

The Napoleon Series

A Polish Officer in the Peninsular War: the Memoirs of Captain Józef Kozłowski, 9th Infantry Regiment of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw

Translated by Mark Tadeusz Łałowski

Edited by [Jonathan North](#)

This account of Józef (Joseph) Kozłowski's experiences during the Peninsular War in Spain was first published in Polish in 1887 in *Historya 1go potem 9 go pułku Wielkiego Księstwa Warszawskiego napisana przez Kozłowskiego kapitana grenadierów tegoż pułku a później kapitana inwalidów* and translated by Mark Tadeusz Łałowski in 2017.

Biographical Note: Józef Kozłowski was an officer in the 9th Infantry Regiment of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw a unit which, along with the 4th and 7th regiments, formed a small division which Napoleon sent to Spain in the autumn of 1808. It remained there until early 1812. Józef Kozłowski had been promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant on 8 July 1808 and fought, and was wounded, at the battle of Almonacid on 11 August 1809. He was promoted to Lieutenant on 18 October 1809 and Captain on 4 November 1811. After serving in Spain he fought in Russia, again being wounded on 2 December 1812, and then in Germany and France in 1813 and 1814. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honour on 13 March 1814.

We left St. Jean de Luz on the morning of 8 October [1808], and, crossing over the small river Bidassoa, which separates France from Spain, we spent the night at the first Spanish town we encountered, Irun. From Irun we moved through Hernani to Tolosa, spending our third night in the Pyrenees. Continuing to march through these mountains and passing through Allegia, Villafranca, Villarreal, Anzuola, Livare, Salinas, Mondragon, near Gebora castle, Mont Ververa and Polonio, we finally reached Vitoria, the first town beyond the Pyrenees.

The French troops had been pulled back to that town following the capitulation at Bailén [21 July 1808], and had thus been forced to abandon Madrid and retreat to the Pyrenees. From Vitoria we marched for three days, passing through Arenas, Miranda, Pancorbo, Briviesca and on to Burgos, a considerable town built along the Arlazon River. As we approached this city, we began to see the unfortunate consequences of war. The dead had not been buried for several days, and the city itself had been almost completely abandoned by the residents. (...) The main road to Madrid runs from Burgos and then passes right through Valladolid and Segovia and whilst this road might be followed by other French troops, our Polish Division proceeded in almost a straight line through the Somosierra mountains towards the capital of Spain. Crossing this second range of Spanish mountains, we came to a famous ravine, I say famous, because Polish blood had recently [30 Nov.1808] been spilled there, and where the remains of our chivalrous compatriots were buried. I saw and visited this place, but I myself was not an eyewitness to the battle.

In order to prevent the enemy from trying to take control of this ravine and thus prevent the march of further French reinforcements, the Emperor Napoleon had ordered that one battalion of the 4th Regiment of the Duchy of Warsaw be positioned here. Thus, this battalion did not join its Regiment again for some time as the French governor of the province made use of it according to his own requirements. This detachment of the 4th Regiment was later sent to the Asturian Mountains [Cordillera Cantabrica] in Spanish Galicia. The rest of the Polish Division [4th, 7th, and the 9th Regiments], having crossed this ravine, now proceeded non-stop towards the capital of Spain preceded by a French Corps. The villages and towns which we have encountered along the way had been abandoned by the inhabitants, and they had made off into the mountains. The French marauders, whom we met along the way, mercilessly pillaged amongst these deserted homes and many of the worst French soldiers hid themselves in abandoned houses in order not to be arrested by the troops who next passed through. Once, when our Regiment was about to continue its march after a short repose, I received an order that I should search the town where we had been resting, and then to follow the regiment by escorting the regimental coffers. I obeyed, and I discovered some armed French soldiers hiding in some of the houses. When I asked them why they did not make haste to rejoin their regiments, they all responded that they were sick. Regardless of that, I forced them to leave the town. One band of these marauders truly scandalized me. I found them gathered in a large room of a decent house, sitting by the bonfire which they had lit in the middle of a beautiful floor. To keep the fire burning they were feeding it with mahogany furniture, and just as I entered the room, they had taken down a very large picture from the wall, a brilliant painting in a gilt frame, and were feeding it into the flames. I rescued this expensive piece of art, although it had been partially burnt and once again hung it on the wall with help of my soldiers. I was really astonished by such a barbaric act performed by the soldiers of the most civilized nation. Having flushed these marauders out I rushed after the Regiment with my detachment, escorting the money entrusted to me.

Reaching Madrid, we found most of the French troops were now concentrated there. Napoleon was not present, but he had chosen to establish his headquarters about an hour from the capital, perhaps out of caution, perhaps because he retained some resentment towards a city that had failed to yield to his convictions and which he had been forced to conquer twice with weapons in his hands.

The troops which entered Madrid were accommodated in the monasteries. Our Polish Division occupied five such buildings and after some rest, so evidently necessary after so many exhausting forced marches, Napoleon ordered, on the third day, that a review of the entire army take place on the plains of Madrid. After this review two divisions, one French and the other ours, were sent to Ponte Almaraz on the Tajo River in Extremadura. The Spanish army had combined with the English in order to threaten Madrid so we made to secure the bridge over that river, the skirmish not lasting long for, after a few dozen cannon shots from either side, the Spaniards retreated, leaving behind the bridge itself and a few hundred prisoners taken by the French [and Polish] cavalry which had pursued the enemy. After the Spaniards were defeated they were not, however, pursued much further.

In order to protect the captured bridge we left a detachment of two hundred soldiers of the 9th Polish Regiment under the command of Captain [Tomasz] Górzeński, along with two guns and several chasseurs to act as couriers, and then pushed deeper into the province of Extremadura, advancing towards the Portuguese border. Each division took a different route and whilst all three of our Polish regiments made straight for the Portuguese frontier, we were then diverted towards Plasencia. As we were marching towards this town, we reached a small river whose name I was unable to discover because it was in the midst of a desolated region, and we made camp there. On the next day we received orders to cross this river [Tietar]. The water had been quite shallow when we arrived, but as our troops were starting to ford it, there was heavy rainfall so that in a couple of hours the water level had been raised to such an extent that it was impossible to complete the crossing. One battalion of the 7th Regiment, the artillery and the caissons and baggage had passed over safely, but the rest had to wait. A cavalry detachment was sent off with a guide in order to search for ferryboats, but only one was found and it was so small that only 20 people could be transported at once. We had the intention of continuing the crossing by such slow means, but we were countermanded and the small boat was then used to carry back those of our people who had already crossed. We were then obliged to remain in what was a real desert and the constant rain was a veritable nuisance for us. Even our noble divisional commander, General [Jean-Baptiste de] Valence, an old man over sixty, found no sanctuary. There was no food, and there was no way of obtaining any. Before long we received orders to withdraw and passing near Almaraz, we rejoined the detachment we had left by the bridge, and were then replaced by a French unit. We then marched on to Talavera [de la Reina], also located along the Tajo River, and having rested for a few days, we advanced to the city of Toledo, just a few marches from Madrid in the direction of the province of Andalucia.

