

in heaven:" and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant; but, as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births, in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow, his wife's forebodings were too true! He was amongst the first that was killed in Portugal! What became of her, I have never been able to learn.

Nothing occurred worthy of remark on our voyage from Jersey to Lisbon. When we made the mouth of the Tagus, we got on board a Portuguese pilot. He had scarcely reached the gangway when he was surrounded by all the men on the deck; for his appearance was grotesque in the extreme. He was about four feet and a half high, and had on a jacket and breeches of what would have puzzled a philosopher to tell the original; for patches of red, yellow, blue, &c. were mingled through the whole dress, without any

regularity. A pair of red stockings, and an enormous cocked hat, completed his costume. His complexion was of the same hue as a well-smoked bacon ham; and the whole contour of his face bore a striking resemblance to the ape tribe. "Blessings on your purty face, my honey," said Dennis, as he eyed him narrowly, "You have made your escape from some showman. Devil burn me, if I don't think I have seen you tumbling on a rope at Donnybrook fair." Our hero passed on (taking no notice of the compliment Dennis had paid him), to take the helm from the seaman on duty; but the tar, giving him a contemptuous look, called out to the captain, "Will I give the helm to this here *thing*?" "Certainly," said the captain, laughing. The sailor, however, did not seem sure about him; and, as he passed on to the forecastle could not help throwing a doubtful look behind, at his *substitute*. He proved to be a good pilot, however, and managed the vessel well.

We passed Fort St. Julian, and sailed up the Tagus as far as Belem, where

our pilot gave the order to "le go de ank." The attention of those on deck was soon drawn towards a number of people who were sitting in a row, beneath the walls of a large building, seemingly very busy at something. After watching their motions for some time, we discovered that they were picking the vermin off themselves! There was none of that *modest pressing* between the finger and thumb, for fear of being seen, which we may observe in our dirty and indigent neighbours at home. It was absolute open murder! in all its varieties; and truly they had their hands full of work; for, although we looked at them for a length of time, the carnage still continued as fierce as ever. It appeared to me that a new breed sprung, Phœnix-like, from the remains of their predecessors. This is a *biting* sample of Portugal, thought I, turning away in disgust from the scene; but I soon got accustomed to it; for in Spain and Portugal, the latter particularly, the louse seems quite at home, not confined to the poor alone; for I have seen the family of a rich fidalgo, male

and female, assembled on the sunny side of the house "lousing themselves" publicly, without seeming to feel any shame. So far from that, it appeared to be the most interesting of their forenoon amusements.

Next morning we disembarked and marched up to St. Domingo convent, part of which had been converted into barracks. In the course of the day Dennis and I got into the town. We promised ourselves much from the view we had had from the river the preceding evening; but were miserably disappointed when we got into the streets; for mountains of filth were collected in them, so that we could scarcely pass; and the smell of oil and garlic issuing from the shops was quite sickening. The most of the streets were very narrow.

The population seemed composed of monks and friars, for we met them at every step either begging, or walking in procession with the sacrament (or host) to some sick person. On these occasions they were preceded by a bell, which warned the passengers of their approach; whenever it was heard, they were down

on their knees in a moment, in the very middle of the mud, and continued praying and beating their breasts until it passed. Poor Dennis was sadly puzzled the first time he met one of these parties: he was a catholic, and of course could not avoid following the example of the *christianos* around him; but he had a great aversion to kneeling in the dirty streets. The procession was fast advancing, and he had been two or three times half down on his knees and up again; at last, a lucky thought struck him—he snatched the hat out of the hand of a Portuguese that was kneeling before him, and, deliberately placing it on the ground, kneeled down on it, and went through the ceremony with great gravity—thus saving both his conscience and his breeches. The fellow who owned the hat durst not move until the procession had passed; and then, without giving him time to speak, Dennis clapped the hat, dirty as it was, on the owner's head, and walked off. I could not forbear laughing at the scene, and I daresay the holy fathers did not think much of my sanctity.

