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THE 50TH AND LEFT WING 71ST STORMING FORT NAPOLEON

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CAMP AND QUARTERS

OR

SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS

OF

MILITARY LIFE.

INTERSPERSED WITH ANECDOTES OF VARIOUS WELL-KNOWN
CHARACTERS WHO FLOURISHED IN THE WAR.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN THE 50TH, OR QUEEN'S OWN REGIMENT,"
&c. &c. &c.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Silver Hill—Employment there—Introduced to an old acquaintance—The Goose step—The polite enthusiast—Eastbourne—The 81st—Ensign Nugent—Bay of Biscay—Voyage to Spain—Lisbon—Convent of St. Antonio.	1

CHAPTER II.

Lisbon—Remarks on the French mode of campaigning, with hints about the British—Massena (<i>note</i>)—The Knapsack—Army of Portugal, in 1811—The Coa—Distress of the Army—Meeting of French and English 50th—Blustering Captain and Irish soldier—Maurice Quill's Opinion—No grog for Patrick's day—Departure from Lisbon—Regrets in consequence—Officers of the Party—Quixotic equipment, &c.	30
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Quarters in Portalegre—Pleasant Walks—Wood Cutting—Small Value of Human Life in Spain—Volunteers—Commissaries—Sir Thomas Picton—Saint Lawrence—Taste for Dining—Bad Policy in Hanging Commissaries—The Second Majors—Fond of Good Living, and of Ogling—The Unfortunate H. P. in quest of a Dinner—&c.	55
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Markets—Modest prices—Pride unnecessary—Fine feelings thrown overboard—The Brigadier, and Ensign Fringe—Major Longbow—The 2nd Division—Pet-names for the Divisions—The 28th and 34th, pair off—The fat Major—The 66th—The Electric-fluid at a premium—The Corinthian Light-bob—The Doctors—A Receipt to cure Malingering—Taken outwardly—Doctor O'Malley—New mode of killing the Doctors.	83
---	----

CHAPTER V.

The Mad Medico—The Sporting Medico—Fatal effects of Gambling—Lieutenant Foley—The Roué—Malaga—Mr. Boydd—Cantonments—Customs of the Spaniards—Their Hospitality—Spanish Women full of Spirits—Cookery—The Nunnery of St. Clara, and the Fair Antonia—The Mother Abbess—Influence of Female Beauty.	114
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

Alvarez—Fire-eating Colonels—The Irish gun—The Frenchman puzzled—Capt. Candler—Dancing Spoiled—Placentia—Lt. Grey, his billet—The happy family—Sr. Pantalion—Spanish girls—Generous offer of the Madre—Alba—Soult's manoeuvre—A blow up—Major Leith Hay—Anecdote of Wellington—Taking it coolly—Retreat from Salamanca—Sufferings—General Paget—Seeing the world—Col. Napier's opinion—Value of a good blanket—Priests' houses, and pretty Nieces.	168
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Feria, and the Guerillas—Don Julian Sanchos—Mountain Pass—Wild Scenery—Habits of the Guerillas—Ladies	
---	--

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

of Feria—Their Polite Accomplishments—Smoking— Wolves—Last Campaign—Fine Country—Peace and Plenty—The Lazy Artist—The Escorial—The Know- ing Forager—Dear Loaf—Pleasantries on the March— Pretty Girls in the Billet—A Receipt for Good Humour —Charms of the Spanish Women.	173
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Vittoria—Morillo—Scenery—87th Regiment—Colonel Cadogan—Joseph Buonaparte—Jourdan, and the other Generals—Sir Hugh Gough—Lieutenant Masterman— Fine Feelings—Anecdote of Schedoni—2nd Battalion 83rd, and Major Hext—Are my Brains coming out?— Sir T. Picton.	204
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Passage of the Pyrennees—Delusive appearances—False alarms—Splendid scenery—Invasion of France—Bra- very of the French—Encouragement to French officers —Ditto to British, medals, clasps, and crosses—Denied to Subalterns—Circumstances under which soldiers fight well—Gallantry of Lieut. Deighton—Danger of the colours in action—Anecdote of Sir Stephenson Barnes —Adjutant Cluff—Battle of Toulouse—The 11th Regi- ment—Lieutenant Duff—Captain Gualley—Lieutenant Arnaud.	226
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

Return of peace—Home Campaigns in Ireland—Ball and supper—The superfine family—The jumping Caledo- nian—Miseries of close quarters—Other miseries— The familiar cow—The amorous landlady—Useful oc- cupation—Army not an idle life—Pretty Poll—The huge ensign of the 27th—The bed of Procustus—The “hole and corner system” not done away with.	256
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

New way to pay old debts—Ensign Tippleton—Ensigncies at a premium—Disappointment of the fire-eaters The Post Office—Old maids should not keep one—The royal Salamanders—Curiosity—Waterloo—Injustice to the Peninsula men—Presumption of certain would-be heroes—Campaign of second childhood—The black board—The infant Major—Good effects of dancing well—The mad Newtonian—Farnham.	270
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Capt. Charles—An Aristocratic Fete—Barbarous Custom—The Blue—Insolence of livery servants—The linking scene—The Isle of Wight—Pride of Office—Ensigns not allowed to think—Lieut. Singleton—The Barrack Amateur.	292
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Adjutants—The Guardsmen—The Mad Adjutant (Buckram Lovedrill) his character—Paradise of Adjutants—Receipt for making a mad Adjutant—The mad Adjutant an Anti-Malthusian—Barrack life in the Isle of Wight—The ladies at war—The little Pandemonium—Ensign Griffenhoof—A barrack visit, or the rice pudding dancing a "pas seul"—Batchelors and their wives—Doubling up, &c. &c.	309
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Theatricals—Newport—Pizarro—Lieutenant C.—Captain K.—Stage-struck Heroes—Captain G.—Mr. Conway—The impatient Irishman—Captain Lovett, and the Doctor—Their beauty decided—The Wager—Military humour—The West Indies—The friendly Undertaker—First impressions—The parting Scene—Half-pay Life—Comforts of the Veteran—Finis.	323
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CAMP AND QUARTERS

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Silver Hill—Employment there—Introduced to an old acquaintance—The Goose step—The polite enthusiast—Eastbourne—The 81st—Ensign Nugent—Bay of Biscay—Voyage to Spain—Lisbon—Convent of St. Cantania.

SILVER HILL.

IN the early part of the war, when a visit from our neighbours on the opposite side of the channel was every day expected; when that visit or visitation, call it what you will, was the never-failing subject of the time, the bug-bear of old women and nervous people, and the dream of statesmen; it was deemed expedient that the

eastern coast of England should put on her strongest armour. There was not a hill without its fort, or fortalice; not a loop-hole turret without its musketry at hand; not an embrazure without its pieces of heavy cannon peeping out wickedly, like an angry bull-dog chained. Garrisons, well filled with soldiers, were in situations near each other, and so as to have a commanding view all round; batteries "en chevaux de frise," protecting these defences; while coast-guards, sea fencibles, patrols and picquets, night and day, with every possible resisting means that the aforesaid statesmen in their dignity and wisdom could devise, were called into active service.

In the memory of man, there never was such a piece of work; it was almost imagined by those whose brains were nearly turned while thinking of it, that they were already bound hand-and-foot at the mercy of their merciless invaders, who they supposed were plundering right and left, and in full march to the metropolis.

Sussex, Kent and Hampshire, were so much crowded up with troops, that temporary barracks were erected for those who could not be accommodated in the substantial buildings.

Temporary barracks!—never was anything

better named ; they *were* temporary barracks to all intents and purposes, and might have been blown away at any time by a gust of wind ; got up, as the name implies, without regard to durability ; for in those days, nothing was durable but fighting, and with a very great regard to economy, the Saving Board being then in operation, they were pretty much on the back-woods model, formed of planks and shealings, nailed upon upright posts, well tarred and painted, and roofed in with tiles or shingle.

Apertures claiming the name of windows, admitted light, with at the same time a moderate proportion of the healthy air. A double row of those frail tenements, with a hospital in the rear, and a guard-house to the front ; a quadrangular space for doing penance upon pebble-stones and a variety of the fossil species ; the whole enclosed with palings, to keep away the hawks and landsharks ;—imagine these, and you will be able to form a good idea of the quarters, which for many a cold and wintry night, afforded us, as already hinted, but imperfect shelter.

Remote from the haunts of civilized man or womankind, perched on the top of a steep plateau, in the very heart of a highly cultivated

arable country, stood the barracks of SILVER HILL, a congeries of those huts of which I have endeavored to give an outline. From the most distant point, you could distinguish them, appearing as much as possible like sheds fitted up for the abode of cattle. It was not until you gained a near approach, that you could recognise distinctly what they were intended to represent. However, such as they were, such was the place of our habitation, for a period of our military term; a locality void of all temptation, therefore the best that could be thought of for making young officers learn their duties, and for turning old ones into Tartars. Here the former were weaned of all the gaities of life, while the latter were more than ever reconciled to all its gravities. It was in sooth a most lonely place; so lonely, that were it not for the amusing bustle incident to soldiering, I question not that some of the more triste among the gentlemen could have betaken themselves to other scenes. They contrived, however, to manage matters without having recourse to this extremity. The number and variety of pleasant walks and drives throughout the country, presented an opportunity of wandering among the ivy-clad ruins of Bodiam and Hursmonceaux; some employed themselves

in fishing, though it was in troubled waters, for Giles by no means patronized them; or in shooting round the cornstacks, and farm-yards; not without a "*shot or two*" at the farmers' daughters, nor yet without the risk of offending a growling mastiff, or the still more growling Giles.

Others, equipped with sketching books and crayons, went off in search of anything that might bear even a faint resemblance to the picturesque.

By the by, I can think of no higher pleasure than thus to be rambling over untravelled ground, exploring every lane, penetrating into every grove or coppice, or rounding every pleasant eminence; and at last after many a wide detour, to find yourself upon the glacis of some old castle; while endeavouring to delineate something, that bears as much resemblance to a culverien as a castle, you enjoy the satisfaction to be derived from knowing that your friends and an ungrateful world are soon to be enlightened by such brilliant specimens of your pencil.

Time rolled on in this and other ways to the end of our probation, more agreeably than we at first expected; for my part, I never look back on Silver hill, notwithstanding the loneliness of its situation, without a degree of pleasure; though

perhaps a melancholy one, in the memory of days even now so long gone by, wherein many quiet hours of enjoyment were experienced. Feeling as *now* I do, I should consider the place a Paradise.

Removed far away from the dense and smoky atmosphere of towns, and uncontaminated by steam, the air was healthy, clear, and bracing. Although there was nothing of the wild and wonderful about the neighbourhood, neither was there anything of lake or mountain scenery, yet the landscape, bearing on its surface the evident proofs of an industrious population, and interspersed with lively cottages, was on the whole of an interesting and animated character.

INTRODUCED TO AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

While we lay at Silver-hill, we had other avocations, which I had almost forgot to mention, besides those already enumerated; to those familiar with military affairs, it is unnecessary to name them; "the dull routine," would never do without a fair supply of drill; our old and valued friend, "the goose step," was therefore again introduced to our acquaintance, to the no small chagrin of the veterans, who had forgot the "evolution" altogether; and who after rough-

ing it in Spain and Portugal, where they had long since worn out their shoes, and were nearly worn out themselves, found it difficult to stand well on *two* legs, much less on *one*. There was, however, no use in saying anything about the matter, there was no respect of persons here.

It was nearly about that period, we had a visit from an officer of rank, who was extremely officious, in his way. Lest, as he said, that time might prove too heavy a burthen on our hands, he considered it requisite to give us a little gentle exercise ; when to this effect, the whole of the officers were placed in rank entire, for the purpose of marching agreeable to the oscillations of a pendulum. The old stagers, as I said before, were refractory, and grumbled sadly to be treated as beardless ensigns, or Sandhurst boys ; but it was the finest sport imaginable for the youngsters, who really enjoyed the pleasure of being in such good company.

THE POLITE ENTHUSIAST.

Soon after the *waddling exhibition*, we had a grand field-day, as a sort of winding up to the whole affair.

Having waded through the tedious ceremony, the troops were thrown back into open column

of companies, and ordered to march past in the "ordinary time;" the brigade and staff spurring their gallant steeds, galloped with eagerness to the centre, where our Colonel took his stand.

One of the regimental officers, a man of greater experience in the drawing-room than the field, thought it necessary on this occasion, to be more than usually polite, having lately been studying the "laws of etiquette," with much more diligence than his military works.

Just at the moment when he came in front of where the General stood, he glanced obsequiously at his own commander; and while dropping his sword in the salute, he suddenly addressed him thus, "How do you do, Colonel W—? how is Mrs. W——? how are all the—? I hope—I—;" he was going on, so were the troops, so was the band. The General stared, Colonel W—— looked aghast. "Go on, Mr. C——; eyes right, sir, look to the General, sir, go on, sir;" in a still louder voice. Petrified with horror at the strange and ridiculous scene exhibited, the Colonel could hardly articulate; he was literally choked with anger, while our modern Chesterfield marched on confounded, his sword pointing to the ground much longer

than Torrens would allow, and might have remained steady and faithful, as a needle to the pole, even to this hour, had not the cry of "halt," aroused him from his trance.

EASTBOURNE.

Having adjourned to Eastbourne, we got through the gloomy month of November, 1810, without the occurrence of any catastrophe ; none of our Englishmen having either hanged or drowned themselves. I wonder they did not arrive at that happy consummation ; for it certainly was one of the most uncomfortable winters I ever passed. The "temporary" shells prepared for our reception, were high, but not particularly *dry* upon the sea beach, where they were accessible to cold, and to every wind that blew, the moaning sound of which, as it whistled through each hole and cranny of our slender fabrics, was truly fearful. To make the affair still more affecting, we were now and then saluted by the spring-tides, which, rolling in tremendous waves to the very threshold of our barracks, threatened to carry us and our lodgings away upon a marine excursion, each (like the snail) bearing his house upon his back

The coast in that direction, I need hardly say,

is much exposed ; there was not even the vestige of a tree ; while the row of straggling houses that extends along the bank of sand, instead of being an improvement to the scene, produces, on the contrary, an effect that is bleak and dreary.

The town is very well for a bathing place ; and unless, in this advancing and enlightened age, it is very much enlarged, it cannot aspire to a higher rank. Streets and terraces of little painted boxes—bandboxes on a large scale—with brick-substantials intermixed, apparently clipped from the skirts of a more important town, and sent to take an airing in the country.

THE 81ST REGIMENT.

The 81st regiment (2nd battalion) were at Eastbourne then ; the officers were in general a romantic set, with much of that nonchalance so peculiar to the fashionables of the time, and for any I know of, even to those who now show off their persons about town.

They were fond of solitary walks ; and were often observed meandering round the cliffs, or bending their way slowly along the pebbly strand, with downcast looks, as if in quest of shells, or other marine productions, when in fact

they were intent on matters of much more interest in their ideas.

At no great distance, sundry fair perambulators, in pensive mood, were apparently on a similar voyage of discovery. Glances were soon exchanged; then words ensued; when, presently, like kindred metals drawn by attractive powers, the wandering philosophers approached in closer terms, and pairing off together, a lecture was commenced (which has been more than once a subject of discussion) upon things by no means pertaining to conchology, or any other science of that nature.

THE FORTUNATE REGIMENT.

The 81st (1st battalion) has been, at least for the last thirty years, one of the most fortunate regiments in the British army, so far as quarters or station are concerned; for during that period they never underwent a broiling in our colonies.

Happy fellows! they may well be said to have been born under a lucky planet; for while thousands of their less favoured brethren in arms were furnishing a large supply of provender for powder, or stewing beneath a tropical sun, they were, by means of goodly patronage, basking in the delicious climate of the Mediterranean.

But kissing goes by favour ; so in like manner do pleasant quarters. They were again summoned to the south, where they now luxuriate in all the delights of those balmy regions ; and where, between Malta and the Greek islands, they enjoy the *sweets* of military life.

They have, it is true, endured a campaign or two in Ireland ; but these were of short duration, causing them to value more highly their former paradise.

They are a fine regiment notwithstanding, and are deserving of this, and even more than this. Their bravery under Mackenzie, on the plains of Maida, where Regnier fled before their bayonets, gives them full claim to every privilege their country can bestow.

ENSIGN NUGENT.

By some extraordinary mistake, a strange character, who called himself Nugent, was appointed to, and joined the 81st regiment in Eastbourne. If he was not an idiot, he was but few degrees removed from that condition. He was, moreover, a tall, high-shouldered, awkward figure, and walked, or rather tramped, with a sort of swinging gait, throwing about his enormous splay feet as if they were furnished with snow shoes.

Making a tack or echellon movement towards the commanding officer on parade, the morning after he arrived, and addressing him in the full tones of a rich Hibernian brogue, he said, "Plaise your honour, I was made an ensign in your regiment; what part of them am I to *prade* in?"

The colonel, surveying the nondescript from head to foot, could hardly keep his countenance, and replied, "The pioneers, to be sure, sir. Where were you caught,* young man?"—"O, sur! I was'nt caught; mysilf was brid and born in sweet Kilkinny, and now I am an officer in your *corpse*."—"Then, sir, the sooner you take your *corpse* away, and get some one to bury it, the better."

The gallant ensign wheeled to the right-about, and jerking up his immense shoulders, he flung out his arms and stalked away, with the gestures of an *oran outang*, muttering some unearthly sounds, to the no small diversion of every one that happened to be present at the time.

* There is an old tradition in Ireland, that the natives of that part of the country round Kilkenny, were at one period in so wild a state of nature, as to be caught and tamed like savage animals. Perhaps this may have given rise to the term, "*wild Irish*" being applied to some of the "*finest pisintry*" at the present day.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O.

"To the wind we gave our sighs, and sung, yo, heave O!"

It came to our turn, like other people, to bid adieu to "home" and all its comforts, to sigh with regret even after the "*temporary*" joys of our locale; but once on board, with the blue peter flying, "to the wind we gave our sighs," rejoiced, notwithstanding our backs were turned on England and its "dear ones," with the cheering hope of seeing the camp once more.

We scarcely knew at first what part of Portugal we were bound for; it is surprising what ignorance prevails on these occasions. I remember, when we went out with General Spence upon a "secret expedition," we had, of course "sealed orders." It was laughable to see how every one was puzzling himself about his destination; the variety of strange conjectures on the subject, all of them different, all of them improbable and wild. We were then at war with Spain, so there was an ample field for speculation. The Havannah was to be attacked, but this was taking the animal by the horns, and was given up;—the Spanish Main, and drive the Spaniards in among the Indians;—Honduras; no, that was too unhealthy;—Ceuta, Minorca,

the Azores, with many others, were on the carpet—ridiculous wild-goose plans ; none bordering on the truth. But when the wondrous mystery was unravelled,—when the seal was broke, the Mediterranean stared us in the face,—and how they stared !

By this time buffetting the waves of Biscay, let us “*en passant*,” take with our glass a sweeping range to observe how things get on.

Who that has never done more than cross the channel, can by any possibility, form the most remote idea of the “stormy bay ;” where all that can be thought of within the catalogue of “*Ocean troubles*,” are accumulated. The sight of it is almost enough to make a sailor squeamish ; and as for the landsmen, “Oh ! breathe not its name.”

Mariners will tell you of their glees and madrigals, their Saturday night’s carousals, the pleasures of the deep, and so forth, with a pathos sufficient to send us all afloat ; but whatever charms the “sea” may boast of, there is no charm in the “stormy bay.” Whatever songs they sing in praise of it, far better sing them by a good fire-side at home, with a cheerful cup before them, than do so while tossing on its restless waves.

Mother Carey and her chickens may chaunt their discordant dirge, while the porpoises gambol to their music ; yet their tones, like a funeral knell, ring dismally on the ear, the song of evil import,—woeful harbinger of the coming tempest.

The miseries of the sea may be considerably lightened, by the agreeable temper or disposition of those who happen to be shipmates on the voyage. Upon the bleak, monotonous, and as it would seem, interminable waste of waters, there is much need of all that can be got together—of every cheering thing that can be thought of, to relieve the dreary sameness ; much is required to beguile the hours, as they roll on leaden wings ; for time appears to move so heavily, even when the ship is rapidly approaching to her destined shore, that notwithstanding all the ingenuity devised by the most laughter-loving and hilarious, to accelerate his pace, yet there is the dull, the tedious lapse ;—the long, the live-long nights,—sleepless, because much of the day is passed in dozing.—The never-ending creaking, straining, yawning of the oft-times ricketty vessel, with the splash after splash,—the continuous beating of the surge against her sides—compose the rough, the harshly-boding serenade, which banishes repose, and

by its funeral wailings, accompanied by the moanings of the blast, as it whistles through the rigging, invite those dreams which haunt the seaman's pillow. Do what you will, even your diurnal movements fail in cheating the "old gentleman;"—you may keenly watch the seaman at the wheel, as he glances from the binnacle to the boom,—you may read his eyes, as his countenance prognosticates a storm,—you may lean across the taffrail-rail, admiring the sparkling lights that emanate from the surface of the waves, or the graceful nautilus as she prosecutes her voyage; while thus delightfully employed, you may hum away at "auld lang syne," or other favourite ditty, which reminds you of the bright-eyed favourite at home, until it dies in mournful cadence from your lips, and even the fair one has evaporated from your memory; you are suddenly aroused to your walk on the quarter-deck, until you have counted every plank, every nail and rivet, and almost every individual thread of oakum,—take your watch out every half hour, as you survey the planetary system;—all will not do—still you are chained down into a dull oppressive sameness,—a weariness of yourself and every thing about you,—a sickening feel of hope deferred, until

almost disposed, by a visit to father Neptune, to get finally rid of all your troubles.*

It may, therefore, I repeat, be well conceived how gladly one should hail the cheerful disposition, those circumstances where all should chime in concert, in order by a happy assimilation, to unite in softening down the tedium that even in the pleasantest or most prosperous voyage, cannot wholly be dispelled.

Pleasures there may be on the "deep, deep sea," and this when exposed to all its perils ;

* Cape Tiburoon, the western point of St. Domingo, is remarkable for those lulls that fall beneath the island in that quarter. For two days we were here becalmed under a broiling sun. Never before did I feel the force of a seaman's hatred of a calm : it is worse than the hardest gale. If all the other miseries of the sea were to be condensed into one scene of human suffering, it would fall greatly short of this. —Patience is wearied and wasted out,—the spirits droop into a state of listless gloom ; while, as you lie sluggishly upon the glassy surface of the still and lifeless waters, all energy within seems gradually to die away,—remaining parched and sun-dried, you almost despair ; hoping against hope, watching for the smallest curl or feathery ripple.

All give way to the same desponding thoughts throughout a space of time, which though brief in itself, appears an age, comparatively, during the slow continuance of their suffering.

but they are by no means pleasures like those which the poet has so happily described,—

“ Those rarest, sweetest flowers of bliss,
That are plucked on danger's precipice.”

There can be no expedients, more effective in banishing the “blues,” when once they have taken their passage and come on board, than conversation, the story, or the song. When all else fail, these come in with a certain charm. When every thing tires around, they serve as a panacea to renovate the spirits,—to call back hope,—cheering up the gloom that will sometimes throw a shadow over the brightest day.

In cases where a variety of characters get on board together, it is curious to observe the strange, and sometimes ill-assorted mixture, all huddled like so many animals into the same den, staring each other out of countenance upon the first arrival, but afterwards becoming as familiar as the peculiar nature of their happy circumstances will admit. So many odd features pertaining to the incongruous assemblage, could not fail to bring out something in the manner of broad farce, with a display of scenes

which frequently formed not the least amusing part of our nautical entertainment. Among us there flourished a Scotch lady, with a wonderful degree of pride about her country, her "antiquity," and the "pedigree" of her noble ancestors, performing all the time "en grand," shewing off her aristocracy to the best advantage; and this too, while squatted upon a greasy locker, with the dead-lights in, and every thing about smelling deliciously of tar and bilge-water. What a place to exhibit in!—where in the moment of flouncing disdainfully past some *pauvre* incognito, "some personage of yesterday," as she expressed it,—a sudden lurch of the transport has often sent Madame Pomposino upon her beam-ends, to the utter humiliation of her pride, and to the delight of all the grinning plebeians in the cabin. She was built or bundled up into so round a form, and so amply furnished about the stern-posts, that she was for ever tumbling in this way; in fact, never having obtained what the sailors called her sea-legs, her beauty was considerably deteriorated by the force as well as the frequency of her summersets.

If there be one situation worse than another, when all seems to be in a sort of purgatorial

state of being, it is that of swinging in a hammock, suspended from the cabin-beams; when the births are filled by your superiors, you suffer trials enough to wish yourself tied up in the aforesaid hammock, and thrown overboard. To say nothing of your numerous "break-downs," while as you attempt to scramble in to your canvass bag, tumbling out on the other side, in the harlequinade which you perform in getting into this, you break the fall by bringing your head-piece in contact with the table, and break your head-piece by the fall; the adroitness, meanwhile, with which you have executed the manœuvre, having elicited a shout of approbation from your mischievous companions, who, sending you from one predicament to another, complete the evening's entertainments by cutting away the lashings of your hammock; so that down you come again with violence to the deck, to the utter destruction of your as yet remaining unmutilated features.

One of our passengers, whether troubled with the nightmare or other evil spirit, frequently disturbed whatever little rest was likely to be enjoyed after the foregoing exhibition. The subject of our story was so entirely devoted to his bottle, that no one could by any possible means

divert his mind from that particular line of study. Some of our youths, affecting to be in a fox's sleep, used to watch him while going his nocturnal rounds; at that time he went rummaging about, upsetting the glass and crockery in the cupboards of the after-cabin, in search of any fluids that might be in his way.

At first they supposed that the extraordinary noise proceeded from rats or mice; but when they discovered that they were those of a two-legged rat, and that this ferocious rat had an enormous pair of whiskers, moreover that he was without a tail, the affair was easily accounted for, and in the person of our bibacious friend, was recognised the author of those preternatural sounds. It would fill a volume, and a very amusing volume it would be, to retail the variety of curious incidents that occurred on this occasion; I shall not, however, tax my memory on the subject, but shall leave the inquisitive in these matters to pursue a voyage of discovery for themselves; where if they meet with any counterpart to the Scotch lady, or the two-legged rat, it is to be hoped they will gratify the reading and discerning public with the fruits of their investigation.

On our homeward passage we were not so for-

tunate in our gaities, for we had a maniac who has before been noticed, and an idiotic gentleman, with a positive, overbearing Captain. The first was a tall spectral figure, with a most becoming pair of lantern jaws as one would desire to have, and a wildness about his eyes, that was really alarming. If any one contradicted him, he was instantly up in arms, and thought nothing of seizing a carving knife for the purpose of cutting short the argument, and the thread of your existence at the same particular moment. So dangerous a discussor was of course avoided, and not until sea-sickness sent him drooping to his birth, could any one safely remain with him in the cabin.

The idiotic gentleman was an old proser, who could talk of nothing but slaves and drivers (for he had himself been all his life a driver); in fact, the "cart whip" was indelibly stamped upon his brow. The Captain was a tall and a rather good-looking man, with hard and well-tanned lineaments, forcibly expressive of the love of power, which he displayed on every opportunity; assuming to himself even over the passengers a degree of authority that was quite annoying. He scarcely did anything during the voyage but doze upon the lockers, while in

a state of stupification from his attachment to the grog ; he allowed the ship to go at her own discretion, despising as he did, the use of chronometer or chart, or any such (in his idea) superfluous appendages. For the first week or so, we got on tolerably smooth, that is as long as the good things lasted ; but the gale of wind sending our poor ducks and chickens, and all the rest of our live stock overboard, and nothing left but jack-junk and biscuit, it must in justice be admitted, that there was enough to put the very best among us out of temper.

The madman did not care, for he kept his birth in company with the cockroaches, every now and then thrusting out his pate to enquire about the weather, and muttering curses upon the vermin by which he was tormented.

The mate, who was afterwards drowned, was one of the pleasantest of our party ; he came in every day in his shirt sleeves to sit at the foot of the table, and carve the fowl. He was rather an eccentric character in his way, like a fish out of water, when he went ashore ; he never was content beyond the gunwale of his vessel, where he was so fussy and full of business, that he never allowed himself a moment's rest ; always on the move, shifting and unshifting, he would

even derange every spar and timber in the ship in order that he might enjoy the pleasure of putting them to rights again. He was, however, an experienced mariner, having visited every corner of the world, of which his well tanned visage gave sufficient evidence. His constitution, steeled by long exposure to the elements, was hard as flint, while his muscular, well-knit frame was calculated to bid defiance to every climate, and to weather every storm.

Returning to our voyage :—amid the howling of a December gale, we first beheld the Spanish headland, and welcome was it to our sight. As we hauled in towards the coast, and neared the “Berlings,” the sun of a southern clime shone warm and brightly on us ; still farther south, Mafra and the rock of Lisbon rose magnificently to view. But when we saw the noble Tagus, that queen of rivers, what feelings of delight were experienced in every breast—what joy was expressed in every countenance ! Lisbon, on its seven hills, rising like a splendid amphitheatre from the water, was soon unfolded—so deceptive, yet so beautiful in the distance ; an illusion so complete, that it is not until you have put your feet upon the landing steps, that the veil drops off ; before you its plain realities, its mul-

titudinous deformities stand revealed, while as you penetrate the narrow, long, winding, and filthy streets, you are assailed by a congregation of villainous perfumes, arising from the heaps of garbage thrown from the windows, and but partially cleared away by dogs; smells so pungent, that even the pure breeze from the river fails to dissipate them; you are compelled, provided your proboscis is long enough for the occasion, to hold that organ with one hand, while with the other you grasp a stick to drive away the hungry scavengers; running the gauntlet all the time until you arrive at one of the openings or the public square.

Everything in statu quo as when we were here before—the same oppressive atmosphere, redolent of oil and garlick; the same everlasting fiz, and broiling of sardinias, and other fry, throughout the city.

Truly it is an amusing place, where the specimens of clime, character and costume, are as varied as their shades of colour.

Here the numerous fraternity of clerigos, with their train of sattelites, were marching to the temple, or accompanying the host. There, a bevy of black-eyed senoritas, followed by their Argus-eyed duenna, were ambling along

in the same direction. Even the children of tender age walked with a peculiar grace, aping their seniors in a manner that might be envied by our fair pedestrians at home. Their sombre garb,* (that is of the *senoritas*) was relieved, not only by the gaudy dresses of the peasant women vending their different wares, but by the many-coloured uniforms of the military.

The grated balconies were filled with flowers and aromatic shrubs, intermingled with the *mignonette*; but flowers of a lovelier kind were likewise there; the windows being embellished by numerous young brunettas, who occasionally let fall a rose or hyacinth on their passing friends, as an affectionate tribute of esteem.

While rambling carelessly about, we were saluted on all sides by the cry of "bom aquadente, bom aqua—aqua frio—bom tobac—tobac—bom tobac—candela, candela—bom pao," with a great variety of others; the itinerant venders meanwhile holding up to view a sample of the commodity in question.

The cafés, as usual, were the favourite lounging places; everything was dispensed by dirty waiters. The cry of "O Rapaz!" sent the valets running in all directions, and a nod would bring a score of them to your elbow.

Again we were entertained at the convent of San Antonio, where instead of patrolling, feasting was our duty ; instead of attending to guards or picquets, we paid our addresses to a well-stocked cellar, giving the monks a "*benefit*," such as they had not for long before.

This religious building is seated on a lofty steep, where, from a pretty terrace, there is a most unrivalled prospect of the river, and of the country on the opposite side. Around its base, winds an agreeable promenade, enclosed by a low battlement that overlooks the city.

In this monastic fabric, their vespers were disturbed by our Circean rites, somewhat irreverent for the sanctimonious brotherhood, who were, in reality, the heartiest set of fellows that ever underwent the plague of penance, or wore the cowl.

Upon the huge tables of a wide and lofty chamber, the feast was bountifully arrayed,—a feast of spicy meats, intermixed with seasoned delicacies, such as the most professional gourmand would have loved to gloat on.

The loud clatter of knives and forks proclaimed the gusto with which the sumptuous fare was relished ; while rummers of purple juice were quaffed diffusely. Meanwhile, the

rapid fire of many tongues made the arched ceiling of the hall resound, and a universal scene of joyous clamour was maintained throughout the night.

The president, a man of noble circularity of paunch, and with a countenance beaming with the roseate tinge of wine, plied his venerable companions well ; whose humanities expanded by good living, followed his generous example, by a similar attention to the glasses of their military guests, producing on our minds a doubtful feeling, as to whether their example was more piously attended to than their precepts ; at all events their fame, as brethren of the bowl, on this occasion, was well established.

CHAPTER II.

Lisbon—Remarks on the French mode of campaigning, with hints about the British—Massena (*note*)—The Knapsack—Army of Portugal, in 1811—The Coa—Distress of the Army—Meeting of French and English 50th—Blustering Captain and Irish soldier—Maurice Quill's Opinion—No grog for Patrick's day—Departure from Lisbon—Regrets in consequence—Officers of the Party—Quixotic equipment, &c.

LISBON.

Some remarks on the campaigning system in the French army, with a hint or two on that relating to the British.

WHILE enjoying the gaieties of this gay and festive city, and while getting our equipage ready for the field, we had time to ruminate upon our outfit; when, comparing the expe-

rience we had already gained, with any information current here, we were enabled to form a tolerably correct opinion on the subject.

We had, moreover, many opportunities of knowing how the enemy carried on his operations in this way; from which our troops, without any disparagement to their skill in other matters, might have learned a lesson more useful to them, than any they had hitherto acquired.

Towards the end of October 1810, after the battle of Busaco, the British allied forces retired behind the well-known lines of Torres Vedras; where Wellington maintained his strong, though widely extended post, against the whole invading army under *Massena*, concentrated in his front at Santarem.

The French having, by their desolating visits, converted those hitherto fertile regions into a barren wilderness, could no longer procure subsistence; and, on this account, were forced to make a retiring movement on Abrantes; when the English general immediately abandoned his formidable lines, and followed in close pursuit; the season, however, being far advanced, all military operations were in a little time suspended, and the troops on either side, were cantoned in winter quarters.

The 50th, 71st, and 92nd brigades, under Sir William Erskine, in the 1st division, were posted at Alcoentrinha, and other villages; where, being under arms every morning at daylight, they had very little rest; at such a dismal time of year, it was far from being agreeable, but there was no alternative; they were in the proximity of a vigilant and active foe, headed by one of the most experienced and daring men in the French army. *

* Massena, Prince of Essling, Duke of Rivoli, commanded the army in Spain and Portugal, until relieved by Marmont. In his early life he was a drummer; but rose by the most extraordinary merit, to the highest honours. He got the appellation of "the spoiled child of fortune," in consequence of his never having once experienced a defeat.

The plains of Rivoli, Zurich, Genoa, and Essling, are the extensive parchment rolls, recording all his genealogy. Upwards of two hundred battles, are titles too glorious to be consumed by time, or buried in forgetfulness.

Massena was among the generals who headed the storming party at the bridge of Lodi.

He was born at Nice; and died in 1817, aged 59.

Massena's character, as drawn by Napoleon:—"Brave, decided, and intrepid; dull in conversation, but in danger acquiring clearness and force of thought; ambitious, filled with self-love, neglectful of discipline, regardless of good administration, and consequently disliked by the troops; his dispositions for battle were bad, but his temper was pertinacious to the last degree, and he was never discouraged."

Compared with us, they were in a wretched plight, with rations barely enough to ward off utter famine; a state which they must inevitably have fallen into, had it not been for their adroit and skilful management, as foragers.

Not only Massena, but many others of the old school of warriors, were serving then in Spain.

Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, succeeded Augereau in command of the seventh corps of the army of Catalonia, in June 1810. His military talents were not well calculated for the warfare of that country; he was, however, a calm and sagacious officer. Ill-health prevented his long continuance in Spain. He commanded the left wing of the French army on the Russian campaign, where he was distinguished for his bravery.

Moncey, Duke of Corregliano, was a very distinguished officer; and appears to have been employed with Murat, when that General commanded at Madrid, in 1808. He subsequently had the third corps of the invading army, and directed those campaigns in Catalonia and Valencia, where, from the want of discipline among his troops, and the weakness of many of his lieutenants, he was for the most part unsuccessful. His sieges, in particular, were decided failures. At Valencia, he was repulsed, owing to Spanish bravery, and citizen heroism. His age was about 59 at this period.

Grouchy was, at an early period of the war, stationed at Madrid, where he made himself remarkable for his cruelty in causing a number of Spaniards, who had joined in a revolt, to be put to death.

He was one of Napoleon's lieutenants at the battle of Waterloo, where he commanded the cavalry, but was late in coming to the field.

Laying everything under contribution, they lived when other men would starve ; while, resorting to many strange devices never heard of in the culinary art, they transformed whatever garbage they got hold of into palatable food, without the aid of any other portable digester, than that which nature furnished them.

It is astonishing what the Frenchman can accomplish when driven to his wits ; his fertile genius is at hand with a number of expedients, under circumstances of difficulty, which would never enter the imagination of young campaigners.

The Englishman, in his condition, would lie down at once, and die as soon as possible ; what he would look upon as sheer starvation, would be feasting to the other. If the commissary is not immediately forthcoming, John gets altogether out of sorts ; however strong his goût for fighting, his goût for something eatable is just as strong ; he has no penchant for banyan days ; and as for your feasts and fasts, he will make you a present of the latter, and take as many of the former as you please.

Crapaud, on the other hand, is a man of sense ; and, according to Jack's definition of an epicure, is one who will eat "*anything* ;" he

will make as good soup as an Irish priest, or get up a fricandeau of toads and frogs, yielded from a muddy ditch, garnished with water-cresses from the same repository; a shallot or two, with a sprinkling of oil or vinegar, are luxuries to him; sustained by which, he will expend his sixty rounds, and undergo a hard day's work. "Tis all fish that come to his net;" his havresack is generally filled with odds and ends, and provender more remarkable for variety than delicacy; at all times perfectly at ease, he makes himself quite happy, and goes on singing, come what will.

With regard to field equipment, the French are far from being encumbered; whether in the woods or wilds, the towns or villages, they know how to make themselves extremely snug. In the bivouac, the wigwam is a model of ingenuity; and when under canvass, their encampments are disposed with mathematical precision.

Their tents are usually composed of one rectangular piece of strong material, thrown across a frame of two short upright poles, supporting a third of greater length, which forms the ridge or roof; while, with the aid of a few cords and pegs, a triangular space is covered in, affording room for six or eight to stow themselves away.

Our camp equiPAGE is on a very different scale, with cumbrous marquees, bell tents, and camp-kettles, together with a variety of hardware, enough to supply a colony of ironmongers bound for the Swan or any other settlement.

The unwieldy cavalcade, or lumbering caravans, hang so heavily in our rear that the army can seldom move with any degree of freedom; nor can the troops proceed on any enterprize with the slightest prospect of success, until they have pushed on well ahead, or have shaken off the pondrous incumbrance altogether.

When upon the halting ground, the business of getting up our tents is one of time and labour; and before we have our poles unpacked, the French are, in like circumstances as to time, not only settled in their camp, but are pretty well on towards "laying the cloth" for dinner.

Our men, huddled in without regard to space or comfort, lie down together at heads and points, scrambling and jostling each other for want of room, in the happiest possible confusion, until they (as it often happened) pull down their tenement about their ears.

Had the first inventor of these bell-tents considered for a moment the inconvenience of their form, or even contrived them on a smaller scale,

our soldiers would have lain more comfortably, and their performances with the slack rope, or other gymnastics round the "pole," might easily have been avoided.

THE KNAPSACK.

Proceeding to the immediate accoutrement of the soldier, I must observe, with reference chiefly to the knapsack, that although some good has already been effected, yet there is still, about the economy of his pack, much that needs improvement. In the days I now refer to, he had his trappings in the highest order; his buckles, belts, &c., were, so far as polishing was concerned, extremely smart, and in many cases ornamental; the knapsack was a very pretty thing to look at, varnished like a mirror, and without a crease or wrinkle; but it was slung in such a way as to press severely on his chest, while stuffed, at all times, with small wares, brushing tools, and various rubbish, enough to fill a Yankee pedlar's budget, it was a sad and wearisome incumbrance.

The abundant list of furbishing materials arose from our love for ornamental work, which interfered materially with the real business of the soldier. The useful was neglected for this

perpetual bronzing. When the men, after a long day's march, should have been getting rest or nourishment, they were toiling for hours at their buff straps, lace, and trimmings; the pipe-clay manufactory was in full work; the steam was up; and the camp looked as if a regiment of "*slapdashers*" had taken the field. From right to left it was one uninterrupted scene of white-washing and sponging. It was a slough of chalky mixture, wherein the chief performers were daubed and painted as if dressing for the stage.

Tails were properly dismissed the service some years ago, and late though it was, yet better late than never; bright barrels were done away with, but pipe-clay, that dusty, abominable stuff, has never been left off.

It has been said, that the English are a "window-cleaning nation;" it may, with equal truth, be averred, that they are likewise a "*pipe-clay nation*;" for the mania sticks to them with the tenacity of a leech. Patience is a virtue, and in their eyes so is *pipe-clay*. From Cinderella on her knees at the parlour grate, to the fierce and whiskered grenadier, it is all pipe-clay; and so it will be to the end of the chapter, or until our "bundle of prejudices" is disposed of.

Troops may glitter on parade, and make a fine display, set off by sunshine, at a grand review at home ; but it is another affair to practise all this show work when the enemy is at hand. The superfluous must then be laid aside ; gentlemen of the dressing school must take to another sort of schooling ; the *fine spirited soldier-like minds* of *Englishmen* should never be tormented by teasing occupations, nor should they be disheartened by unnecessary labour.

The French use no pipe-clay, yet they are efficient soldiers ; having their garments adapted to the service, they lose no time in silly polishing ; but with a simple clothes-brush, or what is more generally the practice, switching their jackets in the wind, the most convenient trench or pool by way of a looking-glass, and the Frenchman's toilet is complete.

All that trumpery nonsense of heel balls, button sticks, and other etceteras, that our "particular people" cannot do without, are totally unknown to him ; he avoids a world of trouble and shouldering his musket, he is ready in a twinkling for the road.

His knapsack, too, is filled with his unnecessary, (what should be called his kit, would go within the limits of a comb case,) but then,

when pressed for time, he throws them overboard, or (to pursue the nautical idea) moving like a piratical schooner deeply laden, he is occasionally forced to "cut the painter," and send all adrift. Helping themselves, agreeable to their wonted custom, with a modesty of assurance highly useful in time of war, to anything they might require, Frenchmen as often disdained the use of knapsack altogether; hence the facility with which they carried on their rapid marches, and the freedom with which their armies could be handled.

We ought, (as I said before,) so far as celerity of movement is concerned, take a lesson from them. Let us reduce the bulk of our unwieldy commissariat and our field equipment, then we can manage fearlessly to do all the rest; and in spite of their hare-footed abilities, we know full well from past experience, that we are competent, aye, and willing too, should it be so required of us, "to break a lance with them again."

Here I may recall the events of the second campaign, before I talk of leaving Lisbon.

THE ARMY OF PORTUGAL, IN 1811.

On the 4th of March, 1811, the whole army

was reviewed by Lord Wellington. There were above 100,000 men of all arms on the ground. The splendid manner in which the open columns marched past, in ordinary and quick time, together with the fine, steady, and manly appearance of the soldiers, made an impression on the minds of all who witnessed the display, that was highly favourable to the troops. It seldom falls to the lot of even military men to behold a spectacle of so magnificent a nature.

