









Major General
Henry Mackinnon

Engraved for the Royal Military Panorama.

by H.R. Cock from a Miniature by Jaeger

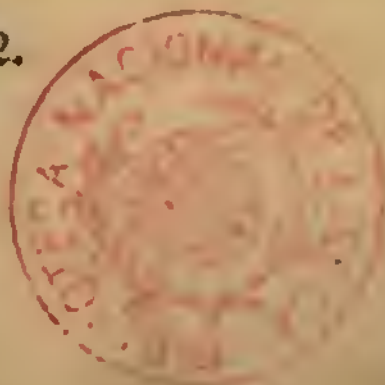
Catherine B. Buckridge.
Benjamin D. Howe

A JOURNAL
OF THE
CAMPAIGN
IN
PORTUGAL AND SPAIN,
CONTAINING
REMARKS
ON
THE INHABITANTS, CUSTOMS, TRADE,
AND CULTIVATION,
Of those Countries,
FROM THE YEAR 1809 TO 1812.

.....
BY THE LATE
MAJOR-GEN. HENRY MACKINNON.
.....

BATH,
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PREFACE.

IN offering this small *Work* to the *Public*, it is humbly hoped, that the *Indulgence* of the *Reader* will be granted to a great *Extent*.— It never having been intended to stray beyond the partial *Eyes* of *Relatives*, much allowance, therefore, must be made for *Matter* and *Language*; for what may be amusing, or even deemed valuable, in the *Closet* of *Friendship*, may be very unfit to meet the less prejudiced *Judgment* of the *World*.

Conscious how little this Journal is calculated to withstand the scrutinizing Severity of Criticism, it may be observed, that at no Time during the Period of Writing it did a Thought occur that it was destined to approach the Bar of the Public, but performed with all the Freedom of familiar Intercourse; yet the Facts narrated are founded on Observation, and a strict regard to Truth.

The frequent Repetitions (unavoidable in this Mode of Communication) may appear tedious; but the Interest excited by the great Contest in which the unhappy Countries are engaged—the Writer's Description of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants—his Observations on their Mode of Cultivation, Productions, &c.—and his Remarks on their general Appearance, will, in some Measure, it is hoped, make Amends.

Its being published for the Benefit of Three infant Boys, who are deprived of the valuable

VII.

Assistance of a Father to guide them in the Paths of Life—the Motive, therefore, that leads to the exposing to Public View so trifling a Composition, may plead an Excuse, should it be found insignificant and uninteresting.



The first of these is the fact that the
 of the system is not a simple one, but
 a complex one, involving a number of
 factors which are not always clearly
 defined. The second is the fact that
 the system is not a static one, but
 a dynamic one, which is constantly
 changing and evolving. The third is
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A JOURNAL,

&c. &c.

PORTUGAL.

—◆—◆—◆—
Sacavem, April 9, 1809.

LEAVE this place with the brigade of guards: pass through the villages of Povia and Alverca, on the Tagus, and arrive at Alhandra, where we remain for the night. The Tagus here contracts itself; the right bank on which we are is very hilly; the country covered with olives, vines, and occasionally orange gardens. Large vessels come to this port from Lisbon. The marshy low islands of the Tagus opposite to this place are full of cattle.

April 10.—This day's march the country is much the same along the Tagus: pass through

Villa Franca and Castanheira, beautifully situated amongst the finest orange groves I have yet seen: beyond Villa Franca a very wide valley branches away from the Tagus. After a march of about ten miles we arrive at Villa Nova—a very poor village; it must, however, afford quarters for about 2000 persons. The situation is beautiful, commanding the valley of the Tagus and another running up the country; the hills about here are covered with pines, the valleys only in cultivation.

April 11.—**** and myself are lodged at this place, in a house without furniture or window frames; but in this delicious climate neither are wanting. We halt this day.

April 14.—Continue our march to Alcoentre; the whole road leading over uncultivated ground; the distance I calculate at 15 miles; during which space we only passed one house, which appeared like a convent, but was not so. The country we passed was mostly sand, and prettily undulated; and at a distance to the north is perceived a considerable mountain, called Junto. The country was covered with the gumcestus, and in many parts there were cork and fir trees to a very large size, and which were the only

trees I could see. Alcoentre is something more than a village, and contains a castle of the Count de Vimieira, which is the only thing like a chateau I have observed in the country; it is much out of repair, like all the buildings I have seen in Portugal.

April 15.—Set out at 5 o'clock this morning; arrive at 10 o'clock; I calculate the distance at 10 miles. The country uncultivated, except near the little village of Seara; two miles from thence pass through a pine and cork wood, the latter much larger than those we met with in yesterday's march: soil mostly sand, in some parts of the road very deep. Saw on the heath a herd of sixty oxen; no other cattle till we arrived at the heights above the fine valley of Rio Mayor; the herdsmen were mounted on ponies, with long staffs. We were joined at this place by a brigade of the line of 1500 men, ours in the right; column now consists of 200 cavalry, a brigade of artillery, 2300 guards, 1500 of the line. I have a good room to myself, in which is a small library; amongst others, a *Telemaque* in French, which was left by a Frenchman who occupied those quarters before the battle of Vimieira.

April 17.—Went to-day with Gen. Sherbrook

to Caldas, 15 miles to the westward, near the coast. The face of the country, till you get near the town, one uninterrupted heath, with occasional pine trees. The whole country seems to have been convulsed; the hills though not elevated are continual. Caldas is famous for its warm baths, the water less warm than the Bath springs. As the houses are neat, I apprehend it to have been a place of fashionable resort in better times; at present every house is filled with soldiers, to the number of 5000. At the distance of two miles from Caldas is the town and castle of Obidos; it is seen from the road—the ancient castle has a fine appearance. This was the spot of the first action between Sir A. Wellesley and Junot. The river of Obidos runs into an irregular bay, the end of which is not far from the town; the bar renders this bay of little use for shipping. The distance from Obidos to the peninsula of Peniche is four leagues; which equals 12 miles, 18 of their leagues to a degree. I forgot to mention that the heights are full of gumcestus, a plant which contributes to beautify this country; they have also the myrtle and wild lavender but partially.

April 18.—We expected to have gone on to Batalha; but here we remain. Reports say

that Sir A. Wellesley is to take the command of the army, and Sir John Craddock to go to Gibraltar. The 16th dragoons are landing, and more troops expected.

April 21.—March this day from Rio Mayor to Batalha, 11 hours march, about 27 miles, across the Junto mountains, which we now have on our right; their summits are white, which is the character of all the stone in this part of the country; it appears to me to be a close grained sand stone. At the foot of the hills is an olive plantation for near 20 miles in length, and unequal breadth; but I am sure, during this day's march, I cannot have seen less than 20,000 acres planted in rows: in some places there is cultivation under them, but generally heath. We passed through several scattered villages—Candeiros at 2 leagues; Moscano at $4\frac{1}{2}$; Carvatos 6; and Batalha 7, from Rio Mayor. The convent of Batalha is too celebrated for me not to say a few words in its praise. I understand, that the particulars of this exquisite piece of workmanship will shortly be given in England. The great entrance was built by the founder, John I.; it is ornamented with innumerable figures; and from the nature of the stone, which approaches to white marble, the work is in the highest pre-

ervation: the window over the door is equally worked, and in a very peculiar style of elegance: the cloisters are more beautiful than any I have ever seen, except at Burlem; in this one particular it is exceeded, the chapter-house joins the cloister, and though simple, its forms are peculiarly elegant. But this inimitable pile of building is rendered most celebrated by the unfinished royal chapel, the great entrance to which, in labour and minuteness, exceeds the ivory work of china, the ornaments being entirely flagedreed, it could only have been done in the hardest and finest grain stone; its shape is singular, being the segment of three circles: the other parts of this chapel, which is a circle of large dimensions, are ornamented with exquisite taste and great labour in every part, beyond any thing that ever came under my observation: it never was roofed in, and is consequently more ruinous than the other parts of the convent, which makes it desirable that drawings should be taken of every part of it. I can take upon myself to say, that there is not such a specimen of gothic architecture in France or England. In Spain there may; the ornaments and general style of the buildings are quite different from those in the two former countries, which is to be attributed to the mixture of Moorish architecture. The inhabited parts of

this building are modern. As the convent is rich, the monks treated the officers, to the number of thirty, to a dinner: Batalha is situated in a rich valley, with fine oak timber.

April 22.—Continue our march to Leyria, 8 miles, 3 hours march. The fine old castle of this last town, situated on a lofty rock, soon appears. Leyria is placed at the union of two rich vallies, and is distant about 12 miles from the sea; but as there is no port but for fishing-boats, there is no trade. It would be very easy to make a canal for passage, if they could make any thing of the port: I should like to see it done, as the country is rich, the agriculture good, and the people intelligent. Much might be done in this country if they once get rid of their monks, and their government, both of which we are come to support.

April 27.—Went again yesterday to Batalha, and dined in the hall with the monks; there are only twelve fathers: there is a table round three sides of the hall, the whole was covered with cloths, and you only sit on one side with your back to the wall: the hall is vaulted, and may be about 100 feet long, and forty broad. I find

that Mr. Murphy, in a work which appears in numbers, has given every particular of this monastery. His work, I believe, is called "Specimens of Gothic Architecture." The chapter-room, which I again viewed with new pleasure, is the most perfect room I ever beheld; it is about 63 feet long; and of the same breadth: the view from the end opposite the door, which embraces the windows and the beautiful cloisters, is beyond any thing I ever saw in point of effect. I still think the door of the unfinished royal chapel the most laboured production of the later gothic style. The outside of this building is finished with equal care; the roof is of stone, with a spire of open work, and many of the exterior ornaments (of which there is a great abundance) have been much injured by the great earthquake of 1754. The convent itself is built round several court-yards, filled with orange trees, which I am assured produce fruit nine months in every year. The monks have the appearance of great innocence and simplicity; they are not allowed to go out of the convent without leave of the superior; their dress is a white gown and pelarine; when they go out they wear a sort of cocked hat. The library is very insignificant, and seemingly neglected; they

may, perhaps, have hid their best books, as the room was used as a bed-chamber for the officers, when the troops marched through the town.

May 2.—The 30th of April we received an order for an immediate march at 10 o'clock, and got on our way about 12. We arrived at Pombal about 6 in the evening. The road lay over heaths till we descended into the valley, where the town is situated; it has its castle, like Leyria, placed on the summit of a detached hill; I had time to get up to it before it became dark; the river can be distinguished for 8 or 10 miles, running through an extensive and fertile valley. March the next morning for Condusea. We were this day $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours on the road, the latter part of which was indifferent. It appears to me, that the fine road, which I presume was intended (by the Marquis de Pombal) to communicate between Lisbon and Oporto, has only reached the village of Redinha; from thence to Coimbra it is narrow and ill paved; but on the other hand, the country becomes delightful, every where cultivated, every where fruitful; and the general features beautiful beyond description. Condusea is placed in an enchanting valley, near the ruins of the ancient Coimbrica, which are still very perfect. From hence a three hours' march car-

ried us to Coimbra. The intermediate country presents all the undulations of Wales; the greatest fertility; the vineyards crown the summits of the hills, and are interspersed with olives, oranges, apricots, and almost every variety of fruit trees; and to add to the enchantment, you have occasionally the oak and pine, and rills of limpid water—nothing is wanted to make the banks of the Mondego one of the most desirable spots in nature. You have a magnificent view of the city on the road before your arrival, which commands a continued aspect of the river above and below the town for many miles. The situation of the town is the happiest I ever recollect seeing. The university contains a library, finely built, and a considerable collection of books. The situation of the observatory is very good, and in addition to the climate, must unite every advantage for observation. The university, which is the only one in Portugal, contains seven chairs of droit cononique, ten of droit civilo, seven of medicine, one of mathematics, and one of music: it has 18 colleges, but the students reside in the town; the buildings therefore are allotted to the different professions and classes. The convents in this town are very large and numerous, amounting in the whole to six of men, and two of women. The convent of St. Cruz, which is

at this moment the head-quarters of our army, is the largest, having several immense galleries; one that I measured was 140 yards in length, and another of 100 yards. The gardens are the finest in Portugal. Their library contains an immense number of ancient manuscripts, but all relating to divinity, and a very complete collection of French journals of science. I am quartered, with half the regiment, in the convent of the order of St. Bernard: we feast every day with the monks; who entertain us sumptuously. I have to myself a sitting and a bed-room, with apartments adjacent for my servants. The massive silver which is in my dressing-room would make a service of plate in England. The bridge over the Mondego, although it is only apparently remarkable for its length (I should suppose of about 700 yards), yet has the peculiarity of being built upon another bridge, which itself had been choaked by the drifting of the sand from the upper part of the river; and as far as I can judge, a similar fate awaits the present bridge, which may in time force them to build *one ad infinitum*.

