army continued to advance until it reached Yandaho, a place well known as being the spot on which the belligerents settled their animosities, and here Gouger was able to render very

important services to Sir Archibald Campbell and to the Government. We will let Mr. Henry Gouger tell the story in his own words.

"On the 22nd or 23rd of February [1826], two dignitaries from the Burmese Court arrived in the camp, with honest instructions this time, to consent to the terms made known to them. The preliminaries had been complied with by the release of the prisoners, and the arrival of a quarter of a million sterling in specie, being one-quarter of the stipulated indemnity.

"But now a singular difficulty arose. How the British army could have advanced thus far into the country without having a man among them capable of translating a State document into the Burmese language, it is not easy to explain. So it was, however, and this clearly shows how slight the intercourse must have been between the two countries before this time. The General's interpreter was a native youth of Chinese extraction, who, of course, *spoke* the Burmese language fluently enough, and English indifferently. With this his knowledge ceased; he could neither write nor read the Burmese, and had not Dr. Judson [the famous American missionary] and myself been at the General's disposal, the impediment would have been a serious one, as the Burmese could not be expected to put their hands to a document written in a language they did not understand; nor, on the other hand, could the British Commissioners trust to a native copy alone. The English Treaty was, therefore, placed in our hands for translation, and when we produced a Burmese copy, both were to be acknowledged as original documents of equal validity. It

gave me great pleasure to make some return for Sir A. Campbell's kindness, in this and other ways where my knowledge of the language was required—indeed, by an extraordinary accident, I was the means not only of aiding the General, but also of enriching the Exchequer of the East India Company to the amount of nearly £70,000, in a manner that was not less gratifying to me because it came from the pocket of my late oppressors. The affair is worth recording.

"The fifth article of the Treaty has these words:—'As part indemnification to the British Government for the expenses of the war, His Majesty the King of Ava agrees to pay the sum of *one crore of rupees*.' It will naturally be asked, What kind of rupee is intended? It is not a coin of the country. The Burmese only know it as the coin issued to the British troops, and these being chiefly from the Madras Presidency, the Madras rupee was the one issued and passed into general circulation. This was the one commonly known to the Burmese, and one crore, or ten millions, of these rupees they would naturally expect to pay—no other could have been reasonably demanded of them. But there was another kind of rupee current in Bengal in those days, denominated the *sicca rupee* the metallic value of which was between 6½ and 7 per cent., greater than the Madras rupee; and as both the General and the Civil Commissioner came from Bengal, I had reason to think the *sicca rupee* was the one they intended, though they had failed to express it in the words so carelessly used. As the Treaty was not yet signed, I went to communicate my thoughts to Sir Archibald Campbell. He saw the blunder at once, summoned the Burmese chiefs

instantly to a conference, at which I was present, and explained to them that, although the words be allowed to stand in the Treaty, *sicca rupees* were those intended and would be claimed; and paid they were ultimately, in full tale! A memorandum was attached to the Treaty expressive of this understanding." *

[* "The Prisoner of Burmah," by Henry Gouger Second edition. John Murray, 1862, pp. 297-9.]

Very few records have been preserved of the early life of Robert Gouger, the youngest but one of the six brothers. He spent his childhood at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, was educated at a school in Nottingham, and obtained his business knowledge in London in the office of his father, who was a city merchant of excellent repute and of good means.

As a youth he showed signs of unusual intelligence, addicting himself to study for the mere love of it, and beguiling his leisure hours with recreation in Natural History. He was an ardent lover of nature, and delighted in roaming over woodland and moor in search of birds, butterflies, and insects, which he collected and classified with no ordinary skill, stuffing the birds and setting the butterflies himself with infinite pains and dexterity.

Later on he developed a taste for music, and possessing a good rudimentary knowledge, he found the "concord of sweet sounds" a source of enjoyment, not only then but throughout his life. Added to this his tastes were literary; he read standard works on all subjects with care and intelligence, and was in the habit, it would appear, of making digests of what he had read—an excellent habit

which has sadly fallen into disuse in the present day. His literary recreation was in reading the works of the great poets, and in his many and long rambles a favourite book would serve as his guide, philosopher, and Mend. As the days went on ambition dawned, and he became a frequent contributor of poems to the magazines—*Blackwoods* in particular—where they were gladly received and published.

