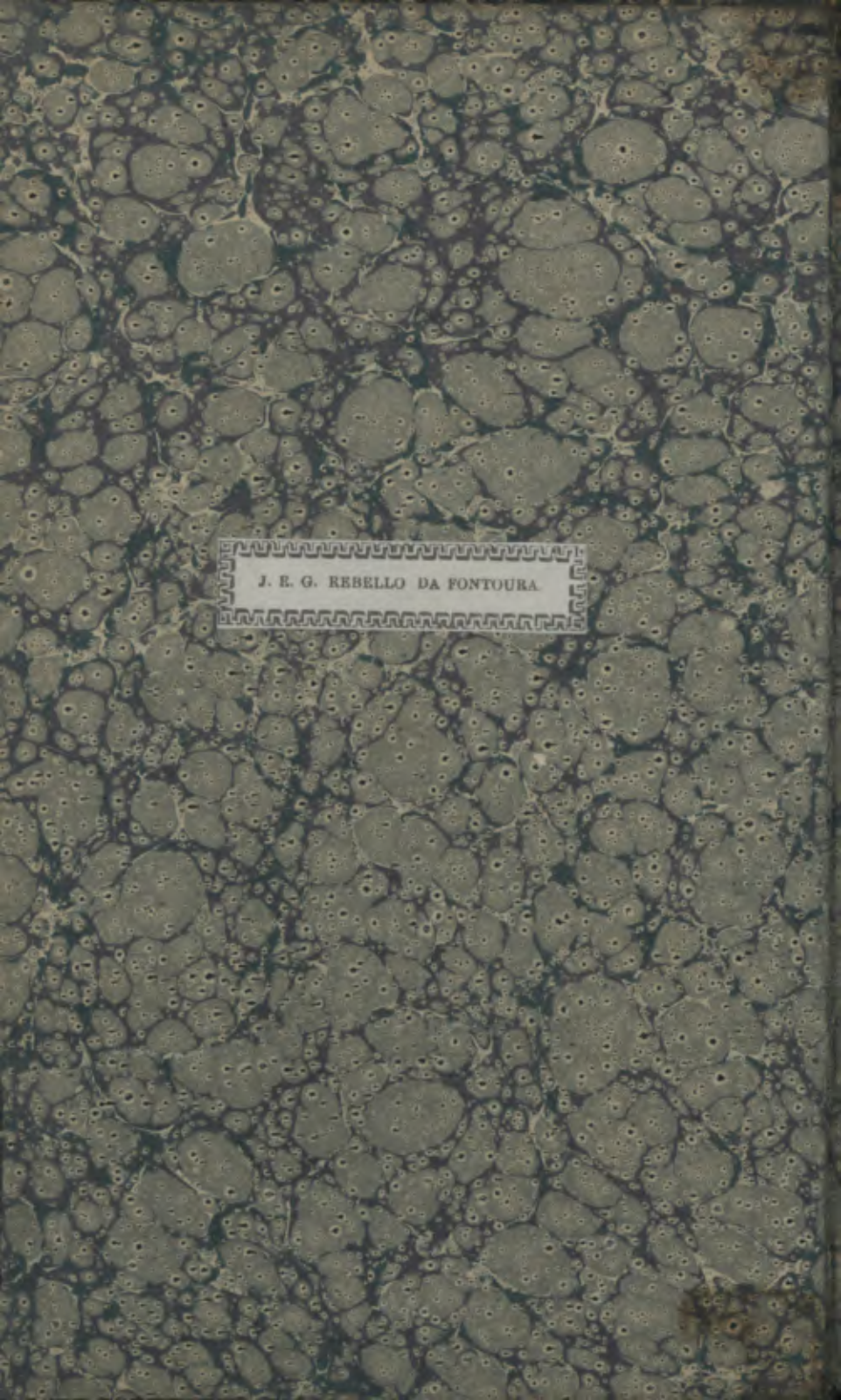
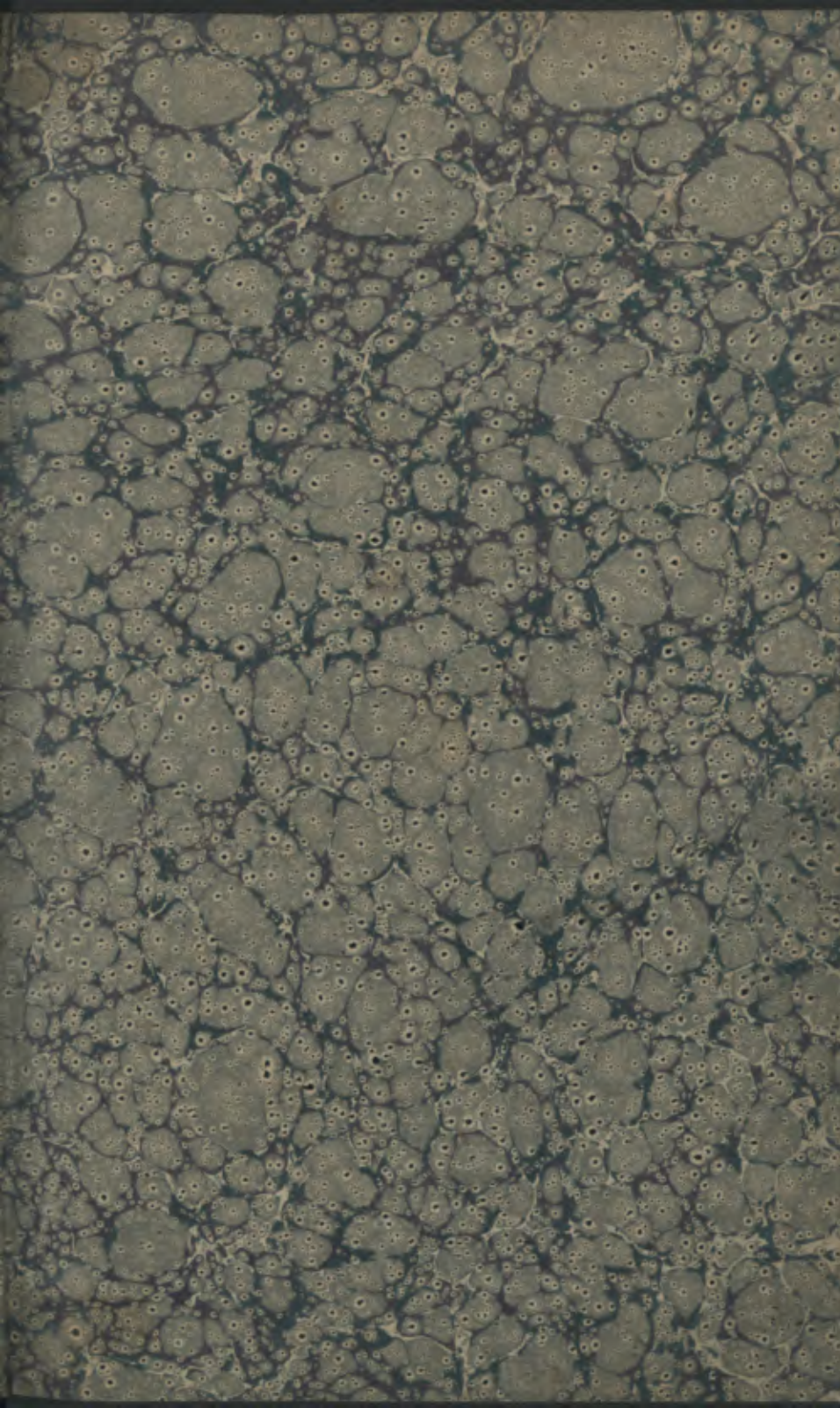


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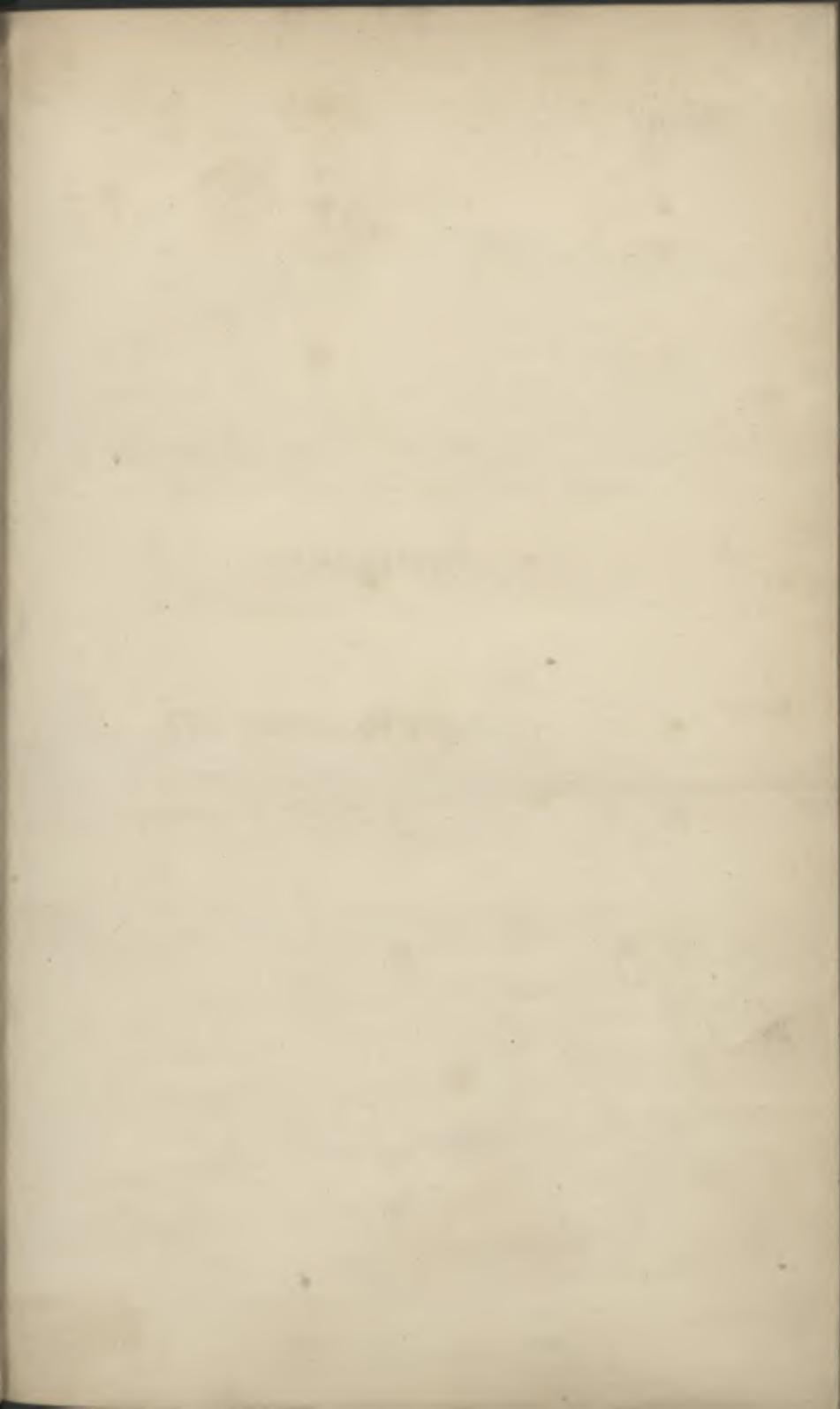
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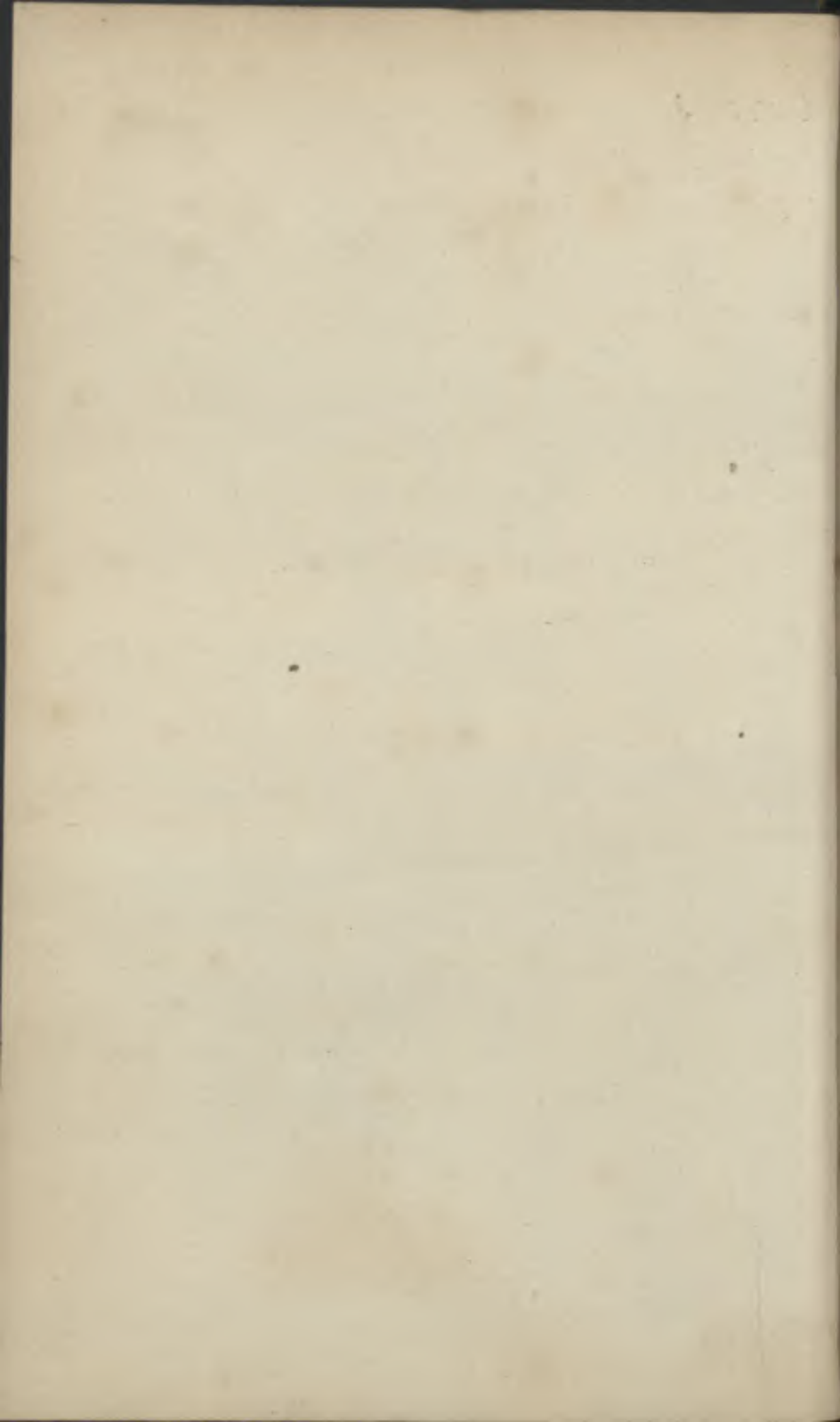
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of  
The Siege of Oporto,

1810.



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*OF INTERESTING EVENTS*

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THE EXPEDITION OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL FORCES OF

**DONNA MARIA,**

TO THE ALGARVES, ETC., ETC., ETC.;

BY

**A VOLUNTEER OF THE LIBERATING ARMY,**

RECENTLY RETURNED FROM PORTUGAL.

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## A NARRATIVE OF

THE

## SIEGE OF OPORTO, ETC.

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At a moment when the Portuguese and their affairs occupy so much of the World's attention, I hope to be pardoned for intruding myself upon the public, in consideration of having passed many months among them, during their present noble struggle for constitutional liberty. I have consequently been eye witness to many remarkable events that have occurred there, and it may not be deemed out of place to record a few anecdotes of minute occurrences, and of individuals whose worth deserves to be known; but which, from their minor importance, may have escaped observation in the general anxiety to collect information of more vital moment. With the hope that it may not prove devoid of interest, I offer my narrative to the Public.

