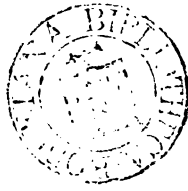




Sketch & Drawn by Major Pitt-Rivers.

Mr. Galtby Lith. Lond. St. James.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S ARMY ON THE MARCH TO CORUNNA



CAMP AND QUARTERS

SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS

OF

MILITARY LIFE.

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

BY

MAJOR JOHN PATTERSON,

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

&c. &c. &c.

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CAMP AND QUARTERS,

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Tone, and Laroche, &c., &c.

WHEN I first undertook to write a narrative
of my campaigns in the Queen's-Own regiment,
I was desirous of confining myself as much as
possible within the limit of those events con-
nected with that narrative; and, on this account,
omitted a variety of circumstances, which, how-

ever amusing in themselves, bore no particular reference to the subject then in hand. Moreover, having for some time previous to my appointment to the regiment alluded to, served in the 7th Garrison Battalion, while they were in Ireland, several incidents came within my observation, not by any means unworthy of honourable mention. With the view, therefore, of removing "Oblivion's darkest veil," from those events, I have mustered all together in the following pages; where, perchance, some among the veterans of the present day, may recognise an old acquaintance, as he passes in review before him; or, in the miscellaneous compound, find wherewithal to beguile a solitary hour. The young hands, too, may possibly find something to entertain them.

It must, however, be confessed, that many discouragements lie in the way of those who venture to glean from a field that has already been so industriously walked over. Numerous are they who would act with the effect of a shower-bath, on everything that did not emanate from the colleges; or that was not the most original of all originals.

When it so happens, in our day, that a military gentleman, who may be infected with

that direful malady, usually called scribbomania, proposes to edify his friends, or enlighten the world in general, by the efforts of his literary fancies—or in other words, to perpetrate a book—there is an outcry immediately got up on all sides, upon the first appearance of the bantling, as to why or wherefore the nondescript was ushered into light. Some exclaim, “Oh! these gentlemen of the sword, they will never be at rest;—we shall never see the end of their effusions;—have we not had enough since the days of Marlborough and Saxe?—surely even in these ‘piping-times,’ we want no more of their mess-room jokes and badinage.” We have had the changes rung upon the Peninsula, its wars and recollections, until the theme has been fairly exhausted. Waterloo has been cooked up in every possible variety and shape,—tales and fields, fields where “thrice they killed the slain,” until almost driven to slumber o’er the stale narcotics. It is the same with every other subject treated of. Should travels, even in the form of a decent quarto, make their entré, others cry out, “What more can be said of such a town, or country, but has heretofore been well dilated on?” From the Orkneys to Cape Horn, and

back again, through every portion of our fair and pleasant world, travellers and tourists have peered for wherewithal to write about.

“What in the name of all that is wonderful can they have more to say?” It may well be said, in reply to this, that if those who desire to write, must wait for the discovery of some region undescribed, the pen would moulder in their fingers; for verily I believe, that unless it be some icebound tract of desolation, in the immediate vicinity of the Pole—ground where man’s wandering footsteps never trod—it would be vain to seek for one square foot of “terra firma,” that has not already been explored and rēexplored, for the information of the present race of man and womankind, and for the benefit of unborn generations. The persevering traveller who wrote an account of his migrations in the “Moon,” deserved well of his country, and his friends in general; for *he*, at least, has described and published something that has never been known or heard of heretofore. Whether he traversed the regions of clouds and vapour in Mr. Green’s balloon, or like others, after the more terrestrial fashion, he rolled to the lunar sphere by means of steam, was a matter of small importance, unless to

those of the reading world ; to them it was of the highest possible concern, because he told them of something new, of strange, unknown, unbidden or forbidden lands, of hills and hollows, dells and glades, of rivers, streams and mountains, never before in print.

The truth of it is ; plain and prosy matters of reality will never do for our days of change—novelty is the word,—variety the charm, the spell to win the voice of approbation. Get up anything or everything, only let it be but new. Dish up or concoct an ollapodrida in the romantic line ; if with a dash of salt-water, all the better, (for sailors as well as soldiers are favourites, particularly with the ladies). Let there be, moreover, plenty of mock heroes, heroines, and haunted castles, marvellous plots and counter-plots, with extraordinary escapades, duels, and affecting assignations ; seasoned with a sprinkling of foplings, lords, and chamber-maids, all well shaken up together, and the thing complete ; then, perhaps, you *have* some chance of getting popular. But what is a poor fellow to do, who has no genius for romance ?—in truth he must only cry, “ Adieu, romance,” and go back to his realities. Returning, therefore, agreeably to this doctrine, to what I at first

premised, I would, notwithstanding all the dampers to which I have adverted, anticipate a favourable reception from my worthy brethren in arms; while, with all due deference to them, as well as to my "civil brotherhood," I shall, with honesty of purpose, and without farther comment, proceed upon the "line of march," revealing as I go along, those matters connected with the ups-and-downs of soldiering, with a sketch of that troubled sea, upon the restless waves of which, those must expect to be tossed about, who embark on that roving, wild, adventurous career.

MILITARY LIFE.

Military life was a very different affair in former times to what it is at present; it was then anything but an idle one. Whoever made up his mind to enter on it, could hope for nothing but rough service, and hard knocks. It was moreover a field where many a spirited youth desired to sport his gallantry; hence the candidates for fame, on every side, were numerous. The revolutionary war was at its height—the world was in commotion. Europe was absolutely deluged in the blood of sanguinary combats; whilst the restless and insatiable spirit of

Napoleon, ruling with despotism in France, the prospect of a quiet state of things was far, very far remote. To meet the necessities of these warlike times, the population of our islands was literally drained, not only to provide for all our garrisons at home, but to complete the ranks intended for foreign service; every nerve was strained to levy troops; recruiting drums were beating "round and round," throughout the empire; a wide spreading mania had set in, that was not to be suppressed. The shop-boy, measuring out his tape and ribbons, was fired with ardour, and took to countermarching, instead of marching behind a counter;—"every tailor was an Andrew Hoffer, every Alderman a William Tell."

Even the ladies were under the influence of the prevailing epidemic; while, ambitious to emulate the Amazonian Queen, who displayed herself at Tilbury of old, they vowed that firelocks should be wielded instead of fans, and that in lieu of Cupid's dart, they would, in case of an invasion, resort to others of a much more dangerous nature.

"Wives would be sharpshooters,
Widows beat the drum,
Vixens the trumpet blow,
If the enemy should come."

From these preliminary remarks, it must be evident that few could resist the tempting lure held out to call them into "stirring scenes." When the wild recruit, fresh from the plough, surveyed the gay attire, the smart cockade, in which he was to be equipped, he believed as he would the truth of holy writ, that, in the unknown paradise whereto he was invited, "the streets were paved with sixpenny loaves, and the houses were thatched with pancakes;" staring with capricious grin, he swallowed with eagerness the bait, and Clodpole was a soldier.

Ireland, about this eventful period, became more immediately the ground on which our troops at home were called to meet the enemy. The French Directory, in their frenzied course, reckless of every consequence, and encouraged by overtures made on the part of certain disaffected characters, by whom the Irish nation was then infested, formed the absurd and desperate scheme of invading that unhappy country, whose fate, whether by the success or failure of that scheme, was now about to be decided.

In pursuance, therefore, of their plans, they fitted out an expedition with secrecy and dispatch; the troops, a small but well armed body of chosen men, consisting of about 1150 rank

and file, and commanded by General Humbert, an experienced officer, were embarked in three large frigates, with orders to make a descent as soon as possible, somewhere upon the western coast.

It forms no part of my intention, in the present miscellaneous narrative, to write "*minutely*," either as to the operations which the republic had in view, or as to any other matters connected with the enterprise—matters long since composing history. I shall merely notice a few particulars, that may, perchance, have eluded the cunning observation of the more profound and learned genius, whose brains were engaged upon that history; glancing, meanwhile, at some details, with which I have been generously supplied from the "ocular demonstration" of a veteran, who served on that extraordinary though short campaign.

Towards the end of the summer of 1798, the frigates already mentioned, were first observed in full sail, off Killala, a small town situated on the north-western shore of Connaught. Although appearing under English colours, they had a very suspicious "*cut about their jib*," while their approach, anxiously looked out for, by no means lessened those suspicions;

however, coming soon after to an anchor in the harbour, and at no great distance from the shore, these questionable visitors let fall the mask; when, with a bold display of the tricoloured flag, accompanied with the usual gasconade, they prepared for immediate landing.

Previous to these manœuvres, and before the ships were moored, a gentleman of the country, of independent property, named Irwin, with an officer of the Prince of Wales's Fencibles, who were engaged upon a pleasurable or fishing excursion in the bay, were invited to come on board one of the frigates; when, on their acceptance of the friendly invitation, they found themselves, to their great surprize and consternation, in the midst of a party of "*sans culottes*."

From the confusion that prevailed around them, they were unable at once to form any opinion with regard to the actual or existing state of things; but the rattle of military equipments, the bustle going forward among the soldiers, with other warlike preparations, soon apprized them as to the design and real character of the customers, among whom they were so pleasantly trepanned.

One of the first of those who addressed the prisoners, when they came on board, was no less a per-

sonage than the celebrated Teeling. This unfortunate and ill-advised young man, had originally served his time to the linen business, under the auspices of a Mr. Jackson,* in the north of Ireland, of which he was a native; but soon, infected with the revolutionary principles, he fled from home, and eventually became an officer in the French army. Teeling was of a pale, cadaverous aspect, small and weak in stature, with a dark and scowling look about his eyes, rendered still more so by a most forbidding squint.

With all the bitterness of a Jacobin, he was uttering denunciations, and venting his spleen in the most violent language, against our government, by which he worked himself into such a rage that he was frothing at the mouth like one deranged. The democrat was borne out in his

* Jackson afterwards removed to the neighbourhood of Sligo, where his bleach-green happened to be upon the very line upon which the troops of Humbert were advancing, and where they were soon encamped.

It was rather a strange coincidence that Teeling, on his first campaign, should come so immediately to this spot. The circumstance, however, afforded the regenade an opportunity of proving, that ingratitude was not among his vices; for he exerted himself, as far as possible, to defend the property of his former friend, placing sentries round the green, to guard against the least attempt at plunder or depredation.

tirade by another unworthy son of Erin, one of his brother officers; who, better known in former days by the name of Roche,* got off at an early period of his life to France, with several other malcontents, when by way of Frenchifying his original patronymic, by disguising the Irish of it, he called himself *Laroche*.

They both seemed determined, by some extraordinary deeds of valour, to prove their zeal in behalf of their adopted country.

Teeling said, that they expected 20,000 men to join them immediately on landing; "a force," repeated he, "when drilled, together with those we have, that will soon clear everything before them."

Irwin, to whom he particularly directed his remarks, replied with a degree of drollery and good-humour peculiar to him, "What will the king's troops be doing all this time?—will they wait quietly till your men are drilled?"

After this colloquy had passed between Irwin and his quondam friends, he and his comrades began to think it was high time to form some plan for getting themselves away. However kind and liberal their treatment might have been, they had no unreasonable desire to flourish the white cockade among their soldiers. Irwin,

* Roche was a native of Limerick.

resorting to his wit, ever ready on those occasions, got up a doleful tale, with a still more doleful phiz, to Humbert,* that he was a poor fisherman, with a wife and small children depending on him for support, which melting the Frenchman's heart, he allowed him to return to his boat, upon his parole of honour. As for the other prisoners, they were equally as fortunate. They were all detained about twenty-four hours on board.

Teeling was, of course, taken prisoner on the finale of this ill-fated expedition; and, I believe was, with the notorious Theobald Wolf

* Humbert, although somewhat coarse and vulgar in his manners, being originally a horse-dealer, was, nevertheless, a military-looking and handsome man, and was said to pride himself very much on his skill in horsemanship. His first display of this, however, in the Irish Calvary, was rather ominous of disaster, for he had scarcely set his foot on shore, than he got himself mounted on one of the country hacks, which, unused to the honour of having a French General on his back, kicked up his heels, and laid the gallant rider sprawling in the street. The General, however, soon got up again, when, with the aid of spurs, and better management, he brought his charger into good behaviour. Sarrazin, the second in command, was also a good officer, and became afterwards a literary character; but gave some offence in that capacity to the rulers of the day, who sent both him and Humbert to St. Domingo, where they soon added to the number of victims who were sacrificed to the fever of that destructive country.

Tone, executed in Dublin. La Roche escaped their wretched fate, by making it appear upon his trial, that, having resided fourteen years in France, he was therefore a naturalized subject of that country.

DISEMBARKATION OF THE FRENCH TROOPS.

On the 22nd of August 1798, the adventurers disembarked, and took possession of the town, without any resistance, beyond a few shots from a detachment of yeomanry, and part of the Prince of Wales's fencibles, stationed there. They met with every facility in their operation, from the peasantry along the coast ; who, as soon as they perceived their allies, or liberators, as they called them, approach to the "land of promise," ran in all directions to assist them, collecting, on their way, all the fishing boats, smacks, and yawls, that could be found in every little creek or cove, within the space of many miles.

The panic-struck inhabitants of Killala, had already started off in double quick, on the first appearance of the Frenchmen, with the exception of Bishop Stock, and his family ; who, with a few devoted friends, awaited in the palace

the arrival of their unwelcome guests. Having established their head quarters with the prelate, the intruders made themselves perfectly at home in their new cantonment, and entered into the full enjoyment of every thing that lay within their grasp ; they lost no time in finding out the well stored cellars of his Lordship ; while, in testing the quality of his wines, sadly to the cost of their entertainer, they did all due honor to his vintage. Animated by this favourable state of matters, they gave themselves up to every sort of revelry, until the near approach of the King's troops reminding them that this very pleasant mode of carrying on the war was not to last for ever, they opened their eyes, in order to ascertain what sort of people they had got to deal with.

It was one of the most delightful summers that had been remembered for many years ; a long continuance of beautiful dry weather, had enabled the people to get on so well with their harvest work, that they had plenty of idle time on hand ; but it does not appear that the period so referred to, was remarkable for any distinguished acts of gallantry on their part. Their wild enthusiasm, indeed, was valiantly conspicuous on the beach, where there was

nothing to contend with, beyond the brawling of old women, or the screams of children; but their zeal by no means shewed itself so evident when fighting came to be the order of the day. Humbert was, therefore, and with reason, woefully disappointed. He flattered himself with hopes, agreeable to the prediction of Messieurs Teeling and Laroche, that the populace would turn out "en masse," and join his standard; instead of which, thousands of the poor half-starved, ill-clad Irish, "having no stomach for the field," fled on his advance; those who did remain to fill his diminishing ranks, were worse than useless; they burdened and encumbered him. Totally undisciplined and untamed, they were no better than a horde of savage animals, producing rapine and disorder, wherever they appeared. The French were glad to shake off such wild auxiliaries, and discarding them quickly from their lines, chose rather to get on single handed, being unused to the lawless society of a rabble, whose only weapons were rusty fire-locks, pikes, scythes, and pitchforks.

The French soldiers were very fine mustachioed veteran-looking fellows; with such a man as Humbert at their head, had there been enough of them, they might almost have done anything

they pleased; as it was, a mere handful of men, comparatively speaking, they got on pretty well into "the bowels of the land," before aught was done to question them as to why or wherefore they were going. The Magnates at the wheel in Ireland, seemed as though they were asleep, or as if the sudden shock had so electrified them, that their hands lay powerless by their sides; troops were marched and counter-marched here and there, progressing every way but the right one; more time was spent in messengers, orders, and counter-orders, than might have been taken to settle the whole affair. Two great blunders were committed, one of which was, that General Taylor was sent too late; and the other, (a true-born Irish one) a supply of cannon balls was dispatched from the ordnance in Dublin, but lo! they were all too big for the calibre of the guns. Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that the enemy got tolerable headway; in fact, anomalous as it may appear to those who are ignorant of these blunders, with others equally egregious, they chasséed everything before them, until they came to Castlebar, where, as at Killala, the resistance was but momentary.

The first determined opposition the invaders

met with, was close to the small town of Colloony. Previous to arriving here, they had been for some days upon the road, without deciding on, or at least without betraying the slightest outline of any particular mode of action.

Moreover, they were blindly rushing on, without a friendly hand to pioneer the way ; with all the confidence of men who had legions at their back, and to whom victory had been familiar, they seemed to move as if no impediment were in their road, and under the impression that fortune, which had heretofore stood by them, would still prove faithful to their banners, as long as they continued to advance.

When the loud beating of their brass drums, sounding harshly among the hills above the town, and giving the first announcement of their near approach, was heard, it became evident enough, that their object was, to march upon the large and populous town of Sligo.

With this design, bringing up their right flank upon that point of ground where the cross-roads meet, they pushed boldly forward, with the view of taking the garrison by surprise ; here, however, their sanguine hopes were far from being realised, their wild goose chase being doomed to receive a cooler, which convinced

them, that however cheap they held the troops already confronted to them, there was a native regiment before them, fully equal to the task of giving them a gentle foretaste of the terminus which their ill-starred expedition was likely to arrive at.

Humbert, soon finding, without any great exertion of his military genius, that troops were moving in his path, began to think of pulling in his horns ; when gathering up his stragglers, he disposed his little column in the best order of resistance that the nature of the ground admitted.

He posted his men within an elevated ridge of rocks, where they were not only covered, but from whence they could send an enfilading fire upon the road, which they had determined on advancing. The rugged steep was in every way well calculated for his purpose ; here, with the indomitable spirit that he himself possessed, together with the firmness of his veterans, it might reasonably be expected, that if the assailants were not thrown back, he would at all events be able to maintain his footing.

The city of Limerick regiment of militia, to which allusion has been made, under the command of Colonel Vereker, forming part of the

garrison of Sligo, was upon the first alarm ordered out to make a stand against the enemy, and, if possible, divert him until further aid should come; proceeding therefore, a few miles to the southward of the town, the regiment passed through Balisodare, a small place, beautifully situated on the river,—(crossed here by a solid stone bridge,) which tumbling with a fearful noise over a continuous ledge of rocks, falls at length into an arm of the sea, about a mile below the bridge.

Vereker, a fine soldier, and a most determined man, perceiving that the French were drawn up, ready for his reception, made up his mind at once to bring them into play; when resolving "*coute qui coute*," to force the heights, he, on the instant, suited the action to the word, brushing onward for that purpose, without any idle ceremony or delay. Before him lay a wide, uneven, and stony piece of ground, on the left of which, a thick plantation, that had seldom been encroached on by the woodman's axe, formed a good protection to his flank; while on his right, he was not only sustained by the river, that flowed here in a deep and rapid current, but by walls, and other strong enclosures, that were parallel with and served as a boundary to the road.

Arrived within firing distance, the colonel immediately threw his men across the stream, extending them to the margin of the wood; when opening an active fire upon the French advances, he gradually succeeded in diminishing the space that lay between him and their position on the hill. The Limerick men followed up their work with steadiness, and urged on to the assault with so much vigour, that their adversaries fell into a state of considerable disorder; meanwhile a gallant band of yeomanry, under a spirited young man named Armstrong, who was well acquainted with the ground, scaled the highest ridge, when letting fly a volley from their breastwork, completed what the militia were going to do, aided by a desperate onset from the latter, they forced the enemy to abandon his strong position, while at the same time, these brave, but inexperienced soldiers, by their combined exertions, routed him from the field in every quarter.

The Frenchmen, even at that early period of the war, had begun their education in the plundering art. They were served out with as many dollars (bags of which were brought on shore,) as they each could carry, with permission when these were expended "*to quarter on the enemy,*" (a science in which, in later times, they had become sufficiently accomplished); dis-

encumbered now, however, of all superfluous baggage, or any little matters they might have collected on their journey, they fled precipitately in a sort of gauntlet, between two fires, leaving some prisoners, including their wounded, in our possession, making the best of their way towards the interior of the country.

In this affair, it has been said, that the militia were drawn up, in the first instance, at much too great a distance from the hill, thus producing a considerable waste of ammunition; in support of which, the small amount of the enemy's killed and wounded, has been quoted as a proof. It has been urged still further, that the only injury they received, was from splinters of the rocks that stood between them.

It imports not, how the business was effected. At this distance of time, it is quite sufficient, without entering into any discussion as to the merit of their tactics, to be informed, that the foe was beaten, and that he was driven from his purpose of plundering an old, respectable, and commercial town, or perhaps laying waste a considerable tract of country.*

* A most extraordinary personal contest, in presence of the contending parties, took place about that time, between a trooper of the 24th dragoons, and a French hussar, whom

Returning to the fugitives—their numbers melting fast, they in a little time traversed the wilds of Leitrim, making themselves quite happy and comfortable in their quarters, as they went along, which were in general in the mansions of the wealthy. Where the families remained at home, and received the French with kindness and hospitality, the latter, much to their praise be it said, would not suffer the smallest injury to be done, shewing every courtesy, as far as could be expected from an enemy; but when the gentry quitted their places, and left every thing in a deserted state, their cellars were ransacked, their pantries rummaged; pillage and rapine was the standing order of the time. When at last, after enjoying this excursion, and after many devious wanderings, they were overtaken in their career, the shattered remnant of their little army was overpowered,

the former challenged. After a furious cut and thrust, or two, and parrying for some time at discretion, the trooper cut six, and sabred the Frenchman's head, so as to leave it hanging by the skin. The headless trunk maintained its upright position on the horse for a short distance, when the animal took flight—the trooper, a desperate Hibernian, meanwhile calling after him, with an oath, "There is promotion for you; you have got an *epaulet* on your shoulder now, which you never had before."

24 FATE OF TEELING, TONE, AND LAROCHE.

and they surrendered with a tolerable good grace, to that fate which was the inevitable result of their rash and ill-judged enterprize.

The disastrous campaign came in this way to its final termination, about the 8th of September, being little more than fourteen days from its commencement.*

* Among those who were in Colloony, when the prisoners and wounded were collected in the market-house there, was no less than our old friend Irwin, the "poor fisherman with the wife and large family," now metamorphosed into a very different sort of character. How he came to be present on this occasion, I know not; but the French doctor, like all other medicos, a very droll genius, who had seen him in the frigate, immediately recognised his shipmate, when, giving him a most facetious look, he asked him, "Well, Monsieur, that was a *mighty big fish* you caught at Killala the other day!"

CHAPTER II.

Sudden alarm in Sligo—The grand flight—Characters who exhibited—Journey to School—P. V. Crofton—Pleasant campaign—Dreary road—Irish poor—Contented people—The two Lions—Schoolboys fired with military ardour—Delights of a school life—Musical professor—Professor of castigation—The flogging system not done away with—Scott—The walking gallows—Splendid supper—The ghost of Tickl'em—The blackhole—Generous cook.

THE community at large were thrown into the most unheard-of consternation, upon the first intelligence of the French landing at Killala, an event as unexpected as it was alarming. The descent of such untimely visitors in that backward and unfrequented part of the country, was never even dreamt of; and when the circumstance actually did take place, they

scarcely gave credence to their senses. Terror at the thoughts of falling into the clutches of the revolutionary soldiers, threw them into a state of mind bordering on despair ; dungeons, chains, and the still more dreadful guillotine, rose up, with frightful horror, in their imaginations.

In the town of S——, the news of the "*invasion*" came upon them like a clap of thunder. "What shall we do?" "Whither shall we turn?" was the general exclamation ; in short, so much were the good people of that town taken off their guard, that I hesitate not to say, if Humbert with his followers, had just come in at that particular crisis, he might, without much difficulty, have packed them all up together into a vessel in the harbour, and have shipped them away to France.

Without deliberating for a moment, immediate flight was the only measure thought of as a remedy for the evil ; when, leaving bag and baggage, house and home, and all in charge of their "household gods," a general retreat took place, compared to which even the races of Corunnà was but a snail's pace!

"Catch us who can," seemed to be the family motto ; while every means by which to facilitate

the powers of locomotion, were resorted to, and pressed into the service of the fugitives, who started en route, on turf cart, jackass, jaunting car, and carriage, a host of stragglers bringing up the rear, after the more humble fashion of their progenitors.

Along the highway leading into Donegal by the northern route, the line of march was over-spread with men, women, and children, together with specimens of every living animal of the country. The gouty, and bed-ridden octogenarian, forgetful of his tender toes, and ailments, jumped from his couch, as if he was touched by a galvanic shock, and hobbled along for safety; the wrinkled hag, wincing under time's hard burden, unwillingly moved her bones; the hippish dotard, with one foot in the grave, and the other out, trudged it lustily; pitching his medicos to old Hal, he shouldered his crutch,

“ Not to shew how fields were won,
But to prove how he could run.”

The lovelorn youth deserted the charmer of his fancy, and fled most gallantly; while the dear forsaken one took consolation, by joining

in the chase, with the fond hopes of meeting a swain more faithful, in the course of her perambulations.

The parson, without giving out his text, left his parish to shift for themselves, when waiting not for tythes, tythe pig, or congregation, he avoided the example shewn him by the wife of Lot.

The sapient pedagogue dropped his cats and ferula in dismay, and giving his boys a holiday, "ad infinitum," ran boldly to personify the quick, yea, the double quick march of intellect, and convince the world by positive demonstration, that the schoolmaster was, to all intents and purposes, abroad. The doctor, without waiting for his fee, seeing his patients gone before him, and having no patience to wait behind, followed closely at their heels, and starting off to kill in other parts, was resolved by chemicals, and quackery, to finish that which fear had but partially accomplished, and by his "*drenching*," send them faster to another world, than they had entered this.

The confusion that ensued, beggars all description; its parallel has never been discovered in any age or country.

On the defeat and capture of the French, the

fugitives returned to their respective homes, not exactly in the same good keeping in which they had broke cover. The commissary being *absent* without leave, short commons was unfortunately *present*; while the miserable wanderers, like deserters from a region visited by famine, flocked in by twos and threes, their spectral aspect giving the truest indications of the starvation and suffering they had undergone.

For many years, the subject was a fertile source of gossip, both to young and old; the well known story of the flight was oft repeated—even yet, after the lapse of nearly half a century, the narrative is rife upon the tongues of hobbling crones, and ricketty spinsters, (themselves the heroines of their tale,) as if the burthen of their song was but a thing of yesterday.

While all those wonderful events, skimmed over in the preceding pages, were (like the scenes in some great melodrama,) going forward, the *individual*, a portion of whose history is scattered throughout these volumes, was at that very interesting period of his life, when, although he made no great noise in the world himself, yet he was old enough to hear the

noise that was made by the aforesaid world immediately around him; the sound thereof, being of a tone belligerent, could not fail to impart a corresponding tone to his flexible and yielding mind, which led him into the way of thinking that as it seemed to be very much the fashion then, (as indeed it is in all times,) for every one to take care of themselves, after their own peculiar manner, he should, with the same praiseworthy end in view, pursue a system of early training, which in due course of time, might develope itself in sundry struttings, aping the ensigns, and threatening to be the most astonishing of Valerosos. But there was another sort of training in waiting for the nascent hero, which, upon a first impression, would seem more likely to be a cooler, if not wholly to extinguish the latent flame. It proved far otherwise, by what the young gentleman (who by this time is able to speak for himself,) will shew.

JOURNEY TO SCHOOL.

I never can forget the first journey I took from home towards the school of E——n. Visions of Greek and Latin, with all the horrors of birch and pedagogue floated before my

eyes, or rose in dread perspective to my fancy, producing a degree of melancholy, that was far from being relieved by the drear and dismal aspect of the morning upon which I started. It was in the very depth of winter ; the face of nature was mantled by the deepest snow ; every thing seemed to render still more oppressive the grief by which, even at that early age, I felt myself weighed down ; the memory of it dwells vividly on my mind. It is a sad affair truly, to part from all the associations of our younger days, in that spring-time of life when everything is sunshine, even though it were to seem of a mirthful nature, with the hopes of soon returning ; but, how much more desolate where that parting is for a length of time, and sends us into the very haunt of strangers, when the tenderness of parental fondness no longer is at hand to lighten the cares of childhood ; but when amid the coldness of a chilling world, all is as it were a wilderness compared with the happiness of the past.

The buoyancy of youth, however, soon elevated me beyond the unwelcome visions I have spoken of, which, like other dreams, vanished in their turn, their place supplied by the agreeable variety of things around, together with the lively con-

versation of a gentleman who travelled with me in the same post chaise.

My companion, Surgeon Perkins Vincent Crofton, who was then on his way to join his regiment, the 21st, or Royal North British Fusiliers, quartered in the town already mentioned, was a tall, good-looking man, of a florid colour, with sandy hair, and one of the most decidedly facetious characters I ever met with; his care-de-destroying visage was quite sufficient evidence of this. For thirty miles of a dreary and monotonous road that we jogged along together, the risible features were in full play; it was (at least on his part,) one continual round of mirth and drollery. Crofton was an Irishman, but from an extensive intercourse with the world, his accent was but slightly tinged with Irish colouring.

There never was a journey trod by man, where such good company was more needful.

Our route, as I said before, was bleak and cheerless in the extreme; cold and shapeless mountains in the distance, formed the most striking feature of the wild and inhospitable landscape; while bogs and marshy hollows, with

* On retiring from the 21st, Crofton settled in Jersey, where, having for many years enjoyed the privacy of domestic life, he died justly lamented by all who knew him.

boundless tracts of unclaimed land, lay in the more immediate vicinity of our range of view. By way of making the thing more picturesque, on either side of the road the cabins were numerously planted, from whence issued forth generations of ragged beings, who gaped and shouted after our cortége as we jolted past their dreary hills. I know of nothing which more forcibly displays the contented character of the Irish poor, than the cheerfulness with which they bear up against the misery that assails them in their cabins, where every corner is penetrable to the blast, and often, where even the slightest shelter is denied; they go forth to their morning labour, and return at night to what can barely be called a hovel, with more of joyous feeling, with less of care or anxiety on their brow, than is experienced by those whose dwellings are the home of luxury and comfort. And then, the laughing happy faces of the almost naked children, would lead the superficial traveller to infer, that Ireland was not, after all, that very wretched country,—wretched no doubt they are, but there is an elasticity about them, a warmth, a cheerfulness of disposition, that under the utmost pressure bears them up, and will sustain them, while misrule, bad management and op-

pression, conspire, and are arrayed against them.

It is, however, truly to be lamented, that in spite of all this apparent unconcern about their character, there is still so much of real misery, so much of a deplorable state of things abounding every where. It is deplorable to behold so large a portion of that fine country lying in a desert and wild condition for want of cultivation, every part of which might, with a small degree of industry and perseverance, be made available, and sufficient for the wants and comforts of its poor inhabitants, whose lot, painfully evident as it is, seems to obtain but little sympathy. The time has now long past, since I first became a traveller in that country ; but long as it is, and inexperienced as then I was, there was enough to impress the novice with an idea of its hopeless poverty ; yet little comparatively has since been done—that poverty seems evermore to hang upon them like a curse ; while chained down in the heavier curse of ignorance, their misfortunes, from these and other causes, are perpetuated ; each generation worse than that preceding, without the remotest prospect of amendment. They talk of railroads, poor-laws, and other schemes, by way of a remedial plan, but it ap-

pears to be clear enough to any one of common sense, who will only take the trouble of enquiring, by means of simple observation, that nothing would so effectually improve, if not restore that country, as a general system of reclaiming these widely-spreading marshes and barren tracts of land, bestowing thus upon the people, not only constant work (the true secret after all of bringing contentment to the mind), but divisions of that land as fast as it was reclaimed, as an encouragement to future industry, and a reward for past exertions. Half the money expended in keeping up a large body of armed troops, as are now found necessary for preserving life and property, would defray much of the expense attendant on so great an undertaking. The people, notwithstanding every doubt and fear upon the subject, would at least obtain a comparative degree of happiness; and as for the protection against crime, now so fearfully committed, the well-organised constabulary would be sufficient for any purpose. But to resume our journey; after the first stage, the rain came down so earnestly, and, I may add, unmercifully, that we were forced to keep the carriage windows up, I will not say to the exclusion of air, for that very useful element found access through every

corner of the vehicle, which, amid all our trouble, threatened to resolve itself into a mass of ruin.

By-and-bye, the road became one of those regular corduroy affairs, ascending agreeable to the wise arrangements of "other days," from the top of one hill to the highest pinnacle of another, so that, tumbling about as we did, like a ship upon the furrows of a heavy sea, it was nearly hopeless to think of getting to the journey's end. However, after crossing several of these break-neck hills, and passing two lions, a black lion and a red one, both of which looked exceeding grim, we entered on a more civilized piece of country, overspread with ornamental scenery, part of the grounds of Florence Court, the demesne of Lord Enniskillen. Night by this time closing in, made every thing around as indifferent as the solitary waste, save that now and then the twinkling of lights from the cabin-windows along the road, reminded us of human habitations; when, at length, passing the island to our right, upon which the town of E—— stands, we reached the gates conducting to the awful seminary; ascending a steep hill, by means of a winding avenue, the carriage drive in front brought us to the hall-door.

What a variety of strange, and by no means delightful thoughts, occupy the musings of a young beginner, upon his first entry within the walls of that asylum, which, however attractive its exterior, and whatever may be its comforts or advantages within, seems to his inexperience, and as yet imperfect view of things, very much in the shape and character of a bastille. The huge and solid fabric (so at least it seemed to me) loomed amid the darkness in those immense proportions which are said to pertain to the aforesaid building; and to my diseased imagination, frowned upon me in its gloomy majesty, as I began to mount the steps. Crofton introduced his trembling charge to the venerable master of the school, who after a survey from head to foot, began a cross-examination, which, as well as I can remember, was neither very satisfactory to the principal, nor yet remarkably creditable to the abilities of his future tyro. Whatever lively thoughts may previously have filled the mind, were beginning rapidly to ooze away, and by the time that the door was closed upon my worthy fellow-traveller, they had fled most unaccountably, leaving me to read in the dark lineaments of a countenance that gazed upon me somewhat sternly, that there was anything but

commiseration to be expected here. If the truth must be told, I felt a sort of trepidation creeping over me in his presence, from which I recovered not until the period of dismissal to the dormitory had arrived. Here sleep seemed to have utterly forsaken me; miseries that never came alone, prevented it; the noisy urchins (of whom there were at least a score) stared at, and tormented their new companion, until at last, tired out with this, they commenced a nasal oratorio, which, together with the hideous dreams that haunted me, made this appear to be one of the longest nights I ever remember to have passed.

The learned institution stands on the crest of a lofty eminence, which overlooks an extended and beautiful range of country. Lough Erne skirts its base, and opening into wider amplitude, spreads out considerably towards the west, as far as the small town of Belleek, where it is connected with the ocean by a channel, passing under the bridge of Ballyshannon.

This magnificent lake is studded with countless richly wooded islands, a splendid prospect from the banks; while the Belmore mountains, as remotely seen, and the immediate heights, crowned with green plantations, and bordered with the finest pasturage, presents a landscape,

which, taking it in any point of view, can scarcely be excelled.

At school all became inspired with military notions; the garrison marching past our gates, with bands of music, every day, brought the youngsters to the boundaries, on the very tiptoe of delight. Had they studied in what way to turn our heads, they could not have done it more effectually. The barracks being in front of where our sports were going forward, gave even our most unaspiring youths a hankering after war. They soon got up a miniature battalion of their own, marching to and fro, with various evolutions, to the sound of flutes and fifes, while they mimicked their older brethren in arms on the other side of the water. Many a scion, who made a noise in after times, was first electrified by the military spark while parading, with his Lilliputian comrades, on the slope of that green hill, the arena of his earliest exploits.

With the exception of these performances, I can recall but few enjoyments, (if such they may be termed). People may talk of the delights of their school-boy days, while their imaginations are pleased by the reminiscence of such a life; for my own part, as far as my experience goes, as I before observed, I can re-

member nothing that was calculated to delight or captivate the mind, in the course of this probation. There was a good supply of novelty, to be sure, about the thing, when the youngster was, for the first time, introduced to the establishment, where he was to be put in training, like a harnessed filly, by means of certain operations which emanated from a "*coercion bill*," strictly got up by the "gentleman usher of the black rod," together with his associates in office; but when the novelty (most evanescent in its nature) wore away, and the first "black Monday," showed its horrifying aspect, the plain realities of terrorum hall stood up in fearful and most disheartening array. That awful Monday, when aroused, or rather affrighted, from visions of lately tasted joys, of home, its fond indulgences, its many comforts, by a grim-looking, callous-pated fellow, who sung out a sort of harsh reveillé—"Gentlemen, it is half-past six;" while armed, like Guy Fawkes, with a tremendous lanthorn, (but not a dark one), he tugged the blanket, in order to enforce his hateful warning, and despatch the reluctant master Hornbook to his business.

Let any one who has ever been at one of these public seminaries in the winter season,

just look back for a moment, upon his first entrée, and he will easily understand this turning out at half-past six ; I will be bound to say, if he has the honesty to confess it, that he has often wished those, to him, ill-omened gentlemen, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and Co., in the very bottom of the river Styx.

Behold ! there sits the Dominie, looking as black as characters of that profession think it necessary to do on these occasions, encircled by a ring of trembling bears (young ones, I mean,) before their leader, who drills them into all the mysteries of Greek and Latin ; while in other quarters, are theu shers, with anything but commiseration in their visage, consoling themselves, under the bitterness of the morning, by keeping the knuckles of the youngsters warm, and by an application upon their cerebral organs, which is likely to produce the same effect.

