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6  
75°

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES  
OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

'He jests at Scars, who never felt a Wound'

—SHAKESPEARE







*Starting to join his Regiment.*

THE  
MILITARY ADVENTURES  
OF JOHNNY NEWCOME

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGN  
ON THE PENINSULA AND IN PALL MALL  
AND NOTES

BY AN OFFICER

WITH FIFTEEN COLOURED SKETCHES  
BY T. ROWLANDSON

A NEW EDITION

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NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the original  
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DEDICATION

TO THE SUBALTERNS OF THE  
BRITISH ARMY

*Gentlemen,*

*I shall, I trust, be acquitted of any servile view, when, in dedicating this humble Essay to the Subalterns of the British Army, I adopt the only means in my power of shewing how much I honour and admire them.*

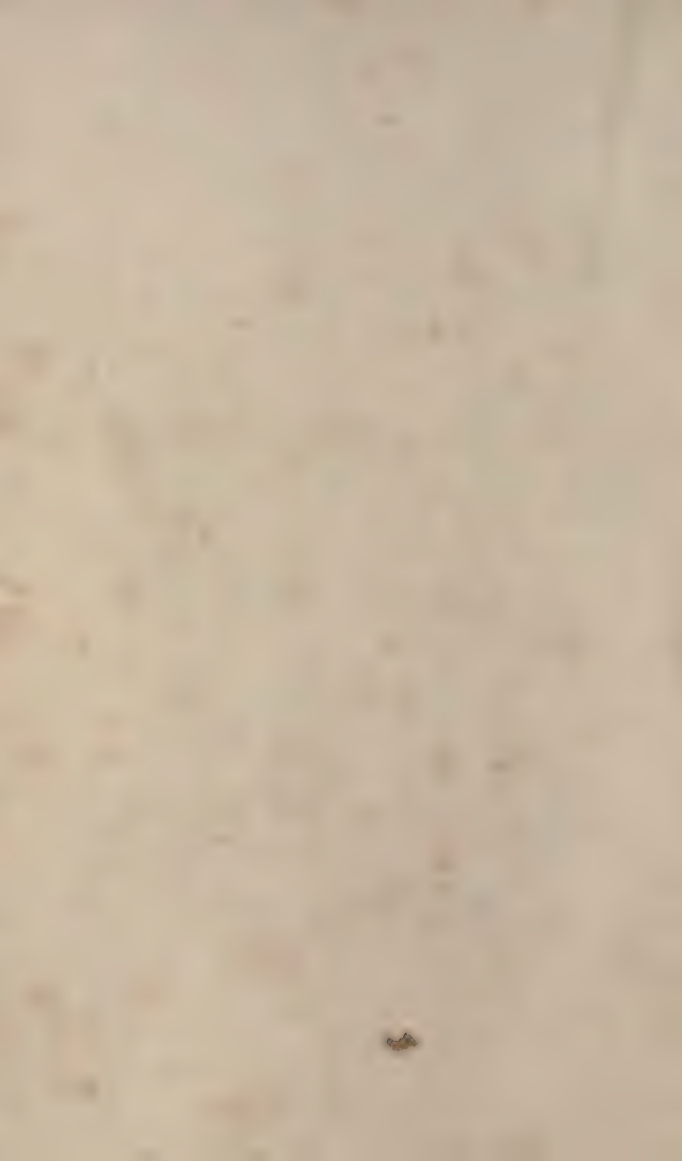
*I have the honour to be,*

*Gentlemen,*

*With the greatest respect,*

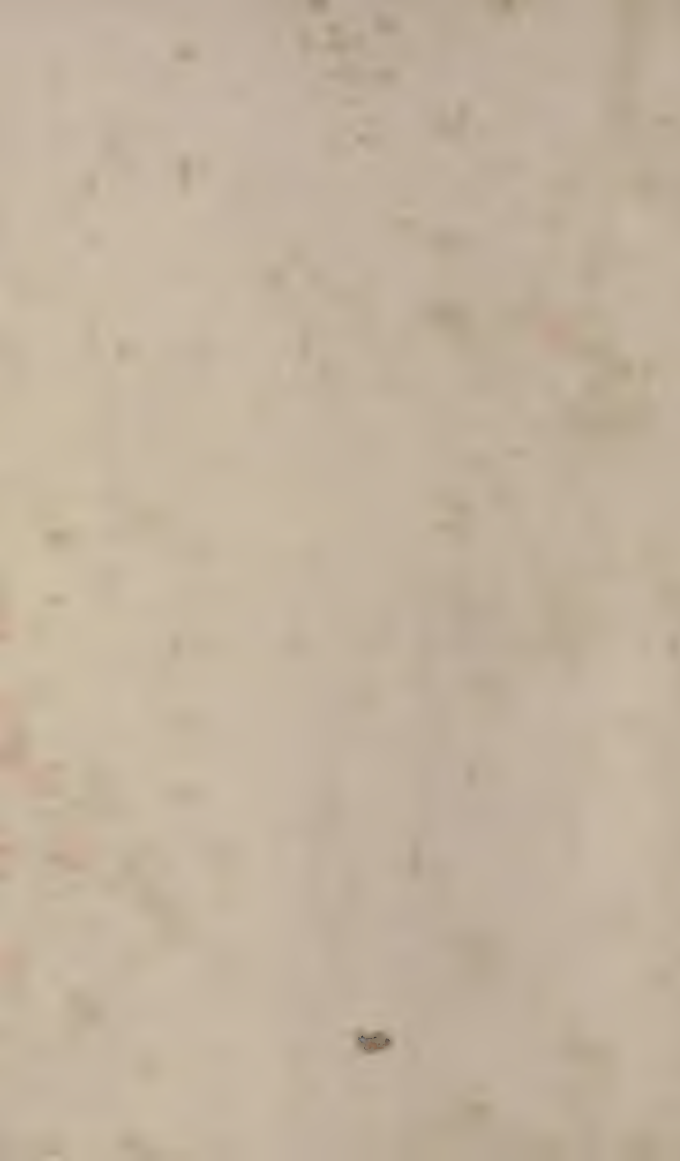
*Your most obedient Servant,*

*THE AUTHOR.*



## LIST OF THE PLATES

Starting to join his Regiment . . . . .	<i>To face the Title</i>
Johnny Newcome going to lay in stock . . . . .	<i>To face p. 36</i>
Getting into his Billet . . . . .	,, 41
Taking his Breakfast . . . . .	,, 49
Introduced to his Colonel . . . . .	,, 62
Smells Powder for the first time . . . . .	,, 76
Half Rations . . . . .	,, 78
Johnny writes an Account of the Action to his Mother, which afterwards appears in the <i>Star</i> . . . . .	,, 79
Learning to Smoke and Drink Grog . . . . .	,, 80
Poor Johnny on the Sick List . . . . .	,, 83
Going Sick to the Rear . . . . .	,, 85
Johnny safe returned to his Mama . . . . .	,, 94
Dash'd with his Suite for Santaren that Night . . . . .	,, 152
Johnny on Duty with his Chief . . . . .	,, 158
Presenting the Trophies . . . . .	,, 236





THE MILITARY ADVENTURES  
OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME

ON Ludgate Hill, a traveller may see  
John *Newcome*, Grocer, No. Fifty-three ;  
Now, sober reader, don't turn up your nose,  
But profit by the truths I shall disclose.  
The *Newcome* family, you may believe,  
Straitways descended from good Madam  
Eve ;

Adam, a *Newcome*, when in Paradise,  
The wily serpent did Dame Eve entice  
To touch forbidden fruit; and to his shame,  
Poor Adam *Newcome* slily did the same :

For this, from Paradise they soon were  
hurl'd,

And thus Cain *Newcome* came into the  
World.

'Twould be an endless job were I to trace  
All the descendants of the *Newcome* race :  
Let it suffice that I curtail my rhymes,  
To scenes connected with the present  
Times.

Widely extended is the *Newcome* Name,  
Some scoff'd for Folly, some renown'd for  
Fame ;

Did we in Foreign Courts but look  
askance,

We find they've play'd the very Devil in  
France.

Each in his turn assum'd the Sovereign  
Sway,

'Till Boney *Newcome* drove them all away ;  
Mighty in deeds, his Mighty power evinces,

And makes his tribes of *Newcomes* Kings  
and Princes.

Louis to Holland went with State Regalia,  
And silly Jerome king'd it at Westphalia:  
Poor foolish Joe went slily into Spain,  
But Paddy *Newcome* whipt him out again.  
Ah! Honey, that's a *Newcome*, if you  
please,

Makes Boney tremble in his Thuilleries.  
His fame—but, let me onward with my  
story,  
My humble rhymes would only mock his  
Glory.

In London *Newcomes* everywhere are seen,  
*Newcome's* a Lord, a General, Knight or  
Dean—

*Newcomes*, where'er you go, you're sure to  
meet,

The Park, the Playhouse, or St. James's  
Street.

Amongst our Quality, you'll find a few,  
And Carlton House has got its *Newcome*  
too.

At both the Universities you find 'em,  
But in such numbers that they never  
mind 'em.

In all Professions, Lawyers, Fiddlers,  
Bards,

Lots in the Line, and many in the Guards.

This leads me to the subject of my story,  
Tho' first I thought it right to lay before ye,  
By way of preface, or of introduction,  
Or, if you please, a smattering of in-  
struction ;

Go as you will, no matter when, or where,  
You're sure to see a Johnny *Newcome*  
there.

Now this same Grocer was a man of weight,  
Eat turtle soup, and talked of Church and  
State,—

For twenty years had bustled well through  
life,

Blest with one son by Doll his loving Wife:  
The Youth, a lankey, awkward, shuffling  
Blade,

Bred by the old ones to pursue the Trade,  
School'd by Mamma, who thought all  
learning stuff,

'Young John will have the Cash, and  
that's enough.'

By Martial ardour fired, John scorn'd to  
stop

And retail sugar in his father's Shop!

In spite of Daddy's wrath, and Mother's  
tears,

Strutted an Ensign in the Volunteers;

But the good souls were quickly reconcil'd

In admiration of their darling Child.

Old Johnny seem'd afraid he'd be too  
rash,

But Mother doated on the Sword, and  
Sash.

Soon Johnny grew ambitious of renown,  
And sigh'd to flourish in some Country  
Town ;

In some Militia Corps, at distant Quarters,  
Act the Lothario with the Wives and  
Daughters.

Money, or Interest, never-failing friends,  
Soon did the job, and Johnny gain'd his  
ends.

Translated then to a Militia Beau,  
Dear, lively Captain *Newcome*'s all the go !  
Sports a gay Curricule and pair of Tits,  
Damns smokey London, and the frowsy  
Cits ;

With ardour talks of Marches, Camps,  
and Fight ;

Such scenes as these would be his soul's  
delight.

At length, one day, his spirits flush'd with  
Wine,

Johnny resolved to go into the Line ;  
Writes to Mamma a coaxer to Petition  
She'd make his Father buy him a Com-  
mission.

The doating Mother dwells with anxious  
pause,

Ere she could send her darling to the Wars.  
But as she'd ne'er refused him what he  
wanted,

She paid the Cash, and his request was  
granted :

Soon now the Official letter made it known  
That Ensign *Newcome*, Fourth or the  
King's Own,

Would on receipt immediately go,  
And quick present himself at the Dépôt.  
What thrilling tumults in his bosom came  
To see amongst the Regulars his name !

So dash'd away in wondrous haste and  
pother,

To take a flying leave of Dad and Mother.

A soldier bold, now Johnny vaunts and  
vapours,

Anticipates his name in London papers.

' From admiration we cannot refrain,

' The gallant Ensign *Newcome*'s going to  
Spain ;

' To shew our gratitude we don't dis-  
semble,

' Heroes like him must make Massena  
tremble.'

Or, should a Battle ease him of his breath,

His Name's recorded in the list of Death ;

The *Mortuum Caput* then they thus would  
fill,

' Died Ensign *Newcome*, late of Ludgate  
Hill—

' Of twenty wounds receiv'd in an attack,



‘ All in his front, he scorn’d to turn his  
back.

‘ This sad event will be a grievous blow,  
Sir,

‘ To Johnny *Newcome*, Alderman and  
Grocer.’<sup>1</sup>

Young John was well aware to what  
extent

To purchase fame a golden guinea went ;  
At all the Shops where characters were  
sold,

He could be made a Hero for his gold ;

A valiant Hero then at any rate,

Our John resolv’d to be or soon, or late.

An Order now arriv’d at the Depôt,

‘ That Ensign *Newcome* should to Hilsea  
go.’

<sup>1</sup> This species of partial puffing is carried too far. It reminds me of something of a similar tendency, that panegerized a young Count who was killed by a BROAD-WHEELED WAGGON.

Altho' John relish'd not these hasty ways,  
 He bolted off to Hilsea in a chaise ;  
 And then a Note was handed to our Spark,  
 ' That without loss of time he should  
     embark.'

' Upon my soul,' says John, ' this is no jest,  
 ' They won't allow a man a little rest.'

Boxes and trunks were cramm'd into a  
     Boat,

And Johnny *Newcome* found himself afloat.  
 John star'd with wonder when he got on  
     Board,

To see himself surrounded by the Flood.  
 The rapid movements so confused his head,  
 He knew not what he did, nor what he said ;  
 Had not his appetite, which never fail'd him,  
 With certain griping, knawing hints  
     assail'd him :

For John to certain forms was true, and  
     steady,

So eager ask'd when dinner would be ready?

'Dinner<sup>1</sup> I'll warrant,' says a churlish Elf,

'If you want dinner, pray provide yourself;

'You'll get no dinner here, 'tis not the  
fashion,

'We only find you Cabin, Berth, and  
Ration!'

'Damme,' says John, 'is this your Trans-  
port way?

'What starve a body?—rot me if I stay!'

John's resolution now began to shake;

Did he for this his happy home forsake?

<sup>1</sup> The intention of government was no doubt to consult as much as possible the convenience of the Officers; but, the arrangement *was*, and *is*, shameful, respecting their treatment when embarked and on board Transports. In the first instance, hurried to get on Board, they immediately find they have nothing to expect but a hard berth, the use of the Cabin, and Rations; no utensils to cook with, or to use; no person to cook for them; in short, all must depend on their individual exertion. Conceive a young Lad, without a servant, and with a scanty purse, thus situated, expecting a voyage of a month or six weeks' continuance!

A brother Sub seeing Johnny so distrest,  
Said, 'Come, Sir, let us council for the  
best ;

' Money you have no doubt, and as 'tis fine

' Let us together go on shore to dine—

' Buy what we want, and send it to the  
Ship,

' Nor ask a favour of this Savage Rip.'

John liked the offer—shook him by the  
hand—

Jump'd in the Boat, and off they made  
for Land ;

Din'd, drank their Bottle, and in merry  
glee

Purchas'd their Stock, and went next day  
to Sea.

But now friend John, when tossing on the  
Ocean,

Felt his poor bowels in a strange com-  
motion ;

Grew serious, then grew sick, and hung  
his head,

Reach'd, grunted, groan'd, and stagger'd  
to his bed ;

A prey to sorrow, sickness, and dejection,  
Restless he lay, imbitter'd with reflection—  
Curs'd his own folly—had he but his will,  
He'd sooner retail figs on Ludgate Hill.

Poor John thus lay, till by propitious blast,  
The ready Anchor's in the Tagus cast.

Now motionless the Ship, the sickness flew,  
His wondering eyes successive objects  
drew.

Saw the proud Tagus in smooth torrent  
Flow,

Greeting fair Lisbon, with its breast of  
Snow ;

Saw Churches, Convents, o'er each other  
rise,

With stern devotion tow'ring to the Skies.

Our youthful Hero now we introduce,  
 Deck'd off in Uniform, and fiercely spruce,  
 With Hat of Wellington, stuck fore,  
 and aft,

And crimson sash tied carelessly abaft.  
 Black Stock, Reg'mental Sword, and  
 natty Spurs—

Without the latter there's no Hero stirs.  
 Spurs<sup>1</sup> to a gallant youth are things of  
 course,

To make folks fancy he has got a Horse ;  
 But as in this, opinions may divide,

<sup>1</sup> With respect to the Officers at Lisbon, who were there either on duty, or leave, or otherwise, the variety of their dress became at length so ridiculous that Major-General Peacock was obliged to issue a severe Order, restricting them to the use of the Regimental Great Coat, and Hat, or Cap.

Lord Wellington, in consequence of the heat of the weather, indulged the Officers in wearing loose Great Coats ; but this was soon followed up with waistcoats of all sorts, and colours, with filagree gold, or silver buttons, and what were called Forage Caps, of all fancies and shapes. They only wanted the appendage of Bells.

Yet all must think the gallant Youth  
can ride ;

Thus gay equipt, his bosom proudly  
swelling,

Seeks the Town-Major's Office, or his  
Dwelling.

Now see him strutting through the sultry  
Streets,

Staring with all his eyes, at all he meets ;  
Bald-headed Friars, Ladies, hid in Veils,  
Postboys with huge cock'd Hats, and  
monstrous Tails.

John thought they seem'd a motley group  
of quizzes,

With lankey jaws, black brows, and dingy  
phizzes.

Now reach'd the Office, in he boldly  
bounc'd,

And with erected front himself announc'd ;  
When a Staff-Officer, with a stately look,

A sort of frowning survey of him took :

‘ Pray who are you ? ’ was pompously demanded :

‘ I ’m Ensign *Newcome*, and from England landed.’<sup>1</sup>

‘ To Belem go, where orders you ’ll receive ;

‘ Write down your Name, Sir, and then Lisbon leave.’

John bolted out, saying ‘ Damme what a Beast,

‘ I reckon he ’s a General at least :

‘ O rot this Soldier’s life, the Devil ’s in it,

‘ They will not let a body rest a minute ;

‘ I ’m fairly sick of it, and so I ’ll tell ’em.

‘ I say, my friend, is this the way to Belem ? ’

<sup>1</sup> All Officers under the rank of Field-Officer, on landing at Lisbon, were ordered to report themselves at the Town-Major’s Office, and were from thence sent to the Belem Depôt, to be disposed of by the Commandant there.



‘*Senhor,*’ with shoulders shrugged, ‘*no, no, intende.*’<sup>1</sup>

‘No, in ten day! if I go there,’ says John,  
‘the Devil mend me.’

A British Soldier, who was near at hand  
Said, ‘Sir, our Lingo he don’t understand:  
‘Tis but three Miles, strait forward if you  
please,

‘There’s no use axing them there Por-  
tuguese.’

John travell’d on—but soon he slack’d his  
pace,

The scorching Sun came full upon his face.

‘O d——n their Climate, here’s a pretty  
rig,—

‘Curse me if I’m not sweating like a Pig.

‘Could I but once get home, they soon  
should see,

<sup>1</sup> ‘No intende,’ in Portuguese, signifies ‘don’t understand.’

‘The Devil might have all Portugal for  
me.’

Grumbling and Mopping, John at length  
contrives,

And at the Belem Barracks<sup>1</sup> he arrives.

But Johnny’s spirit now was softened  
down,

He tremulously ask’d for Captain Brown;

<sup>1</sup> The Barracks at Belem were assigned as a general receptacle for Detachments coming from England, and all recovered Men. Captain Brown, of the 23rd Regiment (than whom no Officer could have managed the duties of Commandant more properly, reputably, and honourably), made the arrangements for the march of Parties to join the Army, apportioned the number of Officers; and gave them orders, and directions for their conduct. Sometimes he permitted Officers to proceed alone to join their Regiments, but generally they were attached to Parties.

One general Rout to the Army was established, and the distances so divided, and Depôts formed, that the parties could be provisioned every three or four Days; a Commandant, and Adjutant, with requisite non-commissioned officers, being established at each Depôt, together with a Commissariat and an Hospital; and though last, not, unfortunately, the least necessary, a Provost-Marshal.

Announc'd himself once more, and begg'd  
to know

What were his Orders? where was he to  
go?

The Commandant observing John was  
heated,

Mildly requested that 'he would be seated.'  
John's spirits had been sinking in the  
wane,

But thus encouraged soon revived again.

' Why really, Sir, this service in the Line,

' At home we reckon to be monstrous fine;

' But since I was Gazetted, I'll declare

' A single moment I've not had to spare.'

The Captain smil'd to see poor John so  
sore,

And kindly said, ' You'll dine with me  
at four :

' In the mean time, as things to you are  
new,

‘ The Adjutant will tell you what to do.  
‘ Here, Orderly ! step to the barrack-yard,  
‘ And say I wish to speak with Mr. Ward.  
‘ But cool yourself, and then your Billet  
    seek ;

‘ I mean to keep you here at least a Week.’  
John’s heart was soft — thus taken by  
    surprize,

He felt a sort of twinkling in his eyes ;  
He falter’d, stammer’d, felt himself dis-  
    trest,

In vain his gratitude would have exprest ;  
When busy, bustling Ward attends his  
    chief,

Broke up the conference, to John’s relief.  
Ward introduced, did Johnny kindly greet  
(His was a heart we do not often meet) ;  
Now arm in arm, they travell’d down the  
    Stairs,

John found his spirits, and forgot his cares.

Tho' truly kind was Ward, yet be it known  
He was himself a Sub in the King's Own.  
A Billet<sup>1</sup> got, the Serjeant mark'd the  
Door,

<sup>1</sup> At the commencement of the Campaign on the Peninsula, the Portuguese certainly treated the British Officers in the most generous manner,—voluntarily and hospitably received them into their Houses, and externally carried their liberality to great excess; giving up their most elegant Apartments, supplying them with a proportion of Plate, Linen, Fuel, and Wax Candles; but it is with regret that I am obliged to state that this indulgence and hospitality was, in many instances, scandalously abused, and the most ungentlemanlike, ungrateful, indecent, and ungenerous returns were often made. What was the consequence? So many complaints were made against the Officers for abusing their Billets, that a General Order was issued, stating the number of rooms each rank was entitled to, and restricting the *quantum* of Furniture to one Table, One Chair, and one Lamp, and an allowance of Oil for each Apartment, with the use of a Kitchen. The consequence follows, that whatever inconvenience, mortification, rudeness, or inhospitable treatment Officers have since experienced, results from the misconduct (I hope only comparatively) of a few. Circumstances in the outset may have imposed a sentiment on the Natives, perhaps rather foreign to their disposition; but the change of circumstances, and the conduct of our Officers, seem to have left a disposition in the Portuguese to treat us roughly, and to get rid of us altogether.

They took a Boat, and brought the Trunks  
on Shore.