On the following day, the 5th of March, the enemy being on the move, our troops broke up from their cantonments, and came up with him on the 9th, at Pombal, where the light division was engaged; but night terminated the affair; the light bobs as usual, at their heels, brought them into play once more at Redinha. Darkness enabled them to retire still further, when, moving on towards Condeixa, they made an effort to cross the Tagus, but Wellington sent General Beresford, with the Portuguese and a brigade of British, who turned their flanks; the latter crossed the Ceira, the men up to their necks in water.

On the 17th, the French were overtaken on the banks of the *Alva*, through which our columns were, in like manner, forced to wade,

exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, causing a considerable loss of men and baggage.

It was while in the act of crossing this river, that one of our captains, a blustering sort of character, wanting to appear extremely zealous in the eyes of his superiors, shouted to his company, "Keep your places, men, keep your sections!" and this, when he himself was mounted, and at a time when the poor fellows were trying to stem the furious current with might and main. One of the soldiers, unable to get on, was almost foundered, but mustering all his strength, he put his broad laughing Irish face above the water, and cried out, as loud as he could bellow, "Och! thunder an ouns jewel, and is it keep our sections you *maine*, when we are not able to *keep* our legs."

Those who got over safe, bivouacked on the opposite bank; it was a day of most inclement weather, it rained incessantly, no means of getting fire, and if there was, there were no rations to be cooked; and worse then all, *there was no grog* for "*Patrick's day*," to the awful tribulation of his sons.

In this encampment they were compelled to halt for five days, until the commissary came up; the men with scarcely anything to keep life and

soul together, but the wild onions that they picked up off the fields, eked out with crumbs of mouldy biscuit—nothing could equal their dreadful sufferings. The mind was engaged in anxious watchings for the enemy, which I verily believe was the only thing that kept them from despair.

On the 2nd of April, the troops broke ground. The light division forced the passage of the Coa, in face of superior numbers. The French were taken by surprise with their camp kettles on the fire, which they were unwillingly compelled to part with, affording the gallant flankers a capital mess of soups and stews, which were cooked to a nicety, when they arrived. The pot-luck never was more acceptable, for they had not tasted anything like Christian provender for many days.

The 43rd, 52nd, and rifles, were the chief sufferers in the affair—a most desperate brush, when they lost a number of men and officers.

When the other division came up, the business was all over.

The next performance on the enemy's side, was attempting to relieve Almeida, which brought about the action of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of May at Fuentes d'Honore, where the 71st was hotly engaged on the 5th; the 50th and 92nd, but partially.

44 MEETING OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH 50TH.

It was in the progress of this short campaign, that the *French* and *English* 50th came in contact; neither brotherly affection, nor yet similarity of numbers effected this; it so happened by the fate of war, one of those curious pranks that war is sometimes playing. The discovery of the numeral affinity was not made until the scattered hats and caps revealed the secret.

According to poor Maurice Quill's idea on the subject, these regiments should at all times have been on friendly terms as neighbours, whom neither time nor space could separate.

Intelligence of the battle of Albuera, fought the 16th of May, 1811, having arrived, the 50th, 71st and 92nd, were despatched to join General Beresford, and were placed in General Hill's division.

DEPARTURE FROM LISBON.

I don't remember ever setting out upon a journey in higher glee, than when departing from Lisbon a second time to join the army; well did I note the period, for it was one to a young mind full of those excitements peculiar to a military life; excitements which give to the profession its greatest charms.

There is at all times upon the eve of tra-

velling, even upon the most ordinary affairs of life, a feeling of interest about the future, and a joy upon the approach of new and coming scenes ; mingled, however, with regrets, on leaving those to which we had been accustomed ; but who can describe the state of mind experienced when proceeding on a soldier's wild adventurous career ? There is an elastic spirit that would overcome every difficulty—a buoyancy of frame that would almost lift one from the ground—a gay and lightsome tone, to cheer him under every adverse circumstance, on his chequered pathway.

The departure to which I have alluded, was not without its sombre aspect ; many were the allurements, now to be exchanged for the less ensnaring business of the field. Moreover there were social pleasures (for Lisbon to the English officers then was the most hospitable of places,) to be forsaken, and gay festivities no more to be enjoyed ; but the cloud soon passed away. Variety and change of scene, with their all prevailing influence, reconciled the traveller to his lot ; while with his thoughts directed to the fresh occurrences of every passing hour, those of yesterday faded altogether from his memory.

Those who get on through time, in their own

smooth, quiet, hum-drum way, know but little about the ills and disappointments incident to a journey through a country such as Portugal was in those days. Preparations for it, were attended with every annoyance and plaguing torment that can possibly be conceived.

To relate them would be tiresome ; instead of which I shall, previous to our starting, proceed to make a remark or two as to my companions for the journey, who as military friends, were thrown together, in such a just and fair proportion, so far as relates to patriotic feeling, that the utmost harmony could scarcely fail of being among them.

Nothing is more desirable than a feeling such as this—nothing in any way more cheering than a social temper, even when every other comfort fails. It wiles away the tedium of the longest route, it leads to a disposition for the full enjoyment of each other's conversation, and of whatever chance, or their good genius, may place before them on the route ; divested of it, travelling at best is but a dull concern.

As already hinted at, our party was composed of men of different countries, with reference to which, it has been well remarked by one of much experience, that good-humour and plea-

sant companionship on the road, is better preserved by that arrangement, than if all were of one particular tribe, or nation.

Irishmen are the very best natured, and now and then, the most good tempered fellows in existence,—that is, when you allow them to have everything their own way; but when they congregate for any length of time together, they are fond of argument, crossing each other in opinion on the merest trifles; they get peppery, and are very apt to quarrel, particularly in their cups.

John, on the other hand, is so excessively reserved, that argument, which is said (I think erroneously) to be the life of conversation, flags, and their socialism begins to slumber when they meet; so that journeying together without an intermixture of the others, is often as wearisome as it is disheartening.

The Scot adores his country, but then he adores himself very much too. When travelling as "*compagnons de voyage*," self-admiration frequently gets the better of social love, and mars the pleasure of good fellowship. The Northern can, no more than other people, assimilate without a tincture of their neighbours; they are all the better of having John Bull or Pat among them.

As for Taffy, you can seldom get enough of them in a coterie together upon which to build an observation.

But to return to our friends, who were by this time assembled in the patio or court-yard, waiting impatiently for the muleteers to complete their operations; the moment of departure had almost arrived; the calibash, canteen, and haversack, were slung; the well-filled panniers, with their appliances, strapped on and buckled; the patron, his wife, and a brood of children, were collected to see us off; when at length, and at a very early hour, the clatter of hoofs and the jingling of bells announced our egress from the gateway. How mortifying to think that no other intimation was given to the world concerning the outset of such important characters. Had it been in London, or any other great town at home, we should have had it thus, under the head of "Fashionable departures,"—"Left town for the army, Lieutenant-Colonel So-and-So, Captain Thingemderry, Messrs. Spooney, Greenhorn, and suite;" but here the dogs will bark at you, the old women, unless you are particularly civil, will give you a few maledictos; the only honourable mention you can ever hope for.

After sundry windings through the filthy lanes and streets, almost suffocated with the vile aroma, we gained the outlets.

Already the first bright rays of the early sun had shed their light upon the buildings, which, as they receded, improved considerably both as to beauty and effect.

The closeness of the sultry atmosphere, which, like a weight, oppressed us before we left the city, was, when we gained the open country, succeeded by the fragrant and refreshing coolness of the morning air.

As the day advanced, the dust rose in clouds before us, the heat became excessive, and were it not for the lofty walls and trees we passed, whose dusky shade was thrown across the road, we should never have been able to proceed.

Toiling on in this delightful manner for some hours, occasionally through ravines with steep and thickly wooded banks, at other times through scenery not so difficult of access, but of the wildest beauty, our first day's march was terminated. A few days more brought us to Portalegre.

The monotony of our route was undisturbed by any particular adventure more remarkable than that of arousing the paysannos, while pas-

sing through the villages; until we arrived at the small town of St. Olaya, situated in a wild and thinly inhabited part of the country, where there was scarcely any accommodation beyond that which the padre's house afforded. Meeting, however, with some officers of the 13th Light Dragoons, who were billeted on his reverence, we received a welcome that was most acceptable to worn-out travellers. The party consisted of Surgeon Roach, with his assistant, the Adjutant, Cornet King, and one or two others; all of them extremely pleasant men; the Doctor in particular, like the rest of his fraternity, and like his countrymen, for he was a true Milesian, was a fund of anecdote and humour. After marching through an uninviting district, we enjoyed the "windfall," and not the less, as it came so unexpected. In times when things went on as men would desire to have them, an event of this kind was little thought of, if at all appreciated. Meeting with a few congenial souls, was but an every-day adventure; and passed away to make room for something else that was equally well accustomed; but here, where dinners or convivial parties were matters of rare occurrence, the "windfall" was more highly prized; it was not only cheering to the weary soldier, but

encouraged him to meet the frowns of fortune whenever they might assail him.

Considering the circumstances under which we lay, the dinner was tolerably well got up. Roach took charge of the Irish stew; the Adjutant gave his attention to the soup and bouillie; while the wine department devolved on King, who certainly, on that occasion, performed his duty with credit to himself, and with great advantage to his friends. We settled ourselves round a cheerful blaze of pine wood; when all appendages of the festive board being put in requisition, our evening, or rather night carouse was kept up until daylight reminded us that we should be on the road; when parting unwillingly, our entertainers to their respective "camas," and their guests to the post of rendezvous, before the sun was up we were a good way on our journey.

The dragoons generally managed to live well, as long as there was anything to be had to live on in this unfortunate "land of famine."

They had infinitely the advantage of us in this respect; for being always in the front, whether in the way of foraging or fighting—and one frequently involved the other—scouring about the country on every side, they could scarcely fail

of getting their haversacks well replenished ; while the infantry were, per force, content to pick up any gleanings their more fortunate brethren might leave behind. The 13th were a plain and easy-going set of men ; they were at all times roughing it, which may, in some measure, account for this. Thrown with us into many a wild encampment, or bed-fellows in a trench, often brought together within the atmosphere of powder, whatever particularities they might have heretofore indulged in, had evaporated ; while the vain hope of one being greater than his brother in the "ditch," resolved itself into a common feeling of equality.

Cornet King, one of the juniors of our company, very soon after this, lost his life in a most unfortunate way at Badajos. Being sent there as the bearer of a "flag of truce," he was permitted to ride in close upon the glacis ; when, without any parley or deliberation, one of the sentries on the ramparts fired a shot, which caused his immediate death. It was a most wanton act of treachery, and the more to be deplored, from the honourable and confiding way in which poor King advanced. He was greatly lamented by every one who knew him ; and no wonder—for it was impossible there could be, in

every sense, a more gallant or excellent young man.

Many instances of this treacherous violation of the rules of war, took place in Spain. They were not generally made known ; but the French were glad, on any slight pretence, to have an opportunity of taking a shot at one of us ; so that, could they "do it quietly," they might pass it off with the old cry of "*la fortune de guerre.*"

Talking of the 13th, brings to my memory the 23rd, since made lancers. Both as regarded men and officers, they were the "elite" of all our cavalry in the field. Cutcliffe, who was at one time at their head, was himself a man of soldier-like and commanding figure. His dark expressive countenance, well moustached, betrayed a mind of firmness and resolution. He would have risen to eminence in any station. At Talavera, the 23rd rode over each other into a deep ravine, or gulley, led on by Seymour, a fine officer, but wanting the coolness possessed by Arentschild, who, foreseeing the consequence of the desperate onset, reined up and saved his men.* If Dr. Johnson's meaning

* Col. Arentschild, of the German cavalry, very prudently pulled up upon the margin of the gulley, when the 23rd were madly rushing, with this exclamation—"I will not kill my poor mens."

of a dragoon be true, "that he is one who fights indifferently either on foot or horseback," his meaning was, in this affair, literally made plain ; for troop-horses were galloping on the ridge in all directions, without their riders, who were probably cutting away at Victor's men, but to what extent it would be difficult to ascertain ; for few, if any, of the squadron that first got over, returned to tell the story.

Those who, by an awful struggle, had escaped the overthrow in the dyke, were plunging on into the midst of fire ; when, large columns of the enemy advancing fast, they were, for the most part, cut to pieces, either by musketry or the sabre.

Waterloo, where the regiment proved its metal, put, as it did with many others, an extinguisher on their hopes ; that splendid corps being, immediately on the termination of the "drama," sent to turn their sabres into ploughshares, or their lances into hop-poles.

CHAPTER III.

Quarters in Portalegre—Pleasant Walks—Wood Cutting—
Small Value of Human Life in Spain—Volunteers—Com-
missaries—Sir Thomas Picton—Saint Lawrence—Taste for
Dining—Bad Policy in Hanging Commissaries—The Second
Majors—Fond of Good Living, and of Ogling—The Unfor-
tunate H. P. in quest of a Dinner—&c.

PORTALEGRE.

THERE are many worse things in this world than an evening's carousal round a Spanish hearth, particularly when a knot of fellow-travellers meet in that locale.

While cantoned in Portalegre, our quarters were possessed of but few of those attractions that were likely to make us linger each round the fireside of his own domicile ; on the contrary, we were the more disposed to congregate to-

gether in small juntos, at the billet of one who, being more highly favoured, had got himself into a better lodging than his neighbour. The officers of the same company generally lived, and very often starved together; those of that which I belonged to, with two or three other kindred spirits, equally bent on taking a cheerful glass, made it a practice to assemble regularly in the way that I have stated.

The place of rendezvous was a wide gloomy looking chamber, which answered for kitchen, hall, and parlour, to an old fashioned building, something not unlike a barn, fitted up with iron gratings and balustrades, and with an abundant supply of folding doors, dark passages, and winding stairs. It was, in short, such an old rambling bundle of rubbish and timber heaped together that one reads of in some wild romance, and questionable enough to make it the scene of hobgoblins, fairies, or other suspicious gentry.

Night after night we closed round an ancient table of solid oak, that stood before a chimney of very unfashionable dimensions, where, upon a hearth of similar amplitude, blazed a pile of firewood, which threw a glaring light upon the rude furniture, as well as upon the weather-beaten features of the company.

On either side of this enormous cooking-place were stone benches, where some had taken up a hot position, either to superintend the cauldron, or keep the fire replenished from a mountain of dry fir branches lying close at hand.

The bleak and wintry noise that rattled through the shingle over head, or shook the wooden casements, produced a general movement nearer to the flame; when the trusty panniers being opened, a copious supply of brandy, cordials, and other delectable compounds was extracted. The louder the wind, the more the faggots were heaped on, and the closer round the blaze we gathered; while the bowl passing freely,

“ Each took a smack of the cold black jack,
Whilst the fire burnt in his brain.”

By means of castle building, marvellous tales, and some good songs, the heaviest part of a long and dreary night was pleasantly beguiled, and we returned to our own abodes, rejoicing that we had contrived a plan to relieve the monotony of our solitary billet, and to lighten those cares that, more or less, hang about the life of every man.

There is no situation in life which may not at the worst have something to render the bit-

terness of the cup palatable ; even the rugged path of war is oftentimes crossed by a ray of sunshine, when the tired campaigner forgets his trouble—his dangerous pursuits—and gains fresh encouragement to resume them.

I know of nothing that was so effectual in softening our hardest service, than the friendly companionship that existed between those who were engaged together in the same perilous duties, which not only attached them to each other, but made them associate with more real pleasure than any other class of people in the world. This, I repeat, applies particularly to men who have spent much of their days in camp—men who, in later times, when the busy scene was over, looked back on those gleams of pleasure, snatched amid their cares, with fond regret ; for those were pleasures—momentary respites from the severe duties of the field, which, although short-lived, made them think lighter of the distance from those friends whom the chances were they might not more behold ; or from a home, which, in all human probability, might never be a home to them again.

There were a variety of beautiful walks in the neighbourhood of Portalegre, in many directions ; some winding about the rugged eminences upon

which the town is situated ; others penetrating the olive groves and woods of chesnut, intersected the vineyards, and were lost among the rocks and tangled brushwood that grew thickly on the hills. One of them in particular, more beautiful and quiet than any of the rest, led to a hermitage that was concealed by a close plantation, and bounded by a terrace that commanded a delightful prospect over a landscape exquisitely fine. The solitude of this lovely spot invited those who were of a romantic turn, or who wished to meditate. The terrace was flagged with large stones, that were overgrown with moss, being protected from the sun by the shade of crumbling walls and trees adjoining ; it was one of the most agreeable promenades that could be thought of during the autumnal heat. Even in winter there were charms about its desolation that caused us still to frequent our favourite haunt.

FORAGING AND WOODCUTTING.

The officers took their turn, once or twice a week, in going with a foraging party consisting of eight or ten men a company, and the bat mules, which were sent to a pine forest about five miles distant, for the purpose of conveying

fuel to our quarters. The excursion was so much enjoyed that many, before their turn, volunteered to accompany the expedition, which being well armed with bill-hooks and other dangerous implements, looked somewhat formidable to the natives as we sallied forth.

On arriving at the boundaries of the forest, the work of demolition was soon commenced, and the tall fir trees came down on all sides, under the violent chopping of the foragers, who, applying their shoulders lustily to the task, the faggots were abundantly collected ; when the whole being gathered into heaps and tied, the remainder of the time was spent either in ranging through the trees, or getting our rustic fare in readiness. The haversacks and canteens were lined so well as to afford quantum sufficit for a capital *fête campêtre*, for which the mountain air had given us keen appetites ; and while tossing off the cups of wine, the old woods rung again with shouts of gaiety. We returned at nightfall, well satisfied with our crusade, which by all was confessed to be the merriest of our duties.

The Spaniards set very little value upon human life : if a man is killed in a scuffle, " O, it is only," say they, " *uno ombre muerto* ;" they

walk off coolly, and no more about it. Looking out of my window one day, into the large irregular space, called the Rocio, in front of where I lived, I observed a crowd of people, about some bullock waggons, and a sort of bustle among them ; when presently, they separated, and all was quiet in a minute or two, as if nothing was the matter. The fact, upon enquiry, proved to be a dispute between two paysanos, one of whom, to settle the affair, plunged his knife into the body of the other, who was then lying dead upon the pavement. The murderer, after a savage grin at his victim, and looking contemptuously at the people, while he deliberately sheathed his weapon, made a run to the porch of a chapel, near the square ; where, taking refuge, he remained, until skreened by darkness, and eluded, (for easily he might,) the feeble efforts that were made to capture him.

Such is the nature of their laws, that any criminal may escape, by first taking to a sanctuary ; and if he has influence or money, his crime, even of the deepest die, will pass unpunished. The people who witnessed the catastrophe shewed the utmost apathy, and each left the spot as quickly as he could, treating the matter with as little concern as if it was a dog that had been killed. Murders are therefore common ;

the knife at all times gives them a ready mode of taking revenge, cutting short the argument, and the life of their opponents.

They often quarrel in their cups, but oftener when gambling. On every halt, the muleteers, or waggon drivers, squat themselves upon the road, when pulling out a greasy pack of cards, they begin to play for money.

Anger soon becomes excited, and it is no unusual thing, upon the least suspicion of unfair dealing, to exchange their cards for knives, when a carving match ensues, which, in general has a fatal issue to one of those concerned, while the other is desperately wounded.

VOLUNTEERS.

About this period, a number of young men, animated by an impulse not easily controlled, to make a figure in the world, and all on fire to get into the heat of battle, made their appearance with the army, under the title of volunteers.

The war-struck hero, who failed in getting an ensigncy by a shorter cut, that is through the interference of beauty or nobility, shaped out the plan of his own campaign, when in a little time, the bullet would provide for him, either one way or the other. Wearied of domestic or

scholastic honors, the birch or A B C, he walked off with a knapsack on his back, and without a penny in his pocket, to the nearest seaport town ; where he established his head-quarters, until a flinty-hearted father, or a still more flinty mother, enabled him by a small supply of cash, to prosecute his journey.

Others, under better patronage, ventured in the lottery, in which dead men's shoes were to form the highest prize ; while, with the goal of their ambition in perspective, they bore with Spartan fortitude the hungry avocation of an unfledged, as well as untamed volunteer.

Many of these fine spirited young fellows, soon got into hopeless plight, being abandoned to much distress for want of friends or money, cast adrift upon a troubled sea, without compass, leading star, or helm.

It would have melted the hardest heart, to witness the condition they were often brought to ; the inexperienced boy, for he was mostly nothing more, trained up with tenderness and care, was forced to toil on foot with firelock, and cumbrous harness, on a long and weary march ; his limbs tottering under him from weakness, while, shivering in his scanty garments, the winds, that in hollow gusts swept across our road,

threatened by their violence to sweep away his shadowy and harrassed frame.

Rations he was allowed ; but the raw stripling, unacquainted with the art of soldiering, knew scarcely what to do with them ; and as for foraging for himself, when the times were bad, he was fairly, or rather foully thrown behind, frequently without a meal : his dry canteen dangling from his shoulders, was a symbol of his empty stomach, while his havresack flapped or flew about his ears like a signal of distress.

Hope deferred, was commonly his lot ; his exact position in the army was undefined, or not at all times recognized ; there was no particular place or station, that he could strictly call his own ; oftimes looked down upon, and with few to compassionate him, his days, albeit in crowds, were days of loneliness and sorrow.

The fulfilment of his prospects, that was death to others, brought life and joy to him ; many a helpless, homeless youth, accustomed to better days, perished in bitterness, unknown, almost unheard of, and forgotten.

By the humanity of the Colonel, the volunteer was in general permitted to march without the weight of ammunition ; and if of tender years, to carry a fusil ; he moreover associated with the officers, and was excused the common duties of

the men ; I have known instances, where the poor young fellow, when in the endurance of hunger, cold and thirst, was compelled to carry a heavy firelock, with its appendages, and take his regular turn of duty.

The unfeeling officer who ordered this, must himself have possessed a heart of adamant : for the honour of human nature, such examples were seldom witnessed.

The Ensigncy was dearly purchased when it came, and often long in coming ; but in the eyes of the probationer, better late than never—it was a welcome thing at any time to reach the summit of that eminence, he had been so anxiously ascending ; and whether it was, that the wished for object was more valued from the peril encountered in the attainment of it, or from any other cause, his attachment to the service was increased, and not a few of the finest officers who were distinguished in those campaigns, originally filled the humble, though honourable post of volunteer.*

* The volunteer was in all cases promoted to the first death vacancy after battle. He dressed in a plain red jacket of fine cloth, without lace or epaulet, with a cap, and soldier's bayonet belt ; neither sash or breastplate or other equipment of the commissioned officer. Taking the right of the company to which he was attached, he occupied that post in action.

COMMISSARIES

Were by far the most independant sort of fellows that flourished in our army ; they had a rattling, free and easy sort of life, very much to be envied, devoid of everything like care ; and were, in short, gentlemen who carried on the war, (a war of bills and choppers,) in a style more in accordance with the feelings of your regular take-it-coolly sort of people, than with that of the gypsey, supperless, restless, mode of being, that our combatants were wont to lead.

They made a very imposing figure when *en route*, followed as they were, by an endless string of waggons, mules well laden, by animals of every genus, from the poor borrico to the plump caballo ; a multitude of bat-men, mule-teers, and foragers ; idlers, lame and lazy ; stragglers who lingered or malingered in the rear ; but who, afterwards, snuffing up the gale, fell in with the cortége, like jackalls ready to pounce on any loose provender in their way.

At once the vanguard and avant-courier of his train, the Commissary rode gaily mounted on a capital horse, pampered and in as good condition as any parson's churchyard Rozinante,

(for whose caballo would be pampered, if he were not); the animal withal gambolled and pranced with joy, as if conscious of bearing him who well could minister to that joy.

Troops of aides-de-camps and underlings were at his heels, who cracked their whips unmercifully, while the uncouth sounds of braying, screaming, barking and hallooing, reached the camp-ground long before the several performers arrived upon the stage.

The Commissary was no woman-hater; wherever he displayed his colours, some dashing, flaunting Amazon, in her trappings, was not far off. Sundry *attachés*, of the tender sex, formed an interesting, as well as animated portion of his suite. Spanish or Portuguese donnas, attired in gaudy vestments, some with riding-dresses, others with gaily decorated hats and plumes, each with their criados, well sombreroed and capoted at her skirt, and with a deputy sub, or quarter-master on her personal staff.

Furthermore, there was a pleasing variety of soldiers' wives, ornamented "à-la-militaire;" the pack, the calibash and canteen, while picaninnies at discretion were either strapped above the knapsack, or running after.

In such good company, the Commissaries

were at all times ; and though to a common observer, their hands seemed full of business, they never troubled their heads on state affairs, but left the under deputy assistant's deputy, to do all the drudgery.

The chief of the department, who was frequently the favoured *parvenu* of some wealthy Don at home, in general played his cards with skill ; he made a lucky hit, and was determined to improve upon it ; and hence, shewed off with the magnificence of an eastern Nizam ; at all events, he and his myrmidons made as great a noise.

When he happened to get the reputation of a genuine entertainer, and a lover of cheer himself, as well as a dispenser of the same to others, he was in prime request : nothing could equal his popularity among the knobs, who found it their interest to curry favour with him, in order to get their bills discounted. The roué too, following the example of his betters, courted the smiles, and dipped without remorse into the pocket of the second Cræsus, whose purse, even were it equal to that of Fortunatus, found dippers enough to draw upon it.

The Commissary was the man among the natives, with whom, (particularly the senoras,)

he was quite at home ; his money flying on every side, had a great attraction ; his gold had charms to win their hearts, if his palaver had not ; and long before we gained access, he had enlisted a host of lovely creatures on his side. There was no withstanding his prancing steed, —his dazzling trappings,—his polished spurs,—and last, though not least, his brilliant feather that swept the ground ; this was the finisher, and totally eclipsed the miserable stunted article that flourished in our chapeaux.

I venerate the well-fed Commissary in the field, however ; and so does every old campaigner ; he carries about with him the staff of life wheresoever he goes, an olio of good things accompanies him ; and in the plenitude of his power, his reign of glory, I can think of no man so popular, or one who was so welcome in the camp.

A countless mass of troops has just arrived, and so have generals to command them. Doctors have likewise joined, to complete what the sword had left unfinished, and to release men from their troubles ; but they were all helpless, penniless, dinnerless, yea, worse than useless, without the cheering presence of the commissary ; when he was there, it was a jubilee of

feasting ; but in his absence, all was blank ; the half-starved warrior might well have cried with Shylock,—

“ You take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.”

He might also add,—“ From craving hunger with its attendant horrors, may the Commissary, the king of gourmands, soon deliver me.”

Commend me to this character at the witching or bewitching hour of dinner, that hour of such importance to a ravenous sub., when he was to put his feet (not exactly under his mahogany), but as it made no difference, under a Spanish table, manufactured of solid oak ; there he saw the magnate in his element, and he was no less so in his own ; at other times, the frying-pan was called into active service, but on this occasion, this select blow-out, there was a galaxy of dainties, in comparison with which, Alexander's feast was a meagre and very poor concern. Curtis himself, with the late, though noble C——, would have hid themselves abashed. Before a blaze,—a perfect bon-fire, the dinner was laid out ; such an array of spicy edibles, such a *carte*, search in the re-

cords of the London, or the Crown and Anchor, you will find nothing that can give the least idea of it. Approaching it, the fragrant odours by which your nostrils were saluted, gave better information of its value.

There was not a man in the whole army,—I won't except the most professional diner-out,—who would not rather have feasted here, than with the *Cabinet*. Our caterer in the 2nd Division was a princely host; his name was Lawrence; but he was not the *Saint*, nor yet related to that venerable man; the gridiron upon which his reverence was roasted, would barely have sufficed for the various broils and grills, that were cooked up for the guests.

The fizzing of fricasees, steaks and stews, were enough to make the very bones of every alderman, since the days of Adam, to dance for joy.

Some wise-acre has written to inform the world, that General Picton had a taste for hanging commissaries; I am bound to contravene the same assertion, and to say to my certain knowledge, the gallant officer in question had a greater taste for dining with them. He loved a good dinner, (and who does not?) as well as any man; and he had sense enough to know, that to hang those gentlemen upon trees, was not the way to gain that object.

The Zealanders, or the crows, might have got a dinner by such a *line* of conduct ; but not a general of division, who would be much more likely to bleed them well, or, in other words, to draw upon them, than cause them to figure on the exalted station to which we have alluded.

I am inclined to think that the story so ingeniously got up, and which, (if true,) would by no means form the brightest page in that brave veteran's history, found existence but in the writer's fertile brain ; the whole affair of frightened commissary, and the tree from which the unhappy man was doomed to be suspended, being concocted before a comfortable fire at home.

It was not the fashion in those days, to treat the commissaries à-la-Tyburn ; and if it was, I am well convinced that the general I refer to was not the person to adopt it. The truly *brave man* is not tyrannical ;—Waterloo is a monument of Picton's bravery ;— therefore, Picton was not tyrannical.

Next in rotation in our gallery of portraits, we may as well exhibit a certain class of men, who were extant at an early period of the war ; and for aught I know, may have some prototypes in the present times. I refer to,

THE 2ND MAJORS OF THE OLD SCHOOL,

Wherein some of our modern antiques may see themselves reflected ; and if the cap fits them, they may wear it ; or, should the likeness be a good one, let them hang it in their study for the subject of their future contemplation, or admiration, which they think proper.

For my part, I really don't know any sect of mortals, within the whole range of the profession, who have a more happy mode of getting through the world with their gentlemanly sinecures, than these ; I won't even except our friends, of whom I have been just engaged in honourable mention. Whether at home or abroad, at peace or war, it makes no difference—they are still the same independent, time-killing, aldermanic sort of beings ; a compound of the bon-vivant, the well-dressed, and the willing-to-be-thought intelligent officers. Particularity, fuss, and fidgettiness, is written on their features ; albeit, at times, they hold the reins so slack, that subalterns will now and then run wild ; and even the youngest of the untamed ones, will play their pranks upon them.

Major No. 2, may, without much penetration, be discovered among a crowd of militants,

by a variety of nameless peculiarities and distinctions, both in air and costume, natural to the tribe.

As he merges from his penetralia to parade, he looms magnificently, and paces onwards with a step of confidence, unknown to the more plebeian of his brethren; the atmosphere is redolent of his toilet essences, his powder and pomatum, while his oily and well-fed frontispiece betrays an attentive conference with good living.

Picture to yourself, a burly florid-looking personage, the living epitome of a feast, upon whose pate some two-or-three and fifty years have travelled, with a fine rotundity of barrel, (a magazine of dainties,) and a visage resplendant as the sun, with the pleasures of the table embronzed, and embellished with certain indications of the choicest vintage, and smoothed down by the absence of the cankerworm, into the most felicitous repose.

His tout-ensemble betokens the old soldier, so far as making his own loved-self the object of his care. Time, remorseless time, is fast encroaching, though he is a would-be evergreen, and gout has made him rather feeble on his pins; he is, notwithstanding, a personable gentleman as yet, and may live to tantalize the spins-

ters, and torment the Ensigns for years to come.

Before the officers fall in, he slopes about the square, when in order to have it said and seen that he is all vigilant and alert, he calls the Subalterns around him to hold a conclave, while switching his polished boots, he gives them to understand that he is "the Major." After a lecture on shirt-collars, or whiskers, he dismisses them with a hint upon mustachios, telling them that it was not intended they should imitate the Turks, or ape the Cossacks.

Mounted on his prancing barb, he eyes with self-approving glance his spurs and other bright appointments; now at the Colonel's nod, he takes a canter along the pivots; his fiery zeal is seen by many ejaculatory remarks, accompanied with contortions of his limbs, when hallooing to the juniors, echo repeats his words. "Company No. 2., fall back—Mr. Smith, dress up, Sir,—Mr. Putty-face, you are a mile too far in front—number 4, eyes right," and so on in a sort of a rambling blustering tone, until the notes of his vocal organs, cracked by service, degenerate into those of a croaking raven.

Off parade, he becomes one of the most inveterate loungers; the barrack esplanade, is

scarcely wide enough for his peregrinations; however, he takes his daily rounds, and has one particular favourite corner, where he waddles up and down for hours, in gentle rumination, with his hands behind his back, like the skipper upon his quarter deck. From the mess-room to the stables, and back again, he acts upon a revolving system. Should he, in his progress, meet the mess-man, he accosts him with words to this effect; "Well, Mr. Cutmore," rubbing his hands with anxious curiosity, mixed with gladness, and occasionally patting his well-lined flanks, "What have you got to-day?—how is our larder, any thing good there? a capon or a pheasant, or even a cold veal pie, in these hard times?" feeding in imagination on the delicacies, and cheered by the assurance of Cutmore, of a sumptuous bill of fare, he goes off, inwardly rejoicing. Peradventure he falls in with a knot of congenial idlers, a set of loose and harum-scarum fellows, who begin to tease him with a number of marvellous recitals, while egged on by a veteran wag, they hint something about going abroad, or an order for the Leeward islands, as the case may be. Finding him somewhat crusty on this tack, they follow up the blow, until the Major gets quite impatient, and vociferates in a rage, "Gentlemen, I don't believe a word of all this

nonsense ; no, Sir, I don't believe it ; however, should it be the case, I'll cut—I am off—my papers go in to-morrow—no more broiling for me, I have had enough of it," when turning on his heel, in loud asseveration, he is away instant.

The economy of the major's barrack-room would assure you that he was an old campaigner ; for it is garnished out with sundry trappings not pertaining to his usual outfit. The walls are hung with military trophies :—part of the helmet of a French dragoon, picked up on the plains of Salamanca ; a cuirass and shield, rescued from the field of Waterloo ; besides such a variety of ancient armour as would lead one to infer, that he had fought with the crusaders, or combatted single-handed with Saladin, the infidel. Having taken out his batchelor's degrees, everything about him savours of the anti-matrimonial. Being at one time questioned as to his reasons for approving of the tax on celibacy, he replied, from the very bottom of his heart, " Because I like to pay for all my comforts." Our immediate hero may have been crossed in love ; but no such event, however, has appeared on record. He has often been heard to sigh and rave a little in his musings ; but it is pretty well ascertained, that the fair creatures had no favour in his sight.

The major is wedded to an infinity of little niceties and particularities of his own, that occupy him in a way (at least in his idea) more interesting than connubial bliss.

Neither batchelor's fare, nor lodging-house dinners have any attraction in his esteem; nor is he a convert to the cold-meat and pic-nic school;—no, no!—to please his palate, there must be a regularly-built, smoking, well-sustaining table.

Pending the discussion of the courses, the gastronome is not loquacious; his jaws are better occupied, than babbling nonsense; however, after feeding-time, he gradually brightens up;—his oft related tales are brought upon the carpet,—his wit becomes as sparkling as the bottle,—his mull, which some have called his wife, assists to titilate his nerves,—and he is one of the pleasantest of men.

To unbend a little, after the harrassing *duties of his rank*, he frequently goes on a pleasurable tour to London, where he throws his cash about in all directions. Those may be called his halcyon days,—his days of gallantry, of kids, and Hoby's.

Sauntering leisurely down Regent-street, he may be seen about the hour of three, some-

where between Verey's and the Quadrant; THERE you may twig the Major, who, twirling his cane, with his chapeau on a hair, he eyes the vulgar multitude, and fancies that all the world are staring at him, the prince of magnates.

He will occasionally shorten sail, to survey the prints or patterns in a window; and while in the crystal he affects to adjust the arrangement of his stock, he is taking a sidelong view of some delicate little patterns of the feminine gender, that have cunningly placed themselves within the range of notice. Bestowing upon the fair grisettes one of his most captivating smiles, he musingly proceeds; humming as he goes on, an aria, "sotto voce," from an opera of the preceding night, when Malibran transfixed him by her strains.

Should he encounter some ill-starred cidevant of his fraternity, who has lately got H. P. appended to his name, and who, with a lugubrious phiz, would renovate an old acquaintanceship, our hero of the "Fulls," affecting to observe the movements of the heavenly bodies, or squaring up to inspect a druggist's window, cuts the ex-warrior; and with an ultra-flourish of his "penang," accompanied by a fashionable

whistle, he proceeds in the direction of the Blenheim, leaving the demi-solde to ruminate on a "*diving*" * experiment at the BEDFORD.

* The "divers," are a well-known, and well-established family, long settled in London and its vicinity. Various branches and connections of them, may circulate through other cities; but *here*, their very sanctum, their fountain-head, they luxuriate and vegetate, with a degree of pride and dignity, unknown to other sections of the human race; because *here*, they luxuriate undisturbed, upon the best of all good things the world can give. There is nothing remarkable about the appearance of the tribe, beyond that of ordinary mortals; neither is there anything in their usual habits, to distinguish them from others, until the near approach of that very interesting period of the afternoon, when it is found requisite to invigorate the "inner-man;" then, indeed, it is easy to recognize them;—the genuine and veritable diver, may then be noticed above the common herd, by a certain enquiring sharpness in his physiognomy,—a keenness of expression, that denotes a yearning after sundry edibles and condiments, and a desire to become familiar with the offerings of a well endowed cuisine. With a brisk pace, as he tends nearer to the seat of action, there is an air of independance about him, arising from the full assurance, that the aforesaid edibles are prepared and smoking for his discussion. Resolving, or having resolved, upon his dive, he almost instinctively begins to stoop before he gets within twenty paces of the well-known door; when, giving a glance of the most unutterable satisfaction at the joints so invitingly displayed before him in the window, and with a sharp reconnoissance to ascertain that the coast is clear

Once more returned to quarters, our gal-

he makes his plunge,—vanishing, or rather gliding inwards, like the apparition of Don Juan, enveloped in a vapoury cloud of steam. The “divers,” are not confined to any particular profession; in fact, they profess nothing but a sincere devotion to both roast and boiled; their creed is based upon the laws of Kitchener—they religiously and profoundly worship Mother Glass. They make their sortie with the same degree of vigilance with which they entered; furtively arrived upon the pavé, they at first move quickly on; but confidence regained, they strut with all the dignity of one who had feasted at the “Carlton.” The fair sex have been known occasionally to perform “à-la-Françoise,” and throw a charm about the scene; one, in particular, used to frequent a well-known temple in “Maiden-lane,” attended by her spouse, decked out with so much finery, (and she was a remarkably handsome woman,) that she obtained the soubriquet of the “diving-belle.” The saloon, or temple, as I have heard it termed, to which I have alluded, might well have been called a “temple of the graces,” for there were generally in attendance, some of the prettiest girls in London; no doubt “our host” had his interest in this; it *appeared*, at all events, a profitable speculation. For the sake of those fair Ganymedes, his rooms were always filled, and he must, in a little time, have made an ample fortune.

Why the well-fed gastronomes are called “divers,” in the present day, it is difficult to imagine; for they no longer descend below the visible horizon; gradually submerging from the gloom of other days, they have, at length, attained that honourable footing in society, which their merit, as zealous “trencher-men,” so well deserves.

lant Major recommences his life of blissful ease,—

“ He eats, and drinks, and sleeps.—What then ?
He eats, and drinks, and sleeps again.”

CHAPTER IV.

Markets—Modest prices—Pride unnecessary—Fine feelings thrown overboard—The Brigadier, and Ensign Fringe—Major Longbow—The 2nd Division—Pet-names for the Divisions—The 28th and 34th, pair off—The fat Major—The 66th—The Electric-fluid at a premium—The absent Captain—The Corinthian Light-bob—The Doctors—A Receipt to cure Malingering—Taken outwardly—Doctor O'Malley—New mode of killing the Doctors.

PORTALEGRE.

WE were but indifferently off for provender, at Portalegre. The king's-own, was a system of commons that haunted us wherever we happened to sojourn. Soup and bouillie one day, Irish-stew the next, varied, perhaps, by a kidney from the Quarter-master ; then, on the third day, back again to the soup and bouillie.

We built all our hopes on the followers of the camp, better known by the name of Sutlers, a goodly tribe of venders, who assuring us that their commodities were "*better ash new*," they not only fleeced, but skinned us into the bargain. They were, however, necessary evils; we could not get on without them; and they knew this. They also knew that we had always a number of loose dollars due to us at the end of the month, which would most likely burn our pockets, unless they relieved us of the burden; and as money was a thing of no value in our esteem, but of very great value in theirs, they took their measures, or rather our measures accordingly; giving us in exchange for the aforesaid dollars, whatever their conscience would allow them.

The novice may form a good idea of our affairs by the following prices, which these gentlemen had the modesty to demand;—

Pearl-tea, per lb.	3 dollars!
Loaf-sugar, do.	2 ..
Salt-butter, do., rancid	1 ..
Cheese, do., (mites and all),	2 ..
Coffee, do., worse than Cobbett's,	2 ..
Brandy, per bottle,	2 ..

and every thing else in the same proportion.

"Travellers not only tell strange things, but do them too," is an axiom that was realized by our locomotives, who were not only made acquainted with curious characters, but with still more curious customs.

What will not adversity and rough service bring men to?—hunger, they say, "will break through stone walls;" so it will through a man's pride, and particularities.

In the market-place, all distinctions of rank and situation vanished before the natural impulse of endeavouring to obtain the necessaries of life. That indefinable sort of thing, conceited affectation, and the purse-proud boast of wealth, so frequently strutting in its pompous way at home, and so prevalent among the disciples of your "hurt my nerve, and delicate feelings" school, was altogether out of fashion here: all were reduced to one common level.

From the brigadier to the humble messenger (mostly the sub himself) of the subaltern's mess, all pursued the vulgar avocation of purchasing butter, bread, and vegetables. The chief was jostled by the ensign, who probably had a better dinner that day than his superior.

I have more than once seen a general of no small importance, bedizened with gold lace, and

decked out with feathers, and aigulettes to match, a man who in his own dear country would scarcely have deigned to call the king his cousin, but here, who thought it no disparagement to his rank or dignity, to carry a pair of fowls, or a pound or two of butter to his quarters.

The General felt it no disgrace to take a swig from the flask of Ensign Fringe; and as for a cut off the ensign's ham, his palate was often tickled, when all that his own stock supplied could be spitted on the point of a bare bodkin. Those magnificos of many tassels, felt the gnawings of hunger as well as other people; and were furnished with organs that occasionally gave unmusical sounds, because, as they were much too fine to carry about them such vulgar things as havresacks, or calibashes, it so happened, in particular situations, they were at a distance from their larders, while the jolly subaltern had his "provision warehouse" conveniently slung across his shoulder.

The subject reminds me of a certain major, who boasted with no little pride, that on the retreat to Corunna, Sir John Moore himself, (the most unlikely man for such a thing) was glad to partake of the corner of a tough steak with him,

as they sat down cordially on a stone together. The marvellous tale was so frequently recited, that Longbow began at last to think that it was true.

It was generally suspected by his friends, that the steak in question, so often dilated on, was cooked up, "onions and all," after "our generous host" returned to England.

THE SECOND DIVISION.

The second division was not, agreeable to the language of the day, termed the "fighting division;" they had however, quite enough to satisfy any moderate people whenever they did come into play, and were so handsomely peppered at Talavera, de la Reyna, Albuera, Almaraz, and other places, that if their business here was not fighting, and that hard fighting too, I am altogether at a loss to know what the term means.