Toledo, the capital of the richest archbishopric in Spain, a city whose population consisted mostly of clergy and had a magnificent and rich metropolitan church, was now made the headquarters of the Corps to which the Polish Regiments belonged. From here we were used to launch sorties against the enemy wherever he showed himself. It was just a few days after our arrival in Toledo, that we set out on our first sortie, marching on Mora, five Spanish miles to the south, and forcing our enemy out of that town before returning back to Toledo. However, after several days of rest we again returned back to Mora, this time accompanied by the entire division and with a cavalry regiment before us. Skirting the village, the infantry halted at Orgas, but our lancers reached another village called Jovenes [Los Yebenes], about one and a half miles ahead of us. The colonel of this regiment, [Jan] Konopka, over-confident in his forces, allowed his men to scatter in this village and his orders only required one squadron to establish pickets and remain under arms during the night. He himself however went to sleep in the house of a marquis whom he knew from former patrols. At around midnight, Captain [Jan Schultz] Szulc noticed some unusual sounds in vicinity and notified the commander. The colonel asked the marquis what enemy might be in the area, but he assured the officer that it could only be some villagers taking the harvest or some other goods to Toledo. Satisfied with this statement, the colonel implied Captain Szulc was a coward no further orders were issued. However as the noise approached and grew more intense, the officers determined to have the horses saddled, and the soldiers readied for any possible action. In fact the enemy immediately surrounded the village and started to attack it from every direction. The

Colonel was barely able to mount a horse, but having lost touch with the rest of his regiment, he, along with a dozen or so horsemen, then broke through the enemy lines and reached our divisional headquarters which were at Consuegra. He reported to the commanding general Valence that the Regiment had been taken captive by the enemy [24 March 1809].

The general ordered us to form up and to storm the place in columns. We were marching against Jovenes when we saw Konopka's regiment approaching, led by Lieutenant Colonel [Telesfor] Kostanecki. This officer had collected the lancers and with a sword in his hand he had broken through the enemy, causing him great harm. But our lancers were not without losses, too. Captains Szulc and [Kajetan] Stokowski and reportedly about 40 lancers had been captured. Kostanecki's act of escaping from danger and saving the Regiment really embarrassed Konopka and I do not know how he managed not to be removed from his command.

After this skirmish involving our cavalry we went to Consuegra, and from there towards Ciudad Real, the capital of the Mancha Province, which lies within a distance of two short marches north of the Sierra Morena mountains range protecting Andalucia. The Spaniards deployed their troops along these mountains and, having concentrated their strength there, prepared (by taking advantage of the defensive position of the place) to resist any French advance through the fortified mountains. In Ciudad Real and the surrounding area, they had 20,000 troops [under General Cartojal], which we considered to be but the vanguard of their forces, concealed by the inaccessible mountains.

They thought, too, that it was necessary to retain the capital of the Mancha Province in their power so that they could supply their troops in the mountains, and prevent the enemy from getting any food from this rich province. To frustrate them, our Polish and French divisions, approaching Ciudad Real separately, came before the city occupied by a strong Spanish garrison. They were waiting for us and greeted us with their cannons. However, unable to withstand our obstinacy, , after a brief resistance, they lost a few hundred of their men killed and wounded, and retreated in rather good order to the Sierra Morena mountains. The French cavalrymen, and with them the Polish lancers chased them to the foothills and took a few hundred more prisoner, along with several ammunition caissons and some guns that they were unable to save. And we, the infantry, set off after the cavalry and passed through Santa Cruz to El Visillo, a village that lies under the mountains of the Sierra Morena. In this village and surrounding area we remained camped for a few days whilst the Polish companies of voltigeurs, under the overall divisional command of generals [Horace] Sebastiani and Valence, approached the Spanish encampment to the distance of a cannon shoot, for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy position.

Spending some days at the foot of the mountains, our Polish Division was then withdrawn to Almagro, and then to Manzanares. The whole of our Corps was located in the vicinity: we, as mentioned, were at Manzanares and the Polish lancers at Valdepenas. In front of us, in the centre, were the French cavalry with their right supposedly in Ciudad-Real, and left wing in Membrilla and Solana. Our military position was eight miles distant from the Sierra Morena mountains. From Manzanares, small infantry units were being dispatched to Toledo in order to communicate with other forces. Such a unit of 30 men under the command of the

Second Lieutenant [Tadeusz] Cieński from the 9th Regiment was sent to the village of Aranda (or Arenas). This small detachment was caught and surrounded by several hundred Spaniards and the officer defended himself for several hours, and, when called to surrender, bravely rejected the summons. The Polish officer was then shot and killed by a bullet fired from a house opposite by a priest with whom he was acquainted. Having lost their commander, the company, though continuing to defend the village for some time, surrendered at last. I learned about the details of this fight from the soldiers of the unit when they were fortunate to return from captivity.

Each and every day as we maintained our position along the defensive line, the voltigeur companies would be sent out at 1.00 am, moving along specified routes and then taking up advanced positions in order to remain there, on the alert and under arms until dawn. The other companies of the regiment also used to maintain advanced posts, but only in villages under our control, and in range of our lines. We remained in this position for two months after the battle of Ciudad Real (which took place in early April 1809) and it was only when the British Corps from Portugal was pushing towards Madrid from the direction of Badajoz that we fell back to Consuegra, about 11 miles distant. From this position, we undertook several marches, almost always deploying our full strength. Once we even reached Elmorat, a village lying in a valley surrounded with high mountains, and three hours' march from Sierra Morena. Joseph Napoleon, then the Spanish king, personally led the expedition, but we did not encounter the enemy.