‘ So now,’ says Ward, ‘ I always work by  
rule,

‘ The first thing you must purchase is a  
Mule ;

‘ And if you ’re flush of cash, why then, of  
course,

‘ The next thing you must purchase is a  
Horse.’

‘ A Servant have you got?’ John an-  
swered, ‘ No.’

‘ Well, well,’ says Ward, ‘ there’s one I  
think I know ;

‘ An honest fellow, who ’twixt you and me,

‘ Is just the sort of Man, you will agree.

‘ A D——n’d good Fellow, but I rather  
think,

‘ He now, and then, will take a drop of  
drink ;

‘ But otherwise, good - humour’d, sharp,  
and civil,

‘ John Bull will drink, but fight like any  
Devil;—

‘ Paddy, and Sawney Scot are just the  
same—

‘ Here, Serjeant, tell me what’s the  
Fellow’s name?

‘ ’Tis Teague O’Connor, him I recommend,  
‘ He’ll suit you famously, my worthy  
Friend.’

So Teague was then install’d Valet, and  
Groom,

And sent to set to rights his Master’s Room.

As dinner-time approach’d, Ward bid  
him stay,

He’d home to dress, and take him on his  
way;

And John, rigg’d out in his Best Coat and  
Feather,

Waited for Ward, and off they went together.

The Commandant, with every wish to please,

Scouted those chilling forms that banish'd ease ;

Tho' plac'd in Power, Dignity, and Trust,  
Was kind to all, and to the Service Just.

The dinner o'er, the festive glass did flow,  
John found himself a little queer or so ;

Felt too, a sort of swimming in his head,  
So stole away, resolved to go to bed.

When oft to write a Book we undertake,  
If from the subject we a circuit make,

Some apt allusions may our minds engage,  
Perchance for profit, to swell out our Page ;

The little I may venture to intrude,  
I introduce, by way of Interlude.

Your mercy then, good Critics, I entreat,  
Mine is a sort of stuffing to my Meat ;



Something of Foreign matter I must tell,  
Or this my tale will not go down so well.  
In every Country there are customs known,  
Which they preserve exclusively their  
own.<sup>1</sup>

The Portuguese, by some odd whims  
infected,

<sup>1</sup> The opening of the Odoriferous Sluices generally commences about 9 o'clock P.M. and continues, without intermission, for about two hours, and woe to those unfortunates whose business, or pleasure, leads them forth during this display of Portuguese cleanliness !

There are certain regulations respecting this filthy outrage, such as requiring those people to call out three times, by way of warning the Foot-passenger of his danger, and the offenders are likewise liable to be called to some sort of reckoning ; but the Laws, and the administration of the Laws, are altogether so defective, that it is very difficult to get redress, in cases in which robbery, or even murder, have been committed. Nay, I this moment see a Villain at large, who, without receiving any offence, but what he chose to consider one, on a young Officer's looking at a Girl, actually followed him, and struck him from behind with a stick so heavily as to brake his arm. The fellow was taken up, and evidences produced, proving the fact : but he is protected by his master (a *fidalgo*, *i.e.* a gentleman), and at this moment insolently stares a British officer in the face.

Have Cloacina's temple quite rejected ;  
How they arrange *their Worship*, we shall  
know,

By the disaster that befel our Beau.  
Our Hero gaily sporting out a Song,  
And cutting angles as he glid along,  
Some Damsel, heedlessly, from upper floor,  
Pandora's incense on his head did pour.  
Drench'd, buffeted, he had no time to think,  
Saluted by a compound of such Stink ;  
Smother'd all over by the filthy souse,  
He reach'd his heart up, ere he reach'd  
his House.

Teague, by his Master's nasty figure  
struck,  
Dryly, ' He wished him joy of his good  
luck ' ;  
Then seiz'd a Tub, and with assiduous care,  
With water wash'd the ordure from his  
hair.

‘ Here, prythee, ease me of my Hat and  
Coat ;

‘ O C——t ! the filthy stuff’s gone down  
my throat.

‘ O curse them, and their beastly, D——n’d  
emulsions ;

‘ O Lord ! my wretched guts are in con-  
vulsions !

‘ Give me a Dram. ’Od rot the nasty  
Vixen,

‘ She’s ruined my best Coat, with her  
d——n’d Mixen.’

Now scour’d, and sweeten’d, Johnny  
whining said,

‘ O Teague, I’m horrid sick, shew me to  
Bed.’

Teague spread the folded Blanket in a  
crack,

And for a Pillow, placed his own Knap-  
sack.

Astonished John his Servant's conduct  
viewing,

In trem'lous accents ask'd what he was  
doing?

' O, no great matter, Sir,' replies O'Connor,

' I'm making up your Bed, an' plase your  
honour.'

' A Bed for me!' says John, half chok'd  
with rage,

Says Teague, ' You'll soundly sleep there,  
I'll engage.'

Poor John, exhausted now, and sighing  
deep,

In sadness stretch'd himself, and groan'd  
to sleep.

Scarce had the Sun arose in all his glory,  
Ere Johnny flew to Ward to tell his story.

' Alas! dear Ward, 'tis fact what now I  
tell ye,

' My wretched bones are jumbled to a jelly.

‘ Then there’s my best Reg’mentals all  
bedevil’d

‘ By that D——n’d Stink-pot which at me  
was levell’d.’

Ward felt an interest in his friend’s behalf,  
But for his soul could not restrain a laugh.

So bid him Breakfast, and forget his cares,  
And then he’d try to manage his affairs.

So said, so done. ‘ And now,’ says honest  
Ward,

‘ If I can’t set you right, it is D——n’d  
hard’:

‘ At B——’s Hotel you will get ev’ry  
comfort,

‘ ’Tis true he’ll make you pay a lumping  
sum for ’t.’

‘ O D——n the expence,’ says John, ‘ ’tis  
all as well’;

So sent Teague, Trunks and all, to the  
Hotel.

With Teague, John went next day to buy  
his stud,

A Mule <sup>1</sup> for baggage, and a bit of Blood.  
Now see him in the Fair, with anxious  
face,

Trying this Dobbin's metal, t' other's pace.

' I say, you Whiskers, what do you ask  
for that ?

' A Horse you call it—much more like a  
Rat.'

' *Noventa Dollars, Quienza Moidorés.*'

' How many Guineas, Mister?—what a  
bore he's !'

<sup>1</sup> It was customary for the British Officers who came to Lisbon for the purpose of joining the army, to provide themselves with a Mule or two, to carry their baggage. The only convenient opportunity to make this purchase was at a sort of fair, held every Tuesday in the lower part of the town. There, Horses, Mules, and Donkies were bought and sold ; and, as in all Markets, the price chiefly depended on the demand. The Portuguese Horse-dealer has all the avidity of an English jockey to pick your pocket, but they are not so *au fait* at the business. At this Fair, you buy or sell your Animal.

‘ No *Senhor*, no Guineas, *no Senhor*, *no say*.’

‘ Why how the Devil then am I to pay?’

But getting Dollars, he the Dobbin bought,  
When something passing, his attention  
caught.

‘ Here, stop that Fellow, Teague, don’t  
let him pass ;

‘ I say, you Quiz, what ask you for that  
Ass?’

‘ By Ja—s, Sir,’ says Teague, ‘ you’re in  
a wrong Key,

‘ It is a thumping Mule, and not a Donkey.’

The bargain is struck, the Money paid, and the contract is indissoluble.

English Guineas, at that time, had no attraction. The Dollar, or Moidure, was the medium ; but since the Guineas have been introduced in payment of the Army, the Portuguese seem to appreciate their value.

It was customary for Officers who wanted Cash to give their Draft on some House in London, &c. &c. ; but it was purchasing Money very expensively, giving at the rate of six Shillings and Sixpence for a Dollar that would bring only five Shillings ; thus losing eighteen-pence on every five Shillings.

‘What!’ retorts John, ‘do you think I am  
a fool?’

‘What! don’t I know a Donkey from a  
Mule?’

But Teague was right, and so his master  
found,

And for the Beast, John offered Thirty  
Pound.

‘No,’ says the Owner, ‘but perhaps you  
will

‘Give Thirty-five, and I will take your Bill.’

‘My Bill,’ says John, ‘a match, Sir; it is  
done,

‘To touch old Daddy’s pockets, no bad  
fun.’

The Beasts thus bought, by Teague were  
taken Home;

So having time, John thought he’d take  
a roam.

Strolling along, he saw the Portuguese,



Instead of hand, return a hugging  
squeeze.<sup>1</sup>

What beasts! thinks John. I'm very  
sure no true man

Would hug a Fellow, as we do loved  
Woman;

In my dear country, Women are de-  
lightful—

None here I've seen as yet, but what are  
frightful.

Now Smith's Repository<sup>2</sup> came in view,  
'Ah! ah!' says John, 'I've something  
there to do.'

The stairs he quick ascended with a skip,  
His eyes were first attracted by a Whip;

<sup>1</sup> The Portuguese greeting each other, embrace; a practice certainly strange to a Briton, and recollecting the effluvia of garlic, is horribly offensive.

<sup>2</sup> Messrs. Smith and Co. opened a Warehouse of English goods, where an Officer might suit himself (paying rather dearly) with every article of wearing apparel, and furniture for the animals, &c.

For John observ'd a Whip was most  
essential

To make a Martial Hero consequential.

For other matters he would then be  
jobbing,

A bridle, and a saddle for his Dobbin,—  
Canteens, Pack-saddle, and an oil-skin  
Cloak ;

Smith wisely said, ' the Rain here is no  
joke' ;

He then a small Portmanteau did propose:  
' That thing,' says John, ' won't hold the  
half my cloaths.'

' True, Sir,' said Smith, ' but you 'll have  
much to spare ;

' Of Forage you will get but half a share.'  
Such are the Orders ; you may not have  
seen 'em ;

Two Subs are but allow'd one Mule  
between 'em.'

‘Is that the case?’ says John, ‘then there’s  
some danger,

‘That my poor Beasts must live upon the  
Manger.<sup>1</sup>

‘No matter, ’gad I’ll keep them while I  
can,

‘And when I join, I then can change my  
plan.’

So every thing being purchased to his will,  
He settled all by draft on Ludgate Hill.

This day to bus’ness he did give up solely,  
And went to buy his Stock from Cavigole.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The scarcity of forage rendered it necessary to curtail the quantity of animals allowed for the use of the army. This fell somewhat hard on Subaltern Officers, who were obliged so to contract their baggage as to deprive themselves of many articles actually necessary to their convenience. That something to wear—something to sleep on—something to eat—and something to cook with—were really necessary for existence; and only one miserable animal was allowed to carry what was so essential for two Subaltern Officers; but it was unfortunately the case.

<sup>2</sup> Senhor Cavigole, as well as many others, Misters and Senhors, kept shops replete with stores of all sorts,

‘Pray, Sir,’ says John, ‘do you sell Hams,  
and Cheese?’

‘*Si Senhor*, I do sell all vat you please ;  
‘Biscuits, & Porter, Tongues, Hollands,  
& Brandy.’

John crack’d his Whip, and swore ’twas all  
the dandy.

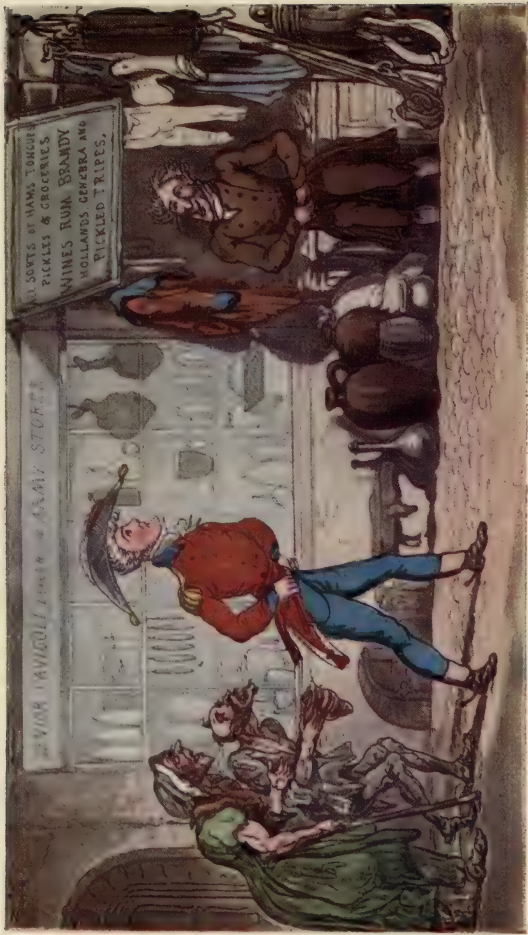
‘Tea, Sugar, Salt, and vat of all most nice is,  
‘Pickles and Soda, good Segars and  
Spices.’

‘Well said, my Hearty ! now I’ll tell you  
what,

‘Pack some of all, but in a separate lot.’

John now another Draft on Daddy drew,  
Gave his address and off to Belem flew.

which they sold at a very high price, but with which officers knew they must be supplied ; for the hungry French had deprived the Portuguese of that little they possessed ; and it did happen, and not unfrequently, that divisions had been so scantily supplied with rations, that even a private soldier has been known to give a Dollar for one biscuit, and glad to satisfy his hunger at that enormous rate.



*Johnny Newcome going to lay in Stock.*



His time now pass'd with pleasure, and  
delight,

Loitering all day, and getting drunk at  
night.

In scenes like these, John found the week  
had past,

And to his Reg'ment he must go at  
last :

A Route receiv'd to travel off next Day,  
And march to Sacavem without delay ;  
And thus by daily journies was to go,  
Until he reach'd the Santarem Depôt.

Next morn, on Dobbin, off friend Johnny  
started ;

Teague led the Mule, and so they both  
departed.

John's legs from Dobbin nearly scrap'd  
the road,

The Mule close following, tott'ring 'neath  
its load.

Poor Teague, esteem'd by all a hearty  
fellow,

With parting Glass had got a little mellow:  
A trifling failing here I must disclose,  
Teague swore 'twas for the honour of his  
Nose,

Whose lovely size, and colour, to his  
thinking,

Could only be maintained by hearty  
drinking.

Heedless he went, unmindful as he past,  
The poor Mule stumbled, and the load  
was cast.

'Thunder & Turf! are those your tricks?'  
says Teague,

'What! tired you Spalpeen, and come  
but a League!'

John now dismounted, and with horror  
stood;

They'd told him of Banditti in the Wood.



The Brandy swallowed, and forgot his care,  
In four days' time he reach'd the first Depôt,  
And at the Commandant's himself did  
show.

This was a Hero<sup>1</sup> great, who treated Subs  
As little better than a pack of Scrubs.  
Himself from Ranks had risen by his  
merit,

But those advantages did not inherit  
That in the best societies you find  
Arising from a cultivated mind ;  
Imperiously made all beneath him feel  
His rod of Power and his wond'rous zeal,  
'Here, Sir, you Ensign, mind, on no pretext  
' Must you neglect to call day after next.  
' There, get you gone ! for you I've nothing  
more,'

And with his finger pointed to the Door.

<sup>1</sup> No disrespect is intended, but until one can 'make a Silk Purse of a Sow's ear,' we must be content to submit to the 'insolence of Office.'

John travelled out, repeating, 'Nothing  
more!

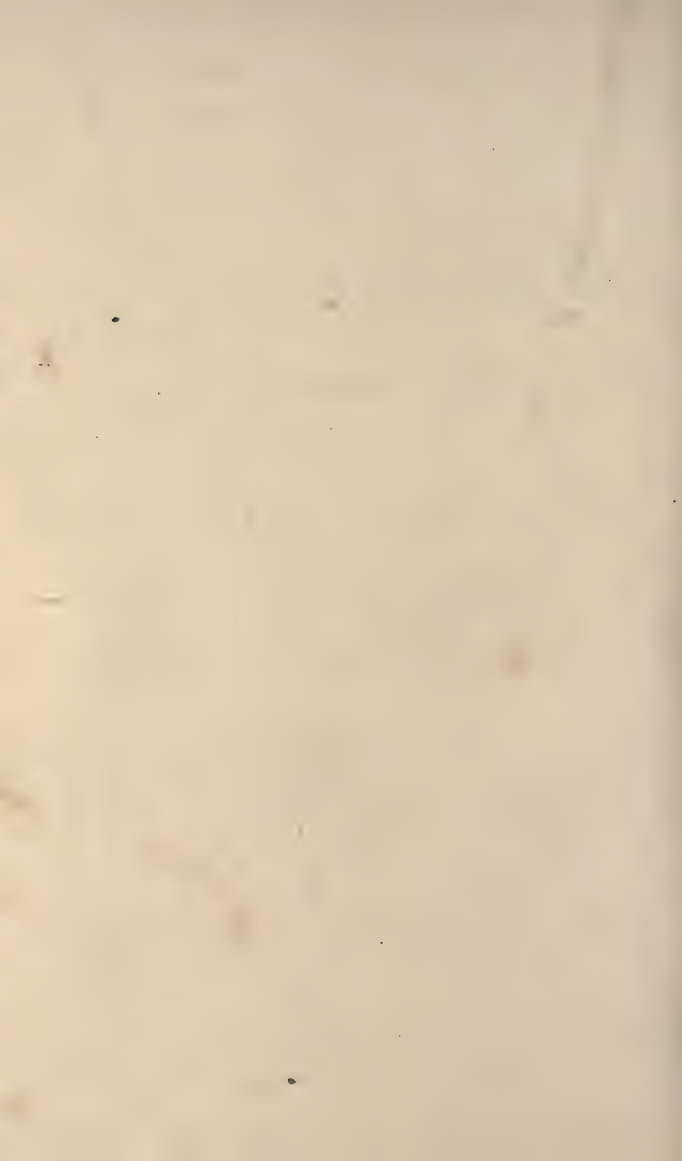
'D——n me if e'er I met so rude a Bore!'  
But by experience knew that to complain  
Against such Brutal manners would be  
vain.

Accustom'd now, he quickly stirr'd about,  
First to obtain, then make his Billet out.  
This settled to his heart's content,  
That Day and Night he comfortably  
spent ;  
Next morning call'd, and so without delay,  
To reach the next Depôt he bent his Way.

END OF PART I

THE MILITARY ADVENTURES  
OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II



THE MILITARY ADVENTURES  
OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II

NOW once on their Way we see the Pair,  
When John, as passing, did around him  
stare ;

Though flat the Country, oft he got a peep  
At the smooth Tagus in its mazy sweep ;  
Whose Banks well covered by the richest  
soil,

Yielding abundant Crops, with scanty  
Toil.

47  
BAPTIST

'Tis a fine Country, Teague, one needs  
must say,

'But thousands should not tempt me here  
to stay.'

'I'd not live here,' says Teague, 'among  
the Craters ;

'Give me dear. Ireland, Whiskey and  
Paraters.'

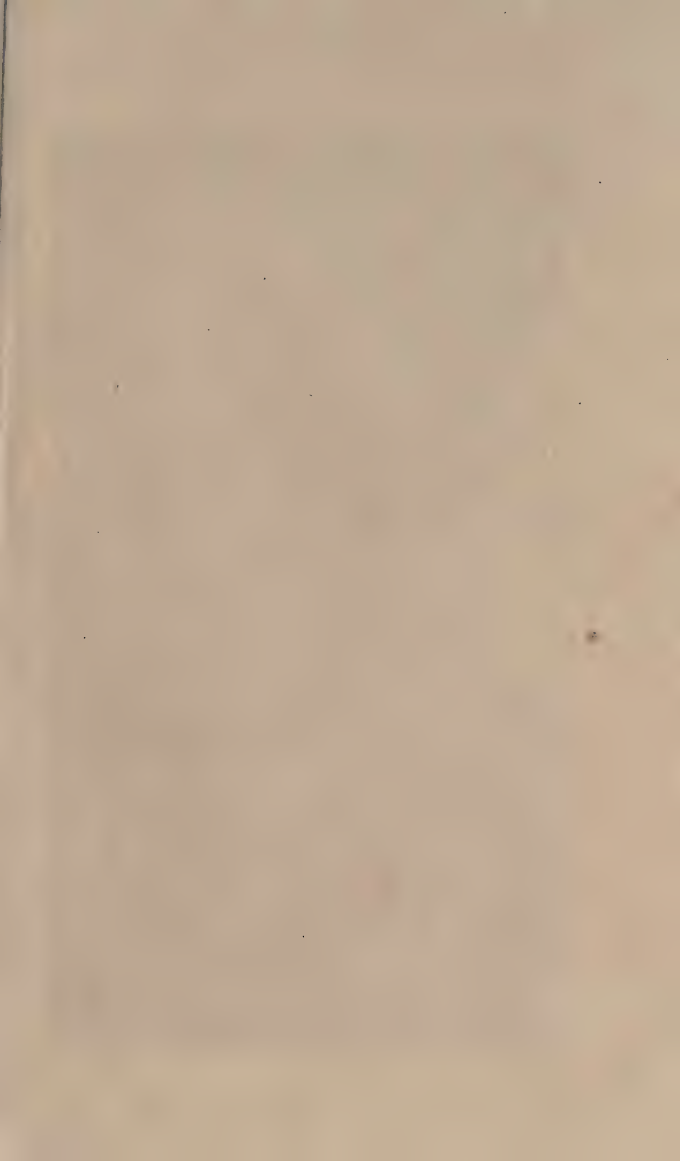
Thus time beguil'd in social chat was past,  
When John reflected he'd not broke his  
Fast.

When from the Road a narrow path he  
took,

And gain'd a Rocky Bank, hard by a  
Brook.

For now friend Sol had his meridian got—  
John felt uneasy, 'twas so scorching hot.

With eager look a survey round he made,  
To take advantage of some friendly Shade.





*Taking his Breakfast.*



Alas ! no friendly Bough would interpose  
A shadow large enough to screen his nose,  
So, near the spot at which his Dobbins  
drank,

He crept beneath the shelving of the Bank ;  
Whilst Teague, regardless of the Sultry  
ray,

Unpack'd the load, and let the Dobbins  
stray :

Then spread the Breakfast, which, to  
John's relief,

Proved a good store of Biscuit, Ham, and  
Beef.

John, now refresh'd, still closer in did creep,  
With Brandy quench'd his thirst, and fell  
asleep.

Teague hearing now his Master snore  
profound,

With great composure squatted on the  
ground ;

Then with the Brandy filled the largest  
Cup—

‘Here’s to good luck!’ said he, then  
drank it up.

Again replenish’d, down again it goes,—

‘And that’s,’ said Teague, ‘in honour of  
my Nose.’

Another filled, Teague thought it mighty  
clever,

Though last, not least, ’twas ‘Ireland for  
ever.’

