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SANTAREM;

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN THE INTERIOR OF



P O R T U G A L.

R. 34281

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INTRODUCTION.

A VOLUME illustrative of the manners and opinions of the interior of Portugal cannot, at the present critical moment in the affairs of that country, be an unacceptable offering to the public.

The sketches here presented to the reader ~~claim~~ no higher merit, than that of being faithful transcripts of the scenes from which they have been made ; and they exhibit in a desultory manner the state of Portuguese society disorganized by warfare.

The Author attempts merely to recount what incidentally presented itself to his observation ; he has followed no plan, nor has he formed any plot, at the conclusion of which the novel-loving reader has to arrive. But he flatters himself, that, slightly as he has developed the national character of the Portuguese of the interior, it will be sufficient to interest without story, when read at a period, like the present, of general excitation as to the prospects and fate of Portugal. Correct representations of manners and costume always possess a certain value. There is no story in any of Tenier's pictures ; but they have

always been valuable, and they retain their value because he painted manners.

The fidelity of the following sketches may be implicitly relied upon, and also that every incident did occur when and where it is recorded to have done so; but from motives, which will be duly appreciated, the real parties, among the Author's countrymen, who were the performers and persons concerned, are generally disguised, and in no instance named.

If any thing more ought to be said in the way of apology for an uncontrived and unpretending volume, professing the mixed pretensions of amusement and instruction, it may be enough to state, that it has been written during a period of much suffering, which required diversion, and precluded the Author from attending to graver pursuits.

London, 16th July, 1832.

SANTAREM;

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT MISTAKE ABOUT BOOKS—PERISHABLE AND DURABLE ARTICLES IN GENERAL, AND BOOKS IN PARTICULAR—ADDRESS TO THE READER—HOSPITAL MATE FOR GENERAL SERVICE—QUARTERS AT PORTSMOUTH—THE JOHN SMITH TRANSPORT—THE NANCY—EXCHANGE OF MONEY—PREPARATIONS FOR EMBARKATION.

IT is one of the cant phrases of the day, that the world is overstocked with books. If this were true, perhaps the complaint would not be so often urged as it is; but falsehood is generally clamorous. For my own part, I deny, not only the fact itself, but also the possibility of its occurrence. There never can be too many

books—not even too many bad ones. The more books the better—provided they are not too big.

There are two classes of commodities, which are daily brought forward in vast quantities; quantities, indeed, which appear incredible when summed up, (as, for certain purposes, they regularly are;) and, with the total of which, the wondering public is occasionally astounded, when the newspapers are not able to fill their columns with parliamentary warfare against time and space, and have exhausted their resources in point of editorial and contributory invention. It is *then* that such aids are called in, as the returns of Smithfield market; and every consumer of beef and mutton may find out, by a glance of the eye, how many bullocks or sheep have passed through his alimentary canal, and the other canals of his family.

Speaking *chemico-physically*, these two classes of commodities, whether raw or manufactured, are the *perishable* (and, if not the unperishable) the *durable*: and they may be tolerably illustrated, in this allusion to their nature, by the annexed examples. What is more perishable, or more completely dissipated, than fuel or food? It is true that these are, in fact, but separated

into certain constituent elements, which serve important purposes in the economy of nature ; but for a repetition of their *original* purposes, they are no longer fit : we cannot again burn the coals we have once burnt ; and we cannot again eat the beast we have already devoured.

Among the *durable* articles of commerce are the metals. Brass has been selected as an emblem of imperishability. How many articles, manufactured thereof, centuries ago, have come down to the present day, uninjured, nay, unaltered—as fit for use as ever, did we know how, or did we choose, to make use of them ! The *precious* metals, which it is next to impossible to wear out, and almost impossible to dissipate, furnish a problem, which, I believe, has never been solved ; and I fear it is one of the hidden things which, if ever brought to light, will be kept obscure until the period of general development shall arrive. What becomes of *them* ? Where is the gold that came from Peru even so lately as the time of Columbus and his successors ? Where is the silver that was carried triumphantly through the streets of London, in waggons, as the reward of the daring enterprise of Anson and his followers ? Have these been dissipated into gas, like so many cargoes of coal from Newcastle ?

Whither tends the current? Where is the magnet which attracts the mighty and unceasingly replenished mass? It leaves *us*, and we cannot trace *it*.

In the same class, many will be disposed to include books—and thence to infer the circumstance of their durability and accumulation. But there are facts to be brought forward, in opposition to this inference. It is true that paper (if taken good care of) will last long; and that thoughts, through this medium of preservation, may be co-existent with the paper:—but what is the true state of the case? How many copies of any *celebrated* work, printed even fifty years ago only, are to be found? Or what proportion would copies extant (if such a scrutiny could be instituted) be found to bear to those of the lost or destroyed? How many works committed to *parchment*, how many *velum* MSS., are now in existence, notwithstanding the still more durable material of which such are composed? ‘Rare books,’ (as they are, with *literal* truth, called,) have hardly, in a single instance, been preserved on account of their native, moral, or intrinsic worth,—but generally through some fortuitous concurrence of circumstances,—with which regard for their contents has ‘rarely’ indeed had any thing to do.

The wear and tear, the destruction and dissipation, or disappearance, of books is greater than we imagine—and the fate of books of *amusement*, with very few exceptions, is such, as fully to entitle them to the epithet '*ephemeral*.' Reprints but seldom fall to the lot of such; and many are the writers who, like myself, aspire to no more than one edition; which *may*, perhaps, according to the custom of the times, be noticed in the columns of those journalists who look to the entertainment as well as the instruction of the public.

It is, perhaps, a matter of minor consequence, but our affairs are not constituted of *grandeurs*; and if we put little matters together, with some degree of care and attention, should it even be without great excellence or skill, it may be safe to publish. I would not encourage every man who has gone beyond the view of his native chimney, to attempt to *amuse* the world, by offering his observations; but as so many *do* travel, or wander, into unusual scenes, in countries whose economy differs greatly from our own, it must, in these days of fictitious tale and fictitious narrative, go for something, to be able to vary the ordinary business of *a peruser's* life, by an occasional dip into a page of downright matter of fact.

For my own part, it would be politic to bespeak the good will of the reader, concerning details that have arisen out of occurrences. I hardly know whether I could form a plot, and act it out in the prescribed variety of character: but, upon the present occasion, I am not going to make the attempt. Places, persons, and events have often presented themselves to others, along with me; but probably—nay, certainly—they did not view them with the same eye; and I have been frequently surprised, as well as entertained, afterwards, at the effect of my own descriptions, or allusions, upon the very individuals who had been my companions on the occasion.

To some *who have lived* in my own time, the following recollections may not be unpleasing; to others, who may hereafter be placed in similar circumstances, they may prove useful. But I hope few will derive annoyance, and no one injury, from the perusal. It will, perhaps, be seen, that, however men may be shaped to pattern in their habits and avowed principles, by the master-hand of compulsion, there are good, bad, and indifferent among all; and that even in ranks where manifest *depravity* cannot long be suffered, faults, defects, and vices will be found.

One conclusion I have drawn from observation; and (although it may be an erroneous one) I shall venture to record it here. As to *adventures* in real ordinary life, (setting aside situations characteristically dangerous—such as active campaigns, and travelling among uncivilized people,) few meet with such, who are not themselves deviations from the *temper* and habits of those, who ought to be the only persons legally privileged to go abroad among strangers. Most adventures are either disasters, or disagreeable events at least; and, like misfortunes, we are more frequently the causes of them than we may imagine to be the case.

In the autumn of 1812, I found myself, for the second time, in the strong town of Portsmouth, under orders to proceed to Lisbon, as a medical officer of the staff. And, oh! kind reader, suffer me here to pause, and deplore the prospect which was then immediately before me. Sad, indeed, is the lot of a young man, nurtured in the lap of science and literature, when first setting out in *this* service of his country. His best exertions are paralyzed, his most ardent and zealous designs are chilled, by the circumstance of having every thing to do for himself. He is hurried

from those peaceful scenes and pursuits, with which he had hitherto been familiar, to a bustling garrison town; where each individual *employé*, from the commandant to the sentinel, is wrapt up in a most discouraging sense of his own importance, and will rarely furnish either that assistance or information, for the express purpose of furnishing which they are there posted. The poor solitary *Hospital Mate* finds his way to the chief of the medical staff; and if he has the luck to find in him a person of courteous demeanour and man of business, his report of his identity and designation is registered by a clerk, and he is thence despatched to the other heads—namely, the adjutant-general or town-major, to tell the same story—to the quarter-master general, with a requisition for a passage—to the agent for transports, on a similar errand; and, having done all, he is given to understand, that he may have some days to wait ere an opportunity of proceeding will occur.

In the mean time, he is without funds. The prospect of an extravagant and distrustful hotel drives him in search of a humble and economical lodging; which he obtains at a double price: that, however, and the advance of a week's rent, are but bubbles in comparison to the snipery of

the Crown, George, or Fountain hotels; or even the Blue Posts, or Star and Garter; all eager enough to accommodate the new red coats, the pockets of which are sure to be furnished with Spanish ballast, ere the hour of absolute departure shall arrive. Having secured a room, say at Mrs. Gobble, the milliner's, in High-street, our neophyte returns, to register the same at the inspector's office; and is there informed that notice has been received of the appointment of the *John Smith* to carry out medical officers. He is advised by the clerk to lose no time in seeing the captain of the vessel, for the complicated but important purposes of acquiring accurate intelligence concerning the time of sailing, securing a good berth, and laying in necessaries for the voyage. The inexperienced victim goes straight-forward to the ship; which he finds with little difficulty, somewhere in the harbour. A fine vessel, with spacious accommodation—a very civil mate—the master on shore—likely at the Old Ship in Portsea, where he is recommended to seek him. In due course, he finds out the master, who knows nothing of the arrangement about taking out troops to Lisbon, till informed of it by the officer: seems to wonder, (being but just arrived, that tide, from the

Mediterranean :) however, if so, can't help it—advises his informant to get all his things on board as soon as possible, as there *may* be a convoy *waiting*, and they *may* sail at five minutes' notice. Our harassed youth loses not a moment in repairing to Mrs. Gobble's, to pack his trunks, and remove them on board the John Smith; where, as yet, there is not the slightest indication of any preparative for departure. On the contrary, the crew is leisurely occupied in discharging certain stores, and dismantling certain parts of the rigging. The mate informs him that he had no occasion to have been in such a hurry—but that, as he had brought his things on board, they would be stowed away till wanted—that there was no possibility of his remaining on board himself—and that he must sleep on shore, till he got orders for a passage.

Vexed, disappointed, hungry, and weary; seven or eight shillings out of pocket by boating, and now divested of every article of personal convenience but what is upon his back—he returns to the shore, and pays through the nose for a tough beef-steak, and a dose of abominable grog; and now, as the alternative, returns to Mrs. Gobble, to whom, a few hours before, he had paid fifteen shillings for a week's shelter. That

good lady displays utter amazement at his reappearance; understood he had given up his lodgings—most unfortunate event—he had not been gone an hour till another gentleman took them, who was then actually in the house! All true enough. With much ado the considerate old lady gets him a garret in a neighbour's house, where he is kept awake, the greater part of the night, through the closeness of the little apartment, and the multitude of *tiny* lodgers already in possession. He drops into a sound sleep towards morning; and, at an early hour in the afternoon, pays his diurnal visit to the inspector's office, where he is informed that the John Smith is *not* the vessel by which he is to sail; and that he must embark forthwith on board the *Nancy*, already under orders to join convoy at Weymouth, and on board of which he will find several officers of the staff, commissariat, and others.

The Nancy lies in Stoke's Bay; and his effects are all on board the John Smith, off Portsea Common Hard. Transfer must be made *instantly*: another obstacle presents—the last shilling is gone! Two months' pay, however, is to be advanced; and the bill being drawn and approved by the inspector, is presented at Messrs. Grant's counter, and duly cashed. He

has not proceeded far towards the said Common Hard, (recollect, in full scarlet, cocked hat and sword, with waist-belt, &c. all bran-new and imposing,) when a tolerably decent, but somewhat swarthy-looking gentleman accosts him most respectfully, (just as the last sentinel he has to pass raps smartly the butt-end of his fire-lock,) and after saying "Fine-a'ternoon, thir," inquires, in a most submissive manner, whether 'the *Captain*' be not going to Portugal? "I am," is the impatient, if not haughty reply. "Then, if you are not provided wid Spanith coin, I thould be 'appy to accommodate you, on the moth avantagith termth." "Spanish money! why, I suppose English money is as good in Portugal as Spanish." "Yeth, thir, ath *good*—ath far ath it goth—but Porthmouth noteth are not worth more nor 'alf their walew—but if you chooth to change them for dollars, I can tharve you at an advantage." The wily Jew persuades him to what he wants; and the inexperienced lad parts with Messrs. Grant's dirty paper, for so many still dirtier pieces of metal, at the rate of six shillings or six shillings and sixpence per dollar, in order to secure himself against gross deception on reaching Lisbon, where the dollar is current at five shillings, and issued at four

shillings and sixpence to the army. I speak of the era under consideration. Oh the misery, of which receiving advanced pay was the never-failing foundation! Young officers! endeavour, by all possible means—strive even to accomplish impossibilities—but avoid taking an advance of pay. Live on your rations. You are fed, (sorrily, perhaps, but sufficiently for the wants of nature,) from the moment you step on board a ship; and if you land in a scene of temptation to luxurious indulgence, without the means of gratification, so much the better for you. By the time pay comes, you will have obtained some knowledge of your situation, and, if you *can* be taught caution, you will have learnt it. That consummation will be enjoyed by you long ere more necessitous, or less self-denied acquaintances can hope to share in it; and *when* it comes! you are a man to be envied: but to return.

The purse and skirt pockets being loaded with provision from Manuel Levi's shop, our new-comer repairs to the John Smith, and thence proceeds on the distant and almost undefined voyage to Stoke's Bay. There are many vessels lying in that beautiful retreat; and not fewer than four of these bear the name of *Nancy*: having hailed one, he is told that she is not

bound for Lisbon; and is asked what sort of vessel he is in quest of — “Is she a *ship*?” “Yes, to be sure; you do not suppose I am come here to look for a stage coach?” replies our half-exasperated landsman, at this apparently stupid question. But he can obtain no farther information. He goes on board; and finds that, *Nancy* though she be, (as the name on her stern informs all the fowls in the air, and fish in the sea,) they know nothing of him, or his brother officers, or Weymouth, or convoy, or troops at all. Returning to his boat, the waterman informs him that “this isn’t a transport,” and so they hail another vessel with something more like precision, “Transport ahoy!” “Hilloa!” “What’s your name?” “The Rowland!” “Do you know where the *Nancy* lies!” “What is she, a *ship*?” Again the affronted officer was about to give a retort, when the boatman put the same question to him, *solo voce*, asking how she was rigged? how many masts she had? &c. But Hospital-mate Newman could not tell, nor did he know her number. “Then we must board every transport we come to in the fleet, till we find her.” She is found at last, and proves to be a small and uncomfortable brig; answering in all respects to description,

if not to expectation. Five officers are already embarked; orders have been received to admit another; and also to sail for Weymouth, the instant the wind will serve. At present it is w. s. w. or thereabout, and sailing is a physical impossibility. Our adventurer places all but himself upon the quarter-deck of the brig *Nancy*, number 76, and returns, in his boat, to lay in stock for the voyage; which, indeed, he would have reconciled himself to go without, had he not stood somewhat in awe of the aspect of messmates, and been stimulated by the view of certain coops and their inhabitants, as well as of hampers, and joints of beef and mutton, hanging over the taffrail.

CHAPTER II.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY—AN OVER-LAND JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AT PLYMOUTH—SELLING AND BUYING—ARRIVAL AT LISBON.

THE shore is regained ; and, after a weary search, the prog is purchased, at every disadvantage ; which, in the first instance, forms an encumbrance. There is not much, to be sure : the officer is young, and makes no great pretension. He calculates on fourteen days at sea, and regulates his supply, according to the probable daily exigence, thus—Ship's rations, and four days' sickness, sepersede *every thing* : but, as *comforts*, there are two legs of mutton, six cabbages, one half sack of potatoes, a dozen bottles of porter, half a dozen bottles of wine, and three quartern loaves, which form the extent of the defence thus made against the dread of singularity, rather than that of starvation : and this (slender and economical as it may appear) lightens materially the silver

cargo of the pockets. It gets towards night: the wind continues obstinate; fatigue overpowers the harassed traveller, and he recollects Mrs. Gobble's rent being paid. He determines, therefore, rather to risk another night on shore, than enter, in the dark, upon a second aquatic expedition in search of the *Nancy*. The boat is re-engaged for the following morning, and the prog is consigned to the waterman; *Hospital-mate Newman* having arranged all important preliminaries, and resolved to embark at day-break, gets his dinner, and passes his evening the best way he can, reposing where he had been the night before. All is snug, and his anxieties, as well as his body, are now at rest.

Through that convenient apprehensiveness, however, which often lurks in the fancy, while the profounder faculties are divested of all degree of action, he sleeps slightly—rises repeatedly—is perplexed by the moon, which, while not furnishing him with light sufficient to tell the hour upon his watch, shines, nevertheless, in a manner closely resembling the approach of day, for many hours before sun-rise—he lies down again, and drops into a somewhat more pleasing slumber, ornamented with dreams of a majestic entrée to the noble Tagus, and contact with the

magnificent objects that crowd its banks—until interrupted by the morning gun, fired from the ramparts. Up starts our hero, who dresses hastily, and sallies forth. Boat nor boatmen can be found for nearly two hours ; but, at length, the less ardent acquaintance of the previous day makes his appearance, with the satisfactory intelligence that the wind has not shifted, and that the brig remains where she was. He may go safely and breakfast ; for the boat and its commander being expressly engaged for his service, the skipper will keep a look out, and hail him, should there be any sign of a move.

In the middle of his repast, at the coffee-room nearest the water, the said skipper enters, with the agitating intelligence, that a *ship-mate* has just come ashore, who told him that a transport brig was getting under weigh ; and this news is followed by confirmation, concerning the now actual quarter of the wind. Half-fed and half-frightened, he throws down a dollar for his miserable half-finished meal, and, without waiting for change—the delay of calculating the actual value of the coin being too formidable to risk—he gains the boat ; and the boat gains the buoyant crowd at Spithead.

His Nancy, however, is no longer there ; and

a good-natured fellow, keeping anchor-watch in another vessel, informs them that she had dropped down to the Mother-bank. Well, that is not very far off, and the wind serves. The sails are hoisted, and, in a mingled mood of disappointment and expectation, our traveller calculates on boarding the object of his solicitude, yet in good time.

But, alas! the Mother-bank is almost as innocent of shipping as the Lake of Killarney. In the distance, a square-rigged vessel is discerned making her way towards the Needles—and the technical eye of the waterman convinces him that she is '*the chase.*' A brief consultation leads to the inference, that they are sure to come up with her, because the people on board will see that the boat is after *them*, and will, of course (knowing a passenger to be left behind) shorten sail, or lie to. A bargain is struck—one guinea to be paid in the event of success; and half the sum, if disappointed. More sail is set, and more anxiety is unavailingly employed to aid the breeze, but in vain. They never get near enough to render any signal, such as waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in the slightest degree attractive to the objects of their pursuit. Hurst Castle is passed; and the chalky pinnacle, upon which a

large assembly of cormorants seem to testify surprise at the circumstance of a wherry carrying a single officer out to the boisterous channel, in the very depth of war, and into the centre, probably, of lurking nimble privateers. All is desperate! Cruel *Nancy* proceeds down Channel, evidently enlarging the originally hopeless distance between her and her *suitor*; whom seasickness, cold, and wet, have, by one o'clock in the afternoon, disabled even from reproaching the real cause of all this misfortune—the cunning, and smooth-spoken, but mercenary scoundrel, in whose power he is now so completely. Had *he* done his duty, the embarkation might have been effected with great ease, ere the vessel had lifted her anchor.

What is to be the remedy? Something, of course, under such circumstances, worse than the disease! To return—but *not* to Portsmouth. What could he say for himself there? The only redeeming point in his story is that which adds to the misery of his situation in no small degree. All his baggage is shipped—and the sea-stock is in the boat; an additional source of embarrassment! A consultation is again held; and the dispirited voyager agrees to be put on shore at Southampton, thence to follow overland to Wey-

mouth; and the boatman accommodates him, by taking *the stock*, and any thing for a convenience, instead of payment, in the *hope* of disposing of it at Portsmouth somehow or other. That is to say—he accepts

	£	s.	d.
Three fresh cabbages, which cost . . .	0	1	6
Three loaves	0	2	3
Two legs of mutton	0	18	0
Half a dozen of wine	3	0	0
A dozen of porter	0	18	0
And a stock of potatoes	0	8	0
<hr/>			
Amounting to	£5	7	9

instead of 10s. 6d. in cash!—after having been employed and liberally paid during several days by his victim.

Late in the evening, our wanderer embarks in a coach which takes him to Salisbury: there, after several hours of gnawing impatience, exposed to the rude gaze and even impertinent hints of waiters at the inn where he omitted to call for refreshments for which he felt no desire, and where he had to run the chance of not finding a place in the London and Exeter coach to Dorchester, he at length does find an *inside* berth in the mail, at a rate of payment cruelly injurious to the consumptive state of his pecuniary constitution; but

there is no alternative. At Dorchester, the delay for the branch coach to Weymouth is not great; and he does, poor fellow, find both an appetite and time to satisfy it. Perched on the roof of the vehicle, which he more than hopes will convey him to the end of his troubles, he reaches that boundary of upland which skirts the "downs" of our southern counties, ere we descend to the level that joins the margin of the sea. Accordingly, from Ridgway Hill, he is regaled with a full view of that wart of the British island, called *Portland*, sheltering from the English Channel the small but pretty bay of Weymouth; in which he, with more confidence than warrantability, had calculated on finding his *Nancy*. But, alas! a few pleasure or fishing boats are all that the surface of the placid bay afford, to prove the purposes for which a body of water is intended. Not a single ship! ay—no fleet—no convoy!

Upon descending from the coach, he is authentically informed, that the whole had sailed on the preceding evening for Plymouth; where *doubtless* they would rendezvous for a few days, and that he could, under the circumstances, do nothing so wise as to hasten forward. All considerations having hastily passed in review, he loses no time in returning up Ridgway to Dor-

chester—there, after two disappointments, towards the following noon, he obtains a seat in the Slap-bang for Exeter, whence he must get to Plymouth as he can. At this mixture of beauty and force, of warlike bustle and native tranquillity, in time, though not in *due* time, Mr. Newman arrives, and, reduced to his last Spanish dollar, worn out in mind and person, disgusted with the king, the commission, the red-coat, cocked-hat, epaulette, and richly mounted sword, which had contributed to make his adventures, woes, and disappointments, matters of immense attention to all the ostlers on the road from Southampton, while they precluded the slightest chance of sympathy, or the slightest proffer of compassionate, i. e. gratuitous assistance or information—hungry, and weary, a stranger, (for our friend is north of the Tweed,) he is ready to blaspheme, in spite of all the sanctity of his education, when he learns that no convoy or fleet, bound to Lisbon or any where else, had been in the Sound, or Cawsand bay, or any other precinct of the station, for a fortnight. A number of vessels had been seen passing, far outside the Eddystone, down channel with a fair wind, the day before; and, no doubt, this was the fleet from Weymouth, the *Nancy* among the rest, who

would be cursed fools for looking in any where else, unless they had positive orders. Even had he been *assured* of a passage at Falmouth, Dr. John Newman could have gone no farther—he was *done*!

In all the effulgence of his rank and pretensions, just described, he leant against a gun, and was about to call a council of his melancholy and desolate faculties, when he was ordered by a sentry to remove. “You manna bide there, sir?”—The accent attracted his notice, and he looked at the speaker, who was clad in the Highland uniform—and repeated, “It’s contrar’ to orders to meddle wi’ the guns.” “Are you a Scotchman?” said Newman, retiring from the prohibited contact. “Yes, sir,” was the reply, carrying arms to the officer. “So am I,” “Are ye, sir? but our orders are against a’ nations—naebody but the gun-folk daur touch the guns.” “My good lad, what regiment do ye belong to?” “The—the—but its agen orders to speak upo’ my post.” “Is there an inspector of hospitals here? A general doctor?” “Oh aye.” “Thank you;” and he tendered a small piece of silver that yet floated among the wreck of his fortune, which his young countryman refused to accept.

He bent his way to the town of Dock, now

known by another name, housed himself in the first inn, the exterior aspect of which promised repose after a period of such weariness; resolved on the morrow, if no other means offered of recruiting his finances, to sell sword and epaulette, or both; but purporting, in the first instance, to present himself to the senior medical officer of the station, and state his case. "Surely," said he, "he *must* do something to relieve me, should he put me even upon duty here—*impossibilities* cannot be wrought; and I cannot starve."

The night's rest, and the economical meal furnished by the 'Edgecumbe Arms,' amounted almost exactly to the extent of his treasury; leaving only a few halfpence for waiter, chambermaid, and boots. These he could not offer, and was fain to sally forth, under their united censure of all mean, shabby, spunging army scoundrels, who, notwithstanding their fine scarlet coats and epaulettes, were not fit to swab after the generous open-handed blue-jackets. Something of this nature reached his comprehension; but it had merely the united effect of hindering him from inquiring *there* for the abode of the personage of whom he was in quest; and of hastening his progress towards a bookseller's

shop, in which he obtained the information he wanted.

To the gentleman in question, he found access without the slightest difficulty; and by him was received with great politeness, if we may not call it kindness. Being seated, he was asked to partake of the breakfast, then on the table; and, after a few preliminary questions, such as related to the period of his arrival, the place whence he had been despatched, the nature of his journey, &c., he opened his business. The story being artlessly told, and in several particulars substantiated by written documents, and circumstances that could not have been invented, excited the curiosity and attention of the inspector during its progress, and at the close provoked his laughter.

Young as John Newman was, he had a sort of instinctive power of observing that the laugh was any thing but one of disapprobation, and rather the irresistible effect of perceiving that there had been much ado about nothing; and that it augured not ill for him. "And so, Doctor Newman! you have arrived all the way from Dundee at Plymouth, without a farthing in your pocket, or a rag but what is on your back—and have yet, in the same plight, to get

on to Lisbon! What is to be done?" "God knows! Can you do nothing for me?" "What shall I do, if I can?" The adventurer could throw no light upon the matter. "You have already drawn pay in advance?"—"Two months." "That is so far unfortunate; for, otherwise, I could have put you in the way of going on for the present, till orders concerning your disposal can arrive from London. Have you any friend there who would cash a small bill, were you to send up one?"—"My father would, but he is in Dundee." "To take up farther advances upon your pay, in any case, would be next to ruinous; but, to set your mind as much at rest as possible, draw upon your father at three days' sight, for a small sum sufficient to maintain you here for a few days, and I trust I shall be able to get you a passage to Lisbon; provide also for a change of necessaries, but do not calculate upon stock for the voyage. Let me have the bill, and dine with me at five; when I shall have it in my power to tell you more about it." Poor N. was obliged to borrow from his chief the very money for the stamp; but having done so, and handed the bill over, he sallied forth to view the beauties of Hamoaze, and the wonders of parts adjacent.

In the course of his stroll, he had occasion to inform himself of the hour ; for which purpose, he pulled out his watch. The instrument was of silver ; but there was appended to it a massive gold chain, and three or four seals, which in better days had cost a matter of twelve or fifteen pounds. “ And of what use is all this likely to be *now* ? Temptation to thieves and plunderers—and perhaps Mr. G—— may not be able to get my bill cashed ; or my father may be offended at my troubling him again, after we thought accounts were closed. I will sell these, by way of making sure. If I am detained here, I can take a cheap lodging, and live upon hard boiled eggs till pay comes round.” He enters a jeweller’s shop, and presents his ware. There are few who have had occasion to act in a similar manner, who require to be reminded of the great difference in aspect, of a shopkeeper of this stamp when applied to *to buy*, and applied to *to sell*. In the former case, the offerer is suspected to be a thief, from which, to be sure, dress and other circumstances screened our hero on the present occasion ; and no *gentleman* enters either a pawnbroker’s or a silversmith’s in quest of pecuniary accommodation, without absolute degradation—he stands at their bar, a suspected, if not an

accused felon; and not unfrequently finds it necessary to retire with his *honest*, though *imprudent* purpose, uneffected, to save himself from impertinent queries, if not from the undiluted interrogatories of a magistrate; and this does not arise from a nice sense of integrity on the part of the person applied to, but from apprehension that he may be made a party to some transaction which may bring himself into trouble.

Whereas, *a customer* is quite another thing. Had Newman wanted *to purchase* chain and seals, hundreds of pounds' worth of precious metal would have been spread before him in all fashions and devices. As it was, his application hardly met with a reply; the articles were carried into a back shop, from whence a voice issued, saying, "£2.—not more. We will give you £2. for them as *old gold*."—"Old gold! why, they were all newly purchased within these six months." "May-be, Sir; but as chain and seals, they are of no use to us." After some fruitless observations on Newman's part, he thought proper to take the money, and bought a watch-ribbon for 1s., which answered the purpose as well as the chain; which, in a few days, the conscientious Mr. Broach disposed of to a

lieutenant of a man-of-war, (who arrived after a four years' cruise,) for £6; and the seals in a few weeks, to parties similarly situated, for more than twice as much. So flourishes commerce—and dealing, all the world over, is but a soft term for roguery.

However, to conclude our digression, five o'clock came, and with it Mr. Inspector G's guest, whom he had the pleasure of informing that the Saracen sloop of war was expected hourly from the eastward, to call on her way to the Tagus—that the admiral had promised him a passage on board of her—and that the bill was cashed. Such a flood of good news raised the spirits of our harassed son of disappointment.

The Saracen came to anchor in the Sound that very evening—sent a boat on shore for orders—received the Doctor into her hospitable gun-room—sailed early next morning—conveyed him safely, agreeably, and speedily to Lisbon; where he had, after all, the luck to arrive two days before the *Nancy*, or any of the fleet which he had been so ruefully engaged in hunting down Channel! Of course, he lost little time in regaining his baggage; and in answer to some impertinent observation by the captain, on the sub-

ject of losing his passage, had wit enough to reply, that he should have been a fool to have sailed in a tub, when a king's ship was at his service.

CHAPTER III.

STAFF AND REGIMENTAL OFFICERS COMPARED—
 THE GUARDS AT SPITHEAD—MR. JONATHAN
 COURTNEY—THE SCARECROW AND RATTIER—
 THE SCARECROW'S BOATS—ENSIGN * * *, ALIAS
 DON SILENTIO—HIS JOURNAL—SOME EXTRACTS
 THEREFROM.

SUCH, Mr. Reader, is a sketch of the miseries undergone not unfrequently by young officers belonging to the general *staff* of the Peninsular army, in the days of Portsmouth prosperity: and we have, in addition to the reason which the character, complexion, and matter of the subsequent pages will produce as the prominent one, selected the *medical* department, for the purpose of furnishing the example; because we have thereby been enabled to present a portion of the real adventures which befell a young gentleman in similar circumstances; and also because the collateral members of another, which may be

denominated the feeders of the army, by dint of a little omission, which may be styled ledger *de langue*, not unfrequently contrived to pass for "GENERALS;" in which they were mightily aided by certain long white-feathers, nondescript trappings of sometimes curious variety, on occasions of quarters, and distribution of other comfortable things. Happy, happy is the *regimental* officer: he has *nothing* to think about but his claims. The quarter-master arranges ship, conveyance of baggage, embarkation at the proper moment; the pay-master knows his financial concerns, and settles with him; the adjutant designates his duty; and some practised brother makes a proper and economical purchase of provisions for all who are to embark in the same bottom, and apportions the daily consumption of the party. In this sort of movement, he has nothing to do with government stores, or garrison authorities. The commanding-officer stands between him and every thing in the shape of usage, regulation, or etiquette; the orders received are few, clear, and seldom altered, or contradictory; he has no new responsibilities thrust upon his inexperienced shoulders—he does what *one* person, *one old* acquaintance, *one* friend (in all probability) bids him and many

others do ; and, go where he may, or placed as he may chance to be, his world, his household, are ever with him—he, sharing as they do ; and they, faring just as he does.

Let us now suppose ourselves once more in Portsmouth, and about, for *a second time*, to look all the risks in the face, which we have seen our friend from the north compelled to encounter ; but with the knowledge in our possession, of that very gentleman's manner of setting out, and all the experience that could be gained from some eighteen or twenty months' existence as an *hospital-mate for general service*.

For my own part, I came from a distant part of the kingdom, in which I had been upon detached duty, since my unexpected and unwished-for return from Lisbon, in charge of an hospital ship, the preceding winter. It is necessary to be thus explicit in what may be looked upon as little circumstances ; as, in the sequel, I purpose to introduce matter of some *general* interest which was produced by them.

I found a considerable fleet rendezvoused at Spithead, and upon the neighbouring anchorage, on board of which the Life Guards and Oxford Blues had been embarked more than a fortnight. As far as they were concerned, all arrangements

were definitively made; and with them I could expect to have nothing to do; as they had their own complement of medical officers, and all supernumeraries, already appointed. Though the streets were daily crowded with these gay meteors from St. James's and the Horse Guards, they were residing on ship-board; to the profound annoyance of many a tall fellow, who had left his chandler's shop, or public-house, in the care of the worthy matron, whom, when he married, he had considered himself settled for life; and who (seldom having rubbed down with his own hands the coal-black steed, which now panted and languished, and rubbed its excoriated shoulders, rump, and hips in the contracted space allotted to it in the hold even of the most roomy transport) was now compelled to groom, and litter down, and feed, and every way administer to the necessities of, the animal, which (there can be little scandal in the surmise) was, at the time in question, likely to prove a more efficient soldier than himself. Why the Household brigade was sent from the street-duties of Westminster, we refer to the annals of the time to reveal; but, whatever befell those who were despatched upon that occasion, we are proud to say, that the cuirassiers of England are now the finest troops in Europe.

Remounts of cavalry, for all the horse-regiments in the Peninsula were daily arriving at this time, and detachments also of infantry. This gradually enlarged the number of the fleet, and rendered it necessary for the inspector of hospitals to distribute *his* force, as he judged it most likely to be available. After a few days' delay and anxiety, I was ordered to repair on board the Scarecrow, No. —, and report myself to the military officer in command of the detachments which were to sail in her. I was also to obtain, from a hulk lying in Cold Harbour—serving as store, office, and residence to the worthy Mr. Jonathan Courtney, now of Regent Circus, and then apothecary to the forces—a detachment medicine - chest; the contents of which I was to share with a brother mate, whose destination was to another ship, belonging to the same fleet. The order for shipping the chest was peremptory; but no means were forthcoming in aid. I was told to employ a boat from the transport. 'Yes,' thought I, if I can get one; but by the time I find the transport, she will be hanging at single anchor, with a pilot on board, and the master more likely to d—— the chest than send for it—'So,' said I to my new acquaintance, 'we had better pursue the following

course;—obtain information at the transport-office where our vessels lie—hire a boat—get our luggage into it—get the chest from Courtney—divide the contents as soon as we reach the Scarecrow—you take your share to the Rattler, and we will make out an account for expenses, which will be paid upon approval.' To these wise suggestions, my inexperienced companion, whose first appearance it was upon *any* such stage, agreed; and away we went, in execution of our purpose.

The representative of the gallant old Paton* told us, that the Scarecrow and Rattler were both lying to windward in *Stokes' Bay*. This being *official* information, we implicitly relied upon it; and embarked for the domicile of the person whom we were next to encounter, aloof from busy and vexatious scenes, floating quietly in his hulk. Mr. Jonathan complied with the order we presented, as a matter of course; was sparing in speech; but, as I thought, somewhat curious in his glances, both at me and my companion, in the first instance, and at the conveyance we had alongside, in the next. Mr. Jonathan Courtney knew rather more of Portsmouth water-

* Captain Paton, then agent of transports at Portsmouth, was one of Nelson's captains at the battle of the Nile.

men, and of the liberality of the Army medical board, than either of us did; saying, no doubt, to himself, as we descended the *staircase*, "Very well, young gentlemen; should I ever see you again, you will not be so eager to melt half a doubloon, for carrying a couple of miles what never cost the half of *that*." But Mr. C. was all smoothness and politeness; and away we set forthwith in quest of the navy. Arriving in Stokes' Bay, we beat or pulled up to the windward vessel, and hailed the 'Scarecrow!' much misgiven, however, at the absence of a number on the bow and quarter. It was the 'Jolly Mariner,' or some such quaint personage, who knew nothing of the Scarecrow, or the Rattler either. We were, however, informed, that all the transports were at Spithead: and, as the recollection of this day's work is at least as unpleasant for the writer to record, as it would be irksome for the reader to peruse, suffice it that, like Dr. Newman, we found the Scarecrow, after a long and hungry search, almost as far down to leeward as St. Helen's; while, of 'the Rattler,' no tidings whatever were to be obtained. My companion, therefore, remained on board the Scarecrow for the night; where there was neither captain, mate, nor military commandant, with

the exception of an old serjeant of dragoons, who had enough to do to look after his recruits and horses. The second mate advised us to go ashore again, to which I resolutely objected; and having obtained, with some difficulty, bedding, rancid cheese, stinking butter, and old mouldy fragments of fore-castle biscuit, together with an *advance of rations*, in the shape of *rum* and brown sugar, we made the best of it, and turned in.