I wonder what, in the name of *Busby*, could induce any one possessed of his natural senses, to become an usher, if he could manage to scrape up a decent livelihood in any other way ; for, of all other things, it seems to be the most tormenting—early and late, it is the same dull horse and mill-work, to the end of time.

School-boy days !—school-boy fiddlesticks !—

if unmerciful floggings, black-hole imprisonments—to be the whipping post of every hot-headed blockhead, or stupid underteacher, or understrapper, who straps you with a vengeance—cruelties, overbearing tyrannies, and boxing matches among each other—if these, I say, with many more delightful matters, constitute the pleasures of such a life, then I am quite agreed upon the subject, and must confess that it is an elysium in its way. I have heard some vague account of tears that were shed on leaving school, but I rather incline to think those tears were crocodile's.

Our musical professor (for we had harmony as well as classics) was a performer belonging to a strolling party in the town, whose capacity of barrel would have qualified him to have been a member of their common council. This jolly son of Thespis, whose name was Brennan, played the flute, and an old cremona, with admirable pathos ; while, on the stage, he personated men of ancient date, fat friars, or innkeepers. In old Dowlas in the Heir at Law, he was without a rival.

Many times have I seen him puffing and blowing to get up the hill, the malicious urchins, meanwhile, enjoying the poor man's efforts, the force

of which scarcely left him a breath of wind by the time he had gained the summit.

There was another professor, who played on a very different sort of instrument than that performed on by our comic friend—one that in general produced an accompaniment of rather a discordant nature.

Tom Tickl'em (his familiar name) was a sort of half dominie, half clerical cast of character; he might with truth be said to have been the "Prince of Pedagogues," a man whose every look and gesture, attitude and limb, savoured amazingly of birch.

In the platoon he seldom exercised, but he was a perfect adept at the manual. His very smile struck terror to the stripling's heart, for he could "smile and smile," and be a tickler; it was worse than castigation from another. Tom's usual employment, when he was not engaged in this (at least to him) very interesting manner, was taking suuff, looking out for some delinquent as he stalked, to us in a awful way, up and down the school-room; while occasionally, as he indulged in one of those very attractive smiles, chuckling within himself at the troubles of some poor luckless wight, he smoothed down his more projecting feature, and

by certain other well known indications, it was easy to foresee the result of his manœuvre.

As he emerged from the dread arena of our studies, upon a dark and wintry morning, woe betide the urchins, for at least a score of them were doomed to exhibit as equestrians.

Tom was much too honourable a man to break his promise, which was at first a verbal one; but he never failed, in any instance, of giving it "under his hand;" when assisted by Scott, his aid-de-camp, he was completely in his element.

It may be considered puerile to notice things relating to our younger days; but puerile as it is, I cannot avoid another word or two upon the subject, for if it be admitted (and all philosopher agree on this point), that the boy is father to the man, then every circumstance, however trivial, the effect of which may have had an influence on the youngster's life in after times, is not unworthy of some historical memoir. For anything I know to the contrary, a second Wellington, or Nelson, or even the counterpart of some other celebrated man, may have sprung from the learned institution; men whose deeds may have obtained for them a corner in St. Paul's, with the honour of being gazed at for twopence, by the numerous family of sight-seers;

or a *covering of glory*, that is, "a few sods of kindred earth" upon the field of battle; returning therefore, to the aforesaid institution, the above-named Scott was a youth whose abilities as to mind and body were pretty nearly on a par.

Whether he was related to the eminent individual who afterwards became Lord E—, is not recorded; this information however, has been obtained for the satisfaction of the curious, that the youth in question, was unquestionably broad shouldered, with a bull neck, and a thick clumsy figure, supported by limbs, or rather pedestals, fully adequate to sustain the load of solid matter. When a culprit was delivered up to his affectionate care, there was no appeal; with a swing he took the equestrian upon his back, something after the manner of Heppenstall,* when the more he kicked, the faster he was pinioned round the neck by Scott, who, with a malignant eye, grinned at his victim across the shoulder, with a face like Caliban.

A great many years after the period of which

* Well known as the "walking gallows," a celebrated character in the time of the Irish rebellion, who performed summary execution upon any of the rebels who fell within his power, by suspending them from his colossal frame, until the unhappy wretch was strangled.

I have now been writing, upon entering the town of E——, for the purpose of joining my regiment, which was quartered there, almost the first person I encountered on the bridge, was, "*horresco referrens*," the original castigator in person, who still was flourishing in that place.

Had the ghost of Tickl'em appeared before me, I could scarcely have been more horrified. On perceiving it *was* the man, I would have shrunk hastily from his presence; but by good chance, his attention was so much absorbed by his own particular reveries, that I passed unnoticed. I took very good care in future, to make a tolerably wide detour, in order to avoid a similar encounter.

There was much whimsicality about the pedagogue, whenever the spirit moved him to launch out into more than ordinary extravagance. An instance of this occurred soon after, when he sent an invitation, I should say an order, for some of us to meet him at the supper-table. From certain misgivings, with which all were, more or less, possessed, we were at first reluctant; however, we dared not on any account refuse; no, no!—the burgo (for at that time he was provost of the town,) was not to be

denied—he was by no means a personage to be trifled with. At the appointed hour, we assembled, and found the worthy doctor seated at his table.

Without fatiguing the reader with an elaborate description of his costume, I shall merely note, that his coat, for he was then dressed for seeing company, had originally been black, and his waistcoat ditto, but dyed or coloured into a sort of Vandyke brown, with the aid of snuff, of which he was profuse.

His house and furniture were in character with his appearance. In his chamber there was nothing to be seen, but chairs or benches, and a table, on which there lay a table-cloth, evidently a stranger to the washerwoman.

On this memorable occasion, the only attendant was a frowsy drab with a mobcap, who presently shewed herself, as the bearer of a capacious dish of boiled cockles in their shells, which she laid upon the board; when placing sundry little jugs of punch, and tumblers of a corresponding size, she marshalled the whole before the party. The supper establishment thus complete, was extremely neat, and far from being expensive, as the under-mentioned “carte” will shew.

	£	s.	d.
Cockles	0	0	2
Bread	0	0	6
Whiskey	0	1	0
Sugar	0	0	6
Sundries	0	0	6
Sum total	£ 0	2	8

After the punch and cockles were disposed of, a huge pile of empty shells filled the centre of the table, standing by way of a monument to the generous hospitality of our host, who I am quite sure, if he had commanded us to swallow shells, cockles and all, we durst not have the rashness to act in rebellion against the awful man.

“He best can paint them, who has felt them most.”

The Black Hole of Calcutta has been often enough dilated on in history, yea, even until its frightful horrors made the blood run cold; but I am not aware that the Black Hole of Enniskillen has found a place in story.

As an inmate of that dire and subterranean domicile, I had the happiness of enjoying a specimen of its terrors, and can therefore feelingly

depict them. Being at one time among a group of hungry scholars, and "very poor ones too," waiting in a sort of anti-chamber, where we formed a passage for the dinner on its transit from the kitchen, a knavish fellow, charged with bringing up the dishes, having a spite against us, was determined that one of us should pay a visit to these afore-named lodgings ; and to this effect, let fall the dish, in order that he might accuse us of the crime. Hearing the crash of fragments, and the descent of crockery, our preceptor hurried with agitated movements to the spot, when summoning the guilty author to his presence, he was replied to by the original perpetrator of the act, who immediately fastened upon the nearest of the cormorants, which happened to be the unfortunate individual who now relates the story.

With a most fraternal grasp, the exasperated pedagogue seized upon the criminal by the neck, when, in a shorter space than one would take to pen the circumstance, and with remorseless ire, he trailed his victim down two pair of stairs, even to the postern of his future dungeon. After introducing the unlucky though guiltless wight to the abode of solitude, nay, the very sanctum of despair, he dispatched him with a round.

spinner upon the ear, which sent him whirling to the gloomiest corner of his cell, leaving some questionable marks upon his head-piece, and a much deeper impression on his memory, than any thing he ever learned within his walls.

Finding myself the happy tenant of this unenviable residence, I had abundant time to ruminate on my fate, while surveying, so far as the obscurity of my den permitted, the various nooks and cavities, where every space seemed occupied by vermin, or by rubbish ; when, at length, my ruminations were disturbed by the approaching footsteps of a dame, who might be said to be the protecting angel of these nether chambers.

“ Fire was in her eye, (grease) grace was in her steps ;
In every gesture kitchen-stuff and fat.”

The functionary, who was always more than favourable to the boys, perceiving that one of them was incarcerated within the boundaries of her culinary range, the fumes from which ascended to the vaulted roof, and being in one of her “melting moods,” transferred some fragments of the roast and boiled, to the unhappy object of her care. Doing all due honour to the provender, I was prepared to pass the night in shameful durance ; but how long I did remain, I

cannot now pretend to say ; of this, however, I am well assured, that no one who was ever sent to dine in company with rats and mice, with the broad palm of an angry schoolmaster ringing upon his oral member, was provided with a more savoury banquet than that dispensed on this occasion by my generous benefactor.

CHAPTER III.

21st Fusileers—89th Regiment—Opthalmia—Lord E. S.—
Theatricals—Owenson—Songs—Acting—Miss St. Clair—
Connoly—The leather breeches—False alarm—Society in
Ireland—Duelling—Markham Kilmore—Mrs. Brimston—
New way of learning to dance—The pistol thrower.

THE 21st, or Royal North British Fusileers, which, as I before observed, were quartered in Enniskillen, was then commanded by Colonel Lord E—— S——t, who resided in a romantic cottage, on the opposite side of the lake, called Derrygore, the seat of Acheson Irwin, Esq. The gallant colonel was rather an eccentric personage, rejoicing in singularity of garb. Among the strange appendages to decorate his person, he wore a tremendous tail, or queue, pretty much in the shape of a fox's brush ; some even said, that it was in reality that article, which dangled somewhat gracefully between his shoulders.

His lordship was tall, and a little fierce in his exterior, strutting withal in a very consequential manner.

From this period, the Fusileers underwent a variety of transmigrations ;—there cannot now be a man or officer in the corps who was with them then. They passed on to the Mediterranean, where they luxuriated for many years ; escaping the toils of the Peninsular campaigns. Being more recently engaged upon the unfortunate expedition to New Orleans, they lost a number of their finest men. The gallant Major Rennie was killed, in storming a redoubt, in front of General Jackson's cotton bales. Major Whittaker and others fell in that fatal conflict. After some little stay in England, when the peace ensued, they were dispatched to the West Indies ; where, while stationed in Demerara, Major C——n lost his life. As field officer of the day, he was approaching on his visiting rounds to the drawbridge of the fort, when a soldier of the regiment, who was on sentry there, levelled his piece and shot the major through the heart.

The 21st again returned to England, remaining but a little time at home ; they were sent to New South Wales, where, by a probationary

course of tanning, they are qualifying for a long sojourn in India.*

The 89th regiment, of which General Almarle, Earl of Lindsay, was the colonel, succeeded the 21st in Enniskillen, having lately returned from the expedition to Egypt, where they served with distinction in the brigade of the Earl of Cavan; and from whence they came, not only with an abundant crop of laurels, but with opthalmia enough to supply the remainder of the army. This complaint made such ravages among them, that the whole regiment, colonel and all, were nearly blind; and were led about in a helpless way, before they left the country.

The late Lord Blayney was Lieutenant-Colonel of the second battalion, when they were employed in Spain; where, being taken prisoner, he was marched to Verdun. The first battalion, after leaving Ireland, went to the East Indies, where they remained for many years; during which they were engaged on the expedition to Java, and on the Burhman campaigns.

Returning home, a few years since, they were shifted about to various parts of the United Kingdom; and from Ireland they sailed for the western hemisphere, where they are at present

* Since the above was written, the regiment proceeded to that country.

enjoying the full benefit of a broil beneath a tropical sun. Before the reduction, the second battalion was stationed in America, where they went through the latter part of the Canadian business, and were distinguished at Niagara.

THEATRICALS.

The young gentlemen of our establishment were now and then indulged with liberty to view the town ; and, while theatricals were going on, troops of us were sent in by turns to see the play. The strollers were passable enough for a country town ; and, at stated times, they had some excellent performers. The Sinclairs and Connors, in particular, were superior in their line.

Poor Owenson, the manager, was long since called to his fathers ;—a more kind-hearted being never lived. His personation of the Irish character was far beyond any actor of his times ; while the racy brogue, by which his amusing dialogues were enriched, rendered them inimitable. In the part of Murtoch Delany, he caused his auditors to laugh almost to tears ;—his dress was in such good keeping, that one could scarcely bring himself to think it was a mimic scene. Murtoch enters with tattered

garments, and a hay rope round his waist, with garters of the same material. Armed with a huge pitchfork, he would lead you to imagine that Paddy had but that instant left his bogs, whilst exclaiming, as he blunders on the stage, "I *slipt* under a hay-stack last night, and the fithers were wet." In the character of Father Philip, in the Castle Spectre, he was admirable; when the jolly fat friar came on soliloquizing, while patting his lusty sides, "O *sinner* that I am, to forget my bottle of sack!" the house was literally in a roar. His Irish songs were all sung with a fine mellow voice, in a style unequalled by anything I ever heard, even from Irish Johnstone, or the well-known Power. Drimindu's lamentations, for the loss of her cow, with other plaintive ditties, vibrate still upon the memory of those surviving few, who once had listened with rapture to the vocalist.

Owenson was a tall, strong built man, with a countenance of the true Milesian stamp, highly expressive of drollery and good humour. His daughters, Ladies Morgan and Clarke, inherit the talents of their father, and are most accomplished;—the former has contributed largely by her pen to the entertainment both of man and womankind. Evelina, the spectre, appearing on

this earth in the corporeal frame of Miss St. Clair, was so true to nature, and the whole scene produced with such effect, that a real, or I should say an unreal, ghost, could scarce have seemed less tangible. It came home so deeply to the minds of most of us, that it was long before we dared to enter into a dark chamber ; and as for wandering near a church-yard, the boldest of the party would have shrunk from the attempt.

Miss St. Clair was an extremely pretty girl, with an oval face, laughing eyes, and perfect symmetry of form, a display of which she often made when sporting male attire. Her whole countenance was full of animation ; and for many years she was the chief attraction of the company. She afterwards became the wife of an actor named Mac Carthy, who raved and ranted a variety of unimportant characters.

It may be considered perfectly correct by "wiser heads" to send the juveniles, as we were, to witness theatrical entertainments ; but those who reflect that there is nothing (particularly in the country theatres) to benefit the youthful mind, will be of a very different opinion on the subject.

The impressions made at that early period can never be effaced ; it becomes therefore of no

small importance, that those impressions should have a useful tendency. All the glare, tinsel, shew, and music of the mimic scene, however attractive or alluring in themselves, will but poorly compensate for the mischief too often disguised under that deceptive but transparent veil. There can be no doubt that many a stage-struck hero, who frets and "fumes his hour," may date from his school-boy days the time when Thespian fire was kindled within his breast; from them may date his life of poverty—of profitless adventure; his days of anxious care—his nights of restless misery; wandering from place to place, often without a friendly roof; imploring in vain for a smile from that "fickle goddess" who allures him in her train but to disappoint—but cruelly to deceive. It is all very well to play the hero or the heroine, and gain the applause of a grinning multitude in a rustic barn; but when we come to see the hero and his inamorata stripped of their spangled robes, divested it may be of their regal state—how they are rewarded in real life when you get behind the scenes—how little beyond those empty shouts remain—how impalpable the shadow of that, it well may be called, mockery of grandeur—how slight the generous feeling,

when misery, in the shape of a threadbare purse, is their companion—we cannot but lament the destiny of those, who, tempted by its vanities, or its false ensnarements, are led to pursue a course of life so utterly deceptive and precarious; who, had their minds in youthful time been otherwise directed, would have filled creditably, and with honour to themselves, the higher and more useful walks of life.

On my second visit to the town of E—, at a more recent period, the Connors were acting there, and with them a most eccentric individual named Connoly. This poor man was no exception to the remarks already made; he had many difficulties to contend with off the stage, not the least of which was “empty pockets;” being, as before observed, an out-of-the-way sort of genius, he had the happy knack of transmuting the comic to the tragic muse, and *vice versa*, by the extraordinary influence of his wand. His wardrobe, as may easily be imagined, was rather scantily supplied, both as regarded quantity and material; of which the most faithful to their trust was a very endurable pair of leather breeches, and which were called into active service on every favourable opportunity; Richard, “when himself again,” was not without the

buckskins ; while performing Doricourt or Goldfinch, or when figuring in the street, they graced his nether man ; so that he might with truth affirm, that, at least in his case, “ *there was nothing like leather.*”

FALSE ALARM.

Shortly after arriving at the town of S——, a curious exhibition took place, ill corresponding with the gravity of the occasion for which the people were assembled ; which afforded some lively gossip for the tea-table ; and even now, would produce a smile upon the countenance of those antiques who witnessed it.

During the performance of divine service in the parish church, a sudden noise sprung up among a party of dragoons, who had taken up their station in the gallery ; and who, changing their position in a manner too abruptly, their sabres and accoutrements made rather an unholy clash.

The congregation, not perceiving the true cause of the disturbance in the gallery, the soldiers being concealed behind the organ, made a corresponding stir, rising up with terror, supposing that the fabric was about to tumble in, making one general rush to every space, through

which escape from danger could be managed. The confusion became awful ; the minister's loud appeal, imploring them to keep their places, was of no avail. Scrambling like a bevy of frightened cats, over pew doors, across the reading-desk and communion table, they upset the whole paraphernalia of the sanctuary. The affrighted multitude still pressed on, regardless of anything but personal safety, through the windows ; until at length the origin of the business being known, those who were bundling out began to see the folly of their conduct, and as many as were not utterly paralyzed, returned to their seats, though not without first taking an anxious peep at the rafters of the building. The troopers, who caused the false alarm, were grinning down upon the people, while they seemed to enjoy the thing amazingly.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN IRELAND IN 1802.

The Irish people were, of all created beings, in the times I now allude to, the most dissipated and extravagant. Absenteeism, tithes, high rents, and other matters, may have obtained the credit of producing the evils to which Ireland has for ages past been subject ; but I am well convinced, that many of them may be traced to

those reckless habits, which were the means of leading thousands into ruin. While the Castle Rack-rent system flourished, they seemed, by their management and style of getting on in their expenditure, to be running a race with Time, for the purpose of ascertaining how long the rental would hold out. Extravagance was the rock they split on ; no matter what the income, on they went, in one blind infatuated course, while the money lasted. Splendid annuities were fined down to so small a compass, that their owners, those gentlemen of fortune, or more correctly speaking, those unfortunate gentlemen, dwindled into perfect insignificance. Stripped of their money, lands, and household furniture, they were frequently reduced to mean extremities—to the miserable cabin on the way side, with scarcely covering from the blast. The man of limited means commenced where he should finish, when aping those of more pretensions, he sported his equipage, livery, and servants ; while at fair, or race course, he was the fancied proprietor of thousands. Beginning the world, perhaps, with but fifty pounds a year, he must, perforce, turn out his jaunting car, with Pat the driver, having a bit of gold lace upon his hat ; when the family going to church,

decked out with silks and leghorns, excited the envy and astonishment of their neighbours.

The jaunting car is a piece of furniture which no one in that country, even in the present day, can do without. There is not upon earth a more sickening or ridiculous exhibition, than one of those outside cars, occupied by a quartette of would-be exquisites, who, lounging across the middle cushion, as they drive down Sackville Street, each with a quizzing-glass stuck within the socket of his unmeaning eye, while puffing their cigars, they pollute the healthy atmosphere; and gaze, with a stupid and vacant stare, upon every well-dressed female who may be so highly honoured as to attract their notice.

The state of society was equally bad within doors as it was without; whiskey punch, that everlasting bane of Ireland, was the beloved nectar of their tables; even the wealthy, if any such there were, thought it not unworthy of their patronage; the maddening liquor flowed at every festal meeting. As the punch was handed round, their brains, or whatever else they might have had in lieu thereof, evaporated quickly; they were muddled and bewildered; their eyes were dancing in their heads, while

songs and thundering oaths burst forth alternately from the clamorous assembly.*

In one corner of the room, now clouded with the fumes of alcohol, stood an earthen jug, a proper drinking cup for mortals of the giant species. From this reservoir, filled to the brim, and compounded of proof materials, the lesser jugs were constantly replenished. The doors were fastened, and none was allowed to quit his post until every drop was finished, which seldom was the case before daylight, when the whole were lying insensible on the floor in a strange variety of postures; the hurras and shouting having died away with the drunken deaths of each and all the revellers. Scattered

* A melancholy proof of the sad effects of these disgraceful drinking bouts occurred about the period of which I write. Captain Blakeway, of the Carbiniers, was out spending the day, and a good part of the night, at one of those frequent junkettings. Returning at a late, or rather an early, hour of a dark and wintry morning, probably well primed with punch and other cordials, his horse took fright; and this unlucky officer being thrown, but not completely off his saddle, his foot got entangled in the stirrups, while the terrified animal pursued his rapid course with the speed of lightning, dragging the body of poor Blakeway at his heels. His mutilated corpse was discovered at an early hour upon the road, the stirrup leather having broke; the horse made his way in safety to the barracks.

fragments of broken glass, and frequently a purple stream from broken heads, gave a few striking symptoms of the night's debauch.

Moreover, their social circles were chiefly composed of wild and dissolute characters, who led a rambling, extravagant, and worthless life; their open houses, often open for want of a door, when the hand of miscalled hospitality was held out to every good-for-nothing itinerant who passed their gates. Society, whether bad or good, was to them as much a necessary part of their existence, as the spirits which they guzzled.

Duelling, as usual, sprung from these proceedings; whiskey accomplished the twofold purpose of bringing friends together, and afterwards causing them to fight; the Irish blood was up on the smallest provocation, and Pat, like a match to which the spark had been applied, was instantly on fire, and ready to explode.

It was then (and I believe the idea still prevails) considered exceedingly genteel to fight a duel; the education of a gentleman was not said to have received its polishing touch, without a little experience at the pistols; while the daring fellow, who was so lucky as to wing or kill his

man, was gazed at even by the ladies with no small pleasure, and a considerable share of favour. These unfortunate propensities made it dangerous for any moderate person to go into company, a sample of the elements comprising which may be obtained from the individual of whom I am now to speak. No man that ever attempted to redress the wrongs of others, or took vengeance for his own, made a greater noise than Markham Kilmore, for so this celebrated Irishman was styled. About five-and-thirty years ago, he was the hero of every reckless and hair-brained enterprize that was going forward in the country.

When in the zenith of his popularity, among the fire-eating members of his brethren, he was in the prime of life ; and one of the finest looking men that Ireland could produce, at once the admiration and terror of all beholders. Constant and active exercise had given to a remarkably handsome countenance a colour, that many a damsel might have sighed for ; but habits of intemperance, which his jovial temper fostered, and his quondam friends encouraged, soon induced a look of premature decay. The most inveterate constitution was unequal to withstand the nightly, it might even be said, the daily

revels, which he and other good fellows, well met, kept up together. Moreover, he was a sporting character ; when " hark forward ! " was the cry, he was foremost at the fox-hunt ; when equipped in his green frock, with bright gilt buttons, hunting cap, leathers, and jockey boots, he was looked on as one of the most dashing sportsmen, and fearless riders, that ever broke his neck across a six-barred gate. None were before him at the death, of the truth of which the *brush* was his best certificate.

So professed a duellist was only equalled by his father ; the spirit of his mother, likewise, had infused itself within his nature ; for the good old lady, far from being the mildest of her sex, was a thorough brimstone in her way ;—spurring on those who had no stomach for the field, and applauding those who had, she was embroiled herself, and got every one else embroiled in disputations, who lived within fifty miles of her hall door. Furthermore, by way of taking comfort, for that she, having unhappily made her entrée in the world as a claimant for petticoat dominion, was therefore unqualified for the "*death or glory club*," she frequented every soirée, as well as dinner party, where her beloved topic was discussed, and also courted the

intimacy of every desperado and bravado of her day ; urging her husband (nothing loath) to every hostile meeting which he had on his hands ; while she, poor innocent, in the most harmless way imaginable, to be sure, looked to the efficiency of the weapons, keeping, meanwhile, the powder in her pocket, to render it friable or fusible for immediate use.

Worthy of such a mother was her hopeful son, who permitted not a single day of his life to pass without respect to her affectionate advice ; when those who forgot to propitiate his wrath, for either crossing him in the streets or accidentally treading on his toes, were invited to a cold collation on the following morning.

One of the finest women in the country was his wife ; she was a brunette, and somewhat embonpoint ; possessed, withal, of much that was excellent in her disposition. Hers was truly a reign of terror, for she was continually exposed to the wild extravagancies of the man, which he was pleased to denominate his drunken frolics.

There was, at one time, a poor old gouty gentleman bedridden at his house, whom he took the greatest pleasure in tormenting ; firing from his sitting-room, he made a riddle of the cieling overheard, which was a puzzler to the

invalid, who was compelled to get upon the best legs he could summon to his aid, dubious where to place them. Thus driven to dance a rigadon against his will, timing his ballet movements to the most piteous groans, the unlucky martyr was accompanied by the frantic shouts and hilloos of his dancing master. This rigadoning proved a capital remedy for the gout, but was much too violent for the nervous system, which sinking beneath so many repetitions of the dose, the patient speedily made his exit.

The fate of the original subject of our tale could easily be foretold; whether disabled by lead or whiskey, no great length of days awaited him.

Having made good his fame as bravo of the highest order, proving that he could smoke, drink, or fight with any man alive, the grim leveller called him out at last. To banish recollection, he drank without any intermission; when taking up the quarters vacated by his gouty friend and pupil, he procured a keg of the strongest whiskey, and had it placed beside his pillow. Swilling off deep potations, his unfortunate career was literally ended with the burning liquor at his mouth.

Many others of this stamp flourished in those

Gothic days ; men, whose weapons were at hand and loaded on all occasions ; nothing short of slugs in a saw pit, or the handkerchief across the table, would satisfy their *craving* appetite for powder. There is not an individual of them now alive—their violent career was in general ended by violent death ; and happily for other generations, few of those pests of civilized society have left a progeny to perpetuate their crimes.

THE PISTOL THROWER.

Here I am reminded of a very curious, and it may be added, whimsical rencounter, which took place in the West Indies some years ago, between two officers of a black regiment on that station ; which gave rise to much amusement in the garrison, and afforded a very convincing proof, that your braggadocios are not at all times to be depended on, when there is any likelihood of coming to the point. The doughty champion who cut the most conspicuous figure in the bloodless contest, was a noisy blustering genius, from the wilds of Mayo, of ferocious aspect, and clumsy build ; a man who was for ever boasting of his artist-like abilities. Sir Lucius was a trifle to him. No matter how in-

significant the cause ; the spilling of a glass of wine, a simple contradiction, or a smile, drew down the menacings and deadly imprecations of our hero ; in short, the individual who had no particular fancy to have a pistol ball sent through his body, thought it more prudent to avoid an intimacy with so dangerous a character. At last he found his match, in an equally pugnacious countryman, with whom he quarrelled about some trifling matter, arising out of what they did not know themselves. Preparations were made for mortal strife accordingly, the day appointed, and other preliminaries fixed on.

Marching undismayed, they soon arrived upon the spot, when the ground was measured for their accommodation ; the weapons were handed by the seconds, and the signal understood : meanwhile, the gasconader, feeling some remorse of conscience for his former sins, for which no time remained for doing penance, or having at that moment no particular relish for an ounce of lead, began to quake in every limb. Eyeing his antagonist with fierce demeanour, as if about to dispatch him quickly to the shades, he reversed the instrument of death, and grasping it by the muzzle, while he muttered curses on the object of his wrath, flung the loaded pistol with

furious might at the head of his astounded and horror-struck opponent. Making a desperate run for it, he fled so manfully from the spot, that Stevenson, with all his train, would have found it hard to overtake him. He never ventured to look behind, until his arrival at the beach, where a vessel on the point of sailing, received this second Whitelock, who bade adieu for ever to the perils of martial life.

CHAPTER IV.

Irish Duels—Daniel's Finest—Various ways of Fighting—
Duelling in the Army—Fire-eaters—Troublesome Custom-
ers—Duel at Corfu—Ditto in Portugal—Captain Puff—
P. O' Shaughnessy's Broad Hint—Colonel Henry Aston.

THE manner in which the Irish duels were carried on, was truly characteristic of the people. When it first got wind, that a *field-day* was about to be in celebration, by a meeting between a brace of red hot amateurs, for the purpose of giving or receiving satisfaction,—that is, to get a bullet through the head, in compensation for blows administered to some other portion of the body,—it was resolved to get up a general campaign upon the ground allotted for the combat.

Meanwhile, the seconds on either side, upon whom devolved the pleasing task of seeing the parties "shot like gentlemen," so far from

exerting their diplomatic powers towards any adjustment of the business, were doing all they could to blow the coals; and lest the multitude should be disappointed of their morning sport, were determined to exchange a shot or two themselves; when as it often happened, changing places with the principals, they took a leading part in the proceedings of the day. It would have been an affair of difficulty to ascertain the original, or legitimate subject of dispute; even to those most interested, it was frequently unknown. Trivial, however, as it might be, "honour," that very indefinable commodity, was touched—that was quite sufficient; nothing but the pistol could repair one breach, by opening another tolerably wide—they were willing to pocket anything but the affront.

Upon the eagerly looked-out-for day, the shops were closed—work suspended—school-boys get a holiday—young ladies were trimmed out in all their feathers, stretching their pretty little necks, to see the heroes of their fancy—old dames hobbled forth to mutter benedictions; in short, the world both in, and out of fashion, were on the pinnacle of curiosity, each from the windows to behold the favourite man. By sunrise, a mob of Daniel's finest were up; some

were up all night ; when flocking out upon the road in columns, well armed with blackthorns, or any other saplings, they were soon assembled at the scene of action, where, wild and lawless, their passions agitated into fever heat, they were on fire for any sort of mischief. Whenever it occurred, by the sudden appearance of a magistrate, that the entertainment was adjourned to the margin of the county, they were then allowed, as they expressed it, "to fight their battles in *pace* and quiteness." Compared with these, feudal times were tranquil as the golden age ; exhibitions of which savages would be ashamed, were daily carried on :—some were jumping on the green, with a sort of fiendlike joy ; while others, shouting in harmony with howling dogs and screaming women, formed a rough edition of Donnybrook, or the Curragh. Whiskey drinking, hurling, and pitch and toss, filled up the space that intervened, until the affair for which they had assembled, might commence.

"Friends and materials" being ready, and no apologies admitted, "Make way for the gintlemen," was echoed out by a thousand voices ; while infuriated, the people ran to where the ground was measured. "O by the pipers, and

here they are!—come boys, open right and left, and let them have fair play, any way ;” when instantly, a lane was formed in the centre of the crowd. Upon the first round being fired, should it so happen that through means of this a compromise was likely to take place, murmurs “loud and deep,” were heard to issue from the multitude, who expressed their disappointment by most outrageous yells ; when, however, they discovered that the pistols were re-loading, nothing could exceed their joy, while, with cheers, they pressed in upon the hostile parties, leaving them barely room to prosecute their studies.

In case, as it often happened, that the popular man was so successful as to kill his foe, the field was soon abandoned, amid vociferous cries of triumph ; while, upon the line of march, many a fractured skull gave ample testimony that there were various modes of fighting.

Scenes like these have not been witnessed in that unhappy country, at least to the same extent, for many years ; and it is to be hoped, that this abominable relic of barbarous days, may, in a little time, vanish altogether.

“The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,

And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.
As for your youths whom blood and blows delight,
Away with them!—there is not in their crew
One valiant spirit."

DUELLING IN THE ARMY.

The code of honour, agreeable to established usage, bears extremely hard on military men, who cannot evade a challenge, under penalty of the most awful loss of caste among their brethren; they are likewise compelled to notice every insult, or apparent insult, however slight—otherwise they are liable to an imputation, which one of the profession dare not brook.

On the other hand, complying with the severest dictates of the code, down come the articles of war, with, as Paddy would express it, "Death, or *worse* punishment;" but what a less pugnacious character would call denunciation; and the inexperienced get into difficulties, from which even older heads can scarcely extricate them.

With people in every class of life, true valour has been held in estimation; but among those of the profession I refer to, it is doubly estimated. Military reputation is of so nice and delicate a texture, that nothing can redeem the

smallest blemish which impairs it ; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that soldiers are so careful to preserve a quality, wanting which, all their other virtues are of little value. What appears to be the most extraordinary feature in the business, is the manner wherein the already mentioned articles of war (which in this respect at least, deserve the name of *articles* of peace), are rendered applicable, reminding one of the witch's ordeal—a sort of sink or swim concern, when the accursed hag is flung into deep water ; if she floats, she is burned, and if she sinks, they let her go to Davy's locker.

At one time, there abounded many quarrelsome characters in the service—men who had the name what is of popularly called a “good shot,” but who, unhappily, not reserving their stock of courage for other purposes, were on all occasions courting opportunities of displaying it. There was no living in a regiment with one of these exotics, who was often, by reason of his fiery nature, transplanted into other corps ; practising in this way, from one regiment to another, until half the army had got the benefit of his agreeable society.

The injustice and folly of disturbing the harmony of one battalion, by the introduction of a

man who had been obnoxious in another, became so great an evil, that it was at length decided by a general order, that an officer unworthy of remaining in his regiment, was unworthy of the service ; the service was therefore altogether relieved from his annoyance.

When I first entered the army, somewhere about thirty years ago, it was not uncommon, it was in reality a very general thing, that when a youth, perhaps not more than fifteen, joined his regiment, he found himself surrounded by advisers; who, instead of impressing the poor young fellow's mind with something useful, counselled him, that by way of a preliminary step, he should at once provide himself with a case of pistols ; for, said they, " You can never get on without them ; you must establish a character for yourself." Provided the young gentleman came from Galway, the advice was quite superfluous ; but otherwise, the tyro ran with precipitation to the most convenient manufacturer of the articles in question ; when possessing them, he placed the deadly implements in terrorem on his mantelpiece.

Since then, duelling is far from being so frequent ; gentlemanly feeling teaches those who really are gentlemen, at least in conduct, to

refrain from all that riotous behaviour, formerly so prevalent, and to preserve that "*suaviter in modo*," which binds the members of a corps in good fellowship together.

Much responsibility remains upon the colonel, whose duty it is to set his face against every thing which has a tendency to excite contention. A mistaken sense of honour has caused many a duel, where the timely interference of that officer, or an explanation, would not only have been easy, but honourable to those concerned ; but, unfortunately, the affair is often carried on without his knowledge, and hurried to an end, before there is even time for mediation on the subject.

An instance of this occurred at Corfu, about two years ago, when a slight dispute arose between two officers, who had always been on the most friendly footing at the mess table, which terminated on both sides, that evening, in good humour, neither parties thinking more about the matter. One or more of their companions, were, however, of a different opinion, and urged the necessity of an immediate meeting ; when, proceeding to the quarters of the gentleman whom they had conceived to have offered the first affront, they hurried him out at midnight

to the ground, where his unwilling antagonist had been already placed.

Without any deliberation, and with the utmost violence of temper, they hastened on a business, which might easily have been arranged; and by their officious interference, a remarkably fine young man was lost to his friends and country.

Many other examples might be enumerated; but one in particular, made a deep impression on my mind. While cantoned in the north of Portugal, somewhere about the beginning of 18—, the 2nd battalion of the 66th was in our neighbourhood. Some trifling altercation took place between two of the junior officers, which ended as usual in a duel, when one of the parties shot his opponent through the heart.

I remember well the time they fought;—it was on one of those clear mornings so frequent in that delightful climate. Walking in the country at an early hour, I perceived at some short distance, the slow and melancholy movement of a military party approaching towards me. Having had no previous notice of the duel, I can scarcely express the shock I felt,

on beholding the pale and livid countenance, and lifeless body, as it lay drooping in the soldiers' arms, of an officer I had seen on the night before, in the very prime of health and spirits. The unhappy individual, by whose hand he fell, never recovered from the effects which the fatal circumstance produced upon his mind; he was eventually killed, while gallantly serving with the Light Company of his regiment, of which he was a subaltern.

CAPTAIN PUFF.

There was at one time in our brigade in Spain, a boasting fellow, who prided himself much on his skill as a marksman, and that he could select a particular button off your coat, or snuff a candle at the distance of forty paces. Talk to him on any subject, and he was at once your man, winding up his dialogue by a knock-down argument, or cutting you short, by a hint of a much more gentle nature than that administered by the renowned O'Shaughnessy * himself.

* Peter O'Shaughnessy's broad hint was, conducting the obnoxious subject to the most convenient window, and point-

He was accosted one day quietly on the line of march, by a brother officer, on the question of a billet, and the latter was beginning to remonstrate, when the valiant Captain Puff stopped his mouth with, "Sir, billet here, or billet there, the sooner the business is settled, the better: there is a nate little bit of a garden at the back, do you see; make your will, my friend, in a few words."

This bravado was soon after forced to leave the service, of which he was a most unworthy member.

COLONEL HARVEY ASTON, OF THE 12TH
REGIMENT.

With the account of two extraordinary duels fought at the Cape of Good Hope, about forty years ago, between Colonel Harvey Aston, and Majors Allan and Picton of the 12th., I shall conclude this subject. The account is given in a daily paper of the time.