Then cast a look around, to see all right,  
Fell on his back, and wish’d himself good  
Night.

When now the Sun had three parts clear’d  
his Course,

Teague started up, and look’d for Mule  
and Horse;

Pack’d up and loaded, and with gentle  
stroke,

Touching his Master's shoulder, he  
awoke;

' 'Tis time to March, Sir, and more cool  
the weather.'

John was content, so off they went to-  
gether;

Reach'd Gallega that night; Punhete  
next day.

Poor John knock'd up, began to curse the  
Way.

' Such Bl--st--d Roads will make a  
Fellow crazy!'

' O plase you, Sir,' said Teague, 'do just  
be asy;

' By Ja--s 'tis a turnpike, let me tell ye,

' To what you'll meet with at that Villa  
Velhe.'

John interrupted Teague in his Oration,  
To know, was not Abrantes the next  
Station?

‘ Faith, and it is,’ said Teague, ‘ there is  
no doubt ;

‘ Is it not mintioned in your Honour’s  
Route?’

‘ O! D——n the Route,’ said John ; ‘ I  
want to know,

‘ I’m so curst tired, how far we have to go!’

Abrantes Castle now came full in sight,

Much to John’s consolation and delight.

A T——r was its Juiz ; as folk say,

If not belied, and in the Frenchman’s pay,

A Brutish Coxcomb—rough, and most  
uncivil,

Who slily wish’d our Army at the Devil ;

On all occasions, it was his delight,

On British Officers to vent his spite ;

Kept John, with Teague and Baggage, at  
his Door,

Kicking their heels for full three hours  
and more.

John fumed and fretted—but 'twas all in  
vain ;

Till tired to death, his Billet did obtain.

But such a filthy, loathsome, beastly Hut  
Mud walls, Mud floor, besmear'd with  
Slime & Smut !

' O L—d !' says John, ' pray how shall  
I contrive,

' In this D——n'd hole, to keep myself  
alive ?'

A half-starved Taylor, vamping up old  
breeches,

Cried, '*Viva, Senhor!*' and pursu'd his  
stitches.

' *Viver!*' said John, ' O G—d confound  
your "*viver,*"

' This horrid place will put me in a  
Fever.'

Then with Grimaces, Sighs, and Groans,  
and Shrugs,

Explor'd this den of Lice, and Fleas, and  
Bugs.

It is a fact well known, the Portuguese  
Cherish voluptuously both Lice and Fleas ;  
Some Bramin-like, are influenc'd by Piety,  
But mostly for Amusement, and Society ;  
For Females oft in parties will carouse,  
Scratching each other's Heads, t' entrap  
a Louse,

Whilst on their skins, the Fleas will Skip,  
& Scramble,

And wanton Lice through all their ringlets  
ramble.

Not that these Gamesome Merriments we  
find,

As in some Countries, to the Poor confin'd ;  
Here does their influence undisputed  
Reign,

From Courtly Nobles, to the humble  
Swain.

But to resume, poor John, as it was late,  
Sadly submitted to his wretched fate ;  
Rejected Food, on Canteens stretch'd he  
    lay,  
And sullen watch'd for the returning  
    Day.  
Teague fed his Animals, then took his  
    Dose,  
And soon resign'd himself to his repose.  
Restless poor John now pass'd the tedious  
    Night,  
Each minute starting from a greedy Bite ;  
With outstretch'd neck, his eyes he cast  
    aloof,  
Reliev'd at length by Day-light through  
    the Roof,  
Set Teague to work, and so without  
    delay,  
Saddled his Dobbins, and went on his  
    way.

Now eagerly he sniffed the fragrant Gale,  
The Tagus crossed, and travell'd in the  
Dale.

Govina, Niza, now left in their Rear,  
When Dobbin stopped, and bristled up  
with fear.

'God rot the beast!' says John in some  
amaze,

Rose in his stirrups, and did round him  
gaze:

A sight beheld, that gave his nerves a  
shock,

A mangled human Body on the Rock.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was shocking to behold the number of dead bodies (chiefly of the French Army) with which the Highway was crowded.—They were in a horribly disgusting state of Nudity, and half devoured by Wolves, and Birds. The Armies had no time to bury the Dead, and the Inhabitants were either too indolent, or for some other reason neglected to do it. But to such a state of Barbarism had the natives of Portugal and Spain attained, that Boys and Girls have been seen throwing human heads at each other, by way of amusement; and a little Urchin, ten years old, Servant to an



Transfix'd, he stared with horror and  
affright,

And roared to hasten Teague with all his  
might.

• Teague unconcerned, with shrug of non-  
chalance,

Said, 'O, by Ja—s! 'you'll ne'er get to  
France!

'He's a Frenchman, Master, that lies  
sprawling,

'The Wolves have given him a pretty  
mauling.'

'What, Teague,' said John, who felt  
another dread,

'Is't Wolves that have upon this Carcase  
fed?'

Officer, was heard frequently to boast, after the Battle of Salamanca, of having stolen sily on the wounded Frenchmen, struck them on the head with a Stone, in order, if possible, to kill, for the purpose of plundering them.

Again with horror did around him peer ;

‘ Won’t they attack us, Teague?’ they  
must be near.

‘ Attack,’ says Teague, ‘ your honour need  
not fright ;

‘ If we were dead, and Travelling here,  
they might.’

John tired, and anxious, now began to  
grumble,

The cursed, rugged Road, made Dobbin  
stumble ;

Some sad mishap his senses now fore-  
bodes,

When Teague exclaims, ‘ These are the  
Devils own Roads !’

Now from a Cliff they view’d a Gulph  
below,

Where Tagus sternly midst the Rocks  
did flow,

A narrow path they follow'd, jam'd with  
stones,

John, Dobbin led, and trembled for his  
bones :

Scrambling, & straggling, step from Ridge  
to Ridge ;

At length, the danger passed, they reach'd  
the Bridge.

Now on their Route we find them each  
day gaining,

But, wearied out, poor Johnny ceas'd  
complaining ;

Grown used to suffer Insolence and  
Pillage

In every beastly town and dirty Village ;  
To see Religion made the tool of Knaves ;  
To crush morality, and nourish Slaves.

As now to Salamanca near John drew,  
Pleas'd that to Portugal he'd bid adieu,

Was told to hasten—there might be a  
 Fight,  
 The Hostile foes were in each other's sight:  
 With British ardour thrilling thro' each  
 vein ;  
 Urged by an impulse nothing could  
 restrain.

John's soul was meek, but he felt in truth  
 With all the bashful modesty of Youth ;  
 From his blest native Soil he did inherit  
 A bold, determined mind, and active spirit ;  
 Nought could his zealous energy oppose,  
 He'd join his Reg'ment, and he'd face its  
 Foes—

Boldly push'd on to share in the Attack,  
 And found the brave King's Own in  
*Bivouac.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Army, not having tents, were obliged to lay out exposed to the Weather.

All here to John appear'd both strange,  
and new,

He knew not what to say, nor what to do ;  
Which way to turn, nor whom he should  
accost,—

Poor John amidst the motley Crew was  
lost.

Here groupes of Soldiers, in light converse  
stood,

Some he saw cooking, others fetching  
Wood.

And here, and there, were seen a huddled  
heap,

In spite of scorching Sun, all fast asleep.

And now a crowd of Officers he sees,

On Rocky fragments sitting at their ease.

John went to seek the Officer Com-  
manding :

An Officer replied, 'Sir, there he's  
standing.'

John now with modesty reveal'd his  
Name,

Told him the Rank he held, and how he  
came.

The Officer his aid now friendly lent  
him,

Proposing to the Colonel to present him.

To this John readily gave his assent,

And arm in arm they sociably went.

Arriv'd, the Officer first stepped before,

'This, Sir, is Ensign *Newcome*, of our  
Corps.'

'I'm very glad to see you, Mr. *Newcome* ;

'Tis charming weather : pray from whence  
do you come?'

'Uncommon hot, Sir! but I push'd my  
Cattle,

'In hopes I should in time be for the  
Battle.'



*Introduced to his Colonel.*





‘O! you’re in famous time, you need not  
fear:

‘But you must send your Baggage to the  
Rear.’

‘The Devil!’ quoth John, ‘this is a queer  
beginning,

‘So sweating Hot, and not a change of  
Linen.’

And then in modest accents did intreat,  
He might reserve his Canteens and his  
Meat.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In consequence of the difficulty of transporting Baggage, and from other causes, a Regiment on active Service in the Peninsula, could not keep up a regular Mess, as in England. Each Officer was obliged to manage for himself. They were generally divided in mess-parties of twos and threes. This greatly incommoded the Subaltern Officer: allowed only the carriage of half an Animal, it was not possible to admit, for the purpose of having eatables, any addition to his share of Baggage. The mere Ration was all that could be carried, with a Camp-kettle for culinary purposes. Besides, we must recollect the difficulty of obtaining extra articles, and also the want of Money: so that the bit of Beef, and the portion of Biscuit, was the general fare for at least two-thirds of the Officers, with a small

‘ By no means, Sir, just now, we Sons of  
     Mars,  
 ‘ Are glad to live on Brandy and Segars.  
 ‘ In anxious times like these, it is our plan,  
 ‘ To satisfy our hunger as we can ;  
 ‘ The Ground our Bed, where we contented  
     lie,  
 ‘ Nought interposes ’twixt us and the Sky.  
 ‘ We first must drub yon Saucy Vapouring  
     Elves,  
 ‘ Then get our Baggage, and enjoy our-  
     selves.’

allowance of Ration, Rum, and Wine (generally execrable stuff): the prime luxury was a drop of Brandy and a Segar.

With respect to the article of dress, the contents of a very small Portmanteau was all that could be taken, and, if an Officer wore out, or lost his Regimental Jacket, his great Coat was the substitute. As for waistcoats, they were as fancy directed, but generally black, blue, or green, of either silk or velvet.

An enormous pair of Mustachios and Whiskers were frequently seen to protrude from the delicate countenances of some of our Bond Street Beaux.

John listen'd, scrap'd, and bow'd, and then  
retir'd :

(Not that the Colonel's speech he much  
admir'd.)

' Come,' said his Friend, ' cheer up, & don't  
be glum.

' I've got a Biscuit, and a little Rum.

' No, no,' said John, ' I'll from my Canteens  
borrow,

' We'll feast to-day, altho' we starve to-  
morrow.

' Then hand out, Teague, whatever is to  
spare,

' And let us all the Prog amongst us share.

Now see him careless stretch'd upon the  
ground,

Viewing with silent wonder all around.

His brother Officers so oddly drest,

Their ragged Jacket, and their purple Vest;

Reg'mental Great Coats, batter'd, bare,  
and old ;

And Forage Caps that once were blue,  
and gold.

Shirts of whose proper colour were no  
trace.

Mustachios, Whiskers, that disguised their  
face.

Yet all was lively, frolicsome, and gay,  
Full of their laughter—full of fun and  
play.

And now John's Hams and Tongues were  
all paraded,

And by his hungry Friends were soon  
invaded ;

The flowing Cup they to each other  
bandy,

They ate his Prog, and drank up all his  
Brandy.

In course of conversation there arose  
A question, as to number of their Foes.  
One said there's Twenty Thousand ;  
others swore

There were, they thought, *at least* as many  
more :

As many more at least they would  
maintain—

Look at their Columns stretching o'er the  
Plain.

John started up, astonish'd to descry  
The Hostile Army just below them lie.  
'O bless my heart!' said John, 'what lots  
of Foes,  
They're scattered all about as thick as  
Crows.'

He view'd them with a keen, astonish'd  
eye,

Felt rather queer to find they were so  
nigh.

But snugly kept his thoughts within his  
breast,

Fearful they 'd turn his ignorance to jest.

Now evening closed, and cast a silent  
gloom ;

'Come,' says his friend, 'lay down, we'll  
make you room :

'Here take this Blanket, and beneath you  
spread,

'And here's a Stone, as Pillow for your  
Head.'

John thankfully conformed to his advice,  
And, like the rest, was snoring in a trice.

Now the bold Leader of each Hostile Band,  
Manœuvred for the 'vantage of the Land.  
At length great Wellington, with his Allies,  
Completely took the Frenchmen by  
surprize,—

Boldly descended in the midst of Day,  
Attack'd the French as they supinely lay ;  
His Light troops skirmishing, began the  
Battle,

Then thundering Cannon thro' the Ranks  
did rattle.

Divisions to Divisions then oppose,  
But British valour soon overwhelm'd its  
Foes.

Then burst the Cavalry with heroic speed,  
Charging their Squares, and every where  
succeed.

Beat at all points, the dastard Frenchmen  
yield,

Trust all to flight, and scamper from the  
Field.

Thus the brave British, German, Portu-  
guese,

Fought, Conquer'd, Triumph'd at th'  
Arepiles ;

And I, to deck my story, fain would sing,  
 How all the Salamanca Bells did ring ;  
 How Peasants unconcerned, th' ensuing  
     Day.

Plough'd thro' the honour'd soil where  
     Heroes lay.

But no—content I'll to my story keep,  
 And so return to John I left asleep ;  
 Who, wrapt in slumber, care forgetting, lies,  
 The Long roll Beat—he started, rubb'd his  
     eyes.

‘ Why, what's the matter?—surely it is  
     dark.’

‘ Aye,’ says his friend, ‘ we rise before the  
     Lark.

‘ Our Orders are to fall in every Morn,  
 ‘ And stand to Arms an hour before the  
     Dawn ;

‘ Come, rouse my honest Fellow, don't be  
     slack,



‘ At break of day the Frenchmen may  
attack.’

John rose, but grumbled out, ‘ If I ’d been  
told,

‘ They ’d start me up thus shivering in the  
Cold ;

‘ To go Campaigning, I would ne’er been  
led.

‘ But stuck to my own Corps, and Feather-  
Bed.

The Adjutant did now friend Johnny fix,  
To Captain Bull’s division, Number Six ;  
In Captain Buckett’s company, when ‘ Lo ! ’  
Says John, ‘ I think I Captain Buckett  
know ;

‘ His uncle’s Tub the Brewer, I’ve no  
doubt,—

‘ Old Buckett lives in Faringdon Without.’  
Soon recogniz’d—the Morn began to break ;  
His Captain begg’d he’d half a biscuit take :

‘ Eat it, my boy, and mind what I shall say,

‘ I’m sure we shall have pepp’ring work to

Day ;

‘ And drink this Rum, for I’m apt to think

‘ We shall have more to do than eat and

drink.’

And he was right ; in truth they soon did

hear—

A sort of busy Hum came from the Rear.

An Order from the General, to say,

‘ The Column was to move without delay.’

John to his Captain stuck, but was

perplex’d

To think of what the deuce was coming

next.

Now for three hours they March’d with

steady pace,

Till they descended to the Mountain’s

base.

The Column halted—stood in close Array ;  
The Light Troops forward push'd to feel  
the way.

The Muskets' prittle prattle soon com-  
mences,

Along the Front, from Ditches, Walls,  
and Fences.

Now, 'scaping from a distant patch of  
Smoke,

Shells from the Frenchmen's Mortars  
round them broke.

And now their Field-Guns at the Column  
aiming,

Shot, after Shot, in peals of thunder  
coming.

When John this skirmishing did first  
behold,

He thought the 'Little Light bobs  
desperate bold.

But when stray Bullets whistled by his  
Ear,

John rather shrunk—but 'twas not done  
through fear ;

'Twas his first trial, he could not disguise  
A natural impulse, taken by surprise.

Now Bullets, Balls, and Shells around them  
flew,

As to th' embattled Foe they nearer drew.  
Now to its Right the Column did incline,—  
Gain'd its Position, forming into Line ;  
With slow, but bold, intrepid pace, advance  
Amidst the Vollies of the Troops of  
France.

The Battle soon with death-like fury rag'd.  
John's mind, his Eye, his every thought  
engag'd.

Around him Slaughter dwelt with ruthless  
Blow,

And Heroes' blood did in sad torrents flow,

When Johnny suddenly receiv'd command,  
He in his Captain's place should take his  
stand.

Struck by the fragments of a Broken Shell,  
Fighting his country's cause, the Hero fell.  
Undaunted, undismayed, our gallant John  
Took the Command, and bravely led them  
on.

And now by British valour close assail'd  
(For British valour every where pre-  
vail'd),

Three piercing shouts their Hostile Bands  
invade,

When desperately the British charge was  
made.

O'erthrown, disorder'd, down their arms  
they threw,

Whilst British Victors every where pursue.  
Thousands lay drench'd in gore upon the  
plain,

Thousands led Captive in the Conqueror's  
train.

The Battle o'er, the foe now put to flight,  
Chac'd by the Victors till the close of  
night.

The Gallant Bands to neighbouring  
heights retire,

In groupes collected, nestle round the Fire ;  
The conflicts of the day by turns relate,—  
Count o'er the slaughtered, and lament  
their fate.

Stretch'd on the ground, they lay in sound  
repose,

Nor rous'd from slumber, till the Sun arose.  
With melancholy zeal John bent his way  
To seek the spot where his brave Captain  
lay—

Fain would I stop, but truth I must impart,  
And spread a gloom o'er every British  
heart ;



*Smells powder for the first time.*





As slow his searching eye survey'd the  
ground,

Bestrew'd with Mangled Carcases around,  
He saw, when speechless, horror-struck he  
stood,

The naked Body weltering in its Blood.<sup>1</sup>

' Alas!' says John, with indignation heated,

' Is this the way a gallant Hero 's treated?'

And now the Body to the earth he gave,

And with a friendly tear bedew'd the

Grave.

When Johnny did a Letter home Indite,

To tell his mother all about the Fight.

<sup>1</sup> For the purpose of getting Liquor, the invincible British Soldier will commit every species of depredation: he will rob a House, plunder a Church, steal from his Comrade, and strip his own Officer in the midst of death and slaughter. Instances are known, and too frequently have they occurred, of Scoundrels having, under pretence of aiding a wounded Officer, rifled and stripped him of his apparel; and all this was effected before death had sealed his doom—before his gallant spirit, that through Life had led them to victory, or protected them in Retreat, had quitted its earthly Mansion!

‘ Dear Mother,

‘ In few words I will contrive

‘ To let you know that I am safe alive.

‘ I know, dear Mother, it will give you  
joy—

‘ The Colonel said, I was a gallant Boy.

‘ But truly, Mother, my poor pen can’t  
tell

‘ How we were Pepper’d by the Shots and  
Shell.

‘ Poor Buckett too, you know, old Buckett’s  
son,

‘ Was kill’d, and fell before we made them  
run.

‘ And now, dear Mother, I’m sure for joy  
you’ll cry,

‘ To know who led his Soldiers to the  
charge? but I.

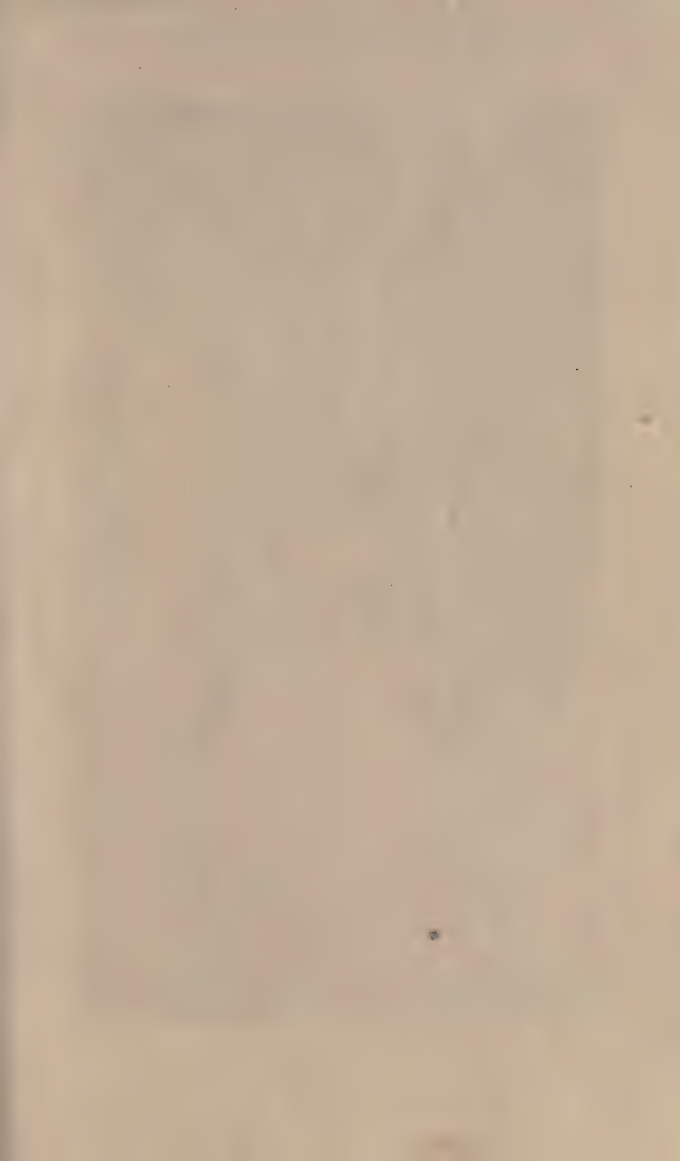
‘ Our glorious General too, he lives as hard

‘ As any Ticket Porter in our Ward.



*Half Rations.*







*Johnny writes an account of the Action to his Mother, which afterwards appears in the Star.*

- ‘ But I’ve no time, though much I have to  
say,  
‘ We’re order’d to March off without  
delay.  
‘ I don’t know where to give you my  
direction,  
‘ So give my loving Father my affection.  
‘ We shall have Peace, and then go home  
again,  
‘ So I most dutifully do remain,

‘ J. N.’

The Rations now arriv’d, each took his  
share,

And eagerly devour’d the scanty Fare ;  
And scanty Fare it was, consisting chief  
Of flinty Biscuit, tough, and stinking Beef,  
Tho’ Teague’s report at first made John  
look glum—

‘ ’Tis only half allowance, and no Rum.’

' O Damn those Commissaries! what a  
disaster,

' They've brought us down, you see, to  
Lath & Plaster.

' But, "Vive la guerre," 'tis useless to  
repine.'

So on they March, and in the pursuit join.

Now rapidly they on the vanquish'd prest,  
Snatching at intervals a hasty rest.

Day after Day, and frequently all Night,  
They speed to check the Frenchmen in  
their flight :

When luckily for John, an order came  
To Halt—for John was wearied, & poor  
Dobbin lame.