The fruit market was opposite to the convent gate; and it certainly was to us a novel and a pleasing sight. The finest fruits, which at home were rare and high in price, we found here as plenty and as cheap as gooseberries. Pine apples, peaches and grapes of the largest size and most exquisite flavour, with oranges, lemons and pomegranates, were arranged on the standings, in the most tempting and tasteful manner. Dennis and I walked through amongst them with our mouths watering, yet fearful that our finances would not enable us to buy any. I ventured, however, to ask for the worth of a vintin (about three halfpence English) of oranges; after giving the woman the money and pointing to the fruit, I held out my hand to receive them, but she beckoned me to give her my hat, and, to our surprise, she nearly filled it.

The fragrant and delicious odour which perfumed the market place, and the sight of the beautiful fruit and flowers, made it a much more attractive place of resort, than the dirty streets filled with the stench of oil and garlic. My opinion of the

interior of Lisbon was certainly very low ; and, I think, if a stranger wishes to see Lisbon, and leave it with any ideas of its grandeur, he ought to contemplate it from the river, but never set his foot on shore, for he will then feel nothing but disgust.

To the convent, in which we were lodged, was attached a nunnery ; and, through its latticed windows, we often saw the nuns peeping, while we were on parade. They did not seem to be so rigidly kept in as they are reported to be. I remember seeing a new-born child exposed, naked and dead, on the leads beneath their windows : how it came there I cannot pretend to say, but there it was ; and our men were *charitable* enough to believe that it belonged to some of themselves.

While here, we had no want of chaunting prayers, and incense in our vicinity. The incense they burnt had a peculiar smell. I have often heard of the association of sound with ideas, but I think the association of smell with ideas deserves as much attention ; for, to this day, if I meet with any thing like the perfume of their

incense, I am immediately transported, in idea, to the chapel of the convent of St. Domingo. Its high-arched gothic windows, and all the paraphernalia of its interior—images of saints, splendid altars, gigantic wax candles, and friars chaunting the service, intermingled with the deep tones of the organ—all float across my memory as fresh as yesterday.



## CHAPTER X.

EMBARK FOR CADIZ — LANDING — RECEPTION —  
 CADIZ — MANNER OF INTERMENT — FORT M —  
 — OPERATIONS — OFFICERS — GALE — VESSELS  
 STRANDED ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE BAY —  
 PRIZES — JOHN — — COURT MARTIAL — RE-  
 SULT.

WE remained only seven days in Lisbon: on the evening of the seventh we were turned out, marched down to Belem and embarked by torch light, for Cadiz. I do not remember anything worthy of notice, which took place on this voyage, only that it was tedious.

When we made the Bay of Cadiz, we found a large fleet of British vessels there before us. The French had possession of all the surrounding country, with the exception of the Isle of Leon and Cadiz: and these were closely besieged. When we first arrived, we were not sure on which side of the bay we would be re-

quired to land; but, we were served out with flints and ammunition, and our commanding officer issued a circular to the men on board the different transports, ordering us to hold ourselves in readiness for immediate action, and exhorting us to remember the honour of our country and regiment.

That evening, our light company, with those of the other regiments, forming a light brigade, under the command of Lieutenant-General William Stewart, landed and marched to the out-posts at the town of Isla. Next day, the remainder of the troops disembarked; and, entering Cadiz, we occupied part of the bomb-proof barracks under the ramparts; where we remained with Lieutenant-General Graham, who was chief in command.

I could not say that our reception by the inhabitants, on landing, was very flattering. Here and there, amongst the crowd, you could hear a "Viva Englese;" but the greater number received us with a gloomy suspicious silence. Setting aside other causes, it was really not to be wondered at, that the inhabitants should feel

little attachment to the English, when we consider that they had suffered so severely by the hand of Nelson and the British fleet, about four years before, and that the shattered remains of some of their vessels were still lying in the bay.