I sailed from Blackwall in the *Lord of the Isles* Steamer, commanded by captain Benson, on the 10 November 1832, and found on board a very pleasant party consisting of about 20 Gentlemen. Most of us did not exceed the age

of 20; all enthusiasts for Liberty, and each picturing to himself a splendid career crowned with honor and rewards. That night we brought up in Margate Roads on account of a dense fog. At 4 o'Clock the next morning we got under weigh, and sailed, or rather steamed round the combined fleets of England and France, which were then at anchor in the Downs. At that moment my mind was too much occupied by visions of glory to pay attention to any thing else. A wooden leg crowned with a laurel wreath constantly haunted my imagination; and as I looked upon the masts and rigging of the ships before me, methought they changed their shape and adapted themselves to the form of the eternal timber limb. We arrived off Boulogne on the 18th, when I went ashore to assist in the embarkation, for the service of Her Most Faithful Majesty, of about 300 ragged recruits who had been waiting some days at Boulogne for that purpose, and at the same time I had an opportunity of taking leave of my family who reside there. They all entreated to me to forego my wild scheme, as they were pleased to term it;

But I had heard of battles,  
and their remonstrances were fruitless.



On the 20th we set sail for Falmouth, where we expected to arrive on the following morning, to take in coals and provisions ; but violent gales and mismanagement drove us far from our course, so that we did not reach it until two days afterwards. After leaving Boulogne our captain was constantly drunk, and perfectly incapable to direct the management of the vessel. Under the influence of intoxication he committed the most extravagant follies: I have seen him pretend to take an observation with his quadrant up side down, and had it not been for a master in the British Navy who was on board and knew the coast, and who very opportunely took the command of the ship into his own hands, we should certainly have struck upon the Gull rock, in East Looe Bay, which the captain had mistaken for Falmouth harbour. The weather was very inclement, and the recruits we had on board, who were barely covered with miserable rags, and obliged to sleep on deck without any thing to shelter them, rose in open mutiny and insisted on our giving up the cabin for their accommodation. This of course we refused, and mounted on the quarter deck armed with pistols and swords to intimidate them. It was absolutely necessary to appear resolute, for

there were some desperate characters among them, and had we yielded to their demands without some show of opposition, their success might have encouraged them to commit further outrage, and very likely our lives would have been sacrificed to their fury; but when they saw us determined, they immediately withdrew, and we granted them, as an indulgence, the liberty of coming below in parties of 30 at a time. We kept watch by turns during the whole of the night. Thus we reached Falmouth, where we remained several days, and to prevent the delay that would occur by writing to London to represent the incapacity of the captain and to demand the appointment of another, we accommodated the matter, the captain agreeing to give up the actual command of the vessel to his first mate, who was a good seaman and a very sober, intelligent man. We left Falmouth on the 25th, but our ill luck still clung to us. We had nearly half crossed the Bay of Biscay when a violent storm obliged us to put into Brest, where we were detained until the 3rd of December. Here the men again became refractory, the principal part of them were amenable enough, but some desperate characters excited them to riot and sedition. We consequently seized the ringleaders and conveyed them on board the Guard ship in Brest

Harbour, where they were confined in irons ; what became of them afterwards I know not, but I believe when we had sailed they were liberated and put ashore. At Brest I became acquainted with a Gentleman of the name of Edmonds, a naval officer in Don Pedro's service, who had come there as prize master in the *San Joao Magnanimo*, which had been captured some time previous by the *Donna Maria* frigate. It was intended at that time to refit her and send her to the Pedroite squadron, but that idea was afterwards abandoned, and she is still at Brest, as I was informed by Edmonds whom I saw on board the *Rainha* in our late expedition from Oporto to the south.

On the 3rd of December we left Brest. The weather was delightful, and on the morning of the 7th we came in sight of the Pedroite squadron.

As we approached the *Don Pedro*, the Drapeau bicolore roused all the latent enthusiasm of our ragged heroes, and they rent the air with acclamations which were cordially returned by the crew of the *Don Pedro*. This ship at that time had just come from Cherbourg, and to my unpractised eye appeared in excellent trim. She was originally an East Indiaman (the *Wellington*), but being purchased by Donna Maria's

government was converted into a double banked frigate, and is now one of the finest ships in the squadron. A pilot came from the shore and captain Massy with two other officers from the *Don Pedro* came on board to see us safe into the river, as it was resolved to run in at all hazards and trust to our speed for safety. Yet this was not deemed sufficient by our captain, for he had prepared a British pendant which he hoisted; when we came under the batteries we plainly saw the artillerymen at the guns, but the artifice succeeded and we escaped being fired upon. However the rascally Portuguese pilot who was on board very nearly ran us upon a sand bank directly under the battery. Captain Massy put a pistol to his head and swore he would blow his brains out if any accident happened to the ship. This appeared to bring him to his senses, but captain Massy told me that he strongly suspected the fellow was a Miguelite, for some short time previously he had run on shore at the same place a French ship endeavouring to enter the Douro with provision for Don Pedro's troops; fortunately she soon got off again and escaped with little injury. When we had brought up in the Douro, captain Belcher of H. M. S. *Ætna* came on board, and desired us to strike the pendant, which of course was immediately complied with; but

instead of contenting himself with doing his duty in a firm and gentlemanly manner, he declared that all on board had acted a mean and cowardly part by sheltering themselves under this artifice. Major Cameron, one of our party, remonstrated with him on the language he had used, which elicited greater violence from the gallant Captain; upon this the Major tendered him his card, which he tore up and threw overboard. The Major felt himself so much aggrieved that after going ashore he went on board the *Orestes* and reported the circumstances to Captain Glasscock, who was then commander of the British squadron in the Douro. Captain G. expressed himself (as Cameron told me) much displeas'd at captain B's. conduct, and declared that he had far exceeded his authority, at the same time promising to represent to captain B. the necessity of an apology, which was accordingly done and complied with. I believe it is well known that capt<sup>n</sup> B's. political opinions do not favor the constitutional party in Portugal, but surely this should not make him forget all courtesy towards those who entertain sentiments different from his. A French schooner endeavouring to force the blockade, soon after we had anchored in the river, was fired at by the batteries and sunk. Fortunately one only of her crew was lost: the rest reached the shore safely in boats.

From the river the city of Oporto and the surrounding country present a very picturesque appearance : Oporto stands upon a rocky eminence, the houses are well built of very thick stone and generally very lofty. On the opposite side of the river, perched on the summit of a similar rocky mount is the Sierra convent, which is a very strong position and must have been a very beautiful building, but at present it is a mere ruin. Not a part remains entire except the Chapel which is bomb proof, and has consequently escaped. A little higher up the river, green and gentle slopes descend to the water's edge, and seem to court the wave's embraces. Delicious orange groves, bending beneath their golden burthens, perfume the surrounding air, and delight the sight with their richness and beauty.

I got ashore at about 6 o'clock in the evening of the 7th December, and went to the Hotel de France, in the Rua S<sup>to</sup> Antonio, determined to live there for a few days *en amateur*, and then deliver my introductory letters. That night 400 shells were thrown into the town, and I amused myself by standing in the balcony to watch their fiery courses as they came streaming through the air, 20 at a time, charged with thunder and destruction.

The lower part of the town is completely in ruins; in fact there are very few houses in any part of the city which have entirely escaped damage; but it has often been remarked and wondered at, during the late siege of Oporto, that so few persons should have been killed by shells in comparison to the enormous number thrown into the town; and it is still more singular that out of those who were killed by them more than two thirds were women and children, tho' the city was crowded with soldiers who were constantly about the streets.

Some days after my arrival I called on Sir John M. Doyle to whom a letter introduced me. I found him a very merry pleasant fellow; ready to promise all that I required, but with very little power to perform. I must at the same time do him the justice to say that I certainly believe he would if he could. I dined with him that day and frequently afterwards; he has such an extraordinary mania for whistling that he can hardly wait for the removal of the cloth before he addresses you with: « Shall I whistle to you? » Certainly the sounds that he produces are very sweet, and I have often found great pleasure in listening to him. Sir John had brought out with him from Ireland a great many young gentlemen for whom he expected to be able to procure

commissions, but on reaching Oporto he found the contrary; they consequently formed themselves into a Corps of Volunteer Riflemen, and obtained the privilege of rejecting or receiving those who might afterwards wish to become members of the Corps. Among them was a young Gentleman of the name of Maxwell, whom I had known in France, nephew to Lord Farnham. He was always a noble spirited youth, and this character he still maintained. Sir John endeavoured to persuade me to enter this Corps, and my acquaintance with Maxwell determined me to offer myself as a member. Many medical appointments had been offered me, but on the 15th Dec<sup>r</sup> I was made a Volunteer Rifleman and threw physic to the dogs.

Now that I am safely landed in Oporto, I shall pursue my original intention and no longer fatigue my readers with the detail of my own uninteresting adventures.

After my arrival in Portugal, I was quickly convinced that the noble individuals whose acts had inspired me with such enthusiastic feelings of admiration, did not comprehend the majority of the population, even of Oporto's patriot city. I was sadly impressed with the truth of the words of our noble Bard, when, speaking of the Portuguese, he says—



“Poor paltry slaves, yet born ’midst noblest scenes!

Why, Nature, waste thy bounties on such men?”

The merit is the greater, however, of those few who have so bravely combated against the prejudices of bigotry and superstition. May their good intention be thoroughly fulfilled. Another stone will then be hurled from the tottering fabric of despotism. Their deeds have already made tyrants tremble, and gained the plaudits of the Free.

But though it would be invidious to deteriorate from the well-deserved merit of those whom I have indicated above, yet they cannot be said to be entirely devoid of the errors common to their countrymen, and the prejudices implanted by early education. The wanton cruelty exercised by both parties (for I grieve to say that the Constitutionalists are not free from this reproach) are shocking to dwell upon. War, in the present state of society, is generally considered a necessary evil, and advanced civilisation divests it of many of its horrors. Amongst the more enlightened nations, courtesy to a vanquished foe is exercised as widely, though from entirely different motives, as in the brightest days of chivalry. It is therefore doubly painful to witness, in any modern case, the exercise of such inhumanities as have attended the Portuguese struggle.

I hope it is not chimerical to fancy that, as improvement progresses, all national prejudices may be overcome, and the necessity of war no longer existing, that the world may comprize one peaceable and highly enlightened community, for I cannot conceive that the chance of being born in a particular clime can so dissimilate the dispositions and nature of man as to render this impossible. But this is not to the purpose.

The indolence and inactivity of the Constitutionalists are among the causes that have considerably retarded their success. I have often remarked their total inattention to the old but wise adage, "Prevention is better than cure." They have frequently allowed works, etc., to be effected by the enemy, which the most unpractised could perceive would prove of considerable annoyance; and when experience has taught them the fatal effects of their *insouciance*, they have lost many valuable lives in undoing that which a little forethought would have prevented from ever being done. The sinking of the brig called the *Twenty third of July*, which occurred soon after my arrival in Oporto, offers a sad proof of my assertion. It may be recollected that, some months ago, this vessel was sunk by a battery the enemy had raised on the southern side of the Douro. Cap-

tain Minns, at that time unemployed, but formerly in command of the *Donna Maria*, although he considered himself aggrieved by the Government, forewent private feelings in his anxiety for the general cause, and pointed out to his Imperial Majesty, the day before the battery was completed, the advanced state of the enemy's work, and the perilous situation of the vessel; at the same time volunteering to take her out of the Douro and join her to the squadron then cruising off Oporto. Capt<sup>a</sup> Minns is universally esteemed a very efficient officer, and is decorated with the order of the Tower and Sword for his valuable services. His offer, however, was blindly rejected, though the weather and the darkness of the nights concurred to favour the scheme. On the morning following the battery opened upon her. She was commanded by a Portuguese who, for a long time, returned the enemy's fire. I forget his name, but certainly he behaved very gallantly upon this occasion. He stood upon the quarter-deck until she went down, and his repeated command of— « Fuogo ! Fuogo ! » (Fire ! Fire !) could always be heard in the intervals of the firing. Many of the crew were killed in this *untoward event*. It may be considered as a rather singular instance of good artilleryship on the part of the Miguelites, that although the

*Twenty-third of July* was closely wedged in between three tiers of English merchantmen, not a single ship on either side of her was injured in the slightest degree, whilst almost every shot took effect on the object intended. Soon after this, orders were issued that she should be raised, and removed under cover of the Sierra, to be repaired, and afterwards sent to join the squadron. I think I have made it evident how little precaution, in this instance, would have prevented an useless loss of life, money and much valuable time: and all this may be attributed, in a great degree to the obstinate wrongheadedness of Pedro and his despicable *clique*.

After joining the Rifle Corps, I left my hotel and went into barracks. We were at that time quartered in a carmelite convent, which had been quitted by its veiled tenants a short time previous to the occupation of Oporto by the constitutional forces. To this purpose indeed, most of the monasteries and convents were converted. They had all become much dilapidated from the effect of the siege; but relics of their former grandeur and magnificence continued to lie scattered about the rooms, and to present proofs of the extraordinary vicissitudes undergone. The holy saints in their gorgeous niches seemed to listen in vain for the matin and ves-

per hymns, and I sometimes fancied that they frowned upon the reckless soldier as he sung his ribald song. An idea of this kind occurred to me particularly on one occasion, when I had entered the chapel of the convent, with the hope of enjoying my reflections without interruption. The moonbeams were streaming through the broken casements, and I heard nothing but the echo of my footsteps, which resounded through the vaulted passages. Suddenly the sound of the organ pealed on my astonished ears, not in the solemn measured tones of sacred music, but in the well-remembered tune of—*St. Patrick's Day in the morning!* At first I thought the devil himself was touching the keys, and peradventure making merry at the ruin and desolation that war had spread around: but I was quickly undeceived, by the friendly voice of a jolly fellow, named Knyvett, who was officer of the guard, and had stolen away for a short time to beguile the weary hours of the night. Oporto at this time presented a most extraordinary appearance to the stranger. The troops of almost every nation, dressed in their national uniforms—the combined discord of their various languages—the odd contrasts in physiognomy—and the exhibition of long beards descending to the waist (which fashion generally prevailed there), formed altogether a picture, of which it

is very difficult to convey the real impression. Then, again, the ruins of the houses around you—the constant report of artillery—the bursting of shells, and the nobly endured sufferings of the inhabitants, aroused your indignation against the tyrant who had caused this misery, and a feeling of satisfaction would succeed on considering oneself an auxiliary, however, humble, in the noble attempt at freedom. Still this emotion was not without alloy. A long line of Miguelite prisoners, chained by couples, on their way to or from their daily labour in the trenches, would occasionally arrest your attention, and you could not avoid grieving at the cruel necessity that required the punishment of these ignorant dupes to a designing tyrant. The prisoners, at that time, were not permitted to incorporate themselves in the liberating army, but were clothed entirely in red, as a distinguishing badge. They worked in heavy irons, from daybreak to sunset, in the trenches, etc., whence they were conducted to their crowded prisons, where hundreds died from hunger and disease.

About the middle of December we commenced a battery at Monte Rabida, on the northern side of the Douro. It would have borne upon those of Sampayo and Santarem belonging to the enemy, which did considerable damage to

the town, and completely commanded the entrance of the river. We generally worked by night to elude the observation of the enemy, but by some means they discovered it before its completion, and by shot and shell destroyed the work, which has never since been attempted. It was here our Corps was stationed on the 17th of December, when about 800 of the constitutional troops, composed of Caçadores and French, descended on the opposite side of the river, with the intent to seize on some wine and other provisions, of which we stood in great need, so rigidly did the enemy maintain the blockade of the port. From Monte Rabida, our rifles had an opportunity of annoying the enemy considerably, and I believe we did our best. The brave handful in the mean while landed, and drove back those who were placed to oppose them, though greatly superior to themselves in numbers. They maintained their ground for some time with unexampled bravery; and after succeeding in carrying off about 60 pipes of wine and other provisions, retired in good order. By some treason or mischance, many of the boats that carried them across the river did not wait their return, and numbers of these brave fellows were drowned in endeavouring to swim across the stream. Our loss amounted to about

50 men : and of these it is supposed more were drowned than fell upon the field. The enemy must have suffered much more considerably. Our rifle balls sent many of them to their last long home ; but from the direction of the fire, they discovered our post, and favoured us with a very warm shower of shells and grenades : one, which burst amongst us, killed an unfortunate *Miguelite prisoner, who was chained with his brother and at work* in the half-finished battery. No one else was hurt by it ; not even his fellow-captive : but the latter, in desperate agony, threw himself on his brother's mutilated corpse. Even in that moment of excitement, and familiar as I was with death, the misery of this unfortunate being roused my *softer feelings*. When he arose, I looked upon his face ; and I shall never forget its expression. All traces of sorrow had passed from it, and his dark countenance lowered with hatred and revenge. His black eyes flashed fire. I could not ridicule his impotent fury, for his misery enforced respect.

Many of the troops about this time became extremely discontented. Their rations were hardly sufficient to support nature ; very little provision was landed. Meat of any kind was a rare luxury, and could only be obtained by



wresting the herds from the enemy, with the consequent loss of life.