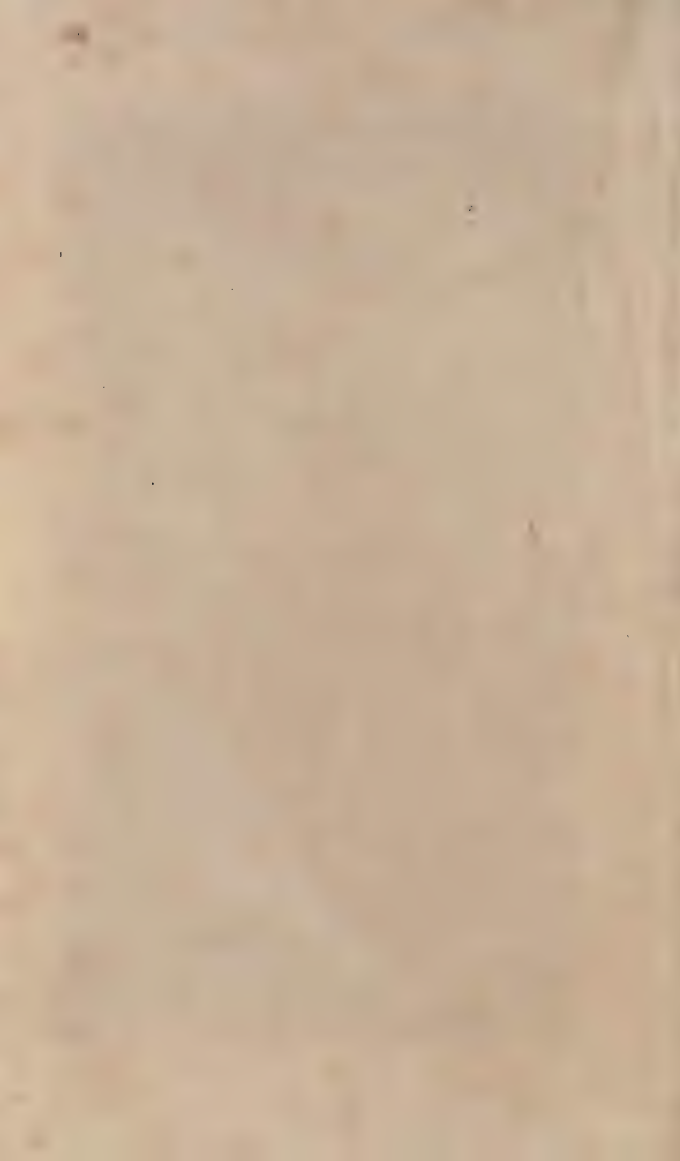
Close to Medina now their Stations took,  
Amidst the standing Barley, near a Brook.  
Knock'd up was John, his spirits quite  
forsook him,

So to his Hospital the Doctor took him.





*Learning to Smoke and drink Grog.*



‘ Come cheer, my friend ; come rally and  
be gay ;—

‘ I’ve got some Lads to Dine with me to-  
day.’

John fain would rally, but was sick at  
heart ;

Though at the dinner tried to play his  
part.

‘ Come,’ says the Doctor, ‘ here’s Rum and  
Segars ;

‘ This is the way we carry on our  
Wars.

‘ Here, smoke, my boy, I know ’twill do  
you good ;

‘ And try this Country wine, ’twill cool  
your Blood.’

John smoked, & drank, & drank, & smoked  
again,

But nought upon his Stomach would  
remain.

His head turn'd round—he tried to gain  
the door,

But miss'd his mark, and sp—d upon the  
floor.

' O Ja—s,' says a lively Irish Blade,  
' I ne'er before saw such a grand Cascade.'  
Holding his Nose, exclaim'd a chubbly  
Lad,

' Give me some Rum, or I shall be as  
bad.'

' True,' says a third, and winking as he  
spoke,

' Though well he stood the Fire, he can't  
the Smoke.'

' Aye,' says the Doctor, sagely, ' it a fact is,  
' Tobacco fumes corrode for want of  
practice ;

' Coming in contact with the Mesentary,  
' Sickness produce, and sometimes  
Dysentery.'





*Poor Johnny on the sick list.*

'Aye,' says another, cramming up his  
Snuff,

'One at a time, the Cascade's quite  
enough.'

'Come, *Newcome*,' says the Doctor, 'once  
more try ;

'Of this you'll get the better bye and bye.'  
But now against the wall, John held his  
head,

And drawling out, 'Ah, no! I'm almost  
dead.'

So, on a Blanket stretch'd, in wretched  
plight,

And, parch'd with fever, groan'd away the  
Night.

Next morn the Doctor came, his Friend to  
seek,

And found poor Johnny, feverish, and  
weak.

‘ Ah! Sir,’ says John, ‘ it is to me quite  
clear,

‘ That I ’m a dead man, if they keep me  
here.’

The Doctor felt his Pulse, and gave a  
shrug ;

The Constitution could not stand the  
Tug.

‘ Your health, poor *Newcome*, does so bad  
appear,

‘ That I shall send you straightways to  
the Rear.

‘ To Salamanca first, and when you ’re  
there,

‘ You will be ordered Home for change of  
Air.

‘ The Board of Surgeons will, I ’m well  
assur’d,

‘ At once decide that here you can’t be  
cured.’







*Going Side to the Rear.*

Next Morn, by times, John in a cart  
was laid,  
Follow'd by Teague, and to the Rear  
convey'd;  
Dragg'd in the midst of Donkies, Mules,  
and Carts,  
With sick, and wounded, Johnny now  
departs,—  
Expos'd to jolting Roads, to Dust, and  
Heat—  
Expos'd for hours, in some vile Road or  
Street;  
The livelong Day, no comfort, food, or  
rest,  
Waking all Night, by sad disease  
opprest:  
Around him anguish speaks in languid  
tones,  
And wounded Heroes, stifling in their  
groans.

But from such dismal scenes I must  
refrain,—

The dreadful retrospect gives only pain,  
As 'tis my wish, in this my humble  
measure,

To give my gentle Reader only pleasure ;  
Tho' in this story of one Vent'rous  
Youth,

*I give the truth, and nothing but the truth.*

At length to Salamanca John was taken,  
His mind afflicted; frame and body  
shaken.

And once more Housed, in temporary  
dose,

His worn-out, wearied Carcase sought  
repose,

The Surgeons found, as Dissolution  
border'd,

That he to England must straightways  
be order'd.

By easy journies, (tho' estrang'd from  
ease),

He once more travell'd in the land of  
Fleas.

Onward was dragg'd o'er many a weary  
League,

His only comfort left was honest Teague.  
Silent and sad he lay, and scarcely spoke,  
But '*Oh Patron, oh ! sparum, sparum poke.*'<sup>1</sup>

' Oh, mind the Rascal, Teague, don't let  
him spill me ;

' The horrid Brute I'm sure's resolv'd to  
kill me.'

<sup>1</sup> In the Portuguese language various meanings are attached to the same term. For instance, 'Viva' is generally intended for, 'How do you do?' 'God bless you.'—'Rompi' is used 'to beat, to tear, to scratch, to plunder.'—'Patron' is 'the father of a family, the husband, the master.'—'Sparum,' 'stop, be quiet, be easy, have done.'—'Poke, from poco,' 'a little, directly, quietly.'

The Portuguese driver perfectly resembles the English wagoner ; except that the one is obstinate from stupidity, the other from insolence.

And, now when many a tedious Day had  
past,

Half-dead at Lisbon, he arriv'd at last.

His piteous case was now by Teague  
convey'd,

And in due form before the General laid.

A Fleet of Transports in the Tagus lay,

And was to Sail for England the next day.

The General kindly sent poor Johnny  
word—

A Birth was order'd; he might go on  
Board;

With kind indulgence, and which did him  
honour,

Permission gave that he might take  
O'Connor.

Teague's honest joy now kindled in his  
heart,

When from his Master he was not to  
part.

‘ He’d been his Friend, his Nurse, his  
Consolation ;

‘ No braver Lad,’ says Teague, ‘ lives in  
the Nation ;

‘ I’ll get him snug on Board, and then I  
think,

‘ I’ll to my Friends, and to take a hearty  
drink.’

Now John by Teague was safely stow’d  
on Board,

And Teague got staggering drunk to keep  
his word.

Next morn by times, to Johnny’s great  
surprize,

Teague had a broken Nose, and two Black  
Eyes.

Teague thought by some excuse to make  
amends—

‘ I *tuck* a Drink, your Honour, with some  
Friends.’

‘ With Friends,’ said John, ‘ no, Teague,  
you mean your Foes ;

‘ The Devil’s in’t, if Friends would break  
your Nose.’

‘ Ah no, your Honour,’ says Teague, ‘ ’twas  
Friends for *sartin*—

‘ We drank like Friends, *but had a fight  
at parting.*’

‘ O! aye,’ said John, ‘ you Paddies like a  
joke,

So friendly-like, you took a parting  
Stroke.’

Blue Peter hoisted, and the Wind was fair ;  
John much refresh’d inhal’d the saline air.  
Stretch’d on the Deck, he oft did take his  
Station,

His empty stomach offer’d no oblation :

His wand’ring thoughts would retro-  
spective cast,



Dwelling on all the Scenes that he had  
pass'd ;

And fancy oft would pleurably roam  
To his lov'd Parents, and his happy Home.

Now passing Ushant from the Bay of  
Biscay,

' Don't I,' said Teague, ' smell Ireland &  
Whiskey?'

' Why, Teague,' said John, ' I think we're  
drawing near

' The coast of Ireland, that is called Cape  
Clear.

' Here, take the Spy-Glass—look with all  
your might.'

' I see 't, by Ja—s, 'tis Clear out of sight.'

As to the Northward now the Wind did  
veer,

They trimm'd the Sails, and up the  
Channel steer ;

Smoothly they ran, and, by the Convoy  
led,

They shortly cast their Anchor at Spit-  
head.

Tho' weak was John, and trembled at  
each joint,

He took a Boat, and landed at the point ;  
Popp'd Teague and Baggage in a Chaise  
and Four,

And quickly travell'd to his Father's Door.

The honest Grocer was in daily use,  
When he had din'd, to take a quiet snooze ;  
Whilst his good Dame, whose anxious  
mind was fill'd

With dread her dearest Johnny might be  
kill'd,

Sat pensively, lamenting her sad case—

In burst her Son, and flew to her  
embrace :

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and press'd him to  
her breast,  
And all the Mother's fondest love exprest.

The honest Grocer, waking in amaze,  
Rubbing his eyes, did on our Hero gaze,—  
' Why dang it now, do my old eyes tell  
true?

' Is it my boy,—dear Johnny, is it you?

' When did you come? how got you leave,  
my Boy?

' Zounds! I'm so glad, I can't contain  
my joy!'

John now explain'd how England he did  
reach;

Th' enraptur'd Parents hung upon his  
speech.

His anxious Mother sadly now survey'd  
The alteration that disease had made;

Saw his pale look, his sunk, and languid  
Eye,

Then gently said (with a Maternal sigh),  
' I see you're ill, my Son, with pain, and  
grief :

' What shall we do to give our John relief?'

' Ah, Dame! your slops and stuffs I see  
no good in—

' Give him a belly-full of beef and pudding;

' The Boy's half-starv'd—o'drat that  
cursed Spain :

' Thank God! my child's come back  
alive again.'

Our John 'tween Dad and Mother took a  
Chair,

And now more tranquil grew the happy  
pair ;

Related what he'd seen, and how he felt  
When first in action he the powder smelt :



*Johnny safe returned to his Mama.*



Then prattled on until old Dad was  
yawning—

When tucked up by Mamma, he slept till  
morning.

And now strange thoughts pervaded  
Johnny's brain,—

He'd seen enough of Fighting, and of  
Spain;

So, after dinner, with his honest Sire,  
With good old Port, and near a blazing  
Fire,

'I think,' says John, 'Campaigning is no  
joke

'With us poor *Subs*, it only ends in  
smoke:

'For my own part, I've got a sort of  
notion,

'That I, by other means, may get  
Promotion.'

‘How’s that?’ says Dad, ‘dear Johnny don’t be rash.’

‘Father, I mean by interest, or by Cash.’

‘O aye, my Son, aye, now I think I take you—

‘If Cash will do’t, I’ll soon a Colonel make you.’

‘True, Sir,’ says John; ‘when the Gazette I read,

‘There’s many by that way I see succeed.’

‘If that’s your way,’ again replies the Dad,

‘I’ll soon promote you, never fear my lad.

‘I’ll tell you what, dear John, since off you ran,

‘A Banker I’m become, and Alderman :

‘And what’s still better, as you will agree,

‘I represent the City, an M.P.’

‘An M.P., dear Dad—that’s devilish well,

‘Then I can now Campaign it in Pall Mall.’



‘ Campaign at Carlton House—is’t that you say<sup>1</sup>? ’

‘ Aye, aye, dear Dad, you take me—that’s the way.

<sup>1</sup> It is a *general observation*, ‘ that One Campaign at St. James’s is more efficacious in the attainment of promotion than half-a-dozen Campaigns in active service.’ Military observers can easily appreciate the justice of that remark.

The fact is, that had his Royal Highness, the Commander in-Chief, the uncontrolled power in the guidance of the Army, Interest and Wealth would give place to Justice, Merit, and Desert.

I shall take the liberty to relate an anecdote which is of so recent a date, that a reference may be had to it without difficulty. Attached to Lord Wellington’s dispatches, relative to the victory of Vittoria, it pleased the higher powers to subjoin the names of certain Officers, with the promotion honourably granted to them, of course, and in consonance with the recommendation of the noble chiefs—so many Majors to be Lieutenant-Colonels, so many Captains to be Majors.

Before I allude to this particular circumstance, and one which gives validity to the above ‘general observations,’ I beg to be understood, that in being obliged to bring forward this case as one in point, the Officer alluded to is universally esteemed; he is not only active, but intelligent: he stands high in the estimation of his superiors, for a knowledge of the duties of his profession, as well as zeal, and courage, in their performance.

This gentleman’s name was not introduced in the above

‘ Who gets Promotion now? tell me who hears?

‘ Do the poor Subs who’ve fought so many Years?

‘ A Captain, now and then, may make a shift

‘ By some odd accident to get a lift.

‘ I know a man<sup>1</sup> of whom ’tis truly said

promotion at the Tail of the dispatch. Some time afterwards we saw it in the Gazette, but in another class of name for the Brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and bearing date (I think on account of the action) the same day, *videlicet*, that of the 21st June. But we now observe this Officer’s name with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, his Commission bearing date the 2nd of June, by which he has been promoted; over whom? He, a young Major, over Lieutenant-Colonel O’Toole. I have not the honour to be acquainted with that gentleman, *but it is generally known that he has been in every action of the last three campaigns.* He has been promoted from a Company, to a Majority, and Lieutenant-Colonelcy for his meritorious conduct; in the last instance, for his gallantry at the Battle of Vittoria.

The Hussar Brigade came out in 1813; and all, I believe, that was ever known of their gallantry, was a little affair of cavalry on the 2nd of June, detailed to Lord Wellington in a flourishing letter from Colonel Grant.

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Dyas, of 51st Light Regiment.

- ‘ He bravely twice a Storming party led ;  
‘ And Volunteer’d both times—now here ’s  
the rub,  
‘ THE GALLANT FELLOW STILL REMAINS  
A SUB.’  
‘ That ’s cruel hard, my boy, there is no  
doubt,  
‘ Enough to break a heart, tho’ e’er so stout ;  
‘ But never mind, I’VE CASH AT MY  
COMMAND.’  
‘ They ’ve touch’d it somewhere. Eh ! you  
understand.’  
‘ If that ’s your Plan, gadzooks ! I’ll bet  
a wager  
‘ I soon shall see you Captain ! aye ! and  
Major.’

END OF PART II



SEQUEL  
TO THE  
MILITARY ADVENTURES OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART I



SEQUEL  
TO THE  
MILITARY ADVENTURES OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART I

FRIENDS, Fashion, Fortune, will deceptive  
veer,

Like fickle Seasons, in the varying Year.

A sad it is, but melancholy Truth,

How small, how slippery is the path of  
Youth:

Many, no doubt, incautious, weak, and  
blind,

Betraying want of prudence, want of  
mind,

Impetuously advance, nor look before—  
They unlamented sink—to rise no more :  
Others again, by observation guided,  
Step firmly on, determined, and decided ;  
One solid Object steadily pursue,  
Nor e'er lose sight of what they have in  
view.

Such was our Youth. If truly we him  
scan,

He knew the World, and was a Worldly  
man ;

For deep intrigue, or artifice was fit,  
Endued with ample store of Mother wit :  
Apt was his mind, and his perception  
keen,

To meditate on what he'd heard and  
seen.

Tho' few years converse with the World  
he'd held,

He saw how much by folly 'twas impell'd ;



Saw to their passions that Mankind were  
Slaves,

The dupes to flattery, and the sport of  
Knaves ;

Saw exultation, which no art could  
smother,

Greedy enjoy the downfall of each  
other ;

Saw honest poverty, by pride opprest,  
And worthless Scoundrels for their  
wealth carest ;

Saw titled Miscreants, to all feeling lost,  
Disgrace the noble Pedigree they boast ;  
Saw Wealth and Honours shamefully  
misplac'd,

Fortune's best gifts flagitiously disgrac'd :  
So much he saw—he found he could  
insure

The Road to Wealth, and Honours quite  
secure.

The first was in his grasp, he knew old  
John

Was wond'rous rich, and he an only Son ;—  
And for the next, he could, some how, or  
other,

Arrange that too, with aid of his good  
Mother.

The Plan now laid, he open'd his approach,  
' Mother,' says he 'you ought to keep a  
Coach.

' In that, dear Mother, I should feel a  
pride.'

(Johnny well knew his Mother's weakest  
side.)

' See Lady Jane Tobacco's gay Parade—  
' She drives about, tho' her good Man's in  
Trade.'

' Ah! my dear John, all this is very true,—

' But how to manage it? what must I do?'

- ‘ O! as to that, I’ll put it in a Train ;  
‘ You know, dear Mother, Dad’s a little  
    vain :  
‘ So now between ourselves I will disclose  
‘ A famous scheme, which I have to propose:  
‘ Old Dad is rich enough, as you can tell—  
‘ He first must be, a Banker in Pall Mall ;  
‘ And having once, dear Mother, fixed  
    him there,  
‘ We’ll have a Mansion in St. James’s  
    Square ;—  
‘ Then at the Ministers old Dad shall set,  
‘ To make a Lord of him, or Baronet :  
‘ Then Lady *Newcome’s* Equipage so neat,  
‘ With two smart Footmen rattling in the  
    Street ;  
‘ And with your Routs, your grandeur to  
    evince,  
‘ Have half a score of Lords, and perhaps  
    a Prince.

‘ What, tho’ the great may exercise their  
wit,

‘ Themselves are Scions from some honest  
Cit!

‘ Then here again am I, whom no one  
knows,

‘ A Grocer’s Son, among our City  
Beaux.

‘ I in the Wars who have obtained some  
credit.’

‘ It shall be done, dear John, and I have  
said it.’

John’s picture he so artfully had drest,  
Ambition’s flame now kindled in her  
breast.

It is an apt old adage, known of course,

‘ The Grey Mare often proves the better  
Horse.’

Her end she gain'd ; but how, I'm not to  
name,

For many thrifty Wives have done the  
same.

True to her text, the prudent Dame was  
right,

Our honest Grocer soon was dubb'd a  
Knight ;

Soon in the West, establish'd in his  
Bank,

Strutted a man of Consequence and Rank.

My Lady too, which is not vastly rare,

She had her Mansion in St. James's  
Square.

Now Cards of invitation flew about,

Sir John's gay Dinners, and my Lady's  
Rout.

The Fashionable World would not decline  
To touch her Guineas, and to drink his  
Wine.

Thus in gay Circles lavishly they sport,  
And Lady *Newcome*'s introduced at  
Court.

John's turn now came to enter on the  
Stage ;

And *Mr. Newcome* now was all the Rage.  
John had perceived how much on wealth  
depends ;

He was surrounded by an Host of Friends :  
His lively skiff on Fashion's surface floated,  
'Twas but to ask, and Johnny was  
promoted.

His Game in hand, so well he play'd his  
Cards,

Renounc'd the Line, and glitter'd in the  
Guards ;

In fashion's sportive ring set all agoing—  
Deep at Newmarket, and at Brookes's  
knowing.

In love affairs John managed well his part,  
He had a golden rule to reach the heart.

In the gay vortex now you see him  
dash,

Lively, and volatile, but far from rash ;  
Where dissipation led was always ready,  
But to his interest firm, and ever steady.

Panting to shine in Military fame,  
For valourous Enterprize to get a Name,  
He with this feeling mingled with the  
bevy,

And paid his humble duty at the Levee :  
He knew full well the miserable chance  
*Subs* in the Line had ever to advance ;  
He had strong claims to urge in his  
behalf,

A Guardsman was a Passport to the Staff.  
A Captain now, he look'd for Higher Rank,  
And knew th' influence of his Father's  
Bank.

But all in vain, the odious Regulation  
That fix'd the time of service to each  
Station,

His object check'd ; altho' in his behest  
Sir John push'd forward all his interest.  
All would not do, nor interest, nor wealth,  
Nor all the wily stratagem of stealth,  
(Altho' no doubt there was much deep  
finesse

By some employed, unknown to his  
Highness),

Could move the Duke, who, to his  
applause,

Would not infringe the Military Laws :

' If Captain *Newcome's* ardour and his  
zeal

' Panted for Honour, or his Country's weal,

' The Road to all was evident and plain.'

' Why then,' says John, ' I'll to the Wars  
again.



‘ And so, dear Dad, go speak in my behalf,  
‘ A word from you will get me on the  
Staff.’

Sir John was proud to see his boy high-  
mettled,

So made his Bow, and every thing was  
settled.

‘ Go then, my Son, rejoin that valiant  
Host,

‘ Led by Old England’s pride, and Erin’s  
boast ;

‘ For him does every heart’s best wishes  
flow,

‘ Who taught the Allies how to beat the  
Foe.’

Now once more Johnny greets the Azure  
Main,

Four gallant Chargers flourish in his  
Train ;

114 THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF  
Canteens, with Plate, and Prog completely  
stor'd,  
To form an elegant and sumptuous board.  
A Valet, and two Grooms, his Route  
attends,  
Teague was gone dead, carousing with his  
Friends ;  
For scarce was John well settled at his  
home,  
When Teague soon felt a secret wish to  
roam :  
Long'd for his Native Cot, his Country  
dear,  
So Friends, and Whiskey, finish'd his  
career.