By the time Robert Gouger had arrived at the age of manhood the foundations of his character were not only laid, but were placed in position ready for the building upon them the work of his life.

In matters of religion he had accepted without reservation the Christian faith in which he had been brought up. He had laid hold, too, of the grand simple landmarks of morality—that it is better to be true than false, better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be brave than to be a coward, and, in proportion as he held to these virtues, he hated, with a good and hearty hatred, those who wantonly disregarded them.

In politics he was an out-and-out Radical—at first, from his home-training and home associations, but later from his own convictions, the result of careful inquiry and observation. Even before he had reached manhood he had developed a strong, passionate interest in the poor. He could not reconcile the idea of so much luxury and extravagance and so much terrible poverty existing side by side in London and the other great centres of population in the country. He knew not how, but he felt sure that there must be something essentially wrong in the Poor Law system when this was the case; he was convinced that the

poor laboured under unjust disadvantages in not having among themselves men who could tell in high places the story of their sufferings, and plead for redress of their wrongs. Wherever he went—and he travelled much, both in his own country and on the Continent—he made investigations, and noted in his diary the condition of the people, their habits, their wants, the insanitary state of their dwellings, their modes of living, their need of reformation, their lack of education, and the lethargy of the clergy in all practical matters relating to the general condition of the poor. He was an intimate friend of Robert Owen, the great "Social theorist," and was deeply interested in his views on the co-operative system, and in the many important reforms he introduced, having for their object the improvement of the status of the labourers in his employ.

It was his sympathy for the oppressed working classes, and the hopeless state into which they were drifting through want of employment, that first called out his zeal for colonisation—the great work of his life—and it was that also which inspired him, in an hour of great political excitement, to espouse the cause of "the oppressed twelve millions of Spaniards" to which further reference will shortly be made.

The impression left on the mind of the present writer, after a careful study of all his private papers known to be in existence, is, that from first to last, Robert Gouger was a shrewd, intelligent, observant man, faithful in small duties as in great, conscious always of the obligations of Christianity combined with high morality; that he was inspired by a strong sense of duty in all the exacting labours he undertook, buoyed up by a yearning aspiration to serve

his fellow creatures, especially the struggling poor; adventurous, even to recklessness, in any cause he espoused with enthusiasm; prodigal of time and energy in every movement to which he was pledged.

This estimate is borne out by one who knows the whole story of his life, and has said that he "was a truly Christian man, with deepest religious convictions, and the very soul of honour."

CHAPTER II.

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A REVOLUTIONARY EXPEDITION.

Some extracts from a carefully written MS. will give a better idea of what manner of man Mr. Gouger was, in his earlier days, than can be given from any other source. He was, as we have seen, and as we shall see more fully later on, a man of an adventurous spirit, and the stirring times of 1830 gave him an opportunity to indulge his love of daring enterprise.

"On the 20th of August, 1830," he writes, "I left England to join Colonel Valdes, who was at Havre with the Spaniards whom I had seen on board the *Mary*. I landed at Calais on the day Louis Phillippe was proclaimed King of the French, and gave my first shout for liberty on that joyous occasion. It appeared a favourable omen to me. A despot had just been hurled from his throne, and a citizen king occupied his place. An officer who stood by me, threw me a tri-coloured

cockade in return for my enthusiastic cry,* and this I wore during the whole of my residence on the Continent....

[* The tri-coloured cockade, much faded, is still in the possession of Miss S. Adelaide Gouger.]

"On the 24th I arrived at Havre, where I found Colonel Valdes and about 80 Spaniards, the greater part of whom were officers. On the following day, being summoned by Colonel Pinto, Valdes went to Paris, leaving me with four Spanish officers, to superintend the departure of the officers and soldiers for Bayonne. The plan of hiring a ship to make a descent upon the north of Spain, which had been determined upon by Valdes, being found impracticable for want of funds, the men were observed to walk to Bayonne, a distance of 700 miles. This and other business detained me at Havre nearly a fortnight, during which time I was enabled partially to learn the Spanish language....