By reason of these accumulated evils, desertions became frequent and affairs wore a most unpromising aspect. Examples of severity were necessary, and I was witness to the execution of three men, who were apprehended while endeavouring to desert. Two were Portuguese, and the third a Frenchman; the latter was an old man, of about sixty; his white beard fell below his waist, and his weather-beaten countenance expressed, as I thought, courage and nobility of soul. I was grieved to see him there; for, judging from his countenance alone, I should have confidently said, "At least that man is faithful!" The bandage that anticipated a longer darkness, was already bound round the eyes of the condemned Portuguese, and they seemed to be devoutly listening to the admonitions of the priest, who held on high the sacred cross, and exhorted them to repentance. The Frenchman also appeared engrossed in his devotions, but when the man whose duty it was to bind his eyes approached, he impatiently pushed him from him, looking defiance at the death prepared for him, and proudly exclaiming, "Il ne faut pas cela; je suis prêt!" One moment of anxious expecta-

tion, and the fatal word was given. The three expired without a groan! May God have mercy on their souls! I walked from *Bom Successo*, the place of execution, with very different feelings to those I entertained on approaching it. I was resolved, and in expectation, to see them die without any pity for their fate, in consideration of the heinous military crime they had committed; but the deliberate and impressive preparation for the work of death, the muffled drums, the solemn appearance of the officiating priests, with the emblem of our redemption, the courage of the sufferers, and the noble appearance of the Frenchman in particular, all united to unnerve my resolution, and I felt more at that moment than I have at the sight of thousands dead around me in the hour of battle. In the latter case the excitement sustains you, and you glory in exposing yourself to similar danger. It is honourable to die in the field; but these poor wretches, condemned by military law, went to the bourne with ignominy on their heads— all their previous worth and bravery forgotten in their single crime. Tho' I felt the urgent necessity, I could not, as I expected, witness their death without regret. I am, perhaps, confessing that I am not entitled to the appellation of "an

old soldier" but if, to obtain it, it be necessary to silence all the workings of the softer feelings of humanity, I am not ambitious of the title.

On the evening of the 30th December, a fire broke out in the Custom House, and that building was quickly enveloped in flames. The blazing fabric served as a mark for the fire of the Mignelites, and they threw in their shells with cruel precision. The *Rua Nova dos Inglezes* suffered much in consequence, and the next day it presented a miserable scene of destruction. Bales of goods half burnt were strewed about the street, which was choked up with the ruins of the houses. The city at this time was very unhealthy; and the British troops suffered considerably. While upon this subject, I cannot refrain from recurring to the miserable state of the British hospital. Filth and vermin of every description abounded there; the establishment was deficient in the most necessary medicines, and there were hardly any dressings for the wounded. Whose fault it was, I will not take upon myself to say, but I know that the surgeons made frequent application on the subject to the government, without effect. On the other hand the Portuguese were very liberally supplied, and their convalescents were consequently double the number of ours.

The public is already too well acquainted with the disorder that reigned in the fleet at this period, and the consequent desertions, the differences between Sartorius and the Emperor, etc., to need their recapitulation at present. Altogether affairs assumed a very gloomy appearance; but the arrival of Marshal Solignac, who entered Oporto on the 1st January, was hailed as a happy presage of a successful year. Wonders were expected from him, and every body looked forward with the greatest anxiety towards the measures he would adopt. He dined with Don Pedro on the day of his arrival, and the next morning went round the lines, inspecting the fortifications, etc., with which he expressed himself greatly pleased. From his appearance, I judged him about sixty-three years old: he was not dressed with much nicety, but his mien, notwithstanding, bespoke him a soldier.

An immediate descent on the southern side of the Douro, and a subsequent march to Lisbon, were confidently expected. The men underwent a medical inspection, and those who were fit for marching were provided with the necessary clothing, etc. A pontoon bridge was also completed, and lying ready for use under cover of the Sierra; but all these speculations afterwards proved to be groundless. Such

might have been the Marshal's ultimate intention, but more probably the reports were circulated to divert the attention of the enemy from his immediate operations. I think it was about this period that a statement concerning the conduct of the corps to which I had the honour to belong, obtained insertion in the English newspapers. I deem it my duty to take some notice of it here. It was stated that the British Volunteer Riflemen were stationed at the Torre de Marca, with the privilege of firing at all persons who showed themselves on the opposite side of the river, as a mark of distinction for their valuable services on the 17th December. It was also stated, that three of their bullets fell on board the *Nautilus*, commanded by Lord George Paulett, and that the victims to their thirst for blood were two monks and an old woman. *It is true* we were stationed at the Torre de Marea for the purpose of annoying the enemy who had raised an embankment, and placed some wine-pipes near St.-Antonio, on the southern side of the Douro, apparently with the intention of erecting a battery in that situation(\*). *It is true*, that we fired

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(\*) A battery a little higher up than this spot was unmasked a few days afterwards, and the preparations we had observed proved to be a stratagem of the enemy to deceive us.

at a house inhabited by some monks, and probably killed two; but not before we had many narrow escapes from their musket balls. *It is true*, that three bullets were lodged in the *Nautilus*; but these were proved not to be rifle balls, which may easily be known by the indentations made upon their surfaces by the grooves of the barrel. It is possible, also, that women and children were shot by the fire from the Torre de Marca, but not by us; Portuguese were firing from that battery at the same time, whether by authority or not I cannot pretend to say; but it was common with them, on both sides, to fire at all living creatures who appeared on the opposite quays, whether men, women or children; to say that *we* did so, I pronounce a gross falsehood, and I call upon the world to gainsay me.

On the 5th January, 180 men from Glasgow arrived; 400 others had sailed from that city at the same time, but the ship which contained them was unfortunately wrecked on the Irish coast, and every soul on board perished. The command of these troops had been promised to Major Shaw, a brave and deserving officer, beloved by all who were fortunate enough to be under his command. The 180 were on this account formed into a separate regiment, and

Major Shaw invested with the lieutenant-colonelcy.

The Miguelites generally revenged themselves for any success on our part, in landing troops, provisions, etc., by an increased bombardment, and they consequently favoured us on the 6th with a deluge of shot and shell, which did considerable damage to various parts of the town: The beautiful church of the Clerigos suffered considerably, and a herd of saints which it contained were very much mutilated. Some were decapitated, and others lost their legs or arms; fortunately the splendid tower escaped uninjured. This tower is one of the most beautiful specimens of art I ever saw, and its elevated situation renders it very conspicuous, it being situated on the summit of a very high hill, with a wide and handsome street descending beneath. Viewed at some distance from the lower parts of Oporto, it seems like some fairy fabric suspended in the air, and cannot fail to strike the beholder with admiration.

On the morning of the 7th., the enemy succeeded in sinking the little corvette called the *Coquette*, and two gunboats which had been moored under the Sierra, to protect the chain that crossed the river at this point. The guns from their batteries could not bear on this little

flotilla, and therefore they brought down field pieces to the water's edge, by which they effected their purpose. The battery that has been since made at the Seminario was not then in existence, or this unfortunate circumstance might have been prevented. Captain Hill, who commanded the corvette, is as brave and noble a character as any in the service. On hearing the firing he immediately went on board his ship, and in going up the vessel's side, he was met by the leg and thigh of one of the crew, which were blown into in his face. The captain and the remainder of the crew fortunately escaped by swimming. While this scene was enacting, another of a more disgraceful character took place lower down the river. The one, by the laws of war, was fair and just; but the other was cowardly and inhuman. A vessel under Brazilian colours, having on board a number of invalided soldiers, French and English, was fired upon by the Sampayo battery. Many of the shots struck her, and she brought up in the middle of the river. Several of the sick and wounded creatures on board were killed, and many others seriously hurt by this disgraceful act. Captain Glassecock, with the kindness that ever characterises a British officer, sent his surgeon on board to render assistance to the



wounded; but the Miguelites, with savage barbarity, fired at the gig of the *Orestes*, on her return from this Inmane expedition. Fortunately the crew escaped unhurt. The Miguelites took prisoners all the French and English on board the Brazilian, and moored the vessel on the southern side of the river; but some days afterwards, Captain George, with a few hands, succeeded in getting on board, slipped her cables, and ran her out of the Douro. They were of course fired on by the batteries, but managed to escape without sustaining any damage.

It is not my intention, as I before observed, to pursue a detailed narrative of the Portuguese affairs, but to touch lightly upon the grand features, and make them the vehicle for conveying to the public some account of occurrences of less importance, though still, I believe, sufficiently interesting to warrant publication.

On the 8th, some horses and bullocks were landed under a heavy fire from the Cabodello battery, and the new redoubt that the enemy had raised at the point opposite the light-house, Some of the enemy's troops also offered interruption, but they were quickly repulsed by the 2<sup>d</sup> British battalion, which was then on the Light-house picquet. John Bull has ever a fellow-

feeling for his namesake. If there be *beef* in the question, he is sure to fight well.

I should have mentioned before this, the arrival of an immense gun from Lisbon, which was presented to the usurper by one of his loving subjects, Joao Paulo, and was called and generally known by his name. This celebrated gun is a 120 pounder, and was used principally to throw shells. Its fire appeared to be chiefly directed to the St. Ovideo barracks (where the Lancers were quartered), into which they managed to throw some shells, but without doing the mischief apprehended. This dreaded gun soon lost its reputation; they fired from it shells loaded with lead, weighing 126 lbs, and grape cases filled with six 20 pounders, but very little damage was effected by it. On the 10th of January, an unfortunate accident happened at the Sierra; some artillerymen were filling shells, when one exploded, and the fire communicated to some powder and other shells hard by. Captain Aguiar, of the artillery, and two men were killed, several others wounded; the body of the captain was so mutilated, and disfigured, that it could only be recognised by a silver snuff-box and a letter that were found in his pocket.

On Wednesday, the 10th, a Pedroite sentry fired across the *Orestes* at a man on Miguel's

side. A midshipman, Mr. Hodgkinson, was immediately sent on shore to apprehend the man, whom he seized in the act of re-loading his musket. The serjeant refused to give his name, but on representation being made to the Marshal, he was identified and punished. A similar circumstance occurred some days afterwards through one of Miguel's men, who in firing across the river, wounded a boy in the boat of the *Orestes*. Captain Glassecock mentioned it to the Miguelite general, Lemos, and the man was sentenced to 200 stripes, but on the intervention of Captain Glassecock, was pardoned. I cannot understand the policy that dictates the pardon of these repeated insults. The Miguelite authorities have on various occasions committed the grossest outrages on British ships and officers, with impunity. They refused to admit the *Leccret* into the Douro, when she came to relieve the *Nautilus*, and after some correspondence on the subject, and a great deal being said about British forbearance, England was satisfied, and pocketed the insult. On the 17th of December, a seaman of the *Orestes*, was mortally wounded by a musket ball fired by a Miguelite, and no reparation was exacted. They do not dare to trifle thus with France; the capture of their fleet in the Tagus has taught

them the danger of tampering with her; and on a late occasion, they were obliged to make ample atonement for a French schooner, that was sunk by their batteries at the mouth of the Douro.

The new battery at the Cabodello point, played on the Castle of the Foz, and the little village, with fearful effect. Since Solignac's arrival, the garrison at the Foz had been considerably strengthened, and the little town was crowded with military, who were constantly exposed to a heavy fire from this battery, and had a great number killed.

More soldiers were destroyed by shells in this small place, in the same space of time, than in the city of Oporto which contains about 120 times the number of inhabitants; but although this battery could sweep the landing-place near the huts on the beach, they still managed to land men and stores with comparatively little loss: 200 men from the Islands were landed on the 18th, and 400 Frenchmen were also landed from the *Edward*. This reinforcement was very acceptable, and put the Pedroites into high good humour.

On the 24th, an attack was made on the enemy's positions of Monte Castro, and the Castel do Quejo, on the right of the Lighthouse.

Marshal Solignac with a large force advanced by the Foz Road, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, and commencing the attack with the French under his command, drove in the enemy's piquets after a stout resistance. Major Brownston, upon this, with the 2nd British regiment, sallied from the Lighthouse, and charged up the Castro, driving the enemy before them at the point of the bayonet. The personal bravery and promptness of Captain Wyatt were noticed and admired by all who saw him on this occasion. The British then advanced along the sea beach as far as the Castel do Quejo. We were, however obliged in the event, to relinquish the advantage we had gained, on account of two omissions, that in any other country but Portugal would have appeared most extraordinary; but here, such occurrences were so usual, that they produced but little astonishment. The enemy's extreme right, with the fortifications of the Castro and the Castel do Quejo, were to have been cannonaded by Admiral Sartorius; but not a shot was fired by him until four o'clock, his crew having mutinied, and refused to weigh anchor, as it afterwards appeared. On the enemy's left, General Brito was, with a division from Carvalhido, to have co-operated with the Marshal; but a

countermand from the Emperor prevented him making his appearance at all. The enemy was supposed to have lost about 700 men in his precipitate retreat, and subsequent endeavours to regain the hill; but the terror of the Mignelites was so great, that notwithstanding our isolated situation, they did not attempt to attack us after their first repulse, contenting themselves with keeping up a brisk fire from the woods and coverts to which they had retired. Some farm-houses and a chapel sheltered them for some time, and the fire from thence annoyed our troops exceedingly; these were, however, taken after a feeble resistance, and fired; the village was quickly in flames, and the slaughter of the enemy at this place must have been very great. The heights and possessions we had taken remained in our hands all the night, and even until the following morning; and although the army of Don Miguel was under arms the whole of the night, they were not even aware that we had deserted the positions, till many hours after that circumstance had occurred. It is very evident that we should have obtained a much more signal advantage, if the affair had been properly managed. With regard to the non-appearance of the squadron, that, under circumstances, was unavoidable, and of course does not

attach any blame to the worthy and ill-treated admiral; but the countermand of the Marshal's orders was attributable entirely to the obstinacy of Don Pedro, who, surrounded by a set of parasitical intriguers, readily listened to any proposition that flattered his own vain absolutism, in opposition even to his own interest. This act of folly is entirely in accordance with the character of the man; nevertheless, although I think it certain that our advantage might have been much more decided, I cannot conceive, according to the best of my humble judgement, that any great eventual good would have been derived, even had the Marshal accomplished his utmost wish in the attack on Monte Castro. Had we been able to keep it, we should certainly have secured an advantageous spot for the landing of stores and provisions; but at that time we had quite enough to do with our small force to protect our extensive lines, and by occupying Monte Castro, we should have taken in at least four miles of additional territory, to man which would have weakened the whole line; thus we should have presented a front easier of access to the enemy, who were trebly superior to us in numerical strength. Our loss amounted to only 100 men wounded, and 18 killed; amongst the latter were

two English officers, Lieutenants Manley and Clarke. The former was loved by all who knew him, and sincerely regretted.

After our victory of the 25th, the deserters from the enemy came over in greater numbers than before, but I am sorry to say, on the other hand, that deserters from our camp were not unfrequent. The ranks of the Scotch regiment were considerably thinned from this cause, notwithstanding Colonel Shaw's natural suavity of manners, and his almost paternal care for his men. There were some fellows among them whom kindness could not attach, nor a noble cause make faithful. On one occasion, a party of six, with a serjeant, disappeared. They had gone out to forage for wood, and there is but little doubt that they took that opportunity to go over to the enemy. Colonel Shaw, with a laudable zeal for the honour of his countrymen, endeavoured to make it appear they had been made prisoners. This, however, was almost impossible, as they had only occasion to go to a wood which was nearer to our lines than the enemy's, and it is very improbable that the latter would have exposed themselves merely for the purpose of taking prisoners a party of seven men. Had this been attempted, the slightest alarm on their part would have brought



them effective assistance. One man, who had been the most vehement in condemning his faithless comrades, was observed one morning to put on two or three shirts, and as many pairs of stockings, etc. and the weather being extremely hot, his strange fancy for additional clothing excited suspicion, and he was cautiously and vigilantly watched. At length, thinking himself unobserved, he crept through a loop-hole in the wall, and was wending his way, with cautious silence, upon all-fours, through the long grass that intervened between the Miguelite stockade and our own. In this situation he was apprehended by some of the soldiers who had been watching his proceedings, and was taken to the Colonel. "Well, fellow," said the Colonel, "I am never anxious to keep any in my regiment who are not willing soldiers in the cause of liberty; consequently I will not interrupt your scheme. You shall go to your friends, the Miguelites, but before you départ I shall dress you to my taste. You appear to like four or five shirts in broiling weather, but I think none at all will suit you better." On this he ordered him to be stripped, and some tar prepared, with which unguent he intended to anoint him, and afterwards sledge him with some feathers he had obtained from an old

pillow, in which situation he was to have been sent over to the enemy. The fellow prayed for pardon, and denied his intention to desert, but in vain. Shaw was inexorable, when some of the men stepped forward and begged him to desist. "I know *you*," said the Colonel, "to be brave and faithful, and if you will become responsible for this man's future conduct, he shall stay; mark me, he has no claim on my protection; he is an alien to the regiment—I know him no longer." Some days after this occurrence, Colonel Shaw on parade addressed the men with his usual kindness, and begged to know if they had any complaints to make, or any grievances they wanted redressed. None came forward but the attained fellow who had lately so narrowly escaped the sledging operation. "Colonel," said he, "I am miserable—my comrades despise me, and my life's a burthen." "Who are you, sir?" replied the Colonel; "I know you not; go back to the ranks, and trouble me no more: make your complaints to your sponsors." This strange measure had more effect on the rest than the severest punishment. Not a single man after this deserted from the regiment, and they have since distinguished themselves as among the bravest and most faithful in the service.