Here I believe is the place to issue a warning on military matters, intended particularly for commanders, namely that on nocturnal marches one can never be too careful. Here is one example: One evening, whilst at the same Consuegra, the whole Polish Division began to march out, proceeding in the strictest order in dense columns, as if the enemy were right in front of us. Our cavalry set off from another point and soon overtook us. The night was very dark. We had probably marched for just two miles when suddenly some cavalry appeared before our vanguard. They did not halt and did not reply with the requisite password, and our vanguard therefore opened fire. The cavalry, splitting into two bodies, galloped along both sides of our marching columns. The lead column also started shooting, which made the cavalry accelerate, and forced us to form squares in dark, but the disorder in our columns was such that a good quarter of an hour had passed before our squares were in order. The French artillery, marching along behind, added to this disorder, and their terrified horses were scattering with the guns when word came that there had been a mistake. The brigade commander, or even someone of greater authority, must have been to blame because neither we nor our cavalry knew about each other's movements. Had it been enemy cavalry, those brave shadows of the night might have made great mischief amongst our ranks.

At the end of July our troops withdrew to Toledo, where we crossed the Tajo River. The 9th and 4th Regiment of the Duchy of Warsaw, although only one battalion of the latter, received orders to remain in Toledo. The rest of the army moved on Talavera, a city also on the Tajo River, and where Marshal Soult who commanded the Southern Army in Spain, thought to give battle to the English, who, united with the Spaniards to form an imposing army, were threatening Madrid. As our troops, including our 7th Regiment and the Polish Lancers, moved towards Talavera [de la Reina], a strong Spanish force perhaps of 20,000 men descended on Toledo,

blockading us, and sending some grenades and 12-pound cannonballs into the town. Toledo lies on the right bank of the Tajo River, and the enemy took up positions on the left bank of that river, and continued with the artillery fire. Our main defensive position in the city was based on the castle, which dominated the town being located on a hill by the river. If the enemy had succeeded in crossing the river, he would have been able to easily occupy the town given his superior strength. However Toledo was open to the north and west and the enemy determined to take advantage, and, a few days later, leaving part of his army before the town, took the rest to Aranjuez, where he could easily cross the river. But this plan, badly disguised, did not work, because we left only the 2nd Battalion from the 9th Regiment in Toledo, and also marched to Aranjuez establishing ourselves on the other side of the river in order to bar the passage. We were too weak to be effective, but our plan was to merely gain time, and the troops which had been sent to Talavera soon returned to help us. This battalion of the 9th Polish Regiment held the enemy at bay for five or six days and thus ensured peace in the city.

Whilst this was happening in Toledo and its surroundings, Marshal Soult gave battle to the English and Spaniards at Talavera de la Reina (July 28, 1809), a town a few miles distant from Toledo, in the direction of Portugal. Some Poles fought in this battle, including the regiment of Polish lancers, under the command of Colonel Konopka. Many soldiers were wounded there, including men from the 7th Regiment, from the Regiment of Lancers and from the Polish Horse Artillery, which had been under the command of Captain [Adam] Huppé.

The French paid well-deserved testament to the bravery of the Poles, most particularly to the lancers who twice broke the English cavalry. The result of this battle was that both sides lost a great many people killed and wounded. The English, having left their wounded on the battlefield, withdrew in good order, and the French did not dare to pursue them too far. I was not personally involved in that battle but what I have written here I heard from my colleagues who participated in it.

Having said something about Talavera, we must turn to see what was happening at Aranjuez. After quitting Toledo and leaving the 2nd Battalion of the 9th Regiment there, we moved on Illescas, a village on the road to Madrid, about one and a half Spanish mile from Aranjuez. established a camp there which was soon strengthened by some additional French units and, before long, the 7th Polish Regiment and a French division of infantry. When the new arrivals had sufficiently rested, we marched on Aranjuez, showing ourselves before the place at night before marching back to Toledo, and, at dawn, crossing the Tajo River. We were marching in columns, each regiment adhering to a designated route and the 9th Regiment was marching along the banks of the river Tajo, concealed by rocky outcrops along the river.

When we reached the designated point, we scrambled up the bank and marched in columns across the plains. The enemy troops besieging Toledo, as well as those before Aranjuez had already withdrawn whilst our regiments concentrated at a point a little more than three miles to the south of Toledo. There we set up camp and remained there for three or four days.

At dawn on 11 August 1809, we left our position and moved on Almonacid, where the Spaniards had concentrated around 30,000 troops and were waiting for us in a very

favourable position. We marched in columns, in close formation at platoon intervals, always keeping formation. Our Polish Division occupied the right wing, the Germans were in the middle, and the French were on the left. The cavalry rode from one wing to another. At around eight o'clock we approached the enemy, who were drawn up as follows:

On the highest point around stood an ancient castle, and in front of the castle, somewhat to the left, or to our right, was a smaller hill. The Spanish troops occupied this castle and this hill, positioning a dozen cannon there, with the reserve behind them, so that, as was later shown, they hoped to withdraw along that route in the event of a defeat.

As we approached their position, they greeted us with cannon fire but our artillery responded immediately, as it was advancing between our columns. Thus a strong exchange of fire commenced from both sides. Their fire caused a lot of damage to our columns, but still we went forward towards the castle. As we neared it, the 1st Battalion of the 9th Regiment, the whole of the 7th Regiment and one battalion of the 4th were ordered to fix bayonets and move against the Spaniards occupying the lower hill. We climbed the rocky precipice in columns and our guns supported us by firing against the Spanish artillery and their troops on the castle hill. We soon reached the summit, forcing the Spaniards, to flee towards the castle and, having taken the lower hill, we dispersed as skirmishers and awaited further orders. Colonel [Maciej] Sobolewski of the 7th Regiment, hit by a bullet, was killed like a Spartan, because as he was falling from his horse he encouraged his men by crying out: "It's nothing! Forward, come on, my boys!" He had barely finished these words, when he collapsed and died. At the same time, the 2nd Battalion of the 9th Regiment formed square and advanced slowly past us, seizing the heights. Once we had taken it, the Spanish cavalry was ordered forwards to break this square and they rushed forwards against us. Prince [Antoni] Sułkowski kept his nerve, however, allowing the cavalry to come within a third of a musket's range before ordering a volley which caused heavy losses and the flight of the cavalry. Having dislodged the enemy from the top of the lower hill [Los Cerrojones], we received orders to surround the castle from the right in columns, just as the French did the same from the left. One column of Frenchmen started climbing the castle hill and the Spaniards, seeing that we intended to surround them, began to quit the castle and escape. Not far from the mountain however, they turned to fight hoping to cover their retreat, because already their army was retiring. And in fact they pulled back in such a way that, apart from the dead, they only reportedly lost about three thousand prisoners. Several artillery pieces and a dozen ammunition wagons also passed into hands of the French. Our cavalry with the horse artillery raced after them, but since they withdrew hurriedly and in such good order, we could not harm them very much. Voltigeurs from all the regiments were sent on after the cavalry in order to provide cover and support.

