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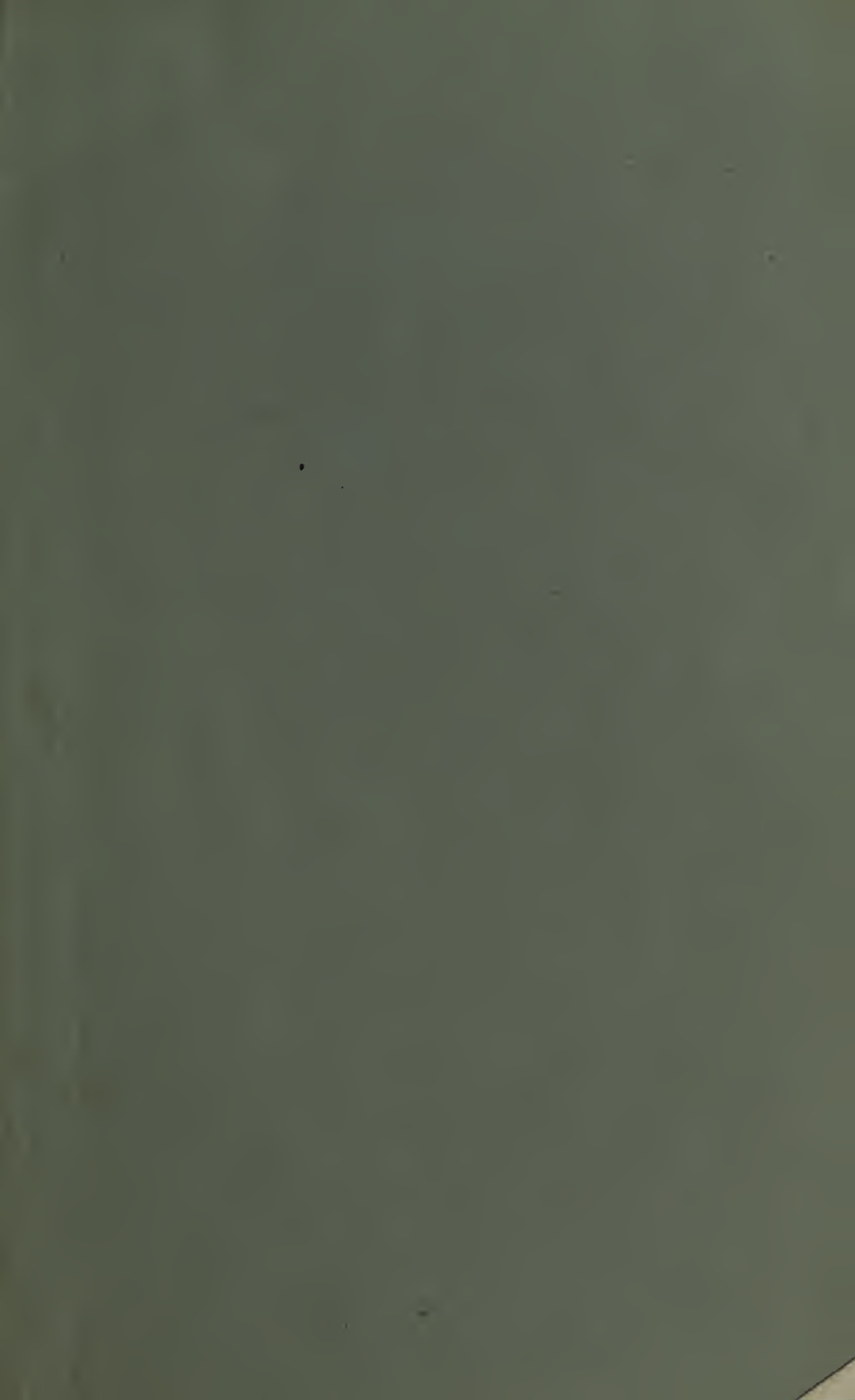
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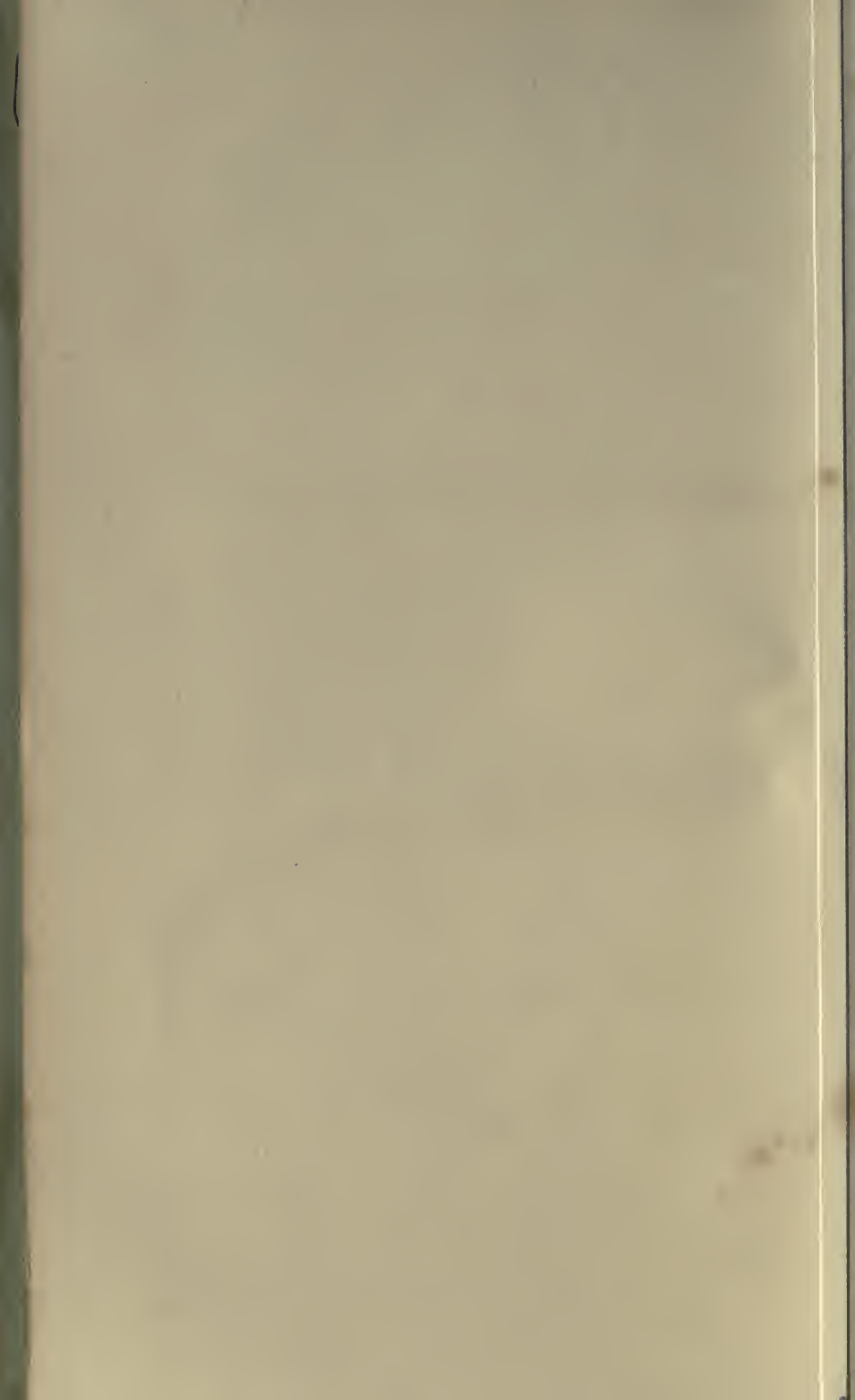
A JOURNAL

OF THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS

EDITED BY

IRVING H. ANGELO

1974



*Lovell, Sir Lovell Benjamin*

**ROUGH LEAVES**

FROM

**A JOURNAL**

KEPT IN

**SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,**

DURING

**THE YEARS 1832, 1833, & 1834.**

BY

**LIEUT.-COL. LOVELL BADCOCK.**

**LONDON:**

**RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.**

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1835.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a long and varied one, and it is not possible to give a full account of it in a few pages. The world has been inhabited by many different races of men, and each of these races has had its own history and its own achievements. The history of the world is a story of progress and of the struggle for power and influence. It is a story of the triumph of the good over the evil, and of the ultimate victory of truth and justice. The history of the world is a story of the human race, and of the things that we have done and the things that we are still doing. It is a story of our hopes and our dreams, and of our failures and our disappointments. It is a story of our love and our hate, and of our joy and our sorrow. It is a story of our life and our death, and of our eternal destiny. The history of the world is a story of the human race, and of the things that we have done and the things that we are still doing.



# CONTENTS.



## CHAPTER I.

	Page
The Author's visit to Portugal.—Its object.—Character of the Inhabitants.—Their feeling towards the English.—Sail for the Tagus in H. M. S. Britannia.—Quarantine.—Don Miguel and his Yacht.—The Lazaretto.—Orders to proceed to the frontiers of Spain.—State of Lisbon.—My journey.—The Fortress of Elvas.—The Town.—Object of my journey.—Ride to Badajos.—Peremptory conduct of the Governor.—Return to Elvas,—and subsequently to Lisbon.—The British Church.—Warlike preparations.—Quintas in the environs of Lisbon.—Fête of Corpus Christi.—Reports of Don Pedro's approach.—Excursion to Cintra.—Meet Don Miguel.—St. Peter's Day.—Streets of Lisbon.—Proceed again to the Frontiers of Spain.—Contrast between Spain and Portugal.—Distrustful reception at Badajos.—Visit the breach in the Fort.—Wretched state of defence in the Spanish Garrison .....	1

## CHAPTER II.

Leave Badajos.—Merida.—Birth-place of Pizarro.—Bridge of Almaraz.—Escort of Cuirassiers.—Our March.—Regiment on Parade.—Placentia.—Leave

	Page
Placentia.—Perilous Road.—Miserable Village.— Wretched Peasantry.—Site of a Battle.—Reception at Salamanca.—St. Christoval.—A Review.—Leave Salamanca.—Banditti .....	22

## CHAPTER III.

Ciudad Rodrigo.—Espionage.—The Author arrested. —Old Quarters.—Village Costume.—An Old Ac- quaintance.—Awkward Rencontre.—An Invitation. —Ciudad Rodrigo.—A Civil Governor.—A Fracas.— Contrabandistas.—Primitive Corn-thrashing.—Run- ning Messengers.—Unpleasant Situation.—Sala- manca.—Tremendous Explosion.—Tragical Story.— Dreary Country.—Sham Fight.—Awkward Predica- ment.—Major Ball.—Buildings.—General Sickness. —Great Fair .....	41
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

Freebooters.—Party of Monks.—A Review.—Streets of Salamanca.—Interior.—A Dulcinea.—Ignorance.— Interesting Spot.—My Route.—Contrabandistas.— Toro.—Zamora.—Ancient Villages.—Dismal Town. —English Pay.—Gil Blas.—Threats of Assassination. —Letters of Recal.—General Sickness.—Civility of the Spaniards.—Spanish Troops.—Cavalry and Ar- tillery .....	67
--	----

## CHAPTER V.

Quit Salamanca.—My Route.—Wretched Inhabitants. —Lavajos.—Villa Castin.—An Officer's Gratitude.—	
---	--

	Page
Immense Posada. — Approach to Madrid. — My Hostess.—Madrid. — The Prado. — Madrid.—Bull Fights.—The Royal Family.—New Cemetery.—Mode of Burial.—Want of Feeling.—Wretched Police.—Theatres.—Paintings.—Alarm .....	90

## CHAPTER VI.

The Weather.—My Patrona.—Collection of Armour.—Ambassadors.—Spanish Manners.—San Fernando.—Public Penance.—The Prado.—Bull-fights.—Irish Wanderers.—Little Princesses.—Royal Palaces.—My Departure.—Our Route.—Talavera.—Field of Combat.—Village Government.—Roman Antiquities.—Arrival at Badajos.—Spanish Houses.—The Civil War.—Portuguese Frontier.—Miguelite Officers.—Arrival at Anjira.—Visit my Friends.—A Gale.....	111
---	-----

## CHAPTER VI.

Coast of Portugal.—Enter the Douro.—Fortifications.—Belligerent Armies.—Oporto.—Its History.—Privileges of Braga Ladies.—Moorish Walls.—Population of Oporto.—Its Churches.—Charitable Institutions.—Monasteries.—Convents .....	137
--	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

Taking the Veil.—Colleges.—Recolhimentos.—Fountains and Conduits.—Fountains.—Government of the City.—Military Establishments.—Commerce.—Douro Wines.—A Tumult.—Climate of Oporto.—Floods.—Portuguese Ballad .....	156
---	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

Situation of my House.—Don Pedro.—Fortifications of Oporto.—The Governor.—The Batteries.—Bishop's Palace.—Heavy Fire.—Portuguese Troops.—British Troops.—Their Charge.—French and Italian Troops.—Senhor Vanzeller.—The Town bombarded.—Miguelites attacked.—Solignac's Retreat.—Force of the Miguelites.—Dreadful Havoc.—Mutiny.—Loss of Life.—Effects of the Bombardment.—Circumvallation .....	175
---	-----

## CHAPTER IX.

Heavy Cannonade.—Reconnoitre the Enemy.—Disastrous State of Affairs.—Critical Situation.—Dawn of Hope.—Troops landed.—Salvos of Bombs.—Arrival of Provisions.—Royal Salutes.—Miguelite Batteries.—Miguelites repulsed.—Discontent in the Army.—Scarcity of Money.—Admiral Sartorius.—Continued Bombardment.—Mutual Abuse.—Sallies of Wit.—Distressing Sight.—An Attack.—Constancy of the Inhabitants.—Parrots.—New Works. ....	197
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

Arrival of a French fleet.—Situation of Neutrals.—Deserters.—Critical state.—Starvation.—Distress of the Inhabitants.—Religious Ceremonies.—Narrow Escape.—Royal Birth-day.—Covelho Height.—Effect of the Bombs.—Desertions.—Don Pedro's cause — Review of Troops.—My Courier.....	221
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

New Redoubt.—Continued Scarcity.—The Serra Bridge. —Departure of the <i>Etna</i> .—New Batteries.—Mrs. Omerod's Death.—Attempted Arrangement.—The Clerjos Church.—Don Miguel.—State of Oporto.— Loss of Life.—Arrival of Provisions.—Review by the Emperor.—Continued Fire.—Grenades.—Inter- view with Solignac.—My old Gallego.—The Serra Bridge.—National Prejudices.—The Batteries.—Pro- visions landed .....	236
--	-----

## CHAPTER XII.

Frequent Shirmishes.—Duke de Palmella's Arrival.— Unwelcome Reinforcement.—Heavy Bombardment. —Landing of Troops.—Desperate Affairs.—Pro- posals.—Council of War.—State of the City.— Beautiful Gardens.—Portuguese Flowers.—Political Intrigues.—The Marshal's Resignation.—Embarka- tion of Troops.—Review.—Departure of Solignac...	258
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIII.

Severe Bombardment.—Repulsed Assaults.—General Determination.—Anxiety.—Great News.—State of Oporto.— <i>Sang Froid</i> .—The Emperor's Dinner.—Cri- tical Affairs.—Expected Attack.—Don Pedro's Forces. —Fortifications.—Discipline.—Movements of the Miguelites.—Major Olivares .....	283
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIV.

Preparations for Attack.—An Assault.—Failure of the Miguelites.—Female Courage.—Terceira's Progress.	
---	--

	Page
—Lisbon taken.—Reception of Don Pedro.—Mistakes of the Miguelites.—Desertions.—Miguelite Artillery.—Removal of Artillery.—Baron Haber's Proposition.—Miguelite Batteries.—The Peasantry.—Capture of Batteries.—Ruinous Delay.—Explosion in Villa Nova.—Destruction of Wine.—Retreat of the Miguelites.—Recognition of the Queen.—Congratulations.—Saldanha's Departure.—Anecdote.—Portuguese Fidelity.—A Trophy.—The Garrison Reduced .....	301

## CHAPTER XV.

Banks of the Douro.—Pleasant Excursions.—Miguelite Movements.—Discouraging Affairs.—Portuguese Funeral.—Departure of the <i>Orestes</i> .—Arrival of the Queen.—Defences of Villa Nova.—Colonel Evans.—The Grape Season.—Rejoicings.—The Theatre.—Sir Thomas Stubbs.—His Movements.—Miguelite Force.—Feelings of the People.—Fresh Alarms.—A Reconnoissance.—Treatment of Sir T. Stubbs.—Medical Charm .....	328
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVI.

A Disappointment.—An Engagement.—Kindness of the People.—Sail for Viana.—Arrival at Lisbon.—The Lines of Lisbon.—The Queen and the Empress.—An Excursion.—Old Recollections.—Review of the Troops.—Setuval.—Defences.—Beautiful Madonna.—Disturbance at the Opera.—A Mendicant.—Prolongation of the Contest.—Rumours.—Lady William Russell.—Castanheiro.....	349
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVII.

Arrive at Cartaxo.—Accompany the Emperor.—Critical Situation.—Miguelite Movements.—The Emperor's illness.—Return to Lisbon.—Military Positions.—The Hostile Armies.—The Nobles.—A Conflagration.—Proceed to Cartaxo.—Miguelite Manœuvres.—An Attack.—Undecided Contest.—Lord William Russell recalled.—The Moorish Palace.—Salubrity of Cintra.....	368
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Ride to Lisbon.—Cadiz.—Salutes.—Passion Week.—National Feeling.—Mouth of the Guadiana.—Villa Real.—Deplorable Garrison.—Appearance of the Country.—General Distress.—Surrender of Valença.—Trying Situation.—Ordered Home.—General Bem.—Grand Entertainment.—Discontent and Mutiny.—Rag Fair—Melancholy Sight.—My Departure.—Arrival Home .....	387
---	-----

vasion, or domestic broils. Like the bird of ill omen to mariners, which appears only to presage tempests, my presence in the Peninsula has always occurred in inauspicious times.

Lord William Russell was appointed by the British Government to proceed to Portugal, accompanied by Colonel Hare and the Author, for the purpose of endeavouring to open with our old ally, those ancient relations which had been broken in upon during the usurpation of Don Miguel; but it was supposed that a new order of things would restore our former position.

Few have visited Portugal even in those troublesome times, who have not brought back with them kind recollections and feelings towards its inhabitants, though it has been the fashion unjustly to depreciate them. The character given of the Portuguese seems to have been derived from persons who have only visited that part of Lisbon near the river, designated by the name of Bull Bay. An acquaintance with this place will give a stranger as just an idea of the Portuguese in general, as a person



only visiting St. Giles's in London would have of the English.

The Portuguese are a kind-hearted, friendly people; particularly polite in their manners; faithful, quiet, and domestic; loyal to their princes, obedient, and loving their ancient laws and institutions. They formerly looked up to the English as true and faithful Allies, on whom they could always rely for protection and support: but all their political love for us has long since ceased. The cause of this rests with ourselves. There are three things they have reason to be sore upon: the lowering of the duty upon French wines; the circumstance of our not giving any thanks to the Portuguese army for their services at the end of the Peninsular War; and, lastly the undecided line adopted by England for a number of years, in regard to their charter, succession to the throne, &c.

Embarking on board H. M. Ship Britannia, justly the pride of the British Navy, we proceeded to the Tagus, and arrived after a voyage of eight days. We unfortunately grounded near Fort St. Julien on the Cachopas,

and were obliged to start a considerable quantity of water; but on getting off, the usual salute was fired to the British admiral (Parker), and we anchored near a French frigate, abreast of Alcantara.

Being placed under quarantine, we could not land, except at the Health Office. Here a number of sallow countenances looked through a grating, whilst my companions were the picture of health, with ruddy English complexions. It was laughable enough to observe what care the officers of health took, and what a fuss they made lest we should come in contact with any persons who were not in the same quarantine list with ourselves. We therefore remained on board till the 7th June, when the British fleet, consisting of the *Asia*, *Revenge*, and *Britannia*, got under weigh, and made sail from the *Tagus*. Preferring a vessel to the lazaretto, we shifted on board the *Spey* packet till the period of our quarantine should expire. That time was shortened as much as possible, and the Government and officers were extremely polite.

During our stay on board in the river, the

Constellation, American frigate, arrived from Madeira, and Don Miguel was constantly cruizing about in his yacht, a very handsome schooner, painted red, with much gilding and ornament. The crews of his vessels cheered as he passed, and fired royal salutes. At other times he was rowed in his state barge, receiving similar honours as he passed, by the batteries along the shore.

On the 9th, the time of our quarantine having expired, we went to the Lazaretto, on the left bank of the Tagus, to obtain pratique, and after walking through a room where a little charcoal wetted with vinegar was burning, we were considered free from contagion, and were allowed to proceed to Lisbon. We saw our unhappy pilot shut up in a cell, peeping and bowing to us through the iron bars, waiting till his period should expire, so alarmed were the Portuguese lest the cholera should make its appearance, to which, possibly, was added the fear of *political* contagion.

We proceeded on shore, and took up our abode at Reeve's Hotel, in Buenos Ayres, well

known to the British for its agreeable situation, fine air, and commanding view of the Tagus, as well as for its cleanliness, comfort, and the civility of its attendants.

The beauties and deformities of Lisbon have been so often described that I shall say but little on the subject, as I found the city scarcely, if at all, changed in appearance. Nor indeed had I much time for promenading, for on the following day, as soon as my baggage was landed, I received a passport and orders to proceed immediately to the frontiers of Spain.

What I observed in Lisbon was the prevalence of an unusual stillness. Police, both mounted and dismounted, patrolled the principal streets; every one appeared to be awaiting the occurrence of some important event; whilst Don Miguel was continually passing and re-passing, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a carriage, but more frequently by water.

I landed on the 9th, and having on the 11th, hired a Portuguese courier, crossed over to Aldea Gallega, and had a stormy passage of

about nine miles. Here I mounted post-horses and resumed my journey, during one of the hottest days I ever felt, through the plain of white sand and pine woods on the south side of the Tagus, which latter give little or no shade, though they prevent the circulation of air, and render it still hotter. The open country is only enlivened by varieties of the cistus.

Changing horses at Pegoens, a miserable post-house and hamlet, I proceeded to Vendas Novas another small posting village, and thence to Monte Moro Novo. Around this place, which stands on a rocky mountain, the features of the country change from dry sandy flats, to beautifully wild romantic scenery, enlivened by a variety of shrubs interspersed with rocks, and some fountains of marble containing the purest water. The town is a Moorish-looking place.

As it was late, I thought of resting and taking some refreshment, and entered the post-house for that purpose. But the news of my arrival spreading, a number of the peasantry began to assemble, and shout *Viva Don Mi-*

*guel!* An uproar was arising, as they took me, I suppose, for an agent of Don Pedro, and it became necessary to close the gates whilst the shouting continued. A heavy storm of thunder and lightning with torrents of rain dispersed the mob, and taking advantage of this circumstance, I sallied forth in as dark a night as possible to pursue my route to Oriolas, Vendade Duque, and Estremos.

At the latter, a garrison town, I saw the Brigadier General Barbaçena, who received me with great politeness. We talked a little on old affairs over a glass of wine, whilst the horses were getting ready for my journey to Elvas, where I arrived in the afternoon, and was paraded to the house of the Governor, Senhor Henrique Pinto de Mesquita. The streets were filled with a very barbarous-looking and sulky peasantry, who eyed me in a way by no means promising. The Governor asked some questions as to the expected arrival of Don Pedro and his forces. On my mentioning the latter to be only about 8,000

men, he said he wished there were more, as Don Miguel had 120,000 men in arms.

The strong fortress of Elvas is prettily situated at the extreme end of the heights of Portugal, looking towards its rival Badajos in Spain. Elvas is surrounded by olive groves, vineyards, and orange and lemon trees: indeed the beauty of its situation forms a great contrast to its opposite neighbour. The town is well built and the balconies are adorned with lemon and citron trees and flowers; but the streets are horribly filthy; a bad and desperate population (much of which consists of deserters and smugglers) frequent them. A fine aqueduct adds to the general supply of water for the town—wine and fruits are in abundance.

Here, however, I found myself an unwelcome guest; but a British merchant, Mr. Pring, and his lady, received me in the kindest manner into their house, though the mob serenaded it every night with cries of “Viva Don Miguel!” singing patriotic songs and threatening to break in. Mr. Pring, as well as myself, kept

his arms loaded and prepared for the worst.

The object of my journey was to ascertain if any Spanish force had entered Portugal, and to learn what the Spaniards were about, as it was reported in Lisbon that they had actually crossed the frontier. I could however hear little or nothing about the Spaniards, and the Portuguese said they neither wished nor cared for their presence.

But that I might ascertain as much as I could, and as my general passport gave me facilities, I mounted a horse and rode to Badajos. It happened to be during the heat of the day, when dogs and English alone are seen to move, that I arrived at the bridge across the Guadiana. The good Spaniard on duty was taking his siesta, and not to be disturbed; and the officer, looking at the passport and seeing the large arms emblazoned, permitted me to pass and sent me to the head-quarters of the Governor, who desired me to quit the Spanish territory immediately. But, on my remonstrating against this peremptory and abrupt



order, he allowed me to proceed to an hotel for an hour to refresh, accompanied by guards to observe me : when the prescribed time had expired, I returned to Elvas.

Finding myself completely a prisoner, and the public mind more excited every day, and being moreover refused an *estafette* to make my case known at Lisbon, I took advantage of the hour of siesta and of the additional desertion of the streets caused by a burning heat, and started off from Elvas on the 15th June. Feeling the insecurity of my route, I rode the whole way to Aldea Gallega without stopping longer than to change horses, and arrived safely, having ridden the distance in about twenty-one hours,—quicker than it had ever been done before. I there took some refreshment, crossed the Tagus, arrived at the British consùl's (Mr. Hoppner) to dinner—and gave an account to the Legation of my expedition.

On my return to Lisbon, I found that the guards and patrols seemed to have been doubled in the city ; otherwise every thing appeared

perfectly quiet. Clerical processions occurred frequently. I attended the British church dedicated to St. George, which stands in a lofty situation above the Estrella convent, and is surrounded by a high wall enclosing a beautiful garden, full of choice flowers and shrubs, and having that part of it allotted to interment shaded off by tall cypresses and other trees. The church itself is a very neat plain building, and generally speaking is very well attended.

Don Miguel was continually sailing about in his yacht; receiving salutes from his own squadron and an American corvette, whilst the British squadron remained mute. Works and fortifications were being thrown up on all sides to defend the river Tagus. I visited several of the Quintas in the environs; Laranjera, belonging to Quintella (now Conde Farrobo), Bém Fica, &c. In the latter a beautiful Chinese building was erected, hung with glass bells of different colours, which sent forth pleasing sounds as they were agitated by the wind. Fountains and enclosed cisterns of water of large dimensions, were in the grounds serving

to irrigate the gardens, to wash linen in, and for other purposes. The 21st June being the *fête* of Corpus Christi, Don Miguel, accompanied by the two princesses his sisters, went to the Roscio, walking in procession with the priests and relics. His troops appeared in excellent order, and he seemed well received. The place was crowded, and the balconies were filled with ladies in their gayest attire.

The Legation had removed to the Quinta d'Amara at Jonqueira, whence in the evening we went to visit Bém Fica, and admire the beautiful gardens, filled with magnolia trees, and various shrubs and plants. Thence we returned to the Quinta of Senhor Jose de Pinto. In the morning I walked to the Ajuda palace, still unfurnished. The site is fine, and the building superb.

During this time, reports were spread that the expedition of Don Pedro had been spoken with at sea, which caused double vigilance on the part of Don Miguel's government. The guns were continually exercised in the forts,

and every preparation was made to repel the expected invasion.

About the 25th, Don Miguel went in state on board an American corvette (the Boston). His fleet saluted on going and returning, whilst the people, who lined the batteries along the shore, also saluted and cheered him.

During this period I went on board the different men-of-war, foreign as well as British: among the rest the French frigate *Melpomène*. I rode also to Monte Santo, a height immediately above Belém palace, which commands a most extensive and beautiful view of Cintra, the sea, and the Alentejo. These heights are well studded with windmills, much prettier and lighter than those used in England.

On the 28th I made an excursion to that romantic and beautiful spot, Cintra, so much and so deservedly admired by all the British who visit it. Returning in the evening, I met Don Miguel riding alone, attended only by three or four servants. He is a famous horseman, and was well mounted. We bowed to him from our carriage drawn by four mules. It was

said afterwards, that he was very angry at our not alighting from the carriage to pay our respects, but whether true or not I will not vouch : he returned our salute.

On the 30th, salutes were fired in honour of Don Miguel's fourth anniversary of St. Peter's day, at day-break, mid-day, and sun-set, with illuminations at night ; but the pleasure which a pedestrian might derive from witnessing these, is greatly diminished by the annoyance he must undergo by the vile neglect of cleanliness in the town. The streets of Lisbon are indeed horribly filthy, and, to a stranger, absolutely intolerable, though the air is in some situations rendered more fragrant by the perfumes of flowers and night-scented shrubs with which the gardens abound.

Don Miguel was constantly cruising about, and the batteries and ships were daily exercised with blank cartridges. Indeed the expenditure of gunpowder was immense, and every preparation for the expected invasion was made. Visiting, except amongst the foreign embassies, was at an end, and public places of amusement were shut.

On the 4th July, I received a passport to proceed once more to the frontiers, and to go on to Spain. Having made preparations for departure, I embarked the following day at Jonqueira, and, arriving at Aldea Gallega, started on post-horses with my courier, Joa Paolo, at eight in the evening, to ride through the sandy pine grove and plain, towards Monte Moro Novo. Riding all night, with some delays, I reached Alcavarrissa Quinta, near Elvas, the following afternoon; but the gates of Elvas being at that time shut by order at 6 P.M., I remained there that night, and was received with much civility by the owner, Senhor Ermista and his lady Donna Anna Balbina. This rest was by no means disagreeable after a fatiguing ride, and, resuming my journey at 6 A.M., I rode into Elvas.

Having got my passport avisé-ed by the Governor, Henrico Pinto de Mesquita, and avoiding the public streets, I mounted fresh horses, and in two hours more crossed the frontier at the river Caya, and entered Badajos on the 7th. The weather was exceedingly hot. I

presented myself immediately to the Governor and shewed my passports, which were assented to, but my reception was by no means favourable though there was no breach of politeness. I put up at a café in the Praça.

The difference of the two countries, Spain and Portugal, is very striking, though only a small space and a river divides them. One leaves behind in Portugal a broken mountainous country, covered with olive trees, vineyards, groves of oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, with houses and quintas of marble and granite peeping out from amongst fine foliage, and fountains in all directions of the purest water pouring from marble spouts into vases—whereas you enter Spain through a country burnt up, without a tree or green spot, and arrive at towns with high Moorish walls and cupolas. The characters of the people are also very dissimilar, though in many things their common eastern origin displays itself. The Portuguese are naturally a quiet, simple, good-tempered, people; very shy but kind-hearted and charitable; faithful and honest in the highest degree, though

fond of bombast. Vanity is a prominent characteristic; they delight in intrigue; are extremely punctilious in all matters of etiquette and politeness; and are attached to their ancient usages, customs, and institutions. Under the greatest afflictions they are patient and resigned; I should add to this, that they are very active and industrious, for a climate so inviting to repose.

The Spaniards, on the other hand, with an apparent openness of manners, are haughty and full of treachery and deceit; their generosity and hospitality resemble those of the Arab (both equally disliking strangers), with little kindness of heart or charity. Their roads are filled with robbers, and continual assassinations take place in their cities and towns. The political character of their nation causes them to be reserved and suspicious, spying and beset with spies.

The Spanish ladies are considered charming; but much of their attraction proceeds from their elegant gait, dark eyes, and Moorish customs. Their character in love, is, extreme of passion,



jealousy, and rage, which carry them to any excess. The Portuguese ladies, though generally not so handsome, are more pleasing. All have most brilliant eyes, and are very attached, faithful, and domestic.

I put up at a very clean house in Badajos, kept by civil people; but in spite of my letters of recommendation, I was received with great distrust. The governor's permission that I should walk round the works of the town, was solicited but refused: however, an officer, they said, would accompany me to visit the breach in the morning. I strolled, nevertheless, to a parade of three battalions in the afternoon. The troops were well clothed and appointed; but finding myself an object of great distrust, and being quite alone, I felt what a disagreeable life I was likely to lead.

Soon after day-break the town-major waited on me, to accompany me to the place of the breach. He conducted me through back lanes, leading out at a small sally-port into the ditch, and brought to a spot where, in point of fact, I could see nothing of the works,—only the

breach, or rather what had been made such. I found that part in good preservation, and just as it had been left by us as repaired after its capture. The date of the year was marked in shot in the wall, and in the same manner was indicated the site where the body of one of our Generals was buried.

I then went inside, and expressed a wish to see the spot where a number of the remains of my gallant countrymen were interred within the lines. The place was found; but the large stone that had been laid over the bodies was broken to pieces.

I was then conducted back to my posada.

In vain I represented that formerly I had been all over the town, that I was present with the army during the siege and storm: no more was permitted to be shewn. I had, however, glimpses sufficient to prove to me that the place was not at all in a state of defence. No guns were mounted, except looking towards Portugal, and the works were terribly out of repair. But the Spaniards seemed to imagine that I carried an army in my pocket, ready to

take possession of any unprepared citadel or fortress. Perhaps, likewise, it was to conceal the wretched plight of their military stations in general.

## CHAPTER II.

Leave Badajos.—Merida.—Birth-place of Pizarro.—Bridge at Almaraz.—Escort of Cuirassiers.—Our March.—Regiment on Parade.—Placentia.—Leave Placentia.—Perilous Road.—Miserable Village.—Wretched Peasantry.—Site of a Battle.—Reception at Salamanca.—St. Christoval.—A Review.—Leave Salamanca.—Banditti.

ON the 10th July, having got my passport signed, and obtained a military one from the governor of the province, to free me from all the civil obstructions and the annoyances of the petty Alcaldés, &c. in other places, I decided on proceeding by the diligence as far as Naval Moral towards Madrid, and thence going, as well and as quickly as I could, to the headquarters of the Spanish army of observation at Salamanca. The diligence was to start at 2 P. M. the following day.

Meanwhile, I strolled about the town, and conversed with some of the inhabitants who were there during the time of the siege. They

spoke well of the British officers, but not so favourably of the soldiery. My landlord and landlady were very communicative; but the house was beset with spies to listen to every word. The senhora told me that she and her husband were strong constitutionalists, and liked the English much. There was a large café in the house, frequented by the garrison, who took ice and coffee, and were enlivened by a musical clock. The weather was excessively hot—musquitoes and bugs abundant. The diligence started at mid-day, drawn by four mules and two horses.

11th July. We left Badajoz; myself alone in the front part of the carriage; a French merchant and three Spanish officers in the body with my Portuguese courier. We proceeded along the low sandy plain at a tolerable pace to Talavera Real. The heat was excessive. Changing animals at that place, we started for Lobon, the conductors (called the mayoral and Yagal) all the way shouting to the mules, and at times jumping from their seats and chastising them with a short stick; then re-

gaining their seats, and calling them by their names, Banāna, Gentillana, Peligrina, Colonnella.

We arrived at Merida at 7 P. M., crossing the Guadiana, over the fine remains of the old Roman bridge of Trajan, which has never been repaired since the peninsular war (Guerra d'Independencia), although some stones were then being collected with that intention. We supped and rested there at a posada outside the town near part of the old Roman aqueduct, with some remains of a Roman bath, &c.

Having formerly been quartered there, I did not take the trouble to revisit any of them, but was glad to enjoy some little rest, as we were to start again soon after midnight. By one o'clock we were on the way again, passing through a dreary, sandy country to Miojadas; a village prettily situated near a mountain with vineyards, trees, and gardens. The Frenchmen now joined me in the cabriolet, which gave me the advantage of conversation. We proceeded to Santa Cruz, and from thence through a most dreary country of sand and rocks, interspersed with

wild broom, to Truxillo, where we were to dine.

The posada there was very good and clean. I looked towards the ground where I had formerly bivouacked after the battle of Talavera. The country seemed more dreary than ever, and equally hot. This birth-place of Pizarro appeared the most deserted town I ever saw, though there are some fine buildings in it; but time would not allow me to perambulate the place, indeed the heat was too great to permit of it.

We arrived at Xariecejo about seven at night. This most wretched-looking place, all in ruins, is just in the same state as it was left by the contending armies of Great Britain and France. Its appearance, even now, is as if an army had only quitted it the day before. We supped there, and had the usual Spanish fare, a bad olla and rabbits, a hare, a sada, and indifferent wine. Although there was nothing apparently but beggary and rags, still the charges were sufficiently high.

We started again at 1 A.M. crossing a ridge

of mountains; descended to the banks of the Tagus, which we passed over by a ferry, the bridge at Almaraz being still broken, and the neighbouring houses in ruins, as left at the time of Lord Hill's brilliant surprise and attack of the French in the year 1812. The scenery with the bridge was very fine here. The broken arch—the mountainous banks studded with the evergreen oak—and the fine Tagus flowing between, would form a beautiful picture.

Proceeding through the miserable village of Almaraz, we arrived by 9 A. M. on the 13th at Naval Moral, a small village situated prettily under a rocky mountain, abounding with gardens and vineyards, and springs of the purest water, at the junction of the two roads leading from Almaraz and Merida, and from Placentia to Madrid. The place contains 700 houses, and is reckoned very healthy.

I here quitted the diligence to proceed across to the northward, and put up at a small posada. On inquiring how to proceed on my route, I was told that the country lying between Naval Moral and Placentia was infested by banditti,



and that travellers and the country people went only in large bodies and armed. The next morning I engaged a man with three horses to convey me, my servant, and himself on the way to Placentia. We were armed ; but as an escort of the Cuirassiers arrived the same day at Naval Moral, on their way to Placentia, with money and baggage, I waited on the captain, and, shewing my passport, said that I was proceeding the same way, and should like to join convoy with his troops, and as he was also alone it would perhaps be more agreeable to both.

Captain Cortueia (the officer's name) readily assented, and we were to march at midnight on the 15th. He told me it was impossible to pass through the country without a large escort—that he was going to join his regiment at Placentia. I saw his men groom their horses in the evening ; most of them were in wretched condition, and not equal to the weight they had to carry.

We paraded at midnight—numbers of women and peasantry, taking advantage of the escort, proceeded with us like a caravan in the

East. Our march was conducted with all the precaution of war; we had advanced guard and flankers; and very well these Cuirassiers seemed to understand that duty. We marched through a sandy country; woody at times, at others more open, with rocks and high broom on the skirts of the forest, and certainly well adapted for surprises. The road conducted us to a small wretched place called Masaquada, near the foot of the Sierra Nevada, the inhabitants of which were quite in rags and said to be banditti: they seemed to be by no means well disposed to the troops.

We put up at the Alcaldé's, and were tolerably well accommodated. The site of the village was very pretty, commanding a fine view of the Sierra Nevada and a large woody plain through which the different branches of the river Teitar wound, and which we were to pass through the following night.

Our march was resumed at midnight, but the captain was late at parade, owing to a nocturnal indigestion, caused, as I was told, by his devouring at supper a whole sucking pig for his

own share. We passed through a low, woody, intricate country, crossing many rivulets, and at last the main branch of the Teitar by a wide but shallow ford, and thence proceeded to a village named Malpartida, where we halted for a quarter of an hour, previously to proceeding on to Placentia, where the captain joined the remainder of his regiment, a fine body of men, badly mounted on geldings. I paid my respects to their colonel, saw the regiment on evening parade, and performed the English sword exercise in presence of the officers. Before dismissal the regiment on parade all recited their prayers, officers and men:—to me an extraordinary sight, but which I was told was the usual custom.

I dined with Captain Cortueia and another officer of his corps, the officers not messing together as we do. In the evening I walked to the island where I had once formerly been in bivouac for three days. Most of the trees had been since cut down.

Placentia is an old walled town, but the situation is picturesque on the banks of the river,

surrounded by mountains. It abounds in fruit, and the cherries are remarkably large and fine. The posada at which I put up was shockingly dirty. I remarked that here the peasantry shaved the crowns of their heads, and the backs of their mules, and also of their pigs.

Having discharged the horses that brought me from Naval Moral, I fell in with a muleteer in the market-place, who had formerly been attached to the British Commissariat; this man engaged to carry me to Salamanca over the pass of Bânos by a safe route. He himself resided at one of the villages in that neighbourhood. I agreed with him to start at midnight the same evening to avoid the great heat of the day, and to arrive by day-break at the top of the pass of Villar. I therefore retired early to rest, but had not lain down five minutes, before a host of bugs soon put me to flight: and getting up I made the people lay down the mattress in the middle of the brick floor; but repose (though I was much fatigued) was out of the question, and I was glad to rise before midnight and make my escape into the open air.

I had been summoned by the Corregidor to give an account of myself: but my military passport being produced, he said I was above his command, and after asking me some questions about Portugal, relative to the truth of Don Pedro's landing at Oporto, wished me adios.

17th July.—I left Placentia at midnight, and proceeded unmolested, mounted on a light mule, accompanied by the muleteer on another, and my servant on a third. Immediately on quitting the town we commenced the ascent to the mountains, and the night being fine and starlight, and the Calçada white granite, we proceeded very well. After about a league the road became broken, and the day dawned as we began to descend. The road was terrific, and appeared only passable for mules and goats. That route by which the French and our army had so often passed with artillery, was now completely broken up.

I dismounted from my mule, wishing to walk, but found it so difficult that I was obliged to remount and trust to her. The sure-footed animal

chose the edge of the curb-stone of the road, which made one's head giddy, from the tremendous height and the precipice below, down which one false step would have hurried us to certain destruction. In situations where one dared look about the view was magnificent, and the rocks interspersed with evergreen shrubs; the forests and vales below were highly picturesque.

As we descended, we fell in with considerable parties of peasantry driving before them mules laden with fruits, vegetables, &c. for the market of Placentia. The men generally were armed. An occasional "Vaya V. M. con Dios" was all that passed.

We arrived at length at a village Aldea Nova de Camino, six leagues from Placentia, situated on a stream in the hollow of the mountain, where we thought it prudent to rest during the heat of the day, and also to refresh the mules and ourselves. On discovering that I was an English officer the people were extremely civil, and talked of old times when some of the British army had passed there. I took a couple of

hours rest, whilst the patrona cooked very fine trout, &c. for my repast. The finest pears and figs I ever tasted were those of this place. The house was very clean, and there was some good red wine.

I could willingly have remained there a day or two, but wishing to get to Salamanca, I started again at 3 P.M., and proceeded towards the village of the Puerto de Baños, famous for its hot mineral springs and the beauty of the scenery. The houses are well built, and shaded by groves of the sweet chestnut. Descending to the river Alegon and crossing over a bridge of stone, we arrived at dusk at a place called Calçadella. This is a most miserable village, inhabited by a bad set of people; but unpleasant, and indeed dangerous, as the sojourn was, it would not do to proceed further, for ten (so called) very long leagues is generally a pretty good day's work in Spain.

With difficulty we procured any thing there, either for the mules and horses or ourselves, and starting again at 1 A.M., we passed through a wild, mountainous, and rocky country, till we

gradually gained an open plain, and arrived at Fuente Roble, a poor village, inhabited by farmers, who have flocks of goats and herds of swine, with a few cattle. This country was formerly celebrated for Guerillas, and is now notorious for robbers.

Having rested during the heat, I marched in the evening, and arrived late at night at another small village called Fuente Rubio. On discovering that I was an Englishman, the people, though very poor, were civil; I got a rough but clean bed, and was not annoyed by bugs, a piece of good luck not often acquired in sleeping in Spanish villages.