As now Sir John in the first Circle rolls,  
Important objects his great mind unfolds.  
The Ministers he counted as his own,  
And got a thumping portion of the Loan.

The Livery now harangued with bold  
Oration,

Extoll'd the prosperous credit of the  
Nation;

The laughter, scoffs, and hisses could  
receive—

Sir John laugh'd too—but it was in his  
sleeve.

Let him who loses laugh, in spite of  
dins,

Laugh those that will, he'll surely laugh  
that wins.

Tho' W—n, W—d, and Q—n would snarl  
and bite—

Sir John, like others, knew 'twas merely  
spite:

With all their hustlings, hoaxings, and  
grimaces,

They only bellow'd for a change of  
places.

Patriots, no doubt a useful appellation,  
 A treacherous Figure to mislead a  
 Nation,—

My Lord, Sir John, a Commoner, his  
 Grace,

Are flaming Patriots—if out of Place ;  
 No doubt 'tis useful in some way, or other,  
 And serves one wily Rogue to oust his  
 Brother.

Sir John and Lady *Newcome* now agree  
 He should attend his Son down to the  
 Sea.

Sir John had mighty matters to relate  
 About their present, and their future state ;  
 Much to consult about, much to advise—  
 Sir John had suddenly grown wond'rous  
 wise ;

And Lady *Newcome's* fashionable friends,  
 For her dear Johnny's absence made  
 amends.

Now in a Chaise and Four they onwards  
travell'd,

When thus Sir John his sentiments  
unravell'd :

‘ D’ ye see, my Son, as it has been my fate

‘ To be a Knight, and Member of the  
State—

‘ I ’m rich enough, no doubt, all that is true,

‘ But then the Minister—he knows who’s  
who.

‘ Financial knowledge I ’ll not yield to  
Necker—

‘ Full well they know my value at th’  
Exchequer.

‘ And you, my Son, I mean when next we  
meet,

‘ Shall at St. Stephen’s Chapel take a Seat.

‘ In the mean time, dear John, it would be  
wise

‘ That you in every thing should scrutinize;

- ‘ Transmit your observations in a Note—  
 ‘ They may be useful by and bye, to  
 quote ;  
 ‘ At present ’tis our plan, you will agree—  
 ‘ All’s right and proper, we no fault must  
 see :  
 ‘ But, should a change take place, our  
 Party out,  
 ‘ We then shall see most diff’rently, no  
 doubt.  
 ‘ Let nothing, John, your observation pass,  
 ‘ Purveyors, Commissaries, all that Class ;  
 ‘ As for the Staff, there’s nothing now to  
 blame,  
 ‘ The Duke’s wise measures have cut up  
 that Game.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At the close of the American War, such a number of Officers retired so astonishingly enriched, that it is imagined it excited the jealousy of Government. Hence enquiries and investigations were made ; means were taken to put a stop to such iniquitous practices ; and His Royal Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, has

- ‘ In former Wars we heard of Depredation,  
‘ A sort of Military Peculation,  
‘ But now, indeed, ’tis quite a diff’rent  
    story,  
‘ They nought pursue but Honour, Fame,  
    and Glory.  
‘ And as in Arms Old England’s proudly  
    grown,  
‘ The Honour, Fame, and Glory’s all their  
    own.’

To this address John deep attention  
    paid ;

There was much policy in what he said :

since taken measures to put an effectual termination to such disgraceful conduct.

I speak from authority when I assert, that when the Peace of 1783 took place, one Military Officer retired to his own Country (a Sister Kingdom) with the enormous Sum of £190,000, when the income arising from his Regimental Commission, together with his Staff situation, could not have been equal to £1000 a-year. He was seven years on service in America.

For the advice, his gratitude exprest,  
 And in his mind he treasur'd up the rest.  
 Thus mutually on future prospects  
     counting,  
 They Portsmouth reach, and rattle to the  
     Fountain.

A Chaise and Four creates a famous  
     bustle—  
 Landlords and Waiters 'gainst each other  
     hustle.

Obsequiously the Landlord bows the  
     way—

Expensive work, for every Bow you pay.<sup>1</sup>  
 But more of that anon—all things arrang'd,  
 The Dinner order'd, and apparel chang'd.  
 John said, 'Dear Dad, we first must pay  
     our Court

' To the great Naval Chieftain of the Port ';

<sup>1</sup> It is certainly a gross imposition on the Public, but falls particularly heavy on the Naval and Military departments.



And silyly whispering, ' It is my drift  
' On board a Man-of-War to get a lift.'  
' You must, my Boy ; I fancy there are  
    few come  
' With so much wealth and power as Sir  
    John *Newcome*.'

The Admiral was civil and polite,  
And courteously receiv'd the worthy  
    Knight.

The Card announc'd his dignity full well,  
'Twas Sir John *Newcome*, Knight, M.P.,  
    Pall Mall.

The Admiral grew sociable and free,  
And very much increas'd his courtesy.  
' My Son, a Captain of the Guards, intends  
' Once more in Portugal to see his  
    Friends :  
' I would not suffer him to take this trip,  
' You know, dear Admiral, in a common  
    Ship.'

‘ Oh, by no means, Sir John, I’m pleased,  
I own ;

‘ A Frigate soon will sail ; ’tis the Pomone.

‘ Your Son on board can go when he has  
leisure,

‘ Carteret<sup>1</sup> I’m sure ’ll receive him with  
great pleasure ;

‘ He ’ll find in him, you safely may depend,

‘ A thorough Seaman, Gentleman, and  
Friend.’

Sir John express’d his hopes some future  
Day

He might his kind civility repay.

Should the good Admiral to Town repair,

He hoped to see him in St. James’s Square ;

Or should he some small object have in  
hand,

His little interest was at his Command.

<sup>1</sup> The Officer whose gallantry took a praaam in Boulogne Harbour, in sight of Buonaparte.

The time now pass'd in viewing every  
Sight,

The Dock-yards, Ramparts, and the Isle  
of Wight.

Our Knight, to help his memory, now  
wrote

His observations down, by way of Note.

The Lines, and Ramparts his attention  
takes,

The muddy Ditches, and the slimy  
Lakes.

Note<sup>1</sup>—'Guineas I'm sure were here  
made Ducks and Drakes.'

Then o'er the Dock-yard eagerly he pores,  
Surveys around the Barrels, Masts, and  
Stores.

<sup>1</sup> We have seen M——rs of P——t driving to places, and scrutinizing into matters that did not concern them; when, had they turned their active powers to the circumstances above mentioned, they at least would have obtained more credit, and perhaps not have subjected themselves to a disgraceful defeat and general contempt.

The Anchors, Rope-house, and the Piles  
of Staves ;

Note—‘ I ’m sure these Fellows are a pack  
of Knaves.

‘ Sad Peculation here midst great and  
small,

‘ There ’s waste of Hemp enough to hang  
them all.’

The Shoals of Vessels too, that lay in  
Ordinary,

Our honest Knight considered most  
extraordinary.

While of our Ships, the French did  
Prizes make,

And at our Harbours’ mouth our Vessels  
take.

Note—‘ Something here was very much  
amiss ;

‘ And were they not our *Friends*, should  
swing for this.’

Not at this time a word he meant to say,  
But snugly kept it for some future Day.

While Dad was gravely making each  
remark,

John saw his Nags and Baggage safe  
embark ;

Saw the dexterity with which they whip  
The horse with Tackle safely in the  
Ship.

So firmly managed, yet with so much  
care,

Rais'd from the ground, suspended in the  
air,

The astonish'd Animal without a check  
Is gently lower'd till he gains the Deck.

John found the Knight, whose head now  
chiefly run

On the sad way the Nation's work was  
done ;

When having Dined, and o'er the social  
Glass,

He said—' Dear Boy, strange things may  
come to pass,

' 'Tis right, as now our Party has the  
sway,

' All must be right they do, and all they  
say.

' But, should the Minister get his dis-  
mission,

' Our Party then will be in Opposition ;

' 'Tis then for us to Badger, and to vex  
'em—

' I've got some ticklers here, that will  
perplex 'em.

' Interest now tells us it would be absurd

' Of these vile Rogueries, to say a word,

' But if they oust us, then without a  
doubt

' Our bounden Duty is to tell it out ;

‘ For should my Friends so shamefully  
be treated,

‘ I’ll let the Nation know how it is  
cheated.’

Next morn a Midshipman by times  
brought word

That Captain *Newcome* must repair on  
Board ;

The Captain’s compliments, to let him  
know

The Wind was fair, the Ship to Sea must  
go.

The Knight his Son saw ready to depart,  
Affectionately press’d him to his heart :

‘ Adieu ! dear Johnny ! I shall be in pain

‘ Until I see you safe return again ;

‘ Adieu ! dear Son ! my happiness enfold  
you,

‘ But pray remember all that I have told  
you :

‘ Write to me, John, whenever you are  
able,

‘ Disguise your meaning, wrap it up in  
Fable.<sup>1</sup>

‘ You understand me, John ’—then  
squeez’d his hand ;

John in the Boat was quickly row’d from  
Land—

Soon reach’d the Frigate, which without  
delay

Her Topsails haul’d, and gently bore  
away.

And now our Knight with solitary pace  
Did to the Fountain Inn his way retrace ;

<sup>1</sup> It has been whispered, that strange means were resorted to in order to get at the opinions of men in high rank, respecting the operations on the Peninsula. I own I do not credit the malicious story, but, as Sir John was conversant in state politics, I must leave him to form his own conjectures, and his directing his son to write typically might be defended.



Tired of himself, he there express'd his  
will—

‘ To have his Chaise and Four, and have  
his Bill.’

The bill produced ; ‘ What’s this I see?  
why Zounds !

‘ For three days’ living, six and fifty  
pounds !<sup>1</sup>

‘ Myself, and Son, two Servants, and no  
more—

‘ A Bill like this I never saw before.’

‘ Twas true, Sir John, but *meat*, Sir John,  
was dear ;

‘ It was, Sir John, a bad time of the  
Year.’

‘ Aye, aye, ’tis plain, egad ! I see it  
now,

‘ You charge D——d dear, my friend, for  
every Bow.’

<sup>1</sup> A *true* Bill.

In Carriage seated—paid; but swore he  
meant

‘ To lay the Bill before the Parliament.’

To London went Post-haste, with  
thoughtful cares,

Now of his Son, and now on State Affairs.

Brisk was the Gale, with clear, uncloudy  
Weather;

Brisk was John’s heart, for he was in  
high Feather.

His rising Prospects, as he looked  
around—

What limits now could his Ambition  
bound?

In Fortune, Fashion, Rank, conspicuous  
shone,

From Eastern Hemisphere, a Rising Sun.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many ‘wise Men have come from the East,’ of late  
Years.

At Starting Posts, with Note-book, took  
his stand,

Or, midst the gaping throng, drove Four  
in hand—

He'd gamed with Princes, drank with  
Duke and Peer,

Was foremost in the Field in Leicester-  
shire.

All this, 'tis true, conspired to give a claim,  
A *Newcome* Title to notorious Fame ;

And was, no doubt, most grateful to his  
Vanity—

Still 'twas a Trifling, Tonish, Tincture of  
Insanity.

Ardent he longed with gallant Hosts to  
Muster,

And by Achievement gain a Warlike lustre.

He wish'd 'mongst Heroes to be rank'd  
and known,

An Emanation from himself alone.

Alert and active, stretched is every  
Sail,

To catch the impulse from the ready  
Gale ;

The Frigate glides with smooth and  
steady sweep

O'er the wide surface of th' unfathomed  
Deep.

In elegance and ease they pass'd each  
Day,

The willing Breeze impell'd them on  
their Way.

The Rock of Lisbon, towering in  
height—

St. Julian's Castle open'd to their Sight.

With press of Sail the Tagus now  
explore,

And Johnny greets the Lusitanian Shore.

His thanks return'd for this most pleasant

Trip,

With glowing spirits soon he left the Ship.

With all the Guardsman's Nonchalance

and Grace,

First to the Envoy's he directs his pace.

A kind reception he should meet he knew,

A Guardsman's Costume is, a *passee par tout*.

Besides from People in the highest

Station

He'd Letters too of strongest commenda-

tion.

The Envoy<sup>1</sup> was a Man of shrewd discerning,

A Man of Wit, of Fashion, and of Learning;

<sup>1</sup> The Right Honourable Sir Charles Stuart, K.B., &c. &c.

Perused the Letters, said, in Friendly  
way,

‘ You ’ll make my House your home, Sir,  
while you stay ;

‘ For you must know this Casa where I  
dwell,

Is by the Quizzers called, the Guards’  
Hotel.’

Our Hero thanked him for the Friendly  
offer—

It was a pleasing and a flattering proffer.

Sir Charles possessed, with elegance and  
ease,

The power of pleasing, and the will to  
please.

Our John was pleas’d—such offers don’t  
offend,

A sumptuous Table, with a lively Friend.

All this arranged, John thought it right  
he now

Should on the General<sup>1</sup> wait, and make  
his Bow ;

A Guardsman too, and strictly to his  
tether,

Adhered to the Old adage, 'Birds of a  
Feather,'

John, as a Guardsman soon had his *entré*,  
Greeted, and closeted without delay.

For Men in power great etiquette  
observe

(A necessary caution, and reserve),

Not that I would insinuate that here

There was more exercised than should  
appear.

The General was obliging, courteous, kind,  
A Man of much urbanity of Mind ;

<sup>1</sup> Major-General Peacocke, of the Guards.

But, Guardsman like, as I have said  
before,

Felt, as a Guardsman, the *Esprit du  
corps*.

One observation I must introduce

By way of hint, it perhaps may be of  
use ;

A grateful system by the Duke<sup>1</sup> observ'd,  
That he who first arrives, the first is  
serv'd.

<sup>1</sup> The custom was introduced by H. R. H. the Duke of York, and is as follows : if any Officer, no matter the Rank he may hold, is desirous to pay a dutiful respect to the Commander of the Forces, or may have business to transact with His Royal Highness, he is directed to repair to the Horse-Guards at an early hour, on the day appointed for the Levee, and write down his Name and Rank in a list presented to him. He is then told at what hour the Duke commences his Levee, and according to the situation of the Signatures on the list, he is introduced.

A similar system is observed at the Offices of the Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General.



An honour to his head and heart eternal,  
The Ensign's often seen before the  
Colonel.

I'm warranted in this my Postulatum,  
For it, by general sanction, *est Probatum*.

John seated, now did Anecdotes relate  
Of Fashion, Gallantry, and of the  
Great ;

Who lost at Boodles—who supposed the  
winner—

The Whispers, Bagatelles, at the Guard  
Dinner ;

In Fashionable life, who went astray—  
Whose Daughter slipped—whose Wife  
had ran away ;

Who was the reigning beauty—who the  
Toast—

Who at a certain House now ruled the  
Roast ;

Whose gay Barouche was sporting in the  
Park—

What was become of W——l and Ma'am  
C——k;

What Wolf in patriot clothing went  
disguis'd—

What Machinations 'gainst the State  
devis'd;

Who of our Army systems made a  
Route—

Who talked of Things, which they knew  
nought about.

The General listen'd, and enjoy'd the jokes  
(He'd herded too with Fashionable  
Folks);

Shook Johnny by the hand, express'd  
his sorrow

'He was engaged to-day, but hoped  
to-morrow

'The Captain would at half-past five  
repair

'To meet some Friends, and take his  
homely Fare.'

'Twas late, but Johnny nicked it to a T,  
The Envoy's dinner hour was half-past  
Three.

John heartily enjoy'd the good Repast,  
And Bumpers fill'd when e'er the Bottle  
pass'd.

At Envoys' Tables, and some others, I  
think

They give full time to Eat, but not to  
Drink.

I know not that to Wine they have a  
loathing,

Perhaps 'tis a custom, something like  
their Clothing :

For I've observ'd at all their Routes and  
Balls

Legation Gentry put on Reg'mentals.<sup>1</sup>

At early hour our Envoy did insist  
Our noble Captain should cut in at  
Whist

Before he went to bed—he rose a  
Winner ;

Then with the General next day took his  
Dinner.

By times in Morn, again he travell'd  
down

To Belem, purposely to call on B——n.

<sup>1</sup> I am afraid I expose my ignorance in making this remark ; but, as I observed, those Gentlemen were not all dressed in the same kind of Uniform : (for instance, one in the Uniform of the Guards ; another in the Uniform of some Militia Corps ; a third, in the Uniform of a Light Regiment ; but all with two blazing Epaulettes) I must own I was puzzled in endeavouring to account for this Masquerading.

No change had driven from his grateful  
Mind

The former conduct—gentle, mild, and  
kind ;

Nor Wealth, nor Grandeur could his  
heart controul,

His was the impulse of an honest soul.

‘ Feeling ! ’ could Johnny now expose that  
vulgar passion,

‘ Exploded, obsolete, so out of Fashion ’ :

But Johnny was not spoiled in that parti-  
cular,

Old Friends to meet erect, and Perpen-  
dicular ;

So flew with rapture to the Barrack-yard,  
To seek his former Chum, kind-hearted  
Ward.

His hand thrust out, when his Friend he  
espies,

With honest pleasure sparkling in his Eyes.

‘ How are you, Ward? by Jove, I ’m glad  
to meet you ;

‘ Give me your Fist — I with much  
pleasure greet you.

‘ How fat you ’re grown ! I say, you lively  
Varlet,

‘ You ’re still a stickler for the bit of  
Scarlet.

‘ I ’ll tell you what it is, you D——d old  
Sinner,

‘ I purposely came down to Storm your  
Dinner—

‘ Parade your Beef, my Boy, and don’t be  
fine.

‘ I say, Friend Ward, how stands your  
stock of Wine?’

Then whispered in his Ear, of Men in  
power ;

Dinners D——d fine, but Wine for half  
an Hour.

Ward was delighted, charm'd, and  
gratified,

To find Friend John, without a spark of  
pride;

He thought his former Friends would off  
be thrown,

When, for the Guards, he'd quitted the  
King's Own.

' And I,' said Ward, ' dear *Newcome*, for  
my part,

' Am glad to see you back, with all my  
heart.

' But come along—I do not boast variety,  
' The poorest fare's a Feast with good  
Society.

' We will reverse the thing, for at my  
Treat,

' We'll drink like Fishes, tho' no Fish  
to eat.

- ' 'Tis thus we Soldiers live, it can't be  
worse,  
' Always on Beef, and with an empty  
Purse.'  
' Of honest Beef,' says John, 'pray don't  
speak slighting ;  
' 'Tis thought, you know, our stimulant to  
Fighting :  
' Its loss to Britons is the worst of  
Evils—  
' Give them but Beef enough, they 'll fight  
like Devils.  
' But this I know,' says John, 'at our  
great Battle  
' Our Commissaries really had no  
Cattle ;  
' And though our Lads had scarcely  
ought to Eat,  
' The Enemy in famous style they  
Beat.'



An Officer observed, ' Now where's the wonder ?

' The hardy Vagabonds, smelt out the Plunder :

' I've seen the Rogues dash to the very Muzzle,

' But all for Plunder, all to get a Guzzle.'

' Come, come,' says John, ' now that a mere pretence is,

' Tho' drunk the Foe, we Fight in sober senses.

' For if a Drunkard Fights, they can't do less to him—

' First beat him, then get Drunk, Drinking success to him.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This has happened in a variety of instances ; but particularly at the storming of St. Sebastian, where our Soldiers were seen arm in arm, Drunk, with the French Soldiers, and actually tumbling over the Bodies of their dead Companions.

The Commandant now took up the debate :

‘ Our Troops no doubt at first were in sad state ;

‘ All Ranks and all Departments were the same ;

‘ The Chief harsh censures was obliged to frame :

‘ Reduced by Discipline, not now so Fiery,

‘ Our Book of Orders is a Newgate Diary.

‘ The way I estimate a British Soldier—

‘ He’s stouter than a Frenchman, and is bolder ;

‘ But such a set of wanton idle Knaves !<sup>1</sup>

‘ You’re forced, by G—d ! to treat them all like Slaves.

<sup>1</sup> This is a melancholy truth. The immorality of the British Soldier is disgusting, and it is only by strict attention and severe discipline it is at all kept within bounds.

‘ It shocks one’s nature, outrages one’s  
feeling,

‘ Compell’d to use such rough and  
rigorous dealing.’

‘ Idle,’ says one, ‘ see them on out-post  
planted,

‘ A cold and frosty Night, and firing  
wanted ;

‘ Tho’ merely for their comfort and their  
good,

‘ No man will Volunteer to fetch in wood.<sup>1</sup>

‘ Orders I’ve given, and very often Rum  
for ’t—

‘ You’re forced to coax them, to consult  
their comfort.

<sup>1</sup> The astonishing difficulties against which Lord Wellington had to struggle, from the disorganized state of his Army, may, in some respect, be understood by reverting to his Lordship’s General Orders. Three volumes are filled with recapitulations of General Courts-Martial.

‘ Look at the French ; those active lively  
Elves

‘ Are always Devilish careful of them-  
selves.

‘ John Bull will Fight, and take their  
Post by Storm,

‘ Then coolly round their Fires have a  
warm.’

The Toast went round, & then with  
brimmers flowing,

The Guests were getting wiser, and more  
knowing.

‘ Here come, my friends,’ says Ward,  
‘ each take your Potion,

‘ Here’s to a speedy and a quick Pro-  
motion !’

‘ Aye,’ says another, ‘ that’s all mere  
derision ;

- ‘ Promotion’s one thing—give me the provision.
- ‘ What signifies the Rank ; with truth I say,
- ‘ Some Generals have but half a pound a Day<sup>1</sup> ;—
- ‘ High Rank no doubt is merely but a Cheat,
- ‘ Unless with it we something get to eat.
- ‘ Men who have interest rise, there is no doubt ;
- ‘ The Rich get all—the poor Man goes without.’
- ‘ Merit,’ says B—n, ‘ it is my fixed belief,
- ‘ Leads merely to Promotion with our Chief.

<sup>1</sup> The handsome addition of Pay to General Officers is highly creditable to those who originally were the promoters of so well-timed a remuneration.

‘ Some instances, I candidly must  
own,

‘ That don’t originate with Him alone.

‘ Others are oft indulged to recommend

‘ (A small convenience to serve a  
Friend);

‘ And when for folly, interest makes a  
Push,

‘ The Chief assents, no doubt, but with a  
Blush.’

‘ Ah, well! some rise, we know, without  
*Achievance*.<sup>1</sup>

‘ You know, Friend B—n, we’ve every  
one our Grievance.

