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FACTS

RELATING TO

THE EXPEDITION TO OPORTO,

AND

THE RASCALLY CONDUCT

OF

DON PEDRO,

His Ministers and Agents,

TOWARDS THE

BRITISH TROOPS.

FOR

THE CONSIDERATION OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

BY

CAPT. DIXON AND LIEUT. LUMLEY,

LATE OF THE SERVICE.

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FACTS

RELATING TO

THE EXPEDITION TO OPORTO.

We feel that we should be wanting in the discharge of our duty towards our country, and still more so towards those unfortunate and unhappy victims whom we have left at Oporto, the dupes to a set of as artful and designing knaves and rogues as ever humbugged the town, if we did not exert every means within our power to expose the scandalous and brutal proceedings to which we have been exposed, or eye-witnesses of.

We left Oporto on the morning of the 1st ult., in the Britomart, with twenty-five officers of Don Pedro's service, disgusted, like ourselves, with the utter imbecility *morgue aristocratique*, and total want of honesty of those engaged in carrying on the "Royal game of goose," *once* so popular in the far-famed city of oranges and wines—'yclept Oporto.

For justice sake, even if only to expose the swindlers *still* perseveringly engaged in carrying on this most "precious of humbugs," and to warn any of our young countrymen, whose adventurous valour might lead them to covet "six feet by three" of landed property in Portugal, we proclaim the

cause TOTALLY and *irrecoverably lost.* The foreign troops will fight for their lives, and that is all. Three "sorties" were latterly made for the purpose of driving a few pigs and bullocks within our lines; fresh provisions procured in this manner are not, as may be supposed, plentiful; and salt rations had been issued for more than a fortnight previous to our departure. Pay has been unknown for months among the officers. The troops, sometimes, when sorely pressed, extract a few dollars by making the "ruling few uneasy," and thus only do they find a temporary relief. The town (that is, when we left) was bombarded day and night in capital and effectual style. The south bank of the Douro and Villa Nova was studded with priests and guerillas, whose rifles are most assiduously employed in picking off anything that might hit their fancy on the adverse side (about a quarter of a mile). The Miguelite batteries above are tremendous—and one lately constructed at the entrance of the port is a perfect citadel, and capable of blowing any thing out of the water that might attempt to enter—in fact, a complete blockade. A discontented army—no chief to guide possessed of the confidence of his troops—want of ammunition—of provisions—the impracticability of procuring more—surrounded, bombarded, threatened on every side—a very inferior force, and that anything but united—played upon by the opposing batteries at pleasure. We wish to prevent others suffering as we have done—families from squandering their hard-earned saving to fit out a son or a brother—we wish also to assure young enthusiasts, that the cause of Pedro and his "clique," is *not* the cause of civilization—of glorious liberty. As yet Portugal wills it not, and bullets, guns, and sabres are the worst of all arguments to convince people against their will. Portugal *will* be ruled by her priests and *their* puppet Miguel—let her; she wants peace, repose; and time, the great and only sure reformer, will effect more in one year, than Pedro, if he even succeeded, with the heartburn-

ings and jealousies it would produce, in *ten*. Of the two worthy brothers, in the words of Byron, "Arcades ambo"—*id est*, blackguards both. Brokers, and all your horrid kidnapping gang, tremble, for verily the orange tree will yield no more fruit. Freeman's-court, Cornhill, thy insatiate jaws must now be glutted.

Oh! that we had possessed but one solitary copy of Colonel Macerone's "Military Hints" at Oporto, one tithe of his practical knowledge as an engineer, one *thousandth* part of his honest, firm, and disinterested devotion to the good cause, and the blunders, mishaps, and want of faith (at least in *one* sense of the word) which have marked the career of the vile intriguers who have had the impudence to proclaim themselves, in the face of Europe, as "The Champions of Liberty,"—the "Sacred Band of Heroes," about to emancipate this world from all the million of varied woes which now assail her, and which stamp her as a charnel-house, drenched with blood and tears—all which we are about shortly to relate, never could have occurred, and Oporto would have been spared the desolation which has been cast around her!