The peasantry were in a wretched state. A woman with a large family entreated me to take one at least of her children away with me, as she could not maintain them all, and offered a pretty little black-eyed daughter or a ragged son, fancying the English could provide for every body.

Marching at three o'clock in the morning, we shortly arrived at a wood composed of ever-green prickly oak and broom, a place said to be



infested with robbers, and where a robbery had been committed the preceding day. Indeed, my muleteer seemed evidently alarmed, and thought it prudent, after having spoken with another muleteer, to quit the main route for a bye-path. On leaving the wood, we came at once in sight of the plain where the battle of Aripeles was fought, and crossed the site, skirting the village of Aripeles towards Salamanca. Intending to revisit it more at my leisure, I just glanced my eye over the old ground, and talked to the muleteer and my Portuguese courier, who had in those days belonged to the corps of guides, and who seemed to recollect every occurrence of that celebrated contest.

We pressed on, and arrived by 7 A.M. on the 19th July at Salamanca, passing over the same stone bridge I had crossed at various times formerly, and entered the town. Its outward appearance seems much the same as in those days, and the streets were crowded with troops. Immediately on my arrival I waited on the commander-in-chief, General Sarsfield, who received me very kindly. My expected arrival

had been announced to him officially, and a billet was ordered for me at the house of a prior of the church, Don José Maria Barilla. There I got decent quarters ; but I soon perceived that the reverend gentleman considered me as an enemy, and that I was to expect but little civility.

The following day I dined with the general in chief (Sarsfield) and met two other generals, Pastor and Cantarac, (the latter was killed in a late *émeute* in Madrid) ; and also General Sarsfield's aid-de-camp, Colonel Leopold O'Donnell, who was very civil and polite. The following day I walked about the town, visited the cathedral and other churches, and dined upon frogs and cray-fish. The former were excellent. I lived at the Posada de Navarre ; the landlord is a free-spoken Biscayan, from whom I got some necessary information

July 22d. The anniversary of the battle of Salamanca. I attended a very fine parade of the 1st regiment of Caçadores of the guard, Andalusians. The head prior of the church, Senor Guillem, called on me ; he had been employed by the Duke of Wellington in former times, and,

it was said, owed his preferment to his Grace ; he however visited me rather to fish out what I came for than from motives of politeness, and I was afterwards warned to be very careful of communication with him.

Three gentlemen of the Irish college also called on me, and to them I was much indebted for the little society I met with during my residence in Salamanca. They, however, had been driven from their college, and were residing three leagues from Salamanca.

I took an early opportunity of visiting St. Christoval, a fort which cost us the lives of many brave men to take. The ruins of the town about the neighbourhood surprised me, and I could not account for them ; however, an old Spaniard afterwards let me into the secret, for generally it was all laid to the English. They were at this time erecting a splendid new convent on the ruins of the town.

24th. I was present at a review of the regiments forming the garrison of Salamanca, on the height of Baldes de Montalva. The troops consisted of six battalions of infantry, two squa-

drons of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery. The appearance of the men, particularly the light companies of the royal guard, when drawn up in line, was very good ; but the slow way of taking up a line, or any new position, showed the inferiority of Spanish tactics when compared with those of the French. But the Spaniards became so extremely jealous latterly, that I was desired not to attend their reviews, or even to look at a regiment on parade. I however managed to see most of them.

I had now visited some of the principal churches and edifices in Salamanca, and observed whatever was peculiar and noteworthy in the customs of the place, among which I was struck with the nocturnal marching about and playing of the musical band, lighted by large transparent lamps. No motives, therefore, remained to induce my stay. I became, moreover, painfully aware of the jealousy of the Spanish authorities, and perceived that their aim was to keep me in ignorance of what was doing, and to prevent my obtaining information. These considerations, strengthened by fresh

instructions from our minister (Mr. Addington) at Madrid, determined me to depart forthwith, and I accordingly purchased an active mare, obtained a military passport from General Sarsfield, and resolved, if possible, to pass along the frontier of the kingdom, and see with my own eyes what was passing there. General Sarsfield, who was exceedingly polite, pointed out some risks I might run, in the prosecution of my enterprize.

I became accidentally acquainted with a young Irish gentleman, who had just quitted the college, and he proposing to accompany me, we started on horseback at 5 A.M. the following morning for Ciudad Rodrigo. We took the most open and dreary road to a small village called Calendello, inhabited by peasantry, where we rested to feed the horses, and then pushed on to Lacheга, another village, ten leagues from Salamanca, at which place we put up for the night. The country we passed through was partly forest, of the evergreen oak, partly an open plain, portions of which had been cultivated.

Marching at four the following morning, and passing through and over the pass of Espirito Santo, dangerous from robbers and banditti, and where some officers of rank had been plundered a day or two before, we arrived, after a ride of six leagues, at Ciudad Rodrigo. A *capitras*, my Portuguese servant, Mr. O'Hagan, and myself, all partly armed, were too formidable a party for any thing less than regular banditti; but such do actually frequent the plains of Spain, in mounted parties of twenty, or even forty, and often lay under contribution whole villages. The *capitras* had formerly been himself a Guerilla, and therefore knew the securest paths. The country through which I passed exhibited the greatest poverty.

## CHAPTER III.

Ciudad Rodrigo.—Espionage.—The Author arrested.—Old Quarters.—Village Costume.—An Old Acquaintance.—Awkward Rencontre.—An Invitation.—Ciudad Rodrigo.—A Civil Governor.—A Fracas.—Contrabandistas.—Primitive Corn-thrashing.—Running Messengers.—Unpleasant Situation.—Salamanca.—Tremendous Explosion.—Tragical Story.—Dreary Country.—Sham Fight.—Awkward Predicament.—Major Ball.—Buildings.—General Sickness.—Great Fair.

I WENT, on my arrival at Ciudad Rodrigo, to the Governor-general\* (Romagossa), who received me very uncourteously, and would not back my passport in the usual way; I therefore sought and found a lodging in a small praça: the Senhora, a respectable-looking Castilian; her husband a government spy. I contracted for lodging and cooking.

In the evening I saw a parade of three battalions of infantry, drawn out in their best apparel, in consequence, it was said, of my arrival,

\* This general has lately been taken up and shot as a Carlist, in Catalonia, of which province he was a native.

to give me an idea of their state, and readiness for immediate service. I found here that I was under a complete espionage, and my stay was likely to be as disagreeable as possible. The Spanish authorities, I was informed, would supply me with horses, but the very reverse turned out to be the case; for having hired some of a Guerilla of the name of Ramon, who lived outside the town (one of the band of Don Julian Sanchez), he was brought before the governor for daring to supply me. Being, however, a spirited and independent person, he said he lived by letting cattle, and that he would do so in spite of the governor.

Every thing said or done by me was reported. I took a walk one afternoon on the rampart, seeing it frequented by all the fashionables of the town, having taken the precaution to ask the sentry whether it was allowable; but I had only gone down a part of the promenade, when I found myself followed by a non-commissioned officer's guard, who arrested and marched me back through the company, a prisoner, and lodged me in the main-guard



room in the town. The officer, Colonel Calixta Alaxinga, was, however, very polite, and allowed me to remain in the officers' guard-room, permitting me to send for some refreshment, the weather being extremely hot, and procured me pen, ink, and paper. I then indited a letter to the governor, and expressed my astonishment at being so unceremoniously arrested, as it was known that I was at Ciudad Rodrigo by the authority of the Spanish as well as of the British government.

After two hours' confinement, I was marched up to the house of the Governor-general Romagosa, who, after charging me with making drawings of the place and remarks upon it (which I ridiculed, telling him how well the English knew it, and that I had often been there formerly), released me with a threat. I then requested a safe-guard, which was pompously refused, and I retired to my lodgings.

The following being market-day, there was an influx of peasantry from all the neighbouring country, with their pretty jarra dresses and picturesque costumes. I recognized several of the

old muleteers formerly attached to the British Commissariat, who seemed rejoiced to see me, and pressed me to visit them at their villages; but I found myself so observed in all my motions, that it was necessary to avoid publicity. Indeed, some beggars whom I had relieved, warned me to beware, for my life was threatened.

Aug. 1st.—Having procured horses, I rode out, with the determination of visiting the Agueda, and the villages along the line of frontier, where formerly the British army had passed many months, every part of which ground had been the scene of contest. I therefore sallied out, and crossing the bridge over the river Tormes, proceeded to Gallegos. In those days it had been chiefly the quarters of the light division, and also at one time of the Guards. I found the village in the same state as formerly, some houses being still in ruins, and no new ones built.

One of my horses having cast a shoe, I sent it to be shod, and was surrounded by all the villagers, who asked me after all the officers, I

believe, that had ever been there. Some had scraps of paper with names nearly obliterated upon them. The peasantry, as generally throughout Spain, inquired most particularly after the Senor Lorde (the Duke of Wellington). One female, of the name of Leonora, seemed still to sigh for some former attachment. She had a genteel figure, and the remains of beauty, and was a daughter of one of the principal farmers of the village.

The villagers about this part of Spain wear a particularly picturesque dress, made of wool of different colours, and they shew great taste. The coarse sleeves of their shifts are also embroidered and edged with black wool, and their long hair, hanging down their backs, is plaited with a bunch of ribbon attached to the end of it. The land appeared less cultivated than in our time, and was parched up, and looked very barren.

I continued my route through a broken country, covered with woods of the prickly ever-green oak, and arrived at Castellejos de dos Casas, passing by three crosses, one of which

had fallen near Sexmiro, where I had passed many a night on picquet, and near which Colonel Neil Talbot, the brave and gallant commander of my then corps (the 14th Light Dragoons) was killed. I went as far as Aldea d'Obispo, to discover if the stone placed to his memory on the glacis of Fort Conception, which was blown up, was still there, but could learn no tidings; indeed, Spanish jealousy would not allow any such records to remain.

Whilst at Castellejos, endeavouring to recognise an old billet of mine and Sir Felton Hervey's, a woman suddenly rushed forward, embraced me and said, "Oh, you are the officer that was quartered in my house, and was the last on picquet there — come and see me." She accordingly took me to the old spot, which, in spite of my fancied memory, I could not before make out; indeed the Spanish villages are so much alike in appearance, and the houses are so nearly of the same construction, that I have found it impossible to discover my ancient abodes, although I thought them quite secure in my recollection. Donna Ignacia, however, recognized me, and

took me home to eat and drink at her house. She was married, and had four children; when I was there before she was a lively, sprightly girl, and had still the remains of beauty, and a cheerful disposition. I returned to Ciudad Rodrigo by sunset, after a very long ride.

The next day I called on the captain of the guard, Colonel Calixto, to return thanks to him for his politeness to me whilst his prisoner. He introduced me to his wife, a dark Andalusian beauty, who talked with great freedom, and expressed her sentiments pretty strongly against the governor.

Another day I rode by El Bodon to Fuente Guinaldo, and was well received by the peasantry, though the *Realistas* viewed me as an enemy. Returning from one of my rides, I fell in with a serjeant of the *Realistas* with his musket, marching in great haste. He spoke to me, and asked if I had seen a "Demonio d'un Coronel Inglez," of whom he had been in search all day. I talked a little with this man; and then, as he took a short cut, rode off on another path, fearing my accent might betray me. In-

deed, I saw that the longer I remained at Ciudad Rodrigo the greater jeopardy my life was placed in, particularly after meeting a whole string of ammunition waggons going into Portugal.

One day, at Rodrigo, I encountered a muleteer of the name of Alonzo, formerly attached to the regiment to which I belonged. He was very glad to see me, and pressed me to visit the mountain where he resided, the Sierra de França. Once during the peninsular war my fate carried me there, to a most romantically situated village, embosomed in immense chestnut groves, above the river Alegon, which rushed below it at a great depth through a most precipitous valley. I however had no business now to induce me to visit the place, nor could I well venture there; indeed I found myself so disagreeably situated that I thought it best to take my departure; in pursuance of which I repaired to the governor to get my passport aviséd; but he would only put his name, saying I had gone from Rodrigo, and ordered me to proceed by a particular route. Having engaged Ra-

mon, with a horse for my servant and one for Mr. O'Hagan, we prepared to start the next morning.

Ciudad Rodrigo, situated above the bridge across the Agueda, is strongly fortified. The works were in good order; but a few guns only were mounted, looking towards Portugal. The town was as much in ruins as during the time of the war of independence; indeed the Spaniards never repair any thing. Ciudad Rodrigo was extremely sickly and dirty, crowded with troops, who ate their rations in the open air, standing round a camp kettle, and each in succession taking a dip with his spoon. The peasantry in the neighbourhood are certainly a fine people, and the women very pretty, and open and frank in their manners.

Aug. 5.—Left Ciudad Rodrigo early, and took the route indicated by the governor; but as that road was notoriously dangerous from banditti (an officer having been robbed there a few days before), and as I greatly distrusted the governor's intentions, as soon as we were out of reach of the guns of the fortress, we cut across

the country to the left, and proceeded along the Tormes to a place called Quinta de Val de bom. This is a single house, in the midst of a forest of evergreen oak.

Here I rested an hour, and went on to San Felices el Grande, where we arrived after a burning hot ride, and put up at the house of an acquaintance of Ramon, who here left me. Ramon was a fine bold Guerilla, and his friend was another of that daring fraternity.

San Felices being an old walled town, with a castle of Moorish origin, was under the command of a governor, upon whom I waited. My unexpected visit took him by surprise; he was hastily pinning on his *galones* and having his cocked-hat brushed when I entered. Contrary to custom, this functionary was very polite, and gave me permission to walk round the old castle, where a kind of Corporal Trim did the honours. In the evening the governor paid me a visit, evidently with the intention of discovering what I came about.

The next day, the church bell sounding, and the governor, head-priest, and *alcaldé* assem-



bling, I took the hint to be off, and engaged fresh animals to proceed on my way. Being rather in haste, two sets of cattle had been ordered by mistake instead of one. I determined on those hired by my landlady, whilst the muleteer to whom the others belonged insisted on being employed; and as this was followed by a scene such as I wished at the present moment to avoid, I paid both nearly as much as the journey would cost to get rid of them, upon which the senora, who was a beautiful woman, flew into one of those paroxysms of rage in which Castilian and other ladies occasionally indulge, and loaded the muleteer with all manner of abuse. Indeed it was as much as I could do to prevent her from laying violent hands on him.

Having assuaged the storm as well as I could, I hastened off, taking the route for Hinojosa, a place near the junction of the Agueda and Douro. The banks of both the rivers here are very rocky and precipitous. There is an old castle, but the town is open, and I was much impressed by the grandeur and magnificence

of the adjacent scenery. The place itself is very miserable, and inhabited chiefly by contrabandistas (smugglers), who carry on their traffic with Portugal. A Portuguese female, with her mother, formed a striking contrast to the Spaniards; the quiet demeanour of the former was so different from the noise and arrogance of the latter.

Though it was difficult to procure a lodging, I readily obtained good Portuguese wine, and, starting at four in the morning, proceeded along side the Douro upwards in the direction of Miranda de Douro, and arrived at Vernilla through a very romantic, mountainous, and woody country. At this place was an old Moorish castle. On the road I fell in with a body of armed and well-mounted contrabandistas. They were at first startled by my presence, but finding I was an Englishman, they were very civil.

Passing by a convent, we halted about mid-day on the banks of a fine mountain stream, full of fish. Here, under the shade of alders, we partook of a cold fowl and sau-

sages which we had brought with us. The scenery was magnificent, and I could have enjoyed a delay here for some time, had not the distance yet to be performed during the day made me hasten on our journey. The road lay through a picturesque country but little explored, and we passed by several villages where the peasantry were employed winnowing the corn in the open air, and treading it out with mules and horses, whilst some rode on sledges armed with sharp stones for the purpose of cutting the straw.

At length entering a plain, we arrived in the evening at Veturidino, a pretty clean town, with civil inhabitants. The landlord where I put up insisted on my walking to his farm at the end of the town, and to the green, where the same primitive mode of thrashing corn was employed. Some of the girls came out and sang at the door.

Being much fatigued I soon retired, intending to start at midnight, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun. The alcaldé of a neighbouring village sent to beg he might accompany me, being afraid of robbers. Some

peasantry also, upon donkeys, joined our party. We departed at midnight, and the *alcaldé* left me as day dawned to proceed to his village, which lay out of the road. After a march of eight leagues, we halted to refresh at a wretched *puebla* (village), half of whose inhabitants were ill with intermitting fever. At six in the evening we arrived at Salamanca, and put up at the *posada* Navarro.

I passed on the road several soldiers carrying *pliegos* (despatches), very probably containing an account of my movements. These men run from post to post, a distance of a league and a half or two leagues, carrying their muskets and cross-belts only. By this means they convey intelligence more rapidly than by horses. I immediately waited on General Sarsfield. He was not to be seen, but I received a polite note. I afterwards learned he was residing at a *quinta*, one mile from Salamanca. After my visit, I returned to my lodging to be devoured alive by bugs.

The next day I procured a billet on the house of *Señor* Don Bento Mor, *Calle del Consuello*,

a good kind of person, who showed me an apartment in the back part of the house looking into a small parterre surrounded by high walls and filled with dirt ; nothing was to be seen from the windows but the top of a high Moorish castle, with sparrow-hawks flying around it and innumerable cats running about. I rode in the afternoon to call on the general, and saw him ; but he told me I must not call often, and recommended me to adopt great circumspection, to avoid public places, and not to look at the troops on the parades. He said that the Spaniards were very jealous at my being there ; that he would guarantee that no person of the regular army should offer me any insult, or molest me in any way, but that he could not answer for the Realistas or the priesthood, or the lower class of people. I therefore had a hopeful prospect, wandering about a large city without any one to speak to, so much were the people afraid of being suspected by their government of holding liberal opinions.

The heat was excessive ; ice, however, was in plenty at the cafés, and I generally frequented

a particular one in the evening to refresh myself, and talk to the fat landlady, who having been there at the time of the battle of Salamanca, pitied my situation and dared to converse with me.

The day after my arrival I visited the hot mineral baths of Ledesma, four leagues off. The situation, on the banks of the river Tormes is pretty, but the accommodation wretched. I bathed in the river and returned in the evening : a very hot ride.

I now called on a merchant, or rather shop-keeper, by whom I was to be supplied with money. His name was Senhor Don Esteban Alonzo Ortega, a corpulent citizen, who, with his equally fat wife were good-tempered, obliging, and civil. Salamanca is well supplied with provisions of all sorts ; vegetables, fruit, and game in abundance, and the whole are very reasonable. Fine trout, eels, cray-fish, and frogs ; poultry of all sorts ; hares, partridges, wild-fowls, pigeons, kids, and occasionally venison. The city is still, in many parts, nothing but ruins. A new convent was being

built on the site of the place where the French formerly had a strong redoubt. On enquiring the cause why so many more ruins were in the town than I remembered to have left there after the capture of those works, which cost us so many brave men, my old host told me, that after we quitted Salamanca we gave the city up to a Spanish garrison: that the French had left there a large deposit of gunpowder, and that his countrymen could find no better place to smoke in than over the apertures of the place where all the gunpowder was. The consequence was a tremendous explosion, that cost the lives of numbers of persons and destroyed that portion of the city.

A grand festival and *Te Deum* were performed in the cathedral, which is a very large fine church, highly ornamented: it was on this occasion thronged with people. The convents seemed in good order, and stocked with monks and nuns.

The following story was told me at the gate of one of the convents, situated in a remote part of the city. Two officers, friends, had,

unknown to each other, formed an acquaintance with two of the sisterhood, and had been clandestinely admitted. One of the officers, on being let in one night to visit his nun, was invited by her to a repast in her cell, and giving him some wine, she made him swear that he would perform what she required of him, at the same time threatening him with the power of the church if he refused. Having agreed, she led him into a neighbouring cell. He there beheld the dead body of his friend, and a sack, in which he was desired to put the corpse and carry it out, so that no scandal might attach to the convent. He obeyed, and placing the dead body of his friend in the sack, departed from the convent, and deposited his ghastly load in a ravine below the place where a torrent occasionally rushes, and into which filth is generally thrown. He returned to his quarters, was taken ill, sent for his confessor, related the story, and died shortly after; some say by poison, others, in consequence of remorse.

Most travellers and writers on Spain describe only the picturesque parts of the land; the



Alhambra, the fine provinces of Granada, Andalusia, and Valencia, and make people imagine it to be a delightful country to pass through. But nothing can be more dreary than the plains of Castille, Leon, and Estramadura. Intense heat, or extreme cold must be endured, without a blade of grass or the least shade. You travel across wearisome plains, seeing only occasionally in the distance the tower of some pueblo without a tree near it. The forests in those plains are composed of trees at open distances and give little or no shade, but preclude the air, and, from their similarity of shape, offer no beauty to the eye. Your ears are stunned with the chirping of the crickets, which, with a few birds of prey, are the only living creatures visible unless you occasionally stumble upon goat-herds or piggeries.

15th August.—I went to a place called Villa Rubio, three leagues from Salamanca, to dine with the gentlemen of the Irish college, they having been rusticated from Salamanca, and their college made a quarter for soldiers. It was the day of a village fête : novillos or

bull-fights were exhibited on a small scale. The animals were teased and played with without any slaughter, though a few persons got tossed. Dancing in the open air formed part of the amusements. The figures of the sequidillas are pleasing, and they sing at the same time couplets of verses. I returned in the evening to Salamanca.

During this period a sham fight (simulacro) took place on the height, a league from Salamanca. The attack at day-break had been badly conducted, the wrong flank having been attacked, and as the men had neglected to take away the ball cartridges, the skirmish cost the life of an officer and several men. The troops were at length formed in line, and ordered to fire away in the air all the ammunition they had left.

At this time appearances indicated an advance into Portugal. An officer arrived express from Madrid, with orders for the march of the army. I was placed in a more unpleasant situation than ever. In case of the actual march of the army, and the impossibility of my

getting away, I was induced to request the Commander-in-chief to make me a prisoner of war. Of course I communicated constantly with our ambassador at Madrid, Mr. Addington.

But situated as I was, with enemies on all sides, I found myself in a most awkward predicament: my letters were opened and commented upon, and I was attacked by all parties. The Spanish troops were manœuvring towards the frontier. I was expected to give the most explicit reports, which the Spanish government did all they could to prevent. I really think no person was ever more disagreeably situated: a single individual—in a foreign country—suspected and hated by all parties. One person, an Italian by birth, who talked to and took coffee at a *casa di café* with me, on one occasion was arrested to know the purport of the conversation, and saying he had only spoken to me about Italy, he was released, but warned never to hold communication with me again. The general-in-chief, Sarsfield, wrote me a kind note, however, and said that in the extreme case he would endeavour to provide for

my safety. Affairs, however, appeared in such an uncertain state, that I thought it right to despatch my Portuguese courier to La Granja, where the court was then held, to state what was going on, and to receive advices from our minister.

The heat had been excessive and great sickness prevailed. Indeed a third of the Spanish army were ill, and some villages quite depopulated by intermittent fevers.

Major Ball, a gentleman travelling and residing in Spain, arrived about this time. I shewed him the sights, and rode with him to view the ground where the battle of the Arripes had been fought. We found some remains of bones, &c. still there; but the jealousy of the Spaniards would not allow him to remain in Salamanca. They said one English officer was more than they could well suffer, and therefore I was obliged to hint to Major Ball to leave the place, lest he should be peremptorily ordered away by the authorities.

I made continual excursions to the neighbouring villages, occasionally had interviews

with General Sarsfield, and visited the different buildings in Salamanca, which were splendid, but all built of a yellowish brown sand-stone, that gives them a dusky hue. Among these were the Irish university, a fine and spacious building; the orphan hospital, various churches, &c. A theatre also was now open, which I occasionally visited; the acting was not bad; but the dramas were poor enough. Bolero dances were performed. The Irish collegians (at Aldea Rubio), who in Spain keep up their national hospitality, invited me to dinner, and welcomed me cordially.

Ague prevailed all over the country. From the long drought the rivers were nearly dried up; all the low grounds suffered from want of irrigation; and the smaller brooks ceased to flow; only an unhealthy exhalation remained. Some villages were depopulated, and a third of the Spanish army were sick—the General himself was severely attacked with the prevalent complaint.

Sept. 6th.—We had a little rain early in the morning which refreshed the air; but

the weather soon returned to its accustomed heat and dryness.

At this time a great fair was held on the other side of the bridge near Salamanca, to which were brought, first an immense number of very fine mules and donkeys, for which purchasers came from all parts; then succeeded horses, but of these I saw but few good ones: there were also herds of cattle of all kinds. The fair lasted a week. A number of Spanish gipseys attended, dealing chiefly in donkeys. These had the same cunning and outward aspect as our own gipseys in England, and they would tell fortunes, but were prohibited doing so publicly.

Much game was now brought in for sale; amongst other birds was the grouse or bustard kind, called Cortiçoes, of a brown ferruginous colour; they inhabit the plains of Spain in packs, and are nearly the colour of the ground; the young ones are good eating. There is a cemetery about half a mile from the city, enclosed by a high wall, and a church attached, where all the dead are interred.

During this time the regiment of cuirassiers

arrived from Placentia, and a regiment of lancers. The former were in a terrible state; badly mounted, and a large part lame or sore-backed; the lancers were in better trim, and better mounted. The army, although well clothed and armed, appeared to me by no means formidable. My wishes to shew civility to Capt. Cortucia, with whom I had marched to Placentia, were frustrated: he was afraid even to speak to me, lest he should be supposed to imbibe liberal principles, which the Spaniards fancied I was come to promulgate. No one, therefore, visited or came near me during my residence in Salamanca. Senora Rita Montero, the fat, good-humoured mistress of the Botel-laria in the Praça, was the only person who dared converse with me, whilst taking my iced lemonade of an evening. There was another café which I also frequented, kept by an Italian, who had served some time in our corps of guides, and produced to me his discharge and certificate of character. I bought a mare of him, but he seemed a very doubtful person, and not to be relied on.

The Spaniards of all ranks, from royalty downwards, are generally fond of walking. One afternoon I fell in with my patrona and her daughter, the Marchioness of Castellanos, walking about a league from the town, with the old family carriage in waiting, a vehicle that seemed to have been built in the time of Gil Blas. They there readily entered into conversation. The marchioness's only son was engaged to marry an heiress of a family near Salamanca : he is a spoilt and illiterate youth, bred amongst the domestics. The bride elect appeared to be a good looking and amiable young lady. She expressed much anxiety to travel, and wished to know if she could arrive in England without crossing the sea. I was seriously asked if the nearest route was by Gibraltar or Barcelona. Many Spaniards believe Gibraltar to be joined to Great Britain, as they cannot suppose we could hold a fortress in Spain.



## CHAPTER IV.

Freebooters.—Party of Monks.—A Review.—Streets of Salamanca.—Interior.—A Dulcinea.—Ignorance.—Interesting Spot.—My Route.—Contrabandistas.—Toro.—Zamora.—Ancient Villages.—Dismal Town.—English Pay.—Gil Blas.—Threats of Assassination.—Letters of Recal.—General Sickness.—Civility of the Spaniards.—Spanish Troops.—Cavalry and Artillery.

I RODE one day to Alba de Tormes to see the ruins of the Duke of Alva's old palace. The bridge which had been blown up at the retreat of the French after the battle of Salamanca, was now repaired, and the large wood through which the enemy retired from the field was completely grubbed up, and the land ploughed. Calling at a Casa de Monte on my return, I conversed with the owners, who were here during the time of that celebrated battle, and who spoke in high terms of the British commanders.

18th Sept.—About this time news arrived of the King of Spain's dangerous illness, and

rumours of his death, though no Spaniard dared to speak to another on the subject. The cuirassiers and other troops of Pastor's division suddenly left Salamanca to go towards the capital.

It was now necessary that my courier should be despatched a second time to San Ildefonso.

I went one day to visit the curé of a village called Mata, about three leagues and a half from Salamanca; he was a worthy man, named Alonzo Cavallero. I dined with him, and saw there several of the muleteers formerly attached to the British army. All of them were in comfortable circumstances. To my accusation that some of their party had carried off a load of money from Vittoria, they replied only by laughter, which confirmed my suspicions of their plunder, and of the value of the booty.

23d September, being Sunday, a grand mass was performed for the health of the king, Ferdinand VII, attended by all the military functionaries, &c.

The vintage had now commenced, and was so very plentiful, that there were not barrels

sufficient to contain the wine. Every body was allowed to go and help himself to the grapes; the beggars even began to fatten. I was allowed to go to the top of the cathedral church to see the view of the surrounding country. The towers of all the churches are the resort of flocks of sparrow-hawks, which skim about them like swallows.

My courier returned from San Ildefonso with despatches: he reported the king as rather better.

Whilst riding one evening I met a party of monks regaling, taking a pic-nic in a shady glade, with a table-cloth spread, &c. They were of the Franciscan order. I also observed twelve pieces of artillery exercising; the guns were well mounted, and drawn by very fine mules.

29th Sept. Michaelmas-day.—Geese are very scarce; but I sent one as a present to the Irish college, and went out and partook of it myself. The vintage was commencing, and the extensive vineyards belonging to the college produce excellent wine.

This country, like Portugal, abounds with doves, which are taken in spring nets, and are remarkably good eating.

October.—The weather now became cooler, and much more agreeable. A regiment of lancers had relieved the cuirassiers. Their lances were much heavier than our's. Numerous reports of all sorts were afloat, and party spirit began to be more violent. The Marquis of Castellanos and myself went out coursing with greyhounds, but we were unsuccessful. I was introduced to the Marquis of Ovejo, and saw Generals Sarsfield and Cantarac: the latter is an active officer, who has served in South America.

10th October.—On this day a review took place of the whole of the troops in and about Salamanca, in honour of the birth-day of the Princess of Asturias, Maria Isabella. Six squadrons of cavalry, and about three thousand infantry, with twelve pieces of artillery, were brought into the field. The appearance of the troops drawn up in line was good, but they did not manœuvre. The grand square was illumi-

nated in the evening, and I went to the theatre, which was crowded. The weather had become pleasant, but sickness prevailed very much; and the disagreeable fashion of placing the dead bodies at the doors, in open biers, did not, I should imagine, improve the health of the city. Sweepers, however, were employed to cleanse the streets, which smelt most abominably. Another disagreeable practice is that of emptying all the filth into the beds of the brooks that run through many parts of the city, during the hours of siesta in the afternoon. This must be most pestilential. The Spaniards are by no means cleanly, or delicate in their habits: I have heard most disgusting and filthy conversations held amongst the first classes of society: indeed, my Portuguese was continually breaking out with the exclamation, "that if there was any thing more abominable or disgusting than another in the world, it was a Spaniard."

Finding it necessary to proceed to the Upper Douro, to see what the Spanish division there was about, I began to make arrangements for that purpose.

14th October.—Being the anniversary of the birth-day of Ferdinand VII., there was a court held (or Beso-manos), and all the military and functionaries paid their respects to the governor. A review took place in the afternoon, of six squadrons of cavalry, three thousand infantry, and eight pieces of artillery. Illuminations (such as they were) appeared at night.

The Spaniards are great economists and hoarders of money. Their houses are wretchedly furnished; the principal room, perhaps, may be matted, and have one settee in it, with a few old chairs and a table. The floors are generally brick. My apartment contained only a small table, very high, with six or seven chairs very low; no mat whatever; the bed in a recess. I purchased a mat for the bed-side, as every thing that touched the bricks became red. In my room there was a large window-door, from which one descended into the filthy parterre, environed with high walls. The apartments of the Don himself were not much better furnished. In a pateo (court) was a well, with

bad water, and a stable on one side. The kitchen was on the same floor with the other apartment, made in the Spanish fashion. The cooking-place was raised high, and charcoal principally used.

I tried one day to make a plum pudding, but failed ; probably for want of proper materials as well as skill in cooking ; my composition was as heavy as lead, and as hard as a cannon-ball. The Spaniards, however, procured some of it, and I suppose it was sent about to the female coteries, who, no doubt, decided that it was a most horrible production. It procured me, however, some tartlets and cake, to prove how far superior the Spaniards are to the English in the culinary art.

The servants in the house where I resided consisted of the donna's maid, a peasant-girl cook, and a muchacho (boy servant), dressed in the same garb as described by Don Quixote, namely, a jacket and breeches of undyed wool, the latter open at the knee, with leggings of the same ; a Montero cap, and a leathern girdle. They were civil, and always ready to do any

thing that was required of them, in the absence of my Portuguese.

The person whose house and establishment I have described was a judge, father-in-law to a marquis, and considered very rich. Both himself and his lady were apparently most excellent people at heart; but they feared to be contaminated by liberalism, and they seemed much puzzled when informed that I was personally acquainted with the Duke of Wellington. A priest, who was prior of Salamanca, and was indebted for his preferment to the Duke, occasionally visited me.

Señor Alexander Gwillem called evidently with the intention, to use a familiar phrase, of *pumping* me. I staggered him much by offering to forward a letter from him to Lord Fitzroy Somerset. This man (so I was informed) was one of the greatest enemies I had at Salamanca, at least he was the head of the great church party. I thought it prudent to keep upon civil terms with him, and occasionally called and sat with him whilst he was eating his dinner. He was attended by some smart



señoras, who seemed very desirous to converse with me.

16th October.—Having got my passports, and taken leave of the General, I started early in the morning to cross the extensive plains between Salamanca and the Upper Douro, and, passing by Pedronilla, Pajares, Alcaide, and Camiçal, an ancient Moorish place, with a castle, arrived at Castrillos, traversing the ground where formerly I had had a very severe rencontre with the French, on the 18th July, previous to the battle of Salamanca. A single bush of whitethorn recalled the exact spot to my recollection, and the open mouths of the wine-cellars\* still appeared the same, as well as the half-ruined village. Here I stopped to feed and refresh during the mid-day heat, and crossing the small brook at the same ford as the French cavalry did on that day, ascended to the heights which led me on the plain to Alae-

\* These wine cellars are deep caves, many feet below the surface of the ground, in order to keep the wine cool; and during the charges in the affray just alluded to, both men and horses were precipitated into them.

jos, where we at that time skirmished, and kept back the French during the former part of the day.

Alaejos appears to be a very ancient town; part of it is said to be Roman. It has a good square. I put up at a posada at which some Spanish cavalry were already lodged.

Early the next morning I proceeded towards Tordesillas, and obtained a view of the bridge, which had been restored. Turning to the left, I made for a ferry, chiefly used by smugglers and peasantry. On account of the trouble and disagreeableness of entering any garrison place, it was desirable to avoid Tordesillas. The scenery was very beautiful: the right bank of the river was high and commanding, whilst on the other side an old castle and village, called Covilla, towered above the wood with which the banks were covered. I met a cluster of peasants at the ferry proceeding to market, and climbing up the steep ascent above the river under the walls of Covilla. My route lay through an extensive flat covered with wood and broom, with open spaces at intervals.

After a long and wearisome ride, I arrived at Petrogade, a Spanish village built of mud, and proceeded on to La Mota, a very ancient Moorish-built town, with an old castle at the top of a rock above the town, the streets of which were built round the castle in a succession of crescents. The shape of the town and the appearance of the people were quite Eastern—nothing was wanting but the turban.

Here is situated a ruined palace, belonging to the Duke of Leyria. The great northern road to Astorga and Benevente lay through the lower part of the place. I halted to rest and feed. On suddenly entering the posada I surprised a number of persons at dinner, who were at first startled, taking us for some of the king's troops, they being a party of contrabandistas; but one of them perceiving me to be an Englishman offered me a share of the dinner, spoke well of my nation, and told the landlady to give us every thing we asked for, and charge what she really meant to take, as the English had but few words and would not bargain.

I marched again in the evening, and arrived at night at Toro, where was a good posada. I was pretty well fatigued, having performed (nominally) eleven leagues, but some of them tremendously long ones, during the day.

Oct. 18.—In the morning I sallied forth to look at the town. The weather, especially in the early part of the day, had become very cool. The praça (square) was filled with the market-women, in yellow petticoats or green ones, turned over their heads to keep themselves warm. The view from the neighbouring point above the bridge was magnificent, with the fine Douro flowing below. The bridge is still only repaired with wood; like almost all those in Spain, it was broken by the contending armies during the Peninsular war.

Toro is a very ancient city, and was once the seat of government. The houses are very large and built of brick, and the windows are defended by large iron gratings. The streets were very filthy, and there was a gloomy appearance suited to the remains of ancient grandeur. The posada was good, with some smart señoras.

I proceeded on my route the same day, along the banks of the magnificent Douro, through a country well-cultivated, abounding with vineyards and gardens, to Fresno, where the vintage was in its harvest. Nothing was met but cars and mules, laden with grapes of the most luscious kind. Pursuing my journey, I arrived at Zamora, a large city on the Douro, with a magnificent bridge three quarters of a mile in length, but still repaired only with wood, as left at the end of the Peninsular war. This city is quite different from Toro, being remarkably clean, with very fine stone buildings. Here I purchased a very handsome greyhound, called Sultana, this part of the country being famous for dogs.

The prevailing colours of the dresses worn by the peasantry were green and yellow, trimmed occasionally with scarlet. My military passport saved me from the inconvenience I must otherwise have undergone in attending and being overhauled by corregidores and alcaldes. I had brought with me an English hunting-saddle (all travellers should provide

themselves with one), which enabled me to get over many leagues in comfort. The country bridle is best suited to the horses, but the saddle is not to be compared to an English one.

Resting at Zamora for the night, and having ascertained the position of the Spanish force in that part of the country, I prepared the next day again to quit the Douro and stretch across for the river Tormes. The variety of reports in circulation assured me that the Spaniards were abandoning their grand idea of being the conquistadores (conquerors) of Portugal.

At Zamora, I purchased some of the finest trout and eels ever seen. On quitting this place, after crossing the magnificent bridge, my route lay along the road to Penasende, a village on the point of a mountain, with the ruins of an old Moorish castle, commanding a most extensive view over a wild country with wilder inhabitants. In this place we halted to feed and refresh, and to view the ruins and castle, and thence proceeded to Ledesma, a most ancient Moorish place, which has also some Roman remains. It

stands on an immense rocky height, above the Tormes, and winding up a steep-paved road through Roman and Moorish towers, you enter a most dismal-looking town, standing on the pinnacle of a rock, and surrounded by magnificent scenery. A more ancient and barbarous-looking spot I never beheld. The posada is miserable; and the people are uncivil, and apparently very ill-disposed. The night was cold, even frosty, although the sun had been extremely hot during the day. I had some difficulty in forcing my way to the fire and in getting any thing cooked; the wine was execrable.

Oct. 20th.—In the morning I reached my destination. The ride along the banks of the Tormes was very pretty, and I reached my destination at one P. M. On my arrival I received letters from Madrid, saying that the changes going on there would preclude the necessity of my longer stay with the Spanish army. I therefore made preparations for my departure; and on the 21st of October rode over to a village where some of the muleteers resided, and was invited to eat and drink at all their houses.

They were extremely civil, and ventured to pay me visits at Salamanca; indeed, one morning I was surprised by an assemblage of these men at my door, and on asking what they wanted, they said they wished to consult me, as they were sure an English army was coming there again. In vain I told them there was no such probability; they would not believe me. They consulted me as to taking service with the Spanish army, which I recommended them to do, if it served their purpose; however, they said that if they did they would all quit it and join the English whenever they appeared; and I have no doubt that they would do so. Their pay and treatment was so good from the British, that ages must elapse before it will be forgotten. There is still at the Aripeles a peasant, who lost his leg in shewing the way (I believe to the Duke of Wellington), and who still receives his pension of a shilling a-day regularly, and has grown enormously fat. Others receive British pensions, and so do some ladies who were attached to British officers; consequently our name is still honoured and respected by the



country people, and to this circumstance I on many occasions owed my safety. Indeed, the General allowed that I could go securely amongst the peasantry where none of his officers could trust themselves without an escort.

Several severe affrays took place between the military and the contrabandistas. On one occasion the latter were attacked by a squadron of cavalry, who lost an officer and some men; but took a number of the smugglers prisoners, and lodged them in prison in a village. The villagers, however, took part with the smugglers, rose, and released them all.

In my solitary evenings I amused myself with reading Gil Blas, which was lent me by my patrona (landlady), and which is really, even at this time, a true picture of Spanish manners. Characters similar to those represented in that work are still found; and so little change has taken place in Spain, that the sites there mentioned answer exactly at the present moment. I was never struck more forcibly than some years ago, on visiting the tower of Segovia, to see how truly the place

is described ; and the little round room where Gil Blas was confined, after leaving the horrible dungeon below, is so exactly depicted, that the incident in the novel seemed like an occurrence of a few days before.

My patrona had become more familiar of late. Some changes that had taken place at Madrid, and the march of part of the forces towards the capital, had caused people to whisper about that all was not sound. The church-party considered me a greater evil than ever. Two representations had already been made to the Spanish cabinet to cause me to be sent away. To the first the reply was, that I was there by order of the Government. To the second a more decided answer was given, namely, that I was there by their desire, and was to be respected.

The numberless threats of assassination, made my residence at Salamanca any thing but agreeable ; and although our minister told the Spanish government, that if any ill befel me it would be resented, still in a country infested by banditti, and where assassination was common,

such a misfortune might easily happen. Being asked by the priest where I lodged why I did not wrap up in a cloak when returning home in the evening, as I was liable to be assassinated, my reply was, that I had done nothing to induce any one there to assassinate me; and that I did not choose to be killed by mistake. I always dressed in such a way that I could not be mistaken for any one else.

It was now obvious that Spain would not, and dared not, meddle with Portugal. A storm was gathering at home. I therefore received letters of recal, with orders to proceed to Madrid; and making application for my passport, obtained with it a civil letter from General Sarsfield, saying he would see me on the following day. Arrangements for mules were soon made; and the next day I rode to Tejares to take leave of General Sarsfield. He received me walking up and down a ploughed field. He had been very ill, and looked quite pale; and, being clothed in a loose white dress, a kind of monkish habit, really appeared like a ghost. He said he received me there as he could converse while

taking his exercise. He regretted the little personal civility he had been able to shew me; said that he was a sincere friend to the British, and was descended from a British family. Then taking very kind leave of me, he added, "Let me ask you one question: how is it that you, a foreigner, have preserved your health where so much sickness has prevailed, when a third of my army has been laid up, and when my constitution is completely gone?\*" You, I hear, have acted contrary to our plan, and have gone out in the most burning suns. What is the rule you live by?"

I told him I had no particular rule, I lived as well as I could. The General said, "So do I." I added that the peasantry worked in the hot sun, and that like them I wore a woollen dress in preference to any other.

\* During the time of the general sickness, I called on him at Tejares, and finding him looking very ill, recommended medical advice. He replied by asking me if I had seen two sentries at the bridge leading into the castle where he resided: those, he stated, were stationed there with orders to shoot any doctor who should appear near the place.

I then bade him adieu; took leave of his aide-de-camp, Col. O'Donnell (who was always civil, and spoke to me whenever we met), and made my valedictions also to a Capt. Shelley, likewise of British extraction. I thanked them all for the respect that had been shewn me by them under such disagreeable and doubtful circumstances; indeed I do not know that with any other army I could have remained so long without some personal insult being offered me. The Spaniards never manifested the smallest inclination of the kind, and when accident brought me in contact with them, they were always very polite, though they shunned conversation. Indeed they are a quiet set of people, and never stir out except on duty. I do not believe a single officer of that army ever rode as far as Aripeles, to view the site of the battle. The cavalry confined their rides to the end of the avenue of trees leading from the city (about half a mile in length), the usual walk of the ladies and other pedestrians. A stroll round the walls and on the Prado (public walk) was the extent of their exercise. Their ignorance

of the *locale*, and of geography in general, was marvellous. I, a foreigner, was able to enumerate to the general several villages fit to contain troops, of which his staff were wholly ignorant.