"In the absence of Colonel Aston from his

ing to the street below, while he raised the sash, gave the trembling culprit the choice of a summerset therefrom, or being kicked down stairs.

regiment, Major Picton and Major Allan had a misunderstanding with a lieutenant, which being communicated to Colonel Aston, he wrote his opinion in a private letter, that the two Majors had acted rather illiberally to the young man. This letter, it seems, was shewn; and the opinion of the Colonel coming to the ears of Majors Picton and Allan, they demanded a court of enquiry on their conduct, which the Commander-in-Chief thought proper to refuse, as, in the critical position of affairs, he thought it was not right that the harmony of the regiment should be disturbed.

“On Colonel Aston’s return to head-quarters, Major Picton called upon him for an explanation of the term ‘illiberal.’ Colonel Aston said, ‘that he could not think it necessary to answer for his public conduct in the discharge of his duty as Colonel of his regiment, to the officers of his corps; but if Major Picton had anything to allege against him, as a private gentleman, (which he believed impossible, for he had never given him cause of offence), he was ready to give him every satisfaction in his power.’

“Major Picton put it on the footing of a private quarrel; and they met the next day, with

their seconds. Major Picton had the first fire ; his pistol snapped, and the seconds decided that this was equal to a fire. Colonel Aston then fired his pistol in the air, declaring that he had no quarrel with Major Picton ; mutual explanations took place, and they shook hands.

“ The next day, Major Allan also demanded satisfaction, for the private opinion which Colonel Aston had given of his conduct ; and precisely the same answer was returned. The Major, however, was vehement in his language, and insisted on satisfaction. He made it even impossible for Colonel Aston to avoid it.

“ They met, and Major Allan had the first shot. The Colonel received his fire, and shewed no sign of being hurt. The seconds did not perceive that the ball had taken place ; he stood erect, and with the utmost composure, levelled his pistol with a steady arm, and shewed that he had it in his power to fire on his antagonist ; he then leisurely drew back his pistol, and laying it across his breast, said, ‘ that he was shot through the body ; he believed the wound was mortal, and he therefore declined to fire, for it should not be said of him, that

the last act of his life, was an act of revenge.' He then sat down on the ground ; was carried home, and after languishing for a week in excessive pain, but without a murmur, expired."

CHAPTER V.

7th Garrison Battalion—Gentlemen at large—Agreeable Occupation—Steelback—The Slough of Despond—Mistress Casey—Bridget and the Cat—The Holy 9th—Officers of the 7th Garrison Battalion—A true Disciple of the Martinet School—The lucky Major—Dunlop, Lane, &c.—The 32nd in Waterloo—Singular Circumstance—Death of Captain Boyce—The 42nd, and Queen's Germans—The Kilkenny Militia—Jovial Fellows—Pleasure of Mounting Guard—The bloodless Duel—The Limerick Lasses—The Soldier's Joy—Reception of the Military, on both sides of the Channel.

THE 7TH GARRISON BATTALION.

WE shall now adjourn to the fair city of Limerick, where I went, or was sent, upon a voyage of discovery, to find out a certain regiment, baptized, contrary to the general

order on that subject, and quite at variance with all civil regulations, before it came into the world, by the title of the Seventh Garrison Battalion, to which gallant corps in embryo, I had been but recently gazetted.

The reason why they were not already in existence, was the very best that possibly could be given; namely, that the gentlemen who have the management of those things, were only then discussing the matter among themselves. The fact was, there had been for a length of time in Ireland, a considerable body of troops, under the denomination of the army of reserve. * These men being enlisted for limited service, were destined to vegetate in garrisons at home; and from such, nine battalions were organized. Those for the 7th, were detachments from the 53rd, 61st, and 69th regiments.

* It is not easy to explain, why they were called the "Army of Reserve;" for unless the men chose to volunteer an extension of their service, they were available for nothing that could require a designation so imposing. Far from being maintained in "clover," many of them appeared to have been sadly in abeyance with the Commissary, which gave rise among the country people, to the appellation of the "Starved Army," instead of the "Army of Reserve."

According as the officers dropped in, they looked around in vain for something like the corps which they had been ordered so explicitly to join ; but there was not even a skeleton of it to be seen ; many of them were doubtful whether or not they held His Majesty's commission. They had, therefore, nothing to do, but pass their time as independently as they could, while scattered about at inns, and lodging-houses ; too gentleman-like for strolling players, yet appearing as if they did not know precisely what to call themselves ; measuring the streets, surveying the outlets of the town, peeping into printshop windows, or eating their twopenny tarts at the cake-shop doors.

Thus delightfully engaged, the sudden arrival of one or two tip-top *employés*, gave us wherewithal of a much more edifying nature to think about, changing at once the whole current of our ideas.

We soon got our ragged regiment together ; for, on the order coming down, the drafts from those corps already mentioned, were collected in a mass, and a very decent-looking band was organized. There was a good deal of ordering about, — undoing one minute, what had been done the last ; commanding and countermanding.

As for the new-comers, they were routed from post to pillar, and from pillar to post, in the most agreeable way imaginable, while they were put under a course of discipline, that formed no very pleasing contrast with the gentlemanly manner in which their time was lately spent.

Under the fostering care of a stiff Serjeant-Major of the 53rd, and the occasional surveillance of the adjutant of the same, who, from the polarity of his attitude, was called by the ensigns, *steel back*, we could not fail to improve; while with the pace-stick at our heels, and the dumb-bells in our hands, we were in a fair way of becoming tacticians of the highest order; at all events, such was the estimation in which we stood in our own eyes—it was therefore quite immaterial to us, what other people thought upon the subject.

The weather was bitterly cold; and at this inclement season, for it was then the middle of winter, it was far from being agreeable to be started out of a good feather bed, by a rough-looking orderly serjeant, who hinted to us in a way but too well understood, that the pleasure of our company was requested on the parade ground at Kigels barracks.

Between our lodgings in the town, and this same parade ground, there was a straggling outlet called Newtown Perry: which, in those days, resembled a shower of buildings that had accompanied a fall of snow; by which we had to pass a swampy piece of waste ground, that might well be designated the "slough of despond;" to us it was often a very desponding and rugged path, with the snow or sleet beating in our face, up to the knees in mud, hungry and cold, as we picked our unwilling steps, like any school boy with a satchel on his back.

Some of the more fortunate had quarters in the barracks, from which they had only to sally forth a step or two.

In company with a jolly ensign named Woods, I was lodged at the house of a Mistress Casey, in Mary street, situated in the old town, the most filthy of all filthy places. We had a parlour, the walls of which, having a thick coating of grease and dirt well blended together, it would have puzzled a magician to have discovered the original pattern; with furniture to correspond; the whole was perfumed by a mixture of odours, compounded of salt herrings, tobacco, beer, and whiskey punch.

Our bedroom was fitted up with two old-fashioned beds, with curtains that were fast mouldering into dust ; while the cobwebs, festooned in graceful drapery around the corners and windows, gave quite as much effect to the ornamental, as the aforesaid beds imparted to the useful branch of the establishment.

We managed things, however, better than we at first expected, under the superintendence of Mother Casey, who being a quiet inoffensive sort of creature, albeit now and then a little boozy from "the dew," but with the usual compliment of blarney ; we could not think of finding any fault, either with herself, or the economy of her tenement.

Her waiting maid was a perfect character in her way, being a lass who had already turned over at least some sixty winters. She had a set of strong weather-worn features, with matted locks, her whole exterior giving one very much the idea of a witch. Bridget, for such was the damsel's name, swore, with the wild and grating tone of one who had lately emigrated from the deserts of Cunnamara, that she would live and die with Mistress Casey ; in truth, so close was the resemblance or affinity, whichever you please to call it, between the lodgings, Bridget,

her mistress, and the cat, that it seemed a thing impossible, or unnatural, to disunite the party.

THE OFFICERS ASSEMBLED.

By the end of January, the officers were all together : upon which, a mess was set on foot, in the best apartment that could be found in the barracks at Newtown Perry ; and the young men, according to the system of that time, which may be, for aught I know, the system of the present, had so large a portion of their pay cut off for getting up of the establishment, that not having a penny piece they could call their own, they were forced to bleed their friends, if they had any, for they dared not look a paymaster in the face for months to come.

The "roast beef" being sounded, and the company militant duly congregated round the board, it may be well to introduce a few of the older hands, and most distinguished characters, to the acquaintance of the reader, before we travel further with our story ; although perhaps, in doing so, it may not be exactly right to keep the dinner cooling.

Our commanding officer "pro tempore," was Major Christopher V—, promoted from the old,

or, as they were then generally called, the "*holy ninth*.*" He was brought up in that very useful seminary, well known among military men as the "martinet school," and gave us occasionally a pretty fair specimen of his talents in that line.

Being comforted with that rather inconvenient appendage to the soldier, commonly called a wife, and having his quiver full of a numerous progeny, he was but an honorary member of the mess. He was seldom, however, absent on state occasions; and as for high days, holy days, or King's birth-days, they were all most religiously observed.

V—I was, like all married men, an early riser, and succeeded in training his regiment to that very salubrious and useful habit; having us on the ground for exercise long before the first approach of dawn. He remained with the battalion while they were in Ireland; and when the disembodied spirit of the corps was dispatched from the muster roll of full pay, he too accompanied his brethren to retirement. This officer

* Why they were called the "*holy ninth*," I never could ascertain; for although they were as brave a set of fellows as any in the army, it has not been so clearly proved that they were *particularly* religious.

died some years ago, but in what part of the terrestrial sphere, I cannot venture to assert.

The other field-officer was Major D——, a thorough-bred veteran, bearing marks which a lengthened residence in the West Indies had stamped upon his brow. He was slightly formed, and rather below the middle size. Being an old bachelor, he was, like others of his tribe, fond of having his comforts all about him; and was seldom found far distant, between the hours of six and eight, from a good bottle of old port. D—— was a fortunate man; for on the reduction of his battalion, he was placed upon the staff, and a very substantial one it was, —namely, the department of the Adjutant-General, which bears some affinity to the Court of Chancery; for if a man once gets his head within it, it is a chance if ever he get it out again, during his usual term of years.

James Dunlop, our captain of grenadiers, promoted from the 45th, in which for a considerable time he held the post of adjutant, was a North Briton, and the very life and soul of our society. Full of jokes and drollery, his delight was in playing tricks upon the ensigns, who, notwithstanding, looked up to him with affection and respect. Of stature tall and commanding,

Dunlop was to all appearance a remarkably handsome grenadier ; while, endued as he was with a lofty sense of honour and integrity, these and other qualities of his mind corresponded well with that appearance, and rendered him all that might be wished for in a soldier.

He was removed to the 14th, but he was not long among the "*old and bold*;" for taking cold in consequence of sleeping in a damp bed at an inn in Ireland, he died rather suddenly. Poor Dunlop ! a more worthy being never drew a sword.

Captain James Lane was promoted to us from the Old Buffs. Though rather heavy for the Light Bobs, of which he was the captain, approaching to nearly twenty stone, he was nevertheless an active man, and had borne the brunt of military service. Lane was appointed to the 84th, with which corps he died in the East Indies.

One of our oldest lieutenants was William Ince, an Englishman, from the 8th, or King's regiment. He was a good-natured, harmless man, about the middle size, with dark eyes and swarthy complexion. Ince exchanged into that fine corps the 38th, in which he was severely wounded while in Spain. From ill health,

induced by the effects of his wounds, he died in 18—.

William Wharton, promoted from the 35th, was lieutenant of grenadiers. He was tall, well made, and of very gentlemanly aspect. In 1807 he was appointed to the 85th, and subsequently to the 73rd, with which distinguished corps he served at Waterloo. After holding the appointment of Sub-Inspector in the Ionian islands, for some years, he became Barrack Master at Brecon, a situation which I hope he may long enjoy.

William Akenside was originally in the 2nd Lancashire Militia ; with his friend Dunlop he joined the 14th. Serving with that corps in India, he fell a victim to the climate. He was a Northumbrian, and a most attentive, zealous officer.

The affectionate father of the ensigns was William George Cavanagh, from the County Wexford. He was rather advanced in life, having almost attained the age of forty, when he began his military career ; he was, however, an intelligent officer, with a handsome, good-humoured set of features. He also became a victim to the baneful effects of the Indian climate, where he served with the 87th, or, as they were then called, the Prince of Wales's Irish.

Ensigns Richard Woods and James Chambers removed to the Buffs and 66th regiments ; both served in Spain, and were wounded at Albuera ; the latter died while with the 1st battalion (66th) in India.

I had almost omitted to mention Captain Jaques Boyce, who exchanged from a West India regiment. Boyce, although not strictly speaking a handsome man, was nevertheless soldier-like in his appearance. Being removed to the 32nd, he bore a distinguished part with that corps in the battle of Waterloo, where, as he was leading on his men, he received a mortal wound.

It is a singular coincidence, that in this memorable battle, the only officers killed in the 32nd, were the three senior captains ; namely, Jaques Boyce, Thomas Cassan, and Edward Whitty. They fell nearly at the same period of the action, and close together. They were all Irishmen, in the same mess ; and on terms of most intimate friendship with each other.

The 32nd had more officers wounded than any other regiment ; and they lost a larger proportion of men.

The troops in the garrison of Limerick, in addition to our battalion, were the 23rd Light

Dragoons, the 2nd battalion of the 53rd, 61st, and 69th, with the 97th,* or Queen's German regiment, and the Kilkenny militia.

I was greatly struck with the fine soldier-like appearance of the Queen's Germans. Colonel (the present Sir James) Lyon, who commanded them, is one of the most experienced officers in the service. Throughout the war in Spain, while Brigadier and Major-General, and at Waterloo, he was particularly signalized.

On the reduction of the army, the 97th was disbanded; their officers, most of whom were foreigners, being placed in other corps.

The officers of the Kilkenny regiment being chiefly men of property, cut a very considerable dash, when compared with us, more humble individuals of the line; displaying a turn out of gigs, jaunting cars, and carriages, that totally eclipsed any thing we could muster in that way.

When any of their Captains were on duty

* This regiment disputed with the 42nd the honour of having captured a standard from the French Invincibles, in the battle of the 21st of March, 1801, on the sands of Alexandria. It has been since, however, well ascertained, that a private soldier, named Anthony Lutz, of the Queen's Germans, was the individual who gained that trophy. The man was promoted on the spot to the rank of serjeant, in consequence of his bravery.

with us at the main guard, we were pretty certain of having a night of it. Instead of studying the "Board of Orders," or meditating on the Parole or Countersign, we had other contemplations of a much more edifying nature; for after the field officer had paid his final visit, we entered into the full enjoyment of this by no means harrassing service, and sat up all night, with the vigilance of zealous watchmen, and until long after the *Reveilli* sounded. An excellent supper, laid out upon the guard-room table, consisting of various dainties, was followed by a good supply of capital wine, reinforced at intervals by sundry jorums of whiskey punch.

So pleasing an example being shewn us by our senior, we the subalterns could not of course, fail in our obedience; and although we occasionally saw *two* field officers instead of *one*, we were, when daylight began to peep into the grating of our window, pretty well in accordance with Dame Sobriety's strictest rules. As for the Militia-men, with them the laugh and song prevailed; they were a hearty jovial set of fellows, who cared not a farthing how the world got on; but rattled away independent, and careless of command, and altogether indifferent about the king's, or any other regulations.

One of them, Captain Hemmings, a man no way deficient in the convivial qualities, kept us on the alert, whenever he happened to be *on duty*; and was mainly instrumental in converting what might otherwise have seemed an irksome business, into a service in every way more congenial to the taste of a party of raw ensigns, who had just begun to sow their wild oats—a system of agriculture, by the way, that I would not on any account advise the present rising generation to adopt. Many officers of the garrison lounging about this way, or reeling homewards, either from a route or music meeting, would now and then drop in, as it were accidentally on purpose, attracted by the revelry as they passed; when, joining in the orgies, they took in a fresh supply of cordials, to spur them more quickly on their road. They were bound to confess, as they sipped the parting glass, that mounting guard in Mary Street, with such compatriots, was not, after all, that very odious duty; nor one to which they would materially object, were their names to occur more frequently on the roster.

The band of the Kilkenny's, conducted by Logier, was then the finest in the army; but even yet I am at a loss to know, whether it was

the splendour of their uniform, or the beauty of their music, that at all times attracted so great a crowd about them.

THE DUEL.

A short time after our arrival here, a hostile meeting took place between Lieut.-Col. B——, 61st, and Major M——, 69th regiments. Upon exchanging shots without effect, the combatants retired from the ground; they were both men of unusually large size, from hence it was inferred, that they were indifferent marksmen. The gallant Colonel may, however, have been excused; for his sight being in some degree imperfect, there was at least two to one against him. The dispute had reference (as it mostly has in all those cases) to a lady of considerable pretensions as to beauty, and equally so with regard to fortune, to whom both were amorously inclined, and for whom neither would resign his claim.

Colonel B—— was ultimately rewarded by the hand of the fair damsel, who reconciled herself on the score of his deficiency, or obliquity of vision, by singing the old song—

“Though he had but one eye,
Still that was a piercer.”

Limerick was, at this period, one of the most

agreeable quarters in Ireland, celebrated alike for gloves and lasses—it was, of all other places, remarkable for its love of every thing that bore the slightest reference to our profession. Various causes tended to this ; its inhabitants were the very gayest of Irish people—they had no serious or engrossing occupations, to sadden or dim their gladsome hours—they were musical, and fond of show and pageantry of every sort. As for the fair creation, of whom there was a bright display, they could never get on without the red coats. The *browns* and *blacks* were grievously at a discount, going about the assembly or saloon like tadpoles, amid the brilliant butterflies by whom they were surrounded.

The Burdetts, D'Esterres, Rosslewins, and a train of others, all of them beautiful women in their day, seemed to have had the love of soldiering implanted in them from their very infancy ; they and all the rest of them, could talk or think of nothing else—it was their waking, as well as their sleeping dream. Allured by the charming sound of “band and drums,” they soon “followed to the field some warlike lord,” and furnished as comely a reinforcement to the army, as ever trod the camp.

One of the most friendly and good-natured

women I ever met with in my travels, flourished at that time in the garrison. Mrs. S——, or “the soldier’s joy,” as we jocosely called her, was in truth the “beau ideal” of everything that those who were fond of merriment could desire. She was indeed the soldier’s joy, for wherever she appeared, there social mirth and joyous fun were going forward. I need hardly say, that she was in high request among the officers, to whom her hospitable abode in George’s Street, was always open. Many a bright assemblage filled her brilliantly lighted rooms—many a fair and dazzling beauty made her last conquest there—many a gentle heart, fluttering between hopes and fears, beat high with warm delight, to the tones of military music within those walls—there the animating country dance of olden times, was enjoyed with a degree of liveliness and spirit, unknown in modern days.

In the present age of correct refinement, what a piece of gravity is our dancing, when the qu-drillers, as if going through some formal business, looking like so many wax images in Madame Tussaud’s saloon, wax lazily through the figure, with the solemnity of my lord or Lady Burleigh in the “play.” It is absolutely startling to behold the “ghostlike” attitudes they assume, in

the course of a performance in which, not only Lord Burleigh, but even Lord Brougham himself, with his wig, and other appendages to boot, might exhibit, without any disparagement to his wisdom or decorum.

To return to Mrs. S——: with her, adieu to icy ceremonials—your Polar beings got no quarter there—one lead off with the *soldier's joy*, would chase away those gravities. But her reign, as fleeting as her joys, is now no more; leaving but a faint impression on the memory, of delightful days, and of scenes which we can never hope to see revived again. How different is the reception given to military men by the people with whom they may be quartered, in England, to what it is by those of their friends on the other side of the water.

It is marvellous, that upon the passage of a channel not particularly wide, one should perceive that difference so strongly marked, that we should find a people so dissimilar in this respect—a people, who although generous, amiable and kind hearted as any in the world, yet somehow or other, fail in that kindheartedness to the gentlemen of the military profession, who may occasionally be among them. It is a pity it should be so—I am persuaded that it is not

their natural disposition ; neither does it proceed from the want of generous feeling ; but it seems rather to arise from a sort of foolish prejudice, strengthened by the force of time ; or from some vague and preconceived notions, as to the character of officers in general, or the misconduct of a few unworthy individuals, (of whom some are to be found in all professions).

Strange as it may appear, England, though well acquainted with, and well accustomed to the trade of war, and immersed as she has been, time after time, over head and ears in strife with many countries, is not, after all, within herself, strictly speaking, a military nation. Such at least was the opinion of Napoleon, who knew us well. The people are jealous of military interference. The laws are so well administered and maintained, that they would seem to require no further aid in their support, than that afforded by the civil power. Hence in some measure, we may account for their indifference about the soldiery at home, who, like the chimneys in summer, are looked upon in time of peace as useless, or worse than useless—superfluous appendages of the state.

With the exception of some of our Cathedral towns, where the good old ladies want a few

hands at whist, or the young ones a few smart legs for their quadrilling, the gentlemen are permitted to solace themselves by any agreeable vocation they may incline to; either in the sylvan haunts about the town, or by cooling their heels upon the banks of some convenient stream. Perhaps there may be daughters to be thought of, whose mamas, rather than see them on the shelf, would gladly jump at one of the *militaires*; then indeed, the soldier of fortune, which means the soldier who has no fortune at all, would perchance be smiled on by the matrons: and as romance will have it that money is a gross idea, an ingredient love would spurn at, the daughters being of the same opinion with Madam Romance and their mamas, would smile upon him too.

Under any other circumstances, the officers rarely get a "card," unless perhaps the colonels or the majors; or probably, should a sprig of the aristocracy, or one of the 10th be there, he may be called for.

The affair is quite another sort of thing in Ireland, where the constant residence of a large military force, domiciled as it were among them, produces a corresponding and familiar intercourse with the people; whose habits and disposition, by nature of a volatile and lively cha-

racter, assimilate with the gay pursuits, with the wildly buoyant temperament of the soldier. Amusement is the business of an Irishman, and is essential to the *being* of an Irish woman. The absence of all graver occupations gives the people time for pleasure—time to follow in the mazes of its dance, where, joined by the “gay fraternity,” who may well be called the “Sons of Pleasure,” it is one continued round of

“Laugh and be merry as long as you can,
Drink my boys, and sing.”

And so it will be, as long as each returning spring brings verdure to the Emerald Isle.

CHAPTER VI.

The Route come—March described—Baggage guard—Married men in the army—Their situation in barracks—Ungallant Colonel—Sorrowful embarkation scene—The Ladies at sea—Married Ensigns—Ensign W.—A fortunate fellow—The happy couple—The raw Scotchman—The drop scene—Ladies in barracks—Mrs. Currie—Flora M'Donald.

THE ROUTE.

THE route at last arrived, ordering us to proceed forthwith to the county of Clare ; when, having bid farewell to acquaintances and friends, we packed up our baggage, and made every arrangement for the road.

We departed from our barracks betimes on a cold, foggy morning, in the month of April, 1807 ; when in a mood somewhat desponding, we crossed the bridge, and traversed the close, dark and winding streets of the old town. As

we passed along, our drums beating up Garry Owen, aroused the disconsolate and deserted fair ones from their slumbers; when, in a state of semi-demi-nudity, with their nightcaps on (in which, by-the-by, many of them looked quite interesting,) they started hastily from their nests, in order to take one last peep from behind their curtains; others, more vigilant, were up and dressed, waving as they peeped their lily hands.

Getting soon into the main road, with a parting glance at poor old Limerick, we pursued our march, followed by a train of men, women, and children; some of whom, however, dropped gradually astern, leaving still in our rear a pretty good sample of the lumbering baggage usual upon the route of a garrison battalion.

The line of march presented by those limited service men, might, without any great stretch of the imagination, be compared to that exhibited by an Indian army, upon an expedition into the Mysore country; where elephants, with a numerous herd of other animals, brought up the rear. In lieu of the wild quadrupeds, there were female bipeds, old and young, enough to colonize a foreign settlement.

This corps domestique, or pettycoat battalion, had grown to an enormous size since the late

formation, and was nearly as effective as the main body of our column. They were chiefly natives of the Irish soil ; and of course they made a beautiful assemblage, with remarkably fine, open countenances ; they marched with a war-like air, and quite prepared for war—the ceaseless clangour of their tongues chimed *in-harmoniously* with our drums, warning the country for miles in front of the advance of the belligerents.

Battles frequently took place upon the road, to keep their hands in practice ; when whiskey did its duty in priming them for every mischief, and sending them to bivouac in the ditch. To encrease the uproar, there was a legion of children of all ages, who kept up one continued squalling ; such a din, as even a member of the philoprogenitive society would scarcely tolerate. It would have set poor Malthus crazy. The vehicles were loaded with piles of inanimate, as well as animated lumber :—household goods were closely packed ; pots, pans, tin-kettles, chairs and crockery, hung about in wild confusion ; hen-coops, cradles and bird-cages, with their respective lodgers, were perched aloft ; while a motley tail, as long as *Dan's*, composed of dogs, cats, goats and jackasses, formed a

suitable, though straggling finale, to our exhibition. The whole had very much the appearance of a regiment of gypsies, about to establish an encampment; or a numerous troop of brokers, taking their departure from a town besieged.

Marching then, in Ireland, was a service attended with much more difficulty and fatigue than it is at the present period. Twenty Irish miles, which is fully equal to five-and-twenty honest measure in any other country, was the usual length of one day's journey; and this through bad weather, almost every second day, —hilly roads, cut up into ruts, that never underwent repair, and overspread with stones;—it was truly a slavish business, encreased still more by the cross-grained habits of those, whose affair it was to furnish us with baggage-cars; with whom, owing to their bad management, it was one continued scene of wrangling, from the outset of the march to the very end of it. Fortunately, however, our change of quarters was not so frequent, as to produce any very serious inconvenience; whatever annoyances we encountered on the road, were counterbalanced by all those agreeable circumstances which belong peculiarly to a soldier's life; per-

haps those very annoyances gave our pleasures a greater value, and probably made us enter into the enjoyment of our settled quarters, with a keener zest.

Of late years, all those matters, (except as regards the weather), are very much improved; good macadamized roads—a well organized police to keep things in a better way of training,—the people much more civilized, (although yet great room for improvement),—the inns upon the line more comfortable; but above all, more liberal allowances, to “assist in carrying on the war.”

MARRIED MEN IN THE ARMY.

The foregoing circumstances of our march, lead me to reflect upon the situation of married men in the army.

I was not so well convinced of it at the time, but now, from all that I have since both heard and witnessed, I am fully and decidedly of opinion, that married men have no business whatever in the army. The moment that important step is taken, that moment the trouble of military life should be exchanged for quiet and retirement. Be not dismayed, ye spinsters,

nor visit me with wrathful feeling at these remarks; a sincere desire to promote your happiness, induces me to say what may not be so pleasing to your ears:—truth must, however unpalatable, be told.

In time of war, matrimony is a serious drawback to the soldier. Constant uneasiness about the family he has left at home, when he himself is called abroad, and their anxiety for him, are painful things to think of; his happiness and peace of mind are marred, and all his best exertions paralyzed, by reflecting on his situation; and hinders his advancement in the service.

In times of peace, when his family are around him, still there is nothing but endless scenes of trouble. He is surrounded by an interminable host of miseries, enough to wear him out. It is bad work truly in the barracks, as I have often witnessed, where the “Benedicts” are doomed to taste the ups and downs of life—the latter most prevailing; cribbed, cabined, and confined, in one small room,—to say nothing of the endless jars and bickerings, which arise in their society, from innumerable causes.

A barrack may safely be designated a mirror of life, wherein all the varieties of human cha-

racter are reflected. Let those who roam about the open world, troubling themselves in vain, and wearing out their days in shadowy pursuits, just take a survey of matters going forward within this noisy region, where they will become acquainted with the "secrets of the prison-house;" the beings shut up in which, fret and fume away their time, with fully as much anxiety as their brethren of the wider sphere they quitted. Tormenting jealousies,—the pride of office,—the love of rank,—the overweening airs of your would-be great men, and your little great men, with a whole catalogue of petty plaguing nuisances, invented as if by patent, for the express purpose of driving every person of common sense from the profession.

Abroad, in the great mass of human-kind, the salient points of character are not observable; bad and good are all mixed up in a sort of jumble, and oft so happily or unhappily blended, that one is mistaken for the other; and the names of things are so utterly perverted, that the specious, or the plausible, wearing the garb of sanctity, or the robe of wealth, carrying about withal their hidden or malignant purposes, pass off among the herd, as the finest of their race; while the poor and unpretending,

in his thread-bare tunic, with a mind of noble calibre, is classed among the meanest and unworthy. Minute distinctions are lost amid the general crowd. Not so in the small coterie from which I have digressed; here, the performers are brought out upon the foreground of the little stage, whereon they are to play their parts, standing as it were even to the footlights, most glaringly to view; you may almost see through and through them, and read their very thoughts. Pent up, like a small party within the cabin of a steamer, they are rather too familiarly acquainted; as far at least as hot-water is concerned, they are pretty nearly on a par. They are face to face, in a sort of intimacy, that admits of sundry intolerable annoyances.

It is all farago to say, that married men get on prosperously in a barrack; they who say so, never could have had the pleasure of being so situated. They may get *on* very well, but the sooner they get *off*, the better for themselves, and the family of singletons they leave behind.

Domestic seclusion is totally out of the question. The promising young lady, new-fangled by her matrimonial reign, and by the royal duties thereto appending, (the *moon* being

over), is delighted to get into military quarters. I have seen one of these young things, almost leaping out of her skin with joy, upon her first entré. This agreeable state of matters was, however, of short duration; she soon regretted her lately forsaken and peaceful haunts; when, instead of either leaping or dancing for joy, she tamed down into a very languishing, slipshod house-wife. She was married to a jolly ensign, of whom, poor fellow, it might literally have been said, that he was "*twice caught*." Light marching order, was not the order of *his* day; he travelled with a most respectable train of baggage. A piano-forte was on the list; for which his only room not being sufficiently capacious, the quarter-master's store received it, where the rats and mice played away their duets and overtures upon it.

Chests and trunks abundantly came in; so that the poor disciple, and the partner of his cares, were stowed away among the lumber, very much after the manner in which the steerage-passengers are ensconced on board a packet, just ready to sail for Van-Dieman's-Land.

They had some pretty little birds in brass-wire cages—a green parrot to keep them from being alone. By-and-bye, the scene was changed,

and other little birds were heard to sing;—the piccaninnies began to shew themselves, and were introduced into this sinful world, much more rapidly than the finances of their parents justified; “the love they were so rich in,” would by no means, “make a fire in their kitchen;” for kitchen they had not, nor would the little god turn their spit.

Fertile in expedients, the sex are never at a nonplus; band-boxes and parasols, made way for canisters and rocking-chairs; bird-cages were dismissed for cradles; the washing-tub took precedence of the guitar; and as for the feathered songsters, they were all consigned to other lodgings; their places in the orchestra being occupied by a band of innocent squalinis.

Some women are fixtures in a barrack, where, when once they get themselves at anchor, it is a formidable matter to root them out; they nail up, and pull down, so many shelves and brackets, pegs and pins, that, were they to continue long at this work, the barrack-department would soon arrive at hopeless bankruptcy. Such a thing as a removal is quite amazing to them—it never comes across their minds. One would think they were as firmly located as a

log-hut family in the back settlements. Sometimes they get up a piggery, to have a little nice winter bacon; and I have heard it said, that they go so far as to have a bit of garden to furnish greens for ditto. A fowl-yard, which is frequently a foul-yard, they are sure to manage, with birds and other animals, enough to raise a regimental zoological of their own.

I recollect a happy couple, who joined with *only* five bantlings in their suite; but this was merely to begin with. "Angels' visits" were occasionally paid them by the gentlemen, who had no objection to a cooler on their matrimonial projects; at each particular visit there was a fresh recruit, and before the uxorious mari quitted the service, his little regiment was upon the augmentation—amounting to nearly ten. They afterwards went to the Isle of Man, that paradise for half-pay; on which it has been confidently reported, that the population of the Island was considerably on the increase since they arrived.

The fortunate spouse of such a lady is often a member of the henpecked club; and at stated intervals gets a lecture, in a language which, unhappily for him, poor man, is not exactly in the "unknown tongue,"—she was never an Irvinite; he would, however, gladly be converted

for her sake. The route was often a welcome route to him, interrupting as it did, the tenor of a domestic breeze. The trumpet for the march sounded musically in his ears, because it relieved him from her frequent trumpettings at home.

Barrack ladies are for the most part very clever—good hands at a dish of scandal now and then, as well as getting up a dish of mutton-chops. They moreover cultivate the gossiping propensities, for which there could not be a more eligible nursery. They are for ever sifting and prying into one another's business; and politics run so high at times, that the interference of their lords and masters is resorted to, in order to check the progress of a civil war.

Woe betide the unlucky, though quiet youth, who may chance to be within the range of one of our musical amateurs; who produces a sensation as if she was hammering on his nerves, instead of on the keys of her piano: it is one tormenting strum, strum, strum, at the "Down-fall of Paris," and "Fly not yet," when you would fly with eagle's wings to the Antipodes. I was at one time *vis-a-vis* to such another lovely cantatrice, who harped alternately on "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and

"From night till morn I take my glass;" her face, meanwhile, resembling the full moon in a gale, and bearing the roseate hue of wine, was a faithful illustration of her song.

The most prolific source of jealousy was in choosing quarters; it is astonishing what an uproar was kicked up on these occasions. After the field-officers took their rooms, then came "the tug of war." Ye tender sex, Boreas was a trifle to the gentlest of you. On the score of rank, barrack damages were likely to arise, for the repair of which, the surgeon was the only artist requisite. Then followed all the little piques and wrangling work. The lady of Major Ravelin cuts the wife of Colonel Benbow, the latter being rather tardy in returning her last visit. Mrs. Captain Pepper gets into a huff with Lieutenant Valliant's rib, for a gross infringement of politeness, and sends her to study the "Rules of Etiquette." The Paymaster's better-half, at daggers with the Doctor's sposa, because she walked before her into church. The Quarter-master's helpmate, in Coventry by the whole, it having been ascertained that she originally carried on her studies where a Cynic of old times had thought proper to take unfurnished lodgings. In short, they are all at

loggerheads, so that it would require a body equal to the Congress of Vienna, to harmonize their several polemics.

THE BENEDICTINES AT SEA.

Of all places in the world, there is none where women are so completely out of their proper sphere, as on shipboard ; where the family people get the full benefit of that charming, though in many cases, frail *sejour*.

They get the state-room, to be sure, if there is one, and provided the Captain is anything like an honest fellow.

A state-room !—what a lying definition for such a wretched, loathsome, murky, and abominable hole !—where every misery that it is possible to think of, or that it is possible to compress within the smallest space, or that could be battened or compounded into an area of six square feet of dirty planks nailed up and tarred, is to be found.

Any one who might have ever entertained a doubt, as to the joys of matrimony at sea, or as to the propriety of the benedictines going upon a marine discovery, had but to look into one of these dirty transports in full sail, the waves high,

wind blowing fresh, scene the bay of Biscay, bound (with troops well crowded), for Spain or elsewhere—if the prospect did not prove a sickener, he might cross the aforesaid bay, at least twice a week during the period of his life, without one “offering to Neptune.” The smell, the darkness, slippery decks, and filthy lockers, with a variety of other things, were entailed upon the voyager, who shipped himself into one of those rotten tubs, as if he was entering his coffin.

The *drop* scene, (I don't mean the meridian tumbler) was the most affecting scene of all. A ragged piece of sail cloth, which seemed as though it were often used to sift the biscuit, was hung across the cabin to hide the ladies, as well as to veil their blushes. It sometimes unluckily occurred, just when Aurora began to take his morning peep at them, through the skylight over head, that upon a sudden lurch, the *drop* or curtain fell. “What a falling off was there !” disclosing to the impious stare of sundry ship-mates on the other side, a melodramatic entertainment, partly recitative, and partly vocal. Those fair passengers who were excluded from the state-room, either for want of space, or from deficiency of rank, and who were forced to

encage their delicate limbs within the outer births, set up their operatic screams and outcries, with the pathetic to admiration—(O'Neil could hardly have done it better,) shutting their pretty faces in the blankets with Turkish modesty ; while the unfeeling men, brutes I ought to say, who would have grinned at the fall of Carthage, vociferated loud applauses, at the opening of act the first ; the sea nymphs remaining "ad interim," snug perdu, until blacky came to hook the drapery on again.

I must however do our gentle fellow-travellers the justice to say, that they were, with few exceptions, much more calm and patient, in circumstances of peril, than many of their male companions. With extraordinary collectedness, they animated every one about them ; while by their cheerfulness, and good example, they gave encouragement and support, amidst the fearful howling of the tempest.

In further illustration of these remarks, with reference to the circumstances under which our ladies who devoted themselves to war, were placed ; I may be permitted to write a paragraph from one of those embarkation scenes, which occurred at a more recent period, within

my own immediate observation, at a seaport town in the West of England; although in doing so, I perhaps may damp the zeal of those who should hereafter be desirous to "marry a soldier and carry his wallet." The troops had already embarked and sailed. The Colonel, it unfortunately happened, was hostile to the sex in general, but particularly so to those of his own battalion. As a single gentlemen, he was very unlike the single gentlemen of his day, for he had no compassion on the doubles; but made them keep aloof during the whole proceeding, while the poor deserted ones were left to manage their own concerns as best they could; being sent in this lonely cheerless way, on board a miserable steamer, bound, I hardly now remember whither.