Figure to yourself a body of 8,000 troops marching without resistance into the heart of the city, and taking an undisturbed possession of it and its defences; the opposing army, for reasons best known to themselves, not attempting to defend it—the convent of "La Serra," and "Villa Nova," in the south bank of the Douro, in width *there* we should suppose near a quarter of a mile, were also garrisoned by our troops, but the *heights above the town*, extending from the convent parallel with the river to the sea, were, by a fatuity unexampled in the annals of blood and licensed robberies, 'yclept fame and military tactics and glory, left to the especial and sole protection of Providence and Pedro! To the dictum of the latter, who as the mouthpiece of his omniscient "clique" was made to declare that for want of roads the artillery of his adversary could never be trans-

ported to the "crests" of these splendid lines of defence, and thereby among his little world below, and the omnipotence of the other, to work a miracle in favor of the Constitution, did the genius of battle most profoundly bow! Neither the "open Sesame" of the Arabian Nights, or the Shiboleth "Mene, mene, Tekel and Uphasem" of that expounder of short-hand, the valiant "Daniel," could have been so productive of effect, as anything in the shape of fortification constructed, where, by-the-bye, *now* the Miguelites have taken unto themselves possession.

What! ye mighty warrior of the half-pay list, most liberal and patriotic "ex-editor" of the *popular* "Court Journal," renowned *Captain*-General Hodges, must history remain for ever to you a dead letter; or, like one half the world, do you still persist in reading it with one eye shut? Have you forgotten the exploits of the French in the Pyrenees—of our own troops at the heights of Abraham, &c. and with such examples of what can be effected by resolute men, did you not coincide in the opinion that heavy cannon could not have been erected on the crests of the hills above "Villa Nova," by the enemy? By the Virgin Mary, but you found them heavy enough, that is, *we* did, after you left in the steamer, so did *she* too. Convents destroyed—the sweet refuges of her most sweet devotees, broken in upon, and her shrines defaced by impious bombs, and other *legitimate* weapons of destruction; "grisly saints and martyrs hairy," the living and the dead, running about in *holy* and *unholy* garments, for aught of shelter they might procure—since the vail of the temple at Jerusalem was rent in twain, and old gentlemen who had slept, walked about refreshingly in their "grave clothes." Such a scene of confusion had not dawned upon the world!

The first and grand mistake which his Majesty of Oporto thought fit to perpetrate, was not giving the command of his army to General Saldanha, thereby establishing a moral power in Portugal, much greater, and which would have been of

more essential service to his cause, than all the physical force he might be possessed of!

In proof of this, we assert, that it was actually thought necessary some short time after the departure of Hodges from Oporto—when great discontent prevailed amongst the troops at there being no chief possessed of confidence to head them: Villa Flor having been ousted for incapability, and three others sharing his fate, all in one week. We repeat that it was thought necessary, on the part of the ruling authorities, that Saldanha had been sent for to Paris, by the emperor to command the army; then that he had sailed, that he had arrived off the Bar; that he had even been seen to land in a small boat when dusk. Then might be seen in the Café, officers, volunteers, all who were clad in military costume, shaking hands, congratulating one another, joyous, that *their* cause had found at last a chief worthy to condnct it. "Think not," exclaimed a Portuguese officer, "that *I* fight either for Don Pedro, or the '*poupet*' Donna Maria. I am embarked in the cause of 'free institutions,' of civilization. I wage no war for the sake of any individual. I wage it against ignorance, crime, and those who foster it—the PRIESTHOOD! Saldanha, like me, does the *same*;" and the "Vivas" were simultaneous and heartfelt. His name alone, from the first, would have been a tower of strength. There are not wanting, amidst the Miguelite host, old companions in arms, who have bled *with him*, and who would bleed *for him*—but not for a proud, ignorant, and grasping set of aristocrats, who would stride to the pinnacle of power regardless of the cost to humanity, or the means by which they would once more be enabled to drive, like the Car of Juggernaut, roughshod, over our prostrate bodies! No! for *such* the comrades of Saldanha would think themselves degraded by risking unnecessarily one drop of Portuguese blood. Why, at the very outlying picquets of our respective forces, was not the oft-repeated question demanded in the most fervent manner

by the Miguelites,—Has Saldanha really arrived—is he expected—are *we* to measure our strength against *his?* For any time we confidently believe they would not have done so. Priests and their followers, some militia and volunteers, who are always in the advance, the regular troops being as much as possible kept in the rearward; these might, and would, perhaps, have struggled against a name whose influence would have been a death-blow to theirs; but virtue, and patrotism, and a desire to see their country at peace, and respected, and happy, are not unknown to many gallant Portuguese bosoms; and through this united *moral force*, ever most dreaded by, and fatal to, despots, *Conservative* or *Constitutionalist*, the road to Lisbon, ere now, might have been successfully and *beneficially* traversed. As it is, talk to me of arresting the lightning in its course, or the cataract in its fall, but let not the *host of brave dupes* composing the besieged army, dream a dream of such unwieldy magnitude as that of marching triumphant to Lisbon. May they extricate themselves from the labyrinth in which they are at present involved. *We*, in common with our twenty-five *friends*, hope we may be permitted to say, who have reached once more the shores of England, have many there for whom we grieve, for whom we are most anxious, and whom we devoutly wish to see freed from the trammels of a crew of "Charlatans" unworthy alike of the cause and of themselves.