May 6:—Coimbra.—I believe I have observed that there is a coat of sand diffused over every part of Portugal from Lisbon to Coimbra. The

land is much better treated than I had reason to expect; manure is generally used, and the ploughed lands harrowed: the oxen are of a very large size, and universally used for draught. They have a very ingenious way of irrigating their lands; I observed it particularly on the banks of the Lis, above Leyria; but there must be a current, in which case the water is made to draw itself up; by which means, land above the natural bed of the river, may be watered without any manual labour, the machinery, which is extremely simple, being once prepared, and proper furrows made for the reception of the water on the lands intended for irrigation.

May 13.—Oporto.—Our marches to this place have been, on the 9th to the village of Mogofores, a march of 9 hours—on the 10th to Albergavia Nova, 12 hours' march. Immediately after passing the Vonga, the head of our column was engaged with about 800 French cavalry, and 700 infantry—this day they made little resistance. At Albergavia Nova I took up my quarters where 15 French soldiers had lodged until within six hours of our arrival. The village had been completely plundered; all the furniture broken, and every other sort of depredation committed—I need only say, that they

have acted up to this system all the way to Oporto. On the 11th we marched to Souto Redondo, only four or five hours. I was fortunate enough to get into a carpenter's shop, with five officers. The troops in our front had been engaged for several hours this day, principally about Feira, which may be five miles in front of Souto Redondo. Some men were lost on both sides; our number I have not ascertained; we may have taken 200 prisoners. Our advance got within two miles of Oporto, and posted themselves opposite to a corps of 5000 French, which had come out of Oporto to cover the retreat of their advanced corps. The whole of the French withdrew at dusk—pass the bridge at night, which they completely destroyed by fire. At three o'clock in the morning of the 12th march in ten hours to the river. Four British regiments, under Gen. Paget, cross the Douro in boats, four miles above the town. By this bold measure, which no one dreamt of, the French to a considerable amount left the town in confusion, abandoning some guns and several ammunition waggons. They took post in force on a ridge of hills about four miles on the Amarante road, from whence they retired in the night—the details will be given in Sir Arthur's dispatches. We crossed the Douro in the town,

during which time the French were still filing out of it.

Having dismissed the fighting part of my account, of Oporto, I will now proceed to give you a very imperfect account of the town. Like Lisbon, it is built on very irregular ground, indicative of the convulsions of nature which it has undergone. It is situated about three miles from the sea. As the river is very much confined between the mountains, it is not above 250 yards over at the town, though it carries a very large body of water. I have observed that this, and most other rivers in Portugal, are not discoloured by the floods, which is a proof of the soil being sand; I have not seen any other soil from Lisbon to Braga, a distance of 250 miles. The town of Oporto is ill built; but has a great appearance of opulence. The Bishop's palace is remarkable for the magnificence of its staircase; it was plundered like the rest of the town, by the French—thirty people were killed in different corners of the building during the plunder, which lasted three days, and cost the city near a thousand of its inhabitants massacred in cold blood. If an inhabitant refused his purse, he was often run through the body—but away from this scene of horror.—The public buildings at

Oporto are not equal to those of Coimbra. I did not observe any remarkable church: its environs are picturesque and well cultivated.

May 14.—Leave this place; march to Villa Nova, 11 hours; bad road; country inclosed; pass a river like the Wye. About four miles before our arrival at Villa Nova the country continues beautiful, and most of it cultivated.

May 15.—March to Braga, 6 hours; country still inclosed, and equally picturesque and beautiful, more like England would be, had it vines, olives, and oranges. Braga is a considerable town. I am lodged with a grocer, who has given me a good dinner, coffee, and a good reception. The French army, which we are now pursuing, is two leagues off, on the road to Chaves.

May 16.—Pursue the French for 12 hours; come up with them at Salamonde, in the mountains, on the road to Chaves—drive them out of the town, which they had destroyed. The attack was made by the guards and two field-pieces: the main body, preceded by the light infantry, attacked the enemy in the main road—seven companies supporting their right up to the summit of the mountains. This night we sleep

on the ground. The French having lighted their fires, they served our men to cook their dinners, and dry their cloaths, which were wet through, it having rained the whole of this day. I will here pay a tribute to Sir Arthur:—I was near him, by his orders, when the attack was about to commence; and I can confidently say, that he gave his orders for the arrangements preceding the attack, in the coolest and most determined manner. If I had never seen him but at that moment, I could decide upon his being a man of a great mind. His conduct during this short campaign gives him the first rank among the British generals of the day.

May 17.—Continue our pursuit to Freoscas, near Montalegre, 14 hours. The rear guard was stationed this night two leagues to the northward of Montalegre, in Spain. Here we hand the enemy over to Gen. Beresford; as they have destroyed the whole of their artillery, the Portuguese may be able to finish the business—we are called elsewhere. The whole of the country from Braga to Montalegre consists of broken precipices; the distance may be 50 miles; and the roads, or rather paths, along which we went were situated in the gorges, about half way between the summit and river. We generally

coasted along the Rio de Monte Alegre, which is limpid in the extreme, not even discoloured by the rain. There is a bridge and fall near Reu-vannes, equal to any thing in Switzerland for beauty: upon the whole the mountain scenery is not surpassed in any part of the world; the industrious inhabitants have cultivated every spot where soil is to be found. The mountains, to a certain height, are covered with wild chesnut: these and maize constitute the food of the inhabitants, who are a fine race of people, at least the men, we saw little of the women.

June 5.—Coimbra.—Having returned precisely the road we went, I shall not enter into any particulars. As the religious orders in this part of the world are drawing to a period, I cannot help giving some details of the convent of Santa Cruz at this place: it is the second in point of wealth in the kingdom, Alcobaca being the richest.—The rents of the convent are estimated at 80,000 crusadas; equal to 12,000 at 3s. the crusada; in this account is not reckoned gardens, quintas, vineyards for their own use, and many other advantages. They possess one estate near Figueras, which may contain 12 square miles of good ground; and have the tythes of twelve parishes. The monks seem to me to lead a life of the

greatest indolence, having nothing to do but to pray, eat, drink and sleep. They get up at five in the morning, dine at half-past eleven, go to bed at half-past twelve, get up at half-past two, and go to bed again at half-past ten. They are only allowed to go to a country-seat thirty days in the year, and on particular occasions to pay visits in the town; but they must go in their carriage, as they are not permitted to walk the streets. If a monk has a sister, he is only allowed to see her once in the year. This convent is of the order of St. Augustine; the monks are called canons regular; there ought to be eighty monks agreeable to the institution, but they have only fifty: they have forty servants in the convent, besides out-of-door servants, and four carriages for the use of the monks: they are occupied on ordinary occasions three hours of the day in prayers, the rest of the time is their own. Our stay at Coimbra this time was only two days. We are now on our way to Abrantes.

June 7.—Pombal.—At Condeixa I visited the remains of the ancient Coimbrica: nothing but the walls remain, which are of considerable extent, and the fields inclosed within it are covered with broken pieces of Roman pottery; medals I understood frequently to be found here, but I

could not procure the sight of any at Condeixa. This is mentioned in "Silveiras' Antiquities of Lusitania," as one of the most considerable Roman colonies, and is noticed by Pliny. It is certainly in a most fruitful valley; and I never saw a country more abundantly supplied with springs; one of which, near Condeixa, is the most considerable after the Fontaine de Vochise I ever beheld. This fine valley appears to continue equally fruitful till it joins the Mondego opposite to Figueras. As I have met with nothing worthy of remark between this place and Leyria, which I have not given in the former part of this Journal, I shall proceed to the unbeaten tract.

June 8.—March from Leyria in 9 hours to Aldèa da Cruz, a small village near Ourem.—The roads intolerably bad, like all other cross roads in Portugal: we had to cross some high ground; but the greater part of the road leads through pleasant vallies, well cultivated, and producing vines, Indian corn, flax, rye, wheat, and abundance of fruit. The village where we halted for the night was extremely neat; the houses appearing to be constantly white-washed. The convent and castle of Ourem stand on a lofty and isolated hill, which commands a very distant view of the Tagus, and of the fine coun-

try bordering on that river, and the Zezere, of which I shall have to speak hereafter.

June 9.—Continue our route to Thomar; arrive after a 7 hours' march. The situation of the town is exceedingly fine; before you arrive at it, you have a view of a magnificent aqueduct over a valley, at least 500 yards broad, and of a great height; in double arches; the lower row gothic, the upper row of the circular form: the mass of stone and labour required in completing this stupendous work must have been great, when I am sure that its solid mass is three times that of Westminster-bridge: it is a work of the Moors. Part of the convent of Christ, and some buildings in the town, seem to have been erected by this race of industrious people. The town of Thomar is very neat, and contains some good houses; it is situated on a river which falls into the Zezere; the waters are beautifully limpid, which one might have supposed would have supplied the town without the use of the aqueduct.

June 11.—March this day at five o'clock; in 6 hours get to Punhete. The first part of the road leads through a beautiful and fertile vale, whose waters are industriously used in irrigating the lands by the means of wheels, which are set

in motion by the current of the river. At the end of about four miles we turned out of the valley, and pass hills covered with myrtles, gum-cestus, wild lavender, and other odiferous plants, which embalm the air to an inconceivable degree. On one of the hills we have a fine view of the Tagus from Abrantes to Santarem, the distance of 40 miles. At Punhete we pass the Zezere on a bridge of boats. At the entrance of the town, immediately near the bridge, I have my quarters. My landlord has charge of the materials for repairing the bridge. The situation of Punhete is one of the happiest in nature: it is placed at the conflux of the Tagus and Zezere, both of which rivers are navigable—the former up to Abrantes, with flat boats of a considerable size—the latter up to Barca Nova. The navigation of the Tagus, it must be observed, in common with most other rivers in Portugal, is frequently interrupted in summer; and as the soil is sandy, the sand-banks, of which there are great numbers, are apt to shift, to the detriment of navigation. I am sorry I have it not in my power to give some account of the manners of the people. The small towns, among which I class Punhete, seem to have but few gentry; but there is no want of intelligence among the lower orders. All their women go

barefooted; and those of the middling classes are fond of decorating themselves with gold chains and ear-rings, which seem to be a necessary part of their dress; they still use hair-powder; are lively, and seem, as far as I have observed, correct in their manners and morals. The men appear to me to be very fond of talking. One seldom meets with a man in the higher class who would be called well-informed in England; nor is there scarcely a man in the country at this moment (June 13) aware of the dangerous state of affairs, or how soon they are again likely to be under the controul of France. At Santa Cruz, Coimbra, a convent occupied by gentlemen, (and some of them pretended to be men of learning), I could not observe that one of them was apprehensive for the future; nor could I persuade the librarian (one of those who had the best head and most cultivated mind) that the blow which was likely to fall on Austria, would operate in Portugal; and finally, and most materially, against the convents, I wished him to understand that I considered this as the moment in which they ought to be occupied in making a provision for the future. When the French were last in this country, the convents were obliged to give two-thirds of their revenues as a war contribution, and all their plate to be

received at a valuation of their own, under a penalty of paying four-fold, if any part was concealed. The country-houses (called quintas) of the gentry, of which there are but few at a distance from Lisbon, are generally furnished in the worst style; what few pictures they have, which are always on religious subjects, are painted in a style infinitely inferior to the signs of our large towns; their tables and chairs are of common deal, or the first wood that falls under their hands; the chairs are usually backed and seated with leather, and ornamented with large brass nails, such as you sometimes see in England, of the manufactory in the reign of Henry V. There seems to me to be little or no timber: the pines I have seen are of no size, except those near Leyria; the olive is by far the most prevalent wood, and occasionally you see the cork tree, which is, I believe, only used for its bark—the bottom or trunk of the tree is stripped without injuring it, and in the course of time it renews itself. There is a great deal of good wine in the country; with a little labour it would produce the finest in the world—but is by no means strong. At Condeixa I tasted some very light, and not inferior to the petit bourgogne you drink at Paris. At Bucellas, and Sacavem, the wines, generally white, are excellent. At Oporto

you get very good wines, principally from Lamego, up the Douro. Beyond Braga, and in the Trás les Montes, the wine is sour and bad: at all these places it generally sells for about 4d. a bottle, in the retail. The want of cleanliness in the towns of Portugal has justly been complained of: I need only say, that the streets are universally used for every purpose. Oporto, and the towns to the north are an exception; the inhabitants of those countries have a decided advantage over their brethren of the south.

June 27.—The army is again set in motion. This day we marched in 4 hours to Abrantes; a town which gives Junot the title of Duke. The scaffolding for the illuminations on this important occasion still remain—may they never serve again in honour of a man who has been so great an enemy to Portugal. The town is said to contain about 2,500 persons: its streets are narrow, and badly paved; and as it is situated on a lofty hill, they are so steep, that it is impossible to ride in many of them in safety. The Portuguese are at this moment constructing detached works of defence. The town is about a mile from the Tagus: the view of the river and adjacent country, which is covered with the olive, is remarkably fine and very extensive.

June 28.—March at 2 o'clock, A.M. 8 hours; arrive at ground marked out, where we construct huts. Two or three houses are dignified by the name of St. Domingo in the maps. Next day, 29th, after an 8 hours' march, find huts constructed for us near a little deserted village called Cardegos. The following day, 30th, being eight hours on the march, we got shelter, such as it was, at Sobreria Formosa—and could get bread to purchase!