Some of the older barrack stagers knew very well how to take care of themselves; but the young disconsolates, it was pitiable to see; compassed as they were, (some of them in tears) upon the quarter-deck, upon their marooning or marining expedition. They had the good wishes of all who were standing on the pier; not without the hope expressed by many, that the *gallant* officer, in whose unnecessary zeal the

painful scene originated, might soon find himself in the obscurity of private life.*

I particularly noticed *one* who sat alone, a prey to melancholy thoughts—doubtless, as to when, or where, she was to meet her unwillingly absent husband. Young, as well as beautiful—for she seemed but lately to have entered into the “*silken bonds*,”—she stood for a moment with her hands clasped, and again sunk down upon her seat, without lifting her head during the time that the vessel remained in sight.

* While employed in rumination upon this subject, I have said nothing about the Ensigns getting themselves involved in what is usually termed the “happy state;” for it had never entered into my imagination, nor has it, I believe, into that of any one in his common senses, that an Ensign could by any possibility have the boldness, to take the rash and desperate step of marrying a wife; there may be some extraordinary instance of the singular transaction, but few can boast of having witnessed such a curiosity. To ascertain the fact, enquiry should be made at the most convenient lunatic asylum.

I remember one unlucky wight who joined the regiment I belonged to on his *birth-day*; having just attained the juvenile age of forty, as a venerable Ensign, accompanied by a blooming bride, “with all her blushing honours thick upon her.” Placed between two fires, matrimony and campaigning, his Scylla and Charybdis, shipwreck ensued.

This genius was such a greenhorn, that a mess-waiter taking away the cloth, at the time of his first appearance at the table, he turned abruptly round, enquiring, “Weel, mon, wha’s to pay?—tell me hoo muckle.”

MRS. C——.

Notwithstanding all discouragement, many faithful and devoted women followed their husbands, almost to the "deadly breach." Regardless of the dangers incident to campaigning, they weathered it out to the last, supported under every trying difficulty, by the conscious feeling, that they were in the path of duty. Of these, Mrs. C——, wife of the late Colonel C——, was a noble instance; sharing in the fortunes of her husband, she followed him to the camp, and with unwearied perseverance, attended him on every perilous expedition, while the army was in Spain. In the 90th regiment, Colonel C—— held the rank of Captain; when obtaining the confidence of Colonel, now Lord Hill, who then commanded that regiment, he was, at a subsequent period, appointed to his staff, in which capacity he served to the moment of his death.

I never can forget the kindness experienced at his hands, when I was suffering under a dangerous wound in the town of Lauz, at the opening of the Pyrenees. In the most friendly manner, he invited me to his quarters; an offer for which, unable though I was to accept of it,

I felt most grateful to him and Mrs. C——. The death of Colonel C—— at Waterloo, was instantaneous; while conversing with Lord Hill, as he rode beside him, a cannon ball came sweeping past,—a lifeless trunk, reeling across the saddle bow, was all that remained of this intrepid soldier. His brother, Captain C——, of the 52nd, was killed at Vittoria.

“ The love of woman is the greatest bliss
The other World, in mercy, gave to this ;
For when man’s sorrowing bosom is too full,
Or, when his weeping eyes with tears are dull,
And when his once subservient friends are gone,
There lives to soothe his miseries, but one ;
And she can, with a single smile, impart
Joy and contentment to his harrassed heart ;
And she alone, with all her witching power,
Can turn to happiness the gloomy hour.”

FLORA MC. DONALD.

The conduct of Flora Mc. Donald, wife to Lieut. John Mc. Donald, of the 50th, is another proof of what the affectionate devotedness of a woman can accomplish, in her efforts to pursue the fate and fortunes of the man to whom she is attached.

This faithful northern, braved the hardest

trials, while following the Lieutenant in his march. Hardened by a residence in the Isle of Sky, she bore out both against toil and climate, while harrassed with perpetual anxieties about her husband's fate. Returning some years after, to their native country, Mc. Donald lost his health, and died. Poor Flora, in a little time, unable to sustain this, the greatest of all her trials, followed to their final resting place.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

“To those, in point of heroism and fidelity, may be added Lady Harriet Ackland, who accompanied her husband to Canada, in 1776. In the course of that campaign, she traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of seasons, and with difficulties that the European traveller will not easily conceive, in order to attend her husband in a poor hut at Chantilli, upon his sick-bed. In the beginning of 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to a share of the hazard expected before Ticonderago, by the positive injunctions of Major Ackland. The day after the conquest of those places, he was badly wounded; and she crossed Lake Champlain to join him. As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded

to follow his fortunes. Her husband commanded the British Grenadiers, who formed the most advanced post of the army, and required to be so much on the alert, that frequently no person slept out of his clothes. In one of these situations, a tent, in which the Major and Lady Harriet slept, suddenly took fire; an orderly serjeant of Grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of; it proved to be the Major. Fortunately, his lady, at the same moment, escaped under the canvass, at the back part of the tent.

“This accident neither altered the cheerfulness nor the resolution of Lady Harriet, who was in a tent during the whole action which followed, and close to the field of battle. In a subsequent engagement, Major Ackland was desperately wounded, and taken prisoner. Lady Harriet sustained the shock with great fortitude, and determined to pass the enemy’s camp, and request General Gates’s permission to join her husband. Having obtained this, she was rowed down the river to meet the enemy, accompanied by the chaplain of the regiment, one female servant, and the Major’s valet. The night was far advanced before the boat reached the ene-

my's outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, or even come on shore. In vain was the flag of truce offered, and the state of their extraordinary passenger represented. The general apprehension of treachery, and punctilious in obedience to orders, made them threaten to fire into the boat if they offered to stir before day-light. Her anxieties and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections on that first reception, could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But in the morning, as soon as her case was made known to General Gates, he received her with all the humanity and respect due to her rank and exemplary conjugal virtue, and immediately restored her to her husband."—(*Anecdotes of Celebrated Women*).

Many others might be mentioned, whose fortitude enabled them to sustain disaster, which would overcome the spirit of a man. Those perils and disasters seemed to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, giving an elevation to their character, almost approaching the sublime.

Nothing is more calculated to affect the mind,

than to behold a female who has been all weakness, and dependence, while in the sunshine—the prosperous paths of life, rising at once, as it were, in mental power, to cheer by her smiles and firmness, those who were shrinking amid the bitterest blasts of fortune.

It has been beautifully expressed by some ancient writer, that,—“As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with carressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, and tenderly supporting him in times of trial.”

Napier, in his third volume, relates the following heroic action of a serjeant's wife, named Ritson, which occurred at the Fort of Matagorda, near Cadiz, and which may not here be out of place.

“She was in a casement with the wounded men, when a very young drummer was ordered to fetch water from the well of the fort; seeing

the child hesitate, she snatched the vessel from his hand, braved the terrible cannonade herself, and although a shot cut the bucket-cord from her hand, she recovered the vessel, and fulfilled her mission."

CHAPTER VII.

March resumed—Mr. Stackpool—The German Cavalry—
Arrive in Clare, Galway—Convenient Barracks, and convenient memory—Fish Diet—The fortunate Lieutenant—
The Ensign's pay—Galway Ladies—Pleasant times—Desecration of Sunday—Sir Andrew Agnew not patronised—
Mrs. O. G's party—Julia MacN.—The Nunnery—The Major's promenade—Duelling in Galway—The female fire-eater—Capt. Popslow's courtship—Costume of the Army in 1807—The Fringe Epaulette—Dress of the Officers—
&c., &c.

HAVING now ended our discussion on the married people, which I hope has been carried on, at least, to the satisfaction of the ladies, and in a way which I am very certain they deserve; we shall, with their kind permission, (having so far digressed), resume our march; and if they will honour us by their company on

the road, we must feel more than happy to shew them every attention in our power.

Passing through a barren, and very uninteresting country, we at length gained the end of a wearisome day's journey, and entered the small town of Gort, on the confines of Clare and Limerick. Here the regiment being billeted off, and the following day being Sunday, we halted. On that occasion, we were invited to dine with the officers of a regiment of German cavalry quartered there. A more gentlemanly set of young fellows never met, than those same Germans; with a splendid establishment, and generous fare, they entertained us in the most handsome manner. Their Colonel, a fine old veteran, as much like Blucher as any man could be, presided at the mess; reminding us of that venerable school of warriors, who never seemed to be at home but when among their officers,—men, who in times of slow promotion, had not attained their rank until they had arrived at a pretty round age; and whose snowy locks and furrowed brow, told you of much experience in the field, and no small familiarity with hard service. Poor old Stocchenhausen, or some such name, trying to get out his broken English, related many lively

anecdotes, and with the rest of our entertainers, made us enjoy ourselves to a late hour.

They had, like all the other foreign regiments, a superior band, which played a variety of the finest music I ever heard. The time has long passed away; but among all the varied scenes of this description that have since occurred, I can think of none that has left a more agreeable impression on the mind; nor one to which I can recur, without a revival of that high opinion of German troops, which I have always held; and which in social life, and in the camp, has ever been, by their officers in particular, so well maintained.

Pursuing our route northward, we marched on for some miles without the occurrence of any remarkable event, beyond that of making the paysannos stare upon us at the road side, until we were passed. * Skirting the banks of a small river, which we crossed by an old tot-

* The Irish peasantry have an extraordinary custom, no matter how many there may be in the fields together, or how hard they are at work, of stopping immediately when they see a coach or cavalcade approaching; while, lounging on their spades or shovels, they remain in that position, staring until the cavalcade is out of sight, very often sending after them a parting shout or hilloo, by way of luck.

tering bridge, the highway led us directly into the village of Clare castle. Two companies only were to remain here ; the rest of the battalion, of which one wing was on this day's march, were to be stationed in the town of Ennis, a few miles further on. We at first imagined, that we should find accommodation for our small detachment in the village, the barracks not being ready; in this, however, we were disappointed. Those who knew anything of the country, could have told us, that there was nothing then in Ireland, even at any of the smaller towns, in the shape of inn or tavern, having claim to higher rank than that of whiskey-punch-house, of the lowest order. In the larger towns, there might be one respectable hotel, but seldom more. * Having thus no chance of billets, it was found necessary to retrace our steps; when scrambling (for by this

* In England, the country inns are generally cleaner, and more comfortably fitted up, than those of towns. It is really delightful after a journey, and chiefly a pedestrian one, to experience the absence of all care, when snugly housed in one of these retired places : where the world and its politics are shut out; and where it may with truth be said, we feel—

“ The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.”

time it was so dark, that we hardly knew how or whither we were going,) we at last made out the barracks, where we managed to get ourselves under cover, and but poorly sheltered from one of the coldest nights I ever felt. Resolved to persevere in our discoveries, some of us repaired next morning to the village, where a committee of "ways-and-means" decided, that we should meet at dinner-time every day, at the only decent looking cabin we could see, that gave any reasonable promise of good entertainment for man and horse. At the door of this, stood a jolly well-fed man, whose appearance, on the whole, was a capital index to his calling; in fact, he was himself the best sign-post that could be thought of, if he wanted to recommend his tavern; for the traveller could scarcely pass such a jovial fellow, without a trial of those compounds which seemed to have had so good an effect upon his countenance. There was a good-humoured look about him when we first accosted him, peculiar to many of his tribe, which confirmed us in the resolution of making his house our temporary home. The cabin, for it was hardly entitled to a better name, was badly thatched, and in a most decayed condition; ushered in, however, by the

landlord, with many apologies for the pigs, that disputed our right of entry, we chose the only habitable room he had; when, having ordered something to be provided for us every day, we made our exit, not without a glance upon the interior economy of the premises. The whole—landlord, furniture, and domestics, were a tolerable sample of those concerns throughout the country. Smoke in profusion darkened every thing about the kitchen fire, which was chiefly occupied by an iron pot or saucepan of potatoes for the family dinner. The wench who superintended these was also darkened, so as to make it difficult to ascertain the primitive shade or colour of her skin. The women in this part of the country, I mean the country women, are possessed of remarkably coarse features; the greater portion of the out-door labour being performed by them, is no doubt the cause of their beauty being thus impaired.

As for the chamber, or parlour as they called it, intended for our reception, it enjoyed the comfort of a window, but was without a ceiling; while some clumsy benches scattered about the carpetless earthen floor, together with a ricketty table, were the only moveables we could discover.

The officer who commanded, was an Englishman, named Mathews, who, with his subalterns, enjoyed the scene amazingly ; there was novelty in the thing at all events, which reconciled us to whatever inconvenience we were put to. Captain Mathews, or Mattoos, as our host Carmoody called him, was like his friends on the other side, at first somewhat reserved ; however, when enlivened by social influence, and a little of the “ native cordial,” to the virtues of which he was a convert, he was one of the most agreeable of our party. At this distant period, I forget the names of the others who were with us ; but I don’t forget that our little coterie had many a cheerful hour together, and in those
• homely quarters relished our fare perhaps with better goût, than if we feasted under the roof of “luxury.” It was not without some regret, that we parted with our worthy friend Carmoody, his parlour, and his whiskey ; and last, though not least, with our *fair* attendant Molly, —and the smoke.

The only circumstance I recollect, during our short sojourn at Ennis, (our next halting place) was that of an extraordinary character, who lived at a place called Eden, near that town, whose eccentric turn of mind was displayed by

a violent objection he had to allowing any one "to see his back." On this account, throwing himself into various postures to avoid the curious eye—backing and filing out of every company, with innumerable bows and graces, he was the politest man imaginable.

MARCH TO GALWAY.

Early in the month of May, we arrived in the old fashioned town of Galway, where it was intended we should remain for the ensuing summer. Getting into barracks, we passed a very agreeable time, among a kind and hospitable people, anxious to render us all the attention and civility that lay within their power. Those barracks were situated in different parts of the town ; two of them lying on the banks of the river, over which our windows looked, and by the noise from which we were charmingly serenaded. Narrow, dark, and ill-paved streets, with old gloomy houses to correspond, made up the principal features of a place, that may on the whole be said to bear a good family likeness to many dingy-looking towns in France and Spain. As for the surrounding country, nothing could be more forlorn and desolate, for miles around ; it was one unvaried and interminable

wild, whereon rocks and loose stones abounded, and furze bushes formed a most abundant crop. The rabbits, hares, and other animals, had, to be sure, lodgings, where they might burrow at their leisure; but the scarcity of herbage foretold a famine among them—their bones were as thinly covered as were those of their half-starved neighbours of the human race.

In times of yore, when money was a much more rare commodity than it is in our days of wealth and luxury, it was said, that when a youth was about to espouse a Galway maiden, and was enquiring of her dowry, he was conducted to the summit of a hill; from thence extending his visual powers to their utmost range, he was told, that all the lands within that range, were to be the dower aforesaid. Cash to a small extent, would have purchased this broad marriage portion, for it was valuable alone for the amount of paving stones it might produce. In those macadamizing days, it would be of smaller value.

Our first care, on getting into quarters, was to make our barrack rooms as comfortable as gentlemen in our by no means easy circumstances might require. "Man wants but little here below," was a most appropriate motto for our

portals, for small was the amount of luxury within. The Subaltern's chamber could boast of no display. The most prominent object was a crazy bedstead without a top. The quilt, like charity, concealed a multitude of sins, performing at times the duty of a window-blind; while the "marine" faithful to his post, acting the part of candlestick, and guardian alternately, to the following edifying works, that lay upon the mantelpiece :—

Hoyle's Games,
The Articles of War,
Dundass on the 18,
The Sporting Calendar,

with one or two odd volumes of some equally learned tomes.*

The ensign's pay in those days, was but 4s. 6d.

*It may be all very fine to talk of the "pleasure of memory;" but with due deference to Mr. Samuel Rogers, instances have been known, wherein the pleasures of being *without* one, were just as great; of which the following may be quoted. A curious literary genius, in addition to the library above enumerated, possessed an odd volume of the History of England; it happening fortunately for him, however, that his memory was not remarkably tenacious; the volume was therefore as great a novelty on getting to the end of it, as if he had never perused the work before, when he recommenced the neverfailing subject of his studies, with a fresh degree of animus.

per diem. One of our officers, a youth who stood extremely well in his own esteem, being asked the amount of an ensign's pay, replied—"Pon honour, I am not aware ; my servant gets it to buy blacking for my boots." So well he might, for in truth it was a miserable pittance ; doled out with careful hand on the 25th day of each month.

The undermentioned estimate will enable the reader to form a tolerably correct idea of our pecuniary affairs, at the period now in question. I doubt very much whether Joseph Hume could manage the statements in a more financial style—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Dinner at the mess,	2	0	Nett pay per day,	4	6
Wine at ditto.	1	0			
Servant and sundries	0	6			
Breakfast	0	6			
Washing and mending	0	6			
	<hr/>			<hr/>	
	4	6		4	6
Balance left for pocket-money and dress,			£0	0	0
			<hr/>		

The poor fellow who couldn't occasionally bleed his friends, or draw on the purse of some old "nuncle," was reduced to a sad dilemma ; his countenance looked particularly blue towards

the expiration of the month, and was fully as long as the bills that lay upon his table.

As I before remarked, some of the officers' rooms were so arranged, that the windows opened immediately above the river, thus affording to the angler an opportunity of indulging in his favourite pastime, and in fish for dinner.

One of our lieutenants, who had the supreme felicity of being buckled to a lively and prolific spousa, and somewhat scanty about the elbows, had here a most convenient source whereby to garnish out his table. He had only to get his bait in readiness, on the approach of hunger, when presently a bouncing salmon was hauled in through the window. There was not, however, much variety in his bill of fare, there being scarcely any other species of the piscatorial race—potted to-day—fried to-morrow—boiled the next, and so on; till the whole culinary art was quite exhausted.

Our mess was generally furnished from the same repository; and we were fed so plentifully from those fishy regions, that had we remained much longer, we should have become well qualified as good subjects for a *lenten* festival.

Besides our military duties, we had a pleasing variety of other matters to occupy our time.

The Irish are fond of fun in every possible shape ; and the Irish girls, particularly those of Galway, were no way deficient on that head ; ever on the watch to create some lively sport, either in the way of dancing, picnics, or promenading. They seemed to have no other earthly thing to think of ; in short, such was their passionate fondness for amusement, that they were out at all hours, turning corners, driving through the streets, offering by the way their tempting matrimonial baits, and killing us downright, by glances from their bright, and by no means puritanical eyes.

Upon a large space in the centre of the town, called Merryk Square, our regiment assembled daily to bungle Dundass, and listen to V—I's prosy lectures ; while thus engaged, the lovely charmers exhibited their loveliness for close inspection. Instead of "eyes right, or eyes left," or paying any attention to the proper flank, it was nothing but "stand at ease ;" looking to our female corps of observation, more than to the point from whence the orders issued.

The belles in this way philandered until the battalion was dismissed, when a general rush was made on both sides, the conquerors and the

conquered, the latter borne off in triumph, in the bondage of their not exactly adamant chains. We had some pretty sharp work on hands, while dancing attendance on those damsels, up all night with "hands across, "poussette," and down the middle.

They were not particularly wedded to the doctrine of Sir Andrew Agnew's school; on which account, Sunday, although not set apart for dancing, was no less desecrated by other little peccadilloes, such as ambling up and down the ball room, with innocent flirtations intervening; the aforesaid ball room being lighted up, and a band of music to animate the promenaders. The whole affair was terminated by a jovial meeting round the supper table, where their carousals, with the usual ceremonies of the night, were piously observed.

The lady who asked more company than her house would hold—

"O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there; and those who were not."

The most memorable event that happened during our stay in Galway, was a joyous entertainment, given by a facetious lady, who was

blest with the fine old patronymic of O'G——. Having lately made a flitting to her new house, which, in reality, was an ancient fabric, a most tumble-down concern, standing, or rather tottering, in a long, dark and narrow street, she proposed to celebrate the business, agreeable to custom, by giving a house-warming; and a precious warming certainly it was, for in the praiseworthy resolution of generous hospitality, she quite forgot the geography of her mansion, while overflowing with sentiments of a loving nature for "our cloth," she asked every officer in the garrison to her fête.

Mrs. O'G— was, moreover, furnished with a fair supply of daughters, waiting for promotion; having therefore an eye to their advancement, she considered this the finest opportunity to bring them out; while she flattered herself by thinking that such blooming young recruits would be an acquisition to ours, or any other regiment.

To the utter amazement of our patrona, her drawing-rooms and parlours were quickly filled to suffocation, by the company that came swarming in.

The bed-rooms, where beds were previously knocked down, were put in requisition; when

amidst the struggling to get in, there was a scene of jostling that baffles all narrative. Orders and commands flew here and there, like those upon a field of battle. Louder than the rest, was the voice of our worthy hostess. "Och, Pat! what are you doing then? Put the ladies into the blue-room; Molly, tell Mrs. Burke to walk up stairs."

"The stairs are full, ma'am, from top to bottom."

"Well, put them in the parlour."

"The parlour too is as full as it can hold."

"Colonel, make yourself quite at home. Mrs. O'Flanagan, dear, shew the Miss Mahoney's into the ould closet at the head of the stairs, and I'll send out your tay. Major Sullivan, come this way;—my daughters, Sir, (introducing four bouncing wenches), my daughters will entertain you. Girls dear, take care of the Major."

Our elegant extracts from the barracks, by this time elbowing their way upwards, through the dense and agitated mass; some by violent squeezing, gained the drawing-room, where the mistress of the ceremonies, presiding at the teaboard, like a 74 at anchor, (for she was upon an elephantine scale,) was wedged up by her party;

others were packed away with the ladies of the dismantled bed-room; while not a few were closetted with Mother Flanagan, and her chickens in the coop, or distributed in the lobbies, hall or stairs.

The carpet had been taken up before the visitors arrived; a precaution quite unnecessary, for it appeared little short of madness to think of such a thing as dancing, although some vain attempts were made to do so. Fainting scenes were beautifully enacted by the nervous ladies, while those who took no part in the performance were gasping in a corner.

You may talk of the fire king, who walked into an oven, in escort with a leg of mutton,—of the man who was baked in his easy chair,—or the religious character, who was roasted on a gridiron; they were cool in comparison with the Galway martyrs, who were stowed or stewed away upon the highest pressure system; while a sort of gaseous vapour issued from the well compressed assemblage, which made its exit from every chink or window; and from which Lock, Stevenson, Brunell, or any of our modern engineers, might easily have contrived to obtain a supply of steam to aid their railroad projects.

As the night began to steal away, so in like

manner did the company, all of whom, by daylight, had finally evaporated.

“The supper being discussed, the dames admired,
The banqueters had dropped off one by one ;
The mirth was silent, and the dance expired ;
The last thin petticoats were vanished,—gone,
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired ;
And nothing brighter gleamed throughout the room,
Than dying tapers, and the peeping moon.

JULIA.

Among the gaiest, and loveliest of the gay, in Galway, was Julia Mac N—a. She bore the ruddy glow of health, while with laughing eyes, and a sprightly temper, she brought within her train a formidable muster of our Lotharios. On a beautiful verdant bank beyond the outlet of the town, stood the mansion of this goddess, where the notes of joy and merriment were wont to sound.

Despising the cold and rigid laws of etiquette, our youthful heroine performed the part of cicerone to the “hall ;” for when she was in merry mood, her cabriolet was quickly at our barrack gates, when collecting as many as the vehicle would hold, she drove them with the speed of lightning to her hospitable board.

It has been said of old that "the 10th don't dance;" it might with equal truth have been affirmed that "the 7th don't marry;" there were truly no marrying men among us. They were mostly young fellows, and just as prone to fall in love as other people; but, in some unaccountable way, the love of "honour and glory," prevailed above the tender passion, impelling them to aspire for things quite uncongenial with wedded life.

Alas! for the poor girls of Galway; they were doomed to celibacy, as far as we were concerned. But why do I say alas?—happy was it for them, that they were not tempted by empty sound, to follow a soldier's chequered fortunes. Far better betake themselves to some convenient cell or hermitage.

Talking of the hermitage, reminds me, that there were a few of those cemeteries for the living, flourishing then in Galway; many a drooping flower pined away her gloomy days in solitude; while others, in the capacity of boarders or noviciates, mingled occasionally with the world. These we often met with at our parties, when, if one was allowed to judge by their playful manners, they did not promise any faithful adherence to monastic vows. Under

the demure and treacherous brow, might be discerned a lurking desire to taste abundantly of their about-to-be forsaken joys, while opportunity permitted.

One of these religious buildings stood in Dominick street, from the windows of which the nuns had a raking position of our barrack-yard. The little would-be angels, peeped from between the grated lattice, with eyes that spoke of other things than fasts and penances. I am well convinced, that if ever these fair penitents repented, it was from having embraced a life so totally at variance with their feelings.

MAJOR V——L'S PROMENADE.

We had some pleasant walks about the town; but that afforded by the kind attention of our commandant, deserves to be particularly remembered.

Whether it was, that the Major did not himself participate in the festivities going forward, or from any other motive, I am at a loss to say; he was at all events determined that we should be quite as much alert to the sound of drums and bugles, as we were to that of harp or violin.

After returning from a ball or route, our-

selves now *routed* from a comfortable nest, by the harsh warning that blew into our windows; —fagged, worn-out, and but half awake, we had no extraordinary relish for the pace-stick: and beheld with horror the grim visage of old V——, as he made his untimely appearance on the ground.

It so occurred, that this worthy had a non-descript animal, which he was pleased to call a foal, grazing, or rather starving on a barren heath, some eight or ten miles from the town; careful about the welfare of the quadruped, he regularly visited his quarters, escorted by about five hundred hungry soldiers, with the usual compliment of officers; for whose health and good-keeping he was also so extremely anxious, that he dragged them out by daylight, when they had the pleasure before them of a twenty miles *paseo* upon a cold and foggy morning, to inspect a lean and ugly member of the brute creation. Having given us time to feast our eyes upon the miserable beast, that would have gladly feasted too, he countermarched us homewards, by the same monotonous and weary road. Sickened as we were by our early march, along the bleak and cheerless line of coast by which the route was bounded, we were not in the most agreeable

tone of mind, upon returning to our barracks ; while the stupid sameness of the journey called down upon the devoted head of that ill-fated foal maledictions loud and frequent ; its master getting a fragment of the same. I never could look upon the animal with patience since, innocent though it was of this our useless, tiresome and odious tramp.

DUELLING IN GALWAY.

The duelling propensities of the Irish people, were at all times conspicuous in Galway ; where the system was exemplified by precept, as well as practice. Next to performing the tour of Europe, it was first upon the list of their accomplishments.

No one could safely mingle in society, without the chance of some delicate affair upon his hands, or a piece of ground laid out for his especial use, on the following morning ; indeed it was currently reported, when first we went there, that the gallant, who paid a little marked attention in a family, where the *gentler sex* prevailed, was likely to become himself a mark, whereon some *bravo* of the house might practice ; nor would a genteel retreat avail him ; there was no alternative—he must either fight

the brother, or marry one of the sisters. In some particular cases, where the lovely Helen was not a Venus, or that she was gifted with the visage of an ogress, or the temper of a fury, the former was the wisest, and indeed the usual way of settling the affair. *

CAPTAIN POPPSLOW.

I remember hearing a curious tale of an old campaigner, the scene of which might very properly have been laid in Galway.

Captain Popslow became enamoured of an

* An instance of their love for this amusement, even among the ladies, was evinced about this time. While dancing in a public ball-room, with a fair one who had scarcely left her teens, an officer of the 69th recruiting there, (I don't mean in the ball-room), happened, as we got together near the top, to argue rather sharply with me on some trivial circumstance, which my partner overheard. Conceiving it requisite to shew some Irish blood on the occasion, or anxious to maintain the honour of her friend, the pretty Amazonian raised her crest, and whispered in my ear, "*Call him out, sir; you can't do less.*" Finding that I had caught a Tartar, I led her down the middle as quick as possible; and, when the set was over, I got rid of my little "*fire-eater*," as genteely as I could.

I am now convinced that, when she found I had not followed her advice, she set me down at once, as "*the man that would never do for Galway.*"

interesting virgin, in the town of Omagh, who bestowed upon her admiring swain so many endearing smiles, that it was quite consistent with the laws of gallantry, that he should "pop the question" without delay. In the mean time, a fierce and whiskered brother,—a second Bobadil, conceiving that our hero had no serious views upon the subject, and that he was rather tedious in his forms of courtship, resolved to adopt a summary mode of bringing him to the *point*; and, while the besieger was cautiously approaching, (not exactly by the flying sap,) he took those measures by which the siege was quickly carried to a termination.

Having armed himself with a brace of Wogdon's, he ran at an early hour to the chamber of the tardy youth, where, standing beside his bed, he accosted the sleepy man in terms like these.—"What do you mean, Captain Popslow, by your constant attendance on my sister?" when, without waiting a reply, he presented to his notice the only means of arranging the transaction; either to *tie* the *knot* forthwith, or decide the matter across the table. Glancing a look of horror at the bravo, the astonished lover arose from his recumbent position; and rubbing his eyes, to ascertain that he was not

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visited by a feverish dream, he soon made up his mind ;—"his bane and antidote," were both before him ; and agreed to that decision, which rendered it unnecessary that he should depart instantler to the land of spirits.

COSTUME OF THE ARMY IN 1807.

The costume of the British infantry, about the year 1807, would produce a smile upon the countenance of our military dandies of the present day.

Thirty years ago, the men wore the jacket with skirts that seemed as though they were cut out with a knife and fork, and fashioned astern something after the pattern of a woman's petticoat. White cloth breeches, with long black gaiters of the same materials, were worn on all occasions.

Their heads were plaistered over with a black greasy compost, intended to do the duty of pomatum; while the long hair being gathered into a sort of rope or pigtail, caused no small degree of labour to the wearer, before he was qualified to shew himself upon parade. *

* There is a story told of a strict martinet at one time in the service, who ordered those tails to be so firmly tied, as to

When those abominable tails were done away with, it was a day of general rejoicing; for many an anxious moment they gave the soldier, and brought about his ears the wrath of serjeant-major, or endless drill from the mandate of an angry adjutant. The starched and formal trim in which they were attired, would have done very well in the wars of good Queen Anne, or Bess, but they were by no means calculated for the nineteenth century.

THE OFFICERS.

As for the officers, however diversified their costume may since have been, they displayed, at the time I speak of, a most ridiculous turnout. Their garments were made by bungling tailors, which fitted them pretty much in the way in which a sentry-box is said to fit a soldier. The coat, coatee, or jacket, which you please, was a compound of all three; too short for a coat, and too long for a jacket, with the

draw the eye-lids up, so as to prevent the men from sleeping, while on guard or picket.

The 50th, on their return from Egypt, got the name of the "hard and tights," in consequence, (it was said,) of tying up their queues in this way, when on duty, by the Colonel's orders, who was himself as *tight* a hand as any in the Army.

swallow-tailed skirts flying off in a tangent, in a very unsocial manner.

On guard-mountings, and field-days, they wore well pipe-clayed kerseymeres, with gaiters "a world too wide." Off duty, stout white leathers, and huge jack-boots, like those of a French postillion; while beneath an immense cocked-hat, dangled a ludicrous appendage, tipped with a pretty little curl—just such an article as might have been purloined from the ringlets of some gentle dame. By their side, was that implement miscalled a sword; a puny weapon, better adapted to skewer a turkey, or serve as a spit to roast a fowl or two. Many a time I have used it for a toasting-fork, and an excellent one it was.

Among the absurd and strange whimsicalities of the day, and one of its flying follies, was that extraordinary and ephemeral production, better known as the fringe epaulette, which made as much noise in the military world, as ever the automaton chess-player did in the civil. The article, however, had but a short reign; it scarcely outlived the year; and no wonder, for there was not a livery servant throughout the country, who did not look down with scorn upon the subaltern thus bedizened

and be-fooled, thinking himself, and probably he was right, the finer fellow.

After this, came the "veteran's cap," a precious relic from old Chelsea. Who the wiseacre was, that concocted this antique, has never been clearly ascertained; it existed, however, much longer in the world than "the swab;" and being worn in the Peninsula campaign, it bore some marks of honourable service. It was no beauty, having an elevation in its front, like the model of a parapet; standing sentry by this parapet, was a miserable apology for a feather, the materials of which seemed to have been lately taken from the wings of a dying hen. Dangling from a flimsey tinsel-cord on either side, appeared an insignificant tassel, constantly tapping on the pensioner's cabeza.

The grey trousers were the best habiliments ever thought of for the soldier; they were admirably suited for the field, and saved the men a world of trouble. I cannot say much in praise of the pepper-and-salt jerkin, worn by the officers for a length of time; the garment was comfortable indeed on service, and in the bivouac was a valued friend; it was, however, by no means ornamental, each choosing his own particular fancied shade or colour; the mixture

was as varied as the leopard's skin ; so that on the line of march, the regimental officers in that grotesque attire, might very well have passed for a band of free-booters on a smuggling expedition, or a party of cattle-drovers from the fells of Cumberland.

The dress of the officers of our army is much too expensive, and leads them into many serious difficulties ; were it not that their days are chiefly passed in foreign service, no young man, of even moderate fortune, could hold his place with any respectability. The lace is not, in some regiments, planted so thickly as it used to be ; the additional epaulette, however, makes up for the deficiency ; and the youngster, loaded with a brace of these heavy ornaments, feels a weight of gold on the particular part where he would gladly dispense with it ; while his ghostly purse but too evidently assures him, that but little of its value is deposited there.

It looks perfectly ridiculous to see a mere boy, such as many of the ensigns are, decked out as extravagantly as his colonel, and with the gorgeous trappings of a marshal.

CHAPTER VIII.

Get ready to depart from Galway—Officers compare notes—
The Regimental Tailor—Colonel Crosbie—Arrive in England
—Deal Barracks—Old Charley—Advantages of the Soldier's
Life—Plagues of Drill—Reviews ditto—Ensign Snodgrass—
Feelings tried—The 18 Manceuvres—The Charge in Line—
The Goose-step—Tricks among the Subalterns, and Party
Work—The Coventry System and its effects.

Tired of the inglorious life we led in Galway, where our days were dreamed away in drawing-rooms, and our time chiefly spent in idle dangle after tea and dancing parties, or pinned to the skirts of fleecing dowagers at the card table; most of the juniors became fidgetty, and were soon infected, not with a miliary, but a military fever, the only remedy for which being a hard campaign, and plenty of good fighting. Prompted by such warlike feelings, they all memorialized to be removed to service regiments, and

their desires were gratified. When the Gazette appeared with this announcement, it was a gala day among us, and a full assemblage at the mess was the result. All were at first rejoiced at the prospect of being actively employed; however, bound as we were for various quarters, far distant from each other, to be scattered throughout the world, melancholy threw a shade around our joyous meeting; while the probable chance of never being again together, made us in some degree regret that we had ever become acquainted.

While comparing notes upon our recent change of regiments, the old hands passed off many jokes upon the young beginners; they tried to make us swallow a variety of marvellous stories, in no wise anxious to impress us with a favourable opinion of our future prospects. To one, they said that his Colonel was such a tartar, that he would have him on the drill ground, morning, noon, and night; to another, that his regiment were such an extravagant set of dogs, that he could not live among them. They wanted to convince me, that my regiment was in the West Indies, which was then considered the grave of Europeans, telling numerous wild stories about the climate; so that between land

crabs, Bulam fever, cockroaches and scorpions, they almost persuaded me that my days were numbered. Some of them, including Dunlop, Akenside, and Dickens, got up a ridiculous farce, prepared for the occasion.

THE REGIMENTAL TAILOR.

Looking wondrous solemn one morning on parade, although I could perceive from certain droll grimaces that passed between them, that mischief was lurking underneath, they told me, that there was a "*gentleman in black*" in search of me; at the same time asking me, if I had made my will. I thought no more about the matter, but returned to my quarters; where I had not been many minutes in my barrack-room, when a sort of knock, between a single and a double rap, came softly on my door:—"Come in:" when the door slowly opening, a most suspicious-looking fellow, "the gentleman in black," who might have passed review as the public executioner, stood before me, telling me, "he was come, agreeable to my orders, to take my measure." "Measure for what?" replied I, starting up; "are you a tailor, or a would-be fashioner?—I want no garments, and when I do, I employ the regimental workman." "O!

sir, you labour under a mistake; I beg your pardon, sir; I am a joiner. You are going, I presume, to the West Indies, where you will *probably* require a *sirtout* of those dimensions—I have brought my rule to take your measure for a coffin.” Seeing at once through the hoax, and bursting into laughter, I shoved the fellow out, while he still kept muttering indistinctly, “your grave—West Indies—measure—coffin—coff”—those words of evil omen dying on his lips, as the door was closing on his rueful visage.

The troops in Galway consisted of the 7th. G. B. and Kerry militia, under Colonel Crosbie, the whole commanded by Major-General Stafford Lightburn. Colonel Crosbie was for many years, member of parliament for the county of Kerry. At the head of the Kerry regiment, he defeated the French and their auxiliaries near Killala, and released a number of Royalist prisoners, who would otherwise have been probably massacred by the rebels. Colonel Crosbie died at his seat, Ballyheigue Castle, in Kerry, on the 8th October, 1836, aged 63.

DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

Early in September, 1807, I took rather an affecting leave of Galway, its gloomy winding

streets, its lumbering houses; accompanied by Dunlop, Akenside, and Wharton. With such companions on the road, the time appeared to fly as rapidly as if steam had been in fashion. We travelled by way of Liverpool to London, when parting from my friends, I soon found myself in the tarry, fishy, white-washy town of Deal; a place both crowded and expensive, abounding in taverns, smugglers and drunken sailors, with nothing whatever to recommend it, but numerous coaches and good roads, whereby to get away.

The barracks of Deal, were the very hotbed of Adjutants and martinets; our Colonel was in his element. The whole of the ensigns lately caught, but not yet tamed, were undergoing a rough probation—one that soon qualified them for targets; while awkward squads from the plough or hogsty were following their example.