We must now come to the pith of our story, and describe the *villainous* treatment, for we will not stop to bandy terms with these fellows, of which Chesterfield *might somewhat* disapprove, which one gallant gentleman and his officers experienced for devotion to the cause, unclipsed by all the chivalrous enthusiasm which did aid, and *still* aids them from these shores. We mean Colonel Cochrane and the troops which he raised for the service of Don Pedro at his own individual expense, feathered and assisted in his laudable efforts by *two* noble Portuguese, whose

names stand too high in the annals of patriotism to be like Ceasar's wife, even capable of suspicion —Messrs. Rogers and Snares.

With the assistance rendered by these two gentlemen of procuring means of transport, and other accomodation for the men, Captain Dixon sailed from the Tower stairs in the *Royal George* steamer, with 241 men, raised solely at the expense of Colonel Cochrane, by himself and agents in the short space of ten days, at an enormous cost, inordinate labour, anxiety, and determined perseverance. Captain Dixon went with a most valuable officer—Captain James Davidson, late of the 85th regiment, as major, and many others capable of doing good and essential service. A man who raises a regiment, be he who or of what rank he will, assumes, of course, the temporary charge and direction, and the said regiment bears his name, *ex. gr.* Menrou's de Watteville's Hompesch' Hussars, &c. Cochrane's address to his men was brief and energetic, worthy of any ever addressed by his relation and namesake—the present Earl of Dundonald, "My lads! I am not come among you inexperienced in the multifarious duties of command (though I *have* served in perilous times amidst revolutions), to lead you on to unnecessary slaughter! I have procured the best and most intelligent officers the short period would permit me, to aid and counsel me in the arduous enterprise now before us. The officer who will take charge of you in the field—Col. Gore, whose various qualifications it is unnecessary for me to enlarge on, being well known, will follow us in the next ship. I shall most willingly accept any rank among you which the Emperor may think fit to honour me with, and a Cochrane never yet was known to flinch from his foe. I *have* done—I *will* do all in my power to see the promises made you carried into execution. If I *flinch from my word*, treat me as I merit—shoot me—do what you will—till that time arrives for *your* sakes—for *all our* sakes. I assume the charge of you as Commanding Officer, too happy

then to relinquish it to another, who will, I trust, lead you on to victory, more surely and systematically than my experience will permit me to do. Let us but stick together, and the Battalion of Cochrane will not be outdone by any other before us in the field!" The cheers of all on board testified their approval, and their entire confidence. On arriving towards the latter end of October, however, it was quickly shaken, not in their young and gallant Colonel's, but in the ungrateful robbers who had ensnared more victims in their toils. Some months before Cochrane had been egregiously cheated by the Mendezable party, that is the party of Brokers, who, fingering the funds of every expedition, seek but to glut their own insatiate maws with the spoil intended to be devoted to the noblest of causes—that of liberty. These "vampires" glutted with wealth, and the blood which they politically sacrifice, had engaged to furnish him the transport for 300 men, provided he would be at the expense of raising them. He did so, and then, to suit some vile jobbing, amidst their own gang, threw them on his hands again. Since that, as in duty bound, he had sought the means of exposing their nefarious transactions, and hence they were resolved at the expense of the cause, or the individual interest of their employer, (neither of which, by the bye, they ever cared one "sous" about), to thwart him in all his endeavours to reach Oporto, and lay the whole truth respecting the probity of his Agents before the Emperor, "in propria personæ!" In furtherance of this laudable design, not a stone was left unturned here in London to seduce his men by insinuation, that he had no authority to raise them, and that when *there* they would be looked on in a different light from those raised by his own party; next by offering higher bounty, and finding all these worthy manœuvres fail, they actually freighted a very large steam-boat, the *Soho*, at an enormous expense, put on board her a much fewer number of