July 1.—Seven hours carries us from hence to the neighbourhood of the small village of Sarzedas; and again, 2nd, 6 hours brings us to Castle Branco, the residence of the Bishop of Guarda: he has a fine palace, and fine gardens filled with ill executed statues; some Kings of Portugal, others Bishops with their mitres; these are intermixed with busts of Roman Emperors, heathen Gods, Saints, our Saviour, the Virgin, and some men with large wigs, whom I take to be Portuguese Ministers of renown in Portugal, and probably no where else—men, who, I doubt not, endowed many holy establishments, and contributed to the impoverishment and misery of the country. Whoever stands on the lofty walls of the Bishop's palace at Castle Branco, and contrasts the magnificence of the episcopal residence

with the surrounding country, would be almost tempted to say, that this boundless desert was created by the pride, oppression, and ostentatious charity of a bigoted and lazy priesthood. There are remains of an old castle and walls. The town itself is ill built, and very poor: the only buildings worthy of notice are the cathedral, and a convent; as usual, every thing good belongs to the church—every thing else has the appearance of misery.

July 3.—In 8 hours we get to the miserable village of Ladociró: one quarter of which is consumed by a fire, made by our soldiers to cook their meat.

July 4.—Arrive in 5 hours at another miserable village Zibreira: build huts in its neighbourhood. More houses burnt by the same accident as yesterday. To-morrow, early in the morning, we enter Spain. Here let me pause a little—I shall first begin by giving some account of the country between Abrantes and the Elga river, which we cross to-morrow, and which is the boundary of the two kingdoms for 50 miles. The distance between Abrantes and this river is about 100 miles, during which space you have to cross 6 rivers without bridges, which are only

fordable in dry weather. The population of this extensive tract cannot exceed 4000 souls, including Castle Branco : and I may say that we passed over 5 miles of cultivation, the remainder left to the wide range of wolves, hawkes and eagles ! The cork trees, in many places, grow to an immense size, and rival in beauty the finest oaks ; lavender, heaths, broom, gumcestus, myrtle, some evergreens, oaks, and a few arbutus and pines were the only trees and plants in the whole of this extent. The eye was tired in viewing so much of neglected nature, and makes one recollect that a long and dark night covers the human race, giving to few the brilliance of day. The population of Portugal is immense, compared to its cultivation. I have now travelled 700 miles in this country, and have had some opportunity of calculating the quantity of land submitted to the industry of its inhabitants : the proportion is inconceivably small, and in general only extends round its towns and villages in proportion to their magnitude. The inhabitants live on very little ; bread, oil, onions, and fruit in small quantities, and water, of which they drink abundantly, supply their wants : this accounts for their numbers. One third the number of Britons would starve on such slender means of support.

July 5.—Seven hours march to Zarza la Mayor, first town in

SPAIN.

The two countries are separated by the river Elga. The ancient town is on a mountain, on one side of the river; and there is a Spanish castle on the opposite side; but it appears to have been abandoned long since. I rode to the castle with Col. S*****: it is of difficult access, in the midst of rocks. I believe we were the only two officers of the army who visited it. It repaid our curiosity, being placed on a precipice over the river. The rocks at this place appear to have been rent assunder to give the river a free passage. The country seems to bear this wild appearance all the way to the Tagus. The desert, which I have before described, continues to the river. The Spanish bank produces abundance of corn, although the soil does not differ. It must have been the policy of Portugal to encourage this waste, to give strength to this part of their frontier, which is considered the most vulnerable part of the kingdom.—I allude to the Tagus, which is only 2 leagues from hence, and is connected with it in a military point of view.

July 5.—Zarza la Mayor.—This place is situated in a plain, greatest part of which is used for the production of corn.

July 7.—March 7 hours, and hut for the night in a very extensive forest of green oak and cork, near the little village of Moratego; next day march in 5 hours to Coria, the see of a Bishop; the cathedral is very finely ornamented outside, something like the architecture of Batalha: the town is on an eminence surrounded by old walls, and has a fine bridge, formerly over the Alagon, but as the river has shifted its direction, it is no longer of any use: the following day 8th, we keep the river in sight, and ford it near Galisteo: we hut on the banks of the river. This place, which may contain 500 people, has its ancient wall: the surrounding country belongs to Hernaud Nunes, who married the heiress of the Duke of Arcos. I omitted saying that Coria belongs to the Duke of Alva. At Galisteo we saw a prodigious number of sheep travelling northward, perhaps 10,000, guarded by fine dogs, something like our Newfoundland, but larger; they usually pass through this place in April, but have been deterred by the neighbourhood of the French.—Continue in the same valley till we get to Pla-

çencia on the 10th, after 8 hours' march. Here we get to the mountains. We have already passed through two fine extensive vallies; the one in which Moratego is situated, is left to nature; the other, watered in its whole extent by the Alagon, is partly cultivated, partly left to nature. I have seen nothing like a hedge or ditch to separate the lands since my entrance into Spain; and nothing like farmers' houses. All the population resort to the towns, where they bring their corn: there are neither sleds, barns, or any thing but the growing corn out of the towns. This must create great inconvenience: agriculture can never flourish with such a system; the horses that plough, and the labourers that reap, must be exhausted before they arrive at their ground. Plaçencia is a town agreeably situated on the banks of the Alagon, which river is beautifully limpid: the town is on an eminence, at the beginning of a range of mountains, which branch off towards Segovia, and are at this moment in many places crowned with snow. The town is surrounded by an ancient wall, with innumerable towers, and contains a fine cathedral, restored by Charles V. Part of the Moorish minarets are still existing in the exterior of the building. The great altar contains four pictures of the Coming of the Holy Ghost,

the Nativity, &c. by Riez: the colouring is good, and the figures have merit; but the picture which pleased me most was a St. Francis in deep meditation, by Espagnoletta, in the chapter-room; some of Velasquez have been moved, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French, with all their manuscripts and archives. The revenues of the Bishop exceed 30,000*l.* a year. The train of clergy belonging to this church is immense; I do not reckon in their ecclesiastical guide less than forty priests attached to it. The service seems to be administered with much more dignity and decorum than in Portugal. The houses of the gentry are large and ill furnished, such as in England would not be considered habitable—*I* except the Bishop's palace.

July 17.—We advanced to Malpartidá, a miserable village, and remain during the day under a burning sun in a ploughed field, having no means of constructing huts for the troops.

July 18.—Enter an extensive wood, and halt this night on the banks of the Tietar, after 11 hours' march. Continue marching all this day in the same wood; and after 11 hours' march hut ourselves again near the Tietar.

July 19.—Having marched 13 hours, we got to Oropesa. We are deposited in an olive grove for this night, and the following day; but as we are not allowed to cut the olive trees, our men remain exposed to the scorching sun. The greatest part of Oropesa is occupied by the palace of the Duke of Alva, whose vast possessions extend over a great proportion of this part of Spain. One of the towers of the ancient castle, which is connected with the modern palace, commands a most extensive view of this immense valley, which extends from Placencia to Talavera, above 80 miles in length and 40 in breadth, and which is bounded to the south by the Tagus, and the north by the Tietar, and the fine mountains amongst which Charles V. took refuge from the cares of this world. The convent is said to be placed in a lovely spot at the foot of a mountain, which retains snow on its summit the whole year: his apartments are still held sacred, the furniture never having been moved, it consists of a very few necessaries. To return to Oropesa—After the death of the Duchess of Alva, who enlivened the D****, the property remains in dispute between the Crown and the Duke of ***, who is at this moment attached to the French interests. I was curious to see the residence of one of the first grandees of Spain: the building,

which is very large, and seems in part but lately built, is furnished in the coarsest style, and a total want of comfort reigns through the whole. At Oropesa we form our junction with Cuesta's army; they file by us on the 21st, and are said to be composed of the following numbers, under Cuesta's immediate command: in this army, 30,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry; and under Venegas, on the right of us, about 20,000; this is much under the general rate, and I believe to be their effective force. Our army consists of upwards of 22,500 effective, 2,500 of which are cavalry. The whole of this united army does not fall much short of 80,000 men. With this force the French are to be expelled the Peninsula. Cuesta's character does not stand high as a General; nor is his army well officered. I see no defect in the composition of his troops, and the cavalry are certainly better mounted than the French.

July 22.—This day we advance in 12 hours to Talavera, occupied by the advanced guard of the French. The cavalry have had a skirmish, which costs a few men on both sides, and the enemy retire to their position behind the Alberché. The combined army occupy the ground in front of Talavera, between the Tagus and the

hills on the left—the Spanish army takes the right.

July 23.—The enemy are drawn up on the height behind the river, waiting our attack. In the course of the day 10,000 British menace their right: but our force retires to its position.

July 24.—Shortly after midnight we are under arms, and get to a deserted convent (by daylight) near the river, expecting the Spaniards to make the attack; but the enemy thought proper to retire during the night. The Spaniards are pursuing them; and about 7,000 of our troops have advanced about a league beyond the Alberché.

July 25.—We return to Talavera, and have a day of rest, which I employ in visiting different objects. All the public buildings of this unfortunate town have been entirely destroyed by the French; the tombs of the churches opened; the altars overturned; and one half of the houses have not met with a better fate. The royal manufactory of silks has been spared, as they considered it, I suppose, the property of King Joseph. The chairs and tables, and other furniture from the pillaged houses, was transported to their

camp: they had purposed, I presume, to remain there, having built large huts for the soldiers, and embellished their new settlement with a regular theatre. As a small proof of the destruction caused by the armies of the usurper Joseph, I cannot omit mentioning that all their huts were thatched with the straw unthrashed! The town of Talavera is of a considerable size, on the Tagus; there are extensive remains of its ancient walls: it has a large irregular bridge over the Tagus, which is still of a considerable size. The churches, which are numerous, present nothing worthy of note. I have not observed any thing like a public walk in any of their towns; nor have they any places of resort, such as coffee-houses or taverns. Their lemonade shops are frequented by all classes of people.

After the battle of Talavera, which was fought on the evening of the 27th, and the whole of the 28th of July, it is natural to suppose that the wounded should require other shelter than the olive trees allotted to the army. I was ordered by the Commander in Chief, the last day of the month, to take the command in the town, and make arrangements with the assistance of Dr. F***, Inspector of Hospitals. The 1st of August I went into the town, and took up my quarters with

Lord M'Duff, General Whittingham, who was wounded, and Col. Roach, officers serving with the Spanish army. The sick were principally placed in the large convents of the town, some in deserted houses. The confusion and scenes of death can scarcely be described: many men till this day never having had their wounds dressed. As far as I could ever collect, the number of men, attached, and forming part of this hospital, could not have been far short of 5,000. At seven o'clock in the evening of the 2d, the Commander in Chief sent for me—said it was his intention to go with the army towards Placensia, and that he should be absent about seven days; in the mean time I should have the command at Talavera; and that he had desired Gen. Cuesta to communicate confidentially with me. At eleven o'clock on the 3d, I waited on Gen. Cuesta, and saw Gen. O'Donoghoe, who received me in a manner that I could easily perceive something extraordinary had happened. He told me that he was at that moment occupied on business of the greatest importance, which was not communicated to me till one o'clock; and Gen. Cuesta then informed me that Soult, with 35,000 men, was at Placensia; and Victor only six leagues in Cuesta's front: this had been discovered by a monk, the bearer of a letter from King Joseph to

Soult, who at that moment was in the room: he should retire at dusk with his army, and I had better get off with the hospital before that time. My instructions ordered me, in contemplation of such an event, to go to Merida, by Ponte de Archibispo. I assembled the officers and surgeons doing duty with the Hospital, and informed them, that all the men who could march were to assemble at three o'clock, and were to march to Calera that night. With difficulty I procured seven waggons from Gen. Cuesta, to carry off a few wounded men and officers; and at five o'clock the rear guard left the town. I left it myself at eight, passing through some thousand Spaniards who were making off. The first night we got to Calera, which town had been completely destroyed by the French. Next day at Ponte de Archibispo, where I purposed passing the night, we were overtaken by the British army. I was ordered by the Adjutant-General to proceed with my party to Valdecasa that night; but finding the Bridge over the Tagus occupied by our retreating army and their baggage, it was dark before I could get in motion. Forty bullock-cars having been furnished me, in addition to the means I had already of transporting the sick, and which were in such a state, and the road so bad, that only eleven of them

arrived at Deleitosa. Our six days' march, with so large a body of men, and the assistance of few officers, the difficulty of my march may be conceived; but in addition to these disadvantages, I had only a Commissary's Clerk to provide for the troops, and the runaway Spaniards were plundering the small magazines in all the villages. Reports of the French having crossed the Tagus in our front, made many of the men leave the roads, and take to the mountains. We mustered our force in the convent of St. Augustine, near Deleitosa; it consisted of 2,000 men. Having pursued my march, in two divisions, through Truxillo and Merida, on the 18th we arrived at Elvas, where, for the present, the hospital is to remain. The distance from Talavera to Elvas is 184 miles; over which space I have had to conduct this disorderly crew, without magazines. In many places the Magistrates shewing evident marks of a hostile inclination, and no where inclined to serve us—the people of the country have every where treated the unfortunate men, who have sacrificed themselves to save Spain, with inhumanity and neglect—and I was often obliged to use violent means to prevent the men from starving. Such has been our reception in Spain! Is it occasioned by the natural disposition of the country, adverse to

strangers, which has made them treat English and French in the same manner?—or are they inclined to submit to the French? I believe that both causes operate. Truxillo and Merida, which are large towns, are in themselves devoid of interest. The former was the birth-place of Pizarro; the Marquis de la Conquesta, in whose house I slept, is his descendant, and resides in the house Pizarro was born in; it is large, and great part of the front is occupied by the family arms. I also slept at Magasquilla, the country-house of Pizarro and his descendant, the following night; and the Marquis accompanied me to Cumbre the next day. At Merida there are the remains of some Roman antiquities, a very fine arch, an amphitheatre, and a temple; but as the stone decomposes, they are in a very degraded state. The Moorish citadel, which is very large, is entirely built of Roman materials. The bridge over the Guadia is remarkable for having 56 arches; part of it is evidently Roman. This river, you would suppose, could not require such a bridge, for at this moment it does not carry more water than the Thames at Staines; but in winter the rivers in the Peninsula increase to a prodigious size. The next town that comes under notice is Badajoz; and it bears infinitely more the appearance of a capital than any of the

towns I have seen in Spain. Here are gardens and public walks, which I had never seen till now, since I left the Bishop's gardens at Castle Branco: for though the Bishop of Placencia has 30,000*l.* a year, he does not afford himself the enjoyment of an orange tree. Badajoz is remarkable for producing a newspaper: I went to the house where it was published, and saw the editor, expecting he would give me some political information; but I found he knew as little as the rest of his countrymen.