The soldier was at that time, and is still, I apprehend, looked upon as a mere machine, to be moved and wheeled about at will, having no right to exercise the reasoning or corporeal blessings, wherewith kind nature had endowed him; he bowed submissively beneath the yoke into which he had got himself so comfortably noosed.

Hard work, and harder fare, was often his best reward; or his generous feelings were gratified upon reflecting, that he would, at some future period, afford an excellent banquet for the crows; with the consolatory prospect, should he weather out all these, of sixpence a day, munificently granted to him in exchange for a leg, an eye, or one of his upper fins.

By way of further consolation, while travelers, rich and learned, with the antiquarian perseverance of Belzoni, or the Buckingham research, were toiling their way, and wearing out their eyesight, health, and cash, in quest of wonders; while English lion-hunters were hunting for lions, on the burning sands of Africa, or traversing the Egyptian wilds, to inspect the oft inspected Sphinx, or Pompey's pillar; he had the privilege of trudging about the world, beholding curious sights, and curious people, with all his expenses paid out of the coffers, and from the liberality of his old guardian, John at home. He was a welcome guest upon whatever shore he landed; and whether with regard to friend or foe, his cloth and colours were his best of introductions.

Besides these, many other circumstances produced a desire for seeing foreign parts. England

was not only then, but is at the present writing, one of the most expensive countries on the surface of the globe; and therefore the very worst that could be for the soldier, whose slender capital gradually fell into a bankrupt state, the longer he remained. Moreover, there were no laurels to be gained in a field so barren of excitement; neither was there enterprise, beyond that of chasing white-boys in Cork or Tipperary,—beating up the whiskey stills,—firing at old women in the market towns, or getting up a charge upon paysannes, dogs, pigs, and children, in the election riots.

At *home*, inglorious home, it was one unvaried round of harmless vegetation;—here, promotion awaited not the soldier; his only chance was upon that green, where caps were much more plentiful than heads to wear them.

In order to remodel and prepare his men for the work that was before them, the Colonel left no stone unturned, he left no lecture undelivered, no serjeant's cane unoccupied, not an individual square foot of the barrack-yard untramped; by his unwearied diligence, securing for himself a good supply of fame while living, and storing up a tolerable moiety of that by no

means common article, with a view to post-humous renown.

I have heard of the plagues of an empty purse — of the ninety-nine plagues of married life; but they were nothing, compared to the nine hundred and ninety nine plagues of a six-months' drill.

The raw recruit, "when taken," was indubitably "well shaken;" for moulting time being come, he was forced to cast his feathers; or, in other words, to "peel," and make a handsome present of his garments to the nearest scare-crow, receiving in lieu thereof another suit from the wardrobe of Quarter-Master Breadbags. His head screwed up as if it were in a vice; while armed with knobs of lead, the bacon-masticator soon became a finished scholar.

Upon the subalterns, our Colonel had no bowels of compassion; under his affectionate and tender care, a field-day was anything but a joke; and as for a review, it was a thing not to be remembered without a pang.

Little fellows born with a large developement of the military organ, were seen of old to run wild about the roads and fields, to be in time for such a raree shew. The pageantry was also

much admired by full-grown youths, (and many a time I have been among them;) who got upon the tops of walls, church steeples, windmills, and any other eminence, to witness a scene, to them and to the women, so enchanting. Those days are now gone by,—the war-struck youths got quite enough of it in after-times; when the sharp edge was filed off their appetite for glory, their fire became more moderate; they no longer took to peering over walls, and left off steeple climbing.

THE REVIEW.

When called upon to take our part in the review, we were out at an hour unsuitable to the taste of *fashionables*, such as we presumed ourselves to be; but we had no reason to complain, for the chief was himself the first upon the ground; beside him stood the well-drilled orderly, who on service, was frequently his jack-of-all-trades, his valet de chambre, cook, and barber.

If ever there was an enthusiast in military affairs, he was one; he had lectures to deliver on all occasions; his first appearance was the signal for a general silence through the ranks; there was a quickness in his eye, from right to left; the men were afraid to move a muscle. The

officers in like manner were on their p's and q's, —if one of them stirred a finger, down came a grand tirade, even though a whole brigade were on the spot.

An amusing instance of this occurred at D——, when the entire garrison was assembled. We had a fine burly ensign, the paternal head of all the ensigns, who rejoiced in the strangely sounding name of Snudgrass ; a man of such rotundity of corporation, that he would have done the honours of Sir John, at any town-hall banquet. He was, in short, a second Lambert. Being thus, as it were, unhappily for himself, poor man, of such out-of-all-reason limits in his front, as to render his unnatural projection very much in the way, when the troops were formed in line,—it was a matter of no small difficulty to dress the regiment. This was particularly annoying to the commandant, whose ire was always raised when this enormous mass of humanity came before him.

On the present occasion, Snuddy was at his post ; for some time, many attempts were made to dress the alignment, but all in vain ; no one could divine the cause of such a failure ; when at length, the Colonel, with his wonted sharpness, ferretted out the original man-mountain

in the centre; and immediately made a signal that he might fall back;—it was of no use,—though the whole of the staff reiterated his commands, they might as well have attempted to move the rock of Gibraltar. Enraged beyond all measure, the Colonel galloped to the object of his wrath, and called out loud enough for a legion to have heard him, “Mr. Snudgrass, keep in your belly; keep in your belly, sir.” The venerable, though obnoxious ensign, rolling about from side to side, withdrew unwillingly, hiding himself and his huge protuberance, in rear of the battalion. The whole of the troops were convulsed with laughter, which it was impossible to restrain, though a host of generals were present.

Now shewing off our tactics, for the more immediate amusement of the brigadiers, it required very little sagacity to observe that we should inevitably have a day of it; from the very outset, such was easily foreseen.

Good officers were often extremely fussy; when carried away by anxious zeal, they sometimes overdid the thing; nothing could exceed this zeal, when the brigadiers were at their elbow, —when, lo! from their fears of not arriving at the acmé of perfection, they frequently got be-

wildered, when half-way through the "*dire eighteen*," breaking down with fearful sputter, they bungled through the other half.

Into a dilemma of this nature our chief was never known to fall; fussy though undoubtedly he was in the presence of his seniors, yet he was well aware of his own superiority; he made the generals stare—they actually shook their whiskers with astonishment, while standing in their stirrups, at the way in which he handled the manœuvres.

The Manœuvres!—What upon earth could have possessed any one in his natural senses, to propound so complicated an affair?—a code with such a multitudinous variety of parts, that it resembled the hydra-headed monster, which seemed as fast as one was cut away, to have another start up in its place,—never ending, still beginning;—the phantom of our dreams,—the bugbear of our lives, which, after the manner of Tam O'Shanter, haunted us night and day.

After the bowing scene, a flattering harangue was addressed to all the majors, with an appendix to the minors; when the whole concluded with the oft repeated "Advance in line;" with the boldness of our troops at

Maida, we came to the "cha—a—a-rge,"—sung out as if Stentor that moment had risen from his grave.

Charge what?—"O, ye Valerosos, tell it not in Gath;"—a herd of cows, two old women, and a pig!

So much for a field-day in the old "regime;" a lesson from which, may be useful to beginners in the *new*.

THE GOOSE-STEP.

Before we take leave of this very improving subject, we may as well look back, and have one last peep at the farce exhibiting in the barrack-square; so, as to form some idea of a performance, which composed the most amusing, as indeed it was the most interesting portion of the ceremonies going forward at this period. It was with singular propriety denominated the "Goose-step." Whether the remarkable evolution was called after the distinguished genius, who bestowed so valuable a proof of talent upon his ungrateful country, or from the nature of the operation requiring the exhibitor to stand on one leg, in imitation of the above named animal, I am totally at a loss to say; this however, I *can* safely venture to affirm, that it was one of the

popular fancies of the day ; one, that was after many deep cogitations among the learned, contrived, or devised, in the wisdom of their councils, very likely with the view of enabling those who went to fight the battles of their king, when one leg was carried off, to use the other to the best advantage, until a second *pin* was got in readiness.

The novelty of the thing was a further recommendation in its favour, (for all are fond of novelty) ; although at the time I speak of, the "hopping school," was introduced into every barrack-yard, from the Lizard to John O'Groat's ; we might with justice have exclaimed, "there was no resting-place for the soles of our feet."

Ye Bells, Watts, Fultons, and other savans, —well might ye hide with shame, when you found yourselves forestalled in this wonderful discovery.—Why had ye not before applied your powers of steam to one so eminently useful ?

ACT THE 1st. SCENE THE 1st.

A cold morning in November, with a drizzling rain, bearing some affinity to a Scotch mist, while a black and murky fog pervades the surrounding atmosphere. The screech-owl tones of a bugle sounds the too well-known "turn out ;"

when, between the hours of seven and eight, you must encounter all your troubles; your factotum, at this same particular moment, with an audible tap upon your door, (that had awoke you from your pleasing dreams,) enters your room, to give you the unwelcome piece of information that it is time for drill. O! for a few short moments' longer sleep; no—up you must get, with all the miseries of a barrack-room about you; with scarcely any light to dress, no fire, no hot water: fishing in absolute despair, amidst a sort of eclipse, something between a daylight and utter darkness, for your habiliments, as if they too had maliciously conspired against you.

Catching at your wellingtons by chance, you are at length, but with considerable difficulty, rigged-out; when, directed by your evil genius to face the cold and piercing air, you find yourself in company with other fellow-sufferers, drawn up with a batch of hawbucks, whom it would be gross flattery to call an awkward-squad.

“Now gentlemen, (of course including the clodpoles) we shall begin,” exclaimed the drill-serjeant; who, with “*perpendicular rigidity*,” comes armed with his rattan for the especial use

of the aforesaid clodpoles. "Look to the fogleman, — attention, — *stand at aise*, — right, — go, — left, — go ;" on which some raised the left leg, others the right, boggling their feet about, as if they were going to display in a mazurka, or gallopade ; "right, — go," — another shuffling of the legs ; — "left, — go," when all step one pace either to the front or rear as the case may be, remaining with a limb upturned, and moving like a pendulum ; while the body, in a variety of grotesque attitudes, yaws about in the manner of a ship in a heavy swell after a gale of wind ; the arms at the same time swinging round like the sails of a windmill. "Throw back your shoulders, — halt, — attention, — right, — go, — as you were, — keep the calves together, — heads well up, — chests well forward, — raise the instep, point the toes ;" these, and other admonitory hints follow in quick succession. "Here, Corporal Hennessey, take off the recruits ; you'll make some hand on'em, while I use my endivours to manage the sub-*all*-terns." The ensuing colloquy then takes place among the gentlemen, who commenced playing their tricks upon each other. "I say Thompson, don't tramp so on my heels : your Hoby's are pointed, as if they were made in

the year one." "Smith, I beg you will not stick your elbows into my ribs ;" was the request made to a tall rawboned Scotchman, with as many angular points about him as Don Quixote. " You'll have me down, Nixon," cries another. Their preceptor, old Drumstick, seeing the confusion, once more sings out, " As you were,—right,—go,—left,—go." While you are trying, like the German rope-dancers, to preserve an equilibrium, picketted for at least ten minutes on one toe, a mischievous scamp, who never had any particular love for you, puts a stop to your gyrations, by giving you a gentle nudge, as if by accident; when down you come, with a most obsequious salaam, before the serjeant, sprawling upon all fours, something in the form of a spread eagle, and carrying on your visage, as you arise, a fair specimen of the geological nature of the earth with which you have been made rather too intimately acquainted, and bearing upon your "*os frontis*," a supply of gravel, so well embedded, as would lead one to infer that you intended to macadamize your countenance.

The Colonel no longer at his window, and the Adjutant, by reason of certain calls of hunger, betaking himself homewards, a scene of horse play ensues among the youngsters, until the

hour of penance is concluded ; when the exhibitors are dismissed, or rather dismiss themselves, having previously obtained the gratifying piece of information, that " the dose is to be repeated till further orders ;" which means every morning at the same hours, throughout the winter.

On the subject of military discipline, I am reminded, that whatever may be the nature of the business upon which young officers are ordered, whether irksome, or the reverse, I would strongly recommend them to comply with willingness and zeal. An opposite line of conduct, but serves to get the individual into trouble, and forces the commanding officer to become his enemy.

Before the aspirant for fame thinks of entering the army, he should reflect a little upon the step he is about to take ; should he have the slightest doubts as to his patience under every trying difficulty, he had better relinquish all idea of the profession. Thoughtless as to consequences, and ignorant of the real duties of a soldier, the unfledged stripling may imagine that he is going to lead the happiest sort of life ; nothing to do, but sport about the world, dance, sing, dress and live like a prince. He soon, however, dis-

covers his mistake : he finds out, perhaps when it is too late, that it is a life of hard duties, bitter trials, submission, and self-denial.

I never knew an instance of any good resulting from the conduct of those haughty sprigs, who say, "they will make a convenience of the service;" many examples could be cited to shew the folly of such opinions.

Let him, who desires to arrive at eminence, learn to pursue an undeviating course of rectitude; due submission to his superiors will teach him how to act, when he himself is in command, and will entitle him to obedience in his turn. With steadiness attending to his duty, he may be sneered at for his particularity by the loose and thoughtless; but among those whose approbation may be valued, he will meet with friends.

From the facility that obtained in time of war, when the country was drained of almost every young man who was able to draw a sword, the door was open wide for the admission of improper characters to join the army. The consequence was, that every regiment had a fair proportion of those "mauvais sujets," distributed amongst them.

Party work constituted one of the greatest evils resulting from this pernicious system: the

quiet lad of temperate habits, was ridiculed and laughed at by the scape-grace, who called him "milk-sop," and close-good-for-nothing sort of fellow. Now the fact of it was, those party-men scarcely ever mounted guard, or attended parade; their riotous assemblies sent them to the sick report; they were unfit for anything after the night's debauch; while the "milk-sops" were saddled with double duty, from the idle neglect of their despisers.

In one regiment, whose number shall be nameless, there was a glaring proof of this exclusive party system; which, had the corps not luckily been in the midst of fighting, might have led to fatal consequences. The leader of this *party* was a man of classical attainments, and of considerable ability. It was a pity he did not lend his talents to a better purpose. He was moreover, a man of wealth, and this attracted a circle round him, which even his conversational powers might have failed in doing.

The sycophants professed to be his friends, although they did not care a farthing for the man. It was his wine and suppers that they loved. "O!" said they; "Hilario is such an uncommon good fellow, such a hearty soul, we must stick by him;"—this sticking by him

being neither more or less than supporting him in all his prejudices, swearing if requisite that black was white, if their idol averred so much ; joining him in his hatred and persecution of those *tame*, abstemious mortals, who partook not of their social cup. His quarters, or his tent, was the scene of continual merriment, when his carousals were supported with the aid of purse and wine. *They* formed in truth a second "Noctes Ambrosiana."

He was a sad whisperer ; having the ear of the commanding officer, he poured therein the baneful poison of rank malevolence against his enemies, or those who did not go head and ears in debt to join his congress.

This sketch is quite sufficient to shew the mischief of such a character, from whose dark insinuations no one could be safe. It is an additional and convincing evidence of the necessity there is for the young officer to act with firmness, instead of floating with the tide, that will carry him to the rapid and the vortex ; let him stem with manly fortitude its putrid current, and he will at last find safety on the shores of self-approval, and a quiet conscience.

THE COVENTRY SYSTEM.

The Party School, that fertile source of mis-

chief, and upon which I have imperfectly dilated, leads to the "Coventry System," one that is worse, if possible, than the other. It is a studied refinement upon cruelty, and exhibits a revengeful, persecuting, and vindictive spirit. I wonder much that it flourished for so long a period in our army, when nothing but generosity of mind and liberal feeling should ever have existed. The population of that town from which the custom has derived its name, must, for the last twenty or thirty years, have been vastly on the increase; for I verily believe, that during the time in question, more of His Majesty's liege subjects have been sent there, as a reinforcement to its original inhabitants, than have ever been transported to any other town within the realms. Civilians do not in general comprehend the phraseology as understood in military parlance; being "sent to Coventry," in plain English, means, that the unfortunate individual so despatched, is *cut* by his companions, losing caste like a Hindoo who has broke the inviolable laws of his Brahmin; he is avoided, as if he had the plague—they put an extinguisher on all his hopes—his crime originating in some cause which they can scarcely well explain. I have known a poor fellow kept in

this state of durance for many months, debarred from all communication with his late associates—driven to a sort of living death—an exile among his fellow-beings, who shrink from him, as from a poisonous plant; yet without daring openly to charge him with any offence.

I will assert, that it is unworthy of the profession, thus to persecute any of its members. How much more dignified and honourable, to institute some enquiry into the affair, or bring it to decision by Court Martial. Happily for the service, the system is now hardly heard of, but by name; it was a custom disgraceful to the British army, and existing in no other.

CHAPTER IX.

Duty of the Colonel—The Espionage System—The Confessor—The Standwells—Embarkation Scenes—Portsmouth—The Affecting Farewell Interview—The Transport System, and its Nuisances—Thirsty John—Gibraltar—Troops in Garrison—The 48th—Lieut. Ansaldo—Singular Fatality—The 61st—The Army in Portugal—Junot—Laborde, Loison, &c.—French Troops—British ditto.

IN cases of disunion in a corps, much depends on the conduct of the Commanding Officer, with whom so much is vested. By his judgment, firmness and good temper, the harmony of all may be accomplished. When you see the appearance of the Coventry system in a regiment, you cannot hesitate in pronouncing on the character of the Colonel. Shew me a fine, generous, and withal, a strict commanding officer; and I will readily point to a corps where unanimity subsists: with conciliating, yet decided

manner, he gains the affection of the juniors, and is justly held by all in estimation. Like a happy family, of which he is the much respected head, the movements of all go on like those of a well-regulated piece of mechanism ; while a noble "esprit de corps," is the rule and main-spring of all their actions. It is the bounden duty of the Colonel to encourage the young and inexperienced, and set his face against all improper combinations. When officers had nothing beyond their pay, they were often compelled to do much violence to their feelings, and deny themselves many things that others more fortunate enjoyed ; but this should never have told against them.

We need but look back on the circumstances in which a regiment of infantry was placed some years ago, from the undecided and vacillating temper of its Colonel. Owing to the *party* and Coventry systems, the officers were dispersed throughout the world—some were cashiered by the sentence of a general Court Martial. Duelling was the fashion—one of the captains was shot by the senior lieutenant ; in short, a scene of confusion ensued in that fine regiment, that was without a parallel.

Next comes on the favouritism, and espionage

system ; evil though they be in their tendency, yet far less so than the preceding. There is scarcely a regiment in the army, wholly free from the abominable custom ; for human nature is such, that the best of men are open to adulation—as long as this exists, there will be flatterers creeping up the sleeve of the most sensible and wary. Espionage is sure to spring from this ; every individual in the corps is more or less exposed to its effects. The sycophant is generally an old captain, or subaltern from the ranks, whose pate some fifty years have closely shaven. The sapient is found at all times near the Colonel's elbow ; whose movements he watches, as keenly as a fox would watch the farm-yard.

Only fancy the importance of the "Parasite," when he sees the aforesaid Colonel, (who is generally in good humour after breakfast) and who takes him by the arm, and is led by the confessor to his quarters. Happiness and contentment are pictured on their brow—what nods and winks, and sinister glances pass between them, as some poor d—l of a sub goes by, who has chanced to get into their "black-books"—some irksome duty, guard or outpost, is in waiting for him, to a moral certainty.

The lucky wight who has obtained the good opinion of the Parasite, may be called truly fortunate—his future hopes are bright, and ominous of good—his promotion is secure—his name being well established in the “sanctum,” he may go to bed, and slumber calmly. The Confessor is frequently seen with the last paper, wet from the press, folded carefully in his hands; and with a new edition of Dundas, or perhaps the Articles of War, snugly beneath his arm, he struts with consequential aspect, like Elliston coming on the stage as Pertinax Single.

Arrived at the quarters of his chief, what a flattering grip awaits him there—he basks in the sunshine of genuine favouritism. He *stands well* with the great man, that is quite sufficient; and if you get into favour with the *Parasite*, you will be one of the “*Standwell family*” too.

Should there be a trio of these characters, made up, by the presence of their leader, to a quartette, they stand together in a cluster exactly in the centre of the barrack square, with arms akimbo, surveying independently about; then it is you must beware, for if you approach too near them, they will, like a nest of hornets, sting you with most inveterate bite.

EMBARKATION SCENES.—1808.

The winter season having now set in, that particular time was chosen, as being the most expedient to send the troops abroad; although it was cold and comfortless enough to all concerned. However, as *fame* and *honour* were to be sought for in distant lands, it became not men who were in pursuit of such, to murmur or complain. The hope of getting winged, or of receiving a more effectual quietus, and thereby to obtain a place of honourable mention in despatches, were supposed to be equivalents for whatever suffering or inconvenience that fate or fortune might entail on them, either previous to, or when engaged upon the expedition.

The usual rendezvous was Portsmouth; where an extraordinary melange of those who fight by sea and land, were then assembled; awaiting with proud anticipation, the splendid things that lay before them. Few situations in the annals of military life can be less enviable, than one of those morning embarkations.

Rising at five, in obedience to a sudden order received at four to go on board, is bad enough at the best of times; but getting up at

that particularly dozy hour, in the very darkest period of December, was a much more dismal ceremony. The sea! the sea!—with all its horrors—your crazy floating prison, with all its blackness, is before you. The wind, as denoted by the flag-staff vane, is in no vein to let you off; and as a proof of his tender interest in your welfare, drives in your teeth as foul as it can blow. With barely time to pack your baggage, pay your debts, or what is still more requisite, to make your will, you are hurried to the alarm-post, inhaling as you go, a saline vapour; and with some rather alarming presages on your mind, meeting your captain, as you try to make your way against the elements, he consoles you, (sailors are no great hands at giving comfort), by shaking his head, and saying, “he does not like the appearance of the weather.” By daylight, however, affairs assume a brighter aspect; the novelty and bustle in everything connected with getting the troops afloat, give an interest to the business, notwithstanding the previous train of miseries.

Portsmouth, as every body knows, or ought to know, was, in time of war, one of the busiest places in the world. The population, chiefly maritime, had a deep concern about

their visitors ; tradesmen, tavernkeepers, and others in that line, were migrating from their respective habitations : some with sea stock for the gentlemen ; others looking sorrowful, with bills, to be paid by the "roll of drum."

Here and there, were drunken pilots and their cronies, endeavouring to steer a course on terra firma ; soldiers, sailors, and marines, in groups ; while red-faced naval captains, some with wooden-legs, and some without them, with iron-bound cocked-hats ; and transport skip-pers, with wind-bound looks, and features of a purple dye, were progressing from their hostel to the port, or rather to the "*point*,"—that very delicious and retired locale, where tar is much more prevalent than "Eau de Cologne," and where the volume of animated nature was glaringly displayed.

Many affecting scenes were represented here ; and many a poor fellow was struggling to act the part of fortitude, while the tear stood trembling in his eye. *

* Amidst the variety of incidents which occurred, there could not fail to be some that bordered on the ridiculous ; one in particular afforded so much amusement to our thoughtless youths, as to claim a little notice of the matter here.

An officer of the — regiment lingered some time on

It was generally contrived by the management, or rather the mismanagement of our friends in office, that some of us should not arrive within hail of the nearest transport, until after dark. It was quite a matter of indifference to the transport agents, as to how, or when we got on board; an affair accomplished

shore, in order to pass the few remaining hours he had to spare, in the company of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Having been fostered in the moist climate of the Isle of Sky, he was also attached to the study of Farintosh, and other cordials; whence it may easily be inferred, that he thought it no sin, during the *dropping* of her tears, to comfort himself with *drops* of brandy.

The ladies in general accompanied their husbands to the town; but the fair one here referred to, surpassed them all in kindness, for she attended hers even to the afore-named point, at the extremity of which she stood, with bewildered gaze, as the soldiers were embarking.

John had by this time torn himself away, and having a noble flask, (his best companion now) beside him, and a countenance glowing from a copious share of its contents, he was seated in the boat.

With eyes suffused in tears, his faithful sposa waved a "last adieu;" and as the bark pushed from the shore, she shrieked in piteous tones, "Gude keep ye, John;" but when it receded further still, and seemed as it were a speck upon the water, she uttered one last piercing cry, which echoed along the shore like the wild screaming of a seagull, exclaiming "dinna drink, John; dinna drink."

not without some difficulty, and a very delightful game of *hide and seek*.

I can think of no greater misery, on the long catalogue of human cares, than that of searching for your destined ship, in one of those leaky contract boats or flats, employed for the occasion.

Overtaken by a pitchy night, one of those peculiar to our murky latitude, upon a broken sea, with gusts of wind at intervals, and rain enough to give you a pretty good idea of the deluge; while the spray that washes over you, threatens to upset or swamp your treacherous canoe.

Men-of-war and merchantmen intermingled, it required some ingenuity to steer our way; and it was frequently more by accident than by skill, that we made our passage good.

Bells giving note of time, sentinels or men upon the watch, calling out, "all's well," were the only sounds we heard in concert with the howling of the elements; when catching at these sounds, we stumbled athwart a hawser, or came foul of something worse. It was cheering in the midst of our dilemma, to hear the drollery, and curious observations of the men; "for *sailors*, though they *have their jokes*," soldiers in like manner have them too.

Here while blundering about from ship to ship, when utter darkness had overspread the waters, every disappointing and vexatious incident was followed by shouts of merriment and laughter. In this way steering to and fro, after struggling and toiling at the oar, for seven or eight long hours upon a stretch, we at length found friendly shelter, even that afforded by a transport.

From what I have already mentioned, I need scarcely say that I never had any extraordinary predilection for a ship of that description ; but here I could almost have read my recantation, for it was a situation, perhaps the only one, in which a transport could be tolerated.

How we eventually scrambled in, I cannot now determine ; nor did the happiness we experienced then, make any deep impression on my memory.

CAPTAIN W——.

Our embarkations were not at all times the most popular affairs. There were people in those days, as there are at the present period, who canvassed the object of them, with no small degree of penetration ; the result of which often led to a feeling extremely hostile to that

“collective wisdom,” by which the base of all our expeditions was laid down. Posterity is generally a pretty good judge ; while history, which is merely an echo of the public voice, stamps a character upon the thing, which never can be obliterated.

The Danish expedition was more particularly the mark of observation, among every class ; and even among the military men engaged, there were some not without their misgivings on the subject ; one at least of whom, as the following case will shew, acted under this impression, and in a most affecting manner.

Captain W—, of the — regiment, with feelings deeply sensitive as to the whole injustice, as he imagined, of the affair, allowed a settled melancholy to get possession of him, from the moment of his embarkation. Throughout his passage to the Scheldt, the struggle within his mind between his military duty, and the moral obligations that comported with his sense of honor, was strongly visible. None imagined for an instant that he could have worked himself up to such a pitch of phrenzy, as would lead to the commission of any fatal act ; in this, however, they were mistaken. At a late hour of the night, previous to the landing, when the ship was lying quietly at anchor in the roads, and while

the officers were enjoying themselves in the cabin, and engaged in earnest conversation on the events to occur the following day ; he went on deck, where he paced for some time up and down in considerable agitation. Unobserved by any one on board, he at length descended to a boat that lay alongside the vessel, from which throwing himself suddenly in the water, a splash was heard by those above, and this ill-fated soldier was irrecoverably lost. Thus perished, from perhaps too keen, or misguided a sense of honor, an officer, who by his talent and education was an ornament to his profession, and previous to the expedition which led to this lamentable affair, a most amiable and agreeable member of society.

GIBRALTAR, 1808.

At the time we visited Gibraltar, it was not by some considered an enviable place of residence. Being then at war with Spain, all intercourse with the interior was cut off ; the troops were shut up within the small circumference of their batteries. The rock might justly be compared to a gigantic ship of war, the inhabitants of which were in close companionship with great guns, and other destructive engines. It was literally bristled with cannon. Not only were our visits interdicted, but our means of supply were likewise

stopped ; so that we could procure nothing whatever, in the way of fresh provision, beyond the scanty stores that were conveyed across from the shores of Africa, by the Moors or Algerines.

Of rations, such as they were, we had abundance ; salt meat was our standing dish, varied with sea biscuits, peas, and rancid butter.

The first remarkable object that presents itself on approaching near the rock, is the ragged staff guard house, the ascent to which is by means of a long flight of steps. The subaltern stationed here has no sinecure ; every living thing that passes through the gate on landing, must undergo his sharp inspection.

Turning immediately to the right from this point, a level sandy road, passing a tavern called the "Tumble down Dick," and some temporary barracks, continues on by the sea line wall, towards the southern extremity of the fortress ; between which and the lofty precipice, there is a narrow space of ground, sloping to Europa point, where there are extensive barracks covered by the works of the New Mole-head. Passing a long range of batteries beyond the town, there is a view of the old Mole, and its adjacent strong defences ; from whence, ascending the northern face of the rock, the Neutral-ground, the bay of Algesiras, the small town of St. Roque, with

the mountains of Andalusia in the distance, lie within the varied prospect.

Still higher, the rugged winding pathway leads on to the loopholed galleries, where chambers are cut out of the solid stone; and where, from the loop-holes or embrasures, numerous pieces of heavy ordnance are pointed towards every opening or approach across the narrow Isthmus underneath. The grand parade is the great military centre of attraction, where several hundred men mount guard every day, the whole passing in review, in close and open column, before the garrison or officer commanding.

Gibraltar was far from appearing to me that very disagreeable quarter which it was generally said to be; neither do I think it deserved the character it obtained for dulness; for although at this time, as I have remarked, we were shut up within a narrow compass, yet there was much variety within these limits. The duties certainly were severe, particularly on the subalterns, the officer's guard coming on every third or fourth day; but even on those duties there was useful occupation, which interested and engaged the mind. When it is added, that a never-failing supply of books was always at hand, and abundant leisure to enjoy them, it must be admitted there was no great reason for complaint.

Then for gaieties and amusements, there were dancing, (but a woeful lack of fair ones), fishing, shooting, boating, with many other recreations in that way. It is absurd to say, where so many military men congregate together, that any quarter can be dull. Let them but get into the remotest corner of the earth, and they will strike up something among themselves that will drive care away.

The garrison at that time was composed of the following regiments of the line.

The 6th or Warwickshire Regiment, Col. Foord Bowes.

48th, Northamptonshire ditto. Lieut.-Col. Duckworth.

57th, West Middlesex, ditto. Col. Inglis.

61st, South Gloucester, ditto. Col. Coghlan.

The 6th was afterwards called on to join the army under Wellington, in Spain, where they served during the whole of that war. They were a fine showy-looking regiment, styling themselves, for what reason I could not understand, the "saucy sixth." Colonel Bowes distinguished himself at Salamanca; where as he was leading on the troops to assault the forts, he was unfortunately killed,—at that time a Major-General.

The 57th, under the gallant Inglis, were exposed at Albuera to a most exterminating fire, taken in flank and rear by the Polish lancers. From their stubborn obstinacy on this occasion, they obtained from Inglis the name of "*die hards*."

THE 48TH

was at the time I write of, and I have no doubt they are so still, one of the finest looking set of men, that were ever assembled under arms.

Both battalions were in Spain, where they were constantly exposed to fire. Had it not been for the promptness and gallantry of the 1st. battalion, under Colonel Donnelan, when they rushed in to repel the violence of Victor's men, at the moment when the guards were borne down, it is a doubtful matter what the issue of Talavera might have been.

Poor Donnelan himself was killed in the fury of this onset, lamented beyond all measure by his regiment. A long list of officers fell, not only here, but at Albuera; where, as usual, they went far towards saving the fortune of the day.

Among those who were killed at Albuera, was an old brother officer, who served with me, while in the 7th garrison battalion. Lieutenant

John Ansaldo, to whom I now allude, was of French or Italian ancestry ; low sized, and with the swarthy complexion of a foreigner. He seemed a steady inoffensive young man, at the time I knew him, and particularly anxious to get on service.

From what cause I am at lost to say, charges were preferred against him by Colonel Duckworth, (who was said to be a thorough-going martinet,) and he would have been brought before a general court martial, had not the battle of Albuera intervened.

It appears strange, being under an arrest, how he should have been present in that action ; but he was engaged, and received a mortal wound.

Singular, in like manner, is the fact, that all who were to be concerned in the trial, were doomed to share his fate.—

Major-General Houghton, President of the Court, killed.

Colonel Duckworth, Prosecutor, ditto.

Captain Benning, 66th. Judge Advocate, ditto.

Lieutenant John Ansaldo, Prisoner, ditto.

Many a poor fellow with hopes destroyed, and all his prospects blasted, would have envied John Ansaldo.

THE 61ST

was one of those battalions so severely handled at Salamanca and Toulouse. When the war was over, they were sent to Jamaica, and subsequently to Ceylon, from whence they are about to return to England. No regiment has been more distinguished, or more on foreign service, whether in the colonies or the field.

Colonels Coghlan and Forbes were both killed in Spain.

THE ARMY IN PORTUGAL.

On our first going into Portugal, there was much hard fighting ; our interview with Junot's veterans was no child's play. Those fellows, trained up from their infancy, as it were, in Napoleon's iron school, with the experience of many a desperate field, were practised warriors. When we came to grapple with them in right earnest, we felt the full effect of their blows.

Our victories, so called, were dearly bought ; being at the expense of our finest soldiers. Wellington might have rëechoed the cry of old, that " many such victories would be his ruin."

JUNOT.

Junot, who previous to this campaign was created Duke of Abrantés, was sent into Portugal at the very commencement of the war.

Meeting with no opposition, he took possession of Lisbon, at the head of a small party of grenadiers.

He was a young man of cruel, vindictive disposition, which he vented on the poor defenceless Portuguese. His soldiers, supporting him in his relentless will, gave way to the worst of passions, committed atrocities unheard of, going to the very depths of rapine and excess. He was extremely active in getting away the "moveables" from the Tagus, after the "far-famed convention;" while, in the double capacity of Commander-in-chief and Quarter-master-general, he superintended the embarkation of spoil enough to enrich himself and his marauding brethren. With shame be it said, when a British army was in Lisbon, and a British fleet in the Tagus, he, with the utmost coolness, purloined for shipment even the church plate and the monastic treasures.

Whither had the spirit of Englishmen taken flight?—or what evil genius had overcome our statesmen, thus to allow a beaten army to walk off quietly, not only with their ill-got wealth, but with equipment to defend the same?

Away they went triumphantly, with flying streamers. Well may they have looked back upon us with derision when their sails were

filled, promising us another meeting; which, with regard to some among them, was virtually fulfilled.

Junot was one of Napoleon's favourite aid-de-camps. Being always on the staff, he wanted experience in command; but with respect to him, that which rarely happens among the gentlemen of our "Etat-major," took place;—"fatigue and wounds had made him an old man" long before his time.

The 8th corps of the French army was under the immediate control of Junot at Vimiero, when he had about 14,000 men engaged, and 23 pieces of artillery.

He commanded the 3rd corps, in place of Moncey, at the second siege of Zaragossa. He returned in a bad state of health to France, where, being attacked with fever, he died in a state of madness, at a place called Montauban, then in the prime of life, being only forty-two.

Marceau the younger fought in Portugal. His father General Marceau first distinguished himself in La Vendée. He was afterwards killed by a rifle ball at Alterkerchèn.

" ' Honour to Marceau !' o'er whose early tomb,
Tears, big tears, gushed from the soldier's lid ;
Lamenting, and yet enjoying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume."

GENERAL LABORDE.

This officer formed a most remarkable contrast with Junot, under whom he served at Roriça and Vimiero, where he signalized himself as a man of considerable talent. The flattering observations of Napier on the subject, are the best testimony to this effect.

“ It is an agreeable task to render a just tribute of applause to the conduct of a gallant, though unsuccessful, enemy; and there is no danger of incurring the imputation of ostentatious liberality, in asserting, that Laborde’s operations were exquisite specimens of the art of war. The free and confident manner in which he felt for his enemy; the occupation of Brilos, Obidos, and Roriça, in succession, by which he delayed the final moment of battle, and gained time for Loison; the judgment and nice calculation in which he maintained the position at Roriça, and the obstinacy with which he defended the heights of Zambugeira, were all proofs of a consummate knowledge of war, and a facility of command rarely attained.”—*Napier’s Peninsular War*.

Laborde was wounded at Roriça.

LOISON,

another of Junot's generals in that short campaign, was a man greatly inferior to Laborde, both as to military knowledge and disposition. Being of Junot's school, he seconded the views of that aspiring genius; while he abused whatever little power he had, by acts of tyranny and oppression towards the wretched and helpless people in his way.

The Portuguese, by whom he was detested, called him "*Maneté*," in consequence of his having but one hand.

Kellerman, Duke of Valmy, commanded the Reserve, which consisted of a division of grenadiers, in support of Loison at Vimiero, and was afterwards employed upon an embassy to our chiefs, which led to the well-known and unpopular "Convention." Bearing a flag of truce, with a white handkerchief across his eyes, he approached our lines in a blind-man's-buff sort of fashion. They might as well have allowed the poor man to see a little of the beauties of the country in his travels; for, under existing circumstances, it could have made no possible difference, whether Kellerman cunningly peeped beneath his bandage, or used his naked optics,

for our valiants had made up their minds to have no fighting.

Kellerman was second in command of the cavalry in Waterloo. He died in 1820.