On the following morning, the important measure was discussed, of repairing on shore for the united purposes of breakfasting, laying in stock, and hunting up our captains. This was a measure which the second mate, a shrewd-looking fellow enough, strenuously recommended—but to which I strongly objected; and the principal argument which he adduced in support of his recommendation was, the convenient circumstance of a *shore-boat* being alongside. The very words roused my indignation; and, albeit, never addicted to the swearing line of rhetoric, yet, believing that few sailors gave one credit for sincerity, who fell short of this attainment, I pronounced a vehement sentence upon all the shore-boats that ever were ballasted with the persons and effects of those who had been situated as we were the preceding day. “No, no,

we shall have a boat from the Scarecrow, when we want one, to put my friend first on board the Rattler, and one or both of us ashore afterwards, if there be time." Our pig-headed antagonist declared that no boat could leave the vessel till the master came on board. I said, we would see about that. "I wanted one for the king's service;" and forthwith stalked with all dignity to the quarter-deck, followed by the official, whom I desired to summon all his crew, in order that I might see whether he had men enough left to row us where the exigencies of the public service required that we should go. He refused point blank, saying, he knew nothing about me, and was not under my orders. I then summoned all the non-commissioned officers belonging to the detachments already embarked, and asked for the senior. The old dragoon stepped forward. In spite of nudges and tugs of the tail, on the part of my protégé, (who stood in full uniform, as I was myself, behind me,) I asked if there was no military officer appointed to this ship? The answer was, that he had been on board, and had gone ashore, leaving positive directions that not a man should leave the ship till his return.

Thus baffled, to all appearance both by sea

and land, I hesitated for a moment; but learning, upon inquiry, that Lieutenant D——, of an infantry regiment, was to be found at the Blue Posts, and that he had slept two nights on shore himself, I asked if there were as many as four *soldiers* in the vessel who could pull an oar, undertaking to be coxswain myself. Twenty volunteers came forward, from whom the sergeants selected half a dozen of the most trustworthy. These I ordered to haul a boat alongside, which was attached to the ship, and, engaging to stand between them and all responsibility we breakfasted deliberately, separated the contents of the chest carefully, and rowed off to the Rattler, which, after all, happened to be the nearest ship to us. The second mate grinned, and stamped, and swore, and protested; but what could he and his half dozen sailors do against one hundred and fifty red coats, who are always friendly to *doctors*, whether civil or military.

Having boarded the Rattler, (which we found in a state of anarchy similar to that of the Scarecrow,) and left my friend's property in her keeping, we started for the Sally-port; but had not proceeded far, when a boat, coming from the shore, hailed us. We were asked what ship we belonged to? The *Scarecrow*, was the reply.

‘The Scarecrow!’ said a jolly good-tempered looking man, rising from the stern sheets—‘I knew the boat, but could not believe my eyes. Have you no *hands*?’ “Such as you see, for want of better—but they will do.” ‘No, by —, they wont—here, lads! pull alongside.’ Whereupon a demonstration was made to board us; upon which I mustered as much salt-water lingo as I could, and observed, that we had had mutiny enough already; and, as we were the stronger party, would not suffer any boarding. The fat, rosy man, in the boat cloak, observed with a laugh, that he was the master of the Scarecrow, and would exchange sailors for soldiers with us. The reasonableness of the proposal led to a parley, in the course of which we explained our case, mingled with many complaints against his representative. We were now *advised* to take the sailors, (which we did,) and to lose no time in returning to the ship; for, if the wind veered a single point, she was sure to sail. With this threat upon us, we did lose no time, and returned respectively to the Rattler and the Scarecrow, furnished with certain articles in the line of Doctor Newman’s provident, though ineffectual, foresight.

Upon regaining my vessel, I found the aspect

of affairs somewhat changed. There were two infantry officers on deck, and the jolly, coarse, but good-tempered man, who had swopped hands with me in the boats. One of the officers immediately accosted me with all due politeness, stating, that he was glad there was to be a doctor on board—was sorry he did not know of my coming sooner, &c., tipping the wink as he slightly inclined his head towards the other, by which I concluded that the spokesman was senior, and *pro tempore* chief, of course. As for the other gentleman, (who belonged to a regiment of which there was no other member in the vessel) we never heard the sound of his voice from that hour till we parted, (about a fortnight afterwards,) in the Lusitanian capital. Who he was, or where he came from, we knew no more than the ship's roll told us, corroborated by the army list, that he was Ensign C*** of the——; but, for a man of forty years and upwards, he possessed inconceivable powers of silence. The jolly master, however, was a very good fellow; and the commanding officer, though a very young man, a veteran in the service; and he was all talk and affability.

We three, having taken possession of the cabin, entered upon a scrutiny of our appliances

and means, as regarded the victualling department. The servant of *Don Silentio* brought forward his master's stock, and said it was left entirely to our disposal, the Don being disposed to agree to any arrangements we might think proper to make. Mr. Lawrence and I, therefore, estimated that we were but badly provided for, upon the whole—that we must eke out with ship's rations; and that, after all, should the passage be tedious, we should be badly off. We had no opportunity of preconcerting measures; and we had no live stock, to be killed and eaten as wanted. Our joints of meat, therefore, answered for the first few days only; and about a week after our departure from Spithead, we were exhausted.

Our silent associate, who was never sea-sick, who was never discontented, who never spoke, or manifested any tokens of approbation or disapprobation, who never smiled, even at the most ludicrous event, or most laughable expression; who never gave orders to his servant, or asked for any assistance at the hands of those about him, who always, at table, assisted us (the captain was of the mess in the cabin) to what he perceived we wanted, if it stood nearest him; who was always in full uniform, clean, and fit for parade—

neither gave us advice, nor joined in lamentations, on the occasion of this discovery.

This man was truly a curiosity. All his *traps*, as might be termed his light baggage, seemed to be of the best, if not of the most suitable, description; every thing of the kind, indeed, was too fine for Peninsular use. He had, among other things, a smart writing-desk; which, as he was constantly playing with, and, as he was evidently keeping a log-book or diary, we set him down for one of the *sapientes qui pauca dicunt*. Finding we could do nothing with him in the way of conversation, (certainly, our other associate did not throw much light upon matters by *his*, but he *did* talk—making up in quantity for defects in point of quality,) we plotted, to turn our observations as often as we could upon remarkable occurrences and incredible circumstances, during the voyage, as we observed that he was in the habit of committing to the pages of his journal all those parts of our discourse which turned upon the events of the expedition, together with many others. To obtain a sight of this chronicle, was a matter of deep anxiety with me; the deeper, as amusement was scarce.

About a fortnight after we had been at sea,

fortune, in the shape of a gale of wind, favoured my wishes by shaking the book from his hand, as he fell asleep in the berth above me. Down it came to the cabin floor, close to my place of concealment; and, as no effort was made to recover it, curiosity overcame good manners; and I read, among other entries, the following.

“Settember 6. 18—.

“I, John C****, aged three and forty, young man, [bachelor?] of the parish of ** tok my sword for King Gorge, in the — redgimen.

“Novemer 8.

“Cam on boord the Scowcro, at Spittenheed, with on pund of T; six bodles of Fusky, on ship, and a pice of rost beef—to follo Lord Wel-lindone in the wares.

“9th. A offisir cam on boord with a cock hat and boilin (buillon*) epillit. Thocht he was the Genral, he was only the dochter. Did not think him like dochter Clypes of Oban, till he gav a sojir a pill out of a bocks like a amry.

• At this time, the *subalterns* of regiments wore fringo epaulets.

“11. Saled thro the Niddles, and thocht of Matthew, ix chap. 24 ver. The dochter said to the other offisir that the Niddles was maid of timmer, and pented wite to frechtin Frens pri-vaters. A sensible, an ekonomikle plann, in tim of ware.

“12. The dochter and the offisher ar fond of conversashin: but I mine my brither's advise, and only boo. I hard thim say we sud hiv a ship for denner, and that the cuddy* wud sune be fat enuf for the tabel. The ofiser sed all the iggs was rottin. The dochter sed that did not segnifie, for the ass was fond o'rottin eggs, and woud ate them fast enuf. Cast anker (they sed) all nite in the baa of Biskits. I suppose an anker of brandy.—The Kaptain sed it was true, and that they had taken the anker up agan. I can understand the risen. The salt water preservs the brandy fresh. The iggs shud have been put in too.

“13. The water all roon was like bents,† only biggir, and saftir, and griner. A man went to taik a wak and was deroond. The dochter and

• Donkey.

† Sand-hills.

the kaptin grat. I thot he shud have stade upon dri land, as I did.

“ 13. A grate gal of wined, that made the sheep dance an tumel heals ovr heed, and I did as the dochter did, gaed to my bed, and * * * * *.”

If this ‘aspiring young hero’ kept as faithful and luminous an account of his proceedings in the Peninsula, as he appears to have done of his approach to its shores, the work must necessarily be calculated to throw a most interesting light upon the movements of our victorious troops.

CHAPTER IV.

SHORT ALLOWANCE—A BREEZE, AND RAIL-ROAD
 TRAVELLING RIGHT BEFORE THE WIND—DEAD
 LIGHTS—A CASUALTY—LAND ON THE LARBOARD
 BOW! — CEREMONIES OF PILOTAGE — TERRA
 FIRMA, THOUGH NOT INCOGNITA.

With regard to the allusion to the drowned man, a short account of one circumstance in our position may be pardoned.

We had been a week beating down Channel, in the course of which, partly owing to the confounded silence and unsocial stupidity of this Ensign C****, who then appeared to be neither pleasing nor displeasing, Lawrence and I had, rather through frolic than bad management, absolutely wasted our fresh stock. We had eaten all that was fresh; so that, eight days after we sailed from Spithead, we had nothing but ship's provender to rely upon. In the evening of the eighth day, while yet in the chops

of the Channel, it fell dead calm; and we were rather forcibly reminded of our privations, by seeing sides of beef, joints of mutton, &c. hanging over the vessels which were nearest us. I had some thoughts of petitioning for a boat, as soon as it should be dark, to scull under the stern of one of them, for the purpose of cutting away the flank of a fat bullock; but ere Satan had time to mature his evil suggestion, there came, like the discharge of a battery, or, more suitably speaking, such a hurricane as the previous state of the weather could have led no one to expect. Away we went like lightning—the sea yet smooth, and the gale increasing, right aft—ropes snapping, sails tearing, and masts bending, before the sailors had time to take measures to secure the rigging. I can compare the first hour's progress to nothing known, unless it be the rail-road travelling between Manchester and Liverpool; where they say, that the carriages, coming in opposite directions, pass so rapidly, that the passengers do not observe the circumstance. At length, however, all was made snug; and when the sea got up, we had pitching and tossing in sufficiency. This occurred about seven in the evening; and in twelve hours we were half way over that redoubtable bay, into

which the vast Atlantic rolls its mighty waters, and to which a terrific celebrity has been attached on account of its stupendous billows.

We landsmen, occupants of the cabin, having seen the exertions and intelligence of the captain and the crew brought to a point of success which admitted of doing nothing more, retired to the horizontal posture, out of risk to shins and ribs from the commotion raised among the moveables; and (to the evident consternation of the ensign, whose first visit it was to the ocean) requested that the *dead-lights* might be fixed; for the sea had already sent in one of the stern windows, and threatened us incessantly with inundations of brine, that were not only inconvenient, but, while scudding before the wind, absolutely dangerous.

Towards noon, next day, the gale moderated considerably; and the second mate, already spoken of, who was also carpenter, coming into the cabin, to survey damages, and decide upon temporary repairs,—I proposed that the *dead-lights* should now be removed, as they darkened us much. The unfortunate man, as if with a presentiment of his fate, replied, “It’s not worth while to take them out: we are not done with the gale yet; we shall see how it is about two

o'clock." It was exactly at that hour that he fell from the bowsprit; and, in spite of every exertion (even to the lowering and bravely manning of a slight and inadequate boat) that could be made to save him, he met a watery grave.

This was the only mishap that befell us during the passage to Lisbon, which now did not last beyond a few more days; but was not completed until we made a great hole in the tea-chest of Silentius, who, to do him justice, relied implicitly upon our management, and withheld nothing consumable in his possession. The *sax* bottles lasted about as many days; and as for *the* sheep, which lived in sea-sickness till the gale came on, and was drowned in a state of starvation, we were none the better for it. Mr. Lawrence and I made a sly agreement with the captain to mess us, after this, at so much a head per diem; a compact into which Mr. C—— did not enter, but of which he felt fully the benefit.

At length, the towering majesty of Cintra displayed its frowning aspect; in other words, we gained sight of the rock of Lisbon; and, when abreast of that formidable object, were hailed by a motley crew of savages, in red and blue night-caps, with bare copper-coloured legs, and every

unwieldy appendage belonging to one of those huge lateen, or shoulder-of-mutton-sail craft, which are to be seen off the bar of the Tagus. Eight or ten bipeds were hurry-scurrying about the deck of a vessel, which, if not exactly of dimensions equal to our own, seemed a match for her in strength, and was downright dangerous, through awkward management. One of the gang (all of whom were hallooing and giving orders together) was to take charge of us in the capacity of pilot, provided he could get on board; which, as they had no boat, and our people did not think fit to furnish them with much aid, seemed almost a desperate undertaking. At one time, there appeared some danger of one running the other down, for there was a fresh breeze at the time; but whether we were to be runner or runned, was a problem: then they ran past us, to try the other tack, and missed stays. After a considerable time, and ten thousand unnecessary exertions, not one item of either of which would have been wasted by a smart boat's crew of Englishmen, a miserable dog contrived to jump on board of us; and he had not been two minutes in his *responsible* situation, till he began to beg, first victuals from the sailors, and then old clothes, shoes, stockings, or whatever the soldiers

might please to bestow upon a *coitado muito pobre, pel' amor de Deos*.*

In England, we are accustomed to consider a pilot a superior sort of person, and generally find great pleasure in conversing with him, on account of his intelligence. I have seen a well-dressed blue-jacket jump from a boat into the chains, alight like a bird on the quarter-deck, and, after touching his hat, hand a newspaper to the passengers; but this deplorable vagabond of the Atlantic could do nothing but shrug shoulders, make faces, and, as I have said, *beg!* Lawrence and myself understood Portuguese well enough to ask him about the leading events that we conceived must interest him as well as ourselves: but whether the French were in Portugal or not, he *nao sabia*; † he had heard that they were *todos matados* ‡—cursed them, according to law; and, in return for our curiosity, solicited a pair of trowsers for his *pobras pernas*; *olha, olha, Senor*, § (pointing to a couple of canvass pipes, in which his crimson extremities had taken refuge,) *muito pobre! muito pobre! virão os*

* “A very poor creature, for God’s sake.”

† Did not know. ‡ All killed.

§ “His poor legs—look, look, Sir.”

*Inglesos, maldiga os Francesos.** Our captain seemed to regard him with thorough contempt; and little if any attention was paid to any of those instructions, which, as may be supposed, he gave but indistinctly for the safe-conduct of the gallant Scarecrow within the protecting influence of St. Julian and Bugio. That same evening, we dropped anchor above the tower of Belem; and, as I had no unsatiated curiosity to verify the already approved fact of the contrast between the *aspect* of Lisbon, and its *realities*, I reposed in calmness and tranquillity once more, under the soothing influence of

“ thro’ the night,
Hearing the sailors, with delight,
Proclaim *All’s well!*”

My first task on the return of morning was to cast an eye up, down, and across the river, for the Rattler; but I might as well have looked for the point of a pin in a bushel of brass filings, as have tried to find out the vessel, to which I had assuredly conducted my brother chip a

* “Very, very poor—long life to the English, and curse the French.”

few weeks before. The Tagus, at this time, was crowded with shipping; and the state of the weather, during the passage, had been such as to cut off all communication among the various members of the fleet. The bulk of it was arrived; but the vessel in question did not reach the place of her destination till the day after our arrival; when I learnt that they had got down upon the north coast of Spain, somewhere near Cape Finisterre, and had a narrow escape from driving on shore. However, my friend and I met in Lisbon; and, as I found no remnant of my old acquaintances there, and had seen many things in him to render the improvement of our acquaintance desirable on my part, I readily acceded to his expressed wish of making common cause, as far as might be possible.

Our first care was to get all belonging to us safely landed; for, in these times of incident and variety, it was unsafe to have more property than could be disposed of about one's person. Separated for an hour or two only from a trunk, it might be conveyed to a distant part of the globe. We therefore scrambled up to Buenos Ayres, and quartered ourselves at

Mr. Reeves's Hotel; where, by dint of paying ten pieces, we were certainly *housed*, but we were also starved, and even worse than that. Having ordered a glass of punch, the stiff old landlord brought it forward *in propria persona*. I observed that there was no spirit in it, and requested some to be added. Old R*** stared at me; as much as to say, You unreasonable rascal—and brought it back, to my thinking, weaker than it was at first.

Conceiving myself (though erroneously) to be in one of those places alluded to by Shenstone, of which freedom is the characteristic, I became rather more than importunate. Mr. R. very coolly took my glass (as I thought, for the purpose of executing my commands,) and retired, with the observation, that “had he known what sort of a gentleman I was, I should not have got into his house.” I saw no more either of my landlord, my punch, or any thing else, that night; and I was afraid to retreat to a *casa de café*, for fear I should not get in again at this curmudgeon's abode. In those days, it was at Lisbon, as elsewhere, an act of grace, favour, and condescension, on the part of an innkeeper, to admit a customer to the privilege of being fleeced; and it is notorious, that if the shopkeepers were

not in the humour to serve you, they did not hesitate to say that they knew nothing about the article you wanted, even though lying at the very moment on the counter.

CHAPTER V.

GETTING ON SHORE—OBJECTIONS TO BELEM DUTY
—CONVENTS NOVO DO CORAÇÃO DE JESUS—
“ADESTE FIDELES”—REMONSTRANCE AGAINST
BELEM DUTY.

A BOOK has lately fallen into my hands, which has afforded me delectable amusement; and it has, perhaps, no small claim upon the notice of a certain class of readers, as an authentic representation of many facts connected with, what may be termed, *the interior* of military life. I conclude, that the details throughout furnish a veracious narrative, because one passage of my own history is brought very forcibly to mind, and, being connected with a few reminiscences of a nature not often committed to writing, and still less frequently to print, I purpose to reduce them to a manuscript state; and, this being done,

to consider the utility, policy, expediency, and propriety of hazarding their acceptance, or rejection, for the press.

The fleet, which carried out the Household brigade of cavalry, landed the magnificent quadrupeds in so sorry a plight, that many of them appeared hardly able to stagger from the arsenal to their intermediate resting-place at Belem. For me and my friend, the first duty was, to report our arrival to the principal medical officer, and receive his orders on the subject of our immediate proceedings. For this purpose, we proceeded to the Estrella Convent, at that time (anno 1812) the *point d'appui* for us of the healing art, and had a personal interview with this great man, whom report had represented as one not very likely to receive visitors of our quality with an excess of urbanity. We were prepared for peremptory orders to march up the country within a specific number of hours, and had got ready a deprecatory tale about our unprovided condition as to mules and camp equipage, baggage, and certain indispensables in the way of provision. His majesty's rations, though certainly liberal, and, perhaps (when properly managed) sufficient to fill a stomach of ordinary capacity and claims, not reaching the length of

furnishing what an Englishman, all the world over, in city and in camp, understands by *break-fast*, i. e. not what he can get, but certain curiosities of a comparatively new-fangled description, which *must* be had, if money can procure them. In pleading the projected excuse, there was, indeed, some real good cause, as we could not expect to get animals till the next horse-fair (well known to English officers as the great day of the week) came round; but we had also some desire to pass a few *idle* days in Lisbon—which would be out of our power, should our duties be destined to commence there. The chief desired us to proceed to Belem forthwith, and report ourselves to Staff-surgeon * * *, which, with a brace of dutiful bows, we retired apparently to do.

It so happened that, at a period by no means distant, I had been stationed, under peculiarly uncomfortable circumstances, at this royal appanage of Lisbon; and had thence been unexpectedly embarked for England, *malgrè* a most violent inclination not to go. This arose out of the following (among other) circumstances:—1. I had been actively employed, for the first six months of professional life, in a place where all was novel and deeply interesting: 2. I was about

to proceed to the interior, of which I had received accounts that excited curiosity, and held out the prospect of numerous gratifications hitherto unenjoyed: 3. I was in habits not only of intimacy, but domesticated with a contemporary who was then dear indeed to me, and has since become interesting to all who know him: 4. I was unprepared for the duty thus suddenly exacted of me, for the convenience of another: 5. I was not over-fond of crossing the Bay of Biscay in the depth of winter: and—but reasons enough, if not sufficient or satisfactory, have now been given. I shall only add, therefore, that, having thus acquired unfavourable impressions of Belem duty, which was unenlivened by any resources of recreation nearer than Lisbon, I heard the mandate with a heaviness of heart.

Having therefore shewn my *protegé* down the outer steps of the aforesaid convent, we crossed the *Largo*, and called a council under the portico of the marble church opposite—that, namely, of the *Convento novo do Coração de Jesus*;* a bizarre construction, by order of, and endowed by, her late majesty Donna Maria, who married her uncle, and gave birth to Don *Joaõ*, 7mo., long known as prince regent, and fugitive;

* The new convent—dedicated to the heart of Jesus,

the father of Peter I. of Brazil, *de jure*, and of Michael I. of Portugal, *de facto*.

“My dear fellow,” said I—the senior, and experienced—“If we go to Belem, we shall be played the devil with.” ‘What sort of a place, and whereabouts, is it?’ said he, “Why, replied I, “if you will just come up here to the lantern of this church, I will shew you *where* it is, and tell you what sort of a time we shall have of it there.” My comrade seemed surprised at my proposition to scale the heights of the Roman Catholic church, (for he was a hard-baked Presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland,) and objected to the enterprise, until I assured him that it was one which I had repeatedly achieved; and that the exhibitor, sacristan, or shewman, was my very particular good friend. In this latter declaration, it may be that I somewhat hyperbolized, but it was with a laudable design.

I had, indeed, been more than once upon the elevation alluded to; and (by favour of the well-known, though not very logical, father Winstanley, of the English college, a man, whose merit, as an indefatigable administrator of consolation to all the English soldiers who died at Lisbon in peace with the *true church*,) had obtained from the said shewman a share of acquaint-

ance with the statistics of this nunnery, not generally acquired by our countrymen. Indeed, I doubt much whether the highly gifted author of "Recollections of the Peninsula" could have told me so much about the establishment as I told him, upon Christmas-eve, 1811; an event which, in that admirable book, he so graphically describes, though, for reasons best known to himself, (but, whatever they may have been, satisfactory to me,) he has not taken notice of.* I *found out*, and let those who remain at home untravelled give me thanks for the discovery, that Donna Maria, in a paroxysm of devotion, or something or other, had established a nunnery for the reception of twenty-one sisters of the order of ———, and had richly endowed the same; that, from the church of this convent, *Junot's* party had carried off 2,500lb. weight of solid silver, which was carefully conveyed to France in British vessels; that her majesty had teased the pope into the concession of a festival in honour of the sacred *coração*—which, as the licentious and profane were wont to say, he

* That is to say, though he alludes to his own visit on the occasion, he makes no mention of entering into conversation with a medical officer, though I recollect very well talking to an officer of the 31th.

granted the more readily, lest she should substitute for this request, one of a more exceptionable nature; and that the truly beautiful melody, sung in all the churches of Great Britain, established and dissenting, English, Scotch, and Irish, maternal and colonial, known by the title of '*Portugal New*,' and commencing with the original words, '*Adeste fideles*,' was first produced here upon a Christmas-eve. In fact, upon the particular occasion already quoted, Captain * * * the talented author of the "*Recollections*," and I, heard it performed in native perfection, upon the anniversary of the grand occasion which caused its original production.

These, and many other little passages in my personal history and experience, as connected with the *Coração de Jesus*, I related to my younger brother, while we waited an answer to the application which had been made to the sacristan's bell.

After some delay, my old acquaintance made his appearance, and in that obsequious, though demi-dignified manner, which I conceive to belong to all ecclesiastical menials, whether Christian, Jewish, or Mahometan, testified more surprise at the sight of two officers in the uniform of the British army, than I thought strictly com-

patible with my previous declaration concerning personal friendship and intimacy. I felt myself, therefore, under the necessity of *attacking* rather than *refreshing* his memory upon the subject. "Oh," said his *puisné* reverence, for he jabbered a little in our tongue, "is dis you? Vere am been all dis longa time?" Satisfying him upon this point, I requested he would permit us to view the interior of the church, "Vid grade felicity;" whereupon we entered,

I shall not attempt to recite the rebukes I felt it imperative upon my experienced and riper years to administer to my young associate, for unsuppressed horror at the scrupulously conscientious official, kneeling and bowing, crossing, &c. &c., whenever he had occasion to pass before the *altar mor*. The disciple of John Knox had never beheld the abomination of popish idolatry before.

Having passed, somewhat rapidly, over the *ground* of the fabric, I proposed an ascent to the summit of the dome, an exploit as inviting, as that of surmounting the huge covering of Saint Paul's cathedral is the reverse; for, in the church of the *Convento novo*, there is neither trap-stair nor obscurity, adapted to weary the feeble and terrify the timid. In this building,

which is situated upon an advantageous spot in the elevated quarter of *Buenos Ayres*, there is not only accommodation, but even entertainment, to ascend. You do not *feel*, for you *see* your way; and between the convexity of one marble dome, and the concavity of another, you can keep your companion's arm, till, by a gentle and seductive circular stair of the same beautiful material, you reach the "*lantern*," already spoken of, and thence command one of the most interesting views, of white and smokeless city, of bold and olive-clad mountains, and of majestic as well as crowded river, perhaps, in the world; at least in the ancient quarter of it. But this view was not at our command, upon the occasion in question. Our rusty-clad churchman gave us to understand, that, in consequence of a recent earthquake, or some equivalent cause of alarm, the upper story of the church was cracked, or otherwise deranged, in consequence of which he was interdicted from having the honour of attending us to the elevation desired. This was all nonsense; there might, or might not, have been a *tremor de terra*, for such an occurrence is as regular at Lisbon as St. Martin's Summer, and, if the church had got a twist, it was more probably connected with its original foundation, as

was the well-known case with that of Saint Genevieve at Paris, of which the Coraço appears to be the counterpart, though upon a smaller scale.

We had nothing to do but return to the Largo; where we made up our minds to retrace our steps to the Estrella, for the purpose of declining the honour of doing duty at Belem.—“Depend upon it,” said my experienced self, “we shall not be long there; and while we remain, we shall be miserably lodged, and without the slightest resource in the way of amusement: we may begin to think of making ourselves comfortable, forget our risks, lose our ardour, and then be marched off—better, far better, do it at once: come then, and I will be spokesman.” My friend stood so much in awe of his medical highness, that he doubted the safety of speaking to him; and I must confess that I myself had been taught to entertain such an idea of his propensities, that my courage required some tight screwing on the occasion, although the motive for our disobedience, or rather remonstrance, was one that, we had every reason to believe, ought to have done us no harm.

In about an hour, therefore, after we had quitted *the presence*, we re-appeared; and were

encountered by a terrific dart of the eye, as our chief charged every feature of his countenance with angry astonishment. "Well," exclaimed the testy arbitrator of all which was at the moment important to us, "what's the matter *now*?" "Sir," said I, in the most conciliatory manner I was capable of assuming, "we have been considering your order ——" "Considering my order!" he rejoined, with well-affected surprise; "you ought to know that the duty of every one in the army is *to obey* orders, without consideration. I suppose you are come to ask me the way to Belem: but, if your names do not appear in the report which will arrive from that place to-morrow morning, you shall have a march, at very short notice, to a very different sort of station." Our honest and patriotic intentions being assailed in this ungracious manner, roused the ire of both; and my less experienced brother officer had begun a remonstrance, in sounds which had hardly assumed the guise of sense, ere I replied in still, but not tremulous or interrupted accents, that "we had taken the liberty of returning, in order to request that he would, if possible, change the place of our destination, and *favour* us with orders to proceed to the army." "The army!!" said he, in the blandest

of all imaginable tones, "the army! why do you want to go there so soon?" "Because we wish to be employed in the most active possible manner." "But, are you equipped for joining the army? for, if you once leave Lisbon, it is impossible to anticipate what sort of service you may be employed upon." "With a few days' indulgence in Lisbon, we shall be able perfectly to equip ourselves." "Very well—I shall give you leave to remain a week for that purpose; and you will be furnished with billets, and what else you are entitled to, by the quarter-master-general and town-major. Make the most of your time; and, while you stay in Lisbon, call here every day, to know if there are any further orders for you. Good morning, gentlemen!" And this was, perhaps, the only civil interview that ever took place between Inspector * * * and *Hospital Mates for general service*, as, in the burly times of peninsular warfare, the junior staff-assistant-surgeons were designated.

CHAPTER VI.

QUARTERS IN LISBON—ORDERED TO JOIN THE
ARMY — PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE —
PEDRO AND BENTO—ARRIVAL AT SACA VEM.

WITH an order for billets we were furnished at the town-major's office; and, as the only duty prescribed to us was a daily call at the Estrella, we got ourselves planted in that vicinity. For my own part, I will not conceal, that I had peculiar reasons for this preference; although the quarter of the town now mentioned, perhaps the cleanest and healthiest, is among the most sombre of the Lusitanian metropolis. In days of old, I had formed a very agreeable intimacy with an ancient French emigrè, who had served in one of the regiments which were received into the pay of Great Britain—De Watteville's, Meuron's, De Rolle's, Dillon's, or

some other;—if I mistake not, that which once bore the name of *Mortemart*. Being a genuine Frenchman, he was a pleasant companion, and lived opposite my own abode in the *ci-devant* palace of the pope's nuncio, which was for a while occupied as an hospital for British soldiers. I possessed, therefore, not only the ordinary facilities arising out of immediate neighbourhood, and the king's commission of making *any* acquaintance; but the additional of French advances, and common cause, of which Mons. de la Prairie was rather addicted to boast, as well as ulterior views on the part of the old sieur, concerning which I cannot speak more at large: but his oldest daughter, Adelaide, was then a beautiful girl of sixteen; and I had known her for a twelvemonth. Having, while intermediately absent, kept up a correspondence with M. de la P—, I made it one of my first cares to renew my intercourse with this kind family; and here, perhaps, is to be found the moving cause of my preferring an abode in the *Travessa de Ladraoes*.*

Posted thus in the vicinity of the *Campo d' Ourique*, and the melancholy hospital of the

* Literally, *Thieves'-lane*, in which the factory hospital is situated.

British factory, with its interesting, if not classical appurtenances of tombs and towering cypresses, the most delectable treat we could command was a promenade upon the hideous and misshapen, though stupendous, aqueduct. But although it was now (November) *St. Martin's Summer*, when all is temperate, and the day as well as the night is available for the use and enjoyment of society—the season was so far advanced, as to curtail much the quota of daylight, and the resort of promenaders; which rendered this no enjoyment—we were, therefore, satisfied with a single visit.

In the cool summer evenings, beaux and belles, papas and mamas, pequinhos, pequinhitos, and criadas, black, yellow, and sodden, of all colours, confined to the cane-bottomed ottomans or trelliced balconies throughout the sultry day, are to be met with in abundance, going to and fro along the dizzy path which connects one elevated side of the deep valley of Alcántara with the other.

How *Ego et Amicus Meus* contrived to get over the few days of our delay in Lisbon, I hardly remember, nor is it of the slightest consequence that I should. During one of our earliest pilgrimages (for such all pedestrian excursions

there, should be termed) through Lisbon, we encountered *Sua Excellencia*, the ‘*General Doctor*,’ a cheval, *em pequena farda*.* He reined up, and most complacently accosted us by *name*! “How do you do, gentlemen? You are under orders to join the army?” “We are, Sir.” “Are you ready to proceed?” “Not quite, Sir; we have not yet been able to buy horses.” “Oh, never mind that; I am happy to tell you that a brigade of mules has come down with purveyors’ stores, and are going back *empty*—so you can put your baggage upon them, and either ride or not as you please yourselves.” We were now completely barricaded—and it was with a feeling, if not in accents of dismay, that we inquired when they were to start. “To-morrow, but they will not go very early; and if you will call upon me at 10 o’clock, I shall be able to give you farther information.” We thanked him, with much the same feelings as the unhappy convict may be supposed to shake hands with the last of his fellow-creatures with whom he transacts earthly business; and, instead of pursuing our way to regale upon *cameroest*† at Black Do-

* In undress uniform.

† *Praeus*, for which this man’s house was celebrated.

mingo's upon the *Cais Soudrè*, or strolling up the *Rua Aurea*, and down that *de Prato*, or ascending the frowning height surmounted by the redoubtable castle, we turned round to our respective habitations, and packed up our things. Adieux were taken of M. Mad. and Madlle. de la Prairie, and, sick already of peninsular campaigning, we severally *sought repose*.

On the following morning, we breakfasted together, all the more uncomfortably, for having loaded our canteen over night, and having borrowed such appliances and means of coffee or tea making as the *casa* afforded, no great display, even in Lisbon, where pearl or gunpowder tea was to be bought for 4s. per pound, and coffee for little more than no money at all. I think, however, we had *tea*, upon the occasion in question, from the following circumstance. Our *patroa* (landlady) had lent us a delft teapot, and, knowing the necessity there was for mustering our energies, we had been liberal of the leaf, even to what a director of the Honourable East India Company would in England deem extravagance; and a proportionate body of boiling water was of necessity required. The earthen utensil was filled to the brim; I was doing the honours, but had no sooner raised the

overladen vehicle, than out came the bottom, bodily and entirely, followed by tea, both solid and fluid ; my lower limbs had a narrow escape, but, as time was precious, they had to convey me, smoking hot as they were, to the presence of him whose peremptory mandate had deprived me of the power to substitute a cool and dry garment for the one now saturated with *infusion*.

We entered the fore court of the convent, rather before than after the hour appointed ; and considered our miseries to be actually begun, when we beheld some thirty or forty mules huddled up in what was still a shady corner. Upon the flight of steps which leads to the entrance of the building, five or six lazy, cloaked, and cherout-smoking vagabonds, were reclining, bawling and laughing, in the most provoking, careless, and (as we felt) impertinent manner. There were the muleteers, and their *capailaz*,* hail fellow-well-met! all of them. As we paused, for a moment, to survey the appearance of those in whose company we were about to undertake a long journey, in an unknown country, to the very confines, if not beyond them, of a foreign kingdom, and that journey suddenly imposed, and apparently in a few minutes to commence ; as we pondered

* Conductor, chief, or commander.

upon these trying circumstances, the jolly Mr. G. deputy purveyor to the forces, made his appearance—one of the *sine quibus non* of the department, for he had, during the memory of man, been at moorings in Lisbon.

To this gentleman, as nominal owner of the brigade in the shady corner, we most respectfully bent our way, for the purpose of obtaining the best possible information on the subject then most important to us; and after reciprocal touches of those canoe-shaped hats which were then *the go* in the Peninsula, out of, as well as in the army, we found that Mr. G. knew very little about the mules, and nothing at all about the stores, viz. us, which they were destined, as *we* believed, to transport to the army. Indeed, this gentleman of the silver epaulette, by his manner, excited, in the mind of my friend, an apprehension that we had o'er-stepped the modesty of subordination, by making the inquiry. No title sounded so grand in the ears, or sight seemed so magnificent in the eyes, of a green hospital-mate, newly arrived at the Estrella, as “the purveyor to the forces,” or his *deputy*; nay, even the clerk divided the reverence of the recruit with the staff-surgeon at least, if not with the inspector himself.

While this was going on, the inspector made his appearance *in propria persona*; to whom we addressed the observation, that we presumed these were the mules we were to go with. "Mules! Oh yes, I remember—When do they set off, Mr. G.?" 'I don't know,' replied the independent comforter of the sick. The rejoinder was a silent stare on the part of the real great man, who desired us to accompany him to the office, where he informed us that, in consequence of a requisition which had come down that morning, some medical officers were to be sent immediately to Santarem, whither he thought it might be advisable for us to proceed; and whence we could, if we persisted in the desire, he had no doubt, very shortly go to the army. The real undisguised truth was, that *I*, for my individual part, was more anxious to get out of Lisbon, than to any particular station; for, after the novelty of that strange city wore off, it was any thing but a desirable post for a medical subaltern; and a previous experience of six months and upwards had fully and thoroughly satisfied me as to its *desagremens*. It was next to an impossibility to obtain even a tolerable (*comfortable* quite out of the question) quarter: every necessary, except tea, was bad, and extra-

vagantly dear ; a filthy and extensive succession of sharp-paved precipitous streets—and a vast diminution of English acquaintances, in consequence of the principal hospital station, and most of the sick officers, having been considerably removed to the place of our altered destination. We were forthwith *hooked*, alias put in orders, for Santarem, and set ourselves to work at the preliminaries.

The chief of these was the purchase of a little beast, to carry a few necessaries for the march ; the bulk (not very great) of our effects proceeding by water ; a mode of conveyance which was also in our own power, but we preferred the overland passage, which, as regarded personal considerations, was every way the more advisable plan for men in health and vigour. Another prominent object of attention was, the issue of camp equipment, in the shape of blankets, canteens, and havresacks, one of each per man ; our detachment, including two followers, named *Pedro* and *Bento*, picked up almost in the gutters of Lisbon, thus consisting of four of King George's mercenaries. When I talk of gutters, however, I should enter, by way of commentary, that *Pedro* had been turned out of my service the year before, but that, meeting him in the

street, upon the spur of this busy occasion, and not knowing where to provide myself with a *valet*, *cook*, and *groom*, I was fain to avail myself of the highly recommendatory circumstance of Senhor Pedro being even at the moment, as he said, disengaged, to hire him in these and sundry other united capacities, which contributed to form what in civilized society is called a servant. None, excepting *regimental* officers, were allowed soldiers for this purpose; but wages and rations were issued for such a number of private individuals as the rank of the officer entitled him to employ. To the ragamuffins of Portugal, the nomination to a post in an officer's kitchen was the most desirable of all attainable things. They who were fortunate enough to obtain such an appointment, were exempted from serving in any other capacity in the army, and might well hug themselves whenever they saw a party of half-naked, three-parts starved, and altogether weary compatriots, urging a miserable progress up the country, secured together with ropes, lodged nightly in prisons, and by day forced along by a guard, to join the ranks under the singularly appropriate designation of *volunteers*!