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PORTUGAL.

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Melhada, Province of Beira,
January 2, 1810.

AS we are again coming into a new country, and my leisure will occasionally permit, I shall employ it in continuing my Journal, which was interrupted since my having the command of the General Hospital at Elvas; and as a preface to this second part, I may as well give a glance at some events which have occurred, and take

notice of some places which I have seen, prior to the recommencement of this Journal.

On being taken from the duties of the General Hospital I returned to Talavera la Real, a small insignificant place, near which Gen. Sherbrook's division of the army was huddled; the rains brought us into Badajoz about the middle of October; the men of the whole brigade of guards were quartered in a large building which was formerly occupied as a charity-school, the members of this institution having been removed to the house of the Prince of Peace to make room for the guards; the officers were billeted in the town, and most of them received favours which are liberally lavished by the higher orders of Spanish females, and which generally makes those favours of little value. The town of Badajoz is considerable, not containing less than 12,000 souls; it is situated on the Guadiana, over which there is a fine bridge of 26 arches. The town is fortified, but its fortifications are commanded, and from one place the rampart is seen in reverse. On the 1st of November I got leave to go to England, and set off in the evening. The post goes through Elvas, Estremoz, Arrayolos, Montemor Nova, to Aldea Gallega, where boats are to be had to go to Lisbon. I got to Aldea in

30 hours, about 30 leagues or 120 miles; the 2 post horses and post boy cost about a shilling a mile. At Lisbon, I procured a passage on board the *Norge*, of 74 guns, which sailed on the 5th, having Mr. Villiers and suit on board. About 10 miles outside of the bar, we were met by a packet which contained dispatches to the Minister, requiring his return, and bringing us an account of the peace with Austria; this latter event made me decide upon not availing myself of the leave, and returned to Badajoz on the 20th. On the 29th I was appointed a Colonel on the staff, and got the command of the 3d brigade, consisting of the 45th, 60th, and 88th regiments. On the 30th I established my head-quarters at Campo Mayor—on the 31st I reviewed the 88th—Aug. 2d, go to St. Olaia to review the 5th battalion 60th—and 4th, review the 45th at Salvaterra. On the 6th, the brigade having received prior orders to march, I established the head quarters at Monforte; at this place I remained 12 days at the house of Senior André Chichons, by whom I was treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness. I cannot help mentioning the daughters of my landlord, who would be considered as models of good breeding and good conduct in any country. I must add, that at a distance from the capital, I know not any nation where

there appears to be more purity of morals than in Portugal. In many of the houses of the principal nobility the families constantly reside in the country. At Monforte, the family had never been at Lisbon; there were not less than 40 servants and their children in the house. They have in the country a peculiar virtue, from the kindness with which they treat servants; many of whom attached to the same family from one generation to another, acquire, by their savings, small properties, which in time enables them to rise and become independent. The occupation of a servant is here by no means so degrading as in England, and most other parts of Europe. On the 18th of December, I leave Monforte with the 88th regiment, our route extending to Pinhel, in the Province of Beira, where we were to arrive on the 10th of January; the route and distance being as follows:—

From Monforte to Portalegre	-	-	-	4	leagues
Crato	-	-	-	4	
Ponte de Soro	-	-	-	6	
Abrantes	-	-	-	4	
Punhete	-	-	-	3	
Thomar	-	-	-	3	
Ourem	-	-	-	3	
Leyria	-	-	-	4	
Pombal	-	-	-	5	

From Pombal to Condeixa	-	-	-	5 leagues
Coimbra	-	-	-	2
Mealhada	-	-	-	3
Martigao	-	-	-	4
Tondella	-	-	-	4
Viseu	-	-	-	3
Sourimille	-	-	-	3½
Coruxo	-	-	-	3
Francoso	-	-	-	3
Pavoa	-	-	-	2
Pinhel	-	-	-	2

Portalegre is a considerable town, finely situated upon the declivity of a very fine range of hills which extend towards the Tagus. The views in this country are very extensive; from Monforte I could see Villa Vicosa and Portalegre; and from a hill, on the march, near Ponte de Soro, I could see Portalegre and Abrantes; consequently, at two points of view, I could see from Villa Vicosa to Abrantes, a distance of 90 miles. From Portalegre the brigade was united and marched in one division. Crato is an old town, surrounded by Moorish walls, having its castle; it was a favourite residence of the Royal Family, but being at this time very unhealthy, great part of the town is abandoned. The country between Crato and Ponte de Soro, is a dreary waste; from thence to Abrantes the road leads through a narrow valley, occasionally cultivated

with Indian corn and rice. At Abrantes there is a bridge of boats over the Tagus; and for the convenience of our army, large magazines of barley, biscuit, and salt provisions. Abrantes, like most towns of consequence in Portugal, is situated upon a hill, and has its old castle: from thence to Mealhada was the tract I have already described; the whole of this extensive tract is delightful at this time of the year, the weather being constantly good during the march. I can only represent the appearance of the country as that which can be imagined in England, uniting spring and autumn together, the old leaves in many places continuing on the vines and oak, and appearance of a new vegetation in the fields and hedges; at Leyria and Condeixa I remarked this more particularly. I must not forget to bring my friends the monks of St. Cruz, at Coimbra, to recollection; they received me with great kindness—I dined with them both days I remained in that delightful residence, which as far as my observation goes, is one of the most agreeable in the world.

Jan. 2.—I leave Mealhada with the brigade; and at some distance begin to ascend a mountain, from the top of which is a most extensive view of the sea and coast, from Mondego Bay towards

Oporto : having crossed, in a breadth of 16 miles, the Sierra d'Alcoba, we arrived at Martigao. On the 3d we continued our route amongst hills to Tondella; and on the 4th to Viseu, in the same sort of country. I forgot to observe, that from the mountains of Alcoba, you already have a view of the Sierra d'Estrella, which we see to the southward all the way to Pinhel. Viseu is a considerable town, said to be founded by the Proconsul Decius Brutus; it is the see of a Bishop, and contains about 3000 persons; there are many good houses in this town, and a considerable appearance of wealth; there are the remains of a Roman camp near the town, of very large dimensions. The country about Viseu is inclosed and cultivated with industry. The waters in this part of Portugal are extremely limpid; I have observed no want of them, or any of a bad quality, since I left the Alantejo, which province is rendered almost uninhabitable and barren, owing to the deficiency of water and to the badness of its quality; the beds of the river being so unequal as to size and depth, that in many places you see large pools of water, and over the same river, at other places, you can pass without the inconvenience of wetting yourself: the Guadiana, for instance, near Badajoz and Merida, is 300 yards broad, in other places it

is not much more than a tenth part without much current, consequently, in the broadest parts the water, or a great part of it, must be in a state of stagnation. From Viseu, the roads being bad, and the accommodation for a large body of troops insufficient, we were obliged to take different roads; the 88th and part of the 45th go by Celarico, the remainder of the last regiment and the horse artillery by Francoso, I went myself to Monguald. The house of St. Paes, the descendant of Conde Transtamarro, who married Donna Theresa, widow of Henrique de Borgonha, first king of Portugal, is worthy of its illustrious founder; it is esteemed the best in the province of Beira: we were entertained by the three uncles of the proprietor, who are all of them Commanders of Malta. The park abounds in game. In their gardens they cultivate the pine apple, the only place where I have seen any, with the exception of Lisbon, in the kingdom. From hence I pass the mountains, and sleep at the house of Donna Rosa Pilla, at Penaverdo: from thence, over roads almost impassable, I get to Francoso: this town is encircled by Moorish walls, which are in a very perfect state, having towers at regular distances. I was lodged and hospitably entertained, during my stay at this place, by Seni. Castano Alexandré d'Albuquerque;

lie is one of the great proprietors of vineyards which comes within the limits of the Oporto Company; we were regaled with his best wines; the white was of a quality peculiar to itself, not unlike, or inferior to the best champaign, but much sweeter; it was very old, and I cannot see the reason why it should not be exported. The wine in this country, from the negligence with which it is made, and the still greater negligence in the care of it, is very apt to become sour: wine of this sort being occasionally exported to England, to the great loss of the merchant, makes him avoid experiment. This, added to a natural want of enterprise, is the cause of our not knowing many of the wines of this country, which would be much esteemed in England. I had always an idea, that the wines of Portugal were rough and coarse: this certainly is the case with those sent to England. Since I have been here, on the contrary, I have found many in point of delicacy equal to the best French wines; and with care, I am convinced, they would equal them in every respect. My landlord, Castano, I found to be a man of education; and having lived all his life in the mountains, his ideas of independence were just and liberal. Had he frequented the Court of Lisbon, to which he was entitled by his fortune and

family, he would have been as corrupt and enervated as other courtiers. He saw the abuses of his country in their true light; and although his abhorrence of the French yoke was great, yet he purposed to follow the fate of his country. Senora Murcia, his wife, having been married at 13, partook largely of the accomplishments of her husband; and being enthusiastically fond of the English, had taken great pains to get acquainted with our government, trade, manufacture, and agriculture, which latter she was adopting in her quinta, or farm. The papers of our chief agricultural societies were not unknown to her; and the name of Young was held in more respect by her than perhaps it deserves. These amiable people were bringing up their three daughters in the paths of virtue, from which I doubt not they never will deviate, if they are not sent into the infectious atmosphere of Lisbon. Perhaps the wealth of the eldest daughter, as she is one of the richest heiresses in Portugal, will be the cause of her neglecting the moral lessons of her parents. I hear she is about to be married to a great man whom she has never seen.