I now wished my *patron* and *patrona* good-bye. The former asked me why I had been in the habit of calling the Spaniards owls. I replied, "They are very wise, grave-looking birds, move about chiefly at night, and are all feathers: in which you completely resemble them." The Spanish troops continually marched in and out at night on account of the heat, and also in order to conceal their numbers from me. They were quite horrified when I told them the exact numbers they had in the field one day; and the consequence was, I was desired never to look at their regiments on parade in future.

Although the general dress of the Spanish troops when marching was a loose great-coat, in full dress they had false or pigeon-shaped breasts, which I should think must be very detrimental to their breathing when marching. The appearance of the troops when drawn up

was martial.\* They always said their army was fitted for conquest rather than defence. However, I believe the Portuguese would beat them any day. The Spanish cavalry has wonderfully fallen off from what it formerly was. The fine Andalusian breed of horses seems extinct. Their cuirassiers were all mounted on geldings. I saw a pretty regiment of hussars, mounted on small active horses. The artillery train was well supplied with fine mules, but they moved very slowly; and a change of position of the line seemed to be a most difficult operation.

\* Orders and counter-orders arrived so continually, that it became a joke among the people. It was said, that on examining the alforjes (a bag which is usually carried by travellers), an order for the troops was on one side the horse, and on the opposite side a counter-order.

## CHAPTER V.

Quit Salamanca.—My Route.—Wretched Inhabitants — Lavajos.—Villa Castin.—An Officer's Gratitude.—Immense Posada.—Approach to Madrid.—My Hostess.—Madrid. — The Prado — Madrid. — Bull Fights. — The Royal Family.—New Cemetery.—Mode of Burial.—Want of Feeling.—Wretched Police.—Theatres.—Paintings.—Alarm.

23d Oct.—I quitted Salamanca, happy to escape from such an unpleasant life. No regrets agitated my bosom at parting, and my absence was lamented by none, except a few beggars on whom I occasionally bestowed some quartos. These poor people gave me their blessing. I was accompanied by my servant and Mr. O'Hagan, who expected to obtain a commission in the Spanish service; a muleteer was also with us, and, going out at the Huerta gate, we proceeded along the Tormes to Villaba, where in former times I had passed some days and nights on picquet, observing the French. It was necessary



that I should deviate about a league to the left, in order to take leave of the Irish collegians, all of whom endeavoured to show me every civility in their power. Bidding them adieu, I rode to Huerta on the Tormes, the place where the French forded that river previously to the battle of Salamanca. The Tormes here winds through an extensive flat plain, without trees, and only some occasional broom. Quitting it where it bends towards, or rather flows from, Alva, and passing a long, low tract, watered by a rivulet, we arrived at the ascent towards a plain leading to Penaranda, where General Bock's brigade of heavy German cavalry gallantly and successfully charged a column of French infantry, the day after the action at Salamanca, completely routing, destroying, or capturing them.

After passing through one of those open woods so common in Spain, we reached Penaranda at five P.M. This is a small, but clean walled town, situated on a plain. The posada, kept by Don Rita, was a neat one. My military passport precluded my being marched up to be examined by the corregidor, or alcalde, nor

was I intruded on by spies. From the high ground near Penaranda I took a last view of the towers of Salamanca, and started next morning at seven to pursue my route, which lay by Fonteveros to Aldea Nova, eight long dreary leagues of nothing but sandy, uncultivated country. We occasionally put up some packs of cortigoes.

At this place I halted, to feed and rest my cattle. The village is considerable, and the houses large; but the most wretched poverty seemed to prevail amongst the inhabitants; many half-grown females had not wherewithal to clothe themselves.

On speaking to a lady who appeared to be one of the chief *senoras* there, and saying how shocking it was to see young women in so deplorable a state, she pulled down her own dress, saying, "See, I have not a *camisa* myself; there is not such a thing in the village—we are all starving!" I remarked, that there was land enough round the village to cultivate. She said, "Yes, Sir, formerly it was so; but we have now neither corn to sow, nor

money wherewith to purchase it; a failure of crops, a year or two ago, has ruined us." I asked whose property the land was. She said it belonged to some duke or nobleman, whose name she did not know, as in Spain landlords seldom or never visit their property. Here the mothers would have presented me with half-a-dozen of their children to take away with me.

I pushed on three leagues farther to Lavajos, another poor place; but containing a very large posada, forming a square, with a court in the centre. From hence we could see the Guadarama mountains. Starting at an early hour in the morning, and gradually approaching the mountains over more undulating country, we arrived at Villa Castin, near which place I commanded the rear-guard of the cavalry, and had an affair with the French advance on our retreat from Madrid.

We halted at a posada, near the foot of the Guadarama Pass, to refresh. It was a place which, in former times, had been occupied by both armies, and seemed now in as wretched, dirty, and dilapidated a state as it then was.

Near this we met a carriage drawn by mules, which had been plundered of money to a large amount, and of every thing else worth taking away, that very morning. I suspect the banditti came from the capital on purpose: however that may be, it had alarmed all travellers, and was the subject of conversation at the posada. A detachment of infantry came up and rested whilst we were halting. An officer seated himself on a stone at the door, and looked very wayworn; I therefore invited him to partake of what was preparing for us. He proved to be a Portuguese in the Spanish service. My kindness to him was not unrequited, for having heard of the recent robbery, and of the strength of the banditti, he sent forward a detachment with orders to secure the pass at the top of the mountain, and to keep me in view. He did this without saying any thing to me.

After refreshing, we ascended the mountain, and fell in with the detachment, and seeing that they hurried along to keep pace with us, I enquired the cause, when I was informed it was by order of the commandant. On de-

scending, I gave them some refreshment and a few pesetas—thanked them for their escort, and, pushing down the hill, left the palace of the Escorial on my right, and arrived at the Fonda de Trinidada. This posada, where I put up for the night, is of an immense size, and is romantically situated, commanding a view of the Escorial, the Guadarama mountains, and the river Manzanares.

But it was a complete caravansary—an immense building with wide gates at either end: at the upper part were rooms for eating and sleeping, if any could sleep. At the lower, stables, mules, horses, and asses, to the number of three hundred, mostly with bells attached to them, were put up. The centre part was full of carriages of various sizes, panniers, &c. People were there, not of all nations, but of all the provinces of Spain, men and women, the former smoking and drinking, while some of the latter combed and dressed their hair under the waggon, and others squatted at their meals. At one end was the grand kitchen, and opposite, the wine and liquor shop.

I never saw such a scene or such a medley of persons, talking, laughing, singing, scolding, &c. We however managed to get a tolerable Spanish meal, some Val de Peñas wine, and a shake down at night; but to sleep was impossible. Travellers arriving and sallying forth at all hours—the braying of mules—neighing of steeds—ringing of the bells attached to the different teams—all formed such discordant music as defied our fatigue; I therefore escaped at an early hour in the morning, in company with about twenty wool-merchants well mounted and armed, bound to La Mancha, and we proceeded together towards Madrid.

At last we arrived at the Manzanares, which we crossed, and which being lined with poplar and willow trees, renders the approach to Madrid grand and imposing. When we reached the first barrier gate, a league from the capital, we were all obliged to discharge our fire-arms, the law having provided that no person should enter with loaded arms; we therefore fired a volley, and our arms were inspected. We now passed through the gate and proceeded to Madrid, en-

tering it by the gate of Toledo. I put up at the first posada that I saw, which was a very bad one, and then waited on the British ambassador, whom I did not find at home.

On the following morning having been recommended to a house in the Calle las Infantas, kept by a Castilian lady, I proceeded thither, and agreed for the lodging at one dollar per day; the situation being good, near the embassies, and not far from the Prado. I waited on Mr. Grant, the attaché to Mr. Addington, (who was in the country,) and dined with him at the table of our minister. The weather was extremely hot.

My hostess, though proud, was very poor: at least I had not been twenty-four hours in the house before she came to me to borrow thirty-two dollars: perhaps it was done with the view of detaining me lest I should seek other quarters. My Portuguese was not at all popular with her, being loud in his abuse of her nation.

The fine city of Madrid I found much improved since I last saw it; indeed it was the

only town where any new buildings appeared. A magnificent triumphal gate had been built at the Toledo entrance to the city, in honour of the war of independence, as the Spaniards call the Peninsular war; and new avenues of trees had been planted all round the walls and roads leading from it. I do not know any situation more beautiful than the site of Madrid. The river Manzanares flows round two sides of it at a short distance; the banks are thickly planted with trees, chiefly poplars and alders, and all the washing in Madrid is carried on there. A late queen of Spain, a Portuguese princess, had a kneeling-place and slabs laid down for the accommodation of the laundresses. The view of the rocky and partly wooded Guadarama mountain, gives a most splendid back-ground to the picture, and adds grandeur to the whole scene.

The city itself is surrounded by a high wall with eleven gates. Here are magnificent palaces and domed churches, fountains, public buildings, and streets, all combining to give it the air of a royal residence. Being shut in by



a wall, there are none of those unsightly suburbs that line the approaches to most other cities in Europe.

The day after my arrival (Sunday) I strolled about the city and walked on the Prado, which was crowded. The fashionable ladies were laying aside their *mantillas* and graceful Spanish dresses, and were assuming the (to them) unbecoming Parisian fashions. The middling and lower classes alone maintain the ancient costume. I saw the bulls driven in for the bull fights of the next day; one got loose and killed and tossed\* some persons, and put swarms of people to flight; and the gates were closed to prevent the bull from entering the city.

A string of vehicles for hire is drawn up in some of the streets in file, with from one to six horses in each. These carriages are highly painted and ornamented, and the horses are adorned with tufts, bells, and tassels. They only go at a foot's pace through the streets,

\* Formerly the same accident of being tossed happened to me.

with the drivers leading them. Walking is quite the fashion every where in Spain: you see but few carriages, and those generally are very cumbrous. Water and lemonade carriers are running about all the streets selling *aqua fresca con niev* (iced water), and there is an abundance of ice-houses, where persons repair in the evening to refresh. Provisions are by no means cheap in Madrid: every thing is brought from distant provinces—even the vegetables. Half a league from Madrid the country presents the same dreary prospect as in Old Castile.

29th Oct.—I had a long audience with our minister at the Spanish court, and was told that I must stay in Madrid possibly some short time, as the uncertain state of the king's health, and the line of policy about to be adopted was very doubtful. I dined with the embassy, and went afterwards to attend the bull-fights, which were held weekly during this season, and were carried on with the same enthusiasm as formerly.

The theatre, shaped like an ancient Roman

amphitheatre, and crowded with people, the gaiety of the dresses, both of the actors and the company, produce an imposing effect; and although perhaps on retiring, foreign spectators are disgusted at the barbarity displayed, still strangers always go.

On this day six bulls were killed, and five horses. It is the fate of many horses in Madrid to be gored to death. On speaking of the cruelty of the thing, the reply was: "You in England sell your old horses to be worked to death, or starved in their old age, which is much worse." Some persons said they thought the taste for bull-fights was on the decline—I cannot agree with them; the amphitheatre was always crowded. The royal family generally attended; even the little princesses, children of four or five years old, came with their nurses and attendants. The nobility have private bull-fights of their own, at which they exhibit their prowess before the gentry and others permitted to view them. This Carthaginian taste will remain as long as the Spaniards retain the same character.

The following day I rode all round the city, and through one of the principal royal parks, which abound in game. I also viewed the fine refreshing fountains with which the city is enriched, and saw the queen of Spain in a coach, which conveyed her to the Prado, where she alighted to walk. Afterwards came the children attended by their nurses to walk also. Next arrived Don Carlos and his lady, followed by Don Francisco and his lady, and also by Don St. Sebastian. Almost every day the different branches of the royal family came in succession in the same manner, and as they drove slowly and there was no crowd, people had every opportunity of observing them. Indeed, the beat of the drum was continually heard on the turning out of the guards to the different cortèges. The ladies were all fine handsome persons, and the countenance of her most Catholic Majesty bore a particularly kind and very pleasing expression. I saw the king twice; he appeared more dead than alive: indeed one of the maids of honour told me, that when his children were brought

to him, he could not be roused to recognize them.

At the table of the ambassador, I met occasionally several Spanish officers, Generals O'Neil and O'Lawler, and Colonel Downie, brother of the celebrated Sir John Downie. On the day of All Saints, I went to visit the large new cemetery that had been built on the rising ground beyond the bridge of Toledo, on the Getafé road. It is surrounded by an exceedingly high wall, and the entrance is by large gates. The whole circuit is divided into compartments for the dead, some variously ornamented. There were small chapels and numberless wax candles burning before the different saints. In the centre was a kind of raised altar, underneath which was an opening to the caverns below.

Some years ago I was present at a most disgusting sight within these same walls during the Peninsular war. Going out early one morning to Getafé, I observed some large waggons covered up entering the gates, and rode in to see what was doing. When the conductors strip-

ping off the covering, I saw that the vehicles were loaded with dead bodies of men, women, and children, piled indiscriminately together without any covering. A large pit was open, and they were pulled out by the legs or arms and cast into this pit, sand and earth being then thrown upon them. I retired from the ghastly sight and rode to Getafé, with not a very good appetite for my breakfast. Though there is now much greater decency and decorum, the poorer classes are still consigned to the grave much in the same manner. With all the fine cemeteries in the world, nothing appears to me so decent and affecting as a simple village church-yard, where

“ The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

The Spaniards are naturally a cruel and unfeeling nation. A person may be murdered, fall down from sickness, or any other casualty, and no assistance will he receive—every one will fly and leave him to his fate. A young man bathing near a mill in the environs of Salamanca, was seized with the cramp; the

millers and other people were standing by with a boat, looking on, and as soon as they saw the lad in danger, they shut up the door, and all went away: fortunately his Irish companions succeeded in saving him. I observed a respectably dressed female fall down in the large street Alcala, in Madrid, where hundreds were walking: all abandoned her, not one offered the least assistance. I was told I had better not interfere; however, I spoke to a chemist who lived hard by, and he, after looking at her at a distance for some time, and seeing that she was reviving, had her raised from the ground. In my lodgings, I was one night awakened by groans from some place above. I knew that a poor, but decent-looking old Spanish woman lived there, and calling my Portuguese, made him go up to enquire. He found the woman really almost dying of want. Something was taken to her at my expense, and I gave a little money to promote her restoration. This poor creature had acted as servant and washerwoman for many years, and was now nearly worn out; yet no assistance did the lady of the house offer;

she only permitted her to reside rent-free in a garret, and seemed to smile at my troubling myself about her.

To do justice to the Portuguese, I never saw a person distressed there without others immediately assisting; and have often seen beggars relieving one another. No person could faint away in the streets of Portugal without receiving immediate succour.

Several assassinations took place in my neighbourhood during the short time that I was in Madrid. In the day-time the streets were filled with guards, who lay about and obstructed the foot-paths; but no sooner was it dusk, when their presence became, of course, more necessary, than they were all shut in, and every door closed where an individual might seek for refuge or assistance.

There is a law in Madrid, by the operation of which, the first person found near a dead body is immediately imprisoned and his goods confiscated, even if it be the wife, brother, or husband of the deceased. The consequences may be easily anticipated: namely, that every



body runs away, and the assassin or robber is sure to escape.

I went to the theatre of El Principe in the evening. There and at the theatre of Le Cruz operas were performed alternate nights. These houses are handsome and moderately sized. The boxes are generally private : a lady takes a box and then lets out a seat to any acquaintance she likes. The ticket, if not used, is not transferable, but remains with the Senora for her distribution. By this means she obtains the éclat of an opera box at a cheap rate. The pit is filled with men only, and the women sit by themselves in the centre part of the theatre in line with the boxes, in which alone mixed society is seen. A new theatre was being erected near the palace after the general European fashion, which seemed to give terrible alarm to all the duennas in Madrid, who vehemently represented the danger of bringing the two sexes so near together in so warm a climate.

At the time of my sojourn in the capital, a favourite piece was performed, which gave great

delight and drew crowded houses. Spaniards even flocked from the provinces to see it. It was called the Pato de Cabra (Goat's-foot). There is a Vulcan scene in it well managed ; but I believe the pith of it was the ascent of a man in a balloon, who, when he comes back to his village, tells the inhabitants that he has been to the moon, and relates what he has seen there. In doing so he hit hard all the state corruptions and other abuses in Spain. The music generally was good, and also the singing, but the bolero dancing was not equal to that at Salamanca.

I went one day to Getafé, to find out my old quarters ; but, although I fancied I knew every stone or brick in the place, Spanish villages are so much alike, and so many years had gone by, that I could not recognise it, though I discovered the spot where our commissary resided.

The capital of Spain, amongst other things, may well boast of its paintings ; the collection at the museum deserves the praise of being one of the best in the world. It contains originals of

the most precious kind by all the celebrated masters in Europe, none of whom, in my opinion, surpass their own Murillo and Velasquez. The collections also at the Cabinet of Natural History, and at the royal palaces, contain paintings that any nation might be proud of possessing. In consequence of the plundering of the paintings by the French, it has been made death by law to carry or send out any original picture from Spain. Many of those carried away by the French have been returned, some in a mutilated state, and others patched up by French artists. In spite, however, of the prohibition, many fine works of art are continually smuggled out from private collections.

The following Monday, I again attended the Toros. Six bulls were, as usual, killed, and nine horses; one infuriated animal left the palisade, and, bringing out a man on his horns, gored, and trampled him to death in the area.

An alarm took place one night, and the troops were all under arms; it was supposed the royal

guard was going to revolt and declare for Don Carlos. Their commander-in-chief was superseded.

The theatres, cafés, and all public places, were ordered to be closed at ten o'clock, and most people hurried home as fast as they could.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Weather.—My Patrona.—Collection of Armour.—Ambassadors.—Spanish Manners.—San Fernando.—Public Penance.—The Prado.—Bull-fights.—Irish Wanderers.—Little Princesses.—Royal Palaces.—My Departure.—Our Route.—Talavera.—Field of Combat.—Village Government.—Roman Antiquities.—Arrival at Badajos.—Spanish Houses.—The Civil War.—Portugeuse Frontier.—Miguelete Officers.—Arrival at Anjira.—Visit my Friends.—A Gale.

THE weather at this time took a sudden change; it was hot, as usual, the preceding day, and in the morning there was a hard frost, accompanied by showers of sleet and snow, with which we beheld the Guadarama mountains covered. The sudden transition was fatal to many people with tender lungs. Indeed the climate of Spain is by no means wholesome. Frequently whilst in bivouac in that country, we were roasted to death during the day, and our teeth chattered at night with cold.

My patrona and myself did not particularly suit each other. She charged me with being proud and an ambicioso, and was constantly complaining of my servant ; I believe her principal motive was a desire to talk, for she had no just grounds of complaint against the man. In short she wished to be in my room all day long, meddling with every thing ; this she meant as civility, and insisting upon waiting on me herself. She complained that I never came to visit her (which is the etiquette in Spain), and could not bear me to leave her lodging. I did, therefore, occasionally go and sit with her and her sister, one of the queen's maids of honour. The Castilian dame could drink a bottle of strong Val de Penas wine to her share, as well as any Englishman ; and if I drank a glass or two she was very happy to join me, sitting with a brazeiro under the table. A little girl of four or five years old with a maid servant formed the establishment ; the former, dressed out like an old lady, with a large fan, &c. used to go every day to court to play with the royal children. The Donna was handsome, with a true Castilian

face; I suppose about thirty years of age. Her sister was still better looking, and rather more stout.

There are many sights worth seeing in Madrid; one is, the collection of armour at the palace, arranged in a similar way to ours in the Tower of London, but with a greater variety of costume, and more ancient specimens. They show there the helmets of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus, Moorish and Turkish armour, the statues of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, in full armour, as well as that of St. Ferdinando; the latter is deemed the greatest curiosity and most valuable relic. Amongst other swords that of Pizarro is shown, which was once presented to Sir John Downie at Seville, and which he preserved from the French by throwing it back amongst the Spaniards when he had jumped over a breach in the bridge amongst the enemy.

Altogether it is an interesting armoury.

Another place to be visited is the Museum of the Artillery and Engineers; the model room is well worth seeing; but I cannot say much for

the inventions. I purchased some prints of some of the celebrated pictures in the Museum, which were executed by a Frenchman, who undertook to do the whole, but the Spaniards grew jealous, and sent him away.

21st November.—The weather had now become so cold, particularly at night, that I was compelled to take to a *brazeiro*; the houses indeed, having brick floors, windows that open to the ground, no carpet, and but little furniture, are not calculated for wintry weather. One advantage is gained, however, from the cold; by the absence of certain insects which infest all the houses, and torment Englishmen to death.

I met occasionally at dinner all the ambassadors from those powers with which Great Britain was at amity. Mons. Pierre d'Oubril, of Russia; Mons. Reyneval, France; Baron Antonini, Naples; Count de Broglie, Denmark; Mr. Vanderhaussen, America. It was amusing and interesting to meet the representatives of so many nations together; for although, in a certain degree, they resemble one another, yet generally each bears the distinct mark of his



country. Their ladies also dined with us occasionally. We had but little Spanish society: indeed, the illness of the king, the threatening aspect of affairs, and the dread of some convulsion, put an end to society.

I occasionally went to a *tertulla* at the Condesa de Tebás. She was of Scottish descent, and English manners prevailed at her house. At small parties amongst the middling rank of society, more genuine Spanish manners are to be seen; you find the company seated on round mats on the floor in the Moorish style, working at embroidery, and occasionally, or in turn playing on a guitar, and accompanying it with their voices.

Every day, when the weather permitted, I made excursions into the country, either to the neighbouring royal parks, or along the different roads leading from Madrid. For about a league out of the town the soil is a fine black mould, and produces excellent corn. The land then changes suddenly to a white sand, thinly covered with broom. The country is quite unenclosed.

I rode to visit the bridge over the Xarama river, and, turning to the right along the banks, arrived at San Fernando, where there is a large cotton manufactory and a steam-engine: the Spaniards boast much of it, and I saw some excellent cotton prints made there. But the usual dress of the peasantry is woollen, which is much better adapted to them than cotton. From the peasants I learnt that in many places where the latter had been adopted, they should revert again to their woollen dresses.

The hills between this village and Madrid are entirely gypsum, large lumps of it are mixed with the soil every where.

We had some wet weather about this time. The spouts of the Spanish houses being very long, and projecting beyond the trottoir, you can walk securely near the wall without being continually soused. The roads (which, the Spaniards will tell you, are the finest in the world) are completely out of repair; indeed there were holes, immediately on coming out of the Prado, sufficient to break the springs of

most carriages ; but the royal *cortège* jolted safely over them every day.

I received a polite letter from General Sarsfield : part of his army had arrived at Madrid ; I met the same faces I had seen before, and several of the officers shook hands cordially with me.

A female of the middling class, was sentenced to do penance on that part of the public walk leading to the convent of Atocha, for eight or ten years. She sat there, with a white veil over her, in all weathers, for a certain number of hours a-day. From what I learnt of her crime, she probably had been more sinned against than sinning ; she was respectably dressed, and was generally sewing or knitting.

The cafés were filled every evening, to hear the gazettes read, newspapers not being so plentiful as in England ; one person gets the paper, and reads it aloud to the others. At these places the greatest variety of liqueurs were sold, some of very excellent quality ; tonics also were dispensed there. Medicine and surgery are at

a low ebb in Spain ; the latter is practised by the barbers, as in the time of Gil Blas and Don Quixote. Even near to the palace, Cirujano Barbero and Comadron is written up with the brass basin suspended over the door.

In fourteen days many of the sights in Madrid may be seen, such as the fountains, museums, &c. ; the picture galleries will, of course, require and bear repeated visits. The pretty rides are few ; that to the Prado is one of the best. In my walks I daily met either or both the Infantas, Don Carlos and Don Francisca, walking with their princesses in or near the Prado. I generally rode out, weather permitting, and saw the parade of troops, &c.

On the Prado, some ludicrous attempts at driving tilburies were perpetrated : a double-bodied phaeton of the Duke D'Ossuna, with two outriders, was the grandest " turn-out." I cannot say I saw any great portion of beauty amongst the fashionables, and the unbecoming French costume did away with the romantic admiration usually bestowed on the Spanish ladies : two South Americans were among the most admired belles.

28th November.—Senior Don Goa Bermudez arrived, and entered upon his functions as prime minister. I generally went to the theatres in the evening, either to hear an opera, or see the farces peculiar to the country; they had lately got up *Il Straniero*; Madame Lalande was the prima donna.

Another diplomatic dinner was given: where, in addition to those I had formerly met, were the Austrian and Russian Ambassadors. The straight hair, and plain, but amiable manners of the American, were a strong contrast to the courtly bearing of the others.

The bull fights were now over, but novillas succeeded them every Sunday afternoon: there was more fun in these, and less cruelty. The bulls were only played with and teased; some people in wicker baskets got tossed, and sham tumblers were stuck up for the bulls to run at. After a bull had been teased sufficiently, two steady oxen came in, and getting the animal between them, conveyed him out of the amphitheatre. However, they generally killed a couple of bulls at the conclusion to satisfy the

spectators. It must be pleasant to meet these bulls, when let loose again in their pastures after being played with and teased !

The weather remained cold and disagreeable. The diligences, some with eight horses, found it difficult to make good their journies.

5th December.—Two or three Irish women with one man and several children arrived in Madrid ; they had landed at Bilboa, and found their way somehow or other through the country ; they purposed to go to Gibraltar to join their husbands and comrades. Not knowing a word of Spanish, and having expended all their money, a subscription was made for them by the few British in Madrid, and they were forwarded by a gallera (waggon) to Seville, from whence a steamer would convey them to Gibraltar.

6th December.—I saw eight battalions of infantry and a brigade of guns drawn up on the Prado. The Queen and the little Princess of Asturias passed by the lines to be shown and presented with the other young princesses.

Weather fair and frosty ; I went to the

theatre and saw two new pieces : “ Quince Anos ha (Fifteen Years ago) ; and La Vida es una Sueno (Life is a Dream).

On the day of Nossa Senora de Conception the Prado was much crowded, and the little princesses walked there, attended by their nurses in Charra dresses ; the children had embroidered leading strings, as they could not walk alone. I had formed very little acquaintance ; few said, “ Mi casa esta la disposicion de V. M.,” for these were not exactly social times.

11th December.—I received orders to proceed again to Lisbon. Rode the following day to look at the small palace, or Casa del Campo, at Alconchellos. No prince is better or more magnificently lodged than the King of Spain ; his palace in Madrid is one of the most superb in Europe. The Sala des Embassadors is a most splendid room ; the walls are of jasper, and the panels are formed of large mirrors.

On mounting the staircase, a picture is seen of the battle of Almanza, gained by the Spaniards over the combined army of the Earl

of Galway ; this was rather a check to our military pride, when we entered the palace formerly as conquerors. The Earl of Peterborough's victories on the other side, of course, are unrecorded. The palace, however, has been often described, as well as that immense pile of building, the Escorial, with its beautiful *Caso del Campo* and its rotunda, which is the burial-place of the kings of Spain.

On the other side of the Guadarama mountains is the superb palace of La Granja, or San Ildefonso, which is said to be the highest royal residence in the world above the level of the sea. The royal family retire during the hot weather to this mountain-dwelling, which is embosomed in a forest, and watered and refreshed by a diversity of fountains that play in all shapes, and burst forth from all parts of the splendid garden.

Beyond this is a hunting palace at Rio Frio. In the autumn the royal family proceed to Aranjuez, another country residence, situated in a wild and sporting district on the river



Tagus. There are regal mansions in all the provinces, in Segovia, Seville, Granada, &c.

I made arrangements for my departure, called on and took leave of the Condessa de Tebás, and Don Antonio Pumarada, a Spanish American, and left my farewell card at the different embassies. My packing did not require much room; one port malle contained my wardrobe. I was warned to beware of banditti; for which reason I kept my departure a secret, and did not order horses till the moment before I started, as I ascertained that the rogues of Madrid, on hearing of the departure and intended route of any person or persons, detach a party to waylay them.

14th December.—I had my audience of leave, and received my despatches, passport, order for horses, &c. The weather now was very cold, and the people performed their toilet on the sunny side of the Praças. I dined with the embassies for the last time, from all of which I had received the greatest politeness and attention.

15th December.—I and my servant started

at seven in the morning, the weather cold, frosty, and foggy; and, departing by the gate of Toledo, crossed the Manzanares, and took the route to Talavera. I promised my patrona to write her a note, informing her of my arrival at that place—a piece of politeness which the Spaniards much prize. I said also she should hear from me when I crossed the frontier.

On leaving the bridge, we started at a gallop with good horses, and arrived at Mostoles in quick time: on the road we crossed a fine stone bridge over the river Guadarama, and saw the head of some noted robber stuck upon a pole by the way-side. At Mostoles we were supplied with very bad cattle; we, however, reached Naval Carneiro, where there is a fine old Moorish castle; this place being said to be inhabited by banditti, the courier took off the bells from his horses' neck, that they might not give notice of our approach. We also went the back way into the place, and the master of the Correo-house brought out fresh horses in the same way, saying, that were it not

for the fog, he did not know that he could suffer us to go without an escort. My courier, however, had his spingada (gun) loaded, and I was provided with a brace of pistols and a sword.

We changed horses again a few leagues farther, crossed the river Alberche below Tejada, and arrived at eight o'clock at night at Talavera, much fatigued from the badness of the horses, and covered with icicles. I put up at the posada of Monaca Gil; the people belonging to it were very civil, and produced a warm dinner and good wine. They sat and conversed with me whilst I made my repast. I determined to remain there the following day, to look over the ground where the battle was fought, and then take up the diligence to Badajos.

Talavera is a large and extensive town, situated on the banks of the Tagus, near its junction with the river Alberche, on a plain studded with olive groves, and having a rich soil. At the present time the town is but thinly inhabited. The buildings and walls bore the marks

of former strife, and the ruined houses remained, as if much time had not elapsed since the last struggle.

Having traversed some parts of the old ground, I found that the remains of the works thrown up hastily during the war are still standing. I got upon several elevations; but the view was so partial, that, had not certain spots been well impressed on my memory, I should have found difficulty in tracing the field of that sanguinary combat. I had crossed the Alberche at the same place as some of the French did on that occasion, and passed over the sandy plain where Ney debouched from the surrounding wood, and where the corps I served with was severely cannonaded on the evening of the 27th July 1809. The olive-groves appeared much in the same state, and the enclosures did not seem to have extended. I also walked to the bridge, but was told it was unsafe to proceed alone, and the peasantry did not seem very well disposed. The weather was extremely unfavourable for my observations, it being a thick fog.

The following night at twelve o'clock I quitted the fruitful plain of Talavera in the diligence, arrived at Naval Moral to breakfast, and was congratulated on my safe return by my former patron (host). I have before described Naval Moral as a small place, prettily situated, with excellent water, fruits, &c.

All the Spanish villages that are not walled enjoy considerable freedom. They have each a simple form of government of their own; consisting of an *alcaldé*, chosen annually amongst themselves, who, with the priest and barber, settles all the business of the village, arranges disputes, &c., does the duty of head constable, and makes all arrangements for quartering troops; inspects passports, and has the power of imprisoning offenders, and calling out the *posse comitatus* of the village; with wand in hand, he executes all his duties with gravity and justice.

After breakfast, we proceeded through Almeraz, crossed the Tagus again by the ferry, and climbed up the pass of Miravete, from the top of which a most magnificent view of the valley of

the Tagus and surrounding country broke upon us. In a moment we found ourselves in a different climate, and passed at once from frost and cold into summer. Away we threw our cloaks and wrappers ; it was like enchantment of the most agreeable kind. We proceeded to the wretched quarter at Xaricejo, and arrived there by six in the evening, where we fared as formerly. Setting off again soon after midnight, we arrived again at Truxillo to dinner. This, the birth-place of Pizarro, looked as wild and dismal as before. Passing along through Santa Cruz, we arrived at Merida at five o'clock.

16th December.—I walked about the town to view the magnificent Roman antiquities that abound there, which for so many ages have defied the destruction of time. I saw also the bridge built by Trajan, part of which had been blown up by the French during the peninsular war. Since I last was here, some stones had been laid down, which shewed at length an intention to repair this magnificent Roman structure ; but I fear the times have prevented it. Merida is a fine town ; there seemed more of the bustle

of business in it than I had observed in other places.

At eleven o'clock at night we pursued our journey, and arrived at half past nine the following morning, which was warm and fine, at Badajos. I put up with my former patron, Don Juan, who with his handsome lady received me very kindly.

Thus, in the course of a few months, I had traversed a considerable part of Spain, and visited many places interesting to a soldier who had served there before. Being the object of jealousy and dislike to a government which could not bear the thoughts of being overlooked by a stranger, my time had passed by no means agreeably; the Spanish pride was also hurt, lest their weakness and poverty should be seen by me.

On arriving at Badajos, I immediately got my passport aviséed, and ordered horses to be in readiness. In the afternoon I strolled about the principal streets, and paid my respects to a Spanish merchant of property, to whom I had an introduction. His wife seemed a charming

person, and both much more enlightened than the generality of Spaniards: their house was well furnished.

Most of the houses in Spain are built in the same style, that is, enclosing a square court, with a well in the centre: some jasmine and orange trees are put round the corridor, where at all times a portion of shade may be enjoyed; the corridor is shut out from the street by folding doors and bars, and grated windows. In Badajos, the houses are generally white outside; all the windows are grated with strong iron bars, at which, however, the *senoras* can sit, and talk securely to their admirers in the street.

Flowers seem to be much patronised in Badajos,—a taste derived from their Portuguese neighbours. The absence of flowers and gardens adds much to the dreariness of the towns and villages in Spain. Instead of the perpetual flowery country you meet with in Portugal, which renders it so delightful, you pass through dreary wastes, where birds of prey are continually hovering. Hawks, eagles, vultures, the larger butcher birds, jays, and the beautiful



bean-eaters, most frequently attracted my notice, and on the plains occasionally I saw a flock of bustards, or a pack of the cortiços.

Having arrived at the frontier town, I began to consider of the best and safest way of getting to Lisbon. I had found it very difficult before the civil war commenced; now it was going on, and I could obtain no information of what parties I might fall in with, or which side was likely to be successful; the Spaniards were as silent as their walls, but were evidently in favour of Don Miguel: so, at least, were all the ruling powers. I was too well known on the road to make it an agreeable trip, and the system of bringing you with a guard up through the middle of the town to the governor's house, was any thing but agreeable in my situation.

20th December.—Quitting Badajos at 6 o'clock, A.M., and sallying forth at the gate leading upon the fine bridge across the Guadiana, I took the road to the river Caya, which divides the territories of Spain and Portugal, and, galloping fast, crossed at the ford, and found myself once more in Portugal. At the

ford is established a hut built of reeds and mud, where good Portuguese wine is sold, and a little smuggling is carried on. I proceeded at a gallop, and soon arrived in sight of the olive groves and gardens that surround Elvas: my eye felt quite refreshed by them, after the dusky plains of Spain, whilst the white quintas peeped out amongst the orange and lemon groves.

I shortly ascended the marble calçada (paved road) leading through vineyards up to the fortress; where I was stopped by the guard at the gate, then ill-dressed, and composed of ordi-*nanças*, invalids, and a few cavalry; the troops all being gone towards the north. As it was an early hour, the people were not generally stirring. I was brought up the *Praça* to the governor's door.

Whilst my passports were examined, I stated that my despatches were from Madrid, and that I must not be detained; I then hastened back to the *Correo*-house by a different street from that by which I had come, and ordering horses immediately, hurried away as fast as I could,

and took the road to Estrimos, passing under the arches of the splendid aqueduct. At the distance of about a league I got into open country, and galloped away to the hill of Atalaya, whence there is an extensive view towards Villa Viçosa, a place I wished to visit, having been long quartered there formerly ; but I could not venture to go there, though I wrote a note to my former patron. On my arrival at Estremos, I was brought, as before, to the middle of the town.

Having rode all the way from Badajos without any breakfast, I wished here to take a little refreshment. During my repast some Miguelite officers kept pacing up and down the room, asking questions and eyeing me not very complacently ; I therefore only hastily swallowed a mouthful or two, and was surprised to miss my servant. On enquiry, he was found mounted at the door and ready to start,—an unusual circumstance with him when eating was going on. After we had quitted the town, he told me that he overheard the officers threatening our lives, and therefore he had thought it

prudent to decamp and to canter off without his breakfast.

At 10 P. M. arrived at Val de Moro. All the people of the town having retired to rest, and it being dark, I rested there a short time, got some refreshment, and, starting again before day-break, proceeded through Arroyolos to Vendas Novas and Pegoes. I there fell in with some of the Miguelite cavalry; they were, however, civil, and assisted in saddling the horses. I asked them why they had not driven Don Pedro out of the country? They said, they were waiting to see which side England would take.

I now rode forward over the fatiguing plain leading to Aldea Gallega—arrived there without accident at 3 P. M., and, embarking immediately with a foul wind, arrived at Anjiya, not until eight o'clock. Here I delivered my despatches to Lord W. Russell, who congratulated me on my safe return, but told me I must proceed immediately to Porto; that the Nimrod sloop of war was lying in the Tagus waiting to convey me. The vessel was com-

manded by his lordship's brother, Lord E. Russell.

Having the next morning waited on his Lordship, I found there was likely to be some little delay in our voyage. I paid my respects to Admiral Parker, Capt. Rainier, and others of his Majesty's navy.

The following day being Sunday, I attended divine service at the British chapel in Buenos Ayres. The garden surrounding it was full of choice flowers and shrubs in full bloom, and the weather delightfully warm. I afterwards went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Pring, who had shown such kindness to me when I first went to Elvas. I was sorry to learn that they had been obliged to fly, and that the fatigue of the journey, and the fright she received, had thrown Mrs. Pring into a fever, of which she died.

23d December.—Dined with the Admiral on board the *Asia*. The next and following day, I paid some visits to the few acquaintances I had in Lisbon, and embarking on board H. M. ship *Nimrod*, we dropped down to Cascaes ;

but were detained waiting for some despatches. On sailing from the river we went plump into a gale of wind,—carried away our fore topmast, gib boom, &c.

30th December.—We were off the Berlings, it still blowing a gale.

## CHAPTER VI.

Coast of Portugal.—Enter the Douro.—Fortifications.—  
 Belligerent Armies.—Oporto.—Its History.—Privileges  
 of Braga Ladies.—Moorish Walls.—Population of Oporto.  
 —Its Churches.—Charitable Institutions.—Monasteries.—  
 Convents.

4th January 1833—WE were off Cape Mondago, with the same foul weather. The coast of Portugal is but too well known to those who have tried it in the winter season; indeed, from the perpetual heavy swell that sets in from the westward, with stormy currents, it is any thing but a pleasant coast.

It was not until the 7th of January that we made Porto; the weather then became moderate. A boat from H. M. S. Etna came alongside, and I embarked on board her to enter the Douro. The bar at the mouth of that river is very capricious and difficult to cross. As we

entered the river, the Miguelite batteries, just erected on the Cabodello Point, were firing at St. João de Foz, the pretty town and castle and the opposite entrance to the harbour on its right bank; the shot as they passed over our heads gave me an opportunity of ascertaining their range, the distance from which they came, and the extent to which they could do mischief. I went first on board the *Orestes* (Capt. Glascock), and afterwards was landed in Porto.

I now immediately repaired to the house which Colonel Hare had occupied in the Ruades Almas, near the Corderia; this officer was about to proceed to England on business, and I was sent to relieve him. I waited on the British consul Colonel Sorell, and delivered my letters, &c.

The city was at this moment closely invested; but the Miguelites had not yet made many redoubts, nor got up all their battering train; their lines extended on the north side, resting on a height, called Monte Castro, above St. Joao de Foy, across by Lordello, and round the city till they reached the river Tinto, below



the Seminario, and thence to the Douro; commencing on the opposite and south side, they ran round the Serra Convent (which was occupied by the Pedroites), as well as the whole left bank of the river to its mouth. The river is not generally more than three hundred and sixty yards in width, but varies to six hundred, and is every where within musket-range.

Several heights and points, that appeared absolutely necessary to the safety of the town, were neglected by the Pedroites, owing both to apathy and the smallness of their force. At the time I landed there was no firing, except at Foz; I therefore took advantage of this to look about me, and observe the hostile preparations on both sides. It was very evident that, although the Miguelite army was very strong in numbers, still it had exceedingly long lines of defence, not less than fourteen miles, to maintain; so that the front they opposed at any point was not stronger than that of the besieged, who moved in a much smaller circle. Add to which, small as was the army of Don Pedro, it had a considerable body of foreigners composed of nations whom the

Portuguese have long been taught either to dread or admire, as excelling themselves in arms.

The Miguelite army was, however, well appointed, and superior in discipline to that of the besieged ; but their officers were not, in general, so good ; though there many on both sides who had fought and obtained honorary distinction under the banners of the Duke of Wellington.

It was painful to see the same men, who had long fought together, now arrayed against each other in a civil war.

The city of Porto, as it now stands on the right bank of the river, is about two miles above the mouth of the Douro : it is said to contain 140,000 inhabitants, but at the time I am now speaking of, I do not think there were above 70,000 souls. The city rises abruptly from the river : in one place the ascent is by 134 steps. It occupies a deep valley and several hills, which render the streets in some places very steep : its back, or north part, rests upon rocky heights ; the granite stones of which

the place is built, have been quarried from it. There are many magnificent and spacious streets, with a flagged trottoir, the whole built of granite. The town possesses also several fine squares, some magnificent churches and public buildings, interspersed with numerous gardens abounding with flowers and beautiful shrubs, which give an air of great beauty to the city.

The bird's-eye view of Oporto is magnificent ; the streets terminate at the banks of the river, or on the top of the high cliff which overlooks it. The width of the river varies in parts, but, opposite the town, is from 360 to 400 yards. A bridge of boats here forms a communication with Villa Nova de Gaya. This is the grand deposit of all the fine Douro wines, of which Port is the principal.

On a steep rocky height to the left is situated the Serra Convent ; and lower down on the immediate bank of the river stands the convent of St. Antonio. On the right bank is the pretty town of St. João de Foz with its light-house, as also Sta. Catherine and Lordello.

In the itinerary of the Roman Emperor, Cæsar

Antoninus, A.D. 160, we find the place called Cago or Gaia, laid down on the river between Aviero and Braga. Its name was derived from a Roman consul, Caius Lelius. No doubt the Romans had a castle or work on the top of the Gaia hill, to command the passage of the Douro. The present city of Oporto was founded many years afterwards on the opposite bank. The Romans held the aforesaid post to keep a check on the forces of Viriato.

When the Goths, Vandals, Alans and Suevi, overran and subdued France and Spain, they finished their career in Gallicia; the Alans entered Lusitania, and took possession of the northern provinces. They formed an alliance with the beautiful Cuindagunda, daughter of Hermenerio, by obtaining her in marriage to Attaxes, and at this period was constructed that castellated part of the city called the old town, with palaces and buildings for the army to dwell in. In the year 569, the city was called by the Suevi 'Castrum Novum,' to distinguish it from Cale or Caya, which was called 'Castrum Antiquum.'

About 170 years afterwards Leovogildo, king of the Goths, issuing from Gallicia, took possession of the place, putting all who opposed him to the sword. He was charged with having slain his son, because he would not embrace the doctrines of Arius. The city remained subject to the Goths until the invasion of the Moors in the year 716: Abdalhassan, their chief, overran all Gallicia and the country as far as the Douro. During three ages it had three different masters, the Suevi, Goths, and Moors. In the time of Alfonso 1st, called the Catholic, about the year 820, Abderahman, one of the Moorish kings of Cordova, wishing to reconquer the place (which had fallen into the hands of the Christians, and was then held by Hermengildo) attacked it, and a desperate action took place at Campanha, in which the Moors were defeated, and pursued with great slaughter to a brook or small river, which still bears the name of Rio Tinto; and that part of the city is still called Batalha, because the Christians from thence sallied out against the Moors.