"September the 8th saw me at Paris. Finding I was in good time for the movements which were to take place in Spain, I resolved to comply with the request of Colonel Pinto to remain some days with him to assist in the English correspondence.

"The glorious and successful struggle which the Parisians had made on 'The Three Days' was marked in a variety of ways and places.

"On the 14th I had the honour of an interview with General Lafayette. I was introduced by Colonel Pinto, and remained with the General for nearly three hours. The General, who is

in his 73rd year, was still in good health and tolerably active. His appearance commands respect, but there is a blandness in his manner which places those who are with him perfectly at ease. He received me very cordially, and on being told that I was going to fight for the constitutional cause in Spain, was warm in his congratulations. At the conclusion of a long but interrupted interview, he invited me to his house on the following Tuesday, and desired me to remember that in leaving Paris I left a friend who would be always glad to see me. From his long residence in America and his frequent interviews with English people, the General speaks the English language remarkably well. Speaking of revolutions, he said it was only necessary to 'teach a soldier he is a citizen, and rather a citizen than a soldier,' to effect any useful salutary change that may be desired.

"On the 16th September I left Paris with Colonel Minuisir, a Spaniard, brother-in-law to General Torrijos, late Minister of War in Spain, and Comte Linati, a Frenchman, for Lyons."

While Mr. Gouger was in Lyons he found time to write to his brother Alfred, to whom he explained, more fully than in his diary, the object of his mission to Spain, and an extract from that letter will enable the reader better to understand the further extracts from the diary:—

"Lyons, *Sept. 30th*, 1830.

"My Dear Alfred,

"Before this letter reaches you I shall have been in Spain, and most probably have seen an enemy's camp.

"You will perceive by the arms on the top of this sheet * that we are now somewhat above a conspiracy. We have *chargés d'affaires* at London and Paris, which conspirators seldom avow. If, however, you know not what name to give us as a party, I hope our deeds will soon show that we are worthy of a better name. We may soon be 'legitimate warriors.' Shame on man! that *success* should determine the goodness of a cause; succeeding, we are the saviours of a country; defeated, we are traitors, and ignominy is heaped upon us. When will men think rightly? However, be our party fortunate or otherwise, there is some satisfaction in knowing that some of the finest-minded men in the world are engaged with us; that the cause is that of liberty for the oppressed twelve millions of Spaniards, and that the sympathy of all who wish well to a good cause will be with us. I have never regretted for one moment the step I have taken. I am convinced that it is a card worth playing, and, although a dangerous one, it is not the least deserving of being played. I cannot, however, be indifferent to what I know must be the feelings of all my family relations. The affectionate attention I have received from you all, has not been thrown away. Believe me, my dear Alfred, I shall never cease to grieve for the unavoidable separation which my present pursuit entails upon me. But affection always descends. I believe the child never loves the parent as the parent does the child. What, then, must be the feelings of my dear father and mother? I know that I have always felt the warmest feelings towards them, and, although I spared them the pain of a formal separation, I am sure they must have suffered much since on my account. The anxiety I am

occasioning my family is the only drawback I feel to the gladness my enthusiasm for the cause I have undertaken creates. However, I comfort myself with the idea that I may be again installed among you, in the service of Spain, in my native country or in France, after the Liberal Government is settled....

[* The letter was written on official paper.]

"P.S. *Tarbes, September 30th.*—I finish my letter from this place, whence I go immediately into Spain. I shall probably precede Colonel Gurrea to some important place with despatches, but, if not, I shall perform the same service for Valdes. I may now be considered a military man, and you would think so if you saw my equipage. I have a good horse, and am clad in a cocked hat, with a tri-coloured plume of feathers, laced surtout, and jack-boots!....

"I enclose the song the Spaniards will sing in going into battle.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Robert Gouger."