This battle at Almonacid, in addition to the advantages stated above, had one significant benefit for the victorious side in that the enemy retired to his former positions in the Sierra Morena mountains and left us in peace for a few months. This battle however cost the lives of quite a few Polish troops, as we were exposed to considerable enemy fire. The 9th Regiment lost the following officers: the commander of the 1st battalion [Andrzej] Sielski; Captains: [Józef] Kownacki, [Stanisław] Zalewski and [Antoni] Stablewski; Lieutenant [Stanisław] Górzeński. The 7th Regiment, in

addition to Colonel Sobolewski, lost Lieutenant Colonel [Stanisław] Łuba, Lieutenant [Ewaryst] Gajewski and Captain [Wincenty] Wiśniewski, The 4th Regiment also lost some of its officers, but I do not remember their names. The total number killed in Polish Division exceeded three hundred. During our attack on the lower hill, I was hit sharply by a musket ball bullet plucking at an epaulette on the left shoulder. My arm was close to having been shattered.

Our strength, when combined with the French, had risen to 9,000 men, and the Spanish to around 30,000. The general commanding our troops was still [Horace] Sebastiani, although apparently he was under orders not to attack the enemy directly, but merely to harass him until Marshal [Claude] Victor came up with his corps (and who, in fact, arrived the next day). It was also said that instead of gratitude, he was issued a reprimand on account of the Poles losing a lot of men and also because, despite our gallant conduct, nobody had been awarded any medals.

After the battle, but barely rested, and indeed that same evening, the entire corps was set in motion after the enemy. The next day, 12 August, we reached Consuegra, and from there, relieved by the Corps of Marshal Victor, we drew back to Madrid. The reward for the efforts of the Polish troops was to take up garrison duty between Toledo and Madrid and to be rested. After nine days of repose the 9th Regiment transferred to Chinchon, where it remained, I think, for one and half months. The 4th and 7th Regiments remained near us in the surrounding villages.

Around mid- October our days of rest came to an end. The Polish Division was concentrated at one point and, from then on, was sent out on daily expeditions. Day after day we were in motion, and often at night, too. We went to the rear, then to the right flank, then to the left. We trained the troops in holding positions, only to abandon them. This continual marching, led by the commander in chief in southern Spain, Marshal [Jean-de-Dieu] Soult did not come to an end until 19 November [1809], when the celebrated battle at Ocana took place. As I mentioned, we belonged to the corps under General Sebastiani and we reconnoitred the village of Ocana with him one morning.

That afternoon, the enemy made an appearance. We took up battle positions to the south of the village and then advanced as though ready for the fight. The artillery had already opened up and our cavalry approached the enemy columns but did not charge. Several people were wounded. It continued thus until night. As the sun set, we suddenly quit the position and fell back to Toledo that same night. The next day we continued back to Aranjuez. Here we manoeuvred for a few days and our division received a reinforcement of few hundred men from our depot in Bordeaux. We filled the ranks that had been so thinned at Almonacid, and which were about to be thinned once again soon. The French troops were on the increase too as Marshal [Adolphe] Mortier had arrived with his Corps, although in such secrecy that scarcely anyone noticed, indeed, as they concentrated, they attempted to hide their forces in the woods near Aranjuez. But the town, the summer place of the Spanish kings, and also the royal gardens, as well as adjacent groves, were soon swarming with soldiers who were arriving throughout the evening. The next morning revealed, to the surprise of many, that the strength of the army had increased so dramatically. On the bridge over the Tajo River orders had materials prepared so that the bridge could be burned quickly and preparations were made which suggested that a general retreat was

going to be made but, against of our expectations, in fact all the troops moved forwards around noon.

The infantry was preceded by the cavalry and, having marched about 2 miles [i.e. about 3 km], the infantry stopped and set up camp as evening was approaching. That night the cavalry attacked the enemy right away, and inflicted much loss and damage upon him, as could be seen from the number of prisoners and captured horses they brought in. This action was carried out by the corps to which our division belonged, however, I do not know where Marshal Mortier was during that time.

On the morning of 19 November, we again moved forwards. Reaching the village of Ocana, we paused whilst our cavalry started firing as skirmishers, irritating the enemy pickets. Shortly afterwards the whole of our corps advanced, with the Polish regiments to the fore and forming the left wing of the French army. We attacked the Spanish [right] wing, which was protected by numerous batteries of artillery. These enemy batteries opened a brisk fire against our columns but, despite the casualties in our ranks, we pushed on in our massed formation. The Spaniards, who also came under fire from our artillery, were holding their line in good order as we approached, then some men from each of our companies dashed forwards to harry the enemy with musket fire and these Poles, now in extended order, acted with exceptional courage as the divisional columns advanced directly behind them. We drew so close to the enemy guns that every round of canister thinned our ranks, these discharges proving the most damaging to us especially as their cannonballs flew over our heads since we were so close to the guns. In such a dangerous situation, and to lend courage to the soldiers, Colonel [Antoni] Sułkowski took the regimental standard in his hand and advanced in front of the soldiers. Colonel [Stanisław] Jakubowski, commander of the 7th Polish Infantry Regiment, did the same. The Poles, exposed to the heavy fire and intense fighting might have suffered even worse casualties had not the commander-in-chief ordered the German division [Leval's] to support us. No sooner had the Germans entered the fray than victory tilted towards the French. The Spanish columns began to waver, including those which had until now remained unmoved. Though the enemy had not moved one step forwards due to our own advance, and had acted as if stunned by our brilliant performance, his actual defeat was triggered by the Corps of Marshal Victor, which as I mentioned earlier, had disappeared at night from the Aranjuez forest, and now appeared to attack the Spaniards in the flank. The operation was carried out so suddenly that the enemy only caught sight of them when they were already to their rear and it seemed that, at that moment, the commander-in-chief of the Spaniards [Juan Carlos Areizaga], lost his head, and the Spanish troops seemed to have been left without a leader. The divisions lay down their arms one by one and even if some enemy regiments contemplated retreat, they were so disordered and surprised by the French cavalry, that they soon surrendered without any resistance. By the end of the battle we had taken 24,000 prisoners, and during the night and in the following morning the cavalry caught a further 16,000. Once the enemy had been broken, Joseph Napoleon, then the Spanish king, came to us with his staff and thanked the troops for their bravery.