Moving has been with me a melancholy ordeal, under whatever circumstances; and even

in quitting a place I so truly detested as Lisbon, I was much cast down. This was in great measure to be accounted for, no doubt, by the vexations and fatigue attendant on the preparatory part of the business. Journeying, whether by land or water, *en militaire*, or *en bourgeois*, is nothing; the misery is in the preparation and setting out. Once on the road, or fairly off, the difficulty is surmounted; and one has nothing to do or think about, but to keep going for a certain space of time, with the qualification of '*barring accidents.*' About these I can say little, having met with few in the course of my peregrinations; but what with boating about in Portsmouth harbour, hailing every vessel at or near Spithead in order to find out the '*Scarecrow,*' and tramping in all directions through the miasmatic mazes of Lisbon, from the Estrella to the Quartermaster-general's; to Sampayo's stores, somewhere in the celebrated region of Bull-bay;* and

* *Largo de boys*, literally the square of oxen, though paraphrased by English mariners as in the text. It is that part of the town in which persons coming on shore generally land. Lying at the bottom of the hills upon which Lisbon is chiefly built, it is the receptacle of all the filth and garbage which the heavy rains of winter bring down from Buenos Ayres, and other high regions: and there the mass, or at least that considerable

afterwards to a dull and dreary billet—I was unusually down in the mouth. It might, perhaps, be conceived that the fair Adelaide was answerable for some of this; but I declare most solemnly, that I had not been long enough from England, to consider the loveliness of ladies elsewhere, calculated to eclipse those I had left behind.

However, thanks to Major Geddes's proverbial urbanity, we at length succeeded, 1st, in sending our portmanteaux to the Estrella, whence our chief assured us they should be carefully forwarded, with the first supplies that went up the river; 2dly, in loading our pony with our rations and little apparatus for cooking and eating them; and, 3dly, one fine morning in the first week of December, (I think it was the 4th of that month,) in putting on our hats, and setting off upon the safest of all equipages.

Owing to some mistake, or oversight, or mismanagement, or design, some *sine qua non* was left behind. *Pedro*, being the senior servant, was despatched back. *Bento*, a little, but stout

portion of it which does not escape into the Tagus, lies fermenting, until the wild nomadic tribes of the canine race gobble it up, or the course of natural decay dissipates it into its gaseous constituents.

lad, was ordered to wait with the pony till his return; while *we two* pursued the line of march to *Saca-Vem*, without impediment or delay, purposing to have quarters, and all that sort of thing arranged by the time the *troops* should come up.

To *Saca-Vem* we got, ere we could believe we had quitted the streets of Lisbon; for we walked on between high walls, and upon pavement, the whole of this day's march, which amounted to six or seven miles; and was the regular stage in all routes issued from the quartermaster-general's department. But short as it certainly was in itself, and in our own individual experience had certainly proved, it was not unfrequently considered the longest and most wearisome day's journey taken in the course of an undisturbed and unharassed movement. What with acts of oversight, inadequate equipment, over-loads, unsuitable harness, inefficient animals, and a thousand other untoward circumstances, the existence of which remained unknown until the start was actually made, few new-comers were able to clear the streets of Lisbon in the direction of *Saca-Vem*, till a late hour in the day, however early they might have commenced operations. The perfect novelty of the style in

which journeys, I mean those of military characters, who were compelled to begin as they were obliged to persevere, upon their own resources, unaided by any thing in the shape either of public conveyances, or equipage adapted for travelling—baffled all possibility of precaution; and it was he only whom personal experience had already instructed, that enjoyed the short march, of which mention has been made. Perhaps, from the particularly light order in which we were proceeding, we escaped most of the mischievous embarrassments that would have distressed a better-equipped party; for we had not enough to become deranged, and had nothing in fact that could be lost. The only article we did lose was *Pedro* himself—but more of this tomorrow.

CHAPTER VII.

RECEPTION AT SACA VEM—ARRIVAL OF BENTO,
AND LOSS OF PEDRO—MAGNITUDE OF PORTU-
GUESE ARITHMETIC—MAGNIFICENT TEA, AND
THE CAUSE OF ITS DEGENERACY—DISMISSAL OF
PEDRO—ORANGES.

SACA-VEM is a village situated on the north or right bank of the Tagus; and this is all I have in my power to say concerning it; unless I add, that we were both lodged in the same house, which I have some recollection, was a sort of suburban box, belonging to a bishop, and, at the time, occupied by two grey-headed *senhoras*, who in England would be styled *old* ladies; but in that climate were, very likly, not old enough to be our mothers, though we *very* young gentlemen.*

* I cannot tell how matters of this nature may be now; but, at the period of these observations, English notions were incessantly outraged by the personal aspect of the *senhoras*, while yet at that period of life which among us is often, perhaps almost always, the most charming era of womanhood. If ever

They received us with far more civility than the Portuguese had, by the time, begun to display towards the English officers; concerning whom, protracted war, with its inevitable inconveniences, even where absolute misery had not found its way, as well perhaps as frequent displays of John-Bullery, had succeeded in dissolving the spell. After allowing time enough for the appearance of our cavalry, we came to the conclusion, that Messrs. Pedro and Bento were no better than many others of their rank and station in Donna Maria's dominions, in the native land of

I marry, let me have the fortune to obtain a wife, not *much* under thirty, one who ten years afterwards will yet be "*fair*," and rather "*fat*," than the reverse. But, although the sex in Portugal does not arrive at full personal maturity quite so soon, as in other regions which approach the sun, the falling off seems to partake much of the same *precocity*. At twenty-five, a female is there equivalent to an Englishwoman of fifty, who has not worn well: and at thirty they would receive the veneration due to *our* grandmothers, did they not still dress as they did in their teens. Neither substitutes for the glory of beauty, nor concealing and becoming caps, are used when the snows are shed upon the once ebony locks. On the contrary, the whole is displayed, dressed as in days of attraction, and ornamented in vain with jewels or flowers, which have but the effect of fixing the attention of the surprised and disgusted foreigner upon the wreck of what may have once been loveliness. Along with this change, wrinkles invade the countenance, and the *tout-ensemble* is truly repulsive.

Camoens and Vasco de Gama; and that of men-servants, baggage, forage, and pony, we should see no more, unless we returned promptly to Lisbon, and told our piteous tale, in the right quarter, with good luck. For my own part, in addition to the absolute loss of property, I had to endure a sense of shame, for not knowing better than to take back from the streets a servant whom I had discharged for dishonesty; and for having shewn so little of the tact of *an old soldier* before a young one, who confided the direction of all matters concerning the expedition to me; and who, being a Scotchman, would have managed infinitely better, had he been but half as able to make his way through the difficulties of a foreign language. I had nothing to say for myself. What resolution we came to, or were likely to come to, I do not remember; but, I believe, the female hierarchs provided something for us to eat and drink; having discussed which, we set out upon our return to Lisbon; when, at no great distance, we were relieved from the principal portion of our distress, by encountering the two little animals (Bento and the pony) without any perceptible alteration in their state and condition. The boy had seen nothing of the *man*, after we left him; and having waited dur-

ing the greater part of the day under the shelter of somebody's first floor,* thought it wiser to proceed.

The residue of our adventures at Saca-Vem, consisted of getting something more to eat and drink, in going to bed, sleeping there in a very diligent manner, and getting up next morning. A number of little circumstances, which crowd easily enough into brevity of time, but might not with like facility be comprisable within a few brief pages of letter-press, convinced us that in little Bento we had *found* no small treasure. He appeared to be thoroughly good-tempered, and anxious to give satisfaction; whereas, regarding the treasure *lost*, (Senhor Don Pedro, videlicet,) I had become too intimate with him in days of yore, to shed a single tear on the occasion. Still it appeared somewhat strange that he should have *absconded*; for he had taken nothing (as the lawyers say) by his motion, if such was really the case. On the contrary, there was a fine new

* In Portuguese houses of a certain class, the ground-floor is occupied by a stable, coach-house, and other appendages, the whole opening from a sort of court, roofed by the floor of the principal dwelling apartments, and communicating with the street by a large door, which is frequently left open during the day.

English blanket, a sack, and a little barrel, not to mention the strap and buckle thereto attached, *quasi* belonging to him; but which he had left in our possession, for these were on the back of the *bât* pony. Goods to half the value, of any description, would have induced any son of Lusitania, in the same rank of life, to have walked from one frontier of the kingdom to the other; for every thing, including fish-scales, and the snuff of candles, has value in Portugal. Those who are familiar with the meaning of the gradation by which they reckon money, will require no proof of this; and such as have never *heard of a ree*, are not capable of comprehending the allusion. When I observe, that although *rees* are the idiomatic of the country for pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings, and the national debt would be reckoned as so many *millions of thousands** of that coin, it is one which mortal eye never yet beheld.

As we are nearly about done for ever with this said Pedro, a more suitable opportunity will not

* All accounts are kept in *milrees*, i. e. a thousand rees. It may give a vague notion of the matter of fact, if it be stated, that the Spanish dollar was current for 800 rees, consequently two and a half were two milrees; and 1250 dollars amounted to no less a sum upon paper than 1,000,000 rees, or a million of the currency; in round numbers, about £312.

occur of explaining the cause of my former treatment of him; and an illustration will, at the same time, be afforded, of the value attached to *commodities* in this once enterprising commercial kingdom.

Tea, I have already quoted as being the best article furnished in Lisbon; and, in English estimation, it was one of the cheapest. The better classes of the Portuguese really do drink tea. Upon my prior arrival in Lisbon, three of us had messed together; and, as I happened to be senior, I took great care of general interests. Pedro was also the chief of the three domestics, not in quality of serving the senior officer, but as being himself indubitably older than any member of the existing establishment. Upon our first arrival, we found, what may, perhaps, hereafter be better understood as *magnificent tea*; and it being so reasonable in price, while the Lisbon water is so exquisite, it is hardly to be wondered at, if, even we, young as we were, took to drinking deeply of

“The cups which cheer, but not inebriate.”

For some time all went on remarkably well; the tea was so good, and Pedro so attentive, that we confided the superintendence of the grocery department entirely to him; but we could not

find such tea a second time, as we had obtained the first. Pedro sought in vain, not only in the identical store, magazine, or shop, whence I myself had procured it, but through all Lisbon, for pearl or gunpowder, of equal, or even approaching pretensions. Pedro was any thing but a stout, hearty-looking fellow; on the contrary, he was the very realization of living squalor, albeit better dressed than the generality of his stamp, (as a gentleman's servant out of livery has *a right* to be—using the Hibernian mode of expression,) possessing a well-glazed canoe hat, and wearing a pig-tail, *without* hair-powder, that article being of too *nutritive* a quality to suffer the adoption of the French fashion in this respect, among the natives of the Peninsula. The poor man excited our compassion, in consequence of the incessant fatigue and anxiety to which he was exposed, in running about for *tea*: but still, as the Scotch say, we could command nothing but *water bewitched*, and we were on the point of giving up this unavailing debauchery, and putting up with some substitute, when the following discovery was *stumbled upon*, as discoveries have universally been, and not unfrequently to the injury of the party who made the stumble.

All hands were out one day, excepting myself; and I happened to want something which I expected I might find in the servants' room—for all three occupied the same apartment. I found the door unlocked, and entered. Description is hopeless—filth, both by omission and commission, absolutely covered the place: candle-ends; bits of soap; remnants of wearing-apparel, displayed in every variety of clout and fragment; bones of meat; dirty boots and shoes, belonging both to masters and men; empty bottles; old corks; rusty knives; broken crockery; billets of fire-wood; salted *sardinhas*; Indian corn; crusts of bread; *bacalhão*, &c. &c. &c. were lying promiscuously in all places, and in every direction; but upon the floor, at the open window and in the rays of the sun, a vast quantity of tea-leaves, laid upon scraps of paper to dry. Suffice it now to say, that the degeneracy of the tea was at once accounted for. Pedro and Co. had been driving a tolerably lucrative trade by selling our bread, horses' corn, and some other odd things, to their friends out of doors; and to us our own tea-leaves, after we thought they had been consigned to the dunghill. We were not long in finding the means of proving this most impertinent system of chicanery, and the trium-

virate was drummed out of the garrison without further delay.

Soon after leaving Sacavem, on the following morning we came to a little river, (the name of which I cannot rely upon quoting with accuracy,) which falls into the Tagus, and which we had to cross by a bridge of boats. It was a sort of military or revenue post, for sentinels were stationed there, in whose custody we found Senhor Pedro, he having been detained by the picquet, for the want of vouchers to substantiate his account of himself, as given on the preceding evening. He told us a very pitiful tale of his difficulties in leaving Lisbon ; which might have obtained some credit, had he not gone too far, by entering upon the subject of certain disbursements, which he pretended he had made on our account : and he then adverted to the miserable night he had passed at the bridge-foot, where he had, *of his own accord*, bivouacked, in the hope of finding his master in the morning. He was amazingly angry when he began, and far too fluent for us to follow the thread of his discourse. My declaration, that he was my servant, was sufficient to liberate him from duance, in which, the truth of the matter was, he had been kept from the moment of his arrival ;

as he could have found us at once in the village, had he been so inclined.

As the party proceeded forward, we thought it prudent to form the baggage into an advanced guard, that we might have the command of their movements; for the conduct of both had been, to say the least of it, suspicious; but the boy's character rose as we advanced, for we observed my old rascal to be quarrelling with him at every step. At last, he insisted upon leading the pony, which little Benedicto would not surrender without orders. Pedro persisting with some degree of violence, an appeal was made, and matters were brought to a crisis. This occurred about half-way between Saca-Vem and Villa Franca, where it was decided that Bento should continue to conduct the pony, as he had hitherto done.

Pedro became insolent, declaring that the duty was his of right, for which I called him a fool, as, while disengaged, he could walk where he pleased, which the other could not do. "Then, if I can walk where I please, I'll walk back to Lisbon. After the treatment of yesterday, I would not have come a step, but out of my regard for you; so, pay me my wages, let me take my things, and wish you a good journey."

“What wages?” said I, “and what things? There is nothing belonging to you here, but what is on your back.” “Why, have I not been in your service three days? And am I not entitled to a blanket, a canteen, and my rations?” “Oh, as to the matter of wages, there is a *testão* for you, which is your full due—touch the king’s stores if you dare! Bento, cut him off his day’s rations—and now march to Lisbon, if you please; but take care of the bridge, lest you should fall in with a party of *volunteers* thereabout.” This alarmed the vagabond, who thought I could not do without him, and he began to relent, and make fresh overtures—but I was inexorable; and we went on, leaving him venting maledictions, more loud than deep, in the middle of the road.

It will be considered by some, that I have given such a character too prominent a station in these pages. But who that has described Portuguese manners, has not alluded most pointedly to the singular character and position of the servants in that country? Who has failed to describe the horde of lazy, filthy, vermin-covered, and ragged retainers, which are hangers-on about the *palazio* of every great or rich

man. Wretches, who do *nothing*, and earn little more than nothing, by this authorized sort of idle life. A miserable pittance of watery broth, and a handful of rice, are their provisions—wages they have none—and clothes they steal, or come by as they can. A few, and but a few, are really employed by the family; as for the rest, the master knows as little about them, as of the dogs that make the garbage in the streets their domicile and their store. Those, therefore, who received from the English service a dollar per week, and the daily ration of a British soldier, might well consider themselves in flourishing circumstances.* That there were some

• If the habits and necessities of these fellows be taken into account, they were infinitely better off than their masters. I know not to what collateral known class I can compare them. The climate almost supersedes the necessity of a habitation; or if they are lodged along with us, that is, under the same roof, it was a luxury almost beyond their capacity of using—not to speak of enjoying. All they got was clear gain, when got *honestly*; but few there were who did not make their wages &c. the leaven for a larger lump. The only thing which one of the lowest Portuguese positively requires, of a nature to cost money, is covering of some sort for his person—but *once* clad, he is so for life. They can do without shelter, and can *find* food.

of them trust-worthy, let it not be doubted; but too many were filthy dogs, (as perhaps opportunities may occur of exhibiting in the sequel, with more interest; or at least amusement, than could be furnished by a digression on the subject at present.)

As we trudged on, the objects which presented themselves were almost as new to me as they were to my companion. The road was at no time far from the river, in the villages and quintas bordering upon which; the people were busily employed packing green oranges for the English market.

Considering how worthless that fruit is in its native country, I was almost tempted to sneer in my sleeve at the notion of two *natives* trafficking in such an article. Buying oranges in Portugal, except perhaps in Lisbon, is almost unknown. They are much neglected; and sometimes sham-fights take place with them, as among us with snow-balls.

The orange tree is tall, of dark and luxuriant foliage, which, when hung with the clusters of golden balls, presents a pleasing sight; the more so, as these trees are uniformly planted in groves, by the side of a stream running in the bottom of a valley. The fruit, perhaps it is superfluous

to remark, is produced twice a year, about January and June ; but for exportation, it is necessary to gather it before it is ripe, a fact which explains the term ' green ' used above.

CHAPTER VIII.

HIGH-SOUNDING BILLET — ANTICIPATED RECEPTION, NOT QUITE THE TRUE ONE—A MUNICIPALITY FRIGHTENED—NEW BILLETS OBTAINED.

TOWARDS the close of this day's progress, we passed under the height which terminated the celebrated lines fortified for the defence of the capital, and occupied by the army of Wellington not long before. Between this right extremity of the formidable position, and the river, there extends a marsh, which, I believe, was considered impassable, and the safety of our army was farther provided for by the circumstance of the river itself being occupied by an armed flotilla. However this may be, as we had neither guide nor road-book to consult, or inform us, we passed by with shameful lack of curiosity; and, having cleared the miserable little town of Alhandra, about half a league farther, arrived at the more

considerable and somewhat bustling one of *Villa Franca dextera*, on the margin of the river.

At this period, there was still great confusion in the place, which had been an advanced post of the enemy during the occupation of the lines by the Anglo-Portuguese troops; and had fared as every other place which provided them with quarters had fared—it had been reduced almost to ruin. The inhabitants had not long begun to return to their former domiciles, and things had not yet reached their accustomed and established train. However, as concerned *us*, there was little importance connected with circumstances of this nature. The usual functionaries of military ceremony were posted here, and with them only had we to do. Our first care was to obtain billets; our next to draw rations.

We had no difficulty at the outset of our attempt; for, on repairing to the office of the *juiz*, or magistrate, or clerk, or constable, charged with this administration, my friend and I, Bento and the pony, were quickly furnished with a slip of paper, handing the whole concern, biped and quadruped, over to the hospitality of the most illustrious and most excellent Sir (or Senhor) *Don Ignatio, Domingo, Agostinho, Francisco, Tiago Soares* and *Silva*, No. 17. *Travessa do Taio*! Well, we offered

one another our mutual congratulations. The great man upon whom our whole establishment—and not only our own, but that of a Portuguese captain, whom we had seen in the office, and heard read the same illustrious and excellent designation, from a similar scrap, as he went away before our turn arrived—were to be quartered, must be a FIDALGO of the first order; probably the Lord Lieutenant or Viceroy of the province; and most certainly the occupant of a commodious, if not splendid, palace. We had all day been trudging upon a rough and wearisome road; albeit, one of the few in the kingdom that could fairly lay claim to the title, being part of the wreck of that which the great Pombal had made between the capital, and the place which gave him his last and highest title; (of which more in due time :) and we were now, by anticipation, marching pompously upon velvet, lolling upon the ottomans of the splendid halls and saloons of our destined entertainer. The old ladies and the bishopry (I must not call it *ric*) of Saca-Vem, which had, for the last few hours, floated in our recollection, with the gilded mouldings of our apartments, and the stiff, rich, flowered silk coverings of our beds and furniture, we expected would be speedily annihilated by the eclipsing

glories of ancient tapestry, and all the gorgeousness of one who had, no doubt, been the representative of majesty in the East, or at least a governor in Brazil. We could not help regretting that our jaded appearance, and the unpretending and unimposing style of our equipage, might not prove very strong recommendations to the condescending notice of the most illustrious and most excellent Sir, *Don Ignatius, Dominick, Augustine, Francis, James Soares and Silva*; such, I informed my friend, being the nearest English into which the name of our *patrao cunigree* could be rendered; but we had a triple consolation: 1. Our uniform and destination would bespeak allowances; 2. Our *heavy* baggage was on the water, we ourselves walking by choice, for the purpose of seeing the country, and studying the manners of the accomplished and patriotic people with whom we had the happiness to be upon such friendly terms; and, 3dly. There was no small chance of his most illustrious excellency being either too great or too busy a personage to attend to the every-day occurrence of officers bringing billets to his house; while, in still greater probability, he was not here, but at Lisbon, dividing the cares of state with the government, or affording them the benefit of his counsels and experience.

No. 17, Tagus' lane, however! The lane did not seem quite in keeping with such brilliant parts of the picture: but this drawback was disposed of by recollecting that, even in the metropolis, the mansions, or, more *Portuguesely* speaking, the *palaces*, of the greatest men frequently were both fronted and flanked by the meanest abodes of the lowest people; and were often situated in by-streets, and what, in London, would be considered out-of-the-way places. Besides, "Tagus lane;" a lane, or avenue, to the noblest of rivers! The palace of *Don Ignatio Domingo Agostinho Francisco Tiago* had, doubtless, a private landing-place; and the rich and illustrious owner had boats and crews at his command. "Suppose, Thomson," (for that was the undistinguished cognomen of my delighted associate,) said I, "we hint to the Don, or his representative, the acceptability of a twelve-oared barge as far as Santarem." "O no! that would be too much." "Well—come, let us find out this *travessa do Taio*, and put an end to our fatigues, and more than realize our expectations. But—

" — who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Hath felt the influence of malignant star?"

The first two dozen persons, at least, to whom we put the question as to the *locale* of the distinguished *Travessa*, knew, or said they knew, of no such place! Here was Portuguese incivility most unequivocally and ungratefully displayed! Not know the *Travessa do Taio*!! Why, the next thing they would pretend ignorance of would be the existence of the *Tagus* itself. Judge, however, of our mixed consternation and exasperation, when, upon deliberately perusing the *boleto*, another dozen most solemnly declared (and they were all respectable-looking people, with fresh-looking brown cloaks and bright glazed cocked hats) that they had never heard of the most illustrious and most excellent *Don* whose name it carried.

This was not to be endured; so, consigning them all to the guardianship we conceived they merited, we resolved to have nothing more to say to this pig-headed and perverse generation of rebels; and proceeded to *discover* our place of destination without their aid. Bento might, doubtless, have saved us much trouble; but he and the pony, for reasons best known to themselves, followed in silence, as we threaded the *exuviae* of the disloyal town in which we found ourselves doomed to such inhospitable treatment.

“Thomson,” said I, “the wisest thing we can do is to make for the side of the river; this lane, of course, debouches upon its bank: and we can be at little loss to guess the residence of *Don Ignatio*, when we see it.” It was an acute suggestion, and upon it we acted. We passed the mouths of three or four minor outlets to the Tagus, without making the discovery we wanted; for no names were painted upon the corners of the same. At length, one opened upon us, which exceeded all we had yet encountered, in point of filth and obscurity. Seeing a young female standing at the entrances of one of the *palazios*, I mustered courage to approach; and, taking off my hat, (for to speak to *a man*, even to a Gallego, with the head covered, much less to a *Senhora*, would, in Portugal, be looked upon as the very *ne plus est* of ultra-barbarism,) I most respectfully bowed; and asked, if she would condescend to say which was No. 17, the palazio of *Don Ignatio*, &c. &c. ‘*Acoldà!*’ pointing out a miserable dwarf ruin of a building, not far off, which I could not but conjecture to be a lodge dilapidated by the French; or some back entrance to the residence, which we should find, after all, to be worthy of the illustrious possessor of so many names.

As we approached the desired spot, we heard loud voices, engaged in what may be best described by the term 'scolding:' and those who have been witnesses of a match of this nature between two natives of Portugal, may imagine (but few others can) the contrast which such indications of vivacity must have formed with the stillness and solemnity, nay even the desolation, of the neighbourhood. Reaching the open door of the miserable tenement pointed out by our fair directress, (and which, of course, we ascribed to a mistake, either on her part or our own,) we were a little surprised to find a fat, filthy, blackguard- (a *Portuguese* blackguard) - looking friar, of the vilest clad mendicant order, vomiting the most obscene abuse upon the captain, who had also received a billet on the palace to which we were now making the best of our enlightened way. We were perfectly at a loss to comprehend the cause of this rencontre, much less the reason for such a quarrel: but, casting our eye upon the lintel of the entrance, to our still more intense perplexity, we observed the figures 17 very distinctly and unequivocally painted up. This arrested our progress; for we had resolved to pass by, without concerning ourselves in a civil war, in which we little imagined

we were so deeply interested. It now became necessary to ask, if this really WERE the *Travessa do Taio, No. 17*? “Si,” vehemently rejoined the *Padre*; and which is the *Palazio d’ Illustrissimo & Excell^o Senha Don Ig.?* — “Don Diabo! Marotos! hum outro bolecto, sem duvido! *Eu* estou Ignatio Soares, hum pobre irmão d’ordao do São Francisco: não tenho ni casa ni cama, ni sapato olha! olha! meos senhores. Maldito juiz!”* As he proceeded, however, he moderated his vehemence, and, after assuring us that he had no accommodation for a *dog*, (in which the good father spoke no more than the truth,) that he had exerted himself to obtain this humble shelter for a widowed sister, whose husband had been killed in the service of his country, and who resided here with her only child, a daughter; that the authorities having registered him as the responsible occupant, had not only shewed their spite at a loyal subject, (for he believed them all to be in the interest of the French,) but had insulted us all, by fobbing us

* Don Devil! Rascals! *another* billet, no doubt! I am Ignatio Soares, a poor brother of the order of St. Francis: that has neither house nor bed, hat nor shoes; look, look, gentlemen. Cursed town-clerk!

off with billets upon a person who had, indeed, no home for himself. This was exclusively addressed to Thomson and me; for he continued to eye the captain in no very friendly manner, as he poured forth the tale of his sorrows: at the termination of which, who should enter the hovel but the self-same lady, from whom we had gained the desired information as to the locale of the Senhor's mansion! and, coming opportunely enough to make the peace between the belligerents, succeeded in reducing her *tio** to reason. She was, of course, 'the only child' of the widowed sister.

None of *us* had a whit more inclination to intrude upon the privacy of this pious, though humble family, than the ostensible (and, as the captain shortly gave us to understand, the real and natural, though shaven) *head* manifested to encourage us. We therefore retraced our steps (a matter of brief execution, compared to our previous exploratory undertaking) to the Camera, or town-hall, full of wrath and indignation at the scurvy trick which the officials had played upon us. We found our new acquaintance, the *capitão*, who belonged, he said, to a regiment of *Caçadores*, though there was reason to doubt

* Uncle.

whether he was any thing more than a civilian, employed in some subordinate situation under the commissary-general. With this, however, we had nothing to do; and, as he proposed to take upon himself the task of blowing up the authorities, for the execution of which we had little doubt of his capacity, after the specimen we had seen of his talents for oratory, when pitched against the parson,—we returned his polite advances as well as we could. On arriving at the town-house, however, we found all the doors fast, and no one could or would tell us where else to apply. We found out the private residences of several of the magistrates, to which *the captain* went; but no one was visible.

He came back, more in anger than in sorrow; swearing he would now make them run to *him*, for he would set the town on fire, or, what would answer our purpose better, make them believe that it was so. Upon this, he darted into a recess, under the aforesaid *hotel de ville*, which (like many other hotels in the kingdom) had no door, and, seizing a rope that hung from some mysterious receptacle over head, sounded such a peal upon a most vociferous specimen of bell-metal, that, in less than three minutes, the little

square was crowded with anxious inquirers, about the *why* and the *where*. In three more, every public functionary was roused from his siesta, and seen shuffling to the source of the alarm.

Explanations were now entered into, threats interchanged, between the disturbed magnates and the disturber of their repose; but unexceptionable billets were ultimately furnished. To us, on producing the original one, some sort of an apology was made: it was a mistake—it was not intended to send us to the good-for-nothing *padre*, who was abhorred by every body, and known to have been in the pay of *Massena*; and—— as for the other, (who had so adroitly brought things to their present pass,) they knew enough of him, to anticipate what sort of a meeting would take place between the dirty monk and the smart Lisbon clerk, who had, no doubt, upon finding out who Don Ignatio really was, told him some unpalatable truths, which may go all necessary length, in accounting for the uproar to which we had been witnesses.

Thomson and I did not obtain shelter under one roof, upon this occasion. Indeed, there was not a house, in all probability, capable of fur-

nishing the required accommodation, small as that was. I recollect, however, that he had the best billet; for, having *the* servant, the duty of preparing our repast devolved upon his factotum; and Bento contrived to melt some of our ration beef into what we thought very palatable soup. With this we made no difficulty of discussing the whole allowance of wine which had been issued for two days. It threw very little cheerfulness over our situation, but it did not produce us a head-ache on the following morning.

CHAPTER IX.

GEOGRAPHICAL CALCULATIONS—DESOLATION AND
 DILAPIDATION—BANDITTI—LIVING IN FEARFUL
 STYLE—A MIDNIGHT STORMING-PARTY—DR.
 THOMSON IN BED—MY GALLANT DEFENCE—
 VOLUNTEERS—GETTING WET, WITHOUT GETTING
 DRY AGAIN—THE SHOWERS OF PORTUGAL—MEN
 OF STRAW.

FROM Villa Franca to Azambuja (our next stage) I find the distance, upon reference to Geddes's Route, which I have ever since carefully preserved, to be three leagues: but *a league*, in Portugal, is as nondescript a thing in distance, as *a while* is every where in time. If you ask how many of these admeasurements may be to any given place, you are first subjected to the counter-query—Do you mean large or small leagues? Beyond Villa Franca, the road to Oporto, *via Pombal*, branches off to the left,

taking an inland direction through a country, part of which I had occasion to traverse ere the two years were completed: *our* route lay still along the course of the river, though somewhat more aloof from its margin. The features of the scenery could not vary much, in so short a space, from what they had hitherto exhibited. Villages were passed, which seemed like a nest of hedge-hogs, just recovering from the fright which causes them to roll themselves up in a manner well calculated to evade the notice of the passers-by. Life and industry were beginning to struggle for development; and, in the midst of dilapidation, and apparent claims upon considerations of a more domestic nature, progress had been made in long-suspended pursuits, though little had yet been done in the way of repairing damage. The houses still stood, with empty window-places, and void door-ways; or, if in some habitations an attempt had been made to supply these, the rudest substitutes had been put up with; and, in many instances, the wreck of one house had been employed to patch the mischief done to another. Many families had not yet returned—many never did return: and the causes of this, however diversified, were all referable to one great source—glorious war!

Men could not be found for the purposes of re-establishing the quondam state of things; they were slain in past, or exposing themselves to the risk of future contests. *Women*, alas! what could they have done? Old men might be found, eloquent in their lamentations; and children, anxious only for the bread which their grandmothers knew not where to find for them.

War! glorious war! at the best, among *friends*, what is it? destruction, not only *in* the field, but *of* the field, and not of the field only. Whether, in corresponding circumstances, a British army would have so wantonly and unnecessarily demolished the unoffending habitations of a people terror-stricken, and unable to oppose the overwhelming force of an enemy, (*compelled* even to abandon their houses, and to interrupt the occupations on which the support of an armed force must necessarily depend; *compelled*, I say, to do this by the force of a most formidable, severe, but NECESSARILY severe, authority,) I cannot for a moment suppose. All over this devoted land, however, the case was the same; towns scarce *stood*, by this time, and, probably, the walls of their houses would have been uniformly levelled, as the combustible part of their materials had

been consumed, were it not necessary, in a country exposed to earthquakes, to build them of remarkable strength.

Of all the places through which we this day passed, the most extensive, and the most desolate and dilapidated, in appearance, was a town named, as if in mockery of its actual condition, *Villa Nova*.* The impression it made upon me was dismal in the extreme. I should have taken it, had I been unacquainted with the course and nature of events, for the *oldest* town in the kingdom.

Azambuja had nothing to distinguish its condition from that of other places in Portuguese Estremadura, but a terrific cut-throat character. It was rather more rural in its appearance, and more picturesquely situated, if I remember rightly, than the places we had hitherto halted at. Olive plantations came close to it, upon the inland side: and I do not remember seeing the river; so that it had little, if any, direct connexion with the transactions carried on by water with the metropolis.

We were told terrible stories, however, of its being the head-quarters of a formidable gang of robbers, consisting of deserters from the army;

* New Town.

desperate fellows, who had been known to stop even English officers travelling without an escort, and carrying off their baggage. This, we afterwards ascertained to be pretty nearly the truth. For our own part, we had not five pounds' worth of baggage, including the pony; but what we had, was of some consequence to us; and these most illustrious and most excellent free-booters might choose rather to satisfy themselves by an inspection of necessaries in some retired and sombre grove, than take our word on the subject; having done which, a press of business might prevent them, (even with the best intentions,) from making restitution. It is useless to pretend that we gave ourselves no uneasiness at this intelligence, which was repeated by various persons in the town. Shortly after our arrival, however, a large detachment of the 95th regiment, or rifle brigade, marched in, on their way from Lisbon to the army; and in their company we resolved to proceed next day, provided we should escape destruction in the course of the night.

To house ourselves safely for this night was, therefore, a matter of no ordinary consideration. Our lot was to occupy a newly-built, and but half-finished, villa, in a quinta situated rather

remote from that protection which neighbourhood is always supposed to give. The Fidalgo, who had projected this improvement, had been disturbed in its progress, and compelled to fly; nor, at this time, had he returned either for the purpose of securing his estate, or of accomplishing his design. A peasant and his wife had been left in charge, who furnished us with mattresses, and wood for fuel, regretting (as they said) that more was not in their power. The pony we fastened within the great door-way; and did what our own imperfect knowledge of a horse's necessities, and the uncouth circumstances in which we were placed, admitted of, to provide for his natural wants during the night.

We thought we had secured the folding-doors of the *casa* by means of the long and formidable iron bars, which, in the rude manufacture of Portugal, are employed in lieu of our less ponderous and more effective bolts; and, having attached the pony to some part of this awkward machinery, with Indian corn and chopped straw in sufficient quantity under his nose, we, at length, betook ourselves to our chamber of repose, upon the first, or principal floor... Thomson and myself occupying contiguous shake-downs, while Bento took up his abode in the

same apartment; in which, as a matter of prudence and precaution, we had kept the *candieiro*, or classical lamp, burning. I may add, that I was in possession of a pair of pistols, which I took care to load and put in order, and to deposite under my head, before I confided myself to the deceptive influence of Morpheus.

About one in the morning, a violent battering at the door awoke, and at the same time alarmed, *me*. I concluded that our time was come, and that we had nothing for it but to 'sell our lives,' as all persons driven desperate say, 'as dearly as possible.' I started up, and found Bento also upon the alert; but my friend Thomson was buried five fathom deep in oblivion and indifference. I tried in vain to rouse him. In the mean time, the boy and I cautiously undid the fastenings of the casement, in order to reconnoitre the quarter from whence the attack evidently came; the window (if so it may be called) of the apartment being nearly over the door, at which I conceived there could not be less than a score of desperate robbers. The darkness of the night, however, prevented us from making any discoveries: in fact, we saw *nobody*, but yet the battering against the door continued. It was very odd: we challenged—we fired, even: but

all was in vain; and it was clear that we had got the most cunning, as well as the most bloody-minded rogues to deal with, that ever cut men's throats in quietness and obscurity. There appeared but one course to pursue, which was to reload the discharged pistol, to take our swords, and bully the banditti of Azambuja.

What Charlie Thomson's mind was so intently occupied with, as to render him utterly insensible to the awful nature of existing circumstances, I could not then comprehend, nor was I at any future time informed; but he appeared to me one of the strangest of mortals. The battering at the door (which still continued) was loud enough to have been heard at Lisbon; yet he heard it not. I cast no reflections upon his bravery; for being abandoned, by himself, in a wide and waste apartment, to which there might be half-a-dozen avenues well known to the robbers, was (of the two positions) not the least dangerous. Get him up, however, we could not; so Bento took the lamp in one hand, and a pistol in the other, while, doubly armed myself, with all the confidence of Dominic Samson we proceeded to the scene of action. As we cautiously descended the stair, which led to the principal entrance, and at the foot of which we had littered

the cavalry, another and another tremendous and blood-curdling *siserara* was bestowed upon the stout and stubborn door. We conjectured rightly, that, as yet, the assailing party had not made good an entrance; and I was not without some hope, that, by conveying to them a notion that the garrison was more numerous than was actually the case, we might alarm the enemy, and induce them to raise the siege.

I therefore affected to give orders (in a loud voice, and good set *Portuguese*;) to *Bento*, that he and *his* party should not fire till the door was wide open; and that, as soon as they had given a volley, and *Pedro* and *the men* at the windows had discharged *their* muskets, *Bento's* division should rush out, and charge with their bayonets; while *I*, and *the rest of the officers*, would follow with drawn swords and pistols, to take prisoners—all of whom would be tried upon the spot by a court-martial, and hanged to the beams of the adjoining stable. These severe denunciations—these articles of capitulation—(as with great propriety they might be termed by *Vauban* himself)—seemed to have an instant effect; for the battering ceased, and it was evident that the foe was deeply engaged in devising sure and safe means of retreat or concealment.

Now, thought I, here is victory obtained by a *ruse* worthy of General Phillipon.

In the mean time, my *party* had advanced with great tranquillity to the bottom of the stair, when he began to curse and scold somebody.—‘What?’ said I, (somewhat alarmed, I confess,) ‘has any of them got in?’ “No, Senhor; but the horse has got loose, and kicked a hole in the door.” True it was, and of verity, that all our alarm, and means of defence, tactics, stratagems, and arrangements, had been thrown away by the little four-footed wretch, which, having got his tail where we had left his muzzle over-night, had, for the last ten or fifteen minutes, been amusing himself by pitching horse-shoes against wooden pannels—a sort of contest in which the weakest article is sure to get the worst of it;*

* In one of Matthews’s most humorous delineations of character, he represents a servant, whose miserly old master employs him to brush a cloak, already worn threadbare, enjoining him, at the same time, to take care of the nap. ‘Nap!’ says the assiduous valet, ‘if I had no more *nap* than this cloak, I’m afraid I should want to go to bed:’ the pun is abominable; but it is in some measure, perhaps, compensated for, by the sneer which follows.—“Brush my cloak,” says he, ‘well, here goes—pig’s bristles against lamb’s wool! we’ll see which is softest.’ To this I confess myself indebted for the contrast introduced in the text.

and so it proved in the instance in question. We tied him up properly again, and retired, vexed and ashamed, I confess, for my own part, at having made so much ado about nothing; and scarce had I relapsed into the somniferous state, when a renewal of the racket took place: but knowing the cause, I was contented to lose a night's rest; which, under such a serenade, none but a wizard like Charlie Thomson could have obtained.