We now return to the diary to follow up the thread of the narrative:—

"The business which led us to Lyons, namely, the formation of a committee of Frenchmen to assist the constitutional Spaniards in reaching their country and supplying us with arms, ammunition, &c., during the revolution, being satisfactorily arranged, on the 21st we proceeded to Nismes.... Political feeling was rather high here. The Royalists were strong in the neighbourhood, in consequence of which a regiment of the line was stationed there, and any person who went from home after 8 o'clock

at night was required to carry a lanthorn. Two travellers, Frenchmen, were put in jail on the preceding day for non-compliance with this order....

"September 28th.—At Toulouse I met Mr. John Hutt, who was rendering his valuable services to the Spanish constitutional cause by conducting the pecuniary affairs consequent on the formation of a division to be commanded by Colonel Gurrea. From him I learned of the intrigues which a party, calling themselves patriots and lovers of liberty, were carrying on at Bayonne with the secret intention of preventing revolutionary movements....

"September 30th.—At Bagnères we found Colonel Gurrea, who, although much annoyed by the intrigues of Mina, was moving on in the even tenour of his way, disregarding every object but the great one he had in view—the liberty of his country. "With him were the two sons of General Milans, and other Spanish officers of distinction, who were preparing for the day of arms. ... The minor officers were all exceedingly attached to Gurrea, who had raised himself almost from the ranks by his bravery and skill. Already three fortified places had declared they only waited his approach to open their gates to him, while his knowledge of the country and the guerilla mode of warfare raised the greatest hopes from this incursion....

"October 2nd.—Reached Bayonne. Here I found Valdes, Pinto, and a great number of Spanish officers, by whom I was heartily welcomed, and whom I was quite as pleased

again to recognise....

"*October 12th.*—Bayonne has been the seat of numerous intrigues since Valdes arrived. Mina quickly followed him, and has been doing all that lay in his power to shackle the movements of the constitutionalists enrolled under the banner of Valdes. His followers have been instigated to seduce the officers and men of our expedition, in which, however, they succeeded only in the case of some weak-kneed Frenchmen. Happily, we shall now shortly be beyond the reach of their intrigues, and shall have but one enemy to encounter...

"I have twice been into the villages where our men and arms are placed. The first time was with Colonel Minuisir and Navarette, a Spanish engineer officer, to inspect the men and arms. We found the soldiers all anxiety to depart, but bearing their disappointments well. The second journey was of a more important nature. Intelligence having arrived that the sub-prefect of Bayonne intended to seize the arms and ammunition in the depôts at Villa-Franca and Usteritz, Colonel Minuisir, accompanied by myself and three officers, started at eleven at night to walk to the former village, to take measures against a proceeding so fatal to our plans. Some little difficulty was found in getting through the gates so late at night, but a silver key, added to my being metamorphosed into an English physician going to visit a friend who was suddenly taken ill, obtained us a passage. Arrived at Villa-Franca, we aroused six officers, who, with us, immediately proceeded to remove the arms to a place of

safety. We chose for this purpose a shed, open on all sides to the weather, as being the most unlikely place for arms to be concealed. This occupied the whole night, and our work was just completed as the morning dawned....

"October 13th.—This morning we entered Spain. Being appointed aide-de-camp to General Valdes, I was constantly with the officers and messed with the staff. At about 2 o'clock we halted at the little village of Urpaz, where the priests paid us a visit and the inhabitants welcomed us. After a short rest we proceeded to Zugarramurdi, a fortified village about four miles from the frontier. Here the General established his head-quarters, and we remained organizing our little band until the 17th. Our whole force consisted of about 400 men, of whom more than half were Frenchmen. The whole body was formed into three battalions, and a company called the Campania Sagrada, or Sacred Company, which consisted of educated Frenchmen who had volunteered into the service, and Spanish officers who had as yet no men to command. The three battalions were under the respective commands of Colonels Leguia, Trias, and Albeniz; the Campania Sagrada, in which I was enrolled as private, was under the command of Captain Roa....