On the 27th January, Generals Saldanha, Stubbs, and Cabrera, landed at the Foz, under a heavy fire from the Cabodello batteries. On their way to Oporto, they were attended by an immense concourse of people, who testified their satisfaction at the arrival of these able generals, by long continued and joyous shouts. Sir Thomas Stubbs was previously known to the Portuguese, having been in their service during the greater part of the Peninsular war, and was a great favourite among them. He is now old and in bad health, but in his devotion to the liberating cause, he has forgotten his infirmities. General Saldanha is about fifty years of age, very agreeable in his manners, without the slightest hauteur or ostentation; his countenance bespeaks him noble, in the better sense of the word, and his general conduct has ever displayed the patriot. Pity, that all Pedro's advisers did not resemble these! There can be no question that intrigue and cabal, more than any other cause, retarded the success of the constitutional arms.

The bodies of poor Manley and Clarke were this day interred in the English cemetery, with all the honours and respect due to them. Every British officer, who was able, attended on this occasion, and the whole regiment followed

them to the grave. In Oporto, the custom of burying the dead with military honours was confined entirely to the English, and our frequent funeral processions produced consequently a great sensation in the town, crowds of the inhabitants always following in silent wonder.

Notwithstanding our frequent success, it cannot be denied that the Constitutionals were at this time in a most critical situation. After a lapse of many months' continued warfare, we still remained cooped up within our trenches round Oporto; in all their attacks we had constantly worsted and repulsed the more numerous foe; but, with the exception of the patriotic zeal displayed by the inhabitants of Oporto, the people of the country seemed dead to the voice of Freedom. Ignorant, blind, and priest-ridden, they could not see the deformity of the most hateful despotism that ever disgraced human nature. The specious priests, whose power and security are identified with the people's ignorance and the maintenance of tyranny, use their utmost endeavours to prevent the propagation of more liberal doctrines, and the people have drunk deeply of the offered poison. It will require the care of a right skilful physician to eradicate its baneful effects.

Pedro's vacillating policy has often offered to the wily priests a weapon which they have not failed to make use of. This wavering but obstinate prince has been a constant stumbling-block in the way of his partisans; first he appoints Villa Flor Commander-in-Chief, and then displaces him to take the command himself; he insults the noble Saldanha, quarrels with Sartorius, and removes Palmella to make way for less worthy, and less experienced statesmen. Even now, when the intrepidity of his partisans, directed by the abilities and courage of a Napier, has brightened the political horizon for the Constitutionalists, there still remain grounds for fearing that he will mar his golden prospects. It must be recollected that this triumph of freedom has been effected, not by the gradual progression of civilisation and moral improvement, but by the perseverance and courage of an enlightened few, in opposition to the prejudices of the nation; and it is not by a vain boast or empty parade of the good they have effected, or even by the immediate introduction of extensive constitutional freedom, that they should hope to establish their power, but by gradual and judicious efforts to remove those prejudices which the discomfited priesthood will not fail to foment.

But to return; great discontent had long reigned in the British and French battalions. It began to threaten alarming consequences, and Marshal Solignac's enmity to the English, would, had it been possible, have interrupted the good feeling that existed between them and the French. The Marshal would not hear the murmurs of his countrymen, but he told Colonel Williams, that the conduct of the British officers was disgraceful, that they encouraged the turbulence of the men, and that he would, rather than keep them, open the barriers and let them go over to the enemy. "This" said the Colonel, "is exactly what they want; for they have certainly been treated worse than any other troops, though their services have been the greatest." "Then they shall not go", said the Marshal, "I have ten thousand bayonets to keep them in order, and we may perhaps have occasion to try their boasted indifference to cold steel." If the Marshal depended thus much upon the French, he reckoned without his host, for I am convinced that if any such violence had been offered to the British or French battalions, they would have united to resist it. The grievances, however, were in some degree redressed, and the men pacified. It was most gratifying to any breast

which hopes for the continuance of the good understanding that now exists between these two great nations, which seem destined to lead the world to the summit of civilised freedom, to observe the intimacy of sentiment and union that actuated their children in Portugal. They certainly murmured, and were discontented, when they found their valuable services depreciated, and were subjected to greater privations than less deserving troops, but still the majority were faithful, and proud of being auxiliaries in the liberating cause. Away from their native climes, they dissolved in mutual kindness the few remaining prejudices that distinguish them at home. They felt, as it were, identified and bound to each other by stronger ties than to the natives of the less civilised countries, by whom they were surrounded.

Santa Martha, the Miguelist general, had been lately superseded by San Lorenzo, and an attack was daily expected from this new commander. This surmise was quickly verified. On the morning of the 3rd. the enemy advanced upon the lines of the Sierra, but were soon repulsed. It was expected, however, from this circumstance, and from that of large parties of the enemy having been seen for two days crossing the river from the south, that the morrow

would produce something important. Our troops were consequently kept, under arms all night, and the next morning, at four o'clock, a smart firing commenced all round the lines. The enemy again threatened the Sierra, and General Torres, who commanded there, having drawn in his piquets, forbore attacking them until they had arrived to an open space, when he saluted them with a tremendous fire of grape and cannister, which forced them to a precipitate retreat. Their real object, however, soon became apparent. The particulars of this glorious day, with the noble conduct of Colonel Shaw and Major Cameron, are too well known to need relation here. Suffice it to say, that after an unsuccessful attempt of the enemy on Pastelleiro and Matta Sept, the repulsed columns united (about 6000 men), and rushed upon Lordello, where they were kept at bay by the Scotch Regiment, and the Rifle Volunteers, until half past nine, when these brave corps were joined by the 12th Caçadores, and the enemy retired in great disorder. At this time Colonel Shaw brought a field piece to bear on the retreating foe which did considerable damage, and they must have suffered very much from our rifles, as they were obliged in their retreat to pass very near the hollow where we



were concealed. They, however, again came to the attack, but after another hour's hard fighting, our brave fellows completely routed them. We contented ourselves with keeping up a sharp firing on the fugitives, as it was not deemed prudent with our small force to follow the wolves to their den. This was certainly the most glorious victory we had gained since the 29th september; the Miguelites themselves acknowledge to have lost, on this occasion, 1000 men, while our loss amounted to only 150 killed and wounded. Our success on this memorable day may be mainly attributed to the courage and activity of Colonel Shaw and Major Cameron; Colonel Shaw was at the time suffering from the effects of a severe wound he had received on the 29th of September, but although lame and in pain, his activity and bravery were beyond credence. I almost thought he possessed the power of omnipresence, for wherever the battle raged the fiercest, there he stood encouraging the men, and braving any danger. Of those who fell on our side, not one was more regretted than poor De Burgh; he was an ensign in the Scotch, and his brother was a lieutenant in the same regiment. His gentle manners made him beloved by all, and his ability and courage gained him the admiration

and applause of his superiors. He fell in the eighteenth year of his age, near the close of the battle, during which he had eminently distinguished himself. His brother was near him when the fatal bullet pierced his brain, and soon afterwards the former received a wound in his arm; this he heeded not, but I saw the agony of his soul as he gazed upon the lifeless corpse and dashed away a starting tear. No entreaty could prevail on him to leave the field till all firing had ceased, when he was borne away, fainting from fatigue and loss of blood. We buried the brother in a barn, near the spot where he fell.

The inveteracy of the Miguelites was never more forcibly displayed than after the battle of the 4th of March. A royalist Major had been killed very near to our stockade, at the first onset of the enemy, and after the engagement a party was sent out to bring in the body, with others, for interment. The uncourteous foe, although near enough to perceive the kind intention, fired on the party while engaged in this humane office, but some days afterwards they effected their design, and brought in many of the dead, the Major among them. Some plunderers, however, had managed to strip him of every article of clothing, sash, sword, etc., and

the hungry dogs had already commenced to feed upon the flesh.

“ The scalps were in the wild dog’s maw,  
The hair was tangled round his jaw. ”

This circumstance may, on first consideration, appear too extravagant for belief, but its truth has been vouched to me by those I have every reason to credit; and when the fact is known that men, in their hunger, were obliged to feed on dogs and cats, or aught else they could obtain, it is not so surprising that these animals, when opportunities offered, should gladly devour human flesh. An occurrence connected with the affair of the 4th of March, offers a striking instance of the negligence and carelessness that have so often involved unfortunate consequences to the Constitutionals during the pending war in Portugal. In going from Oporto to Lordello, the troops that were despatched to the support of the Scotch regiment and the Rifle Volunteers, were obliged to pass a point of the road where they were exposed to a heavy fire from one of the Miguelite batteries; in consequence many men were lost before they reached the scene of action. A trench of very small extent would have protected them completely, but it was not until after the mischief

done had made its necessity glaringly evident, that orders were given to dig one. This seemed very like “shutting the stable door when the steed has escaped.”

On the 12th March fresh reinforcements arrived. Colonel Cotter and 400 Irishmen and officers were landed from the *Manlius*, without injury from the enemy's batteries. I was much gratified by the arrival of a young friend whom I had left in Boulogne; he had come out as ensign in the Irish regiment. I supped that night with him and his brother officers, when I was indulged with the luxury of fresh meat, which they had brought ashore with them from the *Manlius*. Need I say that this was a great treat to one whom hunger had taught to enjoy the flesh of dogs and cats, which the French served up commonly at their mess tables! As to mule's flesh, it was well known that, under the tempting name of beef, it was often served out in rations. At every engagement many of these poor animals were killed in conveying ammunition etc. to the field, and, for some days subsequently we invariably luxuriated on fresh meat, which although rather hard and tough, was thought very good food, where none better could be had.

Even on these distant shores, poor Pat was

made the author of innumerable blunders. Soon after the arrival of Colonel Cotter's regiment, *on disait*, that three of his officers went to Peixe's hotel with the hope of a better dinner than their mess table afforded. Here they certainly did manage to make mule's flesh a little more palatable than elsewhere, and supplied you with bread some degrees sweeter than that served out in our rations. Not one of these Hibernians understood more than a very few words of Portuguese; and they tried in vain to make their wants intelligible. Their dainty stomachs hoped to be greeted by some roasted pigeons, and at that moment they cared not what they might pay for such delicacies. They asked for them in French, and in English, but in vain: they next began to coo like so many turtle doves, but this only served to confirm the suspicions that the waiter had begun to entertain of their sanity. At length they eagerly seized hold of a picture of the Holy Ghost, represented by a dove, and joyfully cried out in bad Portuguese, "*Quiere esta assada*," We want this roasted. The astonished servant ran from them in pious terror, and went for his master's assistance to expel the heretics, which was accordingly done by Signor Peixe, aided by his "*corps de cuisine*," who were all horror struck at the

sacrilegious wish they imagined the unconscious Irish to entertain, of having the Holy Ghost roasted for their dinner.

This is perhaps too absurd to be true, but I witnessed myself a most degrading instance of the superstition of the common Portuguese. I was billeted in the house of a Constitutional priest, who was a very jovial fellow, and much more liberal in his sentiments than the generality of that amiable community. Returning home one day after a walk, in mounting the dark staircase I almost trod upon the body of a woman with a child in her arms, who was howling most hideously. "Who is your noisy visitor?" asked I of my friend the priest, who had entered just before me. "The woman and her child," replied he "are possessed of devils, and I am about to cast the fiends out, which ceremony you may witness, if you choose to walk into my study." I accordingly did so, and the patients were soon after ushered into the room. The woman and child were then laid upon their backs, the former continuing her discordant yells. The priest proceeded to gabble some unintelligible jargon, meant for Latin, and after dipping the *aspersoir* in some holy water, besprinkled the faces of the possessed most liberally with the sacred liquid. The woman then

started to her feet, and seizing the child, uttered a long-continued yell, and declared that the devils were away! Then paying 24 ventems (about 3s.) for the operation, she went away perfectly calm and contented.

On the 14th March, the Miguelites surprised our piquets at Lordello, and after setting fire to the corn mills, retired, taking with them four mules, and fifteen or sixteen sacks of flour. The mills burned fiercely for some time, and at length the fire communicated to some pine trees in the neighbourhood. For the extent of a mile the country presented the appearance (if I may be allowed the expression) of a troubled sea of flame, and the shouts of the retiring Miguelites proved their exultation at this paltry but unwonted success. No lives were lost, and the property destroyed proved to be much less than had been apprehended.

The effluvia produced by the decomposed bodies of some Miguelites who had been killed near our intrenchments on the 4th of March, and still remained unburied, proved of great annoyance to our troops. The smell was so offensive, that the men could not proceed with their work in the trenches, and the enemy would neither bury them himself, nor allow us to do so. Perhaps he entertained the kind hope that

it might produce disease amongst us, but taking advantage of a dark night, we at length succeeded in bringing in the bodies, and destroyed them with quicklime.

On the 17th the brig *Aeon* ran over the bar in distress, Union downwards. She was allowed to enter the river without being fired upon, but on her endeavouring to run aground on the north bank, the Miguelites poured in tremendous discharges of round shot, grape, and canister, which obliged the crew to abandon her so precipitately, that they did not even take the precaution to drop an anchor. Thus these savages disregarded that sacred appeal to humanity which the most inveterate foes are wont to respect. When left to herself the vessel heeled round, the wind took her sails aback, whereupon she drifted over to the other side of the river, right under the Sampayo battery. Some boats were manned and armed, and at half-past eight o'clock at night were proceeding down the river for the purpose of cutting her out; but on rounding the Furado point, a broad and bright flame reddening the river, and displaying every height and point crowned with the shouting barbarians, told the unwelcome truth, that the Miguelites had plundered the vessel, and then set fire to her.



This was the anniversary of the fête of Erin's tutelar saint, and the Irish troops, having received their bounty-money a few days previously, determined to celebrate it in grand style. Shamrocks were in great request, and every inch of ground round Oporto was closely examined to obtain the sacred plant. Parties of the Irish were all day parading the streets, with the national symbol in their caps, and singing their popular songs. I feared that the *agoo ardente* (a villainous liquor of the country), would elevate their Hibernian temperament. My apprehensions were true, for some Irish lads and their guests, who were English soldiers, having become inebriated by too potent doses of the deleterious liquor, began to quarrel about national distinctions; blows succeeded words; in short, a general row was the consequence. This very much astonished our Portuguese allies, and the city guard was called out to disperse the rioters. About 30 of them arrived with fixed bayonets, and the affair began to wear a serious aspect. England and Ireland now forgot their quarrel, and united against their common foe; our countrymen were the fewer, and merely armed with Irish shillelahs and English fists, for their side arms had been taken from them. The expert use of the shillelah,

however, completely confounded the manœuvres of the Portuguese, whose shin bones resounded to the well directed blows, while John Bull's redoubted natural weapons played sad havoc with their swarthy faces. This mode of warfare the Portuguese did not understand, and it completely disconcerted them. Their bayonets were directed to the skies, instead of the breasts of the rioters. The blood streamed from their mouths and noses, and at length they took to their heels, leaving the Islanders victors of the blood-besprinkled field. Some British officers soon afterwards arrived, and sent the soldiers to their quarters, but it was deemed expedient not to pursue the matter with severity. After a few hours' "durance vile" in the guard room, the heroes of St. Patrick's day were liberated.