There was no great chance of robbers coming to storm military quarters in a *town*; but as we did not know how they might consider the matter of stopping travellers on the road by day, when they could see what they were about, we took care to march out of Azambuja in company with the escort, of which mention has already been made.

There were four officers attached to this party: two of the rifle corps, and two subalterns from a militia regiment, who were going forward to seek their fortune in the capacity of volunteers, expecting shortly to obtain commissions in the line. It was, perhaps, a unique method of supplying the regular troops of the British army with reinforcements—that of volunteering from the militia. In all respects, these latter regi-

ments were formed and efficient soldiers; and the force of habit was strongly manifested by the alacrity with which men, who would in the first instance have thought it the most desperate of all steps to have *enlisted*, flocked to the ranks of the line, and anticipated the pleasures of active service. The fascination of a military life is perhaps not less a problem, because it is characteristically prevalent. How few of what were called 'limited-service men,' (comparatively,) availed themselves of their release, to return to civil life. Many who did so in the first instance, were fain to seek re-admission, and even to enlist *for life*. If I am not in error, I believe it was the object of subaltern officers to head the men who volunteered to transfer themselves to the regular army; and, bringing over a certain number, was considered as entitling the bringer to a commission.

In the instance which led to these remarks, the parties had not recruited the required quota, and preferred offering their individual services, to waiting longer for a more encouraging opportunity. They were both fine, staid, and sensible, but very young men—dressed in the smart uniform of the regiment to which they had belonged; become soldiers of fortune, and resolved to

cut out a path for future advancement with their swords.

I fear there is nothing wherewith to entertain the reader, connected with this day's progress. It was Thomson's and my *last* march, on the present occasion; for it was to terminate at Santarem, the place of our destination. The road was sandy, deep, and dreary; added to which, we made the latter part of the journey under a Portuguese rain. Now, this is not like the drizzle that wets insidiously, the effects of which you may anticipate, but the progress of which through your upper benjamin, and *juste au corps*, is imperceptible. No, no; a Lusitanian shower is full-cousin to a waterspout. It does its work in a business-like manner. The clouds take ample vengeance of the scorching which has been in the ascendant for many months, though they seem to be playing all the while at bo-peep with Phœbus.

Yes, a winter day in that part of Christendom is something like an April one in England, but upon a scale of more serious importance. A deluge descends almost without time to say 'below there!', as the sailors do *after* they have chucked something out of the main-top upon your head; and wo betide thee, if thou art

away from shelter ; which, however, in *a town* cannot happen ; there being so many door-ways always open, though not, in *our* sense of the words, either invitingly or hospitably so. Thou runnest two risks in these circumstances : first, of being levelled to the earth by dint of pressure from the atmosphere, by dint, in other words, of the superincumbent weight and momentum discharged by the clouds ; and then of being hurled, like a boulder stone or straggling pig, down some precipitous outlet, which is now become a water-course, (a new river—a rapid, swollen, and impetuous, furious, roaring, and *turbid* flood,) into the infernal regions of the city—into Bull-bay, for example : or (if some Herculean native of Galicia* do not seize thee opportunely by one of thy lower extremities) into the majestic stream of the golden Tagus ; thence to be floated over the bar, and swept under the noses of porpoises, or beaks, keen eyes, and web-feet of gulls and divers, round the Steep of Cintra, through the narrow channel of the rude and repulsive Berlingas, until thy macerated

* The porter's work of Lisbon is in the hands of *Gallegos*, so called from the name of their province in Spain. They are a race of very peculiar character.

remains shall be cast upon some lonely beach—it may be, to obtain the last rites of Christian solicitude from the inhabitants of the *Land's End*—or a shallow, sandy grave, beneath Cape Finisterre. Walk little, therefore, and that circumspectly in the winter season, through Lisbon; and be not seduced from the safety of thine abode by the transitory gleams of sunshine, which, ever and anon, seem to be laughing at the sport occasioned by the last deluge, or to be looking in merry mood at the devoted objects which are to be carried away by the next: and in Portugal, during this season, there is a flood four times an hour; as, in the month of June, there is an earthquake as many times a day.

But the scene of *our* deluge was by no means like the one just alluded to. We were wading almost ankle-deep in sand, which gave us something like a stake in the country, and contributed to the firmness of our position. Charlie Thomson and I had on our only coats; which, but for this observation, I had designed to have denominated our best: if we had others, be it remembered that they were not within reach, and the good civic plan of changing garments after getting wet through, was a prospect altogether beyond our sphere of contemplation.

We trudged on, and at length came to a spot, which, in fine weather and in better spirits, we might and ought to have regarded with attention.

About a league from Santarem, the ground becomes interspersed with abrupt eminences, of no great height certainly, but contributing a particularly wild feature to the landscape, and having furnished the French army with positions of rather a formidable nature. These hills were planted with olive trees, as indeed the greater part of the province is; and the enemy, when in possession of Santarem, during their useless observation of the lines of *Torres Vedras*, had fortified these summits with batteries and redoubts. As we approached these frowning elevations, we found that a marsh extended for some distance from their base to the lower country, over which, we had been hitherto travelling; and that the road was continued over this marsh by means of a long and narrow causeway, along the line of which, one or two embrasures were now looking harmlessly from the terminating hill on the Santarem side.

A small battery had been constructed on this spot, which commanded the causeway; upon

which, if I understand rightly, the videttes, or sentinels, of either army were posted during Massena's period of repose, at and about Santarem, in the winter of 1810-11; and, perhaps, it was as peaceful a spot as any in the kingdom of Portugal, notwithstanding the fact of the hostile forces coming into a sort of contact upon it. The morning upon which the French abandoned the project of longer remaining in a position where all supplies were exhausted, and by continuing to occupy which there was no object to be realized; as the allied force, which had the port of Lisbon, and unlimited resources, behind them, and probably calculated upon starving them out: the morning in question was very foggy; and when day-light enabled the English sentinels to observe with accuracy the state and condition of those of the foe, (which they imagined were posted on the causeway,) it was ascertained that they consisted of mere uniforms, the wearers of which were 'men of straw.' By this ruse, however, several hours' start had been secured; and when our army began the pursuit, it was too late to prevent, or remedy, the last acts of outrage of which these exasperated legions had been guilty;

burning some of the unoffending (unless, perhaps, as they were deserted) convents, of which Santarem, in its better days, contained fourteen, in a flourishing state.

CHAPTER X.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CLIMACTERICS—SANTAREM—
 D'ALORNAS STORKED - OUT—PROFESSIONAL RE-
 FLECTIONS—DUTCH TILES—UPS AND DOWNS—
 DONE UP—LAID DOWN.

THIS, however, and other circumstances of a congenial nature, we became more fully acquainted with afterwards. In the mean time, we

‘ Wound with toilsome march our long array’—

round the base, or along the sides, of the zig-zag approach to the town, drenched and dis-spirited, weary and exhausted. To a veteran campaigner, who must so often have endured, day after day, ten times as much cause for exhaustion, without perhaps thinking there was any thing to complain of, the record of this fact may appear unworthy of a place in the annals of Peninsular proceedings: but it may have its use, if I

attempt to account for it. *First*, then, let me observe, that *all* the officers, and many, if not most, of the men, felt as I did—knocked up. We were all new, out of England, and that might have been an unfavourable circumstance for exposure to rough weather: 2dly, we were in a different climate from that to which we had been accustomed: and, 3dly, we were under novel circumstances. Our minds, no doubt, came in for their share of the influence. It is necessary to introduce specimens of the human race, cautiously and gradually, to great changes of their habits, or to great changes of climate. It *was*, if it be not still, the practice, to season troops for a residence in the West Indies, by a previous trial of Gibraltar, nearly in the same latitude, but still under the influence of European customs and precautions: it *was*, and I believe still is, the practice to make the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales, stepping stations to the sultry regions of our Eastern possessions; and this, not so much, perhaps, on account of difference in climate, as of a necessary revolution in habits, which, if man *must* undergo, he cannot, with safety, plunge into at once. And, as with the human race, so is it with the lower animals.

What was the case in the first attempts to introduce the sheep of Spain into this country, or the goats of Cachemire into France? or, what success has hitherto attended the experiment of naturalizing the rein-deer among us? Even the feathered tribes illustrate this point, by their migratory habits; and both sharks and whales are rare phenomena, when they appear upon our coasts; but I never heard of a single instance, in which a turtle has been found within thousands of miles of us.

But, lest all this natural and historical philosophy should be voted misplaced, I pass on to detail how terminated our four days' progress; for we had reached SANTAREM at last.

The city of SANTAREM stands upon the north, or right, bank of the Tagus; whether forty or fifty English miles above Lisbon, I really never could accurately ascertain; but, according to the late Colonel Geddes, it is fifteen leagues; and, *probably*, the English admeasurement may be correct, which falls between the two conjectures above given. It consists of an upper and a lower division, as the ground descends with some degree of abruptness to the margin of the river; close to which is situated what they call the lower town, occupied chiefly by those who

devote their attention to commercial intercourse with the metropolis; while the upper town, the city, is the residence of the wealthy and more distinguished inhabitants, being a place of no traffic or manufacture; but resembling, in various respects, a provincial French town, of a certain degree of importance, in which the residences of many genteel or good families are to be found.

The upper town is planted on several abrupt heights, which might, in former days, have been points for defence, and, consequently, of fortification; but of this, no distinct vestiges were perceptible at the period under consideration. While occupied by the French, it is true that the approaches by which our army might otherwise have attempted to advance, were, as has been already signified, strengthened and guarded as a position, but not in the manner of fortresses. From these eminences, the river is extensive, and I thought it at all times interesting.

The Tagus, here—still a considerable stream, winds down a fertile valley, which, in winter, is inundated for miles, on either side, exhibiting the aspect of a broad lake, rendered picturesque by the appearance here and there, upon its surface, of the tops of trees, and the summits of

buildings. One respectable specimen of the latter was situated exactly opposite the town, in the village of Almoreim, and had been a maison de campagne of the Marquis d'Alornas, one of the nobility who left the country as a partisan of Junot; and (if I was correctly informed) perished in the famous expedition of Napoleon to Moscow. This house was in a state of neglect, and consequent decay; and an amiable family of storks had taken lodgings in the upper story. The sight of these creatures, in their still and reposing attitudes, upon the top of old towers, &c. is curious to those unaccustomed (as we are in our country) to meet with them; and when we connect their actual appearance with what we have heard of their history and character, or instinct, we can hardly help feeling a degree of respect for them, and wishing to become familiar, as we do with our dogs and horses. To kill a stork, in Portugal, would be considered a heinous offence. They have the reputation of clearing the country of reptiles; and it is considered to be a favoured place, where they take up their abode.

But Almoreim ought not to have been spoken of yet. It had nothing to do with our dejected aspect, on arriving at Santarem, certainly; and

we must hasten to form acquaintance with the men and manners of the country, into which we had now advanced some little distance.

Our professional respects were paid, first to the worthy Dr. * * *, whose unassuming character, and habits of business, had gained him golden opinions from all sorts of men. This gentleman, who looked all but ridiculous in even the modest uniform of the medical staff, had been in the service *ab origine*, as physician to the forces; always, in my opinion, the most agreeable appointment that the service offered to a well-educated professional gentleman; and when I recall the events that took place at this same Santarem, I cannot, even at this distance of time, avoid bordering upon the *unholy* wish, that the war of the Peninsula had lasted another year.— More, however, of this hereafter. There are no *physicians to the forces* now; and the arrangements of Sir Henry Hardinge, as to the advantages, and even the designations, of medical officers, deserve their gratitude.

From Dr. — we were despatched to the commandant, one of the most redoubtable men that ever poised halberd; but he was, at this time, a lieutenant-colonel, who would have been in command of one of the *crack* regiments then

present with the army, had he not been in greater request at the now great hospital station.

It was every way a considerate act of the authorities to have the sick depôt removed from Lisbon; and it was a prudent measure to establish it upon the heights of Santarem. The spot chosen was salubrious; and the town (as has been said) abounding in convents, offered every facility in all articles of accommodation. It mattered little to the common soldiers, where they were to undergo the curative process, provided they were furnished with requisite attendance and assistance; and for this purpose, a surgeon was as efficient in one place as at another, while a monastery in Santarem contained as capacious cloisters as one in Lisbon. But the case of *the officers* was materially different. Amid the temptations of Lisbon, it was hardly to be wondered at, if recoveries and returns to the front were now and then tardy; besides which, there had been a few (*very few*) curious adventures, in the way of reaching England, by packets and private vessels, on the part of some gentlemen, to whose ears it had come, that they had been recommended for two or three months' leave to go home—their cases being, by members of medical boards, who formed

their opinions perhaps rather good-naturedly, if not hastily, (until experience wrought a great change in this matter,) considered hopeless, unless a temporary return to their native land were permitted.

I observe, that some gentlemen, under these circumstances, did not hazard the delay of the formalities through which such recommendation had to pass at head-quarters; the result of which would have been a free passage in a transport, or perhaps even a ship of war; but at once transferred their person and their property (at their own cost and risk) on board the first ship they could find bound for the English coast. From a place, forty or fifty miles in the interior of the kingdom, where ships never made their appearance, it was not quite so convenient to accomplish an unobserved removal; and certainly, for a poor man, (and all the officers in the army were at this time poor enough—pay being vastly in arrear,) Santarem was a paradise; inasmuch as there was little or nothing to be bought—had money been as plentiful as it is in the Bank of England.

The habitation of the *lieutenant-colonel commandant* was a palace—whether in strictness of language it was entitled to this grandiloquent

designation or not, I am unable to say; but it matters the less, as it was one which had been quitted by the owner; and though decorated with marble stairs, and walls covered with Dutch tiles, I believe it afforded little more than spacious and convenient accommodation for the public functionary who had his abode in it. The Dutch tiles, however, deserve some notice. Upon the walls of all large staircases, (whether in public or private buildings,) and universally in convents, are covered with these glazed specimens of earthenware; and commonly display a sort of mosaic picture, though not of a very ingenious or lively description, the only colour used being blue. They contribute to the cool and refreshing appearance of the building; and, in a clear and sultry climate, furnish a more sensible relief than it may be in my power to explain, inasmuch as they are always to be met with where the rays of the sun do not find direct access.

Our business with the military authority was brief; consisting only of the important intelligence of our arrival, and destination to remain there till further orders, and obtaining a requisition for lodgings and rations. The first part of this undertaking having been gone through with

less difficulty than we had, on former occasions, experienced, our next concern was to seek out the commissariat, and obtain the wherewithal to recruit exhausted nature. Every article of this sort was stored in the lower or commercial division of the town; and the distance to weary travellers was appalling.

. One of the greatest of *English* luxuries is getting wet to the skin, or, as our neighbours in France more energetically say, to the *bones*; for the danger to health is slight, and the sensation subsequently is the most soothing and agreeable possible to our animal feelings, when a supply of dry garments can be obtained, under the influence of a cheerful fire. But in the more genial regions of the south, the only *cure* is prevention—avoidance—imprisonment while the rains prevail; and the only redeeming or reconciling circumstance connected with them, is that, for a series of months, one is certain they will not be encountered; while, on the other hand, little else is to be looked for during the period of their prevalence; so that, in either case, there is no cause to complain of being *caught*, as we significantly term it in our region of variability. O England! with all thy faults thou wouldst be endurable, could thy inhabitants confide in thy

fine mornings and clearest sunshine, so as to leave their thresholds unarmed with umbrellas.

I was so extenuated as to declare that I preferred starvation, for the next three days, to venturing upon the formidable undertaking of a pilgrimage down the hill and up again. My companion, therefore took upon himself and his follower the duty of collecting the supplies; while I sought such repose as the miserable accommodation of a mediocre house, furnished, (or rather *unfurnished*) according to the custom of the country, was likely to afford. Proceeding towards my billet, I passed one of the officers of the rifle regiments, with whom we had undergone these hardships. He was leaning against a door-post, wet, weary, and the very realization of dejection. He was from Scotland—quite new, and unacquainted with any other British dialect than that of the north. The only words he could utter were, "*A'm clean dune!*"

For my own part, I was as completely done as ever Mr. *Brown* was; but, as may concern the colour to which the process had been conducted, the streets of Santarem, like those of Lisbon, were not exactly the theatre upon which questions of such a nature could with any degree of consistency be agitated. So I left *Jock* to

make the most of his forlorn situation, and deciding that the best thing I had it in my own power to do, was, to take the method of comforting myself, which was practised in cold weather in Oxfordshire, before the days of the Duke of Bridgwater. Therefore, I do confess, that, on returning to the house of the *Sarjento Mor*, the first manœuvre I performed was that of going to bed.

CHAPTER XI.

STATISTICS—EVENING PARTIES—REASONS FOR NOT INVITING THE READER—CHARLEY THOMSON A GREAT MAN—SALUBRITY OF ARSENIC.

It being our destiny to pass several months in SANTAREM, it may be supposed, as the natural consequence of such a destination, that we purpose to cultivate an extensive acquaintance, if not a strict intimacy, among 'the society' of the place and neighbourhood, to take the courteous reader to many pleasant parties, and to furnish him with accurate chronological accounts of all the matters which transpired in the course of our sojourn.

Now, *in the first place*—as concerns the extent and choice of our acquaintance, we have to confess, that 'all that sort of thing' came *by*

nature—the nature of the circumstances in which *I* was placed ;—Charles T. being removed from that station to another, though not a better one, long ere it came to my turn, or rather fell to my lot, to be served in a similar manner. The truth is, and I hope I shall be able to shew cause why the confession is to my honour and not to my disgrace, that I outlived the medico-military existence of the place itself, and stuck by its sickly character till no sickness remained whereby to characterize it. In half a dozen words, I was in at the death of the station, which (inasmuch as it was broken up) may be designated as having been *a violent one*, though it did not take place for several months after the date of the liquescent transactions of December 4, already consigned to these dry records.

Secondly,—Regarding parties : it is true that I went to many, and was courteously, if not hospitably, received at them, by *ladies* as well as gentlemen : but it would be no great treat to John Bull to drag him to any thing of the kind ; for, in all social meetings, I do hold it to be something bordering upon indispensable, that the power of conversing should exist among those who were originally gifted with the faculty of speech, though making a bad use of it has

rendered it almost superfluous, for any purposes of interchange among foreigners. Had my lot been (at a period of existence when it is easy to learn any thing, and boy's play to learn a language) cast among the French—with what duplicity of advantage, and repetition of facilities, these pages might have been manufactured and consumed! They might have been filled, one-third, with phrases that all the thoroughly educated offspring of the Bull breed can guess at; and, for the benefit of colonial mongrels, the third-third of every column might have been made up of translations, in imitation of a certain *Miladi*, who understands the craft of *authority* a vast deal better than I do, having so recently taken to it. But what could a plain-spoken countryman of ours effect, among people who speak illegitimate Latin, drink tea without milk or cream, tinkle the viola, and know nothing of the piano-forte; never give, or go to, dinner-parties; and sleep on mats all the afternoon? getting up in the middle of the night, in order to take the air early in the morning; and enveloping themselves, male and female, old and young, summer and winter, in brown cloaks, the sleeves of which, though never wanting, are never used; and which they no more dream of parting with,

than we do with our skins? What, I say, would be the use of introducing a compatriot to such savages as these?

And, *in the third place*: As regards chronology; be it observed, that, though we shall endeavour to avoid gross anachronisms, we do not presume to meddle with the detail, or order of great public events. It will be a satisfactory execution of our purpose, if we illustrate what may have been performed, as a sort of by-play, in such a situation as Santarem, while the destinies of the world were at hazard a few days' journey distant, and in much abler hands than our pen happens to be at the present moment.

Nor shall we trouble the reader with any formal, or even avoidable, account of our proceedings in matters that concerned the mysterious craft to which we belonged. In so far as these did supply amusement, we shall be warranted in calling up the incidents; but we prefer, as in duty bound, to avail ourselves of every circumstance, both within and without the convents, which may contribute to furnish a faithful picture of a curious period, state, and system of economy, little known to those who have not mixed with them, and almost as little described by those who have. It is a great mistake to

suppose that Portugal has lost its interest, because it is no longer the seat of a general war.

Ergo, those who thirst after a knowledge of the grand operations of the commanders of the forces, I refer to the writings of Londonderry, Napier, and others, whose business it was to concern themselves with the commerce and negotiations, the correspondence and transactions, of the *destructive* department; while such (if such there be) who can regale upon a perusal of army diseases, together with their methods of cure, I counsel to consult Sir John Pringle, of former days; or the archives of the modern Army medical board; promising, at the same time, that, whenever my reminiscences of hospital events and characteristic displays can be rendered subservient to amusement, so shall they be, to the best of my power and ability: and I can assure all, that even these theatres of suffering and mortality were not seldom the scene of highly farcical interludes.

Dr. Charles Thomson and I did not 'carry on the war' with such cordiality as we had done during our more active movements, (always excepting the *affair* of the outposts at *Azambuja*.) This worthy gentleman grew very dignified, soon

after his arrival at Santarem, and annoyed all hands with his pretensions to superior skill in the art of curing diseases. He bothered the little P. M. O. in a double capacity; *first*, as the latter was at once (in the official way) the greatest, and, in a personal point of view, the smallest man at the station; whereas Charles T. Esquire, M. D., though least and lowest in the scale of rank and seniority, was immeasurably the tallest animal, (in fact, he stood among us like a camelopard,) and, in his own estimation, the most towering genius. He measured six feet three or four; I am not particularly able to recollect to a duodecimal; but he was the man whom the droll author of "The English Army at Waterloo, and in France," represents as having announced himself to be a *profassor of Greek*; while I beg to add, that Dr. Thomson announced also, upon the same occasion, that there were *mair lads upo' the rodd*.

He moreover plagued the P. M. O. (whom, in the absence of the real, I shall specify by the imputed and not unmerited designation of Dr. Baillie) by finding fault with the inaptitude of the hospital practitioners. Their doses were by far too weak; and some of them (as every medical officer, in charge of sick, acted upon his

individual responsibility) he strengthened with a vengeance. I distinctly remember his having a lot of patients assigned to him, who had laboured under agues of the most inveterate description. These my elevated friend undertook to cure, if allowed to push the remedy far enough. It so happened, that the station was (through an accident which occurred to some boats during a winter storm) deprived of bark for a short time. The other remedy, viz. arsenic, became therefore, in a manner, a necessary of life among us: but the older and more experienced still administered it under limitation. Thomson, however, set to work with it *ad libitum*; and, in a brief space of time, did, what we all *suspected* he would do, give them a new disease, without curing the old one.

There is this difference, however, between the mistakes of a scientific and honest practitioner, and those of an ignorant and unprincipled *quack*, that the former knows when mischief is threatened, as well as how to avert or remedy it; and the subjects of Thomson's practice, though made additionally uncomfortable, and perhaps even alarmed, ran little if any serious risk; and his bold procedure went far to establish the fact—which I have reasons for impressing upon the mind of extra-professional persons—that arsenic

is rarely a cure for ague. It will occasionally arrest the progress of the disease, and is sometimes a useful substitute for the specific; but since the introduction of *quinine*, we may do well to consider it an exploded remedy.

However, nothing daunted by this instance of ill success, he commenced pouring in *oil of turpentine* by the Scotch pint; but here, to do him justice, he was more fortunate.

While Thomson remained at the station, we continued on terms of great civility, and of a demi-intimacy, visiting frequently, &c.; but as our duties were performed in different parts of the town, we naturally fell into distinct sets. I was fond, I confess it, of associating with the geniuses and the humorists, of whom, as will be attempted to be shewn, not a few passed through our hands; whereas the Greek *profassor* had no great notion of those who did not happen to be above him in rank. I rather suspect that he was a little afflicted with the disorder of Sir Pertinax, the man of the world; and what confirmed me in this surmise was, a habit of stooping which his shoulders had acquired, and which, not unfortunately for their owner, in some situations—as, the sleeping birth of a transport—took an inch and a half, or so, from his full height.

Soon after we reached Santarem, I was gazetted to a regiment in England; and an order to join turned my thoughts, therefore, much to that quarter; and, soon after this again, my companion in the alarms of *Azambuja* was ordered towards the front.

Gladly would I have gone with him; but the claims of England were then strong, and I was merely upon sufferance, for the purpose of getting transferred, if an opportunity should offer, into some corps serving with the army: and, now, good day to you, my dear Thomson!—You were right in making friends among all the colonels and commanding officers you could recommend yourself to; and still more so in marrying an amiable young lady with a large fortune. For my humble part, I must confess that I was rather too fond at that time of supposing myself, (at an hospital station,) to be of importance tantamount to that of a sick *general*: and as for my wife, I am sorry to say that, as yet, she is neither here nor there. Indeed, I know not if she has yet had a rock in her cradle—*Mais não he nada, essa.** God be with you, my faithful brother chip of *Azambuja*—(ah! methinks I hear the horse drumming upon the

* “But this does not signify.”

street-door yet!) I have never seen you since you marched off to *Punhete*,* on your way to Abrantes.

* *Punhete*—a small town between *Santarem* and *Abrantes*. The *h* in the Portuguese language is uniformly pronounced like the English *y*.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HIGH SERJEANT OF SANTAREM—NATIONAL COSTUME—LISBON HOAX—A GRAND DINNER BEFORE LENT—DISCOURSES ON PHILOSOPHICAL SUBJECTS.

WELL—being in a manner abandoned at Santarem, what are we to do to amuse ourselves? Let us try.

I was deposited first in the house of a *gentleman* called *Sarjento Mor*, or the high serjeant; holding a sort of honorary, civico-military appointment. I am afraid I do not comprehend rightly its nature; but, as far as I accidentally gathered certain ideas concerning it, he had something to do with recruiting the army, and was, perhaps, in a situation somewhat analogous to what we designate a *deputy lieutenant* of a county. At all events, there is an officer superior to him, called the *Capitão Mor*, or high-

captain, who is commonly a person much respected.

However this may be, I had no occasion to be dissatisfied with my host, although he was an old man, with an old wife, and two very ugly, and not very tidy, female servants. The house was dull to the point of death; and in it I had a severe fit of illness. The high serjeant was also an invalid, who required extra nourishment. His cook had to get up in the night to bring him broths, and eggs roasted in the shell, and a variety of other things of a comforting nature; and all day he sat, or walked about the house in the peculiar brown cloak of the country.

In the summer season, they allege that it keeps off the heat, and in the winter it is most assuredly their chief, or only defence against the cold: but the truth is, it supersedes all necessity for subjacent layers of clothing. It truly hides even more than a multitude of sins. It is the *national* garb. I have seen a *Capitao Mor*, a *Juiz de fora*, a *Corregidor*,* or some very grand gentleman in a procession, or upon some very grand occasions, in a court suit of black, with bag-wig, powdered hair, silk stockings, shoes, buckles, sword,

* Justices of different denominations.

and what not—but all the rest of the year you would never catch his high mightiness out of his capota; and often, under that, in his shirt sleeves.

This garment is almost exclusively made of brown cloth. It is a most unseemly article, excessively wide at the skirts, and furnished with a scanty cape, under which dangle a pair of sleeves, into which they never thrust their arms; (pray, are not these what they call in English *hanging sleeves*?) The cloak is fastened by tossing the skirt of one side over the shoulder of the opposite; and thus, (fortified something in the manner of the woodcock, which thrusts its bill into the ground, and is said to think that no one can see it, because the bird can see nobody;) with a glazed canoe-hat on his head, a paper cigar in his mouth, and his whole body becloaked, the Portuguese walks abroad, a strong man. The ladies also adopt a similar costume, and walk out, with a cambric handkerchief, folded diagonally, and placed so upon their heads, that two of the corners come down upon the shoulders, while the third falls loose over the back of the neck. If met in this guise, I have been told, that it is not polite even to make your bow to an acquaintance.

In the course of a few months, (owing to circumstances which may, or may not be considered worthy of explanation, when they offer themselves for that purpose,) I transferred my quarters to a large house, belonging to one of the principal families of the place, whose name is connected with some of the historical transactions of Portugal: and there I remained, until cleared out, with the last adherents to *the station*. Ere this removal took place, however, the carnival came round; and such pelting with oranges! such dusting with flour! and syringeing with water! as occurred, I cannot describe. The practical jocularities of this matter-of-fact nation, is rather like horse-play; at least, we English thought so. They have no idea of satire which is personally harmless, albeit perhaps not quite inoffensive; and they never forgave the celebrated hoax played off upon them, in the latter part of 1811, when fifty or sixty thousand went, in holiday trim, to see an English officer walk across the Tagus in cork-boots. The word 'boots' became, in consequence, obnoxious in Lisbon. To part of this hoax I was an eye-witness; and, most assuredly, it was complete and perfect, though utterly harmless. It sunk deep, however, into their vengeful spirits; and

corks and boots were long afterwards interdicted themes.

On the last day of the *Intrudo*, i. e. Shrove Tuesday, the day preceding that long fish-season, which certain holy persons are accustomed to designate as one of *fasting*, the *Sarjento Mór* made a grand dinner, to which I was invited; being the only occasion upon which I ever was invited to the table of a genuine Lusitanian. I am far from saying, or wishing to insinuate, that the people of Portugal do not dine; or that they are disinclined to hospitality; but convivial occasions are rare among, and even terrific to them. In the first place, they do not undertake such enterprises, without greatly deranging the ordinary course of their economy. The dinner, (for instance,) of a good and respectable Portuguese family, is merely a muster for the purpose of satisfying hunger; and *the muster* is made more for the sake of convenience, than of social enjoyment. The animal wants being provided for by eating, the palate is cooled by a quart-draught of fair water; after which all heads go to sleep. This is their idea of enjoying a dinner: and, of course, it will at once appear, that the habit of somnolency after repletion—a habit which people easily fall into, the more easily

when hereditary, and adopted from the earliest period of life—is utterly fatal to the hilarity, which an English dinner is designed and adapted to promote. To meals of this kind, therefore, strangers are seldom invited, and would feel but slight inducement to go. The table may be *plentifully* spread; but the cookery is coarse, and worse than coarse; while the garniture is any thing but elegant.

Upon the occasion more particularly alluded to, the Sergeant had mustered *strong* indeed. The company consisted of his *senhora*—a brother, who came in an ecclesiastical garb, and who was introduced to me, as a *beneficiado*,* of some establishment ruined by the French, and the reader's very obedient servant—a *partie carrée*.

Whether a larger muster might not have been made upon some other more exclusive family occasion, I know not; but upon the eve of *Ash Wednesday*, it was a sort of duty, (albeit toilsome and laborious,) for every family to eat up their own provender. It would have been utterly at variance with all practice and notions, to have fed animals on through forty days, to no purpose; and therefore this was a fatal hour for

* A clergyman, I believe, of the *secular* church; perhaps analagous to our *curate* in England: but I am not sure.

bipeds and quadrupeds, whether of the feather or the fur.

We began the solemn business of the occasion, with an ocean of cabbage, beans, oil, *bacalhão*,* beef, bacon, pumpkins, tomatas, and water, boiled together, and presented in a tureen. This I understood was *soup*. What order the sequences came forth in, I do not recollect; but I have a confused remembrance of lumps of something swimming in oil, and strengthened with fluid salt butter. I think there was a leash of *cöelhos*;† and there was a hopeful kid, (like the negro's pig, *tam ittle, mut tam ole*,) baked entire. All this would not be worth relating but for the circumstances, which astounded me not a little, of every dish being cleared as it was produced. *Three* people, for I declare I could not perform *my* part of the play, devoured the *olla podrida*, the *lumps*, the *rabbits*, and the *kid*, with amazing despatch.

In the mean time there was no want of wine from the worthy *sarjenta's quinta*, or farm, in the neighbourhood; which, having been brought in the skins of the pigs, whose "bones, and ribs, and flesh, and features," had been required to

• Stock-fish.

† Rabbits.

enrich the *pot-au-feu*, tasted like a decoction of rhubarb. Well, we are not done yet—after all this came water-melons, as big as Chinese lanterns, and almost as void, excepting of the saccharine liquor for which they *are* remarkable, and oranges by the bushel, with insipid and thick grapes by the crop. Every thing was entombed; and, to my definitive confusion, (who had by this time, by dint and force of example, begun to feel symptoms of surfeit, though *good manners* forbade me to mention it,) there came a huge coarse brown dish of some luscious composition, resembling in its external aspect our peas-pudding, of which one spoonful was all I could discuss; and which was despatched with as much avidity as if the company had eaten nothing since that day twelve-month.

To close and crown all, the cooling draught of the element was not omitted, and, being presented in a tall clear glass, it was not difficult to ascertain that it contained no full-grown horse-leeches; the never-failing inhabitants of those classical stone fountains which decorate the borders of the high-ways.

The only resource in such a serious case was, (by natural propensities, and established habits,)

denied to me—viz. *sleep*. I suffered while they snored.

Our high sergeant was a mighty intelligent person, full of curiosity about the wide world; and replete with information concerning the comparatively contracted one in which he lived. He was possessed also of *a book*, which, as he had read it over several times himself, he lent me for my instruction and solace. I do not remember the title correctly, but it was a formal, dignified, and *learned* answer to, and condemnation of, the modern system of astronomy, as broached by that arch-heretic in science, Galileo.

It had been written by a monk, or some ecclesiastic, who once resided in Santarem, and went to India or Brazil, to propagate the true faith, (as they say at Rome,) among the benighted natives, of one or other of these regions. Day after day, as mine host and I conversed upon profitable and interesting subjects, he would try to elicit my *real* opinion concerning this heresy of Galileo, which had been so successfully answered by *Sebastian Magalhães*. After much pretended diffidence, I informed him that Magalhães was a charlatan; for that one *Isaac* of *Villa Nova*, in England, had exposed all Galileo's

errors before M. was born, and that, as the arguments employed by the latter were the same as *Villa Nova's*, it was highly censurable to have availed himself of his assistance, without acknowledgment.

Mr. *Môr* confessed it was so; but was anxious to be informed whether *Senhor Villa Nova* was a Christian, (a term exclusively appropriated by the Catholics to themselves,) and learning that he was only in part a Christian—that he did not pray to the Virgin Mother of Christ, or to the saints, or believe in the pope's infallibility, or *fast* on Friday—he said it was, no doubt, surprising that a heretic should have been such an advocate in the cause of religion, as to refute Galileo; but that such a circumstance was sufficient to prove the gross and dangerous nature of these errors. I got much into his good graces, by defying any man in his senses to prove that the sun either stood still, or moved, for this obvious reason—that no one could look at it long enough, even through a *bacalhão*, much less a telescope, to verify the fact; and, being asked if the cause of this was known, I stated that *Villa Nova*, and others, in England, surmised that it was chiefly owing to

the circumstance of its being lighted with sea-coal; as also keeping the fire up in the day-time, which gave rise to great heat; that this heat was much more intense in Portugal than in England, as the former country was several leagues nearer—and that the eyes were dazzled by the circumstance of day-light and bright fires going together: whereas, in the moon, where it was supposed that they burnt only wood, or *possibly* olive oil, the fact was easily verified; and every ignorant man could see that she moved, though not much faster than a bullock-car.

I did not go so far as to say that I fully coincided in these opinions myself, for I had not studied the matter very profoundly; but I was much inclined to side with *Villa Nova*, from the circumstance of the stars tumbling down occasionally—a fact that any one must know could happen only from their getting loose—which they could not do unless they had been previously fastened up; and that if the sun were not properly secured, he would *move* in the same manner, and come right down upon our heads, and probably set fire to some church or convent.

From conversations such as these, the *Sarjento* conceived no mean opinion of my acquirements, and reported me to the *beneficiado*, as a person who had been well educated, for a foreigner and a heretic.

CHAPTER XIII.

APOLOGIES FOR DEFICIENCY IN ZEAL—INSTRUCTIVE CONVERSATION — PORTUGUESE ASCENDANCY—ENGLISH LANGUAGE—QUESTIONS RESPECTING ENGLAND—CHANGE OF QUARTERS—A CELEBRATED PREACHER—ORGANS—A MASS FOR THE DEAD—ONE OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

THE strait-laced sons of seriousness will feel, perhaps, inclined to chide me here for my ostensible dissimulation. Let them proceed ;—I have only to say in my own behalf, that I acted according to the circumstances in which I was placed, and that, if in these I had seen such signs of alteration as would have prompted me to take a different course, by striving to give the man new ideas, or ideas of a more useful description, I might have thought it proper so to do. But, after all, what was it ?—a little harmless quizzing. Had I attempted to enlighten, I should have shocked him, and made myself a

foe, where it was more desirable to find a friend. Could I have convinced him of Galileo's correctness, without recourse to other proofs than such as my individual observations would have afforded? Alas, no! There was a *printed* book to deal with, directly in the face of all enlargement of notions, and liberality of investigation; and this book I might as well have tried to shake his faith in, as it would be for any cook's-mate, or bottle-washer to a monastery, to attempt in matters of agreement between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the thirty-nine articles. But, then, (might say the corseteers,) your duty was to have *tried*. I beg pardon, gentlemen, I see it not even *now*, (when perhaps, under similar circumstances, I might not act as I then did) in that light. I did not go out as a *missionary*; and if you think I did any thing towards endangering the posthumous welfare of the high serjeant, send one of your regular men of business off, forthwith to counteract the mischief. Don Miguel allows no robbers to infest *Azambyja*; and though the man of sound philosophy might find some difficulty in giving a better or more satisfactory comment upon Genesis, chap. i. ver. 16., than I have here done; he can go to Santarem by water-carriage; and will find the

house, as well, I trust, as the *sarjento*, in the *Largo de San Francisco, rua direita, villa Alta*.