The movements of the army before or during the battle had been directed by Marshal Mortier, a most trustworthy commander. During this battle, so advantageous to the French, the Polish Division, exposed from the outset to heavy fire on the left wing, lost a few hundred men. The following officers whose name I remembered were

killed: Lieutenant Colonel [Feliks] Sieraszewski, Captain [Urban] Rudnicki, lieutenants: [Jan] Rowiński and Leśniewski. The wounded officers were a dozen or so, among others was the chief of the battalion [Pius] Kozuchowski, who did not want to leave the regiment but who, a few weeks later, died as we were crossing the Sierra Morena Mountains. After the battle of Ocana, the corps (including the Polish Division) was placed in Tembleque, La Guardia and other adjacent villages. Here we stayed as if in winter quarters until the first few days of January. However, in Spain, particularly in the south, there are no winters as such, although November and especially December, is cold and rainy.

On 4 January 1810, we were ordered towards Andalucia, and to enter the former kingdom, i.e. the Jaen Province. Proceeding in that direction, we passed through the village of El-Jabuzo, made famous from the story of Don Quixote from La Mancha, then Villarta, near Oyas and on to Guadiana la Solana, [Villanueva de los] Infantes, and Montiel, known to the villagers as Montechon or Montichon. This is where the Sierra Morena Mountains begin.

In this area, going from La Mancha to Andalucia, there is only one hardened track which is passable for carts. It runs through El-Viso and this road was defended stubbornly by the Spaniards who barred the way to a French corps attempting to proceed along it. We Poles along with our corps were sent along narrow mountain paths, through the so-called Montesson pass (Cassino de Montesson), which the natives use for mules and donkeys because they are not practicable for carts. However, the Spaniards expected that the enemy, and even their cavalry, would make use of this path and defended this passage with artillery and infantry. Some tracks were made for the French artillery in order to get the guns through seemingly impassable places, and their guns were carried high in the mountains more with the help of soldiers than horses, in order to crush the enemy's resistance. After breaking the Spanish position, the enemy fled, leaving us with their guns and a few thousand prisoners. Following that encounter we then entered Ubeda, the first town in Andalucia (Province of Jaen). From then on, we marched without resistance passing through Jaen, Martos, Alcaudete, Alcala la Real to Granada, the capital of the former kingdom. In this city there was strong garrison of Spaniards, but they surrendered without a fight. I think that the defence of such an open and huge town was a hopeless task.

Two hours march from Granada there is small town called Santa-Fe. Our corps spent several days resting in this holy city and in its surroundings, before all our regiments, cavalry and artillery, moved quickly on Málaga, advancing via Loja, Archidóna and Antequera, and lead by the Corps commander, General Sebastiani.

When this powerful vanguard moved from Antequera to Málaga, to surround this port city, the rest of the corps left a garrison in Granada, and followed on after them. The corps commander, coming up with his troops and positioning them below the walls of Málaga, called upon the city to surrender. The inhabitants wished to capitulate, but the Spanish commander, supposedly fanatical, more impudent than brave, stubborn and unpredictable, unworthy of shedding human blood, decided to defend the poorly defended city. All entrances to the city were defended not only by soldiers (because they did not have many troops), but by villagers and an urban mob gathered from the adjacent areas. The French general ordered an assault and, after a brief resistance,

captured the city [8 Feb. 1810]. This insolence of defending such a city cost a lot of blood. On the French side very little, but very much more from the citizens and villagers. Just after the town was taken, the rest of the corps had arrived and the greedy soldiers were keen on plunder, but the commanding General issued orders to prevent robbery.

I am more than willing to stress that the credit for applying a brake to those atrocities should mostly go to the Polish regiments. Obeying orders, they were patrolling the streets, arresting looters and driving away thieves, working hard to protect the town from the plundering soldiery. After the restoration of peace, the inhabitants attempted to repay this Polish unselfishness. All of our officers were treated as saviours and along with expressions of gratitude some tried to donate money, but as if the all officers were in together on a conspiracy, no one accepted such gifts. This Polish disinterestedness surprised the Spaniards, many of us earning their respect.

At this point, it becomes me to mention the severity of General Sebastiani, who commanded our corps. Among the prisoners we took at Málaga was the Spanish commander, who had stubbornly defended this port and who proved willing to surrender despite being summoned to do so. This unhappy patriot, seriously wounded, was placed before a French martial court and sentenced to death as a man who had recklessly caused human bloodshed. The verdict was confirmed by General Sebastiani, and immediately carried out. He was hanged from the balcony of the house in the public square. Whether this unhappy patriot deserved such a shameful punishment, and whether the French General had the right to deal so severely with him, I leave the impartial reader to judge. A few days after this incident, a Polish soldier, a lance corporal, was also sentenced to the firing squad by a court martial. Having been sent in the evening to patrol the streets, he encountered a Spanish woman and robbed her of two or three pesetas (one Peseta being worth of about 51 Polish Groschen).

After restoring peace and security to Málaga, troops were dispersed to various places. One detachment went along the coast towards Almeria, the other down to Gibraltar in the west. At Málaga, the 9th Regiment remained in garrison along with one battalion of the 4th. Colonel Duke Sułkowski, appointed the Governor of the Province of Malaga, had acquired, through his noble conduct, general affection and respect. But some time later [in October 1810] he gave up his post and left the town, returning to the Duchy of Warsaw, his homeland. He was deeply regretted by the citizens of Málaga and by those officers who were attached to him by their own interests. However, those who always carried out their military duties without seeking material reward, although they respected him, they did not regret his departure, thinking that, for his own advancement, he had abandoned the entire Polish Division on the shores of the remote Mediterranean Sea. The Poles regarded him not only as their commander, but still considered him as a potential protector from possible oppression by the French generals, but thanks be to God such oppression rarely occurred, because the Poles through their bravery and unblemished conduct, earned the respect not only of their French allies, but also of the Spaniards.