The fleet had been some time absent, and various reports were afloat respecting the nature of the differences between Don Pedro and Sartorius. The latter considered, and as it appeared, justly, that he held the ships in security for the pay of the men, officers, etc. They had been a long time without pay or clothing, and they would have been without provisions, had not Sartorius seized some ships laden with stores for Don Pedro, which were obliged to

take refuge in Vigo Bay, where the fleet was lying. The Spanish authorities had ordered them to leave this port, but the Admiral positively refused, unless the Spanish ships could force him, which they did not think fit to try; he preferred dying thus, as he said, rather than to perish miserably, which must have occurred had he gone to sea in his actual condition. At the same time, the men declared that they were ready to engage the enemy's fleet, should it come out, though they insisted on the redress of their grievances. Admiral Sartorius was thereupon formally dismissed, as far as the order was concerned; but its execution was another matter. Sir J. M. Doyle, however, was sent to Vigo, as envoy from the ex-Emperor to the Admiral, together with Captain Crosbie, who was ordered to take the temporary command of the fleet. On going on board the flag-ship, Sir J. M. Doyle, approaching the Admiral, said to him: "Admiral Sartorius, you are my prisoner;" the tables were quickly turned, for the Admiral ordered both Sir John and Captain Crosbie under close arrest. He soon afterwards released them, and sent them back to Oporto to relate their flattering reception. It was not long before the fleet arrived off Oporto, where a lengthened correspondence took place between

the Admiral and the Emperor, plainly exhibiting the injustice of the latter. In this correspondence, the admiral reminded Don Pedro that similar conduct had obliged Lord Cochrane to blockade him with his own fleet, and that there was another who could follow his lordship's example : refusing at the same time to give up the command, and repeating his intention of holding the vessels as security. Admiral Sartorius had proved himself brave and able, and many of his officers have told me that he had conceived, and he certainly possessed the ability and courage to execute, the plan that Napier has since so nobly effected. In the latter's case, the obstacles that impeded the former were removed, and Napier's success may consequently be attributed in a great measure to the resolution of Sartorius, which by convincing Don Pedro of the necessity of paying the seamen, in order to obtain their services, caused him reluctantly to do so.

News of the proceedings of the enemy, received on the evening of the 23rd, gave us every reason to expect an immediate attack, more especially as the Miguelite priests had been employing all the pompous nummery of superstition to excite their deluded slaves. Don Miguel was at Braga, and processions had been for some

time parading the streets, the monks calling on Heaven to aid their impious cause. How often has the Altar been made an instrument for the most barbarous outrages; how often have the gentle shepherds of our Holy Religion urged on their flocks to commit deeds more worthy of the wolf from whom they were appointed to protect them?—But the reign of the twin brothers, monkish tyranny and monarchical despotism, is nearly at an end; the people, becoming more enlightened, begin to question the divine right of kings and the sanctity of a cowl. This very dress bespeaks the character of the wearer: he hides his face beneath a hood, lest it should betray the vile passions that his bosom harbours. He blinds the eyes of the people and keeps them in darkness and ignorance, lest they should learn to decipher the character branded on his forehead, and read there *Villain!* Yet the late noble conduct of the priests at Lisbon proves that there are some of the community (alas, how few their numbers who differ from the generality) who know the limits of their just dominion, and consider it as compatible with the freedom and improvement of the people.

On the morning of the 24th, our expectations of an attack were realised. About 10 o'clock,

3,000 of the enemy advanced in columns upon the Autao Hill, for the purpose of taking an unfinished redoubt, which we had commenced the night before. This position was occupied by three companies of the Caçadores, who were obliged to retire before this superior force, ere support could reach them. Very smart skirmishing was kept up as usual, during the destruction of the winepipes, which had been taken up the hill, and were almost all burned. The firing continued without intermission, until two or three o'clock, when the Marshal ordered out the 1st and 2nd British battalions, (in the latter of which I volunteered) under Majors Brownston and Sadler, the 5th Caçadores, three companies of the 3rd infantry, and two squadrons of Lancers, who advanced to retake the position in front, while a brigade, under General Swallbaeh, composed of the 9th infantry, three companies of the 10th, one company of the 12th Caçadores, and a squadron of the 10th cavalry, was ordered to attack the enemy's left flank and gain the height from the Vallonga road. Major Sadler's battalion, after firing a volley, advanced up the hill with fixed bayonets; but when about half way up the height, the major fell mortally wounded; which circumstance threw the men into confusion,

and caused them to retreat; major Brownston, however, quickly rallied them, and the two battalions uniting, carried the hill at the point of the bayonet, driving before them with great slaughter the enemy, who left several prisoners in our hands. At this moment, four squadrons of the enemy's cavalry formed on the top of the hill, which our lancers no sooner perceived, than they rushed forward, eager to show themselves as able in the field as on parade; for they had not yet had an opportunity of doing so, our fighting having been heretofore principally behind walls and stockades, where, of course, it was impossible for cavalry to act. The enemy's horse, however, did not await them; but, on observing the advance of the lancers, retreated to a wood in their rear, although they amounted to double the number of ours, and held the advantage of position. The enemy suffered greatly at this point, as our rapid advance did not give time to his column to retire, and they were exposed to a galling fire in front and flank, for General Swallbach, having gained the height on the enemy's left, attacked him in flank and made fifty prisoners. They attempted twice to regain the position, but were easily repulsed; our loss was comparatively small, taking into consideration the length of time the

firing lasted; we had about 100 killed and wounded, mostly English. Major Sadler and Captain Wright died of their wounds two days after the engagement. Ensign Woolridge behaved very gallantly on this occasion; he went out with his regiment, though still suffering from the effects of a fracture in his leg, occasioned by a musket shot on the 29th of September. On the retreat of the 1st battalion, he tore off his red jacket, and upbraided the men. "Till this moment," said he, "I ever felt proud of wearing a red coat, the glorious badge of a British soldier, but I never will resume it till you retrieve your character as Englishmen." When Major Brownston rallied the men, he returned to the charge in his shirt sleeves. Soon after this, he was wounded in a duel with Ensign Chadwick; the ball passing through his back beneath the spine, but without injuring it. He soon recovered, and has since met a glorious death beneath the walls of Oporto during General Bourmont's late attack upon that city. He loved, and was beloved in return by a beautiful English girl in Oporto, the daughter of an eminent merchant. The gentle mourner had reason to regret his loss, for high anticipations were formed of him. He was young and handsome, eminently brave, and equally talented.



The enemy had stationed some gun-boats at Mattozenhas, which were constantly on the look-out to prevent the landing of provisions; and the difficulty of entering the river was considerably increased by the erection of a breast-work for musketry, at the extremity of the point below the Cabodello batteries. During the first week, the fire from this breastwork killed five men in one boat; and on another occasion, a boat with eleven persons in it, (all of whom perished,) was sunk by their gun boats.—Still the Miguelites were greatly disheartened at the repulse they had received on the 24th. On the 27th we sent a large working party to the Antas, where the enemy showed some disposition to attack, but he did not think it prudent to indulge in it. In a few days, instead of the paltry barrier that the Miguelites has destroyed on the 24th, we erected on the same spot two strong and beautiful redoubts. After cutting down a pine wood in their front, these redoubts commanded a great extent of level contry, and obliged the enemy to retire to a considerable distance.

We had, also about this time, strong reinforcements from France; a good quantity of provisions had been landed, notwithstanding the vigilance of the foe; and our army began to

assume a very respectable appearance. We were principally indebted for the landing of these supplies, to the courage and activity of the English sailors of the British merchantmen detained in the Douro, who had entered into an arrangement with the government to perform this important service. Some attempts were now made to alleviate the sufferings of the indigent inhabitants of the city. Rice soup was daily distributed to five thousand starving mendicants, and the rations of the troops were improved.

The 4th of April was the anniversary of the birth-day of Donna Maria, but its celebration was postponed until the 8th. The Miguelites, however, thought themselves bound in courtesy to honour us with especial notice, and consequently threw into the town in inordinate quantity of shot and shell, by which a British soldier, a woman, and a child were killed. One of the shells set fire to a house in the Rua das Flores, which proved to belong to one of their own party, who had been in gaol in Oporto since the sortie upon Villa Nova, where he was taken prisoner.

Some street assassinations and robberies that occurred about this time, created much alarm. A gentleman named Cruz, a wine merchant in

Oporto, and a staunch constitutionalist, was shot at his own door at about half-past 11 at night;—the assassin escaped, — plunder was evidently not his motive, for the well-filled purse and valuable watch of Signor Cruz were not taken; which made it almost certain that the midnight murderer was actuated, either by private revenge, or political hatred. The circumstance of his having been shot made some believe that the perpetrator of this murder was a foreigner, the poniard being the usual weapon of the Portuguese on such occasions. Mr. Sandeman, an English merchant and banker, had his house broken into, and plundered to the amount of 800*l.* The robbers were, however, disturbed; and one of them, endeavouring to make his escape from a window, fell and broke his leg. From this fellow, part of the property was recovered. He was taken to gaol, and proved to be one of the Royalist Volunteers, who had deserted over to us some time previously.

On the 6th, many absurd reports were occasioned by a very simple occurrence. Col. Sorrel, the British Consul, called a meeting of the masters of the English merchantmen in the Douro, when he told them that he had received communications from General Lemos, requiring

the ships in the river, bearing the British flag, to be separated from the Portuguese, for that the government of Don Miguel would not be responsible for any damage done by the batteries. There was a considerable fresh in the river at the time, and the only place to which they could remove with safety, was a little bay on the Miguelite side of the river; in effecting which, they were assisted by the boat's crews of the British men-of-war. It was said that Don Pedro's government was considerably annoyed at this circumstance; and by the common people the most ridiculous conclusions were drawn from it.

On the 8th, the young Queen's birth-day was celebrated. I cannot define the feeling, but there is among all classes of her adherents a kind of chivalrous sentiment of enthusiasm connected with this young princess. They care not for her father, who, in fact, is very unpopular, as as to a *constitution*, the majority, I firmly believe, do not understand what it means; but to Donna Maria's name the best sentiments of their hearts respond. I confess that I am myself not entirely free from this emotion; for, although the constitutional liberty, that Donna Maria's accession promises, is by far the nobler motive for exertion, a sudden impulse,

aided by long standing prejudices, will sometimes awaken your warmer, more enthusiastic, sympathies for suffering royalty ; particularly when that royalty is embodied in the fair form of a young and injured princess.

It was expected on this day that the Migueletes would attack us, and our pickets were consequently doubled ; but the knaves were too wise to hazard battle with a population glowing with enthusiasm for their Sovereign, and hatred to her enemies. Double rations were distributed to the troops, and the day was ushered in by the bands of the different regiments, playing Donna Maria's hymns and other constitutional airs, in different parts of the city. At night the town and environs were splendidly illuminated ; festoons of variegated lamps, with popular devices, surrounded by constitutional banners, decorated the batteries around the city. The town-hall and the tower of the *Clerigos* were beautifully illuminated ; the former had an elegant transparency of the youthful queen, with the charter in her hand, written in golden characters, and spurning at her feet a demon representing Tyranny : the tower of the *Clerigos* was enveloped with coloured lamps from the base to the summit, while the streets were crowded with the populace and military,

who rent the air with their shouts. *Viva Donna Maria da Gloria!* resounded from every part of the city. The Miguelites threw in an immense number of shells in honour of the festival, but they did little or no mischief. The people treated them so carelessly, that they seemed to think the day was sacred, and that some holy charm secured them from all harm. Don Pedro and his staff were riding about the streets the principal part of the night, and the ex-Emperor, relaxing his wonted severity of manner, spoke to the people with unusual urbanity and kindness. In fact, the gaiety of the scene, and the careless joy of the crowd, would almost have made me discredit the existence of the siege, and the presence of hunger and disease, had I not been reminded of the truth, by the constant bursting of shells, and the incessant reports of artillery.

Rumours were now current in Oporto that an insurrection in our favour had taken place at Figueras; the very regiment that had risen, and the whole detail of the revolt, every body knew; but our hopes were soon destroyed. A vessel was despatched from the squadron with orders to lie off that town, and endeavour to communicate with the shore; the report, very probably insiduously circulated by Miguel's friends

in Oporto, was found to be completely false and without foundation. Miguel's agents were certainly very active: by some means or other they managed frequently to distribute printed proclamations, etc., in the usurper's name, and many were enclosed in grenades and shells, and thrown into the town, inviting the rebels, as he styled the Constitutional Portuguese, to come over and receive his pardon, and offering to each foreign soldier who would desert from the Constitutional army, the option of serving him on very advantageous terms, or receiving a sum of money and a free passage to his native country, without any military service being required. A copy of these documents was published by Don Pedro's government, in the *Chronica*, accompanied with an address from his Imperial Majesty, who, knowing that the circumstances could not be kept secret, made a merit of necessity, and published them himself, affecting a confidence and security that his jealous disposition and general unpopularity rendered it impossible that he should feel; and moreover, as I have said elsewhere, and as he well knew, many of our troops, that had proved themselves brave and faithful in the field, had yielded to hunger and disease, and gone over to the enemy. Lately, indeed, these desertions had become

much less frequent. A better supply of provisions had raised the spirits of the troops: good feeding, indeed, is a great promoter of liberal opinions. A servant of Marshal Solignac's, while endeavouring to pass the lines, was apprehended by some of the French sentries; he had robbed his master to the amount of 900 francs, and had left a note behind him, saying he had received a very polite note from Don Miguel, at Braga, and had borrowed that sum to defray his travelling expenses. The fellow was shot a few days afterwards.

The enemy had begun to fortify the Monte do Covello, and had already erected a strong stockade on its summit. On the evening of the 9th it was determined to attack it, and just before sunset the detachment (about 600 men), destined for this service, began its march. At this moment all our batteries, that could bear upon the point, opened a heavy fire, which was kept up until our troops began to ascend the hill. This they did very gallantly, advancing rapidly up the height under a very smart fire, which they did not attempt to return, but, on reaching the summit, climbed over the stockade and became closely engaged with the enemy. A party of the 5th Caçadores, who had ascended the hill in a different direction, now came to



their assistance, and the enemy, finding himself unexpectedly attacked in flank, retreated in the greatest disorder, leaving our troops in possession of the hill. The 3rd and 10th Portuguese infantry deserve the greatest credit for their conduct throughout this affair, and the 5th Caçadores, on this as on every other occasion, proved themselves well entitled to the appellation of the "Fighting Caçadores," by which the British soldiers distinguished them *par excellence*. As soon as the hill was taken, some prisoners and gallegos were sent with wine-pipes, etc. from the town, in order to put it in some state of defence for the night; and the English brigade, under Major Williams, was sent to reinforce and defend the position.

The following morning the enemy appeared in great force in the ruined village of Parauhos. They would not venture to show themselves in a line, but kept up a galling and irregular fire on our troops; the first English battalion was quite concealed from their observation, being disposed behind some rocky ground, which a large party of the enemy approaching unwittingly, about seven in the morning, Major Williams made use of an unobserved route, to fall suddenly upon them, by which he succeeded in cutting off a great number. All who resisted were shot or

bayoneted, and the rest taken prisoners. Captain Harley was on the field this day with his company, though his right arm was perfectly useless from a wound he had received on the 24th March. His company was very actively engaged on this occasion; one of his privates took prisoners three men and an officer, and returned to his barracks loaded with spoil, consisting of a sword, two muskets, two well stored knapsacks, and 3*l* in money. He had frequently been noticed on former occasions for his bravery, and after this affair was rewarded with a decoration, and the grade of serjeant. Before the evening of the 10th, the enemy had retired from the vicinity of the Covello, and in three or four days afterwards, a splendid redoubt, with Donna Maria's standard above it, occupied the summit of the hill; our loss during these two days amounted to about 140 killed and wounded: we made fifty prisoners, and the enemy's loss, in killed and wounded, must have been considerable.

On the 14th, 31 Constitutionalists, who had landed that day from Vigo, were presented to Don Pedro. They had travelled to that port through Spain, from the fortress of Almeida, where they had been confined by Don Miguel, but had succeeded in making their escape across the frontiers.

On the 16th, the squadron appeared off the bar, and hopes were entertained that the differences of the Emperor and Sartorius might still be amicably adjusted, as Paymaster-general Sandford had been sent off with 15,000 milreas, for the payment of the seamen.