The Northerns consisted of the troops under Wellington's own immediate eye, and were certainly moving in more hungry regions, being mostly about the unfertile parts of Portugal, or on the frontiers of Spain, where they were badly supplied with provisions, and where the comfort of good quarters was unknown to them; the cold bivouac, or perhaps roofless and desolated tene-

ments being their lot. If they had rough usage in the camp, and a belly-full of hard knocks in the field, they had likewise a tolerable share of honour and glory to reward them, while they were consoled by the reflection, that those delicate little affairs of Badajos, Burgos, Salamanca, and Roderigo, were effectual checks to a redundant population.

Thanks to our better planet, from the circumstance of our being in Lord Hill's division, we were undoubtedly in a better climate, better country, and always in superior quarters ; and when we were not actually employed in the delightful occupation of *breaking heads*, our time, considering all things, was spent in an easy gentleman-like manner ; hovering round from one part of the Alentijo to another ; taking a sly peep into Andalusia, or paying a morning call on our friends in New Castile.

The wide surface of the Spanish provinces being thinly clothed with wood, we were, as often as possible, thrown into the towns and villages that lay scattered on those plains. Our visits were therefore frequent, and thus being much with the inhabitants, we enjoyed a description of civilized life, to which, as I said be-

fore, our less fortunate brethren (in the North) were utter strangers.

PET NAMES OF THE DIVISIONS.

The several divisions of the army were usually employed on duties which, to a common observer, would seem to be peculiar to the nature of the troops composing them, congenial to the taste of the officer in command, or to the fancy of the General-in-chief. From these, with other circumstances, originated the privilege of a title, which to each division was honourably appended, and as all were alike saluted by their proper "cognomen," there was no jealousy whatever about the matter: on the contrary, each took pride in that by which it was individually characterized, and the "nom de guerre," was as perfectly understood as the number on their buttons.

The first division, consisting chiefly of crack regiments, or the well-dressed battalions of the guards, remarkably fine-spoken men, and largely tinted with an *aristocratic* shade, were therefore styled, not without some degree of justice, "The Gentlemen's Sons."

The second were, with equal truth, denominated "the Surprizers," in allusion to the various

peep-o'-day excursions, when they so officiously intermeddled with, and broke in upon the slumbers of their enemies, at Arroyo de Molino, Almaraz, and other places. I have also heard them called the "pleasurables," from the idea that to agreeable quarters, (as already spoken of) they were much accustomed, and that gazing upon the Moorish beauties of Andalusia formed a very interesting portion of *their studies*.

THE THIRD DIVISION,

Were on all hands well known as the "fighting division," for the best imaginable reason—namely, that by some unaccountable means, they were always getting into the way of fire; or thrust into the very muzzle of every piece of cannon, or exposed to every battery, that was not otherwise engaged.

They were sent to stop up ruined embrasures and breaches with their own riddled carcasses, to be blown into fragments by mines, got up for their immediate benefit; and besides, as "Irishmen," they were indulged in every mode of fighting, and furnished with opportunities of being dispatched from this sinful world, in every possible and most destructive way that lay within the range of men or devil's wrathful ingenuity.

The Light Division, called themselves "*the* division," that, before which all others were to "hide their diminished heads." They well, however, deserved that honourable distinction, for a more fearless, thoughtless, careless set of fellows, never trod the camp; ever upon the qui vive for long shot, random shot, or any other light amusement in that way. With tufts as green as the hills over which they scampered, and with their rifles trailed, they were perpetually on the wing. Their favourite observatory was at the stem of a good old oak, or any other of the forest tribe, behind which they oft took friendly council, while they affectionately hugged their breastwork. Light-hearted, as well as light of foot, they were the most companionable of souls; nothing went amiss with them. A sharp ring from their fusils was generally the music by which they serenaded us, while with full confidence of having a trusty and well-tried set of flankers at our elbow, we were always sure of a brush, when the noiseless tramp of their double-quick was heard in our vicinity.

When the "fighting division" was at their work, the "lights" were not far off; there was no such thing as tying them down when the enemy was in sight. In our advances, or when

preparing for some grand attack, they fringed the borders in our front; and when retiring, they protected all our movements.

I cannot bring to my recollection the names by which the other divisions were distinguished; whatever they might be, they all in their turn came in for a fair proportion of any thing in the way of business that was going forward. The 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions, bore the brunt of some desperate work, particularly at Salamanca, one of the most remarkable and decisive victories that was gained; and where the conduct of the British troops proved unanswerably, that not only in hard fighting, but in manœuvring, they could bear comparison with men who were said to be the finest soldiers in the world.

The regiments of which the second division was composed, were the 3rd, or old Buffs, 28th, (1st batt.) 31st, (2nd), 34th, (2nd), 39th, (1st, batt.) 50th, (1st batt.) 57th, (1st batt.) 66th, 71st, 92nd.

The Buffs, 31st, 57th, and 66th, were formed into a provisional battalion after the battle of Albuera, where they were reduced to skeletons. The Buffs, in particular, under Col. Stewart, being on the right of Col. Colburn's brigade, and having, like the 57th, no time for getting into

square, before the Polish Lancers were among them, were dreadfully cut up. Their colours were so much shattered, as to be no better than stripes of ribbon, hung together upon the riddled poles, which they carried about in this state to the end of the campaign. Ensigns Walsh and Thomas, were honourably spoken of, for their gallantry in defending them. One of these brave fellows fell as he "nailed the standard to the mast;" the other was severely wounded. The old Buffs is the only regiment in the army which has the privilege of marching through the Cities of London and Westminster, with their drums beating, and their colours flying.

The 28th and 34th generally paired off together. The "slashers," as the former called themselves, were chiefly Irish, and as a matter of course, were up to every sort of mischief, rushing upon the enemy, when they were unmuzzled, with the fierceness of a tiger. Having the same facings, and a sort of family likeness to the 34th, these regiments matched uncommonly well in harness.

At the battle of Barossa, John Frederick Brown, who was a most inveterate salamander, carried them into the midst of fire, where he kept his countrymen beside him, until the

Frenchmen had good reason to remember the Major and his comrades, during the period of their natural or unnatural lives.

The 2nd battalion 34th, was one of the nicest little regiments I ever saw ; everything in good order, and compact about them ; the officers in particular, were better dressed than any others in the division—a more dapper set of youths there could not be. Amongst those whose exterior indicated no small attention to the toilet, was Captain F—, who was a model for the most finished exquisite. “His laurels were green, though his locks were grey ;” with regard to his outfit and personable figure, there was not such another Adonis in the army.

There is a something in the appearance of many corps, not easily defined ; but which at once gives even to the most inexperienced eye the impression that is usually understood among military men by the term, “crack regiment.” This may be distinguished, by an off-handed style of doing things—a smartness of their trim—a neatness and particularity, even to the very polish of their buttons—a sharp lively step of confidence—a sort of pride in one another, expressed upon their countenance ; all of which, both as regards the officers and men, immediately

informs you, whatever it is, that their tout ensemble breathes the very life and essence of a soldier.

So peculiarly are they characterized in this way, that even after the lapse of years, of many a hard campaign, when you would suppose that the rough usages of service would tarnish or break them down a little, they still retain the impress; it seems associated with their "number," in your mind, beyond the possibility of erasure. The Colonel very often, indeed in most cases, gives the tone to this. It so happens generally by the good management of those in power, that some smart intelligent fellow, whose natural bent is war, gets one of the favourites under his command: when it is the case, (and some battalions are highly favoured this way) he prides himself in displaying his men to the best advantage; his whole concern is about their welfare; zealously attached as he is himself to the profession, he makes it the business, as well as the pleasure of his life. When others are careless or indifferent, he is actively employed, and undoubtedly he must succeed. These regiments seem to be handed down as an heirloom from one clever officer to another. I scarcely ever knew an instance to the contrary.

Perhaps none could be said to verify these remarks, more strictly than the old Fifth or Northumberlands, (since made fuzileers). There was an air of warlike spirit about them, retained from past experience, when under Ridge, Mackenzie, Eames, Pratt, and many more, they preserved a reputation acquired in other fields.

There was nothing lively in their uniforms, their facings being a muddy gosling green; but notwithstanding this, there could not be a cleaner regiment. When I knew them, there were three Mackenzies in the corps, one of whom, the Colonel, a remarkably fine officer, was killed at Corunna. The others, Captain and Subaltern of the Light Company, died in the West Indies.

The 20th, long before Robert Ross (who was killed at Baltimore,) commanded them, was a favourite corps; and as such, led on by skilful and experienced officers, (many of whom were killed in action,) they were exposed to fire on every opportunity. While in the fourth division under Sir Lowry Cole, they suffered considerably at Vittoria and the Pyrennees. The 28th, 29th, and 34th, have been already noticed.

The 36th were trained by old Burn, in the school of tails and long gloves. They rather liked the smell of powder; in fact, to use an

Irishism, they would scarcely *live* in any other atmosphere. Burn was well known as he rode at the head of his battalion, by his veteran outline, his glazed cocked-hat square to the front, his stern and manly countenance, well embronzed by an Indian climate. He was present, and distinguished himself when a subaltern in the 36th, at the storming of Seringapatam.

The 38th were in the highest order, when Greville had them; indeed they have been at all times considered one of the finest-looking regiments in the service. The Wiltshires, of whom there were either three or four brothers in the corps, were all of them grenadiers, and extremely handsome men, embellished moreover with such expansive whiskers, as were of themselves enough to terrify any Frenchman.

The fighting Fortieth, under Kemmis, are well known. The 45th were called the "old stubborn;" nothing would either break or bend them. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the merits of the 43rd, or 52nd; let it suffice to say they were of the light division.

After including the 51st, 71st, 79th, and 85th, many others might be enumerated; but these I have mentioned, struck me as having more particularly a claim to the distinctive appellation

to which I first adverted. In saying this, however, it is merely an impression of my own; others may not have made the same remark. But to generalise on the material points, there can be but little difference between the military character of any two regiments throughout the army.

The war in the Peninsula presented a field where many instances of spirited conduct (and it is pleasing to recount them,) were displayed by those whose names, even though the historian may have passed them by unnoticed, will be long remembered.

Leaving aside all selfish motives, they cheerfully quitted the domestic hearth, the home of every comfort, for the severe and harrassing duties of the camp; where they were ever alert to meet those duties, and where, courting danger wherever it might be found, they attained the eminence they aspired for, or fell in the attempt.

Sir Dennis Pack was one of those constantly engaged in service. He brought the 71st to a state of discipline which shewed itself in that fine regiment, not only during the time that he himself was with them, but while Cadogan, and others of the same stamp were in command, who

carried on the system as long as they continued in the field ; and it is still maintained.

Major Lefebre of the Engineers, an officer of great promise, was killed at Matagorda, near Cadiz, when General Graham commanded them.

Among the juniors, likewise, were numbers who could be singled out for individual acts of bravery.

When I look back on the well contested and decisive business at Vimeiro, I am reminded of various incidents in this way, that came within my knowledge. I recollect particularly hearing of the extraordinary fearless conduct of Walter Ewart, Lieutenant of the 36th, grenadiers. He was well known to me in private life ; a more finished or accomplished officer, I never was acquainted with. Poor fellow, he unfortunately fell that day, leaving his brother soldiers to regret the untimely fate of one so young, so amiable, so noble-minded.

Lieutenant Strenouitz, of the 21st Light Dragoons, was at a later period, when in the second division, one of the foremost in many of those desperate affairs, that were then going forward at the outposts.

Lieutenant Greenshields, 45th, an intrepid soldier.

Dias, of the 51st, led the "forlorn hope," in the first assault on Badajos. It might well be called "forlorn," for any hopes that he might have; but poor Dias was an ensign, a class of men whose exploits in general, were they to exceed the valour of the "seven champions," would most likely be given to oblivion; while others, a few steps higher in the service, were they but possessed of one tenth of the zeal or heroism of this young officer, would have their gallantry proclaimed abroad, their fame blazoned to the four winds of heaven.

In times like these, when the "forlorn hope" was often called for, he was a daring fellow who ventured his cast upon the fearful die—upon an enterprize, when as he madly rushed to the well-defended breach, death stood before him in a thousand hideous forms to warn him off—when as he urged onward to the very teeth of fire, to grapple with the fell destroyer, the fatal dart was sure to strike. Considering how few are the instances of those who survive the terrible encounter, and how numerous are they who volunteer upon its dangers, it appears worse than folly to question the deathless spirit of our soldiers, or to impute to them any thing short of

courage in its most unconquerable and devoted aspect.

The soldiers of other nations may and will go forward to the work ; but let me see the men who do so with the same cool determined temper, or who with the same firmness stand up to their post in the midst of blazing missiles, where they quail not, nor yield one inch of ground while life remains.

I mentioned Greenshields of the 45th. This was a man who fell during the dreadful night attack on Badajos.—His tall and well-proportioned form lay for many hours upon the glacis ; his handsome features seemed even in death to wear a placid smile. There was something even on his pallid brow, expressive of the hero, who braved and sought for danger.

Bell, of the 48th, now Lieutenant-colonel of that regiment ; Colonel Coghlan, 61st ; Lieutenant Robert Dobbin, 66th, (killed in the south of France) ; Lieutenant and Adjutant Law, 71st ; Major Maclean, 77th ; Seaton ; Macpherson ; Bevan, and the two Hills of the 92nd ; were meritorious officers.

James Lewis Hill, and John Hill of the 92nd, were twins, and so much attached to each other, that when one of the brothers, the eldest, was

promoted to a company in the 41st, for deserving conduct, the younger scarcely enjoyed his promotion in the 92nd. He died of his wounds, or was killed a short time after their separation. James Hill went to India with the 41st, where he served for some years, until he became senior captain, but whether he lived to obtain his majority, I know not; his name has not since appeared upon the list.

To those may be added, Major Grey of the 30th, killed at Badajos; Captain Edward C. Bowen, 40th grenadiers; Captain Ferguson, 43rd, wounded several times; Captain Urquhart, 45th; Lieutenant Shore, 74th; Lieutenant George West Montague, 7th Fusileers, killed at Albuera; Captain Gauntlet, 29th, killed at Talavera.

The 29th lost a greater proportion of officers in that battle, than any other on the ground. Their junior lieutenants got their companies within the space of three and four years. Never having had more than one battalion, may in some measure account for this.

Majors Paterson and Bradbey of the 28th, died of their wounds at Vittoria. Seeing them both but a little time before in perfect health and spirits, their funeral, as it passed my quarters, where I

myself lay dangerously wounded, made an impression from which I was unable to recover for some time after.

Holmes and Frazer were promoted for gallantry at Burgos, a mark of favour unusual in proportion to the numbers who were signalized on those occasions.

I must not omit the mention of Captain Waters of the Royals, the first individual who crossed the Douro, when Oporto was attacked.

The 66th boasted of having as portly a major as the service could produce. The original "stout gentleman" was a trifle to him. He was no less remarkable for his huge rotundity of person, than he was for his agreeable qualities as a "bon vivant." Abstinence was a virtue that he evidently never practised. His regiment was a skeleton, but he was not. Famine could never have existed where he came from, of which his well-fed paunch not only gave ample proof, but was highly creditable to the commissary who catered for him.

He was a portable, or rather a walking magazine of good things, which to look on, nearly answered all the purpose, and was quite as satisfactory as the view of a smoking sirloin. Whenever he passed us, riding before his men, I often

felt compassion for the unfortunate animal, that groaned and panted under the weight of its enormous master.

Amidst the apparently strange and inconsistent characters who exhibited in our division, there was one who might with great propriety have been elected president of "the Anti-Electric-fluid-Society." When the balls were whistling round him, this fine old soldier, (whose looks at once denoted firmness and courage) was perfectly undismayed ; but as the sky got overcast, so did his countenance. When the thunder rolled, and when the lightning flashed on every side, he seemed like one about to be annihilated ; his looks were blanched, his frame was paralyzed, he would have sought for shelter within the deepest hollow of a cavern.

THE DOCTORS.

I don't know whether any one else has ever observed the circumstance, but to me it has appeared remarkable, that military doctors are, with very few exceptions, the pleasantest fellows imaginable. How to account for this is a puzzling question, and one, like many others of the august profession, that is involved in mystery.

Whether it be, that they have all the feli-

cities of a soldier's life, without its troubles, or, that seeing the effect of sorrow and grim despair in others, they avoid a line of conduct that may lead to such dire results; this, however, is pretty certain, that the moment one of our medicos gets a red coat on his back, he throws the gravity of his tribe to the moles and bats, and wears the merrier garb. It may, perhaps, be ascribed to the charm contained in a well-stocked brace of panniers, wherein, when he takes the field, are certain panaceas for the inner man.

A portion of the "materia medica," may find a lodgment there; but there is also room contrived for other *chemicals*; *spirits*, concentrated in many forms, often take place of *aqua pura*; the blue-pill is banished, to make room for *blue-ruin*; while solids, in the shape of a well-cured ham, or *seasoned round*, with probably a noble turkey, and its aide-de-camp, the tongue, form a considerable proportion of the ballast.

With such companions on his journey, the modern Esculapius feared neither wind nor weather; happy, while in charge of a store for himself and friends, he jogged on gaily, a perfect antidote to melancholy, only careful about bringing himself and cargo to safe anchorage.

HOW TO CURE MALINGERING.

DOCTOR L——.

When I first joined the 50th, we had an extraordinary original in the regiment, who amused us by his numerous whimsicalities. He was a decided enemy to malingerers, and when one of them "*shammed* Abram," to avoid his duty, the surgeon had remedies at hand, not to be found in the Pharmacopeia, but which effectually stopped the custom among our men. The complaining soldier usually made his ailments known through the serjeant of his company; but, in the case I now refer to, the man went at once to where this medico and his staff were posted. Limping with doleful phiz, he thus exclaimed,—“Och! doctor, I am full of pains, and aches all over; I have the rheumatics in my back;—Och! I am very bad, sir; would your honour give me a rigimint?”

“Where do you feel the greatest pain, my man?” replied the leech.

“Och! in my back, your honour.” The hospital-serjeant was then sent for, when the doctor gave him these instructions;—“Take the sick man immediately to the hospital-tent, and when his grog is issued, let it follow him;

you will then take the *rum*, and have the lotion outwardly applied, and by the hand of one of our strongest pioneers, let it be well rubbed upon the affected part; the same operation to be repeated till further orders." "O, murther, murther! doctor, dear, you want to kill me *out* and *out*. I am better, sir,—I am better,—I'll soon be well enough."

A few manipulations of the hatchet-man were quite sufficient; the patient recovered in a little time; and malingering, from that time forward, was seldom practised in the regiment.

Soldiers have always had a vague and undefinable notion, as to the precise nature of the complaint, usually called rheumatism, supposing that every malady under the sun pertains, in some way or other, to that ailment.

There was an old officer, who had been in the regiment for many years—I don't know exactly how long, or if he is now alive; but, whether or not, he was none of those red-hot lovers of drill, parade, or guard: on the contrary, a very small quantum of those tedious ceremonials went a great way with him; so much in reality was his ardour cooled, in this respect, that, in order to avoid them, he tried successively *bile*, *gout*, *lumbago*, and the *liver*; until, at length,

the Colonel, tired out with his lame pretences, sent the surgeon to ascertain the full extent of the disorder under which he laboured. The man of simples, equally tired of his name on the sick report, pronounced him, in an unlucky hour, well enough to do his duty. Calling his servant, the invalid told him to get his accoutrements, (almost blue-moulded for want of use,) in order; when the criado, one of those originals from the sister isle, seeing the predicament of his master, cried out, as if reproaching him for his folly,—“Och! master dear, why didn’t you tell them it was the rheumatiz;—Och! thin, you should have tould them the *rheumatiz*, ’tis *that that kills the doctors*.”

JAMES O’MALLEY.

Among those who flourished their lancets in our brigade, I must introduce one of the very best Irishmen I ever met with, both as regarded his abilities for vamping up the infirmities of the body, as those for banishing melancholy from the mind; he left the anatomy of that subject for Burton to complete, choosing in preference, the more agreeable task of cutting up a woodcock, or a brace of red-legged partridges. This worthy son of Erin, bore the old

Milesian name of O'Malley, and no man that ever bore the name, possessed a warmer heart, or kinder disposition. He was strong, well made, and gifted with an intelligent, handsome countenance. Bold, upright, and of independant feeling, he would not stoop—no, not to the *Autocrat* of all the Russias, though it were to gain a principality in that empire. He was just the man for camp or quarters, where he was as much *at home*, as any duchess of Grosvenor-square; but his *at homes*, were very different things from those of her nobility. There were no powdered footmen to receive you at the door, while they eyed you with supercilious grin,—no waxlights, or flambeaux. The humble tent or wigwam, or the still more humble billet, opened their portals for the welcome guests. Methinks I now behold the honest-hearted fellow, the cheerful and presiding genius of the happy group, who were gathered round his skin of wine, or generous flask of brandy, in roars of laughter; while the Hibernian cracked his jokes, and told his merry stories by the dozen; making the dull hours of a long and wintry night, pass off like a fleeting dream.

He was none of your conceited beings, who can hardly articulate, from the excess of affec-

tation—those butterflies of an epicene gender, —those frothy ephemerals, who vegetate about Spring-gardens, lounge in the saloons, or occupy a sofa in Madame's boudoir.

It would be a vain attempt to give an inventory of his medicine-chest. I glanced into it one day, with the curiosity of Fatima, as she peeped in Blue-Beard's chamber, expecting to behold a goodly stock of drugs and chemicals ; but the fragrant perfume, which ascended on the gale, denoted other things.

Poor O'Malley !—he was long since gathered to his fathers, having died in India, while surgeon of His Majesty's 11th regiment of Light Dragoons, into which he had exchanged from ours, leaving a blank in society, that was not easily supplied.

MAURICE Q———

Who has ever heard of Maurice Q———? or who is there that has not heard of him? I believe it would be a difficult matter to find one, for he was well known throughout the army, and equally well esteemed.

When I met him last, he was doing duty with the 2nd battalion, 31st regiment, in the town of L———, in Ireland; where I had

many opportunities of being in his society ; and where he was the delight, nay, the very life and soul of every company, to which he was the welcome, and always invited guest.

His anecdotes, (many of which have already appeared in the Military Sketch-book,) would fill a tolerably good-sized volume ; much of their humour was, however, lost in their repetition, their originality consisting chiefly in the manner, look, and gesture of their author, who, delivering them tipped with the rich brogue of his native Kerry, aided by a comic expression of phiz, as well as by a waggish twinkling of the eye, produced an effect upon the risible muscles of his auditory, that was truly irresistible.

It sometimes happened, that an empty busy-body tormented him with silly questions, when a cut or two sent off the inquisitor, with such a philippic on his ear, that he never ventured to exercise his pointless wit again, at least when Maurice was at hand.

In the town where he was quartered, there were many pretty little specimens of woman-kind, after whom he, as well as others of the red-coats, occasionally dangled ; with one of them, a remarkably interesting girl, in fact,

the belle of the place, poor Q—— was desperately smitten, and often took delight in speaking of her.

“Och! cried he,
She’s that fatal fair,
That set my brain a madding.”

Although his passion was unrequited, yet he cherished the image of that “*fatal fair one*” in his breast; which, is evident from a letter, the last he wrote to a friend of mine, soon after he went abroad; it is truly characteristic of the man, and of that kind-hearted disposition he possessed.

“*Genoa, 22nd January, 1816.*

“Dear Tom,

“I return you many thanks for your kind expressions with regard to my health and spirits, both of which, thank God, are good. I am now no longer that fat Surgeon called Maurice, but tall and thin, without the least protuberance, which I attribute to a warm climate and *warm bats*. I can tell you that I am promised the Surgeoncy of the regiment; should I meet with disappointment, I intend to go on half pay, and plunge my lancet into the bosom of some fair one in *Tralee*, my native spot, where all my friends wish me to be, and where I may be

happy if so inclined. However, I will persevere a little, as my mind is rather contented ; but still, a little spark of the tender flame breaks in on my hours of rest, which a little more time will obliterate. For the whole world I must acknowledge my own dear L— to be possessed of every advantage that can charm or captivate man ; I would wish to hear of her marriage, and still it would torment me. I wish I was near her, to give her my advice ; but I am afraid it would be two words for myself, &c.

“I return you a million of thanks for your letter, and regret that I have no more to say.

“Your truly sincere friend,

“MAURICE Q——.”

CHAPTER V.

The Mad Medico—The Sporting Medico—Fatal effects of Gambling—Lieutenant Foley—The Roué—Malaga—Mr. Boydd—Cantonments—Customs of the Spaniards—Their Hospitality—Spanish Women full of Spirits—Cookery—The Nunnery of St. Clara, and the Fair Antonia—The Mother Abbess—Influence of Female Beauty.—

THE MAD MEDICO.

I OFTEN heard of a “mad Adjutant,” though I never had the happiness of being bit by one; but I have rarely heard of such an animal as a “mad doctor.” The only individual I ever knew to be tinged that way, was an old Surgeon of a regiment I once belonged to; a sharp-featured and somewhat antiquated Scotchman, with a professional gravity of countenance, which imparted much solemnity to his manner, while his at-

tenuated frame denoted more of the ascetic than the "bon vivant."

Descending as he was, into the vale of years, one could hardly think that so appalling an event as matrimony, would enter his imagination ; an event, which in those days, was considered an anomaly, even among the juniors of his tribe. However, as the articles of war have it, any doubts that might arise in such like cases, were soon dispelled ; for our Medico elect did actually and in persona, perpetrate the crime ; yes, he was seen in the very act of rising one fine morning with the design of being spliced to a blooming maiden, full of gaiety and fresh from the dancing school.

Her fortune consisted chiefly of a pretty face, a pianoforte, and a tolerably recherché figure. The disparity of ages gave rise to many little scenes of sparring, and innocent polemics ; but this was nothing to be wondered at, for even between the best matched pairs, scenes of that description are said to be excusable, in the earlier stages of the honey-moon.

Our hero for a season relinquished his attachment to the "glass," to which he had been previously devoted, and became a pattern for husbands.

In this posture of affairs he was ordered to Jamaica, whither we shall accompany the newly wedded couple, who arrived safely among the land-crabs, and also at the summit of their felicity.

Transient happiness!—With the sun nearly vertical, and the thermometer 120 degrees in the shade, human forbearance could withstand no longer; not even Lewis Cornaro, nor yet the most inveterate abstainer could resist; aided by the torrid stimulus, the doctor relapsed into his former courses, and once more renewed the contest. “Fill, O fill the sparkling bowl,” was now his song. He soon became misanthropic and sad; that hateful monster, jealousy, got possession of his mind, and poisoned all his joys. His spousa was for ever the object of his lynx-eyed surveillance; he kept her pent up from all society, in a state of melancholy durance, which served but to sharpen her anxiety to break the chain.

Once upon a time, as the story goes, she stole a march upon her Argus, and went a rambling; when some wandering Phillis seeking for his Cloe, came perchance across her path: rapt in meditation, they had nearly missed each other. Our heroine at length addressed the swain,

whom she had known before, and who, forgetting his own inamorata, joined the lovely Mrs. R—— in her perambulations.

As they were branching to their proper homes—cruel fate arranged it so, that the doctor should dart like an apparition from behind a pepper tree, as hot and fiery as the spice it bore; when immediately flying out into a grand tirade against the fair one, he raved and fumed about in a most extraordinary manner, and danced a rigadon to the tune of madame's expostulations.

The inexorable Caro, resorting again to bolts and bars, imprisoned his pretty little truant, and reversing the order in which curtain lectures are usually delivered, caused her to repose upon a dreamless pillow, at least that night.

If love laughed at locksmiths, our young immured one laughed doubly at bolts and bars; and pining for the world, she feigned the utmost penitence to accomplish her emancipation, and succeeded; for "when did beauty plead in vain?" The medico began to moderate, and agreed at last to give a little entertainment in his barrack-room, to *one* or *two* "particularly steady youths" belonging to a regiment in the garrison. The course of things ran smooth at first. Souchong, with its appendages, enlivened the social party.

piano strumming was introduced, and the wild Irish girl poured forth her notes with soft compliance. Matters had begun to assume an exceedingly pleasant aspect, when suddenly a storm was gathering on the doctor's brow, and the company began to feel as if they were seated on a mine of powder. "Trifles light as air, are to the jealous," &c. &c.; so it was with their suspicious host, who conceiving that one of these "particularly steady youths" was glancing at his better half in a way that comported not with his strict notions of the moral code, burst out into a furious rage, upset the tea establishment, scalding the legs of his imaginary rivals. The poor encaged one ran into a corner, frightened to death; and while the gallants were looking for some loophole whereby to accomplish a retreat, the mad medico flung up the sash frame, and jumped head foremost, "*à la Grimaldi*," through the window.

How he fell, or where he fell is not recorded; let it suffice to say, that the sunset fairly cooled him; it was, in truth, a settler; for upon a mattress he got some time to ruminate, having only fractured his collar-bone and broke three of his ribs, leaving a *fourth* to weep and wail over their misfortunes.

THE GAMBLING MEDICO

was an original of no mean pretensions ; he was an admirable teller of good stories, and when called upon, could vocalize in a lively sea-song, or a hunting chorus. Meeting him by accident, it was ten to one but he was chaunting something in this style,—

“One morn as Aurora peeped into my room,
I put on my clothes and called for my groom.”

Gambling was unhappily the shoal on which he foundered. The infatuation under which he laboured in this respect, was only equalled by his perseverance in the habit. Cards and dice were the constant subject of his thoughts, in his love for which his more useful avocations were neglected.

Gambling is a vortex into which the unadvised and careless youth is oftentimes plunged. One of these, entering the army, aspires to be a man of ton, and aping such, he slides into all the fashionable follies of the day. Courting the favour and applause of loose companions, and resigning himself to dissipation, he becomes a finished gamester. On the libertine proceeds, until he has learned the whole vocabulary of

oaths, with which his conversation is embellished ; while he rivals the most perfect adept in his acquaintance with the dictionary of slang. Grog parties, with their accompaniments usually, close the day.

Fully accomplished in his character in the "road to ruin," his fame is quite established—he need give himself no more uneasiness on that head, for at the hands of his companions he has obtained the title of "a fine, open-hearted, good-natured, honest fellow."

Such is the modern definition of a roué.

GAMBLING IN SPAIN.

From whatever cause it may arise, the Spaniards and Portuguese are more addicted to the vice of gambling than any other people I have ever met with in the course of my perambulations ; they are so thoroughly accomplished in this way, that Englishmen have but little chance among them, a lesson they were long since taught by dearly-bought experience ; but unfortunately, one which never was a means of restraining that wild infatuation and desire for play, which led the gay and inconsiderate into scenes where fortune, sporting with her victims, either hurled them down at once, or flattering

them by deceptive hopes, led them more gradually on from one temptation to another, into that career from which there was not the slightest possibility of escape.

Every city, town, or hamlet, wherein we were cantoned, had its favourite saturnalia, where it was appalling to behold with what eagerness the gamblers crowded round the table, with its rouleaus of gold, its heaps of dollars and doubloons. Hell was the appropriate denomination of the scene, for it was one where much that could be fancied of that delightful place was realized. It might justly have been termed a den where a parcel of sharks met to bite one-another's heads off. On the countenances of those assembled, the most painful anxiety was depicted, relieved occasionally by the joy of some who happened to be fortunate : but there were many upon whom the look of wild despair was evident ; utterly forsaken by hope, they writhed in all the agony of bitterness and disappointment, while the feverish excitement, the maniac tones, the loud and angry vehemence of those whose fate was depending on the turn-up card, would baffle a much more fertile pen than I can boast of.

The most experienced adept in our division,
VOL. II. G

was a Portuguese officer of some standing. Major Victoria, for such was our hero's *nomme de guerre*, was a man whose body of gross and shapeless outline, was surmounted by a head which might be classified among the bullet order, were it not that verging "en profile," into something of an obtuse angle, it formed a sort of apex to the enormous trunk beneath.

Attired in a blue jacket extremely cut away, with yellow lapells, and shoulder-knots of silver fringe, that one could hardly dignify with the name of epaulets, the aforesaid trunk, like some huge animal bound up after the fashion of a mummy, seemed every moment as if bursting from its casement, its singular contour forming an amusing contrast with the meagre-looking corporations by which the major was surrounded.

Having acquired celebrity by his skilful management of the cards, his reputation stood high in this way, even among his crest-fallen brethren, who in spite of many evidences of imbecility that were about him, and their repeated losses, stuck to their chairman (for that was invariably his post) with admirable tenacity; unable or unwilling to resist, they watched his basilisk eyes,

while he ensnared them within the entanglement of his meshes.

Many a poor fellow in our army was ruined in this way: over and over again they went to those "infiernos." A friendly voice might reach them, but it was of slight avail. Leading a life that incapacitated them for rational pursuits, or the duties of their profession, they stood as it were on the brink of a fearful chasm, into which numbers who had escaped the ordeal of steel and powder, were finally engulfed.

FATAL EFFECTS OF GAMBLING—LIEUT. FOLEY.

Many fatal consequences resulting from the vice referred to, might easily be enumerated; but with one example, peculiar in its tragical effects, I shall close this subject.

Lieutenant Foley, of the 58th regiment, was quartered in Malaga, while that corps was employed on Sir John Murray's expedition upon the eastern coast of Spain, where he, with others of his brother officers, enjoyed themselves in a place where pleasure, assuming many forms, presented them with varied sources of temptation. Gambling houses were numerous, and were haunted, not only by the natives, but by shoals of English visitors.

Led thither by the fascinating charms of play, the Lieutenant was also a regular attendant at the altar of the fickle goddess, to which he was the more encouraged by reason of his having been for some time past her favourite. Billiards was the game to which he was more generally addicted; it was one wherein, although there were so many skilful players, yet there were few who were able to enter the lists against him.

One more persevering than the rest, a luckless Spaniard, urged on the game with desperate infatuation against the Englishman, until he was minus a considerable sum of money (for he was defeated in every hazard); when at length, exasperated by repeated failures, he brooded over many schemes of vengeance, and courted every opportunity of betraying his malignant temper; menacing his opponent in a way that was easily understood.

The treacherous don was a remarkably ill-favoured personage, with a pale cadaverous visage, and a contemptuous frown upon his brow, where villainy was strongly marked. Foley, an unsuspecting and generous young man, placed those irritations to the account of a gamester's easily excited feelings; while, notwithstanding that several of his friends advised

him to the contrary, he still persisted in exposing himself to the machinations of his enemy.

On the fatal day in question, he was going from his quarters to the billiard room, through a passage, dark and full of intricacies, well adapted for deeds of blood, of which it had probably been more than once the scene. Lurking within a nitch, formed between the wall and a pillar of the projecting archway, the wily Spaniard lay concealed, watching with fiend-like purpose, for the moment to complete his murderous design; when the Lieutenant coming within a pace or two of where he stood, he clutched his sharp stiletto, and with deadly aim, pierced to the heart the hapless object of his malice, who, with a shriek of horror, gave a few convulsive struggles and expired.

The blood-stained author of this crime fled to the asylum of a convent porch, where, ensconced perdue, he waited until night enabled him to quit the neighbourhood. No exertions were ever made to trace him out; it was only "un hombre muerto." He was afterwards admitted within the pale of civilized society, as if clothed upon with the purity of an angel.

MALAGA.

Malaga is famous, or more truly saying, infamous for being the theatre of such affairs. In later times the barbarous murder of Mr. Boydd was perpetrated by kingly mandate. Boydd seemed to have been hurried onward to his own destruction; for having, in an evil hour, embarked in a hopeless revolt against the "ruling powers," there was an end to any chance for him.

After quitting Gibraltar, his doom may literally be said to have been sealed. The snare was laid upon the shores of Malaga, where Torrijos, and his ill-fated band of followers, were entrapped. Treachery delivered them up to military law, and despotism gloated in revenge.

Everything was done to save the Englishman, but it was beyond the influence of even the British consul: and the inexperienced victim of a rash and ill-timed enterprize, fell beneath the fire of Spanish mercenaries. The infuriated populace made a rush to seize upon the corpse, to prevent its Christian burial; but the consul's son, a fine spirited young man, when the sound of the fatal volley struck his ear, drove quickly

to the spot, and throwing a union jack across the body, dared the coward recreants to pollute it with their touch, or to lay their hands upon the sacred panoply.

CANTONMENTS.

Between the winters of 1811 and 1812. it was one continued scene of wandering from camp to quarters, and vice versâ, with scarcely any breathing time. Don Benito, Almandrelejo, Bejar, and Coria, in particular, were places to which our visits were pretty frequent, and where we undoubtedly spent many pleasant days.

At Almandrelejo, a large straggling town, upon an extensive plain, we were cantoned for months; so much among them, that we were almost domesticated with the inhabitants. The soldiers were quite at home; and in their billets sat at the same table, partook of the same fare, shared in their amusements, and assisted them in their labour. It was no uncommon thing to see our fellows either carrying water for them, nursing their children, or helping the "muchachas" to get the dinner ready; an employment so much in accordance with their taste, that they were generally most active agents in the work. The officers, in like manner, were seated at their

social meal, or assembled round the hearth, where they passed off their jokes with the black-eyed Senorinas, or joined them in a mess of roasted chesnuts ; while the landlord coming in with a well-filled "caraffo di vino," gave a very pleasing turn to the repast, when the whole chimed in to a regular merry meeting.

The Spaniards certainly do know how to enjoy themselves, whenever they have a mind to it ; and although they get the credit of being a very "grave people," yet I have known some among them, who would throw off their gravity as freely as they would their cloaks, and by jocular demonstrations flatly contradict the statement.

Notwithstanding their imputed bigotry, we pulled extremely well together ; and I never observed anything that gave me cause to think that they thought the worse of us on account of our religion. All such distinctions were unknown to them, as far as we could notice.

They are not an educated, nor yet an enlightened race ; yet they have kind and noble qualities, as well as other more polished nations.

For my own part, I have, in many instances, experienced the most disinterested acts of friendship at their hands ; and as for hospitality, as I in another place observed, no one who has

ever been in the country can deny that they possess this quality to a very great extent.

It is a matter of course, the moment that you come within their dwelling, to place refreshments, and (if you require them) dry clothes at your disposal. Should they be at their meals, no matter when, or often you come in, the invitation is, "Assiente usted, Signior," "Quiere usted comer," all rising at the moment, and offering you the best seat at the table. Quere—would the highly educated and polished people at home do this? "I guess not," as Jonathan would have it.

The art of cookery seems to be a leading accomplishment with the Spaniards; it is an occupation in which they take extraordinary delight. Morning, noon, and night the everlasting "*puchero*" was in requisition. This same "*puchero*" is a medley of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, compounded and stewed in a fire-proof earthen vessel, into which a profusion of oil and garlic being thrown, it is left to simmer for many hours beside the fire, when being taken up, the whole, or part of its contents is tumbled into a capacious dish previously garnished with shallots or onions. The whole family is soon collected round the banquet, from

which, as it issues piping hot, the senses are regaled with complicated odours. Their improvement in the more polite "agrémens" of the table has by no means progressed with their advancement in other things; for they devour with eagerness the savoury meal, without the aid of either knife or spoon, and seldom even use the fork, fishing out the greasy solids, which they tear for mastication, with those much more useful implements, their fingers. They all eat out of the same dish, which in a little time is fairly cleared, when the party separate, in order, by a snooze upon the mattress, to get ready for another match of feasting. With regard to the diluting beverage, they are temperate in their habits, simply indulging in a cup of chocolate, or a draught of water, with occasionally a little wine. Supper, their favourite repast, they enjoy with such an appetite, that one would think they were lately doing penance. With their old acquaintance the puchero, they deal out unmercifully, filling up the crevices with home-made cheese, and salad dipped in olive oil; the latter intended to make all go down smoothly. Closing their repast with a visit to the pigskin, they bundle into bed with the agility of a well fed alderman. They are particularly fond of

chestnuts, which they in general boil ; but when they intend to have a regular gossiping match beside the fire, they toast them in the hot wood ashes. The damsels are fond of a little bit of sport, and dearly love a hearty laugh when they can do so with impunity (that is, when their duenna or confessor is not present) ; they therefore enter into the full enjoyment of those crisping scenes : it would do one good to see them while they sing and chatter, with far more glee and animation than I ever witnessed among my own charming though matter-of-fact country-women.

SPANISH BEAUTY.

There has been a marvellous variety of opinions advanced with regard to the Spanish women, many of which I do not coincide with. A long residence among them has enabled me to collect a few remarks, which I will hazard as coming as nigh the truth as any other heretofore expressed.

By the very great partiality of Madam Nature, the women of Spain are extremely beautiful ; there is nothing whatever artificial about them, neither have they any of that meretricious trickery by which the French and other ladies

nearer home, are made up—be-bustled and be-dizened. A few of them in the northern parts are fair, but the brunette is most prevailing. Picture to yourself, fair reader, (for I will not in compassion address the men,) a perfectly oval face, shadowed by dark glossy hair, teeth resembling ivory, which, (between ourselves,) for want of care, soon become anything but white, a countenance open (I don't mean an Irish open countenance) and full of sweetness, animated by large dark eyes of the clearest brilliancy, and you have a tolerable idea so far. But the figure—oh! for the pencil, or rather the pen of Scott—it is delicately formed, and with a symmetry that Canova might be proud of for his model; tiny feet, with the neatest of all shoes. There is expression in every movement—grace in every turn. They have an air of naïveté in all they say or do, so peculiarly their own, that even uneducated as they are, you feel yourself in their society at once enlivened. Much of sterling goodness prevails among them; and I am of opinion that were the diamond to receive the polish imparted by the education and refinement of other lands, they would come nearer what we imagine of angelic beings, than any other divinities of our fallen race.

THE NUNNERY OF SANTA CLARA, AND THE
FAIR ANTONIA.

The grand attraction of those parts, was the Nunnery of Santa Clara in Almandrelejo, an attraction which drew our cavaliers into sundry pilgrimages. Among the sisterhood so hopelessly pent up within the walls of this bastille, was *one*, younger, more beautiful, and hence more interesting than the rest.

Antonia Manuela, for so this fair recluse was called, was endued with charms, which even under the sober head-dress of a nun were irresistible.

Her eyebrows were delicately pencilled, while the animated expression that flashed from those dark and brilliant eyes, so peculiar to the Spanish women, cast a beauty over all her features.

Gifted with liveliness of manner, combined with the placid, though pensive air of one who had seen melancholy days, she could not fail to win the admiration of her visitors, who were touched with feelings of sympathy and compassion, as day after day, they listened to her affecting narrative.

Antonia's narrative was indeed affecting ! It

was unmingled with anything that could alleviate her sorrows ; pressing as those sorrows bore upon a form so exquisitely moulded, and yet so feeble, she was well nigh overcome.

Her parents lived in the town of Talavera de la Reyna, where her days from infancy were passed ; and where, in the fullness of joyous youth, she had no forebodings of those darkening clouds which afterwards gathered round her.

When the war of independence broke out in Spain, the country was speedily overrun by French troops, who carried ruin and desolation in their train, while famine, pillage, and often murder, combined to scourge those helpless and ill-fated people. Their towns were plundered, their houses ransacked, and they were exposed without a remedy to all the horrors of cruelty and rapine. It would fail the most vivid colouring, to picture anything like the dreadful scenes that took place on those occasions : scenes of which none but those who witnessed them, can form the least idea, and of which even a partial statement would harrow up the soul.