Cadiz was, in my opinion, a much finer town than Lisbon in point of wideness of the streets and cleanliness, and the situation of the town was infinitely more picturesque. From the ramparts, on the Atlantic side of the town, the view was very fine: to the left, we could see the African shore, with its mountains stretching out until their outline was lost in the distance, and became mingled with the clouds that kissed the horizon. Before you, the prospect was unconfined, and the eye was lost in the wide world of waters which lay before it, unless when it was arrested by a passing sail, or brought nearer the town by the noise of the breakers lashing the dark sides of the rocks, which ran out into the sea, and here and there showed their heads above water. On the side of the town next the bay, the Rota, Bay of Bulls, with the town

of Port St. Mary's, Porto Real, Isla, Checuelina, and Cape Trafalgar, brought the eye round to where it set out.

When we had anything to wash, we were obliged to go outside the walls to some of the cisterns, a short distance from the town. It was here I first became my own *washerwoman*. I was awkward enough when I began; but practice soon made me expert at it.

It was on one of these washing excursions, that I happened to pass a chapel; and seeing people engaged at some ceremony in it, my curiosity prompted me to enter. A corpse lay on a bier, with the face uncovered, and a bunch of flowers were placed in its hands, which were joined together in a praying attitude. The priest was performing the service of the dead over it; near him stood two little boys, with silver censers waving in their hands, filled with burning incense. The whole service seemed to me impressive enough. After it was finished, the corpse was removed to the outside of the chapel, and deposited in a hole in the wall resembling an oven; it was then covered

with quick lime; the mouth of the hole shut up with a stone, which fitted it; and the people retired. I do not know what their reason is for this peculiar method of interment; but the body must decay sooner in this way than by our method of burying.

As yet, none of the troops had been brought into action, with the exception of the light companies, who had some slight skirmishing at the out-posts. The French had attempted nothing of any consequence. They were very busy, however, prosecuting the siege—building batteries in every direction. There was one battery, called Fort M——. It lay on the French side, at the extremity of a point of land, stretching down from Porto Real into the bay, opposite to Puntallis. From this (had they manned it) they might have annoyed our shipping very much; and it was resolved that we should take possession of it.

Accordingly, one evening the three first men from each company of the regiment to which I belonged were turned out, in marching order, for that purpose.

At the quay, we were joined by a detachment of artillery, and were conveyed across the bay in man-of-war boats. On our passage we were joined by a party of seamen and marines; who, with a captain-commandant, surgeon, two subalterns, one of whom acted as adjutant, a lieutenant of artillery, and a midshipman, made in all about one hundred and fifty men.

When we reached the Fort, we used every precaution to avoid alarming the French if there had been any there; but it was quite unnecessary; for their picquet had retired, without firing a shot. After placing a picquet in front, we set to work, and got up three guns, which we had brought with us. This kept us busy enough until morning; when we got a better view of the isolated place we had taken possession of. The fort itself was about a hundred yards square; but it had been completely demolished on its sea face; and the others were all more or less in ruins. The bomb-proofs were nearly all destroyed. In what remained there was not shelter for the half of our men; and, by a rule of division, often practised in

the army, that little was made less by the officers' appropriating the half of it to themselves,

Day had not long dawned when the French gave us a salute from a small battery, in the village at Fort Lewis; but, when we got our guns mounted, it was soon silenced. From that time we commenced with redoubled exertion to work at the battery—building up the parapets, and laying platforms for more guns. We were supplied with materials, viz. fascions, gabions and sand-bags, from Cadiz.