We did not always, however, delectate in such sublimities. Sometimes we discoursed most excellently upon mundane affairs; and here he ever shewed himself a very patriotic, as by his townsmen he was considered a truly sensible and well-informed, man. I ought to introduce *en passant*, the fact that he had been educated in the *Seminario* of his native place; a sort of ecclesiastical establishment for youth, which might perhaps stand comparison—at a distance—with our Winchester or Rugby; and he had been well nigh packed off to the university, (*de qua postea*) for the purpose of being made a *juiz*; but the family interest failing, and the distance being considered too great by his mother, he lounged about the *quinta* till he came to his inheritance, and figured as the public functionary above cited;—a distinction which answered quite as well as that of becoming a civil magistrate.

It chanced, on some occasion, that our discourse fell upon national merit and distinctions. He observed with great force, and considerable appearance of truth, that the English were a well-meaning people, and great favourites with

the Portuguese nation ; as a proof of which, these gave them their strong wines to drink, and the courage thereby inspired had certainly made them very useful in helping to drive the French out of the country. " Help ! help ! sir," said I, taken *rather* by surprise. " Yes, yes," said he, they certainly *did* help ; they behaved very well when the enemy passed through this town, for they followed *our caçadores** with great alacrity ; and when they came up with the French, stood their ground with considerable bravery." " Why," said I, " I have been sadly misinformed, for I always understood that the Portuguese regiments accompanied the English, and did *tolerably* well under British officers." " Oh, no, quite the contrary, I assure you, the English army is commanded by Portuguese officers."

" Indeed ! and pray who commands the Portuguese army ? Is it not Marshal Beresford ?"

" I believe so ; but you know he is an Irishman, and consequently a *Christian*, (*Is he ?* thinks I to myself,) and he never saw any service till he came into our country."

It was absurd to take offence with a gentleman of this stamp ; so I gave up the claims of the *army*, as not likely to be established by any

* Light Infantry.

arguments of mine ; and turned his attention to the other strong arm of old England.

“ Well, Senhor, I cannot possibly pretend to know so much about Portugal as you do, and I am not myself a combatant ; but what do you think of the British *navy* ? You will allow that they have done *their* work ; for they have not left an enemy to fight with.”

“ Your navy ! excellent ! the best sailors in the world—the very bravest—and the finest ships. How lucky that they are commanded by Portuguese !”

Such are specimens of “the march intellectual” in its then stage among the respectable natives of this happy and enlightened country ; but when I speak of *natives*, I mean those who never had occasion to go beyond view of their native orange trees. *Travelled* Portuguese are quite upon a par with the subjects of any other government ; and even among those who (to use their own expression) “have never been *abroad*,” I have met with instances of extensive and unusual acquirements. I found myself, soon after my first arrival in Lisbon, at a loss to make my way to the *Praça dos Flores*, and was endeavouring to ascertain it, (but in vain) from a shopkeeper, whom I saw standing outside, when

a well-dressed and gentleman-like young man happened to be passing, and, perceiving my embarrassment—for at that time my language was by no means the most intelligible—accosted me with a *perfect English* accent. “Which way do you wish to go, sir?” As we proceeded, for he observed that he was going that way—I learnt that he had “never been *abroad* ;” and that his perfect knowledge of our language had been obtained by associating with officers who were billeted in his father’s house. *His* familiarity with it had questionless been in this way acquired ; but commercial relations with England long ago made our language a desideratum in Lisbon. I have also met with those who spoke it well, in other places ; but in most instances, if not in all, there had been some personal inducement for its acquisition.

But where is the functionary in England who would ask a foreigner such questions as my friend the high serjeant was continually putting to me ? They were, ever and anon, such as the following :—

“Are not the English priests allowed three or four wives ?

“Are there any bullocks in England ?

“Does not the government lock all the people

up upon Sunday, except when they are allowed to go to the theatre?*

‘Is it not considered indispensably polite to kiss the women whenever you meet them?’

“Are not the English generally drunk?”

“Is it true that the fidalgos (nobles) ride upon men’s backs?”

“Have you any horses in your country? Any asses?”

“Did you ever see bacalhao alive?†

“Is not mustard made of the same sort of stuff as butter?”

“Is not honey made in the East Indies? Is it not always foggy in England?” and so on—ad infinitum.

I found the *mustard* manufactory to be an object of great general interest and curiosity; for I once had the honour of accompanying a family to tea with the nuns in the parlour of the convent of Santa Clara; and these intelligent

* There was a notion among them that plays were performed during the week in the same building which was used for religious purposes on Sunday; and, that Sunday in England was so dull a day, that, if the people were allowed their liberty, they would drown themselves by thousands.

† The answer to this ‘cute category was, ‘Often! and red herrings swimming in glass vases.’

damsels questioned, and cross-questioned, and re-questioned me about this mustard of ours, till they had extracted every particle of my knowledge on the subject; after all which, they were by no means satisfied, but begged to have the pleasure of seeing me again, for they were sure that the *Donna Abadessa*, or what ever was her proper stile and dignity, would like to have some conversation with me about *mustard*.

My abode in the sarjento's house was unfavourable to acquisitions, in the way of acquaintance either with persons or manners. The family led a dull and recluse life—saw no company, and paid no visits. I herefore was not sorry to get among the *Menezes*, who constituted one of, if not the very principal, among the families of the *Villa Alta*. It was always a vast recommendation, in the eyes of the inhabitants, to be quartered under the roof of a great person. The *aboletado* derived an importance from the circumstance, which could not have been reflected upon him from the countenance of a tradesman, however comfortable his lodging might be. I do not know that, in changing my abode to the *Palazzio* aforesaid, I either gained or lost in point of real accommo-

dation : and yet I did change every way for the better. It was brought about in the following manner.

I was very intimate with our chaplain ; and he being ordered from the station, the removal was doubly unpleasant to the *Menezes*, both from losing a *bom rapaz*,* and from apprehension of getting a troublesome successor. This coming to his knowledge, and having heard me express a wish to remove from the house of the *Sarjento*, which was in a disagreeable part of the town, he proposed that I should take up his quarters ; which, by consent of the authorities, civil and military, was done. Some personal acquaintance had been already made between the *Menezes* and myself ; and this was soon followed by invitations to tea-parties, music and dances, in the evenings. Nay, so much was the change to my advantage, that when summer came round, we made excursions ; and I absolutely got acquainted with several young ladies, their brothers, cousins, &c., &c. But I am going too fast.

Attached to the seminario, or school, already spoken of, was the most fashionable church in the town. I need not say that all the masters

* A good boy.

were ecclesiastics. In this church there was a famous preacher. Certainly a man who, if in London, would have crammed the largest place of worship. He was amazingly corpulent, but had all the qualifications that could centre in a public speaker—I say he had them *all*, for some of them he had, perhaps, in excess. His action was energetic. He used to work himself into a stew; but his language was fluent, and, as far as I could judge, his ideas were original. We all went to church in the afternoon of Sunday, to hear this *great* man. Even the chaplain used to go, for we could make out tolerably well what he said; and the beadles, &c, were uncommonly civil to us. I need not say that Catholic churches abroad are not encumbered or deformed with *pews*. All my countrymen know this fact now; but I can see no advantage in pewing a church, beyond that of creating a source of revenue, or indulging the listless and the slothful in their lazy propensities.

I still recollect with some degree of pleasure the aspect of a large undivided space, covered with kneelers; the females *all* in the centre of the areas, and the men standing round them, as if for the unnecessary purpose of protection. Nor are there any hideous chairs in the Portu-

guesc churches, as the French have, with infinite bad taste, admitted into theirs, destroying all notion either of elegance or cleanliness: of the two, I prefer the pews, if people cannot or will not be contented with such *lumber* as nature has given them to sit upon; q. e. heels or h * * *. The men, I have said, stand; and they stand without fatigue, for there is an attractiveness in the service which beguiles the attention, and there is no drawling, or mere *reading*, in the pulpit.

When I say they stand, it is true that, at certain times, they kneel; but they rise from their knees to their feet; whereas, when the ladies change their posture, they merely substitute the slight alteration of contact between the calx and *ischia*, for the erect position from the knees only upwards, a sort of three-quarter length, as portrait painters would say. There are no galleries in these churches, except for musical purposes; where, (in a large building, one confronts another and each contains a stupendous organ of grand power. These organs moreover present an *aspect*, which I never was able to divest from the impression of something truly awful. I speak not so much of their *sound*

now, as of their architecture—should such a word be admissible. They are not so gayly gilt as are similar instruments in our English churches; but they *command* reverence, from the fact of a radiation of trumpets issuing horizontally, and spreading the pomp and vigour of harmony through the atmosphere, and over the heads of the congregation. In an English organ, the sound, *quasi*, makes its escape through post-office holes in upright tubes, resembling safety valves; and this characteristic feature of the divine instrument is mean, compared with the bold and soaring pretensions of the trumpets, spreading by dozens from their elevated station.

The *Seminario*, as ought to have been the case, formed a great attraction. Talent risen among the masters, and *rising* talent among the scholars, were matters of course. But while they had this magnificent preacher, (who, if I do not misremember, was the head of the establishment,) they had others by no means incapable of taking his place in case of absence; and the organist was one of the sweetest musicians it has ever fallen to my lot to listen to. His organ was a very humble-looking and unpretending one; but, though it displayed no trumpets, it was well

taught to emit sounds of the most mellifluous description, to

“ Discourse most excellent music.”

Now for the application of this *proœmium*.

The anniversary of a *ci-devant* rector of the seminary came round ; I mean, the anniversary of his death : but he had died during the period of French military ascendancy ; and although he had, questionless, been *buried*, he had not been disposed of to ecclesiastical satisfaction.

Times being now comparatively quiet, and order being in some measure restored, a day was set apart for getting *Don Isaião Abrahamidado* out of *limbo patrum*, or wherever his soul had been cooling its heels in the interim. I never saw so fine a sight in my life. It pounded Ann Radcliffe and Monk Lewis to dust. I am sure not less than three hundred *pádrés* attended. White and grey, and black and blue, and brown and whity-brown monks came in strong detachments. Commissioners of sewers ! how they did perfume the ambient ! Garlic and friar’s grease, human tallow in the melting state, and woollen garments fit for the soup pot !! My clerical friend and I went to the shew ; for young *Barachio*, son to the *Capi-*

tão Mor, and nephew to the deceased *Abrahamidado*, was to preach; and he was an acquaintance of ours.

The scene was far more imposing than I thought dilapidated Santarem could have got up. A *catalfalque* (for which I cannot find an English term) was placed in the centre of the church. What it was constructed of, I do not know; but it was covered with a huge pall, and surrounded by wax candles as tall as Charlie Thomson. The Reverend Mr. Delaney and I got seats on a bench, (for upon this solemn occasion, when the clergy mustered so strong from all the surroundings, the claims of the sex had to give way,) and we were posted with a stewing, panting, bald-headed, or rather shaven-headed *padré* on either side of us. Master José Barachio preached tolerably well; and I had afterwards an opportunity of proving how much I admired him by repeating several passages of his sermon, to his ineffable delight, inasmuch as it gratified his vanity. At the close of the discourse, all hands were (or rather *the* hand of every one was) furnished with a wax candle, for a very solemn part of the ceremony; and they stuck one into Delaney's hand and my own. Upon this, I whispered to him, that we had got into the wrong

box. We, therefore, resigned our tapers, and retreated to the side scene.

Altogether, however, it was a most exquisite treat. The *Maestro* was great; and the worst part of the play was the sermon—though by no means execrable, as many of our home-made ones are. The Catholic clergy may be *indifferent*, as we say, but they are never contemptible in the pulpit. Was it nothing, shade of Schedoni! to hear hundreds of jolly friars pealing, or (if you chuse) *bellowing*, anthems? Was it nothing to hear a *Jew* preaching the funeral sermon of another *Jew*, who had been head of an ecclesiastical seminary in the very stomach of Portugal? All the *Barachios* were Jews. *Abrahamidado*, the uncle, was *suspected* to be a Jew; and the *Capitão Mor* was *known* to be such, though a commander of Malta: his son had been initiated, in the Jewish fashion, when eight days old; but he was a priest and a preacher: and all the *Barachios* were good Catholics, and reputed *Christianos*, which was more than the *pobres heregos** of the English nation could aspire to.

* Poor heretics.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASSION WEEK—A SERMON ON GOOD FRIDAY—A
SUPPER PARTY IN A CONVENT.

WELL—passion-week came round: and, oh, again! to see such a passion in Portugal! I know nothing of Spain—for I never entered it; and neither books nor newspaper statements shall tempt me to divaricate from these mine own observations—But still another, Oh! for a passion week in *Portingale*.

It begins, as all Christendom knows, or ought to know, on Wednesday before Easter;* and during day and night, there is service kept up in the Catholic churches.

The passer through the streets of Portugal sees little of the ladies. They look at him with scrutinizing eyes, from their balconies; but he

* See note in the Appendix.

may readily fall into the mistake of philandering after an old woman, instead of a young one. Their dress resembles dominoes, and their faces are not *discriminable*. But during passion-week the jewels of the land are submitted to view. *Then* are to be seen flocks of fascination going in procession to church; then, and then only, are the beauties of Portugal to be contemplated without danger or constraint—but to be contemplated only.

The churches are always redolent of some sort of gum-resin or other, which profanes the name of incense; being, I believe, for the most part a mixture of the cheapest aromatic gum, and of dried herbs; and it used to be a relief from walking in the oppressively-filthy streets of Lisbon, or other large towns, to slink into a church (the doors being always open) to breathe if not a purer, at least a less offensive atmosphere. But, during Ash-Wednesday, Holy Thursday, and Good Friday, these hallowed fanes are strewed with yew-branches, and other pungent shrubs; the odour of which helps to fix the aspect of the occasion upon the memory, so that it *cannot* be forgotten. The galaxy of loveliness, the solemnity of the service, the imposing grandeur, the illumination of the altar, the occa-

sional music of the choir, and the incessant *recitativo* of the officiating priests, the herbiferous aroma, and other circumstances, which may partly have escaped my memory, or may depend upon occasional causes, form the *reality*, which dramatists endeavour to display, and imperfectly succeed in conveying, to the listless notice of an English audience.

I need not say, that in the church of the *Seminario*, these ceremonies were as resplendent as they could be made. In fact, all sacred spectacles were uncommonly well got up there—and all the better because the French had been hummed by the superiors into letting the establishment very much alone. They wanted the church, it is true, for a theatre; and, no doubt, would have had it, but they found an adjacent one, which answered the purpose better. On this account, therefore, the sacred performances, more congenial to the consecrated soil, were more perfect than would, in a place repaired in a temporary manner, have been practicable.

Here then I seldom failed, during the season in question, to pass every hour which was not

demanded by duty or repose. I believe the service was kept up by relays of clergy, and also of attendants, for three days and nights. At least, whenever I went in, the church was full; and not that church only, but all the others.

Upon Good Friday the grand performance was to take place in the afternoon; and I was informed that there would be a fine exhibition in the *preaching* department. Accordingly I attended. The usual preliminaries being gone through, the orator took post in the pulpit; and, if I recollect rightly, he wore a *black* robe, which on no occasion, but that of another Good Friday, did I ever see a Catholic preacher do. They mount the pulpit in a white surplice.

I presume (though in such matters I am far from aiming at being considered an authority, and am less acquainted with the theory of the Roman church than I ought to be) that the sermon is delivered about the time, or during part of the time, that Christ was suspended on the cross.

St. Luke expressly states, that the transaction was in progress, that is, the execution had begun, about three o'clock; and remarks, that the well-

known eclipse of the sun lasted three hours after this.*

The sermon I allude to, began about three P. M.; and was well delivered, with considerable energy and pathos, perhaps I ought to say with *unction*. But what the good and faithful among the audience evidently considered the finest and most attractive part of the performance, struck me as downright *bathos*, and as taking a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Having duly prepared the minds of his audience, he suddenly drew from a part of his dress, or of the pulpit, in which it had remained hitherto concealed, a *Salvator mundi*, a head of our Saviour, crowned with the circle of thorns, with drops of blood trickling down from the wounds thereby inflicted. Holding this in one hand, and pointing to it with the other, a powerful appeal was made to the spectators, or (*literally*) the *assistants*, as to their wickedness, in having caused so cruel an event. It was *their* doing; it was done and suffered for *them*; it was—&c. .

* Luke, chap. xxiii. ver. 44. "And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the *earth*, (a remarkable expression—not over all the country, but over all the known world:) until the ninth hour. 45. And the SUN was darkened," &c.

At this part of the ceremony, all were thumping their breasts; and the females, constituting the great majority of those present, sobbing, nay, even roaring aloud. As this continued, the orator waxed more and more energetic: the climax of his recrimination rose to its full height—at the acmé of which, the discourse terminated abruptly; and the noise of grief and lamentation was changed instantly for that of applause. Clapping of hands, as when a well-graced actor leaves the theatre, greeted the preacher at the close of his display. Every countenance cleared up, and every eye grew bright—and the neophytes doubtless thought him as wonderful a man as ever did the idlers of London, parson IRVING; envying him, no doubt, his well-earned meed of applause.

Being seen so often in the churches, (which were the only public places of amusement the town afforded, and to which I certainly went from less laudable motives than those of positive devotion,) I became marked, among the better sort of the inhabitants, as a well-meaning youth; and as one manifestly inclined to walk in the right way, if he could but be instructed. My fame became rather troublesome to me in the end, for it brought rather more of the clergy about me than

I was disposed to be quite polite to. Among the Portuguese, (as I presume it must be in other countries which continue to enjoy the benefit of a strong standing army of priests,) there are two distinct classes of sacred characters: one consisting of well-educated and conscientious men, the other of the lowest blackguards. The language which I have heard some of these *padrés* utter, would have disgraced the deck of a Newcastle collier. One specimen I have already hinted at, as having regaled us at Villa Franca; and I shall take this opportunity of alluding to another—although, in doing so now, I am anticipating a character which I intend introducing in another place.

One of the principal, that is to say, one of the largest and most commodious convents, had been given over to us as an hospital; and being considered the most convenient for the purpose, was the seat of medical government, containing the stores for the whole station, in which five or six places of a similar description were employed for the same purpose. In fact, we had a capital (*the best adapted*) establishment in a part of the Seminario: how it came to be shut up, perhaps, it may be worth while hereafter to reveal. However, in this *Convento*

Da Graça, a few friars had either remained, or more probably had found inducement to return. They amounted to five or six, including, of course, the superior.

Under this roof, our apothecary not only had the medicines, but his own private quarters; and may fairly be represented as doing the honours of a British representative. Of *him* I shall have occasion to speak again; but here I feel called upon to declare, that a better fellow, or one more universally beloved, it was not easy to stumble upon. It has been already hinted, that the Portuguese are not a convivial people, *à la façon d'Angleterre*. But *Jack Pills* contrived to scrape an acquaintance with the reverends of the house in which he lived—albeit their domestic economy could not be reduced to amalgamation. Indeed, though there were, perhaps, two thousand persons to be cooked and provided for daily by English means, I dare say the ecclesiastics knew no more about our method of procedure than we do about the real mode of lighting up the moon. *Pills*, however, from going oftener out and in than any body else, and from a jovial free-hearted disposition, made friends of all hands in the refectory. He was himself an Irishman; but I think

he was *not* a Catholic. In all foreign countries, it is no secret, that if a man is known to be *Irish*, he is inscribed *Catholic*, as a matter of course; and my friend Jack was sufficiently aware of the advantage, not to have given such a notion any uncalled-for contradiction. Be that as it may, he asked the whole priesthood to a banquet one evening; and all the subordinates duly came. His lordship, the prior, or whatever he was, wisely staid away—sending an apology, which proved him to be a *gentleman*.

Of course, I tell the story nearly as Jack Pills told it to me. He said that he had provided a considerable quantity of *agoa ardente*, which, by lemons, &c. he made into palatable-enough punch; and he had a bottle or two of rum, an article much in request among the higher orders, of *both sexes*, in Portugal. In the course of ten minutes, and long before the master of the feast had felt the taste of his mouth, all the guests were drunk. This is the case, if Portuguese sit down to punch. They do not *drink it*, they swallow it off at once. They know nothing of enjoying *society* by the aid of a cheering glass: it is with them a mere animal indulgence, they know nothing of the intellectual,

moral, or intelligent feast. Moreover, they are of opinion, that if they do sit down in English company, *drunk they must get*; and, consequently, like cows, dogs, horses, and sheep, in certain circumstances, they are anxious "*tentare extremum.*"

Well—Jack was taken quite aback by this beginning; expecting, as elsewhere he might have found, that there would be a long evening. *His* commenced somewhere between six and seven; and was no sooner, or but little sooner, begun than ended. However, as drinking is iniquitous, or dangerous in the *commencement* only, he hoped to keep his company together by an assurance, that though all the liquor on the table was gone, he had abundance more at hand. This delighted their reverences; and, when, at eight o'clock, a request came from the superior that they should perform their evening duty, they sent an impertinent message in return, desiring him to go to prayers himself—or something to that effect.

In a short time, another message came, of a somewhat more peremptory nature. Jack (seeing which way the wind was about to blow, and delighting in mischief) observed that he thought his guests were very ill used, and himself too.

The result was, the expulsion of *this* messenger with ceremonials almost of a violent nature: their reverences declaring that they would not go to prayers for all the priors and Virgin Maries in the universe, till they liked. Jack Pills very much applauded this decision—hinted how unpolite it was of the prior not to have favoured him with his own company; and said, that if they would wait half an hour longer, and take more punch, as he himself had scarcely had any, he would not only go to prayers with them, but order all the convalescents to attend. This was *prime*; and more punch was swallowed, to the success of the projected congregation.

In the midst of these enjoyments, or rather about the time at which they had reached the *ne plus ultra*, the awful scowling visage of the clerical commandant appeared at the door of the bacchanalian temple. In a voice of thunder, he ordered his subordinates to attend their duty: and, in a voice of mockery, they, one and all, desired him to betake himself to a certain warm place. He threatened them with his high displeasure; they replied with torrents of the lowest obscenity. All this was bad enough, but so irresistibly ludicrous, that Pills burst into an ungovernable fit of laughter, which was deemed

more offensive than all the scurrility the good padre had been assailed with. To this he was probably somewhat habituated, and probably with it he knew how to deal: but to be *laughed at!* However, Jack seeing things about to grow serious, hearing something about informing Lord Wellington, and being heartily tired of his company, he called in the servants of the hospital, who assisted the prior to get his refractory subjects down stairs. How it fared with them, we never exactly knew, but no friar of the *Da Graça* would speak to an Englishman afterwards.

CHAPTER XV.

DIFFICULTY OF SPEAKING LATIN—FATHER TOM'S
BEHAVIOUR—A REVEREND GENTLEMAN IN THE
BLACK HOLE.

AT the head of one of the convents was a *gentleman*, who had received a superior education, and was a good classical scholar. Through the agency of the young padre *Barachio*, I became acquainted with him, and found his society always agreeable, and sometimes instructive. I was once very much amused with a conversation that took place between him and my reverend friend Delaney. The latter was a graduate of *Oxford*; the other had been educated at the university of *Coimbra*; and both were well versed in the writings of the ancients. It happened, rather unfortunately, however, that

these luminaries could not interchange a word of conversation. Delaney knew nothing of Portuguese ; and the *guardiao* as little of English. French was out of the question, on both sides ; for no Portuguese subject, who attached the slightest importance to a character for loyalty, would have confessed to an acquaintance with the, at that time, reprobated tongue ; and few among the English, very few indeed, possessed any : nor was it included in the *curriculum* of education at Oxford. How, therefore, to bring about an understanding between the two priests, was a matter of some contrivance. *Barachio* suggested that, as they both had learned *Latin*, there ought to be no difficulty. I agreed with him as to the 'ought to be,' but I doubted *how* it would be. For my own part, having been educated in Scotland, I had heard the alphabet sounded, (at least the vowel portion of it,) as we find it re-sounded all over the world : but in England it was quite another thing ; and two men, even were the one English and the other Scottish, attempting to talk *Latin* together, would require an interpreter, as imperatively as any two plenipotentiaries of different nations, at Constantinople. When I attempted Latin on the continent, I was always understood

by such as had learned that language; and among these I certainly found many of the padres. But it was in vain for the *guardião* and Delaney to attempt getting up a conversation; so that, in order at once to prove their learning, and exercise their tongues, they had recourse to capping verses from Virgil, and began to enunciate line and line alternately from the first of the Bucolics:—

“Tityre tu patulæ,” &c.

But had they been endeavouring to cite *Kamtschatka* poetry, and *Siamese*, verse and verse, they could hardly have mustered two sounds which would have conveyed a stronger impression of dissimilarity, than these classic, and well-known, and long-cherished effusions. The one could not have comprehended what language the other was talking, had it not been previously ascertained that they were to quote the Mantuan bard; and, after travelling through a hundred or two of his hexameters, they ended by laughing at the ridicule of thus speaking the same language in two such different manners.

In the convent over which this gentleman presided, there was a most amusing, and rather intelligent, friar, who liked English company

much, and Port-wine more. A day hardly passed, upon which the knot, or little circle, I most frequented, was not visited by *Padrè Thomaso*; and, as he came after his own meagre dinner, (held in the refectory at the salutary hour of *noon*,) a few bumpers were considered to do him no harm.

One festival day, (I think it was our king's birth-day,) Don *Thomaso* called, in high glee; and with such fare as our contracted resources enabled us to place before him, he was right well pleased. I believe we had some Cheshire cheese, and bottled-porter, which had been obtained from an English Jew, who had set up a sort of suttling house in the town, and proved a valuable acquisition to us. There was, moreover, some *soi disant*, *Vinho do Porto*; though, more probably, the red wine of *Cartaxo*, strengthened with *agoa ardente*.

Of all these good things, the reverend father partook with high gusto; and took his leave, at an early hour in the day, somewhat *breezy*, we thought; for, as we looked from the windows, we observed him pull off his 'wrap-rascal,'* throw it with disdain upon the ground, and give it three or four unlimited kicks. These, it was

* A military name for an upper garment.

trae, could not hurt it, nor was it matter *in itself* of any farther consequence than a breach of decorum. But, as the procession of '*the Host*' was passing at the time, such wanton irreverence on the part of a priest was likely to lead to awful consequences. One of the *processioners* left the ranks, for the evident purpose of expostulation. Thomaso spit twice in his face, and wiped it with a flourish of his brown habit, saying something at the same time, which we were at too great a distance to hear. A crowd instantly collected, and in it, our friend was lost sight of; nor did we choose to interfere in ecclesiastical matters which did not concern us. We supposed the affair to be of little more than trivial importance, and were, for some time, contented to laugh at the ridiculous scene we had witnessed.

Several days, however, happening to elapse, without the renewal of our reverend friend's visit, we began to suspect that all was not right with him; and decided upon calling at the convent. We were civilly enough received by Don *Jeronymo*, the guardian—but we saw no sign of Thomaso making his appearance; and, after some ordinary change of compliments, we ventured to inquire for the holy man's welfare.

“Do you wish to see him?” asked the dark-visaged superior—‘If your lordship pleases.’

“Tell *Thomaso de Castro* to attend here”—said he significantly, to a friar-clad person who stood near the door; and we observed, that while he designated this individual ‘brother,’ he called our friend simply by his name.

While this commission was in course of execution, the superior kept up the conversation with as much indifference as if he had sent for a glass of water; and was even jocular upon the Latin contest he had endeavoured to maintain with Delancy, who happened to be present at the moment. In a short time, the door opened; two monks came in, followed by a non-descript sort of object, followed again by two other padres. The non-descript was pushed forward; and the guardian informed us that this was our friend *Thomaso*, whom we wanted to see. The information was indispensably necessary, for he was no more like the man who had had *Cheshire cheese* with us a week ago, than I am like Hercules. One eye was surrounded by a green, and the other by a yellow, circle; his face was pallid, and his limbs almost refused to do their office.

The superior announced us as his friends,

who had come to inquire about his health—the answer was *a groan!* The commandant then inquired if he had nothing to offer us by way of *refreshment*—another *groan*. Would he not shake hands with his visitors?—a third *groan*, accompanied by a jingling noise, which emanated from certain iron ornaments attached to his wrists. Had he no news to entertain the company with?—*groan* again, with uplifted eyes, and imploring countenance. “The fact is,” said his accomplished chastiser, “Don Thomaso de Castro is undergoing a course of preparation for the office of a missionary, whose functions he is admirably calculated to discharge. There is little doubt that he will convert the heathen in great numbers to the mysteries of the Catholic faith; for which he professes, and has proved, no common reverence. You may retire, *Thomaso*, to your meditations.” As soon as he was gone, the keen and satirical superior asked us what we chose to *drink?* adding his regret that he had no wine so *strong* as Port, and that little of any sort was drunk under the roof of his poor convent; but that he believed there might be enough to make us merry, if quantity might be substituted for quality.

With this *well-merited* reproof ringing in our

ears, and stinging our consciences, we took our leave, sorry indeed for the state of humiliation (for aught we know of jeopardy) to which the poor padrè had been reduced through our assistance. We did not clearly comprehend the case, however, till we reached the outer door; where one of us asked the porter what had actually occurred to padrè Thomaso. This man had a smattering of English, which, as sundry monks were within hearing, he chose to make use of, and whispered by way of reply, ‘he dam blaggar, him black hole, and carrot vid water, vone munt.’

We were glad to find it was no worse; for, upon questioning the same informant concerning the heinous attack upon the procession, he frankly replied,) with his eyes cast towards the padre, and his countenance most solemnly screwed up,) ‘*Dam de hos : dam all de preestes ; dam dat infarnel bell : Cod bless our guardião ; he cood man : Thomaso dam blaggar ; niver owt of scrips ; dam de shursh, I vant to be a shargent. No vear ov Thomaso ; Guardião kick de hos to h—, bot cannot give dispensary for get dronky.*”

This intelligence comforted us amazingly, and we did not see how we could interfere for the

alleviation of father Tom's condition. In fact, he had been considered by ourselves as little better than a nuisance all along. He never visited us but at an awkward hour for English conviviality, and always got boisterous, while we had yet unsettled claims of duty pressing upon our minds. If we *could* have put him in a black hole, or fed him upon carrots and water for a month ourselves, we should have been glad to have done so, for the man's own benefit : but his proper superior knew best what was good for him ; and, being the recognized depository of authority, no doubt saved him from a worse fate. The attack upon the host was unparalleled, excepting in the case of the Jew, Nicolas Pedrozo ;* but the scandal brought upon his convent by running through the streets more than half-naked, and shouting ' Good luck to Port-wine,' and ' Good luck to the English heretics,' was not so easy to be got over. Father Tom never came near us any more.

* Told, if I mistake not, by Dr. Moore.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY—A DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCE—HELPING A MAN OUT OF THE GUTTER—TAKING AN AID-DE-CAMP'S SHIRT—THE INVALID MAJOR.

WHILE these transactions were going on behind the scenes, (as it might be said,) great public events were also in progress. The town was almost daily the reposing spot of some fine regiment marching forward to the front. I cannot enumerate either the whole regiments of cavalry or infantry, which I saw pass along: but, as more consistent with the spirit and intention of this volume, shall select a few personal adventures, or occasional anecdotes, out of such occurrences.

My more immediate superior, (the staff-surgeon under whom I did my daily task of duty,) was a man of vast talent, unmitigated activity, and

great kindness of disposition. Other youngsters gave him a bad name; and this sort of representation was by no means uncommon among the juniors of the army medical department, concerning their seniors. I admit that *some*—*some only*—of these were not fit to black the boots even of their assistants, as regarded professional merit; but they entered at a time, and under a system, which had less regard to *qualifications* of a medical nature, than to *claims* of some other cast. The reform which followed the affair of Walcheren did us much good; and it signified little what was a person's rank, after that: he could not bear the king's commission, even as an *assistant-surgeon*, without having previously acquired the highest academic honours in his profession. Accordingly—knowing myself competent to perform my duty, from the humble operation of bleeding, up to the most serious one—or of giving my advice either concerning the administration of a black-dose, or the most powerful remedy in the last stage of a complicated disease—I feared none of these people. But I found in staff-surgeon *Boroughmaster*, a steady and kind friend. I regret his death. It was a loss to the service, and resulted from zeal for that service.

During the winter, I had what was considered by me a misfortune. It consisted in forming an intimacy with a brother hospital-mate, who had arrived from Cadiz. I must do him, however, the justice to say, that he was a plausible fellow, and rather an entertaining companion—as times went.

He reached Santarem in a state of considerable destitution, though I am far from mentioning this circumstance as being in any degree to his disadvantage. Money, or no money, I believe we all stood at this time pretty much upon a footing; and men who had landed estates and well-paid stewards, in England, could do no more than submit themselves to the common lot. The pay of the army, in such circumstances, (sufficient for all ordinary purposes,) fell nine months in arrear; and so extreme were our necessities, that an order was issued to provide even sick *officers* with comforts from the purveyor's stores, under the direction of the medical staff. It became absolutely a matter of intrigue on the part of *some*, to be favoured with a daily egg or two, half an ounce or so of tea, a morsel of cheese, and other collateral luxuries. There were many, however, upon whom these things could hardly be forced, although the order was

a general one, emanating from the commander of the forces. My brother ship from Cadiz happened to be appointed to do duty in the same hospital with myself; and making known his situation to me, (with a candour and frankness natural to his age,) I began by asking him to dine, and ended by proposing that he should join his rations with mine, as nothing beyond these was to be obtained by us.

The arrangement being made, we one day sauntered to the lower town, which was then inundated; and observed a well-mounted officer (whose horse's legs were up to the knees in water,) attempting in vain to make the inhabitants of one of the houses in the square comprehend that he had a billet. I accosted him, for the purpose of interpreting—for which he seemed grateful, and on account of which he expressed himself in the handsomest possible manner. I liked much his appearance, and felt disposed to serve him farther, if possible. Having called a council with my messmate, I proposed that we should ask him at once to the upper town, where *he* (my convive, to wit) had a large waste house, capable of accommodating half a regiment—a large waste *hole*, capable of conversion into a stable for fifty horses; while,

what with ration beef and ration forage, we could *manage*, better than it seemed likely to fare with him down below. This being agreed upon, I told the stranger, that, as he had but a dreary prospect where he was, the best thing he could do would be to come to the other town with us; and we would do our endeavour to accommodate him.

This was on Saturday: the gentleman accepted our offer, telling us that he had outmarched a regiment, (which would arrive next day,) in the hope of having the Sunday's clear halt. We gave him but an indifferent dinner: but he expressed himself perfectly satisfied; and as he had outstripped his servants, and wished much for the aid of a laundress, I undertook to employ my own, and that his relay of cleanliness should be got ready by the following evening.

On Sunday we saw nothing of him. The regiment arrived with which he had been marching, but to which he did not belong—for he was aid-de-camp to a general, then in the front: I presume he found engagements or inducements among the officers sufficient to prevent him from coming back to us. We thought it odd that he should merely have sent for his

horse, and have made no excuse for not coming to dine with us, humble as our fare might be. However, he was an *aid-de-camp*, and new from England. Still the horsepond, out of which we had relieved him, would have been less comfortable quarters than those to which he had been introduced. The clean linen arrived duly at the habitation of my *confrere*, but there was no account of our guest up to a late hour, even on Monday morning. The clean linen consisted of *one shirt*.

About ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, *Clay* (for that was his name) and I were both employed in the discharge of our duties, when a message was brought to me, that an officer on horseback wanted to speak to me at the hospital door. I accordingly went down; and encountered the *aid-de-camp*, not a little wroth. "Oh," said he, I have called to inquire whether you know any thing about my shirt?" *Cool and explicit*, thought I—but I had a straight-forward story to tell, how the shirt had been regularly returned, washed, to Mr. Clay's quarters; where we had been expecting him all the day previous. "Oh (again) I am sorry I fell in with the ——th, and could not come."—"Yes—but you sent for your horse." "Oh! yes—and—

and—but about the shirt—I have been at Mr. Clay's, and his man says he knows nothing about it."—"Very well—Mr. Clay is here; and if you will wait a moment, I shall send him to you; but it is a pity, circumstanced as you are, that all this was not arranged yesterday."

I accordingly went to Clay, who was holding a consultation with Boroughmaster, and announced to him the state of the case. I never saw a man so confounded by an unlooked-for conviction. "What shall I do?" said he, in a whisper—my dear fellow, get me out of the scrape—I thought he was gone; and you know he was not very polite. I lost all my baggage coming from Cadiz, and the d——d shirt is now upon my back."

I felt myself in what may, with the utmost propriety, be considered a *predicament*. The claimant of the shirt was waiting for it below, and the wearer was speaking to me above. I was perplexed beyond power of description. However, down I went, and stated, that, as *an accident* had happened to the Captain's shirt—"What accident?" said he.—"I did not exactly know; but an accident *had* happened, which put it out of my power to procure it for him at the moment, or to have it remedied, unless he

could stay another day." "This he could not do—he was obliged to go on." "Well," added I, "you had better accept of a shirt of mine, in the mean time; and I will forward yours by the first opportunity." The proposal was agreed to, and a messenger despatched for my servant to bring a shirt forthwith.

"A shirt," said the aid-de camp, "is no trifle upon service, and I am obliged to you for your attention in every respect; but pray make my compliments to Mr. Clay, and tell him that Captain *** will recollect him for some time to come."

I thought Master Clay had not supported the respectability of the medical department by making a stranger pay a *shirt* for a day's rations; and broke with him accordingly. In the course of a few weeks, I received a parcel from headquarters, which contained not only *my* shirt, but a letter, informing me, that while I had been putting the best face I could devise upon the abstraction of *the other*, its owner knew perfectly well what had become of it! The breach between Clay and myself had been wide enough before; this rendered it irreparable: and, as if this had not been enough, he answered a civil application for the restoration of the property in a very uncivil manner.