Talavera is one of those populous towns, situated in the valley of the Tagus, and immediately on the margin of that river. Previous to the war, it was a place of considerable inland

traffic, having constant intercourse by means of its river navigation, throughout a very extensive range of country ; since then, however, sharing the fate of others that lay within the route of merciless invaders, its wealth was too alluring to escape their grasp, and finally became its ruin.

Amidst this fearful state of things, small was the number of those who escaped destruction ; but among that number, for a time, the family of Antonia were the favourites of fortune, protected as will appear by an unseen and friendly hand.

The intruders having obtained complete authority in the town, established public entertainments, and succeeded in prevailing on such of the inhabitants as remained to join in the amusements, and lend their aid in promoting whatever could minister to the gratification of their visitors.

It was during this familiar intercourse, that intimacies of a somewhat tender nature arose between many of the gay and thoughtless Frenchmen, and the most lovely of the *senoritas* there.

One of their officers, named Vincent de Lessart, a Captain of the 82nd regiment of the line, was apparently zealous in his foraging propensities, but nevertheless a character more given to gentle dealing than any of his countrymen ;

and therefore, while he endeavoured to mitigate the evils which he could not wholly put a stop to, he keenly felt the alternative resorted to by his companions.

It may well be imagined that suffering beauty found sympathy in a mind so constituted; and by the sequel it will be seen, that his generous conduct fully justified an opinion not prematurely formed.

Antonia, escorted by her duenna, was enjoying the evening breeze upon the public Alameda, which, in more peaceful times, was the general resort of all that was fair and lovely; and while passing beneath the close shade of branches that overhung the walk, she perceived the Capitano slowly coming towards her, immersed in thought. Her veil was, for the moment, carelessly thrown across her brow, disclosing eyes that had lost nothing of their usual brightness.

The Frenchman became at once so desperately enamoured that his reveries were broken, and all ideas of battle and the alarms of war gave way to others of a softer nature. Love, all powerful love, was now the leading impulse of his heart; he who had so often conquered, was now himself subdued. Resolving to protect the fair incognita, he was diligent in watchfulness

about her *caza* ; and, as before alluded to, was the means of warding off those evils that befel more luckless dwellings.

The chivalrous conduct of our hero made a deep impression on Antonia's mind ; and whenever it was possible to elude the "Argus," who kept a rigid surveillance on all her movements, she gave De Lessart a meeting. She never failed in her appointment at the well-known rendezvous, where they poured forth vows of constancy, and interchanged those promises of fidelity, so soon, alas ! to end as a delusive dream.

The faithful swain was pretty well entangled by the blandishments of his enchanting mistress, when the din of war broke in upon that golden age, and Mars, with all his troops, *chasséed* poor Cupid from the field. In the ensuing and hard-fought battles, fought in July 1809, upon the heights of Talavera, the regiment of De Lessart was desperately engaged ; and he himself was badly wounded, and lay for a considerable time among the dead and dying ; but being, when the carnage was at an end, borne to a neighbouring farm-house, he rallied sufficiently to call upon Antonia. Days passed slowly on, the wounded officer was gradually

losing strength, so that he could scarcely articulate, from internal weakness.

Meanwhile, the English army retired, leaving the enemy in full possession of the town. The dangerous situation of our hero was soon made known to those of his friends who still remained within the French cantonment, from whence the melancholy news was quick in travelling to the ears of poor disconsolate Antonia, who, in the agony of despair, between continued and alternate hopes and fears, at length resolved herself to visit the scene of action, in order to obtain some tidings of her lover, more satisfactory than the vague reports arrived from camp.

Unattended, therefore, and with firmness of mind, she sought her way to where the strife was lately raging, when crossing the wild and barren tract that lies on the Alberche, she ascended those rugged heights, the command of which was so long and obstinately contended.

Who can express the sufferings she experienced in her hazardous pursuit? Wandering about the intricacies of the ground, and struggling through the tangled heath and brushwood; toiling onwards from hill to hill, she at last sat down, forlorn and broken-hearted; when one of those paysannos, who, like the vulture

in search of prey, was prowling about for plunder amid the bodies of the slain, that lay thickly scattered on every side, informed her that the wounded officers were carried off the field, and that one of them was lying in a cottage, to which he pointed.

Breathless with anxiety, and doubtful whether to believe the peasant, she pursued her way with hurried steps in that direction. After the endurance of the most unheard-of difficulties, and exhausted with fatigue, at last she gained the cottage door, where, listening with the attention of one whose life depended on the issue, the weak and tremulous accents of Vincento's voice, came faintly on her ear. Rëanimated by that well-known voice, she approached the chamber, where the gallant soldier, pale and emaciated, lay extended on a mattress ;—life was ebbing fast away, and as the lovely *senorita* stood before him, he gazed upon her with a fixed and placid smile, while breathing out in one last sigh, the word—"Antonia!" he expired.

Her parents fled from Talavera, and retired to Almandrelejo, where her mother soon after died, from the effects of excessive trouble ; and her father, the only remaining friend she had on earth, followed shortly to the tomb.

The veil was her last resource,—a refuge which she cheerfully embraced. Here, remote from an ensnaring world, her mind was tranquil; while the calm expression that played upon her gentle countenance, evinced her resignation to the loneliness and solitude in which she was doomed to linger out her days.

“And yet the poor Antonia mourned, and often wondered why
‘Twas, when a dark cloud wandered o’er the brightness
of her sky,
hat flung o’er all the happy life of earth, a tint of sadness,
And shadowed in her loving soul, the sunny spots of gladness.”

When the mother abbess rung for her chickens to appear, it sometimes happened, and at a moment too when all eyes were strained to have a first glimpse of the fair Antonia, that, as an evil genius would have it, a very different object was presented to our view; perhaps a damsel with ill-favoured looks, and gifted with the features of Medusa. The bland and courteous manner, reserved for her sister nun, became in a moment cold, blank, and lifeless, while, our joyous feelings falling considerably below *zero*, did not réascend, until the direful omen that had depressed them, had evaporated.

Who can measure the powerful sway of female beauty?—here, in a gloomy nunnery, its magic influence ruled supreme, even over those who spoke through bolts and iron-bars, and had but a glimpse of its all-subduing charms.

These romantic interviews, like all other transitory things, soon passed away, and we were shortly introduced to scenes wilder in their nature, and much more suitable to the habits of a rough campaigner, than listening entranced to idle warblings, or indulging in amorous conversations with a nun. Exit Antonia in tears.

She was inconsolable on hearing we were so soon to leave, and so were we at parting from a being who had all of us at her feet; but there was a villainous grating interfered. Her willing vassals would fain have stormed the pile that held the fair enchantress, had there been a hope of getting her off in safety.

Of all professions, there are none where the incidents of "flood and field" present themselves in so many extraordinary points of view, as that of arms. Every moment brings with it something to excite the mind—every shifting of the scene displays some fresh occurrence, vested not only with novelty but interest, some strange adventure, brought by the restless current as

it rolls along ; while the actors who perform in this fitful drama, are either hurried along from one bold enterprize to another, or carried on down the stream to where the "hall rings again," with the sound of festal merriment, or the wild extravaganza.

How broad the field for those who would note the changes—who would remark the eventful circumstances as they pass, whether arising from accident, or in aid of some main design.

Even on the field of battle, how much has been done by hands now mouldering in the dust ; how much has been said by those, whose breath perhaps, when the words were uttered, had passed away ; how much has thus been hidden from the world, which had they been remembered of, or recorded at the time, would probably have afforded subject more deeply interesting, or perhaps instructive, than a myriad of dusty tomes—of dry voluminous details could offer. But in those days no one ever thought of such a thing as journalizing ; it was as much, and very often more than one could do, to keep body and soul together. Seated upon a knapsack, with a drum-head for a table, you might possibly scrape together a few hasty lines to comfort your grandmother, or your Juliette,—even here

you might break down, to the tribulation of the ladies; but I repeat, the "man of letters," was truly a "*rara avis*," a sort of nondescript—whether upon two legs or three, it is hard to say, but one, that like the phantom ship, was heard of, but never seen, at least within the experience of those who had served in our campaigns.

Variety is charming!—at one time philandering with the Signorinas "*a la paseo*;"—at another holding soft parlance through a grating with the nuns, or flattering the mother abbess;—anon! the bugle sounds, and away to the rendezvous, where a lead off to the tune of "*en avant*," brings you within the range of whistling music;—again with the Dons, feasting and carousing, or worshipping Dame Temperance at their tertulias. The route, and the old work of marching, form a pleasing contrast—cheerless bivouacs—hungry faces—lantern chops, and ghastly havresacks. It may well be called a "short life and a merry one." The clouds soon pass away, its troubles and cares are soon forgotten. If famine appears to-day, there may be a feast to-morrow. Going the rounds of this lively, wandering, slippery career, who would not be a soldier?

CHAPTER VI.

Almarez—Fire-eating Colonels—The Irish gun—The Frenchman puzzled—Capt. Candler—Dancing Spoiled—Placentia—Lt. Grey, his billet—The happy family—Sr. Pantalion—Spanish girls—Generous offer of the Madre—Alba—Soul's manoeuvre—A blow up—Major Leith Hay—Anecdote of Wellington—Taking it coolly—Retreat from Salamanca—Sufferings—General Paget—Seeing the world—Col. Napier's opinion—Value of a good blanket—Priests'-houses, and pretty Nieces.

FORT NAPOLEON.

Among the numerous schemes devised for the purpose of affording us an opportunity of decamping to another world, there was none that promised to accomplish that object more effectually than the storming of Fort Napoleon.

I don't know whether to say it was for good or evil; but in either case, we had at all times

the luck of having colonels, who being themselves the most inveterate fire-eaters, thought it quite necessary, and indeed they always volunteered, to take us with them into every hot position they could get their heads. This was, to be sure, extremely kind and considerate of them, (conceiving, as of course they did, that we were equally fond of fire); they no doubt intended us great honour, and a tolerable share of glory, while by their friendly interest, we were stuck up to the chin in the middle of every fray, affair, skirmish, and general pounding match, from Mondego to Toulouse.

They saw no reason why the rough and readies should not at this particular instance be at their favourite sport. The enterprize seemed at first rather a fool-hardy sort of business, requiring a pretty good allowance of that commodity vulgarly called nerve. The idea of storming a battery by daylight, never entered into our weak imagination; the matter was, however, viewed in a very different manner by our superiors, who, by way of enabling us to enjoy some better things than what our slender commissary afforded, were determined, that from the round tower of Fort Napoleon, some at least among us, should get our breakfast.

The Frenchmen tried in all ways to make us evacuate our quarters in the ditch ; but we were so close beneath their fire, that they could not bring a gun to bear. They squeezed themselves between the cannon, and the sides of the embrasures, with the hope of getting a shot or two, but for some time it was all in vain. At length, some one remarked to Birchall, an officer standing near me, that one of the Irish guns for shooting round a corner would be just the very thing they wanted ; the words were scarcely uttered, when slap went a musquet, the ball from which struck the knee-pan of the individual who spoke. In a moment after, I myself was wounded by another of those "crooked" random shots, which, for some time at least, completely spoiled my dancing.

CAPTAIN CANDLER.

From the coolness with which Captain Candler of the 50th,* who fell upon the parapet, settled his affairs, on the evening previous to the

* Officers of the 50th killed and wounded at the storming of Fort Napoleon.

Killed, Capt. Robt. Candler.

Wounded severely.	{	Capt. Robt. Fitzgerald Sandys, (since dead).
		Lieut. Hemsworth.
		Richardson.
		J. Patterson.
		Ensigns Goddard, J. Godfrey, W. E. Crofton.

assault, it was evident that he felt as though the business would end fatally for him. There was something so peculiar about his manner, that if ever an individual going upon a dangerous service had forebodings of his near approach to death, I should affirm that Candler was the man. We buried him on the spot he fell, where an honourable grave received the remains of as spirited a soldier as ever breathed.*

PLACENTIA.

The affair at Almarez sent us across the Tagus; from whence we pursued our way through a pleasant and lively country—a land flowing with milk and honey; so rich, so fertile, well cultivated, and abundant in resources, that even war, with all its desolating train of horrors, seemed scarcely to have been there; we needed but to luxuriate as we went along, in all the delights of agreeable quarters, generous fare, with

* Marching past the scene of these operations in the following year, we were shocked to find that poor Candler's body had been torn from its resting place, either by the hands of man or beasts of prey—shreds of the jacket in which he was interred within the fort, together with the buttons, lay scattered about the desolate ground, on which the batteries had stood.

a hearty welcome from those with whom we happened to be billeted.*

* Each of the houses in the smaller towns, and places far remote from the Camino real, stood in a small court-yard, within a garden, enclosed by a low wall, that was overspread with vines and interlaced with trellis work.

There was an air of peculiar neatness about the exterior of their habitations, with which the interior corresponded; where, although the furniture was scanty, and of the rudest fashion, yet there was enough to please the most fastidious taste.

From the ceilings were suspended dried figs and grapes, tied up in bunches, at which we occasionally cast a fox's glance; but we did not, like Reynard, suffer any disappointment; for we tugged and pulled away at the tempting drapery, by permission of our patron, until fairly satiated by the luxurious banquet.

The bed was placed in a snug little nook, denominated an alcoba, over which a curtain hung festooned. The coverlet and linen (as we found throughout the country) were of snowy whiteness, trimmed with a deep flounce of lace, or fancy work; and the pillows, fringed with the same material, were richly ornamented. In truth, the whole of their sleeping apparatus was got up with a degree of comfort, one might almost say of luxury, that would have provoked the most sleepless to repose.

The houses of the "*priests*" were far superior in point of comfort and respectability, to those of the plebeian members of society. Instead of unglazed windows, the "*padre's*" tenement was well supplied with glass, and doubled latticed; his rooms were matted; his *brasseiros* abounded plentifully with charcoal; his housekeeper and companion was generally a "*pretty niece*," so called; as for his wines, description is inadequate; let it suffice to say, they were worthy the cellar of a Spanish ecclesiastic.

Toledo, Talavera de La Reyna, Oropeza, and other handsome towns which lay upon our route, weré well inhabited ; the people going on with the usual business of their lives, apparently as if in times of prosperity and peace.

Many adventures were encountered, but danger there was none, beyond that to which we were exposed by volleys darted from the balconies.

The country, as we got further on, improved still more, both in fertility and cultivation ; gardens, corn-fields, pasture lands, and meadows, flourished in all the pride of exuberance and plenty. Nature, in whatever way we turned our eyes, presented a variety of charming prospects, with now and then a glimpse of the venerable Tagus, as she condescended to show herself between the trees, by which the banks on either side were thickly studded.

Villages, interspersed at no great distance from each other, were the abode of a contented peasantry, who, in " blissful ignorance " of these events and changes, connected with the vital interests of their country, seemed as though they would have said, " Let all the world besides torment and fret themselves, we at least are determined to be happy."

That which more than all surprised us, for

heretofore we were unaccustomed to it, was the great extent of their richly planted vineyards, spread out on every side to the boundaries of the horizon. The busy preparations for the approaching vintage, animated the landscape into a scene of cheerfulness that went a great way towards putting us in good humour with ourselves and every thing about us.

With reference to the contented and peaceful habits of the people, residing far in the interior, I never was so well convinced of this, as when, during a brief sojourn at Placentia, I became acquainted with a kind and hospitable family in that place.

Recurring to some "notices of that visit," which had before escaped my observation, I find the following remarks concerning the situation of the town, and other matters, that may not perhaps be uninteresting to those who have not travelled far beyond the beaten track.

"Descending the hill on the north-west side, a full view of the old city breaks upon the traveller, and has a singular effect. Perched, as it were, on a wilderness of rocks, its compact and antiquated looks render it an object of more than usual interest; while, upon a closer approach, its isolated appearance, coupled with the sombre aspect of the scenery around, pro-

duce a sort of melancholy feeling, scarcely dispelled by the few living beings who are seen wandering about the gloomy streets.

“ The river Xertes, crossed by two bridges, winds round the base of those steep rocks to which I have adverted, and flows in a rapid course, increased in winter to a torrent, throughout the whole extent of the romantic valley, at the extremity of which, the mountains seem to close into one lofty and inaccessible barrier, forming a recess, the very home, the sanctum of banditti.

“ Beyond the river, the slope of the mountain ridge is clothed with vineyards and woods of olives, interspersed with gardens, quintas, and cultivated patches ; and on the opposite bank, a bold and precipitous rocky eminence, rises to a considerable height, broken into dark ravines and gullies, forming a singular contrast with the other more highly favoured region.

“ Romance could with difficulty fix upon a better spot whereon to plant her castles, or one more suitable for the exploits of her knight errants, who in vain might try to scale the dangerous steep that bounds it.

“ The town, as before observed, is placed in the very depth of solitude ; and judging from its antiquity, one might almost imagine its exist-

ence to be cœval with those gigantic walls by which the hand of nature has enclosed it.

“ Albeit a place of note with respect to public buildings, there is little or nothing in the way of traffic. Dark streets, projecting turrets, funereal archways, equally funereal squares, together with a goodly batch of monasteries and churches all grouped into a very limited compass, may impart some faint impression of its consequence.

“ With regard to the animated portion of this tableau, the most attractive features were those that were seen occasionally, though slyly, peeping from the balconies or casements, or still more cunningly, between their fans as they ambled to their chapels.

“ In this course of my rambles, I found out an old friend, Lieutenant Grey, of the 71st regiment, who was employed on the reconnoitering service here, and who was occupant of a billet on the other side of the square. We sallied forth together to pay our respects to the governor, and with the intention, after having done so, to explore the streets and buildings, or anything else that might be in our way. The Alcalde was an imposing personage, with a good deal of the Jack-in-office character about him; he gave us, however, permission to enjoy a close

inspection of his city, with all the privileges of citizens while we remained.

“ Our first step, on quitting the Casa Consistorial, or Hall of Justice, was directed to the Grand Cathedral, which, in all cases, is the king of lions to every traveller in Spain, and is that to which they pay an early visit. It stands in the Calle de Principe, presenting itself in a scale of magnitude and grandeur which obtains for it, and justly, a good claim to be ranked among the finest in the country. Its antiquity is testified by its crumbling towers, as well as by the evident decay into which its elaborate fret-work and ornamental masonry are fast progressing. Having examined the interior, we crossed the largest aisle, and passing through the opposite portals, stepped out upon a handsome esplanade, flagged and railed in with a massive iron balustrade.

“ From hence we proceeded to the public Alameda, which is above half a mile in length, shaded on either side by a few stunted poplars, corresponding in their figures with the stately and graceful senoritas who promenade there ; but withal, ill calculated to protect their lovely faces from the scorching rays of summer. These ambulating donnas hardly ever show themselves

in the day-time, reserving all their charms for the study of the moonlight artist; and when the silvery light appears, they crowd in flocks to this, their favourite haunt, where, as the Spanish *cavaleiros* assemble likewise, it may be said to be as well their favourite place of assignation.

“Here they twist and flirt their fans with admirable skill, while, ever and anon, arranging the economy of their mantillas, which are usually trimmed, or wholly composed of the finest blonde. The effect of their evolutions is quite enchanting; their movements are repeated with additional zeal every time they pass the aforesaid *cavaleiros*, who take pains, by similar corresponding tactics, to render themselves as amiable and interesting as possible in the fair ones’ eyes, and by a judicious management of their cigars, while curling their mustachios, they are, at least in their own opinion, highly picturesque.”

Fronting the Casa Consistorial, in the Plaza Major, stands a solid building (the residence of a *Negociante*) which is remarkable for having had among its distinguished guests, His Majesty the ex-king of Spain.

As a testimony that royalty presided within its walls, the outer door was ornamented by the appendage of a huge iron chain, which was stretched across the portal in a triangular form;

agreeable to an ancient custom throughout the country.

The market held in the square, was said to have been in former times the best in Spain, particularly for fruit and vegetables ; wheat and barley are yet conveyed from the plains beyond the neighbouring mountains. Fuel and forage for the troops were at this time, however, both scarce and dear, the former being cut in the woods that lie a considerable distance from the town.

The heat of the sun, as reflected in the summer season, from the barren shelving rocks, that overhang the buildings, is so intolerable that all who can afford to enjoy the luxury of country quarters, take up their abode for months amidst the vineyards, and under the refreshing shade of olives, on the cool and wooded sides of Santa Barbara. In winter the city is unhealthy, owing to the humid nature of the atmosphere, and to clouds of fog and vapour, which descending from the rugged heights, settle upon the houses, after having rolled along the bottom of the valley.

Sunday is their merriest holyday, when the whole population make a lively shew on the Paseo, swarming to the churches, or enjoying what they term the "*vuelta*," which means a constitutional turn or two, upon the roads or

outlets, by way of an appetizer for their sassisges and ollas.

LIEUTENANT GREY'S BILLET. *

Our topographical researches being concluded, Grey led me to his billet, which was at the house of Don Juan Sevillano, where there was every comfort that a brace of rather hungry Subalterns could require, and where a well stocked larder awaited our arrival; previous however to our assault, I must give a short account of the interior, and then shall take the liberty of introducing the family of Don Juan to the good acquaintance of the reader.

After groping through a wide and remarkably gloomy opening on the basement, we ascended the well-known flight of steps, which conducted

* Grey, who was a Lieutenant in the 71st, was a steady and sensible young man, and a very agreeable companion on such occasions. He was one of those sort of persons, who if they have not much of what they called dash about them, are not the less to be esteemed; it was quite a treat in those retired and solitary haunts to meet with some one who could speak the English language; but Grey could not only speak the English, but the Spanish fluently, so that as an interpreter he was also useful; it was, in fact, owing to his proficiency in this way, as well as to his general knowledge of the people, that he was employed upon the service which has been adverted to, and in which he was distinguished.

us to the more civilized portion of the dwelling, where upon a narrow landing-place a barrier was before us, in the form of clumsy folding doors, which yielded with manifest reluctance to our shoulders, grumbling withal at being thus rudely treated.

Within, a scene of domestic quietude was presented, by no means unusual in country places, even in those noisy and troublous times. The Spaniards have the happy art of reconciling themselves to whatever may be the fortune of the day ; and to do them justice, I know of none who become so perfectly at ease, even under the pressure of adverse circumstances.

The Madre, Donna Sevillano, who was habited in a thick frieze great coat, buttoned up to the chin, rose with affability to receive us, when pointing to a brasseiro well replenished, she directed us to use no ceremony ; wherefore taking the friendly dame's advice, we beseiged the embers, and having raked them up, observed with inward satisfaction the darkening weather, and listened with indifference to the cutting wind, as it blew with vengeance against the rattling casement of the chamber windows.

Around us everything bespoke the remains of grandeur ; there was very little real wealth

among them. The apartment was of large dimensions, adorned with faded ornamental work, and furnished with many relics of antiquity; paintings in frames that had once been gilded, encasing heads of antediluvian men and women, that glared grimly from the canvass, and almost staring us out of countenance.

There were a pleasing variety of nondescripts lying about, ready as it were to be labelled for some cabinet of curiosities; and as a set off to the whole concern, a large piece of straw matting worn into a thing of "shreds and patches," graced, or rather greased the floor, charitably concealing a world of evils.

In passing our "compliments" on the splendour of the garniture and pictures, and extolling the beauty of her moveables, the madre smiled most winningly, with the usual "todos para servir usted, senor;" the translation of which was, neither more or less, whether we accepted of them or not, the request that we might consider herself, her daughters, her furniture, and entire establishment at our disposal; a piece of formal etiquette at all times observed in Spain, but seldom realized. Whatever we might have said with regard to her pretty daughters, and any other pretty pictures that were in the room,

I am inclined to think that we should have been somewhat shy concerning that part of the good lady's overture which had reference to herself, and the aforesaid ancient relics included in the proposition.

Near the door-way stood a large vase of faded flowers, which in addition to lavender sprinkled over the brasseiro, produced a fragrance that was almost oppressive, and made us occasionally draw towards the window that we might breathe more freely. The perfume was, however, acceptable in one respect, for it neutralized others of a much more questionable nature, arising from garlic, sebolias, and a variety of sweets.

Lavender is an essence in high request among the Spaniards, who take care to have the apartments liberally scented with it.

In one corner we espied a youth of thirteen, playing on a harpsichord (one of the antiques), which, although it evidently had seen better days, was yet in a vigorous condition. At his side stood an elderly man, who was giving lessons to the boy, whom he alternately accompanied with the violin, an instrument he performed on with some degree of skill.

This artist went by the name of "Senor Pantalion," which Grey mistook for Pantaloon, (no

very great mistake); for when the man laid down his fiddle, he looked as much like Astley's pantaloons as any gentleman I ever saw. He must have held the post of dancing master, as well as fiddler to the family, for he cut as many capers as any first-rate tormentor of the catgut that ever figured in that way.

The daughters, Leonora and Migueila, a pair of lighthearted girls as any one would desire to see, scattered mischief around them with their fine dark eyes, while they charmed us by their ingenuous, frank and lively manners. They did nothing but skip and romp about the room, quizzing poor Pantalion without mercy, and shewing off their playful tricks without restraint before the strange "officials."

These laughter-loving damsels were attired pretty much like their mother; I supposed in consequence of the coldness of the weather, and having nothing but the brassiere to resort to. Tucked up, as comfortably as possible, by means of a double row of silver buttons, their costume was becoming, (for anything becomes a pretty girl,) although out of character for the latitude of Spain; they might, without the risk of injury, have sat with Captain Ross upon an ice-berg.

When they got a little tamed, or tired with their frolics, they filled up the intervals with singing, and a tune or two on the "antique;" after which, they danced boleros to Pantalion's violin.

We were highly gratified by the society of this very engaging family, who seemed to pass those hours away with so much delight, and satisfaction to themselves, which, by the generality of families throughout the larger towns and cities, are spent in a state of apathy, drowsiness, and gloom.

Varied as their graver occupations were, by these harmless bursts of mirth, and simple as their gladness was, they needed not the crowded ball-room, the card-table, nor the festive throng;—the fashionable world, that whirls along in its giddy round of dissipation, in our boasted country, might find among the inhabitants of those secluded parts of Spain, much that would be worthy of their imitation.

Their females are by no means intellectual; but their cheerfulness and unaffected manners are, in my mind, far superior to the cold refinement, and heartless polish of better educated nations.

There is none of that starched prudery of

“old maidenism,” about them ; and the chilling stand-off, let-me-alone sort of look, of your would-be modern Lucretias, is totally unknown in their society.

ALBA DE TORMES.

On coming down to the Tormes, when the army was on the advance to Salamanca in 1812, the 1st brigade of the 2nd division was thrown into Alba and its castle, situated on and defending the passage of that river. We had no sooner got within the town, which, from the wear and tear of ages was falling into ruin, than we found ourselves consigned to lodgings, wherein our tenure promised to be of very short duration ; for Soult, threatening to bear down upon us, was close at hand ; the cool tramp of his infantry, with the rolling of his battering train, and the music of his drums, was already heard on the surrounding hills, along the base and sides of which, they made various windings, in order to find an opening for their columns.

They had, in a superior manner, gained the vantage ground, crowning the neighbouring heights, while under the concealment of a dark and misty atmosphere, they closed in upon the

outworks. General Hamilton's Caçadores, who were scattered along the front, behaved with coolness, for they were under the direction of British officers.*

Harboured by loose mud walls, and other flimsy barricades, our men were lying squatted like a horde of banditti behind a rock, and

* Major Leith Hay, in his "Annals of the Peninsular War," gives the following account of this affair:—

"In the course of the 10th of November, the enemy's whole artillery appeared on the Tormes; on his left was Marshal Soult, who pressed forward to force the Allies from Alba, and obtain possession of the bridge.

"Twenty pieces of ordnance opened upon the devoted town; shells descending crashed through the roofs of the houses; showers of balls swept along the streets, while occasional parties of Voltigeurs rushing forward, they were invariably met, and bayoneted back. General Howard, and the brave regiments of his brigade, were neither to be intimidated by noise, nor forced from their post by the desultory attacks of French Voltigeurs; and the enemy's generals, spectators to this violent assault on the open and unsheltered quarters of three British regiments, ordered back the troops employed, and desisted from the hopeless attempt of gaining possession of the place, without bringing on a much more serious affair.

"It is only necessary to mention, that the regiments in Alba were:—the 50th, commanded by Colonel Stewart; the 92nd, by Colonel Cameron; the 71st, by Colonel Cadogan; to account for the gallant repulse of the enemy, on the above occasion."

equally as savage ; for hunger not improving their natural disposition, they were ripe for anything that boded mischief to the enemy.

Alba, at that time, was the strong-hold of famine, which stared us in the face without remorse ; nothing could be more awful than the plight of both soldiers and civilians. Before us the commissariat had trooped off on the road to Roderigo ; and behind, the French prowling about the country, devoured up everything they could lay their hands on, leaving it as bare as if it had been overrun by locusts.

From this it may well be imagined, that our immediate larder was but poorly stocked. The haversacks were in a gallopping decay, solely replenished by any garbage that we could either beg, borrow, or steal from the unfortunate Albanese ; such as mouldy saussages, chesnuds, garlic, or any other delicacies in that way.

Our scare-crow looks were enough to terrify the natives, who screamed in pitious tones as we passed their dwellings every morning, "Pobrez Inglesses,—O, Maria ! pobrecitos hombres,—caramba que pobrecitos !"* It was some consolation, at all events, to be thus addressed, at least

* " Poor English !—O, Maria !—poor fellows—Caramba, how poor !"

by the dear compassionate señoritas, and to have their *pity*, which, as it is said to be in woman, "sister to love," we must have been to a great extent the objects of their fancy. We were not, however, just then in a particularly loving humour ; nor were these Spaniolas remarkably attractive. A substantial breakfast, at that very hungry period, would have been much more charming in our eyes.

The joy of these poor creatures knew no bounds, when, as each day returned, they met our picquets coming from the out-works after being relieved, hoping, on the prospect of our longer stay, a further respite from the horrors which awaited them, should the Frenchmen get possession of the town.

After a probationary course of lenten diet, we began to get in readiness for departure ; in doing which, our light advances were recalled, when the besiegers observing all our movements, opened a tremendous broadside on us, the sound of which réechoing from the hills, made it appear as if heaven and earth were coming together, and sent the shingles of our ancient tenements about our ears.

Meanwhile, (a train of gunpowder having previously been laid for the destruction of the

passage across the Tormes,) the whole of our little garrison filed off, protected by the skirmishers, the last of whom were scarcely over, when a dreadful crash was heard, and the bridge was a heap of ruins.

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Before the retreat from Salamanca, the whole French army was manœuvring on the opposite bank of the river, playing with us a game of evolutions; the parties on either hand endeavouring to command the line to Roderigo. Wellington, however, at this time got the weather gauge of his antagonist, and gained that line before him.

Night coming on, we were thrown across the boundaries of the forest, through which many routes leading to the frontiers penetrated.

As soon as the men were halted, the guards and picquets throughout the line were ordered to the front; when the Duke rode up, and calling the officers before him, he read them a lecture on their respective duties; after which, he kept our parties at a trot until he brought them to their ground, when he dispersed them right and left, immediately in front of the light troops

on the opposite side, where the hills and every rising bank were occupied by Frenchmen.*

I never saw anything to equal the coolness exhibited by Wellington on that occasion. He was mounted on his "dapple steed," with his blue cloak thrown loosely across his shoulders;

* On our advance to Alba, those remarkable heights, the *Arapiles*, reminded us of Marmont and his manœuvring.

The Duke of Ragusa succeeded Massena in Spain, where he rendered himself conspicuous by his operations for the defence of Salamanca, and by his unsuccessful contest with Wellington, on the plains before that city, where he was out-manœuvred and out-generalled, he lost a number of his prime troops, and he lost a leg.

Marmont was, however, a good officer, although a rich man (for rich men seldom make good officers). His marriage with the daughter of a wealthy banker in Paris, was the best of his campaigns. Any services he performed after this event, must have arisen purely for the national honour. The object of his choice had many personal charms, enhanced by a few thousands of those glittering beauties that helped to line his coffers. It was no wonder, therefore, that he returned to France in obedience to Buonaparte's command, fully satisfied with his wreath of laurels; and bearing the marks of one who had lately been in the post of danger, he enjoyed, in the bosom of his grateful countrymen, every happiness that wealth and imperial influence could bestow.

His age was about thirty-nine years when he fought against us at Salamanca.

His friend General St. Croix, a gallant officer, was killed near Sobral in Portugal.

the triangular chapeau right fore and aft, and the white cravat. Raising his telescope to his eye, while peering with his sharp and penetrating glance towards the enemy's position, his attitude and whole demeanour were expressive of the collectedness and self-possession for which he is so eminently remarkable. The balls, somewhat in a random way, whizzed past us pretty smartly; and one would think, from the peppering directed to where he stood, that they were trying to administer a settler to his Grace, who, when the men were posted, and his reconnoissance concluded, rode off *deliberately*, followed by a shower of musketry. When beyond the range of fire, he galloped away in the direction of our lines. The soldiers were highly pleased by this immediate interview with their chief; and in their remarks about his astonishing "sang froid," they displayed a considerable degree of humour, and not a little judgment.

Going through the woods we were perpetually on the "qui vive," with an unseen enemy hovering on the flanks, watching every opportunity to get his fangs upon us. It was almost impossible to guard against surprise; a sudden gust of wind, or the rustling of the trees sent us at once "to arms;" in short, we knew not what

moment they might come tumbling in among us. Their cavalry, in particular, were such an attentive escort, that they often had the boldness to dash across our sections, or through the open and straggling columns, cutting down any who might loiter on the way.

It was in one of those detours that General Paget was taken prisoner. The day was dark and gloomy, which, together with violent rain and a misty atmosphere, enabled the videttes to approach nearer than they had done before, or than was either requisite or desirable. They had been more than usually successful on this day, having, with many stragglers, picked up a commissary or two, so that in case of need they might resort to the talents of such useful characters.

Seeing a favourable opening, they galloped along a by-path that crossed the road, when making a desperate rush, they came full butt upon the General, who was riding quietly a little way on before his staff, and at some distance from the head of his division. Before his friends could arrive to his support, the gallant officer was led away, his escort at the same time hinting to him, that he might be "wanted" at Verdun."

A journey to that fortress, or even to Paris, at that inclement season, was not exactly such a jaunt as the General, or any other modern traveller, would have fancied; however, the woods of Salamanca were far from being an earthly paradise; it was therefore puzzling to decide on which was the more desirable alternative. His captors taking just then a lively interest in his concerns, were for showing him a little of the world; proceeding without unnecessary delay to act accordingly, they rode off, cantering with him into the deep recesses of the forest.

General Paget was a fine spirited soldier, whose presence and encouraging example were greatly missed by the troops of his division.

Colonel Napier, in his fifth volume, draws a parallel between this retreat and that of Sir John Moore, giving it as his opinion, that with the exception of some particulars with regard to officers commanding, the circumstances attending each campaign were similar.

We certainly had a pretty good specimen of retreating in Galicia; but this, I mean from Salamanca, for the time it lasted, was allowed by those concerned in both, to be equally as bad a business, and would make a very affecting sequel or episode to the other. True, we had

not in the present case quite so far to travel, nor was the route or country so indifferent ; but being totally left without our baggage, the officers at least not having a cloak to cover them, it was felt with as much severity, and the casualties in proportion just as great.

I really think that the weather was even worse ; for in the north of Spain, although there was excessive snow, still the rains were not so heavy : here it was one continued down-pour, from the Tormes to the Agueda, at which, when at length arrived, we were thoroughly soaked, or, as the sailor would say, water-logged. Having acquired by experience somewhat of the nature of amphibious animals, it made no difference whatever coming to a river ; for being all of a piece, we plunged in, wading through thick and thin, and, like the water-spaniel, giving ourselves a hearty shake or two on getting clear across.

The open country would have been in every way much more to be preferred ; for, superadded to the pelting of the storm, we enjoyed a liberal and refreshing shower-bath from the interwoven branches of the trees, by which the road in many parts was canopied.

Often have I, upon a cutting night, envied the soldiers of my company, who had their blankets

with them, and would gladly have given any price for even a part of one. When the fires, that we had some trouble to kindle, were extinguished by the rain, we tried to crouch together near the ashes; but failing of any warmth in that posture, we tramped up and down the bivouac, to get the blood in circulation; and were compelled as a "dernier resort," to stretch down on the lee-side of the men, who were coiled up in heaps well covered; where we might with truth have sung—

" Our lodging is on the cold ground."

The rain, which is decidedly an enemy to gunpowder and gasconading, had so effectually extinguished all our fires, that were the apparition of a blaze to have arisen before us, even within the enemy's lines, I am almost inclined to think, that many would have gone off to warm themselves. At all events, the experiment would not have been a safe one in the Salamanca business, or, as it is historically termed, the Burgos retreat.

CHAPTER VII.

Feria, and the Guerillas—Don Julian Sanchos—Mountain Pass—Wild Scenery—Habits of the Guerillas—Ladies of Feria—Their Polite Accomplishments—Smoking—Wolves—Last Campaign—Fine Country—Peace and Plenty—The Lazy Artist—The Escorial—The Knowing Forager—Dear Loaf—Pleasantries on the March—Pretty Girls in the Billet—A Receipt for Good Humour—Charms of the Spanish Women.

FERIA, AND THE GUERILLAS.

THE small town of Feria is embedded in the heart of barren mountains; its situation is so wild that one might safely pronounce it to be the favourite haunt of those desperados and brigands, by which the adjoining country is infested. The rugged path-ways, winding round these lofty promontories, or leading through ravines, would seem at first to conduct one into

places where solitude is scarcely interrupted by the harsh cry of eagles, vultures, hawks, and other birds of prey.

Sometimes arriving on the brink of a deep and almost impenetrable glen, where the dark and yawning gulf, as beheld from the summit of the precipice, was enough to make one dizzy; we looked forward to the pinnacle of the contiguous height, doubtful of being able to scramble up the steep ascent.

Into these remote and uncultivated districts, the sword was carried with awful vengeance; and the wild "Julianos"* held the inmost fastness of the desert ground, with bold tenacity of grasp. Banded themselves in league with troops of robbers, equipped and armed, they were perfectly at home, while from rough seasoning, they were inured to a mode of predatory warfare, that was often as destructive to the peaceful habits of the peasantry, as it was fearfully harassing to the enemy's scattered parties.

The desultory system of those "partidas," was therefore effectual in cutting off, and that by imperceptible degrees, their numerous detachments that went out into the mountain

* Don Julian Sanchez was Chief of the Guerillas, from which they derived the name of "Julianos."

passes, few of whom ever returned to give a detail of their adventures.

Emerging at an early hour, upon a dismal day in January, from one of those lawless glens, through which we had for some time been progressing, we observed, to our amazement, (for it could not be imagined that any civilized beings would be found in such a place,) the town already mentioned.

After a long and painful journey, and scaling the most difficult precipices on our route, we at length succeeded in gaining a plateau upon the outlets, when we got orders to rest a little for the purpose of recovering breath, and also to brush up into a respectable appearance, previous to our entrée.

Within a league, or rather more, of where we halted, we came suddenly upon a craggy knoll, where a narrow pass was formed, at the gorge of which a strong picquet of Julianos were posted, to guard the barriers of the mountain road. We were thus afforded an opportunity of having a closer view of men so long a terror to the enemy. Remaining for about half an hour at the limits of the pass, we entered into a minute inspection of their whole establishment, meanwhile eyeing the valiants with earnest curiosity.

Under the flinty brow of an impending cliff, and at the opening of a place that bore some resemblance to a cave, there were at least a section of them lying prostrate on the heath, in the full enjoyment of their naps, while their comrades held the vigils. Others were engaged in cookery, paying their addresses to a frying-pan, where a savoury mess was fizzing upon a scanty fire of broom, and where they were anxiously employed in making the compound "thick and good."

In addition to the dusky group that gathered round the fire-place, the sentinels at the pass formed not the least interesting features in the foreground of the wild and extraordinary picture. Accustomed, as they were, by the very nature of their precarious service, to sudden, and often false alarms, our abrupt ascent to where they stood, as it were in a sort of ambuscade, had no other effect than that of putting them quickly on their metal. The man patrolling at the margin of the defile, getting his musket at recover, was prepared to fire at our first advance; but seeing at once the customers he had to treat with, he quietly let fall his piece and resumed his walk.

These Guerillas were constantly engaged in

mountain warfare ; their life was one of danger and excitement ; better suited, however, to the military character of the Spaniard, than fighting in the open country. To see the mountaineer in his proper element, you must visit him in his rugged haunts, where, posted with a huge rock, or other natural breastwork before him, I should not like to be the individual who would question his authority on that ground.

There was a ferocity of expression about these modern buccaneers indicative of " no quarter ;" the " black flag" was their appropriate banner ; while they looked upon our party in a way that rather confirmed us in thinking, that a residence among such company would in nowise contribute to a prolonged existence in this world.

They were habited in a sort of rough attire, half military, half paysanno ; belts, pouches, and silver buttons at discretion. Folded within the plaits of a crimson sash or leathern girdle, the stiletto, knife, or cutlass was at hand ; while the loaded musket was hardly ever absent from their embrace.

The usual sombrero, or if in Castile, the Montero cap, added very much to the fierceness of a black and well mustachioed visage.

The valorous whiskerando then on duty, with

muscles as tough as whipcord, displayed a piece of framework well adapted to resist the elements; his ghastly frown was in itself enough to strike the oldest veteran with alarm.

Feria was remarkable for nuisances of a somewhat barbarous description, namely wolves, and women, (ladies I should say, for all the sex are ladies now-a-days) endued with the polite accomplishment of smoking.

The former abounding in the neighbourhood, made regular nightly visits to the town, where they prowled about the streets and alleys in quest of any provender they might fancy, which they generally carried off to devour at leisure in their dens. Several goats belonging to the officers were kidnapped by these savage beasts; we began to think at last, that they had it in contemplation, to serve the owners of the afore-said useful creatures in a similar way. It would doubtless be amusing to have seen one of them walking away with a jolly sub between his teeth—a dry and tasteless morsel, it must be granted, much more indigestible than goats or poultry.

As for the Donnas addicted to the vice of smoking, they were quite disgusting; however gaily they were equipped, they forfeited their

charms : beauty, so often troublesome to ladies, was with them a rare and extremely perishable commodity. Their breath had no resemblance to the balmy southern gales, poetically spoken of ; and as for teeth, their snowy whiteness had long since vanished.

A little before setting out for Feria, the regiment proposed to have a general "battue," not against the puffing damsels, but against the wolves ; to hunt them down, and if possible to rid the country of those animals ; however, the "route" soon after put an end to all our sporting projects, leaving poultry, sheep and goats, and (forgive me, fair ones) if you will, the smokers, to the mercy of their ravenous intruders.

WINTER QUARTERS.

The winter of 1812, and part of the spring of 13, were passed by the greater part of the army in those wild and dismal villages, the very home of wretchedness and famine, that lay scattered among the rocks, in that inhospitable and dreary region beyond the *Agueda*, which appeared to extend its limits as far as the eye could reach. There was much of what your admirer of the picturesque would call "*wild beauty*," but wild beauty was not exactly the sort of thing

we wanted just at that time; the cooling we had got in the course of our late performances among the pines and oak trees, damped our taste for the "romantic;" in fact our taste was so depraved, that a country even moderately civilized would have been infinitely more lovely to our sight.