General Brennier was the leader of an impetuous attack with his brigade upon the troops of Sir Ronald Ferguson at Vimiero ; where, however, he was wounded and taken prisoner, but afterwards exchanged.

He does not appear to have been a man of much talent in that action ; but at a more recent period he displayed a rare degree of coolness and ability, by his abdication of Almeida, of which he was the governor ; when at midnight, with his garrison, he forced his passage through our line of picquets, and clear through a strong cordon of veteran troops behind them. He was a tall, stout, weather-beaten man.

Generals Margeron and Solignac had commands in the memorable battle above referred to, where the former led the cavalry that rushed with so much fury on Colonel Taylor of the 20th Dragoons, and his squadrons, whom they overpowered and cut to pieces, Taylor being among the slain.

General Thomières also served with Junot, but was afterwards killed at Salamanca.

Having now disposed of those most celebrated generals of the French army who fought in Portugal, we shall return to our observations on their troops, as compared with the British infantry ; dealing with the subject, as these matters always should be, in an impartial point of view.

The French engage more desperately upon the " first onset " than the soldiers of any other nation ; while at long shot they are the most inveterate of foes, but they have no particular fancy for " the steel." With muskets of longer barrel they send the ball with more certain aim, and give their fire better than our men.

In going through the manual and platoon, their movements are made with astonishing rapidity ; they are equally rapid in the execution of field manœuvres ; but the word of command is given in louder tones than it is with us ; that word is repeated and redelivered by every officer, from the colonel downwards, so as to resemble the hallooing of a riotous mob.

On all occasions they take particular aim at the officers of rank. Our generals were pointedly selected ; while marking out the colonels, with perhaps a major or two to keep them company.

The troops of our armies were chiefly com-

posed of militia men, or new raised levies, whose experience, over a limited sphere of action, afforded but little means of acquiring even a superficial knowledge of their duties in the field ; they were, therefore, an unequal match for the enemy they had to do with. Full of energy, with the impetuous spirit of Englishmen, they rushed without steadiness into battle, exposed in their way to much slaughter ; while, levelling too high, they fired away at random, the work was ineffective, and quantities of ammunition wastefully expended.

By the influence and example, however, of intelligent officers, those difficulties were soon got over ; while by valour in themselves, they made up for everything else in which they were deficient.

Our light troops and riflemen were far superior to any other in our service ; they went to the front with steadiness, taking deliberate aim ; the smallest bodies of such men were more useful, and did more execution than whole battalions.

But they were not superior to the French in this way, whose widely extended tirailleurs not only flanked their columns, but by the sharpness of their fire they not unfrequently decided the

fortunes of the day. Spread over a considerable space of country, detached, and firing independently, while taking advantage of every inequality of the ground, they crept unperceived and rapidly forward, into the very heart of our position, before our men had time to form.

At Vimiero our picquets suffered dreadfully on this account ; our red-jacket light companions, together with our riflemen, were closely driven in by a powerful and overwhelming foe.

CHAPTER X.

The Charge—Erroneous opinions on the subject—Charge made by the 50th at Vimiero—Laborde—Modest Request—Charge at Maida—"Never despise an enemy"—Portugal in the Vintage—Encampments—A Day in Camp—Going into Battle—English Soldiers no Cowards—Night Attacks, &c. &c.

THE CHARGE.

For a length of time, before we got experienced in the art of war, the manner in which bodies came against each other in the charge, was very little known or understood; the opinions that usually prevailed upon the subject were, for the most part, perfectly erroneous. It was imagined that they got abreast with a furious rush, as if carried on by the force of some unseen propelling power; and with the

violence of ships, when in the act of boarding, began without any ceremony, to cut, thrust, and tear one another to pieces ; when, after (as Pat would say) utter extermination on either side, they put up their weapons, and in a very gentlemanly way walked off quietly, as if nothing had happened.

The truth of it is, seriously treating of the subject, as far as my experience goes, as well as from what I have heard from others, troops never come against each other in such a way as to bring the "steel" in close collision ; when the affair is tending to an issue such as this, one side must possess a greater degree of confidence, both in a physical and a moral point of view, than the other ; and wheresoever that feeling most prevails, there success will most unquestionably remain.

Young soldiers, before a near approach, may be inspired with the chimerical idea of a struggle point to point, and may look to their bayonet edge ; while they hold the firelock with a more tenacious grip, supposing withal that muscular exertion will succeed ; but the illusion is dispersed, even before they arrive within twenty or thirty paces ; for no matter what the strength of wrist may be, or what the breadth of shoulder,

they who lose their self-possession, or from whom confidence (which is but another word for courage) may have fled, will most assuredly follow the example of Madam Confidence, and take a run for it, in pursuit of her and her companion, exclaiming with Hudibras, as they run,

“ Alas ! what dangers do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.”

It may have been the finest fun imaginable for some promising young youth (now become a promising old boy) to play off his airs, and tell the people of his deeds, while recounting his “Stories of Waterloo,” when perhaps he got no further than Brussels or Ostend ; and to talk largely of troops charging with such an impetus, that half a dozen grenadiers of the Imperial Guard were spitted at a lunge, or that the sparks flew off their steel, while they carried on a sort of poleaxe game ; yet spinning of that description will never do for men who have been a longer time abroad. The poetry of old Homer’s clash and clang, with the shield and javelin business, may do very well for Oxford scholars ; but soldiers are more of a prosy nature, plain straightforward sort of fellows, with a touch of downright fact about them. If you talk of

long shot, shell, or rifle practice, they will understand you ; but I repeat it, that the enthusiasm of our ancient heroes is thrown away upon them altogether.

The charge made by the 50th at Vimiero was, perhaps, one of the most decisive things of the kind that ever happened. Those alone who witnessed it can form an adequate idea of its impetuosity ; affording, beyond all doubt, a most unanswerable proof of the effect which confidence will have upon the minds of men, who have before them the encouragement and example of their leader.

The French manœuvred under every possible advantage, led on by one of their finest generals ; without the least impediment in their way, the avenue to our line seemed, as it were, marked out before them. Backed by veteran comrades, who had borne the brunt of many battles, with horsemen and artillery on their flanks, while clouds of riflemen were in advance ; yet under all these favourable circumstances, their valour failed them at the crisis—they were overthrown.

After the salvo was administered, which made their solid column recoil upon its base, as though it were struck by lightning, the old 50th, with their faces begrimed with powder, as black as

216 CHARGE BY THE FIFTIETH AT VIMIERO.

their lapells, came tumbling down upon them, amidst a fearful war-cry, with a tremendous shock that nothing could withstand. Parthian-like, the Frenchmen fought with desperation as they ran ; some tilting up against the hedge rows, threw off their stern chasers ; when at length, borne down by their assailants, and falling back upon the forest, they were dispersed, and broken as they fell, " like waves that are dashed upon a rock !" *

Colonel Walker,† who was certainly a man

* *A modest request.*—Previous to the onset, we were, for a short time, a little under cover of the hill from which the charge was made ; when a trifling circumstance occurred, which made some impression on my memory, and also made me a convert to the old remark, " never send another to do a thing that you can do yourself." Canister-shot, and shell were coming pretty thick across the brow. At this moment an officer of some regiment posted there, no doubt impatient for a warm birth, ran to where I stood, when casting a wistful eye upon the crest, over which the iron shower was passing, " Sir," cried he, " would you *have* the goodness to step up and take a look at what is going forward, and let me know ?"

Whether I " *had* the goodness" to obey his cool request or not, I cannot at this distant period say ; but being now in the land of living men, I *rather* think not.

† Laborde, who commanded the French column, struck with the bravery of the 50th, and with the skill in which their colonel brought them into action, requested, when the armistice took place, that Walker might be introduced to him.

endued with extraordinary coolness and intrepidity of mind, knew right well how to go about his work; he also knew the stubborn elements of which his regiment was composed. He was of the middle stature, well proportioned, and of a pale complexion; with a remarkably handsome set of features, animated by keen expressive eyes, that were full of intelligence and fire. On attaining the rank of Brigadier, he served in Spain and Portugal, and was desperately wounded at Badajos, where he commanded a brigade in General Leith's division, which stormed the Pardileras. He is at present, Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea College.

Returning to "*the charge*;" it was said, that at Maida the business went so far, that they actually rung the changes from their metal. But here, John Stewart was the officer who commanded on the British side, and Regnier that upon the French, both of them men of unflinching intrepidity. Therefore, we cannot entertain a doubt that this at least was one instance of the good effect with which the bayonet was brought into play.

It is a maxim in war, "never to despise an enemy;" but those who had the training of us, were of a very different way of thinking, and

filled our unsophisticated minds in early childhood, with maxims that led us not only to despise, but to undervalue both their personal and mental qualities. Yea, it was entered in our creed, sung to us in ballads, and told in tales, by many a shrivelled witch, who, in the capacity of nurse, instilled upon us that we were to hate with most inveterate hatred, and thrash, as long as thrashing might be good for them, as soon as we grew up, every unfortunate Frenchman that we met with ; for no other reason upon earth, but because they were half-starved pigmies, who lived on snails and frogs, drank vinegar, and wore wooden shoes.

The French, however they may be represented on the stage, or in romances, as sharp soup-maigre looking gentlemen, without an ounce of flesh upon their bones, have given us reason to respect them. Not perhaps so muscular, or encased within so many folds of flesh as Englishmen ; neither with the paunch of Mister Mayor, nor furnished with a drayman's limbs ; yet they are not on this account to be despised. That very "superabundance of *matter*" of which we boast, may, and often does absorb the finer qualities of the mind.

Many a puny, insignificant-looking indivi-

dual—aye, and that a Frenchman too—many a little fellow, with a great soul, has been known to stand præminent in the ranks of military life, wherein he raised himself above his peers. This may seem a truism ; but truism as it is, the simple fact is applicable here. I have often, myself, seen a poor disciple of a soldier, with diminutive frame, and limbs of the grasshopper in form, who, as he lay bemoaning his fate, upon receiving a dangerous wound, cried out, as he gave to his country his latest breath, with a voice no louder than a penny trumpet, “Vive la grand nation!—vive l’Empereur !” while the emphasis and fervency with which he breathed, evinced the valour of his spirit, and showed that he had fought with the zeal and courage of a hero.*

Our countrymen fancy that they are superior to every people ; but if they mean organic beauty, they are egregiously mistaken ; for the Spanish peasantry beat them hollow. Where

* After the battle of Vimiero, several of the prisoners who fell into our hands, threw off their allegiance, and entered into our service ; several of them, among whom were Germans, Swiss, and Frenchmen, joined the regiment I belonged to. I never beheld a finer looking set of fellows, every man of them above six feet high, and well proportioned. They were all appointed to the grenadiers.

is there to be found such fine proportioned limbs, such symmetry of form, as that possessed by the Castilian? Upon any real or imaginary defect, the Briton is prone to make up the deficiency, by taking from the French or Spaniards, or from any other people who don't eat six meals a day, or feed upon roast beef; grasping at their fund of virtues, he robs them of their bravery and personal charms, to *plume* himself withal.

Out of evil, good will occasionally arise; even from this reasoning, have accrued certain advantages, which bear materially upon the important movement we have been treating of; with reference to which, a sense of being invincible has nerved the arm; and above all, has given that confidence to the English soldiers, which has made them superior in close combat, to the troops of every nation in the world.

PORTUGAL.

Portugal is a delightful and picturesque country; abounding throughout its length and breadth, with more of natural beauty than any other of the same extent in Europe; I know of nothing that will bear comparison with it, unless it be the splendid scenery of the West. Instead

of the monotonous and boundless plains, presenting an immeasurable surface in the central parts of Spain, it is diversified by mountains richly clothed, numerous fine rivers, romantic defiles, and the wildest glens. The climate is in truth delicious, possessed of all the mildness of more southern regions, and without that chilling atmosphere, so peculiar to the spacious table-lands of Leon and Castile.

In the month of August, when we made our first appearance there, the vintage season had set in, affording us an opportunity of beholding it in all its loveliness. The forest trees, vines, and rich plantations, in their autumnal robes, imparted a luxuriance that it would be difficult to describe. Now it was, that we beheld the ravages committed by the desolating hand of war—those beautiful districts, with their cornfields, gardens, orchards, olive grounds, and vineyards, were despoiled and trampled down by the march of troops. Parts lying more immediately within the compass of our route, were converted into a wilderness of ruin; wherever Junot's soldiers had been quartered, or encamped, there the work of devastation was complete.

Even our battles were fought in the midst of those extensive vineyards; at Vimiero, they lay

around us, as far as the eye could reach. The delicious grapes, thus profusely spread by the liberality of nature, together with the water-melon, afforded a refreshment, that proved a welcome cordial to the thirsty, exhausted, or wounded men. I used to see the poor fellows lying desperately injured, or in a dying state, in the act of regaling eagerly upon the simple feast, even while their eyes were closing on the brilliant scene; and I am convinced, that numbers would have perished from weakness and loss of blood, were they not sustained, until surgical aid arrived, by these delightful fruits.

THE CAMP.

Our first encampment, after tumbling out of the waters of the Mondego, was situated on a luxuriant range of thickly wooded heights, beyond, and to the eastward of Leria,; a small but ancient town, standing on a plain, over which the southern or Lisbon road extends.

Perhaps it is beyond the warmest imagination, to conceive of anything equal to the awful grandeur, or so deeply interesting to a reflecting mind, as that of the scene presented on those hills, when the hour of night set in; brilliantly

illuminated as they were, by lights as countless as the stars.

- The impression of this our earliest bivouac, in that short but arduous campaign, can never leave my memory.

How rapidly the scenes of a soldier's chequered life are changing!—the extraordinary and moving adventures through which I have passed, since that impression was first experienced, float before me like the shadows of an illusive dream. The occurrences of more than five-and-twenty years pass in review like those of yesterday.

Within that apparently brief and fitful period, of the thousands then assembled in the prime of life and vigour—in the very spirit of young and joyous feeling—the consuming ravages of war have scarcely left a remnant. Hundreds with whom I long held friendly and intimate companionship, are swept away—their names have long since vanished from the muster roll.

A DAY IN CAMP.

When the troops are halted on the ground, there is often much unnecessary fuss in dressing the alignment; in some regiments this extraordinary zeal is so far manifested, that before they have done with their parading, the remainder

of the army is completely hutted in and under canvass. By and bye the whole are thrown back into open column of companies, and the arms are piled ; they then disperse to get their accoutrements unshipped, their knapsacks off, and go about the business of the day.

Our encampments were occasionally placed in situations of considerable beauty ; either on the green banks of a clear and rapid stream, a widely extended plain, or far within a closely planted forest, where ample means of firing was presented, and where the interwoven branches afforded shelter.

Presently the welkin rings with the noise of our entrenching tools, with one ceaseless hammering and chopping. Blazing fires are kindled on every side ; clouds of smoke ascend ; huts or wigwams rise as if by magic, and everything proclaims the stirring work of war.

The long and uninterrupted stillness of the woods, is succeeded by vociferous and deafening sounds. Working parties are despatched, some with canteens for water, and others to the commissary ; while foragers, both male and female, scatter to explore the neighbourhood. The culinary operations now proceed with vigour, in answer to the keen demands of hunger ; while

with the help of anything they may procure, the shapeless pieces are manufactured or metamorphosed into a tolerably rich and palatable mess.

After a drudgery of many preceding hours upon the road, arriving late in camp, no time for breakfast on the way, no friendly coffee-house or inn to have recourse to,—no smiling Hebe to ply us with hot rolls or toast, we made our scantily filled panniers “coldly furnish forth the table.” Time, uncertain as it is with every one, yet more uncertain with the soldier, compelled us to take him by the forelock, and amalgamate our breakfast, dinner, and supper into one repast; where tea, that cheering beverage, formed the staple, far more acceptable than the most voluptuous delicacy, giving to the drooping spirit a new degree of animation, which is vainly sought for in more intoxicating draughts.*

* By reason of the miserable condition of the shops, and the poverty of the people, in our way through Portugal, there was nothing to be got even with the aid of money; and as for the article of tea, it was one of so rare a nature, that we could only find it in the keeping of some “starved apothecary,” who doled it out in portions of a drachme or two, as if it were a deadly poison. The wretched dealer, dried up like a skeleton, was amazed at our demands for more; while using it as a

Under the stem of a fine old oak or chesnut, the officers gather round their hampers ; when the smoking bouillie, flanked by the calabash, is soon disposed of ; many a song is sung, and many a joke goes round ; the blazing faggots are kept alive, while shouts of laughter are heard throughout the bivouac.

Quietness towards nightfall pervades the camp ; some are stretched, wherever they can lay their heads, wrapped in cloaks, or blankets ; others are still at the canteen. The turmoil and confusion of the day subsides into calm repose, disturbed alone by the footsteps of the patrol, or voices from the *rear* and *quarter* guard.

It often happened when there was a dangerous piece of work on hand, something in the way of a surprise, that we were required to be early on the tramp ; the lines on these occasions presented a fearful scene of bustle.

The bleak and wintry wind whispered in medicine, he could not be persuaded that it was our favourite beverage.

It was no less singular, that in places where nothing in the way of provender could be had, we were sure to find the "*aqua ardente*," which, like the fiery liquors of our own more favoured land, issues from a fountain that is never drained, flowing on in polluted streams, even through districts the abode of wretchedness and famine.

doleful cadence thorough the trees, while the bagpipes joined in chorus, and Saunders blowing with his

“ Hey ! Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet,
Or are your drums a-beating yet ? ”

invaded us with such uncourteous din, that all our pleasing dreams of downy pillows, home, and ease were dissipated ; and the grim substantial work of war looked sternly in our face. Bad as the morning was, with eyes half closed, all was soon in wild commotion.

Yawning and with outstretched arms, those who had unharnessed, groped hastily for their straps and buckles, while scrambling as best they could amid the chaos, huddled on their trappings in the finest possible disorder.

Those who were not indulging in a longer snooze, were at a “ *bolting match*,” or hurrying with an empty stomach to the ground, shivering, half-dressed, and with their teeth chattering in their heads.

Beyond the limits of our smouldering fires, all was involved in utter hopeless darkness ; and numerous fleeting shadows of men and animals were reflected by the glare, as the expiring embers were stirred up ; brightening with a

supernatural effect the figures as they glided past the flame, and that were thus thrown out in strong relief upon the gloomy foreground.

The old soldiers, stimulated rather than appalled by adverse circumstance, rose above every difficulty, and soon got habituated to the rugged business ; but for the novice, his spirit drooped below the freezing point ; his matins in the bivouac, was a doleful song for him ; the morning star was not the planet under whose auspices he desired to gather laurels ; and the last remaining spark of his military fire was nearly quenched by the miseries of the whole proceeding.

When the troops are not required for any immediate service, they all turn out, and are under arms by daylight ; which, as it breaks more clearly, enfolds that brilliant scene, so often witnessed by those who followed in the "gorgeous train."

Presently the sun appears, the widely extended range gleams with polished armour, the sparkling of which among the trees is lost in the distant woods. The dense and magnificent array, cresting the richly planted eminences, gives to the depths of solitude, a splendour of life and animation, that is both impressive and full of grandeur.

Bands and bugles sounding the loud *reveillé*, are heard from right to left; "deeper and deeper still," the drums troop of the guards and picquets in front of every regiment. From hill to hill, the martial sounds reverberate, and from the inmost recesses of the forest are echoed back upon the line.

The time that intervened between our several campings out, was occasionally varied or enlivened by a battle. "O, what a glorious thing's a battle!"—what peals of musketry—what thundering of great guns—what blustering of commanders!—How could the pen or pencil of any human being convey even a faint impression of the scene?

What is the state of mind or feeling in which men generally go into action? is a question that has many times been asked; and, I believe, as often without a direct or satisfactory reply. It is a query, which without the power of diving into every breast, would appear at once to bear a very puzzling character; but, as the conduct and expression form a reasonable index of what is passing or within, that which at first might seem a difficulty, becomes by a little observation easily arrived at; and sufficient data known, or

guessed, by which to enable even a superficial person to answer with tolerable correctness.

It is really astonishing, with what indifference the approaching contest is beheld, by those who are to take an active part therein; it would seem at the moment, as though it were nothing more than one of those every-day events, of common place routine; a march, parade, resting in camp, a field-day, or a battle, it is all alike to soldiers; I mean those, who are regularly and *bonâ fide* soldiers—who, without expending a moment's thought upon the subject, evidently betray much more anxiety as to when, or where, the commissary is to shew his face, or as to the quantity or quality of the grog. An imputation, at variance with this opinion, has been stated by a certain military writer, in a book of modern date; where, in one sweeping and unqualified censure, it is asserted, that "Cowardice is greatly more predominant than courage;" and after some preamble, tending to mislead the reader, it is further mentioned, or rather repeated, that among our soldiers, "fear, the most powerful of the human passions, is more generally evinced than the world supposes." I must confess for my part, and with confidence assert, that from all I have seen in the course of

five years' hard campaigning, I cannot by any means agree with the tenor or spirit of these observations; for it was to me, as I presume it was to others, sufficiently apparent, that cowardice was but an exception; and, to the honour of British soldiers be it spoken, the exception was a rare one. If men were so powerfully overcome by fear, to the extent above alluded to, it would manifestly shew itself—it could not be suppressed; but whether upon coming into action, or in the very heat of fire, I can scarcely recal to memory a solitary instance of that so-called widely extended panic. As before observed, men go into battle without giving themselves a thought about the matter; let the officers but lead them on, and I am well assured it is unnecessary to add, that they will never, in any situation, display an inclination to hang back. There may be a momentary stooping now and then, or bobbing when the cannon balls come sweeping past their ears; but this arises not from timid fancies—it is rather an involuntary shrinking of the physical or nervous system, as one would start upon the sudden impulse of a shock or noise.

However strong that fear may be, it has been wisely ordered, that other passions will prevail

to overcome its influence on those, who in mind as well as body, are constitutionally trained by a similar dispensation to meet the most unheard of perils, and stand out firmly, when certain death is staring them in the face on every side. Were it not for this, how could men have braved so many desperate encounters?—or how should we explain those long-continued victories, which broke the spell wherein the most warlike nation in the world was bound?

It would be absurd to hold an argument upon the subject; one might as well at once give Wellington and his officers the sole merit of those brilliant triumphs. As far as human instrumentality was concerned, the attainment of these was by a rare combination of talent in the higher ranks, with a noble spirit or daring courage (no meaner term will do) pervading every breast.

Should we, in accordance with the aforesaid writer, say, with reference to his doctrine, that it was tenable, then we must admit that his "most powerful of all the passions," would interfere in every instance; and when soldiers armed to dare the coming strife, in steps that very gigantic Mr. Panic, who upsets all their plans, and dissipates their dreams of glory.

The disheartened warrior, leaning on his musket, very much in the attitude of Hope upon an anchor, allows the officers to go forward without his escort, and to settle the affair without his intervention ; while his enemies, cutting right and left, have the game entirely to themselves.

If the gentleman who formed his estimate of British soldiers by so low a standard of human excellence, had rubbed his eyes, or put his spectacles on, when engaged upon his last campaign, he would probably have seen many who were involved in serious thought upon the eve of battle ; and not a few who would much rather have been elsewhere at the time ; but this is nothing in proof of what he has advanced. The first shot fired on either side, is the signal for all melancholy thoughts to fly ; from that instant one prevailing impulse (to which I am well convinced that *fear* has no affinity,) actuates the whole ; while the joy which arises in the mind of every soldier, who has the distinguished honour of being placed between the enemy and his country's cause, elevates him as it were above himself, and animates him with a spirit to do his duty in a manner worthy of the colours under which he is enrolled.

Our greatest battles were fought on Sundays, which I have heard accounted for in this way ; the French, who were for the most part the assailants, and hence selecting time and place, made choice of the holiest day, from motives peculiar to themselves ; not because “ the better day the better deed,” but from the circumstance of being under the auspices and more immediate guidance of some favourite or patron saint. * - Vimiero, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Waterloo, were all fought on Sundays.

They usually advanced to make their first attack before the early light of dawn ; when, turning our attention to a feigned attempt upon some well-defended post, their principal assault was made upon the weakest part of our position. Thus it was in Egypt, where Menou, spreading out his troops upon a wide extent of surface, burst like a torrent on our lines ; and, covered by the darkness, made a false attack upon the left, in order to divert us from the real object of his fire ; where, on the right, a desperate struggle terminated in defeat of the assailing party.

* This, by all accounts, was not a popular idea with the Spaniards ; for that imbecile Cuesta, without assigning any cause, declined fighting upon a Sunday.

The beginning of a combat such as this, almost amounted to a night attack, and was fully as exciting in its nature. Nothing could be more impressive than the eve of such a business, nor could a situation be imagined where so great a number of melo-dramatic scenes were represented. During the live-long hours, (which seemed as though they were never to have an end,) all was wrapt in awful stillness. The slightest murmur could be heard distinctly. The half-extinguished fires of the bivouac, both of friends and foes, threw a lurid glare upon the pallid faces of the veterans who lay in groups around them; while those veterans, waiting the signal to arise, were, like wild Indians, prepared and armed to rush with fury on each other.

The flash which gleamed from a rambling fire of picquets, gave the first alarm, when "Stand to arms, men!" was heard in many quarters. The soldiers, starting on their feet with the spring of buoyancy and vigour, were quickly on their ground: some as they rose, were peering through the gloom; and others listening with eagerness, as the noise of war approached. Distant sounds or voices from the enemy, filled up the pauses which ensued;

while pouring in with the tramp of men inured to early work, their voices sounded louder on the ear; the blast of bugles far and near, with loud and sharp commands, answered to each other. By this time, "grey-eyed morn" began to throw a glimpse of light on the affair, when, within the shortest space, all were commingled in one impetuous fray.

Here the romance of fighting was at an end; the veil of night withdrawn, it was all fair-play, straight-forward work; where the bravest men had room and light to exercise their valour, and to give a specimen to their less adventurous comrades, of what a soldier was, and ought to be.

Outlying picquets are not at all times the most delightful sort of things; particularly when you come to be close in the neighbourhood of the enemy, and upon the verge of a sharp engagement; when you are probably chassèd into a very exciting run, with perchance a quietus about the stern to bring you to, or one of your pins dismantled. He may consider himself a lucky fellow, who gets clear away unwinged.

All this time, the gentlemen in the lines are enjoying a view of our morning sport; but

without any extraordinary wish to join the same. When conducted to your "ground," personal safety was a thing of small importance;—no,—the staff were very generous and considerate in this way; what they called "under-cover," was generally an open field or common, where, exposed to the full benefit of a salvo, whichever way it came, they left us, riding off to take the best care they could of themselves. At Vimiero, the affair of outposts was an exceedingly "touch-and-go" concern; our men were mostly young recruits, who stood fire as well as men could do; but they were not bold enough for Coote, the officer who commanded; and, who, himself possessed of desperate courage, threatened to annihilate every one about him, who did not manifest the same. We turned on all sides, in order to ascertain from whence the "French Legères," were popping, but we could see nothing of them; there was plenty of smoke, and whistling of their pebbles, by which it appeared they were not far off. In this way, concealed by the standing corn, or among the vines, they told us off by wholesale, until between thirty and forty of our men, besides our captain, were lying on the ground. It was *too* comfortable a birth; so we in a little time

levanted. There was one poor fellow, who turned round to have a few shots from behind an oak that stood beside him, where he had barely time to look about, before the branches came down by a round of grape or canister, as clean as if the axe had lopped them off. He was glad to take up another position ; but in doing so was wounded in the leg—still, however, continuing to load and fire his piece.

He afterwards said, that during the *melée*, the whole French army passed him, when he was brought in by the assistance of *paysannos* to the camp.

But there are other situations, where the picquets have equally if not more anxious duty to perform ; that is, when the roll of musketry has died away—when the stillness of the grave has succeeded to the noise of cannon,—then, though comfortless, it is in reality an anxious post. When you are conducted stealthily, and in darkness, along the side of a shelving precipice, or to the pinnacle of some cheerless hill, or perchance to an eminence within the deep solitude of a lonely forest, there is something impressive in the business. Should you at first give way to thought, your musings are anything but enlivening ;—your reflections are

quite in accordance with the doleful moaning of the wind, or with the equally doleful rustling of the leaves ;—the cold is often so excessive that you have need to look to your flask betimes ;—you dare not sleep, neither must your men, who, with war-worn faces, gather about the scanty remnants of a fire, listening eagerly to every whisper, either from the sounds aforesaid, or from the enemy's position. Yet, notwithstanding these, you feel a degree of care and watchfulness, which keeps you on the stir all night ; the idea that the safety of the camp, perhaps the fate of the campaign, is in your individual keeping, prevails with an influence that wholly overcomes those feelings of fatigue ; and with the vanishing darkness, all remembrance of them leaves your mind.

Whatever may be the toils of a soldier's life, there are lights thrown in occasionally to relieve the darker shades. There are periods when the service he engages in, is no longer one of anxious care,—when the past is but as an oft-repeated tale, and when the present is an uninterrupted ray of sunshine.

After a hurried march, such as we had on the eve of the affair at Arrogo del Molino, what a contrast from the long and harrassing journey,

during the most inclement weather, to the successful enterprise of the morning, when the clouds had blown away! Here that good gentlewoman, Fortune, stood our friend. Along the extent of an ample plain, interspersed with oak and cork trees, we pursued the fugitives, whose steps were marked by the trappings and equipments they had thrown away. It was no sport for them; but we could hardly restrain our mirth, when we saw them scrambling up the broken and precipitous heights,—the rugged mountain cliffs, where there seemed no space for an eagle's nest. I remember as we went along, noticing an extraordinary instance of the keen desire for plunder which filled the mind of a French Chasseur, when in the last agonies of death. A soldier of the ——— regiment, happening to come up, put in his claim for a part of the ill-got treasure; but the "ruling passion," strong, as I said before, in the breast of the dying man, made him grasp his prize with tenfold energy,—with the tenacity of a miser's clutch. His hollow eye, and pallid features, I can scarcely think of without a shudder.

It is remarkable to what length a Frenchman goes in collecting plunder; candlesticks, silver cups,—even the chalice was sacrilegiously de-

posited in his knapsack. So much was this the case after the battle of Vimiero, that one might have furnished out his sideboard at a moderate cost. Silver forks were at a premium; the soldiers were offering them for a pistreen, and half-a-dollar each.

CHAPTER XI.

English mode of making the billet good—Apology for ditto—
Portuguese and Spanish characters contrasted—As soldiers
ditto—Dinny in distress—All good Cooks—Flint-soup—
Night Marching—The Siesta—The Clerical fire-eater—Clerical
dandy—Night Adventures in Ciudad Rodrigo—Gallant
Irishman—The pretty thief—Death by “particularity”—
Ensign O’Loughlin—The Colonel no friend to Irish fire-
eaters.

MAKING THE BILLET GOOD.

TRAVELLING en campaign not only brings one acquainted with strange bedfellows, but is the finest thing I know of for curing airs and graces; while, at the same time, it is a useful mode of acquiring that experience necessary for those who have no other passport than their sword.

Our people were diligent scholars in that way, when upon the route in Spain and Portu-

gal ; and became, in a little time, proficient in all those various branches of the foraging department. The manner in which we carried on the war, though not strictly in accordance with the system which the French adopted, of getting every thing at dagger's point, was, nevertheless, an excellent imitation of the same, so far as quartering on the natives was concerned.

We did not exactly take the *patron* by the neck, and turn him out ; but the whole proceeding was as much like such a ceremony as anything could be. The towns or villages being numbered off, and the cantonments portioned to each battalion, the billets of the different companies were allotted by the quarter-master, who went from house to house, marking the doors of each with a lump of chalk, denoting the name as well as rank of the intended lodger.

The officer was generally in the same street with his men ; when having seen them housed, he proceeded to instal himself and his establishment, without any previous ceremony, in a place where his *lodging* was not likely to be better than his *board*.

Seeing his name upon the door in glaring characters, he summoned the garrison to sur-

render; meanwhile, suiting the action to the word, he began to make his title good without a parley. Followed by his personal staff, his batman, servant, mule or jackass, he gave a decided knock, or rather a sledge-hammer blow upon the portal; which, opening on so short and abrupt a notice, gave him and his party ingress to the building. Immediately, the patron (who with his retainers had held a previous council of war upon the subject,) stood in the passage, before the interloper, who now, in the peremptory tones of an impatient and hungry traveller, demanded to be shewn the best apartments, expressing himself breathless, and in terms like these:—"O Senor, ondiesta el cama, yo quiero el Melhor,—tengo billet aqui, estabueno, Senor, presto, presto." The servant close behind, impatient and hungry as his master, but requiring much more than his master bargained for, joined in full cry with a sort of broken, disjointed, and very unintelligible lingo; "Shove off, Senor, ondigesta el salo, ondysta el cama, cama bono for official Inglesy, es bon Christiano,—quero pong, vino, mantecy, akydenta for the soldados, —quero leche,—oily for de lampy, you *intende*,—me

parly bon Spanole,—shove off, Senor, shove off.” *

The bewildered landlord, not just “on hospitable thoughts intent,” stood perfectly aghast; while, horrified by the vociferous cry of the invaders, he replied to the foregoing modest requisition, by shrugging up his shoulders; when finding all his shrugs and *nadas* were only adding fuel to the fire, he made a virtue of necessity, and conducted his lodgers, who required no introduction, to the upper floor; where they pommelled every door, and poked their heads into every corner, prying about as if in quest of hidden treasures, in order to ferret out the best apartment; the soldier every now and then stamping the butt-end of his carbine on the ground, by way of enforcing the present mode of argument, while he still kept

* *Anglice—Master.*—O, Senor, where is the bed?—I want the bed, I have a billet here;—it is good, Senor; make haste, make haste!

Servant.—Make haste, Senor;—where is the room?—where is the bed?—good bed for English officer,—he is a good Christian;—we want bread, wine, butter, *aqua-ardent*, (*spirits*), for the soldiers;—we want milk, oil for the lamp,—do you understand?—I speak good Spanish,—be quick, be quick.

jabbering loudly to improve the oral faculties of the host.

Having duly been ensconced, the officer flings off his harness ; when the panniers being unlocked, and the Spaniard's EMPTY cupboards having undergone a similar operation, he makes himself "tout-à-fait en famille," taking every means of attending to number one, his myrmidons very wisely following his good example.

John Bull may think himself extremely fortunate that the war was never carried to his country ; and he ought to be very thankful to his gallant sons for keeping it abroad ; for I am well convinced, that he would grumble most confoundedly, and I am sure, much more than ever the Spaniard grumbled, to behold a pack of ravenous Frenchmen or Portuguese invading his fireside, or bursting so uncivilly to his premises ; and would look downright savage if they put their ruthless hands upon his nicely polished knocker ; but to see Don Whiskerando go about, and coolly mark his doors with an ugly piece of chalk, would raise his passion beyond all bounds.

With regard to us, and our proceedings, although it appear to have been a very extraordinary, and perhaps too summary a way of doing things, particularly on the part of gentle-

men who got the name of being so harmless and correct, yet, at certain periods, and in certain situations, the nature of the war and the relative circumstances of the country rendered it imperative on us to pursue that style of conduct. Our popularity was evanescent as the morning cloud ; we were friends to-day, or foes to-morrow. The English were in many places regarded with an evil eye ; we knew not whom to trust ; and with such a vacillating people, well accustomed to Napoleon's mode of foraging, we had good reason to believe that had we acted upon a milder policy, our forbearance would for the most part have been utterly misplaced.

Besides this, coming into a town after a harassing march, almost wearied to death ; sometimes kept standing in the street for hours together under a broiling sun, with strength and energy nearly gone ; and all for the sake of preserving the liberties of their country, and defending (as it appeared in many instances) a thankless people, from a devastating enemy ; was it to be wondered at, that we should at times be a little impatient ? Under such circumstances, the most forbearing would have yielded to the impulse of the moment—a moment, perhaps, when thirst and hunger, which are anything but

sweeteners to the temper, rendered us incapable of ~~any~~ other feeling than that of getting those wants relieved.

The Portuguese were very touchy, when they found out that conciliation was to be the order of the day ; they were moreover puffed up with self-importance, and it was some time before we could bring them to their senses. They had an idea that the English were made of money ; and as we paid for every thing on the spot, their cupidity was excited, and they never failed to extort, whenever they had us in their power. No matter what happened, upon the slightest or imaginary affront, they were up in arms at once, threatening to "falla* the grandy Lordy," (as Wellington was styled), a cry that was perpetually ringing in our ears ; so that, to avoid a very interesting lecture from his Lordship, or get handed up in general orders, with perhaps a gentle hint about being ordered home, or reported to the head quarters, we were forced to pocket every insult, very much to our annoyance, and equally so at variance with our English as well as our Irish pride.

* Speak to the great Lord.

CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE COMPARED.

The Portuguese are much inferior to the Spaniards, both as regards their character, and general customs. They have no independence of spirit; and will fawn upon those in power, with a meanness to which the latter is a stranger. The Spaniard is plain and straight forward; he has a proper degree of self-esteem, and will never descend to low or cringing means, for the purpose of obtaining the favour of superiors. He is generous and hospitable, and will share the last morsel with the stranger. If his confidence is gained, or his word is pledged for your security, he will loose his life in your defence. You must not impeach his honour; he is a bitter enemy, or a steady friend. The Portuguese, in like manner, is hospitable; but, steeped in poverty, he seldom has the means of exhibiting that virtue. They have all the vices of the Spaniards, with but few of their redeeming qualities.

There is a saying, and I believe a true one, that, "If you strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, he will after all make a good Portuguese."