January 11—I arrived at Finhel, having distributed the brigade in the villages of the neighbourhood. At this place I am lodged at the

house of Senora Maria Fagundas, mother of the present Governor of the island of Madeira. Pínel is a small town; the best part of which is built out of its old Moorish walls. The castle commands a view of Guarda, Almeida, Castello Roderigo, and Trancoso, with the Sierra d'Estrella de Galla, in Spain, and the Pena de França: it has been inhabited within these few years. The only good houses in the town, are the Bishop's palace, where General Crawford resides, and the house I occupy, which is very large, containing a suit of apartments: one of the rooms, which is 45 feet long, is ornamented with tapestry, representing the Brazils as they were before the conquest of that country—at a distance the Portuguese are seen landing; and the meeting between them and the people of the country is represented in a very curious manner. These fine apartments have been given up to me; and the family, who are not very sociable, have retired into some more humble part of their dwelling; they are, however, very well satisfied, having frequently been obliged to entertain fifteen or twenty officers, sometimes French, and latterly English, for they had a visit from our countrymen when they advanced into Spain under Sir John Moore. I shall not detain myself with an account of the family; they usually, by invitation

(without which I never see them), come into my apartments to drink tea of an evening. Pinhel is distant three leagues from Almeida. In going there you are obliged to descend the rocky banks of the Pinhel river, and the still more impracticable banks of the Coa, which is within half a league of the fortress. I went round the works with the Chief Engineer: it is a pentagon, but very defective; part of its works being exposed to the view of the enemy in reverse, at the distance of about 600 yards: this defect has been in some measure lately remedied, by constructing traverses: the place seems to be well supplied with artillery and stores, but wants an efficient garrison. Col. Cox, the Governor, only having lately-embodied militia for its defence, and these persons not being accustomed to the hardships or privations of regular trained soldiers; they will be very soon clamorous after the place is invested—an event which we are soon to look to. I went from Almeida to the fort of the Conceção, which is about six miles from hence, in the kingdom of Leon; it is a regular quadrangle, beautifully constructed. It has been effectually mined by the French, who have blown up a ravelin, part of the adjoining curtain, and bastions; and they have destroyed the counter-mines. The place was garrisoned by a company

of Spaniards, who were entrusted with the charge of some French prisoners, upon whom they were exercising great inhumanity. Governor Cox and myself attempted to prevail on them to allow these unfortunate men some exercise during the day; but the Captain said, it was of no consequence whether they lived or died. Upon all occasions, I have observed the Spaniards treat the French with the greatest inhumanity; and if not prevented, would put those to death who fell into their hands. Ciudad Roderigo is only distant five leagues from the fort of Conception; but as the town was invested by the French the day after I had visited the fort, my not having prolonged my journey was a most fortunate event, as I might have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Although the climate of Pinhel is extremely cold, yet it abounds in olive trees: the fruit is not gathered till the end of February or beginning of March. Having been allowed to feel all the rigours of winter, the trees are then beaten with large sticks, and the berry picked up and carried to the mill. There are, I think, only three of these mills near Pinhel: attached to them are magazines, and each proprietor has a cell, where he deposits the fruit under lock and key, and in his turn has it converted into oil. The process of making the oil is very simple.

the olives are first placed in a trough, and then ground by a large stone, which receives its motion from the water-mill. This first process is exactly like that of bruising the apples to make cider. The olives in this state is brought to the press; circular mats of two feet diameter, thicker considerably at the circumference than in the centre, being made to receive the olive: these baskets are filled one over the other to the height of five or six feet, and then pressed to facilitate the expression. Warm water is occasionally mixed with the olive; the oil and water runs into a reservoir, and the overflowing of this reservoir runs into a second, when the oil is made, and fit for immediate use. The miller measures the oil, taking one measure for himself, which pays the expense of the manufacture, gives one to the church, and eight goes to the proprietor. The pulp which remains is also the profit of the miller, and he sells it for the use of the pigs, who seem to come in for their share of every thing good in this world. Olive trees are usually planted in rows, like apple trees in a well planted orchard; they bear fruit when four years old, and last to a very old age: they are, in point of duration, perhaps equal to the oak, and the wood is remarkably hard. This tree is very subject to a black blight, something like the soot

in corn; and the only effectual remedy against this disease is to cut off the branches. I observed this disorder amongst all the trees between Lisbon and Sacavem. It is found on an average, that eight measures of fruit produce one measure of oil.

March 17.—Alverca.—I went from this place yesterday to Guarda. The road I found much better than I could have expected, considering the nature of the country. The distance, as far as I could judge, was about 15 miles. In leaving this place, I passed through the village of Avelans, which is situated in a narrow valley between lofty hills. The country in these vallies is fertile, and cultivated with great industry. The streams, which are frequent, are continually dammed up, for the purpose of turning the horizontal water-wheels, universally used in this country for grinding their corn. I could, during the whole of my journey, have fancied myself in Switzerland or Argyleshire, the streams issuing constantly from the sides of the hills, which are covered with the natural oak and chesnut, and most of which are suffered to rot without being used. The town of Guarda is situated on the summit of a lofty hill, which commands one of the finest views in nature, Pipamacor, Almeida,

and Castello Roderigo, are seen at a distance, with the highest ridges of the Sierra de Galla, beyond Castello Roderigo. The town is encircled with Moorish walls: it is the see of a Bishop; has a large cathedral, and contains about 2,300 persons. Guarda is reckoned the coldest situation of any town in Portugal; and from its great elevation is continually in the clouds. When I was there, at Alverca and in the plain the day was beautiful; but when we first entered the town, it was in a thick cloud, and the thermometer, I doubt not, was at least 15 degrees lower than in the neighbouring plains. Fortunately, after a time, the atmosphere became clear, and I had the advantage of witnessing one of the finest views in nature. The town itself is not worthy of notice, being composed of dirty houses out of repair. The Bishop's palace, where I was lodged, is a large building, of coarse granite, and if well taken care of, would make a handsome residence. The revenues of the see is not less than 3,000*l.* per annum. The churches are well provided for in this country—the Patriarch of Lisbon has not less than 25,000*l.* a year, and the Bishop of Coimbra, 20,000*l.* There are none of the nobility whose fortunes can be compared with these revenues. The family of Paes, whose house I have described at Mon-

guald, and which is one of the richest in the province of Beira, has not above 5,000l. a year in land. Guarda was built by Sancho the I. second King of Portugal, upon the scite of a Roman colony. The castle, which is upon the most elevated part of the mountain, was formerly very strong; it is of a Moorish construction. The cathedral has been built since the restoration of Grecian architecture, and is composed of a coarse granite, the same as the walls of the city, the Bishop's palace, and the castle. The inhabitants manufacture a sort of coarse cloth; our soldiers, in most the regiments, use it as trowsers. They have, in all the large towns in this part of Portugal, fairs, in some places every fortnight, in others every month: at these fairs are sold cattle, coarse linen, which is manufactured in most houses, and every article which, in other countries, are sold in shops, but which are only to be had here at their fairs. The greatest ornaments of the fair are the silversmiths' stalls, whose goods are in great request, as you seldom see a beggar in this country without a gold chain about his neck and gold ear-rings; and in many of the houses, where you would expect little luxury, their basins, and many other weighty articles, are of massive silver. These silversmiths are supplied from Lisbon, Oporto, and Coimbra.

It is a singular circumstance, but one of the greatest articles of luxury in this country, and the only one which may generally be found in the smallest towns, is salt butter, from Cork—it is as much an article of just necessity in Portugal, as port wine in England. The only fresh butter I have tasted in Portugal was at Monguald, and yet the country is full of cattle, and some of the pasture amongst the mountains is very fine. I cannot help remarking (I may, perhaps, have done it already), that the general character of the Portuguese is sadly disfigured by foreign writers of travels; and I think I can account for it, by their residence in Lisbon alone. From the great intercourse with foreigners in this large city, and the very great proportion of Brazilians (which some authors have made amount to 87,000 in Lisbon alone), the real Portuguese character is quite different in the capital and its provinces. You can even observe in Lisbon, that almost the whole of the inhabitants have somewhat the features of Mulatoes. When the inhabitants of Portugal are described by travellers, you have therefore little more than the account of these foreigners corrupted by trade, wealth, misery and the vices of a Court; that they are prone to murder, and every species of crime. One would naturally be led to suppose, that the manners of the capital

would influence the provinces; particularly of this kingdom, whose chief city is without bounds, and greater in proportion to the extent of the country, than any other capital in Europe: but this is not the cause: for the badness of the roads, and of accommodation, renders the intercourse very difficult, and very few of the provincial families ever leave their homes. When they travel they are either carried in sedan chairs, with two mules for their chairmen, or they ride on mules. On roads where a carriage is seen, they are obliged to carry with them their bedding of every sort, and provisions, with cooking utensils, as their towns only afford the bare walls. Five leagues is reckoned a good day's journey. The gentry lead, at their homes, a most harmless and inoffensive life; they have few or no luxuries, and are very willing that strangers should partake of their fare. Their women have a great fund of good humour; and if they are ever frail, it is not from vice, but may be more attributed to a yielding temper, and then the confession sets all to rights. They are universally religious, every house of any consequence having its chapel and daily mass. The lower orders of people are equally civil, obliging and inoffensive. The greatest crime you ever hear committed, is pilfering—robberies and murders are scarcely known; and

as to assassinations, I never heard of one in the country. So much are these people misunderstood, that the very horses, and every living animal (mules excepted) are without vice; even to their serpents and scorpions, at least I have never heard of any mischief being done by them. The people are certainly not industrious, but that may be attributed to a bad government, where there is little security to property, and no encouragement to industry. The cultivation of lands in this part of the country is an exception, for every spot is used; they even pile up the stones in the rocky ground to cultivate, and corn is seen in many parts where you would conceive it impossible for the plough to go—but their cattle can go any where: they are however perfectly unacquainted with any agricultural improvement, such as draining, or giving their lands a proper succession of crops. In some places their irrigation is managed with considerable address; but then it is chiefly confined to their gardens, some of which in summer are truly beautiful; all these about their large towns have one or more walks, covered with the grape, interspersed with the orange, lemon, pomgranite, and figs; but in this part of the country, the latter only is seen. You will not wonder at it when I tell you that yesterday, the 6th of April, we had

a fall of snow. In talking of the manners of Portugal, it is as well to correct an error which has been circulated by Dumourier, in his "State of Portugal" (a work which is full of misrepresentations), he says, "That officers of the army are used as servants in the great families." This certainly may appear so to a stranger; but the truth is, when you are at dinner your friends visit you, this is considered as a compliment, and from the excess of good humour, they will change your plate and fill your glass. This custom of having visitors at your dinner is at first very irksome, but at last you grow accustomed to it. Those officers mentioned by Dumourier, were inmates of the family, probably relatives, who dined with the master of the house on ordinary occasions, and when strangers of note dined with the family, they were present, and may out of civility, have changed the plates. At Pinhel I am lodged at the house of the Bishop; as it is Lent he does not sit down, and from excess of politeness he will change one's plate. I have dwelt on this custom longer than I should have been warranted in doing, had it not been brought to prove the degradation of the military in Portugal. Their army has certainly been very much neglected; military rank is, however, in much higher estimation here than in England. In Portugal a General

Officer holds the highest rank in society; and the officers are usually men of family. The story of Count La Lippe making an officer who was standing behind a chair, sit down by his side, I find has been copied from D'Imourier by Murphy, the architect. I will, however, do justice to the latter, who, in his "Account of Portugal," has described every thing he saw with great accuracy—his description of the manners and customs of the country being generally true; the historical part is nothing more than a translation from the Portuguese. The drawings of his work are extremely accurate. As we have a brigade of Portuguese troops attached to the division of which I form a part, I have lately, from my own observation and the constant intercourse I have with Colonel S****, who commands one of the regiments, been able to form a tolerably good opinion of the character of the Portuguese troops. They are extremely tractable, patient, sober, and I am informed, there are few complaints of their dishonesty. The Portuguese officers, very unlike their Castilian neighbours, are ready to grant the superiority of our countrymen, and to receive instruction from them; and I doubt not, when the opportunity presents itself, we shall see them fighting by our sides, in a very different manner from the army of Cuesta

at Talavera. Last year, in our advance to Oporto and the north, Lord Wellington incorporated a Portuguese regiment with each brigade; this year we have a Portuguese brigade to each British division; which latter arrangement is more satisfactory to the officers of the army, as it keeps the troops of the two nations more distinct in common detail, and at the same time admits of a small saving, as they have rations of meat only three times in each week. The proportion, therefore, of British to Portuguese remains the same; but we shall act more in distinct masses.

August 29.—The light division of the army, which was stationed near Almeida, having been attacked by a very commanding French force, were obliged to retire, on the 24th, across the bridge of Almeida, with the loss of about 300 men. I was under the painful necessity of attending to the grave the remains of my poor friend Col. Hull, of the 43d regiment, on the evening of his death. He was shot through the heart, by a musket-ball, early in the action.—The French now being on the banks of the Coa, it became evident that we could no longer remain in our advanced position. On the morning of the 25th, Gen. Crawford and the light division retired to Carvalhal: and about two

o'clock A. M. on the 26th, he again retired to Fruxedas; and at the same time we retired from Pinhel to Eerejo, where we hutted for the night. The consternation of the inhabitants of Pinhel, when they knew that we were about to abandon them, cannot well be conceived: the whole population of the town took to flight. Many respectable families were seen, with their servants carrying bundles on their heads, retiring in every direction, having no settled plan but that of avoiding the French. Most of the families of note, amongst others that of my landlord, had hastened their departure after the action of the 24th, as the consequences were inevitable. I have since heard, that the town is completely abandoned.