The hovels into which they bundled us by half dozens at a time, and in comparison with which even an Irish cabin would not suffer, were grouped and sheltered in broken hollows, and rugged chasms, chiefly formed by fragments of the rocks by which they were surrounded. In the best of times they were but indifferent lodgings; but now, divested as they were of everything in the shape of furniture, it would be difficult to fancy anything so miserable. Chairs, bedsteads, tables, and wooden ware of every sort, had literally vanished into smoke, for long since they were burned up by the soldiers of friend and foe, for fuel; so that having no brokers in the neighbourhood, those useful articles were replaced by blocks of stone, the knapsack, panniers or drum-head. The poor, but hardy mountaineers who contrived to live (but living it could scarce be called) in those habitations of despair, were themselves "despair personified," stalking round their empty walls; nothing but skin and bone,

with their eyes starting out of their sockets, while as they and their half-starved wives and children crept into the chimney corner, shrivelled up with cold and hunger, they snatched with the eagerness of famished wolves, whatever remained of our scanty rations. At that gloomy season of the year, (it was then the beginning of November) and in such quarters, our prospect seemed to be as hopeless as that of those poor natives; however, we were birds of passage, and like our fellow-lodgers, particularly lean ones too, hardly worth the expense of powder—it therefore made no great difference; “change” was stamped on everything connected with our affairs; on this we built all our hopes, for we knew that whatever happened it must be for the better.

So far at least as the second division was concerned, many surmises and predictions were abroad as to their future destination, which were soon developed; for at a very early period of the winter they were routed from Robledo, and other small villages, and directed towards the south, to which they turned their heads as naturally as if it were the only soil or climate where such delicate plants could vegetate.

Here, as at all times, their old good fortune was

at hand; the "surprizers" found themselves cantoned in very different habitations from those they lately quitted, being as comfortable in Coria, Bejar, Banos, and other towns upon the Spanish frontiers, as any of the favourite division could desire.

I spoke of change—this was indeed a change;—from despondency to cheering hope;—from thread-bare havresacks, hollow sounding hampers and canteens, with absent commissaries, to the generous pigskin or caraffa, and panniers overflowing—from pale and meagre looks, to something that indicated an acquaintance with the "jolly god;"—in short, from the extreme of wretchedness, poverty, and starvation, to abundance and good-living.

Our ill-starred brethren whom we left behind roughed it for a few months longer, when the whole army, lying in a torpid state all the winter, was, (like the frozen waters of the Neva) suddenly broken up; and as it were, by the genial influence of the sun, revived and reanimated, fresh life and vigour sprung into every limb; a fresh supply of military fire burned in every breast; the last and most brilliant of our campaigns had already opened. The break-up of the Russian business, produced a general break-

up of a corresponding nature among the French army in Spain, sending us all with an accelerated movement towards the north. From the moment of our first starting in that direction, there never was a set of mortals whose powers of endurance were more thoroughly exercised, tantalized as we were by our near approach to Madrid, travelling under its very gates—by our night's abode at the Escorial—by the cursory view that we obtained of many large towns, which we dared not enter; so that whatever qualities were on the catalogue of our virtues, patience might have been added to the list.

That the love of change is deeply implanted in every breast, either to arouse the energies that might lie dormant there, or to answer some equally wise and useful purpose, is a fact or truism so well established and avowed, that no one in these enlightened days would hazard a doubt or cavil on the subject. Hence the desire for roving that makes every one at heart a traveller. Whether from house to house, from town to town, from country to country, still there is a rambling disposition, restless beings as we are, perpetually looking out for space wherein to build our castles—those airy visions of happiness yet to come, that float in our

imagination. Some may talk of the quietude of home, or rave of the joys of settled life: but these are all Utopian ravings: the most inveterate stay-at-home, stays there more from necessity than choice; he would be wandering if he could, and with all the rest go round and round in the same revolving circle. This strong propensity of our nature—this almost ruling passion, is fostered and encouraged by the delight experienced in the novel scenes we panted for. All that we behold upon a journey hitherto untravelled, comes with a freshness—a vivid colouring to our senses that leaves a first impression never to be forgotten. We long for a repetition of the pleasures, and this creates an “appetite” for ranging over other fields unseen, “that grows by what it feeds on.” But fickle, roving man, the delight you once experienced, wears off at every future visit, and in the end fades gradually away.

I know of nothing that made us set off on our daily march with greater spirit, than the increased desire to which I have referred; nor do I know of any country which presented so many objects worthy of that desire, each differing from the other, and all unlike anything we had ever witnessed. We scarcely allowed ourselves any

breathing time, until we had visited every "lion," running from one thing to another, with the eagerness and curiosity of school-boys, and with the same inconstancy, turning from the forsaken one, for something new.

No place in this way gratified us more, than the old city of Toledo;—a city remarkable for its sword-blades, and for possessing the handsomest women in Spain. Lying, as it did, immediately on our route, it offered cantonments for one day's rest, the events of which, crowded within the compass of that little space, were sufficient to fill a year, at least, in the journal of any modern traveller. So many were the stimulants to the pursuit of pleasure, which assailed us on every side, that it required more stoicism than we could boast of, to render us invulnerable.

The first sight we obtained of this beautiful city, was remarkably fine; its situation is too well-known to need any repetition here.

From the busy streets, the inhabitants out-poured in one vast crowd, to meet us upon a low sandy plain, which skirts the western limits. The appearance of an English army seemed to impress them with a degree of mingled joy and curiosity, that exceeded anything we had seen

before,—every countenance brightened up as we approached,—even the clergy laid aside their gravity, and welcomed us as heartily as their lay fraternity. It reminded us of old times, when we first came into Portugal, to see the grandames as they kissed and hugged the colours, with the most idolatrous enthusiasm; screaming with delight, they would have kissed the ensigns too who carried them, had those gentlemen been gallant enough to admit of their sweet embraces. As for the young ones, they could not get among the crowd; but they did their best, poor things, running to the balconies with their flowers, which, with other little matters, they showered upon us; whether from admiration for such unworthy beings, or from zeal for a better cause, I leave the curious reader to determine.

The first thing that was done, long before we got nigh the place, was to set all the bells a-going,—such a clangour never issued from their walls before. Halting in the Plaza Mayor, all were dismissed amid the loud continued peal, while many-coloured flags waved from every window,—every space was thronged,—every gallery filled with beauty,—men, women, and children, giving way to the utmost extent of their lungs,

in one grand chorus; when, at length, hurrying off to enjoy the less turbulent, but much more agreeable mode of passing the remainder of the day, we proceeded in quest of our respective billets.

Being introduced with my companion to the chateau appointed for our quarters, we were greeted by the patron, who met us at the door, and who was followed by a blooming *senorita*, bearing a salver with sundry copas of sparkling wine, which tempted us to try the quality of the damsel's offering; the little Hebe, meanwhile, throwing into the bargain one of those bewitching smiles, so truly Spanish. Enquiring of our host, if this young maiden was his daughter, —“*Si, senhor, para servir usted,*” was his reply. “Would that she were,” inwardly responded his enraptured guests.

Approaching the borders of Madrid, there is little, if anything, of that beauty that one might naturally be led to seek for, in the proximity of a capital.

Cultivated tillage lands, fertile plains of ample boundary, rather thinly varied with plantations,

chiefly make up the general aspect which presents itself; but it fails, on the whole, in that luxuriance which prevails in the neighbourhood of other cities. There is nothing of that variety to be derived from hill or valley, but one wearisome, dull, and immeasurable flat, on every side.

It was on the forenoon of a cloudless summer's day, that our columns, impeded by an endless train of commissariat, moved slowly on. For many leagues, the avenues leading to Madrid extend before the traveller in monotonous and tedious lines, like the radii of a circle, directed from the circumference to a common centre; there is nothing so tiresome or so trying to the patience. The never ending vista appears to lengthen as you get along; the turrets, spires, and public buildings in perspective, tantalizing as they seem to fly on your advance.

We had no rest allowed,—no halting to see the country, nor yet to take one peep within the far-famed city, on which, as we skirted past the outlets, many a wistful glance was cast; it was “one last look,” for few were ever doomed to behold the place again.

The heavy clay-built villages, parched and sun-dried, with little to distinguish them from the mud walls by which they were enclosed,

rather encreased than otherwise the monotony of our route. The paysannos scattered here and there, falling asleep beside their doors, or lounging at the fountain steps, were in good keeping with their murky habitations. But there were some redeeming features,—a sprinkling of the fair and joyous villagers, who, as they gazed between their lattices, gave us many a “viva,” many a heartfelt benison for our success.

It has often been wondered at, as a thing not easily accounted for, why Madrid was ever thought of as the capital of such an important empire.

It is certainly the most central point, lying as it were equi-distant from every other considerable town, to which there are the finest roads; there is, notwithstanding, a littleness, a want of dignity about the place, ill-corresponding with the splendour to be expected in the seat of royalty. However magnificent its palace, (and it truly is a noble building,) however delightful its Prado, the Alcala, and other public promenades, however they may boast of the Retiro and its gardens, still it falls considerably below the imagined grandeur of a city; inferior as to beauty of situation, either to

Seville or Valencia, it will scarcely even bear comparison with some of the smaller towns. Much, however, remains to be admired within; for, contrary to the general rule as applied to pleasing objects, it improves upon a minute inspection; your impression, as to the meanness of its external view, vanishes the moment you ascend the streets,—where the busy stir,—the continued moving to and fro of well-dressed people,—the gaiety of the “paseos,” animated as they are by the presence of the lovely Madrilenos, with a thousand other attractions peculiar to the scene, inform you better than words can tell, of its claim for honourable mention, among the wonders of proud Castile.

Madrid is a cold and uncomfortable place of residence in the winter, but it is dreadfully hot in summer: the atmosphere, which in other towns is tempered by the refreshing breeze that sweeps across the elevated plains around them, is here not only oppressive, but even so beyond endurance; the insufferable evil still more encreased by the densely populated streets,—the arid soil,—the heat reflected from the white surface of the buildings, and the scarcity of water, their only source being from the Manzanares, which is here but a shallow river.

I can scarcely remember anything in the course of this rapid and interesting journey, which struck me more forcibly than the first view that presented itself of the Escorial, as we passed across the brow of the lower mountain ridge, upon which it stands. Having to march some distance through the deer-park, which occupies a considerable range of country round the palace, the building was mostly concealed by the thick foliage of the trees ; so, that on emerging from the outer extremity of the park, or rather from that side opening to the hill, the whole magnificence of the structure, with all its vastness, burst on the eye, with an effect that I am unable to describe.

When Philip the First beheld this splendid fabric, as it rose in all its beauty from the workmen's hand, little did he imagine that it should, at some future day, be trampled on, profaned, and made a refuge for the boisterous sons of strife. Had any evil-omened spirit ascended from his costly mausoleum to haunt him with such bodings, dark would have been his latter days,—penances would have taken place of that ambition which at first prompted him to raise the pile ; and well he might have mourned, for even in the worst of times, when

war, with its dreadful horrors, threatened to desolate mankind, a scene so humbling to the pride of kings could scarcely be imagined, as that which was represented in this palace, when our troops were unfortunately introduced there.

It was melancholy to witness the havoc going forward,—to see those walls, long since painted and embellished with so much care,—with all the pains that genius could bestow ;—those marble stairs and lobbies,—those richly ornamented galleries, halls and balustrades, blackened and defiled with smoke !— Well may it be said, that war is a sad alternative, when buildings such as this, whether pertaining to friend or foe, should be so cruelly mutilated and despoiled. Let those who are advocates for the system, even upon grounds more justifiable than anything which has hitherto disturbed the peace of nations, but note the ruin that has followed in the march of armies when in Spain,—let them behold the miserable remains of structures, raised, it may be, for monastic pomp, or to gratify the taste of princes, the—broken, defaced, and crumbling masses, into which so many of them have fallen,—they will, if possessed of a spark of love for all that is

noble—all that is beautiful, deplore the consequences of our warfare, yielding to those fine, those higher principles, which not only decide for peace, but would preserve with jealous hand, those splendid works of art, at once the pride and ornament of every country. It is true the troops were not allowed to pass within the chambers of the palace; but even so, the mischief carried on throughout the galleries was irreparable, for soldiers think of nothing in times like these, but that which concerns their own immediate wants, conceiving that they ought to burn or destroy any, or everything, that lies before them, wantonly injuring or defacing, without the slightest shadow of excuse.

From the Escorial, to the summit of the Guadarama, it was almost a perpendicular ascent; in vain we tried to move with a celerity that was expected in all our movements; even though starting fresh from our princely quarters, the task was more than we could well accomplish;—but what is there that English troops cannot accomplish? The pass was gained where, at the extreme pinnacle of the ridge, and just where the height is all but inaccessible, the prospect it commanded, was one of the most magnificent that could be fancied. Accustomed, as we were, to a level or a slightly undulating

country, the view, as it overlooked the two Castiles, was, from its very novelty, a delightful treat.

A momentary pause enabled us to breathe the clear and bracing air, which renewed us for the downward journey. Immediately round the palace, and in the direction of Madrid, the country was covered with the richest verdure, and partially clothed with evergreens and forest trees. On every side was scenery upon which the eye delights to rest—not one continued scope of tame unvaried landscape, but relieved by the wildness which prevails throughout the Guadarama, and enlivened by those features, of which the winding Manzanares, and other streams, were not the least attractive.

Our rapid mode of travelling, though far from the rapidity of our steaming days, would do very well for your fire-side literati, who draw upon their imaginations for the materials of a book; and whose ideas, floating over half the globe, they are thus qualified to manufacture a very respectable volume. It is also worthy of those galloping tourists, who, while going at the rate of ten miles an hour, collect their information by a glance through a coach-window, or from a gossiping chamber-maid, during their flying visit at an inn.

Tracts of country vanished almost with rail-

road speed, until, arriving at the borders of Navarre, we proceeded more leisurely on our journey.

Here our route lay through the beautiful valley of the Ebro, winding parallel with the bends of that fine river, and leading between broken and precipitous hills, on which, in crevices of the rock, where there was scarcely soil to produce a blade of grass, the dwarf-oak, firs, wild-chesnut, and a variety of other trees and plants, were flourishing even, in some parts, to the very apex of the ridge.

The features of this delicious valley assumed a varied aspect, as we turned the angle of each promontory that overhung the passage, through which for some days we continued to direct our course, until, at length, emerging from the picturesque and truly interesting glen, into the open country, the landscape was much more tame; the bold and romantic scenery we had left, declining into that of an ordinary and minor character.

The meadows and stripes of grazing land, upon the margin of the river, afforded ample pasturage for the sheep and cattle that were browsing there; while the fields allowed for tillage, though apparently of narrow limits, were yet sufficient for the wants of the thinly scattered

population, by which the hamlets, that were spread along the banks, were occupied. The wilder and more secluded regions seemed to have been untravelled, at least by soldiers; for the peasantry, a simple and contented race, shut up their cottages as the din of war approached, and upon the first observance of the bright gleaming of our arms, distinctly traced for a lengthened distance in the defile, the villagers fled in all directions, without leaving a vestige of humanity to dispute our right, behind them.

The lines for our encampments were chosen without much difficulty. Wood and water were abundant; nature, ever kind and bountiful, had a most inviting bivouac prepared for our reception, such as we had not for long before enjoyed. Exposed, as we were, to an overpowering sun, the Ebro flowing past our huts, was a source from whence our greatest luxury was derived. Our ablutions in its clear and sparkling waters were so invigorating, that even after the longest marches, we rose on each successive day, as fresh and lively as the lark.

THE KNOWING FORAGER.

Pushing on in this way, at the rate of men who had some desperate game in view, we out-

run our caterers, while trusting to the resources of a poor country (where the French had been beforehand), and to our skill as experienced foragers, we found ourselves in a dilemma, out of which the wise heads of all our generals, when laid together, could hardly deliver us.*

Bread, among other things, was a scarce article; for some days we had not seen even the ghost of a loaf. Our wizened looks and hollow eyes plainly confirmed what the grumbling of the lower regions notified. In this half-famished state all were on the alert; and

* *A Lazy Artist.*—Forage was so scarce at times, that many officers were forced to join in a sort of partnership, better known by the name of "ride and tie." Agreeable to this good old plan, I had, with a brother sub, a joint stock interest in a decent looking strawberry hack, which was constantly throwing off his shoes. In repairing the inconvenience arising from this circumstance, I had an opportunity of observing the indolent and inactive disposition of the Spaniards, as exemplified by the artist now in question. He began his operations with the aid of as many assistants as if he was about to manufacture some complicated piece of machinery.

The cavallo was led in by one who held him during the performance, another held up the hoof, a third fitted on the shoe, while a fourth was Vulcan's counterpart himself, seated at his ease upon a chair, as he drove in the nails.

The whole affair took up above an hour, when the lazy workmen, fatigued with the severity of their labour, threw themselves down among the rubbish of the forge to take their afternoon's siesta.

while going through the towns and villages on the road; they gazed with eagerness on either side of the street, for something to feed their hopes on.

It was upon one of those days the troops were passing through a wretched village, so wretched that we moved heavily along without the usual survey, when an officer of the leading regiment (a particularly knowing hand) observing among the hovels some that were entitled to a visit, he espied a wrinkled hag peeping through a half-closed door, not exactly with the glance of evil omen which ladies of that description are apt to throw on man.

Bolting to the aperture, he kept at the footsteps of the crone, who was by this time effecting a retreat, until he caught her in her den, where a baker's oven arrested his attention; when fishing out the solitary dollar that occupied his pocket, he held it to her wondering optics.

Mother Jezebel no sooner beheld the coin, than she snatched up a black loaf from the table with one of her smoke-dried claws, and thrust it into his hand, while with the other she clutched his money. Returning quickly to his section, the "forager" was attacked by a set of ravenous wolves in human shape, who saw the bread, and he was forced to distribute it among them, some-

what in the way that Atkins or Wombwell feed their hungry brood.

We used occasionally to move at such a funereal pace through the narrow and ill-ventilated streets of the towns, upon our march, that from the time the head of the column had passed through, to that in which the rear had "dragged its slow length along," a period of more than an hour or two would frequently elapse. Many of our fellows (and often I was myself among the drowsy crew) taking all due advantage of so fair an opportunity, would dive into the first convenient open door, and without leave or ceremony throw themselves upon a mattress, where a most luxurious nap was gained before the last of the stragglers had emerged; taking after this siesta their places in the column, as coolly, and with all the vigilance of good officers, as if nothing whatever had occurred.

NIGHT MARCHING.

When there was any continuance of hot weather, (and this was very often the case,) our marches were generally conducted during the cool and refreshing hours of night, when the roads being free from dust, and at intervals illumined by a brilliant moon, we were enabled to accomplish a considerable distance before day-

light; when arriving early at our ground, some hours of good repose were gained before the sun was up.

Our nocturnal marches were seldom interrupted by any other noise than that of human voices, or the tramping of men and horses. In some instances, however, we were accompanied by German troops, who made the air resound with a solemn and harmonious concert; chaunting their national hymns as they went along, the effect, as réechoed from the woods or hilly country, was soothing and impressive in its influence. While this custom relieved the weariness of a tedious journey, it formed a striking contrast with the mingled chorus of laughter, oaths, vociferous mirth, and story-telling, which invariably prevailed throughout our columns.

PLEASANTRIES ON THE MARCH.

COLONEL S—— AND THE SPANISH GIRLS.

We often had some excellent sport upon the line of march, particularly when the weather was fine, or when there was a hard frost.

The light, pleasant, and bracing air caused us to bound along with an elastic tone of gaiety as we topped the hills, descended into glens or valleys, or traversed the widely extended plains.

New prospects opened to our view at every turning of the road, or the vista of some delicious scenery took us by surprise. Every countenance was that of gladness; all were alive to every incident; funereal looks were banished; even the grim visage of war seemed occasionally to wear a smile.

Whatever joy we experienced on the road, was considerably heightened by the assurance of getting at the end of the day's journey into pleasant quarters; that is, where quarters were allowed, which was not generally the case. The juniors, in groups together, talked over the adventures of the billets they were lodged in; while the old officers, in like manner, were comparing notes upon the same very interesting subject; it was, on all hands, the principal theme of conversation, so that it was one continued scene of gossiping and chattering as long as we were on the tramp.

Although Colonel S—— was a batchelor, yet he was no ascetic, and therefore had no particular aversion from a little soft parlance with the girls, on which account he was very well pleased to get into quarters that contained a few of those agreeable inmates.

The officer whose business it was to go on before the men for the purpose of procuring

billets, took the precaution of selecting the most desirable looking caza for his chief; and woe betide the luckless wight who failed in doing so; anything but smiles were bestowed on that ill-fated individual.

When the troops arrived, every one of course made what haste he could, impelled by hunger, to his appointed billet, and our colonel was not the last in getting ensconced in his; when, attended by the aforesaid officer, and other appendages of his personal staff, he began by a reconnoitering match of the exterior and interior of his mansion.

While engaged in a strict examination of all the appurtenances of bed and board, Dame Fortune, in one of her freaks, (luckily for the myrmidons,) sometimes disposed it so, that at this particular moment some pretty little senoritas, haunted by the demon of curiosity, were running about, and every now and then taking a survey of their lodger, when the colonel, upon a side-long view of those angels that were sent to put him in good humour, became on a sudden quite charmed with his apartments, and rubbing his hands as he still kept ogling towards the door, where the damsels continued to play "*bo-peep*."

Seeing enough to captivate him with his

domicile, the sun began to shine upon a countenance, upon which a storm had a little before been gathering, when turning round with quickness to his chamberlain, he addressed him thus : "Ha! ha! Mr. Thompson, a very good billet this, sir;" and looking upon the rude and ancient garniture, with another side-wink on the "buena moças," "Ha! ha! Thompson, (familiarly,) splendid rooms, sir; very pretty furniture, handsome pictures, and some living ones too,"—(another stolen glance)—thank you, sir, I am much obliged—capital quarters—come and breakfast with me this morning, sir."

The attentions that were paid him by those attractive little things, that skimmed about like fairies, were flattering to his vanity; while their fascinating manners so completely charmed him, that after one of those pleasant adventures he was tuned to harmony for a month or more.

I don't wonder at his feelings on this subject; for the Spanish girls are such lovely beings, and do everything with so much grace, that they would almost kindle a flame in the breast of a cold and gloomy monk, though it were encased in folds of steel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vittoria—Morillo—Scenery—87th Regiment—Colonel Cadogan—Joseph Buonaparte—Jourdan, and the other Generals—Sir Hugh Gough—Lieutenant Masterman—Fine Feelings—Anecdote of Schedoni—2nd Battalion 83rd, and Major Hext—Are my Brains coming out?—Sir T. Picton.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

“ Cold was the bed where many a graceful form
That day was stretched by death’s relentless arm ;
In heaps they lay, and agonized with pain,
Piled with the corpses of their comrades slain ;
No heart affectionate and kind was there,
To soothe their spirits with a parting prayer ;
No watchful eye beheld their final hour,
Save that all-seeing and almighty Power.”

THE battle of Vittoria was one of the most decisive that was fought during the struggle for independance in Spain. The whole equipment of the enemy was broken up ; his battering

train was literally battered into a perfect wreck; the entire machinery of the field department was completely crippled; and it seemed, as it were, an utter impossibility that anything short of miraculous interference could have them on their legs again.

Nothing, however, was impossible with Napoleon; at least such was his orthodox opinion; and posterity will look back with wonder at the rapid and extraordinary manner in which his conquered forces were r  equipped for a fresh campaign.

Passing through La Puebla, the sudden apparition of an aid-de-camp arrested our attention. This important officer, riding up to Colonel Cameron, who was on the right, a conference ensued between them, when presently the cry of "Halt," resounded from one flank to the other. We were in full march at the time, and had passed a narrow bridge that crossed the little river Zadore.

Half an hour unravelled the wondrous mystery, and told us what the noise was all about. Notes of preparation responded to commands; ramrods ringing, snapping locks, and hammering flints, hinted rather plainly as to the nature of the business in which we were about to be engaged.

From the high ridge of mountains, off which the whole of General Marinson's light troops were regularly chasséed, we saw Morillo, with his wild freebooters, hard at work immediately below us, holding a smart discussion with the enemy's advance.

These hardy fellows cleared everything before them, pressing their adversaries onward from the rising grounds that branch away from the base of the Sierra de La Puebla, to the bottom of the valley. Volumes of smoke, and a loud rattle of musketry echoing from these hills, proclaimed in a very convincing manner with what obstinacy they fought. *Morillo* himself was there—that was quite enough. This man's whole existence was one of danger and desperate enterprize, in all their wild variety. He was no stranger to the ground whereon he was then performing; familiar with the duties of a well-tried soldier, and long inured, as well as to brave the most perilous undertakings, he could not be employed in a business more congenial to his feelings.

The romantic scenery of the adjacent heights, was perfectly in keeping with his accustomed occupation. Nature had blessed him with a healthy constitution and a vigorous frame, which, combined with his daring spirit, carried him through everything, and furnished an ex-

ample to his predatory bands, that filled them with a degree of stern and determined bravery.

In the midst, or at the head of those inflexibles, he never drew his sword in vain; wherever they appeared, terror and confusion seized upon their enemies. The motley host of combatants were all mixed up together in the neighbourhood of the river, while Morillo* pioneered the way in front, and at those points where the three bridges cross the stream the battle raged with fury.

The position on the extreme left of the French army, and occupied in force by their light infantry during the early part of the day, and afterwards possessed by General Hill's division, was called in the dispatches, the Heights of La Puebla.†

* Morillo was wounded, but would not quit the field.

† Colonel Cadogan, who fell at the onset of the business, was an officer who bore the impress of noble birth. He was rather above the middle stature, with well-turned limbs, and strong as well as muscular in his frame. His features were small, without being marked with much expression; they were, however, handsome and well proportioned.

The fine military air with which he rode before his regiment, was encouraging to the soldiers.

Wellington, in his "Dispatches," dated "Salvatierra, June 23, 1813," reports him thus:—

"I am concerned to have to report, that the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Cadogan has died of a wound that he received. In him His

These consisted of a precipitous mountain ridge, of considerable elevation; and upon the summit of which, the space for operations was so confined as hardly affording compass for the troops to move in sections.

To the eastward, the hill was escarped in such a way, as to be nearly perpendicular with the valley; while, on the western slope, where the ground was not so steep, it was broken into deep and hollow chasms, inaccessible even to the riflemen, who found it a task of no small difficulty, to thread the mazes of the tangled brushwood at the top, tumbling every now and then upon the sharp-edged fragments of the rocks, very much to the detriment of their heads and limbs. Even upon the apex of the range, our footing was painfully uncertain; our men got many an upset into holes, that lay like traps or pitfalls in our way.

At those times, when exposed to parting and irregular volleys from the enemy, it was puzzling to ascertain, whether the performers engaged in feats of tumbling, were thrown by

Majesty has lost an officer of great zeal and tried gallantry, who had already acquired the respect and regard of the whole profession, and of whom it might be expected, that if he had lived he would have rendered the most important services to his country.

musketry, or by the broken surface of the ground, upon which their antics were displayed.

These mountains were profusely overspread with verdure, wild-broom intermingled with sprouts of oak, and a variety of other hardy plants.

The lofty precipices to our left, however, bore a naked and inhospitable aspect.

King Joseph * was himself posted somewhere about the centre of the army, where he soon got quite enough of it to satisfy any reasonably-thinking man ; and, for the remainder of the day, he kept at a very respectful distance from our line of fire.

The Usurper was a perfect imbecile, with regard to commanding armies in the field, or out of it ; on this head, his brother, the Emperor, had his measure to a nicety ; for he led, advised, and managed him, as a showman would his

* The Spaniards took it into their heads, that Joseph was partial to his glass (though I certainly believe it was not the case) ; and in talking of him, expressed a very slight opinion of his talent, intimating, by shrugging up their shoulders, and other gestures, that he was neither general nor king, exclaiming, "*Caramba que hombre pobrecito*, — *Valeroso no hai. Es Rey de las Copas, Es Pepe bibendo*," (king of the cups,) (drunken Joseph).

puppet, placing no sort of confidence in his talent, nor yet entrusting him with the rule of anything, beyond the mere pageantry of his royal state.

Joseph was, on this account, extremely jealous of the marshals under him, and placed his weak opinions against theirs, on all occasions.

He was particularly down on Soult ; but the mind of Napoleon would not be poisoned against his brave lieutenant :—whatever means to that effect were taken by the would-be generalissimo, served but to elevate a man, whose abilities were too highly valued by his master, and whose worth was based on years of meritorious service.

Marshal Jourdan, as Major-General of the French army, was acting-manager of the whole concern ; he, as well as Soult, was sadly inter-meddled with by the King, which, in some measure, served to check his generalship, both before and after the battle. Jourdan was a man of much ability, with a degree of military genius peculiar to many of the old French school of veterans,—men who contributed so largely to elevate the fame of France.

In coopération with the Duke of Belluno,*

* Marshal Victor was not only Victor by name, but by

he commanded a division at the battle of Talavera, where he, as well as Victor, were blamed for indecision and want of skill; his conduct in withdrawing his scattered forces from the

his conquests. Notwithstanding which, however, it has been said, "that no generals ever committed more errors in *one day*, than Victor and Jourdan at Talavera."

Victor and Belluno, patronymics flattering to the pride of Frenchmen, who delight in warlike and high-sounding names, particularly when assumed by those who fought for the glory of "Le Grand Nation."

Napoleon understood them well in this respect, for while he rewarded their generals with badges of distinction, and honourable rank, he was feeding their vanity with ideas of their own importance; and the same time, he made them look to himself as the great illustrious chief of all their victories,—the supreme, the head and front of every thing, that in their imagination, at least, raised France above the world.

The Duke of Belluno was relieved at Talavera by Mortier, Duke of Treviso, one of the most celebrated marshals of France. He rendered himself memorable after that battle, for his compassion and kindness to the wounded soldiers who fell into his charge, and who were basely abandoned to their fate, by the Spanish general, Cuesta; affording another proof, that humanity, with true bravery, go hand in hand.

Soult and Ney, at Corunna, as well as many others that could be named, are further examples of the well-known truth. Were it not for this, officers in command would be no better than a horde of licensed banditti chiefs;—war would be no better than a merciless system of extermination.

Mortier was, unfortunately, killed some years afterwards in Paris, by the explosion of an infernal machine.

great collision here, (even with the loss of guns and baggage, and his "baton,") where the assailing points were far extended, and where the attacks were simultaneous, proves, at least, that he was not altogether devoid of bravery and judgment.

RETURNING TO THE FIELD.

At the extremity of the valley, through which the great road from Bilbao to Vittoria leads, the 1st and 5th divisions, under Sir Thomas Graham, were grappling with the troops under General Count Reille, who blocked up the bridges at Gammarra, Mayor, and Abechuco, where they cross the Zadore at those points, by "*têtes-des-ponts*." The struggle that followed then, was announced by incessant rounds of cannon.

General Robinson's brigade of the 5th division, stormed and carried the passage of the former, while the latter was seized on in an equally gallant manner, by General Halket's light troops of the 1st.

Graham, looking at his soldiers with delight, was not to be intimidated by the musketry of the enemy, nor yet to be obstructed by his heavy shot, forced onward to the sloping ground, and succeeded, after a close and sanguinary contest, in mastering the whole position.

Reille* perceiving that his retreat by the Camino Real into France, was likely to be intercepted, made off by the road to Pampeluna, and finally joined the mass of fugitives, then pressing on in that direction.

THE 2ND BATTALION, 87TH REGIMENT.

The 87th, commanded by Sir Hugh Gough,† behaved with more than usual steadiness in this battle, and had the good fortune of taking a portion of the trophies of the day; they not only captured the standard of the 4th battalion of the 100th French regiment, but they had the modesty to walk off with the Marshal's baton, leaving poor Jourdan to go without his stick to France.

At Barossa the 87th made love to one of the eagles, which was captured by Lieutenant Masterman of that corps.

“The regiment was engaged with the 8th

* Count Reille was one of Napoleon's Lieutenant Generals at Waterloo.

† Sir Hugh Gough, at present Major General, is a fine gallant soldier, and brother to Colonel Gough, (afterwards Lord Gort) of the City of Limerick regiment, which was so highly distinguished, when opposed to Humbert at Collooney.

Gough led the 2nd battalion of Prince of Wales's Irish, (now the Royal Irish Fusiliers) into most of the great battles that ever were fought in Spain.

Imperial, and after a severe contest drove it back, at the point of the bayonet. During the battle, a young Ensign perceiving the Imperial eagle, cried aloud to the serjeant, 'Do you see that, Masterman?' He then rushed forward to seize it, but was shot in the attempt. The serjeant instantly revenged his death, ran his antagonist through the body, cut down the standard-bearer, and took the eagle."

The gallant Masterman was afterwards rewarded for his bravery by a commission in his regiment.

FINE FEELINGS IN THE ARMY.

It is marvellous how fast all those fine sensibilities of our nature evaporate upon a little experience with the up-hill work of soldiery. Those delicate feelings that a man may previously have been endued with, soon became blunted by the rugged business; while misery, death, and the ravages of service, continually before his eyes, make him by their familiarity indifferent amidst the horrors by which he is surrounded.

When I entered Vittoria in July 1813, after the battles of the Pyrennees, with others who were wounded there, I could not avoid being entertained, in spite of all the pain that I was suffering, by the running commentary upon the

list of killed and wounded in our regiment, during the aforesaid battles, between certain individuals who were at this station and who were anxiously expecting intelligence from the front. With breathless haste, they enquired of us regarding the casualties of that eventful day, when we began to recount the names of those who fell.

The hope of "quick promotion," that grand desire of every aspiring hero, was pictured on the face of the inquisitor, who, while eagerly listening to the fatal narration, was still intent upon the subject of his fondest wishes.

"How many were there killed, and who they were?" was at once demanded. "Captain A—— fell on the first volley." "Captain A——!—(apparently shocked)—O, dear me, poor A——, a good fellow, a great loss,—very sorry,—very indeed;" when, raising his hands, and with as much ingenuity as if educated in the "Deaf and Dumb Society," he began to make his calculations.—"Let me see, (poor A——, a good fellow, a very kind soul)—very,—one—two—three,—I shall then be third lieutenant; and when Smith, Grey, and Richards go, it makes me senior;—then, for my company!" "Who next?" another enquires.—"Harvey, Patten, Wood." "Bless me! what

havoc; how the poor old Black-cuffs are cut up." When, and before the crocodile's tears are dry, another calculation, and the ambitious aspirant, with sparkling eyes, sees in imagination, his name in the next gazette. "Another,—and another killed; well, this is really dreadful work,—poor fellows! we had many a cheerful glass together," was the "funeral oration," delivered with much gravity. "I am *so* sorry—now then, (counting again),—one—two." The grief lately depicted on the countenance, fading away before the visions of preferment. *

SCHEDONI.

* Strange as it may appear, many ridiculous incidents occur upon the field of battle, which being matters of no importance to the state, are seldom heard of beyond the boundaries of that field; but which, nevertheless, from the humour and eccentricity displayed on such occasions, are worthy of some notice, and would at all events, if men would take the trouble of detailing them, form a very interesting sequel to a narrative where the "noisy business" I alluded to is related.

One of these amusing scenes took place in the adventures of a very extraordinary character, who flourished at Vittoria. He was tall, with a frame so lean and lathey, that his body moved in a sort of graceful curve; while he rolled his head from side to side, as if the weight of matter lodged there, combined with its solidity, was but ill supported by the neck.

There was something peculiarly sardonic in his smile, and having certain amiabilities in common with a personage described in the "Italian," he obtained the singular appellation of "Schedoni."

They were all in a moment at least two inches higher; sorrow was merged in joyful anticipations of the future, and their lamentations, with a whole budget full of "nice feelings," were drowned that night in a bowl of generous wine, when a "farce" was got up for the occasion, that might with great propriety have been called the "*merry mourners*." It is just as

It so happened that towards the close of the engagement, our hero was slightly wounded in the head, the ball merely grazing his pericranium, when those around him supposing he was on the wing to settle his last account, called for the bearers, and bundling him in neck and heels upon the blanket, he was conveyed in the direction of the Surgeon's tent. As they were supporting him along, the moans and groans that issued from the palanquin were awful; when the wounded man, casting a doleful look, as if in the act of giving up the ghost, (the blood in copious streams flowing from his cabeza,) he cried out with his usual drawling lisp (for he was quite a fashionable in that way,) "I 'thay, 'therjeant, atk my bhains coming out?" "Your brains, och, an is it your brains you mane?" replied an Irish grenadier; "I see blood enough, your honor, but no brains either in or out;" some one muttered inwardly, "*If you had any brains, my honey, you would not be here.*" He filled the air with lamentations louder than before, waiting the eventful moment that his spirit might think proper to take flight; when at this critical period, some random shots and a few spent balls, that were travelling that way, fell occasionally near the dying man. Putting one leg out upon the ground, and then another, which being followed by his body, he forgot the "*bhains*," with all the fancied horrors of his state, and posted manfully away; not daring to turn his eyes, until he had arrived at a respectful distance from the scene; the soldiers meanwhile, standing with the empty blanket, amazed at the sudden restoration, as well as resurrection of the gallant officer.

well it should be so ; for if men were to give way to any womanish impulse of this nature in the field, they would not only be unnerved for ordinary duty, but in every way unfit for sterner work.

TAKING IT PARTICULARLY COOL.

The subject reminds me of the hospital at Vittoria, where an instance of "taking it coolly" came within my observation. Having occasion to go there one day, at a time when it was crowded with the wounded, for the purpose of consulting the medico who attended, and who had no time to see the officers in their quarters, I passed with him up the centre of the building, (that had been a convent in its day, and most likely would be so again). In going along, I heard a good deal of impatient calling among the unfortunate and mutilated soldiers, who were waiting their turn to have some operation performed. The looks of pain and entreaty which they cast around them, as we approached the wards, was heartrending, even to those accustomed to it.* My friend, however, seemed

* WOUNDS.

There is no pain whatever, on first receiving a gunshot wound ; the blow is scarcely felt, or if it is, it seems like that proceeding from a stone flung with a degree of violence, and

quite indifferent about the matter, and while getting his implements in readiness, he entered

it is not until the blood has ceased to flow, and a partial inflammation has set in, that the individual begins to suffer.

When Capt. Croote of the 50th, was mortally wounded at Vimiero, the effect at the moment of the blow upon his person, was remarkable. At first, I could hardly believe my senses, imagining that his extraordinary manner of turning towards the rear proceeded from the sudden impulse of panic on his mind; but I was soon confirmed of the real cause, for after going about half-a-dozen paces, he bounded from the earth, and then dropped flat upon his back. A rifle ball entering to the left a little below his breast, penetrated the heart; his death was consequently instantaneous. The cool and determined expression, was yet stamped upon his lifeless countenance; and the calm tranquillity of the grave had taken place of these agitated passions, by which so lately he had been excited.

Colonel Hill of the 50th, who was wounded on the Pyrenees, was at first struck by a spent ball, which although it did not penetrate the skin, hit him with so much force upon the groin, that he would have fallen to the ground, had not support immediately been rendered, and when in the act of putting his hand where he felt the blow, another bullet struck him on the forehead. His miraculous escape from death cannot be accounted for in any other way than that the ball must have come obliquely—the “*os frontis*,” was however fractured; it was the closest shaving I ever heard of. Recovering at his time of life, proves that he must have been gifted with a naturally hale and vigorous constitution.

Lieut. O—— received a sharp contusion from a spent ball, the severity of which may be conceived of, when it is known, that the officer fell, apparently so much hurt, that the surgeons ordered him to the rear. On his way to the hospital station, the bullet that was supposed to have made a lodgement in his body, had merely broke the skin, and was quietly deposited among his clothes. The force of riding shook it

into conversation on politics, dinners (then by no means prevalent), and other topics unconnected with his business. Taking his rounds soon after, followed by his assistants, his observations, or rather his consolatory replies, to those who needed help, struck me as being further characteristic of the man, who, with the utmost nonchalance, as he took his pinch of snuff, said to one—

“I’ll have your leg off directly;—” to another, “When I have trepanned this man, I will be ready to amputate your limbs;” to a third,—“Hold on a little, my friend; I shall soon be back to ‘settle’ your affairs.” “Yes,” thought I, “and with a vengeance too;” and so on to the end of the chapter, in a sort of running commentary on cutting and carving, as coolly as if he was lecturing in the Surgeons’ Hall.

I never beheld a scene of greater horror; it was enough to make one sicken at the very name of war.

from its original position, when, upon a little close examination, it was found to have got a billet in the pocket of his trousers.

In the battle of Fuentes d’Honore, a cannon ball carried away the legs of Captain Battersby’s horse, and those of another close by, likewise in its travels carrying off the leg of Colonel Grant of the 92nd regiment, by way of a finale to its performance.

THE 2nd BATTALION 83rd REGIMENT, SIR THOS.
PICTON AND MAJOR HEXT.

The 83rd regiment was in Picton's, the 3rd division; and of course, that they might be quite in character, came in for a fair proportion of hard knocks, both in Vittoria, and a great many other places.

Meeting some of their wounded officers in Vittoria, who were billeted in the same street, and within a few doors of my quarters, the loneliness of my time was much relieved by many amusing anecdotes which they told me, of their regiment, and also of their general.

Picton, they said, was jealous of interference, and second to none in confidence or talent; but he was irritable to a great degree, when things were not going on according to his fancy; these irritations seldom, however, continued long—while, by renewed attention to the wants and comforts of his men, not forgetting a careful anxiety to push them into notice—that is, into *fire*—he made amends for these expressions used in the heat of anger, and became as great a favourite as ever.

On first going out to Spain, the 2nd battalion of the 83rd, a splendid body of recruits selected from among “the gems,” embarked at the cove of Cork, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Gordon.

Gordon was one of the finest looking men in the British army; tall, well proportioned, though somewhat lame; albeit inexperienced in the field, he possessed a remarkable degree of zeal and spirit.

At the battle of Talavera, this brave officer fell mortally wounded, while in the act of leading on his regiment, almost at the same time that his countryman, Colonel Donnellan of the 48th, was killed.

Among the officers of the 83rd, who were more particularly distinguished on that and other occasions, was "Samuel Hext," who from the rank of subaltern in the 50th, was promoted to a company in the former corps, in which he served throughout the whole Peninsular war.

For his conduct while in command of the flank companies of his brigade, he was rewarded with a *medal* and *two* clasps, and subsequently attained the rank of Major. Hext was a native of Cornwall; it might with truth be said of him, that he was an instance of all the finer dispositions of a man, combined with the noble qualities of a soldier. There was a benevolence of heart, and honesty of manner about him, that won the esteem of all who knew him.

His success in life and war, corresponded with the high consideration he was held in by

his superiors ; constantly employed in military duty, he was sure to lead, when any thing in the way of enterprize was going forward.

“ He lived, he fought
For truth and wisdom ; foremost of the brave,
Him glory’s idle glances dazzled not ;
’Twas his ambition, generous and great,
A life to life’s great end to consecrate ! ”

He had a very narrow escape at the siege of Badajos, and that before the general attack took place, which was related to me by one of his brother officers.

In the assault and capture of Fort Picurin, one of the strongest works without the walls, the flank companies of the 83rd were desperately cut up ; and their captain, the Hon. H. Powis, was among the slain.

It is well known, that the sheer muscular strength and daring prowess of our soldiers, were the unaided means of causing our success.

After breaking down the palisadoes, by which the well-defended work was girdled, they struggled hard against the enemy within, who met them in their teeth, and who fighting back to back, and heel to heel, disputed every inch of ground against the storming-party, with the fierceness of despair.