Their luxurious climate engenders laziness

and idle habits; they would bask for ever in the sunshine, from whence arises the want of cleanliness in their habitations, and the presence of vermin about their persons. They make but indifferent soldiers—in all cases, they require to be spurred on by foreign officers; while the familiarity that subsists between the native officers and their men, renders ineffective the authority of the former, at the same time defeating the object to be attained by discipline.

They eat, gamble, and drink together. I have seen them waltzing, and figuring off in the contradanza, captains with corporals, majors with drumboys,—all Jack-fellows well met, and excellent boon companions. They will not of themselves do anything; their good qualities (if any) must be elicited by strangers. I know of nothing that stamps the character of Lord Beresford to be that of a man of energy and perseverance, more than the successful way in which he organized their forces. From a miserable and undisciplined rabble, he produced in the course of time, a tolerably fair body of fighting troops; who performed, encouraged however by the example of our own officers, some spirited service during the war.

The Spaniards, in like manner, are deficient in

military science,—they have courage, but want discipline; they have numbers, but want the control of good officers; while the internal broils that have kept their country in a state of turmoil, have effectually tended to neutralize all efforts to improve them as a military people.

They will fight like lions in small detachments, as Guerillas in their desultory mode of warfare, or in keeping their fastnesses in the mountains. When together in the field, in open column, or “en masse,” opposed to equal, or even inferior numbers, they are invariably beaten, for want of talented leaders, as well as from the total absence of any decided plan. Hence their successes when opposed to *Suchet's**

* Suchet, Duke of Albufera, commanded the French troops on the eastern coast of Spain; where he carried on a sort of exterminating warfare against the Spaniards, in that part of the country, for several years—a warfare, that wasted imperceptibly his own forces, reinforced though they were by continued drafts from the conscriptionary fountain.

Suchet was a man of more than ordinary merit, at least in the eyes of Buonaparte; whose confidence in his skill, while employed in that particular branch of service, was unlimited.

The power of jealous faction failed in causing his removal from a scene of action, where, for so long a period, he played so difficult a game. It was one endless course of “cut-and-come-again;” as fast as he defeated one party, he had another

veterans in Valencia, where they cut off the invaders in detail. Hence, also, arose the dread-

at his elbow. The mountaineers sprung up around him on every side, where the carnage was alike destructive to all engaged.

Among the officers who served in Catalonia, was Lannes, Duke of Montebello. This splendid, and noble-minded soldier, at once the Orlando and the Ajax of the French camp, was the son of a poor mechanic, and was born in the year 1769. He accompanied Buonaparte and Soult, on their journey from Bayonne to Vittoria, at an early period of the war. Crossing the hills near Tolosa, he fell from his horse, and was so much injured, as to lie for a considerable time at Vittoria, under the care of Baron Lazzy, the first surgeon in the French army. His rapid cure was effected by the extraordinary mode of closing him up in the skin of a sheep, newly killed.

He took the command at the second siege of Saragossa; where, owing to his skilful and vigorous measures, together with the determined courage of his men, he made the place capitulate.

Lannes attended Napoleon on the Egyptian expedition; and was afterwards distinguished at Eylau, Friedland, Eckmulh, Essling; and lastly, at Aspern, where, in May 1809, he was killed, both his legs being shattered by a cannon-shot. "I found him a dwarf," said Napoleon, "but lost him a giant."

Mlle. Montebello, was companion and maid-of-honour to Maria Louisa.

Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, also served with Suchet. He rose from the ranks, and was esteemed by Napoleon, as he was, and justly so, by all military men, as an intelligent and

ful slaughter at *Ocana*, and upon the plains of *Medelin*, where they attempted to make a stand against the enemy.

Comfort, that word expressive of so much in England, is not well understood in Portugal ; at least with reference to their dwellings, which are got up, both with regard to materials as well as decorations, in a rude, unfinished, though at the same time, in a very solid manner. Glaziers do not flourish there ; nor is glass brought into use, except in their large towns or cities, where the *Hildalgos* enjoy the luxury of that article. Parchment, or oiled paper is the usual substitute ; in the design or manufacture of something in that way, we have frequently been puzzled. The wind whistled so sharply through the cheerless casement in the winter time, that we were glad to resort to the rudest shift, in order to keep out the blast. Many of the newcomers were indignant at this usage, and grumbled sadly at sleeping in houses so coolly fitted up.

enterprising general. While engaged in Catalonia, he was often, however, unsuccessful, from circumstances over which he had no control ; and at the time we speak of, he was about fifty-eight or fifty-nine years of age. He was born in *Alsace*.

One of the subalterns, having charge of a detachment for the army, joined with his party on the heights of Torre de Moro, in Portugal. Being called on to make a report on the proceedings of his march, he began to deliver a piteous narrative of his adventures on the road; such a narrative, as would have been worthy the patronage of Colburn. Poor Dinny, as he was sometimes called, was a novice in campaigning; ignorant of the country and its customs, he therefore charged the natives with a want of due courtesy and attention, to a personage of his importance. Bewailing his sufferings and hard fate while on his journey, he thus addressed the Colonel: — “Och, Colonel! and sure enough it was, we were badly traisted; we were eat up alive with vermin; kilt out an out wid flays: but worse than all, sur, the villains of Alcaldays, as they call them, put us to lie in houses without a windy in them, at all, at all. Och, thin, it was not for myself I cared — it was for the poor min.”

The luckless Dinny had few of such cold quarters to trouble him afterwards; being taken prisoner by the French at Fuentes d'Honore, the first affair he was engaged in; when he was carried to Verdun, where he had sufficient

leisure to meditate upon his late misfortunes, and to spend his wrath upon the uncultivated Goth, who was the first to banish the "glass windys."

So many untamed Hibernians at one time joined the regiment, that however liberally disposed in other respects, the Colonel did not exactly prefer a certain class of muzzle-to-muzzle gentlemen from that country, that were from time to time appointed. When the battalion was at home, his eyes glanced eagerly on the Gazette; when on one occasion reading a sentence something in character like this,—“Patrick O’Loughlin, gentleman, to be ensign, without purchase;” he dropped the paper suddenly, exclaiming,—“O’Loughlin! O’Thunder!! O’Murder!!!—another fire-eating Irishman to join us,—what shall we come to at last?” Again ejaculating,—“O’Loughlin! O’Thunder!! O’Murder!!!” he made his exit in a rage. But this was merely his manner at the time; for he was one who had no respect of persons; as long as an officer did his duty in a zealous way, no matter where he came from, he shielded him, and stood his friend against a party. Although at first prejudiced with regard to the Irish, from the specimens alluded to, yet he was by no means clan-

nish; having the measure of his northerns to a T, he managed them exactly without favour or affection; if any thing, he was more strict with them than others.

THE SIESTA.

The Siesta produces as great an air of desolation, at certain periods, as that of their unglazed windows. The towns are as solitary as the deserts of Arabia, between the hours of one and three; when the whole of the inhabitants, taking their accustomed sleep, are rolled up comfortably in their cloaks and mantles; all business is suspended, shops are shut, and not a living creature is *seen* upon the streets, but the few straggling Englishmen, who wander up and down, as if they were upon a tour of observation among the tombs.

The fiend of ennuyée haunts them as they rove about the empty squares; they do not get up their spirits, until the dons and donnas have got their nap, and their garrulous tongues are heard again.

Many of our fellows had a happy knack of accommodating themselves to circumstances, by taking up the dozing mania of their neighbours; when yawning themselves into the lazy, though

very popular custom, they became in the course of time, a most respectable set of snorers.

In the progress of our travels, all became first-rate cooks ; even the field officer thought it not unworthy of him to oversee, and after to lend a hand towards manufacturing "the broth;" which he inspected with an anxious eye, watching the onions and tomatos that floated in the huge camp kettle, like cock-boats in the bay of Biscay ; while ever and anon, with careful fingers, he sprinkled the black pimento and cayenne ; exulting inwardly, while the mess was bubbling up, or as he skimmed the oleagenous matter from the surface.

I could point to more than one or two who were conspicuous that way, and equal even to the celebrated Kitchener. I have no question, if there be any of our Peninsulars now extant, but that they would out-do that artist, whether in getting up the far-famed *bouillie*, the *steaks*, or *Irish* stew. As for the more humble mixture, vulgarly called "lobscouse," they were masters in the compound.*

* A mass composed of hard biscuit broken into little bits, and boiled (maggots included) in water, with the aid of salt and pepper, was no bad thing in ticklish times ; the delicacy

"Who could suppose from Adam's imple ration,
That cookery could call forth such resources,
As formed a science and a nomenclature
From out the cormorant demands of nature ?
There was a goodly soup."

CLERICAL FIRE-EATERS.

Among the list of candidates for "honour and glory," as long as those commodities were in the market, none were more indefatigable than our chaplains ; some of whom were up early and late, being, whenever we were in pursuit of the enemy, foremost at the sports of our "battue."

One of these amateur clerigos in particular, signalized himself this way in the second division, during our march through a mountainous country. He was familiar with everything connected with the business in which we were

reminds me of the Irish priest's flint soup. Father Patrick, wanting a little good soup, called one day at a poor man's cottage ; where a fitch or two of bacon was hanging above the chimney. Spying a little girl, he said, "My dear, I want to shew you how to make *flint soup* ;" when taking a flint out of his pocket, he put it into a pot of boiling water ; "Now, my dear, get me an onion, now a little salt and pepper ;" when all were well concocted, he said, "Cut me a little bit of *bacon* ;" with these ingredients he cooked up some capital *flint soup*. An example I commend to all travellers, at home and abroad.

engaged. The reconnoitring duty was his favourite amusement ; upon the outposts he was more at home than the best of our light-infantry officers. While travelling from hill to hill, and peering over every mountain top, to watch the enemy's movements, he was a match for the renowned Don Julianio. Furnished with a good spyglass, and a case of pistols, he was as well known as the Don himself, and perhaps the more formidable character of the two ; he would, at all events, have turned out a very distinguished member of that profession, for which nature seemed to have originally designed him ; or had the bias of his warlike genius been directed into such a channel, had not his ardour been unfortunately checked by a most effectual damper, in the tangible shape of a musket-ball, administered to him in the following manner.

Being out on one of his tours of reconnoissance, a French vidette espied him, taking his observations from the summit of a very steep hill ; and wishing to ascertain by what right or title the gentleman in "sable" had to pay his inquisitorial visits without being duly countersigned, despatched a messenger to interrupt his studies, which grazed him rather deeply, and afforded him time to follow his theological pursuits ; a

line of conduct not quite so agreeable to his taste, as the rough Guerilla practices he had heretofore adopted.

While on this subject, I am reminded of an incident related to me by an officer of the fourth division ; wherein the clerigo of that division made himself conspicuous, though not altogether upon so hazardous an affair as that on which his reverend brother was endangered.

It was customary on Sundays, whenever an opportunity favoured, for the troops, whether in division or brigade, to be formed into a hollow square, while the Church of England service was delivered, and a sermon, or homily, at the gallopping rate of fifteen minutes, was given afterwards.

Drawn up at one period for that especial purpose, they waited some time for the appearance of the minister ; when at length their patience being nearly worn out, a dapper little fellow, with a silver-mounted eye-glass dangling on a button, silk stockings, watchguard chain, and other dandyisms, tripped into the middle of the square, with all the graces of an exquisite.

Surveying the big drum, (that was to do the duty of a pulpit,) on every side, he began to examine the stability of the braces, by which to

aid his instalment on the rostrum ; when seeing no means to obtain that elevation, he attempted to make a spring, as the most orthodox manner of proceeding. At this moment, the Serjeant-Major, who acted in the capacity of clerk, perceiving that the minister aspired to gain a higher station than was requisite, pulled him by the skirts, and whispered, that it was usual to perform the ceremony without being quite so much exalted. Our clerical beau had never before exhibited before so large a congregation ; and appeared so much confounded at his mistake, that the discourse of fifteen minutes was, in this instance, curtailed of its just and natural dimensions ; when he vanished from the square, as trippingly as he entered it. It was said that he shewed himself no more.

There were many other delicate plants to be seen in those times, as well as our clerical friend, —men who ventured to expose their effeminate persons to the dirty work of war, and who were sadly put about on many occasions. Helpless creatures ! they stood the very picture of misery, if everything was not in accordance with their *taste*.

It was excellent, to behold the countenance of one of those exotics, when the troops were

halted in a bivouac ; despair was strongly marked there. The poor forlorn, too happy at times to partake of a slice of junk, without the addition of a selvage. One of the Captains, who figured at a particular period on the staff, was so nervous, finical and precise, that the vulgarism of a marching regiment was death to his nobility. His toilet, though at the margin of a ditch, occupied more time than it would take to deck a belle of fashion. Unable to bear the rude atmosphere of regimental life, and pining after the joys of a general's table, the staff no longer the staff of life to him, he retired from war, exchanging the soldier's rugged bed for the easy chair or pillowed couch.

Even here the modern Sybarite was unhappy ; trying to weather out half-pay, and all the miseries half-pay is heir to, he fell a victim to a very prevalent disease among the tribe—he died of particularity.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN CIUDAD RODRIGO.

We have good reason to remember our night's cantonment in that city, where our reception was neither flattering to the troops, nor yet honourable to the people, who so churlishly received them. Upon our first entrance within

its gates, when on our way to join Sir John Moore's army at Salamanca, we fully hoped that from the respectability of its exterior, as well as from the nature of the cause in which we were engaged, the inhabitants would have shewn us some degree of hospitality, such as we had reason to look for at the hands of Spaniards. In this, however, we were sadly disappointed; far from its being the case, they not only marred us in every effort to obtain the slightest comfort or refreshment, after a long and harassing march, but they behaved in other respects, in a most ungrateful and savage manner.

Attended by the servants, and our batmen, Moore and myself proceeded in quest of a billet, which we found great difficulty in procuring from the Alcalde, who drove us about from one to another under many frivolous pretences, either sending us to where they knew we could not be admitted, or to others into which, if we were allowed to enter, they were perfectly well-convinced that a miserable greeting would await us.

All the officers patrolled the narrow dirty streets for hours, before they could procure a lodgement; while the citizens, being aware that violent means of ingress was not permitted, took

advantage of our misplaced conciliatory measures, for the purpose of tormenting us in every way they could.

After a very considerable delay, we found ourselves at the entrance of a respectable looking *caza*; which seemed by its style of architecture, to have been in the occupation of some grandee, and for which our billet was directed. The door was opened by the patron himself, a ferocious raw-boned man, with a most unearthly cast of features; being, as he professed himself, a retired captain in a service, to which, however useful he might have been, he certainly was no ornament. His garb savoured of the *militaire*; consisting of a dark-grey frock, and red collar, with nether garments of some colour not easily defined, the whole approximating to decay. A huge chapeau crowned the regimentals of our hero; who, in a most authoritative tone, demanded our reason for intruding on his premises; while, at the same time, with the hauteur of a Castilian, without a spark of honourable feeling, he clapped his hand upon the hilt of an old rapier that was suspended by his side, and talked with indignation about sending "*los oficiales Ingleses*," to his mansion. Our only reply to his demands was, to hold the docu-

mentary credential to his eyes, to satisfy his mind; and lest a certain obliquity in those organs should cause him to overlook the same.

Perceiving that we were, at all hazards, bent on making our quarters good, he shook his feathers;—he stamped and foamed with rage, while we proceeded coolly to unpack our baggage, and send the mules to their allotted habitations.

Having settled these arrangements, we groped our way through a number of dark passages, until we gained the largest room, the very sanctum of his castle, where we at once began to make ourselves perfectly at home; followed, meanwhile, closely by the capitano and his wife, who backed the patron in his fury, by throwing in some very discordant music from her tongue, the Don himself overtopping the concerto, by a volley of carrajos, malditos, and demonios, by way of a finale.

There was no fire to dry our clothes, already saturated with rain, nor wherewithal to kindle one; when on entreating the whiskered veteran to assist us in this matter, he gave us no other comfort than an encore of demonios, with “No hai,—no hai aqui, yo tengo nada; no hai, no hai,—nada, nada.”

My servant, a blunt, though honest Irishman, named Peter Campbell, not much given to the observance of forms or ceremonies, began to consider that it was now high time to think of foraging for ourselves, seeing there was no chance from any other quarter; when ferretting about, in cupboards where rats and mice would starve, he made out enough of fuel to supply our wants; the hampers were soon paraded, and very much to the chagrin of our host, we discussed a hearty meal.

Assisted by his aide-de-camp, the aforesaid evil-omened spouse, the caitiff locked up every thing he could lay his hands on. There was, besides, another aide-de-camp employed on this occasion—a very pretty little senorita, daughter to the Don, who (like all that I have ever seen, that were young and fair), was a most unwilling agent in wicked deeds. Casting many a look of kindness and compassion, she would have helped us, could she *have* done so with impunity. While, however, they were putting away the crockery, she purloined sundry things to make us comfortable; but the little thief was caught at last, and handed to the discipline of her duenna; her father, at the same time, threatened her with the vengeance of the holy office if she appeared again.

Not satisfied with these proceedings, he admitted a few ruffians of his own stamp, who commenced a round of guzzling and smoking, to the utter banishment of rest or sleep; nor could we close an eyelid during the remainder of that tedious night. We had no remedy for all those miseries; even the bedding was carried off; when being rather suspicious of the gang, who were evidently called in to watch us, we thought it necessary to sit up by turns, to relieve them on the watch, and counteract their schemes.

About midnight, we were startled by the noise of armed men below; when in a moment, a party of Alguazils burst into the apartment, and interrupted the espionage that was going forward on both sides.

These fellows were like a troop of outlaws upon a plundering expedition; they were the most ill-favoured ragged piccaroons I ever saw. Immediately on getting within the door, they drew their rusty swords, and began to vent some menacing language on the prisoners, (for such in reality was now the character in which we figured,) while they grinned with ferocity, and called us a pack of heretics.

Supposing that their object, at the instigation

of the Don, was to hold us kidnapped until the departure of the regiment that was to march at daylight, we thought at first, it would be better policy to make some overtures of a peaceful nature; this, however, was scarcely thought of, when Campbell, who eyed the cut-throat guards as if he could have spitted the whole of them on his bayonet, and toasted them like cheese for supper, seizing his musket, advanced towards one of them who stood sentry at the door; they all rose up at once, on hearing the scuffle that soon took place, and sprung from an inner chamber, where the rest of our party was likewise posted; when, joined by the gang of revellers who first came in, they made a rush at Campbell, and pinioned back his arms to the wall, until they got possession of his firelock. The Irishman, who was all his life accustomed to rough work, got indignant at being handled in such an unceremonious way; he would have easily shook off the vermin who first attacked him, had not the original desperadoes joined the fray. A sharp struggle, however, took place, which ended in the capture of the soldier, who was disarmed before we could render him assistance.

Having no weapon more deadly than our

puny swords, our exertions were of no avail; on which, resorting to other means, we tried once more to parley with our enemies; this was likewise without effect, for they had us all as safe as if we were lodged within the precincts of the Inquisition. As day began to dawn, my companion, Moore, being near the window, observed an officer of the regiment passing, and tried to signify the situation we were placed in; when the Spaniards (some of whom were dozing on the ground,) perceived the movement, they began to stare about with extra vigilance.

Campbell, who all this time watched an opportunity of edging towards the door, seeing the fellow again begin to doze, flew like a wild cat on the sentry, (a miserable wretch,) and gave the unfortunate apology for a man such a woeful collaring, as literally to choke all power of utterance. At this particular crisis, we all made outwards for the landing-place, Campbell still holding his prisoner by the throat with one hand, while with the other he held the door; and before the Spaniards had time to get their weapons, the gallant Irishman flung the miscreant from his grasp, and sent him spinning down the stairs; when following closely after,

he bestowed upon him in the hall a few parting blows, by way of legacy, making such an impression on his head-piece, as to sicken him of his post as jailor. By this time we all got out ; the regiment was assembled at the alarm-post ; the second bugle had already sounded, and in a short time would have marched, leaving us in the power of a set of murderous villains, but for the coolness and *intrepidity* of a brave and *determined* soldier.

CHAPTER IX.

Salamanca—Sir John Moore, his character—His difficulties as compared with those of Wellington—His interment, as quoted from Lord Carnarvon—Conduct at the Siege of Calvi, &c.—Narrow escape—Bem-bibere—Paradise for toppers—The *tip-top* Colonel—A day in Office—The baggage-animals, and their flinty-hearted masters—Landing in England—A miss as good as a mile—Lieut. Askenough—Modest claims—Napoleon—His burial and character, &c.

ENTRANCE INTO SALAMANCA.

LET him, who has borne out his way-worn course, over a long and wearisome journey, over miserable roads, and a country in some parts mountainous, or almost impassable, cut into defiles, or broken into ruts by turbid streams or rapid torrents, under weather of the most tempestuous character, where the wind sweeping fearfully across the wild and wintry desert,

beats the rain, hail and snow, alternately in his teeth; where, in short, the elements combine almost to beat him to the earth,—let the campaigner, I repeat, bring to his memory all those things, and contrast them with the luxury, yea more than joy, of arriving (when at the climax of his sufferings,) at a home made warm for his reception by the heart-felt welcome of an unaffected, kind, and hospitable people; and he will be able to estimate our feelings, when we found ourselves lodged with a degree of comfort to which we had long been strangers, in the well-known, and to us, the never-to-be-forgotten Salamanca.

There it was we for the first time became more intimately acquainted with the military character of our chief, the mere mention of whose name recalls to the memory of the veteran some of his brightest days; when, inspired by the example of that devoted soldier, he gloried in the dangers he was called to undergo.

But I am not one of those who would be content with the mere mention of his name. Indignation for the calumny that has been heaped upon him, would prompt me to feel otherwise. Every officer in the British army,

particularly those who served on that campaign wherein he fell, should fling back with scorn upon his enemies, those false and wicked calumnies. They should reiterate their admiration of his character, and their determination to preserve his fame.

In the whole course of my experience, I never saw any man so thoroughly devoted to the service as General Moore. He was decidedly a skilful as well as an accomplished officer. His life was spent among the soldiers; with their wants, their habits, and their prejudices, he was well acquainted; from which, together with his perfect knowledge of human nature, he was perhaps more fitted for the higher branches of the military profession, than any officer of his time.

Unfortunately, he failed in that confidence in himself, which others felt regarding him; and this humility of spirit, while it led him to underrate his own abilities, induced him at the same time, to estimate those whom he considered his superiors, at much too high a value. Hence his incapacity for an extended range of power in the field, has been, by some, accounted for.

With regard to the subject of his generalship on the "retreat," it is easy for men to pass

an opinion, while they discuss the affairs of war, and lecture on the merits or demerits of our commanders, at their own fire-sides; but those who consider the harrowing and dreadful circumstances of that "retreat," must agree in saying, that even Wellington, with all his talents, placed in the aforesaid circumstances, could never have withstood the torrent of misfortune which proved so fatally conclusive to the army.

Wellington, in his campaigns, had no such difficulties to contend with. The ministers of that time were taught by dearly-bought experience, a lesson by which they profited; and when that officer was appointed to command, they avoided the shoals upon which his predecessors were cast away, and placed him in full control of everything connected with the expedition. His noble family gained him many friends "at court;" but more than all, his elder brother was his mainstay. Under the auspices of that statesman, his bright career begun in India, encreased in splendour as the war progressed in the Peninsula, where fortune *always* smiled upon him.

His troops, well trained by previous service, were accustomed to the field; whereas those

of Sir John Moore, were comparatively young and undrilled soldiers, the Portuguese campaigns being the only business that most of them had seen ; while the jealousy and obstinate temper of the Spanish chiefs, which the former in a less degree encountered, caused the hitherto unbending spirit of the gallant warrior to yield at last.

Combined with the sterner qualities of a veteran, he was gifted with the gentler disposition of a child ; a disposition fully testified by the way in which his troops lamented his untoward doom. While others, high in rank, were blustering and uttering fearful threats, he patiently made allowance ; it was only when all discipline was lost, and that desperate measures were required, that he gave out those orders which many thought uncalled-for at the time.

Often has he remained for hours, encouraging the wearied soldiers to cross the rivers and swollen streams, when up to his saddle-girths in water, and addressing them in tones of animating influence. Submitting with manly fortitude to his sad reverses, dark-featured care had scarcely bowed him down ; while the painful thoughts by which his inmost soul was agitated, were hardly traceable on his calm, though pallid brow.

At that period of the action, when the enemy's masked battery was opened on our brigade, he was anxiously watching their movements from the hill, a little to the left of where the 42nd was drawn up ;—involved ourselves, soon after, in a cloud of smoke and dust, we saw no more of him. His *cheering words* * to the Majors of the 50th, and his encouragement to the 42nd, were his last expressions on the field.

It was at a very early period of the day that he received his mortal wound. Fortunately, his fate was unrevealed while the battle was going forward. Many were ignorant of the melancholy circumstance for a considerable time after all was over.

Sir John Moore was tall, and somewhat of slender make, yet with perfect symmetry of form. Service throughout the world, had given his countenance the impress of a soldier ; while, at the same time, strongly marked intelligence gave expression to a peculiarly handsome set of features, which, when animated, won the hearts of all around him.

His chief tendency, it scarcely need be said, was an ardent zeal arising out of love for his

* "Well done, the 50th !—Well done, my Majors."

profession ; which absorbed his mind so much, that he never was disturbed by any of those pursuits or passions, more congenial to men of ordinary stamp.

He could not imagine how any officer could, consistent with his duties, think of marrying a wife ; whether it was from the principle here referred to, or that he had such delicate and lofty notions about the sex, as to fear that a soldier's life was unsuited to their habits, he discountenanced the proceeding in his regiment, and was himself disentangled from its cares.

SIR JOHN MOORE AT THE SIEGE OF CALVI.

“ Sir John Moore headed the storming party which carried Fort Moselle, at Calvi, in the island of Corsica. In order that no noise might be made to disturb the garrison, day-break was the time appointed for the assault, and the men were ordered not to load. The bayonet alone was to do the work. Moore, with his little band of resolute men, had not long advanced, when the French, diverted by a false attack, remarked the actual danger, and let fly a discharge of grape. Colonel Moore (for such was his rank), pressed on, and reaching the parapet, the bursting

of a shell threw him to the earth; recovering himself, however, he continued going forward, until suffering from loss of blood, and after a desperate struggle, he compelled the enemy to surrender. His skill and determined courage were brought to proof in this affair, wherein he stormed a fortress garrisoned by experienced veterans, and furnished with every means of making an obstinate defence.

“General Stewart witnessed his conspicuous conduct, and joined the men in shouts of victory, when he joyfully congratulated the Colonel on the successful issue of the enterprise.”*

* On this desperate piece of service, Sir John Moore shot the French officer who commanded at the breach.

CLOSE SHAVING.

Sir John had a remarkable, and it may be added, miraculous escape in the trenches during the time the siege was going forward. Serjeant Lloyd of the 50th. (one of the regiments employed,) happened, as he was on some duty about the general, to be holding a looking-glass to him, while he was in the act of shaving; when, at that particular moment, a cannon-shot from the batteries, mal apropos, shattered the glass into a thousand pieces, and sent the gallant officer to finish the ceremonies of his toilet elsewhere.

HIS INTERMENT.

"The circumstances attending his interment must have been wild and hurried indeed ; for the French were already in possession of the suburbs, and the British army was rapidly embarking, when a few faithful officers consigned their revered commander to the tomb. He was buried on the lonely rampart, by the side of the roaring sea, beneath the dim light of a clouded moon ; and his funeral obsequies were graced by the heavy sound of the hostile cannon, then playing with fearful effect on the departing troops. Since that time, a monument has been erected over the place of his burial, and an inscription has been affixed by the British Consul, recording the circumstances of his death, in simple and manly language."—(*Lord Carnarvon's Portugal and Galicia*, 1st. vol.)

"The gallantry, the high feeling of the British General, and the noble death he died, combined with the almost unprecedented disasters of the previous retreat, are circumstances which shed a melancholy interest over the well-disputed field."—(Ditto, p. 132.)

BEM-BIBERE.

A thirsty scene was represented during the "*retreat*," which, although remarkable in itself, has been passed over in silence by all who have hitherto *written* upon that memorable affair.

Bem-Bibere is a small place, in the very heart of the Gallician mountains, lying immediately in our passage through those mountains. For the honour of our soldiers, it would have been far better to have gone fifty leagues out of the way, than enter it; this, however, was impossible—there was no other road, no time was to be lost; the French were at our heels, and our Generals were strangers to the country. Its name, which imports a paradise for thirsty souls, was in itself sufficient to stamp its guzzling character, and was the best possible index to its trade. It was then, and may be still, for all I know to the contrary, a colony of wine-bibbers, and a mart of wine. Taverns, those pest-houses of every nation, abounded there.

After incessant marchings night and day, here the troops were halted for some breathing time. The wintry wind was chiming in our ears, in melancholy cadence. Rain fell profusely on our exhausted ranks; petrified with cold, the

most wretched hovel was a palace in our eyes, and to our heartfelt joy we were, as I said before, put under cover. But dreadful was the consequence of this ill-judged measure. Once located there, in the existing state of things, the evil was not to be averted.

A winter's march through any country has but few attractions, much less in that inhospitable waste: our condition therefore was comparatively happiness when shelter was obtained—shelter that was long and anxiously looked-out for. Before the lapse of many minutes, every tenement was crowded; those who could not lodge themselves above, took refuge in the cellars, that were, unfortunately, but too well stored with a pernicious "black strap," manufactured from the mountain vine, that grew somewhere in the neighbourhood.

The soldiers, waiting not to broach the pipes and barrels in the usual way, stove them in at once, or picked the heads out with their bayonet; so that in a little time, they were wallowing in the liquor, that flowed in black and purple streams around them. They literally floated in lakes of wine. Being dark when we arrived, and every one (including the inhabitants) knocked up, it was impossible to take precautionary measures, even had we known the circumstances of the

place. The men once tasting the intoxicating drink, were maddened by its influence, and became reckless and unmanageable. Some hours passed off in a brutal state of revelry and riot; it seemed a vain attempt to stop the violent excesses. Now, when it was too late, the sad effects of putting the troops in such places were evident. By daylight, however, forcible expulsion was resorted to. Generals, their staff, and the provost-marshal were all in requisition.

The alarm was sounded—bugles rent the air—adjutants, with a horde of their officials, shouted out their lungs, until a “remnant” was collected. By dint of driving, threatening, flogging, gibbeting, every thing in fact that the wrath of man could think of, the horrible saturnalia was dissolved; the infatuated troops were hustled on to the assembling at the outlets, when, plunging once more into the haunts of desolation, the loose and straggling columns of reeling soldiers urged on their weary route.

“He played such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As made the angels weep.”

How perfectly ridiculous it is to behold what fools some men (and I have seen many of them in my time,) make of themselves, when they get their heads into "a little brief authority." Men of that description, whether in command of regiments or brigade, are never content without playing off their airs before the world. Nothing goes right in their ideas, always giving unnecessary trouble, for ever in a fuss; for want of some excuse, they will even look round among their staff, for wherewithal to exercise upon. When you meet with a character of this description, the best way is to get out of his road as fast as you possibly can.

Let the hurrican subside, and when Pomposo begins to get a little cool, perhaps you may venture to approximate; but it would be dangerous before. I recollect one regiment having the good-fortune to possess a mercurial genius of this tribe, who fumed, and blustered, until he "tore his passion to very rags;" he sputtered until he almost made his horse to grin at his absurdities. He literally rode down the subalterns. It is said that these men are supported by the home-department; I am much inclined to doubt the observation. Tartars de-

stitute of common sense are of course bad officers ; they must find their own unworthy level, without neither notice or support.

COLONEL W——.

Colonel W——, of the ——th, was a wonderful pompous man ; furthermore, he was a rigid friend to tight lacing ; not that he himself wore a straight-waistcoat, but that by his hectorism, he usually sent some poor Teniente or Alferes into that dilemma.

Many times have I talked over with an old brother sub, when we enjoyed a hearty laugh together, upon the farcical manœuvres of that self-esteemed important individual, who shewed off his orientalism (for he was as much like a Nabob as anything could be,) on the score of a little brief command which befel him at the era now referred to. His reign was shorter than even of that 'Masaniello ; yet not particularly sweet ; however he made the most of it, and let the people see and stare at what one of the ——th could do.

We had been trudging all the day before, and for weeks before that again ; therefore, as

one may readily suppose, wearied to our heart's content.

Rigorous weather, worse fare, and very bad roads, had tried our "thews and sinews;" and when baited at our lodgings, our bones were cramped; the very best among us were fairly jaded and done up.

We had hitherto been accustomed to rise before the lark, but without his lively song; and early on the morning of the day in question, those who turned out from their roost, did so with some reluctance, because the perch was warmer than usual.

As before observed, W—— was (theatrically speaking) for this day only "leader of the band," and no one could deny that he played first fiddle in first-rate style.

The reveillé sounded,—the bagpipes droned, and lazily the infantry and troopers, rubbing their half-shut eyes, girdled on their apparatus, and took to the rendezvous.

There was a trio of drowsy subalterns, who were still, however, missing; the column was under arms—the drum-major on tiptoe, eying the commandant for the signal to wield his cane. Major *Number two*, all fire and fuss, took post in rear of the battalion. W——, at the head of

all, in the full pride of Governor Grand, stood up in his stirrups straining his visual senses for an observation ; as yet no militant visible above the latitude of the horizon.

"March!" was bellowed out, with lungs of brass; the whole moved off; when at that critical period, *three* at least of the original "*seven sleepers*," were coolly advancing from the town.

"Halt!" resounded from the lips of W——, who summoned the delinquents to his presence, when looking broadsides at them, he ordered them to deposit their swords with the adjutant. That official was soon forthcoming, and disarmed the culprits; now in a sort of Irish close arrest, which means at liberty to walk the country, "gentlemen at large," all the world before them, but not exactly "where to choose."

Our dismantled heroes, knowing full well that the business would end in smoke, enjoyed the thing exceedingly; and being divested of their weapons, got on gaily to the camp-ground of the night, where the troops pulled up on the margin of a dreary heath, somewhere between *Toro* and *Corunna*.

The storm was brewing to burst upon the heads of the *ill-fated* prisoners.

"Send those officers to the front, who were *five* minutes too late this morning;" cried out the brigadier "par excellence;" "They are already reported," cried ditto.

The Brigade Major, hot with zeal, clapped spurs to his fiery steed; he lost no time; and speedily returned with the criminals in tow. The whole adjourned to the dread tribunal of the General of Division, Lord W. Bentinck. His Lordship, perceiving at once that the whole affair was concocted to display our potent "*chef d'un jour*," dismissed the cause, with a slight admonitory address to the convicted prisoners; who went away chuckling at the thoughts of having escaped a rowing, and of having had the privilege of an armour-bearer, during a hard day's march.

The gallant W——, crest-fallen by a glance by no means flattering from the noble peer, resumed his regimental station, and flourished no more in the character of brigadier.

" 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world."

The dark and gloomy night on which we abdicated our lodgings on the cold hills near Co-

runna, not only screened our flight, but filled our minds with a most oppressive melancholy, which, without any great stretch of the sentimental, may be imagined.

In that unfortunate state of things, to remove the "personal" of our wardrobe was unthought of. We were, as it is well known, compelled to forsake all our beloved goods and chattels.

As for the poor animals that conveyed the same for many a weary day, there was but one alternative decided on regarding them.

The hussars had long been a dismounted regiment; troopers were much more numerous than their Rosinantes. The splendid charger in bright caparisons, that proudly champ'd the bit, was no more to hear the well-known trumpet. Many a trusty mule and faithful jackass, after the endurance of cudgelling from unfeeling batmen, and kicks enough to tire them of their lives, were here to be destroyed; their migrations and heavy burdens were at an end—their toils were over.

Ungrateful man!—it was for you they tugged and pulled on flinty roads (not half so flinty as your hearts); on hills and muddy hollows; regaled with nothing better than a niggardly allowance of chopped straw, the luxury of a

pumpkin, or any garbage they could pick up along their tedious journey.

There was *one* I greatly felt for; it was a borrico that carried my hampers from Lisbon to Corunna. For that long journey he jogged on heartily, and never hung behind. Thistles by the wayside were his dinner; while blows and leathering from his various leaders, as well as pommelling from every one about him, too often formed his supper. After all, poor Neddy felt the weight of black ingratitude, and shared the destiny of his more honoured though not more worthy companions in distress.

LANDING IN ENGLAND.

The debarkation of that armament was quite as deplorable as any admirer of the sublime and ridiculous could desire. Since the Elizabethan era, when the Armada was cast away, a more woe-begone or ill-clad set of gentlemen warriors never landed on our shores. Moneyless, shoeless, shirtless, and very nearly hopeless, they put in their claim for polite society; while shivering in groups upon the decks, they stood patiently until the boats arrived.

Launched once more upon the coast of plenty, they seemed like men awakened from a trance,

scarcely believing that they were at home. From every destitution that famine could devise, the scene was changed to one where the very atmosphere breathed of beef and pudding. It was a transition cheering to the sight, and extremely pleasing to the stomach; particularly of men, who, for months before, knew not what it was to behold even the shadow of a dinner.

The substantial realities of good living were now before them; joints were spitted; smoking rounds awaited them; pipes and barrels were newly tapped; and, last, though not least, the girls were trimming up their "bibs and tuckers," and rummaging their handboxes, to make themselves enchanting in our eyes.