While it occurs to my mind, I will mention a circumstance that I think will display very forcibly the vile stratagems by which the partizans of Miguel endeavoured to impose upon the people the belief of their own virtue, and of the barbarity of the Constitutionalists. A Miguelite journal, published at Coimbra, contains the falsehood to which I allude, and to which a Portuguese nobleman had the meanness to lend his name. It is conveyed in a letter from the Conde de Barbacena to the superior of the company of Jesuits in Coimbra, which charges him, in the name of "Don Miguel, as an act worthy the magnanimous heart of that great monarch, to protect and educate a vast number of children between the ages of five and twelve, who had been inhumanly driven out of Oporto." No person was ever expelled from Oporto: on the contrary many poor helpless creatures who depended entirely on charity for support, were daily fed, even in the midst of our distress; and I have often seen the soldier give a portion of

his scanty ration to the deformed and helpless beggar. Want of charity certainly cannot be attributed with truth to the inhabitants of Oporto, and I do not think that this shallow falsehood will tend to create any serious prejudice to the contrary effect. While I am upon this subject, I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise at the many instances of extraordinary deformities that I observed among the inhabitants of this city. Shrivelled arms and hands, with a deficiency or superfluity of malformed fingers, inverted legs, and various similarly extraordinary samples, are to be seen at the corner of almost every street, as these poor wretches expose their revolting miseries to excite the commiseration of passengers. For this I cannot at all account, as the Portuguese women seem very careful of their infant children, and in time of plenty their food is very nutritious, generally consisting of rice, which they have in great abundance.

The differences of the Admiral and Don Pedro were patched up for a short time, and a letter, of which the following is a translation, appeared in the *Chronica* of the 4th of May.

“ Rose George Sartorius, Vice Admiral of the fleet : I, Duke of Braganza, Regent in the name of the Queen, send you warm greeting.

The causes have ceased on account of which you were relieved by royal ordinance from the chief command of the squadron of H. M. F. M., and desiring to give you a proof of my confidence, which you merit, I deem it good to reinstate you in the chief command of the said squadron, which I am pleased to communicate for your instruction and due execution.

“ Written in the palace of Oporto,

“ May 1st, 1833.

“ DON PEDRO, Duke of Braganza.

“ MARQUIS DE LOULE.

“ For Rose George Sartorius. ”

On this, and after a long absence, the squadron again appeared off Oporto; but the Admiral had had the greatest difficulty to preserve even the slightest order among the seamen. The crew of one ship in particular, the *Don Pedro*, more clamorous than the rest, had proceeded to such daring acts of mutiny, that the Admiral had moored a frigate on each side, and threatened to sink her, if the mutineers did not return to their duty after an hour's deliberation. This intimidated them, and they yielded under the stipulation they should be sent back to England, which was granted.

I cannot conceive how the constitutional cause in Portugal weathered all the intrigues

which constantly divided its councils. They deprived it of many brave and faithful partisans. They occasioned the dismissal, on the 12th of May, of Major Brownstone\*, one of the ablest officers in the service; and fourteen other officers of his regiment felt so indignant at the treatment he had received, that they sent in their resignations. I shall avoid, however, a detailed relation of the circumstances connected with this affair, as indeed the press has made the public sufficiently acquainted with them; nor do I wish to call upon myself the virulence of party prejudice in which the subject is involved. Similar causes had previously occasioned the dissolution of the rifle corps, thus forfeiting, as Colonel Shaw publicly expressed himself, the valuable aid of many young men of the highest respectability, aided by an *esprit de corps* which heightened their enthusiasm, and

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\* Since writing the above I am informed by the newspapers that Major Brownstone has accepted a Colonelcy in the Miguelite army. However great his grievances, he cannot be pardoned for opposing himself to the good cause, tho' he has reason for disgust at the unworthy agents. Can he feel pride in drawing his sword against his former companions in arms, whom he was wont so ably to encourage and support?

offering a meritorious example of voluntary services emanating from an abstract love of constitutional freedom. I will, however, mention at greater length an instance which is not so generally known, and through which an innocent individual is now suffering unjust incarceration, as a victim to this vile spirit of intrigue. I allude to the case of an officer of the name of Spilsburg. In this young man are united great talent and undoubted courage, besides the good qualities that make him amiable in society, and I shall ever feel proud of the intimate friendship that existed between us. He was formerly in the East India Company's service, in which situation his ability and rectitude caused him on many occasions to be entrusted with important duties. In France and Belgium he gathered laurels under the "Drapeau Tricolore," acting a conspicuous part in the revolutions of 1830. On each of these occasions he was decorated for his noble conduct and valuable services, and acted for some time as aide-de-camp to General Mellinet. He shortly afterwards married a young lady in every way calculated to make him happy; but when Don Pedro unfolded the constitutional standard, he tore himself from social comforts and inglorious ease, to embark once more in

a cause whose professed object was the liberation of an enslaved and suffering people. He joined the Portuguese expedition in the Islands, and soon attracted the favourable observation of Col. Hodges, who honoured him with his confidence and friendship. In Portugal, however, he was doomed to incur the suspicion of treachery, and on the malicious and unseconded testimony of an individual who is since dead, who never proved his assertions, and whose own reputation was never of the highest grade, he was imprisoned in the castle of the Foz, on a charge of criminal communication with the enemy.

After some months' imprisonment, during which he frequently demanded a Court-martial, but in vain, he was told that the government could not substantiate the charge against him, and he was consequently set at liberty. This was all the redress he could obtain for the injury he had received, and immediately after his liberation, he made preparations for returning home, but on the 4th of March, without any assigned cause, he was again apprehended, and placed in the common gaol of Oporto. He wrote letters of remonstrance to Don Pedro and the Marquis de Loulé, expressing his indignation at this persecution, and requesting an immediate investiga-



tion into the charges. To these communications he received no reply, although they were seconded by very handsome letters in his favour from Sir J. M. Doyle, Count St. Leger, Col. Fousequer<sup>s</sup>, Governor of the Foz, where he had been previously confined, and many other officers of merit and distinction. At this time I went to the British Consul, Col. Sorrell, trusting to his well-known kindness and humanity for some exertion in my friend's behalf. Col. Sorrel told me he was sorry he was forbidden by his government to take any formal measures in such cases, but added, that he would speak unofficially to General Valdes on the subject, which he very kindly did. What was the answer he obtained? Truly this, that the General, and most of the other members of Don Pedro's council, were individually convinced of Capt. Spilburg's innocence, but that the government were obliged to be extremely jealous, and his temporary imprisonment was deemed expedient. Soon after this, Spilburg was told that, if he would leave the country, a passage was provided for him, and that he was at liberty to return home; but he resolutely refused. He would not revisit his native country with a blemish on his reputation, which had never before been darkened by a shade of

suspicion. No, he chose rather to remain in a gaol, (the horrors of which cannot be conceived but by those who have seen a Portuguese prison, ) in a room crowded with the vilest malefactors, and under subjection to every species of misery and privation.

The war against property was still carried on with unabated fury by the besiegers. The houses of the poor fishermen at the Foz, which hard-earned savings had enabled them to build, were reduced to ruins. The fire of their artillery was directed even to the hospitals; the poor, sick, and maimed whom they contained were, even in that condition, still objects of their savage fury. I was much shocked at witnessing the death of poor Barnes, who was killed at the Foz. This young man was supercargo of a vessel off the bar, and at the moment of his death, was entertaining myself and two other friends at an hotel, previous to his departure for England. We were seated at table, and very merry over our wine, when a shell, from the mortar Joao Paulo, entered the house, and striking Barnes upon the head, completely carried away the upper part of it, bespattering us with his brains and blood. The shell afterwards passed into another house, where it burst, and killed an old woman who was seated at work.

The 14th of May doubtless recalled the bitterest recollections to the usurper Miguel, and he wreaked his vengeance on the gallant city of Oporto. This was the anniversary of the day in which the tyrant had left the Tagus, at the command of his father, Don John VI, after the unnatural outrage on his royal person and authority on the 30th April preceeding. When I contemplate the atrocities of this incarnate devil, my soul recoils in horror and disgust; and yet, in our own enlightened country, there are men who uphold this monster in his villanies. Alas! I blush for them. A majority in a British House of Lords extolled and protected him. By their intrigues they encouraged him to insult the national standard. They condemn France for taking just retribution of the perjured despot for his unwarrantable outrages against her flag; they praise Spain for acting in opposition to all the laws of humanity, and refusing food to the distressed and starving seamen of the constitutional fleet. Don Carlos is lauded by them, who, after laying the foundation of civil warfare in his own country, to answer his abominable purposes repairs to his worthy friend, and aids him with money and his amiable councils.

The 16th was the anniversary of the rising of the constitutionalists of Oporto in 1828, and the

enemy celebrated it with cruel vengeance. On this day upwards of 2000 shot and shells were thrown into the city, and effected frightful execution. The number of killed and maimed on this occasion exceeded one hundred, amongst whom were three of the Scotch fusileers, who were killed by one shot from the Joao Paulo, which had been removed from the *Cabodello* to the new *Gaia* battery at Villa Nova. No affair of importance had occurred since the action of the 10th April, and our troops, who had long been anxiously expecting some decided movement, began to tire of inaction. This feeling prevailed so much with some French troops, about eighty, who were sent out to cut fuel in a wood near the *Antas*, on the 1st of June, that under a momentary impulse they attacked the Miguelite picquet stationed there, and drove it back. The morning being foggy was favourable to them, and they pushed on under a very smart fire, close to the enemy's lines, and succeeded in cutting out three bullocks, when they returned with their prize to the city. This bold deed having been done entirely without orders, the officer who commanded the party involved himself in a very serious dilemma. Three men were killed and twelve wounded.

Deserters arrived occasionally from Lisbon,

as opportunities offered of getting away. About the middle of May one hundred and fifty joined us in Oporto, who had been brought there in a vessel which took them on board outside the Tagus, where she had been lying for the purpose. They were all military; the agricultural population seemed determined to remain neuter in the struggle. If invitations and fair promises could have induced them to join the liberating party, surely Don Pedro offered them enough; but as I have said before, I believe that the greater part of them were completely influenced by the priesthood, and taught to regard the constitutionalists as sacrilegious monsters, while the more enlightened minority, who understood somewhat better the true nature of affairs, had not sufficient confidence in Don Pedro's faith to induce them to hazard their fortunes in his cause; for although Pedro has not hitherto assumed any authority but in the name of his daughter, there are many, very many, who dread (in the event of the final success of the constitutional arms,) the results of his well-known thirst for power, and the intrigues of his unpopular party, who would look to him for support and reward, whether in accordance or not with the wishes of the people, or the Charter to which he has pledged himself.

I will mention an instance, which I select from many others equally outrageous, of the policy adopted by one of Pedro's favourite ministers, Silva Cavalho, and sanctioned by him. It is one which I think will present a specimen of the liberal measures likely to be pursued by the counsellors that Pedro would choose if he were invested with the power. A vessel called the *Nova Paquete*, bound to Lisbon from Macao, was captured by Admiral Sartorius, and brought into Oporto with a cargo worth about 17,000*l.* After a strict inquiry on the part of the commission for the judgment of prizes, she was declared not to be a legal capture, and was ordered to be liberated. The legal duty on exportation is 2 per cent, but the conscientious minister of Finance, not liking to let such a golden chance slip through his fingers, ordered such a portion of the cargo to be landed and sold, as would pay him 30 per cent on the whole. This was not all, he ordered the remainder of the cargo to be sold by auction (consequently at much less than its real value), and the money to be paid into the treasury in trust, to be returned to the proprietors, on their duly establishing their claims. This may be called raising the wind; but this is only a single instance out of a similar multitude.

On the 2<sup>nd</sup> June landed at Oporto the Marquis of Palmella, and Capt. Napier of the British Navy, and at the same time arrived Col. Dodgeon with a reinforcement of 500 English, all well equipped, and most of them old soldiers. The Marquis of Palmella's arrival was hailed with delight by all the true friends of the constitutional cause; and soon afterwards great changes took place in the order of affairs. Admiral Sartorius yielded the command of the fleet to Capt. Napier, but not before he had effected that for which he had so nobly striven, viz. the payment of his men, for which he had pledged himself at the commencement of the expedition. It is said that a most intimate friendship has long existed between Sartorius and Napier, and that the latter came out at the invitation of Sartorius himself. The next change was the resignation of Marshal Solignac, which was made known to the public by the following letter that appeared in the *Chronica* of the 15th June.

*The Duke of Braganza's Carta Regiæ.*

“ Baron Joao Baptista Solignac, Marshal, Major General of the army. Friend! I, the Duke of Braganza, Regent in the name of the Queen, send you warm greeting as one whom

I greatly value. Having considered the representations which you have made to me, requesting me to relieve you from the charge of Major Genl. of the Liberating army, to which you were nominated by the decree of the 3rd January of this year, with the powers expressed in the royal ordinance of the same date; and deeming the motives you allege to be just, I hold it good in the name of the Queen, to exonerate you from the duty of Major General in the Liberating Army, in which you have displayed constant proofs of your zeal and interest for the noble cause of Portuguese restoration, always evincing honour in the important commission that has been confided to you, and this I am pleased to communicate for your intelligence and due execution.

“Written in the Palace of Oporto,

“DON PEDRO, Duke of Braganza.

“For the Baron Joao Baptista Solignac.”

The Marshal's ostensible motive for resignation was conveyed by the following communication to the Liberating army.

“Circumstances and affairs of the greatest importance oblige me to cease to exercise the functions of Major-General of the army, and to depart immediately for France. In separat-



ing myself from the officers and soldiers who constitute the brave Liberating army, I carry with me the gratifying recollection of having been assisted by all with an energy worthy of men contending for the rights of their legitimate Sovereign and their Country's cause. I shall always bear in mind the good discipline, zeal, and bravery which I have ever observed on the part of the said army, to which I should deem it happiness to be united again; and wherever I may go, I can proudly assure the faithful Portuguese that such an army is worthy of the just cause it defends.

“The Marshal of the army, BARON SOLIGNAC.”

These, however, were not the real motives that urged him to resign. From the moment of his arrival in Portugal, he had been constantly an object of jealousy to a certain party (as he confesses in the correspondence he has since published), and the vilest intrigues had been employed to disconcert his schemes, and bring him to disgrace. I have already shown what they effected on the 24th January, and the public has been made fully acquainted with the plot of Magaelham, the minister of Justice, who, a short time before the Marshal's resignation, bribed his secretary, and obtained copies of his private correspondence with England and

France, which he basely made use of to his prejudice. The conspiracy had proceeded to such length before its discovery, that the creatures of the intriguing minister paraded the streets, creating the greatest excitement, and crying “Death to the traitor Solignac!—the ministry for ever!” It is true that Magaellham was dismissed with disgrace, but these continual annoyances must have tended greatly to irritate Solignac, and it is probable he gladly embraced a favourable occasion to resign his unthankful office. The immediate cause, however, of his resignation, was the rejection in council of his proposition for some military operations, and the determination to adopt another plan to which he was opposed. The proceedings of this council were not communicated officially to the public; but it was currently reported, and the results have appeared to establish the truth of these rumours, that the various plans proposed were these:—1st. That an army of 4000 men, commanded by the Regent in person, should make an immediate descent upon Lisbon. 2ndly, that an army of the same strength commanded by a general, should proceed to the Algarves, in the hope of some popular demonstration in favour of the Queen, while Don Pedro should await the result in

Oporto. 3rdly. That the whole army should attack the besiegers, and if successful, march immediately to Lisbon. The latter, it is said, was the advice of the Marshal, but the second being carried in opposition to his wishes, he immediately resigned.

After Solignac's resignation the noble and deservedly popular Saldanha was named to the chief command of the army at Oporto, and Gen. Sir Thomas Stubbs succeeded him at the Foz and Pastelluros. About 3500 men, the choicest of our troops, were then embarked, under the command of the Duke of Terceira, formerly Count Villalor, who was accompanied by the Marquis Palmella, destined, as it afterwards proved, for the Algarves. They were distributed on board the different ships of the squadron and five English steamers, which the government had purchased. The doubt that prevailed concerning the destination of this expedition considerably perplexed the proceedings of the enemy. The utmost caution was observed in the embarkation of the troops. The darkest nights were selected, the men conducted to the beach in silence, the oars muffled, and every possible precaution taken to elude the vigilance of the foe. He, however, aware of our care, kept up a constant random

fire from the *Cabodello* and *Monte Castro* batteries; but it effected little or no damage. Marshal Solignac was one of the few sufferers. He was wounded in the shoulder by a spent ball, on board a small boat, when going off to a vessel in the roads, in which he was about to return to France, and he was obliged to put back in consequence; but the wound proving trivial, he got on board safely the following night, and soon after sailed for France.