An Arabian chief named Almanza subsequently attacked and took possession of the city, and rased the walls to the ground, not leaving, they say, one stone upon another. It remained in their power until some valiant Gascon knights and noblemen, about the year 1092, under the command of the Condé d'Henriquez, father of the valiant Don Alfonso Frederiquez, left their estates in France and came into Castile to fight the Moors under their king Alphonso the 6th. This chieftain married Alphonso's daughter Donna Teresa, and was invested with the title of Condé of all the places which he could conquer as far as Algarva. Porto was made the seat of government; numerous palaces and churches were erected; amongst others, the cathedral. The invaders brought with them and established there a number of Gascon knights who had distinguished themselves in arms; and an order was issued by the king, that no person of power should remain there more than three days, who was not one of their party. This order was revoked by Don Manuel in 1503, who permitted all illustrious persons

and their families to reside there, provided they could maintain themselves in their ancient splendour.

At this time the city called Porto Cale gave the name to the whole kingdom of Portugal. Before this period it was known by the name of Lusitania, which it received from the Romans; it included the whole country lying between Porto, the Alentejo, and Castille: the remaining part, the province of Entre Minhoe Douro, was called the Torre des Bravaros.

The above account is taken from a MS. in the collection of the Guimaraens, written about the time of Fernando the 1st. It was this city that first took the part of Don Joao the 1st, and declared him defender of the kingdom; it was also the first to send out an expedition against Ceuta, defraying the expenses and provisioning the whole expedition. On this occasion a person of the name of Joao Ramalho particularly distinguished himself. The Galicians made another incursion against the Braga people, who drove back the Portuenses, and killed their famous leader, Norbano Cabrio.

The Portuenses then opened their gates and sued for peace.

The Braga people, or rather the ladies, gained some most extraordinary privileges on this occasion over the Portuenses, such as the following : If an Oporto man married a Braga woman, he was to receive no marriage portion, and to make presents to her relations ; a Braga woman was not to be punished for adultery ; the Portuenses were not to raise walls, or rebuild their city, without permission of the ladies of Braga. They were to be consulted on all occasions of moment. Upon receiving any post of honour, a native of Porto was obliged to lie down, while a Braga woman put her foot on his neck, to render him fit to receive the distinction. In short, the ladies of Braga might do what they pleased with the Oporto gentlemen. \*

Villa Nova de Gaya was founded in the year 1255 by King Alfonso. In 1385 the Portuenses obtained a victory over the governor of the Cas-

\* This may be found in the Sacred History of Spain by Flora, year 456, and in Don Rodrigo's Illustrations of Spain.



tello of Gaya bires Gonsalvez de Figuerido, expelled him thence, and razed the castle to the ground, which has never since been rebuilt. A lofty Moorish wall in Oporto encloses part of the city; it was built in the reigns of Alfonso the 4th, Pedro 1st, and Don Fernando, Kings of Portugal. It is 3,030 paces in circumference, and thirty feet high, embracing some of the most interesting points of the city of Oporto. Forty years were occupied in building it.

Don Fernando died 1279. Within this wall are three parishes, the Cathedral St. Nicolas, and Senhora de Victoria. Without the wall are the parishes of St. Ildefonso, Quinta de Campanham, St. Pedro, Nossa Senora de Bon Viagém (good journey) and Cedofeita (quickly built), the three latter form the barrier of Miragaya; there are, besides, the parishes of Santa Marinha, and St. Christovão de Mafameda.

A map of the parishes, houses, men and women, according to a return of the year 1787, was as follows :

Parish.	Titles.	Fires.	Men.	Women.	Total.	Rent.
Sí .....	Abbey	3,185	6,838	7,054	13,892	600,000
St. Nicholas ..	do.	1,374	2,524	2,765	5,289	600,000
Victoria ....	do.	1,281	2,980	2,672	5,652	480,000
St. Ildefonso .	do.	4,390	9,896	8,918	18,814	1,200,000
Campanha ..	Rectory	868	1,530	1,654	3,184	400,000
Miragaya ....	Abbey	661	1,359	1,398	2,757	400,000
Massarellos ..	Curacy	324	737	808	1,545	80,000
St. Marinha ..	do.	1,692	3,082	3,203	6,285	600,000
Cedofeita ....	do.	805	2,389	1,672	4,061	250,000
St. Christovan.	Abbey	558	1,035	991	2,026	1,000,000

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15,138 32,370 31,135 63,505

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From this it is pretty evident that the population has never exceeded 80,000 or 100,000 ; there might possibly have been 40,000 at the commencement of the siege. It is difficult to get at the numbers in a city, where a large portion of the people belong to neighbouring villages, and return home after their daily labour ; no return, moreover, is given of any of the *religieux*, who are shut up in convents and monasteries, nor of their servants ; nor is any account taken of children under seven years of age, or of any persons not professing the Roman

Catholic religion. Below is a return of marriages, births, and deaths, in the year A.D. 1786:

Marriages.	Births.		Deaths.	
	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
454	1,389—1,347		989—915	
	<hr/>		<hr/>	
	Total...2,736		Total...1,904	
	<hr/>		<hr/>	

The principal churches in Porto (not including the convents, which have all magnificent churches of their own) are: first, the cathedral, a superb building, erected by Henrique, made Count of Porto 1112, through the influence of his devout lady, Dona Teresa, for whose ascent to the choir a fine wide marble staircase was constructed, still bearing the name of the Escada de Rainha; the tower also was named after her; the choir and Capello Mor were finished in 1609.

The collegiate church of Cedofeita is the next in celebrity; its structure is purely gothic, built in the year 559. It remained during the whole domination of the Moors unmolested; the Connigos paying a tribute to preserve it from

the Saracens. It is acknowledged to be the most ancient church in Portugal, having stood 1226 years without alteration.

The church of Misericordia was founded A.D. 1555. This institution is composed of an herminidad of 2,000 brothers. It was founded by Dona Leonora, wife of Don Joao 2d; it is governed by a corporation, composed of the first families in Porto, with a purveyor at its head, and embraces every kind of charity; relieves poor of all denominations; succours all indigent persons in the different jails; takes care of 2,000 sick; buries those whose friends cannot afford the expenses of interment; receives, feeds, and provides for foundlings, to the number of 900.

The church of the Clerigos, built A.D. 1748, is situated at the top of a fine wide street, called Calçada da Natividade. This is a very superb building, beautifully ornamented: its tower is the highest in the kingdom, and higher than most in Europe; it can be seen at the distance of ten leagues at sea.

The other parish churches are—St. Nicolao (said to be the richest); St. Victoria, which

suffered terribly during the siege; St. Ildefonso; Santa Marinha, in Villa Nova; San Pedro; Miragaya Terço e Caridade, which has a good hospital; Nosso Venhor de Bom Fim; S. Pedro Gonsalvez, which belongs to the sailors; Bon Jesus de Gaya; Senora de Lapa, a fine church above the great square of St. Ovidio, whence there is a magnificent view of the Douro to its mouth, of the sea, and of the intermediate country. There are, besides, above eighty chapels dedicated to San Francisco de Carmo, Senhora de Batalha, St. Antonio, &c.

Each of the parochial churches has an *irminadada*. That of Coracão de Jesus (heart of Jesus) is noted for receiving boys and girls who may be brought up in vicious habits, and endeavouring to reclaim them by sending them away from their former connections, feeding and clothing them.

No country, except England, abounds more in charitable institutions than Portugal; nor is any nation naturally more benevolent and kind than the Portuguese. The public hospitals are,

1st, The royal hospital. 2d, That for foundlings. 3d and 4th, For unfortunates and poor only. 5th, For beggars. 6th, For old women. The hospitals of San Crispin for poor women; of St. da Silva; of San Francisco da Carmo; and the hospital for the English. Amongst the principal is the Hospital Real, which has the appearance of a palace, and is built of granite: it is celebrated not only for its size and grandeur, but also for the number of patients it receives; who are attended by the best physicians and surgeons, both Portuguese and English, and are supplied with the best medicines, dispensed not only to the sick within, but also to out-door patients at half price.

Another hospital has been added, called H. Novo, a large quadrangular building, with cloisters and a church in the centre. It is still incomplete for want of funds: it was commenced 1769, but on too large a scale for the present wants of the city. Each side is 783 palmas (spans); and the circumference 3,180.

The monasteries are—

1st. San Domingos, which is the most an-

cient, containing forty monks ; founded A.D. 1239.

2d. San Francisco, containing eighty monks ; founded A.D. 1241.

3d. Santo Eloy, containing thirty monks ; founded A.D. 1491.

4th. Santo Agostinho da Serra ; founded A.D. 1540.

This monastery is beautifully situated on the left bank of the Douro : its church is a rotunda. The trees and garden were quite destroyed during the late siege ; and the whole building, with the exception of the round church (which proved itself bomb proof) was left a heap of ruins. Twenty courjos of the first families inhabited it formerly.

5th. Agastinho Descalços, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, but latterly to the above-mentioned order, containing twenty-five persons ; founded A.D. 1560.

6th. Valle de Piedade (San Antonio), founded A.D. 1569, is situated on the left bank of the Douro : its church and gardens are very handsome. Before the steps leading up to the church,

is a magnificent cross, cut out of one entire piece of jasper. This monastery was nearly destroyed during the siege.

7th. St. Joao Novo ; twenty-seven religieux ; founded A.D. 1592.

8th. St. Bento da Victoria, of the Benedictine order ; by its foundation they rooted out a synagogue which then existed : this was considered a most pious deed. Forty monks resided there, but the monastery was burnt to the ground during the siege ; founded A.D. 1598.

9th. Carmelites Descalças ; fifty residents ; founded A.D. 1619.

10th. St. Antonio da Posta dos Carros ; fifty padres ; founded A.D. 1680.

11th. Conceição ; eight or nine padres ; founded A.D. 1679.

12th. St. Antonio da Cidade, not completed ; it had only twelve inhabitants. This monastery, with its beautiful church, was burnt during the siege ; founded A.D. 1783.

The convents are :

1st. Corpus Christi, containing seventy nuns, besides seculars and servants : it stands on



the banks of the river which once overflowed it, and put the nuns to flight; founded A.D. 1345.

2d. Santa Clara, containing ninety-nine nuns, from the Tamega, of the Franciscan order. It has a school, and contains altogether about three hundred persons, secular and otherwise; founded A.D. 1416.

3d. Ave Maria, containing eighty nuns, Benedictines. They possessed much power and patronage, and had the appointment of many Juiz de Foras (kind of magistrate), Capitán Mors, Contos, &c.; founded A.D. 1518.

4th. Madre de Dios da Monchique, order of Franciscans; this convent contains seventy nuns and many seculars, descendants of illustrious families, who exercised several of the fine arts which did honour to their sex: they had about one hundred servants in the institution; founded A.D. 1575.

5th. San Jose de Carmelites Descalças contains twenty-one nuns, the number prescribed by their Matriarch Santa Teresa, three of whom wear white veils; founded A.D. 1704.

## CHAPTER VII.

Taking the Veil.—Colleges.—Recolhimentos.—Fountains and Conduits.—Fountains.—Government of the City.—Military Establishments.—Commerce.—Douro Wines.—A Tumult.—Climate of Oporto.—Floods.—Portuguese Ballad.

I HAVE witnessed the ceremony of a young lady entering her noviciate, as well as that of her taking the veil and becoming a professed nun, after the year of probation. The aspirant, in bridal apparel, adorned with jewels, and her hair tastefully dressed, attended by some of her relations, her godmother, and godfather, proceeded to the church of Santa Clara; and went up to the altar where service was performed by the priests in full robes. When it was over, she was asked distinctly whether of her own accord she wished to renounce the world. She replied in the affirmative. She trembled very much; but rather, I believe, at the pub-

licity of her situation, than from any other cause. She appeared about eighteen; fair and handsome, with magnificent hair. Having left the public church, she went round to the convent gate attended by her friends, where kneeling down, she knocked. The folding doors were then thrown open; all the nuns, with the Lady Abbess at their head, being drawn up inside. They asked what she wanted; her reply was, that she wished to be admitted into their holy sisterhood. She then entered, and the spectators returning to the church, approached the grating that divides the two churches. The young novice was then led forward; another service was chaunted, and the same questions were again put to her. Having answered as before, all her ornaments were stripped off, and she was clothed in the dress of the order. They ended by cutting off her hair, and embracing her, put on her a white veil: she was then given in charge to two nuns, who were to instruct her in her duties during the year of her noviciate. The Lady Abbess promised me a lock of her hair, but I never received it.

The second ceremony, that of taking the veil, I saw performed at another time ; it was not so interesting as the first, but more serious. The novice, who looked pale and wan, was brought to the inner church, and the final questions were put to her ; she was then laid on the ground, covered with a pall, and a funeral service was performed over her. After it was done, the pall was removed, she rose, her white veil was taken off and replaced by a black one : she was then embraced, and finally admitted as a professed nun for life.

I believe, in most instances, the ladies are happier inside the convent than out, as they have more society : generally speaking, they lead most recluse lives at home, never going out but to church.

There are in Oporto several colleges, hospicios, and recolhimentos (retreats). The Collegio da Senhora da Graça, founded in 1651 by the venerable Balthazar Guedes, clothes, feeds, lodges, and educates poor orphans, generally about seventy in number. The Hospicio de Santo Antonio da Cordoria was founded in

1730, that of Senhor d'Alem in 1140, and that of St. Francisco de Paulo in 1780.

The *Recolhimento do Anjo* is an establishment for orphan girls, daughters of noble fathers of this city. Amongst them are many married ladies, who live there during the absence of their husbands, and receive spiritual comfort and protection. It was founded in the year 1672 by Donna Ellena Pessara da Maja, an illustrious lady, who originally intended it for ten orphan girls; but the number now amounts to 72, including the apportioned and servants.

*Recolhimento da Senhora da Esperanza*, founded 1724, is another institution for the reception and education of orphan girls from the age of eight to that of twenty-five: they have masters to teach them all arts belonging to their sex. The *Santa Casa da Misericordia* pays the salaries, and keeps up every thing necessary for the establishment. The *administradora* awards and pays portions to the orphans when they arrive at twenty-five years of age; they then leave the place, and provide for

themselves. Over one of the principal gates are engraved these verses :

“ Excipiunt orbas et alunt hæc claustra puellas.  
Quæque minor subit hæc limina hæc major abit.”

Many families confide the education of their children to the excellent rules of this house: it has fifty boarders. *Recolhimento do Patrocinio da Mai de Dios*, commonly called the *Ferro*, was founded in 1757; it is inhabited by thirty-six aged women, directed by a regent; they live partly on the produce of the work they carry on, and partly on the charity of the bishop and the religious houses.

Every town in Portugal is celebrated for its fountains and water conduits; the water is of the purest kind; besides which there are a variety of chalybeate springs both hot and cold. Porto is watered by many streams; some are called the *Rio de Villa*; others are only used for the purpose of washing clothes, &c.: many of the brooks have fine stone bridges across them; such as *Ponta Nova*, *Rua das Flores*, *Barcharia*, *Patas*, *Cedofeita*, *Massarellas*, &c. The fountains and chafarizes are innumerable, and

furnish an ample supply of water to the inhabitants: the wells exceed 2,000 in number. The public chafarizes are Ribeira, S. Domingos, Taypas, Porta do Olival, Fabrica, Rua Chassa, S. Ildefonso, Sé, and Da Serra. Those most remarkable for the pureness of their water are, Terreiro de Santa Clara, Monchique, Franciscanos, Dominicos, Bentos, Loyos, Congregados, Carmelitas, Agostinhos descalços, Cruzios, Antininhos de Val de Piedade, Pazos Episcopaes: many of which belong to particular convents, but likewise supply the public. The water of Paranhas is also particularly celebrated for its purity.

The public fountains exceed one hundred in number; and all have the purest water. One called Fonte Panta is remarkable for its sanitary quality, and has the reputation of curing every complaint. The chalybeate springs at Campanha and Cedofeita are strongly impregnated with iron, and are excellent tonics.

The government of the city is divided into the ecclesiastic, the military, the civil, and the political. Belonging to the first are a provisor, a vicar-general, a juiz de cazamentos,

and a juiz de residuos, a promotor, and two other ministers. They meet every Thursday and Friday to decide causes, &c.; the bishop sometimes presides. Pope Pascao 2d, A.D. 1115, gave them the power to decide upon all ecclesiastical causes, either in the city or suburbs of Porto. The different branches all hold their courts on certain days in their respective parishes.

The tribunal of the casado civil is composed of ministers wearing gowns (togados), who have power over three provinces, *viz.* Minho, Iras os Montes, and Beira, consisting of 19 comarcas, 99 councils, 58 contos, 15 horas, 11 cities, 305 towns, 3,155 parishes, 400,000 fires, and more than a million of souls.

I shall not enter into a full detail of the law; it is sufficient to say, that it is to be had of all kinds, and is both cheap and plentiful: there are no less than one hundred advocates in the city. The ancient military establishment consists of a governor, named by the crown, who is independent of the military governor of the province: the fortresses and places under his orders are



Povoa, Matozinhos, Queixo, and St. Joao de Foz, the garrison of which is paid by, and supplied from Porto. The other mixed garrisons are, Figuerra, Santa Catherina, Honihode, Monte, and Buarios. Two regiments of infantry in 1696, were established by Don Pedro II. as a garrison to this city, each composed of six hundred men; in 1762 every battalion was increased, and latterly each regiment contained 1,169 men. Their pay was twenty-seven reis (about three-halfpence) per diem. To these were added a company of artillery from the *Tras-os-Montes*, *Minho*, &c.

As a new order of things prevails, I shall not enter into the political government; I shall only say, that the arrangements appear to have been good, though tedious in application. The ecclesiastical power, however, was the greatest. In the reign of Don João I. 1444, a concordat was held, which established the right of the church, and was confirmed by the Pope.

Porto, whilst it increased in size, and enjoyed tranquillity, soon swallowed up all the trade of Viana, which until the year 1740 was the prin-

cipal commercial port in the North, and received large vessels. Nothing but small coasters (Hyatas) are now to be seen there. In the year 1787, 190 Portuguese vessels, of from 400 to 600 tons, entered; 178 sailed: 211 British; 189 sailed: 22 Dutch, 18 Danish, 19 Swedish, 11 Spanish, an occasional French vessel; some Hamburgh, Prussian, Russian, Venetian, &c. All these vessels entered for the purposes of trade only. The custom-house is built upon the banks of the river. The largest portion of the revenue is derived from the *droit*; which latterly amounted to 366 contos of reis, about as many thousand pounds sterling.

The Brazilian commerce, which I have not before mentioned, was the most advantageous to Porto; more than eighty ships were annually employed there. I know not how this trade goes on at this moment, but I fear it is all lost to the nation; nor do I see any other that can possibly replace it. The independence of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies has been the chief cause of ruin to their present countries; it is not probable they will ever be replaced by others.

I will not here give the copy of a return for the year 1785 (though I have it before me) of the imports of Portugal from its colonies, of Rio Janeiro, Bahia, Pernambuco, Maranha; as she can only lament over her past grandeur and riches, when the song was,

“Portugal pequena contanta riqueza.”

Her imports from England amounted to 150,000 quintals of bacalhãõ (dried fish); and she was almost entirely supplied with cloth from it. She exported nearly 30,000 pipes of wine to England, and other places in the North; 30,000 of rice and sugar, 2,000 of vinegar, 1,500 casks of bitter oranges, 8,000 casks of sweet oranges, 7,000 dozen of lemons, 5,000 quintals of cork, 200 barrels of salt, 8,000 casks of white Muscovado sugar, 2,000 alqueiros of chestnuts, 4,000 arrobas of Brazilian cotton, 5,000 pipes of oil, 15,000lbs. of anise and cinnamon.

The principal manufactures of Porto are those of cordage for vessels, of the large earthenware used in Portugal, and that of tobacco, which produces a great part of the revenue; 2,400,000

cruzados was the sum for which the contract was let in 1786.

The company for the culture of vines, called the factory, is now done away with; it was founded in 1756, in order to re-establish the reputation of the Douro wines. The English merchants resident in Porto, whose power was absolute, had adulterated them with all kinds of mixtures, some very unwholesome. The farmers of the Douro were already beginning to imitate their example. The means which they took to correct such formidable abuses, were to mark all those places that comprised the lands where the best wine was produced, and divide them into circles, in which all wines might be purchased for exportation: and to mark those that produced wines only fit for home consumption, the first not being permitted to sell any wines that had not been proved by tasters, sent round for that purpose. The English were allowed to buy them on the most reasonable rate: certainly a great and advantageous arrangement, which gave them the choice of all the wines of the country.

Notwithstanding such extraordinary privileges, they always clamoured against those of the above-mentioned company. The privileges of the company were three; the first consisted in the right to sell all wines in the city, and within four leagues round, and all within the place whence the foreign wines were embarked; indeed all wines consumed by the inhabitants. By this means they excluded and prevented the mixture of bad wines. The second was the manufacture and sale of brandies (*agoas ardentes*) in the three provinces of Minho, Beira, and Tras-os-Montes; which prevented bad spirits from being made use of; but this did not hinder the farmers from making *agoa ardente* for their own particular consumption, nor of wine grown upon their own farms. The third privilege was the entire right of transporting these wines to the Brazils, which secured the export of genuine wines only.

This company was managed by a body, called "The Junta of Administration General of Agriculture of the Wines of the Alto Douro," consisting of a Provedor, Vice-provedor, seven

Deputies, and a Secretary. These were chosen every two years from among the most ancient of the company. They inspected the taverns, the accompt office, the embarkation of wines, the manufacture of brandies and vinegar, and the binho de Rama (wine sold from pipes in the streets, or at houses where a branch hung up serves as a sign). Any person might purchase a pipe on speculation, and sell it at his house, hanging the branch of a tree up over his door.

About 18,000 pipes of the company's wine was generally consumed in the city and its neighbourhood; and about 3,000 more were bought for private consumption. The company had no other emolument than a small commission on the sales. On a market day in Porto might be seen fifty or sixty pipes of wine drawn up in the market-place; where each family send for a jug of wine daily at their meals, as we do in England for beer or porter.

There is no doubt that Portugal can and does produce a variety of wines, of every kind and quality; but their saleable names are few, and

many delicious wines are mixed and solved into the general class. Port is, I believe, the most wholesome and nutritive of wines. Beggars and even animals get fat during the vintage. In Portugal, at the poorest village, you almost invariably meet with good wine, whilst you may travel all through France, and three parts of Spain, without getting any.

On the 28th February 1757, a mob, consisting of five hundred of the lowest persons, headed by the tavern-keepers, assembled in the Cordovia, shouting "Viva el Rei, Viva o povo, morra a Campanhia." The bells were sounded, and people flocked together. The Chancellor Governor, hearing of the tumult, issued an order, that every one should sell his wine as he pleased. Upon which the people cheered, and shouted "Viva, viva, temos liberdada." A party of the mob, however, attacked the house of Louis Belleza, the Provedor of the company, and would have killed him: the servants fired a couple of shots, which only exasperated them, and they broke in, destroying all the furniture, &c. The family, however, escaped,

and took refuge with the Corps de Garde. Some troops were assembled, and tranquillity was restored. The Juiz de Foro lost his life on this occasion. Thirteen of the rioters were executed, others banished or imprisoned, to the number of four hundred and seventy-eight, of which fifty-four were women. This *émeute* was the first display of a seditious spirit ever known in the city: some attribute it to the British and other resident foreigners.

There is a public deposit in the city, called the Alvara, erected by law in the year 1774, for the reception and security of all monies, goods, papers, executions of goods, and property of every description. Persons were compelled by law to place all their securities in this deposit; agents of all descriptions were invited to lodge their papers, effects, &c. there.

Oporto is justly celebrated for the purity of its air, and people are said to be long-lived in this country: occasional fogs or rather light vapours rise from the river, but they are such as to cause no inconvenience; there are no marshes, lakes, or stagnant waters in its neighbourhood.



It fronts due west; the wind from that quarter blows softly from the sea. The granite hills upon which the city is built contribute to its dryness and salubrity, as well as the squares, gardens, and numerous quintas by which it is interspersed and surrounded. Situated in the middle of the temperate zone, lat.  $41^{\circ} 10'$ —long.  $8^{\circ} 27'$ —its climate is charming, the greatest heats are always refreshed with cooling breezes; and the weather is so genial that you can go out either by day or night without injury; many families sleep during the warm weather in the open air. That terrible scourge of the Peninsula, the ague, is hardly known in Porto.

The country of the Upper Douro, though mountainous and woody, is one of the most fruitful in the universe. The Bar at the mouth of the river is a great drawback to Porto; it is sometimes impassable for two months together, and is always very capricious. The Douro occasionally also rises and overflows the lower part of the city. In 1727 it rose to an enormous height, swept away a number of people, and did much damage: another rise in 1788

inflicted great injury, particularly to the shipping in the river: the freshes come on so suddenly, as to render the anchorage very insecure.

A fine building, called the *Paradora*, is now erecting; at least, it was so till the siege, and was intended to occupy one side of a square in the *Praça Virtudes*; it is considered a most magnificent and useful work. The last edifice worth mention is the English factory house, built 1785, it has accommodations of all sorts worthy the merchants of that nation.

In the year 932 a second Helen was carried off from Gaya; she was the Princess *Zahara*, the sister of *Regalo Alboayar*, and *Don Ramiro* was the gallant. The story is told in the following ballad, which is chaunted to the accustomed melody.

Quando el Rey Don Ramiro con reposo  
Goza ya de la paz amable y buena,  
Por que le pidio trequas receloso  
El que rige la gente Sarracena.  
Pude un liviano amor libidinoso  
Mudar su bien en mal, su gloria en pena,  
Que esto ganan los locos amadores  
En la consecucion de suo amores.

Vironse resultar fines estranos  
De un pequeno principio, haziendo mella  
En su robusto pecho unos enganos,  
Con que amor las potencias le atropella  
Y le causá despues neny grandes danos  
El fuego, que salio desta centella,  
Porque, como a principio no lo apagan  
Sus Llamas al honor y vida estragan.

El caso fue, que havendo el Rey venido  
A Galicia, por ver la santa casa  
Del apostol, que li ha favorecido  
Hazimdo le mercedes tan sintassa.  
A la buchta en mirar se ha detenido  
Las fronteras de Moros por do passa,  
Y a Portugal tambien entonces viene  
Pala reconocer las que alli tiene.

En este Reyno supo que un Pagano  
Que en el umy grandes turras senoreava  
De una Dama bellissima era hernoano,  
Cuya hermosura el mundo pregonava.  
Y con esta ocasion amor tyrano,  
El pensamiento tanto le ocupava  
En ociosas memorias desta mora,  
Que sin haver la ya la adora.

Enamorado el Rey, nunca imagena  
Sino conro podra ver su querida,  
Para certificar se si era dina  
De la fama, que amar-la le combide.  
Y tanto abvano antojo se le inclina  
La voluntao que estava-ya rendida,  
Que sin a la razon guardar decoro,  
Assienta de ir ver-se con el moro.

Y aqueste (que Alboazar era llamado  
Iben Albucadan por sobrenome)  
Sabiendo que ha de ser del visitado,  
Quiere mostrar poder con que le assombre.  
Gran copia de paganos ha juntado,  
Entre los que respectan a su nombre  
Para que Don Ramiro estime en vellos  
De tener por amigo al Senor dellos.

Cerca de la Ciudad del Porto mora,  
Junto a los dulcis agoas cristalinas  
Del Duero,—en un castillo, de que aora  
En gaya se ven solo les ruinas.  
Danda tiene tambien la hermoya mora,  
Que a vista de suo gracias peregrinas  
A las nimphas del Rio alli suspende  
Y eu su cabello a los tritones prende.

El nombre suyo della fue Zahara,  
Que flor en lengua mora significa,  
Conforme a la hermosura estrana y rara,  
De que naturaleza la hizo rica.  
Y bien a Don Ramizo costa cara  
La fama, que entre muchos la publica  
Pues no tiena descanso en su cuydado  
Hasta que para gaya esta embarcado.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Situation of my House.—Don Pedro.—Fortifications of Oporto.—The Governor.—The Batteries.—Bishop's Palace.—Heavy Fire.—Portuguese Troops.—British Troops.—Their Charge.—French and Italian Troops.—Senhor Vanzeller.—The Town bombarded.—Miguelites attacked.—Solignac's Retreat.—Force of the Miguelites.—Dreadful Havoc.—Mutiny.—Loss of Life.—Effects of the Bombardment.—Circumvallation.

AT the commencement of the siege, luckily for the inhabitants, there was a large supply of rice and bacalhao in the town. These formed the principal food of the Portuguese, with the addition of a few cabbage leaves. The house I occupied was formerly an hotel, and was kept by a mulatto named Casino, his wife, a son, two maids, and a waiter, who remained there during the whole siege. It was conveniently situated: from the windows, by its vicinity to the river, I could see much that passed amongst the Miguelites on the south side: I overlooked, or

rather was overlooked by, the Pine, Christoval, Gaya, Verdinha, and Cavaco batteries. I could see also the Pastellero house near Foz, the mouth of the river, the men of war lying off, and all the other vessels. The central situation of the house enabled me with ease to reach any part of the town, including the street of Cedofeita, where the court and generals resided.

These advantages were certainly counter-balanced, by its being in the line where all the batteries directed their principal fire.

There were also Pedro batteries : one at the end of the street, another within a stone's throw in front called the Quinta, and the Victoria battery, a few hundred yards behind it. A German gentleman lodged in this quarter, who agreed likewise to stand his ground ; and soon after my arrival, Mr. Mackinrod, a gentleman who wrote for one of the papers, chose this as a residence ; he said he came there as he concluded the English Colonel, being a neutral, would take up a safe position, and that he had just written to his wife and family to say how judiciously he had acted.

I told him, I feared he was following a bad person for the reason he had stated. But as there was always a safe place to be found in every quarter of a besieged city, so some security might be found in this situation as in others ; particularly as the Miguelites were not endeavouring to breach any part of the town, but only to damage the city and frighten the people into a surrender.

8th January 1833.—I perambulated part of the town, and was introduced to the Emperor, Don Pedro, duke of Braganza. He received me in the most affable manner, and invited me to dine with him. I sat next him at table. I was also introduced to the staff, and to Marshal Solignac, who had just arrived for the purpose of taking the command of the Pedroite army.

Don Pedro is of middling stature, upright and active : his complexion is not good, and does not bear the stamp of health : the great fatigue he has endured, and the harassing life he has led, do not conduce to good looks. His manners were good and conciliating : he was very abstemious, drinking nothing but water,

and taking a glass of wine merely as a compliment to some stranger: this courtesy was paid to me.

The Miguelites had this day tried to prevent some bullocks from being driven in, and one of Don Pedro's officers was killed. There was some little cannonading during the day, and at night several shot and shells struck my house; one hit the wall close to my bed, and nearly jolted me out: the chimnies and windows suffered also: but this was merely a prelude to what was to be expected.

9th January.—I went round the lines and defences of Porto with Colonel Hare. Certain points were exceedingly strong, but many quite the reverse. The city was more like a fortified camp than any thing else: the Miguelites occupied some points so exceedingly close, that many parts were continually exposed to a fire of musquetry; indeed they could from several heights overlook the whole place. The duke de Terceira (Villa Flor), Marquis of Fronteira, Lord G. Paulet, of his Majesty's brig *Nautilus*, and others, dined with me.



11th January.—The weather was stormy and indifferent. A partial bombardment was carried on. I went to see a corps of lancers under the command of Colonel Bacon, about two hundred in all: they were well appointed and mounted, and fast improving in their drill.

12th January.—I crossed the river to visit the celebrated Serra convent and its defences. The situation was very strong, but the defences really weak; and how the gallant Governor managed to maintain the place during such a protracted siege, and under a continual fire, is really wonderful, and will do him, and his brave garrison, lasting credit; he will receive his meed of praise from all military persons who visit it. He was afterwards created Barão Pico. On this day he accompanied me round the place; indeed he always did so whenever I went there, which was but seldom: it soon became too hot for a visit of pleasure.

Both sides were now busied in preparations. The firing was therefore slack. I dined with Colonel Sorell, the British consul; a gentleman

of most amiable manners, who took a very just view of what was going on.

The next day I availed myself of the opportunity of tolerable quiet, to visit and make myself acquainted with all the batteries. Proceeding to St. Joao de Foz, I inspected all the defences there, and the line of road communicating between that place and Porto. The French marshal, whom I met, was reconnoitring in the same direction. Don Pedro's advanced post there was the light-house, and it was a very ticklish one. Indeed, after the Miguelites had fully established their batteries, there was no part of the city or lines of Don Pedro, across which the Miguelites could not actually throw shot to their own lines; so completely were the Pedroites under fire.

Many of the officers of the different corps called on me, amongst others, Colonel Schwalbach, a brave and intelligent person. He commenced his career in our 60th regiment, was promoted into the Portuguese army, and marrying a lady of some property in Portugal, settled there; went to the Brazils, and entered

Don Pedro's service; he was present at the capture of the Azores.

16th January.—An explosion took place in the Serra convent, which killed two officers and five men.

17th January.—Visited the Bishop's palace, which stands on a most commanding height; the windows of it completely overlook the river and Villa Nova, at about 500 yards distance. It is a most suitable point for a battery, but, for some reason, perhaps the sanctity of the place, the Portuguese would not occupy it. I dined this day with the Marshal, who made some fine speeches upon liberty, which did not seem to be perfectly understood or agreed to by the company. A son of General Valdez came in (having landed from Terceira with 195 recruits) dressed as a cadet, with belt and accoutrements. The marshal complimented the lad, and said he well recollected when he had first joined the French army in a similar way.

18th January.—The Miguelites opened a fire upon a height called Monte Arabida, where the formation of a redoubt was commenced, of which

they seemed jealous: this redoubt was never finished. The Duke de Terceira, the Marquis of Loulé, the Marquis of Fronteira, and Colonel Bernardo de Sal, a fine gallant officer, dined with me. The Duke de Terceira (married to the beautiful sister of the Marquis of Loulé) is a most gentlemanly person, and has done more than any one in the cause of Donna Maria. The Marquis of Loulé, equally gentlemanlike in manner, and a remarkably handsome young man, is married to the Princess Anna, sister of Don Pedro and Don Miguel. The Marquis of Fronteira is married to a sister of D. Anna de Camera.

19th January.—At three o'clock in the morning a very heavy fire opened from the pine and other batteries upon part of the town and the Arabida battery; they fired 100 rounds in an hour, and then ceased. This day I accompanied Marshal Solignac to a review of the whole of his forces, of which he had decided on taking the command. They were drawn up by regiments near the posts they were destined to defend. The Marshal commenced near the

Seminario on the right at Bomfim, where the caçadores under Schwalbach were posted. This kind of troops is the best that Portugal produces, and is suited to the country. The regiments of caçadores in both armies were a credit to their nation: those in Don Pedro's service were numbered 2d, 3d, 5th, 10th, and 12th. The Portuguese regiments of the line consisted of the 9th (then very weak), the 10th, and the 18th; besides which there were the volunteers of the queen, and several other battalions of volunteers, the fixos (troops who do not march), and the probiles (troops moveable to any part of the kingdom).

The general appearance of that part of the army exclusively Portuguese, was good and martial; several regiments had fine bands of music, colours, &c. Marshal Solignac passed along all the lines inspecting the different battalions. There were also some foreign corps. One German regiment (nominally Belgian) was well clothed, and had a martial appearance; there were many old soldiers amongst them.

The field artillery was in excellent order, and well mounted, it consisted of twelve pieces;

there were two brigades of nine-pounders. The cavalry in the centre was composed of about one hundred and sixty of Colonel Bacon's lancers, and eighty of the 11th regiment: this force was very small, but sufficient to be shut up in a closely invested place.

The British were drawn up in the left centre; they were composed of troops some of whom were intended originally as marines, had served on board the fleet, and were called regiments of the queen. The Irish regiment was not then formed; some Scotch were at Lordello under the command of Major Shaw, an officer of much experience.

I never beheld such a motley crew as this corps, having been accustomed to see our well clothed and well appointed regular troops; and if there had not been something of the devil's daring in their eyes, I could not have supposed them my countrymen: they were true pictures of Falstaff's corps. They were mostly in rags and tatters; some almost without breeches; few with shoes and stockings; some in uniform, others partly so: a few had chacos; they were

armed with muskets and bayonets without scabbards; in short, they wanted all the necessary appointments and accoutrements for the field.

The Marshal had made all the corps go through the motions of priming, loading, and firing, in his route, a necessary part of such an army's instruction. He desired the British to do the same. The officer in command came forward and said he could not venture to let them do so; some had not learnt the use of arms, many had their pieces loaded with ball-cartridge, and a large portion were drunk.

The Marshal paused a moment, and then said, "Croisez les baionettes." He had dismounted and was in front; I recommended him to retire a little distance, knowing what sort of fellows they would be with that arm (indeed the Marshal had felt that formerly, as he was one of the French generals in Porto when we crossed the Douro under the Duke of Wellington). The men immediately charged, and put all the spectators to flight, who ran till the lines stopped them, the Marshal skipping out of

their way as fast as he could. He observed their mettle, and turning to me, said, "Mon brave Colonel, voilà des loups:" he promised they should be provided and clothed like the other troops.

The Marshal then proceeded round to the left, where the French were drawn up. Some of them rivalled the British in rags, but they were in general more completely armed and clothed. There were a few Italian riflemen dressed in green, with bright red facings. All I saw under arms did not amount to 5,000 men; 1,500 more were down at Foz and Lordello, and 400 in the garrison of the Serra. A small band to conquer the country, when it is considered that they were surrounded by a well-appointed army of not less than 32,000 men. Some occasional firing took place on the town, chiefly on the Serra convent.

20th January.—Being Sunday, I went to the British church in Cedofeita; this is situated on a rising ground without the city, and is a neat simple building, much resembling the church in Lisbon. It has a beautiful garden, full of the



choicest plants, and shut up within a high wall : one half the ground is used as a cemetery.

Admiral Sartorius arrived off the Bar in a steamer, armed, for the purpose of covering the landing of some French troops.

I dined with Senhor Vanzeller, a member of one of the principal mercantile families at Villar. His lady, a pretty accomplished Portuguese, had a garden, of which, like most of her countrywomen, she was extremely fond ; their house was situated beyond the town. They had also a fine quinta, called the Mirante, about a mile north of Villar, which was occupied as a military post. The beautiful gardens, aviary of canary birds, and all the gold fish were, in consequence, destroyed. This family, which is one of the richest in the country, has another fine quinta about three leagues up the Douro, where they generally resided during the siege.

21st January.—Admiral Sartorius succeeded in silencing the Miguelite batteries so as to cover the landing of some troops ; some of his own vessels suffered. He afterwards disembarked and called on me.

22d January.—On the following day the Admiral opened a fire against the Cabodello battery and the fort of Queixo. Colonel Hare and Captain Crawford of the Guards (who had passed a few days in Porto, on his way to England from Gibraltar) had taken their departure. Colonel Hare gave me all the information he could, and bequeathed to me a horse (which stood fire famously), some little necessaries, as well as an old cobbler whom he had charitable assisted. This poor fellow sat and cobbled under a tree, in spite of the shots and shells, until the cholera carried him off some time after.

The Miguelites, feeling a little sore at having their forts pummelled, paid us off in the town. At five o'clock, P. M., on the 22d, they opened a heavy fire and bombardment, which lasted five hours, and continued occasionally during the whole night: at three in the morning they recommenced, firing away as fast as they could for three hours. That part of the town where I resided suffered considerably: my chimnies were thrown down; the glass fell in showers in the streets, and the tiles came trickling down

in abundance. My servant was most terribly alarmed, and hid himself in the cellar; when he appeared in the morning, he was quite pale and trembling.

23d January.—A French brig of war came off, but was not permitted to enter the Douro. I waited on the Emperor and Marshal Solignac; the former told me he had ordered 3,000 national guards to be organized. I rode with the Marshal to view some commanding spots, where he had caused batteries to be placed; and afterwards dined with him.

The night was tranquil. On the following day (the 24th) the Marshal determined on attacking the right of the Miguelite position; indeed, to cut off the right towards the fort of Queixo. The fleet were to act in combination: however, they did not get to their stations in time, and Sartorius's crew had mutinied and refused to weigh anchor.

At three P.M. the attack on the land side commenced. After a severe action the Miguelites were driven back some little distance, and the height called Castro in front of the light-

house was taken. The troops nearly reached Queixo Castle, but the Miguelites stood fast at Lordello ; and a second attack, which the Marshal had ordered, did not take place ; countermanded, it is said, by the Emperor, who feared to endanger the city. The Marshal, finding that the attack upon the enemy's right did not cause the Miguelites to weaken their centre, fell back after dark, and with considerable loss to his old ground ; much disheartened on finding his support doubtful, and his French troops not quite equal to the veterans of Napoleon. Indeed the Miguelites drove them back more than once, and the French found themselves opposed to the old regiments who, under the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Beresford, had learned to beat them.

Late at night,\* I returned from the field without having seen any great wonder performed ; and picking up a wounded Portuguese soldier, shot through both legs, I proceeded to the city, and lodged him with difficulty in the hospital, under a heavy fire of shot and shells.

\* When present at any action I was always in plain clothes, and unarmed.

Nurses were waiting ready to receive the wounded as they were brought in. I got at length within my own walls, happy to have escaped with a whole skin. A tremendous fire was kept up on the city, which did not cease till nine o'clock at night.

The Miguelite army (having reinforced their right) shewed the next day a considerable force, and offered battle. I went to one of the principal batteries to look at them. The late action had demonstrated that Don Pedro was not strong enough to take the open country. I called on the Marshal, who was not well pleased with the result. The night was very wet, but there was no firing, and I dined with Lord G. Paulet on board the *Nautilus*. I had some difficulty in wading and scrambling home. Some reciprocal firing took place. A few deserters came in, amongst them three of a regimental band.

28th January.—General Saldanha and General Sir Thomas Stubbs arrived in a brig under American colours. Some horses for the cavalry also were landed, as well as some pigs

and sheep. The two generals rode through the town in the afternoon: Saldanha was much cheered and supposed to be very popular with the soldiery. The Miguelites threw some shells into the town: they re-occupied Monte Castro (from which they had been driven during the late sortie), and were throwing up works in all directions. The troops were drilled in the city. The Duke de Terceira, Marquis of Loulé, Marquis of Fronteira, General Valdez, and Colonel Duvergier dined with me.

The resources of the town were beginning to fail. Sixty shells were thrown into the city this evening. These shells, falling into streets and houses, made much havoc; numbers of women and children, and even many persons who remained in their houses, suffered: the troops being halted close in rear of their lines, escaped. Desultory firing took place night and day, generally from four till nine o'clock P.M.; and from three till eight o'clock in the morning. A serjeant and several men from the British deserted to Don Miguel, as well as many other foreigners. More desertions took place from the British.

4th February.—The cholera now made its appearance to add to the other misfortunes; and provisions began to get very dear and scarce.

6th February.—Much discontent existed among the British troops; at length they mutinied, and actually marched to the palace to demand pay, &c. Sir J. M. Doyle, I believe, assisted in arranging matters. Several soldiers were killed in their barracks by the shot from the other side of the river. The Miguelites had received a considerable reinforcement, and began to circumscribe as much as possible our position and resources. Many disputes and intrigues were going on in the court and army.

8th February.—The weather was cold and wet about this time. It was extremely difficult to find forage for horses.