It is to me matter of surprise, even at this distance of time, how we contrived to blunder through this winter. The secret must escape: we were sadly put about. And let it be considered, in the first place, that when I use the word *we*, I do not confine its meaning to the *doctors*: we had generals, colonels, majors, captains, and subs, in superabundance; but *we* were all upon a level as to resources. Pardon *us*, therefore, if, *we* hap-hazardly and slapdashily introduce you, Major Ulysses Le Grand.

Major Le Grand was a native of the province of Munster, and counted nine monarchs in his genealogy. He was a tall man, of the sanguine temperament, with red hair, and a fair complexion; a rather snub nose, but wide mouth, containing a set of large and most effective teeth. The major was *brevét* in the army, and commanded the Grenadier company in the —— regiment. This accounted for his having one of the tallest men I ever saw, in the shape and capacity of a servant, whose name was *Conolly*.

For some time I had no officers upon *my* sick-list, and was considered, on that account, a very happy member of the medical community. To manage one hundred sick soldiers (which was,

upon an average, our allotment) was very easy work; although the proportion of serious cases might be occasionally heavy: but half-a-dozen officers amounted to a task. They gave us trouble in every way. They lived in all parts of the town, and therefore merely *calling upon* them was matter of taxation. It was also a pretty general opinion among them, that we did not give them enough of our time and attention. They were unreasonable enough to expect services at our hands which their *menials* were bound to perform; and if we did not give them our *company*, they accused us of inattentiveness. In some instances, the doctor and the patient formed a mess, and I tried the experiment myself; but I found that the whole and sole entertainment, in the way of conversation, was generally the oft-told tale of my patient's *malady*, and disappointments as to promotion. I liked the officers, therefore, well enough as companions, but I hated to be their medical adviser. They seldom knew where to stop; with the soldiers, we could conclude business when once performed.

An hospital-mate being ordered from the station, I was directed to take up his roll of sick officers, among whom was the major

from Munster. He had been for some time at the station, with an obstinate tertian ague; and when my predecessor was relating to me the nature of the cases which were to be taken under my care, and came to that of Le Grand, he very emphatically *wished me joy!* "If I ever see a miracle," said he, "it will be the return of the major to his regiment; for I would rather have a plague-hospital to manage, than such a patient single-handed." Whether Mr. Thingumnee *saw* the miracle in question, or not, I cannot tell; but I have some pride in saying, that I was the means of *performing* it, after the major had got the better, not only of himself and his disorder, but of all the big-wigs at Santarem, not excepting the *commandant*. And this is the fit and proper place for saying, that it is not long since I met the major in the streets of London, and was most cordially greeted by him. I have had the warmest *demonstrations* of friendship from him; and it was reported to me at Greenwood and Cox's, (where we once accidentally met,) that I was the cleverest doctor in the army; for I had cured him of an ague that nobody else could rid him of.

Now, for the case, *secundum artem*. The first thing I did was to change the major's medicine:

not that I disapproved of the previous plan of treatment, but because a change, even to no medical treatment at all, was, in such cases, found beneficial. I therefore took him *off* the bark, and put him *upon* the arsenic, letting him know, (for a professional purpose,) what I was doing. Among other dialogues, one took place to the following effect:—

Major. “*Arsenic! Doctor! Arsenic!* I have not the pleasure of knowing you so intimately as I did Doctor Thingumbob; but I shall take no such article, I’ll be bound, without orders from head-quarters.”

Ego. “As for that, major, the order will be had in course of post, should you put us to the trouble of applying for it; but you may shake to death in the paroxysm. I have only to say, that, as you have not got well under *bark*, I think yours a proper case in which to try the only other approved remedy. The only head-quarters I shall acknowledge in the matter is Dr. Baillie, upon whom I shall instantly wait, and to whom I shall explain my intention. If he approve of it, (as of course he will,) I shall either expect you to act as I advise, or I shall make a formal complaint to the adjutant-general.”

This awful name helped forward the miracle

amazingly. The major began then to inquire into the nature and effects of the proposed remedy; and, finding him tractable, I went the length of assuring him that it was perfectly harmless, in the way in which I should have it prepared for him; that it was not the bulky or nasty thing which *bark* was; and that, if, after a fair trial, I found it did him no good, I would *bark at him* again.

Under this assurance, and pursuing this method, we went on for some time very amicably. My visits to him were almost daily; but he, (notwithstanding,) exhibited symptoms less of disorder than of dissatisfaction. I had never seen him *in the aguealiter*—I had never been present during a paroxysm. This, of course, would have been a work of supererogation; and one which, knowing the course of his disease *tolerably* well by descriptive narrative, I sought rather to omit. However, he nailed me at last for a fit, in the following manner: and if I *can* give any thing like a graphic sketch of any circumstance, I know I shall convey a lesson.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGUE, THE PRINCIPAL DISH AT A DINNER-PARTY—
A SHIVERING SOLILOQUY—SPECIMEN OF A SICK-
CERTIFICATE—STRANGE SYMPTOMS.

AFTER several weeks spent in the utmost harmony, the major began to express great concern at the circumstance of my never having *fevered* him with the pleasure of my company to dinner. "Indeed, he was aware that the *trate* could be no *indushement*; but my kindness might *laid* me to make a sacrifice for *oncet*, and take compassion upon him." All this, and much more than I care to relate, I parried as well, and as long, as I could; but the major's hospitable importunities at length overcame my scruples, and he, (being sick man,) appointed day and hour.

Both arrived, and so did I. The major received me with vast cordiality: the cloth was laid, in the room where his bed was made, (upon the floor;) but that was an indecorum to which I was too well accustomed to take exception at. Dinner was placed on table by Grenadier Conolly, and we set to—I with a genuine good appetite, and the major with a vast assumption of hilarity. We got through the soup, and were about half way over the other dainties, when Ulysses began to shiver. “My God!” he exclaimed, “I’m afraid I am going to be ill!” There was some rum at hand, of which I recommended a dose as a prophylactic: he declined, saying it would make him sick. In a few minutes he had to beg pardon, and lie down. Conolly was at his side without delay; and I myself should have felt alarmed, had I not been familiar with scenes of a similar nature. As, however, I have introduced the reader to this dinner-party, I should cut him out of the principal portion of the entertainment, if I did not attempt to relate what now passed.

SCENE—A cheerful airy room, with a covered table in the centre; bottles, dishes, &c. &c.; a shakedown in one corner; a grenadier officer lying thereupon, in a fit, and a grenadier soldier

attending him ; a medical officer sitting at the table aforesaid, and looking on.

DIALOGUE.

Major Ulysses Le Grand.—Och ! Curse the divil ! Where *are* you, Conolly ? Come timme, you scounthrel ! Hap me up, you spalpaen. Shu—shu—shu—shu—chat—chat—chat—chat—hurr—hurr—hurr—hurr—hurr—Conolly ! You blackguard, I'll have you tried and shot, for mutiny and desartion. Come here, you son of a munster.

Con. I'm *here*, your honour.

Major. Are you ? D— your eyes, I didn't *say* you. Hush—hush—hush—hush. Why don't you hap and kiver me up, you *Conolly* ! You nivir shall be a corporal as long as I live. Get me all the *clows* you can ; bring your wrap-rascal, you vagabond : I'll have you shot troo the middle. Doctor, I beg ten tousand pardons : this is nat polite ; but you see, my dear friend, how it is wid me. *Conolly* ! you CONOLLY !

Con. Here I am, Sir !

Major. Divil blow you, if you was any where els't. I say, ax the doctor what he would like to take ; we are using him mighty ill.—Here, you *Conolly* ; ax the doctor to lend me his great

coat, and tell him to make himself comfortable :
 d—n the ague—hurr—hurr—hurr : chat—chat :
 mum—mim—mim—mum : murr—murr : Och,
Conolly! come and sit upon me, lie upon me,
 ax the doctor to come and lie upon me : Och!
 augh ! O Lord : oh—ugh ; now the cold's at
 its frost : get me a glass of something hat ;
 haste ye, ye great big unfailing baste.

Con. What will your honour have ? I can git
 notink but rum and water.

Major. That must do ; any port in a storm.
 Make heast, you baste. I'll have you shot, and
 hanged, and drawn, and made pies of, for mutiny.
 Doctor ! my dear friend, this is not polite ; but
 you see how it is wid me. Am I sick *now?*

Ego. Sick enough, poor fellow. Shake it out,
 and never heed me.

Major. But you won't go away ? I shall be
 better by and by.

Ego. I know that ; and shall wait your reco-
 very.

Major. And I hope you will make yourself
 comfortable.

Ego. I want for nothing, Major.

Major. Here, you Conolly ; burn your eyes !
 what are you about ? Where's that rum and water
the doctor ordered me? Give it me, you rap !

Con. Here it is, sir; but you ordered it *yourself*.

Major. No matter, so that it is come. Chu—chu—chu—here, you munster of a man. I'll have you hanged at the next drum-head court martial—I'll send for the Provost—Why don't you give me the stuff? *Hugh—hugh: chit—chit: chu—chu, &c.* Doctor, (in a very placid tone,) I have the pleasure of drinking your very good health. How are you, my good friend? Have you been able to get any dinner? O Lord! That I should have axed you upon my ague-day! but I thought I was quite cured, through that d—d arsenic.

Altogether, I had about two hours of this sort of amusement. The paroxysm was a *genuine* one; but it was not necessary to have constituted me an eye-witness to it. In the end, it did not serve the Major's purpose, (which was to get leave of absence for England,) for, in making me a spectator of the scene, he most egregiously overshot his mark. I saw nothing in his case that was not curable; and I all but took a vow, that as long as he remained upon the sick list, he should neither eat nor drink in my company.

The aguish dinner discomfited him for a con-

siderable time; and he went (on his intermission days) about the town, saying that *his* doctor was the *devil*. I had no objection to enjoy this character among the *officers*, (of whom we had, perhaps, one hundred and fifty,) though I should not have coveted it among the *men*. And even as a reputed *devil*, among those who were my equals—perhaps my *superiors*, I found myself in high request for consultations. I also sat upon most of the boards that were held for the purpose of deciding concerning the claims of sick officers, as to indulgence in the article of leave. Often was I called in to see Colonel this, or Major that, and to tell him what would be the *probable* decision of the next board: nor was I in a single instance mistaken as to the result. At this distance of time, I shall also take it upon me to say, that, if I thought a case required a resort to Paradise, *aliter* England, and could bring myself to say so, it was *a matter of course that it ensued*. But I was stubborn, where my own sense of duty opposed the ideas of the patient concerning his own case.*

* The major one day called upon me, to request that I would write a letter for him to his regimental paymaster. As the art of clerkship was likely to become infinitely less tedious and troublesome than making apologies, which I knew this slender

Well ——— to shorten, what has to myself become rather a tiresome tale, I fell sick *in persona*; and my patients, in-door and out-door, soldier and officer, were handed; *pro tem.*, over to a gentleman much higher in rank than myself. I hugged my pillow, in the midst of much agony, at the conceit of having got rid of *the major*. A month, at least, elapsed before I was again fit for business; but at the end of this month my former cares re-devolved upon me; and, at the head of the crowd of my misfortunes, came *Ulysses Le Grand!!* “O dear me!” said I to myself, “so I am saddled again!” Dr. Darton, a full physician to the forces, declared to me, that he would rather physic a thousand people, of any description whatever, than that one man.

I was, therefore, obliged to resume the major; and, at my first visit, I thought he would have gone mad with joy, real or affected. It was—

“Och, my dear, dear fellow, I was afeard you

composer would not readily receive, I seized the materials of an amanuensis, and requested he would dictate. The real business of the epistle related to money-matters; but there was an incessant repetition of “mind you tell him I have taken ever so much *arsenic.*”

would have *dien!* (*died*, I suppose, was meant.) How glad I am to see you agin. You know my constitution, and God be thanked for bringing you back to me. I'm going before the *hoord* next Friday, and I hear you are down in orders to sit. Do what you can for me!"

I answered that *I would*.

Friday arrived, and by this time the major had been delivered from his ague for several weeks. However, that did not signify; a new series of complaints was to be pleaded, and we were all aback again. It happened that Dr. D. was president upon the occasion; and the usage was, for the sick officer to be furnished with a certificate from his immediate medical attendant; and if the patient could attend, to do so personally; if not, the board waited upon *him*. My certificate concerning Ulysses was as follows—for I keep copies of all official documents.

"This is to certify, that I have attended Major U. Le G. of the ——— regiment, since ——— last, on account of a tertian intermittent; but that he has had no visible paroxysm of that disease since the ——— instant. I certify, moreover, that *he informs me* that he now labours under a liver complaint, an enlarged spleen, and

dropsy. He is, moreover, excessively desirous of leave of absence to England; and I recommend his wishes to the consideration of the board.

(Signed)

“ * * * * . ”

Le Grand was called in; and derived vast confidence from the circumstance of *my* being there.

President. Well, Major *Le Grand*, how are you?

Major. Och! my pissificate will tell you better than I.

D. Your ague is quite cured?

Le G. Yes—but divil thank it, I am worse now than I was when I had it.

D. What ails you now?

M. Does not the pissificate tell all about it? and is not the man himself here that knows my case best?

D. Yes—but the certificate goes only the length of declaring, that you *say* so and so.

M. Well, and to be sure, if I said so, Mr. ——— is too much of a gentleman not to believe me. Sure, he has *seen't* me sick.

D. You may retire, major.

This being done, Darton pulled a paper from his pocket, saying, that he never was so glad in his life, as when I recovered my health and retook charge of the major. That when he was handed over to him, in consequence of my sickness, he had no ague, but a world of other complaints, which, on account of their singularity, he had noted down; and, in order to enable the board to come to a decision, he would read.

Major Ulysses Le Grand had, first and last, described to him how—

“ Sometimes in the night he would be seized with a poker-like thing run down the middle of his back-bone; and sometimes a pair of tongs poked down both of his two arms; then *they* would pump cold water upon his toes, and fill his stockings with hot water: then they would stick his *soord* through his head from ear to ear, and *lave* it there; and then they would make him go to sleep with his grenadier’s cap fastened on with saddle girths and buckles. Then *they* would pull off his legs, and nail them on again; and that, in short, he was very ill, and required to go to England.”

Major Ulysses appeared in general orders, by return of post, as “perfectly recovered from his ‘late illness, and fit to join his regiment without “loss of time.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOKES ALIAS HOAX—TEA PARTY IN A NUNNERY—
CLARITES AND DOMINICANS PUT TO THE ROUTE—
GINGERBREAD SOLDIERS—A DISSERTATION UPON
LIVING WITHOUT MONEY—LEVI'S SUPPLIES—A
FEW WORDS UPON WINE—CHOPPING LOGIC OVER
CAMP KETTLES.

ABOUT this period, a celebrated joker, (I know not that he is entitled to the designation of a wit,) a guardsman, passed through the town, on his way to join the staff of one of the general officers, along with a detachment of his regiment. He came to the billet-office, (which was exclusively in the hands of the local authorities,) with one of the brass stars upon his breast, which are displayed upon the cartouch-boxes of the common soldiers. The authorities rose, upon seeing this *decoration*, and requested to know his *excellency's* real rank, that they might accommodate him accordingly. "Why," said the great man, "that does not signify—I generally go to the

best house in the town; and you will order me merely colonel's quarters, for which I have come myself, as none of my staff happen to speak Portuguese.' "Excuse us, your highness, we know you must be something above a colonel." 'Well then,' said he, 'I do not like to deceive you; but you must keep it a profound secret: I am one of the king's sons, going to take the command of the army from Lord Wellington; but he does not know of it yet, and we want to surprise him. I have three aides-de-camp, and a guard of one hundred men, whom you will lodge as near me as possible.'

The simpletons acted accordingly; and this game he had the waggery to play all the way up. Upon the present occasion, his *royal highness* was sent to old *Barachio*, father to the priest, of whom mention has been made, and whose house was the receptacle for all generals and grandees. The old gentleman received his *aboleto* with bows to the ground, and was amazingly struck with the condescension of the prince, in requesting him to take a walk through the town. Accordingly, the *Cavalhero de Malta* having figged himself out, away they sallied into the streets, arm in arm. But the hoaxer was himself taken in, upon this occasion; for the

first person he met was my messmate and patient, Tom Blindus, of the —th, who, being a former acquaintance, hailed him with a “How do you do, M—?” and a “Where are *you* going to?” ‘Hush, hush!’ says M—, ‘you’ll spoil the whole: this old son of a gun thinks I’m the Duke of C—; and, as I shall have a good dinner at his house—perhaps you’ll come, as if it was all according to Hoyle.’ Blindus d’offed hat directly, and, making his devoirs to His R. H., begged to be excused, for two reasons: in the first place, he was on the sick list; and, in the second, as the joke could not last long, he begged to have no concern in it.

Of M— it is related, that at a dinner party among some officers of artillery, in Lisbon, about December, 1811, he laid a wager, that he would hoax the people of Lisbon. It was accordingly placarded about the town, inserted in the newspapers, and even found its way into the official gazette, that on a certain day, an English officer would walk across the Tagus, from the landing-place at Belem, to the opposite shore. The river is there about three miles wide, and the current extremely rapid. Having been confined to quarters through indisposition, I did not acquire a knowledge of these preliminaries; but on the day

of the performance several officers in the hospital, to which I was attached as house-surgeon, requested me to do their duty, and let them go to the strange sight. These were all foreigners—for, to do our countrymen justice, they laughed in their sleeves. In the course of the afternoon, a gentleman who was stationed at *Belem*, called, and recommended me to see the fun. He described it as a most extraordinary and inviting occasion. About fifty thousand fools had been collected, both by land and water. The Tagus was covered with boats; and the royal police guard was keeping a clear passage for the performer, across the great square, where the Prince Regent and the royal family had embarked upon a former occasion for Brazil. There was likewise a clear passage kept upon the water, for the adventurer; and all was *high holiday*. Upon this intelligence, as I was about to take a ride at any rate, I decided to direct my course towards *Belem*, not without some hope of arriving in time to see a part of the show: but as I drew near the bridge of *Alcantara*, I found it vain to attempt stemming the tide of the returning crowd—almost every individual of which was in bad humour. I met, not only pedestrians by thousands, but *cavaliers*, and ladies in carriages, which had also

been in mighty request among the priests. All were figged out in *grand tenue*: it was a veritable holiday.

In expectation of the great event, they had waited with exemplary patience from nine or ten in the morning till towards five in the afternoon; not knowing the exact moment at which the undertaking was to be commenced: but every now and then the cry rose—"here he comes! now! now! clear the way," &c., which was done *vi et armis* by the guards. A number of ladies were seduced, by their eagerness to get a good place, to venture upon the Tower of Belem, which at high water became insulated, and the boatmen made their own terms, ere they could be prevailed upon to convey them to the continent.

"The greatest is behind"—Don Miguel Torjas * * *, *locum tenens*, went in state; and they say (though I saw it not) that a celebrated marshal, who was at Lisbon at the time, went in procession with his staff—no doubt, to laugh at the scene. The graver sort declared it to be a scheme, on the part of the authorities, to draw out the population, in order that the marshal might be able to estimate how many more soldiers could be furnished. I knew nothing more of this than the report; or rather, the apology which the

noodles made for the muster: had such a thing been intended, it might have been done in a better way. But while the muster was taking place, the officer, said to have made and won the bet, was sailing down the Tagus in the Falmouth packet.

Now for my tea-drinking at the nunnery of Santa Clara. I got my tea from these nuns, through my acquaintance with the *Barachio* family. They were by far the most wealthy, if not the most illustrious people of the place. The Old Don was a knight of Malta, and was commonly stiled *Capitao Mor*, though there was another king of Brentford—another person who unquestionably held the office, and, many people said, the *title* also.

One afternoon I paid a visit; and by *afternoon*, I mean, after all hands had arisen from the *siesta*; and, as usual, was well received. There were several *Barachio* girls of the family, and *every* English officer was *not* welcome to frequent the house: to those who had the *entrèe*, it was the affected custom to display English cordiality, and I was one of the select who received the same—for about as much as it was worth.

This evening *Mother B.*, *Lady Barachio*, or whatever I should call the *donna de casa*, in-

formed me, that herself and daughters were going to tea, by particular invitation, to the *Clara* convent. "Would I go with them?" Would I *not*? thought I: and, in due time, away we went.

We were shewn into a *parloir*, such as has been already a thousand times described; though rarely, I believe, by a *gentleman*. There were seats sufficient for *us*, the visitors; but a damp was cast upon my sensations by seeing, planted across the full breadth of the apartment, a *strong* iron railing; and at about three feet behind this, another of the same description. Within both stood, or sat, some half dozen or more of females, dressed in sombre uniforms. Most of these were advanced in years; but one or two were young and beautiful. We could *see* them; we could converse freely with them; but any thing further was out of the question—there could be no shaking of hands. Our tea was brought in by a lay sister, who was under no vow to be *encaged*; and really the hilarity on both sides of the iron bars surprised, though it could not delight, me. The *Barachios*, who were excluded as well as myself, seemed to know all that was going forward *within*, and the *donna senhoras* within, affected no ignorance concerning, or indifference about,

what was proceeding in the town. They seemed most particularly grateful to my fair introducers, for having brought an English officer to see them. They asked me a thousand simple questions, (I have already stated that they cross-examined me severely upon *mustard*;) and when any thing beyond a verbal communication was required, a little go-cart was pulled backwards and forwards between the iron stockades, by means of a riband attached on either side! I never saw more *lady-like* women; and could I marry in Portugal, I should try for a nun.

There was another nunnery in the town, belonging to the *Dominican* order; but this had been sacrificed to French vindictiveness, when Masseua broke up from Santarem.

This I also visited; I went in company with several English ladies to see the *nuns* of St. Dominic. I certainly thought them a degree below those of St. Clare in point of pretensions, and they gave us *no tea*. But they had heard some rumour of Lord Wellington's success in driving the French out of Portugal, concerning which my assurances were so satisfactory as to entitle me to their arms round my neck, and they kissed me—absolutely kissed me! which mark of gratitude they thought due to me, as the only repre-

sentative of the British nation upon whom they had an opportunity of laying their skinny hands.

The *Clarites* had, as well as the *Dominicans*, fled their habitations, on the arrival of the enemy. How it fared *personally* with the latter, I cannot tell! but how it fared with their home, has been told already. The other ladies, the majority of whom, from the days of infancy, knew not that the world was more extensive than the view from the windows of their cells, embarked in a barge for Lisbon. The barge grounded upon a shallow in the Tagus, not far from Santarem; they were hunted by fears, and jumped into the water—where they remained, up to their knees, till the boatmen could float off the vessel. The *donna abadessa* lost the use of her limbs for a time thereby, and was relieved by sinapisms; a fact which may account (after their return home) for the anxiety they manifested concerning the nature and virtues of *mustard*.

A matter, in itself of trivial import, and of purely a professional nature, now occurred, which ended in a considerably extensive ridicule, in which the medical officers, for once, set the example.

The army medical board of the day, composed

of old gentlemen, who wished to redeem their ignorance of passing events, by the trial of unscientific experiments, sagely ordered *us* (who were bound to obey) to try the use of bark in a new form. This new form, however, was neither quinine, nor the tincture of cinchona: it was *bark*, in bodily substance, baked into gingerbread!! The orders fell upon individual shoulders, to the following effect, viz.: that each medical officer should select a certain number of ague cases, (such as might be adjudged appropriate,) upon which to try the efficacy of the new gingerbread.

Now this gingerbread was merely a composition of the old *pulvis corticis*, of pease-meal, of treacle, and ginger, made into cakes, scored off into doses, as common gingerbread into halp'-worths, packed up in nice tin-boxes, and *seriously* sent out to the Peninsula.

As we were all bound to obey all orders which did not directly interfere with our professional responsibility, we received the boxes of gingerbread, and the directions for their use, with all due submission. These directions comprised positive instructions, that a certain proportion of ague cases should be selected, at the discretion of medical officers, and subjected during a certain period to the *gingerbread* system. For my own

share, I selected about fifty obstinate men, who had been tried both with *bark* in the common way, and with *arsenic*, but in vain.

Our practice, for some time, was to parade the *selects*, and to make them eat *gingerbread*, by signal from a *fugleman*. It wrought well for about a week: the patients liked the fun; and so did *we*: but the *ginger* was of no real use, and, after laughing at one another for a while, we availed ourselves of the opportunity which a letter from Dr. Mc Grigor afforded us, of annihilating the whole concern; and gingerbread has, ever since, been laughed at. Look now to the *sulphate of quinine*, gentlemen directors of our proceedings! make gingerbread of *that*, whenever you think proper.

While the *stuff* lasted, it was a common query among us—Are you going to the gingerbread parade? When do *you* give the ginger? &c. &c.

The question may occur to the reader, of how *we* ENGLISH lived at a time when we had no money?

Money! money! why, that was an article without which we managed to get on, as if such a thing had never been in the world. Money! I believe, in my conscience, that if any officer in Santarem, at the time to which I allude, could have been convicted of possessing two pounds, or

eight dollars, he would have been *cut*, right, centre, and left.

We lived, nevertheless, not so badly as the initiated may suppose.

The *bât*, *baggage*, and *forage* money came among us with some approach to regularity, though the PAY hung most *flounderingly* behind. Still, however, there were not a few of us who could get no pay, no *bât*, no, nothing! What were *we* to do? The obvious answer would have been—"Live on your rations." Our reply then *must* have been—"We *can* live, but we cannot *enjoy* life upon them. We want tea or coffee, sugar, clean shirts, and sundry other things, which a few pence would enable us to purchase in any chandler's shop in England; and to these things we have been so long accustomed, that they are become to us *necessaries* of life. We can do without *tobacco*, or we will obtain it the best way we can; but we cannot live upon our *rations*."

It is hoped that this will be admitted to be correct reasoning; and, *if not*, we must cease to argue the point.

However, though the pay might be *slow*, we knew that it was *sure*; and of this, one of the sons of Israel took advantage. He established a shop in the *rua directa*, which was the principal

avenue from one end of the town to the other, and through which every English officer was all but *compelled* to pass more than once a day—those who had duty to perform, most unquestionably; for the great hospital of the convent da Graça, where all the stores were kept, and all the boards were held, was at one end of the street; and the *Seminario*, the *Trinidade*, and other flourishing establishments, for sick and wounded, lay near the other. Old *Levi*, therefore, planted himself, it may be said, right in the middle. The rascal must have *coined* money among us. He supplied porter not only in bottles, (which is by some considered the greatest luxury one can meet with in a warm climate,) but, what John Bull, in the plenitude of his caprice, chose to consider a greater luxury still, he had it in casks, and sold it upon draught. In his shop there could never be less than a dozen officers at a time, and, what with glasses of porter, pounds of cheese, pickles, sauces, &c. &c., Levi was incessantly occupied. Then he was always ready to take *a bill*, either upon England or upon the paymaster, making it perfectly convenient to the officer, when, and how *much*, to pay. He seldom indeed went the length of *cashing*; but supplies from the shop might be had almost

to any amount, provided such amount did not appear altogether beyond the customer's probable means.

Through this channel we obtained many things that we could hardly do without, but there were still a few which required payment of money down ; and the greater part of us having none, we necessarily got into debt to the few who had some. I paid eight shillings and sixpence a dollar myself to staff-surgeon Picklock, who warned me, that in money matters he was a *Jew* ; and so I truly found him.

Levi's shop, however, did not supply the staple commodity, viz., *the wine*. Government allowed a pint of this stuff per man daily, but it was often so execrable that we could not use it ; and what was a pint, to a healthy young fellow who knows not how to kill time ? We therefore exceeded his majesty's allowance as much as we could. There were vineyards in all directions around us, and often a particular farm furnished a wine which differed as much from that of the one adjoining, as *Hermitage* does from *Hock*. In Santarem, the wine-houses were sufficiently numerous, and well stored. Huge tuns were paraded in the shops, but the flavour and quality of the contents of each differed essentially from

those of the rest. At the time of which I am speaking, the vintage had been redundant. For two or three years, owing to the distracted state of the country, business had been interrupted, and the vintages neglected; but this season, nature and art conspired, as it were, to make up for lost time; *wine* accordingly was cheap, and we could buy a quart for less than twopence. It is of no consequence to imagine, that this was *small* drink; I only wish that some, towards whom I feel kindly disposed, had a sovereign for every time at which the *wine* of Santarem seized them in the noddle. We adopted the following method of securing supplies of the very choicest juice of the grape. By some incidental, or accidental, circumstance, it reached the knowledge of an officer, that there was a *tap* abroad, of an agreeable description, in some certain shop. Perhaps his servant had brought him a sample at dinner-time. As soon as this was discovered, a bargain was struck with the landlord, not to sell any of that cask to the people in general; and an agreement entered into, that if he would reserve it for the English officers, they would deal with him only, as long as it lasted, and pay a farthing a bottle, or so, extra. Upon this plan, the shopkeeper's profits were enormous. We

generally sent an English bottle for our wine, and paid the price of a *quartillo*, of which the bottle would not hold more than three-fourths. Some of the *married* men, however, avoided this expense, by keeping magnums, full-sized bottles, which held real quarts; but we, *boys*, were not so well advised. By the time a cask ran low in one shop, proclamation was generally made, that a fine tap had been discovered in such another, and we consequently transferred our custom thither. One of the best tap-hunters in the place was Levi, the Jew suttler; and it was no unusual question in *the shop*, “Well, *Levi*, where’s the tap to-day?”

I should look back with greater pleasure than I can possibly do, to the gloomy winter evenings I spent in the hospitable quarters of Captain B. of the thirty—— regiment, could I forget his sufferings at the time, and divest myself of the knowledge of his decease. He was the mildest of men—an Uncle Toby in disposition, though not in point of age. There were two or three young officers of the same regiment as S. at the same time; one of whom was a patient of my own, and, though constitutionally quarrelsome, one of the best-hearted lads I ever met with. I shall call him *O’Connell*. He was a subaltern in

the light company, and had suffered much from ague. He got well, however, and the thing occurred to him which was by no means unusual. The second battalion of his regiment was in the Peninsula; the first, in India. O'Connell became effective in the first, and was ordered to England, in order to proceed to join. I had by this time been appointed to a light cavalry regiment, for which it was impossible for me to equip myself, under the circumstances. O'Connell and I had spent many a quiet and (as times were) comfortable evening in Captain Baker's quarters, with a camp-bottle of mulled wine to draw upon, and both B. and myself had rather pleased than offended him by checking his impetuous ebullitions. The evening before his departure, we met, as usual, and I was not a little affected at being addressed by him in something like the following manner:—

“ My dear * * it will be long before I see you again, and I have been long under your care. I don't thank you for doing your duty, *as my doctor*—for, perhaps, any body else would have done that—but I believe I never should have got well, if you had been *only* my doctor; but you have been my *friend*, and often were so, when I did not understand your meaning. I see it

now ; and can only say, that every sick man should make a friend of his surgeon, if possible. You want nothing from me, and I have nothing indeed to offer ; but as you are appointed to a regiment, where your sword will not be uniform, allow me to offer this *sabre* to your acceptance. I have no occasion for it now, as I must fit myself out anew altogether ; and it is just the thing for *you*. I shall only say, that it is not a *maiden* one. You will vex me if you do not accept of it, as a memorial of one who will never forget *you*."

I accepted the noble gift, thus *nobly* offered. The *sabre* accompanied me on all future occasions, and is still in my possession.

I recollect, upon one of these evenings at Captain Baker's, almost quarrelling with this fine young man. He was telling us a story of his having been obliged to punish a servant for *getting drunk* ; a common enough case—which happened in the following manner :

Mr. O'Connell was invited out (when in camp) to dine with some other officers ; and knowing himself to be surrounded by thieves, gave strict orders to this man, neither to leave the tent, nor get drunk, till his return. The prior part of the order had been observed, but the latter clause

disregarded. "I was so provoked," said O'Connell, "that I confined the fellow, and he was tried by a court-martial."

"For what!" said I.

"For disobedience of orders. I told him not to get drunk."

"Well—and he did get drunk?"

"Yes, and was punished."

"For what? for getting *drunk*?"

"No—not for that: I have already said, for disobeying orders."

"Then he was punished for an infirmity of his constitution, and not for an act of his will."

"How do you make that out?"

"Easily. Your *orders* were not to the purpose. You should have told him not *to drink* during your absence. You could then have accused him of disobedience, if he took a single drop of liquor; but as you laid down no boundary to indulgence, how could you know what his intention, or, as the lawyers say, his *animus*, was, in regard to the quantity he took, and the effect it produced?"

Baker and O'Connell both agreed that my logic was correct. O'Connell vowing that he would try it, should an occasion ever offer.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOUSEKEEPING — DR. JAW — SAWNY JARDINE —
 FOWLS — EFFECTS OF SOBRIETY — CUTTING EYE-
 TEETH — HOW TO KILL YOUR OWN MUTTON — A
 TURTLE FEAST — OLIVE OIL FOR FUEL — DOMES-
 TIC COMFORTS — HOW TO GET A DROVE OF
 CATTLE.

WE lived in general, about the town, the best way we could, by twos and threes; and there were some funny enough examples of *menage* to be heard of. If we *gave* a dinner, it was often the case that “each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.” Sometimes we joined rations for three days at one chap’s quarters, and for three at those of another; and the variety which it was thus within the compass of possibility to enjoy, was every description of pleasure but that of the table. As the quarters were

scattered all over the town, there were many diversifications as concerned the article of looking out at a window; and from some, the view was either delightful, or magnificent—and not unfrequently both. From *my own* windows I had nothing to exhibit but the barracks; though there was that within, which passed show.

Then, as to our culinaries, (if I may venture to add to what has already been said upon the subject,) we had *soupe* and *bouillie*, and *houillie* and *soupe*, alternately. Some rice was issued with the rations; and a farthing's worth of *tomatas* enriched the pot very much. Levi sold pepper and mustard; salt, the landlord generally *afforded* us; and if we wanted onions or potatoes, we came by them the best way we could.

I recollect going to Baillie's office one morning, upon some ordinary business, and there saw a jolly, portly, john-bull, fresh-visaged, curly-haired, though bald-*pated*, elderly gentleman, with a red-hot coat and *boiling* epaulette upon his back, a smart cocked hat in one hand, and a gold-headed bamboo in the other—a *white* cravat round his neck, a pair of whity-brown kerseymeres, I need not say where; and attached to these, a pair of smart top-boots, quite clean. *Mihi!* thought I, here's *another* king's son

going up ; though he looks more like George III. *himself*. Who can *this* be ? We had heard of our then afflicted monarch (I know not how correctly) having expressed a determination to “ go out and fight with Wellington ; ” and really this appeared something like an *escape*. Having concluded his business, I was closeted with little Baillie, who asked me, if I knew who that was ? I said, I did not ; and was informed, that he was a Doctor Jaw, who had come to report himself as a hospital mate ! Dr. Jaw was to dine with Baillie that day, and he asked me to meet him.

Jaw was the freest and most easy fellow I ever met with. He began by finding fault with Baillie’s dinner, at which the good little P.M.O. and I exchanged looks, as much as to say, “ he will be glad of a worse one by and by.” Then he quarrelled with the wine, and said it had no *roughness on the palate*. In short, there was no pleasing Dr. Jaw, who, nevertheless, exhibited some marks of a good sort of fellow. We asked him what sort of *quarters* he had got ?

Quarters! what’s that ?

Lodgings.

Oh —bad enough. There’s no carpet, and no curtains ; and, what’s worse, there is not a pane of glass in the window—no fire-place—no elbow-

chair; but I suppose, as a soldier, I must put up with it on foreign service.

“How merrily we live, that soldiers be!”
and so on.

In a few weeks, Dr. Jaw committed a downright act of insubordination, and was, to use a military term, *shopped*. He wanted to set us all to rights—was a perfect *Preston cock*, and gave tongue in all directions; never concealing his opinions and dislikes, and never approving of any thing. He d—d black stocks and swords, and cursed the Portuguese servants because they *would* not speak English, or cook beefsteaks! —Beefsteaks!

In a short time, Dr. Josiah Jaw, our junior hospital mate, ætat. 64, was abandoned to his meditations, rations, and a soldier's wife, (who was servant of all work,) and we had nothing to say to him, except upon *duty*; a thing he knew amazingly little about.

There was also, I remember, an old Scotch ensign, who came out of some militia corps, in order, as he declared, to join the army. Arriving at Santarem, he gave in his name as *sick*, and was put upon what ought to be called the *weakness*, rather than the *strength* of the establishment. For reasons already made sufficiently prominent,

this “veteran of *barrack* service,” sedulously cultivated my acquaintance, and, at length, seduced me to his apartments; where, after a glass of Levi’s entire, he opened the business in the following stile:—

“Ye see, I’m no so ill but a can gang aboot the toon; but I’m no’ setisfeed wi’ ma young doctor. I’m thinkin’ he diz na exackly unnerstawn ma’ compleent.”

“Why, Mr. Jardine, to speak candidly, I cannot enter into that matter, except in the presence of your medical attendant, or by orders from Dr. Baillie. If you have cause of complaint, I am not the person to prefer it to—and I must wish you good morning. I was not aware that I was asked to come here for any *professional* purpose.”

“Hoot, toots, mun, I didna mean *that*.”

“Then pray, what *did* you mean?”

“Just to lat ye see that I’m no’ weel.”

“Nobody doubts that; if you were well, you would not be in Santarem.”

“Ay—just sae; but I wiz gain’ to tall you as a *freen*’ about the mainer in which I catcht my disorder. I cam, ye oonderstawn’, oat here to fecht foa ma’ king and ma’ coontra’; and here I am, laid up wi’ this abominable compleent, an’

aw ma' prosepecks spilet! Dinna ye pity me?"

"I see nothing pitiable in your case: there may be something pitiful in it."—

"Weel—pitiable or pitifu'; its aw the same, is na' it? Just tak a leuk at me—"

"I cannot, unless, according to certain rules, from which, as an army medical officer, I must not depart."