The embarkation of the troops was completed on the 18th, but an additional supply of water was required for the squadron, and occasioned some further delay. I had been unattached since the dissolution of the Rifle Corps, but had joined the British regiment as volunteer whenever it had been engaged. On hearing of the intended expedition, I obtained permission to join it as volunteer, with the option of choosing the corps to which I would attach myself, and I consequently embarked on the 11th June with my friend Capt Vanzeller, who was appointed to command the marines on board the *Rainha*. Sartorius had not then quitted the squadron, but on the following night he left the *Rainha* in the gig, and went on board a French ship, in which he sailed for France. Admiral Napier, or rather Don Carlos de Ponza,

for so he chose to be styled, took off his hat as the boat in which Sartorius stood pushed off from alongside. The seamen crowded the tops and rigging of the various ships of the squadron and their shouts rent the air, as he waved his hand in adieu to the tars whose rights he had so nobly maintained. Anxiety and disappointment had somewhat impaired the health of this gallant officer, and this testimony of regard, which Heaven knows he deserved at their hands, appeared to affect him considerably. He continued standing in the stern of the boat and waving his hat till he mounted the French schooner which conveyed him from the shores of Portugal, where his valuable services had been repaid with insults and ingratitude.

On the 20th, every preparation being completed, we sailed southward with fair winds and delightful weather. Not a cloud was to be seen in the blue vault above us, and Neptune seemed to respect the uninitiated stomachs of our landsmen, so calm and placid was the surface of the ocean. The bands of the different regiments that composed our little armament played the most popular airs, and the harmony was echoed from ship to ship; the *tout ensemble* of the scene was delightful: now, from the distance, the sounds came murmuring on the

wide expanse, vibrating on the ear with whispering melody, and then with awful grandeur and dignity, the music reached you from the nearer ships. The troops who had been so long cooped up within Oporto seemed to have received a fresh existence. All was confidence and joy : none for a moment doubted of success. Don Carlos was constantly on the alert and in eager expectation of a rencontre with the enemy's squadron ; but on the 20th we rounded Cape St. Vincent without any interruption. He seemed exactly fitted to verify the expression he is said to have made use of to some friends on leaving London, that he would be in Heaven, Hell, or Lisbon, within a month. After rounding the Cape, the fertile province of Algarves offered its smiling expanse to our longing eyes. We coasted along and passed in succession the towns of Lagos, Faro, Tavira, and at length arrived off Villa Real. The country in the neighbourhood of these towns is a perfect garden. The aloes, the fig, the pomegranate, and all the rich specimens of southern vegetation grow there in wild and luxuriant confusion. We envied to indulge our long-prived appetites and the most extravagant hopes filled every breast. The ships were anchored at a short distance from the

shore to the westward of Villa Real, and we opened a tremendous fire upon the batteries that lined the coast. Not one of their shots touched us, while our guns were directed with terrible precision. The enemy's fire soon ceased, and the Duke of Tereira with 1,200 troops, accompanied by the Admiral and his first Captain Reeves, landed without any opposition, at about 6 o'clock in the evening. The enemy fled on the approach of the boats, and left us in quiet possession of Villa Real and its neighbourhood. Captain Reeves was the first who landed, and had the honor of first planting the constitutional standard in the province of Algarves. I and my friend Knyvett obtained permission to land with his detachment; Knyvett was senior Lieutenant of the marines afloat, but tired of the inaction of a sea life, he sent in his resignation, and begged to be allowed to land as a volunteer, which request was granted. The next day we marched onwards to Tavira; the heat was intense, and the early hours of the morning were chosen for our march. On arriving near Tavira, we were received with a volley from about 400 muskets. Some Royalist volunteers had awaited us in ambush and after discharging their pieces succeeded in effecting their retreat: a Portuguese Major who was

mortally wounded was the only person hurt. Tavira is a small town, containing about 2,000 inhabitants, well built and beautifully situated. It stands about a mile inland, with a chain of mountains in the rear; a small river runs through the centre, over which is thrown a very pretty stone bridge. The orange groves literally perfume the air, and the country around is blessed with the deep umbrage of the kind fig, whose luscious fruit invites you to refresh yourself. The roads, if such they may be called, are bordered by the spiked aloes, which grows here to a gigantic size and produces a very picturesque effect. Here we remained a day or two, and some deserters from the country joined us, but not in the numbers we had been led to expect. The rest of the troops were landed at this town, and the inhabitants seemed happy to receive them, but no enthusiastic demonstration succeeded our arrival. The town was illuminated, the inhabitants cried: "*Viva Dona Maria!*" and the cunning priests, seeing how affairs were likely to turn out, offered up masses for our success in the public churches; but I never saw in the whole course of my life a population so perfectly devoid of intelligence. They certainly understood that we were opposed to Don Miguel, but to pretend



to affirm that they could at all comprehend the advantages of a constitutional government, or even the nature of the dispute between the two brothers, would be absurd and ridiculous in the extreme. At Tavira a French officer whom I had known in France asked my friend and self to join their regiment, as we had not united ourselves to any; and we were introduced to the Colonel for that purpose. He received us very kindly and attached us immediately to the grenadier company as volunteers. Knyvett as Lieutenant and myself as Ensign. We proceeded next to Faro, about 7 leagues from Tavira. I am sorry to be obliged to record the gross misconduct of the French on our march thither. The poor peasantry came in crowds to complain of their property being plundered and their cottages wantonly destroyed. An immediate investigation on the subject was instituted, and the guilty were detected. They were ordered back to Oporto immediately, and a vessel fitted out to take them there. This was the greatest punishment that could be possibly inflicted on them : they dreaded a return to *ba-calhao* and all the privations of a besieged town; and altho' the loss of 200 men from our small force was certainly considerable, it was necessary that such characters should be removed

from a country where our great aim was to establish a good understanding between the natives and ourselves, and produce a favorable impression on their minds. The condemned entreated to remain, and promised amendment, but the sentence was executed, and they were forthwith sent back to Oporto. We had confidently expected to be opposed at Faro, but our expectations were disappointed. The enemy had retired from the town the day before our arrival, altho' their force equalled ours, and the occupation of the heights round Faro would have rendered our advance extremely dangerous. They left behind them 18 pieces of artillery and a proportionate quantity of ammunition, together with a man of war schooner and some other smaller armed vessels, whose crews had deserted them on our approach; all of which fell into our hands. I regret that I cannot pursue my narrative farther. I must take leave of my brave companions in arms, for I did not participate in the glory they have gained in their splendid progress from the Algarves to Lisbon. A letter that I received at Faro, through my friend Vanzeller, contained urgent reasons for my return home, and I arranged for my passage with the Captain of a Cork ship that was bound to London. Our passage home,

on account of bad weather and contrary winds, occupied 44 days, and consequently I did not hear of the brilliant successes of the constitutionalists until my return. My ears were then greeted by the glad tidings of Napier's victory, the victorious march of the Liberating army, the capture of Lisbon, the noble conduct of the inhabitants, together with the defeat of the great Bourmont at Oporto. Bourmont's talents and the shoal of Carlist officers that accompanied him, it was feared would have turned the balance in favor of their Miguelite cousins, but however the better cause has prospered. The redoubted Bourmont is defeated and disgraced, and Donna Maria sits upon the throne of Portugal. God grant her reign be prosperous, and that she may perfectly fulfill all the good expected of her! At this moment, when Bourmont's name is rendered so famous by his efforts in behalf of despotism, I may perhaps be excused for introducing a short sketch of his earlier career, which I do not think is generally known, and altho' perfectly unconnected with Portuguese affairs, it will stamp the man a traitor, a double black-hearted traitor; for he not only betrayed the cause in which he was engaged, but the friend who had advanced and protected him. I translate it from Genl. Gourgaud's journal.

“M. de Bourmont was placed in the army by the Prince de Neufchâtel. In 1813, when Genl. Grenier's corps arrived in Germany from Italy, he was attached to the staff of Marshal Maedonald, who commanded the 11th corps. On the renewal of hostilities in August, the 3<sup>rd</sup>, 5th, and 11th corps being placed under the orders of this Marshal, the command of the 11th, devolved on Genl. Gerard, and Bourmont was consequently employed near his person. In September of the same year, the Emperor near Bischofswerda, much pleased with the discipline of the 5th corps, granted to General Gerard a great number of rewards for the officers and soldiers. This General, seizing an opportunity where the Emperor so publicly testified his approbation, asked the grade of General for Bourmont, who was detained at Dresden by a wound. The renown that M. de Bourmont had acquired in Chouannerie was not of a nature to predispose the Emperor in his favor, but Genl. Gérard pleaded with so much warmth the devotion and good conduct of this officer, that the Emperor at length granted him the grade of General, which had been vainly demanded hitherto by Maedonald and Berthier.

“After the misfortunes which terminated this campaign, the Emperor having entrusted the

command of the Paris corps de reserve to Count Gérard, the latter, satisfied with the services of Mr. de Bourmont, again obtained for him the command of one of his brigades.

“In February 1814, the corps of Marshal Victor and general Gérard being obliged to cross over to the right bank of the Seine, and Gen<sup>l</sup>. Gerard, who brought up the rear, wishing to delay as much as possible the enemy’s passage of the Seine at Nogent, resolved to defend this open town by erecting barricades in the streets, fortifying the houses, etc. They had only a few hours for preparation : Gen<sup>l</sup>. Bourmont with two battalions was charged with its defence, and acquitted himself in a most brilliant manner. The enemy lost more than 2,000 men in the attack. M. de Bourmont was severely wounded. How many times since 1815 has he had reason to regret a death which would *have been glorious!* (\*)

“As soon as the Emperor was informed of the obstinate resistance of Nogent, he sent to Count Gérard the brevet of Gen<sup>l</sup>. of Division for M. de Bourmont. The Emperor, in giving him this rapid advancement, seemed to wish to

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(\*) How much more poignant should his vain regrets be now!

prove that he could reward splendid actions, and at the same time overcome his personal prejudices.

“At the Restoration, M. de Bourmont was called to the command of the military division at Besançon; Marshal Ney held the chief command in this part of France. M. de Bourmont was thus placed under his orders, a circumstance which at a later period produced the most unlucky result to both—Every body must remember the trial of the *Brave des braves*.

“During the Hundred days, M. de Bournont eagerly solicited the Minister of War to be actively employed in the army. Finding himself rudely repulsed by Marshal Davoust, he had recourse to his former chief, Gerard, but the latter could not conquer the repugnance of Davoust. Gerard then addressed himself directly to the Emperor, and seconded by Marshal Ney, Generals Flahaut and Labedoyere, he succeeded in obtaining for M. de Bourmont the command of one of the divisions of the 4th corps. The Emperor had been displeased with Bourmont for some opinions the latter had uttered in the salons of the Faubourg St.-Germain; but the Emperor greatly esteemed General Gerard—in him he saw united, character, talents, brilliant bravery and self possession in danger.

“Davoust in vain offered to the Emperor fresh objections; Bourmont was entrusted with the command of the 3<sup>rd</sup> division of the 4<sup>th</sup> corps, which was stationed at Metz. He soon after, in the commencement of April, set out for his post.

“The 4<sup>th</sup> corps, under the orders of Gerard, began to march on the 11<sup>th</sup> June, for the Sambre. On the 14<sup>th</sup> he halted at Philippeville; there he received orders from the Emperor to proceed to Catelet and cross the Sambre. Bourmont's division was in advance; his head quarters were at Fleurus, a village two leagues from Philippeville. On the evening of the 14<sup>th</sup> this General reconnoitred the ground in the greatest detail and issued all the necessary orders for the security of his troops and the next day's march.

“On the 15<sup>th</sup>, at 4 o'clock, the troops were under arms; at half past 5 M. de Bourmont mounted his horse, accompanied by the chief of his staff, Colonel Clouet, another officer of the staff, M. Villoutroys, and three aides de camp. Six hussars and a corporal served as escort. This party went forward, as if to reconnoitre the road; when about a league distant, General Bourmont sent back, under divers pretexts, two of the hussars to the commandant of the first brigade, and soon after

he dismissed the others, giving the corporal two letters for Count Gerard, and charging him to tell the General of the first brigade that he had gone to join Louis XVIII. This man saw him in parley with the Prussian advanced guard and pass over to the enemy with his officers.

“As soon as the loyal Gerard became acquainted with this event, he repaired at full gallop to the front of the 3<sup>rd</sup> division; the soldiers were animated with fury at the news. The General in chief confided the conduct of the division to Gen<sup>l</sup>. Hulot, who commanded the first brigade. At this moment, the officers and soldiers, who had been sent to receive the new Eagles, returned from the *Champ de Mai*. The General in Chief, in delivering them to the troops, after having expressed in very forcible terms his indignation at the conduct of Bourmont, said to them :

« Soldiers of the 3<sup>rd</sup> division, behold the new  
» Eagles that the Emperor trusts to your valor;  
» those of Austerlitz were worn out by fifteen  
» years of victory; now is the moment to give  
» fresh proofs of your brilliant courage. The  
» enemy is before you, the eyes of France on  
» upon you! »

“This discourse was received by long conti-



ned cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* The next day these same soldiers were conquerors at Fleurus.

“The Emperor, on the morning of the 16th, as soon as they were on the heights of Fleurus, went to the top of a mill which was situated on our right, for the purpose of reconnoitring more distinctly the position of the enemy. At that moment I perceived General Gerard, whose corps had passed the Sambre at Catelet. I informed the Emperor of it, and he ordered Gerard to be called to him immediately “Well, Gérard, “ said the Emperor, your famous Bourmont “ has returned to his Chouannerie; Davoust “ was right when he said that in the moment of “ danger that man would abandon us!” Gerard expressed to his Majesty how much he regretted having been the protector of that officer, but added; “he had conducted himself so well until “ then, he appeared to me so sincerely devoted to “ your Majesty, that any other in my place would “ have been equally deceived.” The emperor then repeated what he had previously said to Ney upon the same subject: *Les blancs seront toujours blancs et les bleus seront toujours bleus.*» He then took Gerard by one of his whiskers in a playful manner, and placed him before the window from whence he discovered the whole of the Prussian army, saying to him :

“ General in chief of the 4th corps, you see  
“ well beyond the ravine the village which  
“ forms the centre of the enemy ; take it for a  
“ directing point ; it is the key of their posi-  
“ tion : you are going to carry it.”

“ This village (Ligny) gave its name to the  
battle.”

Such is Bourmont—brave, talented, but dishonest. The Miguelites expected much from his military talents and the aid of their Gallic Carlist cousins ; but the glory of their name is past from them for ever. Spain may for a short time offer a rat-hole to the vermin, but they cannot long resist the stream of popular opinion. That tremendous tide will still roll on, and acquire accumulated force—Intellect will progress—The reign of priesthood and tyranny will fade away, and men will wonder how they have been so long deceived by such impudent impostors.