After the departure of Count Sułkowski, the Polish Division was left without an acting colonel. Brave Sobolewski had fallen on the field of glory at Almonacid, a hero worthy

of remembrance; and the exhausted and wounded [Feliks] Potocki had also been forced to leave his compatriots.

After a few days' pleasant stay in Malaga, the garrison assembled and marched off to Antequera at around 4 p.m. one afternoon. The whole city had been gripped by fear. There were various explanations for the panic: some thought that the abandoned city might be occupied by the English or partisans, and would once again have to suffer new calamities and destruction should the French recapture it again. Those whom we had protected following the siege of Málaga were afraid of revenge from the Spanish troops, and even more so from the city mob. The most terrified were, however, those who had assumed office under the French regime. They quit the city behind our army. After having arrived at Antequera, a town 9 miles north of Malaga, we left our sick soldiers and excessive baggage there, and, with the rest of our Corps, we marched for Ronda, as a detachment there was being menaced by a Spanish army which had assembled in the area under the protection of the Gibraltar garrison. Having entered the city we stayed there for a few days until some fresh French units arrived to reinforce this position. After levying some large contributions from those of the neighbouring villages that favoured the Spanish, the Polish troops returned to Antequera.

Following this expedition, our division was deployed as follows: the 4th Regiment went to Málaga, one battalion of the 7th to Motril, and the other to Jaen Province. The 9th Regiment stayed in Granada, the capital of the province of the same name.

From these garrisons, our troops were dispatched in various directions, as required. As these detachments were sent from village to village without pausing too long, they were called mobile columns (*colonnes mobiles*). Such columns were designed for the purpose of eradicating the insurgents who, from the villages in the mountains, harassed isolated detachments and French convoys. Despite these precautionary measures, it was difficult to suppress the insurrection, since the Spanish country is such that guerrilla war can be carried out there indefinitely. Until that point at which the Spanish people will feel love towards their Motherland and value true independence, no foreign power could claim to conquer it and render it peaceful. So one might imagine how the mobile columns suffered, being sent on continuous pilgrimage, and often attacked by insurgents, and forced to fight them. Rarely however did the insurgents stand still, because they were largely content with easy victories, not wanting to fight for them, and as soon as they realized that they might suffer loss then they turned around and ran behind inaccessible rocks, and refuges known to them as natives. To chase them in vain would be the cause of exhausting our soldiers.

We had been in garrison in Granada for about three months when the commander of the province prepared an expedition intended to push into the region of Murcia, which was still not occupied by the French. He gathered what troops he could and went east and the 9th regiment was included in this expedition. It was not involved in any skirmishes with the enemy, who retreated eastwards as the French were advancing. The corps remained halted a few miles from the city of Murcia, and the general took the Volunteer Companies and rode into the town. Having collected a contribution there, as a kind of royal tax, he returned, along with all the troops, to the province of Granada.

Throughout this expedition, private property was fully respected. Following our largely eventless return, the 9th Regiment was no longer billeted in Granada, but was sent to the coastal town of Almeria. The 1st Battalion with the Grenadier companies was kept inside the city proper whilst the companies of the 2nd Battalion were deployed in some villages across the border in Murcia along with two companies of Volunteers so that the outposts could be warned quickly should they need to fall back. Some small mobile columns were also sent out from the city in order to march on particular spots as directed by the governor's orders. The governor of the garrison city and the surrounding area was then the commander of the 9th Regiment, Major [Feliks] Grotowski. This senior officer was vested with those old Polish virtues of being honest and hospitable, and so soon won universal acclaim on account of his being worthy of it. We respected him as did the Spaniards. The following anecdote shows the extent of this Spanish admiration for the governor and for his Poles.

General Sebastiani had undertaken his second expedition to Murcia and had taken with him our 9th Regiment. Quitting Almeria, he was obliged to leave behind a captain, a man who had been seriously wounded when operating as part of a mobile column, and entrusted his care to the town. After our departure, the enemy entered the abandoned town and not only cared for the captain, but also visited his billet, talked to him in a friendly manner, called him a brother of the good and wonderful Poles. To show respect to the Polish governor, all French proclamations found in the streets were torn down, with only those from the governor of the city, issued and signed by Major Grotowski, were respected and left intact. Almeria was kind to us.

There, living quietly among the hospitable Spaniards, almost as if we were part of their family, we were well received by our hosts. In this good town the Gutzman family was particularly synonymous with hospitality. This worthy couple could be called exemplary, not only on account of their home life, but also because of their humanity and charity. They were wealthy people. He was American, she was Spanish and both, as if sharing a soul, were driven by a single will. The husband would not obstruct his wife, and she, knowing his virtuous way of thinking, found the greatest happiness in doing what her husband might enjoy. This was a worthy marriage, full of domestic and civil virtues, and well managed and frugal. That is why they could make their fortune. Many officers gathered in their hospitable home, such meetings pleasing the honourable husband. If one should be missing, he questioned why this was the case; if his colleagues did not reassure the host that he was on duty, or that the cause of his absence was really important, Mr. Gutzman ran to fetch him personally to bring him home. In order not to embarrass his guests, he chose Lieutenant] Ignacy Przeszkodziński from among the officers to act as host in his name, with the authority to make use of his cellars, kitchens and pantry. The only thing he reserved for himself was the power to spare nothing and meet every wish of the officers. We, on our side, enjoyed such privileges cheerfully, but with respect and quiet, more especially recommending our selected host not to be too generous in distributing the gifts of Bacchus, that nectar which abounded in our host's cellar. He was generous and welcoming to everyone, and not only to the Poles. All the inhabitants of this city had a friend and benefactor in him, he knew all the poor, especially those who had been unjustly persecuted by misfortune. During the war, when the French were imposing contributions, he did not wait for their demands but

paid for anyone he knew was unable able to pay the tax. Without exaggeration, this unique man could be called the father of orphans and of the unhappy.

Once, during the expedition to Murcia, which I mentioned above, there took place the following incidents to which I was a witness and which I should not omit from my recollections.

When we entered this province, General Sebastiani, commander-in-chief of the corps, had repeated the daily order that every soldier should respect the property of every citizen, and that the men should behave correctly. Any robbery would be punished by death. In Lorca, a town on the border of Murcia, a French soldier from the baggage train once took a hen and several eggs from a Spanish woman. She accused him and the unhappy man was shot for this modest plunder. A severe punishment, but necessary to maintain discipline.