<sup>1</sup> I am but a poor Poet, and if I have taken the advantage in the invention of the word *achievance* in this instance, I hope I may be excused, as we have instances of the richest Poets having done the same.

In respect to the term Grievance, I conceive it does not require explanation in our Military classes.

‘ Come, push about the Glass, and drown  
Hostilities—

‘ Men who have interest rise, D—n their  
Abilities.’

‘ True, honest Ward,’ says John ; ‘ I’m  
one I know it :

‘ Give us a Song, my Boy ! a good one—  
go it !’

Now Song and Glass, and Glee alternate  
roll,

Reason now left it to the flow of Soul.

At length, good Night ! and John got in  
his Chaise ;

He’d not forgot the Feast of former  
Days.

The Fleet arriv’d, his Equipage on Shore,  
As John considered purchasing a Bore.

His Groom four Mules had bought, for he  
was heedful,

With all the Tackle, every thing was  
needful.

John took his leave, with all things in  
good plight,

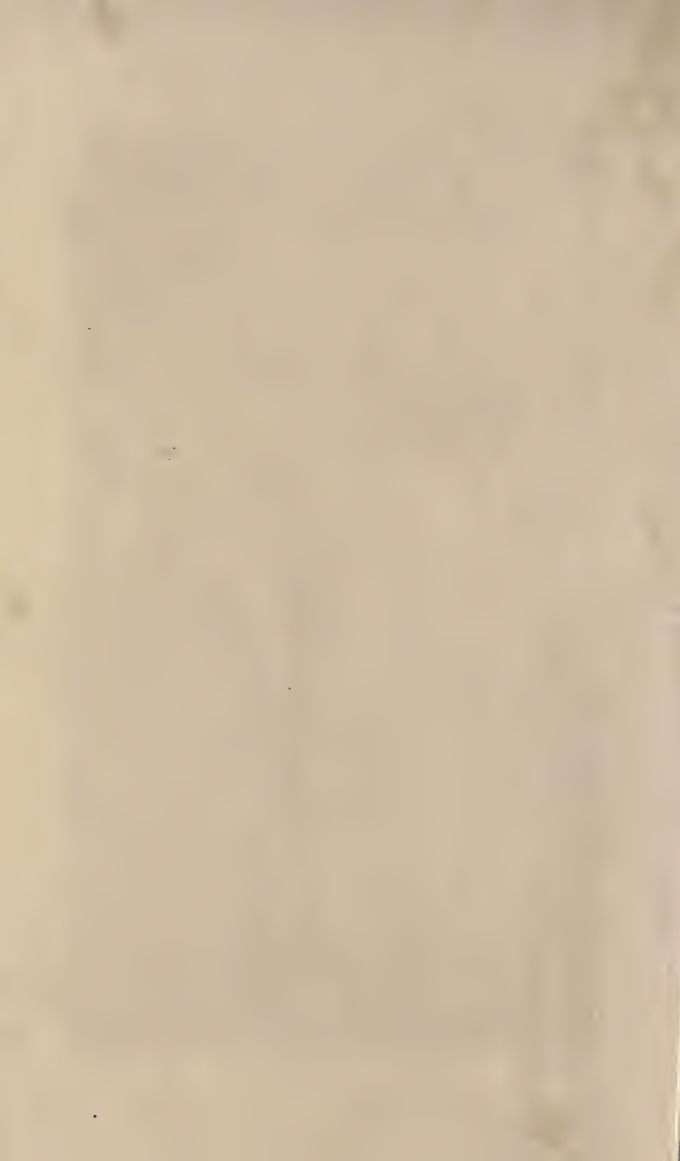
Dashed with his Suite, for Santarem that  
Night.

END OF PART I. OF SEQUEL





*Dash'd with his suite för Santuren that Night*



SEQUEL  
TO THE  
MILITARY ADVENTURES OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME  
PART II



SEQUEL  
TO THE  
MILITARY ADVENTURES OF  
JOHNNY NEWCOME

PART II

JOHN lost no time, saw Guarda, and  
Almeida,  
Then rattled 'cross the Mountains to  
Freinada ;  
In haste repaired to the great Chieftain's  
Hall,  
To give his Letters, and to make his Call.  
John enter'd in, and in that temper found  
him,  
Diffusing ease and pleasure all around him.

‘ Your ardour, *Newcome*, much deserves  
requiting,

‘ To leave St. James’s Square and share  
our Fighting.

‘ Here, Aylmer! in next Orders let there be

‘ *Newcome*’s appointment, extra A.D.C.

‘ Well, what’s the fancy now, and what’s  
the Hoax?

‘ Our list of broken heads may please the  
Folks?

‘ If we’re successful, then ’tis mighty well ;

‘ If not—by God! they send us all to  
Hell.’<sup>1</sup>

‘ Why, true, my Lord!’ says John, ‘ it is  
well known

‘ That any small reverse will cast them  
down ;

<sup>1</sup> The thermometer of Mr. John Bull’s spirits is so delicately compounded, that the smallest variation in the political atmosphere raises, or depresses, to a point verging on Insanity.

‘ But by success crown’d, our City  
Stumpers

‘ Will, with their Venison, swallow us in  
Bumpers.

‘ To talk of War, and Blood, no doubt is  
fine

‘ In a whole Skin—and that Skin full of  
Wine.’

‘ Why don’t they hand us out their Goods  
& Chattles?

‘ We should with much more pleasure  
Fight their Battles.

‘ But, as it is, I trust the next Campaign

‘ I shall drive all the Rascals out of  
Spain.

*Newcome*, remember you’re attached  
to me :

‘ Good Morning now—you’ll find your  
way at Three.’

Thus spoke the Noble Chief; in whom  
 combin'd

A sportive fancy, an immortal Mind—

Who Pomp repell'd, and Pageantry  
 of Show,

And scorn'd the Homage, which from  
 thence did flow;

Simply attir'd, he sought th' embattled  
 Plain,

No studied Splendour, no refulgent  
 Fame,

Could add one Bud of Laurel to his  
 Name.

This was an Honour rather unexpected,  
 And John's acknowledgments were not  
 neglected.

Congratulations flowed from all around—  
 Such follows favour, whensoever it's  
 found.





*Johnny on Duty with his Chief.*



What ever Way he did his Footsteps  
bend,

Johnny was sure to meet a hearty Friend.  
I'm High in Luck, such Friendships do  
accrue me—

' But when I was Sub, why no one knew  
me.'

For John full well knew where the secret  
lay—

Those were the Friendships of a Pro-  
sperous Day.

Prosperity, like Poverty, you'll find.

Holds a strange influence o'er the Human  
Mind.

On Memory's<sup>1</sup> Compass are so adverse set,  
Remember, and, Remember to forget.

<sup>1</sup> I have, in former days, I confess, been rather puzzled to account for a sort of tergiversation in the memory of many young men. I was foolish enough to expect that high-titled Honourables were of similar opinions, in respect to intimacies and friendships, in common with

John knew his Friends, & at what price  
 he bought 'em,  
 So nods, and How d' ye's, gave to all that  
 sought 'em.

Now smiling Spring (such are Poetic  
 Styles)

Saluted John with her effulgent Smiles :

other folks ; but, to my astonishment and disgust, I then found, as I have frequently since experienced, that the man who could bend in the country to a sociable intimacy—changing his ground, changed his deportment ; that the men with whom I have in the country domesticated—have been admitted to a very familiar intimacy, when I met them in Town seemed to have totally lost sight of me, and returned my salute with a careless insolence, if they condescended to return it at all ; this appeared to me ridiculously capricious, unaccountably foolish. At length an old Friend told me it was the way of the world, and that there was a wonderful difference between the Companions in the Country, and the associate in London. Now I do think this is a fair hint to all *Johnny Newcomes*, a warning to make up their minds, that, however my Lord or Sir Toby may condescend to an Intimacy in the Country (which, perhaps, may arise from a selfish principle in these Honourable Worthies) they must expect the Cut direct in Town.

This led him to commence his Operations,  
To make, as Dad advised, his Observations.

Though for an A. D. C. the Chief did take  
him,

Neither his sense, or judgment did forsake  
him.<sup>1</sup>

When his Bucephœlus he got astride  
'Twas for more purposes than merely ride ;  
Something picks up, which ever way  
he Steers,

Making a proper use of Eyes, and Ears.

Some Men have Eyes, and Ears, and yet  
you find

They merely see the Day, and hear the  
Wind ;

<sup>1</sup> Another instance of effect on Memory : how many young Men have we seen in such situations, who have acted like the veriest Simpleton, and by their arrogance, and presumption have excited the contempt of their Equals.

But ask them, and 'tis plain they do not  
know

What causes Light of Day, or Wind to  
Blow.

John was a famous Horseman, and oft  
went

With various Orders, by the Chieftain  
sent ;

Eager, and bold, he round the Country  
rode,

True cut of Leicestershire, and Cattle  
good.

At various times, with various Parties  
mixt,

On different Objects his attention fixt ;

Saw all the Stations in his varying  
Courses,

The Quarters, and Cantonments of the  
Forces ;

Artillery, Hospitals, Forage-yards, and  
Stores,

Cavalry, Infantry, Light Troops, Caçadores ;

Made it his Business, took much pains  
and care

To ascertain the State in which each  
were :

Dined with the Great, and mingled with  
their Minions,

Treasur'd their observations, and opinions.

As in the World those know each other  
best

Where much familiarity's the Test,

A shallow Rogue may secret up a Com-  
ment,

Or free expression of unguarded Moment ;

But urged by vanity, he can't be Mute,

And blabs to shew he's Clever and Acute.

Then wiser Folks, with very little Pains,  
Will undermine his Head, and pick his  
Brains.

John angled well, and to his fullest Wish,  
Lured with the small, and took the  
largest Fish :

Nor slacked his search, nor object did  
forget,

'Till with rich Stores he'd fairly fill'd his  
Net.

Sir John had often made a resolution,  
To speechify about the Constitution.  
He with the Livery stood in some repute,  
' That there's,' ' as how's,' ' d' ye see's,' did  
just them suit.

And then each day in Speech he bolder  
grew,

And 'midst their Broils, shoved in a word,  
or two.



But in the House, when he to speak arose,  
And would the labours of his mind  
disclose,

When all was silent, every Muzzle Mum—  
He could not make a Speech—who made  
a Plum.

But Johnny's turn had kindled fresh his  
hopes,  
He'd now in Figures flourish, and in  
Tropes.

This secret in his heart he'd closely pent ;  
This it was led him wholly to consent,  
When John express'd his ardent wish  
again

To join Lord Wellington the next Cam-  
paign ;

This led him all his influence to use,  
That John might go, to send him Home  
the News ;

This led to giving John his strict directions  
 About his Scrutinizing and Inspections ;  
 To bid him earnestly take special care  
 To see the Troops, and write him what  
 they were :

Meaning on this to make a grand Oration,  
 Both to astonish, and amaze the Nation.  
 His adverse system too had not forgot—  
 His Speech should hit like double-headed  
 Shot.

If seated snugly on the Treasury Bench,  
 ‘ This mighty Force,’ yet did his friends  
*Retrench ;*  
 But if on t’ other side he took his Post,  
 ‘ This mighty Force,’ *th’ enormous sums it*  
*Cost.*

He culled high-sounding words too, for  
 th’ occasion,  
 Material, Bivouac, Demoralization.

Yet poor Sir John, tho' much he'd heard,  
and read,  
Felt still aware how treacherous was his  
Head;  
Tho' yet he laboured like a Brewer's  
Dray-Horse,  
'Twas but to Bother, and increase the Chaos.  
Tho' battled hard some fixt idea to gain,  
No, not one particle would ere remain.

A sudden brilliant thought, just then  
occurred,  
Which to accomplish he'd not be de-  
terred.

Then anxious on this darling object bent,  
Purchased a Seat for John in Parliament.  
Thus reforc'd, he'd take up his  
Position—

Johnny could give him Stores of  
Ammunition,

And if deserted by his treacherous Mind,  
 Johnny might snugly prompt him from  
 behind.

Our Knight now with redundancy of Joy  
 His thoughts communicated to his Boy,  
 In haste indites a Letter to Sir John,  
 Explaining every thing he would have  
 done ;

Hoped with his aid, his object he'd com-  
 plete—

Wished him all happiness in his new  
 Seat.

' Write, my dear John, as often as you can,  
 ' But as we're circumstanced, pursue this  
 Plan,—

' The prying Folks my object now to  
 pose is,

' So frame your Letter in a metamor-  
 phosis.

‘ One Letter you can straight direct to  
me—

‘ Another send to Ludgate, as the Key.

‘ That by this means we shall our secret  
smother,

‘ One can’t be understood, without the  
other.’

’Twas odd enough that Johnny in his  
mind

Was working at a plan of similar kind.

Dad’s welcome News his spirits did elate,

That he was now a Member of the State.

New hopes were busy in his sanguine  
breast,

Perhaps by th’ Speaker he might be  
address.

Should he by chance some Gallant deed  
Achieve,

He might th’ Honourable Speaker’s  
thanks receive.

'Twas usual that, when Heroes took their  
Seat,

A flowery flow of grateful thanks to meet.

Whate'er John thought, he'd not point  
out a Flaw,

The Speaker surely'd not offend the  
Law.

His praise, so general, savour'd of  
Insanity,

Tho' often just—it flatter'd each one's  
Vanity.

Now in true earnest set about his Task,  
Followed old Dad's advice and took the  
Mask.

He knew in Martial Life that Truth no  
jest is,

Their Courts of Honour were their  
Courts of Justice.

He would, if possible, the Truth relate,  
Devoid of malice, naught extenuate.

Dad would his secret keep, he could  
depend ;

As for himself, he meant not to offend :

But should perchance his secret be let  
out,

'Twas a mere Bagatelle to laugh about.

Should he in Metaphoric style transpose

Men into Beasts, or Parsons into Crows—

Those who could be displeas'd he should  
disarm,

His was mere trifling, really meant no  
harm ;

If, tho' in his delineation free,

It would be seen, 'twas mere necessity.

At length his ardent object to pursue,

A Schedule of his means he briefly drew,

All that had come within his observation,

And thus proceeded on with his Narra-  
tion.

- ‘ By way of Introduction, you must know,  
 ‘ It was, I think, but a few Years ago  
 ‘ The Widow’s<sup>1</sup> intellects here were at a  
     stand ;  
 ‘ Her Son then took to Farming of the  
     Land.  
 ‘ If there’s bad management, it always  
     shows,  
 ‘ ’Twas out of Heart, and overrun with  
     Crows.<sup>2</sup>  
 ‘ Such a D——n’d flight of Crows did  
     shocking harm—  
 ‘ A few, we know, are useful to a Farm.  
 ‘ The Squire,<sup>3</sup> ’tis said, did naught but  
     Eat, & Pray,

<sup>1</sup> Her Majesty of Portugal having, unfortunately, a great debility of mind, her Son assum’d the Government as Regent.

<sup>2</sup> Priests of every description. The Regent evinced his predilection for those Gentry, in having, it is said, 30,000 who lived on the fat of the Land.

<sup>3</sup> People are mighty apt to judge with extreme severity on the conduct of Kings and Princes, &c. &c. ; and it



‘ Fearing his precious Soul might go  
astray.

‘ The Farm tho’ bad, and in such piteous  
case,

‘ Was situated in a lovely Place.

‘ The Air was charming, and the Soil was  
sound—

generally happens that Men, who indulge themselves in the practices of Vice, are very liberal in the abuse of their Superiors in Rank and Fortune that shew a similar disposition, totally forgetting that themselves have been accustomed, in the course of Education, and in their commerce with the World, to the sound of wholesome Truths.

In former days a very useful and entertaining Personage was always an Appendage to the Pageantry of Courts, and in great Families—(yclept) a Fool: thro’ this lively Oracle, Truth reached the ears of the Great: but this wise custom has fallen into disuse, and unfortunately the familiars of the Great are now frequently composed of Naturals.

If those in Rank and Dignity enjoyed the advantages in common with the Mass of Mankind, and should then give themselves up to excesses, censure might be just, if that censure came from *clean hands*. But with the disadvantages they labour under from the earliest Age, the harsh animadversions on their conduct are Indecent, Malicious, and Uncharitable.

- ‘ No wonder Neighbours hanker’d for the  
Ground.
- ‘ So Foreign <sup>1</sup> Ants, and Locusts left their  
Station,
- ‘ With other Vermin from a distant  
Nation,
- ‘ Advanced in Hosts, and soon without  
controul,
- ‘ With little trouble occupied the whole.
- ‘ Fled to a Ship, the Squire the Canvas fills,
- ‘ To see a Farm he had at the Brazils :
- ‘ But he, before he boldly ventured forth,
- ‘ Wrote to his Friend, a Farmer <sup>2</sup> in the  
North ;
- ‘ Trusting he would without delay deter-  
mine
- ‘ To send some clever Chap to kill the  
Vermin :

<sup>1</sup> The French Army.

<sup>2</sup> Our most gracious Sovereign.

- ‘ When that was done, he should return  
again,  
‘ And so his loving Cousin did remain.’  
‘ The honest Man to whom he sent his  
Letter,  
‘ A wealthy Farmer was, none could be  
better ;  
‘ He ’d famous Implements, and famous  
Stock,<sup>1</sup>  
‘ And truly was a Father to his Flock.  
‘ His Shepherds,<sup>2</sup> Salesmen, Butchers,  
and his Stud,  
‘ Were all well chosen, capitally good :  
‘ His Stock<sup>3</sup> at times with wild vagaries  
tired him,  
‘ But in their hearts they honour’d and  
admir’d him ;

<sup>1</sup> Fleets and Armies.

<sup>2</sup> Generals, Commissaries, Medical Staff, Cavalry.

<sup>3</sup> Subjects.

‘ One here and there would not from  
mischief keep—

‘ You find in every Flock, a few bad  
Sheep.

‘ This Letter<sup>1</sup> gave the Farmer much  
alarm—

‘ ’Twas like enough they might infest his  
Farm.

‘ He’d send a Shepherd, who with little  
labour,

‘ Should clear the Lands of his poor  
frighten’d neighbour.

‘ So sent a Stock best suited for the Soil,

‘ Led by a Shepherd<sup>2</sup> from a Neigh-  
bouring Isle ;

‘ Who wisely at the first a footing got,

<sup>1</sup> It was supposed the intention of Buonaparte, after having subjugated the Peninsula, was to have invaded England and Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Sir A. Wellesley was sent to Portugal with a small force.

- ‘ Then drove the Vermin from around  
that Spot ;<sup>1</sup>
- ‘ Would, as ’tis said, completed soon the  
job,—
- ‘ Spite, like a Thief, did from his Laurels  
rob.
- ‘ Two elder Shepherds <sup>2</sup> came—and what  
was hard,
- ‘ With their D——n’d nonsense all his  
projects mar’d.
- ‘ If they were sent his active powers to  
fetter,
- ‘ Of those who did it, less that’s said the  
better.
- ‘ Ere since that time he’s toil’d both  
Night and Day,  
And from this Farm the Vermin clear’d  
away.

<sup>1</sup> Vide the Battle of Vimiera.

<sup>2</sup> Sir H——y B——d and Sir H——w D——e.

‘ Pre-eminently now he stands alone,  
 ‘ Lov’d, and obey’d by all as Chief  
 ‘ Patrone ;

‘ In manners easy, wonderful in Mind,  
 ‘ Jocose, familiar with the humblest Hind.<sup>1</sup>

‘ But that’s so wisely temper’d, so  
 ‘ superior,

‘ Commanding due respect from each  
 ‘ Inferior.

‘ His Shepherds<sup>2</sup> tho’ have caused him  
 ‘ much anxiety,

‘ Such numbers sent from Home, and  
 ‘ such variety ;

‘ Some from all Countries, German, Irish,  
 ‘ British—

‘ Some staid enough, but many Cursed  
 ‘ skittish :

<sup>1</sup> Officers.

<sup>2</sup> Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals.

- ‘ Many from Envy — rancorous, and  
jealous,
- ‘ Esteem’d themselves most mighty clever  
Fellows,
- ‘ Would mar the Scheme that he’d so  
ably planned,
- ‘ Had he not held them with a steady  
Hand.
- ‘ Some swore he always studied to insult  
them,
- ‘ There peep’d the Cloven foot—he’d not  
consult them.
- ‘ He wisely judged, and smiled at the  
attack—  
He knew the whole concern was on his  
Back :
- ‘ Had things gone wrong, he knew so  
well their trim,
- ‘ Done what he would, they’d shoved the  
Blame on Him.

‘ Lots of Young Shepherds came, and it  
a fact is,

‘ Some Prudence wanted, but all wanted  
Practice.

‘ So proud to tend a Flock, they’d scorn  
denial,

‘ The Patron therefore took them all<sup>1</sup> on  
Trial :

‘ Kept those with him he thought most  
apt to learn,

‘ The others recommended to return.

‘ Now, my good Friend, ’tis thus the  
matter stands,

‘ No farmer can produce more able  
Hands.

<sup>1</sup> There is no doubt many intelligent Major-Generals came out, whose bad health would not admit their continuing in the Country, and who much regretted their inability to Serve.



‘ One more Patron<sup>1</sup> also, there will be  
found

‘ Who<sup>2</sup> Farms exclusively this Bit of  
Ground.

‘ Of him I cannot speak, I know him not,

‘ You’ll get his Character from Walter  
Scott:

‘ Of his pretensions I am in the Dark,

‘ But Folks pronounce him a D——n’d  
lucky Spark.

‘ That wond’rous Poet’s praise I can’t  
him grudge,

‘ As Mr. Scott must be a better judge.

‘ A largish Family our Chief attends,

‘ Two, or three Shepherds,<sup>3</sup> he retains his  
Friends.

<sup>1</sup> Portugal.

<sup>2</sup> F——d M——l B——d.

<sup>3</sup> The Q——r M——r G——l.

‘ One that inspects the Roads, the  
Lands Survey,

‘ Marks out the Pens, for fear the Herds  
might Stray,

Esteem’d a much superior Fellow in  
his Way.

‘ Another<sup>1</sup> has the charge of his  
Accounts,

‘ Corrects the Bills, and adds up the  
Amounts :

‘ A third,<sup>2</sup> his Private matters does  
indite,—

‘ They’re both extremely Clever, and  
Polite.

‘ Then he’s a numerous Gang of  
Shepherd Boys,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The A——t G——l.

<sup>2</sup> The M——y S——y.

<sup>3</sup> The A——s d— C—— to the Commander of the  
Forces on the Peninsula.

‘ Some go on errands, others kept as  
Toys.