A blazing fire of musquetry from the ramparts, threw a fitful glare upon the darkness of that gloomy night ; and made some awful gaps

among the assailants. The openings were however quickly filled by a fresh relay of stormers. All efforts of the foe were unavailing.

Grappling with the chevaux de frize, and even with the muzzle of their guns, (the palings now being all destroyed), our fellows seized with tiger grip upon their prey; when, giving the "steel" in liberal abundance to those who resisted, the close-contested and murderous affray was briefly terminated.

But with regard to the danger to which Hext in particular was exposed, the cool presence of mind and bravery of a soldier of the 83rd are worth recording.

When they were all in the ditch together, friends and foes, cutting at each other unmercifully, scarcely knowing whom or where to strike, amid the uncertain light around them, one of the Frenchmen raised his piece to have a shot at Hext, who was within a yard or two of where he stood.

This was soon noticed by a stout and intrepid grenadier of his company, hard at work beside him, who, seeing the fellow about to pull his trigger, made a spring upon him, when in a moment resting down the pointed musket, he shot the Frenchman through the head.

Hext becoming effective in the 1st battalion, joined them in Ceylon; where, in the course of

time, getting into an indifferent state of health, he was ordered for change of air and climate, to the Cape ; when the catastrophe occurred, which finished the bright career of this deserving officer.

Attached as he was at all times to the sports of the field, he resorted, when in a convalescent state, to the exciting and dangerous amusement of hunting the forest animals ; he enjoyed the thing so much, that his brother sportsmen never thought of going to the woods without him.

On the occasion now referred to, he with his companions sallied onward to the wild districts of that savage land, in quest of elephants, buffaloes, or any other quadrupeds of that description ; some of the party, among whom was Hext, travelling on the huge misshapen waggon peculiar to the country. Pursuing their journey with the light-heartedness of men engaged in such excursions, they were in the height of animated converse, when, by some unaccountable fatality, a musket belonging to some one in the waggon accidentally went off, its contents lodging in the body of ill-fated Hext.

The melancholy event made a deep impression at the Cape, where he lingered for some time ; but he eventually embarked for England, and died within a day or two of the ship's arrival there, more deeply regretted than any man I ever knew.

CHAPTER IX.

Passage of the Pyrennees—Delusive appearances—False alarms—Splendid scenery—Invasion of France—Bravery of the French—Encouragement to French officers—Ditto to British, medals, clasps, and crosses—Denied to Subalterns—Circumstances under which soldiers fight well—Gallantry of Lieut. Deighton—Danger of the colours in action—Anecdote of Sir Stephenson Barnes—Adjutant Cluff—Battle of Toulouse—The 11th Regiment—Lieutenant Duff—Captain Gualley—Lieutenant Arnaud.

THE PYRENNEES.

ON our journey in the Pyrennees, in winding through the mountain passages, we moved with the caution of men who were approaching the haunt of savage animals. Uncertain of our distance from the enemy, who, for aught we knew, might have been snug in ambush among the rocks before us, or lodged amid the brushwood, our precarious road, hemmed in by shelving precipices on either side, was both difficult and

tedious, and therefore a considerable time elapsed before we got into any thing like an open country.

We were preceded by the advanced guard, consisting of rifles and light infantry ; in further advance of which a section moved, and further still, a file of men.

Before the daylight broke, several objects on the pathway, or on the hills around, were at first but dimly or indistinctly seen, appearing in grotesque and curious forms ; while the mist in which those objects were enveloped, rendered the illusion still more perfect : and as we passed along, those phantoms, like the figures in the "*Ombres Chinoises*," seemed to dance before us in a strange variety of postures ; clumps of broom were created in our imagination into parties of the enemy ; the stump of an old tree into a piece of cannon ; while the harmless fragment of a rock, was magnified into a troop of cavalry, or Polish lancers coming down upon us.

It was curious to hear the different remarks that fell, as to the nature of these suspicious apparitions, that so fearfully crowded in, and seemed almost to impede our progress.

A voice was heard in a sort of whisper to exclaim, "Do you see those dark figures to the right?" "Yes." "Then those are Frenchmen,

as sure as you are alive ; we shall have some peppering directly." "Look yonder, I see the horsemen ; I hear the clatter of their troops." Another cries, "There is a redoubt, I hear the sentries." Whispers out a third, "We must be ready ; are your flints all right ?—take care of your ammunition." All were moving in breathless expectation of the first salute, every one taking a firmer grasp of the weapon that he carried.

By the time that the workings of our fancy had placed us not only in the tiger's den, but in his very jaws, the dawn stole quietly upon us, and the fog had gradually dispersed ; but lo ! there was no enemy there ; the causes of alarm were drawn up in harmless array, and all our dreams of battle ; murder, and sudden death, were at once dissolved, giving place to a general scene of merriment and shouts of laughter, at the absurd and very ridiculous delusion under which the most sagacious of our warriors laboured.

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT.

Nothing could be more magnificent than our view from the summit of the Pyrénées, which, after all our toils and difficulties, we had at length ascended.

A considerable extent of the French territory lay before us, presenting a rich variety of the most splendid scenery. That in the immediate neighbourhood of the mountains was of a hilly character, while in the more distant parts, verdant uplands, and well cultivated, thickly planted valleys were the most prominent features of the landscape.

The proud and enviable position upon which we stood, as we looked down upon the armies whom we had driven like chaff before the wind, and who were now encamped below us, was worth contending for; all past sufferings and dangers, were they a thousand times as great, were recompensed by its attainment.

Had any one of sanguine temperament ventured a few years since to prophesy the invasion of that mighty empire, he would at once have been called a wild enthusiast, or at least a person from whom reason was about to take her flight. "What! to dare the wrath of the invincible Napoleon, and thus to beard him in his den!" What mad presumption, to carry our standards, our "horses, and our chariots," into the very heart of France—yea, into its very core, urging along his vaunted legions, those well-tried veterans, while we traversed his hitherto unspoiled dominions with unhallowed foot. They might

well have been termed visionary schemes, at a time when the imperial eagles floated on every fortress, from the walls of Calais to the utmost limits of the Continent. Visionary, however, as they seemed to our short-sighted minds, they were, within a space comparatively brief, fully realized.

The ambitious despot, in his wild career, outran all bounds; while threatening the world with vassallage and desolation, the fearful sword of vengeance was turned against himself; his "star" was on the wane; those powerful states that were menaced by his direful "fulminations," came down on his devoted head with exterminating ruin. His armies, weakened on the frontiers, left an opening through which the English forces rushed with an accelerated pace; while bearing all before them, they permitted not of any interval of rest until the foe was defeated in every point, and driven at last under the battlements of Toulouse, where, at the same moment of the downfall of their chief, *one* last sanguinary conflict terminated that dreadful war.

SOULT'S GRAND ATTACK, 1813.

The surprising impetuosity of Soult's attack on our position on the Pyrenees, was one of the most extraordinary sights that was ever wit-

nessed, either in ancient or modern times. It was an event worthy of such a general, and worthy of the veterans engaged, and highly honourable to their country. Their combined efforts were of so desperate a character, that the very recollection of them, at this distant period, must be strongly impressed on the minds of the surviving few who happened to be present.

I never saw men so thoroughly in earnest; their vigorous and fiery onset surpassing all former deeds. Here their courage was fairly tested, the hindrance and obstacles to be surmounted being great. A steep and nearly inaccessible wall of mountains, cut into dangerous glens and cavities, thick and impervious copse-wood, rugged ground, with sharp projecting rocks, in some parts almost perpendicular.

The crest or summit of those imposing heights was crowned with numerous well-tried soldiers, who had given them many a specimen of their skill, and who now stood ready to receive them with a plunging fire, or meeting them with the bayonet, to hurl them backward from the lofty precipice, where guns were pointed with deadly aim, to complete the work of slaughter.

We could hardly believe it possible that they were within musket range, when we found them at our very bayonets. Nothing could deter

them. As fast as we *mowed* them down, thousands sprung up on every side, as if by super-human aid, darting to the chasms in their ranks, and filling up the voids occasioned by our fire.

The business, if not a forlorn, at least an extremely hazardous adventure, proves beyond all controversy, that "in the assault upon a strong position, no matter how powerfully armed, the French rush on with a degree of bravery that cannot be exceeded by the troops of any country in the world."

The generals of their army were distinguished here—all were, in fact, distinguished. The humblest individual in the ranks, by his own exertions and good conduct, looked forward to attain command.

Actuated by hopes like these, the Frenchman is at all times emboldened in the field, while his spirit aroused in scenes of danger, he proves himself deserving of those honourable badges and that promotion which had been the object of his fondest wishes.

How is it with the officer of Britain? Has he a stimulating motive, or is there encouragement for him in the shape of rank or medals? Is it with him to be devoid of interest, to be devoid of hope? What are the cheering prospects to console him under all his sufferings,

whether perforated through and through with balls, or cut and hacked with sabres? I leave our veterans to supply an answer. This, however, may safely be asserted, without the fear of contradiction, that many a poor fellow whose energies—nay, his life, were devoted to his country, and whose memory is worthy of a better tribute than that of being named upon the list of casualties—yes! worthy of the sculptured stone—is long since forgotten; while the good-for-nothing poetaster, who may have written doggerel rhymes, or the worthless player, the favourite of the hour, enjoy a liberal pension, or have their deeds proclaimed upon the marble.

When stars and crosses were so liberally dispensed to officers who were so fortunate as to have commands in Spain, the neglected juniors were denied a vestige of those honours. With shame be it said, the men who participated in every danger, were deemed unworthy of these symbols—a single leaf from the “wreath” so dearly earned, was never allowed to deck their brow.

Wellington himself confessed, that to the “subalterns” of his army, he was mainly indebted for his victories; their activity and persevering zeal was undiminished; without their well-tried energies, manifest at all times by self-denying

conduct, and unflinching firmness, riot and confusion must necessarily have ensued (why, I need not explain to military men); the troops becoming an unmanageable rabble, unworthy of the general who commanded, or of the country that gave them birth.

Reverting to the merits of our officers and men in general, there were several noble instances of heroism displayed throughout the army, unseen except by those immediately around. Many a gallant soldier breathed out his final cheer, while the hand of death lay cold upon his temples, witnessed alone by those who themselves, in a short period after, shared his fate. So deadly, in those particular situations, was the fire, that whole sections were destroyed at once, while amid the noise and carnage, there was neither space nor opportunity to notice the events going forward.

There was one thing clearly evident—the men with looks of keen attention noticed the countenance and demeanour of the officers, whose expression, whether of firmness or intrepidity, was a strong incentive to them, under the most galling shower. Hence the necessity for a spirited example, and for those who lead (however they may feel) to preserve a collected aspect,

and with straight-forward courage go on to the most desperate enterprise, while their comrades keep beside them. Confidence is thus produced—the soldiers are inspired with a degree of steadiness that they may not have felt before, and being themselves incapable of judging, or foreseeing the result of any measure, their sole dependence is on their leader, to whom they look up as to their only hope and guidance.

Should, however, the slightest hesitation, or change of countenance be perceived, the effect is like that of magic; the stoutest heart will fail, panic of a most distressing nature seizes on the troops; despondency paralyses their exertions in such a way, that nothing short of miraculous aid can rally them to a sense of their duties, both as soldiers and as men.

It is astonishing, I should rather say it is pleasing, to see with what cheerfulness they will submit to the most unheard-of difficulties and privations, when the officer participates with them in the hardship and the danger; and with what alacrity—nay, joy—they will go on with him up to the very cannon's mouth, seeking no other recompence than his approval, or his good report.

Such feelings pervade the breasts of even those who fill the higher ranks, when a man of

established reputation is appointed to be their leader in the hour of battle. The very names of Wellington, Moore, Picton, Hill, or Crawford, was each in itself a host. The smallest band of soldiers, with any of those officers at their head, would have performed more glorious feats than "legions," when commanded by an "imbecile." Without confidence, that bond of unity and valour, the army is a mere nonentity, their movements no better than child's play—a very handsome pageantry to gaze at, but there is no solidity ; it is all a compound of emptiness and pomp—a body without a soul.

LIEUTENANT DEIGHTON.

In a former work, where I spoke of officers who had signalized themselves in action, the name of Lieut. W. Deighton, of the 50th grenadiers, was particularly mentioned.

I remember well the singular prowess of that man. When those volleys of smoke, by which the contending forces were enveloped, as in a thick and impenetrable cloud, were blown aside, or rolled momentarily away, that intrepid grenadier was discernable, with his arm upheld, as he brandished his sabre in the air, cheering on his comrades ; while standing out, as it were, in bold relief upon the foreground, he was at once

the champion and exemplar of his followers. The smoke that again overshadowed the dense array, concealed this noble spirit for ever from our sight.*

THE COLOURS.

The colours, not only here, but in every other instance, were particularly aimed at. It is imagined by the enemy that if they can destroy the protecting arm about that quarter, they would inflict a blow from which it would be impossible to rally. No doubt they argue justly; for nothing could dishearten our soldiers more than such a blow; but it hardly ever happens to turn out exactly as those gentlemen would have it—there are always some brave fellows close at hand, and ready to preserve the honour of our flag. With the exception of Albuera, (and here the elements combined against us) when the troops were taken in flank and rear upon a weak and exposed

* One remarkable and affecting circumstance relating to his fall, was that though he had passed through so many dangers, being in the 14th regiment at Corunna, and at Walcheren, he for the first time seemed to anticipate his death on the eve of his last battle, having then written home a letter of tender farewell, enclosing to his mother and sister, two little gifts of love, which he always wore about him.

Deighton was a native of Durham, (Cumberland was stated in mistake,) having been born at Stanhope, in that county, where his father was for some years a highly esteemed and respected minister of the Gospel.

position, I never knew or heard of any instance of success against our rallying point, beyond that of producing havoc, among the officers in particular, at the dangerous but honourable post.

Soult managed his affairs so well, that up to the very hour no one had the least idea of what he was about to do. Once we had fairly, or as he would say, unfairly, drubbed him from the mountains ; such a thing as fighting, at least for a time to come, was never even dreamed of. His soldiers appeared so quiet and so comfortably settled as we looked down upon them from the hills—as much at ease as if they had taken out a “lease renewable of their bivouac,”—their huts, and the whole economy of their camp so trim, and so well arranged, (it was a pity to disturb them)—the smoke curling up in wreaths, so pleasantly from the foliage that concealed their numbers, denoting the well-appointed and richly garnished kettles—they were, in short, apparently so innocent of any design to trust themselves again among us, that we almost doubted the evidence of our senses when they did begin to move. But with all our penetration, we were not yet sufficiently acquainted with the Marshal’s character ; we had yet to learn a few more *striking* features of it. Lulled into this security, many of the foraging parties went

out previous to the 25th (the day of his grand attack) on the side by which the enemy lay, returning unmolested; it happened, however, unfortunately, that some of them were caught at last—the pitcher went once too often to the well; and in this way the 71st regiment lost their baggage and field equipment. When the foragers of the 1st brigade were going out upon the day in question, agreeably to the modern custom for cutting and bringing the green corn into camp, some branched off one way, and some another; those of the 71st taking direction to the front. No doubt was entertained by any of the party as to their safe return. When it was represented to the officer that he was putting himself and his troop in jeopardy, he treated the matter as though it were chimera of our brain. “Well,” remarked those who differently surmised, “we shall see the result of this in time.”

I was talking to Lieut. Duff, of the 71st, as the cavalcade went off, when some observations passed between us on the subject; but it was of no use—go they would—and as we saw them vanishing through a hollow in the mountains, the lofty sides of which shut them speedily from our view, it required no marvellous sagacity to foretell the consequence. It need hardly be stated, that officer, batmen, mules and all, fell into the

clutches of the enemy, who soon after became proprietors of everything in the shape of baggage belonging to the corps already named.

Duff continued walking with me for some time after they were gone, up and down the slope leading from the entrance of the pass, remarking as he went along, on the probable fate of things in case of an attack, little imagining what was to be his own before the sun went down. "Coming events," threw no shadow on his pathway, for he was in his usual lively spirits. Alas! poor fellow, he was in a few short hours numbered with those who fell in that memorable contest.

Alexander Duff was a Northern, and one whom you could safely make your friend, for he had an honest heart, and a kindly generous disposition. With sandy locks and a fair complexion, he had a smart military air; there was very little indication of the drawing room about him; one would have rather said, from his appearance, that he had been all his life a soldier.

I don't know any regiment that suffered more, both in men and officers, than the 71st, during the course of this, it might almost be said, interminable struggle. Their position more in front, was consequently more in the way of danger than any other of the brigade, while the

colour of their jackets, so unsuitable for light troops, exposed them glaringly to fire. When skirmishing, sometimes in the open field, and sometimes under cover, they were picked off by wholesale, while our riflemen in *green*, escaped with comparatively little loss. - How convincing, therefore, is the utility of having *all* our light troops clothed in this way. It may have been overlooked during the heat of war, but it is well known by military men, that not only the 71st, but others, dressed in the national costume, to which we are so wedded, were cut up unmercifully, wherever they appeared. Was there ever anything equal to the havoc among the 43rd and 52nd regiments, whose deathless bravery alone shielded them from utter extermination? At Vimiero, the 2nd battalion 43rd were literally scattered about the ground so thick that you could scarcely get along without trampling on their bodies; every man became a distinguished target for the Frenchmen, (and they are no bad marksmen,) who, undiscernible from the trees and vineyards, played away for some time their most destructive game.

Fortunately for our safety and the issue of the war, we had a prolific nursery at home, in the militia, from which to feed our skeleton battalions; were it not for this, it would be dif-

ficult to imagine what we should have done. But then, on the other hand, why, for the mere fancy of dressing men in *one* particular shade, because it was the custom of our progenitors, expose them thus at a disadvantage to unmitigated slaughter, even though we should be able to replace them from the source alluded to? The evil is so palpable, as to be on all sides received as such; yet so fixed and rooted are our prejudices, that we cannot shake off a particle of them, until fairly ruined, both in men and pocket.

THE SPY.

It was a little time after the occurrence of those events which gave rise to the foregoing observations, that a spy was detected in the camp. He was a Frenchman dressed up in a paysanno's costume, but so lantern-jawed a fellow, that no one could have taken him for a Spaniard, or in fact for anything like a human being. I never saw fear so strongly marked on the visage of any unfortunate wretch; his bewildered gaze was fixed on those immediately about him; he quivered in every limb and muscle, like an aspen leaf—and no wonder, any one would have trembled under the same unlucky circumstances. On one side stood the stern and inflexible provost, like a hawk impatient for

his prey, ready with his myrmidons to pounce upon him ; while, on the other, were sundry characters of an equally forbidding cast, all waiting to secure their victim, whose powers of utterance seemed to have been completely paralyzed by despair ; his apology for the ill-timed visit, jabbered out in broken Spanish, mingled with his Gascon lingo, stuck half way in the passage, nor could the awful threats of the functionary at his elbow extract a syllable. The officer of the guard bellowed into his ear to know his purpose—he was still immoveable ; the noise at length awoke him, but to relapse again into his former stupor.

I could not banish the recollection of the incident from my mind for a long time after. His case was a desperate one, but I afterwards heard that the man got off in some way, owing to the hurry and confusion which just then took place, previous to our going into action ; and I was rejoiced to hear it, for I must confess there appears to be neither good policy nor justice in the act of causing a poor fellow to be hanged, for doing what is done every day, in the best regulated armies. Espionage is one of those maxims of expediency (an excellent cloak, by-the-bye, for many a greater sin), which has been resorted to in ancient and modern times.

What are all those duties of reconnoissance, but so many branches of the system?—what were all those people doing, who were so often employed in peering about the enemy's camp and quarters? Alas! I fear if the thing was looked upon as hanging matter, we should have seen a few, not more innocent than our Gascon friend, dangling upon the trees. The man who undertakes a business of this nature, goes with his life in his hand, perilling his hopes and safety for the welfare of his country; he must, therefore, be a brave one, and has a claim on the good feeling and sympathy of every soldier.

COLONEL CAMERON, AND THE 92ND.

The Highland regiments, when in the field, are beyond all question the most showy-looking troops in our service, and are not only showy-looking, but substantial fellows. Trained up from his very infancy in the wild mountain region of his birth, to every hardship, under a severe and rigorous climate, the Highlander is endued with a constitution, and has a frame so muscular and of such tough materials, that nothing, however desperate, either in the camp or out of it, can affect him; the elements may beat upon him—hard work that would tire the strongest horse may be his lot—hunger with its

bitter gnawings may assail him; but in vain will they cast him down or break his spirit—he is as endurable as the rocks from which he sprung. His dress moreover giving a free and unrestrained movement to every limb, sets off his person to the best advantage; while the handsome bonnet, with its waving plume, imparts to every man the height and bearing of a grenadier. I noticed this effect particularly in the 92nd regiment, which being the junior corps, was always on the left of our brigade. It was amusing to observe the natives of the country, as they beheld the Scotchmen marching by their doors. Whether from astonishment or admiration, or some extraordinary fancy for the kilt and tartan, it is hard to say, but they all ran out, exclaiming,* “Mira los Escosses,—mira! mira! los soldados quapos!—O Maria! tan hombres valerosos.”

The Spanish girls at the same time glancing at their feathers, not without an extra bashful glance or two at their hose and buckles, were almost wild with merriment and laughter, crowding round upon us, so that in some places we could scarcely get along, compelled though we were occasionally to push the fair ones more urgently than the rules of gallantry would allow.

* *ANGLICE.*—“Look at the Scotchmen!—look! look! at the fine soldiers! O Maria! such valiant men.”

The 92nd had no band ; but with a good corps of drums and fifes, and the everlasting bagpipes, they made noise enough not only to arouse the living Spaniards, but even if it were necessary to raise the dead to life.

I don't recollect ever being placed in any situation wherein I was more struck with the fine appearance of those men, than that of the battle to which I have been alluding. Advancing to our support along the crest of the mountain ridge, nothing could exceed the cool determined bearing of the Highland soldiers ; the ground actually shook beneath the firm and decided tramp of men familiar with the work ; cheered on as they were by the same exciting impulse, and animated by one of the bravest fellows (I refer to Cameron,) that ever wielded claymore.

The "iron shower" fell thickly on them, they dropped on every side, but there was no confusion ;—the chasms were soon filled—the broad *line* of tartan hue unbroken, and firmly compacted to its centre, cast forth a blaze, an exterminating salvo, that made the hills reëcho like the voice of thunder. It was one of the most brilliant things that human mind can fancy ; description is a cold and lifeless business, compared with the reality of a scene such as none

can ever hope to witness, neither has it fallen to the lot of even the oldest soldier to behold its counterpart.

John Cameron, of the clan Cameron of Fassaferne, Colonel of the 92nd, whose coolness and intrepidity, not only here, but on all other occasions, was distinguished, was an officer possessed of military talent and zeal for the profession, that would, had he lived to obtain command upon a more extended range, have raised him to a degree of eminence superior to many of what are called our first-rate men.

He would have given lustre to the highest elevation. Nature endowed him with a fine constitution, and favourable to him in every way, gifted him also with that exterior, which so admirably becomes a soldier—rather above than below the middle stature, strong and broad-chested, with limbs of the best proportioned mould. His face was oval, with a clear and healthy colour, promoted by his active habits and regular mode of life; while his well defined features, set off as they were by keenly expressive and penetrating eyes, it required but little sagacity to perceive at once that he was one far above the ordinary calibre of men. Strict in discipline, yet humane and attentive in all that concerned the wants and comforts of the soldiers,

he was respected and esteemed as chieftain of a clan that never quailed in the midst of danger, nor faltered before the enemy.

Such officers as this were but little known beyond the narrow circle of their own immediate sphere of action—the routine of their regimental duties; but there was enough to bring them into higher notice. They fell with scarcely anything proclaimed about them; while others higher in command, but far, very far below them in merit or ability, were profusely recompensed, and their memories preserved by monumental honours.

Cameron's glorious fall was worthy of his bright career; Quatre Bras is the undying record of his bravery.

GALLANTRY OF COLONEL STEVENSON BARNES OF
THE ROYALS.

Before we retire from the Peninsula, I shall relate a circumstance which took place near Bayonne on the 5th January, 1814.

“The 3rd battalion of the royals was obliged to fall back in consequence of the regiment on their right having been withdrawn.

“On emerging from some underwood that covered the top of a knoll, they were about to descend. Colonel, now Major-General Sir

Stevenson Barnes, happening with two or three officers to be in front, found himself face to face with a French officer, who saluted him with, 'Rendez vous, commandant,' and who, accompanied by a single grenadier, was forming a sort of advanced guard to three or four thousand of his men that had got round to the right of the Royals. The rencontre was as unexpected as the moment was critical; one body of the enemy close in front, another at no great distance behind, and the regiment completely broken by the wood, through which they had been making their way. Ordinary minds would have wavered, and would have been lost: fortunately Sir Stephenson's did not; active, though not athletic in person, he instantly sprang forward, dashed aside the musket that the French grenadier presented to his breast, seized the soldier with one hand, and the astonished officer with the other, and commanded them instantly to lay down their arms.

"Captain Cluff, who so gallantly defended the church at St. Etienne at the sortie from Bayonne, and afterwards killed at Waterloo, chiming in with the spirit of the moment, called out, 'Charge, Royals, charge!' though there were not ten men of the regiment together; and the enemy, struck by so much resolution, and think-

ing themselves about to be assailed by a large force, threw down their arms, and surrendered to the very men who were actually in their power and at their mercy.

“Colonel Barnes saw what boldness and resolution might achieve, and looked upon danger but as a stepping stone to honour.”—*United Service Journal*, November 1831. p. 299.

THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

The contest at Toulouse, * was, at least on the part of Soult, a volunteer battle; one would imagine that the gallant Marshal, with all his goût for powder, had been fighting long enough while the war was going forward, without volunteering to bring the forces into such desperate collision when it was over.

Such, however, was the ferocity of the Napoleon party then, that they would have gone on fighting to the present hour, from pure love of the amusement, had not the extraordinary revolution of events forced them, very much against the grain, to put by those swords, the

* It has been clearly proved, that the officers despatched from Paris, to inform the Duke of Wellington of the revolution in the government, being arrested and detained at Montauban, by Dumancourt, they did not reach the Duke until the evening of the 12th of April; hence, the fruitless effusion of blood at Toulouse, six days after the Abdication of Napoleon.

scabbards of which they had long since thrown away.

Toulouse formed a central point, encircled by a chain of outworks, redoubts, and lines of abbatis ; well filled with veteran soldiers, sworn "to hold out bitterly to the last," for they were now in France,—their countrymen observed their actions.

To attack men posted as they were, seemed, therefore, a forlorn and truly destructive business ; but, desperate as it was, the attempt was made ; the works were attacked on every side, with a degree of impetuosity far beyond everything of the kind that had before taken place ; under a blaze, such as none but Englishmen could venture into, the advance was made ; but all our efforts were in vain — nothing could dislodge the enemy.

A remarkable circumstance, with respect to the 11th regiment, occurred during the engagement. The right and left wings of that corps, by some means or other, were separated in the general *melée*, which took place when storming the entrenchments. One of them, from the very onset hard at work, was, at length almost annihilated, while the other escaped with hardly any loss. *

* This circumstance happened well for an officer who was, on all occasions, distinguished for his bravery in the field. I allude to Lieutenant John Arnaud of the 11th, who was the

The 11th, as well as other regiments, unfortunately suffered many casualties at sea, at an early period of the war.

A strong detachment of that corps was on their voyage across the Bay of Biscay, in the John and Jane transport, under convoy of the Franchise frigate; the night was dark as pitch, and blowing a gale of wind, when, as the transport was standing along under a heavy press of canvass, the cry of "Ship on the weather bow," was uttered by the watch on board. The *situation* was awfully alarming;—the frigate was approaching fast;—with a shock that is dreadful to relate, she bore down in an instant, cutting the ill-fated transport athwart the mid-ships; while, at the same moment, she crushed her, with nearly two-hundred souls on board, down to the bottom of the sea.

The only individual who escaped was Lieutenant Duff, who, beholding as he stood upon the bolt-sprit, the fate which inevitably awaited them, made a spring of desperation, and grasping at a rope that hung loosely from the frigate, he clung with the tenacity of despair, until rescued from his perilous situation.

second senior lieutenant at the time; for, a company falling vacant, he obtained the step, the senior lieutenant being taken prisoner, with others, who were gallantly doing duty with the wing which unfortunately was so much cut up.

The groans, cries, and shrieks, (as heard by those on board the frigate,) that issued from the wretched beings, as the ship went down, rose fearfully above the loud wailing of the tempest.

“ Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell ;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave ;
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;—
And the sea yawned around them like a hell.”

When it is remembered what miserable vessels our troops were formerly consigned to, one can form some idea of the difficulties, as well as dangers, to which those troops were then exposed. Launching at once into the stormy ocean, in such rickety concerns, badly manned, and worse equipped, it was somewhat problematical whether any of them would ever reach their port in safety.

Nothing could be more perplexing to the ships of war, than their situation, when having under convoy a fleet of transports, such as we have described ; one heavy sailer falling far astern, acted like a drag-chain upon the fleet for days together.

In sailing on a wind, men-of-war and merchant-men frequently came foul of each other, in the dark nights and bad weather, when the most deplorable results ensued.

FRANCIS GUALLY, A FRENCHMAN, CAPTAIN
IN THE 11TH REGIMENT.

In speaking of the 11th regiment, I am reminded of an old officer of that corps, Captain Francis Gually, whose life was one uninterrupted series of military adventures.

When a very young man, and a subaltern in the 50th, he was promoted into the 11th, in which he served at home and abroad, for nearly fifteen years. Here he gained some good experience ; for the 11th completed, through the activity of Sir Charles Asgill, their colonel, to two battalions, by a couple of thousand healthy Irishmen, had a hand in every thing that was going on during the war in Spain ; and upon the invasion of the French dominions, they were, (as before said,) when brigaded with the 61st, very severely handled at Toulouse. Here Gually, who had by this time been promoted, and who, with a hale constitution, had hitherto escaped the ordeal of steel and powder, was severely wounded.

Close to where the battle raged, his paternal home was situated ; to that friendly shelter he was conveyed, where, in the bosom of his family, and amidst another generation, that had

sprung up in his absence, after lingering for a little time, he breathed his last.

Poor Gually!—it is now many years since he left the 50th, by every one of whom he was deservedly regarded. Although with British arms in his hands, and fighting against France, he retained a sincere and ardent affection for his native country.

CHAPTER X.

Return of peace—Home—Campaigns in Ireland—Ball and supper—The superfine family—The jumping Caledonian—Miseries of close quarters—Other miseries—The familiar cow—The amorous landlady—Useful occupation—Army not an idle life—Pretty Poll—The huge ensign of the 27th—The bed of Procrustus—The “hole and corner system” not done away with.

THE RETURN OF PEACE, AND OF THE ARMY.

OF all the changes that take place amid the varied and chequered scenes of life, there is none perhaps which more sensibly affects the mind, than that of returning to the peaceful occupation of settled times, immediately after the distracting noise and tumult of the camp.

From the tented field, mayhap the field of battle, to the still and lonely quietude of country quarters—from the warlike sound of drum and trumpet, to the soft tinkling of the village bells—

there is a weight, a suddenness in the transition, that is oftentimes both painful and oppressive.

Such, however, were not the feelings that were likely to prevail among the troops, when, sailing from the banks of the Garonne, with a last look on France, their course was steered for England, for they had long been strangers to a *home*;—home! did I say?—Oh! there is magic in that little word, the power of which but few are able to withstand.

Even as regards the military traveller, when the road is smoothed down by happy circumstances, or relieved by the social companionship of his fellow soldiers, “home” is a word that is cheering to his soul. What must it therefore be to him, who, after years campaigning, after many a hard-fought day, after many a toilsome march, many a damp and cheerless bivouac, is at last returning to his own—his best—his native land? Who can tell with what joy it strikes his ear? The “hopes” that spring up within his breast at the very mention of it, act upon him with talismanic influence, and bring to his mind a world of fond associations: while the enjoyment he derives from the memory of days long past, with all his bright anticipations of the future, more than remunerate—yea, a thousand-fold—for all that he has suffered.

PEACE CAMPAIGNS IN IRELAND.

Peace, with her "olive branch," and with "tranquillity," "good will," and "concord," in her train, to harmonize the natives, having condescended to visit this very quarrelsome world of ours, the soldier, no longer an exterminator of his race, gets into a more civilized way of thinking, and begins to set about enjoying what the aforesaid world would call an "idle life." It certainly can be made an "idle life," if its followers choose to have it so ; but I deny that it deserves that character, provided other employments than those of lounging about the streets, or propping up the battlements of a bridge, are found : for, however heavily the time may hang upon the hands of him who is for ever waging war against it, there are various ways of filling up the void, without the exciting aid of duties in the field, or even without recourse to those delightful and no doubt very interesting avocations above referred to.

However, in the days I speak of, there were a variety of opinions upon this subject. In our regiment, "a short life and a merry one," seemed to be their motto ; on the *first* part of which they had already made experiments, and were now about to make a trial of the "*second*," in fact, pleasure, in all its varied forms, was sought

for. Being resolved to get indemnified in this way for past privations and endurances, they made every town they went to, a scene of gaiety; while the inhabitants, chiming in without reluctance, were converts to a doctrine so pleasingly in unison with their Irish feelings.

In the country town where we were quartered, we were called on, and generously entertained by all the respectable people of the neighbourhood, in return for which it was agreed to treat them with a ball and supper. The entertainment was altogether so unequalled by anything of the kind, that ever took place in those parts either before or since, that it is but an act of justice to posterity, to put the affair on record, by a full and true account of the event, for the improvement and example, as well as for the information of said posterity.

The civilians were supplied with cards of invitation, not without *some* difficulty in the selection, without offence to many of the aristocratic tribe, under the shade of whose frowning looks the more unpretending would have to pass, and not without the risk of getting into the black books of the long family of the "Superfines."

Those minor points of etiquette being at last arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned,

and a numerous ancestry of *O's* and *Mac's* being sent for, the long-looked-for day arrived, "the great, the important day," big with the fate of subalterns, and spinsters ; and the company began to muster about eight o'clock.

The mess-room was fitted up as a grand reception chamber, where a dapper little master of the ceremonies, and his staff, were in waiting to meet the guests. Every thing in barrack fashion ; soldiers were stationed at the gateway, to prevent confusion. The stairs and passages were lined with cloth or baize, supplied from the quarter-master's stores, and were illumined by the king's own tapers, from the same depository, which threw a dazzling light upon the "galaxy of beauty," that were crowding in.

The band was blowing away, as the lively throng ascended to the ball-room, the doors of which being soon thrown open, a gorgeous display burst on the enraptured vision—a "coup-d'œil," beyond the powers of language. The floor was chalked with emblematical devices,—the walls were festooned with laurel branches ; and at the extremity of the room, was a grand transparent painting of some warlike subject, surmounted by a star of bayonets, that reflected, as in a mirror, a thousand little "stars," of greater brilliancy.

The exhilarating spectacle was heightened by the gay and animated looks of our fair companions, whose laughing eyes expressed the joy that was passing in their hearts.

Dancing soon commenced, when our heroes figured off with belles, who bounded to the enlivening music, with all the sprightliness of youth; while the "wall-flowers," that would have made a neat bouquet, were ranged on either side the room, and seemed a little disconsolate, or so.

The matrons occasionally *showed* off their marriageable daughters, and manœuvred them with an anxious eye, to establish, if possible, the embryo of a matrimonial spec.; handing them about, as Mr. Polito would his foreign birds, and wanting but the "pole" to complete the illustration.

In this posture of affairs, one of the regimental ladies gave a good specimen of her talents in the "ballet." She was a northern of Amazonian build—a regular first-rate, both in weight and metal. On the Highland fling being called for, she pounded the boards in capital style, and tried the stamina of our flooring. Having for some time ranted away with a jolly sub from Fifeshire, she clapped her hands, as a condor would his wings, by way of a signal for the music to play

faster. "Faster, faster, still," she cried; while to her partner she exclaimed, "Hoot awa, mon, there's nae life aboot ye;" on which she gave a jump, as if going to perform a pirouette; and tossing her slippers in the air, with a shout, "Hoo, Scotland for ever, hurra!"

The effect of this gymnastic essay acted like magic on the assembly, who echoed to the shout by roars of loud applause, while the Fifeshireman joined in the general chorus of admiration for the strapping damsel.

Supper being announced, a general movement towards that quarter was the consequence; each gallant being taken by his "turtle dove" beneath her wing, led onwards to the banquet. The forces were duly marshalled round the table—the delicate viands were stormed—a rapid charge was made upon the dainties—pyramids of jellies, piles of sweetmeats, castellated pastry, and flocks of game, with kickshaws in abundance, vanished with the speed of lightning. Some lucky swain, having by his side a gentle maid, and before him a savoury pullet, might well, with his friend Macheath, have sung—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;"

while sundry cavaliers were courting the good

graces of their Juliets, by helping them freely to the sparkling wine.

Ceremony long since banished, the song and glee ensued ; reiterated peels chimed in chorus with the animating strains. A few bright hours of short-lived bliss having rolled away, our friends betook themselves to their respective homes, not without a finale from our jumping Caledonian, who, in one last parting shout, went off with, " Hoo, Scotland for ever, hurra !"

CLOSE QUARTERS AND THEIR MISERIES.

While we lay in this place, there was another regiment of the line, besides one of militia, quartered in it ; in consequence of which, we were packed up together as well as the economizing system of the day permitted, or could manage it.

It was one of the most amusing things that could be well conceived, to observe the manner in which we were stowed away. The lodging houses were so full that a being dropped suddenly from the clouds would suppose we were preparing for a siege.

As for myself, I was first installed in the mansion of an apothecary, who was anything but a starved one ; starvation being utterly denied by the respectability of his paunch, and by the re-

splendent hue of a countenance, where whiskey and other cordials were inscribed.

For a little time things went on smoothly, until the over-powering smell of drugs that issued from the shop below, banished me away in search of a purer atmosphere; the non-ambrosial gales of assafœtida and other compounds, being much too pungent for one whose olfactories were not exactly proof.

The *pestle and mortar* were always in full work, the noise from which fell not in "leaden accents" on the ear, but came on in one eternal thump, thump, thump, enough to upset the brain; added to this, as if to complete the "book of miseries," there was the continual tramp of a carrotty urchin, who practised his evolutions behind the counter to the aforesaid music; human forbearance was forced to its utmost stretch, even till "*patience*" ceased to be a virtue.

Having taken up a new position, it was "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" for although escaping the sweet "aroma" proceeding from the chemicals, yet there was a host of minor evils to torment the hapless lodger.

The tenement was a thatched unsightly building of two stories, having a long narrow passage leading to the ricketty flight of stairs. From the

landing-place, other turnings conducted to the bedrooms, the geography of which would spin the most ingenious traveller. Chambers of various forms and sizes opened to the gallery; the whole economy of the fabric being of such antiquity, that had it not been propped up, and patched in many places, the present generation of man or woman would never have been edified by its description.

A sample or two of the miseries that were here to be endured, will give the curious reader some idea of our happy situation.

Misery No. 1.—Going to parade (a garrison field day) in high trim, and adonized with care, garments well fitted, sash without a wrinkle, *chaco* on a curl, and Hoby's best. Just arrived at the foot of the stairs, I encountered—what? Good reader, I leave it to your sagacity to guess. Was it a fair enchantress of the castle, or the still more blooming goddess of the same?—No; it was neither one nor the other; I was between the horns of a dilemma—said horns being those of my landlady's cow, that was leisurely walking to her parlour.

Jammed in the narrow entry, unable to go back or forward, forced to remain pinned up for half an hour, until the quadruped was backed into the street.

N. B. Too late for parade—get a precious rowing.

Misery No. 2.—Entering my dormitory rather too quickly, I struck against the doorway, made for the entrance of a dwarf, when coming in contact with the upper frame-work, the frame-work of my cranium received a knock, which laid me sprawling on the floor, proving the “materiality” of said cranium in a manner “too convincing.”

Misery No. 3.—Looking out of my window, was everlastingly stared out of countenance by the idlers on the other side of the street, who employed themselves in the additional useful and praiseworthy avocation of keeping up the walls of an inn, the hostess of which (a buxom dame) stood ogling the gentleman in the aforesaid window, while her spouse below, a wicked looking dog, perceiving her manœuvres, gave, ever and anon, a jealous scowl towards the interesting subject of her studies.

Misery No. 4.—Close by an ancient beldame, whose grizzled head was ornamented by an old greasy velvet cap, that seemed to have been purloined from a “pall;” aware of what was going forward, grinned like a Cheshire cat, while with her chin upon a pair of brawny bullock arms, she rested upon the half-door of her shop, and

chuckled with a hideous and unearthly sound in the face of the unlucky lodger.

Owing to the crowded state of the garrison, the officers were glad to get their heads into any little place, if they could only procure the luxury of a stretcher, with room to toiletize, (if I may be allowed to coin a word). Those who had barrack rooms were shut up in pigeon holes, which, pigeoned as they were, they shared with their less fortunate companions.

The "married people" might possibly (I mean in families where the "flogging system" was not done away with) have found room to box each other; but, to tell the truth, there was hardly room to flagellate a cat.

There was such a *jumble* of men and their wives, of bachelors, drums, and bandboxes, that after beating my brains unmercifully, I can think of nothing to make a comparison with the whole concern.

The cupidity of our "patronas," was excited beyond all measure, by the tempting opportunity; and shorn as we already were in our travels, we were now still further clipped, even to the lining of our pockets.

With regard to my worthy hostess, the "hole and corner system" was not exploded in her dwelling; for every nook and cranny, from the

coal-cellar to the garret, was furnished with a lodger; and I verily believe the good lady would gladly have shared her smoky den beside the chimney, and have despatched grimalkin, to accommodate her friends, if terms adequate to such luxurious quarters were proposed.

Her drawing room was occupied by a lieutenant of grenadiers, whose wife, poor lady, was of such enormous amplitude, that her husband might literally be said to have at least got substance for his money.

Théré was a huge ensign of the 27th grenadiers, who was put, or rather crammed into a place that had been doing the duty of a coal-hole. It was something of a genus between a lumber-room and a closet; its obscurity (for it had no window) rendering it a thing impossible to obtain a knowledge of its outline or capacity.

From this beautiful repository the resin chips and cinders were regularly ejected, to make way for the man-of-war, who, by some extraordinary or unnatural convolutions, in imitation of the great "sea-serpent," twisted his immense and shapeless form within the cavity; but how he managed to extend himself, would be a problem worthy the profound and learned meditation of a Newton; it was like getting a reel into a bottle, and reminded one of the bottle conjuror.

The apartment was furnished with an article designed to represent a bedstead, on which there lay a flinty mattress, no doubt before inhabited ; it was exactly such a bed, that in order to make it fit the occupier, it would have been necessary first, after the fashion of "Procrustus," to make the occupier fit the bed—or, in other words, to curtail his lower limbs ; for those of this gigantic ensign were never made for common places of repose. In the present case, the only remedy was that of giving them an outside birth, so that while his body slumbered, his nether man was keeping watch, like sentries at the door.*

* Notwithstanding the various grievances to which we were exposed, the town presented a very lively scene—a moving panorama of soldiers and civilians ; while our band, with a little Prussian bandmaster at their head, inflicted their foreign tunes most unmercifully on the people, both day and night. As if they had not quite enough of it at other times, they rehearsed the thing on Sundays.