men than Cochrane had on board the *Royal George*, with directions to follow us down Channel, put into any port we might touch at to procure reinforcements, and hinder us by force of money, and every other expedient from procuring them. Owing to an accident happening to our boiler in the Channel, she succeeded, though a slower vessel, in overtaking us at Plymouth, and succeeded, through the medium of a Major Sadleir, who commanded the troops in doing us some little injury. However, we arrived at Oporto *one* hour before them. Colonel Cochrane proceeded immediately to wait on that prince of anti-chamber patriots and ultra of ultra aristocrats—the Marquis Palmella! But *par nobile paturm*, Palmella and Mendezabal were old allies, had, from the commencement together, played the Jew's game; and poor Cochrane of course, in the intrigues which followed, had but little chance. First, he had brought no written authority from Palmella's cad—the "Chevalier de Lima," though told it was totally unnecessary; next, the number of men which he carried out was not sufficient to warrant the expense of chartering such a vessel, (although the *Soho* brought some fifty or sixty men *less* in *one* nearly double her size, at an expense of some *six or seven hundred pounds more*); and thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, and lastly, he wished Cochrane at the devil, rather than he should spoil the sport carried on so profitably between the *Greeks* and *philosophers* of London and Oporto! To ruin Cochrane and his officers in the estimation of the Emperor was now the machination of his fertile and ever mischievous brain. To separate the men from the officers, incorporate them with the Battalion Sadleir, blot Battalion Cochrane from the ranks of the army, and place the *protégés* of Mendezabal to command them, was in contravention of every treaty entered into, every promise made, now his aim! To effect this it was necessary to effect a coalition with Messrs. Hodges, Shaw, and, *proh! pudor!* with Admiral Sartorius. The first two, of course,

greedily snatched at the bait; the latter, "good easy man," I am fain to believe was a sleeping partner in the concern.

We will describe our landing, and hold up to public indignation the most shameless piece of studied atrocity ever committed before on helpless and unoffending men.—Men who had come to risk their lives in defence of theirs. The men were to have dined at two o'clock. The Captain was determined to give them the best he could provide, with double allowance of grog, to cheer them on landing. A little after *one* a considerable bustle on board proclaimed the arrival of Col. Hodges to see the disembarkation return, and to order an immediate landing. The commanding-officer very properly acquainted him that the men had not yet dined, but that their messes would be ready in about half an hour, and that the Captain was to have given them his best; consequently that it would be as well to hurry the cook a little, and disembark immediately afterwards. "Dine on board!" vociferated this *soldier's friend*, "when all is prepared for them on shore—sheer nonsense—nonsense. I have ordered *double rations* of meat, bread, and wine, to be prepared for them at the barracks, where they will arrive in half an hour, and be as happy as princes—disembark immediately my good Sir." To cut a long story short, after a most fatiguing march, being obliged to circumscribe the city, to avoid the firing from Villa Nova, under a very powerful sun, we arrived towards dusk, at a very strong and very large convent, quite on the other side, called the Seminario, on the banks of the river, and were told to consider it our barracks. Colonel Hodges arrived shortly after, and there being neither lights, meat, bread, or wine to be found in this "land of promise, flowing with milk and honey," neither any thing to eat, drink out of, or cook with, not even camp kettles or firewood, affected great indignation and surprise, and muttered something about his orders being disobeyed. "Hower, my fine fellows," said he, "make your-

selves, for the moment, as comfortable as you can, and I *myself* will go, and see that you have immediately every thing that you want or wish for!" "Long life to your Honor—thank your Honor, we are very thirsty and weary," responded from every lip; and with benedictions this *soldier's friend* departed on his benevolent mission.

Hour after hour glided away, but no tidings of any thing to quench the thirst or appease hunger broke upon the ear—even water was not to be procured, and the sufferings of both men and officers really became intense; at length about eleven o'clock Major Davidson requested Captain Dixon to accompany him to the house of Colonel Hodges to remonstrate on such gross and unworthy treatment; he did so. The Colonel was still at table. On being told that the men were perishing for want of refreshment—that they had depended on his reiterated promises to make them comfortable, and that considerable *disgust* began even *already* to be evinced among them, he exclaimed, that "the fault laid with ourselves—he had given orders that rations should be issued, and we ought to have sent a *fatigue party* to fetch them." Thus after five or six hours spent in weary expectation, terminated the gallant Colonel's exertions for his men. A *fatigue party* forsooth! to be sent where? by whose orders? who had ever hinted such a thing? The thing at first would have been practicable enough, but at *midnight* to send a party of weary men, unacquainted with a step of the way, to hunt for the commissariat stores, (for at that hour no guide could be found) and having found them, carry away provisions for their comrades to prepare and cook, without even water or utensils of any description, would have been ridiculous; so having visited the Quartermaster, and ascertained beyond a doubt the impracticability of getting any thing for the night, we returned to our delightful quarters.

Curses both loud and deep were not spared on the Colonel's devoted head, and from that night's work, his waning popularity set in eternal shade.