On Sundays and holidays there was always most firing. On Sunday the 10th, the pine and the different mortar batteries fired shot and shells, as fast as they could, from three till nine o'clock, A.M.: some churches were much damaged; and a number of the large stone ornaments fell into the streets, crushing any persons

that were in the way. Ambulants went round continually to carry off the mutilated bodies.

Although the firing continued at intervals during the whole day, the British merchants still residing in the town attended their church; which, though situated much out of the line of fire, got an occasional shot. A proposition was made by General Lemos to General Torres to surrender the Serra Convent, which was indignantly refused.

11th February.—The bar was continually impassable, and its roaring made a dismal accompaniment to the growling of the guns. It was impossible to ascertain the loss of life, as no account was kept, and unless some person of distinction was killed, nothing was said; it was only known to the immediate neighbourhood. Sometimes, after the fall of a shell, a shriek was heard, and then all was quiet. People were seen rushing out of the house, tearing their hair, and crying out, “Oh, minha mai, manna, pai!” (Oh, my mother, my sister, my father!) This was the announcement of the deaths of those we did not see knocked down ourselves: and when ac-



quaintances met they asked each other about their respective neighbourhoods. About the Corderia, the Vittoria, Rua Belmonte, and all that part of the city immediately below where I resided, the people had already suffered much: they, however, still flocked to their churches, in spite of the occasional heavy firing.

11th February.—The Miguelites opened another battery of four guns, eighteen and twenty-four-pounders, and two mortars opposite the Arabida; the fire of these was principally directed against the Torre da Marca: the battery on the Castro hill was getting on fast, and a strong redoubt at Lordello threatened to cut off all supply from the city. Several houses in the city that had hitherto been considered safe, now suffered; some inhabitants barricaded their dwellings with bags of cotton, and strewed hides of bullocks to defend them against the shells. The Emperor took me one morning into his room to ask me if I thought it secure; indeed but a small space was left for the bed, &c.

The peasantry and Gallegos had been hitherto

allowed to go out on business for the merchants, but they were now all stopped.

The Miguelites were continually working and entrenching themselves, or rather surrounding us with walls of circumvallation. Their redoubt at Lordello threatened the communication with St. João de Foz: it was pointed out to Colonel Duvergier, and represented to the Emperor and the Marshal. Indeed it was self-evident that if an enemy took possession of a passage between our kitchen and dining-room we should get no dinner.

## CHAPTER IX.

Heavy Cannonade.—Reconnoitre the Enemy.—Disastrous State of Affairs.—Critical Situation.—Dawn of Hope.—Troops landed.—Salvos of Bombs.—Arrival of Provisions.—Royal Salutes.—Miguelite Batteries.—Miguelites repulsed.—Discontent in the Army.—Scarcity of Money.—Admiral Sartorius.—Continued Bombardment.—Mutual Abuse.—Sallies of Wit.—Distressing Sight.—An Attack.—Constancy of the Inhabitants.—Parrots.—New Works.

14th February.--AFTER suffering the work to go on unmolested for two days, a small redoubt was thrown up at a quinta to oppose the enemy's work; but the Miguelite artillery was too powerful. The whole road was therefore made a covert way between the town and Foz, which so far concealed the movement of cars and provisions going along it, but still the route was any thing but safe. Rumours were going about of an unpleasant description. A gun and howitzer was opened against Lordello, and a threatened attack upon it planned; but this

intention was afterwards abandoned, on finding it then too strong.

In the afternoon the Miguelites got guns into the Lordello battery, and returned the fire, as also a cross fire from the opposite bank of the river. A considerable discharge of artillery was kept up during the whole day on the city. Amongst others a rich Canonico (canon) was killed. A shew of troops was made, but nothing particular occurred. The night was dark, wet, and stormy: an occasional shot only was dispatched to keep people on the alert. A very heavy fire was kept up the whole of the afternoon of the 15th. The Torre de Marca battery, one of Don Pedro's best, was continually bombarded from several batteries, and occasionally silenced, as was the one called Virtredes at the bottom of the street I lived in. A British merchant, Mr. Wright, was severely wounded in his own house, lost his arm and part of his shoulder; and received a cut in the face. A Fabrica da Solæ (manufactory of leather soles) was set on fire and burnt by the shells falling into it.

Next day I had an audience with the Marshal, and saw Colonel Sorell on the state of affairs, which wore a disastrous aspect. Provisions of all kinds were scarce; and so was gunpowder. A soup shop was established by subscription principally by the British merchants: this soup, which was composed of little more than rice, kept alive thousands of poor people.

16th February.—The usual firing continued: and was replied to very feebly by the Pedroites. The situation of affairs had become very distressing.

On the morning of the 17th, I rode out with the Emperor, Marshal Solignac, and his staff: the latter however were left, and we then proceeded to look at and reconnoitre all the positions of the enemy, with the endeavour of ascertaining whether there was what is called a "soft place." But the neighbourhood of Porto is so strong and intricate that we came to a conclusion, that there was no point that could be assailed with any chance of success; indeed the Marshal jocosely observed to me what a nice country it appeared for my hussars. The truth

was that the few main roads leading to Oporto were all broken up, and every point fortified, so that the besieged had to sally forth and attack a fortress instead of fighting in open field. A new battery of the Miguelites had opened upon the Casa Amarilla ; a principal point on the line of communication with Foz.

The affairs of Don Pedro now looked very ominous : there was neither money, nor wholesome provisions of any kind, excepting a few vegetables. Cats, dogs, and asses' flesh were eaten : the latter sold at 1s. per pound. Numbers of poor were starved to death : people might be seen growing daily weaker and weaker, until they dropped off.\* All kinds of miseries were felt ; the fire of the enemy, starvation, and cholera : there was likewise not more ammunition left than was required to fight one action. We consulted, and were near coming to the resolution of treating for terms. The Portuguese,

\* Whilst in this distressed state, not knowing where to look for troops, I recommended the Emperor to send to New Zealand, as those people kill and eat their enemies, which would much simplify the defence.

however, bore all their sufferings with the greatest resignation and without a murmur.

Fortunately for Don Pedro, the Miguelites committed every sort of blunder; they were disunited amongst themselves; and all this time affairs were represented to be in the most flourishing state. Solignac was pressed to do something decisive; but he showed me his returns, and said he certainly could get all his army destroyed in about two hours, but that there was no probable hope of a successful sortie.

18th February.—Colonel Sorell and myself consulted; and it was proposed that I should be sent into Braga with terms. We could then only calculate upon four more days' provisions. The Emperor, however, was firm, and resolved to abide the last extremity. Some bacalhao and other provisions got into Foz the same evening.

A new battery, on the side of Don Pedro, had also been opened at the Pastillero, to check the Miguelites there. It was planned by General Saldanha, who then commanded at Foz, having relieved Sir T. Stubbs. That unfortunate place

was made a terrible example of, by the continual fire kept upon it from the heavy batteries on the opposite side of the river; indeed the visiting of that place and the Luz (light-house) was a business of great danger. Some few provisions, &c. having arrived, and some hidden stores being discovered, the town conceived fresh hopes. On meeting the Emperor a few days after, he jocosely asked, if I had been to Braga to see his brother.

The Miguelites were still erecting new batteries, and had brought up some heavy guns, sixty-eight pounders, and thirteen and a-half inch mortars. On my pointing out the inconvenience of these batteries, the Marshal's reply was, "*nous sommes acclimatés*;" however, he was living at the extreme end of the climate, whilst I was in the meridian.

During this time the bar was impassable; and we had no communication with packets and men of war outside it, except by means of the bar-boat (wearing the British ensign), which was permitted to go in and out for mails. The vessels in the river continually suffered by mus-



ket shot and shells bursting over them. The Echo steamer, which had gone out to pick up the mail, was, in consequence of the bad state of the bar, delayed; she returned, however, the following day, though some objection had been made to the re-entrance. A steamer was also in sight with troops for Don Pedro. Why the Miguelites did not completely cut us off from the mouth of the Douro is most unaccountable: it is difficult to imagine what they could have been about.

The perseverance with which troops, stores, provisions, &c. were landed during the night, under a fire of batteries from both sides of the Douro, reflects great credit on the Oporto boats and fishermen: the latter are indeed a fine race of bold sailors. A great many of them lost their lives during the siege.

The 22d of February, being the anniversary of one of their fêtes, the Miguelites at 6 A.M. commenced a general salvo of bombs and shot, and fired upon the town from all the batteries, which lasted an hour. I went to visit Don Pedro, and the Marshal. At mid-day another

salvo of the same sort was poured into the town ; the second destroyed a house close to my lodging. In the interval between the discharges I went to see what was doing at Lordello, which was a very tender point for the Pedroites. A third salvo was given us at sunset for the same space of time, when they ceased for the night. Some of the batteries were much knocked about : during the intervals between the firing, they were repaired. Each side made its prisoners work ; and as Don Pedro clothed all his in red, they could be easily distinguished.

The Miguelites had the advantage of numbers, and having also all the peasantry of the country, their works were built much quicker and better than those in the town : indeed they did credit to their engineers. Some were particularly well constructed, by cutting into a solid hill instead of forming them of turf and fascines. They had likewise a narrow trench cut in front of the muzzles of the guns, from whence they could load securely ; the guns being braced up to the embrasures.

23d February.—I called the following day on

the Emperor, and afterwards rode to Lordello, and inspected the works there, the Pastillero, &c. A vessel with dried fish was off the bar,—a most seasonable supply, for the troops and people were living upon scarcely any thing. I have seen them put their whole ration into their mouths at once. One article, however, was good, and in sufficient quantity; and that was port wine, which was the main stay of the army.

Towards evening the Miguelites opened a fire and bombardment upon the town, which they kept up during the whole night. The Torra da Marca battery, and my immediate neighbourhood, suffered much. Some occasional skirmishing took place about the Pastillero and other points. The Miguelites were reinforcing themselves: but in consequence of the boisterous weather, and for other reasons, Don Pedro's reinforcements came in so slowly, that the chances of his army's acting on the offensive seemed very distant; whilst the enemy was hemming him in closer on every side.

25th February.—Being the anniversary of the

British Queen's birth-day, the fleet in the Douro, consisting of the *Orestes*, *Etna*, *Nautilus*, and *Echo* (Captain Glascock, commodore) were dressed out in their colours, and fired the customary royal salute. Don Pedro's batteries of the Foz and the *Torra da Marca*, fired also a salute, and a suspension of hostilities took place during the greater part of the day.

26th February.—We had during this time very stormy weather; the bar broke tremendously, and there was thunder and lightning. His Majesty's speech had arrived, and some news from Spain. Mons. de Lurde, the French chargé-d'affaires, who had arrived some time since, and myself (having seen Marshal Solignac upon business), dined together at the British Consul's.

On the evening of the 27th there was considerable firing upon the town, and on the morning of the 28th the Miguelites opened a fresh battery behind the *Gaya* hill, upon the communication with the *Serra* convent and on the river. Many casualties and much loss of life occurred during the last twenty-four hours. The weather

continued stormy, and there was no communication with the sea.

1st March.—The Gaya battery renewed its fire towards the bridge of boats, or rather to the boats that formerly composed the bridge, and along both sides of the river. Two guns and a mortar were sent to the Bishop's palace, which for a time silenced the Gaya battery; but it re-opened the following day, as did all the other batteries. That of San Payo, on the left bank of the river, belonging to the Miguelites (a most formidable and well-constructed one), opened its fire upon the Pastellero.

General Santha Martha had been removed from the command of the Miguelite army, and it was supposed that they were about to resume the offensive. Some guns had been seen moving to their right, and they burnt and destroyed several houses near their battery at Loredello.

3d March.—In the morning a very heavy cannonade was opened upon the town, as also against the Serra convent. The bar was impassable, and consequently nothing was to be

met with in the markets but a few vegetables. The cats had nearly all disappeared. The country in and about Oporto was all bare of trees for firing, which was becoming as scarce as other articles. The bombardment was continued the whole night.

At day-break next morning, the Miguelites made a faint attack in the direction of Agoa Ardente and Bomfim. At seven in the morning they assailed the Pastellero and Lordello village under a fire from all their batteries; they were, however, repulsed, and driven back upon their entrenchments. At the same time an attempt was made upon the Serra convent, but the Miguelites were again defeated by a fire of grape-shot. Towards mid-day the fire slackened, and guns were only fired occasionally for the rest of the day. Another attack was expected on both flanks the following day, but it passed off quietly; the Miguelites were however constructing a new battery, at a yellow quinta fronting the Torra da Marca, above Cavaco.

6th March.—Under a heavy fire upon St. João de Foz, a small quantity of bacalhao and

oil was landed (a seasonable supply); and eighteen vessels appeared off the bar with provisions, troops, &c., of which, from the supineness of the Miguelites, some portion was landed, although one boat was lost. The Miguelites opened a fire upon some Pedroite vessels still lying in the river, one of which they sunk.

In the mean time much discontent prevailed amongst the troops, and intrigues were carrying on at the court. There could be but little doubt that, had the Miguelites thrown themselves with force to their right, they would have possessed themselves of Foz, when the whole of Don Pedro's supplies must have been cut off, and a surrender compelled. But their operations were miserably conducted; both sides were kept on the alert, expecting to be attacked.

9th March.—The Miguelites had established a battery on Monte Castro, which impeded much the landing of provisions; and Don Pedro had also occupied and fortified the Quinta of Vanzellares (Mirante), which served to keep the Miguelites at some distance from a weak part of

their defences. An ineffectual endeavour was made to surprise it at night.

The Duke of Braganza was much indisposed for a few days, during which time I was continually in communication with him; as were also the Marquis of Loulé, the Duke de Terceira, and Marshal Solignac. A considerable number of articles of food, &c. were landed at different times; but money was very much wanted.

Some church bells were melted into forty-ries pieces, and even the Marshal talked of a forced loan. Every thing that could be laid hands on in the way of confiscation was taken, and all tangible property of non-residents sold.

11th March.—Two vessels arrived with troops and one with bullocks,—a most seasonable supply in the market, particularly to the wounded; the meat fetched three shillings or four shillings per pound. There was a good deal of firing kept up both night and day, principally directed, however, against St. João de Foz and the Serra Convent.

13th March.—Admiral Sartorius was dis-



missed from his command. After all his labour and fatigue, and having prevented the blockade of the Douro several times, and twice beaten off a superior fleet; having to contend with unpaid and mutinous sailors, and being badly provided in every way, he had managed to keep the sea in most boisterous weather, frequently reduced to the greatest extremity for want of provisions, water, and clothing. The Admiral was no doubt exceedingly ill-treated. He was expected to perform impossibilities.

Don Pedro's fleet was then lying in Vigo; the Admiral refused to resign till his ships were paid their dues. The Emperor despatched Sir J. M. Doyle, one of his personal staff, with orders, it appears, to arrest the Admiral and bring him prisoner to Porto, Sir John undertook this foolish commission, and was surprised at finding he had caught a tartar, for he was made prisoner himself on board the Admiral's ship.

A heavy fire was still kept up upon Foz and the Sierra Convent. Senhor Balbina Barbozo and a grandson of General La Fayette (Monsieur Lasteyrie) arrived about this time; the latter

(who appeared in delicate health) was made a great deal of by the heads of the army and court.

15th March.—Some skirmishing took place at the Pastellero, and the Miguelites burnt a flour-mill at Lordello during the preceding night, where most of the little flour left was ground. The town was a good deal bombarded all night, and some rockets thrown in; but the latter did scarcely any damage, the walls were too thick, and there was but little combustible material. We were, however, much annoyed by a kind of shot which broke into splinters in striking the granite walls. The weather continued to be squally, and the town being again bombarded in the evening, some unfortunate people were killed.

17th March.—Being very stormy weather a small vessel ran in with some maize on board, upon which the Miguelites opened a heavy fire. The Avon trading brig, laden with flour and oil, also ran into the river with a flag of distress. The San-Payo battery, however, brought her to, and the crew abandoning her, she drifted under the

battery, and was burnt during the night. The town was bombarded during the whole day, and the Miguelites were constructing fresh batteries.

18th March.—A new mortar-battery opened at sun-rise, and a woman and child were killed by it near my lodging. Some ammunition and flour was landed during the night. The bombardment continued the whole of the next day. A large bomb fell and exploded in front of my house, and the pieces did some damage to it as well as to the one opposite. Another set fire to a house in the Praça de Carmen.

In spite of the continual fire, the Duke de Terceira, Sir Thomas Stubbs, Colonel Sorell, Mons. de Luede, and Senor Barbosa dined with me; a dinner of considerable danger to attend, but still it helped to keep up the spirits. I generally visited some of the posts and works during the day, a service of no small risk. Things were disembarked as the weather permitted, or vessels arrived, in spite of the continued fire kept up on the point of disembarkation from both sides of the river.

20th March.—Shell fell into the Cordeira and blew a shop completely to pieces so as to make a way through the row : although many persons were near, they all escaped. More rockets were thrown in at night. A continual popping of musketry was carried on across the river, and many women and children who went down to wash suffered from it.

Captain Glascock, Lord G. Paulet, R.N., and others, interested themselves in endeavouring to put an end to so cruel and useless a warfare ; but without success, although they checked it in some measure at times. The two Portuguese parties used to go down at night, under cover of the rocks, and set to abusing and calling each other opprobrious names across the river. The Miguelites called out to the Pedroites, “ a Mealhadas ! ” the origin of which word is, that the constitution was first proclaimed by a person mounted on a piebald horse. Whilst the Pedroites called out “ O Corcundas ” (Hunchbacks), and “ Caya Piras ” (Rogues of Gaya). They would work themselves into a rage, and then run to the batteries and fire away.

Some wit also occasionally passed between them. The Miguelites said, "your king may sit in his chair and see all his dominions at once." The Pedroites rejoined, that "they did not know the extent of their kingdom: but that the Miguelites had been nine months marching and had not yet arrived within their capital." They would at times argue the case of the two competitors. The Miguelites always concluded that the new order was against their religion,

The siege had for a long time been defensive on both sides—each party fearing to be attacked by the other. The Pedroites neglected to take possession of the most material points—indeed, had they occupied the Gaya Hill and the Convent St. Antonio, which they might have done, Villa Nova would have been secure, or at least the pass of the river and the town would have been saved much bombarding.

Previously to my arrival a party of the Pedroites crossed over and reached the height above the convent in a line with St. Ovidio; but instead of securing the convent as a post to cover their re-embarking, they set fire to it, and

the boats that brought them over were busied in carrying back wine; the consequence was that a panic seized them, they were driven back, and many lost their lives by the fire of the Miguelites; whilst a considerable number rushed into the Douro and were drowned—a most distressing sight to our ships lying at anchor in the river, who could render no assistance without committing themselves as partisans.

21st March.—I dined on board the *Etna* (Captain Belcher), with one or two officers in Don Pedro's service, and met there the Marquis of Jonebello, aide-de-camp to General Lemos. The object in bringing parties together in a neutral vessel was to see if any arrangements could be made between them; at least what hopes of that kind might be entertained. The Miguelites declared, "that however they lamented the unhappy war, still they were bound in honour to the cause they had espoused, and which had the wishes of the nation."

23d March.—It was known that the Miguelites had received reinforcements. Some provision had also been obtained, together with a few de-

tachments, by the Pedroites. In the evening, and during the whole night, a heavy bombardment was kept up in the city. On the following morning (Sunday) the British residents were in church, as were also some officers and men of the British in Don Pedro's service, when a fire of musketry being heard, the troops hastened out with Major Sadler and others. The Miguelites had advanced under cover and made an attack upon an outwork near to the Agoa-ardente entrance into the city, and had destroyed it. Their skirmishers came to the lines, and some of them even entered near Bomfim. A sortie was made to retake this point, which after some considerable loss on both sides was accomplished, and the Miguelites were driven back. Colonel Bernardo de Sa, a gallant and intelligent officer, was wounded; he had in a former affair lost his arm. Major Sadler was also mortally wounded.

A simultaneous attack was made upon Foz and the Pastellero, but both equally failed. The city was bombarded during the night. The emperor, attended by his staff, usually visited

the hospitals after an action: some of these buildings suffered from the fire of the Miguelites, and wounded men were occasionally killed in them.

26th March.—The bombardment continued in front of my quarters; the two houses on my right received several bombs, and these, with cholera, cleared off numbers of the wretched inhabitants. Two or three houses on the same side of the way had fallen down. A wall was therefore raised to prevent the splinters from coming up the street; and I got a sentry placed at the other end to warn off any person not belonging to the street from entering. As so many casualties occurred in it, I endeavoured to persuade families to quit their houses and retire to some more secure place; but it was in vain until some misfortune had happened to them individually. When I begged and entreated them to go, their reply was, “*Si Dios quizer*” (God’s will)—and when I pointed out the misfortunes of their neighbours, they only said, “*Dios nos livre*” (Lord deliver us), till a shot or shell coming and killing some one



in their house, they would at length take flight. They also used to argue with me, "You, Senhor Colonel, remain in this place." In vain I told them "I was a soldier, and that it was my duty." They would say, "we will remain also, "Dios quizer." I however saw in the end almost all the houses in the street and surrounding the Corderia cleared. One family, that of a respectable Portuguese merchant, remained during the whole time; they lived in a vault under-ground, and only appeared occasionally creeping across the street to the church.

During a cessation of firing, as I was strolling up to the Vittoria battery, in a street that was much ruined, I heard screaming and a voice crying out. On going up I found that the screamer was a parrot, imitating the usual noises he had heard: some poor people were there, and were glad to dispose of the bird to me. One parrot actually carried his imitative powers so far as to call out like a person suffering from the cholera.

Works were now being thrown up on the hill of Antes that overlooked the northern side of the town, and also a work on the height of Covello within pistol-shot of the lines. Indeed the Miguelites were every where compressing us.

## CHAPTER X.

Arrival of a French Fleet. — Situation of Neutrals. — Deserters. — Critical State. — Starvation. — Distress of the Inhabitants. — Religious Ceremonies. — Narrow Escape. — Royal Birth-day. — Covelho Height. — Effect of the Bombs. — Desertions. — Don Pedro's Cause. — Review of Troops. — My Courier.

26th March. — A French fleet appeared off the coast, which gave rise to many surmises. A vessel also arrived with a French regiment, which was landed during the night, as were likewise some bullocks and flour, in spite of a heavy fire kept up on Foz, and the landing-place. The French Chargé d'Affaires (Mons. de Luede) went out in a boat to speak the French ships; and our bar-boat also held communication with the men-of-war outside. Either intentionally or by some mistake they were fired at by the Cavadello battery, which brought on remonstrances and explanations. The French fleet was bound to the Mediterranean.

Nothing could be more disagreeable than the situation of neutrals on the spot with two contending parties, each of which hoped we would join them, or at least take a side that would terminate so cruel a warfare. "For God's sake," people said, "tell us only what England wishes to have done."

During the remainder of March, the bombardment continued with but little intermission. Provisions arrived only sufficient to keep people alive. Troops also came by handfuls; but before one reinforcement had arrived, an equal number had been expended. After the affair of the 26th, part of the hill of Antes had been gained, and some works thrown up: it still remained unoccupied. I went over the ground once or twice with General Schawlbach.

31st March. (Sunday.)—There was no firing; and I dined with a British merchant in Villar, who fortunately had a house not exposed to fire, although it ranged very near him in considerable abundance. I took the opportunity of a quiet day to visit a new work at the Seminario, which place was now little more than the shell of a

building. I afterwards proceeded to Campanhao Antes; in short, all round the lines and defences. The Miguelites were working by sap, and a covert way towards the light-house at Foz, and were establishing many new works.

Some deserters came in from the Miguelites. They reported, of course, what they thought most acceptable to us; pretended to say that they were in want of provisions, whereas they had abundance of every thing, save tea and tobacco; but these articles were continually smuggled out by women who passed and re-passed, and brought in a few fowls in return, some of which sold for thirty shillings a-piece.

3d April.—The Miguelites were continuing their works, both offensive and defensive. Amongst others, they had commenced a fortification upon the top of the Gaya Hill, which was the nearest point to the centre of the town. The river in that part is not more than 360 yards wide, and the distance (a most agreeable one!) from the battery to where I resided was not above six or seven hundred yards.

I waited, with Colonel Sorell, on the Em-

peror and Marshal Solignac ; for as affairs were becoming every day more critical, we wished to be a little informed of their intentions. It had long been evident that Don Pedro's army could not act upon the offensive, and they did not seem able even to keep their defensive position, but suffered their enemies to erect batteries wherever they pleased ; indeed, I believe, that the Miguelites might have placed one in the middle of the city without interruption. The Marshal said, " We have no powder, and we are ' acclimaté ;' a battery, more or less, will not signify." The Emperor declared, that he expected large reinforcements, and that he should await events.

The press, at the same time, extolled all the repulses into splendid victories gained by the Pedroites ; represented that the city did not suffer at all ; indeed, that every thing bore the stamp of happiness and enthusiasm. The writer for one of our popular newspapers was glad, however, to take refuge pretty quickly on board a British man-of-war. The press talked of innumerable desertions to the Queen's party, so that people in England imagined affairs

were going on in the most prosperous manner, and that Miguel had no army left, whereas he had a most faithful one, while Don Pedro was on the very brink of ruin, and only existed by the great military blunders and intrigues of the opposing generals. The citizen soldiers, forced into the service, were quite fatigued with the length of the affair, and used to ask me continually when I thought it would be over, and whether England would at last interfere.

Trade was all ruined in the town; hundreds, perhaps thousands of people were either starved to death, or carried off by disease, arising from want. The British merchants who traded in bacalhao, rice, and other stores, made, no doubt, a good thing of it; but all others were ruined. Still the Portuguese inhabitants never complained, but said, that Heaven punished them for their sins. The foreigners, however, were not so resigned; but continually broke out into mutinies and threats. They were always rationed in a better way than the Portuguese; and when a supply of cattle arrived, part of it was sent to the hospitals, part to the foreigners, and the remainder was sold in the market for

the use of the citizens, or people who could afford to purchase it at 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* per pound.

But these supplies were only occasional. Rice, cabbage-sprouts, and bacalhao (which also was nearly expended), together with some milk-bread, or biscuit, and a precarious supply of fish, caught at night, were the food of the best provided.

Lord William Russell sent me a supply of biscuit and a couple of hams, which were a great resource; another supply of the same kind which he sent, never reached me. I got some biscuit, however, from our shipping; indeed, I had orders from Admiral Parker to be supplied. But the jealousy of the people would have made them say, that my supply tended to assist the provisions of the town; therefore I thought it better to take my chance, as others did. Young girls, to save their families from starvation, often sold their hair to a French hairdresser for a trifle.

4th April.—Four women and two peasants suffered by a discharge from one of the batteries. The Miguelites meantime were working hard and unimpeded on the Gaya hill, and



it was evident that a large battery, crowning the whole of this hill, would soon appear. I rode to Foz, and went over the castle, to see the effect of the continued battering it had received; I called also on General Saldanha, with whom I went to the Luz, to visit the approaches making by the Miguelites. An order came from the Miguelites for the British and foreign vessels to separate themselves from those of the Pedroites, which till then were all lying mixed together.

5th April.—Being Good Friday, the flags of the contending armies were hung, half-mast high, on the different forts and redoubts—the white on the Miguelites, and the blue and white on those of the Pedroites. Their religious ceremonies were attended to; and on Saturday figures of Judas Iscariot were paraded about the streets, like Guy Fawkes in England, and burnt with the accustomed ceremonies. The parties were, however, frequently dispersed by the falling of a shell.

All the batteries played upon the town during the whole afternoon; the Miguelites continuing hard at work at Gaya, and throwing

up a battery on the Covelho Hill, to the north of the town, from which they might annoy that part of it which was inhabited by Don Pedro and his ministers, the Marshal, and others. This situation had hitherto remained quite secure and unassailable. They, however, contrived (from the batteries on the south side of the river) to reach continually the square of St. Ovidio, which was situated in the upper part of the city.

A bomb fell on the top of the Lapa church, during divine service ; but it fortunately broke only the tiling, and did not explode, or it might have caused much destruction of life, as this church was generally crowded, and it was here that Don Pedro and his court attended. All the public *beso manos* (*levées*), &c. were held in the barracks adjoining it. From this church you had a beautiful and commanding view of the mouth of the Douro, its opposite bank, and the sea, as well as of the distant mountains inland.

8th April.—The 4th of April is the birthday of her Most Faithful Majesty Donna Maria the Second, but the keeping of it

was postponed until this day. The morning was therefore ushered in by ringing of bells and firing of rockets, squibs, &c., accompanied at the same time by a cannonade and shelling from the Miguelites. I rode round the lines, and saw the latter busy in completing a battery on the Covelho Height; it was pretty evident, that unless something was done, the town would soon become too hot to live in. At mid-day another salvo of shot and shells was fired, and several women were killed or wounded.

I attended the grand mass and *Te Deum* in Lapa church, and afterwards the levée and a review of troops on the lines. A fire was opened by Don Pedro on the Covelho Hill, and the intention was to storm the work that evening, but the undertaking somehow failed; indeed, the Marshal seemed averse to it.

On this day I dined with the Emperor, and a kind of illumination took place, whilst squibs and rockets were let off, and shells and shot were falling about till midnight. Many casualties occurred; the scene was, indeed, extraordinary; rejoicing under a con-

tinued bombardment ; sky-rockets (fouguettes) and shells in the air at the same time. I found it most difficult, in going home through the place, to avoid the bombs, the sight being deceived by the rockets, &c. Early in the morning I went towards the Covelho Height. The Miguelites made an attack to the right, to divert our attention ; they afterwards abandoned the heights of Covelho, upon its being menaced, and it was taken possession of without loss. Why the Miguelites did not defend it, having the village of Paranhas immediately behind them, I cannot imagine.

10th April.—At day-break this morning the Miguelites made a desperate effort to recover the height, but they were beaten back, and the village of Paranhas was contested inch by inch ; the Miguelites being eventually driven out of it. They at the same time threatened Foz, Lordello, and the Quinta of Vanzellares ; but they failed in every place. The British suffered much in the attack.

The title of Duke and Duchess of Oporto, was decreed by Don Pedro as the second title in the kingdom. The city suffered a bombard-

ment all this night, and the following day and night without intermission. Sir J. M. Doyle returned from his unsuccessful expedition to Vigo. A vessel also arrived with sailors and necessaries for the fleet. The Covelho hill was in turn fortified by the Pedroites.

I had had my doors and windows once or twice repaired, but to no purpose; for the shells broke them all to pieces again; indeed I found it better to leave all the doors and windows open, as in a confined room the bombs did more mischief than in an open apartment. The effect of them was something pantomimic—tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture were snapped to pieces in a moment; as for sleeping it was next to impossible, the continued growling of the guns, with flashes of light from the explosions, the falling of the tiles and ruins, defied repose. Indeed we neutrals, consisting of the Brazilian consul, the French Chargé d’Affaires, the British consul, and myself, were all getting pretty well tired. Several shells exploded in houses close to that of the French Chargé d’Affaires, although situated in the centre of the town; our Consul, who lived near

the Emperor, had eleven shot into his house and garden, two of which were 68-pounders.

We began to think it time that something should be done towards bringing matters to a conclusion. No insurrections had taken place in any part of the country, no disaffection had appeared in the Miguelite army; some desertions had certainly taken place, but no more than would have happened in any other two armies, so long in front of each other—indeed the Portuguese are particularly faithful to their colours. During the whole Peninsular war, we never found them deserting to the enemy: they would desert home, and so would those here whose friends were with the opposite party. Provisions had again become as scarce as ever. Colonel Cotter, of the Irish regiment, came to see me from Foz. A Colonel Homem, of Don Pedro's army, was killed by a cannon shot in the Antes. Firing upon the town as usual.

15th April.—A few bullocks and some men were landed, as well as some prisoners who had made their escape. My neighbourhood suffered—a shell killed a servant in the adjoining house,

as also a little girl in front of it who was carrying out cinders. A Gallego had his head taken off by a shot, whilst fetching water for my use. The bombs for several days had fallen in abundance around my quarters. Colonel Bacon of the lancers, and Colonel Williams of the British infantry, came and dined with me. A schooner attempted to get out of the river, but was brought to by the Miguelite batteries.

In the mean time the cause of Don Pedro by no means progressed. The most arbitrary edicts and measures were carried into effect, the only excuse for which was necessity. Some persons argued that in the proclamation it was declared, that Don Pedro would not bring civil war or dissension into the country, and that now therefore, finding the nation against him, he ought to go away, and not let it be the scene of devastation and plunder. Spies were employed in all directions, servants encouraged to report their master's conversation, papers clandestinely obtained; in short, all the trickeries too common in revolutions were played off.

17th April.—The schooner (*Liberal*) that had been brought to by the Miguelite batteries,

managed to get out to sea; an English midshipman or lieutenant was the commander of this vessel. A supply was landed of bullocks, sheep, and pigs, as also three hundred and fifty French soldiers. Our men-of-war outside the Bar either stood off or anchored, according as the weather permitted. But to the British merchants inside, they could be of no use, as they could neither enter the river, nor could people go out to them.

His Majesty's ship the *St. Vincent*, appeared on the 19th off the Bar. The Marshal inspected his foreign troops. The Miguelites were also reviewing theirs, and we had no firing during the day. I dined with the Duke de Terceira, the Marquis de Loulé, and Colonel Xavier. The night being fine, some more provisions were disembarked; we got also our Lisbon and English mails. My servant had been despatched twice as a courier to Valença, with letters for Madrid and Corunna. He told me that the country was against Don Pedro, that he ran some risk, and owed protection to his English papers. I knew him to be a great constitutionalist; but he was reported to the



Marshal as the contrary, and when the latter complained to me of this, I replied, that "I cared little what his politics were, so long as he served me honestly."

## CHAPTER XI.

New Redoubt.—Continued Scarcity.—The Serra Bridge.—  
 Departure of the *Etna*.—New Batteries.—Mrs. Omerod's  
 Death.—Attempted Arrangement.—The Clerjos Church.  
 —Don Miguel.—State of Oporto.—Loss of Life.—Arrival  
 of Provisions.—Review by the Emperor.—Continued  
 Fire.—Grenades.—Interview with Solignac.—My old  
 Gallego.—The Serra Bridge.—National Prejudices.—The  
 Batteries.—Provisions landed.

AFFAIRS were now in a very disagreeable situation; each party intriguing against the other. Solignac wished to get the whole power into his own hands. A tremendous fire was kept up at Foz, to prevent the cattle being landed. We were watching with much anxiety the completion of the redoubt at the top of the Gaya Hill, counting the embrasures, and endeavouring to ascertain the direction in which the guns could throw their shot. This redoubt was built for seven guns, and in a battery behind were five

mortars—a pleasant sight for those in front of it at a range of six hundred yards. One gun (an eighteen or twenty-four-pounder) looked me pretty full in the face: it was afterwards replaced for a short time by the grand Joao Paolo Cordiero. This was a large gun on the new construction, which could discharge shot of eighty-four pounds (granite shot or grenades), point blank, and which gun, as long as the siege lasted, was the terror of the town, as it could throw its missiles every where.

The preparations for the opening of a new battery directly in your front, and the calculation upon the chances as to where each shot may tell, is not very pleasant, however old a soldier you may be. Of the two embrasures nearly finished, the one containing my friend above mentioned, with its neighbour on the left, were still closed up, as is the fashion before all is ready.

I continually saw the Emperor, indeed most days, and also the Marshal. Provisions more or less were landed, but still we could only live from hand to mouth.

22d April.—The Miguelites sunk another schooner lying in the river.

23d April.—We had a quiet but cloudy night; a large boat was upset in attempting to land provisions and stores, and ten men were lost in her.

Nothing could be landed on the following night or for several nights, on account of the bar. Captain George, of Don Pedro's navy, came to see me, upon some business relative to the fleet, which was again cruizing off, under Admiral Sartorius.

26th April.—There was a good deal of firing, chiefly upon Foz; some gunpowder, shot, shells, and provisions were, however, landed. Firing also took place from the Torre da Marca and from the battery of Virtudez at the bottom of my street, which was returned by the Miguelite batteries. In spite of the occasional landing of provisions and bullocks, every thing was exceedingly dear, and numbers of the inhabitants in a state of starvation. About four thousand or five thousand rations of soup were distributed to the poor daily; meagre enough, but it helped to preserve life.

27th April.—Some money was sent out to Admiral Sartorius to pay the fleet; and there being a cessation of firing, I visited the Gloria battery, and dined on board his Majesty's brig Nautilus, with my friend, Lord G. Paulet, who came frequently (although at much risk) to see me. In the evening a great many grenades were thrown into the town.

A woman and child were killed in a house near mine. The poor people would remain in their houses in spite of all I could say to the contrary. There were six houses of the same size in a row, not one of which escaped.

29th April.—Some few cattle and provisions were landed. An order was given to repair the Serra bridge, at least the boats belonging to it, and to make a new ascent to the convent. It seemed to be a mere demonstration rather than any thing else, as the old Gaya battery sunk some and knocked several to pieces again very soon. The Serra was reinforced, relieved, and provisioned, by single boats going over, generally under fire the whole time.

A beso manos was held in honour of the constitution, and the Emperor, Marshal, and

staff rode round the lines in *grand tenue*. At night the Praça Nova (now called Praça Don Pedro) was illuminated. The following day there were again unpleasant reports as to Sartorius's squadron being in a state of mutiny. His Majesty's ship Etna (Captain Belcher), had received orders to leave the Douro and proceed to the Mediterranean, and her sailing was notified to the contending parties.

A cessation of fire took place, and I went on board the Etna to breakfast with Captain Belcher; dropped down the river in his ship, and landed at Santa Catherina; went to Foz, and called on General Saldanha and Colonel Shaw. A fire, however, opened whilst I was there, and the house adjoining Saldanha's suffered. Some firing, as usual, took place on the city in the evening.

1st May.—Some few recruits were received from Lisbon. Our consul, Lord G. Paulet, and myself, went to wait upon the Emperor relative to the posture of affairs. Admiral Sartorius was reinstated in his command of the fleet. The firing this day was chiefly from the Gaya Hill and Serra.

2d May.—I went round by the Serra, where the boats were undergoing repair, and saw that another fresh redoubt, containing seven guns, had been built by the Miguelites above the bridge of Cosmo, over the river Tinto. A Spanish female spy used occasionally to go backwards and forwards to Galicia; but she brought no particular news. The bar had been impassable for several days. Colonel Owen, an officer now resident in Portugal, came to see me. He was formerly in the British service, and afterwards in that of the Portuguese during the Peninsular war. The cholera prevailed a good deal at this time.

4th May.—Don Pedro placed two guns in the Rabida battery to check the formation of a new battery at the Furada height, which was opposite, and promised to be a mischievous one; their fire did but little good, and they were therefore withdrawn. The Emperor again reviewed all the troops, amounting to about 8,000 effective men, including the Mobiles and Fixos, or national guard. Saturday nights and Sundays were the times generally chosen for the

heaviest bombardments; and on the 5th, being Sunday, we were regaled as usual.

The wife of one of the principal merchants (Mrs. Omerod) was buried this day. The continual fear and noise of the bombardment hastened, if it did not cause, her death. Her own house, which she abandoned at the commencement of the siege, was in the continual receipt of shells; both it and the garden hardly escaped one day. Some Frenchmen this day deserted to the Miguelites, and some deserters came also from them. Several soldiers, as well as women, were killed.

6th May.—I went to the batteries on the north side of the Gloria: there was a good deal of cannonading on that side from Covello and Antes. The Miguelites were establishing fresh batteries there, from which they threw shot and shells into that side of the town.

The weather had now become charming, and all the spring flowers bloomed amongst the ruined gardens; the whole ground about the batteries teemed with flowers, both wild and cultivated. Patches of gentianella, of so brilliant



a light blue as to dazzle the sight, and the beautiful yellow dwarf cistus of the deepest tint, with rose-coloured heaths, covered the ground around the batteries. The Portuguese, devotedly fond of flowers, sowed and planted some of all sorts on the batteries. Even amidst the fascines and sand-bags, borders of them were to be seen.

Many of the Portuguese lived in their batteries the whole time of the siege, never quitting them whilst there was the smallest shelter. Their sight was particularly quick, and they avoided the shot most cleverly. They were, however, frequently blown to pieces by those grenades which were thrown direct, and the batteries were often damaged.

7th May.—After a sharp bombardment the preceding night, I accompanied Colonel Sorell on board the *Nautilus*, to meet the Conde de Torrebello. Our object was to see if any thing like an arrangement could be made between the two contending powers. However, it appeared that nothing could take place without a decisive and armed interference on the part of Great Britain, which was tacitly desired by both

parties. In this I except the chiefs of the Queen's party, who were decidedly against it; but wished, at the same time, to receive every private support. They talked of Pombal, and said that England had been the ruin of Portugal; in short, their language rather reminded me of the fable of the frog and the ox.

We returned on shore. Some skirmishing had taken place at Paranhos, about a well, the possession of which was disputed. I went to dinner on board the *Nautilus* to meet Saldanha.

8th May.—We received the English and Lisbon mails, which brought intelligence that all was quiet in the latter place. I went to take a bird's-eye view of the Miguelite batteries from the top of the Clerjos church, the ascent to which is by a flight of 229 steps. This tower is of granite, beautifully built and ornamented; it was struck by a number of shot and shells, but not materially injured. Several mails arrived, at the same time, from England, Lisbon, and Spain. Some little provision was landed during the night; and there was not much firing.

I went over to the Serra convent to see what

was doing there, and took a glass of wine with old Torres, who had been shelled out of his former quarters, and had taken up a new residence. The place had suffered terribly since last I visited it; all was in ruins; and so perpetual was the shower of shot and shells, that one could scarcely peep over the parapet securely.

10th May.—A number of vessels with provisions, &c. were lying off the coast. Don Miguel in person reviewed his troops on the south side of the Douro; he came down and showed himself opposite our batteries. I was informed by some naval officers present, that he was received, not only by the troops, but by all the people of the country, with the greatest enthusiasm. A heavy fire was kept up against the Serra. I met General Saldanha on business.

A number of casualties took place in the Serra convent. The bravery of its defenders deserves the greatest honour; nothing could surpass the good-humour and spirit that prevailed there, or the affectionate way in which their governor, old Torres, talked to his men. But a

visit there was no joke. The interior was completely pierced by the shells passing through the walls before their explosion; there was not a roof left—the soldiers lay alongside the ruined walls, with sheds put up to protect them from the sun.

11th May.—Three men (two Portuguese and one Frenchman), were shot for endeavouring to seduce soldiers to desert. They all three met their death with the greatest coolness. A number of casualties took place in different parts of the town.

This detail of a siege is no doubt very dull and heavy to the reader—nor was it more agreeable to those shut up in the place, who had pestilence, famine, and the sword staring them in the face for so many months. At the same time, there was an odd mixture. We had a court, an army, and society, all in the same predicament; people of all nations, tongues, and languages, of different feelings and different politics—all shut up in one cage together: but the sufferings of others, and the endeavour to assuage them, helped to do away with all personal feeling.

12th May.—During the night, one hundred and fifty more Frenchmen were landed—also some flour; and some invalids were embarked. The same night, a bomb fell on the church of Santa Clara, and either killed or wounded nine nuns whilst performing their religious duties. The convent at Batalha suffered continually—yet although several of these unfortunate ladies were killed, the remainder never abandoned the place. I went round the lines this day and saw the Emperor as usual, whose hopes and determinations remained the same.

13th May.—A good deal of provision was disembarked in the night.

14th May.—At three o'clock this morning, the Gaya Hill battery (although then incomplete), was opened with three mortars and two guns, the fire of which was directed towards my neighbourhood. The first discharge of shot took the top of a house situated nearly between me and the battery, which either broke or diverted the fire. They threw one hundred and fifty grenades in three hours—and a number of poor women and children suffered. They also

fired upon the town from the north side at the same period. Some officers were wounded in the street. Several steamers appeared in the offing—bacalhaò had become somewhat cheaper. A slack fire continued all day.