August 29.—At three o'clock, A. M. we march through Celerico to Linhares. Before you ascend the hill upon which Celerico is situated, you have to cross the Mondego. The town has its Moorish castle, situated on the most elevated part of the hill, and commanding the course of the Mondego for many miles up the stream. Linhares is about eight miles from Celerico, but it is out of the road, and upon the summit of a lofty hill, immediately under the Sierra d'Estrella, of which it may be said to form

a part. The old castle, built by Alfonso Henriquez, first King of Portugal, is built on a rock, and is surrounded by a wood of stately chestnut trees, except in that part where it joins the town. The only thing worthy of remark is, the difference of climate between this place and the plains below; while the heat, at this time of the year, is extremely oppressive in the villages of the plains, we have always enjoyed the most temperate air and refreshing breezes. The waters descending from the Estrella, are very abundant and transparent. I yesterday ascended the mountains immediately in our rear, and was gratified by a most extensive view of mountains beyond the Tagus; the Duro of Placensia; and, to the westward, the very hill we passed over near Mealhada, and which itself commands a view of the sea. As all the old towns, in this part of Portugal, are situated on commanding eminences, I had the pleasure of seeing many of my old acquaintances Trancoso, Pinhel, Castello Roderigo, Almeida, Guarda, Montsanto, and Penamacor. As many of these were occupied by English garrisons, and others by the French, the interest of the scene was greatly increased. I had some expectation of seeing some shot fired from Almeida, as the enemy were round it; but this did not happen. On the side of the mountain here are several

towns of a large size. The Mondego runs at a considerable distance in the same valley, and many other towns and villages are near its banks, which makes the population of these parts very considerable. The ground, when it will admit, is cultivated with great industry, and the people seem to enjoy the necessaries of life; its superfluities are scarcely known, although many families are very opulent—but there is little luxury or ostentation in these parts. The best houses are coarsely furnished, and the furniture appears to be never renewed. In the gardens of the most opulent, I could only find the commonest vegetables and fruits; they have orange trees in the gardens of the Fidalgo, at Mello, a neighbouring town, but they did not appear to me to bear fruit, and were evidently much injured by the cold: the grapes are very backward; at this time last year (10th of August) or a few days later they were ripe at Badajoz (17th of August I was there); here they are not half grown—such are the effects produced in the vicinity of the Estrella. The chestnut trees are of a remarkable size, and very numerous, they might furnish the population with a considerable part of their food, but I do not think that they are much in use; these trees only grow to a certain height up the mountains, and above them, in many parts, are seen the common pine.

Rye is cultivated to a great height; and grass, which is only found in the irrigated lands of Portugal, grows very luxuriantly on the top of the lower ridges of the Sierra. The mountains are composed of the coarse grey granite, of schist, and considerable blocks of quartz. I have heard it remarked by Rumiboldt, I think, that the air in parts of South America, is so very transparent, that you can distinguish the white garment of a man, at (I think) 15 miles distance; I have made the same remark in this country; I could, from the top of a mountain, distinguish, with the naked eye, a white house where I happened to lodge at Castello Roderigo, and the distance could not be less than 36 miles in a direct line: this would not be credited by a person only acquainted with the English atmosphere, where in the finest day, with some difficulty, you discern St. Paul's from the hill between Egham and Englefield-Green, I have looked for it in vain. August 17th I again visited my hill, and to corroborate what I have before said, I could distinctly see the French batteries firing upon Almeida and the garrison returning the fire; the sound was not heard. The distance from Almeida is not less than 32 miles, in a direct line. On our return from this place, Linhares, accounts had arrived that the firing had commenced on the night of the 15th; we received

our first intimation from our observations on the hill. August 19th, in the evening, I received an unexpected route, from the Quarter-Master General, to march in advance to Celerico; and on the following day, 20th, we arrived at Villa Franca, near Alverca: the head quarters being transferred the following day to Alverca, the station occupied by the Commander in Chief when we left Pinhel. The first division of the army which was ordered up to Marasal and the adjacent villages, has been halted at Celerico; the light division are at Fruxedas, in front of Alverca; a brigade of Portuguese, under Colonel Pack, at Francoso; and two brigades in the rear of Celerico: this is the present state of our infantry, and here I apprehend we shall await till the fate of Almeida is decided. As the firing continues on both sides without much interruption, and the telegraphic account of this day (23d) says, that the enemy have erected a battery within 250 yards of the place; I apprehend it will not be able to hold out many days, as they will be enabled to make a breach. The siege will have lasted to-morrow one calendar month; the town having been invested when the light division was obliged to retire on this side of the Coa.

August 28.—On the evening of the 26th a

great explosion was heard in the direction of Almeida, and the next day the steeple of the great church not being seen, and no firing heard, we concluded that the town must be on the eve of capitulation, owing to some unexpected disaster. In the night of the 27th, we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march, and early in the morning our advanced posts of cavalry were engaged. About seven o'clock I observed that the enemy had gained the heights above Hervas Teuras, five miles in our front, in the direction of Pinhel: at 8 o'clock we marched, and passed the night, amongst the fir trees and vines, in the rear of Minical. During the whole of this day's march, we were accompanied by the heaviest thunder and rain I ever recollect: a soldier of the guards was killed, and four injured by the electrical fluid. On the 29th the division marched to Mello, and the 30th to Penancos, coasting the whole way along the Sierra d'Estrella. The sides of the mountains, which are about 2 miles distance from hence, are cultivated half the way up to the summit of the first ridge, and studded with villages; the tops of the mountains presenting broken surfaces and considerable fissures, each of which has its torrent of limpid water; these fissures are continued down to the plains, which makes the road that we had taken, from

Mello nearly to this place, a continued ascent and descent.

August 31.—March this day to Cca: I am lodged at the house of Antonio Bernardo Pinto, one of the best houses in the province. Lord Wellington remained here some days during the winter. The proprietor and his family went away this morning to fly from the French. The town is beautifully situated on commanding ground, at the foot of the Estrella; the country has greatly improved since we left Celerico, and the villages are much better, and occasionally a convent is seen, which is a certain sign of a rich country; a poor country is very seldom troubled with these visitors in Portugal.

September 3.—March this day, over a very good road, to Galizes, keeping the Sierra d'Estrella to the left—pass through the village of Maccira; the rest of the country uncultivated; see some villages to the right and left with their maize fields and vineyards round them. The Sierra no longer presents that broken and irregular surface, although the mountains continue lofty; they are now covered up to the summit with the heath, and the wastes have again their gumcestus and scented shrubs;

the woods, to-day, were chiefly pines, and the common oak and chesnut. Galizes is a miserable village, which however is made to contain 3 regiments; I am at the house of the Fuire de Povo. The villages are generally deserted. About three miles to the southward of this place, and at the foot of the Estrella, runs the river Alva, in a valley about 600 feet below the plains upon which we have been marching from Cea. This river, which is of a considerable size, and like all other waters issuing from the Estrella, extremely limpid, has many considerable towns on its banks opposite to us; and within the space of a league, Villa de Dias, Avoa, and Villa de Cova. The valley of this river is extremely fertile, producing the grape, Indian corn, and olive, with great luxuriance, and the sides of the hills are covered with fine oak, chesnut, and the more lofty parts with the pine. The Sierra which has here lost its rugged appearance, is covered from the region of pine to its summit with heath. Upon the whole, I have seen nothing more truly beautiful, either from its picturesque scenery or luxuriance of vegetation, than the banks of the Alva: and what one would little expect in its remote vallies, there is a bridge of a single arch, over the river at Avoa; which would do honour to any architect. At Avoa, there are consider-

able remains of a Moorish castle and walls. This is one of the principal roads that the poor inhabitants about us are taking to fly to the mountains from the French; the family of my landlord, at Galizes, went off this morning: but, alas! little are they aware of the distance to which French rapacity can extend itself, or the desolation that awaits their houses and their fields. Never did any unfortunate country feel, with greater severity, the miseries of war than this country, through which the English and Portuguese armies are slowly retreating, and are pursued by the still more destructive armies of France. All the attention and discipline of the best regulated troops, can never prevent the irregularities of straggling soldiers, followers of the army, and men, particularly those employed in the transport of stores and provisions: the most serious complaints I have had from the magistrates, have been against the muleteers employed by the Commissariat, who make nothing of turning their brigades of mules, as they are called, into the fields of maize and vineyards.

September 7.—I went this day to Aldea das Dias, a village on the other side of the Alva, situated in a kind of basin, about 500 feet above the river, in the midst of gardens and vine-

yards. A very handsome bridge, is built over the two rivers Louria and Alva, precisely at their junction; and as the bridge is right across each river, it forms an angle of about 120 degrees in its centre, to humour the course of both rivers. The village was filled by emigrant families, who at first did not know whether we were friends or enemies; but when they found that we were some of their good allies, they immediately began a volley of abuse against the French, and offered us water-melons, and other fruits, for which we could get them to take nothing in return. The groupes consisted chiefly of women and children; they hope that we should retain the country; and the fear of falling into the hands of the French, was strongly marked in every thing they said to us. To see these poor people crowded together, not knowing what is to be their fate, deprived of the comforts their homes afford, and not knowing whether those homes have been allowed to exist by the French soldiery, made this a melancholy interview; and which, however often one may have occasion to see repeated, must always bring melancholy reflections to the mind. Such is the fate of a soldier, whenever he is employed on active service, the misery of the human race, in one shape or other, is what he has always to contemplate.

September 17. — March to Venda do Vale.—
As we performed this march in the night, I can give no account of the intermediate country: the distance from Galizes is about ten miles.

September 18. — March this day to Fiumy; about twelve miles: pass over the Ponte de Murcella; which bridge is over the Alva. The valleys in the whole of this country, which are very narrow, are well cultivated, and produce Indian corn and maize. The highest grounds are abandoned to the native heath and occasional woods of pine.

September 20.—March to Pena Covo, on the right bank of the Mondego. When we had marched about four miles, we came in sight of the Mondego. The banks of this river are inconceivably beautiful: the lofty hills on each side, which are covered with the greatest variety of wood, chesnut, pine, oak, arbutus, and myrtle, leave a small space on the margin of the river for rich fields of Indian corn, and vineyards. The boats which were carrying our commissariat stores to Pena Covo, added greatly to the fine scenery. The distance from hence to Coimbra is only three leagues by land, and the same by water. Our troops forded the river. Pena

Covo, in our present operations, becomes a place of great consequence, as we draw our provisions from thence: our sick are also conveyed to it. Next day (21st), we march to Contensa, a small village, about eight miles to the northward. The road leads through a valley (at right angles with the Mondego), bounded on each side by lofty hills. The movements of our army have been occasioned by those of the enemy, who seems to have concentrated his force on the right banks of the Mondego.

September 23.—This day went with General P***** to head-quarters, which are at the convent of Buzaco. The poor monks have been disturbed in their solitude. The convent is in one of the most secluded spots in the world, surrounded by an impenetrable wood of several hundred acres, in the crater, as it were, of one of the most lofty parts of the ridge of mountains, which now separate us from the enemy. To add to the gloom of this sequestered spot, the monks of this order (Carmelite) were not allowed to speak to each other unless they received permission, which is seldom granted, and then only for a limited time.

September 25.—This evening we ascend the

hill of Buzaco; and have a perfect plan of the advance of the French army. The light division and Pack's brigade, with our cavalry gradually following them, first appear: they are followed by the French cavalry: then comes the light troops of the French; and lastly, their massive columns. Our troops at last retire to the hill, and the enemy posts his picquets at the foot of our hill. I never beheld a finer sight. The ridge of the hill of Buzaco extends to the Mondego on the right, and beyond the convent on the left, a space of perhaps ten miles. its general elevation above the country may be from 3 to 400 yards. On the 26th we witnessed the approach of other columns of the enemy, who went and placed themselves at convenient distances from the different roads, ready for the action. During the nights we had to sleep on the heath in our boat-cloaks, our baggage having been sent six miles to the rear on the road to Coimbra; we therefore lived as well as we could; the poor men having to go to the bottom of the hill in the rear to fill their canteens with water. The hill, during the first and second morning of our stay, was covered with a thick fog.

September 27.— Before day-break we heard the rattling of carriages below; these were no

less than 14 guns which the enemy were placing in our front; and for our amusement, these guns were fired at six of ours, which were placed to command the road from Viseu to Coimbra. The first column came to our left, and was ascending the hill, when Col. W****, of the 88th regiment, and myself, who happened to be looking out, observed them: they were received at first by that regiment only, reinforced by half the 45th soon afterwards, and latterly by the 5th Portuguese regiment. The next column advanced part of the way up the hill before our guns; but having made preparations to receive them with the 74th, 9th, and 21st Portuguese regiments, they at length tried their luck between these two positions, and were equally well received in the centre. Presently after we had concluded our affair, we heard a firing to the left, which was the attack made by Ney upon Gen. Crawford. The rest of the day we expected a renewal of the attack, without much apprehension as to the result. Next day, at day-break, I could observe that the forces of the enemy were diminished. In the middle of the day it became so obvious, that of course we expected to be moved: this movement accordingly took place at two o'clock in the morning of the 29th; and after 14 hours' march we got two leagues on our journey to

Coimbra, to the village of Eiras. This tedious march was caused by the badness of the roads, over which our baggage and artillery had to pass. The next morning (30th) we go through Coimbra. I had just time to pay a visit to Santa Cruz: but, alas! my friends had deserted it: some few of the monks remained; but the town was in general deserted. The following day, Junot and his staff entered; and an officer of ours, which was sent with a flag of truce, said, that he heard Junot order a division of the army into the town, to break open the doors, as the inhabitants had thought proper to abandon their houses. We halted upon the hill beyond the town; and as the enemy was supposed to be approaching it, we were again ordered to proceed to Condeixa.