How a small band of courageous men might perhaps resist a force a dozen times stronger, can be proved from the following incident. It also took place on the border of Murcia. Several French cavalymen accompanied by 30 Poles from the 9th Infantry Regiment, under the command of the Polish Lieutenant [Henryk] Bothé, were sent out on patrol some two miles ahead. This officer and his men reached the village he had been told to scout, took up a position in front of the village, and sent his cavalymen in in order to see if the enemy was present. There was indeed a detachment of hundreds of Spanish cavalry waiting in ambush and which, having seen the small size of our party, pulled its pickets back from before the village, so we were not aware that they were there. As soon as the French entered the village, they caught sight of the enemy and galloped back. As they passed the group of Poles they warned them of the danger. Lieutenant Bothé hastily retreated to a nearby hill, and there he awaited the enemy. He was immediately surrounded and called upon to surrender. When the soldiers heard this demand, they unanimously shouted: "Let's not give in to the brigands, Lieutenant" (this was how our soldiers referred to the Spanish insurgents). The Lieutenant, making use of their enthusiasm, replied: "I do not think to give up - we will defend ourselves to the last, and I bet we will soon receive support." When our squad refused to surrender, the enemy surrounded them and opened a brisk fire with their carbines. Our unit fired back. The Spaniards, seeing that they would not take them quickly, decided upon another trick. The hill on which the Poles were defending themselves was rich in wild rosemary and other such shrubs. Thus the enemy were easily able to set these dry bushes on fire. The flames quickly covered the hill. The Polish unit was forced to break through the enemy and the fire, so they formed a small square, reached another position, and resumed their defensive posture. Such a resilient defence lasted more than three hours. They were summoned to surrender four times, but refused until finally friendly troops arrived.

The enemy retreated, and the unit was reunited with its parent Regiment. In this skirmish only a few soldiers were wounded and one was killed. The Spanish, according to the report of Lieutenant Bothé, suffered four times as many casualties.

After the expedition to Murcia, the 2nd Battalion of the 9th Regiment went to Granada, whilst the 1st Battalion, apart from the grenadier company, marched on to Antequera, Malaga and then to Seville. By this time the English and the Spaniards had gathered in considerable force, threatening French troops in the vicinity of Seville, whereas the French corps based in the kingdom of Granada, was menaced by the appearance

from Murcia of a Spanish corps commanded by General Blake. Apparently, this Spanish corps was supposed to be up to 30,000 men strong. Responding to this situation, Marshal Soult, commander-in-chief of the whole of southern Spain, drew up a defensive plan. With too few troops to attempt a simultaneous strike on the enemy corps from Murcia and the English corps heading for Seville, he was obliged to take half of the corps from Granada and the entire garrison of Seville in order to deploy them against the English. At the same time, General Sebastiani, in accordance with these plans, was left with half of his corps deployed in the kingdom of Granada, watching the Spanish General Blake's movements from Murcia.

General Sebastiani left some troops in the smaller cities, and with the rest of the army moved towards Murcia, establishing temporary camps between Guadix and Baza. These camps were small, because they were to contain few troops, and at night they were still scattered to more distant posts, hoping with their campfires to trick the enemy that they were stronger than they really were. In fact, our camp consisted of just the 2nd Battalion of the 9th Polish Regiment, the company of grenadiers of the 1st Battalion of Regiment, a French infantry regiment, with several cannon and maybe two cavalry squadrons, also French, because the 1st Polish Battalion and Polish lancers had been seconded to the forces of Marshal Soult. These nocturnal camps were established in the following manner: at evening two companies were sent a certain distance to designated locations, they built up as much of a fire as they could, and early the following morning they returned to their former position. This way we deceived the enemy for several days and this deployment of the corps and other manoeuvres were so skilfully executed that the Spaniards were none the wiser. Otherwise General Blake would probably have expelled us from the province of Granada, or would at least have inflicted heavy losses on us.

At the same time as we were misleading General Blake, Marshal Soult gave battle to the English [Spanish and Portuguese] at Albuera [16 May 1811], in the province of Seville and whilst he did not destroy their corps, he at least forced them to retreat. The Polish lancers, which even the French officers were forced to admit (only by skirting around the truth), contributed much to their withdrawal. In this battle however the Polish cavalry suffered heavily. After the battle, Marshal Soult, without taking advantage of the retreat of the British, left some troops to watch their movements whilst with the rest of the army he moved to Granada for our help. As he approached the city, he sent a French Division under General Oudinot to the Province of Jaen, so that he would cut lines of retreat of the Spanish corps. He specified the place of that encounter.

General Sebastiani was informed about the day and hour of his required attack against General Blake, too. Marshal Soult calculated that his marches would bring him to the specified place at the same time as battle commenced against the retreating Spanish corps. General Sebastiani fulfilled this order exactly, but General Oudinot did not reach the indicated position, only arriving two hours later. The fighting had already started and the enemy was advancing against us, but when they learned that Marshal Soult was approaching, they pulled back, and retreating through the same place where the division of General Oudinot should have blocked their passage, he slipped away from the forces of Marshal Soult. All of us admitted that Marshal was a great general and calculating strategist and that it was Oudinot's fault,

because, as was later confirmed, he had rested his men too long during the march, and spent the time distributing food to the soldiers. The marshal was extremely angry about this delay and threatened Oudinot with a military court if he tried something similar again. As a result, the nearly trapped Spanish corps of Murcia escaped from the planned manoeuvre, and most of our troops went off to Seville, whilst only a few remained in the Province of Granada. The Division of General Oudinot took up a position in the coastal city of Almeria, our former garrison.

Soon after, the following event took place, another occasion graced by the presence of General Oudinot. A large unit of Spaniards [under the Conde de Montijo] had landed near Motril and was heading for Granada, where the 2nd Battalion of the 9th Polish Regiment and the 1st Battalion's grenadiers formed the garrison. Marshal Soult sent orders for the Colonel [Merlé] of French dragoons to take as many of his cavalymen and two companies of Polish infantry and lead them against this sizable Spanish unit. The colonel tried to lure the enemy and encourage the Spanish to come as close as possible to Granada, whilst General Oudinot, at the head of a brigade, got ready to leave Almeria, and proceed along the coast towards Motril in order to cut the Spaniards off from the sea. And here again the general was late whilst the careless French colonel, through the wrong deployment of his troops, managed to get the two Polish companies entangled in a fight whilst he himself hurried away with his dragoons, leaving the Poles in dangerous position. The Poles, bravely defending themselves, but being unable to hold out much longer for help, were taken prisoner with three of our officers.