More embrasures were completed in the Gaya redoubt, and five mortars placed there. At four in the morning they commenced a most tremendous fire upon the town, which was kept up till mid-day, and occasionally the whole evening. Many persons were killed and the houses suffered much. Some troops and provisions had been disembarked the preceding night. The Duke de Terceira and a party, wished to dine in a room of the house where I lived; but they were obliged to adjourn to my apartment, which was less exposed. A good deal of provision of different kinds was landed, and food fell considerably in price. The Conway frigate (Captain Eden), arrived from England. Occasional firing only during the evening. I dined with Colonel Williams and a large party of officers of the British corps.

18th May.—There was no firing, as the batteries were being repaired. Captains Eden and

Robert, and Lord G. Paulet landed; I rode round the town and lines with them, and showed them the lions. There was considerable firing in the afternoon from the Gaya. At night a number of bullocks and other provisions were landed, and as vegetables and fruit were coming in, the prospect of starving us out seemed more distant. Don Pedro reinforced his batteries, sending a mortar to the Victoria, where there were only two guns; and a large gun to the Quinta Birtudes. Casualties had so much increased, that there was great wailing and lamentation of women heard in the streets. The Gaya battery was very frightful, and the large gun made immense holes in the walls, reaching everywhere.

Part of Don Pedro's squadron appeared and anchored off the bar. The Emperor, attended by his staff, reviewed the troops in the afternoon, at their different posts on the lines. There was firing only at intervals during the day. A number of soldiers and other persons continually lost their lives in my street and neighbourhood, by going carelessly down. I spoke to Colonel St. Leger on the subject, and

he placed a sentry at the further end of the street, to prevent people from entering.

20th May.—I went to the different batteries to see how the breaches were repaired, and also to see the new gun and mortar placed. The Victoria battery and its vicinity was terribly knocked about, as was also the battery at the end of my street; several houses were ready to fall. The Torra da Marca also was continually silenced from the opposite side; it was entirely surrounded with ruined houses. There was a continual, though slack fire going on upon the town, river, and Serra convent, &c. I received a letter from Admiral Sartorius, stating the treatment he had received.

21st May.—Both sides were repairing their batteries. There was some little firing in the afternoon, during which a lad, in my street, had his leg carried off. The bar had been impassable for several days, and therefore nothing could be landed, or even approach the shores. Much firing on the north side of the town from both sides.

23d May.—The bar being again passable, a mail arrived. A great many sail (about sixty



or seventy) were off the coast. I waited on the Emperor. The weather was now extremely hot; there was also a continual fire all day from the Gaya battery. A report had arrived that the young queen of Portugal was going to marry a French prince.

24th May.—At three o'clock in the morning a very heavy fire of grenades and shot commenced upon the city, from the Gaya, Christoval, and other batteries. The Torra da Marca and Quinta battery returned the fire; two men were killed in the latter. I called daily on the Emperor, and also on our consul. Many intrigues were going on; a large French force and supply of money from France was talked of, which did not suit the views of the British party in Portugal. I went with the Condé d'Alva to see the lancers' horses in St. Ovidio square. Much firing took place at Foz, during the night; little or nothing was landed.

The following day the batteries were repaired on both sides by the pioneers, and consequently there was a cessation of fire. The Condé d'Alva reviewed Colonel Bacon's lancers. The horses were in bad condition, having

been nearly starved to death during the winter: they scarcely amounted to two hundred; officers and all. I walked about the Rua des Flores and Belmont, to see the damages sustained by the city. The walls, in general, stood firm, but the houses were mere shells, the balconies destroyed, &c. Dined on board the Nautilus, where I met General Saldanha, Colonel Shaw, and other officers.

Sunday, 26th May.—I called on the consul, and we had a long interview with Marshal Solignac, who complained bitterly of the way in which he had been treated. We saw plainly that there was no chance then of any thing decisive taking place, as the effective state (notwithstanding all the reinforcements) was not better than formerly, although the troops were more disciplined. But the army was unprovided for taking the field, and there was only sufficient ammunition for one action.

This day I had the misfortune to lose my servant, who was struck and dreadfully wounded by a shot from the Gaya. He was a steady and honest man, named Mathias, and bore his misfortune with great coolness, giving me up

the key of my stables as he lay on the ground. The fire for twenty minutes was so severe that I could not get him removed; indeed, I expected a similar fate myself. However, on the slackening of the fire, I sent a boy to the hospital, and my servant was carried there, but he shortly afterwards expired. In these times it was difficult to replace him; but meanwhile the children of the neighbourhood came and fed my horse.

I at last got a rough old Gallego, who was not polite enough to please the Portuguese. On his bringing out my horse, he neglected to stand with his hat in his hand whilst I mounted, which was a serious offence, and the Portuguese children began calling to him, and making signs for him to take off his hat. I rode away laughing, and glad to escape as quickly as possible from that neighbourhood. On my return it was rather wet, and the poor Gallego still kept on his hat. The Portuguese came up and said, "You will not surely think of keeping a man so ill-bred as not to take off his hat to you." I replied, that I could not get anybody else, and that these were not times for

ceremony. They persisted that he should not stay; and, bringing me another Portuguese lad, they ejected the old Gallego.

27th May.—A large disembarkation of provisions took place, and one hundred barrels of gunpowder were also landed. An attack was talked of. I went to view the state of the Serra bridge. There was some preparation for laying it down, but this could only be done on a dark night, as the fire from the Gaya batteries completely enfiladed it: indeed, as it was, they could not properly secure the boats from the fire of this battery, and some were therefore constantly destroyed. I went round all the lines. A heavy fire of shot and shells was going on the whole day from the Miguelite batteries, and was returned, with some effect, from the Torra da Marca, as also from the Quinta, and Virtudes batteries.

A large quantity of provisions and stores was again landed. (What the Miguelites were about I cannot say.) The batteries were being repaired on both sides, which gave us a holiday. Our men-of-war fired a salute in honour of his Majesty King William the Fourth's birth-day.

Colonel Cotter called, and rode with me round the lines, to point out some "soft places," which were open to attack in those of the Miguelites. I dined with Colonel Sorell, and met Sir Thomas Stubbs, Monsieur de Lurde, Senhor Barbosa, and others. The Marshal, who was an entertaining person in society, came in the evening, as he generally did, and played a game of whist.

It seemed now more evident than ever, that a conquest by foreign troops was necessary; but neither the English nor Anglo-Portuguese party wished to see such a conquest achieved by Frenchmen. Although these different nations appeared to pull well together, still there was no small degree of national prejudice against each other. The French were by no means popular with the mass of the Portuguese; indeed, a Frenchman would have been put to death one day in the market-place by the Portuguese women had I not interfered. They continually declared that they did not fear the French, and would not bear any insult from them; whilst they would allow the British to

lie tumbling and drunk in the streets without molestation.

28th May.—A large disembarkation of provisions and stores took place this night with but little loss. The houses of the street (Rua Calvario) in which I lived, suffered much; there were only twenty-seven in all, out of which one fell, and three others were in a very tottering condition.

29th May.—The weather was very hot. We received a mail, and Captain Eden, of H. M. ship the Conway, came on shore to pay the consul and me a visit. Some firing took place at Saint João de Foz; but nothing unusual.

30th May.—The Miguelites had placed guns on the Cosmo redoubt, and fired upon the Bomfim entrance to the town, from a new quarter, which did considerable mischief. At the same time the Gaya, Cavaco, Yellow House, and other batteries, played upon the town, and were replied to by those of Virtudes, Victoria, the Conico, and the Torra da Marca: much firing at Foz in the evening. The weather was extremely hot; but in Porto the heat is always tempered by sea-breezes.

31st May.—An abundance of provisions was landed, without loss, in spite of an incessant fire kept up from the Cabodello, the Castro, and sand batteries. Several houses had fallen during the last week, and the fire began evidently to tell even against the strong walls of the city of Porto. Two men were killed, and two others wounded, in the battery at the end of my street this day. I went with the consul to visit the Marquis of Loulé, and confer with him on what had passed at our meeting on board the Nautilus with the Marquis of Torrebello. We afterwards saw General Saldanha.

## CHAPTER XII.

Frequent Skirmishes.—Duke de Palmella's Arrival.—Unwelcome Reinforcement.—Heavy Bombardment.—Landing of Troops.—Desperate Affairs.—Proposals.—Council of War.—State of the City.—Beautiful Gardens.—Portuguese Flowers.—Political Intrigues.—The Marshal's Resignation.—Embarkation of Troops.—Review.—Departure of Solignac.

1st June.—FREQUENT skirmishes took place at the outposts about the cutting of fire-wood, which amongst other things had become extremely scarce ; every tree of any size and all the stumps even having been grubbed up. An English cutter (a yacht), belonging to Messrs. Saunderson and Lane arrived ; and these gentlemen came in by the bar-boat and landed. We had had a heavy bombardment all the morning and fire from the Pine, Gaya, and Cavaco batteries. I took the opportunity of a cessation of fire, to shew them some parts of the town. A great



deal of damage was done to it in the afternoon. One grenade falling on the house opposite to mine, passed through the roof and one floor and came into the street, where it exploded. The fragments of it did some damage to my house, and a large piece lodged in my balcony. The kitchen, which according to the fashion in Portugal, was above stairs, had been much knocked about by shot.

2d June.—A new turn was given to affairs, by the arrival of the Duke de Palmella, Captain Napier, R.N., and Senhor Mendizabel. I met them at dinner at the Marshal's, where a large party besides were assembled, *viz.* the Duke de Terçeira, the Marquis de Loulé, Colonel Friere, Bernardo de Sá, Conde de Alva, Colonel Duverzier, Lord G. Paulet, &c.; we adjourned after dinner to the house of the British consul. During the day I had ridden round the lines with the gentlemen of the yacht.

3d June.—Three large steamers were off with troops on board. Napier, Palmella, and Mendizabel waited on the Emperor, to whom as also to the Marshal they explained their intentions

and made propositions. I first mentioned to the Emperor the expected arrival of this reinforcement. He did not seem well pleased at it, as it was an expedition planned without his knowledge. It was rumoured that he intended to decline the proffered assistance, and I believe that nothing but the extreme urgency of the case made him consent to it.

We had a continual bombardment all day. The city suffered much in every part. Another house fell in my street. A poor woman was killed close to my house; and several people perished in the jail. A shell fell also in the hospital of Misericordia, where it carried off some of the wounded. The firing was general. The British signal post, in Mr. Procter's garden, received several shots, and the officer and signal party narrowly escaped.\*

I went, however, at all risks, to dine at the consul's with nearly the same party as that on the previous day; in addition there were present

\* I must not omit to mention here the kindness and attention shewn by Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, to the officers stationed there, which I am sure was duly appreciated by them.

Senhor Mozinho, the Conde de Taipa, Monsieur de Loude, and the Conde de Saldanha. The reader must not suppose that these were parties of pleasure; they were not so, but were formed to consult and talk over what was best or most likely to be done. In returning home across the Corderia a large bomb fell close to me, and quickly burying itself in the ground, exploded. I was a little scorched by the explosion, but the pieces missed me, and I got safe within my walls.

4th June.—This evening I counted no less than eighty-one grenades which fell in my neighbourhood. The bombardment was kept up nearly all night. Several girls and children were killed. Colonel Cotter came to see me from Foz; and I called upon Palmella and Napier. In the evening, whilst the batteries were blazing, another house in my street fell, and the shot came through and through the houses on both sides of the street; so that I began to think of shifting my quarters. The dust from the rubbish added to the *agreeableness* of my residence.

5th June.—The batteries had received such a hammering that it was necessary to repair those of both sides. I took a look round the works to see what was doing. A good number of political meetings took place and various consultations. There was firing at Foz, but none upon the city to-day. Some portions of houses fell, owing to the severe shaking they got during the previous forty-eight hours. Another steamer had arrived, and I believe that arrangements were agreed upon with Napier and Mendizabel; but the troops they had brought were ordered to land and to be replaced by Portuguese; which was a most difficult operation, and created much delay. Between three and four hundred men were landed the same night.

6th June.—There was no firing this morning, in consequence, it was said, of its being Corpus Christi day. I therefore rode and walked about, and dined with a merchant (Mr. Murphy) at Villar. At night however we were indulged with a few shells, one of which broke all those of my windows that had escaped former explosions, and some splinters entered my room. Much

damage was done in my neighbourhood ; a number of shells falling immediately behind my house.

7th June.—A grand council was held and a plan of operation laid down. I breakfasted with the consul, and we had audiences with all the principal leading characters. We also received despatches by the *Confiance* steamer, both from England and Lisbon. We saw Captain Glascock, Captain Eden, and Lord G. Paulet, R.N., with whom we talked over the present posture of affairs, which still appeared somewhat desperate. The town had long been too hot to be pleasant. Almost every one was either in mourning for or bewailing the loss of friends or relatives. Although we still had provisions, they were both scarce and dear, and we could hardly procure firing to cook our victuals.

The Miguelitès were in as great force as ever. They had completely walled us in by a line of redoubts, connected by a deep ditch and high palisades. Every height and point was crowned with works, some of a very formidable descrip-

tion ; indeed a sortie so late in the day promised but little chance of success, although it was supposed that the foreign troops might force their way by the bayonet ; yet these were not like the troops of Wellington or Napoleon, and in some attempts they had been repulsed. It was therefore proposed to change the seat of war and try a landing at some other place. Those who were suffering and had suffered so long in Porto, wished for something near home that would decide the business and bring them relief. But it was determined to make a descent where there was no enemy, and to see if the people would rise and join them. Mendizabel was to find money, and the press were to give all their assistance.

The Marshal, finding that things were likely to be taken out of his hands, proposed, at the end, a plan of his own, the boldness of which, however, did not suit those with whom he had to deal. He was well aware of its being a desperate chance ; for even had he forced the lines, I do not know how, with an enfeebled army, he could have made way through a coun-

try inimically disposed towards him. Eight thousand men were as many as he could have taken, and had he done so, the court and city of Porto must have been left at the disposal of the Miguelites. At midnight a frightful bombardment of the city commenced from all quarters, and continued till day-break. A number of lives were lost, and much damage done.

8th June.—I went to the consul's where I met the Marquis of Loulé. A council of war was held to decide upon some plan of attack to relieve the place. I dined with Mr. Mendizabel, a gentleman who, as head of the finance, has done much for the cause of the Queen, and conducted that department in a manner honourable to himself and successful to his party. I met at his house the Senhor Carvalho, Marshal Solignac, Marquis de Loulé, Duke de Terceira, Senhor Mozinha, Napier, Saldanha, Marquis d'Alva, Bernardo Sá, Marquis de Fronteira, Sir T. Stubbs, the British consul, Senhor Serpa, and others.

9th June, Sunday.—A few shots only were fired. We received and sent off our despatches

for Lisbon and England. The weather was fine, and Lord G. Paulet and Sir J. M. Doyle came on shore and dined with me. The 2d Caçadores, and some other Portuguese regiments, received orders to embark. The former got off, and some other troops were landed from the ships at night, without any casualty, although a tremendous fire was kept up the whole time. Captain Napier embarked on the same night, and took the command of the expedition and fleet.

The city had now been for six months besieged, and although it had suffered considerably, it still reared its head undauntedly. From the nature of the place, it suffered less from a bombardment than most other towns would have done. The strength of the houses, built in general of immense blocks of granite, defied all but the most powerful missiles. The numberless small gardens continually received the shells, which, burying themselves deep in the rich mould, were either smothered and did not explode, or their explosion did not do so much damage. At this season, and indeed at all



times of the year, the gardens were filled with the most beautiful flowers. The vineyards of the whole country around were in bloom, and added to the fragrance of the air; so that in the interim of sulphur and smoke, the atmosphere was quite perfumed with the sweet smell of plants. There is a magnolia tree in the garden of a British merchant (Mr. Taylor) at Villar, of immense size. The girth is ten feet six inches; the spread seventeen yards, and the flowers two feet six inches round. This beautiful tree suffered from the shot, receiving one in the trunk, and several of its fine branches were cut off, so that I doubt its surviving much longer. The *Camellia japonica* blooms here in the open air, in every variety, some of which are sweetscented.

Beautiful jasmines, amongst others the Carolina yellow creeping jasmine, twist most gracefully about the pilasters in the gardens. The light and feathery mimosas, of every sort, abound; whilst evergreen briar-roses, with single and double flowers, grow out of the walls. Hedges of the *fusca* and of the beautiful double blossomed oleanders and pomegranates, are in

every garden. Also that pleasant and agreeable plant, the sweet-scented heath, so much beloved by the Portuguese, and called by them *sempre noiva* (always a bride) or *alma crim del norte*. These, with orange and lemon trees of all varieties, the charming little tangerines, and the large Brazilian oranges, afford flowers, fruit, and shade in most gardens. Besides all the various roses, are ranunculuses of yellow, white, scarlet, and so brilliantly variegated that the eye can scarcely dwell upon them: the azalias, trias, kalmias, and all the commoner plants of our gardens, abound here.

Amongst other flowers I must not forget to mention the carnations, of which they have here the finest specimens of every colour; and I believe that there is not a house or balcony in all Portugal, without them. There are also a kind of plants called cheroens, with rich scarlet or yellow blossoms, which are seen hanging from most balconies. But were I to enumerate half the flowers that this country produces, I should much exceed the limits of this hasty narrative.

10th June.—Some more troops were embarked for the expedition, and, I believe, without loss, although a tremendous fire was kept up. But the landing-place was so well secured with parapets and embankments, that it was difficult at night to hit the spot; and the shore, or rather approach, was full of rocks above water, which made it dangerous to boats, and at the same time tended to impede the shot or shells. One boat was lost with its contents, on the following night, by a discharge of grape shot.

During this time, many councils of war were held. For a long while numerous intrigues had been going on, and I believe the Marshal fancied he could out-do the Portuguese, but in this he was mistaken, for they delight and excel in intrigue. A most unjustifiable trick was played on the Marshal; his servants were bribed, and his papers clandestinely taken. He very justly remonstrated with Don Pedro, and demanded the dismissal of the ministry, saying that otherwise he would resign the command, as he could no longer retain it, unless he possessed the entire confidence of the Emperor and his minis-

ters. They parried it by dismissing Senhor Magalhacas, and the Marshal threatened to resign, which being exactly what they wanted, the Emperor accepted his resignation. The Marshal thought that in the present state of affairs they would recal him; but there was a strong party adverse to French influence, and therefore, after various audiences and consultations, the Emperor assumed the command himself. At this time Don Miguel arrived at St. Ovidio, and was to be seen reviewing his troops, who received him with apparent enthusiasm, and all the principal persons in the neighbourhood paid him their respects.

12th June.—This evening the 3d caçadores and a battalion of French were embarked. The Marquis of Palmella was created Duke of Funchal, and Napier appointed admiral of the fleet.

13th June.—The 6th regiment, some other troops, and provisions were landed. This exchange of troops, under existing circumstances, was both tedious and difficult; it caused immense delay to the expedition, and Napier was

anxious to proceed. The Miguelite squadron, instead of being off Oporto all this time, was lying snug in the Tagus. Indeed, each side seemed to be doing what the other wished. The Miguelites were now drawing a closer line around us, and fortifying houses in the most advantageous situations. More troops were embarked and General Schwalbach called on me to take leave.

14th June.—Both French and Portuguese troops continued to embark. General Saldanha was made a Major-general of the army in Oporto, and chief of the Staff. The Duke de Terçeira was to command the expedition. Amongst all the arrangements considerable jealousy was shown, and the troops were shuffled in such a manner as to prevent the leaders from forming a party for themselves. The Marshal was not yet gone: he had made some attempts, but had been prevented by the weather or the firing. After actually embarking one night, he received a contusion on the shoulder which obliged him to return on shore.

15th June.—Don Miguel was reported to be

at Carvalho, two leagues from Villa Nova, on the road to Coimbra. Some more troops were embarked; amongst others, fifty of Colonel Bacon's lancers, dismounted. The Donegal and Stag were off, and made their numbers. I waited upon the Marquis de Loulé to obtain the liberation of three officers discharged from their service, who had been imprisoned. In the evening I went to the British Consul's, where the Marshal stated his reasons for resigning the command.

We had a bombardment in the evening, rockets, grenades, and large granite shot, and shells; the latter made more noise but did less harm at night. In the day the splinters were very annoying.

Sunday, 16th June.—The Emperor reviewed the troops on the lines: their appearance was good and martial, and that of the foreigners much improved. The Emperor was in good spirits and was accompanied by the Marshal, with whom he shook hands on bidding him adieu. The Miguelites opened a new battery of mortars and guns at Banderinha, and the

first bomb they fired fell just under my balcony ; a few more grains of powder would have carried it into the room. The explosion did more harm to my opposite neighbour than to myself.

I now took leave of Marshal Baron Solignac, who left the city and embarked at Foz for England. He was no doubt a person of ability, but possibly as much a political as a military character. He was agreeable and entertaining in society, but certainly found himself in a very difficult situation. He was continually deceived in the reports made to him, and often when he fancied his orders were executed, the Portuguese had not even dreamed of doing so. The Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword was bestowed on him, and he was continued in the Portuguese service as Marshal.

Considerable damage was done by the bombardment. A tower of the church of Domingo fell, and smashed four people that were sitting below at the time.

17th June.—No troops were embarked this day ; the expedition still lay off the Bar. There now appeared to be a great mortality amongst

the children ; and women were to be seen carrying them about in baskets on the tops of their heads, dressed out in white and blue ornaments, as *santinhas* (little saints), to show them to their friends and neighbours. One morning I found a child, apparently about two years old, laid out in a basket on my breakfast-table, and with it the mother and some other relations, who thought that they paid me a great compliment in bringing it.

The firing commenced this day at one o'clock (a most unusual hour), and surprised many people at their avocations. In my neighbourhood, the jail had become one of the most secure places, and many persons, therefore, with their families took refuge at night in the lower part of it.

18th June.—The expedition still remained. Don Miguel had come to the north side, and had visited *Matozinhos* and *Infesta*. I rode all round the lines, to view the new works of the *Miguelites*. The *Pinhal* battery (a very formidable one), and the *Christoval* mortar battery fired occasionally on the town.



19th June.—The expedition being now in want of water, it was obliged to be fetched from the Bayonna islands in Gallicia. Fifty marines were embarked. From midnight till four A. M. a very heavy bombardment continued on the town; several houses fell and many persons were killed. The watering of the expedition was completed this day, and the ship Don Pedro made signal for getting under weigh. Don Miguel had been reconnoitring the town on the north side, and a heavy cannonade was opened upon it from Covalho and Bomfim.

21st June.—It being fine weather, the expedition, after having been detained for entire weeks, at length set sail for the southward, under Admiral Napier and the Duke de Terceira. I visited the Emperor. There was now much sickness in the city and amongst the troops. Their bad diet and long confinement in the same place, of course did not conduce to their health; add to which, the putrid carcasses of horses and mules, devoured by the French and Belgians, was, one would have supposed, alone sufficient to poison an army.

22d June.—A severe bombardment took place upon the city from all the batteries, and lasted about two hours. A woman and her son were killed in my neighbourhood—also five people belonging to one house. Some fowls, sheep, pigs, and bullocks were landed. Two spies were executed this day. A schooner arrived from Lisbon with fourteen men, and a brother of the Marquis de Loulé. But the best arrival for the poor inhabitants of Porto, was a subscription from England, which, though small, helped in some measure to alleviate their sufferings; and our worthy consul immediately issued part of it to those establishments which were for feeding and relieving the wretched. Amongst other sad casualties this day, was that which happened to a young lady—one of the belles of Porto—who, whilst sitting at a window, lost her arm and part of her face by a cannon shot. There was no firing in the evening, and I dined at the consul's, where I met some of the civil staff of the town, as also Senhor Silva, the Brazilian consul.

Sunday, 23d June.—The Duke of Braganza

reviewed his troops at seven A. M., and was accompanied by Saldanha. Much provisions had been landed the night before. The morning was quiet, and after divine service at church, which was regularly performed by both Catholics and Protestants, I visited different parts of the town to look at the damage done. At six in the evening the Gaya and Banderinha batteries commenced firing; which were returned by Don Pedro's batteries.

We began now to be a little jealous of the north side of the town; I therefore generally went early in the morning before breakfast to the Gloria, or some other commanding battery. There was an alarm at St. João da Foz, and the troops were accordingly under arms all night. Nothing however occurred. Three cavalry deserters came in with their horses: they were the first that had arrived, and appeared in good order, well mounted and appointed. The bombardment commenced at six in the evening, and lasted most of the night. An unfortunate lady was killed in the midst of her family party; the rest, falling through with the floor, escaped. I

called and saw Sir T. Stubbs. It was evident that an attack might be daily expected. There was much sickness prevailing at this time.

25th June.—The night had been quiet, and a good deal of provision was landed; however, from the previous battering, another house or two fell in my street, (Rua Calvario.) I went to the Seminario and Bomfim, to take a view of the bridge which the Miguelites were establishing across the river, and also of a new redoubt building by them. I had before mentioned to the Pedroites the forming of the bridge, but they would not believe me; indeed it was useless to tell them of any thing which they did not like to hear. The establishment of this bridge was of the greatest use to the Miguelites, as it enabled them to move troops in the course of a couple of hours from the south to the north side, or *vice versa*. I afterwards called on Saldanha.

In the evening I went with the Emperor to the Gloria battery, to see the effect of some rockets lately imported, but the experiment entirely failed. Cannonading from all the batteries closed the day, and a furious bombardment

and fire upon the city continued the whole night. More houses fell. Two children were killed at the Porto de Carmen, not far from me. I know not what other casualties occurred. Early in the morning I went to the Carvalhedo battery, where it had been rumoured an attack was rather expected; and a serjeant and a private coming in, confirmed the report.

Certain news arrived that the expedition had sailed for the Algarvas. Fuel had become so extremely scarce, that it was difficult to procure sufficient for the purpose of cooking. I dined with our Consul. We had the usual firing in the evening. We were in daily expectation of an attack; however, the Miguelite bridge across the river at Olivares was not yet finished. His Majesty's ship the *Nimrod* was anchored off the Bar. The new levies were drilling, arms repairing, &c.; but the workmen were generally employed in the lines, so that little work could be done.

28th June.—A considerable quantity of provisions was landed, but not without loss. Several of the boatmen were killed: indeed, these

people, who were also fishermen, and resided at St. João da Foz, suffered very much not only themselves but their families, who were exposed to fire at home, whilst the husbands and parents ran double risk on the water. There never was a finer race of boatmen or fishermen than these people, who inhabit the Douro and its vicinity. I went by the Seminario (now a complete ruin), to look at the Miguelite batteries, and their bridge at Olivares, which appeared nearly finished. A report arrived of the loss of a transport (the Eugema) off Figueras. In the evening we received the customary salute of shot and shells.

29th June.—News arrived of the expedition having made good a landing in the Algarvas, but no particulars came concerning it. The Miguelites had sent two thousand men across the bridge at Olivares to the north side of the Douro. It was reported that they had collected and caused to be made a number of ladders, which looked very like an assault upon the town. The city had suffered considerably from the last night's bombardment.

Although we thought that the Miguelites would not have the boldness to storm the place, still there were some misgivings on the subject; and many of the British merchants began to enquire concerning means and preparations for their safety. It was argued by some, that if they embarked and abandoned the place, their departure would so dispirit the Portuguese, that it might ruin the cause of Don Pedro, besides which their property would of course fall a prey to the victors. The hoisting of the British flag, which, generally speaking, had hitherto afforded protection, might on such an occasion be no longer respected; although some thought that it would still have sufficient influence to stop the Portuguese soldiery from committing excesses.

The British church was rather a defensible situation, and as it stood unconnected with streets, I recommended it as a deposit and a place of refuge; for by cutting ditches across the approaches and throwing up parapets, the British would of themselves have been quite sufficient to defend it until order should be

restored. Within the place of defence were also some large houses capable of containing the British as well as others to whom they might be desirous of affording protection; and they were covered and defended by a redoubt on one side. I have no reason to suppose the plan a bad one, had events made it necessary.

30th June.—It being the anniversary of Don Miguel's usurpation, a great bombardment took place at mid-day, which lasted two hours, and was recommenced at six o'clock, continuing on till nightfall. The Serra Convent got its usual share. Great rejoicings were heard in the camps of the Miguelites.



### CHAPTER XIII.

Severe Bombardment.—Repulsed Assaults.—General Determination.—Anxiety.—Great News.—State of Oporto. Oporto.—*Sang Froid*.—The Emperor's Dinner.—General Alarm.—Critical Affairs.—Expected Attack.—Don Pedro's Forces.—Fortifications.—Discipline.—Movements of the Miguelites.—Major Olivares.

1st July.—Some firing of artillery was heard in the Miguelite camps; but on riding to the Carvalhido battery, I ascertained that they were only exercising their troops.

The day was fine, and there was no firing going on upon the city. Captain Eden, Lord E. Russel, and Lord G. Paulet, came on shore, and I walked with them to various parts of the town. Although no certain news had been received of the expedition, still the report of its success was believed; and the ports of Portugal were formally declared as being in a state of blockade. A piece of bombast, at the moment when we could not show our noses outside the walls.

2d July.—The *Talavera*, seventy-four, appeared off the Bar. Many and various were the reports. We had several hours of bombardment in the evening, and a very heavy fire upon Foz, by which many boatmen were killed and wounded; but much provision was landed.

3d July.—I went to Bomfim to look at the bridge of Avintas (or Olivares). I called also on General Schwalbach's lady and family, who were under some alarm about him.

4th July.—A heavy fire of grenades, shot, shells, and all sorts of missiles, began this evening, and lasted till past four next morning, when it ceased. I heard of several killed and wounded. Amongst other families, that of the Brazilian consul suffered. His sister was killed; his uncle lost an arm, besides being otherwise hurt; and a maid-servant in the house lost both her legs. I believe that the two latter did not long survive.

The Miguelites had now moved seven guns to their right. At one they commenced an attack, first upon Lordello, and soon extended from our left to the right of the line, making a strong effort to take possession of the Quinta Vanyel-

lares (Mirante), which was defended by some French and Belgian troops, as well as Caçadores. Colonel Duvergier, however, charged them at the head of the French, and they were at length repulsed, although they had arrived at the garden wall. The Colonel, a brave and gallant officer, lost his arm upon this occasion, and died in consequence. The Miguelites made an attack also on the Bomfim, possessed themselves of a picquet-house, and got within the precincts of the place; but Saldanha and his staff charged them at the head of a few cavalry, and drove them back. A cannonade was kept up on the city during the whole time. I doubt if it was meant as a serious attack, for I saw no columns. However, the repulse was styled a great victory; the bells rang, and illuminations were ordered. Saldanha was made Lieutenant General, and Pimental full Colonel.

I think, that had the Miguelites made a more determined attack, either at Bomfim or Loredello, they might have succeeded in establishing themselves at both these points. They termed it only a reconnaissance. It served, however, to give courage to the defenders of the

place, and every person took arms, and went to the lines; even cripples were seen trailing a musket along to have a shot at the Miguelites. As it was given out that no quarter or mercy was to be expected, every one determined to defend himself to the last. Had the Miguelites resumed the attack for several successive days, Don Pedro's ammunition would have been all expended; for as long as they had any left, the troops never ceased firing. The firing was discontinued at five P.M. The loss on the side of the town was one hundred and thirty men.

6th July.—A more serious attack was expected, but nothing of the kind took place. I paid my respects to the Emperor, who received me most graciously, and conversed upon the affair of the previous day. He afterwards went, attended by his suite, to visit the hospitals. No firing all night.

7th July.—I went early in the morning to visit that part of the lines near the Gloria battery, Covelho, and Agoa ardente: all appeared quiet. We received mails from Lisbon and Portugal. I called on the Duke of Braganza, Saldanha, and others. Thence proceeded to Bom-

him to look over the ground, at that point where the attack had been made, and to see what was going on at the bridge of Avintas. I also paid a visit to Sir T. Stubbs, who is a most excellent person. There being no firing, I dined with Mr. Vanzellar. That night also passed quietly. However, both sides seemed preparing, the one to make, the other to repel an attack. We were, at this time, most desirous to receive intelligence from the Algarvas; none that could be relied on having arrived. All was anxiety and watching. The silence of the Miguelite batteries also surprised us, and little was known as to their movements; although it was very evident that they were acquainted with all that passed within Porto. Several naval officers came on shore, and visited the different points where the attacks had been made. Every thing was again quiet at night.

9th July.—The troops were all formed in the morning, expecting an attack. Having ridden round the lines, and seeing that all was quiet, I proceeded to the naval signal post at Villar, where H. M. frigate the Conway made the signal that Don Miguel's fleet was taken. I im-

mediately carried this intelligence to the Emperor, who received it with the greatest joy, and embraced me in the warmest Portuguese fashion. This was also the anniversary of the landing of Don Pedro in the country. The good news added to the festivity. Triumphant arches were erected around the lines, and the batteries dressed out with the light-blue flowers of the hydrangia, which plant grows here in the most luxuriant manner. Bells were rung; rockets (*fougettes*) fired in all directions; and *Te Deum* was performed in the Lapa church. I breakfasted with the Consul, and we proceeded afterwards to pay our formal respects to the Duke of Braganza.

A flag of truce was now sent off to the Miguelites, with a letter, offering pardon to those who would leave Don Miguel and calling upon them to surrender. This was certainly a good piece of bombast, coming as it did from an army hourly exposed to the chance of being attacked and of having their city stormed. The flag of truce was of course refused; but a copy of the letter was immediately despatched to England, and the Emperor's magnanimity and

humanity were extolled in all the papers—at the very time when it was not unlikely that he would have to seek pardon for himself and followers.

Don Pedro held a levee in the evening, and for two hours the town was illuminated; but a fire from the Gaya and Bandera batteries, soon extinguished the lights.

Notwithstanding the good news of the capture of the fleet and taking of the Algarvas, where it was said (although afterwards proved to be the reverse) that every one was unanimous in favour of the Constitutionals—still the city of Porto was by no means in a prosperous state. Part of its best forces were away; they were surrounded by the same army, amounting to no less than twenty-four thousand men; and it was evident that the time was come when something decisive on their part must be done. Add to which, no disaffection had appeared amongst their troops, and but few deserters had ever come in. The town was badly supplied even now, either with provisions or ammunition, and the larger part of its defenders were quite new levies. The proportion of foreign

troops however, British, French, and Belgians, was considerable.

10th July.—We were still upon the alert. I crossed over to the Serra convent to see the old Baraò, Torres de Pico. He had been shelled out of his former abode, and was now huddled under a projecting piece of rock, there being scarcely any cover left in the place, excepting alone the domed part of the church, which still resisted the shells. The troops lay there, and covered themselves along the ruined walls of the convent.

In one of the most exposed angles of the place, and where the shot were continually touching the parapet, I was amused at observing an artillery officer and his wife dining together—she sitting full dressed in the Moorish style, with gold chains, ear-rings, and other ornaments, as if for a grand entertainment.

There being now but little if any means left for cooking amongst the ruins of the convent, the women and children passed over to this place of destruction, carrying provisions ready cooked to their relatives. Old Torres still kept up his spirits, although grown very thin. I



re-crossed the Douro, and went to look at the battery in the Bishop's palace, which had suffered much since my last visit. I afterwards dined with the Emperor, as did also the Consul and some others. He was hard put to it to make out a dinner at all.

The Portuguese chiefs were much elevated by the late news, and talked in a high strain of what they intended doing, and issued edicts as if the country was already their own. The troops were now formed every morning at day-break. However, this day nothing occurred, excepting that some few bullocks and other provisions were landed in the night, but not without loss of life.

12th July.—The expectation of an attack increased. Some more troops of Don Miguel had crossed over to the north side, and we learned that Marshal Bourmont had arrived with a number of French officers to take the command of the Miguelite army. This news put every one on the alert, for we knew that the French Marshal would take some decided step—indeed, a considerable degree of alarm prevailed in the town, and the firing having

nearly ceased for several nights, it proved that the enemy were occupied some other way.

13th June.—Two battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry came and reconnoitred the position of Don Pedro's left and Lordello. We received positive information that Bourmont, with a large staff, had landed at Villa de Condé, and was with the Miguelite army. Every thing was in a bustle at Porto. Consultations were held with respect to the safety of the place, some families begging to be admitted into the consul's house, and some few taking refuge on board the vessels in the Douro.

The Consul entered into a correspondence with the Condé de Lorenzo, for obtaining permission that more armed British vessels might be allowed to enter the river, for the protection and reception of the foreign families still residing at or near Porto. There was not time to communicate with our Admiral in the Tagus; and indeed the uncertainty of vessels getting in upon any emergency, rendered it useless to rely on the water for protection. I recommended the church and its vicinity, as before.

But with the British merchants there were many different parties and feelings, which prevented union amongst themselves—and therefore, although fearing the result, they seemed resolved to abide the event. The consul and myself saw fully the extent of the danger: yet if you pointed it out, it was said that you were discouraging the people. Affairs were indeed in a most critical state, and the whole seemed to depend upon the doubtful perseverance of Don Miguel's army; but this army, headed by French officers, might yet perform more than they had hitherto achieved.

Sunday, 14th June.—All was quiet in the morning, and a good deal of provision, &c. had been landed during the night. The Miguelites were seen reconnoitring in different directions. There was no firing upon the town, and I dined with the Consul, to meet Senhor José Freire, Monsieur de Lurde, Barao de Sa, and Mendizabel. We received a mail. There was firing for a short time in the evening, but it was evident that the Miguelite attention was otherwise engaged. I repaired early every morning to the Carvalhido, Ramalha Alto, and

Gloria batteries, expecting an attack ; but the Miguelites had not yet completed their arrangements.

16th July.—Continued conferences were going on, and some cannonading took place in the middle of the day, with desultory firing in the evening. I saw the Duke of Braganza frequently, as well as Saldanha. At night a very heavy fire was kept up on Foz, notwithstanding which a good deal of provision, &c. was landed. Between four and five in the morning I was at the Gloria battery, which was one of the highest and most central of the line to the north side of the town. We were informed that Marshal Bourmont had actually taken the command, and had been reconnoitring. The troops remained the whole day, awaiting an attack. The Fair Rosamond schooner arrived off the bar, with mails, and the Castor frigate appeared off, to relieve the Conway. There was continual cannonading during the night.

The Miguelites were seen hard at work, and a new battery was constructed on the Furada height. The 1st regiment of Don Miguel's cavalry had crossed from the south to the north

side, and preparations were evidently making for the assault. The Duke of Braganza reviewed his troops in the afternoon; they appeared in good spirits, but the lines were thin, and there were many gaps in them, of which a bold and determined enemy might have taken advantage.

Don Pedro drew up his forces thus: his left at Foz; where a battalion of the line and Caçadores, with the volunteers, or fixos, of the place, some few cavalry, and some field artillery were stationed. Opposite Lordello were some Caçadores and the Scotch (under Colonel Shaw), with part of a regiment of the line. The quinta de Vanzellares (Mirante), which stood in advance by itself, was occupied by a foreign battalion of Germans, Belgians, and French, with some Caçadores and some pieces of artillery, and was fortified as well as it could be. The Lancers were formed between it and the Ramalho alto batteries, where some open fields lay beyond the lines of the town, and between it and Lordello.

A considerable force of French and volunteers were drawn up in an open field, in the

rear of this spot, from whence by the Lapa road they could move to the centre or right. A reserve of artillery and some troops were in the centre at the square of St. Ovidio; and the line extended all along, being formed partly by the National Guard and by people of many nations, armed with every variety of weapon.

On the other entrances to the city, towards the right, were placed different battalions of troops. At Agoa-ardente and Bomfim were chiefly Caçadores, but in support of the right were the British and a French battalion with some field artillery. The 11th cavalry, about seventy strong, were also near this in reserve. The Serra was left to the usual garrison. There were about 7,000 men of all sorts. The women were employed to convey the ammunition and to receive the wounded, and carry water, &c. to the troops. It certainly was a social army, and the place was almost entirely defended by the inhabitants themselves, who, indeed, bore the burden of the war.

On these occasions, all, not foreign residents, were compelled to go to the lines, and the streets were quite deserted by the proper inha-

bitants. Several large guns and a mortar were moved up to the Gloria battery, and a new mortar, cast in the town, was placed in the Victoria battery. Thirteen guns and mortars and howitzers of different calibre could be brought to play upon the entrances by Bom Successo and Carvalhido, which were considered the most delicate points. At the same time the tirailleurs of the opposite party could creep up, under cover, and shoot people in the batteries at the guns.

Although there was a weak parapet and palisade all round the town, there was hardly any ditch, and many of the palisades had now been burnt. The entrances by the roads were alone well secured ; so that a few determined French or British troops would have carried the place any day : but the Portuguese do not like any thing that appears to be a fortification.

The discipline of the army was by no means good, though, considering the number of foreigners of all nations, they behaved much better, and committed fewer excesses than might have been expected. Corporal punishment, however, was pretty freely administered ;

it was found impossible to control the men without it. Indeed, one or two Frenchmen were flogged, which did them no harm. Many were made to work in irons with other prisoners. It was evident to every one, that nothing could control them but the most severe punishments. A former M.P. declared to me, that although he had spoken in Parliament against our system of punishment, he now was of a different opinion. Indeed, I would recommend those who argue so vehemently against our punishments, to go and serve six months in a free army like that of Don Pedro. With the Portuguese troops, it was the custom to punish in the same manner as with us. It was rarely necessary, however, the men were so obedient and quiet; and latterly, Don Pedro issued an order, doing away with it.

19th July.—The Miguelites made an attempt to surprise a picquet at the Prelada quinta, but without success. The French occupied this quinta; but the Miguelites were in possession of the summer-house, or tower in the garden. Thinking that the principal object of attack would be the quinta Vanzellares, I rode thither



to look at the new works and defences made there. The Miguelites were working hard at a new battery on the Furada height, the object of which seemed doubtful.

His Majesty's ship *Belvidere* came off Porto on the 20th, and we received mails. A good deal of cannonading was going on from the different batteries, and in the afternoon it increased; the Miguelites were exercising their troops, and made a good deal of display with them. Madame la Marquise de Lasterye arrived, to see and fetch away her son, who had been seriously ill for a long time. A subscription from Hamburgh for the poor of Porto also arrived, for which, I believe, they were chiefly indebted to Mrs. Murphy, a Hamburgh lady, who interested herself with her countrymen in behalf of these distressed people.

There was continual firing during the whole night, and the Miguelites were throwing up new works in all directions. They were employed so close to the north side, that the *Gloria* battery opened a fire upon them. A fine old artillery officer commanded in the battery, of the name of Major Olivares. He never quitted his bat-

tery during the whole time of the siege; he had formerly served in the same division as myself, during all the Peninsular war. There was now continual skirmishing along the lines, and cannonading going on. I went to visit the posts in front of Lordello, Pastellero, &c. and saw that the Miguelites were completing their works.

23d July.—The same was still going on. Colonel Duvergier died of the wound he had received in the last affair. He was a very gallant and intelligent officer, and a great loss to Don Pedro's army. Captain Eden called to take leave, previous to the Conway's sailing. One of Don Pedro's steamers arrived, and brought despatches, dated off Setuval.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Preparations for Attack.—An Assault.—Failure of the Miguelites.—Female Courage.—Terceira's Progress.—Lisbon taken.—Reception of Don Pedro.—Mistakes of the Miguelites.—Desertions.—Miguelite Artillery.—Removal of Artillery.—Baron Haber's Proposition.—Miguelite Batteries.—The Peasantry.—Capture of Batteries.—Ruinous Delay.—Explosion in Villa Nova.—Destruction of Wine.—Retreat of the Miguelites.—Recognition of the Queen.—Congratulations.—Saldanha's Départure.—Anecdote.—Portuguese Fidelity. — A Trophy. — The Garrison Reduced.