‘ One Youth<sup>1</sup> amidst this lively Group  
appears,

‘ Victim to Miscreants in his early  
Years,

‘ Nobly came forth to act an humble part,

‘ T’ obtain a knowledge of the Farming  
Art :

‘ Fearless encounters Danger and Disaster,

‘ To be the Pupil of so great a Master.

‘ A Youth like him to every virtue prone,

‘ Britannia’s lovely Gem must make her  
own.

‘ Then shoals of Salesmen,<sup>2</sup> travelling in  
all Weathers,

‘ You know them by their Spur, long  
Swords, and Feathers.

<sup>1</sup> The P——ce of O——ge.

<sup>2</sup> Commissaries.

‘ Smuggling, ’tis said, is grown to such a  
Pitch,

‘ That all these Feather’d Rogues are  
getting Rich.

‘ But Folks say any thing for the sake of  
chatter—

‘ I don’t believe a word about the matter :

‘ If in their course of Duty, and Employ-  
ment,

‘ A Hare pick up, by way of some enjoy-  
ment,

‘ That’s quite enough to give the Rogues  
a Name—

‘ “See, these D——n’d Salesmen! why,  
they live on Game!”

‘ Then here ’s a swarm of Butchers,<sup>1</sup> great  
and small,

‘ Some for the Carcase, others for the Stall.

<sup>1</sup> The Medical Officers.

- ‘ One Master Butcher<sup>1</sup> o’er the rest pre-  
sides,  
‘ And with the Patron usually resides :  
‘ Their Journeymen, Apprentices, and  
Men,  
‘ Distributed among each Flock and Pen.<sup>2</sup>  
‘ ’Tis wisely done to have them on the  
Spot,  
‘ To keep them free from Murrain, and  
the Rot :  
‘ Dexterous they are, and in their judg-  
ment sound,  
‘ To amputate a Limb, and cure a Wound.  
‘ Our Worthy, good Patron, with grief it  
fills  
‘ To send the Farmer Home their Mon-  
strous Bills.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. M——r.

<sup>2</sup> Divisions and Hospitals.

<sup>3</sup> Return of killed and wounded.

‘ Much as he likes the Chase—it does him  
shock

‘ To see so many worried of his Flock.

‘ In their Profession admirably skilled ;

‘ That Arm, no doubt, could not be better  
filled.

‘ Skilful as they extract, and Bleed, and  
Cup,

‘ I hope my worthy Friends won’t Cut  
me up.

‘ Our Patron too, has got a Lot of  
Dogs<sup>1</sup>

‘ To clear the Woods and Fences, Fields  
and Bogs :

‘ They ’re chiefly Pointers, but of various  
sorts—

‘ Some Guard the Flocks, others for Field  
Sports.

<sup>1</sup> Artillery.

- ‘ They ’re wond’rous docile, so well Broke,  
and Tame,  
‘ Whene’er they point, they ’re certain of  
their Game.  
‘ Many attach’d to Herds<sup>1</sup>—but all have  
Marks,  
The Deep-toned,<sup>2</sup> Wide-mouth’d ones  
are kept in Parks.  
‘ Steady, and staunch, whene’er the  
Huntsman calls,  
‘ They follow up the Game, nor heed  
Stone Walls.  
‘ The Master Huntsman<sup>3</sup> is a Man well  
known  
‘ To be in favour with the great Patron.  
‘ And then his underlings<sup>4</sup> of every sort,  
‘ Are Keen, and able Fellows for the Sport.

<sup>1</sup> Brigades.

<sup>2</sup> Great guns and mortars, &c. &c.

<sup>3</sup> The O——r C——g the Artillery.

<sup>4</sup> Artillery Officers.

- ‘ Added to these, should Flocks or Herds  
run riot,  
‘ There’s Whippers-in<sup>1</sup> enough to keep  
them quiet.
- ‘ The various Stock is parcelled with  
precision,  
‘ So many Herds are put in each Division.  
‘ The Flocks of Sheep, & Drovers of Mules  
& Goats,<sup>2</sup>  
‘ Distinguished are by Marks upon their  
Coats.  
‘ The Mules are in one Drove, and  
altogether,  
‘ They’re chiefly Stalled, or fastened to a  
Tether:  
‘ Tho’ famous Animals, it does appear  
‘ They rather wildish ran the latter Year ;

<sup>1</sup> Provost Marshals.

<sup>2</sup> Light and Heavy Cavalry.



- ‘ Their Grooms were careless, so ’tis given  
out,  
‘ Or knew not, really, what they were  
about.  
‘ The Mules, it seems, were after Forage  
lurking,  
‘ And so, to fill their Paunch, avoided  
working,<sup>1</sup>  
‘ I ’ll only this observe, as all is past,

<sup>1</sup> In respect to the British Cavalry, many instances were witnessed of gallant conduct of Regiments, Squadrons, and Individuals: they are all Brave—but certainly the Officers are generally deficient in knowledge of Cavalry Tactics; and the men have not that proper regard, and affection, I may call it, for the noble animal that bears them.

A German Soldier will sell his Bread to feed his Horse—  
—a British Soldier will sell the Corn to purchase Drink.

The German Officer, and Soldier, are superior to the British, for both Officer, and Soldier, in the German Cavalry, know their Duty, and feel a pride in it.

It is not a whimsical Uniform, or a monstrous pair of Mustachios, that make the Cavalry Officer: but there seems so much attention now-a-days paid to the external embellishment, that the interior is left to bare Walls—empty Chambers.

Even the French Cavalry boasted, ‘that give them

- ‘ It was a general fault, from first to last.  
 ‘ A few pick’d Shepherds<sup>1</sup> too, ’tis fair to  
     Name,  
 ‘ Tho’ all are good, not good alike the  
     same.
- ‘ The First<sup>2</sup> who stands upon our Patron’s  
     Book  
 ‘ For Foreign Parts, he early Home  
     forsook—  
 ‘ Good-humoured, gay, yet one can well  
     descry  
 ‘ There’s much intelligence marked in his  
     Eye ;

English Horses, and they would drive the British Cavalry from the Field’; and there are folks who are inclined to believe them : then as for Cavalry Generals—I wish there was a School for Generals.

<sup>1</sup> L——t G——ls and M——r G——ls commanding divisions.

<sup>2</sup> Lt.-Gen. Sir R——d H——l.

‘ He’s oft detached with largish Flocks,  
and Droves

‘ To take advantage of the neighbouring  
Groves :

‘ I have not room his qualities to tell,

‘ He does his business, and he does it  
well ;

‘ From sturdy Stem of Shropshire he’s a  
Limb,

‘ The proud Salopians may be proud of  
Him.

‘ Then there’s a rich old Shepherd,<sup>1</sup> fra’  
the North,

‘ A braver Man ne’er stept on this side  
Forth.

‘ Tho’ master of a Farm, and oldish  
grown,

‘ He slighted all to serve with our Patron ;

<sup>1</sup> Lt.-Gen. Sir T——s G——m.

‘ Lively, and brisk, and, tho’ good-  
temper’d, rough—

‘ Scott’s praise of Him is scarcely praise  
enough.

‘ Here’s too a gaudy Shepherd,<sup>1</sup> come  
from Cheshire,

‘ Much like the rest I think, but rather  
fresher.

‘ The little I shall say needs no apology,

‘ The Speaker has, I know, pronounc’d  
his Eulogy.

‘ He manages the Mules, mark’d Red and  
Blue,

‘ Doing it well, he has enough to do.

‘ Then there’s another Roister,<sup>2</sup> also, fra’  
the North,

<sup>1</sup> Lt.-Gen. Sir S——n C——n.

<sup>2</sup> Lt.-Gen. E——l D——e.

‘ And like his Countryman, as High in  
worth ;

‘ I know him well, and my opinion ’s such,

‘ Say what I will, I cannot say too much.

‘ With Southern Farmers, this may cause  
a Smile,

‘ The Scots are Farmers in superior Style.

‘ Another Shepherd<sup>1</sup> also in request

‘ Is very justly placed amongst the Best ;

‘ Ardent, and Brave, for Glory does  
aspire,

‘ And such a sentiment one must admire.

‘ If any trifling fault we to him lay,

‘ He’s anxious over-much—for so they  
say.

‘ Here’s a brisk Irish Lad<sup>2</sup> too, Devil a  
better,

<sup>1</sup> Lt.-Gen. C—n.

<sup>2</sup> Maj.-Gen. P—k—m.

‘ Who at the Vermin is a rattling Setter ;  
 ‘ Connected with the great Patron, ’tis true,  
 ‘ But his Abilities will bear him through.

‘ Fain would I now describe in Epigram  
 ‘ A bold descendant of Sir David Gam.<sup>1</sup>  
 ‘ Connected to this Taffy blood, we find  
 ‘ A noble Soul, and an expansive Mind ;  
 ‘ In Fields of Glory he such progress  
   made,  
 ‘ His Laurels now afford him ample  
   Shade.

‘ Another too, a lively Irish Fellow,<sup>2</sup>  
 ‘ Time, perhaps, may soften down, and  
   render mellow ;  
 ‘ Impetuous by Nature, often Rash,  
 ‘ But Stout, and Sturdy, famous at a  
   Dash.

<sup>1</sup> Lt.-Gen. Sir T. P——n.

<sup>2</sup> Maj.-Gen. C——e.

‘ And one more fra’ the North,<sup>1</sup> that I  
must mention,  
‘ Who’s influenc’d no doubt by just  
intention;  
‘ For Zeal, and Ardour he to none may  
yield,  
‘ And thought an active Fellow in the  
Field.

‘ One more<sup>2</sup> I’ll mention, as I think it  
fair,  
‘ That where there’s merit, it should have  
its share;  
‘ Bold, Active, Mild, Intelligent, and  
Pleasant,  
‘ Liked by his charge, from Herdsman to  
the Peasant.

<sup>1</sup> Maj.-Gen. Sir T. S——t.

<sup>2</sup> Lt.-Gen. L——h.

‘ There ’s Lots of others too, most Gallant  
Spirits,

‘ Volumes would not do justice to their  
merits ;

‘ Suffice it must to say, their Country’s  
weal

‘ Can never be sustain’d by nobler Zeal.

‘ I’ll now describe how is arrang’d the  
Stock,

‘ The distribution of each Herd, and  
Flock :

‘ A Master Shepherd is attach’d to each,

‘ The whole to manage, ignorant to  
teach.

‘ A Junior to each Flock, Clerk, Surveyor,<sup>1</sup>

‘ A Whipper - in also, to catch the  
Strayer,—

<sup>1</sup> M—r-G—l, Ass—t Adj—t-G—l, Ass—t  
Q—r-M—r-G—l.



- ‘ Herdsmen and Salesmen<sup>1</sup>—perhaps two  
Dogs or more,  
‘ To scare away the Vermin with their  
Roar ;  
‘ These, well dispos’d, and parcell’d o’er  
the Land,  
‘ At once pourtrays the able Master’s  
Hand.  
‘ All are so excellent, and in such  
Heart,  
‘ Thirsting for Glory, panting for the  
Start.
- ‘ Some Flocks there are, the produce of  
those Lands,  
‘ Whose Shepherds were not reckon’d  
able Hands :

<sup>1</sup> Officers, Commissaries, Guns, Provost Marshals.

‘ ’Twas evident their Stock should be  
new moulded,

‘ And under skilful Hands, fresh Penn’d,  
and Folded.<sup>1</sup>

‘ An Irish Shepherd,<sup>2</sup> now a Patron  
named,

‘ Who for Interior management was  
famed,

‘ Was bid to put, and in good order keep,

‘ This Lot of loose, disorder’d, scurvy  
Sheep.

‘ It was an arduous job, with danger  
fraught,

‘ And justly so describ’d by Mr. Scott.

<sup>1</sup> The P—se Army was originally contemptible. The great brilliant, and persevering exertions of F—d-M—l B—d, and the Officers under him, have been successful, by rendering the P—se Army efficient in point of Discipline, Activity, and interior Oeconomy.

<sup>2</sup> F—d-M—l B—d.

- ‘ But, ere he could this business undertake,  
‘ Some Shepherds,<sup>1</sup> Herdsmen, Hinds,  
    was forced to make,  
‘ Many from Britain, most from Ireland  
    chose,  
‘ Interest, they say, in this did interpose.  
‘ There’s something always blameable  
    appears,  
‘ Whate’er’s the job, where interest  
    interferes ;  
‘ But in this case, amongst the Numbers  
    sent,  
‘ Saving a Few, the rest were excellent,—  
‘ Who by their Skill, and active per-  
    severance,  
‘ Soon gave the Flocks a different appear-  
    ance,—

<sup>1</sup> Officers taken from the British and German regiments.

- ‘ And in small Herds, now Browsing with  
the rest,  
‘ Are estimated as the Second best.  
‘ Their Herdsmen too, once ignorant no  
doubt,  
‘ Seem now to understand what they’re  
about.  
‘ There’s also come, I’m told, some  
Fam’d Borachios,<sup>1</sup>  
‘ With shortish Tails, but monstrous  
large Mustachios ;

<sup>1</sup> The H——r B——de.

Upon our approach to the River Eslar, it was expedient that a Lodgement should be made on the opposite side of that River, to protect the formation of the Pontoon Bridge, for the Army to cross the River ; the Hussar Brigade, supported by the 51st Light Regt. and Light Regiment of Brunswick Oels (ordered to support the Cavalry) were ordered to attack, take, and maintain the Village. The River, at all times rapid, by the melting of the Snow, was swollen two feet in depth, and its current raged with increasing velocity : 100 Men of the 51st were advanced, with the advance of the Hussars, and passed at the Ford with safety, but drenched with Water ; the two Corps followed, and it was directed

‘ One really would suppose, from their  
D——d braying,  
‘ No Vermin in the Country dare be  
staying.

that an Infantry Soldier should hold by the stirrup-leather of a Hussar. Whether it was the anxiety to pass the Ford, or some other cause, such was the press to enter the River, that the Ford was lost, and in one minute were seen Hussars scrambling, their Horses now on a Rock—next minute, plunging over head, the Infantry dragged hanging at the Stirrup, and Horses Tails ; some by a jerk, or kick lost their hold, and were, struggling with the Torrent—others borne by the rapid Current of the Water, sunk, never to rise more ;—others happily cast on bits of Islands. Hussars were seen plunging to get up the Bank, dragging three or four Infantry, half-drowned, so convulsed as to keep their grasp. Men’s Caps, Knapsacks, floating down the Stream : but the attachment of one Infantry Soldier to his Firelock was astonishing—he was seen by an Officer, who rode to the brink of the Rock ; as the Man floated down the stream, supported as he lay on his back, by his Knapsack, the Officer said, ‘ Can you swim ? ’ ‘ No, your honour.’ ‘ Then throw away your Firelock.’ ‘ No, your honour ; I’ll bring She to shore with me—I won’t part with She.’ Fortunately the current bore Him so near to the Rock, the Officer could reach his Bayonet, and the Man was saved. On this occasion it is not in words to give an adequate idea of the gallant and humane conduct of the Hussars. A Serjeant of the 18th Hussars was heard to exclaim, upon his seeing a

‘ They’re wondrous favourites with the  
Squire, I’ve heard,—

‘ Some think their Trappings foolish, and  
absurd.

‘ Their Herdsman too, tho’ he so often  
blunders,

‘ At home has got the Name for doing  
wonders.

‘ Be that as’t may—tho’ this Drove came  
the latest,

very fine young Officer of the 51st struggling for life in the middle of the Torrent, ‘I’ll be D—d if the fine Boy shall be drowned,’ and plunged his Horse into the Stream, and, when he rose above the Water, pressed towards the Officer, caught him by the jacket, and lifted him on Shore.—Many other similar cases happened. During the time of passing the River, indeed, I have every reason to believe the Men of the Hussars that were drowned, on this occasion, died victims to their humanity. And it was admirable to see those gallant Fellows, when landed, and free from the grasp of the poor Infantry Soldiers, spring forward to ascend the Hill with an ardour to attack an Enemy they were instructed to expect would oppose them.

I wish it was in my power to have paid a similar compliment, for humane exertion, to an Officer of A—y.

- ‘ They ’re much the finest Asses, and the  
Greatest :
- ‘ But really I do think, when forward  
Straying,
- ‘ They ’ll in a Gallant Style make good  
their Braying.
- ‘ From Lisbon, also, on the Road to join,  
‘ Is a prime Lot of Large, and Royal  
Swine ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The H—ld T—ps.—In respect of those fine Regiments, much, very much, should be considered in their favour.

Unaccustomed to Foreign service—unaccustomed to any duty but London duty, which Duty there are no Regiments can perform half so ably—distinguished from other Regiments in every respect, particularly in regard to *pay* and interior convenience, it was hardly fair, and assuredly inconsiderate, calculating the expence, to employ the Life Guards on such service.

Barring the absence of proper feeling in a few Officers, who rather too hastily returned Home, no Troops were more distinguished for Discipline, good Conduct, *Sobriety*, Zeal, and Gallantry, or for their patient, and cheerful submission to privations, and hardships resulting from the nature of the Service, and possibly somewhat increased by their inexperience : and I may observe without any possible risk of contradiction, had the Household

‘ They’re no great Favourites with the  
Farmer’s Heir,

‘ And that He’d sell them all did oft  
declare.

‘ He’s of a different turn, and rests his  
Basis

‘ On rearing up a famous Breed of Asses.

‘ As for these Swine, I’m told they’re  
large, and good,

‘ At first were much averse to foreign  
Food.

‘ Such a wild Row was kick’d up by the  
Brutes,

‘ ’Twas all dismay, disasters, and disputes :

‘ As for dismay each bristled up his Chine,

‘ Grunted for finest Wheat, and then for  
Wine,

Troops been fortunately pitted against the best Cavalry of the Enemy, the result would have given them a Celebrity in arms coequal to a general Character so highly creditable to those Corps.



- ‘ Then for disaster, their Swineherds  
pretend,  
‘ They chose to Roam, refused to be close  
Penn’d.  
‘ Disputes they had, no doubt, one with  
another,  
‘ The Swine, and Swineherds grunted at  
each other.  
‘ No wonder that these Animals play’d  
tricks,  
‘ Their Senior Swineherds all, they say,  
are Sticks.<sup>1</sup>

- ‘ A drove from Oxford too, are with the  
rest,  
‘ And judges say, are much by far the  
Best.

<sup>1</sup> F——d O——rs, Gold and Silver Sticks in the  
Court Regalia.

‘ Loose as they are, the Patron has no  
doubt,

‘ Bold as the best, they’ll route the  
Vermin out.

‘ I’ve now to tell you, that in all Directions

‘ Dry Forage<sup>1</sup> is amassed in vast  
Collections,

‘ That when by heat, or cold the Grass is  
dead,

‘ ’Tis from these Stores the Flocks &  
Droves are fed.

‘ Warerooms of Medicine, kept with the  
intent

‘ To cure those Sick, or hurt by accident.

‘ In short, my Friend, without exaggeration,

‘ The whole reflects much credit on the  
Nation.

<sup>1</sup> Ample Stores—of Provision—Forage, also for the Hospitals, and of various other descriptions.

- ‘ A nobler Stock, more healthy and complete,  
‘ Travel where ’er you will, you ’ll scarcely meet.  
‘ No doubt Material has been well supplied ;  
‘ But in your judgment you will soon decide,  
‘ That raw Materials, spoil without the aid  
‘ Of Workmen highly eminent in Trade,—  
‘ So, the perfection of this Stock alone  
‘ Springs from the genius of our great Patron.’

## N. B.

- ‘ One word, or two I merely wish to say,  
‘ A trifling circumstance, about the Pay :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The pay of the Army is six months in arrear ; the Contingent allowance Ten months.

A more than actual sufficiency for the Men during the

- ‘ If an Artificer a Work engages,  
 ‘ He contracts to receive a certain  
     Wages ;  
 ‘ If that ’s withheld, he strikes—but here  
     ’tis clear,  
 ‘ Our’s daily strike, tho’ paid but once a  
     Year.  
 ‘ They only Strike, ’tis true ; but when  
     we need ’em,  
 ‘ Then not for Lucre, but their Country’s  
     freedom.  
 ‘ Grumble they don’t, but yet it would be  
     best,  
 ‘ To have, no doubt, some little in the  
     Chest.’

operations of active Warfare is injurious ; the Soldier should not have wherewith to get drunk with, for that is always the result after the Balances are received, and, until the Money is exhausted, the Soldier is a Clog. The Officers, unfortunately, suffer by the withholding their Pay.

John having thus transcrib'd all he'd  
Collected,  
The Letter sent, as honest Dad directed.

The Summer Solstice did with strides  
advance—

The Chief jocosely said, 'Prepare for  
France,'

The joke passed on, but yet it will appear,  
There was more meaning lurk'd than met  
the Ear.

His wond'rous projects now might be  
effected,

Success must crown where'er his power  
directed.

Tho' in Field-sports he join'd for recrea-  
tion

His Nobler pursuits kept in reservation.

A Gallant Army, in the finest state,  
Panting for glory, did his nod await.

The toils, and labours of the late  
Campaigns,

His great exertions, all his cares, and  
Pains,

Were well repaid—for now he could  
fulfil

The boldest object of his Mighty Will.

Now busy rumour of anticipation

Whispers the general movement from each  
Station.

And now the Staff, with air of consequence,

A question cannot solve on no pretence—

‘ When do we move? you know ; come,  
tell us, pray.’

You move him not—he gravely moves  
away ;

His chill reserve, his cold repulsive mien,

But hides the mighty nothings of his  
brain.

‘ Here, *Newcome*’s in the secret; he will  
tell us.’

‘ No, D—n me if I can, my honest Fellows.

‘ I ’ll tell you what, my Boys, ’tis my belief,

‘ There ’s no one in the secret but our Chief,

‘ The advantages of secrecy he knows,

‘ No one can tell, what no one can dis-  
close.’

As for John’s part, whether ’twere False,  
or True,

He freely told the trifle that he knew ;

It was a littleness he did despise,

The poor conceit of being suspected  
Wise ;

But with the World he saw, that was  
the rule,

The resource, and refuge, of each Fool.

’Twas now the middle of the Month of  
May,

When o'er the Hills the Warlike Hosts  
display—

The Colours waving in the flitting Wind,  
The lengthened Columns tailing far  
behind.

Now the steep Mountain-cliff their steps  
assail,

Again descending, Wind into the Vale.

The undulating Columns o'er the Plain  
Proclaim a Host in motion once again.