It would have moved the gravity of a monk to behold the way in which those among them who were young and fair, gambolled in the causeway as they heard the enlivening sounds. They humoured every note with lively gesticulations, wagging their heads, and beating time upon their knuckles with their fans ; while, as they occasionally strutted past the music, they went with a military air, keeping the step, and turning out their toes with the precision of a well drilled martinet.

CHAPTER XI.

New way to pay old debts—Ensign Tippleton—Ensigncies at a premium—Disappointment of the fire-eaters—The Post Office—Old maids should not keep one—The royal Salamanders—Curiosity—Waterloo—Injustice to the Peninsula men—Presumption of certain would-be heroes—Campaign of second childhood—The black board—The infant Major—Good effects of dancing well—The mad Newtonian—Farnham.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,
*A memorable event in the history of Ensign
Tippleton.*

Soon after this, we had a very agreeable change of quarters, by going to the town of D—, where the only event of any importance, which made an impression upon my memory, was that which occurred in the history of an ensign who was stationed in the garrison.

Tippleton, (for such was his *nom de guerre*), a curious little man, of dark complexion, was directed by his evil genius to lodge at the house of a widow woman, who kept an inn, where he

indulged himself with all the good things that the widow's well stored pantry offered. Being, moreover, something of a toper, he drew largely on the cellars of his hostess, who not having duly honoured the "draughts" (qy. drafts) upon her bank, a bill was thus contracted of considerable magnitude, which, as he sat ruminating in solitude on his delightful plight, in "the worst inn's worst room," was placed each morning on his table; his rueful visage getting longer in a similar ratio with the accounts he had to settle.

It unluckily happened that "pay-day" was at some distance, for our hero had already overdrawn; there were consequently no funds to meet the exigency of his affairs.

Mother Boniface herself was no enemy to the glass, and kept a private stock of the elixir for her own especial use. She was a red-faced, slipshod dowdy, rather in the vale of years, and seemed to be strictly following the same prescription which sent her husband to the grave.

Poor Tiptleton was by no means an Adonis; he nevertheless became a favourite with the lady, who, with the view of having him immediately in her tutelage, kept him at "head quarters," into which although he went with bare bones, and scantily furnished about the ribs, he soon, by a little pampering, got into good condition.

Notwithstanding the fair deceiver's importunities about the money, it required no great degree of penetration to observe that there were more ways of paying the debt than one; and

thinking very justly, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," she had some idea of throwing aside her weeds, and make the warrior surrender at discretion: so taking out her "writ of habeas corpus," she gave him the only alternative that remained, namely, that of presenting himself with all his charms, in payment of the "bill."

The gallant Tiptleton, seeing that a breeze was likely to get up, in case of noncompliance with her wishes, began at first to be unruly; while indisposed for married life, he would have been sufficiently contented were he but relieved from the weight of tumblers under which he groaned, without being saddled, in lieu thereof, with a dame of five-and-forty. But fate, cruel fate!—that so often interferes in schemes of matrimony, had otherwise arranged it; his innamorata was inflexible—she was worse than Shylock, for she would not only have "her bond," her pound of flesh, but more than her bond, yea, the whole corporeal substance of the man. The indissoluble knot was tied, and the widow, "cidevant," gave to the son of Mars full emancipation from all demands: she also installed him in the government of her "tap," where for some years he enjoyed his undiluted pleasures, and sung of his laurels round the flowing bowl.

In those days, when a man was much more likely to return from the wars ornamented with a wooden leg than a gold chain, ensigncies were

obtained with more facility than they are at present; hence the admission of many questionable characters to the service.* Then the field was wide for younger sons, and pickles sent from school, whom even Doctor Flailem could make no hand of. If there was a scamp too wild for the church or navy, he was sure to be turned loose upon the army, by getting invested, as the romances have it, with a pair of colours in a marching regiment. One of these, when touched with military fire, ran off to the most convenient General, in order to get himself certified as a proper object to be shot at; when with the vain fancy that he had a natural genius for the trade of fighting, he stamped upon the pavé with no small pride, while coaxing withal the solitary hairs that were growing upon his beardless cheeks, into something that represented whis-

* When our regiment was stationed at Brayborne Lees, in Kent, one of the officers, who was particularly in the habit of holding consultation with his looking-glass, was so exact with regard to the cut and fashion of his vestments, that not finding an artist in the garrison to please his fancy, he had recourse to a well-known *Adonizer* in the neighbouring town of Hythe. There was a considerable degree of bustle at the time, for the route had come, and all were ready except our friend, of most fastidious memory, who dispatched a messenger for a new equipment, then upon the stocks. The order for those articles being delivered in rather a peremptory tone, the master tailor, who was a hasty fellow, jumped up indignantly on his shopboard, and seizing his goose, would have annihilated the affrighted messenger, but for those about him, as he cried out that "his foreman had that morning got an ensigncy, and that therefore Mr. Fopling would have to wait a little longer for his regimentals."

kers, (in which his courage seemed chiefly to be vested,) he assumed a "furioso-military phiz," that was quite alarming to his peaceful neighbours. With a ragged shirt or too, and a sturdy pair of shoes, the whole of his kit, well ticketed and labelled, off he was dispatched by his relations, who wanted to get rid of him, not only to push himself on in the world, but to get into a fair way of being pushed out of it as soon as possible.

THE CAVALRY.

Nothing was more remarkable than the manner in which the infantry officers, when upon home service, made their appearance on all public occasions; and this at a time when few if any of them could muster sixpence beyond their daily stipend. Such, nevertheless, was the fact, that they contrived not only to drink their wine, dress well, and frequent all the extravaganzas of the day, but to keep some sort of a four-footed animal by way of a finish to their establishment. How they managed it will, like the "perpetual motion," or the "north-west passage," ever remain one of those undiscovered problems, buried in the mysteries of fate, until dragged from thence by some extraordinary sage of future days.

Soon after coming to the town of E——, most of our young men, (and very promising young men they were,) and all the old ones, thought it necessary to be in fashion with their neighbours, and to become mounted officers. They accord-

ingly possessed themselves of animals that very soon dismounted them, and made "field officers" of their masters.

It was the most amusing thing to see them sally forth upon a cavalcade, where variety, at least, formed a very prominent feature of the scene.

Compared with one of the motley troop of quadrupeds, the kicking shanty of a Sancho Panza, or the angular Rozinante of the Don, were pampered steeds. Such prancing, curvetting, and rearing, was never displayed in Astley's, or any other circle; and when the leader of these equestrians trotted out before them, he was followed by a squadron of centaurs, that would have made poor Gilpin blush for shame. From the rawboned gelding lately in the pound, to the spavined colt that scarcely had been tamed, or even to the still more worthless brute promoted from the rank of oyster carrier, all were put in requisition.

The races going forward at that period, gave our cavaliers an opportunity of showing off before the gay assemblage; but whether the display was flattering to their outfit, or complimentary to their skill in equitation, has never been clearly ascertained.

There happened, among others, to be a beautiful horse called Goldfinch, on the course, the property of Captain Johnston, a particular friend of mine. This animal was to run against a celebrated racer, to be rode by a Mr. Hassard. The

Captain finding some difficulty in meeting with a gentleman to ride his horse, an officer of ours stepped forward and volunteered to do so. Being an old fox-hunter and steeple chaser, from Northampton, and well acquainted with the business of the turf, his offer was thankfully accepted. Our sporting friend was a little dark featured man, with a sharp expression of phiz, and a nose somewhat of the Roman order. Being duly harnessed, weighed, and rigged out, conformable to the Epsom regulation, he soon was in the saddle and at the starting post.

It was a delightful day in August ; the sun shone out with more than his usual brilliancy, upon one of the most lively and animating scenes that could be witnessed ; still more enlivened by a splendid array of girls, handsome and smiling as the aforesaid luminary. Carriages, gigs, and jaunting cars, were drawn up near the winning post ; squires by dozens, with country bumpkins in washed leathers and top-boots, traversed the ground on horseback in all directions ; the back-ground and intervals being occupied by a noisy multitude moving to and fro.

Showy ribbons, feathered bonnets, and flourishing caps and dresses, heightened the prevailing gaiety ; while the music of sundry discordant instruments, intermingled with an endless variety of equally discordant sounds that issued from the tongues of men, women, and animals, produced a concert that was more remarkable for noise than sweetness.

Goldfinch and his rival courser being already at their post, the signal was given, and off they started in the most gallant style. Every nerve was strained, every eye was turned, the field was all excitement; the movement of the racers as they dashed along, was followed with anxiety by every one, particularly by those who betted deeply. Even the fairer amateurs were warmly interested in the business: raised on tiptoe in their cars and carriages, cheering their favourite as he bounded past them, as if by their cheers they could urge the splendid animals to run with accelerated speed. As they approached the winning-post, neck and neck, they flew like lightning—a tablecloth would have covered them; when, on coming near the flag-staff, Goldfinch made one desperate spring, and darting a little beyond the other, just gained the victory.

Shouts and acclamations rent the air. The clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs and streamers, that immediately ensued, was beyond description.

Little G——, or Black Jack, as he was pleasantly called by his familiars, on dismounting, was received with as much éclat as Wellington after Waterloo. Heated and exhausted, he was led away amidst the gratulations of a crowd of followers, among whom was every soldier of the regiment not on duty. As for Goldfinch, after being rubbed down, he was conducted to our quarters, attended by a military escort; the bugles playing before him, “See the

conquering hero." Arriving at my lodgings, where his owner was residing, the landlady stood rejoicing at her door, as she cried out in tones of joy, "Hilloo! hilloo! Captain Johnson has won the race!—Goldfinch for ever, hilloo!"

CAMPAIGNS AT THE POST-OFFICE,

OR

THE ROYAL SALAMANDERS DISAPPOINTED.

Men, and soldiers above all men, are never satisfied, never content, do what you will to please them; there is sure to be some place better than where they are—something better to be done than what they are doing; still running after the skirts of Fame (a fanciful lady who coquets for awhile, then leaves them in the lurch); still panting after battles, until at length, like a certain renowned warrior of olden times, who, after all his conquests, longed for more, they imitate said warrior, I won't say by weeping, (for modern soldiers have nothing to do with tears,) but by grumbling sadly because they have no more to conquer.

So it was with the gentlemen of our battalion. Here they were in a place where they had everything they could desire to have about them: a pleasant town, extremely pleasant people, very little to do, and less to think about; in short, without an iota of any kind to trouble them, beyond the difficult query as to the most convenient mode of carrying on their different

schemes of pleasure. And yet, after all, attractive as their quarters were, they were not content; there were many more heads remaining still to break; there was something to be done in Belgium in their line; while, as if they had not for the last seven years at least got fighting enough to satisfy the appetite of any reasonably thinking men, they fumed, chaffed, and fretted, like a set of ravenous mastiffs tied, to be among the army now assembling in the field.

By the successive casualties of service, the regiment was, when it first came home, reduced to a perfect, or more correctly speaking, an imperfect shadow; their garments and equipments worn and torn by constant rubbing against brushwood, rocks, and broken ground, while the rough bed upon which they had been accustomed to repose, aided the general dilapidation of their tatterdemalion aspect. These were the very reasons why their services at that time were not demanded; and like many other hard working corps that had been equally cut up, they were allowed to lie upon the shelf, until they could be turned out in a somewhat more gentleman-like condition.

It was mortifying, to be sure, but there was no remedy. The commanding officers themselves, equally dissatisfied with the pommelling they had got in Spain, memorialized repeatedly for this opportunity to get distinguished, or extinguished, (for in war they mean almost the same;) but as yet it was all in vain. From what has been

already stated, it may well be imagined, with what anxiety every one looked out for certain ominous dispatches, which would lend them to the camp, or prove a finisher to their hopes.

The post office, kept by a brace of antiquated tabs, (ladies of a certain age should never keep a post office,) was every day besieged upon the arrival of the mail, with more alacrity and vigilance than ever San Sebastian was by Graham's stormers, while the spinsters grinned with malice on finding that the *bag* contained no warlike billet; indeed the respect, nay love, they bore for such very nice young men, caused much uneasiness lest some cruel mandate should unhappily send them to the field of blood; besides what should they, or all the other poor maidens do, if the batchelors (of whom there were already too many sent away,) were torn from them, and nothing left in lieu thereof, but endless, hopeless celibacy.

From day to day our youths returned from their rendezvous with sorrowful physiognomy, for there was no good news to cheer them. The papers were filled with tantalizing stories of grand reviews, and other preparations for the coming strife; when at length, on a particular day, somewhere about the end of June 1815, while a groupe of them were gathered in close column, waiting at their usual post, they perceived a chuckling smile on the visage of the dames within, who being tempted by that curiosity natural to the sex, took a sly peep between the

folds of a packet with a seal of dimensions equal to a dinner plate, and learning by those researches that an important battle had been fought, they pushed the document in triumph through the window.

The news was from the field of Waterloo. While perusing the despatches, the assembled knot of crest-fallen militants were bound by a sort of spell; their attention was rivetted to the narrative of that great event, and sleepless were the nights that followed, at this conclusion of their campaign.

WATERLOO reminds the men of Spain and Portugal, as well as every liberal thinking person who loves fair play, (and "fair play *is* a jewel,") of the great injustice done the troops that underwent the continued and dangerous service in those countries, by not allowing them to share with their more fortunate brethren in-arms, in the honours of a *medal*. Notwithstanding all that has been said and sung about it, Waterloo was but *one* great battle—one hard day's work; wherein its magnitude consisted as much in the number of the combatants on either side, as in the desperation of the combat; the same result, though on a smaller scale, where the parties were equal or nearly so, would have taken place between lesser bodies, and the obstinacy of the struggle proportionably great, with consequences just as fatal to those engaged.

It was undoubtedly the grand deciding action of the war, and struck the Emperor with a blow

from which he never rose; therefore it was esteemed, and justly so, the chief of battles; it was looked upon as the turning point of England's glory, the finale of that reign of usurpation that shook the base of kingdoms—it was considered the forerunner of happy times, when peace would flourish through the nations.

So far the reasoning was consistent with justice and good feeling; but I may be allowed to ask, in what manner, and by whom were those events brought round? Or by whom was the war confined to distant countries, and the direful effects of tyranny and invasion warded off our own? The people of England know full well by whom—they know, if they would but have the candour to acknowledge it, by what means even Waterloo was brought about, by whose gallantry and exertions the troops of Napoleon were overturned, so as to render ineffectual his last and desperate campaign in Russia; yes, they know, and have it recorded in the annals of their country, that it was by the allied army that wielded the sword for years, and fought for the liberty of empires throughout the length and breadth of Spain.

Why, therefore, in the name of all that is just and evenhanded, deny those honours to the gallant fellows who composed that army, which have been so liberally (though it must be confessed invidiously) bestowed on the troops who entered Belgium? Why refuse to grant that single trifling boon, that symbol of a people's

gratitude, to those who were engaged so long not only in the work of fighting, but in the still more harrassing business of the camp, in every sort of weather; exposed to dangers and privations in every shape, and suffering patiently under the most unparalleled adversities. As already hinted at, those who were *not* in Waterloo, belonged to regiments that had been cut to pieces; distinguished veterans, who had been all their lives at work, and who deserved better things than thus to be cast aside, and paid off with a sort of left handed compliment, of getting Peninsula on their colours. With regard to the gallant soldiers of that eventful day, I would not take from the wreath that decks their brow one single leaf; but why, as before observed, make any difference, and by a paltry system of economy, limit the distribution of them? The toy which dangles on the breast, is in itself of little intrinsic worth; but were it composed of metal of the smallest value, it would be as precious to him who wore it, as if it was manufactured of the purest gold.

Other nations have wisely been generous in this respect; and those badges of distinction, by which their soldiers were *impartially* rewarded, encouraged them to actions of extraordinary valour. The example given by the French, is worthy of being followed; since, whatever evil may arise from the abuse of honourable badges, it appears as necessary to stir up emulation by rewarding bravery, as to visit cowardice with punishment.

When talking about those battles of former times, perhaps in public company, some very sapient genius stops short the current of your tale, by suddenly exclaiming, "Pray, sir, were you in Waterloo?" Chopfallen and disconcerted, you hide your diminished head,—the ignoramus looks around in triumph,—a dead silence ensues,—no more of warlike stories. "You have not been in Waterloo: why then you have been nowhere!" seems to be inscribed upon all their stupid faces.

The Spanish business goes for nothing, but should you have a W stuck before your name in the *little red book*, the distinction will cover a multitude of sins.

It is not yet too late; — the liberality of Britain might still place those who fought in the Peninsula upon an equal footing with the men of Waterloo, by giving them this proof of her "*impartial*" gratitude, as well as a lasting testimonial of her justice.

CAMPAIGNS OF SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Some time after those very extraordinary and important events, which gave rise to the foregoing cogitations and reflections, I took it into my head, being bit by a mad mathematician, to desert the "festive throng," with the very much-to-be-approved-of intention of joining a certain well-known establishment, got up for the more immediate benefit of those gentlemen of our august profession, who, already passed,

or on the verge of passing, the flower of youth, were resolved to enter into second childhood, and re-commence their school-boy life.

The building designed for our instruction, had, in days of yore, been the residence of a man of substance, but with the aid of Johnny's cash, was strangely metamorphosed; with-drawing rooms were turned into drawing-rooms; dining-rooms, where men did inwardly digest, into those in which they were to read, mark, learn, as well. Dressing-closets and boudoirs were no longer places where the fair were wont to shine, but where the unhallowed steps of man had now intruded.

Here, those who had faced the deadly breach, went now to attack a knotty problem; to climb the ladder of learning was now the work of men lately engaged in climbing ladders with purpose of more deadly nature; while others, who figured in the camp, were intent on figuring on the fields of science.

Our institution was situated in the town of F——, a long rambling sort of country place, too large for a village, and rather too small for a town.

A regiment of brick-kiln looking houses, drawn up in open order, with the Queen's highway running between the ranks, with here and there a smart iron-railing, and shining knockers. An old-fashioned church, with a steeple nodding in all the pride of its antiquity upon the moderns around it, with inns and

signs abundantly, the whole shut up by turnpike gates at either end, will give the reader a tolerably fair idea of the place, without the trouble of going down in Mr. Andrew Collier's coach to see it.

As for the country round, you have "hop-grounds" at discretion, which chiefly occupy a very extensive valley, enclosed at the north by an elevated ridge, that is for the most part covered by a large and richly wooded park, attached to the Bishop of Winchester's palace. To the south, a range of lower hills form a boundary as far as the ancient forest of Holt.

A diminutive stream, called the Wey, wanders in a variety of curious bends through the whole length of the valley; and waters in its course, the beautiful domains of Moor Park, and Waverly Abbey.

Saturdays were the days appointed for our full-grown youths to exhibit on a huge black board, when each was called in turn to give the superior a specimen of his skill.

This was to many a rather nervous sort of business; for when the griffen * was not "au fait" at the problem he had got to deal with, after cudgelling his brains for half an hour, he was sure to spin. †

His confusion was increased by the sardonic

* The latest comer, or new hand, was so denominated.

† To spin, was to fail, to lose the memory, to get bewildered, as if the head was turning round after the manner of a peg-top.

laugh of the professor, the by no means flattering looks of the superior, and the broad grins of a set of mischief-loving dogs, waiting themselves like criminals for execution.

Many found refuge here, whose sole felicity was in turning over folios, wasting their midnight oil in profound researches, hammering at their (in some cases,) impenetrable organs, for the solution of a puzzler; wearing out restless days, and sleepless nights, in the discovery of a lost equation, so much involved in sines and cosines, that they were ready to be off in a tangent to another world.

Clouded in solemn mystery, they were for ever peering through a quadrant at the *sun*, or abstracted in meditation on the beauty of her lunar majesty.

One of these Newtonians might be seen with folded hands, as he paced the road or fields, where if you accosted him, you were replied to with "Have no time,—beg you won't disturb;" as he plods on, muttering, " BC , plus CD , equal OP ; the rectangle N , into half the perimeter G ," and so on; while, like one deranged, waving his hands, and sawing the air, he is lost in a maze of definitions, until coming bump against a four-wheeled waggon, or brought up, stuck to the middle in a miry ditch, he is at length awakened from his trance.

He has no eyes or ears for anything but mathematics; let him but ride his favourite

"hobbies," Euclid, Ferguson, or Bonnycastle,
and he dies content.

"He writes to his fair one, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely 'Dalby,' ever thine."

THE MAD NEWTONIAN.

"For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His *mouſh*, but out there flew a trope;
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;
For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale,
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight."

The most determined lover of tropes and figures, I ever was acquainted with, flourished here. Cold and laconic in his bearing, and extremely taciturn upon other subjects, yet his fluency of speech was liberal on things touching his beloved study—the shrine at which he daily worshipped.

The man was for ever gesticulating as he stalked along, keeping time with his arms and other limbs, to a sort of mumbling cadence, while rapt in schemes and theoretical devices. In his room he lived on calculations, buried head and ears in a sort of mist, or puzzling quandary.

Oblivious of all things, like his friend Diogenes, he cared for nought but space to measure out his diagrams. Haunted by the demon that pursued him by night as well as by day, he paced his chamber like an apparition, starting, groaning,

and sometimes belabouring everything, about him while trying to digest a poser.

THE FORTUNATE MAJOR.

I must not omit the mention of a fortunate individual, who made a figure in our establishment, not for the depth of his understanding—for he was not a man that would set the Thames on fire—but rather from certain remarkable events connected with his early history.

The “on dit” of that time was that the Colonel (for such they called him) was the original hero of the tale, wherein it was reported that a bantling in the cradle held the rank of Major; and that he was the identical child of Fortune, who, when a baby in the nurse’s arms, began to squall up stairs, when upon enquiry as to the alarm, the answer to the query was, “it was only the Major in the nursery crying for his pap.”

Thrice happy squaller!—little did you know the glorious fate awaiting thee, or that you were then deemed worthy of a brace of swinging epaulets, eligible to ride a charger, or strut about in boots and spurs; that you were hereafter to shine in drawing-rooms, the pride of friends—the observed of all observers, and to be in your country’s annals the terror of your enemies—your whiskers to be the bugbear of all the children in the parish, as well as the delight of all the girls—little did you know all this, or you would have squalled with double ecstasy!

PETTICOAT INTEREST, OR THE ADVANTAGES OF
BEING A GOOD DANCER.

There are more ways than one of getting into favour with the fair sex ; an axiom fully exemplified in the case before us—namely, that of another fortunate individual, whose career, although unmarked by any extraordinary exploits, was, nevertheless, remarkable for services of a more pleasing nature than those encountered in camp or bivouac.

Our hero flourished in an age of gallantry, and basked under the rays of gentle woman's smile, in whose cause being a true enthusiast, he was a paragon of excellence in their sight. As an accomplished bachelor, he was at all times a welcome visitor at their table ; about the purlieus of their mansions, he was as familiar as the pet parrot of the family. Furnished with a good supply of anecdotes, and small talk, he could not be dispensed with ; he was their factotum, from taking their albums in his charge, to lionizing with them through the country. He was ready to fly at their commands, even upon an embassy to the Khan of Tartary. Having premised so much, it is unnecessary to say, that the dry studies of Euclid, Dalby, or St. Paul, were but little attended to ; and as for *astronomy*, those pretty stars that flitted across his path, were much more interesting to him than the shadowy orbs discussed upon in science.

I had almost forgotten to say that "dancing"

was on the list of his accomplishments ; without his aid, the quadrillers might have staid at home. Finished in the ballets, he formed the "innocents," by signal ready for manœuvring, while, with a card of tactics, he drilled them through the mazes of "dos à dos, and "*demi queue de chat*." To use an Irishism, he handled his legs inimitably, and danced himself so well into the good graces of the FAIR, that they danced him into the staff. By means of his steps, he stepped (or rather jumped) to the rank of Captain; he got more by his heels, than ever he could by his head. Waltzing and quadrilling, were better to him than years of fighting. Flirtations availed him more than the hardest service, and one bright glance of a lady's eye, was of greater value to him than even the claims of Waterloo, or the full possession of a first certificate.

CHAPTER XII.

Capt. Charles—An aristocratic Fête—Barbarous Custom—The Blue—Insolence of livery servants—The linking scene—The Isle of Wight—Pride of Office—Ensigns not allowed to think—Lieut. Singleton—The Barrack Amateur.

CAPT. C——.

ONE of the most intelligent and friendly men in our society, was Captain C——, who was at one period a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, but at the period I speak of, he belonged to the 11th regiment of foot. Being on the staff of General Sir Robert Wilson, he witnessed many of the great events in the late war, and passed a considerable time in foreign courts. These opportunities gave him a general knowledge of the world, which, with his unassuming manners, caused his society to be much sought after. No man had a better claim to honourable distinction, but he applied for none; no one could shine in the higher circles with more éclat, yet he valued lightly the cold and heartless tenor of those

circles, prizing much more the companionship of friends in humble life.

The hollow character, and jéjune formalities of the coteries alluded to, were fully illustrated by an entertainment, where C—— happened to be present; his account of which, while it affords a pretty fair sample of high-life manners, may, perhaps, at the same time afford a little amusement to the reader.

AN ARISTOCRATIC FETE.

Going up, agreeably to appointment, to the chateau, he inflicted a very respectable salute upon the door, when, after waiting upon the steps long enough to contemplate the adjacent scenery, as well as to survey the exterior of the building, its portals were at length unfolded, and he entered a splendid hall, passing on between two powdered beef-eaters, to the reception rooms above; where a mingled company of males and females were laudably employed in the exercise of a virtue, better known by the name of patience.

Strangers to each other, their temperament was pretty nearly at the freezing point, staring as they did, at every new arrival, with the starched formality and coldness of frost itself.

The fairer guests were putting on their most enticing looks, attitudinizing, or simpering withal in little whispers, previous to a general salvo; while the males were engaged in an equally interesting way, either giving a killing effect to

the economy of their whiskers, brushing their crops à la porcupine, or doing the amiable in fifty different modes.

It has been said, I forget by whom, that, among the solemnities of a dinner party in the fashionable or unfashionable world, the melancholy hour before the dinner is placed upon the table, is "more tediously fraught with chilling ceremony," than any other in the four-and-twenty. The present entertainment afforded no exception to this remark; the intervals between each "awful pause," were filled by sundry dissertations on the atmospheric changes in our climate. Some, affecting to be men of science, were passing off their learned observations; others edged in their dry opinions by way of commentary; until, at last, the welcome summons informed them that subjects of a much more interesting and edifying nature were about to be discussed, when a spirited movement was immediately commenced, and all were busily engaged in pairing off,—by some denominated the linking scene.

Each valiant knight made a rush for the Dulcinea of his fancy, when sticking out his fins, vulgarly called elbows, in order to take, if necessary, a brace of them in tow, he stepped on in the attitude of a Highland piper getting his bellows into wind, leaving a few stragglers, some forlorn vestals, to be picked up by those who followed in the rear.

The full blaze of the dining-room was now displayed; the major domo at his post was en-

circled by his friends of the élite, while the feast, lit up by brilliant chandeliers, was super-excellent: great dishes in shining covers, and formed in open column, were flanked by innumerable little ones, thrown out like skirmishers, containing all that was piquant to the taste of the most accomplished feeder.

There was an ostentatious show of wealth,—of dazzling plate and glass,—of smoking joints, and stimulating fluids; but the chill of formal gravity was not yet thawed, neither did the flow of animal spirits keep pace with the flow of wine.

Not so with a regiment of able-bodied fellows, drawn up behind the chairs, who amused their leisure moments by a survey of the guests and their manœuvres, making strange grimaces at each other, when any thing particular struck their fancy, while sneering upon the epaulets of the officers who were present, and looking with admiration on their own.

Among those who sat as laughing-stocks, before the upstarts, was a lovely trio, who in single blessedness were verging into shade, and whose charms were somewhat on the wane. By an extremely odd arrangement, or derangement of their head-dress, they essayed to remedy the evil, by a display upon the main top of so many flashy colours, that the risible muscles of the gentlemen in plush could hold no longer; while the spinsters, noticing the attention thus directed to their flying streamers, looked dis-

dainful, and with the independence of a first-rate line of battle ship, tossed about their flags with indignation.

The insolence of the varlets attending here, and at other great men's tables, has grown of late to a most abominable nuisance, to complain of which is useless, for they are backed by their masters through thick and thin ; their existence is one of luxury and pampered ease. "*High life below stairs*," is a drama enacted in every noble house, with many additional scenes arising from the modern style of doing things, which serve to make the farce not only more ridiculous in itself, but much more ruinous in practice to the gentleman above, than ever it was in former times. If there be one circumstance more than another, which ought to reconcile the non-exclusive to his *loss of caste*, it is that of being exempt from the annoyance of those pests, those vile domestic spies, who must not only get extravagant wages, but delicacies for their table, unworthy and disgraceful as they are to a family which they often bring to ruin.*

* I remember hearing of a livery servant in London, who being desirous of a place, called upon a gentleman of fortune in search of one.

The fellow's interrogatories to the gentleman were, "Pray sir, what wine do you give your servants?" The gentleman: "O, I never give wine." "Bless me," cried the other, "not wine!—then how am I to live?" "The best way you can," replied the gentleman. "But who is to clean my boots and shoes?" still continued the insolent rascal. The gentleman, whose patience was by this time well tried, put a stop to the

But to return to the dining room : the ladies vanished soon after the cloth was taken away, and no more of them was seen that evening. Why is it thus in civilized society ?—that at a period of the day when social intercourse is most enjoyed, we banish wilfully those who ought to have some influence, and we deprive ourselves of that society which in every age has been allowed to be the only thing to tame or soften the asperities of man. It may truly be said, “they manage those affairs better in France,” where, charged as they are with levity of manners and licentiousness of conduct, there is, however, this at least to be recorded of them, that they treat their females as if they were intelligent beings, and pay them the compliment of giving them a higher station than that allotted to them by our countrymen. They are not, as it is with us in many cases, excluded from the walks of literature or science, through the medium of public schools ; nor are they handed out between a double row of grinning boobies in conformance with our barbarous custom after dinner ; in order that they (the ladies) may enjoy a dish of scandal in the drawing-room, and that the aforesaid boobies may feast upon a peppered d—l, or guzzle their wine without control or interruption.

In observing as to literature and science, knave's impertinence, by saying, “I dare say I shall have to do that myself,” and instantly kicked the scoundrel down stairs.

being proper subjects for the gentler sex, I am far from wishing to hold your particularly learned ladies up to admiration; extremes on either side are not desirable, of which an instance at one time witnessed in company with a downright and veritable "*blue*," may form an appropriate finale to these remarks.

This most learned personage in petticoats, who figured at a dinner-party, was a slim, delicate-looking maiden, with a pretty face, though of such deadly hue, as to make it appear evident that the severity of her midnight reading was deleterious to her constitution. Love might have partly caused the interesting melancholy of her expression; and this seemed the more suspicious from certain glances that were now and then exchanged between her and a swain just opposite, whose carrotty locks and sunburnt visage formed a glaring contrast with the snowy countenance of the imaginative object of his fancy.

Upon the usual common-places of the day, our heroine was altogether silent, preserving the garb of wisdom with the majesty of Solomon.

A monosyllable was the sole reply to any attempt to draw her out; her learning was, then at least, hermetically "sealed, signed, but not delivered;" you might as well "call spirits from the vasty deep,"—they would not come when you called them. In this posture of affairs, the scene was shifted, and an adjournment to the drawing-room took place. The males for a time des-

cribed a circle round the bottle, while the innocent matrons and their still more innocent juniors, made up a little coterie of scandal, or circle of their own, where our literary fair one, animated by the souchong, sported her *pale* and *blue*. A few of the profound among the amateurs broke up from the dining-room, to have another peep at the lion (or the lioness) of the day, (for such she was now considered,) when they found her in close discussion with a gentleman of the law, who being completely foiled in Blackstone and other commentaries, sheered off confounded to a distant corner of the room. It was intimated, that she had lately been assisting her brother in his classical pursuits, and that much of her precious time was spent within the colleges, on which a reverend divine threw down his glove in order to break a lance or two with her. The learned clerigo soon obtained a poser—his quietus, that proved a settler for the night, and he sneaked off furtively to join the lawyer. Scott was talked of, but the man was much too frivolous for her.

She then set to chopping logic with an Oxford scholar, and bandied texts of Greek and Hebrew with him most unmercifully.

Seeing her make in triumph (for the Oxonian was also spun) a sort of echelon movement in the direction of where I sat, and fearing that I too should be sent to Coventry, or despatched with a tickler to comfort and console the unfortunate griffins in the corner, I made a bold and

very precipitate retreat, and departed homewards, leaving the fair and deeply learned victor in full possession of the field.

To account for her fluency in the drawing-room, I cannot by any means pretend; her volubility, however, was truly wonderful; she amazed her sisterhood, and as for the he-fellows, they were beautifully at fault; with the lexicon at her fingers' ends, she kept them at arm's length. Involved within a labyrinth of tropes and aphorisms, she was the beau ideal of a *Blue*.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

There are very few now, even among military men, who are well acquainted with what sort of place the Isle of Wight was in time of war—say about five-and-twenty years ago.

The appearances upon that island have since been thoroughly metamorphosed—so tamed and sobered down into circumstances far more congenial to the peaceful habits of the people, than what it was, that one would hardly know it to be the same place. No more the din of arms invades the ear; no more the tranquillity of nature is disturbed by trumpettings and drummings; no more the harsh bugle awakes the drowsy soldier from his bed, and makes the hills reverberate; neither do you hear the tone of loud commands; all is stilled into the comparatively low murmur of the peasant's toil, the homely and placid scenes of life are again restored to that beautiful and happy island.

Upon the crest of Parkhurst hill, a wild, heathy, and uncultivated tract of ground, situated about a mile to the north of the town of Newport, a range of barracks was erected some years back by government for the accommodation of all detachments of the army whose regiments were abroad ; it was also the rendezvous, or halting place, of stragglers under every shade and colour—of birds of passage from every quarter—a depôt for odds and ends ; while men and officers, of all ranks and regiments, throughout the kingdom, who would not, or could not find a lodging elsewhere, wandered here as naturally as the sheep would wander to his fold.

The Isle of Wight being, moreover, at that time considered a cheap place, (though it is difficult to account for why it should be so, for it was overrun with troops,) it was resorted to by numerous H. P.'s, and those who sought retirement. There was scarcely a corner of the island without its comfortable *box*, with lawn and garden. Many a delicious and secluded spot—a spot secluded from a noisy world, afforded the happiest of retreats for the worn-out veteran.

Within the narrowest dells, that were almost impassable from the closeness of the broom and copsewood, openings were cleared away, to make room for these lovely cottages. They were to be found here and there, peeping modestly behind the remotest glades ; some near the seashore, others more inland ; but all situated in such a manner as to have a glimpse through a pretty vista of the “ bright blue sea.”

Whether from motives of economy, love of natural beauty, or love of ease, there was no place in the world offered so many temptations to those who panted after such enjoyments.

The scenery of the Isle of Wight is for the most part of a richly improved and woodland character; every inch of ground is made the most of. You see none of that poverty, nor of those miserable hovels, that are often to be met with on the wild and lonely commons, or desert parts of England; none of those wretched dram-shops by the road-side, that you see in other countries. There are but few of the turretted mansions of the great; but then there are the abodes of rural peace and comfort, occupied by a quiet and cheerful peasantry, among whom crime is a thing almost unknown. Orchards, laden with the finest fruits, fields enamelled, and hedgerows glowing with colours of the brightest hues.

So far as the limited space extends, I have seen nothing in my ramblings that can bear comparison with an island, which resembles a beautifully laid-out flower-garden, where every thing is presented that delights the eye, or that is grateful to the sense.

The southern coast is much exposed to those storms which break upon the cliffs, and which on the channel side are scarcely felt; but on the whole, the climate is mild and warm in every season, rendering superfluous the long and wearisome travel of many an invalid, to warmer, yet not perhaps tomore congenial regions.

The officer, upon his first appearance at the barracks, and even before he attempted to unpack his trunk or carpet-bag, was obliged, of course, to report himself to the "great man" at the head of affairs, and also to the little one, who put his name upon the records of the garrison.

He certainly was a "great man;" yea, a much greater personage than you or I, good reader; one who, upon a superficial glance, would seem a quiet, easy-going character; but who, upon a little close experience, was found to be gifted with a look that would have said, "Don't you think I am a monstrous clever fellow?—at all events, if you don't I will make you feel I am."

This system was carried on with full effect, with the assistance of a little frisking adjutant, who followed the magnate like his shadow—they were a pair of inseparables, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Under their régime there was no chance for any poor disciple of a sub, whose most trifling peccadillos were narrowly scrutinized, while the sins and misdemeanours of the higher branches underwent no particular sifting.*

* I heard of a celebrated martinet who was addressed by a very young ensign, on the subject of some particular point of duty, or complaint he had to make; when the poor unfledged presumed to say, "I *think* that justice should be done me." "YOU THINK!" replied the Colonel, in a fury; "you think, sir!—an ensign, sir, has no business to *think*. A colonel may speak without thinking—a major or a captain may think without speaking;—but an ensign, sir, an ensign must neither think nor speak—no, sir, that can never be admitted!"

What in the colonel's but a choleric word, would in the ensign be rank treason.

THE BARRACK AMATEUR :

*A Character originally represented in the
Isle of Wight.*

All other professions have their "amateurs," therefore why should not ours?

In every regiment within the palisadoes of a barrack-yard, and without them too, there is at least one individual characterized by some particular tendency in that way, who is generally allowed to ride his hobby unmolested, privileged in all his whimsies.

The genius of whom I am about to speak (I hope in honourable terms) was a fair specimen of his tribe, and sported his eccentricities in Albany barracks some twenty years ago. He was so peculiarly distinguished by those habits, that to omit the mention of him in a work relating to military affairs, would be nothing short of heresy.

The "barrack amateur" is one whom every soldier, young and old, will immediately recognize. Accounts have been given in history of Dame Fortune's protégé, who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; we have to introduce a hero who was ushered into light with a ramrod, or a button stick in lieu thereof.

Cradled in a barrack-room, his progenitors, from time immemorial, being gentlemen of the sword, he grew into manhood with all the pomp of war before his eyes, and with drumming in

his ears ; it was, therefore, nothing wonderful that the youngster should be anxious to mount the red cockade, and emulate his gallant ancestry.

Under these auspicious circumstances, he emerged from the obscurity of the nursery, and became at once a soldier. His father was Adjutant of the regiment, and so was his grandfather ; he was on this account ambitious to qualify for that station ; while possessed with all their bustling capabilities, he bid fair to outdo their zeal and ardour.

Having run through the chances and changes of military life for two or three campaigns, he at length turned out a thorough-bred barrack stager. The sole employment of his being was to arrive at perfection as an "amateur;" to gain this point was bed, board, and clothing to him.

When he had nothing better to engage his time, the enthusiast usually took his stand somewhere about the centre of the barrack square, or on the mess-room steps, where, in his proper and natural sphere, he gathered round his person a group of idlers listening to the news he had just been culling from the papers, which, together with tales and small talk, he dealt out liberally. They had only to wind him up on any popular theme, he was such an amazing clever fellow that he ran on ahead for hours upon the subject ; and, à la Paganini, on one particular string, until some impatient auditor

broke the thread of his discussion. The last gazette, the approaching brevet, or some newly manufactured order, formed the constant burden of his song, while joining in quartetto with a choir of grumblers, ill treatment, hardship, and slow promotion, were heard in tones somewhat discordant. With grizzled locks, being yet a sub of fifteen years and upwards, he enjoyed the luxury of grumbling.

No tactician ever laid down the law in better style than did the veteran ; with one arm extended like a telegraph, while with the other he cleft the air, he enforced by action what he could not impress upon their understanding by all the powers of rhetoric. With him, attitude was everything ; throwing up his crest with gait erect, he would have said, that he was every "inch a soldier."

As a walking army list, he could tell you the name, and almost the birth, parentage, and education of every officer in the service. The "Articles of War" was his book of reference in all affairs, and he was seldom without a copy of them in his pocket.

The barrack scandal was matter of extraordinary interest to him ; while his presence and local knowledge enabled him to get the earliest information on that subject. Knowing, as he did, the situation and condition of every man, woman, and child in the battalion, he could give you an outline of their history in a twinkling.

However partial he might have been to lec-

turing on parade, his more usual haunt was in the purlieus of the soldiers' quarters, where, sentinelled at the corner of an avenue that commanded almost a bird's-eye view of the whole range of buildings, he stood with his arms akimbo, or folded across his chest, while peering round on every side for something to fuss himself about. It mattered not to him—minutiae was of as much importance in his sight as great events; he lived in a sort of perpetual "delirium tremens"—a perpetual fever of particularities, sentry-boxes, broken windows, squads at drill, besides innumerable other items. He was here and there and everywhere, poking his nose into nooks and corners, and left no crevice or dust-hole unexplored.

The barracks were to him a paradise, the mess-room was his home: beyond the pale or palings of the garrison the world was, in his esteem, a blank—a dreary wilderness; for its society he had supreme contempt; but with regard to his own fraternity, he imagined himself at once the oracle and the leader.

Sometimes you unexpectedly met him as he was doubling out from one of his favourite beats, on the wings of impatience to the orderly-room (the elysium of a martinet); when almost coming foul of you, his body stooped as if he was sending on his head before him, as a sort of "avant courier," apparently fagged to death, he had no time to spare; you might have tried to grapple at his button, but he was too well drilled to

linger on the route. "Orders, sir,"—orders called him, that was quite sufficient; the fiat of the governor was law to him, more binding than that of the Medes and Persians.

He was no advocate for the holy institute of matrimony, and quoted General Moore's opinion on the subject. I never heard of one of his particular genius who committed himself by an act so rash: he had wives and daughters in abundance among the fair sex of the barracks.

Guard mountings and parades were his delight; there he luxuriated—there his talents and tactical abilities were elicited. He might, without much difficulty, be singled out among a thousand. Having the outline of a may-pole, he moved to the right or left with the precision of machinery. "Attention!" and he was as firmly fixed as Cleopatra's needle, from which position nothing short of some convulsive throe of nature could arouse him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Adjutants—The Guardsmen—The Mad Adjutant (Buckram Lovedrill), his character—Paradise of Adjutants—Receipt for making a mad Adjutant—the mad Adjutant an Anti-Malthusian—Barrack life in the Isle of Wight—The ladies at war—The little Pandemonium—Ensign Griffenhoof—A barrack visit, or the rice pudding dancing a “pas seul”—Batchelors and their wives—Doubling up, &c. &c.

ADJUTANTS.

It is a well known fact, and one that every old campaigner is convinced of, that the very best adjutants we ever had, were men promoted from the guards. By the system upon which the guards are constituted, the non-commissioned officers, men chosen from exemplary conduct to fill that post, have the chief management of the whole interior economy of their battalion ; the commissioned officers never appearing on the stage except when employed on duty. When, therefore, an adjutant from such a school as this, is appointed to a regiment of the line, everything goes on like clockwork. The implicit confidence reposed in men of previously established cha-

racter, acts as a stimulus to a right fulfilment of their duties, while discipline is in consequence preserved, in quarters as well as in the field.

BUCKRAM LOVEDRILL, THE ORIGINAL MAD
ADJUTANT,

"As he appeared before the public in time of war; a few of whose species, escaped from their keepers, may occasionally be seen in the days of peace."