"Oh! but there's nae rowl among freens—and Soor is na' here, and will ken naething about it"—

"His not being here, Mr. Jardine, is, of all other reasons, the one that prevents me from doing what you desire; and, as for his knowing nothing about it, if I were to act as you request, the first thing I should do, would be to write him a note, to tell him *all* about it."

"*Wad ye?*"

"Indeed I would."

"*Weel*, ye ken best."

In a short time, this "*fechting*" hero got quite well, obtained a staff appointment at Santarem, made himself unnecessarily busy about things of which he had no knowledge, and formed a mess with Mr. Doctor Jaw.

Having hinted that *rice* was issued with the

rations, I shall take the opportunity of adding, that I used it to feed fowls. *Fowls!* I think I hear some fine dame, who is up to every thing, exclaiming, *Fowls!* Where did you get them? I got them, ma'am, from the Rev. Mr. Delaney, and also two milch goats, when I took up his quarters in the Palazzio de *Meneres*, and I fed the hens with my rice; and they honestly laid their eggs for me every morning: but somebody or other, dishonestly, deprived me of this advantage every evening; and as an idea pervaded us, that we were to leave the place, one day "I *kilt*," or caused Serjeant Larraway's wife, rather, to kill them all; and I asked the commandant, and the P.M.O. and Mr. G. and the commissary-general, and the purveyor, and the parson, and two or three more, to dine; and Mrs. Larraway to cook, and Sulky to run to No. 601, *Rua Diabolica*, for the wine, (which was then the best in the town,) and no fowls were ever so fat as mine; no birds were ever so delicious—and—I produced a *roast leg of mutton!*

How I came by this, I shall tell anon; in the mean time, I must relate a trifling adventure which befell one of the guests.

At the time spoken of, I had become second in medical rank in the place; and was, in fact, the

medical major. Princely and Martin were gone. We had got a new commandant, who liked *us*, and we liked *him*. He was fond of society, and we were fond of having him among us. The *duties* were never better done ; and all the better for being done with as little fuss as possible.

Mr. G. however, was a curiosity, in his way.

In the first instance, he had been intended for a parson, but would not be one ; which angered Mrs. G. his mother—who angered Mr. G. the father — who contrived to anger Mr. G. the son—who listed for a soldier out of spite, and thus angered them all. He was soon bought off, however, and commissioned in a fine regiment, but his shattered constitution could not stand even the mild change of climate consequent on a voyage to Lisbon. There G. sickened ; and beyond Santarem he had been unable to proceed. It was too *genuine* a case ; and therefore no medical jealousy or vigilance was excited. He was a friend of the commandant, who requested me (though G. was not very *patient*) to pay him a little personal attention, and bring him among us—(hem !) the authorities.

He had not been long at the station, when my supposed farewell dinner was to be given, and I sent a note to G. He declined, alleging ill

health. I retorted, that he would be perfectly safe if he came, because staff-surgeon Padlock, the P.M.O. would be there, and his friend the commandant. Another excuse coming, I waited upon him *personally*, and set about talking him over.

“My dear sir, I am sensible of your kindness ; but you know how I am situated—pray, excuse me.”

“I know you are not so well as I could wish ; but you will meet none but your personal friends—unless some of my messmates, who will amuse you, I think, at least as much as we *can be* amused in this dull place. I hope you will not be so cruel as to refuse me—after having killed all my hens for the occasion.”

“My dear sir, your arguments are irresistible ; but I can't *drink*.”

“As for drinking, you shall do exactly as you please. Nobody among us does drink much ; and I promise you, that no compulsion whatever shall be laid upon *you* ; besides, we *can* have nothing stronger than *country wine*.”

“Well, but country wine fuddles one fast enough ; and I understand that Captain Rustin is a hard-goer.”

“Oh, no ! He dare not, where I am, or Pad-

lock. Besides, it is *my* house, and I say you shall do as you please."

G. consented to come.

I told my guests, that I had engaged G. upon the clear understanding, that no one should ask him to drink a drop more than he pleased. They all agreed *not* to ask him to take wine with them.

At dinner I, as a matter of *duty*, invited Mr. G. to take a glass of wine. Mr. G. did most seriously decline. We went on, taking wine with one another; but nobody asked Mr. G. The hilarity increased; and fun began to make its appearance. Mr. G. was sad and silent for an hour; at the end of which he *volunteered* a song. Song in private society I have an utter aversion to; but, rather than let my guest sit chop-fallen, I agreed to the proposal. He went through it, and at the end fell from his chair.

G. confessed, next day, that he had never been so *drunk* in his life; and that he would *not* have become so, had the party not disregarded him in the article of taking wine.

"My dear sir," said I, "it was your own fault; none of *us* got drunk."

It is now time that I should introduce *Stuff-surgeon* Padlock more particularly to the

acquaintance of you all. *He* will feel obliged to me ; for he was fond of society. The name may be considered a curious one ; but I am not answerable for it—while, in the sequel, it will be seen that there is nothing in it—

“ A rose by any other name, would smell as sweet ;” and so was it with my friend *Padlock*: by any other name, he would have looked as well.

Major *Province* was a sort of humourist, and used to remark, that Doctor *Padlock* had *cut his eye-teeth*. As a personal reflection upon Mr. Pad's *dentes incisores*, (which protruded in rather an usual degree,) there was but little wit perhaps in the saying ; but those who knew the character of the man which owned the *tusks*, could not fail to be tickled with the applicability of the observation. It became quite a fashion at Santarem, after *Province* took the command, for an officer to laugh at *Padlock* as soon as they began to converse, and *Padlock* could not comprehend the reason, for a long time ; but it was owing to Major *Province*'s observation, to every sick officer who reported himself—that he could give him a line to the P.M.O.—when he would find a gentleman that had *cut his eye-teeth*. The officer naturally concluded, that by this was meant, *an old acute hand*, whom there was no use in endea-

vouring to humbug; but as soon as Padlock opened his mouth, and displayed the conspicuous tusks, it was next to *impossible* to abstain from laughing, if sickness had left the stranger a laugh in him.

Padlock was the best-tempered man (to speak to) I almost ever met with; but he would have *done F*——, had they gone to market together. To avoid confusion, let me here acquaint the reader, that Baillie had left the station by the time of which I am speaking, and that Padlock had succeeded to the sovereignty, to whom I was next in rank; and that my prolonged stay at this place arose from the circumstance of my being on the strength of a regiment which was in England, whither I had remonstrated against being sent, and was therefore unsettled, for the time, as to an appointment in the country.

Master Padlock was in a corresponding situation, and had claims under the consideration of the commander-in-chief. One day he made up to me in a very civil, insinuating sort of manner, and asked me to come to his house, where I would find *a round of beef*, and some capital bottled porter. I could hardly believe the man; but away I went with him. I found him quartered upon the top of one of the hills, in a magnificent,

though somewhat dilapidated house, as was pretty generally the case through the town, and round the premises two or three sheep were grazing. Padlock informed me that they were his, and that he *killed his own mutton*. I thought him a wonderful man ; and began to suppose it possible, that in *such* a house of *such* a man, as had real live mutton to kill, there might be *such* a thing as a round of beef ; and so, upon my honour and veracity, as an officer and a gentleman, there was. The design of Padlock in getting hold of me upon this occasion, may be told in ten words. He had drawn up a memorial to the Duke of York, which he wanted me to revise. I have been anxious to introduce this article of information, and to dismiss it unceremoniously, because I consider it more likely to amuse the reader, if I explain how the rounds and joints were managed. It is a secret worth a cosey staff-officer's knowing.

Padlock had a wife and seven children with him, each of whom was entitled to a certain allotment of rations. Then he had as many servants as he could possibly gather together, with *their* wives and their *little ones*, their sheep and their oxen, &c. &c. Padlock never would have a *single* man upon the strength of his

household. Now—three days' beef or mutton for so many mouths, (perhaps in all about fifteen,) ran, at an average, to more than any sheep's carcase, I ever saw in the Peninsula, would weigh. He continued to keep upon the best terms with the feed-masters, the housekeepers, &c.; and would sometimes reserve his cheques for a week, till the quantity required was enough almost for a brigade.

Now, Padlock, it must be added, was the *beau real* of an epicure; and rather than go without a good dinner, he would furnish himself with one at his own expense, which, in point of fact, was no expense at all. I must do him the justice to say, that he treated *me* with marked distinction: but there was not much, after all, in that; for I was a *right hand* to him, and was apt to clench the fist, if not governed *gently*.

It was, in settled quarters such as these, an amazing advantage to be a married man. In the field, I have always observed it to be quite the reverse. The lady, where there is *a house* to manage, is sure to make a palace of it, while the bachelor makes a hovel even of what was a palace before. To let out a family secret, this was pretty much the case *chez nous*. Mrs. Padlock might have governed Santarem, had she been

so disposed, but she was a meek and quiet creature.

One day, Padlock asked *us* to dine. It was the King's birth-day; and there were joints of mutton and joints of beef, and fish, and poultry, and what not? There was also *callipash* and *callipee*—absolute, downright, real turtle, in the centre of Portugal, during the Peninsular war!! Stare away, reader, but I *do* vouch for the fact; for I had seen the animal before it was killed, and therefore there was no trick. The beast had been presented to Padlock by Balsam the commissary, to whom it had been previously presented; and Mr. and Mrs. Padlock having lived several years in Western India, had been familiar with the habits and usages of turtle, and knew how to get up a turtle feast.

These, it may be said, were great doings; but Padlock outshone even himself, in the winter months, after a method utterly and entirely his own.

Allusion was formerly made to the fact of the French having cut down the olive-trees, for certain purposes; but as they did not grub them up, the stumps remained in the ground. These, however, were of little use to the owners, whose interest in the trees depended solely upon the

berries, and the oil derived from them. With the stems and branches, of course the berries vanished, and there was no produce. Padlock, however, who always had an *eye* and a *tooth* for business, rightly conceived that the stumps of these trees must be very fat, and would burn well. He tried the experiment upon a small scale, which fully realized his expectation. The chips and blocks gave out a great heat, and kept up a steady and exhilarating flame. In fact, this conjurer was burning *olive oil* in a grate made of three or four old iron hoops, which he had picked up about the hospital, or got for nothing from Ishmael Levi. The next thing *Pad* did, was to obtain permission from the discomfited owners of these cut-down *mines*, to dig them up; and right glad were they to get their ground cleared for new plantations. In this way, Master Padlock found employment for some of his supernumeraries—kept a roaring fire, while every body else, foreign and native, was in a state approaching to that of starvation—and had the most enviable residence about the place, into which it was ineffably pleasant to be admitted. There was no other fire-place in Santarem, but one old ship's stove, (with a long iron pipe, carried through a window,) which the purveyor had contrived to

erect, and which not unfrequently smoked him out; or here and there a *brazairo*,* which was but another word for suffocation.

But I must take another cut at Padlock's *beef*, or rather a review of his *beeves*. The leg-of-mutton manoeuvre was a simple affair: we have now to deal with higher destinies. Padlock rode his *boijs* a little too far, and rather longer than was prudent.

Some one said of Napoleon, that

“ he rose like a rocket, and fell like the stick ;”

and it may be added, concerning Padlock, that

“ he rode on a bullock, which gave him a kick.”

But let us go on gently after the solution of the enigma.

By dint of feeding his retainers upon odds and ends of *bacalhao*, *soëlhos*, *sardinhas*,† and other cheap and unpleasant rubbish, Padlock contrived to ward off ration-day sometimes for weeks together; and as the sum total daily of *beef*, to which, in beef-time, his rights, united with those of the

* A pan of live coals, or rather wood-ashes, brought into the room.

† Stock-fish, rabbits,—*sardinha*, a well-known fish, larger than a sprat, and more agreeable to eat. They salt them in Portugal, and the poorer classes eat them by way of *relish* to their coarse bread.

household at large, amounted, was considerable, at the end of a fortnight it became really enormous. Now, *Pad* did every thing *according to law*, and there would have been very little merit in trying any other plan ; besides which, no other could have been persevered in ; detection and punishment must have been speedy consequences. There came things that Master Padlock did not chuse to live in danger of, though they outrode him and his bullocks both, in the long march. *Balsam* (one of the best of men) had no concern whatever in these contrivances, but Padlock managed matters, in spite of Lord Wellington and all his general orders, and all known custom and all official routine, as follows :—

The rations were issued every third day, upon a return signed by each officer, comprehending his servants and *attachès*, specifying what precise quantity of each article was due to the establishment.

It was done by printed form, thus—

Return of provisions, forage, and fuel, for one officer (*specified*) and — men, women, children, horses, &c. &c.

Bread, — pounds, so many, (according to specific rate of allowance.)

Meat—so much.

Wood—so much.

Straw—(for there was not any in Portugal,) so much.

Corn—(sometimes *barley* and sometimes *milho*,* but never *oats*,) so much, according to the number of horses allowed to be kept.

Rice—so much.

Wine—so much.

Suppose now, fifteen people included in one list—each, at an average allowed three-quarters of a pound of *meat*† (for with that only have we at present to deal) per diem—multiply fifteen three-quarters by three, and then the bill would gladden the heart even of Mr. Giblett, the butcher. It amounted to nearly thirty-four pounds of solid meat every ration day! Then, if three of these could be got over, the affair was again multiplied by nine, and if we allow a little for the sake of arithmetical precision, Padlock was often in possession of *vals* for about three hundred and fifty pounds weight of beef. This requires explanation still, lest it might be supposed that my

* Indian corn—*Cobbett's* corn.

† Men's rations were, one pound of meat; women's, if I remember correctly, three quarters; and children's, *half* a pound.

friend Balsam, and Padlock, played into each other's hands. Balsam would do no such thing.

Upon receiving the *return*, the clerk used to issue cheques, or *vals* (i.e. *valid* orders), upon the different store-keepers or contractors who furnished the supplies. The man, for instance, who issued *bread*, had nothing to do with *meat*, nor either of them with *wine*; and their stores were often at inconvenient distances from one another. It was a rule in the service, that no *back rations* were to be issued; so that if, by any omission, or necessity of duty, the ration day could not be made available, nothing more was to be delivered than the quantum actually required. There were no *dues*, and the *bât*, *baggage* and *forage* allowance, was a grant in consideration of such casualties. In this respect, every one at his *post*, wherever that might be, either in front or rear, was treated alike. But it was easy (after obtaining the *vals*) for any individual who might have it in his power, to make an agreement (advantageous to both parties) with the contractors, who were always *civilians*, to reserve the issues for a future day; and of this, unless some one informed him, the commissary could know nothing; or if he did, I am not sure that he had any business to interfere.

Thus Padlock managed matters, and in the course of several months became the proprietor not only of flocks of sheep—which I believe were, *bona fide*, eaten—but of droves of cattle, which he used in another way. He employed a poor native rascal to look after the *boijs*, and hired him to say that they were his own. The purveyor rented them for his majesty's service; and Padlock drove a thriving trade, under the rose, for a considerable time. How that trade was eventually spoiled, I may relate hereafter; suffice it to say, that when Padlock and I marched away from Santarem, with Mrs. Padlock and the seven little Padlocks, and a *guard* of forty or fifty soldiers, &c. &c. &c. he conveyed his own establishment, upon his own cars, dragged by his own bullocks, driven, or rather conducted, by his own men!

CHAPTER XX.

CORPUS CHRISTI—A SANTAREM NABOB—A DISSERTATION ON CHILDREN AND SHOWS—A BARBER-SURGEON—TREATMENT OF A FRACTURED SKULL—TREATMENT OF FEVER PATIENTS—A PORTUGUESE MAGISTRATE—NATIONAL POLITENESS—FORGED COIN—RICHES OF THE COUNTRY—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

SHORTLY after the turtle feast, came round the greatest of all days in the Catholic church—the *Corpus Christi* to wit. A gentleman, who had served in India, and had returned to the place of his nativity, inhabited a smart house in one of the principal streets of Santarem. He decorated his balconies, and invited his friends to see the procession. *They* think it mighty imposing, and so the people *pretend* to think; but I am greatly mistaken, if there be not many among the *soi disant* admirers who are ashamed when a

stranger catches a sight of what is going on. How often have I seen *the angels* (represented by brats of five or six years old) walking, in full old-fashioned and exploded court-dresses—the *gentlemen* angels, with powdered and frizzled hair, bagwigs, swords by their little sides, and large staring buckles in their shoes and at their knees—while the *lady* angels were pomatumed and powdered, and curled, and rouged, and hoop-petticoated, and furnished with pairs of wings apiece, picking their way through the filthy streets with the utmost demureness, their fathers and mothers holding them up on either side; and uniformly lifting them over the puddles! And then, in the churches, the imagery—“*the helps to devotion*”—are, if possible, still more ludicrous. The Child of Bethlehem may be seen in almost any edifice, lying in full court-dress upon the lap of a lady, who herself is so bedizened as to fit her only for the show-box of “Solomon in all his glory.” Spangles most brilliant, base metal, old satin, tinsel, and fustiness all over, imitations and frippery, are displayed in all directions, under the influence of the priests.

However, I have almost lost sight of my Portuguese nabob, through the seductive nature of this digression. He was a very gentlemanly man,

and, having served in the army, went by the title of *Major*.

Out of compliment to the times (as Macklin said, when he desired them to call him *Esquire*,) he made a party on the Corpus Christi day, as I might do, if I happened to live upon Ludgate-hill, and the King was going in state to dine with the Lord Mayor. Don *Leone Salvaterra* had two or three children, and their playfellows were naturally invited to see the show along with the little dears. I do love to see half-a-dozen *tidy* little *English* monkeys (but they must be *tidy* and *English*) got together in good humour; and above all things, *to see a sight*.* They are so honest, and so happy, and often so droll in their observations, provided they will but pay attention to what is going forward, and have not been corrupted by a love for cakes and lollipop, that I can hardly imagine a greater treat than to be of the party.

* There is a total want of all that childish buoyancy, which so well becomes the period of infancy, on the part of children in foreign countries. In Portugal, more particularly, the little creature, as soon as it is able to toddle, is encased in a dress made according to the fashion of his grandfather's. The dress of children, even of advancing growth, should be free from pressure.

It *literally* fell upon the day alluded to, that while all the small folk were excessively delighted with the grand sight, but, reaching too far over papa's balcony, the senior of the house of *Salvaterra* (seven years of age) went head-foremost into the street. The immediate consequence of this was, a *supposed* fracture of the skull. Among the party present in the house was a very gentlemanly man, a physician, *the* physician in the upper circles, who had been educated at Edinburgh. He immediately sent for *the* surgeon, who had been educated (if at all) the Lord knows where. The nature, and the apprehended consequences, of the accident being stated, the surgeon, *alias* the barber, was about to depart for the purpose of preparing sinapisms, and certain fomentations. The Doctor requested him to bleed the child. "Oh, no! he could not think of doing that. It would be highly improper." "Then," said the *cavalhero physico*, "lend me a lancet, and I will take upon me to bleed him myself; he must be bled before any thing else is attempted."

The father, the mother, and all the aunts, and all the company, agreed with the *physico*, and urged the bleeding. No! the barber was stanch: he would neither bleed, nor lend the physician a

lancet ; for a plain and simple reason—he had not one. Sinapisms and fomentations to the soles of the feet and to the legs, were approved remedies, time out of mind, for a fractured skull, and would infallibly rouse the patient from the state of insensibility in which he then was. The Doctor lost all patience ; and the distracted parents were on the point of losing all presence of mind, when it was happily suggested, that they should run into the streets, and implore the interference of the first English medical-officer they should encounter. At this time there were from twenty to thirty of us in the place, and upon such a day there was no great fear of our being within doors ; but if we had, they knew where to apply. The first one they met (not far from Don Leone's house) considered the case too serious for him to deal with—*ergo*, he wrote himself down an ass ; but Padlock was presently stumbled upon, and, as his *eye* was ever open, as his *teeth* were ever displayed for business, he accompanied the Don home, and immediately saw that the alarm was false, inasmuch as there was no *fracture*, though every one else was persuaded, that, after a fall from the height of fifteen or twenty feet upon a paving-stone, there must be a fracture, of course ; as the French surgeons decided, (after the battle

of the Boyne, where William III. was said to have received a gun-shot wound,) that he *must* be dead, as a matter of course; upon the expression of which opinion, all Paris broke into extravagant demonstrations of joy.

Padlock looked as big and as wise as possible—felt the pulse, opened the eyelids, fingered the skull, and shook his own head in solemn silence. The *cavalleiro physico* was watching all these movements most anxiously, and so were the by-standers. Padlock would have struck a mighty stroke of business at this moment, but, unhappily, he could express himself only in the English tongue. The *physico* was ready to discuss and approve of every thing, in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Latin, or Italian, *English* being almost the only practicable language upon which he could not venture; but it was of no use. Master Padlock gave them, however, to understand, that he would bring another gentleman to consult with, and that something should be done.

He forthwith came to me, asking if I would have a job? What sort? A professional one, of course; and he explained the case, saying, that though there was no *fracture*, injuries of the head were serious matters, and he thought it might

be necessary to interfere actively. We repaired together to the house.

“Tell them,” says Padlock, “that you are *my* assistant.”

I introduced myself, however, as the assistant medical-officer of *the station*; and this being pronounced in clear and intelligible Portuguese, countenances began to brighten. In the mean time the little boy was quite unconscious of all that was going on.

We examined the head again, and I was of opinion with Padlock, that there was *no fracture*, though the concussion required surgical aid. We decided on opening the temporal artery, and taking a *small* quantity of blood from as near the seat of the injury as we could go.

Upon mentioning this formidable matter, the father and mother, the aunts and the old ladies, joined in a decided and unanimous vote of refusal. “Well, Padlock,” said I, “we must make our bow, and march.” “I’ll be d—” said he, “if I do: this is a *job* which does not come round every day, and we ought to make something of it. This is a rich rascal, and we can get the child well, *I* know.” “Yes, if they would let us have our own way; but they won’t, you see.” “Oh,

they only want a little talking to. Do you explain it to the Doctor.”

The Doctor, however, (that is to say, the *cavalhero physico*,) did not require any explanation about it. He said he was quite satisfied, and that we were quite right. For his own part, he wondered how a man of *Don Leone de Salvaterra's* sense and knowledge of the world could hesitate, especially after imploring our aid in the way he had done; and that if any further opposition was offered, he would leave the house with us. The *physico* took the father and us aside: the worthy gentleman said, that for his own part he had the utmost confidence in the English gentlemen—but that, opening an artery had never been heard of in that part of the world, except as a horrible and irremediable *accident*; and the ladies were alarmed at our proposal.

I convinced *him*, without using many words, and by the aid of the *physico*, that what we proposed to do, was the simplest and the safest of all surgical operations.

“Could we not open a vein—in other words, bleed him in the arm?”

“Certainly—but in so young a person we might not succeed in getting all the blood necessary; and that, in this particular case, the effect might

not be such as it was desirable to ensure, as far as possible."

But the ladies would not consent.

The physico wrote a note to Don ——, the guardian of the Franciscan monastery, who lost no time in coming to the house, and as little in lecturing the females into acquiescence. The artery was pricked—the boy opened his eyes—and his mother went all but mad for joy.

For several days we watched progress with great assiduity. Padlock, the physico, and myself, made a rule of assembling together, and for a short time we had the *guardian* at hand, in case the *ruling powers* should have been unmanageable. The child got quite well (as was uniformly believed) of a fractured skull, by *dint* of English surgery; for we did not let the physico exactly into the secret of there being no such thing; and our fame reached the ears of the academics and great people at Lisbon and Coimbra.

Padlock, however, was like the celebrated piper of Peebles, who charged a shilling for beginning to play, and *two* to leave off. "A d—d good job this, if we manage it right," was his constant ejaculation. For my own part, I saw nothing to be managed, after the first day or two; but Padlock knew better. Fee or reward I would not

have accepted of, had such been offered—personal civility, or hospitality, I should have considered a favour ; and Don Leone did invite us to dine upon the occasion of little Sebastian's recovery, and treated us well. Upon this occasion, Padlock made me absolutely blush for him. A pair of splendidly silver-mounted pistols attracted his attention, and were submitted to his scrutiny. I presume they were a trophy gained in the East, for Don Leone told some long story about them. Padlock made sundry *knowing* remarks about them. "As articles of manufacture they were pretty enough, but as pistols they were good for nothing. They were just fit to be made a present of;" and, sure as a gun, Padlock carried the pistols off that very day to *Progcastle*.

I do not wish to *seduce* the reader into matters purely professional, but a circumstance arose out of the foregoing, which much amused me. The physico and I had many conversations, and of course some of a technical nature. He once asked me, if it was really fact, that we used the cold affusion, or, in other words, dashed cold water over our fever patients. I said, that nothing could be more certain ; and he shook his head : he knew the theory, and had read about the

practice, but it was incomprehensible to him—he wished just once, or so, to see it.

That, I informed him, he might do with no difficulty; for I had handled one of my patients this way that very morning, and had very little doubt that I should find it necessary to repeat the remedy in the evening; and that, if so, I would send for him, and let him witness the process, if he chose. He declared that nothing would give him greater satisfaction, and he would be in the way, as he lived very near our hospital.

It happened, that, upon paying the evening visit, I found my man (who was a non-commissioned officer) in a state of high exacerbation, as I had expected—for one affusion was seldom enough. I sent to request the company of the physico, who immediately came.

Having exhibited the patient to him, and requested him to feel his pulse, to look at his tongue, to ascertain how hot and dry the surface was, and to note the delirium, we proceeded to the performance. A large tub was placed near the bed, in which the sick man was supported in an erect posture. These preliminaries being arranged, a pail of cold water was soused at once upon his head. Gasping and struggling, of course, were the immediate result, on the part of the recipient, and

cries of *bastante! lastante!** in that of the Cavalhero. He seized the arm of the orderly, who was about to discharge the second pail, and implored us, for the love of God, *pel' amor des deos*, to have done. "Oh, no," said I, "we must do it properly, now we have begun: give him the other; then wipe him dry, and quick with him into bed." While this was doing, the Cavalhero and I looked at some of the other cases, and, being informed that all was ready, we returned to our half-drowned man. "Now feel his pulse, skin, &c." The change was, to my friend, quite a surprise: there was softness, moisture; sensibility, and coherence; a disposition to comfortable sleep, and a request to have it again—which was promised, in the event of its being required.

About this time a soldier disappeared from the place, and an alarm was given, that he had been murdered by some of the country-people. As this required to be ascertained, it became necessary to apply to the local authorities; and it so happened, that my assistance, in the capacity of interpreter, was demanded. The circumstance gave me an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, a civil magistrate. Instead of being shewn into a court, or office, or other place of business,

* *Enough! enough!*

we were introduced, by an elderly female, to *my lord*, at high dinner—considered, no doubt, as a mark of politeness, it not being, probably, his wish to keep us waiting: the *Siesta* would have seriously retarded the business. My lord, it seems, lived *en garçon*, and, when we gained admission to the presence, we found him alone, at the head of his table, busily employed in tearing with his teeth either a capon, or a good fat hen. He was a smart, little, sharp, attorney-looking man, and very polite; but (all the Portuguese are polite) nevertheless, whether it was because the party which waited upon him included one or two of his own constables, or whether he forgot, I cannot say, but we were *not* asked to take seats. He listened to our tale, tearing away at the capon, which he evidently knew not how to carve, and was in his shirt-sleeves; for which, the heat of the weather, it being about the middle of summer, formed a *private*, though not an official, apology. There was no deposition taken; and a mere verbal order given to the myrmidons to accompany us to the place where the man had been last seen, and obtain what information they could. We obtained none beyond vague report from some of the English soldiers, that they were sure their

comrade had been murdered there, because, upon approaching the grounds, which belonged to rather a genteel country residence, in order to search for the body, they had been threatened with violence by several men at work. These people were at work when we made our appearance, and offered us every assistance, when the object of our visit was explained to them—an achievement that had exceeded the ability of our former party; and the sudden approach of half a dozen straggling soldiers, naturally suggested the idea of some project not quite compatible with honesty. For two or three days, nothing was heard concerning the missing man: correspondence was carried on between the magistracy and the commandant: notice of the event was forwarded to Lisbon, and to head-quarters; which being done, he, one morning, made his appearance, dejected enough. He was but little better than an idiot; had taken it into his head to desert to Lisbon, (the most dangerous place in the world for him to venture to, under such circumstances;) he had got about half way, when he lost his road, wandered about, could get nothing to eat—and *so came back again.*

The expression of native politeness was sometimes very amusing. However much the spirit

of this essential to social well-being may have been kept up, they have retained a full share of formalities, which have been long exploded among us, and others nearer the north pole. Thus, if two of the lowest people—two gallegos, or Lisbon porters, for instance—meet in the street; it is *off hats*, and a long ceremonial of mutual inquiries. So it is, if two *gentlemen* have a rencontre, the manner of doing it being pretty much the same; but if one enters a room where there happens to be a party, especially of ladies, there is a tiresome interchange of chitter-chatter, about “How do you? Donna this—and I hope your mother Donnathat, is well?” and Donna t’other? and so on—which must be carried regularly round the room, and replied to *sotto voce* by every one to whom the interrogatories are addressed. It is the most tiresome and intolerable of all amusements. Imagine twenty or thirty thus dropping in, and going deliberately over the same ground; for there is no abbreviation. Such things made us less anxious about their parties than otherwise we might have been.

But sometimes there were more humorous exhibitions of politesse than these. When an English officer presented a billet, he commonly was met at the door of the house by the master

thereof, who uniformly began with a tale of woe, and of inability to act according to the requisition. This declaration being accompanied with many a shrug of the shoulder and grimace of the countenance, as well as much elevation of voice, in a language totally unknown to the jollier and less flexible-faced Englishman, it was by no means an unusual thing, on the part of the newcomers, to conclude that they were receiving a severe blowing-up, though all was in fact characterized by almost a prostration of humility; and not unfrequently, words being disregarded, physical force was resorted to; whereas, had the conversation been intelligible, and good temper maintained, every thing would have generally ended amicably enough. I almost ever found, for my own part, that when difficulties were made at first, I was well enough off in the end, by joking down their opposition, though without giving way.

At the same time, the simplicity of many of them was singular. Few of the little shopkeepers, and still fewer of the market-people, had any acquaintance with base coin. The most common articles of this nature in circulation were dollars, and *crusados novos*, pieces about the value of three shillings English. Spanish dollars are apt to turn black, and become dirty, after a time;

not because they are dollars, but because Spanish plate is generally liable to this apparent deterioration. The Vigo-bay Company found a pewter platter, upon sending their divers to the sunken galleons, and great hopes were at first entertained that they had found the treasure they were in search of; but I believe they have not come to it yet. In the mean time we had a soldier in the hospital at the Convent da Graça, whose bed was in the open church, where there were upwards of a hundred and twenty, all in view of one another. His illness being local, he was not much affected in what may be termed the article of health, and therefore wanted amusement, which he was not only able to enjoy, but, as it would appear, to turn to profit. He provided himself (or rather got one of the orderlies to provide him) with a particular kind of stone, which, simply by the aid of a knife, he scooped and carved into a pair of moulds. He drew Ferdinand the VIIth's head in one, with vast fidelity; and the reverse was sufficiently well imitated, in the other. He then got some pewter, the thickness of which corresponded very nearly with that of the dollars, and, by the aid of no great mechanical power or ingenuity, made dollars as fast as they had any occasion to spend them; and these his friend

passed in the town with great facility, till the trick was discovered. The people made no difficulty about taking them, till the issuers were foolish enough to offer some of them to Levi. The trade was then at an end.

I apprehend that the people of Portugal are possessed of considerable treasure, though at this time it was the universal custom for them to plead great poverty, in consequence of the recent occupation of the country by the French. That the enemy plundered wherever an opportunity offered, can hardly be a matter of question: articles of *fabrique* were notoriously guaranteed to the plunderers, and carried to France in English ships, in pursuance of the famous Cintra convention: but I also know, that many articles of a similar description were hidden by those who could not remove them; many of which were found, upon the return of the owners to their habitations. At the same time, the soldiers on both sides became singularly dexterous in pricking or sounding, though the possession of such a thing as a silver tankard by one of *our* army would have been a serious matter for him. As to money, the greater part of what a person might happen to have in his house at the time of alarm, could be conveyed away without great

difficulty ; and nobody's substantial wealth exists in the shape of household stuff. Indeed, the best houses were, *at the best*, but poor in the article of furniture. It was with no small difficulty that we could sometimes obtain the loan of a soup-tureen, or a few wine-glasses. They were never ashamed to say, that they had no such things ; and this might probably be true. It would have been of less consequence, could we have purchased them ; but when we asked for glass and crockery, as well as many other things, through the country the answer was uniformly, "*Aqui no ha, na LISBON muito.*"* Sometimes a dry matter-of-fact person, after telling a long and melancholy story about the manner in which he or she had been treated by the French, would significantly jerk the inner side of the thumb upwards from the neck, over the chin, instead of *saying*, they had been clean shaved. They are rather a pantomimical people, and, though talkers of incessant perseverance, are much addicted, as most southern nations are, to *gesticulation*.

When the British troops retreated to the lines of *Torres Vedras*, the great bulk of the population of the towns accompanied the army the best way they could, and many of them suffered much. It

* There is no such thing here ; but plenty at Lisbon.

was necessary to adopt this compulsory measure, for the annoyance of the enemy: but they did not *all* go; and I even met with some young ladies, who did not scruple to say, that they had staid among the French, and found the officers very agreeable. I have no doubt of the fact; and if the body of the inhabitants had remained at their homes, they would soon have been all good friends. They were *politically* civil, but not *personally* attached to us. The French understand an art, of which John Bull was not, at that time, at all enamoured; to wit—that of recommending himself.

Long after these transactions, I had an opportunity of seeing the return of the Portuguese army to Lisbon, after they had been in France, and once overheard an officer in the streets telling some inquisitive fellow, who had staid at home, and wondered much at events—that “the French were the politest people in the world—*humana gente a mais politica, qui ha.*”*

* The politest people upon earth.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD WELLINGTON'S RETURN FROM CADIZ—SIR THOMAS PICTON—PREPARATIONS AND ANTICIPATIONS—TRIUMPH OF BARACHIO—THE PRAISE OF NUNS—A GRAND REVIEW IN SICK CHAMBERS—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LORD WELLINGTON.

It is well known, that the Marquis of Wellington (for he was not yet *Duke*) had made a journey to Cadiz, during the period of suspended operations which the winter-season generally, though in modern warfare not always, required, upon some state business, which it was hardly for me to become acquainted with, but which was pretty well understood to be connected with a little *obstreperousness* on the part of one BALLASTEROS. The Cortes then held their sittings, if I am correct, at Cadiz.

By whatever route our noble Commander-in-chief travelled thither, he had resolved to return *viâ* Lisbon, &c., and in *course of post* (though no post in that country could travel in any such style of celerity) he had signified that he would pass through *Santarem*, and inspect the station! This *was* news, if ever we had any since getting there. It put all upon their p's and q's, not excepting the saucy and sulky sick-officers, who, upon the occasion, would have to hide their diminished heads. It was the soldiers *in the hospitals* whom he wished to see; and *messieurs les chefs* stood little chance of being noticed, unless such as were of rank enough to pay their respects at his quarters—what not a few of them had little inclination to do.

It was a wise order, on the part of Lord Wellington, (and in all matters of military concern, in my opinion, he was a perfect Solomon, as well as a Julius Cæsar—indeed, in many respects he eclipsed both ;) but it was a wise order, that every general-officer passing through an hospital-station, should visit the sick, and report upon their state and condition. In obedience to this law, of his *own* making, he performed what was by no means a trifling duty.

I shall, however, here relate—though the

circumstance did not occur until subsequent to the period I have mentioned—that one morning, about five, Sir Thomas Picton rode into the town, and, as none give orders so well as those who know how to obey them, he sent a message to the then P.M.O., requesting he would shew him the hospitals. The P.M.O. rubbed his eyes, (being yet in bed) and asked if it could be true? “True enough,” said the messenger, “and the general is waiting for you impatiently.”

Away ran the P.M.O. to Sir Thomas, who received him with the utmost urbanity, and requested he would lose no time in taking him round the hospitals, for he was just come from England, and was galloping almost as hard as he could, to join.

P.M.O. But, Sir Thomas, you cannot *possibly* see the hospitals to advantage at this early hour. All the men are in bed—every thing is in an unavoidable litter, &c.

Sir Thomas. Never mind that; I understand how that must be: but make haste, for I am in a hurry.

P.M.O. Well, sir, but *pray* let me send for the medical officers; for I do not know a tenth part of the cases, and, should you want information about any particular man, I may not be able

to give it to you. We have about three thousand here, and they are consigned, by hundreds, to the care of my young officers. I really could *not*, without their presence, venture to answer more than general questions.

Sir Thomas. Well, well, as I am *only* a general officer, I shall ask *only* general questions. Never mind your officers—come along at once.

P.M.O. Of course, if that be your pleasure, I must obey—though I never was so reluctant to perform a duty in my life. When Lord Wellington inspected us, he gave us time, and things were in proper order.

Sir Thomas. Never mind about that. You must give *me* time this morning; and I am not afraid of having to give your station a bad character.

P.M.O. We never have got it yet; and I must (since it is to be so) trust to your consideration.

So away they went, and soon afterwards off again galloped Sir Thomas. In the course of a few days, came down a letter from the Inspector-General of hospitals, saying—“Many thanks for the handsome report Sir T. Picton has made concerning Santarem.”

For several days we had been kept on the *qui*

vive about his Lordship's arrival; and upon which day he would arrive, we really did not know. Gazettes, and other newspapers, came; but they brought only vague accounts. The whole place, civil as well as military, was up in arms; all was

“bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jaw—”

as the poet has it, for the best part of a week.

We, of the English side of the question, were less excited, and though our information (as it turned out) was not so accurate as that of the civil authorities, we were not in a *flibuster* as to how we should act when the trying moment came.

It was, however, a long time in coming, after we were prepared for it. We waited, in anxious expectancy, day after day—and blessed indeed should we have been, had we expected nothing.