I might occupy many pages, before I conclude, in eulogy of my brave companions in arms, who have fallen under the walls of Lisbon and Oporto since I quitted the scene of action ; but their deeds have spoken for them so much, that my poor pen would only shame them. I cannot however pass unnoticed the unfortunae, death of poor Chinnock : had he fallen in the

battle field, we would rather have envied than regretted him; but alas! another fate was reserved for him. He had joined the constitutional cause at the commencement of the expedition, and quickly rose to the rank of Captain. He was esteemed both by his brother officers and the men who were so fortunate as to be under his command. At the battle of Ponte Ferrara, which occurred soon after the occupation of Oporto by the constitutional forces, he was severely wounded in the head. This he never recovered. He was always afterwards subject to wayward fits, which displayed a partial aberration of the mind. On the memorable 29th Sept. he was wounded in the sword arm, and never afterwards regained its perfect use. On other occasions he had been slightly wounded, and his decayed health requiring his return to England, he had made arrangements for that purpose, and on the passage homeward was drowned. The *Morning Herald* of the 20th Sept. contains the following paragraph, and the fatal news has since been confirmed by his friends whom I have known for years :

“ On the 3rd ult<sup>o</sup>, on his passage from Oporto  
“ to England, died capt. Samuel Chinnock,  
“ in the 31st year of his age. This indefati-  
“ gable and enterprising officer, after escaping



“ barely with life from all the the actions in  
“ which he had so gallantly distinguished him-  
“ self, accidentally met with a watery grave  
“ whilst leaning over the side of the vessel,  
“ during a violent gale of wind. ”

In the course of this little narrative, I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid political disquisitions. Occasionally, perhaps, I have been surprized into an avowal of my opinions; but in so doing, I hope that I shall not have shocked the prejudices of any individual. As I have already observed, the more momentous events that have lately occurred in Portugal, I have merely employed as vehicles for the conveyance of minuter occurrences and characteristic anecdotes. I do not consequently expect to be held responsible for trifling inaccuracies of detail; but I have endeavoured with impartiality to describe the Portuguese as I found them, and I leave it to my intelligent readers to judge if their condition would warrant the immediate possession of all the privileges of constitutional freedom. Some Enthusiasts expect them to bound at once from ignorance to wisdom, from slavery to freedom; but I think a little consideration would convince them of the futility of their hopes. Emerging from total darkness, as the Portuguese are now, the

dawn of day must break upon them ere they can encounter the glorious splendor of the noontide ; some progressive improvements must teach them the advantages and proper use of free institutions, or they will certainly abuse them. Other Theorists again would destroy all incentives to the world's advance. They ground their opinion upon precedents, and argue thus : Look at all other nations : they attain a certain pitch of glory and then decline. 'Tis true, yon Sun will reach his zenith, but he must as certainly set and leave you again in darkness : this ever has, and ever will be the case. But I answer fearlessly, no, no ! 'Tis true a nation governed by an oligarchy may attain a great degree of eminence by the fortuitous talent and virtue of its rulers ; 'tis true a despotic monarch from the same cause may effect the same ends ; in the converse, it will however fall, as rapidly as it rose. But in a truly constitutional government, 'tis the people's improvement that commands amelioration. The enlightenment of the mass and their consequent power is a security for the good conduct of their rulers. I cannot conceive a limit for the human intellect. In a highly civilized state of society, knowledge is constantly accumulating, and carefully stored up. The improvement of one age forms

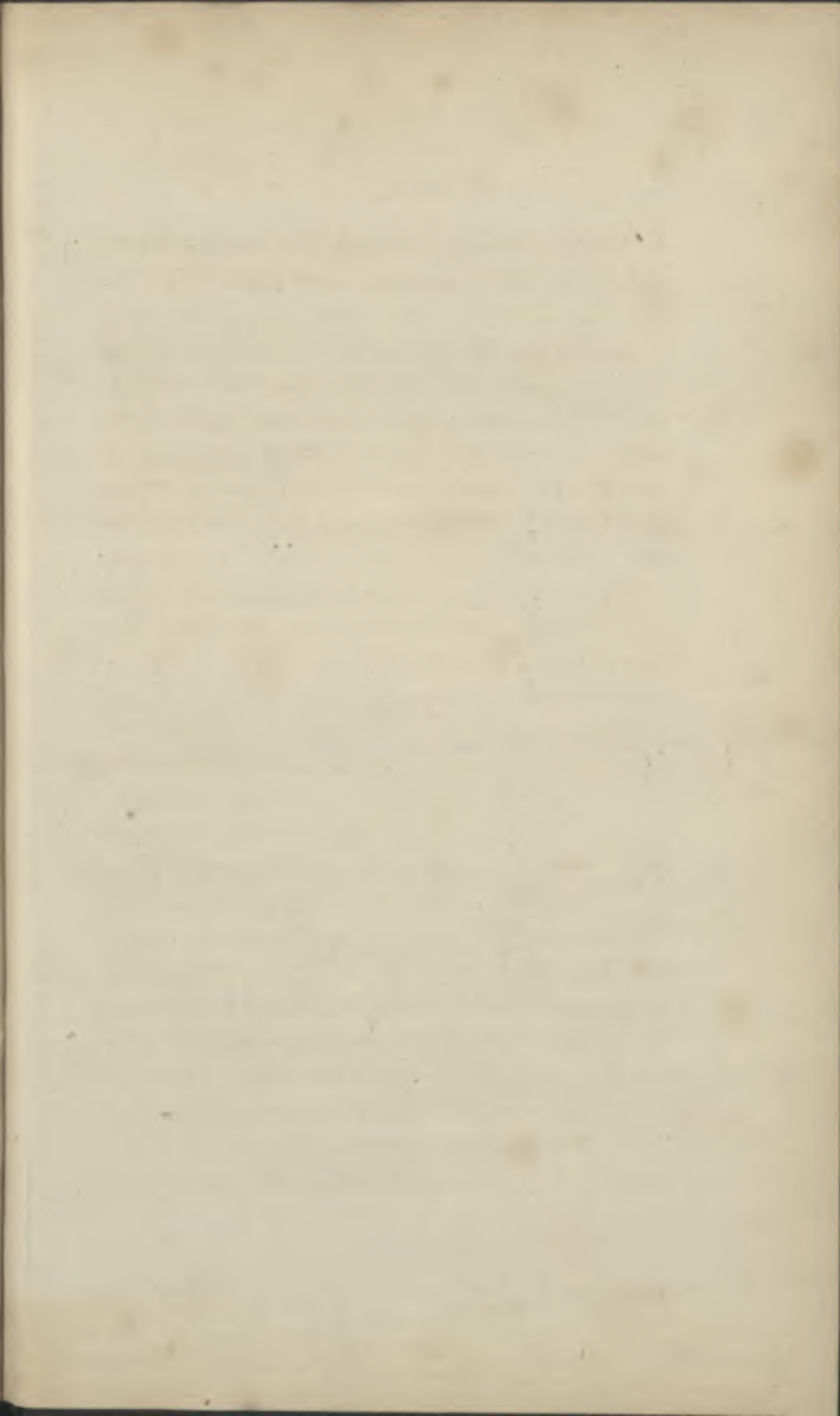
a step for the next, towards the completion of the ladder by which we shall mount to perfection.

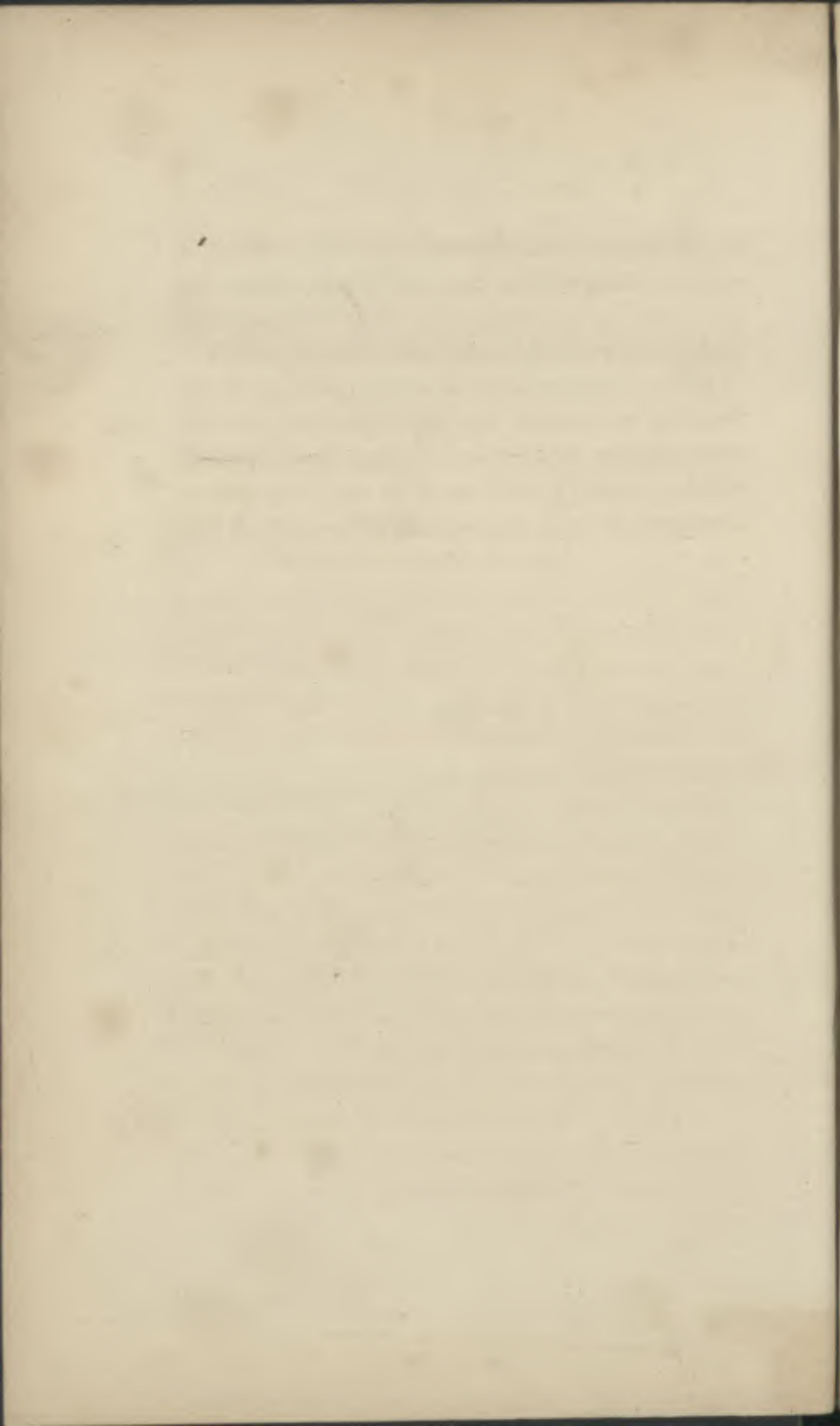
Before I write the word *Finis*, let me beg my kind friends who have subscribed so liberally to this little work, to accept my warmest thanks. I am sorry it is not more worthy their acceptance; but such as it is, I give it with a full confidence of lenient and generous readers.

FINIS.

H.G.  
28652

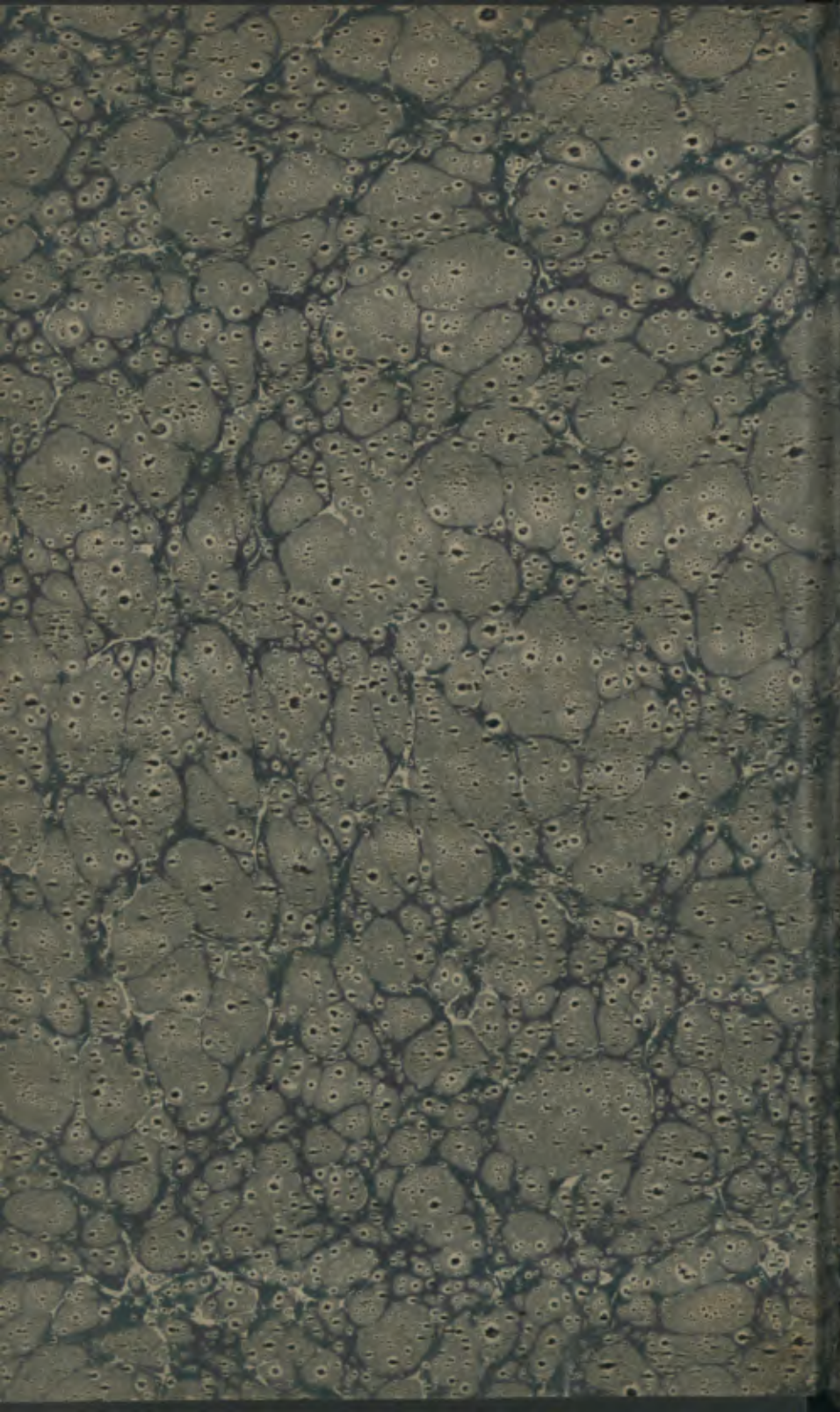


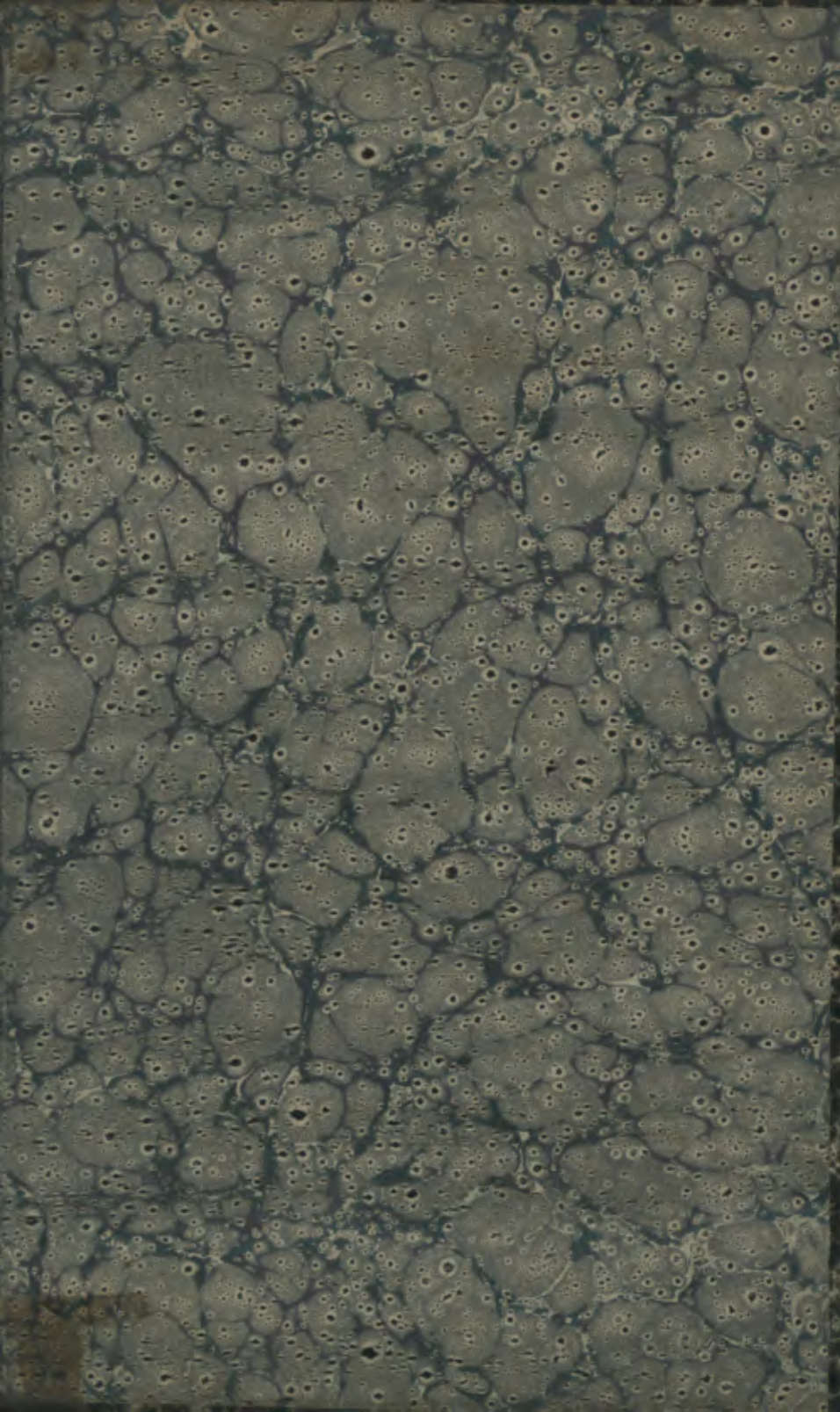












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