"October 17th.—Left head-quarters for Vera at 2 a.m., a town about 25 miles from Zugarramurdi, where about 400 of the troops of the line were stationed, and who were daily expecting to be reinforced from Pamplona. It was hoped that we might be enabled to surprise this place and take possession of it prior to the reinforcements. We reached

Vera at about 11 o'clock in the day, but peasants had given notice of our approach to the enemy, and they were quite prepared to receive us. An officer bearing a white flag was sent with a few men to sound the wishes of the Royalist soldiers; they met, embraced, and we thought they had consented to join us, but on retiring to their commanding officer the order to fire was given, which, being returned by our troops, the action began. In a few minutes the enemy, driven from all the posts, retired into a strongly fortified convent situated upon a hill in a very commanding situation. From this place it was found impossible to dislodge them; our cannon (two 6-pounders) were not sufficiently powerful to make any impression upon the walls, and an uncovered approach was impossible without loss of half the men. We were therefore obliged to retire, and the signal for retreat on our part was one for a sortie on theirs. This was repelled by the bayonet, which quickly decided the matter in our favour. By this movement, however, we were divided, and the retreat was effected in three columns, that in which I was thrown being under the command of Colonel Minuisir, and consisting of about 80 men.

"It was now about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and having procured a guide, we marched uninterruptedly for some hours. About 10 o'clock, however, as we were marching between two mountains, one of which was clothed with a wood, a fire suddenly opened upon us. The enemy, who turned out to be 150 men from Pamplona, were placed on the side of the mountain protected by the wood. This rendered our return fire ineffectual, while theirs upon us was

murderous. We then charged with the bayonet, which drove them from their hiding-place; and in a few minutes decided the affair in our favour. This rencontre placed us in a very perilous situation. A surprise at night from a very superior force (150 to 80) was in itself dangerous enough, but the evil did not end here. At the first fire the guide ran away, and alter the action we found ourselves 'planted' in the wilds of the Pyrenees without knowing what direction to take. The enemy, though routed, might rally, and our men were fatigued with the effects of a day's severe marching, fighting, and abstinence....

"Tired, reduced in numbers, with enemies before and behind, it was not our object to fight. We, therefore, patiently waited the return of the other parties, and as one of them brought an old man as guide, we gladly availed ourselves of his services to conduct us from this mountainous labyrinth to our head-quarters. A most arduous march at length brought us to Zugarramurdi, which we reached at 7 o'clock on Monday morning, after having been engaged in uninterrupted walking and fighting since 2 o'clock the preceding morning.

"We were not allowed to rest long. At noon the same day the enemy, reinforced by large bodies of Royalist volunteers, made their appearance on the heights above the village to the number of about 2,000 men, while our force, from the desertion of some Frenchmen, from killed, and from others unable to march from fatigue, did not now exceed 250 men. These excessive odds did not, however, prevent General

Valdes attacking them. He ordered about 50 men to advance en guerilla between the two bodies which were descending upon us, with orders, when attacked, to retire gradually to the village; while he, with the rest of the troops, endeavoured to turn the right wing, consisting of about 600 men. In this movement he was completely successful. Unaccustomed to the bayonet in the hands of persons who knew they could expect no mercy if taken, the volunteers of Juannito made no stand against our decisive attack. The first division, thrown into confusion, retreated upon the second, who, panic struck by the rapid flight of their comrades, without even waiting for our near approach, joined the first division in their retreat. For five miles they were chased without having time to rally, and the approach of night only put an end to the pursuit.

"In this action we lost but few men, while on the part of the Royalists much blood was shed. To prevent surprise, and for the sake of giving the troops an uninterrupted night's repose, we encamped that night in France.

"*October 19th.*—At daybreak of to-day we returned to Spain and in a short time were at Zugarramurdi. General Valdes then created two ensigns, and, as he was pleased to think that my conduct had been useful to the cause, he thanked me for my zeal, and conferred on me the same grade, requesting still my services as aide-de-camp.

"*October 20th.*—Information reached us to-day that the enemy was still near us, to the number of 3,000, and in the