Here we were wrought like slaves, I may say, without intermission; for our worthy adjutant, who aimed at being a rigid disciplinarian, and was a great amateur in the drill way (which his company knew pretty well), was determined that no hard labour, or want of convenience for cleaning our things, should tempt him to deviate from a clean parade; and formal guard-mounting every morning, even although we had been out all night under the rain on picquet, or carrying sand-bags and digging trenches up to the

knees in stinking mud. All the varied forms of duty known in a militia regiment (with which he was best acquainted) were by him deemed indispensable:—and, in a place where we had no convenience for keeping our things in order, not even shelter for them, this exactness was certainly, to say the least of it, unnecessarily teasing. We were also obliged to stand sentry on different parts of the battery, full dressed, where there was no earthly use for us, unless for show; and I could perceive no reason the commandant and he had for their conduct, unless that, feeling the novelty of their situation—in command of a fort—they wished to ape, with their handful of men, all the importance of *leaders of an army*.

We were driven from guard to working—working to picquet—picquet to working again, in a gin-horse round of the most intolerable fatigue; which we never could have borne for any length of time, exposed as we often were to sun and rain, in a climate like that of Cadiz. But, even with all this, we had the mortification to find our best endeavours repaid



with the most supercilious haughtiness, and the worst of usage. We were allowed little time to sleep; and that little was often withheld from us.

But let it not be imagined that our officers participated in all this fatigue; they knew how to take care of themselves; and they could sit and drink wine in their bomb-proof at night as comfortably as in a mess-room at home. And it was a common amusement of the commandant, when he got warmed with it, to order the drum to beat to arms in the middle of the night—when the poor devils, who had perhaps just lost sense of their fatigue in sleep, would be roused up, and obliged to go to their several posts on the ramparts: and, when there, we were not allowed to stand steadily to await the coming of a foe (for the *blue devils* of the commandant's brain had peopled the different places of attack with millions for aught I know): and, after half-an-hour or an hour's hard fighting with the wind, we would *graciously* be permitted to go below to our births. But we would scarcely be lain down,

when we were again roused, to commence working.—This was the usual routine the most of the time we were here.

It may be well to remark, however (for the benefit of those officers who may wish to follow so *illustrious* an example), that the commandant had a most *ingenious* method of assembling his men quickly—he used to stand, with his fist clenched, at the top of the ladder leading from the bomb-proof, ready to knock down the last man that came up; and, as some one must necessarily be last, he of course was sure of the blow; and, as he was a strong muscular man, it used to *tell* (as we military men term it) on the poor fellow's head.

One man, I remember, who had suffered in this way remonstrated, and threatened to complain to his colonel; but the answer was a second “knock-down,” and an order to confine him between two guns in an angle of the battery, where he was exposed to the inclemency of the weather for many days and nights without covering; and, when his health was impaired by this usage, and he fell sick, he was

still kept in the fort, although it was the usual practice to send the sick to the general hospital in Cadiz. He was not allowed to leave the place until we all left it; and then, it is probable, if he had ventured to complain, he might have been flogged in addition to all he had suffered, for presuming to say anything against the Hero of M——.

We had now got up six guns and two mortars on the fort, which was all we could mount to have any effect. We were supported by a Spanish man-of-war and six or eight gun-boats; and, with them, we used to bombard the small village at Fort Lewis, and annoy the working parties coming down from Porto Real to build batteries. We often made great havock amongst them, with spherical case-shot. One day, in particular, I remember we brought down an officer who was riding on a white horse at the head of his party, and we saw them carry him off in a litter from the place where he fell.

About this time a severe gale came on, by which a great number of vessels were

stranded on the French side of the bay; most of them were abandoned by their crews, who got safe over to Cadiz; but one transport, containing the flank companies and staff of a battalion of the fourth regiment, ran ashore near Port St. Mary's, and they were all taken prisoners. They had their colours with them, and I heard afterwards that they had put them under the coppers and burned them, rather than let them fall into the hands of the enemy. Many of these vessels were richly laden; and, as they were sure ultimately to fall into the hands of the enemy, being also considered fair prizes when they run ashore on an enemy's coast, we procured a couple of boats and succeeded in securing part of the cargo of those nearest us, which was principally silk. We also got some pipes of wine and salt provision; which was all safely deposited in the entrance to the officers' bomb-proof, with the exception of the silk, which they took inside.