Fain would my Muse depict the Warlike  
scenery,

The awful Grandeur of the vast  
Machinery ;

Fain make familiar to imagination

Th' effect of moving War by combination ;

Fain teach unletter'd Minds to under-  
stand,

The nice cohesion of the Warlike  
band—



With diffidence, this object to obtain,  
I'll try the subject in my humble Strain.

Full Eighty thousand Men, in partial  
Bands,

Extending wide in Quarters o'er the  
Lands;

All well equipp'd, by Winter's preparation,  
In order most complete to quit each  
Station.

Cheerful, Repose, and Luxury they  
yield,

Following their Mighty Chieftain to the  
Field;

And thus in part the Warlike arts dis-  
play'd

This numerous force, so skilfully array'd.  
In various Bodies, Marching to one  
Point,

Communication kept, and no disjoint;

Parallel move—so uniformly Led,  
 None deviate, no Column shoots a-head.  
 So well preserve the distance from each  
     other,

Contiguous Columns flanking one another.  
 Day, after Day, this rigidly maintain  
 O'er the rude Mountain, or extended  
     Plain.

Then Glittering Herds of Cavalry appear,  
 Advanced in Front, on Flank, or in the  
     Rear :

So form'd, so organiz'd, this Mighty Host,  
 All know their Station, every Man his  
     Post.

Can ought be seen more wond'rous, more  
     Sublime,

This great Machine in motion at one time ;  
 So well dispos'd, and all so closely cling,  
 Receiving impulse from one active  
     Spring ?

'Twas thus our Army open'd the  
Campaign,  
And Lusitania left, to burst on Spain.

Thus our great Captain led his gallant  
Band,  
O'er the wide Plains of Leon's fertile  
Land ;  
Whilst all the Gallic Force, the Hostile  
Foe,  
Directed by Gazon, and great King Joe,  
Spread o'er the Country round, in varied  
Route,  
Bewilder'd in perplexity, and doubt :  
When t'wards the South their eager looks  
addrest,  
The Allied Troops surpriz'd them from  
the West ;  
With all their Force array'd on Douro's  
Bank,

Our skilful Hero took them on the Flank ;  
 From Salamanca bravely chased them  
 forth,

And drove them in dismay towards the  
 North.

Burgos blown up, Pencorva forc'd to  
 yield,

Nor check'd their flight 'till reach'd  
 Vittoria's Field.

Whilst o'er the Mountains, Bands of  
 Spaniards<sup>1</sup> prowl,

With little order, and with less controul ;

<sup>1</sup> However formidable the Spanish Armies are on Paper, what we have seen of them in the Field does not entitle them to be ranked with any description of Troops in Europe ; and I even doubt if the Americans would not speak slightly of them. I will give the Spanish Nation all the credit for obstinacy and jealousy they can wish ; but I for one give them no further : their conduct to their Allies, in many instances, has been unfriendly and suspicious — often Hostile. It may be politic to commend their conduct for Gallant Achievement in the Field ; I of course shall not presume to contradict that : and much may be allowed for a Ragged, Starved, unpaid Host, and of whom the Officers are the

While desolation o'er their Country  
spread,

The High-toned Blood, the Warlike soul  
was fled ;

Whate'er the Cause, the Motive, or the  
Reason,

By Fraud, by Threats, by Artifice, or  
Treason,

Whilst Hosts on Hosts did in succession  
grow,

Judge from events, they merely were for  
Show ;

With other Troops they hold no sort of  
Rivalry,

Cervantes quizz'd them out of all the  
Chivalry.

first to run away. They have admitted some, but very few British Officers into their service ; but if the selection has proved fortunate, I suppose it will be hereafter made known.

Now all the Gallic force suspends its  
Flight,

And at Vittoria Centre, and Unite;

Joe, and Gazon had check'd its voli-  
tation,

And in array the Army round it  
Station.

Both Imbecile, and Vain, they treat with  
slight

The Hero and his Troops who'd caus'd  
their Flight.

Puff'd with conceit, they Espionage  
neglected,

So got a visit, sooner than expected.

Tho' he in Leon had their minds  
astonish'd,

Joe, and his Chum were not to be  
admonish'd.

For Joe was heard amidst his Dames to  
say,

‘ That our great Lord should Dine<sup>1</sup> with  
him that Day.

‘ And when he had prepar’d Ragouts and  
Soups,

‘ He’d take the noble Lord, and Route  
his Troops.’

Forgetting he’d to deal with one so arch,  
Who on the Vaunter neatly stole a March.

<sup>1</sup> It was ascertained as fact, that King Joe was so certain of beating the Allied Army, it was his and Gazon’s intention to have attacked ; and Joe had boasted he should beat the Enemy, and had actually prepared a grand Dinner for Lord Wellington and his Officers. They meant to attack on the 22d of June.

Joe always travelled with a Suite of Ladies, generally beautiful Women : it is said, there were ten ladies of his private Family with him. Those, with all his Wardrobe, Carriages, and Plunder from Madrid, were taken, and he only escaped with the Clothes on his Back, having lost his Hat. By way of replenishing his Goods and Chattles, he actually stole the Linen, Plate, and Clothes, from every place he stopped at, until he reached the French frontier—and also a Hat from a Priest.

The whole Baggage, Money, Artillery, and those of the French Army were taken—Carriages, and Animals, and a great many Ladies. The French Officers said they were so pinched, we did not leave them a Pinch of Snuff.

Then reconnoitring how they were dis-  
pos'd,

To all his Generals his mind disclos'd—

The one great object, anxious to obtain,

' To drive the Rascals fairly out of Spain.'

On twenty-first of June, made Disposition

To force the Enemy from their Position.

Full Sixty thousand Men, arrang'd in

Sight

(But more inclin'd, I think, to run than

Fight),

Tho' seeming bent his progress to dispute,

Receiv'd his Visit with a grand Salute.

First on our right the great, the gallant

Hill,

Obedient to our noble Chieftain's will,

The Enemy, tho' strongly posted found,

Their Left drove in—they quickly left the

Ground.



Dalhousie, Picton, then the conflict enter,  
Intrepidly advance against the Centre:

This forc'd, they hastily commenced the  
flight,

For Graham, boldly press'd upon their  
Right.

Tho' Cannon, Mortars, play'd from every  
part

Sufficient to appal the bravest heart—

Tho' show'rs of Bullets whizzing from  
each Spot

(The French are rather partial to long  
Shot),

Nor Shots, nor Shells, nor Legions in Array,  
Not for one moment check'd them on  
their Way ;

But Slow and Firm, progressively they  
move,

And from each Post, the Hostile mis-  
creants Drove.

In vain th' embattl'd Foe, with Warlike  
Band,

Bristled with Cannon, could the Charge  
withstand.

Slaughter, and Death, on every side they  
meet,

And only find their safety in Retreat.

The fact was this, the Fellows ran away,  
Commenc'd their Flight so early in the  
Day ;

In haste the Road to Pampeluna took,  
And Ladies, Baggage, Cannon, all for-  
sook ;

Fighting gave up, and had recourse to  
Cunning—

They're sure to beat us if it comes to  
Running.

This I've observ'd, whene'er we Battle  
make,

We overcome, but seldom overtake.

And tho' our Gallant Cavalry would fain  
Have shar'd the Glory of th' ensanguin'd

Plain,

Their anxious wishes could not be effected,  
'Twas so by Ditches,<sup>1</sup> and Ravines, pro-  
tected.

Joe, and Gazon, as Generals, must be  
scouted—

First out Manœuvred, then completely  
Routed.

But of their Conduct, what we most up-  
braid is,

They wanted Courage to protect their  
Ladies.

<sup>1</sup> Such was the rapidity of the Conflict, and such the nature of the Ground, very few of our Gallant Cavalry were engaged; wide, deep, and watery Ditches intersected the Country in all directions. Had the ground admitted, our Cavalry must have intercepted Thousands.

The French could only take two small Field-pieces with them, which, from the rapidity of the pursuit, fell into the Conqueror's hands before they reached Pampe-luna; but in their usual depredatious way, they plundered all the Houses, and burned many.

Such dastards, as we generally find most,  
Secure themselves, the Devil take the  
hindmost,

And now it was the Hussars<sup>1</sup> got their  
share,

Took all the Coaches, Baggage, and the  
Fair.

Not of their Gallantry I would speak  
slighting,

No Troops, I'm sure, can beat them at  
fair Fighting.

This was the Day on which our Gallant  
John

Would crown his Fame, as he had told  
upon :

Being by Order of his Chief dispatch'd—  
Bent on his purpose, he th' occasion  
watch'd;

<sup>1</sup> The Hussars made a gallant charge through the Town, and in their progress attacked, and drove the Enemy's Cavalry out.

Eager in search of Glory, and Renown,  
Dash'd, with some Hussars, boldly into  
Town.

Joe, who had heard of the Hussars'  
approach,  
Had with his Ladies hustled to his  
Coach ;  
There, finding they were close upon his  
Back,  
Quickly<sup>1</sup> bounc'd out, and jump'd upon  
a Hack ;  
In wild disorder, and in strange dismay,  
Spurr'd thro' the Crowd, in hopes to steal  
away.

<sup>1</sup> King Joe, or, as the Spaniards properly style him, the Intruder, was so pressed, he jumped on a horse, lost his Hat, and galloped at full speed out of the Town ; and, as Officers and Men, afterwards taken, assured the Author, he actually threw money to the French Soldiery to let him pass.

Our Hero, in mean time, dash'd to and  
fro,

By accident o'ertook poor scampering  
Joe—

And with his Sabre lent him such a Lick,  
'Twas lucky that poor Joe's skull was  
Thick,

Who, to avoid the Blow, was stooping  
down—

The Sabre from his Hat, cut off the  
Crown.

Whilst hapless Joe, escaping, tho' full sad,  
He'd lost that Day the only Crown he  
had,

But felt consol'd, when at a distance fled,  
His Crown had lost, but still had got his  
Head.

John, in the bustle, thought Joe's Head  
had tumbled,

And 'mongst the Ladies furbelows was  
jumbled.

The poor Madames, arrested in their  
flight,

Were sprawling in the Street, in woeful  
plight—

Screaming, and fainting, prostrate sought  
protection,

'Midst Hussars pillaging in all direction,  
Such struggling, rifling, squeezing,  
'mongst the Folks,

Whiskers, Mustachios, Petticoats, and  
Cloaks.

When John, in eager search, fell oddly  
flat on

Madame Gazon,<sup>1</sup> with Marshal Jourdon's  
Baton ;

<sup>1</sup> Madame, the Countess Gazon, a charming woman, was taken by the Hussars. Major R——'s, 10th Hussars, it is said, had the Gallantry and Honour to

This charming Woman, tho' a General's  
Wife,

Would much give up, in hopes to save her  
Life ;

And tho' a careful Guardian of her  
honour,

Freely resign'd whate'er John found upon  
her.

Who rais'd the fair, and saw where she  
had sat,

Not Joey's Head, 'tis true, but bit of Hat.

John, who had long on Glory anxious bent,  
This Day succeeded to his heart's con-  
tent :

Honour, renown, he fairly now bespoke,  
For this Day's job had been a lucky  
Stroke.

protect her : she was allowed to follow her Husband a few Days after.—Part of the Cavalry only passed through the Town, the Army went right and left of it.



Joe's Head was gone, no doubt—but  
what of that?

He'd got the Baton, and the bit of  
Hat;

So from the noise, and tumult in the  
Street,

He led the lovely Lady, and her Suite;  
And in full hopes by politesse to win  
her,

Gave Her poor Joey's Bed, and Joey's  
Dinner.

The Battle o'er, the French to flight  
resign'd 'em,

Running as if the Devil was behind  
'em.—

Field-pieces left to those who'd luck to  
find 'em.

And there I leave the Cowards to their  
fate,

Whilst I of other matters shall relate.

The Victory gain'd, the Chieftain sought  
repose,

When John in modest accents did dis-  
close

His great exploits, the wond'rous Feats  
he'd done—

The Trophies that he had so nobly won.

The Chief, astonish'd, look'd with much  
amaze on

The Baton, bit of Hat, and Madame  
Gazon.

The noble Chief in contemplation Sat,  
Admir'd the Dame, and archly touch'd  
the Hat :

Tho' at her charms in secret look'd  
askance,

He, great, like Scipio, sent her back to  
France.

And then, his humble duty to evince,  
Would send the Hat, and Baton, to the  
Prince.

The Baton would be, in his Country's  
Eyes,

Deem'd both a noble, and a glorious  
Prize;

And, p'rhaps, in spite of rumour, and of  
Chat,

Some Folks might like a bit of Royal  
Hat.

' *Newcome* should have the honour to  
present,

' The Hat and Baton to the Prince  
Regent;

' Relate of Cannon taken, and the Pelf,<sup>1</sup>

' The Victory would best explain itself.'

<sup>1</sup> The numerous Carriages of all descriptions, and Tumbrils, so completely blocked the Road, and filled the contiguous Fields, it was difficult to pass; the Carriages were completely loaded with Baggage, and

And now, almost as quick as I can tell,  
John found himself once more in dear  
Pall Mall.

But, as he'd not from usual custom vary,  
In Chaise and Four, called on the  
Secretary.

The Minister, with admiration struck,  
Soon advertised his Friends of their good  
Luck ;

the miserable Animals pushed into Deep, and Wet Ditches. The four-wheeled Tumbrils were loaded with Ammunition, and Money. It is supposed that those who divided the Spoil were enriched: certainly the Soldiers got Thousands of Dollars and Doubloons. It is said, more Persons than Soldiers shared in the Spoil ; one got £8000 of Doubloons. It is to be lamented that, in consequence of the hurry and confusion, the Money was thus distributed—but it was inevitable ; and the good fortune fell to the lot of many who did not share in the Conflict.

Two hundred and five Pieces of Ordnance were taken, and five hundred Tumbrils ; large quantities of Army Stores, and Mules, and Horses, and much inferior Plunder also.—Vittoria is a superior Spanish Town, and situated in a fertile Plain.

This Victory, with all its consequences,  
Would seat them firmly on the Treasury  
Benches.

Read the Dispatch—wrote off to the  
Lord Mayor,

Who to the Cits should the great News  
declare ;

And they, Rich, Lusty Rogues, without  
alloy,

As usual, Ate and Drank, to shew their  
joy.

And now what hearty peals of exclama-  
tion,

What Cannon firing, and what Con-  
flagration ;

Such shouts, such grinning, 'mongst all  
Ranks of Men,

You'd thought they ne'er would shut  
their mouths again.

Such horizontal stretching of each  
Muzzle,

Such Drinking healths, such roaring, and  
such Guzzle.

But should some small mishap be buzz'd  
auricular,

The horizontal would be perpendicular.

John, who in most things had his share of  
Nouse,

His humble duty left at Carlton House ;  
And was inform'd, with certain pompous  
gravity

(At Courts one seldom stumbles upon  
suavity),

That He, the Hat, and Baton, Mag-  
nifique,

Should be presented early in the Week ;  
It was the R——t's will, at sights so  
pleasant,

The Q——n, and all her Ladies, should  
be present.

Down to the ground our Hero made his  
bow,

And to the Knight and Lady, off he flew.

‘ So, my dear John, you made poor Joey  
truckle ’;

Whilst at the Hat he silyly gave a chuckle.

My Lady, too, the Baton did explore—

‘ She ’d never seen so fine a thing before.’

Johnny then told them of his feats of  
Arms,

Of Joe’s escape, and Madame Gazon’s  
charms.

‘ Come, John,’ says Dad, ‘ from truth you  
cannot screen us ;

‘ You were her Mars, my Boy, and she  
your Venus.’

John now at every House was in request,  
And every where receiv'd a welcome  
Guest.

He thought he ne'er should finish with his  
Glory,

So often pester'd to repeat the story.

We give him credit there for a pretence,  
He rather lik'd being made of Conse-  
quence.

The Battle, Trophies, Folks were so much  
wrapt in,

They made a mighty bustle 'bout the  
Captain.

Captain no more—for in the next  
Gazette,

Tho' envious ones did vastly fume and  
fret,

In recompence for wonderous Renown,  
Who seiz'd a Baton, and cut off a  
Crown :





*Presenting the Trophies.*



As C——n for a precedent was quoted,  
Lieutenant Colonel<sup>1</sup> was at once Pro-  
moted.

And now the Day arriv'd, as deem'd  
expedient,

John should present the Trophies to the  
R——t.

Th' illustrious R——t sat in Regal  
State,

The Lords and Ladies did around him  
wait.

John made his Triple Bows, and kneel-  
ing down,

Humbly presented the Baton, and Crown.

<sup>1</sup> It was considered rather an uncommon instance of good fortune, the Noble L—d should, on any pretence, have been so unaccountably promoted in the same Gazette, Major and Lieut.-Colonel.

It so fell out, perhaps no one could say  
why,

The Ladies titter'd, and the Lords look'd  
Sly.

- The Noble Prince, in his great self  
collected,

He first the Baton from the Hat selected.

In manners dignified, and all his own,

He thus his R——l sentiments made  
known—

‘ This Baton, Sir, is in my firm belief,

‘ The noblest Gift a Sovereign can receive ;

‘ And when so merited, we all must  
know,

‘ The noblest Gift a Sovereign can  
bestow.

‘ Here! take this back, with gratitude I  
yield it,—

‘ His is the only Arm that's fit to  
Wield it.

‘ As for this French Machine, with its  
obliquities,

‘ T——r shall find it room with my  
Antiquities.’

Then graceful fingering the bit of Felt,  
His condescending smiles around him  
dealt—

‘ Tho’ this poor Crown is something worn  
and Flat,

‘ Still ’tis a precious morsel of old Hat ;

‘ And as to aged relics I am partial,

‘ ’Twill suit my purpose better than the  
Marshal.

‘ You, gallant Colonel, shall appointed  
be,

‘ In my establishment, an Equerry,

‘ Knight of the Bath, and F——k’s  
A. D. C.

The Baton struck the Dames with much  
surprise,

They all admir'd the painting, shape, and  
size :

‘ It was a Stick, no doubt, ’twas made of  
Oak ;

‘ And heavy too—’twould give a monstrous  
Stroke.’

As for the Hat, as round about they dealt  
it,

When each great Lord, & noble Knight  
had felt it—

‘ For such a Prize ’twas not worth while  
to Roam,

‘ They all could boast a better one at  
Home.’

John now of his new Dignities felt  
proud,

So quietly withdrew from out the Crowd.

And thus quite happy, and elate with joy,  
The Knight and Lady hugg'd their dar-  
ling Boy.

The Lady's head could nothing run  
upon,

' But Son, Sir Johnny, and of Spouse, Sir  
John.'

The Knight, who 'd long been brooding  
on his Speech,

With Prop, and Prompter close within his  
reach,

Now told his Son, Sir John, 'twas his  
intent

' To make a flaming speech in Parliament.

' Your Letter too, dear John--Sir John,  
your pardon;

' I've in my vacant hours labour'd hard  
on.

‘ I ’m well prepar’d—but you must be so  
kind,

‘ Should I forget, to prompt me from  
behind ;

‘ But first, my Son, Sir John, it will be  
mete,

‘ That you in Parliament should take your  
Seat :

‘ Having so done, we then can at our  
pleasures,

‘ Together both consult, about my  
measures.’

And now our Hero, without more delay,  
Went with his Dad, to make his first  
Entré.

The Ceremony o’er, and in his place,  
The S——r, with much Gravity, and  
Grace,



His right Hand on his Chair he gently  
press'd,

And thus our Hero solemnly address'd :

‘ Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John *Newcome*,

‘ I’m to observe, that here are very few  
come

‘ With such distinguished honours to  
their Name—

‘ So high in Glory, and so great in Fame ;

‘ Your active Vigour, and your gallant  
Feats

‘ In Arms, when in Vittoria’s Streets

‘ Your weapon boldly flourish’d ’mongst  
the Fair,

‘ Joe’s Crown cut off, and every thing left  
bare ;

‘ Drove the poor King from Town, with-  
out his Hat on,

‘ Seiz’d Madam Gazon, and the Marshal’s  
Baton.

‘ The C——ns, Sir, out of their high regard

‘ For deeds of Valour, grant this proud  
Reward

‘ For your Exploits, so Great, and so  
Magnanimous,

‘ Thro’ me present their hearty thanks  
unanimous.’

Albeit, unused to speaking, John arose,  
In first attempt determin’d not to prose ;  
Resolv’d that no one should his sense  
impeach,

By drawling out a long, and labour’d  
Speech :

Then said, ‘ Sir, if from great Example,

‘ I in some late affairs have shewn my  
Sample ;

' 'Tis to the Hero whose Dispatch I bring,  
 ' So great, so wonderful in every thing.

' His be the praise, who Foe, and Fair  
 disarms,

' All yield to his Celebrity in Arms.'

Some further honours too did John await,  
 Which caus'd with him and Dad, a small  
 debate.

' A Badge of Merit,<sup>1</sup> my dear Boy d' ye  
 see,

' Is a fine Ornament, 'twixt you and me ;

<sup>1</sup> A Badge of Merit is a most honourable Distinction, as the reward of Merit and Gallant achievement ; but its value is eclipsed from the influence of interest.

I should think a Board of Officers should be established to examine into the merits of Officers recommended for such honourable remuneration ; and their fiat should either confirm the claim, or reject it altogether ; a Badge of Merit would then be valuable. Indeed, if the power of the Board was extended to decide upon the merits for Brevet Rank, the service would gain by it. It is the value of a thing that makes it desirable.

If, in the examination of the merits of an Officer reported to the Board, for honourable distinction, the opinion of the Board should decidedly confirm the claim

‘ ’Twill look so grand, you know, hung at  
your button,

‘ When you Reg’mentals condescend to  
put on.’

‘ Such Ornaments, dear Dad, I’d fain not  
reap,

Desert, and Interest no distinction  
keep ;

‘ That bane to Justice, we must all  
deplore,

‘ Merit does much, but interest does much  
more.’

and right, a Patent should be sent to the Officer, signed and sealed by the President, stating the sentiments of the Board, &c. &c. Such would be an inestimable intimation of his claim to Merit—handing down to Posterity an honourable proof of Family desert.

But the conferring either Title, or Badge on men who have lolled away their time in Ease, and Affluence, is ridiculous, and truly absurd.

And now friend John more Honours did  
obtain,  
The gratitude of Portugal and Spain ;  
Like Knights of Rodrigo, and Talavera,  
He got the Tower, and Sword, and  
Alcantara.

*N.B. It has been reported that his R——l  
H——s the P——e R——t has signified  
his acquiescence that the Arms of the  
Newcome Family be as follows: A bit of  
old Hat, supported by two Batons—Crest,  
a Cock's Spur—Motto, ' I FELT IT.'*

THE END