At last a telegraphic communication reached Santarem, a few minutes after one o'clock (one day), to say, that Lord Wellington had just quitted *Lisbon*, and would sleep that night at *Santarem*.

Santarem was immediately thrown into a fine state of agitation. Municipal assemblies were summoned, to devise the most complimentary methods of going to work; and the English

authorities made their arrangements for corresponding purposes. The Juiz, the commandants, and all the great men, had repeated consultations; and even one of *the sick list* expected to come in for a share of the performance.

A contest, however, arose between the owners of the two best houses, as to which should have the honour of lodging his Lordship; and this being too serious a question for the authorities to settle, it was resolved to leave it to his own choice. The immediate consequence was, that both were obliged to be in a state of readiness. The one party was the respectable Knight of Malta, *Barachio*, in whose house all general officers of the English army were accustomed to be billeted, and therefore he considered himself to have the strongest claim to the distinction—demanding, as a matter of course, that a billet should be made out accordingly. By this time, he had got acquainted, too, with our commandant, and was desirous of his vote and interest on the occasion; which the commandant, however, declined to give. In truth, to *order* his Lordship to any particular house, was what few could have ventured upon. At the same time, it would have been awkward policy to have disoblinded the other party, by disallowing his claims at once; for this

was a very important political question, second only, within my recollection, to that of the reform bill, though I do not remember accurately how it happened that such was the case. However, nothing was done, beyond the two *Capitães Mors*, the two monarchs of Santarem, putting their houses in order, and retaining a number of people to look out for his Lordship's arrival—which took place about eight o'clock. Some of their myrmidons were stationed at the entrance to the town, and many, armed with torches, were posted in the great square, from which two streets branched off—one going to Barachio's house, and the other leading to that of his rival.

As soon as his Lordship arrived, he rode through the crowd straight to Barachio's. He was received by a guard of honour composed of some of our own troops, (convalescent soldiers,) under the command of Captain L—, and a company or two of Portuguese volunteers, or national guard, (commanded by some great man;) and there had been an argument as to which force had the right to take precedence. The natives said, that as the visit was paid to the city of Santarem, *they* should have the right of the line; the English officer said, that, as they were to wait upon their own commander, the post of

honour was *their's* ; but they talked about it all the afternoon, without being able to come to any conclusion, (which might have been easily settled by a word from the commandant, had he chosen to give it ;) the citizen soldiers vowing, that, if they did not stand on the right, they would go home, and have nothing to do with the business at all. This would have been too bad ; and, as the more experienced Captain L— knew what would be the result, he said nothing about their forming upon the right of his men ; because he was aware that this very circumstance would effect the ultimate object in his favour—which was, to escort Lord Wellington to his lodgings, and mount guard there in consequence. The English party was drawn up nearer the street alluded to than the other. *We* all knew well enough to which house his Lordship would go, but the Portuguese believed he would honour the other claimant.

This will do, by way of anticipation ; let us now fall again into the course of events.

Boroughmaster, my kind and worthy superior, under whom I was at the time doing duty, lived in the square ; and his house was by far the most convenient for the purpose of seeing the arrival. He invited a large party to dinner, by way of

precaution ; for, although we were nearly 50 miles from Lisbon, and knew almost to a moment at what time Lord Wellington had set out, we could not tell at what moment he might arrive : we imagined he would ride fast, and knew he had relays of horses. Well—we were all snug at B's, and had dined ; and we were expecting a right English cup of tea, with milk, when the alarm was given—Here he comes ! here's Lord Wellington ! We all started up, and in a moment I was at the bottom of the stairs.

I saw Lord Wellington for the first time, much indeed to my delight. He was on horseback, accompanied by Lord Fitzroy Somerset only, and attended by two *Portuguese* dragoons. In this simple style did he travel. He took off his cocked-hat, as the dense crowd saluted him with deafening *vivas* : the drums beat ; and all was breathless anxiety.

His Lordship went straight forward towards the house of Barachio ; and all the hopes of *the enemy* being thus defeated, his torch-bearers were ordered to *douse* their lights, and go about their business. At the same time, (for it was the matter altogether of not more than two minutes, if so much,) L— faced his men to the left, and marched close after his illustrious Chief, leaving

the *national guard* to follow. They tried to run past him ; but the crowd, and the tactics, prevented this. By such a *preconcerted* manœuvre, the English obtained the honour of guarding their Chief, who probably never saw the others at all ; and before he entered the house, he thanked Captain L. for his diligence, but desired him to dismiss his guard, with the exception of a serjeant and eight men.

As little people like me had nothing more to do with this grand ceremonial, and as all which could be seen had now been exhibited, I made the best of my way back to Borough-master's, where, of course, the earliest official intelligence would be sent. The Commandant, and the P.M.O., attended the *levée*, which was held soon after the arrival ; and from thence we would learn what was designed on the part of his Lordship. He signified his pleasure to visit *all* the establishments of the station, at six o'clock on the following morning ; and we were ordered to be at our several posts accordingly. I shall mention here, that the disappointed *Capitão Mor* took the affair so much to heart, that he never held his head up in the place afterwards. It took his family, and all the friends they could muster, three days, to eat up the dinner which

had been prepared. As for the Barachios, they bore their good fortune well; it did not turn their heads: the old gentleman was more in request for processions than ever—nobody dared any longer to insinuate, that he was not a good Catholic; his son, *Padrè John*, preached with more *unction* even than before; and they became *exceedingly* attached to the English. I verily believe, I might have grafted myself upon the Barachio stem; but I had always a stupid, Ann-Radcliff sort of, fancy for *a nun*—which I never could realize: for I am persuaded, that *nuns* would make the best wives in the world.

In consequence of the intimation we had received of his Lordship's intention, (as to the hospitals,) we all had to repair to our posts, to give the necessary instructions; and in expectation of the visit taking place at so early an hour, we were somewhat at a loss what precise instructions we should give.

By five, on the following morning, we were all at our posts; and, shortly afterwards, the scene became a singular one. Of course, among so many suffering individuals, it was not to be expected that every thing should be in parade order; and visiting an hospital at six o'clock in the morning was an occurrence unprecedented in

the annals of regular English sickness.* But if ever I saw a parade, I saw it upon the occasion in question. We kept all the patients who had been confined to bed, where they were, with every thing in the smartest possible style about them. The bedding was all but *packed up*; and the men, all but packed up in it. The convalescents were obliged to rise two hours earlier than their wont, to roll up their *paillasses*, their sheet rugs, and blankets—the latter resembling a collar of brawn—and to scour, and to polish.

Had the bedridden been obliged to lie in state much longer, I apprehend there might have been an addition to the bills of mortality; and it required all the influence and authority of the medical-staff to reconcile them to the unusual constraint of their situation. From six o'clock till ten (at which hour his Lordship arrived at the division of the hospital where I was placed,) the poor fellows were suffering severely. We could not enter upon the duty of prescribing for their complaints, or even allow them to have their

* In France, it is the custom (at least the writer knows it to be such at the Hotel Dieu) to pay the visit at a very early hour; but it is a barbarous and cruel one, convenient only to the medical man.

breakfast, lest his Lordship should come in, and catch all in a litter. There they lay, most of them groaning, and many of them cursing—all of us impatient, and no one pleased: but his Lordship was not aware of this.

At length he reached us; and the several assistants attended at the doors of their wards. We were all introduced, and, to do Lord Wellington justice, he was as polite as we expected him to be. He walked rather *smartly*, but by no means *hurriedly*, through every part of every hospital; little Baillie at his side, with spectacles on nose. His Lordship did not spare his remarks as he went along; but nothing was found fault with, excepting the best thing we had in our power to exhibit; and this was, the hospital established in the fine airy apartments of the *Seminario*. This he ordered to be given up, as it was *too confined*; though, in point of fact, it was exactly what we wanted. It is to be recollected, however, that the Barachios had a connexion in that quarter, and that the Commander of the forces had lodged at Barachio's house. He objected to the establishment, because the apartments contained too much *colougin*. He made the *objection* merely on the spot; and the *order* was subsequently transmitted through the

regular channel of the inspector-general, after his Lordship had reached head-quarters.

The last thing he did was, to visit the convalescent hospital, almost romantically situated on the top of a hill, commanding a most magnificent view, and occupying the deserted monastery of the Benedictines. My duty lay there also; and I had thus a second opportunity of accompanying him in his rounds. Here the whole finished. His horses and attendants were in readiness; and from thence he proceeded on his journey. At mounting his horse, he smiled to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, touched his hat to Barachio, who held his stirrup, and without farther ceremony rode off at a smart pace, down the road towards *Abrantes*.

He wore a glazed cocked-hat, with a tricoloured, or rather Portuguese, cockade. We have no cockades in England, unless our armed force may be considered to be in mourning. He had on a *white* neckcloth, blue trowsers, and what are called Wellington boots, a grey frock-coat, and a sabre in a black leather scabbard, hung rather across his legs, by means of a *waist*-belt. He rode in box-stirrups, and was well mounted.

Thus our Chief parted from us, but the events of the day were by no means at an end. Of

course, the whole and entire population of Santarem made high holyday of the occasion, and nothing ever was comparable to the "turn-out." As soon as Lord Wellington had left us at liberty to follow our fancies, we took a review of the *belle assemblée* collected in the square. Every body (all the world, to wit) and his wife were there—and we could not possibly be absent.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUMMER—THE ALOE—SAINTS AND THEIR HOLY-DAYS—PADLOCK AND HIS PERQUISITES—BOLTON'S ANGER—DISSERTATIONS UPON NOISE AND LANGUAGES—DINING OUT, AND GIVING DINNERS—A ONE-EYED MONSTER, ALIAS A GENTLEMAN FARMER—PADLOCK'S JEALOUSY—ARRIVAL OF A NEW COMMISSARY AND HIS TRAIN—MR. BERREAU.

THIS was undoubtedly the greatest day Santarem had ever seen. It exhilarated us all, excepting the discomfited man of the great dinner, which had been left upon his hands. He was cast completely in the shade; and betook himself to some other place of abode, as has been already hinted.

As summer advanced, (for this last transaction took place towards the end of the winter,) I was

most agreeably surprised to see the waters “dried up from off the earth.” The fertile valley of the golden Tagus began to lose the appearance of a lake, while *Chamonsea*, and our more directly opposite neighbour *Almorein*, arose, as it were, out of it: the road to *Abrantes* became again, first distinct, and, shortly afterwards, dry. The vineyards were rendered accessible: we saw the trunks of the trees planted along the margin of the river, instead of their summits only; and the majestic aloe soon exhibited its beautiful blossoms in clusters along the stately course of its stem. The fable of the aloe blossoming once only in a century, is now well enough understood. In a northern climate it seldom attains sufficient maturity to do so at all; but in these latitudes, where (with the prickly pear) it forms the common hedge, and flourishes to the full extent of its nature, it blossoms as regularly as the rose does elsewhere; and a truly beautiful object, under such circumstances, it is.

I now began to form an intimacy with the excellent man who had long held the situation of commissary-general at the station; and in the first instance it arose out of the circumstance of severe illness on his part. It became necessary for him to give up his duty; but until an officer

could be sent to relieve him, he remained at the station ; but took up his residence at a pleasantly situated country-house, about five miles up the river, where it was not only my daily duty, but constant pleasure, to pay him a visit every twenty-four hours, if practicable. The ride was delightful ; but sometimes there was a pleasant conveyance by water ; and as this gentleman's illness left him frequent intermissions of ease, we had several agreeable parties during the season. We missed the ladies, however, upon such occasions, very much ; for by this time all the married officers, with the exception of Padlock, had left the place ; and it was not for *one* lady to patronize these assemblies of single men. Commissary Bolton stood high in the opinion of the Portuguese ; but *their* dames and damsels were out of the question, it not being *the custom of the country*. The gentlemen were not scrupulous, however, and first and last we saw some of the more respectable at the Quinta. I recollect one in particular coming to pay a morning visit, when ecclesiastical affairs, among other matters, came under discussion. The visiter fell foul of the practice of observing so many saints' days ; which (as he very sensibly observed) destroyed the industry of the country. " St. Antonine,

St. John, St. Miguel, and others," said he, "were doubtless eminently good people; but their demands are heavy. Why cannot they hold their court upon Sundays, and club three or four together?" This was very good reasoning; but what could *we* do? We assured him, that we got on very well in England, notwithstanding the small number of saints, (not having more than three or four;) that the people lived as long there without their protection, and were as free from dangers, as the people of Portugal, every inhabitant of which had as many saints for his protection, as we had to protect us all; but that we had comparatively few priests in England, and did not, therefore, require such an establishment of saints. This was adapting the question to the level of his capacity; and he then expressed a wish, that there were not so many *padres*, who did little but eat, drink, and create confusion in families. Doubtless, the good man spoke from experience; and many of his countrymen could have done the same.

Mr. Padlock gave a notable instance of a disposition to jealousy, of which one would hardly suppose a man of sense to have been guilty, did we not know the force of avarice. Bolton had invited me to spend a day or two with him at the

Quinta, and Padlock made no objection to the arrangement; for, after all, the commissary had been under my immediate charge, rather than his—though we were all great friends together. But Padlock never had his tooth out of his eye; and Bolton was a fine bone to pick—a generous, grateful fellow, who had much in his power, both through official situation and personal influence; one whom Padlock could hardly spare out of his own hands—a fact, by-the-bye, which Bolton knew perfectly well. At many of Padlock's tricks he closed his eyes: the family had derived many advantages through the acquaintance, and, as Bolton was under leave of absence for England—it being evident that Portugal did not suit his health and constitution—there was every prospect of not many more being likely to occur; and Padlock therefore resolved to be in at the death. Bolton repeatedly remarked to me, that he wished the man would not be so barefacedly greedy; but Padlock did not always study appearances, if brass or cunning could carry him through *a job*. In short, he was greatly alarmed, lest I should become intimate with Bolton, and get some valuable present from him; which (like *Salvaterra's* pistols) he would rather have accepted, or *obtained* himself. I did, however,

receive from this gentleman a very handsome present, in spite of his greediness and his vigilance.

Fully fraught with Padlock's dispensation, and relying on his promise that he would take care nothing should go wrong during my absence, off I trotted to the Quinta, like Billy Taylor,

“ Full of mirth, and full of glee ;”

for Bolton was a man very much after my own mind—a scholar, a gentleman, a traveller—high-bred, but very fond of lively society, in which matters were not pushed too far ; nothing stiff or starched, though a good deal of the stately about him—and never out of temper.

The first time I ever had an interview with him, however, I thought otherwise for a few minutes. I had occasion to call upon him, and found him at his office in the lower town of Santarem. While we were talking, some Lishon boatmen entered, having brought up some stores, and (as is *manners* in Portugal) began all of them to clatter some claim to the commissary, at once, in a highly elevated tone of voice. This interruption stopped us, and I waited till the pressing and important business of these people should be disposed of. The commissary at first rather mildly desired them to go away, and call by and by,

when he would hear what they had to say. This they were by no means inclined to do, and remained barking like a pair of street dogs. After ordering them once more about their business, he seized a mahogany ruler which was lying upon the desk, and, assuming an expression of fury that would have been worthy of Garrick, started from his seat, and vowed he would kill three or four of them, if they did not quit the room immediately—at the same time following up the threat, by throwing the ruler with all his force at the wall over their heads. The clatter it made was remarkable; and the noise of the routed party, rolling over one another from top to bottom of the stairs, was tremendous. Bolton quietly closed the door, picked up the weapon, and, resuming his seat as if nothing had happened, coolly observed, that the only way to deal with these rascals was to frighten them. Not, I believe, that they entertained the slightest apprehension as to their bodily safety; but it was an alarming thing to put the commissary in a passion. The commissary, however, was no more in a passion than I was.

One of the most celebrated novelists of the day has truly remarked, that low people make a great noise, when performing the most trivial

action. I knew, from observation and experience, that noise is often necessary for the management of low people. I do not say that it is *always* so; and I prefer the quiet and *stern* system, myself.

But to return. I never saw Bolton (and I saw much of him) upset in the slightest degree, on the score of equanimity. He could

“Assume the god, affect to nod, &c. ;”

but it was all assumption and affectation. Every body *more* than liked him—both English and natives. The language, he spoke to admiration. A gentleman of high rank, who took us up the river one day in his barge—a sort of real Don *Ignatio Domingo*, &c. &c. &c.—remarked, that it was a treat which he was always anxious to procure for his sons, to hear Mr. Bolton speak Portuguese, for his style was so elegant. My experience of similar matters enables me to say, that cultivated foreigners—men of education—never speak a strange language but in the best manner. I once had the assurance, I will not say the *compliment*, from a French gentleman, that I spoke the language just as it ought to be written: he would not deny that there was a slight accent in my pronunciation, which almost no foreigner, to whom the language had not been a mother-tongue, could be expected to get quite

over. With regard to Portuguese, I have little delicacy in saying, that I was quite at home in it. If Latin or French have been *studied*, he must be very slow in the apprehension, or have unfortunately constructed organs of enunciation, who cannot learn Portuguese, situated among the people, in two months. It is the softest of all living languages. There is not a guttural sound in it; and the rules of pronunciation are absolute, and easy of acquirement. Besides which, the people will never laugh at your mistakes, but do their best to help you out: one reason for this may be, (and I always like to record reasons where I think I am acquainted with them,) that this comparatively small people, unaccustomed, except in the great commercial cities and sea-ports, to the society of strangers, consider the pains such may take to learn their language, a compliment worthy of encouragement. John Bull, on the other hand, does not pique himself upon the beauties or construction (in fact there is but little construction, and almost no contrivance connected with it) of his native language, and does not care whether a stranger learns it or not. It is to be confessed, that strangers in general learn it badly—both for want of capacity on their own part, and almost an

impracticability on that of the language itself—and a man of another country had better sit in solemn silence all his life, than commit a blunder of such a nature in England.

But I will digress no more. Well, then, I went with greedy Padlock's full consent; and the commandant, the excellent commandant, said that he did not want to know any thing about my movements, but, at the same time, he was glad I was going to Bolton's, as he would ride up, and dine there next day, and stay all night, if Bolton could give him a shakedown. This was just as military life should be—frankness to the backbone—never any fear of putting one out of his way, and no question about welcome, or a formal invitation, under corresponding circumstances. The *obliged* party was the entertainer—I mean the *ostensible* entertainer, he who furnished the apartment and the seats, the table-cloth, the plates, and the knives and forks; but not always even so, for sometimes an odd rabbit, or hare, or bird, or bit of *meat*, was sent—a glass and a knife and fork, and sometimes also a tin plate—with *a man* to wait at table.

Few of those dependent upon the naked resources of Santarem could venture to *offer* a dinner; but if a gentleman was esteemed enough

to obtain the honour, or the pleasure, of six or seven other gentlemen at his "poor billet," we generally took care to provide for ourselves—that being no cause whatever of captiousness. All that the master of the feast was expected to provide was the liquor: wine, at 2d. a bottle; sugar, from Ishmael Levi's shop; rum, saved up during the last fortnight's issue; and hot water, if in request.

I remained during the first day very quietly and pleasantly with my entertainer. We boated it upon the Tagus, and spent the greater part of the *morning*, as it is called in England, hunting a king's fisher, upon whom we lavished much powder and shot in vain.

Next day we had more of what the destroyers of animals and birds call "sport." We made a land excursion, and bagged a hare or two, and a few partridges.

After dinner we were visited by a tall, burly, gaunt son of the soil, who had but one eye. Upon his announcement, Bolton told me I was going to see a man who deserved to be a captain of banditti—and certainly his appearance more betokened that, than of a quiet decent farmer, which, in point of fact, he was. He came for the purpose of inviting us to a grand hunt, of a

fashion peculiar to the country, next morning, at which all the neighbours were to be present; and they expected to be able to shew the English gentlemen at the Quinta some genuine Portuguese sport. Bolton's health did not permit him to make the engagement; but as no such impediment stood in my way, I promised to join the party at four o'clock next morning.

Our visiter was as nearly as possible what we should designate in England by the title of *gentleman farmer*: but he was, in reality, something more; for he was agent, or manager, or factor, of the estates of the *Duc de la Fôens*, whom, until the title of *Cadaval* turned up, I understood to be the only person of ducal degree in the kingdom. However that may be, the noble landlord and the confidential tenant were on sufficiently intimate terms; and when the duke paid his property a visit, as there was no residence upon it belonging to himself, he lodged with his cyclopic representative.

I was very much interested with the accounts this man gave of the immediate inconveniences to which the French invasion had put him. As all others who had regard for life or character did, he took refuge behind the lines of *Torres Vedras*, and was away from his home during

several months. Upon leaving it, he had buried all the valuables which he could not convey away, and, on returning, he found them undiscovered, and undisturbed. He lost no time in regaining his usual place of abode, when the French went off; but his house had been made a sort of sheltering-place for some of the enemy who had been unable to accompany their countrymen. He very coolly informed us that he, and one of his men, despatched every one of them, and buried them—"and," said he, "you may see their bones now, if you like."

I did not perceive how this could affect the projected hunt; for, although Bolton told me that he had the character of being a terrible fellow, I had no fear of his offering me any thing but the greatest kindness. However, Mr. Padlock saved me from all risk, as well as consideration concerning the Frenchmen's fate, by making his appearance very unexpectedly, and telling me that I must ride back to Santarem with him that evening; for he expected a large detachment of sick to come down the country, and could not do without me. It was in vain that I pleaded the chase; it was in vain that Bolton, and the murderous cyclops both urged him to stay, and partake of the fun: "O no!" duty was the first

consideration ; and he knew I was too good an officer to make amusement a consideration, when that was in question."

I believed myself to be, and was, I trust, regarded by others as a zealous officer. On this occasion, I thought I saw through the affair ; I reminded him that I had three days' leave, and engaged to be at Santarem by 10 o'clock the next morning : No. The commandant came out that evening, and the case was laid before him. But, no : his interference would not do. Padlock observed, that in medical matters he must act for himself ; and the commandant's hearty recommendation that I should be allowed to remain, went for nothing.

Neither Bolton nor the worthy commandant would ever speak of Padlock with patience afterwards. However, I had no remedy but submission.

No sick men came to Santarem ; and we found out that Mr. Padlock had taken the alarm, lest Bolton should make me a present of a certain horse, about which some hint unknown to me had been dropped ; and he thought, very naturally, it would be much better if the horse were given to him. This did not take place. The horse *was* afterwards presented to me, and in a very handsome manner.

Soon after these transactions, the commissary arrived, who was to replace Bolton. He was a very great man, though only a lieutenant in the army, and one of those who were not exactly *regular* in the commissariat department. This could have formed no ground of exception against him; but he came with a *cortege*, a *tail*, or a *staff*, which would have done honour to any king's son going up to supersede Lord Wellington. He had his own wife, and Mr. Berreau's wife, and Mr. Berreau himself, and Mr. Berreau's servants, and their wives, and Mr. Berreau's brother, and his wife, and one or two of Mr. Berreau's clerks, and I know not how many of their wives, and all Mr. Berreau's thoroughbred hunters, and all Mr. Berreau's dogs; and, besides this, there was a queer sort of travelling friend of Mr. Berreau's, with a suite, or tail, or staff of his own; and, altogether, Santarem was barely large enough to hold them.

Mr. Bolton gave a sort of *fête champêtre* soon after the arrival of these illustrious persons. There was the new commissary, and Mr. Berreau, and Mr. Berreau's brother, and Mr. Berreau's travelling friend, and the commandant, and some others. It was an uncommonly pleasant party. The day was fine, and Mr. Berreau was equally

so, to say the least of it, and was amazingly condescending. He was a man of mild and simple manners—every body's friend—asked us all to take wine—and maintained the greater part of the conversation at his own cost. Indeed, he had this commodity in such profusion, that we were glad of the opportunity to save up our own little ration-allowance for use upon other occasions. He was dressed, I remember, in a light pepper-and-salt coat, wore a diamond ring, which, some how or other, we found out had cost 300 guineas; and he produced a gold snuff-box, (out of which he invited us to take snuff—vast condescension!) which he confessed cost £150; and was, upon the whole, the most fascinating of men.

Now, who was Mr. Berreau? I shall resolve the question the best way I can, in my next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIEUTENANT G'S. HINTS.—HISTORY OF MR. BERREAU—BECOMING REWARD TO AN HOSPITAL MATE—A FAMILY DINNER—UNSEASONABLE GRATITUDE—SPEECHES, REPLIES, AND REJOINDERS—LIBERAL AND ILLIBERAL OPINIONS.

MR. BERREAU retired, with his diamond ring, gold snuff-box, thorough-bred horses, dogs, servants, and friends, at an earlier hour than the rest of the party. The new commissary—albeit rather disposed to have prolonged the symposion—was *obliged* to go with him; and the reason for this compulsory movement shall be presently related.

It so happened that Lieutenant G. sat next to Mr. Berreau during the whole of the dinner and its appendices; and it so happened also,

that I sat exactly opposite to them. I had a very high opinion indeed of Mr. G. ; and had set him down in my own mind (as several others had done) for a sensible and thoroughly well-bred gentleman. But upon this occasion, he went nigh the forfeiture of my good opinion. He would not take snuff from Mr. B.'s box—notwithstanding the affability with which it was repeatedly proffered ; he turned his head aside when the diamond-ring was subjected to scrutiny ; he was ever and anon giving Mr. Berreau a sort of impertinent side-look ; and, once or twice, *I thought* I saw him wink his eye to Bolton and the commandant, in a sly and intelligent, though (to me) unintelligible sort of manner. I was apprehensive that Mr. G. was, at bottom, but a precarious sort of character, and I became rather alarmed lest Mr. Berreau should remark his conduct, and take offence at the same ; but Mr. Berreau was too well-bred a man to take notice of that which was not intended for his observation.

As soon as Mr. Berreau, with his diamond-ring, his gold snuff-box which cost one hundred and fifty pounds, his horses, dogs, servants, and friends, were fairly departed, *we*, the little people of the station, resumed our seats ; and the first

person who broke silence was Mr. G.; and he broke it to the following effect.

“ If that fellow (meaning Mr. Berreau) escapes the gallows, I ought to be hanged myself.”

Now, it must be confessed, that it was no news to any of us that Mr. Berreau had met with the accident of being tried at Lisbon by a general court-martial; and we also knew that he was at this moment a prisoner at large, (for when forthcoming, the new commissary was responsible) waiting the announcement of his sentence. The trial had attracted much notice, and had interested every body in the issue. We at Santarem had heard of the charges; we had heard that unusual delay had taken place in the approval of the sentence; we had considered Mr. Berreau to be rather an ill-used man; but we were somewhat cloudy on the subject, for want of authentic information. It so happened, however, that G— had been in Lisbon during the trial, and that he had attended it regularly. Of course, he was competent to form his own opinion upon the merits of the evidence, though not to assume what was, or would be, the opinion of the court. It was rather impertinent, or, to say the least about it, premature on his part to talk in such a way about the *gallows*. Mr. Berreau did not

deserve the gallows; nor was he consigned to it. The court, which tried the case fairly and impartially, had a better opinion of him, fortunately, than his neighbour Mr. G.; and estimated him, as I shall proceed to shew, very *highly*, though they did not go the length of hanging him.

John, Henry, Gustavus, Adolphus, Leo, Julius de Berreau, called commonly (for brevity's sake) Mr. Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Berreau, had formerly been stationed at Abrantes, as my friend Bolton was at Santarem; and the army never saw so truly fine a fellow, and seldom met with so bountiful a benefactor.

Mrs. Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General, John H. G. A. L. I. de Berreau was accoucheè of of her first, second, or third son, or, it might be, daughter; for I was not there at the time, and cannot, in consequence, speak positively. However, Hospital-mate Spooney was engaged to render the lady the professional services of which she stood in need upon this occasion.

Spooney was a made man, in consequence. Mrs. Berreau *his* patient! All was envy, hatred, and malice; but what had Spooney to care? There was a better dinner for him to sit down to every day, than Lord Wellington's: the great

man lent him his horses, gave him snuff out of the gold box, and was constantly speaking in commendation of him. Spooney was dazzled with the effulgence of Berreau's brilliancy; and while he lived, could talk of no other man.

In due time matters were conducted to a happy conclusion, and Mr. Berreau clasped a smiling babe in his arms. All this is to the praise of Mr. Berreau, as well as what follows.

Mr. Spooney having acquitted himself much to his own credit, and most completely to the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. G. A. L. I. de Berreau, they cast about in their minds how they were to reward Spooney, in a style becoming their own high mightiness and dignity. For my own part, I should have run about the streets shouting,

“ ‘Ευρηκα !”

had I got half-a-dozen dollars for such a job; and I dare say Spooney would have considered himself enormously well paid with the same; but such was not John Henry's way of doing business.

Shortly after the transaction, I met with Mr. Spooney, and he exhibited to me a service of silver plate, that could not have cost less than £100, which he said he had been presented with

by the commissary-general at Abrantes, for attending his wife; informing me, at the same time, that *Berreau* was the most princely fellow going; that all was right at *his* station; for he served out Madeira to the troops, instead of country wine.

Every officer who passed through Abrantes spoke in the warmest terms of the commissary, who kept a sort of open-house, and every one dressed like a gentleman was welcome at his table.

I record all these things to the praise and magnification of Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General John Henry, Gustavus Adolphus, Leo, Julius de Berrean, who was apparently of a consumptive habit, whose lease of life was therefore of rather a precarious nature, and who was bound to "do something for his family." If he gave silver plate to the accoucheur, it cannot be denied that he gained in return "golden opinions from all sorts of men;" and the whole military population of the Peninsula sung the praises of the commissary of Abrantes. In brief terms, Abrantes was as celebrated for its *prog*, as Santarem was for its *physic*; and that is saying, at least, as much as is becoming on my part.

One day, however, the head, or one of the heads, (for it was a sort of hydra,) of the com-

missariat, passed through Abrantes, and was received with "two pair of open arms" by *the* BERREAU. "How unfortunate," said this amiable creature, that I was not aware of your coming!"

The character of Mr. J. H. G. A. L. J. de B. stood so high in his department, that even his chief lamented upon this occasion the unlucky circumstance of not having been able to apprise him of the fact relative to his intended transit through Abrantes. "However," said B. "you will take your chance with us to-day, and you can see the stores and books afterwards—I am afraid you are knocked up."

"Rather tired," replied the CAPUT, "and I shall be glad to dine with you quietly."

"O, quite so—nobody but the commandant, the P. M. O., and the purveyor—"

"But, could not you put *them* off!"

"Why, to tell the truth, they are not invited yet; but when a distinguished officer passes through, we generally make a rule to assemble the *heads*; and they would think it odd, if I did not ask them to meet *you*."

"Well, do as you please—only I fear that such a party will put Mrs. Berreau terribly out of her way."

“Not in the least—not at all;—she is quite used to it.”

“But, then, your dinner may not be sufficient. Allow me to send up some bacon, and portable soup, I have in my canteen.”

“O dear, no! O no! we shall have dinner enough, no doubt.”

And so there was. When the company sat down, the commissary-general was assailed, both by the lord and lady of the feast, with numerous apologies for the meagreness of the fare. He wondered much at this; for there was turtle, and mock-turtle soup, and John Dorès, and Tagus salmon; and made-dishes without termination; and the primest poultry, and the best game, and the finest joints of meat, most exquisitely cooked; and the fruit, and the wines; and the set-out altogether would have puzzled him upon any similar occasion: but the whole being commingled with reiterated explanations, and apologies for such scurvy treatment, and assurances as to how much better it would have fared with him, had they known of his coming, (which, by-the-bye, it was not intended that they *should* have known any thing about, till he made his appearance—prior to which he had transacted one or two pieces of business with the com-

mandant and storekeepers, unknown to Mr. Berreau;) but, as he found them, they hoped he would take them.

“Most *certainly*,” said Commissary-General Quissit.

The grateful Mr. Spooney was at table, *amongst the rest*; and two or three people having asked him to take wine, his sense of duty to his host at length overcame his discretion; so that, soon after the dessert was put down, he solemnly addressed Mr. Commissary-General Quissit, saying—

“If you plase”—(for he was not only a common sort of Irishman, but one who boasted of being cousin to the famous Maurice Quill)—“If you plase, Mr. Quissit, I’ll give you de healt of our noble landlord, who is the finest fillow in the world. I had the honour of attending Mrs. Berreau in her last confinement; and, by the immortal Gads, after kaping me here at his teeble like a Princ’t, didn’t he present me wid a sarvice of pleet, word a hunder an’ fifty powns? So here’s his healt in a bumper.”

Berreau did not desire that this should have been revealed—at least at the present moment—but the matter was irrevocable; and he replied

to the following effect—his *health* having been drunk, in the usual manner.

“ Mr. Quissit, and Gentlemen ! The honour of your company at so poor an entertainment, which (upon the spur of the moment) it has been in our power to provide, can only be exceeded by the marked sense of your satisfaction, for the expression of which I am chiefly indebted to our friend Mr. Spooney. I do assure you, gentlemen, that the present occasion will dwell long in my memory. Had I foreseen the visit of the respectable personage who now sits at my right hand, I should have endeavoured to entertain you in a more becoming manner ; but I need hardly appeal to the majority of the company, on the point of the privations by which we are surrounded. I shall only assure Mr. Quissit, that we are sometimes so *put to* in this house, that we are obliged to dine upon salmon and partridges—unless you think a leg of mutton, or a beef-steak, worth mentioning.

“ Then, as to liquors,—I feel that an apology is also due upon that score. I do my best to obtain French wines ; but they do not arrive punctually. At present, thank God, I have been able to produce some champagne and claret, though I fear

they are not so perfect as I should wish them to be.

“I particularly thank Mr. Spooney for the honour he has been eminently instrumental in procuring me. I thank the commissary-general for his hospitable compliance with my unpremeditated invitation: I thank the gallant commandant of the station for gracing this humble board with his presence—I fear he left a good dinner, to partake of a bad one. I thank the principal medical officer for his condescension; never, while I live, shall I forget it. I thank also my worthy friend the purveyor to the forces, who has also made sacrifices, to come here this day.

“Gentlemen, I thank you all; and beg, in conclusion, to give the health of Commissary-General Quissit.”

The commissary-general being, in this way, called upon, had no help for it, but rising. He was, however, a dry sort of chap, who did not seem, upon the occasion, entirely to relish his company.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I thank you for the compliment which I have just received. Mr. Berreau has treated us in a princely manner, notwithstanding the short notice of which he has

spoken. It is not unlikely that some of us may meet again; as I shall be this way very soon. I beg to assure Mr. Berreau, and all of you, that I consider the present to be one of the most remarkable days in my existence. I beg to give your healths, in return, and in particular to wish Mr. Berreau health, long life, and continued prosperity."

While due honour was doing to this toast, Mr. Quissit withdrew.

Mr. Quissit had been invited to breakfast with Mr. Berreau on the following morning; but Mr. Quissit declined. Long ere the breakfast hour arrived, however, he was busily employed in Berreau's office and stores, and *prying* into every thing. "If," thought he, "the dinner I was at yesterday was a patch-up, I wonder what a regular dinner would be. Mr. Berreau is but recently appointed to an office in the department: I never heard that he had any income beyond his pay; and even were he a man of fortune, it would avail him little here. He lives, however, like a prince—there must be something wrong!"

And the result of his inquest was, that Mr. Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General John Henry Gustavus Adolphus Leo Julius de Berreau was accused of certain peccadilloes, brought

to a court-martial, and not only broke, but *exchequered* to the tune of forty thousand pounds!

Prodigious!! Ay, you may well say so.

Soon after these transactions, the circumstance of a general court-martial, ordered to assemble at Lisbon, attracted considerable notice, in consequence of the culprit being the amiable and excellent Mr. Berreau, who had presented Hospital-mate Spooney with a service of plate for putting Mrs. Berreau to bed, had served Madeira wine out as soldiers' rations, and had given a grand dinner to Mr. Quissit, as well as several other head-quarter people.

The court examined what they call "lots" of evidence; and Spooney, and others of the favoured few, among the rest. A balance appears to have been struck; when it was ascertained, that John Henry, &c. was minus about twenty thousand pounds in his account with government; to which amount he was fined. Berreau said, with the utmost cheerfulness, that he would pay this at once; for although he had not been three years in the service, he had made about as much more, with which he could purchase a snug retreat in his native island of Guernsey: but somehow this hint got abroad, and the sentence of the court was considered too lenient. They were ordered

to revise their proceedings, and the result was, just *double* the amount to be made good.

It was during this period of revisal, that the new commissary for Santarem reached Lisbon, on his way *to join*. Mr. Berreau was a prisoner at large. Mr. Wallop was going up the country to a pleasant station; and what brother-chip of a commissary could believe that Berreau was anything but a persecuted man? So did Mr. Wallop believe; and so said and maintained Mr. and Mrs. Berreau themselves; and so said all their servants; and so was of opinion the queer travelling friend of Mr. Wallop, the intended successor of Bolton, and all this friend's establishment of *rapazes* and *raparigas*; and so every body was fond of persuading himself, excepting the sturdy Mr. G—. He, as has been stated, had the assurance to hold a different opinion, having heard a pretty considerable number of persons solemnly depose upon oath, that which led him to conclude Mr. Berreau to be no great shakes; or something tantamount. However, neither Mr. Berreau himself, nor Mrs. Berreau, nor any of their servants, nor Mr. Hospital-mate Spooney, nor Mr. Acting Deputy-assistant Commissary-general Wallop, nor his travelling friend, nor any of *their* comers and goers, could be persuaded of this.

Berreau, as he was only a prisoner at large, contrived to fall very sick, and to obtain (from Spooner, I suppose,) a certificate, that he required country air and exercise, which Wallop offered to provide for him, and also to be responsible for his not absconding. It was in consequence of this arrangement being acceded to, that I had the pleasure of dining in his company, and of seeing the ring and the snuff-box, and the dogs and the horses, and receiving many assurances of friendly regard, and of good fellowship, as soon as Mr. Commissary Gustavus Adolphus should be "a man again," as he expressed himself, and have it in his power, at some new station, to receive us as he ought to do.

At such a station, I fear he never arrived ; and where he may be now, or what became of him, I know not.

THE END.

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