The enemy immediately retreated with this prey to the coast and boarded his ships. General Oudinot's delay meant that not only could the Spanish escape but that the Poles were also exposed for a second time to disaster. This General, unable to live after his second mistake, sought to take his life with the bullet of a pistol.

Around this time, the following incident to the 1st Battalion of the 9th Regiment. This battalion had been based at Antequera, a town located mid-way between Granada, Málaga and Seville, an ideal position from which to despatch detachments as needed. Once, in amongst other directives, the battalion received orders to proceed to Ronda. Marching off in this direction, the unit halted overnight at Moron [de la Frontera], where the French had placed a garrison. Lieutenant-Colonel [Michał] Jasiński, a courageous, reliable and prudent officer, asked the commander of this garrison whether or not the area through which he had to pass was in the power of the enemy. The Frenchman assured him that everything was safe. Despite such assurances, the commander of the battalion, having quit the town, had his men form as if for combat, so that, in the event of an encounter with the enemy, the battalion could more easily deploy. Reaching a narrow gorge through which one company at a time could proceed, he commanded the captain of the lead company to march through with caution, with his flanks protected by scouts along the side of the ravine. The Captain [Walenty Zawadzki], advanced, but neglected to send out the scouts so that when he emerged from the ravine he walked into an ambush. All at once, a cloud of Spaniards rose from the thickets on both sides of the road, and poured fire on the Polish company which immediately lost nearly half of their men. At this signal the enemy showed themselves to be positioned across all the adjoining hills, and trapping the battalion below them, were able to shoot at them from all directions. The brave Lieutenant Colonel Jasiński tried to lead the battalion out of the ravine and deploy, dividing his troops into companies and at the head of one such unit trying to

flush the enemy from the hill from which the most damaging musketry was coming from. He was carrying out this plan when he was hit by several bullets, dying instantly, but defending the battalion's honour and Polish glory [on 3 June, 1811]. The battalion's officers and soldiers felt the loss of their brave commander with deep regret, but angry and filled with ardour by his example, went at the enemy and severely mauled him, before retreating to Moron and carrying with them their wounded. They had wanted to bring with them the body of their Lieutenant Colonel too, but the brave soldiers selected for this deed would only be the victims of their own courage. Seeing the risk, the officers ordered the project to be abandoned in order not to increase the already considerable loss we had suffered. In addition to the battalion commander, Lieutenant [Ignacy] Larosse also lost his life together with quite a few soldiers. The entire vanguard was taken captive with its [wounded] Captain, the man who had mostly been responsible for this misfortune as he had not properly carried out the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Jasiński.

Some months before this incident with the 1st Battalion of the 9th Regiment, a detachment of the 4th Regiment totalling over three hundred men, was sent from the coastal town of Málaga, where the regiment was garrisoned, to Fuengirola, a coastal castle in the vicinity. The detachment under the command of the head of the battalion [Ignacy] Bronisz, was divided with Captain [Franciszek] Młokosiewicz occupying Fuengirola castle with several dozen soldiers whilst Lieutenant [Eustachy] Chełmicki was sent to the village of Mijas, near the castle, with 40 men. From this village one can observe much of the coast. Commander Bronisz had with him Captain [Władysław] Płachecki, Lieutenant [Wojciech] Osiecki and Lieutenant [Fryderyk] Petit and the detachment carried out military manoeuvres in the area. A few days after their arrival, Lieutenant Chełmicki, positioned in Mijas, noticed a large fleet at sea, which, as it approached the shore, began to unload troops. After initial reconnaissance, he learnt that there these were English and Spanish troops, whose total probably numbered about 2,000 men. Convinced that this was so, Lieutenant Chełmicki immediately informed Bronisz of the danger, and added his observation that the enemy had sent his vanguard towards the castle. Alone with his small detachment, he prepared a defensive position and set up outposts, expecting the enemy at any moment. When night fell, and in order to deceive the inhabitants of Mijas, he brought in food for several days and then sealed the main gate to his barracks. He then used the rear window to escape from, taking his men silently out of the barracks. Owing to the darkness of the night [and heavy rain] he was fortunate to soon arrive at Fuengirola castle. As soon dawn began to glimmer, the enemy began to fire from the sea and opened up with that artillery which had been landed. Since the field artillery was not numerous and poorly protected, Lieutenant Chełmicki demanded that Captain Młokosiewicz allow him and his men to make a sortie. The commander did not object, and so Chełmicki rushed on the guns from the flank and forced the gunners to run away. However he was unable to keep the guns, and returned to the castle. The castle's guns also returned fire with success, too. From our gunners, Sergeant [Józef] Zakrzewski distinguished himself, and another officer who managed to sink an enemy boat.

Whilst all of that was happening in the castle, Major Bronisz took his whole detachment to Mijas, where, arriving at night and not having found Lieutenant Chełmicki's unit, he stood to arms in the town square and allowed to rest his soldiers. After a moment, they noticed that a large English unit was passing through the same

village and heading towards Fuengirola. They allowed them to pass, and in silence, with the greatest caution, followed them. As soon as the enemy approached the castle, our men went at them and attacked them fiercely from behind. Lieutenant Chelmicki now ordered another sortie and again took the British guns, turning them against the enemy. Such a lively assault caused complete confusion amongst the enemy, some surrendered and the rest fled to their ships, hurrying towards the sea [on 15 Oct. 1810].

In this affair, everyone was brave, especially lieutenants Chelmicki and Osiecki. Over 400 prisoners, several officers, and one general fell into our hands. Not being part of this regiment, I have described only what I heard from the relevant officers, and more particularly from the doctor of their 4th Regiment, Grigowicz. Without seeing our losses directly, I can only mention that Lieutenant Chelmicki was seriously wounded, because I met him in Málaga, having been ordered to go there in the interests of the regiment.

At the beginning of 1812, and around the middle of fourth year of our stay in Spain, we received the pleasant order to return to Poland, our dear Motherland. This order found us in the midst of our operations against the enemy, just as they were threatening the Province of Granada, where the Polish Division was positioned, from their refuge in Gibraltar. We were replaced by the French in those positions which needed defending, and we marched off following a strict itinerary to Poland [to fight the Russians a couple of months later].

Placed on the Napoleon Series: January 2019