"Pray do not tramp upon my toes, kind sir, in all your hurry;" is the cry that issues from you, when this extraordinary individual, himself though unapproachable, approaches vehemently to your chin: you have had scarcely time to take a full survey of him; but I shall endeavour to restore him to your memory, from my first impression of his character.

Let your imagination pourtray a tall, powerful sharpish-looking man, with stern and seasoned lineaments, and a professional stiffness in his gait; while his head kept up in the same position, by the influence of a patent leather collar, he is like one standing in the pillory. His habiliments savour much of pipeclay, and his lower limbs are at all times encased in trooper's boots, ornamented by a tremendous pair of spurs, in which he takes no little pride.

His Bucephalus betrays a familiarity with the commissary's store, while the good keeping of the rider denotes a similar intimacy with the commissary's larder.

There is a sort of "touch me not" air about him, that seems to say "you must not interfere with me;" it is of itself enough to make the raw recruits tremble in their shoes, beholding in his person, as they do, the tangible apparition of cats, drummers, and triangles, with a long etcetera of horrors; while his cocked hat, or chacco, perched upon a bushy crop, lends to his exterior an importance, that must neither be questioned nor disputed. He is the colonel's oracle—that is quite sufficient, and stamps him in the eyes of every one, as a personage raised far above the vulgar herd. He holds the key that unlocks the portals of the colonel's favour, or shuts you up in the blackhole of his Coventry.

He is the Adjutant, who pleases nobody and everybody; when he comes across the circle described by a bevy of youngsters, somewhere about the "*Terre plein*" of the garrison, in order to intimate a guard, or piquet, the general outcry of "It can't be done," is soon got up. A host of grumblers start up at once, to beard him to his very teeth: "It is impossible it can be me," cries one. "It is not my turn—Johnson's the first upon the roster," cries another; "*impossible*; good sir." Buckram then exclaims, "Impossible, sir!—there is no such word in our vocabulary; duty must be done—can't be helped—we must proceed to business;" and so on, pouring forth a salvo of military phrases, when, breathless with reports, he hastens away to an interview with his chief.

(Receipt for getting up a mad Adjutant.)

Take a dozen or so of hard-going Scotch colonels, educated in the school of Moore, together with about a score of dépôt serjeant-majors; you may throw in an adjutant or two, from Chatham; and a few of the original barrack amateurs, if you can catch them; pound them all carefully in a mortar, and the essence of the mixture will form our hero's character.

His love for the "pomp, parade, and circumstance of glorious war," is as powerful as his love of life. The history of his past career would form a copious subject for a respectable, and (in these days of book-making) voluminous romance.

His trumpet voice may be recognized by the very novice in the army; resounding as if from an empty barrel, or as if the machinery of his lungs were acted upon by steam, the noise reverberates with a fearful echo. Skirting the flanks while collecting the parade reports, he travels with the import of one about to run you down, if not to run you through; the ground again retraced, he arrives at hailing distance of the colonel; his spit, spontoon, or sabre, at the same time falling with the sharpness of the guillotine, when delivering his reports, he resumes his ordinary station.

Of course he has the felicity of being married. I never knew an adjutant, sane, or insane, who had not; he likewise enjoys a fair proportion of those "crying cherubs," which married

people are so anxious to possess. Has it ever fallen to the lot of any one to behold an Adjutant of his vein, to relax a muscle of his rigid countenance, or even to perpetrate a smile? I rather conceive not; it would be worse than profanation to imagine such a thing; one might as well expect a schoolmaster to be guilty of such frivolity, or his wife (although the married ladies love the game,) to play—"cross purposes."

Such is my impression of this very curious sample of the Lovedrill family: the last of whom I ever saw, was at that paradise of Adjutants, the Isle of Wight, where there was more of that humbug, mummary, and pomp, going forward, than I ever hope or wish to see again; and where a multitude of little puppets danced about the stage, the string being pulled by the master of the showbox, in a style worthy of a monument to perpetuate his doings—in the centre of the "square."

BARRACK LIFE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, ETC.

We were forced by an irrevocable decree to live, or more correctly speaking, to endure a state of penance in the barrack-room; *one* being liberally, but not at all times given to those below the rank of Major. The space for our accommodation was enclosed by walls, that had once being white-washed, but *then* without a visible shade or colour of their originality, defaced by rents and patches emanating from the hand of many a pickle, as well as by sundry bright

effusions from the brain of some poetic genius, either pencilled or scratched on with a rusty nail.

In one corner was a sort of den, or magazine of curiosities, doing the combined duties of dust hole, dairy, beer and coal vault; a dark locality into which a nameless horde was stowed away of,

"Crockery, cinders, coals and candles,
Mugs, jugs, and tea cups wanting handles."

The hapless Benedict was consigned to his comfortable abode, where amid the joys of wedded life, he patiently submitted to a host of miseries enough to turn him crazy. There was a separate place for culinary operations, where divers of the family people formed a sort of joint-stock company, under the denomination of Mesdames Fry and sisterhood. Considerable inconvenience arose from the confusion of tongues; the neighbourhood of the fire-place was a very stormy region.

Mrs. Ensign Gorge it could not get her steaks done, although her chops were ready. Captain Stormwell's lady had her beef displaced, to make way for Mrs. O'Bluster's leg. By a lee lurch, the Adjutant's calveshead was upset, while Mrs. Graball put her *spare ribs* on the vacant blaze; they were all (I was going to say) at daggers drawn—but knives were more convenient. Between roasting, boiling, basting, and stewing, a breeze was soon kicked up, that created a sort of little "pandemonium," the cooks performing in the characters of Harpies. To avoid this turmoil, the quietly-disposed carried on their operations each within the limits of their own apartment, which

served for parlour, bed-room, drawing-room, and kitchen. Economy being the life of the army, space was well economized by many curious transformations and devices, worthy of being imitated by our would-be heroes of the rising generation.

In the opposite corner to the aforesaid den, the bedstead, when unshipped, was a very commodious makeshift for a sofa ; while modestly retired within a recess, stood an enormous chest, which, raised on tressils, formed a respectable sideboard in its way, the remnant of green baize by which it was overspread, scarcely concealing an inscription in large white letters on a black ground, to this effect,

ENSIGN JOHN GRIFFINHOOF, H. M. 45TH REGIMENT. NO. 1.

The furniture was completed by the following precious relics, some account of which will no doubt be interesting to the antiquary. The table, well pieced and mended, moaned and creaked in every joint, as if both gouty and rheumatic. An "oaken broken elbow chair," with fractured legs, one of them gone upon a tour ; the remaining trio threatening to unseat the sitting member, and place him lower in the scale of civilized society.

The "bellows,"—"sure such a pair was never seen," broken-winded, and like a battered rake, in the last stages of decay. The poker absent without leave, its duty performed by the kindness of a rusty bar abstracted from the grate.

The coal-box missing, or gone in search of the absent poker. The tongs, hung together like a Dutch doll, nipping you between the joints, so as to cause in after times some painful reminiscences of barrack life. With such "apologies," various were the schemes resorted to, and many the contrivances by which we were enabled to get on; but we shall leave the "veterans" to their dust and cobwebs, and proceed to the account of other more affecting matters relating to the happy occupants of those delightful quarters.

What strange predicaments they were placed in, upon the inroad of a shoal of visitors (particularly at the hour of dinner), when the intruders without announcement bursting in, were often in full possession of the citadel before there was scarcely time to storm the outworks.

A BARRACK VISIT, OR THE RICE DUMPLING
DANCING A "PAS SEUL."

Upon a memorable occasion, I went, in company with some regular barrack-ladies, to call upon a married sub; it was what they called a morning visit, but the hour was such an inconvenient one for those upon whom the visit was inflicted, that it might with truth be termed a visitation.

Being, as already stated, a member of the party, I was according to law, "an accessory before the fact," and therefore must confess my guilt in expiation, and to appease the shades of those departed housewives then alive.

Giving a rattling thump upon the door—for there was no knocker—the portal opened wide; no friendly latch was there; when, horrible to relate, we were in the centre of the penetralia at the sacred hour when the cooking apparatus was in full work; yea, just as the provender was in a state of transit from the pans and kettles to the table.

O! for the pencil of an artist to depict the scene. There stood the “patroness militaire” up to her elbows in beef steaks, that were at the moment fizzing in our ear, her cheeks already fried or parboiled, and her whole body in a stew. Armed with a flesh fork and a skewer, she would have willingly impaled the interlopers, while she looked as if ready to devour us with the appetite of a Zealander.

Her husband, poor henpecked man, was the image of despair as he made a sidelong movement to the door, in hopes, like a skilful general, to secure a good retreat, one eye upon his raging wife, another upon a “smoking dumpling,” that had just been launched, but which in going off the stocks was unluckily upset, and being of an elastic nature, rebounded in its fall, and was dancing a “*pas seul*” upon the floor.

In the confusion that first ensued, a smoke-dried harriidan, the presiding goddess of the chimney, or in other words, the cook “*par excellence*,” was hustled or bundled into the den before referred to, where the hypogriff groaned and panted for want of air.

The sad indications of the probable dinnerless plight in which the unfortunate subaltern and his family were involved, and the relic of a cold bone that lay in hopeless solitude upon the cloth, made no impression on the gossippers, nor was the hint sufficient to denote that their room would be more desirable than their company ; neither did the performer in the "ballet" already spoken of, (at which the younger damsels were casting many a wistful and hungry look) produce the least appearance of a retiring movement ; on the contrary, although they began to make apologies (for well they might), they kept their places with tenacity, as if they were waxed or nailed down with rivets to the chairs. Our hostess, meanwhile, affecting to do the honours of her rank, tamed herself into a dull civility, when in right earnest she wished us all at the very bottom of the sea.

Presently a noise was heard to issue from the closet in which Ma'mselle Grisi (qy. greasy) lay perdue ; for however partial to the gastronomic art, she was not ambitious to be herself the subject of that process ; her unearthly tones and growlings were followed by other louder and equally unmusical.

Startled by the unexpected noise, the visitors turned to the corner from whence it came, and eyed each other with astonishment ; while our unwilling entertainer, foreseeing the approaching denouement of the drama, waited its conclusion with stoical indifference.

The conversazione thus so rudely interrupted, preparations were made to evacuate the mansion, and the ladies were gathering up their feathers, when suddenly another rumbling of the evil spirit arrested their attention, and before they had time to meditate on the origin of those preternatural groanings of distress, "the ogress of the trap," no longer able to withstand the fœtid atmosphere and odious smells (her own the most ambrosial), and chusing rather to encounter all the kicks and cuffs that "cook is heir to," decided on one bold effort for emancipation; when in her despair, emerging somewhat quickly from her gloomy lodging, she tumbled out head foremost on the floor, gasping as she lay, like one going through the ceremony of strangulation.

Had some demon from the nether regions burst in upon them, they could not have been more horrified; when, without waiting for an explanation of the strange catastrophe, the whole of the "invaders" made one precipitate rush, and in a moment had effected their escape from a scene of such a tragicomic nature, that I question much, as far as it went, if the "Garden or Drury-lane" in their happiest days or nights of pantomime, could have produced a better; at all events, I defy them, even now, to show a more active Columbine than poor old cookey proved. Such were the joys of our Benedict days.

BATCHELORS AND THEIR WIVES, OR THE
PLEASURES OF BEING "DOUBLED UP."

As for the batchelors, "Lodgings for single men and their wives," might, without any great infringement of good sense, have been written upon their door-posts,

The expression is not an Irishism; neither was it, at the time I speak of, wholly without its meaning; single gentlemen having had their doubles, and punished, (as the spinsters say, deservedly,) for their heterodox opinions of the matrimonial state; being, when the population of the garrison was redundant, "doubled up," or rather, delightfully pent into one chamber, containing an area of about ten square feet.

Some idea may be formed of the aforesaid lodgings when tenanted by *one*; but no one can, by any possibility, conceive of the happiness experienced, when the scantily furnished quarter was inhabited by *two* unsuitable, and therefore ill-assorted individuals, who were joined together in the unholy banns of partnership, at the will of a somewhat unbending quartermaster, from which there was no appeal.

The quiet and sober-minded, was often screwed up with a chum of a nature rough, uncouth, and boisterous. A sketch of one night's entertainment in the situation I allude to, may be, perhaps, an amusement to those whose ignorant minds have never been enlightened on the subject.

If the scene displayed does not operate as a damper upon the mirth of your life in a barrack,

gentlemen, I know of nothing that would be likely to produce that end.

Only fancy the "roué" already hinted at,—his eyes on fire, and his visage flushed with wine, after his evening at the mess, bolting into your common dormitory—in which you had been chained to him, in a sort of Siamese-twin fashion, like Sir David to the Hindoo,* for a month or two before, and in which you are condemned to endure a further taste of purgatory—followed by a knot of kindred spirits, and a brace or two of dogs, at about the hour of ten o'clock; and just at that point of time, when you had got into bed, hoping for once that sleep, long a stranger to you, might visit your weary eye-lids. Vain and delusive hopes!—you are quickly made to feel the absurdity and fallacy of any such flattering imaginations.

The cabal sets to for a round of deep carousals, the noise of which presently banishes every thing like rest or slumber,—the riot and debauchery that ensue far exceed your worst forebodings.

Harrassed by previous want of sleep on similar occasions, you fain would try to doze; but not a wink are you favoured with—the thing is utterly impossible; your colleague and his

* In the course of the War in India, Sir David Baird, when taken prisoner, was chained to a Hindoo, for safe keeping, during a considerable time.

cronies are resolved to make a night of it ; when, in a frame of temper by no means enviable, you are nearly driven to end at once your existence and your sufferings.

Freely circulates the "wassail cup," which in a little time spurs them on to more vociferous proceedings ; the hoarse and discordant voices are pitched in tones of melody, such as a choir from Billingsgate might imitate, but never could excel.

The screaming of a broken-winded flute, that your chum, having begun to learn, had bored you with ever since you came together, accompanied by a crazy violin, scraped on by another artist, of which the dogs (certainly evincing taste,) gave signs of disapproval, by loud and angry barking ; the whole—dogs, roués, flutes, and fiddles—combining in one abominable, hellish din, until you are ready to cry out, that instead of "CHAOS," *Discord* was come again.

Your pot-companians quaff so long, that the fumes of alcohol pollute the air.

What a night of hopeless miseries awaits the fretful feverish recumbent ; the aforesaid fiddling, fluting, catterwalling, are followed by bravos, hilloos and shrieking ; when, at last, the welcome sound of the reveillé, breaking in upon their orgies, those of the revellers who are able to grope their way reel outwards ; while your immediate yoke-fellow, with a remnant of the other toppers, lie dead upon the floor, yourself in a state of mind, arrived at, or almost bordering on despair.

CHAPTER XIV.

Theatricals — Newport — Pizarro — Lieutenant C. — Captain K. — Stage-struck Heroes — Captain G. — Mr. Conway — The impatient Irishman — Captain Lovett, and the Doctor — Their beauty decided — The Wager — Military humour — The West Indies — The friendly Undertaker — First Impressions — The parting Scene — Half-pay Life — Comforts of the Veteran — Finis.

THEATRICALS IN NEWPORT.

THE restless spirit of our militants was ever driving them onward in the chace after something new; while, at the same time, they were endeavouring to ward off the “rapid strides,” of an “old gentleman,” who was rather tedious now and then.

Theatricals were to this effect among the numerous devices so employed, by means of which, a goodly band of stage-struck heroes were resolved, not only to get rid of the afore-said “venerable personage,” but also to “murder” one Mr. William Shakspeare.

An humble theatre in the town of Newport, the best the place afforded, was fitted up. The building, in respectability, was in some degree

removed above a barn; the scenery and decorations, worthy of the artist, who, in the capacity of candle-snuffer, threw light as well as colouring on the subject.

The green curtain was embellished with sundry chinks and chasms, through which the players wistfully speculated on the heads of those who were to fill their pockets. Pyramus and Thisbe might here have carried on their tête-à-tête, without an apostrophe to the friendly wall.

"To hold the mirror up to nature," was inscribed above the curtain, which, when drawn, instead of holding anything up to nature, held up as unnatural a set of faces as ever grinned upon a grinning audience.

PIZARRO.

On the particular night of which I am now to speak, Sheridan's Pizarro was represented; when a considerable share of bustle arose from the anxiety displayed by all who could leave the barracks, as well as the civilians, to see the long-talked-of exhibition.

The orchestra was selected from the ranks of gentlemen amateurs, who, so far as music was concerned, had quite mistaken their profession; thundering at something intended for an overture, bassoons, trombones, serpents and bass-voils, were scarcely outdone by a tremendous drum, over which presided a clumsy-fisted fellow, with arms of corresponding mould,

who, without a spark of natural affection, belaboured unmercifully his brother's skin.

The deities of the upper regions accompanied this music, (shall I so profane the word?) with sticks and knuckles, upon the pannels of the gallery, from which a sort of war-whoop issued with one continued yelling, until the play began.

The character of Pizarro was performed by Ensign S—— of the 60th regiment, who being a diminutive man, the Spaniard in his person seemed to have been descended from a race of pigmies. He strutted about the stage like a dwarf among the giants; and while acting the mock heroic, he wielded a huge Toledo bigger than himself; with the aid, however, of corked eye-brows, and a very respectable pair of whiskers, the Don looked fierce enough, while he cut and slashed his blade about, as if he were going to decapitate the whole Peruvian army at a blow.

The risibility of the audience was wonderfully excited by his vain attempts, as he mouthed the speeches shouted to him by the prompter, and aped the whole gigantic movements of the tyrant.

When the copper countenance of Orozimbo made its *entrée*, there was a general burst of laughter, for the *outré* ensemble of this character was even more ridiculous than that of the renowned Pizarro. The genius who burlesqued the part, stalked from the wings like

the Ghost of Banquo ; and in sepulchral tones, mumbled something inaudible, with vestments torn in such a way, that I am sure the savages with whom he claimed affinity, had reason to be ashamed of him.

Rolla was acted by Lieutenant C—— of the 50th, who both looked and dressed the character in admirable style, and who acquitted himself with so much of professional merit, that I question if one of those champions, who go starring it about the provinces, could have acted better ; with a good figure, sinewy limbs, and a countenance so well painted, both by camp and climate, that there was no need of extra colouring, the sun-burnt warrior could scarcely fail of pleasing.

This gentleman, possessed of active powers, was skilled in all gymnastics, and in the broadsword exercise he excelled ; in short, he was a man of such versatility of talent, that he succeeded in anything he chose to undertake, from chaunting a lively song, to measuring out a tale of some dimensions ; no matter what it was,—whether on the stage, or off,—whether to gratify the veterans of a mess-room, or make himself agreeable to the softer sex—whether in the varied scenes of public or of private life—he was perfectly at home.

The talents of this Hibernian “man-of-all-work,” rescued the play from downright ruin ; while our hero made such good use of an excellent pair of lungs, and sawed the air in a

manner so imposing, as to render good his claim for competition even with Macready.

As for the smaller fry, there was a horde of them, who, as far as they were implicated, would have transformed the whole concern into a sort of humourous pasquinade. The High Priest was more like pantaloon than a reverend divine; and the cunning little priestesses eyed us with so much witchery, that however before disposed to criticise, their smiling looks extracted all the venom; like true gallants, we made our confessionals to those ensnaring holy ones,—when the curtain fell with thundering applause.

AMATEUR THESPIANS.

We had several very respectable performers in the regiment—men well fitted to shew off in the ranks of any battalion dramatique. Theatricals, however, were not much thought of in our campaigning days; we had other business, that fully occupied our leisure moments, for being *strollers* of a very *extensive* and well-appointed company, of which Wellington was the manager, and one Mr. Bull the lessee, our particular line of study superseded all other Thespian entertainments.

One of the best among them was Lieutenant K—— of our Light Infantry, who, being a favourite with Colonel Walker, as indeed he was with everybody, obtained a company in the Rifle corps.

K—— was a good-looking fellow, and having a caste of face and figure well adapted for the

stage, he gave them a specimen, particularly in the part of "Zanga," that the boards of London could hardly rival.

CAPTAIN G——.

G—— figured under the auspices both of the comic and the tragic muse. When performing "Romeo," his gigantic height enabled him, without much inconvenience to himself, to touch the fair and lovely "Juliet," without being transformed to a "glove upon that hand," or without the aid of ropes or ladders, to conduct him to the balcony.* This gentleman

* There is a humorous story told of a worthy son of Erin, who sported his last shilling in the upper gallery of some provincial barn, where, the space being rather limited, "Juliet" stood in a sort of apology for a balcony, which was but slightly raised above the stage. The amateur who represented Romeo, was a tall Milesian, who seemed as though he were acting upon stilts, moving about his awkward limbs ungracefully. In the moonlight garden scene, where Romeo, bending his frame in a sort of curve above his Juliet's window, exclaims, "Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek, &c.," Pat, no longer able to resist the impulse of his angry feelings, and enraged at seeing the lover's apathy, resolved at once to refresh the hero's memory, in such a way as would lead to a more speedy fulfilment of his wishes, bawled out in tones much louder than the prompter,—"Arrah, now be aisy, honey; get out wid your blarney—what id all ye—is it a fool yed be after makin' of the cratur?—can't you kiss her at once, and have done wid it?"

It is needless to tell the effect of this speech upon the house; very little cambric was displayed that night; if there were tears, they were those from cachinnatory exertions, or splitting sides.

was, both with regard to stature, the counterpart of Conway, who was the "star" of Covent Garden, some years back.

Captain L——, who was severely wounded in the South of France, and afterwards died in England, was a very fair comedian; having a good deal of quaint humour, and some lively songs at his command, he was a most amusing character; his visage, moreover, was full of humorous expression, heightened by a pair of small laughing eyes—so much so, that he was better calculated to banish spleen or melancholy, than any one I ever knew. His face was the very antipodes to grief; he was the original antidote to "wasting care," or melancholy.

We had an assistant surgeon from North Wales, between whom and our comic friend, the article of "beauty" was pretty equally divided,—either of them might have borne the palm from Liston.

There was a considerable wager laid at one time, by the gentlemen of the mess, to decide on which had the greater claim to ugliness. Dozens of wine were drunk on the occasion; the important matter was to be adjudged by votes. After some degree of attentive study, it was given against the doctor, for the Captain having a greater amplitude of mouth, and a roguish twinkling in the corner of his eye, with some obliquity, came off with triumph.

THE WEST INDIES.

From the Isle of Wight, the transition to the western world was as natural to a military man, as that of any other common-place event in his very eventful life; thither, therefore, I shall conduct my friends, with the promise, in order to keep them in good humour, that I shall relate what little pleasantries occurred to dispel our melancholy there.

Nothing can be a greater fallacy, than to suppose that men are prone to gravity in that pernicious climate, where the grave is open before their eyes; instead of this, in the midst of what might be called a plague, it made no difference—*mirth* and *jollity* were the order of the day,—the parole and countersign.

No men in the universe have such a taste for humour, and for viewing things in general on the brighter side, than gentlemen of the military profession; their life is one continued scene of pleasantry. Behold a clutch of them together on parade, or off—the attitude “à-la-comique,” accompanied with peals of laughter, is that in which they sport their wisdom; badinage is their delight, and he who bears the character of a damper, is instantly expelled.

When a staid and modest youth was appointed to a marching regiment, in days that are past and gone, and before the training of hard service had cooled the ardour of its members, he was first handed about like a young bear, in the course of his schooling among the

ensigns, a squad of roistering boys, quite as green as he was himself, who badgered him night and day, while, like a midshipman upon his first probation in the cock-pit, he was worried almost to death.

There was usually one or more of the old stagers, who took a hand in the performance; and who, carrying on their game behind the scenes, affected to be the most harmless of beings; while, as they egged the younger pickles on, in all their tricks, they chuckled with pleasure at every species of tom-foolery that was set on foot.

If the poor unshaved one resented, or showed the least degree of anger, a host of scamps came down upon him, and he was worse than ever; his only remedy was, to bear with patience, (and that required no small forbearance,) until another "griffen" came to join, who, assuming the character of "boots," the original "butt" was considered fair game no longer.

In some cases the youngster escaped from school, would, in his bravery, fight them all if requisite, but this would never do; Ensign Touchy soon dismounted from his "high horse," when his countenance fell like a barometer before rain, particularly if he looked towards Pompey's parlour; * and in a short space of time, Senor Valeroso was as cool as a cucumber.

It has been justly observed, that the fortune of a man is in general shaped by his first outset in life; hence, to display an irascible disposi-

* The burial place at Uppark Camp, Jamaica.

tion, when every one around is in good humour, causes an impression highly unfavourable to the new beginner, who, when in other cases, would have met with friends, is left to his own resources, and nothing short of miraculous interference can retrieve the mischief he has done.

The West Indies is a place, of all others, where poor Johnny gets little mercy ; it would seem, that here the time-worn veteran gives full scope to his absurdities ; his taste for bantering knows no bounds.

The frequent visits of the "grim leveller," make them familiar with his face ; if fears or apprehensions rose, they were soon drowned in copious measures of sangaree.

When a batch of new recruits arrived, it was easy to remark with what delight the old hands comforted their minds with observations such as these, while looking with the gravity of a Brahmin—"Well, Jackson, how do you like Jamaica ?—you seem rather pale about the gills, —fever is rife at present time,—how is your pulse ?—by-the-bye, I don't much like that yellow tinge just under the corner of your eye ; I have seen men of your appearance, that did not live a week ;—did you make your will ?"

Under the influence of this cheering piece of oratory, the fresh imported runs to consult his mirror ; when his imagination, already worked up in an awful way, he fancies himself not only dead, but buried ; and in a day or two at furthest, it is more than probable that his fearful anticipations are realized.

How thoughtless—nay more, how culpable it is in those who merely for the sake of a little silly sport indulge themselves in observations, that have often been the means of hurrying many a fine young fellow to his grave ; particularly when it is known, constituted as we are with so much sympathy between mind and body, that any impression made on one, produces a corresponding, and too often a fatal effect upon the other ; all forebodings should be carefully avoided, the dread of evil consequences being in itself one of the strongest predisposing causes of disease.

I remember an excellent friend of mine, who had a firm conviction that he would fall a sacrifice to the malady. He was surgeon of the regiment, which one would think would have given him greater confidence than another ; but this availed him little—he walked to the hospital every day, as if he was going to execution, when at last a settled melancholy got possession of him, and in a short time his dread presentiments were fulfilled.*

* THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING THE “UNDERTAKER” FOR
YOUR FRIEND.

* In a country where mere existence, or a wearisome vegetation, is the best that can be hoped for, the escapes from death were often as miraculous as they were sudden ; a remarkable instance of which occurred in the case of one of our Captains, who had some years before been serving in a West India regiment on the leeward Island station. Seized with the prevailing fever, he passed through all its stages, to that wherein the nurse resigned her charge to the care of the undertaker ; who,

Intemperance was another certain means of increasing the mortality. Reckless and indifferent as to what might happen, the majority kept moving in one unvaried round of dissipation ; even the at-first sober and milk-and-water gentlemen, soon became qualified not only to pass the bottle but to empty it, with the best of them.

If these bacchanalian rites were carried on with vigour in the native country, they were enjoyed with tenfold spirit in the West India islands, where the excessive heat produced an inordinate desire for stimulating drink ; and where leisure and want of occupation led to

in his business-like manner, proceeded to consign the body of our friend to his final earthly or rather wooden tenement, where he was comfortably laid, and the ceremonial so far gone through, that the last screw was turned in his coffin-lid.

Whether it was that the undertaker had an understanding with his customer thus disposed of, has not been ascertained ; but this is true, that the screws were so unserviceable, and the work so badly done, that the to-all-appearance-lately-departed, disturbed by the hammering at his hall-door, came to life again, and as if he passed through some galvanic operation, burst his casement open, and sat bolt upright, to the horror and astonishment of the affrighted workmen.

The Captain relating the story some years afterwards at our mess, one of the Lieutenants, then the senior, a droll wag, but far from being a sympathizing one, hearing him dwell so long upon his extraordinary deliverance from the jaws of death, exclaimed in the most affectionate terms, " O ! my good fellow, take good care of yourself the next time you aspire to be a candidate for the landcrabs ; for, should you require the services of your old funeral friend, I shall assist with my good offices, and shall be at hand to see that the nails and screws are well fixed down."

social meetings, dangerous in their tendency both with regard to health and peace of mind. I would be truly happy were I to think that any observations here recorded, would even in the slightest way serve as a beacon to warn the young beginner against the vice of drinking to excess at regimental messes—a custom certainly now not near so general at home, as it used to be—but one, however, at all times given way to in the colonies, either from the thirst already mentioned, the increase of pay, or what is still more likely, their natural inclinations. Within my experience, the greater number of those whose days were shortened far within the usual limits, were victims of the slow, but certain poison of intemperance. Many who had escaped the dangers of lead and steel, and all the risks attendant on a life of service, were in this way hurried from the stage. Every old and intemperate soldier died, together with every man belonging to the band (who are proverbially fond of drink), with the exception of the big drummer and the master. Let any one who may have ever visited the country, compare what has been said with what has come within his knowledge, and I will answer for it, he will confess, that neither to a tropical sun, nor yet to the heavy dews of night, is the mortality that sets in at stated periods to be altogether attributed.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN THE WEST.

The first impressions experienced by a young

gentleman of the very numerous family of New-comers, on his debut in Jamaica, are to a great degree discouraging; there are sundry items and etceteras, that fill his conscience with a variety of affecting qualms, with misgivings as to why or how he got there; and not without an occasional hint or two, from his brethren in the "furnace," that his residence among them, however agreeable, might not be particularly remarkable for duration. Johnny gets on shore, looks around for some friendly hand to help him; but alas! no hand is there, not even a finger to point the way. Apathy and languor, both of mind and body, make everybody indifferent to his wants; they are incapacitated by the burning heat from either giving comfort, aid, or consolation.

A barrack-room you cannot always get the day you land, for a very good and plausible reason—because the rooms are already tenanted by older lodgers; so you must *double* up with an unfortunate brother Griff, who perhaps complains that he is on the eve of a very delightful yellow fever. Sitting at the mess table with the windows all open, there is exposure to a most refreshing draft, while the doctor, expatiating on its danger, quotes the old Spanish doggrel—

"If the wind blows through crevice or hole,
Make your will, and take care of your soul."

"What is become of Tom White, who stood behind your chair yesterday?" cries one to his companion. "O! he died this morning; I have

just been at his funeral." "Where is Johnston that was here to-day at the second breakfast?" "He too is dead;"—very consolatory information, truly, for poor John, who droops a little as he listens to the disquisition, and he is in a very proper mood for studying Young's Night Thoughts or Drelincourt.

Other Jobs renew the pleasing conversation, still harping on the old string, with a variety of funereal dissertations, all tending to give the novice a foretaste of his happiness, and an unpalatable and rather too convincing proof of his uncertain tenure in this land of promise.

At *night*, you must pilot your way to a long solitary gallery, from which your destined chamber opens. Here you find yourself in a wide and lofty room without a ceiling, the rafters blackened by a roost of cockroaches, that amuse themselves at gymnastic recreations, by making an experiment on the solid nature of your pericranium. A spacious door-way enfolds an inner dormitory, where your promised chum has already taken up his quarters, and tormented by the aforesaid fever, he has no eyes or ears for you or any one else; no comfort—an everlasting buzz of the insect tribe, one continued hum of cricketing and creaking above and below, and around you. The whole of the mosquito family—or as the naturalist would say, the class—give you many pointed evidences of their rude health and activity, in the course of a live-long night: they are literally *alive*!—all

alive O!—a truism which you *feel* to be correct in every tangible portion of your body. Having cast yourself upon a stretcher, to stretch if possible your cramped and weary bones, upon a woeful pretender to a bed—a rickety concern with which you would fain have no concern at all—sleep, and that on *terra firma*, after a restless voyage of seven weeks over a boundless waste of waters, how it was anticipated!—and with what delight even one night's quiet rest was looked for! But alas! for human expectations!—vain are all your hopes! When the poor fellow buried under his mosquito net cannot obtain a wink, there is little chance for one without these appliances or means to boot, whose pampered corporation and English blood, hot from the land of fatness, form a banquet that the half-starved mosquito seldom gets. You are fair game—you know it, and you are doomed to feel it too. The torments of the gentleman of old, who was rolled down a hill while snugly packed up in a barrel stuck with nails—the pricking of ten thousand pins and needles into each square barleycorn of your calf-skin—yea, the torments of the black tribunal, can give but a faint idea of the dread reality. You twist, and writhe and groan, from downright agony of soul, while your unhappy brother-sufferer bellows with you in full chorus. Your first serenade upon a West India night, and in the sickly season.—Cheering prospect—the fever presented to you in frightful characters, tingling in your

ears, and menacing every sense; the lugubrious apparition haunts your very dozing moments. With the first streak of dawn you have it, with all its yellow and dire attendants painfully convincing to your mind. O! how you wished for that tardily coming day, doubtful if any portion of your aching frame would be undevoured to see it. Crawling from your wretchedness, like one getting off the rack, you drag yourself with the feeling of being well-whipped with cat-o'-nine-tails, without one uninflicted and unbitten portion of your corpus.

I was very much struck on coming along the shelving sandy beach of Port Royal, by the appearance of several living beings who ran close by the shore, while the ship was under sail. These were no other than soldiers of the garrison, whose curiosity prompted them to see the importations. They were habited in white cotton jackets and trowsers, with faces pale as chalk, resembling spirits sent from their drear abode, with an invitation to their gloomy mansions. "Are these men in good health?" enquired the voyagers; "or is it an hospital broke loose?" They are *the healthy*," replied the Captain. "Well, and what sort of people are the sick?" "O! they are all dead." It made our hearts recoil to behold the dried-up parchment-looking skeletons, that crowded round to see us approach the charnel-house. The niggers were by far the most personable fellows that we met with; with their durable complexion, there was no

inheritance with the whity brown. As for the women, who appeared in crowds, upon arriving at the landing place—what ivory teeth, and eyes that redeemed the blackest of all black faces !

On parade, a *spare* display of ghosts awaits you—a battalion of sections in columns too fearfully open, in gaps and chasms that death has made. I have heard of men in *buckram* ; but here they are in *cotton* as large, I was going to say, as life; not so, they had no resemblance to rude humanity on the living principle. Your company (that is provided you are a Captain) being pointed out, (“ *Don’t start, good sir,*”) as the showman said, they are as much alive as you are, only a little washy about the gills ; they are decidedly a whited funeral party, eleven men and two little boys.

Your successor is a happy man ; well you may wish him joy upon the shoes into which he steps. Nothing very enviable in it, after all, to get a roasting in the furnace of seven years longer, until he is nearly shrivelled to a mummy, with the privilege of occasionally munching a delicate tit-bit from a land-crab, whose kindred, for aught he knows, may at a future opportunity, return the compliment, by feasting on his carcase.

For England, then !—your mind is quite made up,—friendly admonitions spur you on. If you are to go, follow the advice of Shakspeare, “ ’Tis well ’twere done quickly.” Hasten to your ship,—look not behind,—pay the captain,—get

away from land, for a second "*Tiger*" may despatch his myrmidons with a detainer;—you are bound hand and foot, and delivered up to all the mysteries of cruel fate.

THE PARTING SCENE.

"Adieu!—the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

The day before I left Jamaica, the 50th and 58th regiments dined together at Uppark Camp. It was in truth a merry-meeting, although for me a melancholy one; for it was the last I ever enjoyed, while a member of the former corps.

As I was about retiring from the room, one of the party, Assistant-Surgeon Moon, was in the act of singing a fine old melody of Moore's:—

"So warmly we met, and so warmly we parted,
That which was the sweeter, even I could not tell—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which blest our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, to part was another;
Our joys and our sorrows seemed rivals in bliss:
O Cupid,—two eyes are not liker each other,
In smiles, and in tears, than that moment to this."

I thought, as I beheld the doctor, that it would be the last I should ever hear him sing—my anticipations were but too fatally realized.

Poor fellow!—he went to a bed from which he never rose, being attacked with fever next morning, so violently that a few days brought his existence to an end. He was thus suddenly torn from a blooming bride, whom he had married some weeks before in the Isle of Wight,

and who accompanied him from church, to pass the honeymoon upon a West India voyage.

When I looked around, and reflected for a moment in the midst of that jovial band of generous fellows, from whom I was about to separate, perhaps never to see again, I experienced a degree of melancholy not easily expressed, but which those who have been placed in circumstances of a similar nature, can well imagine. I felt as though I were passing into another state of being—as though I were parting from the happiest home I ever had.

Small was the number of those companions—yet small as the number was, separation was like the cutting off a limb. It was, therefore, with good reason I felt low-spirited, for with that regiment I bore the heat and burthen of many a day. I shared with them in all their dangers,—their prosperous and their adverse times,—their gaiety and gloom, for fourteen years,—I may truly say, the flower of my existence. The chain that bound me to a profession I was long attached to, and in which I so long had served, was then to be inevitably snapped in twain ; old companionships were to be severed, and broken up ; military feelings, with all their fond associations, that form a part and parcel of of a soldier's life, were doomed, by one fell swoop, to undergo a total wreck ! But

“ Why, soldiers,—why will you be melancholy, boys ? ”

was sung in chorus at the time, reproving me

for those desponding thoughts, when leaving them in the height of all their festive joys, I quitted with reluctance the lively scene.

On the following night, at the same hour, I was ploughing the Caribbean sea.

HALF-PAY LIFE.

Before I close these volumes, I may be permitted to say a word or two with regard to that delightful state of being, generally known by the name of "half-pay life," a happy consummation, which every soldier may look forward to at one period or other of his existence. Should there not be anything particularly flattering or attractive in my observations touching its enjoyments, the brotherhood will, I trust, excuse me; inasmuch as that I am myself a member of their fraternity.

It has been said, but I do not vouch for the authenticity of the statement, that some years ago, the half-pay officers in London, tired of trying to live upon a slender pittance, requested that an order might be given for the gun in the park to be fired with a shot in it for two hours, every Wednesday and Friday, from two until four, and to allow the H. P.'s to march in single file in front of it, in order to prevent suicide. Whether or not this very commendable object was carried into effect, I have never been able to ascertain; but it has been admitted that there was some good reason for the desperate measure; for however favourable prospects may be at pre-

sent, there was then a sad and fearful vista before the eyes of the numerous class referred to. All these things that men were continually hunting after, were like the empty bubbles of a child, evaporating into air when they were supposed to be within the grasp. *Ignes-fatuus*-like, they fled as men pursued—vain was the fretful chase; far better have had recourse to the nearest beam or mill-pond, or marched in ordinary time before the already mentioned gun.

Patient experimentalists—you wanted something, no matter what it was; why then you were forced to wait: if waiting did you any good,—at any rate, it called “the virtue” into active, or rather inactive operation. The staff was already full without you—you could not lean on that, or if you did you soon got lean enough. Paymasterships were no longer at a premium. As for the “barrack business,” for which you had been tormenting your unhappy brain for the last seven years, the barrack in which you had hoped to be installed was never built, not even its foundation laid; yea, the very bricks with which it was to be erected were not then manufactured, nor was the material of those bricks dug up from the bowels of the land; so that by the time your head was “silvered o’er,” if you dropped not into a friendly grave, you dropped, perchance, into the department, to end your days, either in calculating on mutton lights or cinders, ruminating upon the infirmities of lath and plaster, or poking into the merits or demerits of a rusty coal-box.

Discharged from the wars with a worn-out kit, and a well-tanned countenance, very much *in* debt, and considerably *out* at elbows, with features unnaturally elongated, the "man of battles," instead of quartering on the enemy, agreeably to the axiom of Marshall Soult, resolved on quartering on his friends, with whom, in some unknown and out-of-the-way corner of the world, he lingered out his first six months or so. The family circle, now pretty well enlightened by his warlike narrations, and tired to death of his oft-related "stories of Waterloo," and other fields, a dose repeated twice a day for the continuance of that period, began to wonder what upon earth could keep the captain so long at home. The spinsters, a bright assemblage, looking for preferment, began to wonder why he was so tardy in his matrimonial views; for our hero, though he had no objection to "*popping*" when the enemy was in question, had no idea of "*popping*" the question to a friend. His visits in the neighbourhood became ill-timed; for (being now upon the "civil list," where economy was a virtue) they were usually inflicted at the (at all events to him) very convenient hour of dinner. Matters arriving at this crisis, internally resolved, he externally changed his ground, as well as his future plan of operations, and determined upon a continental trip. His money being almost expended in Boulogne-sur-mer, and other parts of France, he talked of Bath, and plumed himself upon being a regular fortune hunter; being,

moreover, a broad faced fellow, and an Irishman to boot, he built his hopes on winning the heart as well as the cash of some wealthy heiress by his charms, one who would reward his enterprise by a golden harvest. Putting his scheme in execution, he wrought some mischief there; and being a capital hand, or rather foot, at a quadrille, and sung a tolerable song, he made no slight impression on the "maids of Bath." Blank, however, was the finale of his campaign; neither old nor young birds were to be caught by chaff, nor yet by the network of his whisks, nor could he exchange his notes for theirs. In despair he stuck like bird-lime to their skirts, but it would not do.

The other watering places—or drenching places, which you will—were visited in succession, but with equally bad effects. He then began to dream of "love in a cottage," where woodbines, eglantine and roses, would create a little paradise for his half pay. It was about this period of the history, that a bouncing lass from Gloucestershire took compassion on his loneliness, and handed him over her empty purse to hold his slender stock of money. They then commenced a new and highly embellished edition of the "miseries of human life," and taking a box in the Isle of Wight, he packed up all his other boxes, and settled himself under the lee side of Shanklin Chine. Here he was apparently at the *ne plus ultra* of his bliss, and also of his locale, for the boundless ocean limited

his estate of garden plot. After all the chances and changes of his wayward course, his peregrinations were now concluded. His inventive powers to make the funds hold out to quarter-day, were exercised ingeniously. Calculations upon butcher's bills, and washerwoman's items, were his diurnal recreations; while taking observances on the flight of sea mews and stormy peterels, were his evening pursuits. His frugal board was soon invaded by a "quiver full" of bantlings—his nursery informed his ears too forcibly, that the "peace establishment" was on the increase, to an extent that was far from harmonizing with his exhausting coffers.

Such is the epitome of a life, whose parallel may, without much difficulty, be found in the history of many who lead on a tiresome existence.

But with regard to others, whose lot is cast in better ground, although troubles may now and then befall them, there is still, however, much remaining to console. They are gentlemen at large, with all the privilege of felicity-hunting, on a most abundant scale; with every pleasure the world affords spread out before them, their only difficulty is how or where to choose. The veteran, now happily become the "man of peace," may have had the good fortune to lose an eye, or get a fin or two lopped off: then "half-pay life" is not after all so bad a thing,—there is an appendix to his former income, which gives him authority to whiff his own cigar, or sport his half-crown at the trencher, where he finds that

a slice of beef is a much better thing than a slice from a Frenchman's sabre. The pit would formerly have satisfied him, but now he is too conceited for the boxes.

It imports not him how things go on abroad,—whether Madame Isabel or the Don may lead the dance; he has had his times of rough and smooth; if his finance is low to-day, it will be in a better plight to-morrow. No longer tormented with drill parades or kit examinations, nor exposed to the frowns of a tartar Colonel, troubles never cloud his brow. Instead of blowing up the serjeant or his men for their neglect of duty, Betty the housemaid is the only object of his wrath;—rusty bars become more interesting to him than rusty barrels; plagued no more with fire-arms, fire-irons are the subject of inspection; and travelling onwards in his path, your half-paid veteran is the happiest man alive.

THE END.

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