24th July.—The Miguelites had evidently weakened their forces in front of the Villa Nova side. Although it was said the country was in favour of the constitution, and that the Miguelite army were all deserting, yet no information could we get, and scarcely a deserter came in, notwithstanding considerable bribes were offered, and many of the British also threw their interest into the scale, to induce the peasantry to come

over. But neither the loss of their fleet, nor their love for the constitution, seemed to affect them at all. Indeed, the fleet had been of no use : one of their ships off the Douro, at the time Sartorius was in Vigo with the fleet in a state of mutiny, would have decided Don Pedro's business :— therefore the loss of the fleet did not affect the army of Don Miguel, although it was every thing to Don Pedro.

In the mean time every preparation was made by the two armies, on one side to take Porto, on the other to repel the attack. The Furada battery was completed, and seven pieces of heavy artillery were placed in it. The object of this battery was to clear all the open ground between Lordello, the quinta Vanzellares (Mirante), and the city, and to fire upon the rear of Don Pedro's army, whilst it was engaged in front. Indeed the battery was well placed, and well worked, though in the end the shot did equal damage to the Miguelites themselves. The troops of Don Pedro had been for a long time under arms every morning at day-break, and the success in the Algarvas had inspired

them with fresh courage. At the same time Marshal Bourmont's name caused some degree of doubt and fear as to what might be the result. Don Miguel on the one side, and Don Pedro on the other, might be continually seen reviewing and encouraging their troops. An unnatural war—two brothers mutually seeking the destruction of each other, and fighting for opposite principles!

25th July.—Soon after five this morning the Miguelites pushed forward, and made a desperate attempt at Lordello, and against the quinta of Vanzellares. In the former place, their cavalry passing through a small wood that concealed their approach, suddenly leapt a stone wall, and galloping forward, actually carried a *flèche* belonging to the constitutionalists in a most gallant manner. Their leader, a French officer, was killed, and instead of pushing forward to gain the road which was within a few yards, they halted, and were then driven back. Their infantry likewise pushed on at another place, and the Pedroites abandoned a work (which however was afterwards retaken). They

at the same time attacked the quinta of Vanzelares with equal vigour ; but were repulsed, as in several subsequent attacks upon it. The new battery at Furada fired away the whole time, and a continual cannonade was kept up by all the batteries. I was with the Emperor at this time, and he asked my opinion : I told him they had been repulsed the first time, and I did not think, after that, there was much danger of their ultimate success. He was pleased and shook hands with me.

At nine an attempt was made in the same manner at Bomfim. General Saldanha was sent there to take the command, and he again charged, at the head of his staff, the front of the Miguelite column, which had reached the entrance to the place, and drove them back. His aide-de-camp, Alexander Almeida, was killed at his side. Having failed in all their renewed attacks, the Miguelites drew off, and at two P.M. the firing ceased.

The loss on the side of Don Pedro amounted to between three and four hundred men. An aide-de-camp of Bourmont's was said to have

been killed; and a General Duchatel, Colonel Cotter of the Irish regiment, and his brother-in-law of the same name, were killed.

During this time, so interesting and so critical, the city displayed the greatest coolness and composure: the women were engaged in assisting the wounded, and in carrying water and ammunition to the troops. One woman, with a barrel of powder on her head, had her arm taken off by a cannon-shot; others were returning after delivering their load; she called to one to take her charge from her head, whilst she returned to have the stump amputated. In the evening the city was illuminated. Confidence seemed restored.

26th July.—News arrived of the taking of Lisbon. I waited on the Emperor to congratulate him, and also on other persons of distinction belonging to his court. He reviewed all his troops in the afternoon, and made them a farewell speech, as he was about to depart for Lisbon. He was much cheered by them. The Miguelites still retained the same position, but did not venture to renew the attack. I shook

hands with the Duke of Braganza, and took leave of him; and on the night of the 27th he embarked with his personal staff. He applied for the use of our bar-boat, which was refused: that no direct countenance might be given to his cause, he was refused the most trifling compliment or civility.

It now becomes necessary to give some account of what had passed with the Duke de Terceira's division, which had achieved the capture of Lisbon. They had landed in the Algarvas unexpectedly, and therefore without opposition, indeed almost all the regular troops of Don Miguel had been assembled round Porto. The victory obtained by Napier over the fleet, had also given a great *éclat* to this landing; the Duke took possession of Lagos, Faro, and Tavira, and, leaving small garrisons, proceeded towards the north by the pass of Monchique. The truth is, that instead of all the people's rising in his favour, as was represented, he was joined by very few; and, perceiving that this was the case, and that the principal inhabitants had fled with most of their followers, instead



of taking the route through the heart of the country, he deemed it prudent to take the road by the coast, attended by the fleet, to which he looked to re-embark in case of necessity. He halted some time on the frontiers of Algarva, waiting for the Emperor's orders, but at length moved on, and making a most rapid march, arrived near the Tagus, defeated the corps opposed to him (commanded by Telles Jordaõ, who was slain), and boldly crossing the river with a very small force, took possession of Lisbon ; having achieved one of the most brilliant careers in history.

Lisbon had been evacuated by the Miguelite troops as well as by the police—but before the Duke de Terceira entered, there was still a *pause* ; the flag of Donna Maria was hoisted, pulled down, and again rehoisted :—great doubt still remained, but some foreigners assisting, an ÷hiring a few gallegos, rehoisted the flag of the Queen at St. George and some other conspicuous places, upon which, the British squadron in the Tagus immediately fired a salute. A salute from the British squadron to a Portu-

guese flag, had not been heard for years. The Portuguese, too happy to be quiet, said; "Oh! the English have at length decided, and consequently, we will not stir." Lisbon, therefore, became constitutional.

When Don Pedro arrived he considered the affair as finished, and on entering the Tagus cast his sword into the sea, saying he should no longer require it. He was very soon, however, obliged to find another. The apparent enthusiasm and the *vivas* that were heard did not, perhaps, so much proceed from love to the cause, as from that kind of joy which people feel on having escaped a great danger.\* In the meantime troops were sent for from Porto, and levies were ordered in Lisbon.

\* This reminds me of an occurrence which took place when I formerly entered a town in France with an advanced guard of the allied army. As we were cloaked, the inhabitants could not distinguish our nation, but began to "Viva" that nation which they most dreaded. They first cried out, "Vivent les Espagnols,"—upon receiving no answer they cried, "Vivent les Portugais,"—but still receiving no answer, they shouted, "Vive Napoleon, vivent nos bons gens." When we declared ourselves to be English, they became alarmed, and said, "Had you told us this before, we would have cried out what was right."

At Porto, after the late defeat of the Miguelites, but few deserters came in ; no corps came over to Don Pedro, and no towns declared in his favour. When he sailed from Porto, our men-of-war saluted the flag, although they would not give him a boat to take him on board.

The Miguelites bombarded the city, as before, during the whole night, and still retained the same position. Fourteen deserters had come in. Here the Miguelites committed another great blunder. Instead of marching their forces direct upon Lisbon, leaving a sufficient number to fight the Pedroites in the field, they remained round Porto. Had they marched to Lisbon directly, it would have been retaken, for it was justly observed, that the Miguelites threw Lisbon away, and the Constitutionalists picked it up. Even when they did at length proceed to Lisbon, they were four days too late, or they would have ensured its recapture.

29th July.—The Miguelites shewed a very large force near Ayreosa. The Manlius transport arrived with three hundred more troops.

30th July.—Affairs remained in much the same state. A few more deserters came in, and the bombardment still continued at intervals. The Miguelites repassed their troops to the south side of the Douro, to their former position. I went on board the *Orestes* with Colonel Sorell, to meet Baron Haber, who had some propositions to make respecting the wine in Villa Nova.

1st August.—After a heavy thunder-storm, I went to the Gloria battery to take a look at the Miguelites on that side. They still occupied the same encampments. Three deserters came in. I questioned them, but little was to be learnt. They said, like all deserters, that they were suffering privations. Indeed, many desertions took place, because the men's friends lived in our part of the country, and they wanted to go home. There was some cannonading in the evening, and musketry firing across the river, to the terror of several poor women, who had the misfortune to be wounded.

2d August.—I observed the guns being taken from the new Furada battery, which gave indication of a move amongst the Miguelite army.

I was every morning on the look-out, but as yet no change appeared amongst the troops. There was much firing across the river during the night, and four deserters of the old Porto police came in.—The George the Fourth steamer, and a corvette, arrived from the Tagus to fetch troops. The same state of things continued for several days.

4th August.—Ten deserters came in, but brought no intelligence. In the night there was considerable cannonading, and a Miguelite boat came down the river to surrender, and reported that the heavy artillery of the Miguelites was moving off. We had the pleasure of observing the guns and mortars gradually disappearing, a very satisfactory circumstance to us who had now suffered for so many months.

6th August.—I saw the guns moving from the Banderinha battery. The dust raised, and the long string of bullocks required for the purpose, were very apparent. From eighteen to twenty-four bullocks were necessary. The Miguelites kept up a continual fire of musketry across the river. I went with the Consul on board the

Orestes to meet Baron Haber, and confer with him again about the wine in the Villa Nova stores, as the Miguelites wished to enter into an agreement respecting the disposal of it. I also received information that several battalions had marched southward, but this the generals did not choose to believe, though it was perfectly true.

7th August.—Several deserters confirmed this report, and added, that some cavalry had marched that morning in the same direction. I went round all the lines and reconnoitred the Miguelites: it was evident that the troops had gone, and as most of the artillery were removed from the batteries near the city, the siege was changed to a blockade. We, like birds after a shower, began to preen our feathers. Sixteen thousand civilians and seven thousand soldiers had lost their lives during the siege. The Miguelites kept on firing from the St. Antonio convent, to call our attention.

8th August.—I went this morning to the Gloria battery. Thirty deserters had come in during the last twenty-four hours, and some

bullocks had been driven in for sale, which was another proof that the Miguelites were on the move.—The Consul and myself had a long interview with Saldanha, on the subject of Baron Haber's proposition respecting the wines. I really thought his offer was very fair, but they would come to no agreement. The Miguelites threatened, if no arrangement was entered into, to destroy the wine. Some shots were fired in the evening by the batteries of Don Pedro.—We received mails.

On the 9th August, or the night of the 8th, the Miguelites retired from Monte Castro, the Seralva, and Lordello batteries, and abandoned all the country lying between Matozinhos, Foz, and Lordello. They also left the ground between Monte St. Gens, a rocky height about a league from the north of Porto, and all the ground to the west of the Braga road. A number of deserters came in; and, what was better for the starving inhabitants of the city, quantities of cattle and provisions of all sorts: proving that to be untrue which was continually stated, namely, that the Miguelite army was starving

as well as our own. I immediately rode to visit the Seralva, Monte Castro, and other batteries abandoned by the Miguelites. I then saw their strength, and how completely we had been fenced in, and that most probably, had a sortie been made, it would have ended in complete destruction, and as Marshal Solignac afterwards said, "Two hours would have decided the fate of Portugal." I waited on General Saldanha, who now commanded the army, to learn what were his intentions. The Fair Rosamond brought us a mail.

Next morning I went early to the Gloria battery, and perceived that the Miguelites still retained the same position all round the town, and had replaced their heavy artillery by field-pieces. A party of the Miguelite cavalry came in—a sergeant and fourteen men; they were all well equipped and mounted. Twenty other deserters, of various sorts, also arrived, who said that the troops were to march southward. Bullocks, sheep, and poultry poured into the city, and crowds of peasant women came in troops, sold their goods, and marched out again regu-



larly, after having looked at the damages done, and been abused by the city women.

No arrangement had yet been made about the wine in Villa Nova, and the Miguelites said they would destroy it before they left; indeed to leave the wine untouched or unsold was throwing a considerable revenue into the hands of the Pedroites. The peasantry who marched in came in parties of twenty or thirty together, with a conductor, I suppose as a matter of security against the free people of the town. They were the finest peasantry possible; handsome, upright, and well-limbed, though bare-legged. They ran along the rocks and paved roads with baskets on their heads loaded with various provisions, and perhaps, at the top of all, a young infant, sleeping securely in a situation apparently very dangerous. Except from the effects of a shell, however, I never saw a basket fall from their heads.

11th August.—Affairs remained the same. A bridge to the Serra had begun to be laid down, but it was deemed prudent to take it up again. The Miguelites had withdrawn most of their

artillery, but I saw two guns in the battery over the Rio Tinto, and one still in the Pinhal battery. In others field pieces had replaced them, and the Miguelites appeared in force at Ayreosa and on the Braga road.

12th August.—I rode towards Matozinhos, Foz, &c. Much cannonading was going on from the Miguelites towards the bridge and the Serra, and from the Pedroite batteries upon Villa Nova. The former appeared to be re-occupying their batteries on the south side of the Douro. Fifty deserters came in—three from the cavalry. The Pedroites now took possession of the Monte Castro, Ervilha, and Seralva batteries, and began making embrasures fronting the other way, and incorporating that part of their enemy's abandoned line with their own. The left of Saldanha, therefore, rested on Monte Castro and Ervilha, Lordello, and the quinta of Vanzellares to the Ramalho alto—a line which, in my opinion, they ought to have taken up before it became too late. I rode to Matozinhos, where I saw but few inhabitants, and they did not seem well disposed. Seven deserters only came in.

13th August.—The Miguelites again placed guns on the Gaya hill, and a few shots were fired into the town in the evening. I dined with the Consul, in company with Saldanha, General Valdes, Monsieur de Lurde, &c. The affair of the wine was the principal topic of conversation, together with the news from Lisbon, which was not quite so brilliant as had been anticipated.

14th August.—We had rather stormy weather. Nineteen deserters came in.

15th August.—I visited the Gloria battery and that part of the lines, and could see no change amongst the Miguelites. I therefore judged that they had detached only a small force towards Lisbon, which, however, with what they could collect on their route, might be sufficient to re-capture that city; indeed any common celerity would have accomplished it—but delay ruined Don Miguel's cause. In the evening the Pinhal and Gaya opened a fire upon the city for two hours; but I heard of only one or two casualties. Nothing was arranged respecting the wine. General Lemos had quitted Villa Nova, and a French officer, Condé d'Almer,

(Genitienne) had taken the command, and was determined to enforce the orders he had received, concerning the wine belonging to the Portuguese Company.

16th August.—Affairs still appeared less bright than was anticipated. The Miguelites had only given up a small piece of exhausted territory. The Guerillas had already begun to prevent the peasantry from bringing in supplies. No more deserters came in.

At mid-day an explosion took place in Villa Nova, and immediately the flames were seen bursting out in the Portuguese Company's storehouses.—Shortly after the wine began to flow in purple streams down to the Douro, the channel of which soon became discoloured. As these storehouses were joined with the British wine-stores, the merchants became very justly alarmed for their property. Captain Glascock, with the greatest promptitude, landed a body of seamen and marines to endeavour to quench the flames, or at least to prevent their extending to the British property, in which he succeeded, though not without considerable risk, and a personal

altercation with the French General. I believe twenty-seven thousand pipes of wine were destroyed on this occasion. The merchants and newspapers inveighed loudly against the transaction; but I must say that the Pedroites were much to blame, as the most reasonable terms were offered—such as bills to be drawn on England, not payable till the war should be concluded.

That afternoon it was evident that the Miguelites were retiring from the north of the Douro, and it was supposed that they would fall back on the River Tamega. Saldanha, therefore, determined on pushing their rear guard, and made dispositions accordingly at night.

18th August.—I started forth to see the operations about two in the morning. The plan of the General was to surprise and cut off the rear of the Miguelites at Ayreoso. His troops arrived well at their respective points; some skirmishing commenced at day-break, but the Miguelites had retired from most of their batteries and positions, having only picquets, and two or

three hundred men in a strong redoubt at Ayreoso. Withdrawing from the line around the north side of Porto and abandoning all their works, they fell back upon Vallongo; and there was a good deal of distant firing, which lasted till mid-day. I saw very few killed on either side. The Miguelites retreated in good order from post to post; indeed their position at Ayreoso was very formidable—and I much doubt, if they had chosen to remain, the ability of the others to have driven them away.

At my return I found Colonel Dodgin, with his British battalion drawn up, keeping the garrison at bay in one of the redoubts, the commandant of which had agreed to surrender, or rather capitulate, on finding that the army had retired. They were to march out, I believe with the honours of war, retaining their arms and baggage. How far these terms were fulfilled I know not, but I heard, not to their full extent.

I dismounted and went into the redoubt, which was very formidable, and walked down the Miguelite line, which was drawn up; and

although differently clothed and mostly militia, were a fine body of men. I went in the afternoon to the other side of the Rio Tinto, to look at a very fine work there. I never saw a more complete square redoubt, and was more convinced than ever of the impracticability of Don Pedro's forces attacking with impunity; indeed his army was adapted only for defence. The insignificance of the lines of Porto, in comparison with those of the Miguelites, struck every beholder. Perhaps the very strength of the latter tended to discourage their own troops, who might have imagined that Porto was equally impregnable.

19th August.—News arrived of the recognition of the Queen of Portugal by the British Government. I waited on Saldanha, Sir Thomas Stubbs, &c. At two, the mouth of the Douro was considered safe, and trading vessels entered. The Portuguese ships and forts saluted, illuminations were made, and the citizens could walk about without much danger of broken heads.

20th August.—The city was relieved, and

the seige entirely raised ; the Miguelites retired during the night from Villa Nova, and in the morning the Pedroites, or rather the troops of her most faithful Majesty, took possession of it. At length the Portuguese inhabitants might be seen embracing each other, and congratulating their friends on their escape ; but all this was mingled with tears, for nearly all were in mourning for lost relations. Their houses had, in many cases, been ruined, and their property plundered : the city was half depopulated, and trade at an end.

I proceeded across the river to view the batteries that had annoyed us so much—San Christoval, the Pinhal, (which the soldiers immediately fired), and the Gaya hill ; and looking through the embrasures, I wondered how my neighbourhood had escaped at all, the distance was so small and so direct ; but that Providence which orders every thing insured our safety. This battery, too, had suffered much, and the whole of the buildings near it were nothing but ruins. I believe there was a great loss of life in it ; besides which it must have been, at



times, as hot as a furnace, as there were seven guns and five mortars—the latter in a battery close behind the guns.

21st August.—We heard of a Miguelite force on our side of Penafiel and at Olivares de Aze-meis, about four leagues from the Villa Nova ; and we now learned that a force, under D'Almer, had been left on both sides of the Douro, to keep the country and to prevent the garrisons marching out from Porto.

22d August.—Troops were sent out to the neighbourhood of Porto, but they returned without seeing any thing of the enemy. They only went to Avintas. Saldanha seemed anxious to get away from Porto, whence the troops were gradually embarking for Lisbon.

23d August.—He embarked for Lisbon with the 5th Caçadores and 9th and 15th regiments of the line, leaving the command to Sir Thomas Stubbs, a General most deservedly popular in Porto. I took leave of Saldanha, expecting soon to be called to Lisbon myself. All the best troops were also taken away ; the lancers were ordered to embark, leaving only fifty or

sixty cavalry. Sir Thomas Stubbs insisted on retaining the 10th regiment of the line as the condition of his taking the charge. The truth was, Don Pedro was obliged to call away all his troops from Porto to defend Lisbon, and the people were to be again left to their own resources.

I will here relate an anecdote of Portuguese honesty. A German gentleman, about a year and a half before, previously to the investment of the place, had given a poor peasant woman a piece of linen to make shirts; and, to his astonishment, she made and brought them all to him, having conveyed them safely through the midst of the Miguelite soldiery, at a time when troops in general would be too apt to appropriate so useful an article to themselves. On mentioning this to an English lady in Porto, she said, "Oh! that is nothing;—a poor woman has brought me back all the thread I gave her to make tape, saying that she could not make the tape, as the soldiers had burned her machinery." There were numberless instances of servants and others begging in the streets rather than

make any use of the property entrusted to their charge. I am confident that if I returned to Porto, I should find a few things that I gave to some poor people, telling them to keep them till I returned, most faithfully guarded. Such is the fidelity of these people. I doubt if any virtues the constitution may produce will make amends for those they will lose, even if they should arrive at penny papers every morning at breakfast, and have the beautiful clearness of their atmosphere destroyed by the vapours and smoke of manufactories.

Sunday, 25th August.—The British residents could attend their places of worship without fear, and the clergyman's voice was no longer drowned by the noise of cannon and explosions. They mutually congratulated each other at the church door, and no doubt returned sincere thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance. I went in the afternoon to Villa Nova, and thence to St. Ovidio, for I had some mistrust as to the intentions of the Miguelites.

26th August.—The lancers embarked, followed by the German regiment. The force of

the garrison was very much reduced, but a Miguelite column being heard of at Guimarães,\* Sir Thomas Stubbs began to make the best preparations he could. He had to complete the works, and to hold more ground now than when the entire army was here, with only 2,500 regulars and fifty or sixty cavalry.

28th August.—I crossed the river to look at more batteries and works left by the Miguelites, and also at the ruins of the convent of St. Antonio. The people were excited against the monks of this convent, and one unfortunate man was murdered by them.

29th August.—Some peasants gave information that the Miguelites had thrown some of their heavy guns and mortars into the river, and amongst others the celebrated João Paulo Cordeiro. It was brought in in triumph (twenty-four bullocks drawing it), and was placed in the Praça Nova, now called Praça de Don Pedro. It was one of Miller's new guns, an eighty-four pounder, and threw either shot or shells. The

\* Guimarães is famous for its plums, which are exported to England in boxes.

people patted and stroked it as they would have done any wild beast just secured. Much ammunition also was brought in. I dined with Mr. Harris and met a large party of merchants. The dining-room had received one shell during the bombardment.

Nothing particular occurred for several days, except that the garrison was still further reduced by the embarkation of the Irish for Lisbon, the true accounts from which place were any thing but satisfactory. I generally rode out with Sir Thomas Stubbs to see what was doing or to be done.

## CHAPTER XV.

Banks of the Douro.—Pleasant Excursions.—Miguelite Movements.—Discouraging Affairs.—Portuguese Funeral.—Departure of the *Orestes*.—Arrival of the Queen.—Defences of Villa Nova.—Colonel Evans.—The Grape Season.—Rejoicings.—The Theatre.—Sir Thomas Stubbs.—His Movements.—Miguelite Force.—Feelings of the People.—Fresh Alarms.—A Reconnoissance.—Treatment of Sir T. Stubbs.—Medical Charm.

1st September.—Proceeded up the Douro as far as Arnellas to view the banks. The river is beautiful, bounded by high mountain-scenery, and the banks are studded with quintas. The first place that you reach is Olivares, where there is a convent prettily situated, and formerly much frequented by parties of pleasure, who dined in the gardens. I passed Avintas where the Miguelite bridge was formed, and saw the road of communication. Finding the people at Arnellas of a doubtful description, I did not land.

The country-boats are extremely pleasant for

going up the river, and two hands are sufficient. The boats have an awning over them, which can be quite closed if desired; and taking some provisions you may land at any romantic quinta that you fancy, where you will always be supplied with fruit and wine. I made two or three delightful excursions. The banks are clothed with all kinds of shrubs and trees, and the river swarms with fish.

Lord George Paulet came to take leave of me on being ordered home. He was a great loss, for whenever it was possible he came on shore to visit me, and I dined frequently with him on board the *Nautilus*. He was regretted by the inhabitants generally, and the merchants voted him an address.

3d September.—The troops under Sir Thomas Stubbs moved out to the north to make a reconnoissance and gain information. He moved in three small columns, intending to go to Guimarães and perhaps to Braga. When the column that moved towards Penafiel arrived there, the Miguelites had evacuated Vallongo and Baltar. The latter place was deserted also

by the inhabitants, and nothing was to be seen or heard but the rushing of the water. This did not look promising. Another column arrived suddenly at Villa Conde and surprised there a regiment of militia of five hundred men. They killed some, brought in one hundred and seventy-five prisoners, and dispersed the rest. But the General was obliged to fall back, positive orders arriving to send off all the disposable troops that he could spare. A French battalion was ordered to embark.

4th September.—The British Association gave their first dinner after the siege: the house had suffered considerably from shells. The Miguelites had advanced again, and reoccupied several places that they had before abandoned.

8th September.—The Miguelites surprised some boats (with volunteers) belonging to the Serra. I went over to the Serra to see Torres about it.

9th September.—I crossed the Douro and rode to Carvalhos, two leagues off; and this was the greatest distance to which I could ever go all the time I remained in Porto. I was then



warned by a respectable person on horseback not to venture so far again, as the people were all determined Miguelites, and there was a corps at Oleveira de Azameis.

Two months had now elapsed, and the Queen's party had gained little or no ground since the action of the 25th July, and the capture of Lisbon and of the fleet. Although two small corps only were left in the north, not a town declared itself: few people came into Porto, and many that did so went away again; we got as little information as before, and could not securely go a league from the city. The country was open, but none came to join the standard of Donna Maria. Some more French officers had landed at Viana. On the other side some guerrillas had been surprised at Ovar.

11th September.—An alarm was given at midnight that the Miguelites were in force at Tamçoens on the Braga road: the tocsin sounded, and every one repaired to his post; however the enemy did not approach nearer, and nothing occurred. About this time a brig with stores for the Miguelites was captured off Viana.

12th September.—The Pembroke steamer arrived, with the account of the repulse of the Miguelites from Lisbon on the fifth, and the recognition of Donna Maria by France and Sweden. A royal salute was fired, and there were illuminations in the evening. Monsieur de Lurde and Barao Torres called to take leave; the former being about to proceed to Lisbon, and the latter appointed to another situation. Thus this fine old veteran at length quitted the Serra, a place which he had defended with the greatest honour to himself. His departure was much regretted by all his men.

I attended a Portuguese funeral, that of the governor of the town, and saw a ceremony that appeared to me strange, but which is the custom of the country. The key of the coffin, which is locked at the time of the funeral, is presented by the chief mourner to the nearest of kin. On this occasion Sir Thomas Stubbs had to present it to the widow or some near relation.

For several days nothing very particular occurred. The Miguelites, however, were closing up again.

I had been about to leave Porto, but the Nimrod arriving to relieve the Orestes I was desired to wait, or act according to circumstances. The Gaya hill was fortified afresh, and now had its front the opposite way. Bullocks were embarked and sent to feed the people in Lisbon, as they were becoming straightened for provisions. His Majesty's ship Orestes left the Douro, having lain there twelve months. The Miguelites patrolled close to Porto and surprised a picquet at St. Ovidio.

21st September.—Two steamers bearing the royal flag of Portugal passed in the offing. I announced it to Sir Thomas Stubbs, and the fort of St. João de Foz, and the vessels of war outside and inside the bar saluted. It had been my fortune to announce to the Portuguese government the three principal events of the last six months, *viz*: the capture of the fleet, the taking of Lisbon, and the arrival of the Queen.

22d September.—The Pembroke steamer arrived to fetch more troops from Porto. I made an excursion up the Douro with Lord Edward Russell, as far as Arnellas. The Miguelites were about a league from the place. The 12th Caça-

dores and the Scotch and English battalions now left Porto.

27th September.—News arrived of the Queen's arrival in Lisbon. A salute was fired—bells were rung—illuminations were made, and fire-works were let off in the evening. All was rejoicing.

28th September.—The festivities were interrupted however at three o'clock in the morning by a report that the Miguelites had arrived in force at Vallonga. The alarm was given and all the troops, volunteers, &c. turned out. The Miguelites sent a strong patrol of about one thousand men to Vendas Novas, half a league from the city. They did not come nearer, but it was evident that we were to be kept continually on the alert, and the supplies of the place cut off.

September 30th.—A grand Te Deum was performed in the cathedral. I attended, holding a large wax taper in my hand, with the principal officers, civil and military.

1st October.—News arrived of the loss of the Waterford steamer off Peniche, when much of the baggage belonging to the Queen and her attendants fell into the hands of the Miguelites.

In the meantime the works were completed for the defence of Villa Nova, &c.: but they were by far too extensive to be held securely by so small a force as that which Sir Thomas Stubbs had with him. Perpetual alarms were the consequence. An officer of the 1st regiment of cavalry came in. A number of refugees also returned, and their names being published in the gazette, as having abandoned the cause of the usurper, they became, in a certain degree, compromised.

3d October.—I accompanied Sir T. Stubbs all round the defences of Villa Nova, St. Ovidio, the Gaya, &c. Seven deserters came in. A patrol of the Miguelites caused an alarm during the night.

4th October.—Proceeded with the General all round the defences of the north side, commencing on the right and so on to St. João de Foz on the left. There was another alarm this evening. The arrival of eight hundred stand of arms, enabled the General to arm and form some fresh battalions of volunteers, or Fixos. The 10th and 18th regiments of the line were completed, and amounted to six hundred each. These

with a few of the original volunteers, were the only effective troops left.

7th October.—The Soho steamer arrived from Lisbon on her passage to England. She brought Mr. Mendizabel and Colonel Evans, M.P. The latter remained only a few hours. I rode with him to shew him a part of the lines of Oporto: he asked, if we thought the struggle still undecided. I told him, yes, and that there was much to be done, as there was no favourable appearance in this part of the country.

8th October.—Colonel Sorell's family arrived from Corunna, and some British merchants returned. We received news of the death of his most Christian Majesty Ferdinand VII.

Several traders entered the Douro. The wine merchants were busy getting their wines ready to embark: casks were being made to replace the immense number that had been destroyed: almost all the works having been composed of casks used as gabions. The markets also were well supplied, though the Miguelites levied a tax upon the articles going in, whenever they met with them. The grand seat of war had been

moved to Lisbon, and both sides in the north had sent off all their spare troops. The Miguelites, however, continued to recruit, and had the best country for that purpose. They were also forming a corps of lancers in Braga, under the command of a French officer. Some Spaniards also were reported to have joined at Braganza.

It was said that the Miguelites had retired upon Santarem, and all kinds of reports were circulated : some of the most ridiculous nature, prompted by the wishes of the individuals who spread them. The grape season was very abundant, more so than were the vessels to contain the wine, so that people were allowed to help themselves, and most housekeepers made a little. An air of cheerfulness began to prevail : the children sang about the streets, and amused themselves with playing and fighting, representing the actions of their parents uncommonly well, and with brass guns and pewter mortars, throwing their shells much more truly than the artillerymen had done.

12th October.—A royal salute was fired in

honour of Don Pedro's birthday, three times ; at sun-rise, mid-day, and sun-set, according to the Portuguese fashion. Sir Thomas Stubbs reviewed his forces, consisting of the 10th and 18th of the line, the 1st, 2d, and 3d Fixos, 12 pieces of artillery, with some of the smaller corps, amounting to about 2,400 men. This did not include the volunteers on the south side. There were illuminations in the evening, but no bells were rung, Don Pedro having ordered that this token of rejoicing should be omitted in churches and convents. This was much disliked. The bells in Portugal are particularly musical, and often play very pretty airs ; indeed, without the merry peals so usual in this country, the rejoicing seemed but dull.

We had occasional alarms from the Miguelites, who continued to move round the town at the distance of a day's march. They had established their head-quarters on the north at Santo Thirso, about four leagues from Porto ; and on the south, at Olivares de Azameis, to communicate by this means with Coimbra, Lamego, and Vizeu. Deserters came in by twos and threes.



I made several excursions both up the river to where I could see the white flags of the Miguelites, and down to the mouth to examine the Cabodello and other works thrown up by them: but into the country, farther than a league or so, we could not go, the guerrillas having taken the place of the regular troops.

Some Spanish traders arrived, the first that had come in since the siege. This proved the country to be tolerably open between Porto and the frontier.

The theatre was opened. The house is a pretty one, about the size of that at Birmingham, but some bombs had made havock with the roof. The pieces got up were of a revolutionary character.

From this time to the 31st the weather was very stormy. Some deserters came in occasionally, but not in numbers, only four or five in a day, and but little was to be gained from them. One day twelve came in, mostly of the 5th regiment. A fresh demand was made for troops, and a regiment of Mobils (or moveables) who first began as Fixos, (or troops that were

not to move from the place where they were enrolled) were now ordered to embark. Volunteers included, nine hundred men embarked, and people began to be alarmed at this drain from Porto, knowing that the Miguelites had seven thousand men in the environs. Add to which Sir Thomas Stubbs, who had not three thousand men that could be depended on, was called upon to do something, and his forces were swelled in the papers to ten or eleven thousand. I conferred with him on the subject. It was clear that if he ventured two days march from the town, the enemy would come in—besides, many refugees who had come in were known to be Miguelites at heart. The General, however, determined to try what force there was on the south side, intending, if he found Villa Nova tolerably secure, to endeavour to drive the Miguelites from Santo Thirso.

31st October.—At three A. M. he marched upon Carvalhos and thence sent a reconnoissance to Grejo; the large convent he found closed, but no Miguelites were heard of, and he fell back to Carvalhos. The troops were halted to re-

fresh, and all being quiet the General returned to Porto. Towards dusk, however, he was suddenly attacked, and the enemy attempted to interpose between him and the city, and had they waited until a little later they would have succeeded. As it was, the troops of Don Pedro effected their retreat with a loss of twenty killed and wounded. This affair shewed the delicate situation in which Sir Thomas Stubbs was placed, and also how little information the Liberating army could obtain, proving pretty clearly the estimation in which they were held by the people of the country. They were surprised and nearly cut off within two leagues of Porto, where (if in any part) the British and town influence must have prevailed. I was afterwards informed that the convent of Grejo was full of troops at the time, and that the General himself had a very narrow escape. Upon future occasions it will also be shewn how little the people of the country favoured the Constitutionalists. The city was beginning to be repaired.

1st November.—Lamps were again first used

to light Porto at night. The Miguelites kept the place in continual hot water, by patrolling close to it, and an end was put to all projected excursions.

4th November.—Two eighteen-pounders were mounted on the Gaya hill, facing Saint Ovidio; and the lines to cover Villa Nova were in a state of forwardness.

5th November.—The Miguelites threatened Porto, and made a reconnoissance at Saint Mamede, and the skirmishers arrived close to the lines. They offered battle; but after some firing retired. They showed 2,000 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, about fifty lancers, and two guns. Five deserters came in. I had some idea of proceeding to Lisbon, but the steamers that arrived were so loaded with troops, that I could get no place.

8th November.—A deserter came in and reported, that the Miguelites had been reinforced by 400 from Chaves. We learned also that no less than three thousand recruits had marched to join the forces of Don Miguel at Santarem.

10th November.—The General proposed a ride as far as we could venture through Val

Bom, and towards some villages, to ascertain what the feelings of the people were, and to see if they were inclined to molest us. We passed through a small place, where they did not indeed attack us, but not the least civility was exhibited ; and nothing but our being English, I believe, protected us. Indeed, we found we could not return by that road with safety, and therefore going off to the right, and getting a woman as a guide, we reached the Douro, were ferried over with our horses, and returned by Villa Nova. A patrol going to the same place, on the following day, was fired upon, and the officer severely wounded.

Porto itself being quiet, social parties commenced. The British gave dinners, as did also the Portuguese. I went to some few of them ; but the Portuguese are very reserved : the ladies all sit on one side of the room, and the gentlemen on the other. Some pretty music was played and sung, and at intervals they danced. Tea, wine, liqueurs, and cakes were handed about. In all the houses in this country, one part of the drawing-room is considered

as the seat of honour, where the lady of the house places those of her guests whom she considers the most entitled to it; that is, there is a sofa, with a few chairs, at right angles, forming three sides of a square, the floor being matted and carpeted, and here the little court of each mansion is held.

14th November.—There was another alarm, and the troops got under arms, but it ended in nothing. The morning patrols had been again fired upon. A British brig was brought in as a prize, having been caught landing stores for the Miguelites.

18th November.—The Miguelites burned a quinta; and two battalions of the 11th and 17th regiments, with some cavalry, came again to Vendas Novas, within half a league of the town. It was thought prudent not to go out to encounter them, and after carrying away corn and bullocks they went back. We obtained no information of their movements.

20th November.—The Miguelites re-appeared at St. Mamede; offered battle and then retired,

this place being in sight and almost within range of the lines : thus they continually insulted the town.

21st November.—I made another excursion up the river in one of the boats of H. M. S. Nimrod, in company with Captain Mc Dougal, of that vessel, and went in sight of the Miguelite lines. We landed at Arnellas and other spots. The peasantry were evidently not in good humour, and the villages were nearly deserted. Sir Thomas Stubbs had now organized, with deserters and others, fifty cavalry, which went out on the south side towards Corvo, and falling in with some Miguelite volunteers, killed three and took four prisoners.

26th November.—Sir Thomas Stubbs determined on making a reconnoissance to ascertain the situation of the Miguelites, and try the feeling of the people. One column was sent on the Cosmo road to scour the side near the river ; I accompanied the other, which consisted of one thousand infantry and forty cavalry, and starting at four in the morning, marched upon Vallongo. On their road they fell in with some cavalry

picquets of the Miguelites, which they drove back and went on to Vallongo; then marching to the left, proceeded to the convent of Formigos, and so round to Ayreoso; the Miguelite picquet kept upon their flank the whole time, and evidently wished to draw them to Sto. Thirso, the head-quarters of d'Almer, but that was not the General's intention, and they marched back to Porto, having made a considerable circuit. We could not get a word from any of the peasantry; they would give us no information, and the principal people had all disappeared.

There were now rumours that Sir Thomas Stubbs was to be superseded, and that Torres was coming. I cannot avoid mentioning the manner in which the government treated this General, who was senior to most of their officers and much beloved in Porto: they did not like to order him to resign his command, as he had at other times defended Porto; but they wanted to persuade him out of it, precarious and difficult as it was, and rendered more so by their taking away every one that could be useful



or serviceable, including his staff. Letters were received, addressed to Barão Pico, (Torres) as Governor of Porto, and a prefect also was appointed; but not a word was said to the General about his removal, and the government corresponded with him officially, without even hinting at it. These attempts to disgust him with his command, were continued for a considerable time. Torres arrived, without any order to assume the command, but wished Stubbs to give it up, which of course he would not do without an order, and so affairs rested, each receiving letters addressed to him as Commander-in-Chief.

I was now on the point of embarking for Lisbon, but met with an accident and sprained my knee. Being told that the Portuguese women had a certain cure, and would set it to rights presently, and having some opodeldoc as a reserve, I let them try. I found that a charm was to perform the cure; however with the charm they applied a gentle fomentation from a small earthen pot, which no doubt was of some use. Walking round and round, and

winding their hands round the knee, they repeated some lines which I could not make out. This they said was to be performed three times. Once quite satisfied me, and in a few days I got well: my recovery was attributed by them to the charm, and by me to the opodeldoc.

I made arrangements for embarking on the 1st for Lisbon, and took leave of my various acquaintances, between whom and myself, from the perils we had shared together and the number of little civilities and kindnesses given and received, a greater degree of attachment had arisen than in the ordinary course of life. I embarked part of my baggage this evening.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A Disappointment.—An Engagement.—Kindness of the People.—Sail for Viana.—Arrival at Lisbon.—The Lines of Lisbon.—The Queen and the Empress.—An Excursion.—Old Recollections.—Review of the Troops.—Setuvah.—Defences.—Beautiful Madonna.—Disturbance at the Opera.—A Mendicant.—Prolongation of the Contest.—Rumours.—Lady William Russell.—Castanheiro.

1st December.—Rising at four in the morning I proceeded to the river for the purpose of embarking, but my servant (like others of his class) was late and the steamer was off, having sailed earlier than was intended. The Portuguese who attended me in a group seemed much delighted at my failure, and I trudged back again, up one hundred and seventy steps from the river, so steep are the banks. The Miguelites on this day paid another visit with two thousand infantry, one hundred cavalry, and some artillery. As they drew up on the usual ground and offered battle, it was resolved to attack

them. Colonel Pacheco with the 10th was ordered in one column on the main road, and the volunteers and others moved across the open fields, whilst a cannonade from the lines was opened upon them. However when the volunteers arrived tolerably close, a few lancers charging them, they took fright and ran away as fast as they could. I had accompanied them to see what they would do, and was nearly taken. The other column finding their flank exposed, were obliged to retire, as did the Miguelites also, skirmishing towards Sto. Thirso. In this affair the Pedroites had about thirty killed and wounded; amongst the rest Colonel Pacheco, one of the best and bravest officers. The Aide-de-camp of Sir T. Stubbs, (Captain Gillet) was also wounded.

3d December.—The Miguelites appeared again for a short time. I attended the funeral of Colonel Pacheco, who expired in the morning and who seemed much regretted. I prepared to go on board the Viper schooner, bound to Viana.

4th December.—I again rose at four in the

morning for the purpose of embarking, and sent my servant and baggage on board; but as the Bar became impassable, and the vessel could not get out, I dined and slept on board the *Nimrod*.

5th December.—The weather continuing foul, I returned on shore. The Portuguese, who watched all our motions, said that I must stay in Porto, it was so fated. Numbers of these kind, simple-hearted people would attend me, and actually sat up all night previously to each expected departure, to attend me to the place of embarkation. Every one insisted on carrying something for me to the water's-edge, and they said at parting, "that they should cry for me every morning, and pray for me every night."

7th December.—The prefect, Senhor Miranda, arrived, and began to organise the town in the French manner.

9th December.—I quitted Porto and went on board a *cattraya* boat, which carried me over the Bar to where the *Viper* was lying-to outside, going first to the *Stag* frigate to commu-

nicate with Captain Lockyer. In the evening we made sail for Viana.

11th December.—We arrived off Viana and communicated with a boat, but did not anchor, as it came on to blow a gale of wind, and we were driven up off the Bayonna Isles.

12th December.—We got back and anchored two miles from the shore. The people at Viana appearing very jealous of our coming there, the commander, Lieutenant James, only went on shore, having despatches concerning some British seamen that were prisoners in the country. The garrison consisted of four hundred militia.

13th December.—We returned off Porto. The Stag was bound to the Tagus, and Captain Lockyer politely offered me a passage. I therefore shifted to the Stag, where I was treated, as on all other occasions on board his Majesty's ships, with the greatest kindness and attention.

14th December.—The Castor (Lord John Hay) arrived, and we weighed anchor and made sail for Lisbon.

19th December. — Arrived off the rock of Lisbon, but did not get in that day, as a foul wind was blowing strong.

20th December. — Entered the Tagus. I landed and paid my respects to Lord Willam Russell, and put up at Reeves's hotel at Buenos Ayres. Sir T. Stubbs had arrived before me, the government having at last sent him his order of recal, and made him Barão of Villa Nova de Gaya. I called on him, and also on Monsieur de Lurde, and Monsieur La Septe, the French consul. The latter was one of the few survivors amongst the companions of La Perouse. I called likewise on the Emperor, but he was unwell and I did not see him.

The lady of Senhor Pinto Bastos had recently died, and I therefore went to pay a visit of condolence to him. It is the custom of the country to receive these visits for eight days. The family, dressed in mourning, are all assembled in one of the principal rooms, which is hung with black: the visitors go in and bow to all the party; not a word is spoken, and after sitting a short time, they bow again and retire.

This custom must, I should think, be very painful to the relations, although it is regarded as a proper civility that friends should conform to.

22d December.—Having made my respects to the illustrious families of Terceira, Loulé, Palmella, Frontiera, Anjega, &c. I mounted a horse and rode round and inspected the lines of Lisbon, and the places where the attacks had been made. It was evident that the courage of the Miguelites failed them at the point of victory, and, as I before stated, had they arrived three or four days earlier, Lisbon would have been theirs.

I remained a few days in Lisbon visiting the lines and places of note.