Fortunately for us, this generous feeling was then abroad, our circumstances being anything but prosperous. Bankrupts both in funds and raiment,* we had to begin the world again upon a very slender capital; every one, therefore, set

* One of those curious freaks which fortune, in the shape of an ounce of lead, will sometimes amuse herself withal, was played on me, or rather upon my pericranium, in the battle of Corunna, and materially injured the economy of my head-gear previous to my landing. To curry favour with the Spaniards, every officer was compelled to have a picture of Fernando Septimo, displayed upon the leather rosette of his chapeau. While the balls were flying about, one of them pierced the royal countenance, making the visage, hitherto no great beauty,

his brains to work, ruminating on and propounding various plans to raise the wind. Neither Thomas Spring Rice, nor any other financier, ever studied the ways and means with more attention. Kites were flying to and fro; and many a hopeful youth, who was sent as food for powder, because they wanted to get rid of him at home, and who never received a farthing when abroad, was bent on schemes of mischief, while he drew unmercifully on their coffers. To a fine worthy fellow, named Thomson, paymaster of the 32nd, I was indebted for wherewithal to carry on the war, by a loan that altered the state of my affairs amazingly; reducing a somewhat lengthy countenance to its natural dimensions.

When the ragged warriors got into settled quarters, they began to get their kits remodelled, or replenished; and to this end, they were allowed to make an estimate of their losses, for the purpose of being remunerated for the same.

as ugly as an ogre's. By way of adding still further to his Majesty's misfortunes, the aforesaid chapeau, with its appurtenances, found a watery grave; having gone to the bottom of the Corunna Bay, in a transport, out of which its proprietor was with difficulty saved. I was consoled for the loss of my chapeau, and of Fernando's desecrated phiz, by the gift, from a sailor, of a catskin cap, which I sported when we at this time arrived in England.

In cooking up the document so required, the articles, intrinsically speaking, were by no means undervalued. Modesty and conscience, pairing off like dutiful young ladies, the claims were made more with reference to the dilapidated nature of the wardrobe, than to its particular value when the catastrophe occurred.*

* Suppose for instance, one of those idle loungers campaigning about Whitehall, and deliberating whether he will go and shoot himself or to an eating-house, his reveries arrested by a MS. picked up thereabouts, wherein he reads the following bright effusion.

CLAIMS OF LIEUTENANT WILLIAM ASKENOUGH.

	£. s. d.		
One jacket (No. 2) formerly red, now as drowsy as a watchman, not having a nap for years, and hanging like the sword of Damocles by a thread.	25	0	0
Pantaloon, "a world too wide," and like the member for Carlow, regularly unseated.	10	0	0
Worsted stockings, two pair, patched, and footless	1	0	0
One night cap, a very little one of its age.	1	0	0
Shoes, (hors de combat.)			
One shirt, having a legitimate claim upon the retired list, with a "rent" of a very different nature, and not quite so productive as O'Connell's.	6	10	0
One ditto, as shadowy as the wind, with many an orifice for the wind to pass through; the prototype of the Frenchman's, that consisted of nothing but cuffs and collars.	6	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£50	0	0
	<hr/>		

Alas ! poor Bull, you require a capacious back to sustain the load that you are saddled with. Your pocket has fitted out every needy adventurer since the days of Nimrod. Let who will dance, you must pay the fiddler—let who will fight, the sinews of that war must be found by you. They call you a grumbling animal, not without some reason—good easy man, however well and corpulent you look at present, the vampire system will be the death of you at last.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Notwithstanding all our earnest wishes to behold Napoleon, during the time of his command upon the campaign, from which we had now returned, we never had any opportunity of even getting a peep at that extraordinary man.

Whatever intelligence he received from France, his movements when returning to that country, were as rapid as those of the troops he left behind. In his journeys from place to place, secrecy was the order of the day ; and we scarcely heard of his departure, when we heard of his being in other distant lands.

He appeared to have been endowed with superhuman powers, or rather to be invested with ubiquity, in all his various wanderings.

His presence was equal at least to a division ; the loss his army had sustained was therefore of considerable moment ; however, his great military talents enabled him in some measure to provide for this deficiency ; for anticipating every movement of his enemies, he drew the outline or plan of operations, with a degree of accuracy amounting to perfection, for the guidance of his Marshals, who thus were never at a loss, and were perhaps more satisfied from having so much responsibility taken off their shoulders.

Immediately with the troops, his absence was a thing of more importance ; for there was a charm about him, which made them fight with reënimated ardour, when he was in the field.

The attachment of his armies was excessive, —he was literally the idol of their adoration. He was to them more than a division—he was even a host within himself.

The airs of consequence which his soldiers arrogated on this account, was quite ridiculous ; while with contemptuous looks, the flattering appellation of “coquin” was addressed to those who expressed a doubt of the infallibility of their chief.

Their so-called heroic spirit of devotion to his name, was manifested everywhere. The field of

battle—the encampment—the hospital or quarters, all bore witness to that spirit. The very walls and ceilings of their guard and picquet-houses, were inscribed by means of chalk, or smoke of candle, with their popular expressions, of “Vive le grand Napoleon, “Vive L’Empereur jusqu’à la mort ;” this was the burthen of their song while living, and when dying it was on their lips.

Napoleon, so far as putting them in the way of getting rid of all their cares, was very much their friend ; he fed their vanity with dreams of glory, while he fed the vultures with their bodies. In his idea, the only road to fame was through the carnage of a battle, or that wherein the cannon formed a passage. Every wound a man received was, in his opinion, superior to a quarter of nobility.

His name was not without its influence even upon our own soldiers ; who, accustomed as they were to call him Bony, were familiar with his character. He was a prime favourite among them ; many of them were carried away with an infatuation about the Emperor, almost as great as that of his own enthusiastic followers.*

* A soldier of the 53rd, when that regiment was stationed at St. Helena, being asked by a stranger, who had lately ar-

Everything relating to that surprizing man possesses a degree of interest, which may in vain be sought for in the history of any other individual who has figured in this world. He was one of those mortals whom "nature" in a happy mood, designed for great achievements and marvellous adventures.

Not being overburdened with the vice of modesty, he made every nation on the continent of Europe the theatre of his singular exploits; while he and his kinsmen, (whom he managed like so many minor toys,) were playing for kingdoms, they played into each other's hands; the obedient Marshals, behind the scenes, bearing their master up in every movement of his game. *

rived upon the Island, as to the health and appearance of Napoleon, replied, with characteristic humour—"O Sir! he is a fine-looking fellow—a brave old boy; he has fifty campaigns in his body yet."

* It may well be said, that Buonaparte was indebted for a considerable portion of his success, to that judgment which he at all times displayed in the selection of his officers, all of whom have been promoted to the higher ranks, solely from their individual merit, and without reference to any particular class of life to which they might previously have belonged.

Marshal Augereau was the son of a tradesman in Paris; Marshal Lefebvre was the son of an inn-keeper; General

He bequeathed to generations yet unborn, more than enough to talk about for ages ; with a lesson to make them look back on his country for a model. But, alas ! for all his transient visions of human glory,—alas ! for la belle France ;—alas ! for all his greatness—

“ That gaudy torment of the soul,
The wise man's fatter,
And the rage of fools.”

“ The brilliancy of his career neutralized the enmity of those who deprecated his power, by making their national vanity a party to the national glory, and his personal renown.”

NAPOLÉON'S BURIAL.

“ There is a sound on the desert shore,
'Tis the muttering cannon's funeral roar !
In one deep glen of that barren isle,
There rises Napoleon's funeral pile.

Vandame was a tailor in Brabant ; and many of his most celebrated officers were of the same description.

Napoleon used all his efforts, by every species of attention, whether real or artificial, not only to acquire, but to preserve the good-will of his officers ; and, in short, of every soldier in his army.

" Do banners wave over him ? and trumpets tell
That he sleeps near the warrior's thundering knell ?—
The lone tree waves ; and the ritual is read,
By an exile priest o'er the silent dead.

" Does the deafening peal of the glad hurrah,
Ring wild and wide on the vaulted sky ?
And the shout of thousands in armed array,
Tell the god of their soul's idolatry ?—
A few brief shots,—and then all is still ;
And the echoes are mute from valley and hill!

" He was the star of a stormy sky,
None were so brilliant, and none so high ;
Its fiery blaze could the world illumine,
Its setting was dark as the tempest's gloom ;—
Now the hand of the stranger hath burst his chain,
And his dirge is told by the ceaseless main."

General Franceschi commanded the cavalry on the retreat to Corunna ; and in the battle there, he tried to outflank our lines, but was out-manceuvred by the skill of General Paget, now Marquis of Anglesea.

Franceschi was taken prison by the Spaniards on his way to Madrid, and conveyed from thence to Seville, where he was cruelly put to death. His beautiful young wife refused all

nourishment on hearing of it, and fell a victim to her constancy and affection.

The General was a man of signal gallantry on all occasions.

La Houssai and Loye, also served in the cavalry on that "retreat."

CHAPTER XIII.

Marshal Soult—Ney—Quarters at home—Ashford, a dull place—St. Patrick's day—Altered times—A concerto in the barracks—Lieut. H.—Ingenious scheme—Old C.—The eccentric Drum-major—Pommelskin—Lothario in distress—Walcheren—The bag-pipe Amateur—Capt. Bains.—The Puffers—Flushing—Sir Thos. Picton—The 77th Regt.

MARSHAL SOULT.

MARSHAL SOULT was chief in command of the French army in Andalusia, where his operations were carried on during the greater part of the Peninsular war. The whole history of that war is the best record from which a knowledge can be gained of his singularly fortunate career. Cradled as it were in the very heart of battle, the very element he breathed from the first dawning of his existence, was that of gunpowder.

His coolness, as it is well-known, before the batteries of Toulon, was the first thing that won Napoleon's heart ; from that moment, his military advancement rapidly progressed, and we find him acting a conspicuous part in every battle that was fought during the revolutionary triumphs. At *Austerlitz*, he was particularly signalized.

He was appointed to coöperate with Ney, on the retreat to *Corunna* ; and in the battle fought before that place, he conducted the movements of his troops with distinguished intrepidity and valour.

After the battle of Talavera, he was sent into Andalusia ; where he, and General Hill, manœuvred, marched, counter-marched, and fought against each other, for more than three years, during which he played a very cautious game ; whether it was that he received directions from his master, or that, perhaps, he was too well acquainted with our troops, he was extremely jealous of our intimacy, choosing rather to keep us in check, à-la-distance, than hazard an introduction to our " steel."

His cavalry was superior ; mounted on the young Andalusian horses of Arabian breed, and well equipped, they galloped round us on the

wide and fertile plains bordering the Guadiana, the Guadalquivir and the Tagus. They kept our troopers in a constant state of ferment, pursuing them like their shadow, wherever they were going; so that they were frequently for days together, that they could not take their saddles off.

Among them, were a number of Polish Lancers, who were formidable, not only from the activity of their horses, but from the fearful and dangerous weapon which they carried,—a weapon that in Albuera caused the destruction of whole battalions. They flew with the speed of lightning from one part of the field to another, piercing our open ranks, while in the act of forming square.

The manner in which the Marshal kept his troops in hand, and brought them in contact with those of Beresford, in the aforesaid battle, stamped him at once to be a general of consummate skill.

Favoured as he was, by the weakness of our position, and by the elements concealing his manœuvres, fortune was undoubtedly on his side; had he not been so closely grappled with by the Fusileer brigades, she would have placed the victory at his feet; as it was, there was very

little to spare on either side ; we literally gained a loss, for which we were but indifferently recompensed.

There were, however, two circumstances pretty well ascertained by the result ; namely, that our Field-Marshal had men, who fought with desperate bravery to the end ; and that the Frenchmen had a leader, who, if it were possible to overthrow their enemies, was the very man who could shew them how to do it.

Soult knew right well how to take care of himself ; and when he got into good quarters, to keep them fast.

When we consider that in Seville, the most luxurious spot in Spain, if not in Europe, he lay entranced amid the sweets of an earthly paradise ; we can by no means think it wonderful that the Marshal should, contrary to the wishes of King Joseph, betray an anxiety to maintain himself in Andalusia. About the time he served in Spain, he was on the wintry side of fifty, and of considerable strength both in mind and body. Genius for the soldier's work was strongly indicated on his countenance, which, by long exposure to every element, had acquired a seasoning, that enabled him to face the hardest service ; while it was easy to detect,

by the occasional flash of his keen dark eye, the convincing proofs of an impetuous, restless, and daring spirit, kept in due restraint withal, but, as it was said of him, "ready to explode at any moment, like a volcano."

Soult was Napoleon's Major-General at the battle of Waterloo; and under the Bourbons, he became Minister of the war-department.

He was born at Languedoc, in 1769; he must, therefore, now be about 70 years old.

" GIRARD."

In writing of Marshal Soult, I cannot avoid making some mention of his friend, "*Girard*." To the somniferous propensities of this general, we were indebted for the capture of nearly two thousand Frenchmen at Arroya del Molino; an affair by no means a feather in the general's cap.

When the Highlanders disturbed his peaceful dreams, he was naturally indignant, and levanted as promptly as his legs would carry him, breasting the lofty range without one "lingering look behind," until fairly across the mountain.

Before our horsemen crossed the plain, those of his followers who bore on the steep

chace, were far behind our musket range; while those of no such aspiring tendencies, nor with any particular love for climbing mountains, "hauled down" to our dragoons, with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur," upon their tongues. Girard, however, was wounded in the business, of which he must have given a much more flattering version to Napoleon, than appears on record; for although he was deprived of his division at the time, yet he experienced ample clemency at his master's hands,—a clemency not misplaced; for he afterwards made atonement for his flight and failure at Arroyo, by his gallantry at *Lutzen* and *Waterloo*.

General Latour Mauburg, also served under Soult on all the Andalusian campaigns. He was a distinguished, and highly meritorious character, and remarkable for the purity of his morals. He was a commander of St. Louis.

MARSHAL NEY, PRINCE OF ELCHINGEN.

"Le plus brave des braves."

Ney was originally a common hussar, rising by his gallantry alone to the distinguished rank he subsequently held. On the disastrous retreat before Wilna, during the Russian campaign,

when abandoned by all, he never deserted his post. After vain efforts to detain the fugitives, he collected the muskets that were still loaded, and became once more a common soldier. In this retreat he had recourse to every manœuvre that the most extraordinary talent and courage could effect.

It is recorded of him, that "passing over an unknown country, he marched with his troops drawn up in the form of a square, and constantly repelled, with success, the attacks of many thousand Cossacks, who every moment charged furiously upon him. His retreat was one of the most beautiful operations of this campaign. When he passed the Dnieper, all his troops were in despair, and every one considered himself lost; his staff eagerly sought him to receive his orders. To their great surprise, he was found crouched beneath a ridge of snow, and attentively examining a chart. The calmness of their chief, in circumstances of so much danger, immediately dissipated their fears, and inspired them with confidence and hope."

In the battle of Waterloo, this celebrated officer fought sword in hand, and on foot, in front of the contest, to the very last. He commanded the Imperial Guards when they made

their last and unsuccessful charge on the evening of that day, when his horse was killed under him. In the attack on Quatre Blas, Ney commanded at the head of 30,000 French troops. He was born at Sarre Louis, in 1769, and died a victim to persecution at the age of 47. He lies interred at Père la Chaise, in Paris.*

QUARTERS AT HOME.

Soon after our return to England, we found ourselves at *Ashford*, where we recognized some few memorials of former times; and looked about among the rookeries for old acquaintances, for among the inhabitants we had none.

Of all the decidedly stupid places that any one was ever doomed to live in, *Ashford*, in my

* On the memorable retreat from Portugal, in 1809, Marshal Ney commanded the rear-guard, and had to maintain several conflicts with the British troops. On retreating from Pombal, the moment the English entered the town, the bells were ordered to be rung, and every kind of rejoicing to be made; even, it is said, to the burning of Ney and Massena in effigy. Ney being made acquainted with this fact, instantly turned round, and drove the British out at the point of the bayonet, and set fire to the town. He then wrote a letter to Lord Wellington, stating that he was sorry to have been compelled to such a measure; but he felt it necessary to prove to his lordship, that it was hunger, and that only, that obliged the French to retreat out of Portugal.

opinion, takes the lead. One self-same round of drowsy leaden dulness, without a single ray of cheerfulness to relieve the scene.

The specimens of animated nature, an antiquated race of mortals, were scattered in twos and threes at awful distances in the street, where you might safely venture to shoot the swallows fluttering round the eave-tops, without the risk of wounding the inhabitants. The noiseless thoroughfare was fertile both in weeds and grass, as if to render yet more evident the chilling solitude that prevailed.

The "young gentlemen" amused themselves in the pursuit of sundry light employments; such as inspecting the shop windows, or conning the tavern signs, where "Marlborough and the Duke of Granby's Head," with an endless train of suns, globes, stars, and lions, swung from side to side on their rusty hinges. The cake shop, that favourite rendezvous of idle dangles, was resorted to, where our swains might gaze and gaze again—but it was all in vain; there were no beauties to gaze upon. The few that were occasionally seen to flit across the street, or turn a corner, darted in a twinkling from their view, leaving no trace beyond the memory of a snowy skirt, or a well turned ancle.

When immured within their mansions, from which the dangerous red-coats were excluded, perhaps the sound of band or drums aroused their notice, when a pair or two of bright ensnaring eyes would sometimes peep with caution through the chinks of a Venetian blind; these glimpses were but transitory; they were off again with the fleetness of a shadow; there was just enough to form the outline of a pleasant dream.

On the following Sunday after our arrival in Ashford, a party of us went to the church, that stands convenient to the barrack gate; and without reflecting on the high crime of entering a pew without permission of the owner, we marched at once into one that stood invitingly before us—a square seat that was large enough to hold at least a dozen more. Meantime, a deaf old lady, with ghastly aspect, came sailing in; and casting one of mother Shipton's looks, a frown of evil-boding, upon the intruders, she muttered, or rather growled out something from her toothless jaws, from which (not without some difficulty) we collected sundry hints, almost inaudible, that our room would be much more acceptable than our company. Captain Rowe, a very droll and lively genius, wishing to avoid the exposure of

being expelled so publicly, looked knowingly at us, while he whispered into the ear of the doating sinner, loud enough and in a manner that made the people about us think that she was inviting us all to tea, "Yes, madam—much obliged—will be be most happy—at what hour, ma'm?" while the mumbling dame, with exhausted patience, slunk to the corner of the pew, where, no doubt, she pursued the tenor of her, orisons. Dame Turnout was rightly served, and so would all who follow her example.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

About this time, the well-known Patrick's day came round, when the Irishmen, a number of whom were in the regiment, were resolved to celebrate the festival with all due honours.

A grand assemblage in the mess-room was, of course, a prelude to the entertainments of the night; when Patrick, Judy, with all the other members of that worthy family, being toasted, with the usual ceremonies, and the noisy sons of Erin being pretty well plied with wine, an outward movement followed, and a regular sortie was made upon the barrack square. Meanwhile, the band and drums beat up through

the different streets and passages, round the building, in order to give the sluggish Johns, and all the other milk-and-water gentlemen, the full benefit of a serenade ; while the revellers, whose heads were by far the emptiest parts about them, reeled to and fro in all directions, forming something like the order or disorder of a Donnybrook procession, patrolling the garrison, as they broke the sleep as well as the windows of their neighbours. The music, every now and then, rung with the changes upon Patrick's day and Garry Owen ; the performers, stupified by potations and want of rest, bungling those melodies into medleys of harsh and discordant sounds, that occasionally died upon the breeze as the wild itinerants moved in other quarters ; while the voices, hoarse from shouting, and thick from bumpers, kept up with the cries of " Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !—Old Ireland for ever ! hurra !" Some, armed with stout shilelahs, were hot for a brush with anything they might encounter ; flourishing their shilelahs, they held on one continued scene of yelling, screaming, hooting, braying, with a variety of uncouth noises, until daylight put a period to the uproar.

ALTERED TIMES.

Many other festivals besides that of St. Patrick, were enjoyed in those days. I refer to the anniversaries of our battles, which were as frequent as saints upon the calendar, and of which the celebration was a matter of high importance, not only to the individuals concerned in those battles, but likewise to the honour of the corps; all hands, therefore, lent their mite of jollity and good humour to promote the merry meeting—one that was a continued round of glass and bowl.

Times now are altered. The lapse of three or four and twenty years, and that in days of harmless quietude, has produced a dearth of battles, with a corresponding dearth of festivals; and though many of the old ones were long kept up, even under faded recollections, while the veterans who figured in these fields still quaffed their glass together; yet these soon vanished gradually from the stage, and a race of juveniles coming in, the “celebrations” became in time flat and uninteresting sort of things, melting away at last upon the final departure of the aforesaid veterans from the scene.

Society among the gentlemen of our army has

undergone a total change. Our moderns no longer think it necessary to pursue the beaten track ; neither do they imitate the quaint proceedings of the "olden time," in all their potatory revellings. No longer quadrilling upon the tables—the tables are now completely turned. The shouts and loud vociferous mirth with which the mess-room formerly resounded, are heard no more. The wild and bacchanalian tumult has subsided into the tranquillity of a Quaker's meeting. The man who rejoices in a singing face, may chaunt his stave in solitude, if he will ; he is not called for here. In short, compared with what is past and gone, their midnight orgies have become the tamest things imaginable.

With regard to the mode of living, very little change has taken place, except in the article of wine ; in which they as far outdo the vintage of former days, as the "nectar" of the gods surpassed the limpid fluid,

Vulgar port is superseded by claret of the deepest tint ; London particular, elbows out the humble sherry ; while champagne, both bright and sparkling, is swilled off copiously before the cloth is taken off the table.

The "feast of reason," has undergone a

transformation, (perhaps some may call it reformation,) as well as other things.

Military converse is now "de trop;" one might as well talk in a language dead and buried, as to dilate on battles, or anything connected with the business of the camp.

Take, for instance, a scene where two hard-fighting regiments dine together, and let a couple of the oldest stagers get their heads in contact, while comparing notes on past adventures, from whence is overheard expressions, such as these:—"Solid masses,"—"Victory complete,"—"We charged them,"—"The enemy cut to pieces," and so forth; they are phrases, all of them as unintelligible to the moderns, as the jargon between a brace of Israelites;—yea, it is all Greek, and worse than Hindostanee to them.

The grizzled pates may enjoy their harrowing adventures between each other, and each particular, (though solitary,) hair may stand on end; yet upon the richly furnished head-piece of their auditors, no such extraordinary evidence of horror or surprise is visible.

A CONCERTO IN THE BARRACKS.

Entertainments of a more domestic kind than

those already spoken of, were frequently performed in the barracks, which, under the name of "grog parties," were got up for those who took freely of "the dew;" but where music, cards, and dice, formed no inconsiderable portion of the night's amusement.

One of these "carousals," which occurred a little before we left the town of Ashford, and which made such an unusual stir at the time of celebration as even yet to be green in the memory of the surviving few who witnessed it, was set on foot by a remarkably jovial fellow, Lieutenant H——, who, in arranging the economy of his party, was wanting in the foresight to perceive that the locality of his chamber was rather "too convenient" to that wherein the colonel vegetated.

At an early period of the evening, the cards were called for; when, in the sober occupation of "Lammeys and Vingt-un," some hours were passed, until the more interesting affair of supper was about to be discussed. By and bye, the "materials" were introduced,—the usual exhilarating effects were manifest,—the laugh and song kept pace with the advancing night,—the barrack rooms reëchoed with bursts of merriment; when, at length, the clatter of *box* and

dice, mingled with a renewal of the uproar, gave rise to a deafening noise, compared with which the din of Vulcan's forge was harmony and softness.

The Colonel had not, on that particular night, taken a narcotic; nor were his vain attempts to sleep less broken in upon than those of others. He lay in wakeful agitation until morning, when (I need scarcely say,) he was not in one of his most pleasing moods.

Half crazy with the torments he endured, he determined to give the banquetters a specimen of serenading, one that would surpass their best performances; and put his generous intentions into full effect on the succeeding night.

When the Lieutenant, exhausted by his night's debauch, was getting into his second nap, dreaming of "deuce-ace," "quatre-trois," and other phantasies, the Colonel sent for the Drum-major, * and ordered him to take the

* "Pommelskin" grinned with joy, at such a glorious "rub-a-dub;" while rolling his eyes about, he gazed with malicious ecstasy at the performers.

He was a most extraordinary and eccentric sample of his tribe; a little square-built man, barely five-feet high, with a short cranky face, and pigeon legs.

I don't think that all the powers of comic-acting could have moved the features of this original, who, when armed

entire of his drums, fifes, and bugles, and place them in the passage.

Immediately the whole broke out into a tattoo, so loud as to shake the framework of the building; at the same time startling every soldier in the garrison from their beds. The concerto was maintained throughout the night, with such an awful and almost supernatural din, that I am sure if one of the enraptured auditors be now alive, (the tympanum of whose ears was not fractured at the time) the discordant music must still be ringing in those organs.

When the Colonel came upon parade next morning, some one observed on the delightful proceedings of the night. He dryly remarked, while chuckling with a smile of self-approval, for the ingenuity of his plan,—“ Ha ! ha !! ha !!! —Mr. Hartley amused his company with cards, and dice ; but I gave him plenty of ‘ skin ’ for his bone.”

LOTHARIO IN DISTRESS.

The garrison of A—— was commanded by

with his wand of office, which he flourished in admirable style, as a revived edition of Jeffrey Hudson, with a giant’s walking-stick before him.

General Baron de R——, a distinguished officer, but strict withal, and given to much hauteur.

Now this general, (as generals very often have,) had a remarkably pretty wife, who was not only an angel to follow, but was an angel to meet.

She was frequently observed tripping down the pavement, for the ostensible purpose of shopping, or any other little business in that way; on which occasions, one or more of our gay deceivers were seen to perambulate in her train; although at some degree of peril, the general being an extremely jealous person of his Desdemona.

Unfortunately, it occurred, that one of the lieutenants, a youth of rather fashionable exterior, and on the most pleasing terms with himself, was shewing off before the rest, when the Baroness, (with whose figure he was unacquainted) was ambling in gentle mood in front of him. Thinking it necessary to pour some winning observation in her ear, although she had *cut* the gentleman more than once, he made more sail, in order to overtake the pretty little "cutter;" when glancing beneath her "cottage," he exclaimed,—“What a charming angel!—what brilliant eyes!” The fair unknown being thus so gallantly addressed, threw

up her veil, disclosing to the enamoured hero the features of Madame.

Meeting him soon after, I never saw a man so petrified with horror; his countenance was the very picture of despair—it was as long as if he had just been visiting the Trophonious Cave. “And this to the General’s sposa,” as he cried; “my commission is not worth a sous.—I shall be broke as round as a hoop; in short, the sooner I go and hang myself, the better.”

None but those who know the feelings which pervade the mind of a young beginner, with regard to *his* General’s importance, can imagine what was passing in the thoughts of the lieutenant. Being myself aware that nothing worse than fright would happen to the man, I enjoyed the thing amazingly, while I exhorted him to take good care in future, how he addressed “the General’s” lady.

The affair, as I anticipated, went no further; the baroness never carried tales—she was no exception to that rule, in which it has been truly said, that however indignant a lady may appear, anger seldom kindles in her bosom, against him who may compare her beauty to an “angel’s!”

Previous to leaving Ashford, the officers of three regiments quartered there, assembled, in order to have one last parting glass together. The festal ceremonies then prevailing being of more than usual merriment, this account of the entertainment may not be unworthy of recording :—

The appointed hour proclaimed by the usual dinner call, found a jovial company met together round a magnificently furnished board. There never was a more animated or agreeable set of fellows, all of whom being well experienced in the knife and fork academy, rendered due honours to the provender ; while the overture they played upon those instruments, was an excellent prelude to the harmonious strains that were to follow. Hobnobbing of course in all its varieties, filled up the intervals of mastication ; and before the cloth was drawn, Smith, Jones and Thompson, with their companions, had plied each other, while with untiring zeal, they exchanged salutes ; so that by the time the second course had vanished, they had graduated for the Anti-Temperance Society, of which old Bacchus is the president.

A sharp encounter now ensued—fresh glasses, and another importation of Lafitte, were placed

upon the table. The king, queen, army and navy, with other popular toasts being given, with the usual accompaniments of hip, hip, hip, and three times three, the storm of gingling glasses, and cantering of decanters, subsided into something like a calm. After a flourish of drums and trumpets from the band without, the gentlemen within began to take a warmer interest in the scene, and the claret not only began to take effect, but got more rapidly into circulation; while a corresponding movement of the vocal organs produced a sort of Babylonish conversation—a running fire of small talk was maintained, in a truly spirited manner; from which the following unconnected fragments, no doubt most edifying to those concerned, were indistinctly heard to issue.

“Mr. Vice, I’ll give you a bumper—no heel-taps, gentlemen—a capital fellow, that—did you see Jenkins lately? No; but I saw Jones—a fine girl—they say so at the Horse Guards—pass the wine, Smith—half-pay—I’ll bet you a dollar—bar-shop—Thomson, will you play a rubber?—badly used—no parish—a good horse of yours—pshaw—salt and water—Wilson, asong—more wine, Jackson.—Mr. Boots, call the waiter—a toast, Williams—I’ll thank you for a

young lady—here's Miss Brown—very good—bravo ; ha, ha, ha !—ha, ha, ha !”

These most instructive, though broken and disjointed passages, were succeeded by a mingled flow of argument, and interesting colloquy ; when it was proposed, that each in his turn should favour the company with a song ; and the president hammering the table with his iron knuckles, roared out with a commanding voice, “ Silence, gentlemen, for Captain *Porter's* song !” which was followed by a glorious stanza from the aforesaid Captain ; and at the end of every verse a general chorus chiming in,—

“ A capital song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one.

We are the boys—we are the boys,
For life and fun, &c. &c.”

“ Captain, your health and song,” was cried out on all sides.—“ Mr. President and gentlemen, all your healths—bravo, bravo !—a speech, a speech—get up sir,—mount the table ;—no, no—hear, hear—chair, chair—on your legs, sir.” When the gallant captain rising, with one foot on the chair, and another upon the table, delivered, after struggling with his feelings, an oration that will ever be memorable in the annals

of speechifying :—" Gentlemen, unused as I am to public—a—hem—speaking—hem—I want words to—a—hem—express—a—the honour—hem—I feel at the empty"—(here he struck his forehead) "compliment—a—hem—cannot in ade—a—hem—quate terms—give utter-a-a-nce—I cannot in short—a—hem—find words to a—words to—hic—hic—hiccup—hic."

A loud burst of laughter ensued on the conclusion of this harangue, when the learned orator sat down, amidst a tremendous peal of deafening applause. By the time our heroes began to see double, or at that particular period of the night when one bottle is generally magnified into two, and the glasses, multiplied into many parts, danced before their eyes—the messman began to throw in a sample of bin No. 5, which being of most Tartarean hue, answered all the purpose of intoxicating draughts, at this stage of the proceedings.

Many of the old hands, who from previous habit were invulnerable, held out as proof as their "materials" to the last, pouring out libations ; while others were charming their enraptured brethren with a species of fantasia, compounded into a medley of delightful sounds, in which "Home, sweet Home"—"The Last Rose

of Summer," and Wolfe's drinking song, were all mixed up together, in a sort of ollapodrida. One of them, an old veteran, in whose hard-featured visage, pipe-clay, ram-rod, heel-ball, and pace-stick were written in plain and legible characters,—a man who had been elevated from the rank of drum-boy, but who, not unmindful of his early talent, displayed his musical abilities in the British Grenadiers ; and in the general chorus which ensued, he delivered the following version of that celebrated and spirit-stirring song.

" And all the gods *terrestrial*
Descended on their *spears*,
To view with adoration, the British Grenadiers ;
While kept by '*garden*' angels
From falling into harm,
They had their '*bagonets*' ready screw'd
Upon the first alarm."

(Chorus shouted out,)

" And all the gods celestial," &c. &c. &c.

The survivors of that jovial party will recognise this picture, in which, however, should anything be deficient, they must supply by their imagination, that wherein the writer's memory has failed.

WALCHEREN.

A few weeks found us immersed in the marshy swamps of Walcheren.

When engaged upon Lord Chatham's expedition, we had some stirring work ; very much at variance with the plodding habits of the Dutch, who could in nowise be brought to understand why we came to plague them with our soldiery.

The weather was fine, and our passage to the Scheldt propitious ; during which the officer commanding the troops on board, Colonel Basil C——, did all he could to make our situation pleasant ; he had however one unhappy tendency, which was rather annoying to our ears—namely his excessive “penchant” for the bagpipes. Being a Northern, there was some excuse for this and not the less ; for our depraved taste, which was far from being reconciled to the eternal droning sound.

When assembled at dinner in the cabin, or at any other time, Sandy got orders to stick his bagpipes half way down the skylight, so that we might enjoy at leisure the tones of that enchanting instrument.

The Colonel was a man of stern address, with

a fine military countenance, that was set off and rendered still more fierce, by a pair of black mustachios, sustained by whiskers of a corresponding size. Erect in carriage, and soldier-like in mien, he was every inch a C——. The hottest part of the battle was the place where he felt himself most at home. Fearing that the business we were going upon would be no better than child's play, he expressed his fidgetty uneasiness on more than one occasion.

There remains but few impressions on the memory, regarding an expedition so long gone by ; some unconnected or detached events, may with propriety be alluded to.

CAPTAIN BAINES.

Our grenadiers were commanded by Captain Thomas Baines, of the 6th regiment; a man in appearance every way superior to most of those about, and possessed of an undaunted mind.

Being, some time after his return to England, on his passage between Guernsey and Southampton, the packet was attacked by a French privateer ; when, during an obstinate resistance, in which the enemy was compelled to sheer away,

the gallant Baines was killed, after contributing by his bravery and example to the successful issue of the contest.

While we stayed in Flushing, it required some ingenuity to get a comfortable nook to sleep in, for the cannon-balls had made so many apertures, both for the admission of light and air, that the use of windows was a thing superfluous. In some of the apartments, the walls were literally riddled, the unfortunate inmates gazing through the various openings, that afforded wind enough and to spare from every part of the compass. They were putting everything to rights, as if nothing had occurred; depositing the ruined and shattered furniture, where desolation reigned; at the same time, with nicety and exactness, brushing up their delft-tiled walls, and scrubbing away at their oaken floors, with the most praiseworthy assiduity.

I have often been disturbed at an early hour, by a good-humoured strapping wench, accoutred with all the paraphernalia of her office, threatening to administer the contents of a well-filled bucket, if I did not at once arise to admit of the general scowering. Scarcely waiting for the conclusion of my toilet, she set to with all her might and main; while with broom uplifted in arms of

Herculean mould, she splashed the water copiously about. The custom of purifying the interior of their dwellings, is carried to a great extent, proving sometimes of dangerous consequence to those unused ; who feel, when in the country, as though they lived in the midst of a perpetual vapour bath.

FLUSHING.

The principal tavern on the quay at Flushing, was at all hours resorted to, by the officers of the garrison, as well as by the "civil" followers of the army, who filled the atmosphere with tobacco-smoke, while they filled their tumblers with gin-and-water. The divan was particularly crowded in the evenings, where

"Those smoked now, who never smoked before,
While those who always smoked, now smoke the more."

Puff, pnff, puff, it was one everlasting round of puffing ; wherever you went or turned yourself, the cigar was still before you ; considering it to be a certain "panacea" for the ague, and in fact, for every other malady, they seemed as if their existence depended on the abundant use of their Havannahs.

From the number who fell before the "pes-

tilence" that broke out soon after, it was not so evident that the practice was attended with any good effects. I knew of but one individual in our battalion, who abstained from the prevailing habit, and he was the *only* person who escaped the fever.

The inhabitants, living upon an island many feet below the level of the sea, surrounded by stagnant ditches and canals, were notwithstanding a healthy people; but this they were far from ascribing to the "panacea," adopted by the English; on the contrary, they believed (and I think with justice,) that an indulgence in the custom was pernicious in the extreme.

THE 77TH REGIMENT.

The 77th regiment, commanded by Colonel Bromhead, was in our brigade; this corps is celebrated for having, in company with the 5th, at El Boden in Spain, defeated when marching and formed in squares, the continued attacks of a numerous body of French dragoons. The affair was a singular instance of steadiness and bravery, forming, in the records of that war, one of its brightest pages.

The 77th was a great many years in the East Indies, and served, as before remarked, in Spain.

After visiting England, they were sent to Jamaica, from whence they returned a skeleton.

Out of a period of nearly forty years, thirty at least have been passed on foreign stations.

The last time I saw the regiment (now some years ago) their Colonel was a Maclaine, one of the most generous North Britons I ever met; during the Peninsular war he lost a leg, which, however, did not prevent his continuance in the service. He was active both in mind and body; at length he unfortunately added one to the list of those fine fellows of his regiment who fell victims to the yellow fever in Jamaica.

SIR THOMAS PICTON.

Sir Thomas Picton was General of Brigade at Flushing, where he was distinguished in conducting the business of the siege. When all was over, I used to meet, him accompanied by Tyler, and other of his "personal," lounging about the cigar divan.

In his determined and warlike aspect his character might be traced; one would almost have foretold his future fame, from the expression of military daring in his eye.

The whole of the island of Walchere is distinctly visible from every part of the dyke or

embankment by which it is surrounded. The prospect over its level surface, is varied and enlivening, from the number of many-coloured windmills and pretty cottages that meet the eye ; while well cultivated fields, with orchards, gardens, all of them enclosed by flowering thickets, add very much to the beauty of this submarine territory.

END OF VOL. I.

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