He would most undoubtedly have reaped his reward in the shape of a leaden bullet. Major Staunton, we believe his brother-in-law (we wish not to offend the feelings of any) was shot by his own men—he was a gallant game fellow, but a tyrant, and when in *front of his platoon*, while charging the enemy, was shot through the back—the ball came out in front, and before he died he said repeatedly, that his own men had done for him.

Such was the fate of poor Staunton unwittingly! (for he had never served a whole campaign at the shrine of Colonel Hodges' tyranny) let such be a warning to young aristocrats *of the present day!* we say nothing unadvisedly—we have had the man who *shot him* pointed out to us—he glories in it—denies it not—hundreds will bear him out in his opinions. With what had happened previous to his landing, Captain Dixon had nought to do. Suffice—he had the confidence of his *men*; they trusted him with their innermost thoughts, and Colonel Hodges *might* have found *that in the Cochrane batallion*, his whole official swag would have availed him little, when placed against the *Freemasonry* which there reigned predominant amongst them *all*, officers and men!

Colonel Hodges we repeat, never could have survived, had he again gone into action with the English troops—his brutal and intemperate language, (such as even in the worst days of the British army was rarely heard) disgusted them; the little attention he paid to their comforts was fully evinced; the studied insults he had put on Colonel Cochrane, his officers and men; forcibly ejecting the latter from the barracks, until starvation should induce them to be incorporated in batallion Sadleir; his determined perseverance in the infamous flogging system, carried on beyond endurance; half of this was enough to have had him riddled like a target! but what *does* the gallant Colonel when called to account for his behaviour to Colonel Cochrane and render satisfaction, having grossly insulted a gentleman? Will he give

him the ordinary satisfaction due to one? Not he; he sheltered himself behind his official rank—he was not bound to answer for what had happened during his command"—he, in short did not like fighting, and as such, was proclaimed to bear the *white feather* in every café at Oporto!

There are strange stories afloat at Oporto, respecting the *Bobadilium* of the gallant Colonel in the action of the 29th; his little finger was grazed—then he exclaimed "I am wounded—I am going to the rear!" "Go to * * * *" was the response from some, "had *we* seen you *earlier in the day, you might have been wounded somewhere else!*" in short the baseness in every respect of the agents concerned in this ill fated expedition, whether in the diplomatic, military, or kidnapping money making, line from Pedro and Palmella, down to Mendezabel, Hodges, and "De Lima," have utterly undone *it*, and all connected with *it!* Holders of the Regency scrip, beware—sell, *if* there yet be time! The press *as yet* has told you not a word of truth respecting the real state of affairs at Oporto—in short some stated that they, their correspondents *at* Oporto, dared not write what they knew and what they thought; because they were aware that they would have been thrown into prison. Even now it is sickening to read of the complacency of which they boast of having thrown a few bullocks and pigs into Oporto, and of a General Solignac or *Polignac* going out to add to the herd they are driving to slaughter, unless the city be permitted to capitulate.

We alone, *fearless of any consequences,* dare to expose this scene of uninterrupted villainy, and deem it a duty we owe our country and our fellow creatures, so to do. We left the cause *as they call it*, because after what we have recounted, we loathed, we spurned it, we repudiated it; neither a Miguelite bullet or shell had the effect of driving *us* away--if any dare to doubt it, they may prove it in England!

We would stop the scene of slaughter still in progress; we detest war, and those *animals* for

whom wars are ever made; millions yet may perish ere the fight be won; better far they should do so by the sword, than live as millions now are living--let but the fight be the people's fight, and we are ready, but neither for *majesty* of earth or heaven, do we council the "nations" to couch one lance! "*Delinda est Carthago.*"

The Marquis Palmella is now in England, and well for him that he is; he is too good a judge and too fond of himself, ever to think of returning to Oporto; he is aware of the fate that awaits him if he should, that men, officers and all would with one accord, be for hanging him up to the first lamp-post; and no wonder, when he has proved himself the greatest foe to all their interests.

This demi barbarian, the Marquis of Palmella, was the cause of the removal of Sir John Milley Doyle from the command of the foreign brigade. When Sir John was appointed to the command, he found the troops destitute of clothes of every denomination, *à la* Humphry Clinker, some without shoes, others without even inexpressibles--coats were out of the question, and in this ragged state they were to be seen on duty at the out line piquet. Sir John, like a good soldier, felt for his men, and with a promptitude which did credit to his heart. he went to the arsenal, ransacked it, and supplied the men with such clothing as he could find. For this act of humanity, he was removed from the command, and to save appearances, made first Aidecamp to the arch pretender Don Pedro.

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