October 1.—March this day to Pombal; 2d to Leyria; and 3d to Alcobaca. As this celebrated convent is the largest and most wealthy in Portugal, it deserved more notice than I was able to give it. Most of the monks had fled; those that remained were to remove in the night. Their hospitality, however, did not abandon them till the last, for they had prepared dinner for all the officers of the division in the great hall; and for General P***** and myself, with

the officers of our staff, in the magnificent apartments dedicated to strangers, and where we resided during our stay at Alcobaca. After our dinner the monks brought us the keys, and desired us to take whatever we liked, as they expected every thing to be destroyed by the French. It was a melancholy sight to see these poor fellows leaving their magnificent abode, to wander they knew not where. Some of these monks had been 60 years residing in this abode of peace; and at the end of their long lives have been obliged to wander in hopes of finding some new asylum. The convent of Alcobaca was founded in 1147, by Alfonso Henriquez, as an action of grace, in consequence of the taking of Santarem. Many of the first Kings of Portugal are buried in this convent: the most remarkable tombs are those of Peter I. and Ignés de Castero, his unfortunate wife, who had been murdered at the instigation of his courtiers, by order of the King his father, Alfonso IV. The church is a very magnificent gothic pile. The galleries of this convent are very numerous and extensive; and the library is one of the most beautiful rooms I ever beheld: it is modern, as well as the principal parts of the convent, and I think it has been given in detail by Murphy, the traveller. As we were succeeded at Alcobaca by the Comman-

der in Chief, I had an opportunity of getting some of the things of the monks removed, and amongst others, the pictures of the Popes, furnished by their order, which they prized greatly.

October 5.—In the evening we marched; but the head of the column having lost their way in the dark, we took up our abode on the borders of a stream for that night, and proceeded next day through Caldas and Obidos to Rolissa. I took up my abode in the house where the French General Lahorde was lodged before the battle.

October 7.—March to Torres Vedras, leaving Vimieira, where the battle was fought before the Convention of Cintra, to our right. At Torres Vedras we enter our position. Here we are to halt, and put a stop to the progress of the French army. What will be the event must be left to the decision of time, and to the genius of Wellington on one side, and Massena on the other. Our position extends from the sea to the Tagus, through Ponte de Rol, Torres Vedras, the great fort in the rear of Sobral, and Alhandra. This line is strongly fortified at particular points, by redoubts, containing guns upon sea-carriages. These forts will be occupied by a mixture of Bri-

fish and Portuguese artillery, a few British and Portuguese regiments of the line, Portuguese militia, and ordonances, which correspond to our yeomanry. This disposition leaves the British and Portuguese troops of the line free to act in moveable columns, and consequently to oppose the enemy in any part of the line which he may attempt to penetrate. I must observe, that this first line is again supported by redoubts in the rear, commanding the different roads, and most vulnerable points. In addition to this most formidable barrier in his front, Massena has in his rear at Abrantes, 6000 Portuguese, who may with impunity advance as far as Punhete; Trant, with 8000 men, advancing on Coimbra from the Vouga; and Silviera's advancing to the Coa.—Whatever may be the result, his situation appears critical.

October 13.—March this day to Trucifal, a neat handsome village, one league on the road to Mafra.

October 16.—March to San Sebasteo. These movements were made, as the French have shewn no disposition to move on our left, but are concentrating their forces between Ronda and the Tagus.

October 19.—Move to Cardozes, to be nearer the enemy. This day I learn that Trant has taken 5,000 French at Coimbra, principally sick; and that Mortier has been obliged to abandon his intention of joining Massena, on account of insurrections in Andalusia. Desertions are very frequent this day, 60. Massena's situation seems to be more critical every hour. All the deserters and prisoners, whom I have spoken to, universally declare that they get no bread: meat so far they have received, but this supply cannot last, unless they open a communication with their rear, or across the Tagus, which latter they are supposed to be attempting; probably at Santarem, or Salvaterra: when their bridge is made I hope we may be fortunate enough to destroy it—the river is rapid and will favour any operation of that kind. It would appear, from the intercepted letters from Berthier to Massena, that the latter had been almost forced into his present situation, Buonaparte seeming to have an equal contempt for our numbers and the quality of the troops with whom we are acting: this account states the army that was to enter Portugal, to consist of 60,000 men, and 6000 cavalry to keep up his communication with the rear; but, however, our posts at Abrantes, at Ourem, Leyria, Peniché, Obidos, and Silviera's force, which is now sup-

posed to have reached the C^oa, indicate, that the communications with the rear must be very imperfect indeed; and should he attempt to cross the Tagus, a very large force must be detached, as we have garrisons at Badajoz, Elvas, Olivença, and other places.

November 7.—As this was the day fixed for the entertainment at Mafra, at which Marshal Beresford was to be invested with the order of the Bath, I took the opportunity of setting off early, that I might be enabled to examine the most celebrated residence of the Kings of Portugal, and one of the most magnificent edifices in the world: The first stone of this palace and convent was laid by John V. in 1717. Like the Escorial, it was built in consequence of a pious vow; and I should apprehend was intended to rival it in point of size. The building is nearly square; I paced its front, which I judge to be about 230 yards. The most prominent part of this building is occupied by a magnificent church in the form of a cross, with a beautiful cupola; the whole composed of white and red marbles, executed with great taste. There are six large organs, for which music has been expressly composed by a noted proficient: and the effect of the six organs playing together, was perfectly

unique; but, however, as the principal performers of the chapel are gone to the Brazils, five of the organs were allowed to rest. I must not omit to mention the bells of this church, which are so numerous, that any tune, in any key, can be performed. This would be a great acquisition to a Dutch town, as the Hollanders are passionately fond of the tinkling of bells. The convent contained in this palace gave shelter formerly to 200 friars, who have their cells, refectories, chapels, and every thing usually found in large convents. The monks are at this time reduced to thirty. In this part of the palace is contained the handsomest and best library in Portugal. I saw several of the early editions of the classics, and many of the English provincial histories; but the body of divinity, if I may judge from its bulk, must be unrivalled. The room which contains this library is a magnificent gallery, 100 yards long, and about 25 broad, paved with different marbles. This was the usual walk of the Prince Regent and his children, who used to mix familiarly with the mendicant friars, composing the order of this institution. The librarian had frequently occasion to see the Prince. Without the talents of a great King (from every thing I can learn) I believe him to be an upright and good man, which it is important to know, as our

intimacy with the Court of the Brazils is a matter of the utmost consequence; and much may be due to his good faith, as he is likely, from his age, to govern for many years. The stair-cases and galleries of this palace are very numerous and magnificent; and the public apartments very extensive; some of them are painted al fresco, the audience-chamber with great taste. The apartments are hung with old tapestry, which had, however, been taken down from the greater number. On the night of the great entertainment, the stair-cases were strewed with laurel, and lined with English and Portuguese soldiers. The Regency, General Officers, and their personal Staff, were invited to dinner, and a few ladies of the two nations; and in the evening, those officers of the army who could be spared from their duty. Before the dinner, Marshal Beresford was knighted, and invested with the insignia of the order. Mafra is distant five leagues from Lisbon. From the roof of the palace, which is used as a walk, there is an extensive view of the sea, the Rock of Lisbon, and of Cintra. The park is very extensive, it may contain 8000 acres; parts of it have beautiful woods of the green oak and cork; but it is generally covered with heath: it abounds in deer and smaller game.—The gardens of the palace are very insignificant.

Through the park we have part of our second line of defence.

November 29.—I returned this day from Peniché, having been completely drenched with rain. The distance from hence (Torres Vedras) is six leagues. Two leagues on the road I passed through Vimieira, which derives its celebrity from the action between Lord Wellington and Junot. The ground which we took up was extremely strong; the main body being posted upon two heights, with an advance on a rising ground in front of the town. Our main body was not only strongly posted from its commanding situation, but the ground was intersected in its front by hedges, ditches, and mostly planted with vineyards, which becomes a serious obstruction in the summer, and would put any body of men into disorder. In pursuing my ride to Peniché, having passed heath nearly the whole way, I arrived on the sands which connect the peninsula with the main land. General B****, who commands, has established a depôt of recruits for the Portuguese army. Here they were to have been drilled and sent to their regiments finished soldiers; but unfortunately, the Regency thought they might take advantage of the opportunity to clear their gaols in adding to the General's command. Two

thousand vagabonds of every sort were sent him; and in a short time, a fever, occasioned by the disorders which had been contracted in every gaol in the kingdom, swept away 700 of the recruits, and part of the inhabitants of the town of Peniché. When we arrived, we found the works defended by some militia; Gen. B***** with the more disposeable part of his force, having moved forward to Obidos. This place will, I am afraid, be rendered of little importance, on account of the badness of its roadsted. It might be made impregnable against any force. As the enemy cannot at any time approach upon a front of more than 800 yards, his advances are liable to be destroyed by the sea and the lines defending the peninsula, which are a mile in extent, and would consequently enfilade any approach before batteries could be established sufficiently in advance to make a breach. The lines are flanked by bastions, made of masonry, and have a broad ditch, which is filled with water at high tide. The town would, however, be exposed to destruction, as mortar-batteries could be erected under cover of the sand-hills, within the distance of 12 or 1500 yards. Should it be thought adviseable to keep Peniché hereafter, it would be necessary to establish the depôts on the distant side of the peninsula; this might be done

at the distance of 3,400 yards from the lines, which is the extent of Peniché. The town contains about 5000 inhabitants, who derive their livelihood from the pilchard fishery, which must be very considerable, as it is known to yield 100,000 thousand dollars yearly to government.

The quantity of wine produced upon this little spot is quite inconceivable, when the soil, which is of sand, and its extent, embracing not more than 1,800 acres, are taken into consideration. This quantity is said usually to amount to 1000 pipes. To prevent the sand from drifting and destroying the vines, fences are made very near each other with reeds, and with great industry. In addition to this, the vineyards are surrounded by solid stone walls.

This Journal was interrupted by a trip to England, and recommenced from Niza, the 25th of October, 1811.

WE left Lisbon, on Monday the 21st of October, in a boat, and proceeded up the Tagus to Valada, where we arrived late in the

evening: here our horses and mules met us; and on Tuesday morning, leaving the water, we proceeded by land to Golegan, having been handsomely entertained at Santarem, by Signora Donna Maria and Mr. Commissary Hill. On Wednesday, after a ride of 20 miles, we reached Abrantes, where we found it necessary to repair the trappings of our mules. This job not being over till the middle of Thursday, we were enabled to look at the fortifications, which are now becoming respectable: several hundred peasants and Portuguese militia are employed on the works, superintended by the British engineers. In the evening of Thursday we continued our journey, and halted for the night at the Possada of Casa Branco, having for our companions some peasants and about 200 mules and asses, which were conveying corn, American flour, and bars of iron to the army. As we were put into the only decent room, and that contained a man in a high fever, we were very happy to find ourselves under weigh at day-break. At this place, Niza, I have got into my old quarters, in a good house; and the town, which under other circumstances, would afford at least the necessaries of life, from the constant passage of troops, has nothing left. The country from Abrantes to this place, 9 leagues, or 36 miles, is quite new to me, but it

does not afford a single object worthy of attention, the country being nearly a waste, affording no variety, as it is nearly all covered with the gumcestus, and in some places the cork tree. During this long space I could only observe three insignificant villages, through which we passed; having a sufficiency of land, under cultivation, to maintain them, the rest of this tract being totally unproductive, not even affording food for pigs or sheep. Niza is surrounded by ancient walls, but as the town has increased of late years, the greater part lies in the suburbs: it appears, however, to have seen its best days, as many of the principal houses are in ruins. The road from Niza to Villa Vella lies over a ridge of mountains, which join those on the opposite side of the Tagus: the river has forced its way through them; but as they seem unwilling to allow of this separation, it has been obliged to be contented with a very narrow passage, forming a rapid current. The eagles which I had formerly seen in this wild spot, continue their abode; and three of them allowed me to approach within twenty yards of them, as they were disputing the remnants of a dead horse with a herd of pigs. We passed the night of the 26th at Sarzeda, a solitary village, which has stolen a few acres of land from the empire of the gumcestus, which extends its reign over the whole of this country: from Abrantes to

Castellõ Branco, the space of 70 miles, you do not go over 2 miles of any thing else; and from hence to Aldea de Ponte, 70 miles more, I shall see none other.

October 27.—Castello Branco—Here I am seated in the palace of the Baron of Castello Novo, the Bishop's palace being occupied by the sick officers of the army. General C**** is here at present. This was my former billet, when I went to the seige of Badajoz, in May last; but the family have now returned and contribute much to the diversion of the place, by a bank of Faro, which is open every night: this amusement is in great favour amongst the higher classes of Portuguese, who appear always to have money to embark in this pursuit: it certainly would be of greater advantage to the country, if they occupied as large a proportion of their time in the pursuits of agriculture: the gumeestus would certainly suffer from it; but no gentleman in Portugal condescends to make himself acquainted with any thing that relates to the productions of the earth, even those that live in the country. The women are invariably occupied in knitting stockings; I mean those of the higher orders.

October 28.—Continue our route through Escalo de Zima, 2 leagues, and the bridge of St.