The wine and salt provision were kept there for the use of the officers. The latter, although hoarded up with great

care, ultimately fell into the hands of the French : and the only part of the wine we received was once, in lieu of better wine, which was sent over as a present from the Cortes, which the officers thought was more suitable to their own palates ; and again on the first day of the bombardment.

Some time after, the silk that was deposited in the officer's quarters was divided according to the prize-money regulations.

I remember a man, of the name of John M——, who was on sentry one night over the wine and salt beef casks. Feeling himself thirsty, and seeing the spigot in the cask which was used to draw it, he was tempted to try how it tasted ; but, unfortunately, when he got the vessel filled which he had procured for the purpose, he either lost the spigot, or could not get it in again. The stream of wine soon found its road into the officer's door-way, and the noise awakening some of them, they came out and found poor John all besmeared with wine, and the villanous king's-evidence jug at his feet.

He was immediately confined; and, a day or two after, a court martial was ordered to sit, for the purpose of trying the prisoner, for attempting to taste what he had wrought hard to bring in, and to which in justice no man had a better right than another. I do not know how they managed to find members for the court: as there were only a captain and three subalterns in the battery, some of whom must have been his prosecutors. Perhaps they got a dispensation from the Pope, as they were in the kingdom of his beloved son, Ferdinand. Be that as it may, John was tried, and, if I recollect right, sentenced to receive five hundred lashes.

The garrison was mustered on the rampart, and John stripped, and tied to the wheel of a field-piece. The boatswain's mate, with a monstrous ship cat in his hand, was standing drawing his fingers through it, seemingly impatient to commence, when, after all the trouble that they had been at, getting up this farce (for so it was considered by every one in the fort), John was pardoned, after a very *moving* speech from the commandant,

wherein he descanted on his *great goodness, tender-heartedness*, and all that.

For my part, I did not think it any great act of favour to pardon him, after exposing him, *stripped and tied up* before his comrades. His back certainly remained whole; but his feelings must have been as much hurt, as if he had received the punishment.

## CHAPTER XI.

VISIT TO THE STRANDED VESSELS—A BARBAROUS DEED—SPANISH HULKS—FRENCH PRISONERS—THEIR USAGE—A FRENCH SURGEON TAKEN BY OUR PARTY WHO HAD SWAM FROM ONE OF THEIR HULKS—HIS TREATMENT—ALLOWED TO JOIN HIS COUNTRYMEN—THE FRENCH COMMENCE BOMBARDING US—THE CARNAGE WHICH TAKES PLACE—NARROW ESCAPE—CONDUCT OF OUR OFFICERS.

THE stranded vessels, that lay along the shore, were often visited by straggling parties of the French, who used to carry off heavy burdens of the cargo. This stimulated some of our men to follow their example; but there was great risk in the adventure. They could go only at night, and run all hazard of their absence being discovered: that however might be averted by the sergeants, who of course shared in the booty; but the marsh which they had to cross was very



dangerous, the road uncertain, and they might have been taken by the enemy's picquets; but, notwithstanding all these obstacles, there were many who, either out of a spirit of adventure, or a love of gain, despised them all, and were well repaid for their trouble by the valuable articles which they found.

Our party often fell in with the French stragglers, who were there on the same errand; but they were quite friendly together, and when any wine or spirits were got in the vessels, they used to sit down and drink together, as sociably as if they had been comrades for years. What every man got was his own, and there never was any dissension.

One night, I happened to be of the party. We had made our burdens, parted with our French friends, and left the vessel on our way to the fort. The party of the French had left it also. We had not proceeded far, when we missed one of our comrades; and, fearing that some accident had befallen him, we returned, and near the vessel saw him struggling with some one. We hastened up to him;