30th December.—I met the Duke of Braganza walking in the street: he first perceived me, and came up to shake hands with me. In the evening, I was introduced to the Empress and the Queen, at the palace of Necessidades, an appellation (at that time) certainly well suited to it. The royal party were in a room but scantily furnished. There was a grand piano-forte, a few chairs, and a small table, at



which the Queen and the Empress were sitting at one side, with the governess and a lady of the bed-chamber opposite. Don Pedro stood by the side, and an aide-de-camp stood by the door. The Empress was handsome, and appeared an agreeable person. The Queen said but little, and seemed constrained by the presence of her father. She was much grown, and appeared of an amiable disposition, and I have no doubt will turn out a fine young woman. She handed me some little pictures with charades on them to look at. I went afterwards to a ball and a party, at Donna Anna de Camera's.

1st January.—I went to the Beso-manos of her most faithful Majesty. All the court at Lisbon attended. The ladies did not, as in our courts, mix with the gentlemen: a few only were about the Queen; the rest were all in a chamber at the back of the throne out of sight, and I went there to pay my respects to those with whom I had the honour of acquaintance. There were very few present.

2d January.—Having sent forward horses to

take me to Cartaxo, where the army was, I went on board a boat and proceeded up the Tagus. The weather was fine and warm. I soon passed where the lines of the city rest on the river, and going in sight of Sacavém, Alhandra, &c., arrived at Villa Franca, and passed several gun-boats anchored off the latter place, at which post stores, &c. were landed to be sent to the army. It was now full of mules, carriers, and some volunteers. It was late, but I nevertheless mounted my horse and proceeded on to Castanheiro, a village very prettily and romantically situated near the Tagus, at the foot of some rocky, picturesque hills.

This place abounds with gardens of olives, oranges, and other fruits, and there is a convent, the nuns of which are famed for making preserves. Most of the inhabitants had left the place. I put up at a small posada kept by a handsome landlady and her sisters. The place swarmed with fleas, and having no windows, was very cold at night.

3d January.—I started at day-break, and rode through Azambuja, Villa Nova, &c., to

Cartaxo, the head-quarters of the Queen's army. The Emperor had also arrived, and was to review the troops: I therefore pushed on without dismounting to Valle, as there and on the Tagus the right of the army rested, occupying precisely the same position that the Anglo-Portuguese army did at the time Massena was at Santarem during the Peninsular war. Valle powerfully recalled to me the remembrance of old times. The quinta was occupied by troops. The same stables and posts which were formerly occupied, were now held in a similar manner. Already the quinta was laid waste, and the orange-grove and garden trodden down.

The bridges were likewise occupied in the same manner, whilst the old French work on the Santarem side was now possessed by the Miguelites. The hill of Santarem, however, wore a different appearance. The fine old olive trees that in those days covered the summits of the heights, but which were cut down by the French to form abattis, were now replaced by younger trees which as yet gave but little shade. The Emperor commenced the review at Valle, and

so passing all along the heights inspected the different corps on their alarm posts; their left extending to Azambujeira.

The troops had much improved in martial appearance since they left Porto. The British were on the left of the line, the weakest part—and the cavalry at Cartaxo. As it was impossible to get into any billet at Cartaxo, the place being crowded with troops, the Juiz de Foro apportioned me a recess in his office where I put up for the night. Colonel Bacon of the Lancers gave me a dinner. I was likewise invited to dine with the Emperor.

4th January.—I went to pay my respects to the Emperor before he left for Lisbon, and afterwards rode to Valle to call upon Saldanha.

5th January.—Having reconnoitred the different positions, ascertained the force, &c. and seeing no operations likely to be undertaken on either side, I rode back to Villa Franca, and there embarking, returned to Lisbon by seven in the evening. It had been recommended to Don Miguel (by Bourmont it is said) to call together the Cortes of the kingdom; that, having all the peers, as well as all the representatives of the

towns, with the exception of one or two, with him, he might prove to Europe that his cause was the choice of the nation.

The opera had been opened in Lisbon, after having been shut up for a year or two. The performances were but indifferent.

10th January.—There having been some alarm respecting Setuval, I crossed the Tagus to Moita, and having animals there, proceeded to the high hill of Palmella (which was in possession of the Queen's forces), and thence to Setuval. It is of this place, Setuval, that the English have made St. Ubes, to the annoyance of the Portuguese, who say there never was such a saint. Tubal was the original name.

The harbour and country around are delightful. The finest oranges, almonds, and figs are produced here; the scenery is very beautiful, and the neighbourhood is well supplied with fish. The mountains abound in choice and aromatic shrubs: indeed it is one of the pleasantest places in Portugal. Setuval yields also a great deal of salt. The inhabitants were known to be generally in favour of Don Miguel, and all the principal families had fled.

The troops of Don Miguel then occupied Alçazer de Sal, and continually threatened Setuval. I was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Silva. It was now the season when oranges were gathered and shipped off for England. A British brig of war, the *Royalist*, was lying in the harbour.

11th January.—This morning was very stormy and wet; I however proceeded to view the defences of the place, which consisted of some sandy heights above the town to the right, where some redoubts were made and making. In their composition, instead of fascines, pitas (aloes) were used, the fibrous texture of which, combined with the sand, formed good parapets against the fire of the musketry. A bold enemy, however, might easily have carried these heights, and then the place must infallibly have been taken, for though, from these elevations following an old wall and wet ditch, the defence is continued round the old town on the north side, a considerable part of the new town is left out altogether. I visited the fort of St. Felippe, a high and inaccessible castle, commanding the entrance into the harbour. Here were also the

ruins of another castle : in short the defences were much too large for the garrison. It did not however suit the Miguelites, after having lost their fleet, to take possession of an insulated sea-port town.

12th January.—I also visited the convents ; that of St. Felippe contained a very beautiful portrait, for which large sums of money had been at different times offered by the British. It was placed in the church, and was a Madonna, but different to any that I had seen elsewhere. It was originally brought from Italy, and was carefully concealed during the visit of the French to the Peninsula. The convent of nuns is a very ancient building : the pillars and arches are all made of polished pudding-stone, and are formed like the most ancient gothic structures, exactly resembling the arms and branches of trees.

13th January.—Having learned all the particulars relating to the advance of the Duke de Terçeira, and being asked some questions as to the security of the place, (there was only one battalion of about seven hundred in garrison,

and it required at least fifteen hundred to defend it,) I mounted my nag and followed the route that the Duke had taken to Casillas. Passing over the ground where that affair which decided the fate of Lisbon, took place, the defeat of the Miguelites appeared to me more unaccountable than ever. From Casillas I crossed over again to Lisbon, and dined with the embassy.

For a few days I amused myself with seeing what was to be seen, going to balls at the American ambassador's, Donna Anna de Camera's, the public rooms, &c. At the opera one evening there was a disturbance, and the piece was stopped on account of the absence of a *danseuse*. The Portuguese theatres having no galleries, the pit becomes the scene of uproar. Don Pedro, the Queen, and the rest of the family, generally attended in a private box, except on grand occasions, when they occupied the state box. I went frequently to Belém and round the lines, and visited the gardens and the now uninhabited quintas. Indeed, half of Belém was deserted, and the same or more might be said of Lisbon; for notwithstanding the as-



sumed gaiety, there was a want of society, the whole court and fashionables consisting of very few families.

16th January.—The Conde de Farrabo (Quintella) gave a grand dinner, to which I was invited. I never saw a greater display of magnificence and luxury of every kind, amongst which was some wine one hundred and eleven years of age.

I was walking one day, when a female, dressed as a mendicant in the poorest way, though clean, spoke to me. I did not at the moment recognise her in so wretched a garb, but as she did not directly apply for charity, I called her back, when she said: “Sir, you do not seem to recollect me; I am the unfortunate widow who lived nextdoor to a British merchant in Porto: my husband, who was a captain of artillery, was killed there, but the government have no money, and I cannot get any pension; and I am actually starving, having sold every thing.” She asked me if I could recommend her as a servant, or do something to assist her. I gave her some trifling

relief at the moment, and afterwards sent her further assistance. Her's was the case of many.

In the mean time, notwithstanding all the advantages that had been gained, the Queen's cause seemed to linger. It was said that Lisbon might be again invested. Works were still completing—new levies were raising—and every preparation was made—armed vessels were sent up the river—Almada was fortified to the south, &c.: for the Miguelites occasionally patrolled to Aldea Gallega, Moita, and the immediate vicinity. People became uneasy at the unexpected prolongation of the contest. Governments asked why nothing was done, and if the Pedroites intended to do any thing. The Emperor went up to Cartaxo, reviewed his forces, and came back without anything being attempted. The pertinacity of the Miguelites was wonderful: no corps came over; no families of property or interest joined the Queen. People did not believe (but it was nevertheless true), that all this fidelity arose from the determination of

the nation to support their ancient laws and usages, and to suffer anything rather than abandon their standard.

I paid several visits to the brave Admiral the Conde de St. Vicente, who, in truth, had enough upon his hands. At length, news arrived from the army that something had been done at Leyria, where a portion of the Miguelite troops had been surprised. People began to talk about Coimbra: but the truth was, that Leyria was a very ticklish place to hold, and they were obliged to fortify the castle. It was also reported that Don Carlos was likely to join forces with Don Miguel, and the end seemed as far off as ever: the garrisons in the Algarvas were close shut up, and some of the new levies deserted.

Another rumour stated, that Lord W. Russell was to be recalled, and that Lord Howard de Walden might be expected. The truth was, that Lord William Russell, one of the most honourable and best-hearted of men, could not, in his neutral position, please everybody: and if any one went nineteen steps with a party,

and did not take the twentieth, he was considered an enemy to the cause. It was impossible for an individual to be placed in a more awkward situation than he was, continually: and I know no one that would get so well through the innumerable difficulties with which he had to contend.

The legation was kept up in the best style possible, and persons of rank of all parties were invited. Lady William Russell had also her share of enemies. This highly-talented and accomplished lady, who did the honours of her station with great *éclat*, and in the most charming manner, was disliked by some people because the goodness of her heart made her feel for the misfortunes of all, and do acts of kindness to those who differed from her politically.

31st January.—As many various reports were afloat, I was ordered to proceed again to the army, and started on horseback for Cartaxo. I left at ten o'clock in the morning, and, riding through Sacavem and Povia to Alhandra, and thence to Villa Franca, arrived at three P.M. at Castanheiro. Sixty prisoners, taken at

Torres Novas, passed through on their road to Lisbon. I remained at Castanheiro that night, as I wished to look at the environs, and knew the impossibility of obtaining any billet or lodging at Cartaxo; and also that the line of road was rather hazardous for night travellers.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Arrive at Cartaxo.—Accompany the Emperor.—Critical Situation.—Miguelite Movements.—The Emperor's Illness.—Return to Lisbon.—Military Positions.—The Hostile Armies.—The Nobles.—A Conflagration.—Proceed to Cartaxo.—Miguelite Manœuvres.—An Attack.—Undecided Contest.—Lord William Russell Recalled.—The Moorish Palace.—Salubrity of Cintra.

1st February.—I left Castanheiro early in the morning, and passing over the unhealthy flat country between Villa Nova and Azambuja, arrived at Cartaxo by ten o'clock. I waited on the Duke de Terceira, then in command of the army, and also saw the Duchess, and the Marchioness of Frontiera, whom I found employed in making lint for the wounded. As it was impossible to obtain a lodging in the place, I went to a solitary quinta to the left of Cartaxo: there was no furniture of any kind in the place, which had been plundered and despoiled of every thing. With nothing but my cloak at night, I found it very cold.

The Emperor arrived the same day. His fre-

quent appearance at Cartaxo, without any thing decisive being performed, gave rise to some Portuguese wit: such as

Don Pedro va par abaixo  
 Es regular hir a Cartaxo  
 Don Pedro il va y vêm  
 Mais no chega a Santarém.

When I asked why they did nothing, they always said: "The Duke of Wellington remained four months before Santarém."

2d February.—Accompanied the Emperor to Valle, and along part of the lines, where he went to reconnoitre the heights of Santarém. Saldanha had gone with a considerable force to the left, and had surprised at Torres Novas one hundred and twenty cavalry of the regiment of Chaves, one of the best and most attached of Don Miguel's army, and who had invariably behaved with gallantry in the field; Saldanha, however, was threatened in his turn, and a brigade of infantry and two hundred cavalry were sent off to reinforce him. I dined with the Emperor.

3d February.—The weather here was remarkably sharp and cold in comparison with Lisbon.

The Emperor, who was subject to a pulmonary complaint, was taken ill, and confined to his bed with spitting of blood. The situation of the army was rather critical. Saldanha had gone too far to the left to be able to support the troops at Cartaxo, and was himself in danger of being cut off. The Miguelites made some small diversions by landing on the low flat below Cartaxo, and one body arrived very near the town, and created some alarm.

4th February.—The Emperor and his staff left for Lisbon, as did the Duchess de Terceira, Cartaxo being considered by no means safe: indeed the Miguelites here lost a great opportunity. The army of the Queen was divided, not only in the field but also in council.

5th February.—The Duke de Terceira, having resigned the command, Sir Thomas Stubbs arrived without staff to succeed him; Admiral Napier also came up to ascertain what he could do in the river with gun-boats, &c. The General found himself in a very awkward situation. All the best troops were with Saldanha, who had also the greater part of the cavalry, though a



considerable force of that kind was necessary to make Cartaxo at all secure.

7th February.—I accompanied Sir Thomas Stubbs all round the outposts. A few deserters came in. Saldanha was at Pernes. There was much movement amongst the Miguelites, as if something was intended. The General was on the alert day and night, expecting an attack.

10th February.—I passed the whole day at Pova d'Acceinta, expecting an attack; indeed, what the Miguelites were about, to allow Sir T. Stubbs to remain there so long unmolested, I cannot conceive: for had he been briskly assailed, he could not have held his ground, but must have gone back to Villa Franca, if not to Lisbon. The peasantry about Cartaxo were very unfavourable to the cause of the Queen. A lancer was killed close to head-quarters in the middle of the day; and the following morning a French soldier was murdered in the town.

12th February.—The Emperor again came up to the army. I paid my respects to him, and afterwards rode to Valle. It was reported that the Miguelites had been reinforced. Two

cavalry and five infantry soldiers came in. I visited Castel Doiro, a village concealed in an orange grove, where I had formerly been quartered. I had some difficulty in finding the cottage again. It was in those days nearly deserted, and I found it much in the same state now. The people said, that the troops that were formerly quartered in the village (some horse artillery and cavalry) were very different to those of the present day.

13th February.—I went to see the Emperor, and found him very ill in bed; so much so, that fears were entertained for his life. There was an alarm during the day of the Miguelites landing at Valada, and 1,500 of their infantry, four guns, and some cavalry, were seen marching on the other side of the Tagus. Saldanha, with his troops, joined again in the evening, which rendered Cartaxo secure.

14th February.—The Emperor, being rather better, left the army for Lisbon with his staff. Finding that nothing was likely to take place, and having called on the Generals, I quitted the cold quinta, and rode to Villa Nova. Part of Don Pedro's staff were going to embark : I

joined them, and returned to Lisbon by water ; but had a very boisterous passage, and some of the party were sea-sick. I reached Lisbon by five o'clock.

Lord Howard de Walden, our new ambassador, had arrived, and I was introduced to his Lordship. He seemed much surprised that the war was not over ; Santarém had been so often reported, in the newspapers, as taken ; but his wonder increased when I mentioned that, from the position of affairs in a military point of view, it was possible that the Miguelites might again appear before Lisbon.

On his Lordship's arrival, the military positions of the contending parties were these : in the two provinces of Entre Minho e Douro and Trastos Montes, Don Pedro was only possessed of the city of Porto within the lines, and including Matozinhas ; in that of Beira he had not a foot of ground ; in Estramadura he had the capital, and the line of coast as far as Peniche, and had lately established his government in Leyria ; but the country between it and Cartaxo he could not command. On the south of the Tagus he held Setuval, and the

small tract lying between that place, Palmella, and Almada. Sines had been abandoned. In the whole province of Alentejo he had not a foot of ground, with the exception of the small post of Marvão, on the frontiers of Spain, which had been surprised by a corps of refugees. In the Algarvas he held Lagos, Villa Nova, Faro, Castro Marim; but these places were all closely invested; and reduced to the greatest extremity.

Don Miguel was in possession of all the rest of the kingdom; but his resources were becoming exhausted, and the Spanish government had begun to prove itself an active enemy in his rear. His supplies, nearly cut off by sea, were now intercepted by land; and though his people still remained faithful, yet it was evident that, deserted by every ally, he must fall. The ancient nobility still held to him, and dragged their unhappy families about with his army, exposed to fatigue, disease, and hardships of every kind, suffering every privation that a loyal nobility could undergo. The church still adhered to him as their only hope; the peasantry were divided between the Queen and the Usurper.

Of the armies, Don Pedro had by far the best officers, many able leaders, and old campaigners with the Duke of Wellington; besides a very considerable force of foreign troops, composed of nations whom the Portuguese had long been taught to respect and dread. These were, however, at times very troublesome to keep in order, and continual mutinies and desertions took place amongst them. The Miguelites had the greater number of veteran troops, but they were badly officered; indeed, with the exception of a few French officers, and other foreigners whom the Portuguese distrusted, they were wretchedly provided. The forces were now in point of numbers becoming more equal, but the Miguelites were superior in cavalry.

Of the nobles, those with Don Pedro are easily enumerated: they were, the Marquises de Larradia, Frontiera, Valença, Ponte de Lima, Subserra, and Loulé; the Dukes (created by Don Pedro) Palmella and Terceira; the Comdes Alva, Ficalho, Taipa, Sabugal, Lumiares, Pariti, Sampayo, and Rio Mayor (the latter had come

over from the other party); one bishop, and the patriarch also remained in Lisbon.

The adherents of Don Miguel were,

*Dukes*.—Cadaval, Lafoes.

*Marquises*.—Louriçal, Torres Novas, Pombal, Olhao, Penalva, Vagos, Sabugoza, Viana, Bellas, Vallada, Borba, Chaves, Tancos, D. Jaen, An. Lavradia, Niza, Alvito.

*Counts*.—S. Miguel, Vaxo Belmonte, José Belmonte, Almada, Souré, Redondo, St. Vicente, Viana, Atalaya, Cea, Porto Santo, Carvalhas, Mesquetella, S. Lourenzo, Figueira, Castro Marim, Barbacena, Murça, Contra, Valladares, Peniche, Alhandra, Ega, Rio Mayor, Feira, Pova, Povolide, Annadia, Redinha, Ponte, Ponbeiro, Rezende, Arcos, Louzaga, Galveas, Alvito, Lapa, Diego Louzada, Penafiel, Rio Pardo, An. Lampayo, Camarido.

*Viscounts*.—D'Asseca, Bahia, João Bahia, Jurumenha, João Jurumenha, Santarém, Azurara, Maja, Bandeira, Manique, Estremos, Souzel, Villa Nova de Rainha, Souto del Rey, Torre Bella, Beira, Veiros, Varzia, Montelegre, Villa Garcia, Azanha, Santa Martha, S. Gil de Perre.

*Church Dignitaries.*—The Cardinal Patriarch, Archbishop of Lacedemonia.

*Bishops.*—Coimbra, Castel Branco, Vizier, Bugio, Deão, Leyria, Pinhal, Algarva, Madeira, Angra, Beja.

*Principals who rank as Grandees.*—Decano, Silva, Menezes, Lencastre, Camara, Coste Real, Furtado.

Prior Grande, Prior d'Aviz, Prior Palmella, Prior Christo.

Thus the nobles adhering to the Queen amounted to,

Dukes.....	2
Marquises .....	7
Counts .....	8
Viscounts .....	0
Dignitaries of the Church.....	1

Total, 18.

And those espousing the cause of Don Miguel,

Dukes.....	2
Marquises .....	17
Counts .....	42
Viscounts .....	23
Dignitaries of the Church.....	23

Total, 107.

Of these, some afterwards went over to the Queen, and some were become extinct.

15th February.—Monsieur Mortier, ambassador from France, arrived. This also showed the Portuguese that the Governments of France and England were in favour of the Queen. I accompanied Lord Howard de Walden round the lines. The Emperor was rather better, though still confined to the palace.

19th February.—There was a report of an action having taken place near Almoester. Some religious processions took place in the city. They were the first that had been attempted for some time, but the government thought it better no longer to suppress them at this time.

22d February.—A fire broke out in the house of *Padré Marcos*, the clerical attaché to *Don Pedro*, close to the palace of *Necessidades*. It happened during the night, and the house was burnt, with one or two adjoining. The sailors of the British fleet landed, and were the principal means of extinguishing the flames, and perhaps of preventing the palace also from taking fire. I dined at the *Duke de Terceira's*, where I met a large party; it was a kind of



farewell dinner to Lord W. Russell's legation.

24th February. — The Ring-dove sailed for Madeira, having on board Mr. Chester, an attaché to the embassy.

26th February. — A report having arrived that in a late affair a Spanish regiment had taken a part, I was again sent to the army to ascertain the fact, and to see what was likely to be done. I left Lisbon in the afternoon, and arrived the same evening at Castanheira. The orange-groves and spring flowers were now in full bloom.

27th February. — Proceeded to Cartaxo, and waited on Saldanha and other officers; but as there was no lodging to be had in the place, I went on to a village on the left and front of Cartaxo, from which I could visit the advanced posts, and ascertain what was doing and what had been done since I left. My lodgings were in a house at Val do Pinto, a picturesque situation, and unoccupied by either party. The inhabitants were civil when they found that I belonged to neither side, but they were evidently Miguelites: the women told me that

their husbands and brothers were at Santarém.

28th February.—I rode over to Cartaxo, and again saw Saldanha officially relative to the story of the Spanish corps. The prisoner taken had been killed on the route to head-quarters. I was present, however, at the examination of some prisoners and deserters: from which it appeared that there was no truth in the report of a Spanish regiment's having taken part in the affair of the 18th. It was a newly raised regiment, called Don Miguel's 1st, that had done so. Having ascertained this, I rode afterwards to visit the ground where the action had taken place, and to collect information respecting the affair. Colonel Shaw of the Scotch, on whom I called, was ill in bed from fatigue, and from being harassed by the mutinous conduct of his men.

It appeared that the Miguelites, having allowed the advantageous time for an attack to pass by, and suffered Saldanha's army again to concentrate itself in its old positions, resolved to advance upon him and turn his left. With this intention they marched a considerable force

by their right, at the same time making an attack towards Atalaya, near the centre, and shewing a force along the whole line. Their right column advanced upon Villa Nova, when they found a French battalion, which they compelled to retire, and close to their right upon the British. Possessing themselves of the village, which was very strong, the Miguelites pushed on to the front, and occupied a strong height, divided from the plain that leads to Cartaxo by a narrow valley with a small brook, which had a bridge across it, and was, besides, passable in most places for infantry, and in several for cavalry. On the opposite side were heights equally bold, and, excepting a large solitary farm-house, called the Quinta de Damação, the rest of the ground was all open to near Cartaxo. The Miguelites having gained the left flank of Saldanha's position, instead of pushing across immediately, whilst there was nothing to oppose them, sat there four hours doing nothing; whilst Saldanha, seeing the intention of the enemy, moved troops to the left, and brought up all he could from Cartaxo, with the greater part of

the cavalry. The Miguelites, having by four in the afternoon suffered all these troops to assemble, marched forward to the attack. One of their battalions arrived on the summit of the height across the valley ; but were there met in front and in flank, and defeated, with considerable loss. Saldanha then crossed the valley, and after some severe fighting, reached, in his turn, the opposite height, where a severe engagement and heavy slaughter ensued. The Miguelite cavalry behaved with the greatest bravery, and Colonel Bacon, with a few followers, was at one time surrounded, and nearly taken prisoner, his cavalry having been routed. Night put an end to the contest, and left matters in a very undecided state. Saldanha had regained the height ; but the Miguelites covered their retreat through Villa Nova, losing about one hundred and seventy-two prisoners, but no piece of artillery. Indeed, neither side could claim much superiority over the other. The Miguelites had turned the flank of Saldanha, and gained a portion of ground ; but the others had recovered it again. The war, therefore, did not seem likely soon to be ended by opera-

tions in the field. At the time of my visit, affairs had returned to a stand-still.

2d March.—The object of my visit had now been accomplished; and wishing to prepare for leaving Lisbon with Lord W. Russell, I quitted Val do Pinto, and took a new route to Villa Franca. In passing through a village half a league in the rear of the army, the people were assembled for mass, and shewed evident symptoms of not being at all favourable to the new cause. Nothing but my being recognized as the English Colonel, prevented their displaying their feelings more decidedly. I rode in one day, and on the same horse, the whole way to Lisbon, a distance of about forty-two miles, which though not thought great in England, is considerable in this country, particularly on a very hot day, as this was. The air was perfumed with the odour of the orange and lemon-trees.

8th March.—Lord W. Russell presented his letters of recall, and went with his family to Cintra for a few days. It was notified to me that I was to remain with the new embassy; but I went to Cintra to spend a short time with

Lord and Lady William Russell previous to their departure. I passed there three pleasant days, inspecting what was worth seeing.

9th March.—I visited the Moorish castle, and rode to Montserrat. There was a procession of the host at Cintra.

10th March.—Went in the morning to the Moorish palace, where I saw the room adorned with swans; the bar-bem (magpie-room); the chamber of the arms of the nobility; the shower-bath room, where the water spouts in a light vapoury discharge from all parts; and the chamber with Moorish tiling, in which King Alphonso was confined for a number of years. In the afternoon I visited the palace of Ramalhada, one of the most pleasantly situated in the kingdom. It commands a beautiful view of the sea and of the entrance to the Tagus. There is a fine terrace; the grounds are tastefully laid out, and a number of excellent paintings are in the house, which is likewise well furnished. It contains an exquisite dining-room for hot weather, which is an octagon in shape, and on each water flows from fountains into basins. In the

centre of the table is a plateau, on which is a fountain playing into a basin that surrounds it filled with gold fish. On the dinner being served, the guests sit round outside the plateau, whilst an aviary of canary birds, and the choicest flowers surround the windows. It is the most delightful residence in Portugal, and does credit to the taste of the late Queen-dowager. Three days' repose in a place like Cintra does every one good : such is the salubrity of the air, the pureness of the water, and the quietness of the situation.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Ride to Lisbon.—Cadiz.—Salutes.—Passion Week.—National Feeling.—Mouth of the Guadiana.—Villa Real.—Deplorable Garrison.—Appearance of the Country.—General Distress.—Surrender of Valença.—Trying Situation.—Ordered home.—General Bem.—Grand Entertainment.—Discontent and Mutiny.—Rag Fair.—Melancholy Sight.—Departure.—Arrival home.

12th March.—Started at six the following morning, and rode to Lisbon to breakfast by nine o'clock. I waited upon Lord Howard de Walden, and received instructions to proceed in the *Leveret*, a ten-gun brig, to Cadiz and the Algarves. I dined with his Lordship in the evening.

13th March.—Dined on board the *Asia* with the Admiral.

14th March.—Having taken leave of Lord and Lady W. Russell, I embarked on board the *Leveret*.



15th March.—We weighed anchor at daylight, and left the Tagus with a fair but fresh wind, and by ten A.M. were off Cape Espichel. It still blew fresh : indeed it was just the time for the equinoctial gales to set in, and I do not recommend any one, for pleasure, to go to sea in a ten-gun brig off this coast, at that season.

17th March.—Off Cape St. Vincent, a gale of wind blowing from the south-east, right in our teeth.

21st March.—We were within twelve miles of Cadiz, but a continual gale of wind prevailed, and we were blown off Cape Trafalgar.

24th March.—After being blown off and on, we luckily got into the harbour, and anchored. Lord Byron's account of the bay of Cadiz is extremely good, and we began to think that the wreck that he describes was likely to be our fate. Cadiz has been so often and so particularly described by innumerable visitors, that I shall say but little. It is "a pretty town with pretty ladies;" but when you have seen one or two streets in Cadiz you have seen them all,

they are so much alike : all narrow and lofty for the sake of shade, with turreted white houses, enlivened with verandahs painted green. There is an Alameda (a public promenade) and a walk round the ramparts, which are washed by the sea on three sides of the place. The streets are however remarkably clean, and in that respect are a great contrast to those of Lisbon. The inhabitants generally adhere to their old and becoming costume, though French milliners have already made inroads, and endeavoured to spoil the graceful appearance of the Cadiz ladies. I cannot myself conceive any beauty in having all the world dressed alike ; how dull would the earth appear with only one kind of bud or one kind of animal !

Immediately on landing, before which however, we were hauled over by a guarda costa, to enquire into the health of the crew, &c., I proceeded to the house of our Consul, and delivered my despatches. I also called on the governor, Don Garça. We found at Cadiz three large French steamers, and I went on board the Commodore's vessel to pay my respects. The vessels were without troops, and

were bound up the Mediterranean to Toulon. Their captains called on board the *Leveret*. I returned on shore to dine with Mr. Brackenbury our consul, and put up at Wall's Hotel, which is kept by an Englishman, married to a Spanish woman. The house was clean, and the living good. It was necessary to arrange with the Governor about firing a salute. The Spaniards required twenty-four hours' notice to muster artillerymen, &c. for the purpose, Cadiz being then in a very defenceless state, with but few guns mounted, and only one regiment and a few militia in garrison.

25th March.—We fired a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned by an equal number from the garrison: the Spaniards, however, were very indignant at their flag not being saluted with twenty-one guns. I walked round the works of the town, and visited several handsome churches and some Moorish remains. I also saw some fine pictures: one, which of course was put out of sight, is a picture of the taking of Cadiz, and the surrendering of the keys to the English:—it is curious, and shews the English costume in the days of Elizabeth.

26th March.—Rode to the Isla (the island of Leon), and went over the principal fortifications of the place.

27th March.—This being Passion Week, Holy Thursday was kept in the strictest manner by the Spaniards. The shops were all shut, the churches thrown open, and crowds of people were passing from one church to another to pay their devotions, and throw money into the plates at the different entrances to the places of worship. Some persons went to twenty-six different places of worship on this day. I visited the cemetery, outside the town about half a mile. Many of the religious edifices are very handsome; and from the attention paid to all the sacred ceremonies, I should say that Roman Catholicism still reigns there in full force.

I delivered letters, and called on several Spanish merchants. A stranger can get very little political intelligence out of a Spaniard: he is the most reserved person in the world. This place, no doubt, was generally in favour of the Queen and Cortes; but still it seemed to fear the result, particularly as a regiment, that

had lately left, openly declared its opinion. Only one line-of-battle ship and the *Perla* frigate were lying in the harbour, both under orders for sailing, one to the Havannah; the other to the north coast of Spain. The Spaniards, with reason, seem to dread a revolution, and have a dislike to foreign interference; they expressed themselves occasionally in the old way, saying that Spain, between England and France, was like our Saviour crucified between two thieves. But the English were the favourites with the people, who appeared to have a great dislike to the French. The French steamer sailed, and we were preparing to do the same.

After a few days, Cadiz is a very dull place to stay in, having but one road, out along the sandy isthmus to the *Isla*. No gardens surround the town, nor are there any within it. Fruit, vegetables, and flowers are brought from the *Isla*. The ladies are fond of decorating their hair with a single flower, either a carnation, a rose, or a handsome Lima lily. This simplicity of head-dress becomes them much more than large French hats and bonnets.

28th March.—We sailed in the afternoon and stood out of the harbour, but met with a foul wind that night, and all the next day were beating up the coast.

30th March.—Made the mouth of the River Guadiana. The commander and I entered the boat, and seeing a bar, concluded it was the mouth of the river; but on shooting the bar, found ourselves in a horse-shoe, with another set of breakers. After crossing both, we had not gained the mouth of the river. We, however, made the sandy beach, and tracking the boat along, launched it at length into the real channel. We now rowed immediately across to Ayamonta, knowing well that if the Spaniards saw us in communication with the Portuguese coast, they would not allow us to communicate with them.

On landing, we waited on the governor, Don Sebastian Calçada, a brigadier. There was but a very small garrison in the place, the troops, as well as those from Cadiz, having gone to prevent the Spanish territory from being violated by the Portuguese. We there learned the fall-

ing back of Bernardo de Sa, and some other intelligence not very favourable to the cause of the Queen of Portugal.

Ayamonte seemed a small clean town; the houses are all white, and perched upon a height fronting the Portuguese town of Castro Marim, on the other side of the Guadiana. An armed hiate (yacht), bearing the flag of Donna Maria, was anchored in the river, and some Spanish gun-boats, to prevent communication.

Having gained as much intelligence as we could, we stood across to the Portuguese side. We found Villa Real, which is immediately opposite, quite deserted by the inhabitants; Castro Marim was nearly so, and all the guns along the sides of the river were dismantled and spiked, and their carriages burnt. Bernardo de Sa was in great danger of the Guerillas interposing between him and Faro. In the evening we made sail for Faro.

31st March.—Saw the land off Cape St. Mary's, and made signal for a pilot. Since the last trip, my love for aquatic discovery in a small boat had very much gone off. We hove

to, pretty close to where the entrance was supposed to be. On a sudden, a violent squall came on and blew us half across the straits; we had to beat up again, when we made Cape St. Vincent.

1st April.—Bore up for Lagos, which we made, and anchored a short distance from the harbour. We put off in the boat, but were nearly swamped in getting over the small bar, so much swell sets in. The day was remarkably fine. I immediately proceeded to the house of the then governor and commandant of the place, Colonel Senhor José Pereira, a fine rough old soldier. His garrison consisted of very old men and mere boys; and he seemed in no happy state, penned in by the Miguelites, without provisions or ammunition; that is to say, all his balls were contained in one small box. It was a mixture of tragedy and comedy; such a garrison was never seen. The commandant bore all very well, only begging me to press upon the Emperor's attention, on my return, the immediate danger in which he was. Fortunately for him, the investing army without was much the



same as his own, composed of the peasantry of the country, with their agricultural tools as weapons, and, in the absence of other missiles, slinging and throwing stones; but proving thereby how much the kingdom of Algarva was in favour of the constitution. Some French were shut up in the same manner at St. Catharine and Villa Nova. From the walls I saw between two and three thousand of these Guerrilla peasants occupying a height just without gun-shot of the place.

The appearance of the country is different from that of the rest of Portugal. The land is much lower and flatter, though gradually rising towards the mountains that divide it from Estremadura. The land seemed covered with olive groves, fig and orange trees. The town is partly surrounded by a very high Moorish wall, that runs from the sea on one side to the sea on the other. This wall is twenty-six feet high, but of no strength, with square Moorish towers at certain intervals, and on these were mounted several pieces of cannon of various calibre; but I doubt if these towers would stand the discharge

of their own pieces. The ground continues rising from the walls, so that the enemy could actually throw stones into the place.

The town itself was deserted by all the principal inhabitants. The houses were almost all low, of one story, and the people were invariably sitting on round mats on the floor, in the Moorish style, which is, after all, much more becoming than sitting on chairs. The women were dark-complexioned, but had a colour in their cheeks and fine eyes, as is usual with the Portuguese. They all appeared in a very distressed state, as they no doubt were; and it was pitiable to see a country so unprepared become the seat of a cruel war, in which peasantry alone were actors.

On returning to the brig we spoke the Osprey cutter, with Mr. Mendizabel, jun. on board, who, like ourselves, had been to Cadiz. His object was to raise money for the Pedroites, whose finances were still in a deplorable state. On reaching the vessel she immediately got under weigh, and made sail for the Tagus.

4th April.—We re-entered the Tagus. As

it was the birth-day of the Queen of Portugal, salutes were fired by the ships and forts, and blue and white flags were displayed. The foreign men-of-war also fired a royal salute.

During my absence in the south, much had been done towards bringing the affairs of Portugal to a conclusion. The Admiral Napier, Barão St. Vicente, had organised a diversion in the north and had taken Viana. He had afterwards proceeded to the river Minho and had taken possession of Caminha, and proceeding by land, summoned Valença, which place (the second fortress in the kingdom, and left without proper means to sustain a siege, yet with sufficient to keep the Admiral at bay for some time,) surrendered to him. This was a terrible blow to the Miguelites, and whether through treachery or weakness I am at a loss to conjecture. The surrender of this fortress opened all the north. The Duke de Terceira was ordered to Porto, and a force was organized to march upon Lamego. The main army of Don Miguel however still held Santarém, the heart of Portugal, and kept Saldanha at bay. The whole of their forces

were assembled there and in the Alentejo, and they were still undefeated in the field. Each side had stretched its efforts to the utmost.

At this moment the British embassy, backed by the French, made a movement up to Cartaxo and offered terms—terms the most advantageous to the followers of Don Miguel. They however still refused, and remained true to their colours. They were reduced to the most trying situation. Spain in their rear, had declared against them, and they were abandoned by all the powers of Europe. Their forts and their fleet gone, to what could they look? Still, however, the troops clung to their chief, though suffering every deprivation, without shoes, without clothing, badly paid, and perishing from pestilence; and the embassies retired,—defeated for this time. Threats and bribes were said to have been tried to push down the falling power of a poor weak kingdom.

At length the finishing stroke was given by a quadruple alliance, which the Spaniards, a nation detested by the Portuguese, were invited to join. The country is now filled with banditti and robbers;—and who are these robbers? They

are not the pickpockets and rogues of a metropolis, but the yeomanry and peasantry, the best blood of their country: people who were committed to their cause, and who are now not of sufficient power or wealth to be enabled to fly to foreign countries, though they can no longer remain on their own properties, and are therefore driven to their rocks and mountains to carry on a Guerilla warfare.

4th April.—Arriving at Lisbon, I was desired to be ready to proceed to the north to join the Duke de Terceira, who was about to move with a force from Oporto.

5th April.—I was prevented from going to the army by receiving a notification of my being appointed to a regiment in England, and an order arrived for my proceeding home. Major Wylde of the royal artillery arrived to take my place, and I prepared to depart on the first opportunity.

I took leave of my various acquaintances: some persons of rank amongst them conversed freely with me on the state of affairs. England was abused by both parties. I was told that we

abandoned Portugal in her misfortunes, though, when ourselves engaged in foreign wars, we made her share them : that we had despoiled her of her colonies, and broken our treaty ; and that they wished for no further political intercourse with us. At this time, General Bem, a Polish officer who had offered, and partly contracted for, a legion for the service of the Queen, but which was afterwards declined, demanded some allowance for the expense and trouble, and proceeded to extremity, calling out the ministers. They ordered him to be imprisoned : but this was not so easy, in a city destitute of police, and only defended by the National Guard. Having declared that he would shoot the two first that entered, the guard invested the house, without venturing to storm it, for a whole day ; when the General, taking the advice that was given him, capitulated and was sent to the tower of Belém. A short time afterwards, through the interest of the foreign embassies, he received some money and embarked for the Mediterranean.

I went one day to the castle of St. George,

situated on the highest point in the centre of Lisbon, and commanding a most extensive view of the Tagus and the country south of the river. It was at this time filled with Miguelite and other prisoners : amongst them was Sir John Campbell, who had been harshly treated, notwithstanding the endeavours of the British Legation.

8th April.—The Conde and Condessa de Faro gave a grand entertainment, at their house at Laranjeirao, to which I was invited. Assembled there were Don Pedro, his ministers, and staff, all the embassies in Lisbon, and all the principal families. The amusements began with dancing. Then a scene from an opera was performed ; the characters supported by the Conde and Condessa, both of whom excel in singing and music. After this, dancing recommenced, and was followed by the second part of the opera. Refreshments of all kinds were now served up, after which a Portuguese farce was performed, and the evening ended with dancing.

Laranjeirao is a charming country house, about

a league from the city, fitted up in the Portuguese fashion, with a fine garden, theatre, &c. The Conde is colonel of the volunteer Lancers in Lisbon; he is known to the English better by the name of Quintella. His wife is a very charming person. They were one of the families proscribed by Don Miguel: but they contrived, notwithstanding, to remain all the time in Lisbon, and from the magnificence displayed at the two fêtes at which I was present, I do not think their property can have suffered much.

The affairs of the Queen meanwhile still seemed to linger. Santarém and Alentejo, with the province of Beira, still held out. Indeed, up to this time, little more than the coast had been gained, and the seizure of the convents and church property did not add to the popularity of the ministry. The finances likewise were in a bad state, and continual discontent and mutinies took place amongst the foreign troops, many of whom were put in irons, and compelled to labour on the public works and in the streets of Lisbon.



On the few days remaining previously to my embarkation, I visited various parts of the town of Lisbon; amongst others, the new library in the Commercial Square, where there is a well-executed statue of Maria I. The bronze horse in this square had been ornamented on its pedestal with a large medallion of the celebrated Marquis of Pombal, which was considered as a compliment to Sáldanha. I likewise went several times to the sales beyond the Rosçio, known to the English by the name of Rag Fair. The houses there were loaded with the richest and most ancient valuables for sale, *viz.* pictures, china of great value, jewellery, silver, cabinets, ornamented tables, personal ornaments, relics of every kind, rich silks and brocades, each to be disposed of for a small part of their value. These, to a person desirous of furnishing his house, or of collecting pieces of *vertu*, offered a tempting sight; and even to one who looked at these various articles merely with the wish of possessing them, they presented a rich feast: but very different feelings were awakened in those

who considered and reflected that all these fine valuables were only thrown into the market from necessity ; that they contained the riches and the *nicknackery* of the most ancient families in Portugal, who, reduced to distress by the great political change which had taken place, were compelled to part with the collection of ages, that they might have it in their power to purchase themselves bread. You might occasionally observe the owners themselves clad in poor apparel, wistfully watching the sale of some little article of their own, which might enable them to relieve their present necessities. And when one reflected that the same thing might one day or other happen to ourselves, one turned away with feelings of melancholy, pity, and regret.

I also visited the different markets of Lisbon, which are usually supplied in abundance. The Tagus produces the finest fish possible, as do the coasts of Portugal in general. Poultry, vegetables, fruit, flowers, &c. may be bought here ; besides monkeys, parrots, and

various other tropical birds and animals, gold fish, &c., all of which may be purchased very reasonably.

On the 18th I went to the palace of the Necessidades (which was now being fast furnished and improved), to take leave of Don Pedro. He was ill, and did not see company; he however received me in his dressing-room, and we shook hands at parting.

Of the character of Don Pedro I shall only say, that I always found him friendly, kind-hearted, and true to his word. I also took leave of Senhor Carvalho, his prime minister, and others belonging to the court. I parted with my faithful servant João Paolo, and disposed also of my horses to Major Wylde, who relieved me—and, buying a few gold fish and some other articles, I embarked on board his Majesty's brig the Nautilus on the 20th of April, intending to put to sea immediately. But we were delayed in consequence of taking two other passengers—persons of very opposite opinions; one (Baron Ferrier) an officer who had

been severely wounded in the service of Don Miguel, and was endeavouring to proceed to England. We were detained, obstacles being thrown in the way of the Baron's departure. However, after appealing to Admiral Parker, who, in the arduous and delicate situation in which he was placed, was ready to afford protection to both parties in distress, and whose amiable manners made him universally esteemed, he was allowed to depart with us. Our other passenger was the Portuguese consul to Russia, (Senhor Borges), who was proceeding to England on his way to Russia.

We weighed anchor early on the following morning, got out of the Tagus, and after a long and boisterous passage of fourteen days, going north-about round the Scilly Isles, we arrived safely in Falmouth Harbour.

Thus finished my second visit to the Peninsula. That the Portuguese may still be enabled, under the new government, and new order of things, to repose beneath the shade of their olive and orange trees, in their gardens enlivened by

flowering mimosas, pomegranates, and oleanders; listening to the charming song of the many nightingales, or observing the handsome storks wandering on the green below, and the pretty hoopoe perched on their vine-clustered cottages, whilst their children play in peace, is the sincere desire of the Author.

THE END.

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