Juan, over the Poncal, 3 leagues. This river runs through a fine valley, and is met near the bridge by another fine valley, coming from the eastward: this would be a happy situation for a large town; but only scattered olive trees and a few half-cultivated fields are to be seen, where nature has been so bountiful. The waters of the river, and the fine stream running through the collateral valley, would afford abundant irrigation, and make the whole a fine garden. Having mounted the heights we got to St. Murtin, a poor village; and at the end of 6 leagues reach Pedrago, where we put up for the night in the empty house of the Fidalgo. The frequent movement of troops has driven him from home, which must have been uncomfortable enough at any time. Our intention was to have left Penamacor to the right; but we mistook our road, and had to pass through this ancient town of Penamacor, which is surrounded by walls built by one of their first Kings. From hence is seen to the south, Mount Santo, a town built upon a lofty mountain. As far as I was able to judge, at the distance of 2 leagues, it cannot be less than 3,500 feet above the surrounding plains: the mountain is conical, and one continued mass of broken granite rock. That so inconvenient a situation should contain within the walls of its city (which is

upon the highest pinnacle of the rock) a considerable population, is more remarkable than its having been originally built for the sake of security. In the time of the Romans it was besieged 7 years. De Castro tells you, that it contains, upon its summit and in the fissure of the rocks, corn, wine, and oil, sufficient for its inhabitants and out of the reach of insult from an enemy. According to the ancient mode of warfare, it is opposed to the castle of Elvas, in Spain. From Penamacor we continued our route through the beautiful Val de Lobo, or Valley of the Wolves, who are said to come down from the Estrella, in winter, in great numbers. The village of the same name, through which we passed, is very miserable; and from hence to St. Estevao, in the mountains, and on to Sabugal, the roads are execrable. At this last town we took up our abode for the night: it is situated on the right bank of the Coa, having its castle and old walls. The continual passage of troops, and the havoc committed by the French in their retreat, have reduced the families from 300 to 30. I hope it will be recollected, that near this place the light and 3d divisions of our army, defeated Regnier's corps in a most brilliant attack. I traced the ground over which I marched before the action; if it had not been for a heavy fog, which favoured the

retreat of the enemy, I can venture to say, that we should have given a good account of half the corps; as it was, they lost 1,500 men and a gun; and Colonel W*****, who was their prisoner at the moment, declared to me, that they retired in the greatest disorder, cavalry, artillery, infantry and baggage all mixed. At Sabugal there is a good stone bridge over the Coa. The country from hence is prettily diversified with the oak and chesnut, the latter comes to great perfection. The hills are less steep than those we had to pass between Penamacor and Sabugal; but the villages are equally wretched. We pass through Quinta do Cardial Nave, and near Alfayates, which stands upon an eminence, and has its ancient walls. This place, which now contains the Portuguese Brigade of the 3d division, is 3 miles from Aldea de Ponte; where I found the 74th and 88th regiments of my brigade; the 45th, and companies of the 60th, being at Albergaria, in Spain, 2 miles from hence. Here I was only allowed to remain till the 2d; on the morning of which day the division marched, and were ordered to assemble at Pastores, near Ciudad Roderigo, to intercept a conveyance going into the garrison; but, unfortunately, the last waggon, with a new governor to replace General Regnaud, lately taken by the Guerrillas,

had entered the city by forced marches, 3 hours before we reached Albadar, and we were in consequence ordered back to our former quarters.

November 5.—Aldea de Ponte.—It will be a difficult task for me to represent the state of this country; nor would its miseries have presented themselves to me in so strong a light, had I not been absent for nearly four months. They have been gradually increasing ever since the commencement of this country having been made the seat of war, and cannot be so striking to the eye of a daily observer. All the treasures expended by our armies vanish the moment of their appearance; nor do they seem in the least to relieve the public or individual distress. The population of the country, through which the different columns of the enemy passed, during their progress to our lines, and which extended itself latterly to a great distance, and as the inhabitants in a mass were ordered to withdraw during the enemy's approach, one-third of this population, taken on an average of the whole, has not returned; nor have the remaining two-thirds much increased the population of that country which has afforded them refuge. I have already remarked, that out of 300 families, not above thirty have returned to Sabugal: in the district between the

Coa and Agueda, and in those countries which continue the theatre of daily dispute, Sabugal may afford a fair average. I do not, therefore, think my estimate greatly exaggerated. The houses left without inhabitants are daily going to ruin, being exposed, without repairs, to the ravage of the elements, and to the still more relentless ravages of the soldiery, and even of the remaining inhabitants, who are made thieves either from natural inclination or from want. The cattle of the country have almost entirely disappeared; nor are there sufficient left to till the ground, to enable the remnant of population to exist. The fields which I have often described as being but seldom allowed to take a preponderance over the heath and gumcestus, most of them are now growing over with weeds, and will very soon return to their native heath. Near the towns and villages in Portugal, the fields are generally enclosed with loose stone walls; through these a traveller has commonly to pass for some distance. The road between these walls being narrow, the materials, with the assistance of the soldiery, have been allowed to block them up, and no attempt being made to repair them, it often becomes dangerous to approach the towns: to avoid this, a breach is made in the wall, and the fields becoming the

highway, are consequently exposed to destruction. When I ask an inhabitant why he does not plant vegetables—"It would only be for the soldiers," he replies. To add to the destruction, when a part of the army arrives at a cantonment, immediately horses, mules, and asses are turned loose into the inclosures. This may be avoided by a well-organized corps; but it generally happens, and the mischief is often irreparable, before the unfortunate inhabitants have had time to make their representations, supposing them not to have fled. It is, however, far worse when the commissariat mules approach, then nothing is respected; and as they often keep out of the reach of officers of rank, they are allowed to create havoc with impunity. When a dismal story reaches the ear of a superior officer, before he can put a stop to destruction, the swarm of mules are committing a repetition of outrage in another devoted spot. The extent of mischief may be measured by the number of brigade mules: in the third division only they amount to six hundred. Another fatal instrument of destruction are small detachments, going from, and coming to join the army, principally consisting of the sick: these parties are left to the command of subaltern officers; and too often, I am sorry to say, they neglect their duty, often leaving

their parties to march by themselves, and when arrived at the end of their day's march, giving no directions to enforce regularity. This is felt like a blight along the whole line of communication, from Lisbon to the army. Lord Wellington's repeated orders to enforce regularity, although they may have checked, have not cured the evil. When a soldier is sick or wounded, he fancies himself above law, but the unfortunate inhabitant finds that he has still force left to plunder, and commit devastation. Want of subordination and proper regulations in an army, has a stronger tendency to cause its own destruction, than can be supposed by a common observer; nor have I ever met with any military author, that has sufficiently discussed this part of the subject. If the troops in a country, which has long been the seat of war, whose resources are exhausted, whose magistrates have fled, or whose power is become despicable—if in such a country, parties to supply the soldiers' wants are not properly organized, and invariably under the orders of officers, the doors, windows, floors, and ultimately the roofs of houses, will be burnt for fuel, the green fields will be consumed for forage, and the soldiers, particularly those attending officers, will have an excuse for going to a distance, and laying their

hands upon every thing without distinction.—
 What will be the consequence? The resources of months will be consumed in a few days; the soldiers, in the ruins of those very houses which they themselves have rendered uninhabitable, will contract diseases, which will cause the death of many, and disable many more; the forage having been wantonly consumed, those animals destined to carry provisions or baggage, will be starved; and the army, ultimately, from disease occasioned by privations, be obliged to abandon its object, and to retire into a new country, which will in its turn have to suffer. Had the French adopted sufficient precautions, Massena would not have been obliged to retire at so early a period from our lines before Lisbon. But in regard to interior economy, however imperfect we may be, yet in this we far excel our enemy.

January 4, 1812.—At nine o'clock this morning my brigade marched from Aldea de Ponte, in Portugal, to Robledo, in Spain, the distance of 26 miles, through a continued wood of oak. We crossed the Agueda at the Ponte de Villan. In many places the snow was knee deep, and continued to fall during the day till two o'clock. The head of the column did not reach Robledo

till an hour after dark, and the rear at midnight, leaving between 3 and 400 on the road; two died on the march, and several since of fatigue. The 5th we marched two leagues to Saaga; and on the 6th we continued our march to Zamora. On the 8th the place of Ciudad Roderigo was invested; and at dusk in the evening, a small fort, containing fifty of the enemy, and three guns, was taken by assault by the light division. During this night that division made a lodgement; and on the following day (9th), the first division commenced the first parallel. The 10th, they were relieved by the fourth division; and the 11th by the third division. We had to march about eleven miles to the trenches. We marched this day at seven o'clock in the morning—were relieved the following day at one o'clock by the light division. My brigade lost this day 2 killed, 17 wounded, and 2 of the 60th deserted to the enemy. The fatigue of the march, and the severity of the work (being one half of the time in the trenches), will be more severely felt than the loss by the enemy's cannon. The loss in the whole division was 53; of whom about 5 were killed. As there is only one house in the neighbourhood, which is reserved for the wounded, we were all obliged to sleep out, and the

cold was intense. This may be called severe campaigning—I hope we may be rewarded by the speedy surrender of the town.

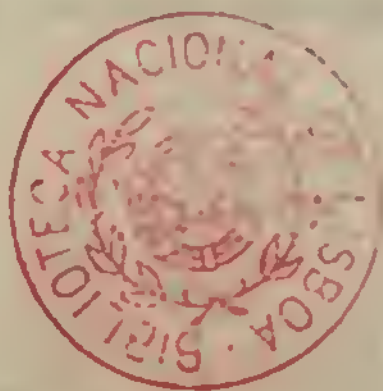
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This faithful Journal of the Campaign in Spain and Portugal, and true Picture of these unhappy Countries; is thus abruptly concluded by the Death of the gallant Writer, at the Siege of Ciudad Roderigo. We need not here give our readers a detail of the series of events that led to the capture of that fortress, the ability with which the operations were planned and prosecuted, the rapidity and bravery with which it was carried, are still themes of just and universal eulogium. It remains only for us to state the circumstances of General Mackinnon's fall.

“ A SHORT time previous to the attack, which commenced a few minutes before seven in the evening, he was employed in writing,

with the greatest ease and composure, on some familiar subjects, to his friends; and his spirits were remarked by those near him to be uncommonly good; a circumstance of the greatest importance at the impending crisis, when all the faculties of his soul, it might naturally be expected, were to be called into action, and which alone could secure a perfect scope to the exertions of the mind:

“ His directions were to attack the principal breach in the centre of the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo; and precisely at seven o'clock, by the light of the moon, the column (consisting of the 45th, 74th, and 88th regiments) which he commanded, rushed out of the second parallel to the assault, under a tremendous fire from the enemy, exhibiting to that part of the army not engaged a sight most awful and sublime. The breach which he attacked was found sufficiently large to admit of at least a hundred men abreast of each other; but the enemy had attempted to cut off its communication with the ramparts, by throwing up a parapet on the left, and by cutting down the rampart on the right; an object, however, which, from want of time, they had not effectually accomplished. When the head of the column had reached the ditch, some trifling de-

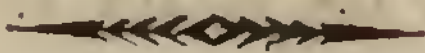


lay was occasioned by the deficiency of the number of scaling-ladders; an impediment which, though almost immediately removed, afforded an opportunity to the assailants on the left to attack the enemy on the ramparts, and to the columns on the right to co-operate in assaulting the breach. On reaching the summit a grand mine was sprung, and a few minutes after a small one, though, fortunately, with little effect or injury to our troops. Gen. Mackinnon, having in the most gallant manner completely secured the possession of the breach, and finding no further opposition from the enemy in that quarter, ordered the 88th regiment to the right on the ramparts, and proceeded himself with the 74th to the left. On clambering over the parapet just described, which had been raised as an obstruction to any communication with the rampart, a magazine belonging to the enemy blew up near the breach. The voice of the General had been heard just previous to the explosion by his aid-du-camp, who immediately afterwards received Ensign Beresford in his arms, and was informed by him that the General had that instant been blown up. General Mackinnon, it is conjectured, was close to him at the time, as, when his brigade divided on the breach to proceed to the

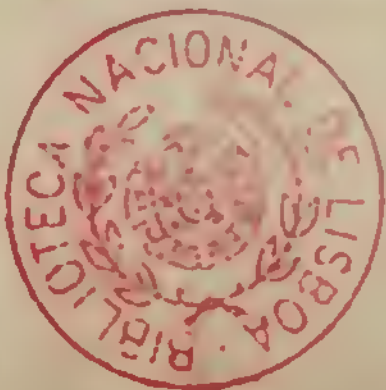
right and left, he was heard to say to Ensign Beresford, "Come, Beresford, you are a fine lad, we will go together." He was supposed, however, during the whole of the night, to be living, and his body was not discovered till the next morning, wounded and scorched on the back of the head. It was first interred by some pioneers, under the order of General Picton, in the breach; but was afterwards removed by the officers of the Coldstream Guards, and deposited at Espeja with military honours, and the highest mark of attachment to a lamented friend from that respectable corps."

FINIS.

H. O.
2273



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